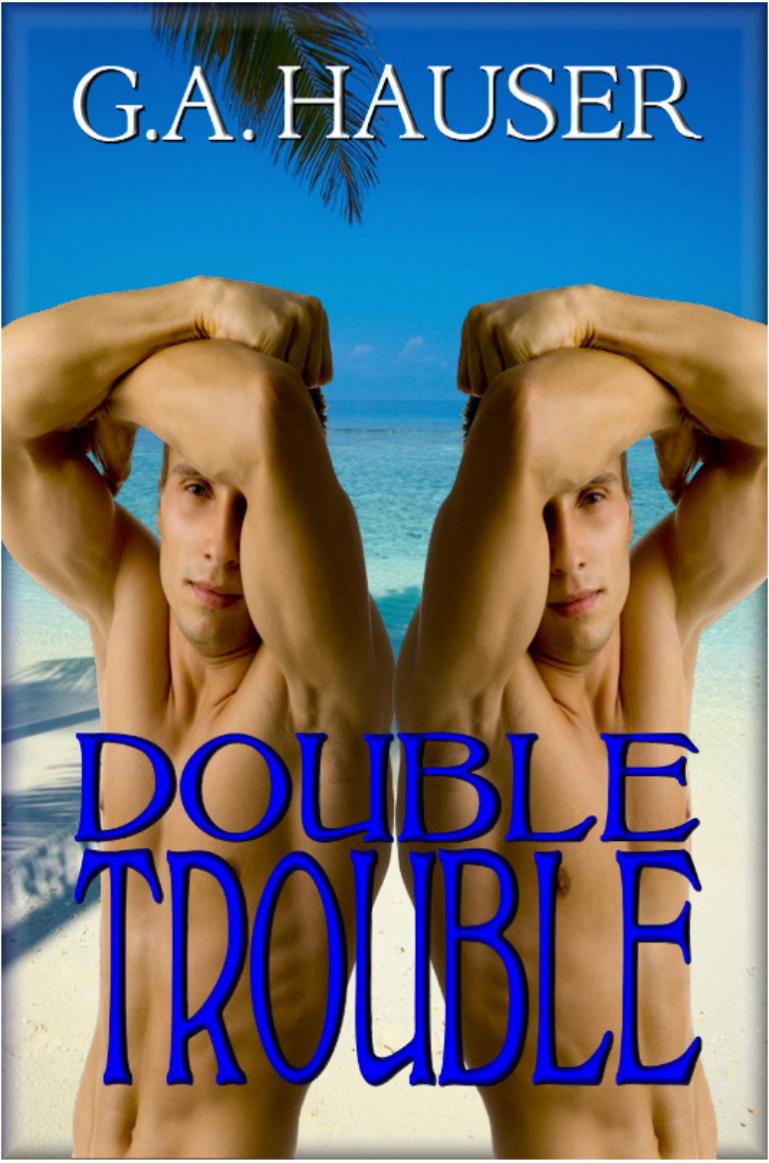


G.A. HAUSER

The book cover features a tropical beach scene with a clear blue sky, a palm tree branch in the upper left, and turquoise water meeting a sandy shore. Two identical, muscular men are positioned side-by-side, each with their arms raised and hands clasped behind their heads, framing their faces. The title 'DOUBLE TROUBLE' is written in large, blue, stylized capital letters across the lower half of the image, partially overlapping the men's torsos.

DOUBLE
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Double Trouble

How To Seduce a Straight Man by

G. A. HAUSER

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Acknowledgements

To Danny and Donny—the gorgeous identical twins I shall never forget. You naughty boys made an impression on this writer that will last a lifetime. This book is for the two of you wild stallions who gave me the time of my life and memories that were better than any romance fiction I could ever write. (well, almost!) Cheers to your passion, your wicked senses of humor, and most of all your sweetness.

Chapter One

“You are wicked.”

Donny Rothschild sipped his martini, poolside. “I am. What’s your point?”

Seeing his identical twin brother Danny laughing, Donny knew it was like staring into a mirror. He and Danny did nothing to try and prevent looking alike. On the contrary, they enjoyed it.

“Did the poor fucker at least like it?” Danny finished his own drink, placing it on the patio next to his chaise lounge.

“Don’t know.” Donny sipped his martini more slowly. “He moaned a lot.”

“Did he come?”

“Isn’t it only important that I did?” Donny grinned impishly at his brother.

Adjusting his sunglasses on his nose, Danny relaxed where he lay, his bronze skin shimmering with sweat and suntan lotion. “True.”

“I mean is it really my responsibility to ensure every sexual encounter ends with anyone else having an orgasm but me? What am I? A charity worker?”

Danny laughed again.

Grinning at the sound, Donny knew his brother agreed. Danny agreed with everything he did and said.

“Are you still making a list of each conquest?”

Donny set his empty glass on the pale concrete under his chair. “No. How can I when I stopped bothering with their names. What am I supposed to do?” He put on a thinking face. “Mr. Pectorals, Mr. Big Dick? You see how confusing it can get.”

“How about just a notch on the bedpost?”

“Already do that.” Donny nudged him. “And you know I do.”

“I know. I know everything you do, Don.”

"Mm. True." Donny gazed out at the crystal clear water of their pool, glistening in the mid-day sun. "I am in the mood for a good challenge. Getting sex has become too easy."

"That's what happens when you're loaded and good looking. The gay men come crawling out of the woodwork."

Donny rolled to his side to stare at his brother. "We are too good looking."

Peeking at him from under his sunglasses, Danny asked, "What's your point?"

"My point is I'm bored. Christ, Danny, we snap our fingers and men shove our cocks into their mouths."

"Oh, I know!" Danny mocked, "It's awful!"

"I'm serious. I barely get an erection thinking of it."

"Try women again."

"No thank you. Too clingy." Donny spun to his back, bending his knees in a wide straddle.

"What then?" Danny turned to lie on his side, so he could see his brother.

"I need a challenge. Something insurmountable."

"There's no such challenge." Danny sat up, gripping the side of the lounge chair. "Everyone wants it."

"Not everyone."

"Come on, Donny. Who has said no to either one of us?"

"Perhaps a married man?"

Danny laughed, pushing his long hair back from his face. Donny could see him perspiring. It was hot lying out in the sun.

"You're going to seduce a married man? You think that's a challenge?" Danny shook his head. "Married guys are easy. They never get any."

"We've never had a married man. We wouldn't know." Donny mirrored Danny's position on the chair so they were facing each other.

"You want that complication? Some homicidal spurned Valley girl wife coming after us with a butcher knife?" Danny made a silly face at him. "It's LA. Everyone's out of it--on mood medication, in rehab, or designer drugs...not a good idea."

"What about a straight man, then?" Donny slid his sunglasses to the top of his head.

"What about them? How hard can it be to suck a straight man's cock?"

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"I don't know." He touched his lip as he thought. "We've been spoiled rotten on easy gay men at the clubs. How difficult would it be to seduce a straight man?"

"What are you going to do?" Danny pushed his sunglasses up as well, revealing his chocolate brown eyes. "Just pick some guy out at random on the street?"

"It's as good an idea as any."

Danny appeared to be thinking about it. "My guess is it'll still be too easy. What guy doesn't want his cock sucked, Donny?"

"No. I'll get him to suck mine. Or better yet, I'll fuck him."

That lit Danny up into laughter once more. "You think you can find some straight guy on the street and get him to suck your cock? Or better yet, get him to take it up the ass for you?"

Seeing the skepticism in his twin brother's expression, Donny extended his hand. "Wager?"

"I'll lose that bet. I know you. You'll cheat. You'll get some gay man to pretend he's straight. Or he'll be bi-curious with an ad placed in the personals."

Another thought passed through his mind. "All right then. An even stronger challenge."

"What?"

"We seduce him together." Donny could feel the electric charge that comment sent through his brother. "Both fuck him."

"I pick the man."

Agreeing, he held out his hand. "Deal."

Seeing a shadow pass nearby, Donny shielded his eyes from the glare. His mother, Patty, was standing at the foot of his chair, blocking the sun. "There's food ready inside if you're hungry."

Danny hissed, "Don thinks he can seduce a straight man, Mom."

"Oh?" She tilted her head curiously. "The gay men in LA not challenging enough for you?"

"No. They're not." Donny stood next to his mother, towering over her tiny five-foot-five-inch frame. "Think of it as sport, Mom."

"You two do need something to occupy yourselves with." She crossed her arms over her chest. "Twenty-five and living off the fat of your father."

Danny rose up to stand next to them. "And? If I remember correctly you encouraged it. After graduate school you told both Donny and I to take a few years off. Am I right?"

"I did. I'm over indulgent with my two beautiful boys." She cupped Danny's jaw lovingly.

"We can work the rest of our lives, Mom." Donny sighed. "Let us have a chance to play while we're pretty enough to enjoy it."

"I'm not stopping you." She caressed Donny's cheek next. "I want my babies happy."

Danny wrapped his arm around his mother's waist as they headed to the sliding glass doors at the back of the house. "We are happy, Mom. You and Dad did very good."

"I'm very glad to hear it."

Donny opened the door for her, allowing her to step inside first. The interior was cool by comparison to the boiling heat outside. Once they were in, Danny closed the slider behind them.

"You boys hungry?" Louisa, their cook and housekeeper, asked, smiling.

Donny urged her into an embrace to tease her. "Hungry for you!" He nibbled at her neck.

"Oh!" she chided, turning bright red and smacking Donny playfully. "Terrible twins! Both of you. Behave!"

"You're wasting your breath telling these two to behave, Louisa. You've known them since they were thirteen." Patty tugged Danny's long hair back into a ponytail. "Have they ever listened to a thing any of us have said?"

Louisa fixed her apron and hair, even though neither were messed up from Donny's antics. "No. They have never listened to no one. But they are good boys." She nudged Donny to the table. "Sit. Eat."

"Good?" Danny's eyes glimmered impishly. "Us?"

As Donny joined him, he said, "You don't know us at all, do you?" And began eating his lunch hungrily.

Ignoring his comment, his mother asked, "What are your plans for the rest of the afternoon?"

"Why?" Danny wiped his lip with a napkin and sipped his iced tea.

"Do either of you want to come with me to visit with your grandparents?"

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Donny exchanged a look of distaste with his brother. "Next time."

"Fine. I'll see you both later." Patty kissed each son on the top of his head and left the room.

Leaning over the table towards him, Danny asked, "What do you want to do?"

"Workout, shower, and go hunting." Seeing the big grin on his twin's face, Donny didn't need a verbal answer. He rarely did.

Straight guy hunting? This could actually be amusing. Danny took another bite of his food and chuckled as he considered the possibilities.

* * * *

In the privacy of their home gym, Danny rested between sets, feeling his arms pulsate with blood from the exertion. Peering up, he found Donny standing before the mirrored wall doing curls, pumping alternately with a barbell in each hand.

Though they were identical, everything became a competition between them. It'd been that way since they were small. Who was taller, who was heavier, more muscular. The answer was always redundant. Even their hair was the same length, just past their shoulders, feathered, with long bangs covering their eyes.

One difference. One. Danny had a birthmark under his left nipple. A tiny round mole. His father used it when they were young to tell them apart. When David Rothschild would grow weary of their mind games, he would tug up a t-shirt to check.

Danny remembered driving their parents insane. They always pretended to be the other twin. It was great fun.

Staring at Donny's biceps as they bulged with his movements, Danny checked his own, flexing. He loved the way his brother looked. And that meant he wasn't doing too bad himself.

Dropping back down, Danny gripped the bar for his next set.

"You need a spot?"

"Sure."

Donny set his weights aside and positioned himself behind the bar.

"How many are you doing?"

"I'll try for twenty." Danny rubbed his glove-covered palms on the metal rod. Licking his lip, tasting the sweat, he heaved the bar off the rack and began quick powerful repetitions. The easiness soon turned to painful burning.

"Come on. Come on," Donny urged.

Roaring to push the last one, Danny set the weights down, sat up and shook out his arms.

"Nice." Donny patted his back, walking to where he'd left his dumbbells.

"Thanks." Watching as Donny resumed his own workout, Danny wondered if this was how all identical twins behaved. They were best friends. He imagined when they moved out of this house, they'd be together. Ironically they hadn't discussed the future.

They had shared a room up until their thirteenth birthday, and even after that, they snuck out to sleep in the same bed. By the time they were fifteen that stopped. It began to feel weird. Like they were sharing too much and were too old to be doing it. Danny still wanted to. It sucked not having Donny with him when he slept.

Donny caught him staring in the reflection. They locked gazes. As Donny placed the weights down and walked over, Danny knew he already knew what he was thinking.

Smiling affectionately, Donny ran his hand through Danny's long hair. "You look bored. Are you ready to hunt our prey?"

"Yes. Time to shower." Danny held Donny's narrow waist.

Without a word, Donny left the room, Danny following behind. When they arrived at the second level, they exchanged one last glance before they parted ways.

Danny closed his bedroom door and stripped off his gym shorts and t-shirt. Standing in the bathroom, waiting as the water heated up, he stared in the mirror critically. Deep inside, a place he kept secret, he thought Donny was the better looking of the two of them. Yes, they were identical, but Donny's eyes had a demonic glimmer Danny envied. He knew Donny had a wild streak. He'd only witnessed a piece of it once.

After drinking late at Fubar's, Donny lured a drag queen out in the darkness of a parking garage and fucked her violently. Danny turned away, waiting outside the lower level, keeping a

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lookout. He never spoke to his brother about it. He would also never screw a man in drag.

His brother sometimes exhibited eclectic taste in men, and violent tendencies. Late at night, after they'd been drinking for hours on end, Donny would whisper his erotic fantasies to him.

Danny had no doubt he was the softer, kinder of the two. Wasn't there always a good twin and a wicked twin? He wouldn't exactly call Donny wicked. Just naughty.

Touching the birthmark lightly, almost to remind himself he was an individual and not a half of a whole, Danny climbed into the shower to wash the sweat off his body.

* * * *

In front of a full-length mirror, Donny inspected his tight black slacks and v-neck cotton t-shirt. Both items of clothing were snug enough to show his every curving muscle. Returning to the bathroom, he used a blow dryer to fluff up his long hair, clicking off the switch and setting it down to inspect the results. He pursed his lips in a kiss at the image in the mirror. "Hey, pretty boy. Come here often?"

"Flirting with yourself again?"

Donny smirked at his brother. "Rehearsal." He glanced down at Danny's attire. "We did it again."

"We always do." Danny tucked his black v-neck t-shirt into his black slacks.

"Are we too much like bookends?" Donny asked, tilting his head skeptically.

"Do you care?"

"Good point." Donny shut the light and stood in front of the dresser, loading his pockets with his wallet, phone and keys. He picked up a gold link chain and handed it to Danny.

Danny stood behind him, securing the clasp around his neck, lifting his long hair out from under it.

"Thanks."

"No problem." Danny walked to the hallway. "So? Where are we beginning our search for Mr. Straight?"

"You're picking him out, remember? So, you drive." Donny nudged him. As they descended the stairs, he asked, "Do you even have a clue where to look?"

"The mall? The beach?"

"The mall?" Donny's nose crinkled. "And we're not dressed for the beach."

"Says you." Danny removed his car keys from his pocket and left the house through a door adjoining the kitchen to the four-car garage. With both his parents out, only their matching gold Porches were in it. As Danny eased behind the wheel, Donny relaxed in the passenger side.

"I don't mind parking at the beach and looking at the eye candy." Danny hit the remote control on his visor and the garage opened.

"It's too hot. We're in black."

"We're in a car with air conditioning. Since when did you go soft on me, Don?"

"Not when it counts." Donny grabbed his own crotch. "No. Not the beach."

"First you say it's my choice, now you're bossing me around. Typical." Danny drove towards Ventura Boulevard.

"Hmm, what about a construction guy? They're all straight. And some of them are gods." Seeing Danny's instant smirk, Donny wondered if he hit on a fantasy man. "Huh, what do you think? Yellow hardhat? Sweaty. Dirty."

"Stop rubbing your dick. I don't need to see you playing with yourself."

Donny laughed. "I know. You've already seen it too much."

They paused for a traffic light. Hearing a horn, Donny looked over at the car next to them. A blonde grinned flirtatiously at him. "No shortage of bimbos in WeHo."

"Give her a smile," Danny teased.

"I'll give her the finger if she doesn't stop making an ass of herself." She had rolled down her window and tried signing for him to do the same. "Drive through the damn red light, Danny. She's annoying me."

"Go on," Danny urged him. "Roll the window down and tell her you love her."

Donny broke up with laughter. "Go. It's green." After they drove through the intersection, he asked, "Is she following us?"

Danny looked into his rear view mirror. "No. She turned off."

"How many times have I told you to put that rainbow sticker on your bumper?"

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“Put it on yours!” Danny exclaimed. “I don’t need a tacky bumper sticker to tell people I’m gay. I’ll tell them myself.”

“Ooh! Look!” He grabbed Danny’s arm. “A traffic cop.”

Danny slowed so they could take a closer look.

“Nice...mm...damn.” Donny squirmed in the seat.

“No. Not a cop. Are you kidding me? We’re going to stalk and assault someone. Use your head.”

“Stalk and assault?” Donny gasped. “I beg your pardon? I intend to flirt and fondle.”

“Semantics. Call it what you want.”

“Stop. Look. A construction site. At least let’s have a peek.”

“There’s no parking.”

“Just pull over there for two seconds.” He pointed to a yellow loading zone.

Danny parked and they hopped out of the car. “The fence is too high. You can’t see in.”

Hitting Danny on the arm, Donny waved him to a gap in the wall of fencing. They both peered in, leaning against each other’s shoulder.

“I’m gonna die,” Donny moaned, “Look at all that throbbing manhood just asking to be taken up the ass.”

“Shit.” Danny shifted his weight from one leg to the other. “Maybe you’re right about finding a guy here. Look. Check out that one.” He pointed.

“Which one? There are a hundred men in there.”

“Shirtless, blue jeans...”

“That narrows it down to fifty,” Donny announced in exasperation.

“Blond hair, tattoo of err...what the hell is it a picture of?”

“Where? Christ, Dan! Where?” Donny needed to see him. Blond? He loved blonds.

“There’s a tat on his right shoulder. I can’t see from here what it is. Look, over by the scaffold. His jeans are low slung because of the tool belt. Look at his fucking abs!”

“Damn! You mean the one with the ponytail sticking out from under his hardhat?”

“Yes! Yes, that’s the one! Around twenty, maybe, if that?”

“If he’s too young he’ll be a push over.”

“Er hum?”

They spun around in surprise. A large LAPD officer in dark navy blue stood behind them, arms crossed over his chest.

Donny almost passed out he was so gorgeous. "Yes? Can we help you, officer..." he read his name tag, "Officer Chandler?"

"Is that your car?" The big cop pointed.

"It is. Sorry." Danny smiled shyly. "We'll move it."

Donny licked his chops at the handsome cop. "We were just ogling men. Construction sites are full of them." He waited for a reaction and got none. "You, uh, married?"

"I am. Get going."

He checked for a ring. "You sure?"

"Am I sure I'm married?" Officer Chandler snarled, "Are you sure you don't want a ticket?"

"Sorry." Danny whacked Donny in the arm and signaled to hurry up.

As they approached their illegally parked car, Donny looked inside the patrol cruiser which had stopped behind their Porsche. Another adorable man in blue sat in the driver's side. "Damn. Danny, you sure you don't want to do it to a cop?"

"Shut up and get in." Danny waved politely at the officers and started the car. "Told you we'd get into trouble parking here."

As Donny fastened his seatbelt he looked back at the two cops who were smiling at each other adoringly as they waited for them to pull out into traffic. "Son of a bitch."

"What?" Danny signaled and entered the roadway.

"They're gay."

"Yeah? Sure they are, Don. What on earth makes you think so?"

"Two things. One, he didn't give us a ticket, because, well Danny, we are adorable and were ogling men, and two, he's in love with his partner. Bet he's married to him and that's why he doesn't wear a ring. Too much peer pressure at work."

"You got all that in one minute?" Danny chuckled.

"I did indeed."

"I'd tell you you were full of shit, but I know better. You can be a perceptive fucker and you're usually right."

"I am right. He said he was married. Why did he say that and not wear a ring? Huh? Do you know how many cop fantasies I've spun in my head?"

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"You got gay cop porn videos. Do I know you have a cop fetish? Duh." Danny snorted sarcastically.

"I want a cop."

"No."

"Please."

"No!" Danny appeared about to hit him.

Giving up and letting out a deep audible sigh, Donny slouched in the seat and rubbed his forehead tiredly. "You know, it might be harder to find a totally straight man to play with than we think. Dan, this is LA. Everyone here is either bi or bi-curious." Checking behind him at the traffic, he added, "Like that cop. See what I mean? Giving his partner the 'I want to fuck you' look? All of LA is gay."

"Everyone? Don't you think that's an outrageous generalization?"

"How will we be sure he's pure one hundred percent straight?" Donny combed his fingers through his hair, pulling it away from his eyes.

"Because of his reaction. We'll know. Believe me."

"Okay. If I can't have the cop, I want that construction man."

"Me too. Let's figure out how to get him."

"Okay."

"How about forming a plan over a drink at East/West."

"You just want to pick up a gay boy." Donny grinned.

"What's wrong with that? We have to stay celibate while we find our prey? I don't remember accepting that as part of the bargain."

"I'll buy the first round..." Donny boasted, "and I'll pick up a man before you do."

"A drag queen?" Danny teased, giving his brother a grimace in distaste.

"What's wrong with that?"

"Not for me." Danny exaggerated a shiver.

"Variety is the spice of life, brother dearest."

"You did fuck her hard."

It was the first time Donny had heard his brother mention the incident to him. "You a voyeur?"

"I had a peek, yes."

"Then you'd know she was a very pretty pre-op tranny."

"I did not know."

"Breasts and balls." Donny sat up taller as they entered the parking area of the lounge. He parked the car.

"And that's supposed to arouse me?"

"It did me." Donny unclipped his seatbelt and opened his door. He met Danny on his side of the car, stopping him before they entered the establishment. "Sex is sex, Dan." He shrugged. "What's the big deal?"

"Then why were you so rough on her?"

"I like it rough. She didn't complain." Seeing his brother's expression, Donny read it too easily. "You felt sorry for her."

"I did."

"She didn't have to say yes. She could have said no thank you. I didn't rape her, Danny."

"I don't want to discuss it anymore." Danny appeared distressed at the conversation and it upset Donny he was.

When Danny turned to walk away, he held him back. "Wait a minute. Don't walk away. You may not want to discuss this but I do. Since when do you think badly of me for my selection of a casual screw?"

"It just left a bad taste in my mouth. She appeared to be very uncomfortable."

"How the hell do you even know that? You were standing yards away from us. And if I recall correctly, she never said stop."

"Sometimes it's hard to do that, especially man to man. Or worse. Pre-op trannies aren't exactly full of self-esteem and confidence. You should be very gentle with people like that. It's not right." Danny paused before he added, "Would you tell a guy to stop if it was too rough?"

"Fuck yeah. Wouldn't you?" Donny got a very bad sense of distrust for his brother suddenly. "Danny, come on. If she had said stop, you know damn well I would have. I thought all the grunting and moaning was pleasure."

"But..." Danny looked away from him, seemingly distraught.

Not appreciating where this conversation headed, Donny began to take insult. What the hell kind of monster did his brother think he was? Donny whispered, "You think because it was a drag queen, or tranny that she was embarrassed to say it?"

Meeting Donny's eyes straight on, Danny nodded. "Yes. Exactly. You should have known that and been more gentle. And

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if I could tell she looked uncomfortable from ‘yards away’,” Danny snorted sarcastically, “Then you shouldn’t have mistaken those moans for pleasure. It’s fucked up.”

“It was a quick screw in a parking garage.” Donny was lost by Danny’s sympathy. “She came on to me. She made all the advances in the bar. You were there. Don’t tell me I forced her.” He crossed his arms over his chest defensively. “I don’t rape men, Daniel! How dare you insinuate I forced someone against their will? I’m really hurt by this conversation.” He waited for an apology. It never materialized. “Danny! She urged me to the damn parking lot and hiked her fucking skirt up! What am I missing here?”

“Never mind.” Danny continued making his way to the entrance.

Fuming, Donny knew that encounter was consensual and tried to shake off the ill effect his sibling had produced in an otherwise good mood. An attractive man gave him a good head-to-toe inspection on his way to the entrance, and Donny forgot about the annoying confrontation instantly. He said to his brother, “I changed my mind about getting the first round. How about this, Dan, the first time we hear, ‘are you guys twins’ you buy.”

Danny smiled. “I’ll get the first round then. We always hear it.”

* * * *

The minute they entered the room, heads turned usually in a double-take to see if the individual was indeed seeing double. Danny was used to it. Perhaps handsome identical twin males were rare. He’d not seen too many himself, and the fact that they kept their looks as close as possible only added to the curious gazes they got.

Donny already appeared revved up. “Play time.” He rubbed his hands together in glee.

They moved across the floor like predatory cats. Danny and his brother had their pick of the litter in every club. It was fun being young and beautiful. But Danny also knew to take advantage of this fleeting asset. So there was no time like the present to enjoy the finer things in life. He was no fool. Even

though his parents were still in great shape, he knew his mother spent thousands on Botox, peels, facials, and fitness trainers. His dad? He kept his cosmetic appointments secret, but both boys were aware their parents wanted to retain their youthful appearances for as long as they could.

Danny knew he and his brother would do the same and already pampered themselves with organic treatments, strong sun blocks, and moisture creams. He lived in LA. He followed Hollywood's lead. Everyone here lived for youth and vitality. Why should he be any different? And his parents were rich. So, they did what they needed to do to feel good.

As they made themselves comfortable at a table for two in an out of the way corner, the perfect spot for watching the action, a waiter approached for their order.

"Martini, dry, shaken, not stirred." Donny winked at the handsome man.

"What are you? James Bond?" Danny slanted his eyes at his brother.

"I just love saying it. Isn't it hilarious?" Donny asked the waiter.

Danny already knew he was flirting and looking for some action.

The waiter blushed crimson. "Shaken, not stirred," he repeated shyly.

"Hennessy cognac, please," Danny requested.

"Coming right up." The waiter left.

"He's cute." Donny watched him walk to the bar.

"He's all yours."

"No. I don't usually do waiters."

About to say, 'Why not, you do pre-op transsexuals', Danny bit his lip. "Don't be a snob. I've gone with waiters, busboys, hosts...they're just as good in bed as anyone else."

"Shut up. You're getting on a soapbox and it's annoying me."

"You sure a construction man isn't below your snobbish standards?" he accused.

"No. He's a bet. All rules are off. Now will you stop making me pissed off and let me enjoy my fucking day?"

Shrugging, Danny didn't reply.

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As if changing the sore topic, Donny ran his hand through his hair, obviously craving approval after the slight to his personality. "Do I look acceptable?"

Danny gave him an appraisal. "Very. Are you wearing my Acqua di Gio again?" He leaned closer for a sniff of his cologne.

"Yours?"

"Yes. Mom gave it to me for Christmas and you always pilfer it."

"Pilfer? You use very strong verbs, Dan. Pilfer? Assault. Stalk? Snob? What do you think I am? Lately you're behaving like a real jerkoff to me. Why? I don't get it. I thought we were the same in all respects."

"Not all."

Donny glared at him. "Oh? And if we're not the same who am I then?"

"A man who will stop at nothing to get what he wants."

"Dad would call that a savvy businessman." Donny gave the room another scan.

"Not if he knew what you really did and thought."

"Shut up. I don't like you at the moment. Stop ruining my good mood."

"Fine. I'll shut up."

After Donny took a deep breath, which appeared to be an attempt at relieving the stress Danny had created, he muttered, "Not a lot here."

"Well, it's early. The place doesn't start heating up until nightfall. What did you expect?"

"I expect to get laid."

"Here's our adorable waiter." Danny gestured to the young man.

"Okay, fine. I'll give it a try." Donny paused, watching the man.

Waiting for his brother to pounce, he leaned back as the waiter set their drinks on the table.

"Can I get you anything else?" The young man smiled.

"What time to you get off tonight?" Donny asked wickedly.

"One."

"That late? Never mind." Donny lost interest, waved him off, and picked up his drink to sip.

"Do you want my phone number?" the waiter asked.

"Let me think about it." Donny smiled sweetly at him.

"I wouldn't mind a twin sandwich." The waiter's eyes gleamed.

Knowing that would not go over well, Danny choked in a laugh. "I'm afraid you just lost your chances with either of us."

"Did I?"

"Yes," Donny replied bitterly. "That line is the death knell. See ya."

Danny could see the waiter's disappointment as he walked away. "What a shame. He was really cute. Why do they always ask for that? Do they really think a couple of brothers want to have sex in bed together?"

"Obviously. Christ, it gives me the creeps." Donny exaggerated a shiver in distaste.

"It's women that are to blame." Danny enjoyed his cognac as he let his eyes drink in the occupants of the room lazily. "They give this perception that netting pretty twins in one swoop is acceptable. Maybe sisters can do it, but brothers? Give me a break."

"You see it all the time in sitcoms. Some guy thinking he's hit the jackpot with twin bimbos." Donny ate his olive off the toothpick.

"Aren't you sick to death of hearing it? A threesome? I know I am." Danny licked the cognac off his lip, crossing his legs comfortably.

"Wait a minute."

"What?"

"What about our Mr. Straight?"

"What about him?"

Donny set his glass down and leaned close to whisper, "We are both going to screw him. Isn't that the wager?"

"I didn't imagine it at the same time. I don't really know if we'd get him to do a three way. That's way too much to expect from this bet, Dan. Seriously. No way either of us should be wagering we can get a totally straight guy in bed between us. That's a losing proposition. I'd not expect that as part of the terms."

"What then? Just one right after the other?"

DOUBLE TROUBLE

Danny shrugged, nodding. "How else? If we make him think we're the same guy, he'll be imagining he's still screwing one person. Right?"

"We'll never get a straight guy to agree to two bouts of butt fucking one right after the other."

"I know. That's why you'll lose the bet."

"I'll lose? Is it me that's got this at stake?"

"Man, is your short term memory going? Do you smoke dope when I'm not around?"

"Why are you being so mean to me today? Jesus, Dan!"

"Fine. Sorry. Just misbehaving. I apologize."

"Good. Apology accepted. Now. How much did we bet anyway?"

Danny thought about it, his glass hovering near his lips. "Did we put a dollar value on it?"

"No. Not yet. But who gives a shit about money. It's got to be something else. Something that means a lot to us."

"Like what? I don't want two cars. What do you have that I don't have?"

Donny's eyes got that gleam to them. One that meant trouble.

"Okay, what?"

"Six months of celibacy. The loser has to wait it out."

"How will we monitor that? Are you joking?" Danny shook his head at the absurdity.

Donny sat up, a serious look on his face. "You remember that vow we made as kids?"

Instantly Danny did. "Yes."

Donny spit in his hand holding it out. "Doppelganger 'til you die."

The curse always frightened Danny as a small boy. For some reason the power of the hex hadn't faded. Who needed a ghost to haunt them anyway? "Let me get this straight before I agree to a thing, Donny." He set his drink down and leaned his elbows on the table so they could whisper. "Right. If we can't both screw this so-called straight guy, you stay celibate for six months or you get the curse. If we do, I stay celibate or?"

"You get the curse, yes."

Danny never liked playing with spirits unless they came out of an expensive bottle. "Fine. I know I'll lose." Danny spit in his palm.

“How could you lose?” After doing the same, Donny shook his hand. “What straight red-blooded American guy will allow us to butt fuck him twice? And suck our cocks? I’m the one who’ll live with the fucking curse, not you.”

“I wish Mom never told us about that frightening thing. That Doppelganger. You have any idea how many nightmares it gave me as a kid?”

“Me too. But it’s the one vow that’ll hold us both true to our words.” Donny reached for his martini again.

“Fine. Whatever. It’s a deal.” After the agreement, trying to ease the nerves that horrible bet gave him, Danny gave the room another once over. “Where the hell are all the pretty boys tonight?”

“Someplace else. Okay, we came here to form a strategy about Mr. Construction-man. Let’s think.”

Leaning over the table, placing his drink on it, Danny whispered, “Okay. Let’s think this out logically.”

“Yes. Step by step.”

Danny thought a moment before he began, “Well, he has to get off from work some time.”

“And what? Goes home? To a bar?”

“To his wife and kids?”

“Perfect!” Donny grinned wickedly.

“No. Not perfect. If he’s got a wife and kids, it’s no good.”

“No!” Donny complained, “If he’s got a wife and kids it’s better. He’ll be so much harder to nail.”

“I don’t want to break up a family, Don!” Danny exhaled in exasperation. “Christ, and you wonder why I think you’re the wicked twin.”

Throwing up his hand, Donny agreed, “Fine. No kids. But who gives a shit about a wife? And...” Donny scooted closer, “If he’s loyal and in love with his significant other, he’ll never cheat, right?”

“Do we know that?”

“Mom and Dad never cheated on each other.”

“True.” Danny savored the alcohol on his tongue before swallowing.

“So, if the guy is married, he’s still game.” Donny pointed his finger into his brother’s face as if warning him.

DOUBLE TROUBLE

Danny knew he had to give ground somewhere or Donny would begin to claim he was taking an unfair advantage. "Okay. I'll agree to the wife or girlfriend, though I think it sucks. But I know you. You'll hound me."

Donny smirked.

Waving his hand to get to the next topic, Danny continued, "So, we need to stake out the area and see his schedule." He made sure no one was listening. "There has to be a place where they park their cars or something."

"Yes. And we'll follow him home and see where he lives."

"Right." Danny nodded in consent. "Then what?"

"We can intercept him. Maybe we can be strolling on the sidewalk or something."

"Both together? Identical twins? He'll think something's up."

"We can pull the bait and switch. He'll never know whether it's me or you."

"I loved doing that as a kid." He giggled.

"We used to have Dad going nuts until he pulled off your shirt to see your birthmark." Donny finished his drink, his eyes shining at his memories.

Recalling all the pranks they pulled on their poor father, Danny lit up with glee at the thought. "We were terrible."

"Tough. He survived. And we're still in his will, so how bad could we have been?"

"We never did anything too outlandish. Not like this." Danny toyed with his glass as he thought about their unsavory plan. "Wait." Danny got his attention. "Check that out." He nudged Donny at the sight of two men walking into the club. "Grrr..."

"I want the blond."

"You always want the blond. You do realize I love blonds as well. Can't I have the blond for a change?" Danny paused, observing them. "Hang on. Shit. They look like a couple." Danny watched them as they all gave each other a good once over.

"No. They're game," Donny hissed. "Makes me so hot. I love the chase. That's why this bet has me going insane. The hunt is almost as good as the reward at the end."

"Shut up for a minute." He touched Donny's arm. "Where are they going?" Danny turned around to see.

The two men stood at the bar. One immediately twisted back to look at them.

“What if the brunette drove?” Danny asked, figuring his brother would get the blond. He usually did, he was so pushy.

“Then I’ll take your keys.”

Seeing the brunette was very attractive as well, he replied, “Deal. Get them over here.”

“Give me a minute. Jesus, Danny, you say I’m impatient.”

“We need two more chairs. Why do we only have two?”

“Shut up. Let me handle it.”

Danny bit his lip. He could almost taste the brunette he was so delectable.

Once the two men at the bar were served, they spun around almost as if they were opening themselves up for the taking, leaning against the counter behind them. Danny waited, allowing his brother to lure them in.

Watching Donny’s technique, Danny knew few could resist.

First a sensuous grin appeared on Donny’s face. It screamed of a come on. A slight tilt of Donny’s head, the tip of his tongue touching his top lip in invitation, his eyes darting to their crotches.

They were almost there.

The two men conferred. Danny assumed it was; which twin do you want? But it didn’t matter to them, did it? They were identical bookends.

The masculine strut that approached had Danny hard and eager. Checking out the brunette’s crotch as he walked sent shivers down his spine. *Mother-fucker, what a package.* The size of the man’s bulge tantalized Danny, making his mouth water.

“Hey,” the blond greeted them seductively.

“Why don’t you join us?” Donny’s voice was like silk.

Trying not to speak until everyone was comfortable, Danny watched the brunette’s arm muscles flex as he carried a chair with one hand on its back and brought it to their table.

“I want you right here.” Donny pointed the blond to the gap next to him. The man chuckled at the compliment.

Danny extended his hand to the gorgeous brunette. “I’m Danny, my brother’s Donny.”

“I’m Pete and that’s Chuck.” The brunette introduced his friend. “I have never seen twin brothers so beautiful,” Pete sighed.

DOUBLE TROUBLE

"Flattery will get you everywhere," Danny purred, licking his lips in a deliberate tease. It worked instantly. To his delight, Pete was confident enough in his own sex appeal to reach out for him. When Pete dug his hands into his hair and drew him to his mouth, Danny swooned at the unexpected reward for his actions. As an aggressive tongue made its way inside his mouth, fucking it, the thrill went right to his cock. As bold as his new companion, he held Pete's head, deepening their kiss until he was fully erect and ready to go. Hearing Donny clear his throat in irritation, he woke from his dream and parted their kiss.

When Pete sat back to stare, Danny caught his breath. "Holy shit. You don't waste any time."

"Do you wish I hadn't kissed you?" Deep and masculine, Pete's voice sent shivers all over Danny's skin.

"You kidding?" Danny laughed at the joke, reaching to massage Pete's muscular thigh. "I wouldn't have it any other way, handsome." Danny scooted his chair closer so he was in contact with Pete's. When he managed to tear his eyes away from this adorable creature, he found his brother's pout.

Donny was obviously disappointed he had beaten him to first base.

And showing his disapproval, Donny crossed his arms over his chest and asked Chuck, pouting in exaggeration, "Don't I get a smooch too?"

"I like to be more private about it." Chuck caressed Donny's cheek. "I'm not into PDA."

An instant sneer appeared on Donny's face. "You're losing me, blondie."

"Right." Danny didn't care what Donny was losing at the moment. "Which one of you drove?" *Time to go, bro!* He wanted Pete now. Why wait when sexual satisfaction was a simple moment away?

"I know what I'll be driving," Pete crooned, caressing Danny's hair back from his face.

"Okay. I'm on fire. Here's the keys, Don." Danny threw them at him. "Fuck me senseless, Pete."

Pete threw back his drink and slammed the glass on the table. "Let's go, gorgeous." He reached out his hand and Danny clasped it.

"Bye." He waved to his brother. Holding Pete's hot hand in both of his, Danny walked outside with him to the parking lot. "You live close by?"

"I do."

"Good. I hate doing it in cars."

"Me too. I have a nice king-sized bed."

As Pete unlocked his black Cadillac XLR Roadster convertible, Danny was impressed with his taste and style. "Nice."

"Thank you."

Danny climbed in beside the gorgeous hunk and kept admiring his great sex appeal and virility. "Let me guess. Actor?"

"Nope." Pete started the car, reaching out to hold his hand.

"You should be. Why the hell aren't you?" Danny released Pete's hand and began massaging his muscular thigh at the inseams hungrily.

"I have no interest in it."

"You're too good looking anyway. Only male dogs get leading roles in Hollywood. All the pretty boys have to be content with porn."

"True."

Danny scooted closer, moving his caressing between Pete's legs. "Nice package...I admired it as you made your way to the table. Hung like a horse, Pete?"

"You'll find that out shortly. Won't you? Can't wait to get it inside you. I'm hoping you're a bottom."

"Oh, hell yeah. Bottom, and love it." Danny was about to pop, squirming in the seat.

"Do I know how to pick them or what?" Pete chuckled softly.

Parking in front of a private home in Bel Air, Danny enjoyed Pete's affection right up to the front of the house with kisses and touches that were driving him wild.

The minute they were on the other side of the door, Pete embraced him, meeting his lips with his own.

Danny was an inferno. He began raising Pete's shirt, getting it off his muscular frame. Pausing in their kissing, Pete allowed his shirt to come off his body, dragging Danny back for more kisses.

DOUBLE TROUBLE

As his tongue was occupied, Danny smoothed his palms over Pete's rippled chest and erect nipples. "You hot mother-fucker," Danny moaned, "Christ, I'm already in love!" Laughing at himself, he added, "Or lust, whatever."

Pete broke up with laughter, the sound so robust and full of life, Danny melted instantly. Some men flipped his switch, others he just screwed for the orgasm. Pete? He was perfection. Danny hated when he became infatuated. It was a danger sign to his heart which he knew was vulnerable. Between him and his brother, he was by far the romantic of the two.

Forcefully he was drawn to meet Pete's hips. The bulge under the man's slacks was formidable. Danny went in for another fondle. "Christ!" He was burning up with desire. "What are you? Eight, nine inches? I'm dying here."

Panting, obviously as excited as Danny, Pete backed up to take off Danny's shirt, dropping it to the floor. As he leaned down to suck on Danny's nipple, Danny's head fell back in a swoon. He cupped Pete's rough jaw and gazed down as Pete's tongue lapped at his chest.

"Fuck me. Fuck me!" Danny began to squirm from the urgency. *This one's a keeper. You better be single and ready for a relationship, Pete!* Danny bit his lip on saying any of that nonsense aloud. After all, they knew each other all of five seconds.

Pete opened the front of his trousers and shoved a hand in. When he gripped Danny's cock tightly, Danny closed his eyes and battled back an instant orgasm. "Where's the fucking bed?" Danny cried. "Christ, don't make me come yet. I don't want to come just yet."

"I want to taste you. Don't worry." Pete removed his fingers from Danny's slacks, grabbed his hand and raced to the second floor.

Finally in a bedroom, Danny kicked off his shoes and socks, getting help dragging his pants and briefs down his legs. Instantly Pete sat on his knees in front of him. The minute his cock was exposed it was inside Pete's mouth.

Danny held Pete's head and fucked his mouth hotly. "Yes. Yes! Augh!" Danny couldn't hold off on his stream of thoughts. Some of this affection had to come out of his head, had to. "I'm

in love with your mouth,” he gasped, “or in lust with it. Who are you and where have you been all my pathetic life?”

Hearing Pete stifling his laugh, Danny shuddered as Pete drew hard on him, sucking deep. Pete gripped one of Danny’s ass cheeks in each palm and forced him inside his throat.

Danny’s knees gave out. “Ah! Fuck!” The rush to his loins was intense. He knew the orgasm would be worth its weight in gold. “Baby...baby...” he whimpered. “What a mouth! Holy shit!” It only served to excite Pete more. He began orally piston-fucking his cock. Danny had never experienced anything like it. The man knew how to give a blowjob! “Ah! Oh, my fucking God!” Danny climaxed, spinning with the intensity. “I’m there! Augh! Keep sucking! More!”

Moaning from the passion, Pete sucked harder, deeper.

As the waves of bliss rocked him to the core, Danny choked to catch his breath. He was so satisfied he was delirious. Recuperating slowly, digging his fingers into the soft thick waves of dark brown hair on Pete’s head, he kept groaning softly as Pete nuzzled his face into Danny’s balls lovingly.

“Okay,” Danny hissed, “Kill me now. Nothing could compete with that. You may as well just end my life. You’ve ruined me for every other man on the planet.”

Still holding Danny’s hips, Pete roared with hysterical laughter. “Christ, you’re so damn funny. Was it that good?”

“That good?” Danny blinked. “No. It sucked. *Sucked!*” he enunciated in a taunt. “Look, Pete, I’ve had a few guys give me head, okay?” He watched Pete’s eye brighten up to another laughing fit at the irony. “But no one has ever sucked me like that.”

“Really?” Pete rose to his feet. “That’s my standard. You should see the deluxe version.”

Danny’s legs quivered at the thought. “I want you. Can I own you?”

“Christ, you are so adorable.” Pete brushed his fingers back through Danny’s hair affectionately.

Opening his arms, Danny offered himself. “Pete? Interested?”

“Fuck, yeah. You kidding me? My turn, good looking.” Pete urged him to lie back on his bed.

DOUBLE TROUBLE

Bending his legs, pulling back his knees for Pete, Danny watched through sated eyes as Pete rolled on a condom and found the lube.

Cool, slick fingers slid inside his back passage. Danny hissed and shivered from the electric charge it sent over his length. He loved bottoming, loved it. "Take it, hot stuff. Don't be shy."

"Oh, don't even get me started with shit like that," Pete hissed.

"You want me to talk dirty?" Danny kept his gaze on Pete's actions. "Tell me what turns you on."

"You. You, you handsome fucker. You turn me on."

As Pete knelt between Danny's legs, he kept working Danny's hole with his fingers, loosening the tight ring of muscle.

Just the penetration of Pete's fingers made Danny crazy and erect once again. He began bucking to get Pete's digits deeper.

"Oh yes!" Pete exclaimed in delight and quickly switched from his hand to his cock.

Danny took a look as it hovered between his legs. "Fucking knew it. Over eight. Has to be."

Pete chuckled softly as he began to push the head of his dick inside Danny. "Never measured it."

"Bull shit. All guys do."

"Nope. Not me." Pete inched in slowly. "Nice. Very nice."

"Stop being timid."

"I don't want to hurt you." Pete continued entering gently.

Danny held onto him tightly, and jammed his hips upward, meeting his pelvis until Pete had penetrated him to the hilt. "So nice," Danny whimpered.

"Holy shit!" Pete paused as if holding back on his climax.

Allowing Pete to set his own pace, but dying for a good hard screwing, Danny felt Pete's cock pulsating deep inside him. "Any time, cutie."

"Okay, hang on, handsome. I'm going to ride you to the stars." Pete dragged his cock out to the head, jamming back in all the way to the base.

"Take it. Oh, fuck yeah, take it." Danny's cock responded to the internal stimulation immediately.

Pete closed his eyes and began rocking his hips slowly at first, gaining speed in small increments.

Once Pete began his rise to the heavens, Danny watched his fantastic face. "Perfect. Perfect."

A deep masculine grunt oozed from Pete's lips. It sent Danny reeling. When he grabbed his own cock for climax number two, Pete instantly opened his eyes to watch.

Fisting himself frantically as the inside friction sent him rocketing off the planet, his body jerked with the coming orgasm.

Pete let out a loud howl of pleasure, his cock vibrating in Danny's body as he came. Seeing Pete's face during climax set him off. He sprayed out cum over his chest, as Pete jammed his hips as deep as he could against him.

"Fuck!" Pete cried. "You gorgeous bastard!"

Laughing wearily, Danny replied, "Took the words right out of my mouth, Pete. Holy shit."

Pete pulled out gently, laying on top of Danny and began a slow affectionate kissing session.

Danny was high from the sex. Floating on a cloud. Yeah, he was a player, aloof, didn't like to get involved, but...

This man?

It hit Danny like a baseball bat to the head. He didn't know anything about him. Other than he obviously earned a decent living, judging by the house and car, was gorgeous, and a demon in bed. Did he need to know anything else?

As the after-coital kissing sealed the deal, Danny decided he could fall for a guy. He had to eventually. Why not this one?

* * * *

Donny's lip had developed a permanent snarl.

"Do you guys ever get asked to perform a threesome?"

"Look, Chuck..." Donny nudged his empty martini glass aside. "You may think your talk about having sex with me and my brother is a turn-on. Let me inform you, it ain't."

"Oh. Sorry." The man copped an attitude suddenly.

Donny mumbled, "I'm out of here."

"Can you at least drive me home? Pete took the damn car."

"Where do you live?"

"Not far. Just off Santa Monica Boulevard."

DOUBLE TROUBLE

“You sure you don’t want to hang out and see if you can hook up with someone else? The night is young.” Donny pushed in his chair as he stood behind it.

Seeing Chuck analyzing the crowd, he finally replied, “No. I’ll pass.”

“Your choice.” Donny spun the keys in his hand while they left the lounge.

As he made his way to his brother’s car, he heard Chuck mutter, “Too bad I turned you off. You’re fucking amazing.”

Donny smiled at the compliment. Giving a glance at Chuck over his shoulder, he replied, “I thought you were amazing too, until you opened your mouth and suggested I have sex with my brother.”

Chuck pinned Donny against the fender of the Porsche. “I’m sorry. It was stupid. I guess coming from my perspective I didn’t see it that way. But it is kinda sick.” Chuck purred seductively, “What if I did something else with my mouth besides talk?”

“Persuade me.” *This is more like it.*

“Get in.”

Donny unlocked the car, sitting in the driver’s seat. He stuck the key into the ignition, starting it and the air conditioning up. Chuck’s hand stroked his inner thigh. Watching it move to his crotch, Donny’s first rush of pleasure for the night tingled between his legs.

“Am I ‘persuading’ you yet?”

“Not yet.” Donny grinned wickedly. “Where, off Santa Monica Boulevard, do you live?” He placed the car in gear.

“Turn right on Western. I’ll tell you as you go.”

Enjoying the ball massage, Donny listened to the directions as Chuck tried his best to convince him he was fuck-worthy. Donny preferred doing the pursuing but it was more common for him and his brother to be sought after than doing the seeking.

“That’s my place. Park in the driveway.”

It was a very respectable contemporary split-level home. Donny parked behind a Hummer. The engine still running, he played the game. “Well...it was nice to have met you.”

Chuck sidled closer, deepening the rubbing friction against Donny’s cock. The tip of Chuck’s tongue teased his earlobe sending chills down his back.

“Wanna fuck me?”

Yes, I do. “Uh, I don’t know if I have time.” Donny checked his watch casually.

“How do you like it? Hmm?” Chuck gnawed on Donny’s neck. “You want to top me? Huh?”

“Yeah, as a matter of fact, I do.” Donny had to bite back his moan of excitement. “And I like it rough. Mother-fucking rough.”

“Come inside.” Chuck shut off the ignition for him.

Watching as Chuck exited his vehicle and stood by, reaching back seductively, Donny took his keys, climbed out of the car and followed him. *All right, maybe I can forgive the twin-sandwich comment, just this once.* He grinned wickedly, imagining giving Chuck a good fucking.

Once they were inside, Chuck led him to his bedroom. As they passed through the house, Donny admired the clean décor. Inside a spacious room with a view of the Valley, he observed as Chuck disrobed for him. Pleased with his body, Donny was even more delighted to see fair pubic hair. Another plus in his book. When Chuck was naked, he sauntered over and began undressing Donny, kissing his skin as it was revealed.

Donny did nothing to participate but watched and waited. After all, Chuck was the anxious one not him. “Where’s the lube and condoms?”

Almost as if the comment was an insult somehow, Chuck paused, looking at him for a moment after all of Donny’s clothing had been removed. “In the nightstand.”

Making a direct line to it, Donny opened the drawer and found what he needed. “Get on the bed.”

“Wait a minute...” Chuck appeared let down. “This isn’t exactly what I had in mind.”

“What am I missing here?” Donny asked, crossing his arms over his chest. “You lured me in. You asked me how I like it. I told you. Now I’m naked. What *did* you have in mind exactly?”

“Geez, man. Don’t be so fucking romantic.”

“You want romance? Go fuck a woman.” Donny made a move to his clothing.

“No. All right. Lighten up.” Chuck climbed on the bed facing upright.

“Roll over.” Knowing he had no feelings for this man, and actually did not like him at the moment, Donny didn’t even make

DOUBLE TROUBLE

eye contact with him. His focus on the condom, he stood opening the package of a rubber, jerking on himself because he had lost his hard-on.

Chuck lay on his front, his arms under his head, watching Donny from over his shoulder. "I haven't bottomed in a while, so go easy at first, okay?"

Yeah right. Sorry sweetie, you asked for it rough. Ignoring the comment, still not looking Chuck directly in the face, Donny lubed up generously. He enjoyed a vigorous bout and knew Chuck would need the oiling. Kneeling behind Chuck, he used his fingers to insert even more gel. Chuck squirmed in delight on the bed. It took a moment to get himself hard enough to penetrate, but Donny took that time, imagining the thrust and hump he was about to enjoy.

Without another word or warning, Donny knelt behind him and urged Chuck to his knees. Feeling Chuck's muscles tense when Donny pushed the head of his dick inside his rim, Donny tried not to scold him and ask him to relax. This was Chuck's trip now. If it were up to Donny, he'd have never bothered. Donny ground his way deeper inside. Chuck hissed out a deep breath which Donny couldn't differentiate between pain or pleasure. Donny didn't know Chuck at all, and figured if it hurt it wasn't his problem. This guy offered to bottom, didn't he?

Once he was in, good and tight, Donny got a better grip on Chuck's hips and began screwing the devil out of him.

At first Chuck moaned softly, meeting Donny's thrusts. Donny began enjoying it, assuming Chuck did as well. He upped the tempo and was soon close to the edge and ready to spurt.

As his hammering became fierce, it didn't take long for those sensuous whimpers to turn.

"Could you take it easy?"

"I told you I like it rough." Donny didn't let up, close, so close. He wanted to tell Chuck to shut up. The sound of his voice grated on his nerves bringing him back from the sensation of climax not towards it.

"I know what you told me. I haven't bottomed in a while and I'm asking you to slow down."

"Shut up. I'm almost there." Donny clamped his eyes closed and hammered into him. Right on the verge of climax, only one or two thrusts away.

“Fuck! You asshole!” Chuck began urging Donny backwards.

Right before he pulled out, it hit Donny in that instant. And like it or not, the power trip added to the thrill. Nothing better than being a top gun. He ground in for the last few waves of pleasure, his hold on Chuck’s body like a vise. “That’s it,” Donny crooned, “Perfect.”

“Get off me!” Chuck twisted back and straight-armed Donny over the edge of the bed.

That shocked him. He had no idea Chuck actually wanted him to stop completely. *Christ!* Half the time it was all just a bunch of hot comments to turn men on. Donny assumed if Chuck didn’t like to bottom he never should have offered it.

“Jesus!” After Donny regained his balance he stared at Chuck in surprise. “What did you do that for?”

“I said you were screwing me too hard. Didn’t you hear me?” Chuck glared at him, his chest heaving.

Donny removed the spent condom. “I was in the midst of a fucking climax. Did I hear you?” Donny made a face of disbelief at him. “I thought it was your way of making it fun. You know, some kind of play acting.”

“Get the fuck out of my house.”

“What? You’re throwing me out?” Donny blinked in amazement. “Are you kidding me? You fucking ingrate!” He protested, throwing the rubber on the floor. “I didn’t want to come here! You did!” He grabbed his pants. “I didn’t want to screw! You did!”

“Get out before I kill you.” Chuck’s teeth showed under his curled lip, his chest was heaving and his fists clenched.

Certainly knowing he could hold his own in a fight, after he zipped his trousers, Donny puffed up. “Come on. Kill me.” He beckoned him over. “Think you’re tough enough, asshole?”

“Just get the hell out of my house, you prick.”

“You think I’m the prick?” Donny picked up his shirt tugging it on, next his socks and shoes. “I didn’t want to fuck you, touch you, or even talk to you after the stupid comment at the club. As a matter of fact, I didn’t even want to drive you home. That’s the thanks I get for doing everything you asked me to do, including playing your taxi.”

Chuck snarled, climbing off the bed slowly. He approached Donny menacingly. “Go ahead. Try to pin your vile behavior on

DOUBLE TROUBLE

me. It's typical of rich, spoiled Valley boys. You're a predator. I've heard about your type before, but I was lucky enough never to run into one of you."

"A predator?" Donny laughed sarcastically. "What the hell am I missing here? You brought me here! You came after me. Are you stupid or what?"

"Out now. Or I will fucking fight you."

Snorting in disgust, Donny made sure he had his keys and headed down the stairs, tucking in his shirt. "You're fucked up, man. Don't invite men to your house if you can't handle it."

The minute he was outside, the front door slammed loudly. Shaking his head as he approached the car, Donny had no clue what the guy's problem was. As he unlocked the door to the Porsche, he muttered, "*How do you like it*, he asked. I say, *I like it rough*. He says, *Come inside*. I fuck him rough and he turns into a baby. What the hell was I supposed to do? Be his goddamn nursemaid?" He chirped the tires as he backed out, burning rubber down the street, heading home. He was so angry he couldn't see straight. Speeding, almost hitting curbs as he took corners on two wheels, he began to hate this game.

And after the rebuking about the transsexual from his brother, he'd had enough. They asked him for sex! He didn't force anyone! "For cryin' out loud!" Donny roared in frustration, "They are inviting me! Not the other way around!"

* * * *

"Thanks for the lift." Danny smiled sweetly at Pete. *I adore you, adore, adore, adore you*. He felt the worst case of puppy love on the planet.

"You're welcome." Pete cupped his jaw and brought him for a kiss. When they parted, Pete asked, "Can I see you again?"

"Of course. Did you have any doubt?" Danny pecked his lips.

"I never take anything for granted." Pete winked.

"Take me! Use me!" Danny teased playfully. "Christ, Pete, I'm afraid to tell you how much I enjoyed it. You'll make me wait for your phone call like I'm a woman."

"No chance of that, hot stuff." Pete curled him into an embrace and kissed him.

The passion was toe curling it was so intense. "Man!" Danny gasped, "Is our chemistry amazing or am I crazy?"

"We're both crazy then. It's amazing, Dan." Pete caressed Danny's hair affectionately. "And I will call you. Promise."

"Good. Hate those rules. You know, don't act too anxious, blah, blah, blah."

"I don't abide by straight couple rules." Pete chuckled, his eyes sparkling in amusement. "And you can call me, sweetie. No rule against that."

"And show you how anxious I am?" Danny teased flirtatiously. "I know you men. You love the chase!"

"Shut up and kiss me again." Pete cracked up with laughter.

After smooching one last time before he exited the vehicle, Danny parted from Pete's mouth, wishing they were already in a committed relationship. The guy was positively awesome.

Once he was standing on the pavement, he waved as Pete drove off.

Sighing contentedly, Danny checked his watch. It was after one in the morning. Still tingling from a night of fantastic sex, he used his key in the door, being quiet, assuming all the occupants of the house were asleep. Tiptoeing up the stairs, he turned on the light in his bedroom and was surprised to see his brother sleeping in his bed.

The light and movement woke Donny. He rolled over, shielding his eyes. "Hey."

"Hey." Before Danny began undressing, he shut off the overhead light turning on a softer one so his brother was more comfortable. "You okay?"

"Had a shitty night." Donny curled his arm around the pillow under his head.

"With the blond? With Chuck?" He emptied his pockets, putting his wallet, phone and keys on the dresser before taking off his pants.

"Yes. What an ass."

Down to just his briefs, Danny gestured to the bathroom. "Let me wash up."

Donny nodded.

Closing himself into the bathroom, he relieved himself at the toilet and scrubbed his face and hands, brushed his teeth and slathered moisturizer on his face. Reliving a few delightful

DOUBLE TROUBLE

moments he spent with Pete, Danny tried to prepare himself for Donny's dating disaster. Inhaling for strength, he rinsed his hands and wiped them off on a towel.

Once Danny was finished he shut the light and climbed into his bed knowing his brother must have been through something terrible. He hadn't slept with him for ten years.

Lying on his side in the dimness, he asked, "All right. I'm listening. What happened?"

It appeared Donny struggled with his explanation for a moment. He rubbed his face and ran his fingers through his hair first. "After you guys left, Chuck started that crap about a twin sandwich."

"Oh. I get it." He crushed the pillow under his cheek assuming they must have argued.

"No. You don't." Donny exhaled loudly. "At that point I was seriously not interested."

"Yeah. I figured that much. We both turn off to that shit." Danny nodded, urging his brother to continue.

"So, Chuck informs me he needs a lift home, since Pete drove them." Donny continued softly, "I intended on driving him home, Dan. That's it. But the guy starts to come on again. Groping my balls, you know."

"Yeah. And?" Danny had no idea how the story would end.

"He's all over me, right, chewing my ear, rubbing my cock. He asks me how I like it. I told him. Rough."

Danny flinched, instantly recalling the parking garage-tranny incident. Oh God no. Did he want to hear this?

"He still wants me to come inside." Donny's voice became strained with emotion. "Against my better judgment, Dan, I follow him in."

"What the fuck happened, Don? You're scaring the crap out of me."

Donny flopped to his back and stared at the ceiling. Danny could see the frustration in his features even from his profile.

"The guy strips naked, takes off all my clothing." Donny paused inhaling deeply. "I tell him to get on his hands and knees." He turned to stare at Danny. "He knew I wanted to screw him hard. He asked me and I told him."

"Jesus, Donny!" Danny wasn't sure he wanted to hear the rest of this tale.

“He gets all whiny about not being a bottom for a while.”

“Stop.” Danny held up his hand.

“Stop?”

“Yes. Please.” Danny closed his eyes. It was beginning to sound like a nightmare for poor Chuck and after the unbelievable evening he’d just spent with Pete, he didn’t want to be saddled with this story.

Donny sat up in bed, staring down at him. “What did I do wrong? Danny, what did I do wrong?” He began to sound upset. “He asked me how I liked it and I told him. I didn’t rape the guy.”

Scrubbing his face in agony, Danny asked in anxiety, “Did he tell you to stop?”

“He told me to take it easy. No. He never said stop. At least not until after I came.”

“Did you?”

“Did I what?”

“Did you take it easy!” Danny tried not to be exasperated but this was becoming a regular occurrence for his brother lately.

“I was so close. I just went for it.”

“Donald!” Danny scolded, cringing for poor Chuck.

As a look of guilt finally washed over his features, Donny lowered back to the pillows again, curled up in a ball as he faced Danny. “He...he got really angry and told me to leave.”

“Do you blame him?” Danny couldn’t even think about this confession without wincing. He thought he knew everything about his twin. He was not prepared for this.

Donny reaching out and stroked Danny’s hair back from his face gently.

Danny knew he was trying to gain sympathy. He could see Donny’s pout a mile away.

“Chuck asked me how I liked it. I told him. I don’t know why I’m to blame.”

“He asked you to take it easy. Do you enjoy inflicting pain on your lovers?”

Donny took back his hand, tucking it under his chin. “Yes and no.”

“Yes? Did you just say yes?”

“I get off a little on it.”

DOUBLE TROUBLE

“You get off on inflicting pain on a man during intercourse? What the hell’s wrong with you?”

“I just don’t see the problem if they ask and I give them fair warning. It’s like S and M. You know going into it you’re going to get nailed. And when you do, you act like you’re submissive, am I right?”

“I can’t believe what I’m hearing.” Danny exhaled an angry blast of air. “Don, if they say no, or to take it easy, you listen.” Danny tried to calm down. He was so angry he was about to scream. “Did you have a safe word?”

“No! He wasn’t tied up! Come on, Danny. It was straight anal sex. We didn’t need a damn ‘safe word’.” Donny shook his head as if the notion was absurd.

“If he asked you to slow down and take it easy, why didn’t you?” *Count to ten, don’t slap him.* Danny ground his jaw.

“I know,” Donny replied sheepishly. “I thought he was saying shit to turn me on. You know. Playing it up.” He shrugged innocently.

“Don’t you know the difference? Don’t you know when a man is playing or in real discomfort?”

“I thought I did.” Donny glared at him for a minute before his expression softened. “I swear, Dan. He asked me how I liked it, I said rough, he said come inside. From then on? Fair game. I expected he liked the same. How on earth should I assume he wasn’t playing it up for my benefit?”

“My God.” Danny shook his head in disbelief. “When did this desire to inflict pain on your sexual partners start? You have never mentioned any of this to me. Was it with that transsexual? Or even before her?”

A wicked smirk appeared on Donny’s face. “Do we have to share all our deepest darkest secrets?”

“Don’t we?” That surprised him.

Donny shrugged in response.

“Stop hurting men. It’s wrong and you know it.”

The smirk vanished and a look of devastation appeared. “I didn’t do it on purpose.”

“But there must have been a point where he made it clear it wasn’t a game. I know what screwing a guy is like, and I also know the difference between a game and the real thing. Don’t

pretend you don't. You're far from stupid, so that crap may work on Mom and Dad but it won't fly with me."

"Augh! Don't tell them! Jesus, they'll think I'm a sexual deviant!"

"Are you?" Danny glared at him.

After a long silence moment, Donny asked, "Am I fucked up, Danny?"

"You are if you think exacting pain from a lover is a turn-on. In my book it better be consensual."

"I'm sorry." Donny moved to embrace him.

Feeling some sympathy for him, Danny held him close. "You need to apologize to Chuck, not me."

"But it's you I've disappointed. I hate doing that."

"Look, just don't do it anymore." Danny leaned back to see his face. "You must just be going through some emotional baggage or something. This is just not like you."

"No. I know. I suppose I have some anxiety over us graduating and moving on with our life. I kind of like it the way it is."

"We all have to grow up and leave the nest. It's natural. I'm not hanging around Mom and Dad all my life. I want to get going on being my own man. Don't you?"

"Yes. I know you're right." Donny nodded shyly. "Anyway. Enough of that bullshit. How was your night with Pete?"

Danny moved back from their contact and sighed, "Wonderful."

"Good. Goodnight, Danny."

"Don't you want to hear about it?" Danny was slightly disappointed he couldn't share his own experience, but at the moment, it would seem slightly inappropriate to gloat.

"No. I'm beat. How about tomorrow instead?"

Watching his brother burrow into the pillow, Danny shut the lamp on the night table and sighed deeply. "Goodnight, Don."

"Night, Danny."

Danny closed his eyes, trying not to think about what his brother had just revealed to him. He hoped this little discussion was the end of it. The thought of Donny inflicting pain on the men he made love to sickened him. And he and his brother were too close to allow a wall that thick to come between them.

Chapter Two

Donny awoke. Checking the clock, seeing it was just after nine, he stretched his back lazily and found his brother still asleep next to him. He missed sharing a bed with him. At twenty-five it was a little unseemly. But it was company when he was upset or let down.

Trying to be gentle when he climbed out of the bed, Donny looked back and was glad he hadn't woken Danny up. He left his bedroom, making for his own so he could shower and dress.

As he shaved in the mirror over the sink, Donny thought about their conversation last night. What he did to Chuck was wrong. He should be more considerate. It's just the heat of the moment usually influenced his good judgment. In the end, it was all about getting your rocks off. He wasn't ready for a commitment. He was still too young to consider it. And good trustworthy men were hard to find.

Wearing his khaki shorts and a white polo shirt, Donny bounded down the stairs and could smell coffee, pancakes, bacon and sausages. It was Saturday and that meant a good hearty breakfast.

As he stepped into the kitchen he found his father sipping a cup of coffee reading the paper and Louisa working over the stove. "Morning." Donny poured himself a cup.

"Good morning, son." David Rothschild gave Donny a smile. "Any plans for the day?"

When Donny joined him at the table, Louisa placed a plate loaded with food in front of him. "Thanks, sweetie."

"My pleasure." She winked at him.

After taking a bite of his bacon, he replied, "No. What are you and Mom doing?"

"We haven't decided. Is Danny still asleep?"

"Yes. I think so." Donny poured maple syrup on his stack. Just as he was about to take a bite, his brother appeared in the doorway.

"Morning," Danny greeted everyone, going for the coffee pot. "Mm, pancakes. Thank you, Louisa."

"My pleasure. Sit." She put a full plate of food on the table for him.

"Did I wake you?"

"No. I just didn't want to sleep the morning away." Danny yawned.

He kept an eye on his brother, wondering if what they had discussed would color his attitude from now on. If it had, Donny would never reveal another secret to him. He couldn't lose his brother's love. Never.

"Fantastic as usual, Louisa." Danny ate ravenously. "Where's Mom?"

"She's still getting ready." David folded the newspaper neatly. "I already asked your brother. What do you two have planned for today?"

Donny received Danny's gaze. He read nothing unusual in it.

"What are we doing?" Danny asked him.

"I have no idea." Donny kept eating, trying not to be distracted by his thoughts.

"I guess we're free, Dad. What did you need us for?"

"Your mother and I were going to play a round of golf. Are you interested?"

"Sure." Danny checked back with Donny. "Okay with you?"

"Okay with me." He tried to smile, but it felt as if there was something placed between them suddenly. He had never felt that way before and he hated it.

"Good. I'll let your mother know." David stood up, bringing his plate to the sink. "Thank you, Louisa. Perfect as usual."

"You are very welcome."

Donny waited for his father to leave the room. When he had, he whispered, "Am I forgiven?"

Stopping chewing, Danny tilted his head. "What? Forgiven?"

"Last night." Donny glanced at Louisa quickly.

"Are you sure it's me you need to be asking forgiveness of?"

"Yes, I'm sure." Donny felt like shouting it in frustration that he couldn't give a shit about Chuck, but didn't.

DOUBLE TROUBLE

"You didn't fuck me hard. What the hell am I forgiving you for?"

"For disappointing you." Donny couldn't believe it wasn't obvious. Where had the connection between them gone? They weren't even wearing the same clothing this morning.

"Did you learn from it?" Danny asked softly.

"Yes."

Shrugging, Danny said, "It's all good with me then."

"Good. Thanks." Donny smiled sweetly at him.

"Are you calling Chuck and apologizing?"

"What?" he asked flatly.

"Chuck." Danny met his eyes.

"I don't have his number."

"I can get it from Pete."

Forcing his lip not to curl in distaste, Donny lied, "Yes. Do that. I'll call him."

"Good." Danny smiled in approval.

Avoiding looking at Danny for too long, because he knew Danny would see through him, Donny continued to eat, his insides twisting at this incident which wasn't going away as easily as he hoped. And it wasn't the act between him and Chuck he was uneasy about. He hated when he and his brother were at odds. Just the idea of calling Chuck revolted him. No way in hell he was ever going to do that.

* * * *

After eighteen holes of golf in the heat, Donny was glad to be sitting in the air-conditioned clubhouse eating a late lunch with his family. Sipping lemonade, he listened dully to his father discussing vacation plans with his mother as he ate his crabmeat quiche.

When Danny's mobile phone rang, Donny looked up at him.

"You guys mind?" Danny asked before he answered it.

"No. Go right ahead, dear," his mother waved at him, not missing a beat. "David, what about the Seychelles Islands as a possible destination spot?"

"Hello?"

Donny noticed Danny's face light up instantly.

"I enjoyed it too...I've just finished a round of golf...tonight?" Danny glanced up at his brother.

If Danny wanted permission to go out on a Saturday without him, Donny wasn't so sure he was willing to grant it. Seeing Danny's expression change, he knew Danny had gotten the message.

"Well...it is short notice, Pete." Danny gave him an irritated glare at being denied his date. "Perhaps later in the week? I'm free Tuesday evening." He stuck his tongue out at Donny in defiance.

"What's going on?" David asked.

"He's trying to get laid," Donny answered, "again."

"Great," Danny smiled as he spoke. "Oh, before I forget. What's Chuck's number? I think my brother wants to speak to him."

Donny watched Danny's expression intently. It soured.

"No," Danny sighed, "I suppose he doesn't want to hear from him. I see." Danny took a look at his parents first before he whispered to Pete, "I'll call you later...okay. Bye." He hung up and gave Donny a tired shake of the head.

Donny shrugged innocently. "You tried."

"What's going on?" Patty asked, dabbing her lip with a napkin.

"I met a delightful man named Pete," Danny replied. "He's a doll. I can't wait to see him again."

"That's nice." Patty glanced at Donny. "Why doesn't Pete's friend Chuck want your number, Donny?"

"We just didn't click, Mom." Donny gave Danny a look that could kill if he spilled.

"Don't interfere in the boys' private life, Pat. Leave them to it."

"Thanks, Dad." Donny placed his silverware on his empty plate. "Leave our private lives private."

Patty caressed Danny's hair lovingly. "You know men can marry and adopt now in California."

"I know." Danny grinned. "You want grandbabies, Mom?"

"I do." She kissed his cheek.

"The minute I hook my man, I'll give them to you."

"You're making me gag," Donny said.

DOUBLE TROUBLE

“Why?” Patty turned her attention to her second son. “Why are we making you gag simply because your brother wants to settle down and raise children?”

Danny broke up with laughter. “Not yet on the kids, Mom. Give me a few years.”

“Better you than me.” Donny finished his lemonade.

“I like kids,” Danny explained casually. “With the right partner, it could be very rewarding.”

David leaned his elbows on the table to speak quietly. “It is, Danny. Very rewarding. Just make sure you pick a man who will be loyal to you.”

“Of course.” Danny grinned happily.

“No such creature exists,” Donny sneered.

“Since when did you become such a cynic?” Patty brushed the hair back from Donny’s forehead.

“A realist, Mom. A realist.” He glowered at his brother. Maybe they had some differences of opinions after all.

“He’s just been burned,” Danny teased. “I had a night of heaven, while he had a night in hell.”

“Danny!” Donny growled.

“Just playing with you, Don. Calm down.” Danny appeared concerned.

“I think it’s time I got the check and we went home.” David signaled to the waiter.

Donny was so angry at his brother at the moment he was grinding his teeth. Maybe Danny thought taunting him was good fun, but Donny did not. They usually were on the same side, tormenting someone else. Donny was not pleased Danny had become a traitor. And the addition of Pete, and his brother’s lovesick crooning were adding to his fury.

He jealously guarded his relationship with his twin, and he’d be damned if anyone broke them up.

* * * *

As they walked out of the club to the parking lot, Danny stumbled from Donny’s shove. “What?” he shouted at him in annoyance.

“I don’t want Mom and Dad to know anything about what happened last night.”

"I know that. I'm not an idiot." He peered over his shoulder at them.

"Then why did you tell them I had a night from hell?"

"It was a joke. Jesus, Donny, chill."

"And all that talk about getting married and having kids? Why did you get Mom's hopes up like that?"

Danny stopped in his tracks and gaped at him.

After peering behind him, Donny gripped his arm to keep him moving to the car.

Putting up with the manhandling, he said, "I do want to marry and have children some day, Donny. I'm not giving her false hopes. When I get settled in a career and buy a house, I have every intention of seeking out a soul mate. I'm hoping I found one. I really like Pete."

"Pete? A soul mate? What about me?"

"You?" Danny choked in awe. "You're my brother, not my partner!"

"Shut up. I don't want them hearing this conversation." Donny looked over his shoulder as if paranoid.

Danny was beginning to get concerned over Donny's behavior. They waited, rather impatiently, for their father to unlock the door to their Mercedes. Once they were in the back seat together, they started pushing and shoving each other in anger.

Patty twisted over the seat to ask, "What on earth has gotten into you two?"

Danny spun around to stare innocently at her while he held Donny's throat in his hand. Shoving him back, Danny released him and buckled up. "Just roughhousing."

"You're acting like two little boys." She sat straight in the seat again. "You never used to fight or argue. You used to be little coconspirators."

"We're not fighting." Donny elbowed Danny to shut him up.

With even more force and anger, he nudged him back. When Danny glanced over at his brother, he found Donny's head resting on the seat back with his eyes closed.

Sighing tiredly, he gazed out of the window as they drove.

The minute they were released from the cage of the backseat, Danny gripped Donny's elbow this time and urged him into the house. Once they were inside, he continued his powerful

DOUBLE TROUBLE

escorting up the staircase to his bedroom. After he shoved Donny into the room, Danny shut the door behind him. "What the hell's going on?"

"Nothing. Leave me alone." Donny wouldn't meet his eye.

Danny softened his demeanor and approached him. Draping his arms over Donny's shoulder, he whispered, "You do realize eventually we'll be on our own...with partners."

"Yes. Of course I do."

"I have every intention of doing what I said earlier. I want a husband and a family."

"Yeah. So?"

Danny cupped Donny's jaw, encouraging his brother to look him in the eye. "Why do you seem upset with that notion?"

"Why do you have to even ask?"

He did know why. Danny rested his forehead against Donny's. "We cannot be inseparable forever."

"I know that too. I'm just not ready to lose you."

Raising his head up to see those brown eyes, Danny replied, "I'm not going anywhere yet."

"What if you and Pete..."

A soft smile found its way to his lips. "Me and Pete? You're worried that Pete and I will get hitched?"

"You seemed so smitten with him."

Keeping his smile, he admitted, "We did have fun." Danny craved to elaborate but knew that would throw fuel on the fire already burning in his twin brother.

As if he couldn't stand the topic of conversation, Donny broke their contact and dropped down on the bed heavily. "So, Monday...this construction guy..."

"Yes." He kicked off his shoes and stretched out beside him, not so sure after meeting a man like Pete if this little wager even interested him any longer.

After removing his own shoes, Donny mirrored his posture. "One of us has to linger around the site and see where he goes."

Knowing Donny was still geared up for the deal, and if he reneged on his promise to collaborate he'd never hear the end of it, Danny played the stupid game. In reality, he didn't think the plan had any chance of success and would be quashed quickly. "I don't mind. You want me to do it?" He propped his head up on his palm.

“Okay. You take the first leg. Just get the make of his vehicle and call me on the cell phone. I’ll follow him in the car to where he goes.”

“Sounds like a plan.” Danny smiled, tugging at Donny’s long hair. “Feeling better?” He was hoping this little distraction would cheer his brother up.

“Even if we meet someone and get married, we’ll still be close, right?”

“Of course. How could we not be?”

“Twenty-five years we’ve been inseparable, Danny. Twenty-five fucking years.”

“I know.” Danny ran his fingers through Donny’s long strands of hair. “But you can’t expect it not to change eventually. It has to. My guess is that if we hadn’t taken time off after graduate school, and we were already working, we’d be in our own homes already.”

Donny flopped to his back on the bed. “Why am I not ready for that?” he exhaled loudly.

“I don’t know. You have to start changing your mindset.”

“I’m terrified you’ll find someone first and I’ll be alone.”

Smiling sadly, Danny moved closer to him to be able to see into his face. “Don’t be terrified.” When Donny wiped at his eyes roughly, he was stunned. “I’m not going anywhere. Don, I’ll wait for you.”

“You can’t wait for me.” Donny wouldn’t meet his gaze.

“I will. If I meet the right guy I won’t marry him until you meet one and you’re ready to marry as well.” Danny already imagined him and Pete walking down the aisle together. What a dreamer he was! But it was fun thinking of Pete that way. He couldn’t help it. He only wished Donny had hit it off with Chuck and they could have fun double dating. *That* wasn’t going to happen now, was it?

“I can’t ask you to do that,” Donny shouted in exasperation.

“You’re not asking me. I’m promising you.”

When Donny’s dark irises met his, he held his breath at the intensity of the gaze. “Promise?”

Danny held up his hand in a vow. “Hope to die.”

His worry vanishing, Donny embraced him tightly. “I love you, you know that?”

DOUBLE TROUBLE

"I know. Besides, it's my guess you'll meet Mr. Wonderful ages before I do." Danny knew Donny recognized how crazy he was about Pete, but pretended he wasn't for argument's sake.

"No." Donny set back, water filling his eyes. "You're the sweet one. Not me. And I can tell you and Pete are already into each other."

"Nonsense. We had one date." Danny brushed it off. "Are you too full for a workout?"

"No. Let me get changed and I'll meet you in the gym."

"Good." Danny watched him leave the room. After Donny did, he sat still thinking about their future and trying not to be concerned. "If Pete and I hit it off, Don, you better hurry. I'm not waiting around for ten years for you to make a connection with a man." Shaking his head at that horrible thought, Danny climbed off the bed and began changing into his shorts and t-shirt, hoping a good workout was going to lift both his and his brother's spirits.

* * * *

Wearing his gym shorts and a tank top, Donny returned to his brother's room. "You ready?"

"In a minute," came the response from behind the closed bathroom door.

As he waited, Donny's attention diverted to his brother's mobile phone as it lit up and vibrated where it sat on the dresser. Peeking at the door first, he picked up the tiny phone and read Pete's name on the display. Leaving the room, he answered it. "Hello?"

"Hey, beautiful."

Donny cringed. "Hi. What's up?"

"Just called to hear your voice again. Purr..."

After another peek at the door, he said, "Yes, look, Pete, it's just not going to work out."

"What? Why not? I thought we had a nice night."

"We did. It was a great fuck, believe me. But that's all it was. All this clinginess is really revolting." Donny peered into the bedroom again.

"Clinginess? Revolting? Christ, this sounds like the shit Chuck had to deal with, with that idiot brother of yours. You

know what, asshole? I thought you were different. But obviously you're not! Fuck off!"

When the line disconnected, Donny smiled, as he deleted the information left from the call, bringing the phone back to the dresser.

Danny entered the room. "Right. Ready?"

A bright grin on his face, he replied. "Ready!"

"Good!" Danny laughed at his enthusiasm.

"After you." He gestured grandly to the hall.

"I'm glad to see you're feeling better, Donny."

"Much better. Thank you, Danny."

Danny gave him an adoring smile and he returned it.

* * * *

Sweating from their workout, Danny stood looking into the wall of mirrors at his engorged veins.

"Race you to the pool!" Donny pushed him, taking off running.

Perking up, Danny sprinted after him down the hall, hurdling over Donny's t-shirt and tennis shoes as he went. He caught up to him, kicking off his own shoes and socks at the back sliding door. Donny tugged the slider open, tripping as he roared with laughter onto the patio where his parents entertained another couple. All four were seated under an umbrella with drinks in their hands.

Danny threw his shirt off and they dove like synchronized divers, side by side into the pool.

Surfacing, still laughing, Danny splashed Donny when he popped up and the battle was on.

Once Danny got his twin into a headlock, he heard his mother calling, "Are you joining us for dinner, boys?" He released his hold on Donny and slicked back his hair with the water. "Yes. Hi, Mr. and Mrs. Gotlieb!"

"Hello, uh...Daniel? Or Donald?" Gilda Gotlieb waved.

"It's Danny." He laughed.

"How are you and Donald doing?"

"Good!" Danny peeked back at his brother and found him smiling wickedly, obviously back to his usual mischievous self. "How are you and Mr. Gotlieb doing?"

DOUBLE TROUBLE

“Fine, Daniel. Thank you for asking.”

“Say hello, ya putz!” He hit his brother on the arm.

“Hi!” Donny waved and they waved back.

“You’re so fucking rude.” Danny floated around the deep end. “Learn some manners, butthead.”

“You’re the butthead.” Donny dunked him.

Danny grabbed him around the hips and threw him to the other end. As Donny landed with a splash, Danny laughed at him when he surfaced. “You know I’m stronger than you.”

After he shook the water out of his eyes, Donny swam closer. “You can’t be. We do the exact same work out. Same weights.”

“Don’t matter. I still am.”

“In your dreams.” Donny wrapped his arms around his neck. “You just wish you were as tough as me.”

“Tough? You? You’re a creampuff.” He laughed, nudging Donny back as his legs sought to wrap around his waist under the water.

“Stop pushing me away.”

“Don’t attach yourself to me like this.” Danny peered at his parents and their guests who were laughing as they spoke. He sank underneath Donny’s arms and paddled backwards, putting distance between them. When Donny swam after him, it turned into a game of tag. They were both laughing their heads off instantly.

Danny torpedoed out of the pool and back into the house with Donny close behind. Once they were standing in the hall, he caught his breath. “Let me shower.”

“K.” Donny continued walking down the hall.

Closing himself into the bedroom, Danny removed his wet shorts and headed to his bathroom to wash up, trying not to think too hard about the clinging actions of his brother. After a quick rinse to rid the chlorine and sweat from the gym, he stood, rubbing the towel through his hair.

When he emerged from the bathroom Danny dressed in a pair of light cotton slacks and crisp cotton shirt. Buttoning his top, he noticed his phone on the dresser. After checking the time he sat down on his bed and dialed, thinking of his lover, getting a wash of chills over his skin as he did.

“What the fuck do you want?”

Stunned at the rude greeting, Danny felt his breath catch in his throat. "Pete?" He blinked in surprise. "It's me, Danny."

"I know who the fuck it is."

A feeling of disorientation followed. He expected lovesick cooing and phone sex. What the heck was this all about? "Are you okay?"

"No. I'm clingy and revolting. Get lost, asshole!"

When Pete hung up, Danny was stunned, staring at the phone in disbelief. How could he have been so off base thinking Pete was this gift from heaven? "What the fuck? Where did I get this wrong? Are you a fucking schizo?" Danny had no idea the rejection would cause him so much pain, but it did. He took a long moment to recover and tried not to actually shed tears of weakness. "Man, was I wrong about you, or what? Jesus!"

Shaken from the odd conversation, Danny dropped the phone in his pocket and left his room to join his parents and their friends. Donny met him on his way, whistling happily.

"Oh. You're in beige." Donny stared down at Danny's pants.

"Huh?" Danny tried to understand his comment. He was so distracted by Pete's weird attitude he was on a different plane at the moment.

"We usually match. Should I change?" Donny pointed back at his room.

"What? No. What for?"

"I don't know. We usually end up wearing the same thing."

"Never mind." Danny resumed his walk down the hall, brooding.

"You okay?"

"Yes. No. Well, I just called Pete to say hi, you know?"

Donny's face grew grim.

"And he got all weird on me and hung up." He descended the stairs.

"Oh. Oh well."

"I wonder what happened to change his mind? I mean, I thought we would get together Tuesday. It's just a little odd that he turned off that way. He said he was clingy and revolting. What the hell was that all about?"

"He's just a weirdo like his friend Chuck. Forget it." Donny patted his back in comfort.

DOUBLE TROUBLE

When he stepped into the kitchen, Danny found Louisa marinating steaks for the barbeque. Deciding his brother was right, and if Chuck was a little odd, then most likely Pete was as well, Danny shook off the bad feelings and tried to get over it. It was only one date. He shouldn't feel too badly. After all, what did he know about the guy? Nothing.

He peered over Louisa's shoulder at the food. "Mm! Doesn't that look yummy!"

"You like? I know you do. My mama's marinade. Sweet and sour."

Danny kissed her cheek. "You are wonderful."

"Shush. Take more cocktails out to your parents." She gestured to a pitcher.

"Grab two glasses for us, Donny." Danny picked up the sweating pitcher. It took some effort, but he adjusted his attitude for his parents and their friends. *Heck, c'est la vie.*

"Got it."

Danny opened the sliding door and carried the pitcher of strawberry daiquiri to the round shady table. "Can I top anyone up?"

"Thank you, uh...Daniel, right?" Gilda giggled shyly.

He nodded, smiling, trying not to laugh.

"How delightful. Thank you." Gilda held out her glass for him.

Meanwhile Donny set their two tumblers down and relaxed next to his mother on a metal chair with cushioned back and bottom.

Once Danny circled the table filling everyone up, he took the last vacant seat between his brother and Mrs. Gotlieb.

Henry Gotlieb asked him, "Have you thought about where you're going to apply for work yet?"

"I have. There's an excellent advertising firm called Parsons and Company that I've been eying."

"Yes. I've heard of them." Henry nodded. "They're about to go public with their stock portfolio."

"What about you, Donald?" Gilda asked sweetly.

"I don't know. I suppose I could apply to the same place."

Danny gave him a weary look. "Show some originality, will you?"

"You only want to work there because that model does." Donny narrowed his eyes at him.

"What model?" David tilted his head curiously, sipping his daiquiri.

"That's not the reason I want to work there," Danny said in annoyance. "Ignore him, Dad."

"Mark Richfield works there." Donny took a deep drink from his glass, wiping his lip after.

"Who on earth is that?" Patty replied.

"He's the cologne model for—"

Danny cut his brother off. "It's because I have a degree in business and marketing and it's the largest firm in LA. Don't listen to Donny, Mother."

"For..." Donny continued angrily, "*Dangereux* cologne. You've seen his ads in *Vanity Fair* and *Cosmo*."

"No. I don't believe I have. Have you, Gilda?"

Louisa appeared with a tray of food. "Is the grill ready?"

David hopped to his feet. "It is, dear. Let me take over."

"You sure I cannot help?"

"Very sure." David set the tray of meat down and opened the lid on the gas grill. "Go relax, Louisa."

Donny finished his drink and vanished into the back of the house.

As he watched him go, Danny assured his mother, "Don't listen to him. It's not about Mark Richfield. It's about the company. He's been acting like a nut lately. He's always competing with me, you know that."

"I believe you, dear." Patty caressed his hair.

A second later, Donny returned and slapped an open magazine onto the table. "There. That's him."

The three older members at the table leaned to have a look.

Danny gave Donny a frown in exasperation. "You know it has nothing to do with him."

"Sure it doesn't. And I don't like rough sex."

He peeked at the others at the table and whacked Donny's arm. Through the corner of his mouth, Danny hissed, "You're the one that doesn't want anyone to know that!"

"Yes. I remember him now." Patty reclined in her chair. "He had a guest spot on that cable television show, *Forever Young*."

"That's the man," Donny confirmed.

DOUBLE TROUBLE

“How do you like your steaks?” David inquired.

A chorus of requests responded.

Danny gave his twin an imploring look for the whole Mark Richfield fiasco. Donny stuck his tongue out at him playfully. “Don’t start causing me grief about my career.”

“Start?” Donny teased.

Henry leaned closer to Danny. “Well, whatever your reasons for applying to Parsons and Company, Daniel, if you would like to use me as a reference, I’d be delighted.”

“Thank you, Henry.” He smiled sweetly at him.

“Don’t mention it.”

“I’m going to take you up on that.” Danny nodded. It wouldn’t hurt having the owner of the largest grocery chain in the area on his resume. “Once I get the job, I’ll get you as one of their clients,” he warned playfully.

“I have no doubt you will.” Henry grinned. “The same offer goes for you, Donald, when you decide what you want to do.”

“Thank you, sir.” Donny smiled.

“You’re both outstanding young men, graduated with honors...” Henry beamed proudly. “It would be my pleasure.”

Patty reached for Henry’s hand. “You’re a dear friend, Henry.”

“It’s the least I can do. I just wish I could match them up with my daughters.” He grinned impishly.

Danny smiled shyly. “Oh well. Sorry, sir.”

“Yes. Oh well.” Henry winked.

Seeing his mother’s kind smile, Danny threw her a kiss. It was a relief at least that no one seemed to be giving him grief about his sexuality. Even his mother’s posh friends were cool about it.

As they waited for the steaks to cook, Danny felt a strange twinge in his gut. When he dissected the reason for the odd discomfort his mind returned to Pete and the phone call. He considered himself very analytical. There had to be a reason as to why Pete had gone cold. He just hated not knowing what that was.

“Okay,” his father announced, “Whoever wanted rare, it’s done.”

To help out, Danny hopped to his feet with a plate. “I got it, Dad.”

“Thank you, Daniel.”

While his father loaded up the plate, Danny looked back at his brother to see his forlorn expression. Wishing he could confide some things to his parents, Danny bit his lip and forced a smile, bringing the plate of food to the table for the rest of the group to take their share.

Chapter Three

Danny leaned against the dusty opaque fencing, feeling hot and tired. There was nowhere in the area to look inconspicuous. It was a construction site surrounded by barriers. As it neared five, men began leaving. This whole stupid plan annoyed him. But now that Pete was out of the picture, what else did he have to do to kill the time?

He stuck his phone to his ear. "Ya still there?"

"Yes."

"They're starting to leave."

"Okay."

Danny tried to look casual but it was nearly impossible. As the men left, they noticed Danny lingering and gave him a quick look or long glance in curiosity as they past.

"Shit." Danny spun around to hide his face.

"What?"

"It's him. Hang on." Danny paused, peeking over his shoulder.

The blond man they had selected as their subject was walking with a group of four other guys, laughing and talking loudly.

"Well?"

"Shut up and hang on." Danny lowered his head and kept a distance of a few yards between he and his prey. Another enclosed dirt area held pickup trucks and beat-up sedans. Danny crossed the street and hid near a tree. "Hang on. I'm waiting to see what he drives. Where are you?"

"Still parked. Should I start moving?"

"Yes. Slowly." Danny bit his lip, checking each car as it emerged.

"Danny! Say something. I can't go too slowly. I have a car on my ass."

He spotted their man behind the wheel and his heart jumped. "There he is. Black Dodge Ram pickup. Uh, 2007? Not the newest model. No canopy."

"Which way?"

"North." Squinting his eyes, he read, "Partial plate reads HPV."

"Okay."

The Porsche sped by him. "You see him?" He stood on his toes to keep the truck in sight.

"I'm gaining on him. Hang on."

Danny waited.

"Bingo. I'm behind him."

"Okay. I'll head back to my car." He started walking down the long street. "Give me a play by play."

"We're stopped at an intersection. Did he still look as good as we remembered?"

"Fuck. He did. He's a big man, Don. Got to be over six-two. I wouldn't want to piss him off. He'd fucking crush us."

"Growl!"

Danny shook his head at his brother's sexual appetite. "He had the yellow hardhat in his hand. Full head of hair."

"Yeah. I can see that from where I am."

Danny rounded the corner and walked to the grocery store where he had parked. "Still behind him?"

"Yes. Oh. He and all his buddies are going for some liquid libations."

"Yeah?" He sat behind the wheel of his Porsche and started up the car and the air conditioning. "Where?"

"A place called the Daily Pint. What a dive."

"Okay." Danny asked, "What's next?"

"I can't go in there dressed like I am. I'd stick out like a sore thumb."

"I can imagine." He smiled.

"I have to come here in worn jeans and an Eagles' t-shirt."

Danny cracked up with laughter. "I get it."

"Right. Meet me at The Abbey and we'll plan our next course of action."

"On my way." Danny disconnected the line and tossed his phone on the passenger's seat. He'd go along with the game. What the heck else did they have to do?

DOUBLE TROUBLE

* * * *

Donny rested against his fender as his brother's matching Porsche pulled in beside him. Meeting him as he stepped out, he said, "You have any idea how incredible that guy is?"

"I do." Danny slipped his keys into his pocket. "And damn near impossible to seduce. He's so straight, my guess is he eats gays for dinner."

"Mm..."

"Not in a nice way. I mean liver and onions." Danny made a noise of slurping, like Hannibal Lecter.

Donny chuckled in amusement. "I love it. It just keeps getting better."

"Are we here for the sex or just the entertainment?" Danny asked as he opened the front door.

"Entertainment. Let's get an outdoor table and watch the boys go by."

They were shown to a table along the busy street and sat with two menus in their hands. "Lobster quesadilla. That'll work." Donny lay his menu down.

When the waiter arrived, Danny requested, "Avocado beef burger?" He asked Donny, "Share onion rings?"

"Sure." Donny ordered his dinner, handing off the menu.

"And two decaf iced mochas?" Danny smiled at the man.

Once he took their menus the waiter said, "You two are adorable."

"Thanks. Now you'll get a nice tip." Danny laughed.

The waiter winked at him and left.

"Watch. The twin sandwich comment will negate his tip any minute."

"We can only hope for the best," Danny said, looking at the men walking down the street. "I love WeHo."

"Me too." Donny sighed. "Okay." He waved his hand in front of Danny's ogling gaze. "Down to business."

"Right."

"My move. I'll go out and buy a baseball cap and some hokey classic rock t-shirt."

Danny covered his hilarity.

“Shut up. You think I’m going in there dressed like this?” Donny gestured to his tight white slacks and pale pink cotton top. “I’ll be a punching bag. Now, pay attention.”

“I’m listening.”

“I’ll dress the part. I’ll sip a beer and try to stand close enough to overhear anything the guy has to say. You know, about women whatever.”

“Good.” Danny nodded.

As his brother was distracted by a set of tight buns, Donny physically turned his jaw towards him. “You park outside the place. When he leaves, I’ll call you and tell you. Follow him to his home.”

“Got it.”

“Where the hell am I going to get a baseball cap?”

“The mall.” Danny snickered.

“Ew.”

“Ha!”

“Shut up.”

The waiter served their iced coffees, setting them down with straws. “Your food will be right up.”

“Great.” Danny perked up.

When the waiter paused before he left, Donny shook his head. “Christ, here it comes.”

“Do you guys act?” the waiter asked.

“No.” Danny kept his smile while Donny’s turned to a frown.

“Really? You should.”

Donny exhaled tiredly. “Come on, I’m still waiting for the comment.”

“What comment?” The waiter straightened his back.

Donny gestured with his hand, waving at him in encouragement. “You’re dying to say it.”

Instantly the waiter blushed and smiled. “I won’t. You hear it enough, I’d imagine.”

“Good man!” Danny appeared impressed.

“Thank God.” Donny moaned. “You earned your tip. Thank you.”

“No problem.” The waiter smiled as he left.

“One smart guy left in LA.” Danny sipped his drink. “So? What do we do once we figure out where our straight hunk lives?”

DOUBLE TROUBLE

"I don't know. One step at a time."

"If he's got kids, the deal is off."

"What if he lives in some apartment somewhere? How are we supposed to know if he has a brat or not?"

"We have to find out. I'm not splitting up a married couple with kids!" Danny lowered his voice and looked around. "There's no debate on that."

"Did you notice if he wore a ring?"

"Oh. Good point. No. I didn't notice. But some of the guys may not just for safety."

"True. We'll find out. Don't worry."

"We can find another hunk if this one gets too complicated." Danny's gaze was drawn to the sidewalk again. "Check out the nuts on this one."

Donny spun around. A man wearing white shorts with nothing underneath them walked by with his boyfriend. "Good coming and going."

"Better coming."

Donny caught his brother's eye and winked impishly.

The waiter appeared with their order. "Here you go, gents."

"Thanks. Looks good." Danny pushed things around the table to make room.

"Anything else I can get you?"

"That's it." Donny smiled at him.

"Enjoy." The waiter left.

Danny picked up an onion ring, blowing on it before nibbling it. "Bet our hunk is married."

"We'll soon see." Donny took a taste of his quesadilla. "He seems too young but some of these good looking guys get tied down pretty quick."

"True. He'll be the type to knock up some bimbo."

"Man, don't say that. Ruins the fantasy."

"Can't wait to see you in a baseball cap." Danny teased him, waving his onion ring at him.

Donny trapped his hand and took a bite of it. "Screw you."

"Ha!"

Grinning as he chewed, Donny loved the game they were playing. Always did.

* * * *

After dropping one car off at home, Danny drove them to "The Mall." The dreaded mall. Standing in Champs at the Brea Mall, he popped different ball caps on Donny's head, cracking up as he modeled each one.

"You have to wear a Raider's cap," he warned. "If you buy one from another state, someone will pick a fight over it."

Donny adjusted the brim and looked for a mirror. "Shit. Just put it on. I can't see a mirror anywhere."

Taking it from him, Danny put it on his head, trying not to laugh.

"Good enough." Donny took it off Danny's head and walked to the cashier.

"What about a t-shirt?" Danny smirked as he tugged at one still on the rack.

Donny cringed. "No. Two sports logos will look idiotic. No one will believe that's normal."

Once Donny paid for the hat, they walked out into the main mall area again.

"Planet Funk?" Danny suggested as they passed.

"Groan!" Donny made a face in disgust as Danny dragged him in.

They browsed through the collection quickly, negating most of the choices with a sneer and a grimace.

"Aha!" Danny held up a shirt for inspection.

Before Donny disregarded it, Danny said, "It's got women's body parts on it, Don...makes you look butch." Danny peered down at the black t-shirt with inverted women's legs in high heels done in a white outline. "Very manly."

"Sick. Do I want to be seen in public with a baseball cap and that thing on my body?"

"Just get it and let's go. I'm sick of this place. I assume you have a pair of faded jeans."

"Yes. I do." Donny brought the shirt up to the counter.

As he paid, Danny leaned against him to whisper, "You think he's worth all this effort?"

"I suppose that remains to be seen." Donny took the bag and thanked the clerk. Leaving the store, he added, "It is fun. You can't deny that."

DOUBLE TROUBLE

"It's a challenge. I'm not sure if it's fun yet." Danny looked around. "How do we get out of this hellhole?"

"That way. Didn't we park outside Sears?"

"Who the fuck knows? Just get me out of here."

They located their car among the rows of vehicles which seemed to stretch for miles. Danny sat behind the wheel as Donny dropped down heavily beside him. Once they were moving, Donny opened the bags to inspect his purchases.

"The cap looks too new." He crushed it up, trying to make it appear worn.

"Don't bend the bill. You'll fuck it up."

Donny popped it on his head and lowered the visor to see himself in the mirror. "I do look adorable."

"You look adorable in anything."

"Not this!" Donny held up the shirt in revulsion.

"Then just wear a white t-shirt."

"I should. Yes. Just a white t-shirt. This one really is trying to say something, almost too loudly. It'll turn him right off." He shoved it back in its bag.

Danny glanced over at him. "Brother dear, neither one of us will turn him on if he's straight."

"Ah weed-hopper. You have much to learn."

"Don, no straight guy is going to have sex with us. Period."

"Maybe not sober."

Stopping for a red light at an intersection, Danny glanced over at Donny's profile as he still wore his Raider's cap. "Sober."

"Yes. Sober."

"No doping the guy."

"Doping?" Donny spun around to glare at him. "You are unbelievable, Dan!" he shouted in exasperation. "First it's a stalking. Then an assault. Now I'm guilty of slipping the guy drugs? What the hell do you think I am?"

"All right. Calm down."

"I'm just imagining him drinking a couple of beers to lose his inhibitions and my brother's got me slipping him a mickey."

"I said calm down."

"I don't understand what's gone on between us lately. I am not happy, Daniel. Not happy." He crossed his arms in a tight knot.

Continuing to drive them home as the light turned green, Danny patted Donny's leg in comfort. "Nothing's changed. I sometimes just say things for the sake of throwing them out there. I'm not accusing you."

"You better not be. We used to be on the same wavelength. Ever since we graduated last May things have been strained between us."

"No. They haven't."

Donny let out a noise in disbelief.

Drawing closer to their home, Danny wondered if the fact that the potential of them moving apart looming closer was making Donny angry. Something was upsetting his twin brother's balance, and he didn't know if there was anything he could do about it.

They both had to grow up eventually and find separate lives. Unfortunately, 'eventually' had arrived.

* * * *

Donny didn't say a word as he climbed out of the car and entered the house. Walking straight up the stairs to his room, he threw his purchases on the bed and rummaged through his drawers for his worst pair of faded blue jeans.

Changing out of his smart casual dress attire, Donny drew the tight jeans up his legs and first tried on the black t-shirt he had purchased at Planet Funk. He hated it. Tearing it off his body, he hunted down a plain white t-shirt and pulled it over his head. Once he had tucked it into the jeans, he donned the cap. "I still look gay. This is ridiculous." He tilted side to side in the mirror's reflection.

"Ya in there?"

"Yes. Come in." Donny waited to hear his opinion. Immediately seeing the disappointment on his face, he threw up his hands. "I tried."

"Wait. Come here." Danny removed the ball cap and twisted Donny's long hair into a ponytail, tucking it up under the hat. "Better. Don't shave tomorrow."

"Yes. Good idea."

They looked into the mirror again.

"I still look gay."

DOUBLE TROUBLE

"You're too pretty. Look. It's the best we can do." Danny gazed down at his legs. "You have a pair of Doc Martins don't you?"

"I have beige work boots."

"Perfect. Hell, Donny, it'll have to be okay. I mean, you can't pretend ugly."

"I don't want to be ugly. Our pretty boy won't be tempted if I'm not attractive." He fussed with his hair, pushing it under the cap. "I just don't want my ass kicked, that's all."

"No. You don't look like a flamer. You look normal."

Donny spun around, grabbed his crotch and pushed out his pelvis. "Suck me, construction man!"

Chuckling, Danny replied, "You realize any other place in LA you would get sucked in that outfit."

Looking back in the mirror, he agreed. "It is sexy. I'd screw me."

"Change before you go downstairs. Mom will think you're up to something if she sees you dressed like that."

Donny rubbed his hand over his crotch hungrily. "Just thinking about that guy makes me insane. He's so damn brawny."

"I know. The huge muscles on him..." Danny whistled. "You should see him up close. It was all I could do to not go in for a sniff."

"Grrr..." He needed to come. "Look at me. I'm hard as a rock."

"Go take care of yourself." Danny walked to the door.

"I shall!" Donny waved.

After his brother left, he opened his tight jeans and exposed his dick. Staring in the mirror as he smoothed his palm over his cock, he hissed, "How will you resist me, Mr. Construction Man? Hmm? How?"

* * * *

Stopping by his room to change into a pair of shorts, Danny looked down at his phone checking to see if he had any messages. Seeing Pete's name in his directory, he pouted sadly and had the urge to call him again.

G. A. HAUSER

Resting the phone on his dresser, he sighed, wondering why Pete had decided on not pursuing their friendship. “Must have talked to Chuck about what happened. That would turn anyone off.” Trying to put it behind him, he continued walking to his closet.

Chapter Four

His hair tucked under his cap, a day's growth of beard on his jaw, Donny sat in his car waiting for the word from his brother.

"He's leaving the lot, Don."

Donny threw the car into drive. "On my way." He whizzed past where Danny stood by a large oak tree on the sidewalk. The black Dodge was a few cars in front of him. "You wait outside the bar in the car for the next phase."

"Got it. How long you think it'll be?"

"An hour?"

"Shit. Okay. I may be napping in the front seat."

"Whatever. Let me go." Donny hung up and watched a string of trucks parade from the construction site to the bar. Pulling into the lot, he waited until all the men from the project entered the tavern first before making a move. Parked on the opposite side of the bar as his prey, Donny gave the mirror one last glance and took a deep inhale of breath for courage. If he was lucky he wouldn't get the crap beaten out of him for looking queer.

Stepping out of his car, tucking his white t-shirt into his faded jeans, Donny swiped his hand along his hood and smeared the dust on his shirt. He just looked too clean.

Once he dirtied it up, scuffed his beige boots with his heels, he adjusted the cap low on his forehead and entered the pub.

The noise hit him on the spot. A large, flat screen television broadcast a sporting event, pool tables were in use as men with cues eyed their next shot, and the sound of male laughter clung in the air like mist.

Donny was so far out of his comfort zone he felt like a babe in the woods. This was not Fubar's. This was straight man country.

Mr. Construction Man was already at the bar, a pint in his hand, sharing some conversation with his dust-covered co-

workers. As casually as he could, Donny made his way to the bar near him, leaning against the counter as he waited to be acknowledged by the bartender.

“What can I get ya?”

“What do you have on tap?”

A long list followed, making his head spin. “Yeah, give me the Stella Artois, thanks.” Donny placed a five dollar bill next to his coaster. Once he had his pint glass to his lips, he chanced a look at the reason he had come.

Strapping six-foot-four inches of solid manhood was sucking down a foamy glass of ale. His chest was so big it pulled the fabric of his dark blue t-shirt until it appeared he would burst through like The Incredible Hulk. His golden blond hair was still pulled back in a ponytail, but strands had come loose and flowed softly around his square jaw and high cheekbones. His eyes were electric blue.

“I’m gonna cream,” Donny moaned, turning aside to calm down. Taking another good swallow of the beer, he had a second peek.

Tight blue denim surrounded huge quadriceps muscles and the bulge of his crotch almost sent Donny into a swoon. Donny wanted to lick every inch of his dusty, dirt-coated body. His voice was deep and sensual and his laugh robust and full of life. *Stop drooling and start paying attention!*

Keeping his eyes glued to a television screen, Donny inched closer until he could hear their conversation. Leaning back on the bar, one knee bent, hoping he was the picture of relaxed innocence, Donny avoided looking at his man, and tried to gain some insight by listening.

“Well, old George just about pissed himself...you see his face when that big old slab of concrete fell at his feet?”

“Christ, Bruno, I thought I’d seen everything until I saw that.”

Bruno? His name is Bruno? Donny sucked at his beer nervously.

“Poor schmuck. A foot closer and he’d have been dead. I know we were laughing, but damn.”

“You’re right. We shouldn’t laugh. Just that the expression on his face was priceless.”

DOUBLE TROUBLE

When they all broke up with laughter, he took a quick glimpse. Bruno noticed him suddenly. When they caught eyes, Donny instantly looked away. The flutter in his stomach almost made him pass out.

“Yeah, poor old George. Well, he’ll have something to tell the wife and kids.”

“Bruno, you want to bring Stacy over for a barbeque this weekend?”

Stacy? Donny cringed. *No. Please don’t be married. Sister Stacy. Mother Stacy. Dog Stacy.*

“She’s busy this weekend with her girlfriends. I swear she spends more time with them than she does with me.”

“You live together?”

“No. Not yet. She’s been hinting on and off about it. Mostly off.”

“Man, Bruno, don’t go down that route if you don’t want the woman as a wife. Believe me. Once she moves in, you’ll have to pry her out with a forklift.”

Yes! Yes! Perfect! Not married. Not living with her. Jackpot! Donny wanted to high-five someone. It seemed appropriate.

“That’s what my brother tells me, Phil. He has that problem at the moment. He asked the woman over for one night, she never left.”

The men cracked up with laughter. “Poor sucker.”

“Let me get the next round.”

“Thanks, Bruno. I’ll get the one after.”

“You want to play a game of eight ball, Stu?”

“Sure, Bruno. Let’s just get the beer and we’ll go see what it’s like at the tables.”

Donny set his empty glass on the bar, wiping his mouth with his forearm, imagining that’s the way real men did it.

As Bruno leaned across the bar to get the bartender’s attention, he salivated over his profile and solid build. One of Bruno’s friends caught him ogling, and he moved away quickly to avoid any more suspicion. He noticed some men throwing darts. Each time he paused to look at an activity, men gave him curious stares.

“Shit. I better get out of here.” He took one last look at Bruno as he carried two pint glasses to the pool tables. Dying for a piece of him, Donny left, looking for his brother in the parking

lot. Seeing he parked in back, Donny approached, rapping the glass with his knuckles.

It woke Danny up, scaring him. He lowered the window. "What are you doing? Weren't you supposed to call me when he left?"

"I started getting weird looks. I panicked."

"What did you find out? Was it a total loss?"

"No." Donny grinned excitedly. "His name is Bruno, and he has a girlfriend who doesn't live with him."

"Excellent...Bruno?" Danny tilted his head.

"Yeah. Hubba hubba. What a man!" Donny fanned himself. "He's not six one, Danny, he's more like six three or four. Jesus. He's a god."

"What do we do now?"

"You have to follow him home. See where he lives."

Checking his watch, Danny moaned, "That could take hours."

"I'll go with you. You can drive me back here to my car after we find out." Donny walked around to the passenger side and climbed in, removing his hat and fluffing up his hair.

"Why is your shirt all dirty?"

"I did it before I went it. I looked too clean."

Danny chuckled.

"Turn us around. We can't see him facing this way."

Putting the car in gear, Danny backed up and adjusted their position, placing it into neutral again and setting the handbrake.

"You're keeping it running?"

"Air." Danny pointed at the vent.

Reclining, straddling his legs, Donny felt like napping and had no idea how long it would take for Bruno to head home.

* * * *

As eight o'clock approached, Danny sat up and whacked Donny's arm to wake him out of his stupor.

Bruno and one other man were still sharing a laugh as they exited the bar. They waved to each other and Bruno entered his Dodge Ram truck.

"I want him. I want him so bad." Donny leaned closer to the dash, holding onto it.

DOUBLE TROUBLE

"Here we go." Danny paused a minute trying not to seem obvious he was following. The second Bruno left the lot, Danny did as well, shadowing him.

"What's it going to be?" Donny mused. "East LA? A slum?"

"No. It won't be a slum. He drives a decent truck."

"Bet it's an apartment."

"Be easier if it was a house." Danny bit his lip as he made sure he wasn't left behind at a light. A few more minutes of driving in silence followed.

"Inglewood," Donny hissed. "A house. Man, this is perfect!" Donny waved at him frantically. "Slow down. He must be getting close."

Danny pulled over to the curb.

As they watched, Bruno parked in a driveway of a modest two-story home. He walked up to the front door, checking his mailbox, and went inside.

Once he vanished, they both exhaled a loud breath. "We found him."

"Yeah, but what do we do now?" Danny scribbled the address on a piece of paper.

"One step at a time, bro, one step at a time." Donny rubbed his nubby chin.

* * * *

They parked in the garage side by side. Danny met Donny at the door adjoining the kitchen to the garage. "You better sneak up to your room and change. Mom will ask too many questions with you dressed like that."

Donny nudged him. "Go see where they are and give me the all clear."

Nodding, Danny took a quick walk through the house. His mother was swimming in the pool and their father was outside reading the paper keeping her company.

"Go," he shouted quietly. "They're outside."

Donny took off running up the stairs.

Once Donny was safely out of sight, Danny slid back the sliding door, joining his parents. "Hi."

"Hi, Daniel. What have you and your brother been up to this evening?" David set his newspaper down on the table.

"Not too much. Just hanging out." He took a seat, watching his mother swim laps, a bathing cap on her head while she did the breaststroke. She waved and he waved back.

Something in the newspaper caught Danny's eye. "Can I see this section dad?"

"Which?"

"The real estate section?"

"Are you ready to shop for houses?" David handed it to him.

"Yes. The minute I get a job." Danny folded the paper in half and read an advertisement. *Yes! This is it! This will work!*

"Hi." Donny appeared dressed in his normal smart attire.

"Hello, Donald," his father replied. "Have a seat. We're just enjoying the beautiful evening."

Donny relaxed in a chair next to his brother. Immediately Danny showed him the paper. "Check this out, Donny. Habitat for Humanity."

Showing little interest, Donny looked out at his mother in the pool.

Danny nudged him. "Volunteers who work together building a house." He shook the paper assertively.

After a minute, Donny's eyes lit up. "Oh God! It's perfect!"

David asked curiously, "What's perfect?"

"Just thinking about volunteering somewhere, Dad. Until we get a job, you know."

"What an excellent idea. I'm so proud of you boys."

When Patty emerged from the water, she dabbed her face with a towel and wrapped it around her shoulders. "You two are home early. It's not even nine."

"We can't party every night, Mom." Danny smiled sweetly at her.

"Oh? Since when." She took off her swim cap and sat down, catching her breath.

"They were thinking of volunteering for the Habitat for Humanity, Patty."

Her eyes lit up. "How wonderful! You two are such *Mensches!*"

Donny rolled his eyes tiredly. "You're using Yiddish now? I think you're hanging around too much with Gilda Gotlieb."

"What's it mean?" Danny asked.

"Good men." Patty pinched his cheek.

DOUBLE TROUBLE

“Yeah, that’s us. Salt of the earth.” Donny tore out the ad from the paper. Once he had it in his hand, he tapped Danny. “Come inside. I need to show you something.”

Knowing it was a pre-text, Danny said to his parents, “See ya later.”

He followed Donny to his bedroom where he sat on the bed with his laptop. Lying comfortably next him, Danny watched as Donny found the website for the ad and they read the details.

“This could be the answer.” He chewed his lip as Donny scrolled to the different articles and information. “My turn tomorrow. I’ll approach the group on behalf of the charity. Appeal to their sense of philanthropy.”

“You think it’ll work?”

“Yes! Look!” Danny pointed to the screen. “Hollywood for Humanity? Hello? Who wouldn’t want to work with directors and actors...and you know what else?” He whispered, “I bet our big beauty Bruno has aspirations in that direction. What gorgeous hunk in LA doesn’t? He’ll jump at the chance.”

“But...” Donny nudged the laptop over and lie next to him. “How does that help us get to know him?”

“We volunteer too, ya dope!”

The look of shock on Donny’s face made Danny laugh in a riot.

“Me?” Donny gasped. “Hammer a nail? I’ll kill myself.”

“Shut up. How hard can it be? And Bruno can help you.”

“We have to do this one at a time. We can’t let on we’re twins.”

“True. It’ll be tricky, but we’ve done it before. We just have to keep each other completely informed of every detail. No slip ups.”

Donny rolled to his back, staring at the ceiling. “Christ. This could work.”

“It’ll work all right.” Danny dropped to his back as well, softly focused on the light fixture. “Let me print off some of the literature from the site, then I’ll hand it out like I’m recruiting.”

“At the bar?”

“Yes. I can’t knock on the guy’s door. At the bar I’ll say I know they’re construction workers or something.”

Donny blew out a breathy whistle. “I’m glad you’re doing that job. I’d be a nervous wreck.”

“Hey. Think of it as helping a charity.”

“Sure, Danny, sure.” Donny smiled at him wickedly.

“Can’t wait to get a closer look at his face. So? What’s the tattoo of? Did you see it?”

“An eagle. Didn’t I say?”

“No. An eagle. Hmm. Patriotic?”

“It looks like it. A real American hero.” Donny grinned.

“Damn!” Danny grabbed his crotch. “I hope this works. He is too fantastic.”

“Let’s just be patient. Groom him, dear brother. Don’t scare him away with any come-ons or hints we just want his ass.”

“No. I know. No flirting. Gotta play this completely straight.”

“Yes. I swear if you even smile too hard or wink at the guy we’re finished,” Donny warned.

“I’ll be good.” Danny began fantasizing kissing Bruno. It was making him wild. His brother touched his arm. When he looked over at him, he found Donny’s evil smirk.

“Believe me, Danny. I am too.”

Knowing Donny knew what he was thinking, Danny just smiled in reply.

Chapter Five

Even though this was for the benefit of charity, or so he was trying to convince himself, Danny was nervous.

His face unshaven, his long hair was tucked under the Raider's ball cap, he wore a black t-shirt over torn faded denim blue jeans and his brother's beige work boots on his feet. Danny had shoved the paperwork into his back pocket as he prepared to exit the Porsche at the Daily Pint tavern.

"Any last words of advice?" Danny asked his brother who sat behind the wheel.

"Yeah. Don't watch anyone. I tried to become a spectator for a game of darts and I felt as if they thought I was a voyeur for their sex act."

"You sure you're not just paranoid?"

Donny shrugged. "No. I'm not sure. But I wasn't about to find out."

"Okay. Wish me luck."

"Good luck." Donny smiled.

Closing the car door, walking to the main entrance, Danny fought with his anxiety and couldn't wait to get a beer in him to boost his courage.

As he opened the door and the loud shouting and cheering for a sporting event being broadcast on the big screen television bombarded him senseless, he made his way to the bar, not looking at a soul.

Getting the bartender's attention, he asked, "What do you have on tap?"

A list was rattled off.

"How about the Stella Artois?"

The bartender gave him a slightly annoyed glance. He suddenly remembered his brother must have done the exact same thing. As he was served, Danny said, "Sorry. I should have just ordered the same beer I had yesterday."

“You did. But it’s no problem.” The man’s expression smoothed out as he took the cash from his hand.

Amused he and his brother had done it again, duplicated another detail in their life, he thanked the man for the change and gave his attention to the group of deliciously dirty men of steel and sinew. Seeing their rapt attention on a football match, he adjusted his Raider’s cap and snuck closer.

Hello, Bruno... Danny got a good eyeful of the delightful man. Just the man’s size was enough to put him into heat. He and his brother had managed the height of five eleven, six foot if they stretched. Bruno was indeed at least six four. The width of his biceps was mouthwatering.

Chugging the beer and wiping his lip with the back of his hand, imagining that was the way ‘real’ men did it, Danny set his pint glass down and waited for a commercial break.

Just do it. Be brave. Just do it.

An advertisement diverted the group’s attention away from the television screen just as he had hoped.

Now. Now.

“Sorry to bother you guys.” Danny slid the paperwork out of his back pocket casually. “Look. I know you’re all hot and tired from working all day, and I’m not going to take long.”

They stared at him with a mixture of annoyance and curiosity.

Bruno’s eyes were so blue, Danny avoided looking at them and becoming mute. He exposed the paperwork. “I’m a volunteer for Habitat for Humanity...” He tried to sound professional. “I’m not pushing you guys or anything. Believe me. I’m sure you get enough of the job eight hours a day...er...you are into construction, right?” He forgot he wasn’t supposed to know that.

Bruno reached out for the paperwork. “Yeah. We are.”

“Good. That’s great. Anyway, there’s this new project coming up and it’s called Hollywood for Humanity. You’ll get a chance to rub elbows with stars, directors...you know.” He looked directly at Bruno and caught that spark he was hoping for. “It’s not that big of a commitment. Just a Saturday. Eight hours. Or more. Depends on what you want to do. There’s a fourteen unit building that needs your help desperately.” Danny paused. Was he making an idiot of himself or were they interested? “I...I’m sorry. You guys really work very hard as it is. I don’t mean to bug you.”

DOUBLE TROUBLE

"No. It's okay." One of the other men nodded, taking the paperwork from Bruno to read.

"It's just such a great cause. And you look like a decent bunch of guys." Danny swallowed. *Did that sound gay?*

"We could pass it around the job site," one of the other men suggested.

"Yeah. Give it to the foreman to post," Bruno added.

"Perfect." Danny tried to sound excited. Taking a huge chance, he looked directly at Bruno. "So? You think you'll do it?"

"Sure. Which Saturday?"

Danny almost fell over. "Uh. Well, I can take your numbers and let you all know."

Before he even blinked, Bruno asked the bartender for a pen.

Danny's heart pounded so hard in his chest, he was sure everyone around him could hear it.

The pen was passed around with a cardboard coaster. On the back of the coaster, names and numbers began filling every available space. Danny couldn't believe this was working.

When they all had filled it out, one man handed it to him.

"You guys are amazing. You have any idea how great it is that you're doing this?"

"I've always wanted to do it," one of the older men replied. "I suppose I just never got around to it."

"What's your name?" Bruno asked.

Choking, knowing it was going to have to be one name and they needed to stick to it, Danny figured he'd have an easier time recalling his brother's name, than his infatuated brother would of using his. "Donny Rothschild." He reached out to beautiful Bruno.

The size of the man's hand awed him when Bruno took it.

"Bruno Adler."

"Bruno..." Danny echoed in a daze.

One by one, the other men shook his hand and said their names. Danny never heard a word they said.

"Yes. Well. I'm speechless."

"Why didn't you ask us yesterday?" Bruno enquired.

Stunned Bruno recalled seeing Donny, Danny blushed shyly. "I was slightly intimidated. I didn't know how receptive you would be."

"You did look nervous." Bruno grinned. "When we made eye contact you just about took off running out the door."

Cursing his brother under his breath, he tried to sound modest. "Well, you never know how you're going to be received with this kind of thing. I mean, some people think you're going to spout religion when you approach. I just needed a day to make sure it was the right thing to do."

"I'm glad you did," another fellow replied.

"I'll let you all get back to your drinks. Again, sorry to bother you, and thank you. I'll call you with the date."

As they waved to him amiably, Danny gave Bruno one last long head-to-toe inspection, smiled at him and left.

Jogging to the car, he wanted to shout in triumph he was so elated. He climbed into the passenger side and tossed the coaster on Donny's lap. "Augh! I got them! I got Bruno! I got them all!"

"No!" Donny gasped and read the back of the coaster. "His number? Bruno Adler. You did it! Danny, you did it!"

Danny took off the cap and allowed his hair to drop down to his shoulders. "Now listen. I used your name. When they asked me, I said Donny. I thought I'd remember it better. I know what happens when all the blood rushes to your dick."

"Good thinking. Yes. I would forget." Donny let out another rebel yell, pumping his fist. "I could kiss you!"

"Better yet. Get me another drink. Someplace gay!" He tossed the ball cap on the floor and sank into the seat.

"East/West, here we come. Er...you don't look very classy at the moment."

"They know me. They'll let me in." Danny flipped the visor down to check his hair.

"So? What now?"

"I have to call this organization and arrange for us all to meet on a Saturday."

"This Saturday?" Donny asked in excitement.

"I hope so. But we'll see."

"Yes! Yes!"

"I need to get laid. Hope there's something good and easy there tonight."

Donny peeked over at him. "You in those tight jeans and work boots? No problemo, brother dear."

"Good. I need a fuck." Danny thought of Pete.

DOUBLE TROUBLE

“Sounds like a plan.”

* * * *

Donny noticed his brother trying not to be self-conscious in his jeans. They usually wore dress slacks out and about, but he knew his brother was so good looking it certainly wouldn't put people off him. “Grab that table. I'll get us a drink. What do you want?”

“Since I had a beer...oh, and by the way, it was a Stella Artois. I thought the bartender was going to think I was fucking with his head.”

Donny laughed. “Sorry. We have to remember every detail.”

“Yes. Anyway. Get me a good quality draft beer.”

“You got it.” Grinning as he took his wallet out of his pocket, Donny ordered his brother a beer and himself a martini.

By the time he received his drinks, a man was standing and talking to Danny. “Unreal,” he muttered under his breath. Getting gay men was just too easy.

Returning with their beverages, Donny set them down and relaxed in the chair across from his brother.

“Don, this is Zach.”

“Hi, Zach.”

“Wow.” Zach blinked in awe. “Double the pleasure.”

“Arrrgh!” Danny moaned, rubbing his face in annoyance.

Donny made a buzzing sound in amusement. “Wrong answer! Next contestant please?”

“What?” Zach appeared clueless.

“Screw it.” Danny gulped his beer. “I still need a fuck.”

“Yeah?” He raised his eyebrows. “Even after the classic faux pas?”

“Yes. Even after.”

Zach asked, “Am I missing something here?”

“No.” Danny stood. “I suppose he'll drive me home.”

“Okay. Have fun.” Donny waved.

“Come on, sailor.” Danny hooked Zach's arm.

“Bye!” Zach waved to him.

“Bye!” Donny gave him a sarcastic parody of a wave back.

Before he even finished his drink another one was set down before him. Donny grinned wickedly at the waiter. "From?" he asked.

"That guy over there."

Before Donny spun around to look, he whispered, "A one or a ten?"

The waiter took another look. Shrugging he said, "I'd go eight and a half."

"Would you fuck him?"

"Yes."

Donny winked. "Thanks." He handed the waiter a five.

"My pleasure."

Taking his time, he finished his first drink and slowly lifted the second. Before he sipped it, he twisted in his chair to assess his suitor. "Delightful." Donny raised the glass up in a toast. Instantly the man made the move across the room towards him.

"Hey. Mind if I sit down?"

"Why would I mind?" He gestured to the empty chair.

"I'm Paul."

"I'm Donny. Nice to meet you, Paul. Thanks for the drink."

Paul rested his elbows on the table to whisper, "You're welcome and you're fantastic."

"Thank you, Paul."

"Interested in a little...?"

Setting his drink down, Donny fixed his expression to dead serious. He made sure he had Paul's undivided attention. "If I am interested in 'a little'," Donny did not smile, "I do want to be clear about what I expect."

The odd comment seemed to surprise Paul. "Really? Okay. I'll bite. What do you expect?"

"I like rough sex." He waited for a reaction. It seemed Paul was waiting for more. "Did you hear me so far?"

"You like rough sex." Paul shrugged. "You want to define it? What? Whips? Handcuffs?"

"No. None of that crap. I just want to fuck you hard. Very hard."

Paul wriggled in his chair. "And?"

"I don't need someone to whine or complain during the act."

"I see. I take it you've had this trouble previously."

DOUBLE TROUBLE

“Yes.” Donny tried not to grind his jaw in anger. “It seems I am asked about my preference, and when I do what I have said I want to do, suddenly I’m assaulting a man. That’s not my idea of a turn-on.”

“No? You sure?” Paul grinned demonically. “I see fire in your eyes, Donny.”

Fidgeting now as well, he admitted, “Okay. Yes.”

Paul kept staring at him, a slight smirk on his lips. “So...”

Donny wanted a rough bout. Wanted that very much. This teasing with Bruno was driving him insane.

“So, I let you fuck me raw and I can’t complain if it hurts. Am I right?”

“Yes...” Donny hissed.

“Do I get to do it to you in return?”

“Yes...” He was going mad. His cock was throbbing and needed stroking. “Hard. Very hard.”

“Why are we still sitting here?”

Bolting to his feet, Donny grabbed Paul’s hand and urged him to the door. “You have your own place?”

“I do. Follow me?”

“Fuck yeah.”

“Good.”

* * * *

Parked in front of Zach’s house, Danny was held back from getting out of his car and urged to Zach’s lips. As he dug his fingers through Zach’s dark hair, Zach ran his hand over the tight denim bulge in his jeans. When they parted mouths, Zach whispered, “Damn, you’re gorgeous.”

“Are you planning on screwing me in the car?” Danny laughed.

“No. Come on.” Zach removed his keys from the ignition and led the way to his front door. Holding Danny’s hand, Zach escorted him inside. “You want a drink or—”

Danny latched onto Zach’s body, grinding against him, sucking at his mouth. He wanted sex. This teasing to get Bruno into bed was making him crazy.

“Wow!” Zach chuckled. “Let’s get naked.” He urged Danny to his bedroom and began stripping off Danny’s shirt.

“God, I am so horny,” he cried, tearing his tight jeans down his thighs, forgetting he was still wearing his boots.

Before he was able to crouch down and unlace them, Zach was on his knees sucking him. “Yes...thank fuck!” Danny moaned, combing his fingers into Zach’s thick head of brown hair. “That’s it, baby. Suck it...yes...just like that.”

Zach wrapped both his arms around Danny’s hips, hugging his body close as he devoured his cock.

As satisfaction drew near, Danny imagined Bruno Adler on his knees, his enormous muscular arms surrounding him, his golden blond hair flowing through his fingers. Jerking his hips deeper into Zach’s mouth, Danny bit back shouting Bruno’s name and came, pressing hard against Zach as he massaged his ass from behind. “Thank you!” He caught his breath. “Jesus. I was about to explode.”

Zach backed up to smile at him. “Anytime, pretty boy, anytime.”

“Right. Let me get naked for you.” Danny bent down to unlace his work boots. As he did, Zach stood behind him, caressing his ass as Danny presented it unintentionally from his position. His boots off finally, he wriggled out of the tight jeans and briefs, leaving his clothing in a pile on the floor.

“Where do you want me?” He opened his arms and gave Zach a big smile.

Zach beamed at him, picked him up in the air and laid him down on the bed. “Face up...”

“No problem.” Danny ran his hands along the inside of his own thighs and under his balls as he waited for Zach to finish undressing and getting prepared.

Before Zach mounted him, he rubbed his face between Danny’s legs, igniting another fire in him. A tongue found its way to his rim. Danny groaned and writhed on the bed. That was all it took. He was fully erect once again.

“You ready, Danny?” Zach massaged lube into his bottom.

“Yes.” Danny humped Zach’s finger in excitement.

As they got into position, he felt Zach’s tenderness and concern, a contrast to what his brother must have done to poor Chuck. Shoving that awful image out of his mind, Danny felt complete penetration.

“You okay, babe?”

DOUBLE TROUBLE

“Perfect. Yes.” Danny opened his eyes. Zach was gazing with kindness at him. “Get over here.” Danny reached up and kissed Zach, stretching towards him to suck on each other’s tongues.

Zach got into a rhythm of pumping, and soon they parted mouths to breathe deeply. While Zach braced himself on his hands on the bed, Danny played with his own cock, deciding if he could come again. The minute he touched himself, Zach went crazy thrusting in.

“Am I hitting it?”

Zach was referring to the magic spot inside Danny. “Tilt up more.” Instantly Danny lit up. “Yes!” He fisted himself as the pleasure surged.

“Christ!” Zach grunted. “Come, you gorgeous angel! Come!”

Danny jerked his hips upwards and sprayed semen on his own chest as Zach filled him, gasping from the intensity. As he recovered, milking his cock gently, Zach pulled out and sat back on his heels. “Fantastic.”

“No shit.” Danny laughed tiredly.

“Let me wash up. I’ll be right back with something to clean you up with.”

“You’re a doll. Thanks. I’m so sated I can’t move.” Danny smiled at him. Getting a wink in reply, he moaned contentedly. “So nice.”

* * * *

Donny followed Paul into a dimly lit hallway. Casual sex in strange places. It made him excited and anxious simultaneously. But his urge for satisfaction usually won out over caution. And besides, he’d been lucky so far.

When the open door revealed a pleasant condominium, a contrast from the worn hallway, Donny was relieved.

The moment Paul shut the door behind them, Donny shoved him against the wall and grabbed his crotch, connecting to Paul’s mouth.

Paul dropped his keys where they stood and spread his legs wide in invitation. Wishing it was Bruno, craving that man suddenly as if there were no other, Donny increased the intensity of both his kissing and his pawing. Feeling Paul cringe slightly

at the force of his grip, Donny felt he had forewarned Paul enough. He didn't give a shit about anything else at this point.

Paul parted from their kiss to catch his breath. As Paul peered down, Donny opened Paul's slacks and dug inside. Another flinch followed as Donny dragged Paul's bent erection upright.

"You want to get in bed?" Paul asked breathlessly.

"Yes." He leaned down and ran his teeth over the head of Paul's cock before allowing him to lead the way.

After showing Donny to his bedroom, Paul began undressing, watching him warily, as if the pain was already causing some mistrust.

Once they were both naked, Paul set out rubbers and lubrication on the nightstand. "Do me first," Paul offered like a dare.

Donny grinned wickedly. He knew why. Whatever he dished out would be returned with a vengeance. It didn't intimidate him in the least. "My pleasure. Come here." He craned his finger. "Spread your legs. Lean your hands on your bed."

Moving as if he already regretted his decision, Paul stood at the foot in a wide straddle, and lowered down so his elbows were resting on the bedspread.

As Donny admired the view, he prepared himself. Using a generous amount of lube, he pushed his fingers into Paul's ass, making him hiss out a breath.

Without another word, he held Paul's hips tightly and dove in. No soft preparation, no gentle stretching or empathy, Donny hammered like he had promised.

Paul's body tensed up and he burrowed his face in his hands as they rested on the bed.

Donny had to admire how well he took it. Not one shriek of pain or complaint. Closing his eyes, envisioning Bruno, he slammed his hips deep and hard against Paul's bottom. "Yes!" He ground his jaw. This is how sex was meant to be. Raw. Masculine. Out of control.

Growling in pleasure, Donny felt Paul's body flinch and it was all he needed. A flood of pure delight poured out of him and into Paul. Deepening the last thrust, grinding his pelvis as hard as he could against him, Donny finally hung his head and pulled out.

DOUBLE TROUBLE

As Paul spun around, a look of raging fury in his expression, he snarled, "My turn."

Undeterred by the sentiment of anger, Donny dropped the spent condom on the floor, put his hands on his hips and said, "Where do you want me?"

"Same position," Paul ordered, not smiling.

Donny instantly assumed the posture, his legs spread wide, his hands on the bed, already weary and wanting to go home. He'd had his and couldn't care less if Paul came or not.

Growing impatient, Donny glanced over his shoulder to see Paul sliding on a condom after pumping his cock a few times. He had lost his erection during the rough bout, which again, Donny didn't think was his problem.

Some lubrication was applied to Donny's rim. He yawned, checking the time. "You almost ready?"

"Yes."

"Good." About to add, 'I don't have all day', Donny shut up and sighed.

An attempt was made to get in. Donny tilted behind him again in annoyance. The guy wasn't even hard? What the fuck? Trying to keep his taunting words to himself so as not to put any pressure on Paul, Donny kept his mouth shut, but was growing tired.

When all contact ceased, Donny spun around in exasperation. Paul tore off the rubber and was cursing furiously as he tried to produce a hard-on.

"Give it here," Donny moaned in frustration and knelt down.

Paul held his semi-erect cock for Donny. He closed his eyes and took it into his mouth. Sucking, doing his best to finish and get the hell out of there because he was annoyed and bored. Donny played it all up. He moaned, rubbed Paul's thighs, his balls, everything in his repertoire to get a man to climax.

"Fuck!" Paul drew back in anger.

Donny threw up his hands. "What?"

"I can't come!"

"Why the hell not?" Donny whined, still on his knees.

When Paul stormed into a connecting bathroom, Donny wondered if his obligation had ended. What more could he do?

Slowly getting to his feet, he walked to the open door. Seeing Paul tending himself, Donny caught his furious eye.

“You made me bleed, asshole.”

That startled him. “No.”

“Yes!” Paul shouted.

Donny felt slightly sick. “I...”

“Just go.”

“I didn’t mean...” Sweat broke out on his forehead. “I had no idea...”

“No idea?” Paul growled.

“I asked you if—” Donny tried to explain that he had warned him.

“Get out.” Paul pointed.

“I’m sorry.”

“Out!”

Shaken to the core, Donny dressed slowly, wondering if he was going insane. He had to stop what he was doing. Why was he so angry? Why was he taking it out on these men?

Once he had gathered all his things, Donny, trying to be considerate, picked up the spent condom to toss in the trash in the bathroom. When he did notice a tiny bit of red on it, he felt faint. “Shit. Paul.”

“Why are you still here?” Paul roared.

Donny tossed the condom out in a pail by the toilet and slinked away.

Making his way out of the building, he sat in his car and couldn’t stop trembling. Tears welled in his eyes.

Managing to drive himself home, he parked, snuck into the house and stripped for the shower.

As he stood under the hot water, he broke down and sobbed. He had never injured a man like that. He felt so sick about it he was in agony.

* * * *

“Thanks for the ride.” Danny smiled adoringly at Zach.

“My pleasure. Can I call you?”

“Yes!” Danny leaned over for a kiss.

“Good.” Zach caressed his hair gently.

“I’ll see ya.”

“See ya.” Danny waved as Zach’s car pulled away. Smiling sweetly, he used his key to enter the house and climbed the stairs

DOUBLE TROUBLE

to his room. Before he made it to his own bedroom, he heard his brother calling him softly.

The quiver in Donny's voice alarmed Danny. He rushed to his brother's room and found him curled up on the bed, naked and shivering.

"Jesus!" Danny raced over to him, lying down, and wrapped around him tightly. "What happened? Are you okay?"

Donny's sobs tore at Danny's heart. "Shh. Okay. Calm down." He couldn't remember Donny ever crying before. Not since they were small kids. And even then, Donny was the tougher of the two.

"Hold me."

"I'm holding you."

"I can't feel it. Tighter."

The shaking in Donny's body was so strong, his embrace couldn't quell it. "Did someone hurt you?"

"No."

That brought great relief to him. Then something occurred to him. "No. Oh, no, Donny. No."

"Yes..." Donny's sobs deepened.

"Why? Why did you do it again?" Danny was so upset with him he didn't know how to react.

"I don't know. I don't know."

"Don!" Danny wanted to scream. "Please stop! Stop hurting men. You have got to see someone about it. It's not normal."

"No! Don't let go! Please."

He spooned his brother from behind and tightened his embrace. Pressing his cheek against Donny's damp hair, he whispered, "What am I going to do with you? Donny, what the hell am I going to do?"

Donny's whimpers softened slightly but didn't let up.

Trying to help Donny stop shivering, Danny curled around him, squeezing as tightly as he could.

Chapter Six

When Donny awoke he found his brother asleep near him. Remembering begging him to stay with him, Donny had never been such an emotional wreck before.

He knew what was going on. He did.

But he felt so upset with himself for feeling it; he didn't know how to cope other than to express his fury in sexual violence. What other outlet did he possess?

His family wasn't descended from a long line of dependency types. No alcoholics, drug addicts, overindulgent eaters, nothing. They were moderates in all their traits, from politics to religion, to fashion to culture.

There never was a screaming outburst, dishes thrown against the wall, pounding chests or rending garments.

David and Patricia Rothschild were serene and in control. Always.

Even as a child Donny did not recall them battling together. Debate? Yes. And always a kiss and cuddle afterwards.

Could it be he never learned how to cope with stress? The kind of stress that was virtually eating him alive?

Propping his jaw in his palm, he stared at his other half. Yes, his other half. Not his twin. Danny was a part of him. An enormous piece that was slipping away.

They had postponed it as long as possible. As children, adolescents, through the same graduate program, to here and now. The break before the real world hit.

And though it appeared Danny was taking it in stride, looking forward to his own house, partner, children, Donny was falling apart.

This brutal sexual behavior began immediately after grad school. Donny didn't need a shrink to tell him why. Separation anxiety. Like his brother was about to be surgically removed from his side, and as the weaker of the two, he'd die.

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The symbiotic relationship between them was about to be tested, and he could not cope.

Caressing Danny's hair as it covered his face, Donny bit back his pain. The love he felt for Danny was borderline obsessive. He simply did not know what he would do without him.

At the touch, Danny's brown eyes opened.

Hot tears ran down Donny's face while he continued to dig his fingers through Danny's long dark hair.

"Donny," Danny whispered in admonishment.

His lip quivering, he barely replied, "I can't help it."

"I'm not going anywhere."

"You are. You will."

"Not until you're ready. No."

"I can't let you do that. I can't."

"You're not. I insist we do everything together."

Donny wrapped around him and held him tight. "I'm sorry."

"No need."

"Don't tell Mom what I did. Please."

"Never."

* * * *

"Yes. My name is Donny Rothschild," Danny stared at Donny as he made the call. They were both seated on Danny's bed. "I have a group of five volunteers which includes me, all in the construction field and willing to help with a Saturday project."

"That's fantastic, Mr. Rothschild."

"Will there be anything we can do this Saturday?" Danny tugged on Donny's hair, as he seemed to get lost in a dream world. It brought him back with a soft smile.

"Yes. We have a project in progress now. I need you to download some forms from the Internet. There should be three. Each volunteer needs to fill them out before they can help."

"No problem."

"Let me give you the location. We begin at eight and it is an eight hour commitment."

"Great." Danny scribbled the location down. "Let me call my associates and get back to you."

"Excellent. Thank you for taking the time."

"My pleasure." He hung up and looked at Donny. "Go print all the forms from the net. Make five copies of each."

Nodding, Donny booted up their computer.

Hating the fact that Donny was so quiet, he asked, "You still want to go through with this bet?"

Donny spun around. "Yes! Are you kidding me? I can't think of anything else but Bruno."

Smiling in agreement, he whispered sensually, "Why don't I call him now?"

"Can I?"

Danny held out the phone, picking the bar coaster up with the number on it.

Once the printer was humming, Donny sat down on the bed and bit his lip. "He'll be at work."

"Use his mobile phone number."

"What if he's busy?"

"Just leave a message for him to call you."

"Yes, of course. I feel like I can't think straight. Sorry, Danny."

"No need to apologize." After another wicked smile, Danny urged, "Call."

* * * *

Staring at the number, Donny inhaled deeply and dialed, looking directly at Danny when he did.

"Hello?"

His heart skipped a beat. "Bruno? It's Donny Rothschild. The guy from Habitat."

"Hey! How are you doing?"

"Great. Look, we can all work this Saturday if we're available." His palm went clammy on the phone. "It's an eight hour commitment and we all have to get to the location by eight."

"Right. Where is it?"

"Near Inglewood."

"I live in Inglewood. That's great."

Donny knew exactly where he lived. He checked Danny's expression as his brother tried to listen to both sides of the

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conversation. "That's convenient. So? What do you want me to do? Do you want to ask the other guys and call me back?"

"We're on a break right now. Just hang on and I can ask while you're on the phone."

Donny whispered to Danny, "He's asking now. They're on a break."

"Cool." Danny nodded.

"Ya there?"

Donny loved his voice. It sent chills all over him. "Yes."

"We're game. What do we have to do?"

"I have a few forms you need to fill out. Just waivers. I can bring them by the bar. Are you going there tonight?"

"Yeah. We go every night. That would be great, Donny. I appreciate it."

"No problem. See you there."

"See ya."

Donny hung up and panted to catch his breath. "He's game. They'll be at the bar tonight and I can bring them all the paperwork."

"Fantastic!" Danny raised his hand for a high-five. Once he smacked it, Danny added, "We're closing in on him, Donny. Step by step."

Donny flopped back on the bed heavily, setting the phone near the pillow. "Now I wish he was gay."

"Yeah?" Danny propped himself up on his elbow next to him.

"Yeah. I just want him to hold me in his arms."

"He has that air to him. You know. Like someone who'll protect you from harm."

"That Stacy bitch better appreciate him."

"I hope she doesn't. It'd be better for us if she treated him like crap."

Donny thought about it.

"You want to work out?"

"Yes." With an effort, he sat up slowly. "I do want to."

Danny caressed his hair. "You okay?"

"I am. Thanks." Donny smiled sweetly at him. "I'll meet you downstairs after I change."

"Good."

His head lowered, feeling slightly lost, Donny scuffed his way down the hall wishing he and Bruno could fall in love.

* * * *

Donny went alone. What did Danny have to go with him for? He was to meet the 'boys' at the Daily Pint, hand off the paperwork and go.

Parking his Porsche, still dressed in casual blue denim and a t-shirt, though they were the tightest pair of jeans he owned, Donny made sure his long hair was tucked under his cap and with the paperwork rolled in a scroll, he entered the bar.

Getting used to the noise and ambiance, Donny didn't feel as strange as he did the first time, and in some odd way felt as if he were meeting friends. It was Bruno who spotted him first and gave him a big wave.

His cock throbbed instantly at the sight of that man. Smiling shyly, making his way towards him, Donny greeted them. "Hey, guys."

To his amazement he was given a few pats on the back. Obviously his brother had done well ingratiating himself with the pack.

"See if he wants a beer, Phil," one man asked.

"Okay, Jim. Can we buy you a beer?" Phil met his eyes.

"That's not necessary." Donny turned into an introvert.

"I insist." Phil waved to the bartender. "What will you have, Donny?"

"A Stella. Thanks." Donny felt his cheeks heat up. "Here are the forms. There are three each for you to fill out." He began separating them and handing them off. "They're just waivers. No big deal."

Each man took their copies, perusing them briefly.

Donny licked his lip as he ogled Bruno. His 501's were snug and faded to white fuzz at the thighs, knees, and zipper flap. He was in heat staring at the size of his bulge.

"Should we fill it out now?" Phil asked.

"Just bring it with you Saturday morning. Someone there will collect it." Donny took his pint from Phil. "Thank you. I mean it."

"Are you a Raider's fan?" Jim asked, smirking.

Remembering his hat, he had no idea what to say.

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“Stu is.” Bruno tapped Stu’s shoulder. “If you are, he’ll talk your ear off about it.”

“Uh. Can I say I’m a fan of every sports team in California?” Donny grinned. “I’d hate to start a fight.”

A round of laughter circled the group.

“Smart man,” Stu agreed.

“Hey, Donny, you want to play a round of eight ball?” Bruno gestured to the billiards table.

“I’d love that. Thanks, Bruno.” His pulse skyrocketed. *Play with you? Are you kidding me?*

“Ever play before?” Bruno stuffed the paperwork into his pocket, picked up his beer and headed to an available pool table.

“I dabble.” Donny played quite a bit in his game room in his parents’ home. After he looked back at the other men, who didn’t blink at the connection he and Bruno had made, Donny set his beer down and helped Bruno rack the balls.

“I’ll be easy on you,” Bruno teased.

On the tip of Donny’s tongue was a sexual retort. He bit it back painfully. Losing this man was not going to happen. “You break.”

“Thank you, kindly.” Bruno chuckled, taking a cue from a wall stand and chalking the end.

As Bruno leaned his bulk over the felt table, Donny admired his looks. His long blond hair was coming loose from the rubber band. A strand fell softly over his eyebrow to his cheek. His t-shirt had high cut sleeves showing his powerful deltoids and that eagle tattoo off to perfection.

Retrieving his beer, he moved behind Bruno, getting a better view of his ass and legs as he bent over the table.

A strong clapping sound echoed as the balls scattered across the table. One dropped in. “Looks like I’m solid.”

Donny struggled with all the sexual replies in his head. *Solid? Baby, you’re a fucking brick shithouse!*

“Two ball, side pocket.”

Donny sucked on the beer, wishing it was Bruno’s cock. He took another peek around them. No one was interested. The ball rolled into the cup. “You’re good.”

“I try.” Bruno stood and moved around the table.

“You play a lot?” Time for some info gathering.

"When I can. My Mom has a table I used to play on. I don't get over to see her much." He pointed with his cue. "One ball, corner pocket."

He waited. Bruno missed the shot. Rubbing his own cue stick with a tiny square blue chalk, Donny blew off the dust, set the square down and said, "Ten ball, right corner." Like a pro he sunk it.

"She-it!" Bruno laughed. "Remind me not to bet against you. You've played this game before."

Okay, so he was a show off. "Fifteen, side." Donny gestured to the pocket. With a rebound off the felt edge it sunk.

"Right," Bruno teased, "I'll just slink back home now."

Donny sank three more, pausing to look at the next shot while he finished his beer. When he looked up at Bruno, Bruno was staring at him. He almost choked on the swallow of ale in his mouth. Gulping it down, he tried to read that look on Bruno's face. If they were at Fubar's Donny would already be grabbing his hand and dragging him into a dark corner. Having no idea what Bruno was thinking, he asked, "Am I upsetting you?"

"Huh?" Bruno woke from his trance. "Upsetting me? No, why? Because you're kicking my ass?" He laughed.

"Well. Yeah. I know some guys get uptight about it."

"Don't you dare let me win." Bruno pointed a playful finger at him.

Stu found his way over. He asked, "Who's solid?"

"Me." Bruno grinned at him.

"Donny's slaughtering you, Bruno!" Stu laughed. "Finally. I didn't think we'd find someone to get the better of you. Go, Don!"

"Go ahead and shoot, Donny. Don't think you'll hurt my feelings if you demolish me." Bruno smiled at Donny. "It takes more than losing at pool. I'm no cry baby."

Donny adored him. Absolutely was gaga over him. "All right. Nine ball. Right here." He tapped the corner closest to him.

He had Stu and Bruno's rapt attention.

After the ball hit three sides it sunk where he said it would.

"Hot damn!" Stu shouted in praise. "You're dead, Bruno. He's got you!"

Sure as shit wish I got you. Donny had one last shot before he had to sink the eight ball. After checking he was indeed not

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hurting Bruno's feelings, he called the last one. "Twelve. Side." Taking his time, feeling the other two holding their breaths, Donny sank the ball. Without a pause, he said, "Eight, corner." And with a click it was in the pocket.

Bruno rushed him and put his arm around Donny's shoulders. "You are amazing!"

His touch sent Donny to the moon. All his senses filled. Donny inhaled deeply his cologne and sweat; savored his hand on his shoulder and the brush of his body against his side.

"I'm buying the winner a round," Stu boasted. "Hey, Jim, Phil!" he shouted as he returned to the bar. "Guess who just got his ass whipped?"

Bruno whispered into his ear, "Stu's enjoying this because he never beats me."

Still holding the cue, Donny didn't want to move a muscle to stop their contact.

"You don't have to rush off, right?" Bruno squeezed him. "Got time for one more before you go?"

One? One fuck? One suck? Give it to me Bruno! "Sure." Bruno released him. Only then did he hang his cue up on the wall.

With his cock fully engorged and rubbing his thigh as he walked, Donny prayed none of the men noticed as he approached. He felt like removing his hat and hiding it he was so terrified. Trying to be quick about crossing the room and using the bar as a shield, Donny avoided the bright light and made it to a safe spot, his hips facing the counter.

"Stella, right?" Stu set a frosty beer in front of him.

"Yes. Thanks, Stu, but it wasn't necessary."

Phil patted Donny's back. "Not necessary? You shittin' me, Don? Fucking Bruno's been boasting how unbeatable he is. 'Bout time someone dethroned him."

I'd like to deflower him, boys. "I just hope I didn't make him angry at me." Donny gave Bruno his softest puppy eyes as he sipped his beer.

"Shut up!" Bruno waved at him, making his way to stand beside him. "I told you. I'm a sportsman, and there's nothing worse than a sore loser." Bruno palmed the baseball cap on Donny's head and rubbed it against his scalp.

Augh! Keep touching me and I'll spurt!

“Good. You never know. Some guys can be real egomaniacs.” He had an urge to cuddle up against Bruno, but again restrained himself. It was such a battle to not grope the man.

“I know. Can’t stand those types.” Bruno leaned next to him at the bar, connecting their shoulders together. “There are some guys on the job site like that. You so much as give them a piece of advice and they snap at you like you asked them to change their religions.”

Jim agreed, “Fuck yeah. Gets me so damn mad.”

All the contact was making Donny insane. And he initiated none of it. “Right.” He nodded. How was he supposed to think and be touched by this man at the same time? Not possible.

“What do you do for a living, Don?” Phil asked, standing on the opposite side of him as Bruno.

“I’m in between jobs.”

“Poor guy.” Bruno stroked Donny’s back. “Want us to put in a good word for you at the site?”

Okay, I’m losing my mind. If this guy keeps rubbing me I’m going to get on my knees here any minute and flip out his dick.

“No. No, it’s okay, Bruno. I’m not worried.” *But I am worried I’m going to come in my pants!*

“The economy’s rough nowadays,” Phil added. “My wife and I are really trying to budget so we can add as much as we can to our IRAs.”

Bruno spun around so his back was leaning against the bar, still in contact with Donny. “I’m only twenty-six and I’m already paying into one. How about you, Donny?”

“Yes, well...” He was so distracted by Bruno’s touch he lost the thread of conversation. His scent was driving Donny wild.

“It’s tough to put money aside,” Stu replied. “I work extra hours and the Mrs. works fulltime teaching. I swear everything’s gotten so expensive. Gas, food...”

“Especially if you have a girlfriend with expensive tastes.” Bruno’s nose curled. “Christ, Stacy whines constantly we don’t go out enough. Going out to dinner all the time is such a waste of good money.”

Donny shut up and listened closely.

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"You have any idea how long you've been complaining about that woman, Bruno?" Phil shouted at him. "Will you dump the bitch already? Jim, tell him to dump that materialistic witch."

"I know. I should." Bruno made a bitter face as he sipped his beer. "She hasn't called me in a week. I should just end it."

"Is she even good in the sack?" Stu laughed.

Donny felt his breath catch in his throat. This information was extremely important as far as he and Danny were concerned.

"Shut up, boys." Bruno tried to laugh it off.

"Christ, Bruno." Stu shook his head. "If I had looks like yours I wouldn't settle for some whining materialistic bimbo."

Donny choked. Before he could prevent it, Bruno heard.

"You got something to add?" Bruno asked playfully. "You may as well. They're all ganging up on me."

Shrugging, he whispered, "It's your life, Bruno."

"There. Ya see fellas? It's my life. You tell them, Donny."

"But if I were you?" Donny scanned the other three men who were smiling at him, waiting for the burn.

"Yes?" Bruno grinned sweetly.

"Never mind." He sipped his beer, enjoying this banter immensely.

"Tell me." Bruno nudged him.

Donny glanced down at the contact, then directly into Bruno's aqua blue eyes. "Life's too short, Bruno."

"There!" Jim pointed at him. "You see?"

"All right. I know." Bruno pouted, finishing his beer.

* * * *

Danny checked the time. Maybe he should have gone with Donny, if for no other reason than to make sure he was okay. Last night really shook Danny up. He wanted to talk to his parents about Donny's behavior but promised he wouldn't.

Dinnertime had come and gone hours ago. Danny rummaged into the cabinets and fridge for something to snack on. Taking a peach out of a bowl on the counter, he rinsed it in the sink and bit it, the juice running down his jaw. At the sound of the garage door elevating, he grabbed a napkin and raced to meet his brother. Both his parents were watching television in the den on the opposite side of the house.

Sucking on the ripe fruit, Danny tried to eat it quickly before it coated him in sweet stickiness.

"Hey." Donny entered the house, the ball cap in his hand.

"Hey," he replied, sucking on the pit and wiping his chin. "So?"

"I had such a fucking good time."

"Yeah?" Danny gestured to the kitchen where he tossed the pit into the garbage and washed up at the sink.

"He's amazing. Amazing." Donny appeared love struck.

"Did you give them the paperwork?"

"Yes. And I played a game of pool with Bruno. They bought me a beer. It was awesome."

"Wow! I'm impressed."

"It was fun being a straight guy for the night." Donny tossed his hat up in the air catching it again.

"And? What's the next move?"

"Saturday at eight. We all meet at the construction site."

"Me or you?"

"I know it's your turn." Donny smiled sadly.

"You want to go?" Danny already knew he did. "It's okay."

"You sure? It's kind of unfair. We planned on seducing him together."

"Yes, but if you've already built a rapport, why ruin it?"

"We have. Christ, Danny, he kept rubbing against me, touching me."

Danny blinked. "What?"

"Yes." Donny's cheeks went rosy.

"Is he gay? Bi? What?"

"Straight. And so damn sweet. I'm in love."

Danny couldn't be happier for him. "Wait." He felt anxious. "Donny, don't get infatuated with him. If he's straight you'll get your heart broken."

"I don't care. I love him." Donny floated towards the staircase.

Danny grew concerned. When this went sour, how angry and violent would Donny get? Hurrying after him, he said, "No. Don, wait. Maybe it is smarter for me to go Saturday."

Donny flopped back on his bed and gazed at the ceiling. "He's not only beautiful, Danny. He's kind, a good sport, loses gracefully...intelligent..."

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“Donald. He’s straight.” Danny stood over him, his arms crossed over his chest.

“I’ll win him over. I will.” Donny patted the spot next to him. When he was lying beside him, Donny whispered, “Caught him ogling me.”

“You sure?”

“Sure, I’m sure. I was winning at pool, right,” Donny explained, “and I’m setting up for my next shot. Danny, he was lost. Lost!”

“On your crotch, what?”

“My face.” Donny puffed up his chest proudly.

“Did you flirt?”

“No. Not once. I played it eternally cool.”

Danny cupped his jaw to get his attention. “Donny, listen to me.”

“I know what you’re going to say.”

“Please. If you get hung up on him...”

“I won’t hurt anyone.”

Danny judged his sincerity. “This bet. Maybe it was a really bad idea.”

“No. Look, Dan, worst comes to worst, I made an awesome friend.” He tugged his jaw out of Danny’s fingers.

“You don’t have any straight friends.”

Shrugging, Donny stared out into space. “I do now.”

“I’m going on Saturday. It’s my turn and I’m going.” He began to think Donny getting hung up on Bruno was going to cause too much misery.

Donny bit his lip as he glared at Danny.

“Donald. We alternate.”

“What if you get him for a whole eight hours and that’s all there is?”

Danny thought about it. “Fine. Lunch time we swap.”

“We’ll have to change clothes.”

“I know.” He pointed his finger at Donny in warning. “Rules are rules. We alternate.”

“Fine!” Donny stood off the bed and left the room.

Danny watched him, growing very worried.

Chapter Seven

Saturday morning both men assessed the other as they stood at the double basin in the bathroom. Danny checked on the facial growth of his beard. It matched his brother's. They had very similar faded jeans on, so that wouldn't be an issue.

"Okay, listen up," Danny began. "At noon or whenever we break for lunch, I'll make up something. Like I have a private phone call to make."

Donny was still glaring at him jealously.

"Then we swap boots and shirts and I'll fill you in."

"Don't fuck this up for me."

"Fuck it up? Are you kidding me?" Danny used a rubber band on his hair, tying it into a ponytail before tucking it under the ball cap. "If we pull this stunt off, I get that guy's ass. I'm not fucking anything up." Donny shot him another nasty look.

"What?" Danny threw up his hands. "You want him for yourself, right? So? Throw away the bet and you just give him your best shot? Is that why I'm getting looks that could kill?"

"No. Shut up. A deal's a deal." Donny seemed to force his features to soften up. "Look, do you have everyone right? Their names and which is which?"

"Yes. We went over this. Phil is the older guy with the gray hair. Jim's the one with the potbelly and the beard, and Stu is the bald guy. See? I got it." Danny could still tell his brother was angry. Grabbing Donny's arm he dragged him to the bed and nudged him to sit down on it. "I want to get something straight with you."

Donny crossed his arms in irritation. "What?"

"Let's continue this as planned. For now."

"Until what? You decide for us what to do next?"

Danny lay across the bed, dragging Donny with him. When they were face to face, he whispered, "If suddenly Bruno decides

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he's madly in love with you, I'll back off. But until then, I want a piece of this."

"Madly in love with me?" Donny scoffed. "How the hell is a straight macho guy like him going to achieve that?"

"He won't!" Danny announced like it was obvious. "So I'm going to keep in this game to make sure you don't get so hung up on him, you go out and make some poor schmuck bleed when Bruno rejects you!"

Donny's face paled.

Knowing he was being slightly harsh, Danny softened his features and brushed Donny's hair back from his forehead. "I'll call you the minute I know when lunch break will be and give you a location to meet me."

"Fine."

Danny climbed off the bed, made sure he had his wallet, phone and keys, and left, looking back once to see Donny's sad brown eyes.

* * * *

When Danny pulled up to the project he was slightly unprepared for the chaos. It was before eight and a large group had gathered, sipping coffee and eating muffins from a table set up nearby. Keeping his Porsche out of sight for when he and Donny exchanged clothing later, Danny remembered his paperwork at the last minute and held it in his hand as he walked down the block. He passed a black Dodge Ram pickup and recognized it immediately. A pleasant smile found his face as he realized he was going to see Bruno again.

Once he turned the corner he could hear the hum of voices and see several members of the charity wearing hats and t-shirts identifying themselves.

"Donny!"

Danny spun around to see Bruno's big grin and wave.

Wow, Donny, you did very well indeed endearing yourself to our man.

"Mr. Adler." Danny drew near him as Bruno stood with the other four men of their team. "Hi, Jim, Stu, Phil." He waved and gave each a smile. "What are we doing so far?"

"Give Michelle your paperwork." Phil pointed to a woman near the group of men. "I thought you would know the program better than us."

Blushing instantly, Danny replied, "Yes. I'm just still waking up. Need more coffee."

"There's plenty here." Jim nodded to the refreshment table.

"Be right back." He took a last look at Bruno and noticed an odd expression on his face. Trying not to be nervous about it, he approached the woman in charge to give her his paperwork and introduce himself.

"Great! Thanks, Donny. What's your specialty?"

Sucking cock? "Uh. I was hoping to work with my friends." Danny pointed to the four men.

"Construction." She nodded, noting it down. "You're good to go."

Construction. Danny tried to smile. *Hammer and nails? Sawing wood? God I'm gonna die.* "Yes. Perfect. Great." As he returned to the group he muttered, "Maybe I should have said paint." Pouring himself a cup of coffee, he made it back to his quartet of straight Bob-the-Builders and joined in on their morning chat.

"Yeah, she was a little miffed I took the day off from her food shopping and errands, but she understood it was for a good cause." Stu sipped his coffee.

"I'm just glad to get away from the kids for the day. Christ, they drive me crazy." Jim looked at Danny curiously. "You single, Don?"

"Yup." He met Bruno's eyes. There was something going on in them that Danny could not decipher.

"No kids?" Phil chuckled like what he said was funny.

"Not that I know of." Danny grinned mischievously. Finally he said, "You all right, Bruno?"

Bruno's eyes came into focus. "Yeah. Why?"

"You just look out of it."

"I'm fine."

He didn't buy it for a minute. A sinking feeling in his gut, Danny wondered if Bruno sensed he and Donny were not the same man. The others were clueless. If Bruno did detect a difference, they were screwed.

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The foreman of the site began to get their attention. As each person was given their assignment, Danny noticed he was the only ‘construction worker’ of their group without a tool belt. He tried not to sweat and noticed extra tools were available near the sidewalk in a large box.

Bruno and Phil moved to begin framing the structure. Danny felt like an idiot suddenly. He approached the woman he had given the paperwork to. “Michelle? Uh, is there an extra tool belt I can borrow?”

“Sure.” She gestured to the box. “Take what you need.”

“Thanks.” He selected a leather belt with loops and rings on it and fastened it around his waist. After he picked out a hammer, screwdriver and set of pliers, he tried to catch up to Bruno.

The big man was already hard at work drilling, screwing and hammering. He and his co-workers were so used to working as a team, it took no time at all for wood beams to form the shape of a wall. Boldly he approached them. “What can I do?”

“Get the next one started,” Jim muttered, screws hanging between his lips where he held them as he needed them.

“Get the next one started...” Danny puzzled over what the hell that meant. He picked up a piece of wood and stared at it.

“What are you doing?”

Danny spun around to see Bruno. “Uh, to be honest, Bruno, I’ve a degree in marketing. I’m clueless.”

At first Bruno’s eyes widened, then he broke up with laughter.

When he wrapped his arm around Danny’s neck playfully giving him a shake, Danny closed his eyes and inhaled quickly, getting this man’s scent into his lungs.

“Marketing?” Bruno chuckled. “You dork!”

As he was released, he was slow to recover from the contact. “Yeah. That’s me. A dork.”

“All right, college boy. Get over here and hold the damn pieces of wood together for me.”

For the next couple of hours Danny did his best to play helper as Bruno drilled screws into the wood framing.

The sun began climbing and the temperature rose. Danny kept close to Bruno if for nothing else, to keep sniffing him as he perspired.

“Right. Hammer this nail in. Can you manage that?” Bruno smiled wryly.

Danny knew he had to try. Holding the nail at the base, he whacked at the head and hit his thumb. “Augh!” He dropped the hammer and hopped up and down in pain.

“Pathetic!” Bruno broke up with laughter. “You can’t even hammer a nail into a piece of wood?”

“I can! Hang on!” Danny shook out his hand to get over the agony of the sensation. Picking up the hammer he bit his lip with determination and tried again.

“Wait.” Bruno stopped him. “You’re holding the hammer too high. Slide your hand closer to the end.”

Danny obeyed.

“Try again now.”

Focusing on his task, Danny hit the nail. It sunk half way in. Another smack and it was flush. “Hey!” He was very proud of himself.

“Unreal. What the hell do you do when you have to hang a picture on your wall?” Bruno shook his head.

Shyly, Danny stuck his sore thumb into his mouth and said, “Cry like a baby?”

When Bruno cupped his jaw and smiled sweetly at him, Danny almost fell over from the swoon.

“Come on. Break time, baby.” Bruno wrapped around his neck and led him to the food.

Danny sniffed at Bruno’s armpit hungrily, stifling a low moan of delight.

Once they were munching granola and energy bars and sipping bottled sports drinks while sitting on the grass, Bruno announced, “Donny’s no construction worker, boys. He’s a college boy.”

Danny blushed hotly. “Sorry. Did I tell you guys I did construction?”

“No. I don’t think you did.” Jim finished his energy bar. “Did you?”

“You said you were between jobs.” Phil sipped his drink.

“Right.” Danny had no idea how he and Donny were going to keep everything straight. About to ask Bruno something, when Bruno took off his shirt in the heat, Danny prevented a full

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blown groan of delight. Propping himself up on his hands to stop from toppling over, he admired the view. *Oh my fucking God.*

"Christ, it's hot." Bruno wiped his face with his shirt. Looking at Danny, he asked, "Don't you ever take that fucking Raider's hat off?" He paused. "Are you hiding a receding hairline? Like poor Stu there?"

"Shut up!" Stu laughed as he was teased.

As if it were a dare, Danny took off his cap, tugged out the rubber band and shook out his long dark locks. He couldn't help but give Bruno a sensual glare. "Am I bald, Bruno?"

A look of shock passed over Bruno's expression.

Instantly Danny knew he had played that card wrong. The act was pure seduction and most definitely gay.

"Geez, Don!" Jim laughed, "No wonder ya keep it hidden. You're as pretty as a fucking girl."

"Hey," Phil admonished Jim. "Don't be saying things like that." Phil addressed Danny, "He's sorry about that comment, Don. Jim sometimes puts his foot in his mouth." Phil shot Jim another scolding look, then added for Danny, "You don't look like a girl, Don. Far from it."

"People think I'm queer." Danny stuck his hat back on his head. "I hate it when that happens." He hoped that would quell any suspicion. Bruno was still gaping at him strangely. "But I like it long. I feel like a rebel. Right, Bruno? Isn't that why you grow your hair long?"

When Bruno realized all his buddies were waiting for his reply, he went crimson. "I'm going to take a piss." He stood and headed for a port-o-potty.

Once Bruno left, Phil leaned closer to Danny to confide, "He wants to be a movie star. That's why he grows it long. He thinks he'll be spotted by some hotshot agent and given a contract."

Jim added, "We told him to go get some photos taken, but Bruno's really shy."

"And that's a lousy way to be to get anywhere in this town," Stu replied.

"Don, maybe you can help him out. Give him a shove in the right direction. You're both good-looking young men. He won't listen to us ugly old farts." Phil laughed.

"He thinks we're givin' him lip service," Jim whispered, looking over his shoulder to make sure Bruno wasn't there. "He

thinks because we're his buddies we're lying to him. But you see what he looks like, Don. He's too good looking to be where he is."

Danny didn't know what to say. In some respects it felt like someone was laying a gift of pure gold on his lap. Yet he knew very well it was a field of landmines. He suddenly was given the opportunity of the role of being this man's mentor and muse in the matter of modeling and style. No way. Bruno would never agree to it. Would he? Isn't that what a gay friend would do?

They were called back from their morning break to start work. Danny checked the time. It was ten. He stopped by Michelle's desk for a minute to ask, "I assume lunchtime is noon?"

"Yes. We'll provide the food."

"Thanks." Danny smiled at her and looked for Bruno. He was back where they had left off before break time. Danny stood behind him. "Did those guys embarrass you?"

Bruno peered over his shoulder at him. "A little."

Danny rubbed his hand over that eagle tattoo. "Sorry about that. I feel like it was my fault."

As he looked down at the contact Danny was making, Bruno met his eyes. "Why did you hide your hair at the bar?"

He dropped his hand to his side. "I don't know how to answer that question." And Danny truly didn't.

After a long pause, Bruno smiled. "Think you can hammer in another nail?"

Danny looked at his red thumb in despair. "I suppose practice makes perfect."

"That is what they say," Bruno replied sweetly.

Taking his hammer out of his tool belt, he announced, "I'm ready."

"Here." Bruno handed him a nail. "Just let me get the hell out of the way from you before you slam that thing."

Laughing, Danny nodded. "Deal."

* * * *

Donny drummed his fingers on the steering wheel. He kept checking the time and growing anxious. Images of Danny already getting to suck Bruno off were making him upset.

DOUBLE TROUBLE

What if Danny had already succeeded in seducing him? What if they snuck off to his car and had sex?

When his mobile phone rang, Donny jumped out of his skin and answered it.

"Where are you?" Danny asked.

"Parked near Bruno's truck."

"I'm on my way."

Donny shut the phone and looked into the rear view mirror. He began taking off his shoes and shirt for the exchange.

Seeing his brother approaching, his hair loose from its rubber band and flowing from under the ball cap, Donny tilted his head curiously. Danny dropped into the passenger seat and took off his shirt, handing it to his brother, then unlacing his boots.

"Your hair is out from the hat?"

"Yes. Bruno asked if I was hiding a bald head." Danny slipped Donny's shirt on and gave him his beige work boots. Once the clothing had been sorted out, Danny said, "Right, here's the deal." Danny paused and raised Donny's shirt to his nose as his brother bent down to lace his beige work boots. "You put on cologne?"

"Yes. Why?"

"I didn't. You think he'll smell it on you?"

"No. What are we going to do? Neck? How will he smell it?"

"All right, never mind. Look, the guys confided in me that Bruno wants to be an actor but is too afraid to pursue it. Phil asked me to help Bruno out somehow. Bruno's very shy about it, and got all upset and walked off when they pushed him. I didn't say a fucking thing to him about it because I thought he'd think I was coming on."

He grabbed Danny's hand. "Shit! Your thumb is bruised."

Danny handed him the hammer from his tool belt after he took it out. "Hit yours."

"You kidding me?" Donny flinched.

"Donny! He'll know! I did it the first time I tried to hammer in a nail. He was standing with me coaching me. Oh, and hold the hammer near the end, not near the head."

"I'm not going to hit my own thumb with a hammer."

Danny sighed tiredly. "Then we're done."

"You do it." Donny held his hand out on the console, cringing.

“Me? I can’t hurt you.”

“You have to! I can’t hurt myself. Just do it quick.”

Danny raised the hammer. “No! Left hand! Left hand!”

“Shit!” He swapped them, his heart racing. “Oh God. It’s gonna kill.”

“Shut up. Look away.”

Donny spun to the door and tensed up. When it hit he screamed. “Shit!” He held it under his armpit and moaned.

“Get going.” Danny shoved the tool belt at him. “Eat something. I didn’t yet. I told them I had a phone call to make. Go!”

“Ow! Fuck! Did you have to hit it so hard?” He sucked his thumb as Danny popped the hat on his head.

“Yes. Shut up. Take the rubber band out of your hair and shake it out. I’ve been sweating for four hours.”

Donny took the hat back off, flicked the rubber band onto the dash and messed up his hair. “Okay?”

“Has to be. Now go. See ya at home.”

They both climbed out of the car. Donny attached the tool belt to his hips and took one last look at Danny who gave him the thumbs up.

Inhaling deeply, he hurried back to the job site still shaking out his sore finger.

“Ah! Wait!” Danny sprinted over. “I told Bruno I had a degree in marketing and had nothing to do with construction and the woman in charge is Michelle. Brown hair, wearing the charity t-shirt.”

“Shit! Shit!”

“Go!” Danny nudged him.

Sprinting, holding the heavy belt in place on his hips as he went, Donny had serious doubts about the viability of this crazy plan.

When the job site came into view, he stopped short. The man of his dreams was shirtless, eating a sandwich as he reclined on the grass with his buddies. Tempted to rub his crotch hungrily as he ogled him, Donny headed to the food table to get himself lunch. Thanking the woman for his sandwich and bottled water, he made his way tentatively over to the group.

Bruno caught his eye instantly. Donny gulped in anxiety.

“Still some food left?” Jim asked as he approached.

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“Yeah. Plenty.” Donny sat down next to Bruno who hadn’t stopped staring at him.

“Good.” Jim hopped up for seconds.

“You planning on coming back next Saturday?” Phil asked him.

“I don’t know. Are you guys?” Donny unwrapped his sandwich, still feeling Bruno’s stare on his profile. Donny turned to look at him. There was a very strange expression on Bruno’s face that he could not discern. He took a quick peek down at himself. Same shirt, similar jeans, same boots. No. He and Danny looked exactly the same.

“How’s your thumb?” Stu asked, an impish glint to his eye.

Donny took a look at it unhappily. “If I lose the nail I’ll be pissed.”

When Bruno went for it, he almost choked on his food. The way Bruno inspected it, Donny wondered if he sensed the ruse. Could Bruno see through the charade? Was he astute enough to notice the subtle differences between identical twins that no one else could?

“Will I live?” he teased, trying to make light of it.

Before Bruno released his hand, the blond man eyed Donny carefully.

“If you keep holding my hand people will think we’re engaged,” Donny said flatly.

Bruno instantly released it, turning red.

Phil and Stu roared with hilarity.

“Burn! Good one, Don!” Phil slapped his own leg.

“What’d I miss?” Jim sat down with his second sandwich.

As Stu filled him in on the joke, Donny finished his food, eyeing Bruno curiously. “You okay?”

“Yeah. I just think I’m going crazy.”

Sipping his water, crushing the plastic wrap from the sandwich in his palm, he asked, “Going crazy how?”

“Never mind.”

As Bruno reclined, Donny took in the size of his pectoral muscles and his tiny mauve colored nipples, just dying to be nibbled.

When they were called back to work, he felt completely confused. Fidgeting, lingering near Bruno, he had no idea what his brother had been doing.

"You ready?" Bruno asked.

"Sure." Donny shrugged.

Bruno reached out his hand.

Donny shook it.

"What are you doing?" Bruno asked.

"Just joking. What do you need?"

"Another board." Bruno's eyebrows knotted together suspiciously.

"Of course. Duh." Donny picked up a long two by four handing it to Bruno.

"Go ahead."

"Go ahead?" Donny gazed at him blankly.

Bruno spun to face him head on. "What the hell's going on?"

"Sorry?" He panicked.

"Did you leave your brain somewhere else at lunch?"

"Hey! Be nice." Donny snarled.

"What the hell have we been doing here all morning?"

Donny had no clue. "Why don't you tell me?" he countered.

"Just stop kidding around and nail the stupid board, will you?"

Nail the board. Nail the board. He noticed a box of nails protruding from Bruno's tool belt. "One of these?" He held up a long nail.

Bruno set the board aside and glared at him. "Okay. What's going on? Who are you?"

Donny felt ill. "Who am I? Are you high? Can't you tell when a guy is playing around? Jesus, Bruno, lighten up."

As if he were suddenly ashamed of his own words, Bruno set the wood back in place. "Go ahead."

Donny had a quick look at the previous board, set the nail on a likely spot, and last minute remembered to hold the hammer at the end and not near the head. He battered it in poorly but got it there.

Bruno was silent, waiting.

Donny cursed his brother for the lack of more information. Again he took a guess and hammered a second nail in. Since he wasn't reprimanded, he assumed he was doing okay.

Bruno reached for another board. As he did, Donny tried to calm down. This was going too well for them to be discovered so

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soon. When Donny felt heat behind him, and another board set into place, he closed his eyes to savor Bruno's closeness.

A large muscular arm reached over him with a power drill. As Bruno screwed the beams into position, Donny had the urge to wriggle his butt against Bruno's crotch. It was agony not to.

Suddenly Bruno paused. Donny heard him sniffing. *Shit. My cologne.* To cover the faux pas, Donny said, "I thought I stunk so I sprayed some cologne on in the car. Too strong?"

"No." Bruno continued his work. "Get another board."

Cursing himself, his brother, and a plan that was coming apart, Donny knew they needed to stick to one person. Dividing and conquering this hunk was not going to work. The man was too smart.

* * * *

As their late afternoon break took place, Donny was boiling hot. Tossing his hat on the grass, he took off his shirt and used it to wipe his face. Bruno sat beside him, handing him a bottle of water.

"Thanks, Bruno." Donny took it from him, unscrewing the cap to suck down the contents. Once he had a good chug of liquid, he caught Bruno staring at him. "What?"

"I can see why you hid your hair in your ball cap at the bar."

Trying not to smile in glee at what Bruno was implying, he asked, "Can you?"

"Yeah. You're too pretty. Bet you get come-ons from men sometimes. Am I right?"

Holding back either hysterical ironic laughter or a very seductive comment, all Donny could do was gape at Bruno.

After Bruno took a quick look around him, he confided, "Guys hit on me all the time."

"What do you do when they do?"

Bruno shrugged, drinking more water.

Donny knew he was pushing it but couldn't resist asking, "You ever been with a guy?"

"No." Bruno checked back to where the other three were, joking and slowly making their way over.

On the tip of Donny's tongue was 'Want to'?

"Well, boys," Phil sighed as he joined them. "Almost done."

Jim dropped down heavily on his bottom. "Sucks having a six-day work week. I'm exhausted."

"I'm still glad we did it," Stu added, tipping his water bottle up.

Donny caught Bruno staring at his chest. *Hmm...bi-curious? Yes, indeed I am getting that vibe.*

"I assume we'll hit the bar after this," Stu suggested.

"I can't. I promised my wife I'd go straight home." Jim pouted.

"Phil?" Stu asked.

"Sorry, Stu. Same here. She's okay all week, but she wants me home early tonight."

"Bruno?" Stu asked.

"I don't know." Bruno gazed off into the distance.

"All right. Never mind." Stu frowned in annoyance.

Donny was glad he didn't ask him. As far as he was concerned if Bruno wasn't going, neither was he.

Michelle shouted to the group, "Ready for the last two hours?"

One by one they regrouped and headed back to the work in progress.

Donny reached for Bruno's empty water bottle to toss out.

"Thanks."

"No problem. Come on. I'm getting the hang of this now." Donny tucked his t-shirt into his belt.

"Good." Bruno smiled at him. "Grab a board."

I'd rather grab a rod. "Here ya go." Donny handed one to him. As Bruno drilled, he cleared his throat. "Not into a beer, huh?"

"I'm really beat. This heat is killing me." Bruno wiped his forehead with his forearm.

Donny wished he could invite Bruno for a dip in their pool. But that couldn't happen. "I hear ya." Glancing behind Bruno, he could see another team pushing insulation into the walls they had created. "Christ, I'd hate to do this for a living."

Hearing Bruno laugh softly, Donny felt like kicking himself. "Shit. Sorry."

"So what the hell do you do with a degree in marketing?" Bruno reached out for another board. He handed him one, holding it in place.

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“Work in advertising.”

“Yech.”

“Yeah, well, it isn’t for everyone.”

After drilling a screw into the wood, Bruno asked, “How the hell’d you decide on that career?”

“It’s good money.”

“Not like construction.” Bruno wiped the sweat from his face awkwardly with both hands tied up.

“Jesus, Bruno, let me help you out.” Donny used his own shirt to get the running drops out of Bruno’s eyes.

“Christ, Don! You didn’t have to use your shirt.” Bruno laughed. “Now you have my stinkin’ sweat all over it.”

Oh darn. “I don’t give a shit.” He tucked it back in his belt and held the wood again for Bruno to screw into it.

“Thanks. The sweat burns my eyes.” The drill in Bruno’s hand whined and stuttered as the screw vanished into the wood.

“What would you do if you could have any career you wanted?” Donny asked.

Bruno laughed, not answering.

Once the board was in place, he met Bruno’s gaze. “You want to be an actor, right?”

Lowering his eyes, Bruno shrugged, looking back at the men pushing insulation into the frame. “Shit. Are we almost done? I’m exhausted.”

“Take another break.” Donny touched Bruno’s arm and urged him back to give the other team room to work. Watching Bruno’s expression as he caught his breath, his enormous chest muscles twitching, rising and falling rapidly with his growing physical fatigue, he suddenly saw Bruno as a whole. Not just a walking stud to seduce. A man with dreams he never imagined attaining. With a perfect body, powerful to the extreme, yet it still grew tired and felt weary. A man with fears to conquer even though it appeared Bruno could beat back an army of enemies single handedly.

Donny felt so much sympathy for Bruno it hurt.

“Bruno,” he whispered almost too softly to be heard. But it was. Bruno met his eyes. “You can be anything you want to be.”

Another sad laugh followed as Bruno sighed heavily.

Donny grabbed his biceps to get his attention again. “I mean it.”

After Bruno looked around the area, he replied, "I can't. There are so many of us guys trying, I'm invisible. Thanks, though. Come on. One more frame to build and that should do it."

As Bruno walked to the project, Donny needed to help him achieve his goals. There had to be a way.

An hour later Donny walked up to Michelle and asked, "I have no idea whose tools these are."

She gave him a puzzled look. "Er...you took them out of the box this morning." She pointed to it.

Crap. "Sorry. Just wiped out." He set them in the toolbox.

"It's okay. The heat is giving everyone a stroke. Thanks again for helping out."

"My pleasure. I truly enjoyed it."

"Here. You get a t-shirt."

"Cool." He took it and tossed it over his shoulder with the one he wasn't wearing at the moment. He had intentions later tonight to sniff at Bruno's sweat while in bed.

Catching up to his group of friends, Donny held out his hand. "What can I say, gentlemen? You were amazing."

Phil, Jim, and Stu shook his hand. "Thanks for asking us, Donny. It was very rewarding," Phil replied.

As they left, he held Bruno back. Bruno gazed at him curiously. "Are you going to ask me to come again next Saturday? Cause if you are..."

"No. Where are you parked?" He already knew it was by his own car.

"Down the street."

"Me too." They began their weary way in the still blazing heat. "Listen, Bruno, I don't want this to sound queer or anything but, I would like to have a beer with you sometime."

Bruno laughed. "Only in LA do you have to say a disclaimer like that."

When they arrived at the black Dodge Ram, they paused. Bruno leaned back on it heavily, using his shirt to mop up his face as he continued to sweat.

Donny rested his weight on one leg in exhaustion, standing in front of him. The urge to lay against Bruno and kiss him was almost painful. "Not only because it's LA. You asked me if I tucked up my hair in the bar because men come on to me."

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"I did ask you that." Bruno met his eyes. "And you asked me if I'd ever been with a guy."

Smiling wryly, Donny echoed with his tongue in his cheek, "I did ask you that," and chuckled. "Sorry. Bad taste."

"Have you?"

He felt his boots melt to the sidewalk. "Have I? What? Been with a guy?"

Bruno nodded.

Lie! Lie! "No."

"No. See? Two straight guys in LA who get asked out by gay men. Crazy, huh?"

Oh God, oh God. Where is this going? Where?

"Yeah. Crazy. Look, Bruno, I don't care what people do in the privacy of their own homes."

"Me neither."

"If two men, or two women for that matter, want to be together, what the hell's it got to do with me?"

"Exactly."

Okay. Where are we now?

Biting his lip, trying not to overtly ogle Bruno's amazing chest, he said, "We can't help it if we're decent looking."

"No. We can't, can we? It's genetics."

"Yes. That and we take care of ourselves. You know."

"Right." Bruno nodded. "So, it's not our fault if guys are attracted to us."

Donny died. After gulping audibly he riveted his stare at Bruno. *Give me a sign, baby, and my lips will be on yours!* "How could it possibly be our fault?"

"It can't."

"No. We don't encourage it. I mean, do we?" *What a game! What an amazing game!*

"I don't think I do. I mean, if I stare at you too long, you wouldn't instantly think I was gay, right?"

"No. Why would that make you gay?" Donny was growing hard in his pants.

"Exactly. Just because I'm a guy doesn't mean I can't see another guy is decent looking."

"Right. I mean, I can tell you you're handsome. But I'm not saying it to get into your pants." Donny laughed as he said it, dying at his own wit.

Bruno beamed at the compliment and nudged Donny playfully. "Get into my pants. Funny man."

As if looking around discreetly to be sure they would not be overheard, Donny asked with as much innocence as he could muster, "What do gay guys do with each other anyway?"

"Hell, I don't know. Butt fuck?" Bruno whispered.

Donny cringed and wiggled. "That sounds horrible."

"I don't know if it sounds horrible, just different."

Donny's jaw almost hit the pavement. Since he was exhausted and having trouble standing on his own, he moved to lean on the fender of the truck next to Bruno, very lightly brushing against his arm. "Did you just say butt fucking another guy wasn't horrible, it was just 'different'?"

Bruno turned beet red. "Don't listen to me. I'm so tired I'm not thinking straight. Donny, I'm not trying to hit on you."

Why not! Donny whined in his head. Giving a long deliberate pause as they stood together, in what he hoped was male-bonding, he finally said, "Have you ever been curious?"

Bruno didn't answer.

Another long bout of silence followed.

"Have you?" Bruno asked.

He wasn't going to admit to a thing if Bruno wasn't. "I don't know."

"I kind of suck at this relationship game." Bruno glanced over at him.

"Me too. I can't seem to date anyone for more than a week." Donny was not lying. "I sometimes feel like a total fuck up."

Bruno spun around to look at him. "Me too."

Donny met his eyes. Neither of them were happy with the confessions they were making. "I know it sometimes sounds as if I have my life planned. You know," he inhaled deeply and continued, "Went to graduate school, getting ready to move out and get a job..."

"Move out? You live at home?"

"Yeah. Pathetic, huh. But my parents are pretty cool, and I lived at home while I finished grad school."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-five." Donny felt like a juvenile suddenly. "I know I need to get a job and find my own place. Soon. Like now."

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Bruno rested heavily against the truck again, crossing his legs. "I had to get out. My parents divorced and my dad moved to Denver. My mother's an idiot."

"You...you have an apartment?" Donny knew he had a house.

"No. I rent a house over in Inglewood."

"Rent?" Donny cringed.

"Yeah. Saving up for a down payment."

"You won't do it renting a whole house."

"I'm managing."

"Is your girlfriend helping you out?"

Bruno scoffed in annoyance. "You kidding me?"

"Christ, Bruno. I want to help you."

Bruno leaned on Donny's shoulder. "Shut up. I don't take handouts from friends."

Going for a sniff of his skin, Donny closed his eyes and pressed against him. "I'm tired." He rested his head on Bruno's shoulder for one split second.

Bruno patted Donny's face affectionately. "Me too. Time to go home and crash."

Coming around from his delightful dream, Donny stood off the truck and faced him. "Anyway. I would like us to meet up again."

"You have my number." Bruno took his keys out of his pocket. "And you know now that we get together at the bar after work."

"Yes." Donny didn't want him to go.

"Either meet us there, or call me."

"Good."

"See ya."

Donny waited as Bruno got into his truck and drove off. Standing on the sidewalk staring until the Dodge vanished, he had never felt this way about a man before and it was scaring the crap out of him.

Chapter Eight

Danny hung out at the pool with his parents. As the clocked ticked by, he began to worry. Hearing his mother shout, "There he is!" Danny spun around to see his brother, still in his work clothing, smiling brightly.

"This is for you, Mom." He presented her the t-shirt he was given.

"Thank you, dear." She threw a kiss at him. "How was it?"

"Fun. Hard work, but fun." He sat down on a chaise lounge and unlaced his work boots.

"Everything go all right?" Danny asked.

"Everything went better than all right."

"Really?" He couldn't wait to be filled in.

"We're meeting friends for a late dinner, boys, so go freshen up."

"With whom?" Donny asked.

"The Farnsworths."

"Pass," Donny announced.

"Oh! Don't be like that," Patty scolded.

"I'm too tired. Sorry, Mom. I'm going to take a shower."

Donny signaled to Danny to follow.

"Daniel?" Patty asked.

"I'll pass too, Mom. Sorry." He waved and walked behind his brother as he made his way up the staircase.

The minute Donny was in his bedroom he sat down to kick off his boots.

"Well?" Standing near him with his arms crossed over his chest, Danny waited.

Donny took off his socks. "The man is a god."

"I know." Danny smirked.

"I almost fucked it up at first." Donny stood and yanked down his jeans. "You idiot. You didn't tell me what I was supposed to do on the stupid project."

DOUBLE TROUBLE

“Shit. I didn’t have a lot of time, Don.”

Donny tossed his t-shirt on his pillows and threw his jeans and socks into the hamper. “I stood there like a moron until I figured out what I had to do. He actually asked me who I was.”

“You want that shirt in the laundry as well?” Danny pointed to it.

“No. I wiped his sweat off with it. I’m sniffing that thing in bed tonight.” Donny grinned wickedly, walking to the bathroom.

Leaning on the door as Donny reached in to start the shower, he asked, “You were saying, he asked you who you were?”

“Yeah. Really unnerved me. He even stared at me very closely when I first showed up and checked out my bruised thumb.” Donny held it up. “He must be able to see the subtle differences between us, Dan.” He yanked off his briefs and climbed into the shower.

Danny thought about it for a moment. “Nah. He can’t. No one can.”

“I’m not so sure,” Donny shouted over the water, shampooing his hair.

“What about the other guys?”

“Clueless.”

Musing silently, Danny asked, “How did you leave off?”

“Oh. That was the best part.”

He waited patiently as Donny finished up. Once the water shut off and he was rubbing a towel over his head, Donny grinned wickedly. “We had a little conversation about how we can’t help it if we attract gay men.”

“Shut up.” Danny was stunned.

“I’m not kidding you.” Donny wrapped the towel around his waist and brushed his hair. “He said he had guys come on to him in the past. And I asked him if he’d ever been with one.”

“No. Right?”

“No. He hasn’t. He asked me. I said no too. Shit, though Danny, I think he’s bi-curious.” He set his brush down and looked at his face in the mirror.

“Did he make a pass?”

“Not directly. But he went on for a little while about how he knew why I tucked my hair up under the hat, and how handsome I was.” Donny grinned seductively. “He even said butt fucking was ‘different’ but not horrible.”

“Jesus! What’s our next step?”

Passing him to get to his wardrobe, Donny muttered, “Yeah, about that...”

“I know what you’re going to say.” He watched as Donny slipped on a pair of clean briefs.

“I don’t want to fuck it up, Danny.” Donny paused to look at him.

“You’re hung up on him.”

Grabbing a pair of shorts to put on, Donny sighed, “I am. Yes. And if he can tell the difference between us, and senses we’re playing him for some kind of fool, I’ll have no chance at him.”

“You have no chance at him now. Donny, he’s straight.”

Once Donny had a shirt on and tucked it in, he confronted his brother. “If we keep up the charade, I’ll never get him.”

“What will you do when he turns you down?” Danny snarled. “How many men after him will feel your wrath?”

“Shut the fuck up.”

“Don’t walk away from me.” He grabbed Donny’s shoulder.

Donny jerked out of his hold.

“I’m staying in the game.” Danny withstood the glare of anger.

“I don’t think so.”

“Then I’ll tell him.”

Donny froze and the look of hatred he gave his brother was instantaneous.

Pausing to judge the effect, Danny added, “I’m in the game.”

Puffing up menacingly, Donny warned, “Don’t you fucking touch him. You got that?”

Laughing callously, he replied, “What? Both of us getting to fuck him was the original deal.”

“No. Not anymore.”

He gripped Donny’s shirt as he tried to walk away again. “Hang on!”

Donny used both hands to shove him back.

It took a moment, then it dawned on Danny. “You’re really in love with him.”

When his brother neither answered nor met his gaze, he grabbed Donny and shook him. “No! Donny, he’s straight. Don’t

DOUBLE TROUBLE

do this to yourself. You're setting yourself up for a major disappointment."

At first Donny reacted violently, but that dissipated quickly. Dropping down to sit on the bed, Donny rubbed his face tiredly.

Relaxing next to him, Danny put his arm around him and hugged him. "Don't do it to yourself. Let's drop the bet. It was stupid anyhow. We can get laid at any of the gay clubs in town."

"I need a drink." Donny left the room.

Staring at the empty hall dully, Danny had a bad feeling this entire scheme would end in pain. In some deep place in his soul, he hoped the only victim was his twin.

* * * *

By ten, Donny lay in bed with the t-shirt spread across his face. Sniffing, Donny was struggling to smell Bruno through his own cologne, but just knowing his sweat was there was good enough. His eyes closed, imagining he and Bruno together, talking, flirting, maybe a kiss goodnight...

"Hey."

Donny's fantasy vanished at the sound of his brother's voice.

"You still snorting that thing?"

Lowering it down from his eyes, but keeping it over his nose and mouth, Donny peeked at his brother as he sat down on the bed near him.

Danny picked up the shirt and inhaled it. "Smells like you."

Taking it back, Donny set it aside. "What do you want?"

"Do I need an excuse to say hi?"

"What are Mom and Dad doing?"

"Having a nightcap in the den. Why? You want to join them?"

"No. How was their dinner?"

"I didn't ask." Danny folded his leg underneath him.

They stared at each other. There was an elephant in the room and Donny was waiting for Danny to begin talking about it again. As far as he was concerned the discussion and contest were over.

"What do you want to do tomorrow?" Danny asked.

"This small talk is ridiculous."

"It was a simple question. It's Sunday. Anything you want to do? Go to the beach?"

“I’m tired. You mind if I just go to bed?” Instantly Donny read the suspicion on his brother’s face.

“Sure, Don. Whatever you say.” Danny smirked as he stood.

Once he left the room, Donny put the t-shirt back over his face and closed his eyes.

Chapter Nine

Early Sunday morning Donny left the house before anyone else woke. He parked near Bruno's home in Inglewood and shut off the car. There he sat, staring at it in longing.

When the front door of the house opened, he dipped down in panic below the dashboard. Bruno, wearing only a pair of running shorts, jiggled the door handle before he started jogging down the street in the opposite direction from where Donny was parked.

Slowly sitting up, Donny watched him vanish smiling to himself at man who obviously couldn't get enough of physical labor and fitness.

"My kind of guy." He rested his head back on the seat and went into a fabulous daydream.

* * * *

Danny checked the upper floor first before heading down the stairs. "Morning, Mom." He kissed his mother's cheek. While he poured himself a cup of coffee, he said, "Good morning, Louisa."

"Good morning. Would you prefer waffles or French toast?" Louisa asked.

"Whichever is easiest for you." Danny looked outside and found his father swimming laps in the pool. "Where's Donny?"

"I don't know. Your father said he must have left early this morning. His car is gone." Patty set her magazine aside and sipped her cup of coffee. "Any idea what he had to do that was so urgent?"

He frowned at his thoughts. "No."

"I know you like waffles. One or two?"

"One, Louisa. Thank you." Danny sat at the kitchen table and drew his mother's magazine in front of him to flip pages.

“What were you and Donny planning on doing today?” Patty asked.

Shrugging, he replied, “I don’t know. I asked him last night and he didn’t have anything in mind.”

“Would you like to join your father and I in a game of tennis later?”

“Can I let you know?”

“Of course, dear.”

Pausing at an ad in the magazine, Danny smiled. “Mark Richfield again.”

“Sorry?” Patty leaned closer.

He twisted the magazine around to her. “That model that works at Parsons and Company. Here he is again for their fall *Dangereux* cologne ad.”

“Yes. That’s him. He is a strikingly handsome man.”

“I wouldn’t mind having an office near a man like that, believe me. I think I’ll go work on my resume. It’s time I got out there into the workforce, Mom. I know you and Dad are dreading an empty nest, but.”

“No. I know it’s inevitable you two will move out.” She slid the magazine back to him.

“Here you go, *chiquito*.” Louisa placed his food before him.

“Thank you, sweetie,” Danny whispered to her.

Louisa petted his hair gently as she moved back to the stove.

“But,” Patty exhaled deeply. “I will miss my boys.”

Danny winked at her as he ate.

* * * *

Having dozed off, Donny jolted awake at a rap on his car door. Jerking his head, he found Bruno, dripping with sweat, leaning into his open window.

“What the hell are you doin’ here?” Bruno panted as he caught his breath.

“I...I...”

“A Porsche? You own a brand new 911 Turbo? Are you shittin’ me?”

Donny felt ill. He had no intention of napping while he waited for Bruno to return but fell asleep in the heat. He felt pale. “It’s...I...”

DOUBLE TROUBLE

“Were you looking for me?” Bruno wiped the drops as they ran down his face. “How did you know where I lived?”

“No. I was just doing errands when it died on me. I was waiting for triple A.” He began to sweat as much as Bruno at the lie.

“Died on you? It’s brand fucking new.”

Donny signaled for him to back up so he could get out.

Stepping aside, Bruno kept swiping at the drops that rolled off his temple as he cooled down.

“I know. Must be just something stupid.” Donny shut the door behind him. “You live around here?”

“Just down there.” Bruno pointed. “I was coming back from my morning run.”

“I don’t mean to interrupt.”

“You’re not. I’d ask you in for a cup of coffee, but if the tow truck is coming—”

“No. It’s okay. I’ve been waiting long enough. That’s why I nodded off. I’ll call them back later or something.” Donny stuck the keys into his pocket. “I’ll have a cup.”

“Come on.” Bruno walked the half block to his house. “I have to shower. Do you mind waiting for me?”

Can I watch? “No. Of course not, Bruno, I don’t want to screw up your schedule.”

As he unlocked his front door, Bruno asked, “How can you afford a car like that? Are your parents rich?”

“Yeah. Sort of.” Donny felt embarrassed by it. He entered the dim house. Though it was 1940’s vintage, it was in decent shape and spotless. He followed Bruno to the kitchen and ogled his nude torso as he filled a carafe with water and poured it into the coffee maker.

“What do they do for a living?” Bruno scooped out coffee grounds into the filter.

“Dad’s an investment banker and Mom works as a museum curator.”

“Wow.” Bruno started the drip with a flip of a switch. When he had it going, he took a bottle of water out of the fridge and sucked it down as he leaned against the sink. “Must have been nice having all that growing up.”

“It was. I suppose they spoiled us, but my brother and I both know the meaning of earning money. Not just getting handouts.”

“You have a brother?”

Donny went cold. *Shit! What the fuck did I just do?* “Yeah. So, am I keeping you from your shower?”

“I need to cool down. If I shower too early, I’ll just keep sweating. Have a seat.” Bruno put two mugs on the table with a jar of sugar and a spoon. “What errands were you doing to bring you to this neck of the woods?”

Fuck! He battled with an answer. Nothing was here in this neighborhood that sounded plausible. Nothing. “I was just going to check out the job site we worked on. See how it was going. That’s all really. It was a silly idea.”

“And your car just died? That is fucked up.” Bruno tossed the empty water bottle in the trash. “You take milk in your coffee?”

“Yes. Don’t go to any trouble, Bruno.”

“It’s no big deal, Donny. It’s a fricken cup of coffee.” He laughed.

When Donny’s cell phone rang both he and Bruno met eyes.

“Bet that’s the triple A guy.” Bruno pointed to the sound.

“Yeah. Most likely. I’ll go see if he’s found my car.” He stood up, taking the phone out of his pocket. “Is that okay?”

“Sure. I’ll go shower. Just leave the door unlocked and come back when he gets you going.”

“Great. Thanks.” Donny waited until Bruno left the room, walking to the front door to answer his phone. “What?” he said to his brother whose number showed up on the LCD.

“Where are you?”

“None of your fucking business.” He began heading to his car.

“You went to his place, didn’t you?”

“No!” Donny knew his brother knew he was lying. “Just leave me alone. Okay? I’m trying to make a new friend and you’re pissing me off.”

“Then you are at Bruno’s place. How did you manage that?”

“We’re friends. Okay? Just friends. Now get off my back.” He hung up and started his car, moving it to the front of Bruno’s driveway and locking it up. Making sure his phone was off as he entered the house, Donny closed the door and found the coffeemaker had finished dripping. He poured himself a cup and topped it with the milk, returning the container to the refrigerator. After he closed the fridge door he noticed photos

DOUBLE TROUBLE

clinging to it with magnets. One was of Bruno with a woman with short dark hair. They were holding one another and smiling at the camera. Though the woman was decent looking, she wasn't nearly what he imagined Bruno being capable of achieving. She was no perfect ten. And in some ways, she appeared boyish.

Maybe it's his sister.

"Hey. That was quick. Did they guy get your car started?" Bruno stepped into the room, his hair still damp and framing his handsome face, a white muscle t-shirt on his top and blue jeans on his legs, and bare feet.

"Yes. Just a loose wire. I feel like such an idiot. It took him all of two seconds."

"Oh well." Bruno fixed himself a cup of coffee. "You want toast or anything?"

"Don't go to any trouble. I feel like I'm already screwing up your day."

"You're not." Bruno took out a loaf of bread and stuck four slices into the toaster. "Am I keeping you from something?"

"Nope." Donny smiled, relaxing at the table to observe him.

"Good."

"Is that your girlfriend?" Donny pointed to the photo.

"Yeah. That's Stacy."

When Bruno's mouth turned down at the corners, Donny could tell she was not a thing of pride for him. He couldn't even force a lie and say she was pretty.

As he set out the butter and jam, Bruno added, "I'm not sure she's really my girlfriend anymore."

"Oh?" Donny was intrigued.

"We don't see each other often like we did when we first went out. I think the fire went dead. You know what I mean?"

"The sex?"

Laughing, Bruno put two butter knives on the table. "Yeah. What can you do?"

"I find the exact same thing happens to me."

"Do you?" Bruno leaned back against the sink counter again.

"Yes. Women are all over me in the beginning. Like they want me to make some kind of commitment. The minute we start seeing each other regularly, or I say okay, let's be exclusive, they go cold." He'd always heard women did that, didn't he?

"I don't get it." Bruno reached for the toast when it popped, setting it on a plate. "Why can't they just stay the same as when you first meet them?"

"I think it's just a stupid game they play." He buttered two slices.

Bruno joined him at the table after topping their mugs up. "But why do they play it? I swear I can't understand women."

After Donny took a bite and swallowed, he shrugged. "They're just different than us. They have different priorities."

"Yeah, marriage and kids."

Donny brushed the crumbs off his hands. "And ours is sex and sex."

Bruno laughed. "It's like some cosmic joke. How are we supposed to get along in the long run? I can't handle the mind games."

"Me neither, Bruno." He began eating his second slice of toast.

"You want more?" Bruno stood to put another piece in the toaster.

"I'm good." Donny waved at him.

After he dropped a slice of bread in, he asked, "So, what's a guy supposed to do, Donny?"

"I don't know. It's the eternal rub." He pushed his plate aside and raised his cup to his lips.

Bruno set his empty dish in the sink.

"Thanks."

"No problem."

Silence followed until the toaster ejected the bread. Bruno sat with it on his plate and spread jam on it, licking his finger. As if it reminded him, he asked, "How's your thumb?"

Donny showed him. To his surprise, Bruno reached out for his hand.

"You won't lose the nail. Believe me. I know." He released Donny's fingers.

"Good. That would be nasty."

"How old's your brother?"

"What?" He instantly felt sick. Did Bruno know something was up or what?

"You said you had a brother."

DOUBLE TROUBLE

“You sure I’m not keeping you from something?” If he didn’t change the subject soon he was about to make a mad dash to the door.

“I haven’t decided what to do today. What are your plans?” Bruno finished his third slice, taking his plate to the sink to wash up.

“I have none. Want to do something?”

“Like what?”

With Bruno’s back towards him, Donny admired the eagle tattoo on his shoulder. He wanted to lick it. “Want to hit the beach?”

“Swim?”

“Swim? Hang out?”

“Sounds good. You want to drive? I wouldn’t mind a ride in that machine.”

It felt like he had laid out traps all over the place for himself. If he drove Bruno back to his house and Danny was there, which he would be, then Donny was dead.

“Uh, sure.”

“Good. Let me change into my suit. Be right back.”

When he vanished, Donny sprinted outside and dialed frantically. “Mom?”

“Yes, dear? Where did you disappear to so early?”

“Is Danny there? It’s urgent.”

“He’s working at his computer. What’s wrong?”

“Nothing. Just let me talk to him.” Donny bit his lip in anxiety.

“Hello?” Danny’s voice came over the line.

“I’m bringing Bruno back to the house to get my bathing suit. Don’t you dare show your face!”

“You’re what? Are you kidding me?”

“No! Danny, promise me!”

“What about Mom and Dad? They’ll open their mouths and say something. Can you imagine Mom saying, ‘Is this your new boyfriend, Donny?’”

“Shit! Get them out of the house for me.”

“How the hell am I going to do that?”

“I have to go.” Donny hung up and bolted back inside.

“Everything okay?” Bruno was just coming down the stairs.

“Yes. No.” He was a wreck.

“Did you change your mind? It’s okay if you did.”

“Can I meet you there?”

A wry smile appeared. “Are you embarrassed to bring a guy like me to meet your rich family?”

“No! Oh, Christ, Bruno. No.” Donny grabbed his arms instinctively to reassure him.

Bruno widened his eyes at the contact.

Immediately Donny released him. “No. Of course not,” he said in a more conservative tone.

A very odd expression made its way to Bruno’s face. “I’m getting a very strange vibe from you, Donny. I just can’t figure out what it is.”

“No vibe. There is no vibe.” He panicked.

“Fine. If there’s no weird vibe, why can’t we just stop by your place, get your bathing suit and go to the beach? What am I missing here?”

“Not a thing. You ready?” Donny had no idea what he was going to do.

“Let me just get a towel and my keys.”

“Fine.” As he walked away, Donny felt the glare of suspicion on him. *This is so bad. I am so dead.*

* * * *

Polishing up his resume to send to Parsons and Company first thing Monday morning, Danny heard voices downstairs. “I don’t fucking believe it.” He rushed to the top landing and listened.

“Have a seat, Bruno. It’ll just take me a second.”

“Okay. Nice house, Don! Wow.”

“Thanks. Be right back.”

Danny held his breath as his brother ascended the stairs spotting him. The minute he did, Donny lunged at him and dragged him to his room. “Shh! Don’t say a word! Where are Mom and Dad?”

“They went to play tennis.”

“Thank fuck.” Donny stripped off his clothing and found his bathing suit.

“What the hell are you doing?”

“Going with Bruno to the beach.” He tucked himself into his black Speedo and put his shorts back on.

DOUBLE TROUBLE

“And?”

“And?” Donny hissed. “He’s my friend, Danny. Please. Don’t ruin this.”

“Your friend?” Danny choked in a laugh. “Donny, he won’t let you screw him.”

“Maybe I don’t want to screw him. Maybe I want to just hang out with him.” He rushed to get dressed. “Now just stay here.”

“Fine!” Danny threw up his hands.

Donny ran his fingers through his hair nervously and raced downstairs.

Standing near the landing again, Danny listened.

“You’re a twin?” Bruno asked.

Danny’s heart sank. Family photos. The jig was up.

“Uh, yeah. You ready?” Donny’s voice urged.

“Hang on a second!”

Hearing the rage in Bruno’s voice, Danny began descending the stairs slowly.

“What the hell’s going on here?” Bruno accused. “You know something? I thought it was weird at the site yesterday. I could swear it wasn’t you I worked with. And when suddenly you didn’t have a clue what we had been doing all morning—”

When Bruno’s voice stopped, Donny spun around to see his identical twin standing at the bottom of the stairs.

“What kind of a fucking game are you two playing with me?” Bruno growled.

“It’s not a game.”

Danny could hear the pain crack Donny’s voice. He withstood the inspection from Bruno as he compared the two of them.

Bruno instantly crossed the room and gripped Danny’s hand inspecting his thumb. “You went that far? You intentionally injured one of your thumbs so I wouldn’t know?”

“No! Danny, help me,” Donny cried.

“Danny?” Bruno threw Danny’s hand down angrily. “You’re name is Danny?”

“Yes.” He knew it was over. Whatever ‘it’ was.

After running his fingers through his hair, Bruno looked from one man to the other. “But why? I don’t get it? Did you just pull this stupid prank on me and my friends as a joke? To make us feel like idiots?”

“No. Nothing like that.” Danny stepped closer.

“Why then?” Bruno’s arms tensed up, the muscles becoming solid and twitching. “Why did you do it?”

He exchanged a glance at his brother. Donny shook his head, begging him not to tell him the truth. But what else was there to say?

“Tell me what the fuck is going on before I get violent!” Bruno roared.

As Donny literally fell apart, Danny whispered, “We didn’t intend it to be mean spirited. We do sometimes play that silly game for fun. But we never meant to harm anyone. It was for the charity. And well, to be honest, Bruno, neither Donny nor I could have managed a whole day on that site. So we just figured if we shared the day, half and half, we could get through it alive.” Why did lying come so easy?

The fury subsided slightly in Bruno. “You mean you did it so you could fulfill an entire day at the construction site and not look like a wuss?”

“Yes.” Danny thought that was the best explanation for everyone.

“Get over here.” Bruno grabbed Donny and set both he and his twin side by side to inspect. “Son of a bitch.”

“I’m so sorry, Bruno.” Donny’s eyes were wet. “It wasn’t a joke on you or Phil, or anyone else. It was just because we wanted to do a good thing but we couldn’t manage eight hours.”

Danny prayed it was good enough. He hated the idea of hurting those great guys.

And of course, Donny read his mind.

“Bruno.” Donny moved closer to him. “You four men did such a wonderful thing yesterday. I was so impressed with all of you. Both Danny and I wish we were as strong and talented as you men were. But look at us. We’re fucking college grads, not laborers.”

“Shut up. You’re both in great shape. Why am I still having a hard time believing you?”

“But we can’t hammer to save our lives, Bruno.” Danny chuckled.

When Bruno cracked a smile, both Danny and his twin breathed a sigh of relief. “Why didn’t you just tell us? You think we could give a shit?”

DOUBLE TROUBLE

Donny shrugged. "We felt like weak little girls. Are you kidding me, Bruno? Tell Phil, Jim, and Stu we couldn't put in eight hours in one day, when you guys do it every day of the week?"

"You would have gotten teased, I'm not denying that. But this lying." Bruno shook his head. "It's worse."

"I'm sorry." Donny touched Bruno's cheek.

When he did, Danny thought the red flag of being queer was now up. It wasn't something a straight man would have done in a million years.

"Right. Are we still going to the beach?" Bruno didn't blink at the caress. He was stunned. "Are you coming too, twin?" Bruno shook his head in disbelief.

"Can I?" He checked with Donny.

"It's okay with me." Bruno looked at Donny. "You have a problem with him coming along?"

"No." Donny faked a smile.

"Let me get my swimsuit. Be back."

* * * *

When Danny sprinted up the stairs, Donny found Bruno staring at him. "Sorry," he whispered.

"You should have just told me."

"I know. I feel like a jerk now."

"You two look a hell of a lot alike. I really didn't suspect it until you said you had no idea what we were doing all morning. Didn't you guys exchange notes?" He smiled.

"We tried our best but obviously we couldn't explain everything."

"You're crazy." Bruno laughed.

Donny bit his lip. *Crazy in love with you*. "Bruno, please understand this. I never would do anything to hurt you. You're a really great guy and though sometimes my brother and I get a little, well, bad, we don't do anything to deliberately harm anyone."

"No. You're just lazy, that's all." Bruno grinned at him.

"Are we ready?" Danny showed up at the bottom of the stairs with a big smile on his face.

"You sit in the back," he warned.

“All right.” Danny pretended he was wounded.

“Christ. Two of you?” Bruno shook his head. “I’m in double trouble now.”

Donny exchanged wicked smirks with Danny as Bruno left through the front of door. Danny whispered into his ear, “Big trouble.”

He spanked Danny’s bottom as he passed.

* * * *

Bruno reclined in the bucket seat of a priceless Porsche 911 Turbo. The interior still had that ‘new’ smell. Next to him in the driver’s seat was one of the most incredible men he’d ever seen. And ironically, behind him in the tiny back seat, was his identical twin. Bruno’s head was spinning.

Okay fine. He had imagined touching a man. Once.

He was drunk.

Stacy had gotten him furious after a fight over the most minute crapola he could imagine. He stormed out and sat at a bar in West Hollywood sipping a beer, maybe more than one. A stunning man took the barstool beside him, striking up a conversation.

Bruno admitted, after a few beers to chase down some tequila shots, he was tempted. That man had touched his thigh. The chills it sent over his skin amazed him.

But no. He couldn’t, didn’t do it. He considered Stacy his girlfriend and he wasn’t the cheating kind. Yet that man was so attractive he was turned on by him. He had long soft dark hair, brown eyes and was fit and trim.

Bruno peered discreetly at the man next to him. Long, soft, dark brown hair and brown eyes. A body like an athlete. And Stacy? She hadn’t called him in weeks. Had they broken up? Not formally. But what was he supposed to do? How long was the silent treatment supposed to go on before he called it quits?

Danny leaned between the seats. “Where are you going to park, Donny?”

“Any ideas?” Donny slowed the car.

“There’s a lot right off Pacific Coast Highway,” Bruno suggested. “Keep going straight, then turn right.”

DOUBLE TROUBLE

“Great. Thanks, Bruno.” From behind Danny touched his hair lightly.

Closing his eyes, Bruno shivered at the caress. When he opened them, Donny was staring at him curiously as he drove.

“There’s the entrance.” Bruno pointed as it came up.

Donny pulled in and parked.

As Bruno unfastened his seatbelt and picked his towel up from the floor, he felt a hand on his knee. Jerking his head to meet Donny’s smile, his breath caught in his throat.

“Thanks for being such a good sport, Bruno.”

Seeing the second beautiful twin staring at the contact, Donny’s hand on his knee, Bruno managed to reply, “No problem.” *What am I crazy? These guys are straight!*

He opened the door and waited as they gathered their things to walk across the sand to the cresting waves. It was already growing hot and the beach was beginning to fill with bathers.

Falling slightly behind, Bruno admired the twin set of buttocks and legs in the same outfit; black shorts and a white polo top with loafers, no socks. It was like seeing double. Mind bending. He couldn’t recall ever seeing a pair of identical handsome men like this before.

Donny paused and gazed back at him. “Any preference? Close to the water? Mid-way?”

“No preference. I’m easy.”

The two twins lit up at the reply giving Bruno the exact same naughty smiles. Chills coursed over his skin. “Man, you both have dirty minds.” He laughed nervously.

Disregarding the comment, Donny pointed to a nice open spot. “How about there?”

“Perfect.” Danny made for the white sandy area he was referring to.

After spreading his towel out, Bruno kicked off his tennis shoes and removed his shirt. Once he sat down to admire the view, he noticed Danny and Donny placed their towels on opposite sides of him, like bookends, and they had removed everything but their little black Speedos. “This is so weird.”

“Is it?” Danny laughed, as if he knew it was.

“I can’t get over how identical you two are.” Bruno spun from one devilish smile to the other.

“Are we unnerving you?” Donny dug into his backpack.

“Slightly. I’m just not sure why.”

When Donny sat next to his brother and began rubbing sunscreen on his back, Bruno stifled a choke in amazement. He had to keep reminding himself they were brothers. But the sight of one gorgeous man touching another, up close and personal, was sending shockwaves over his body.

“Not sure why?” Donny laughed softly. “Why do people think identical twins are such a novelty?” He brushed aside Danny’s hair and rubbed the cream into the nape of his neck as Danny’s head dropped lazily at the rub down. “We get it all the time. The strange looks, the even stranger questions.”

Bruno had a hard-on. Under his shorts and bathing suit he was fully erect. *Christ! Am I gay?* Watching these two pretty boys touch was making him insane.

With a casualness that seemed second nature to them, the twins swapped places. Danny knelt behind Donny and coated his back efficiently as Donny finished applying the sun block to his face and chest.

“Bruno, you wouldn’t believe the comments we get when we go out together.” Danny continued his task, not looking at him when he spoke. “It’s downright insulting sometimes.”

Mesmerized by the way Danny’s hands were massaging Donny’s back and shoulders, Bruno barely understood his comment. “Insulting?”

“Yes.” Danny paused to look at him. “I won’t even go into it. Just take our word for it.” Danny set the bottle of sun block down onto the towel. “Do you need some? The sun is really strong, Bruno. And you’re fair.”

“You mind if I borrow it? I forgot to put it on before we left.” Bruno forced his mind to get out of the gutter.

Danny handed it to him. “Help yourself.”

As he smeared the cream on his face and chest, Donny moved back to his own towel. Bruno needed to take off his shorts to cover his legs properly, he was just nervous one of these men would notice he was excited.

Staring at the sea and children playing, Bruno felt calmer. He stood and dropped his shorts down his legs, folding them up and sitting down again.

“Need help?” Donny asked innocently.

DOUBLE TROUBLE

Bruno stopped rubbing the cream into his legs and looked into Donny's smoldering brown eyes. "Uh."

"Just asking," Donny replied, shrugging, looking back out at the water. "I'm not trying to perv on you, Bruno."

Danny chuckled, putting a pair of sunglasses on.

Once he had done everywhere he could reach, Bruno nodded. "Okay. Thanks." He handed Donny the bottle.

Donny knelt up on his left side. Bruno felt the cream spurt out onto his hot skin. When Danny moved to mirror his brother, Danny said, "I'll get this side."

Bruno gulped audibly.

"Nice tattoo, Bruno." Danny admired it as he rubbed cream on it. "When did you get that?"

"In the service." He couldn't believe he had two gorgeous twins rubbing sun cream on him. He was getting dizzy.

"Service?" Donny asked, massaging under his hair at the back of his neck.

"I...I did two years right out of high school..." Bruno peeked between his legs. He was hard as a rock and had no idea what to do about it.

"Army?" Danny asked, giving the tattoo a second coating.

"Uh...yeah."

"Nice. Very patriotic." Donny added more cream to his palm and massaged Bruno's low back to the top of his bathing suit.

Before he could prevent it, Bruno moaned in pleasure.

Both twins chuckled. "Feel nice, Bruno?" Danny asked.

"I can't remember the last massage I had." Bruno closed his eyes, his head dipped forward.

"Why don't you stretch out?" Donny nudged him.

"Huh?" That woke him out of his daze. "Stretch out?" His cheeks went hot.

"Never mind. It was just a suggestion." Donny wiped his hands on his towel and dropped the sunscreen into his backpack. Then he popped his sunglasses on his face, lay back and exhaled deeply.

Bruno spun around to look at Danny. He too was wiping off his hands on his towel, lying back and relaxing.

Two shimmering, greased male bodies sandwiched him. Bruno wrapped his arms around his knees and tried to keep sane. He began spinning crazy fantasies in his head about these two

men, and he had no idea what was motivating it. After giving each twin another inspection, seeing they had closed their eyes in the heat, Bruno unwound his tense body and lay flat, the urge to reach out his hands and hold the two next to him was completely absurd. But it was certainly something that ran through his head whether he wanted it to or not.

* * * *

Donny smiled to himself. Yes, he was wild about Bruno, but what fun to tease him with Danny. He and his brother knew exactly what they were doing. Duel rubdowns? Come on.

Ironically, they had never shared a man. Never. And that predictable line that seemed to spring out of every suitor's mouth about a threesome was a turnoff to the extreme. The great disqualifier of sexual encounters. "Wanna have a twin sandwich?" Donny cringed thinking about it. That comment was the beginning of the end of sexual attraction for both of them. But...

Bruno Adler...hmm, what was different here?

Donny finally realized it. Bruno wasn't asking for it. Not only was he not requesting it, he was straight and completely innocent of what they wanted to do to him.

Could he and Danny share a man? Was that too taboo to consider? And if they did both touch Bruno, what if Bruno liked Danny more, and he was pushed out of the picture.

I'd kill someone.

Yet, Bruno's timid blush, his tacit acceptance of the two of them touching him simultaneously was exciting something deep inside him. And he knew darn well Danny felt it too. The looks they exchanged while massaging that hunk's body were too clear to miss. The bet was back on. Oh, yes. Back on. Both fuck him. Get Bruno to suck both their cocks.

Donny began squirming on the towel in yearning. After a sneak peek at Bruno, who had his eyes closed as he lay beside him, he stuffed his hand down his bathing suit to adjust his stiff cock.

* * * *

DOUBLE TROUBLE

The fact that they both wanted Bruno was beyond all doubt. Danny was having a hard time controlling his respirations as he imagined rubbing sun cream all over Bruno's big body. He was so fucking hard he was rocking his hips side to side in agony. Hearing the man's breathing right next to him, seeing his blush at their touch, was making him crazy. He couldn't imagine sharing a man with Donny. Not before this.

Could he and Donny have sex with Bruno together?

Bruno would never do it, what am I thinking? He's straight! Hello!

Going insane, Danny sat up, looking around. Donny's hand had just slipped out of his bathing suit. Danny could see his erection under the shining black material. Making sure Bruno had his eyes closed under his sunglasses, he took a good look at Bruno's body. When he found an erection under Bruno's bathing suit, he almost choked in shock. He picked up a tiny pebble and tossed it at his brother.

Donny sat up.

Danny tilted his head to Bruno's crotch.

When Donny spotted it, Danny could see his eyes widen in surprise under his Ray Bans.

In sign language and gestures, they asked each other what to do. Nothing but shrugs followed in exasperation.

Almost as if Bruno sensed they were communicating, he too opened his eyes and leant up on his elbows, looking around.

"Christ, it's hot." Bruno wiped his face.

"Want to take a dip?" Donny asked.

"Yes." Bruno set his sunglasses aside and stood.

Donny and Danny sprang to their feet, tossing their glasses down like synchronized dancers.

Bruno looked from one to the other, shaking his head. "Is it just normal for twins to be so alike?"

"We do everything together, Bruno," Danny admitted.

"Everything?" Bruno laughed nervously as they walked down the beach to the lapping tide.

Donny chuckled under his breath.

Once they were waist deep, Donny asked, "Jesus, Bruno. How tall are you?"

"Six four." Bruno splashed the salt water on his face, cooling off.

“You make me feel like a runt.” Danny chuckled.

Bruno gazed from one to the other. “You’re about six foot tall aren’t you?”

“Close enough for government work,” Danny answered, smiling.

They waded out deeper, floating over waves.

Danny had a tremendous urge to hang onto Bruno as the water grew rougher and the waves higher. He wanted him as an anchor, but he also craved the touch of his wet body. Looking over at Donny, he read so easily the same demand on his twin’s face. Donny was not only attracted physically to Bruno, Danny knew Donny was infatuated with him as well.

Could they tempt Bruno? Could they?

“Look,” Donny said as he pointed, “A big set of waves is heading in.”

Danny used it as a pretext to grab his brother, hoping the three of them could connect. “Hold on, babe.”

Donny gave Danny a knowing glance. “Got ya. Bruno, hang on.”

“Huh?” Bruno appeared dazed.

As the monster waves drew near, Donny and Danny grabbed Bruno’s arm, one on each side.

“Here it comes!” Danny announced.

It lifted all three of them off their feet. Danny had dipped under the water, but kept his firm hold on Bruno’s arm. As he surfaced he found the other two just coming up for air as well.

“Round two,” Bruno warned.

Then to Danny’s shock, Bruno wrapped his arm around his waist, holding him tight.

Another large curling wave rode over them. Once Danny was able to open his eyes, he found Bruno had held his brother the same way. Suddenly the three of them were attached in a tight knot. When Danny met Donny’s eyes as he wiped the salt water out of them, he could read his complete awe at how they were connected under the water.

Looking at Bruno, seeing his gaze on the distant sets of swells approaching, Danny realized that none of them were making any attempt at letting go.

“Three more mega waves out there, guys.” Bruno’s blue eyes narrowed as he kept vigil.

DOUBLE TROUBLE

Donny was speechless, his mouth gaping open at Danny in a gesture of astonishment that they were all joined at the hip.

The urge Danny had to cup his hand over Bruno's tight butt was making him grind his teeth.

"Shit. Ready?" Bruno's hold tightened on his waist.

They leapt up as a group, trying to keep their heads above the water, but as another wave came crashing down, they were dipped under. Popping one by one out of the tide, Danny immediately scooted close to Bruno to latch back on. "This is great fun."

Donny snaked his arm around Bruno as well. "You don't think we look queer, do you?"

"Who cares?" Bruno replied. "Fuck everyone."

Danny and Donny blinked at each other in amazement.

"Ready?" Bruno's light eyes lit up like a little boy at an amusement park.

He embraced Bruno tightly, feeling his brother do the same, "Ready!"

Bruno returned the grip and they shoved off the sand trying to stay above the powerful wave.

Once they landed on their feet again, they were all laughing at the game.

"You guys are great!" Bruno swiped the saline from his face. "I hope you know I don't mean anything by it. I mean, this is just for a laugh."

"We know." Donny grinned impishly. "Look, we're all just regular guys, Bruno. Why does it have to mean anything?"

Danny loved it! *Was this fun or what?* "Yeah, Bruno. Don't worry about it. We know you're not hot for our cocks."

Donny roared with laughter, doubling over in the calm between sets.

Bruno went crimson. "Shit, guys. Give me a break." He too started laughing. "Too bad I'm not gay."

Instantly both Donny and Danny stopped laughing and stared at him dumbfounded.

"What did you just say?" Donny choked.

A huge wave crashed into them unexpectedly.

When Danny found his feet, he noticed Bruno had put some distance between them. "Don! Did he just say it was too bad he wasn't gay?"

“Holy Christ, Danny.” Donny bit his lip.

“Bruno!” Danny shouted. “Where the hell are ya going?”

“Shit. He feels badly. Hurry up.” Donny nudged his brother.

Bruno appeared mortified by what he had said. Backing out of the waves, pushing against the undertow, he turned back as if checking to see if they were catching up.

“Bruno!” Danny panted, out of breath. “Stop. Don’t run off.”

“I’m sorry. I’m an idiot. I didn’t mean anything...I just said something stupid.”

Donny grabbed Bruno’s wrist. “It wasn’t stupid. Stop beating yourself up.”

“I just don’t want you guys to think I’m gay and hitting on you.”

When Danny caught Donny’s eye, they both instantly exchanged thoughts on the remarkable irony that had befallen them.

Finally Donny whispered, “We don’t think that. Come on, let’s go sit down again.”

The minute Bruno turned his back to them to walk to their towels, Danny grabbed Donny’s arm and hissed, “We have to have him.”

“I know,” Donny breathed.

They caught up to Bruno as he dropped down on his towel, using the end to wipe his face. “I’m sorry, guys.”

Both twins knelt near him to offer comfort.

“Bruno.” Danny touched his arm. “No need to apologize. You did nothing wrong.”

As if he were struggling with something inside himself, Bruno combed his fingers back through his wet hair, getting it out of his face. “I feel like I violated some code of trust or something. I mean, you just don’t say something that stupid to your straight friends.”

“Oh, God,” Donny moaned.

Bruno met his eyes. “I’m sorry, Don. I feel like such a jerk.”

“No. Don’t feel like a jerk. Please. Bruno.” Donny grabbed his hand tightly.

“But it’s like what we were talking about...” Bruno paused. “Which one of you was I talking about it to?”

“Me,” Donny whispered shyly.

DOUBLE TROUBLE

“Jesus. You two really had me confused.” Bruno shook his head as he seemed to gather his thoughts again. “Donny, it’s like what we were talking about by my truck after the charity thing. That just because we’re decent looking men, gay guys hit on us. I feel like one of those slime balls.”

“You are not that, Bruno. Not even close.” Donny pushed a wet lock of hair back from Bruno’s forehead.

Danny couldn’t believe Bruno didn’t flinch at the contact. Nor could he conceive of his brother taking those liberties with a man like Bruno. He knew one punch from a man Bruno’s size would do some serious damage.

* * * *

Bruno met Donny’s brown eyes at the tender touch. He felt a lump in his throat at how kind they were being considering what he had just done. “Don’t tell Phil, or any of the guys what I said. I’ll never hear the end of it.”

“Never.” Danny crossed his heart with his finger.

As Donny mimicked the gesture, Bruno noticed a tiny birthmark on Danny’s chest. He checked to see if Donny had one as well. During his inspection, the twins exchanged curious looks with each other.

“You okay?” Donny asked.

Very slowly, Bruno touched that dot with the tip of his index finger. “A way to tell you apart.”

“Son of a bitch you’re clever!” Donny breathed in awe. “It took our dad fricken years to notice it.”

The hot sun drying his wet skin quickly, Bruno gazed from one set of brown eyes to the identical ones next to him. As the heat beat down on them, Donny and Danny’s long dark hair began to dry in soft cascading waves down their shoulders and neck. They were staring at him in silent contemplation. Gazes Bruno couldn’t begin to understand.

There were things in Bruno’s head he wanted to say. Maybe hints about how attracted he was to them. But hadn’t he already put his foot in his mouth as it was? They were so beautiful, Bruno felt compelled to reach out his hands to touch each of their cheeks. But he didn’t dare.

* * * *

Donny was going completely insane. It wasn't rocket science to him, and he knew Danny was aware of Bruno's internal battle as well. Both of them were experienced enough with man on man games to see yearning in someone's face. And the craving in Bruno's blue eyes was painful.

Leaning against Danny's shoulder, as they knelt in front of Bruno together, he hissed, "Danny, do something."

"Do what?"

"I don't know," Donny whined.

"What are you guys talking about?" Bruno whispered nervously. "Are you going to thump me for coming on to you?"

He released another groan of agony at his frustration. "Danny, I have to say something."

"No. Let me."

"What?" Bruno straightened his back in anxiety.

As Donny bit his lip, a nervous wreck from what his brother was going to reveal, he stared at Bruno intently.

Gently, Danny touched Bruno's fingers. "Listen, Bruno, my brother and I never go with men...normally."

Donny met Danny's eye and instantly knew his tactic.

Bruno only appeared more nervous. "But?"

After Danny gave a very deliberate sigh, as if he were fighting his internal feelings, he hissed, "But we are attracted to you." Pausing to see the effect, Danny added, "But not if it upsets you."

"We never go with guys." Donny wanted to make that point clear. "Bruno, we're as straight as you are."

Bruno nodded tentatively, as if he wasn't sure where this was going, or, was sure and terrified.

Danny got Bruno's attention once more. "But there's something here, Bruno."

"Yes," Bruno breathed softly. "Something."

Donny sat back on his heels and rubbed his jaw, giving a good performance of deliberation and deep thought. "I suppose the question is...do we want to do anything about it?"

Going along with the ruse, Danny added, "Like touch each other? Come on, Donny. That's really gay."

Bruno laughed nervously.

DOUBLE TROUBLE

"I'm not saying anything serious. Jesus, Danny." Donny rolled his eyes, playing it up. "Christ. I don't even know if I can touch another guy's cock." He watched Bruno's apprehensive smile and heard another chuckle.

"Touch a guy's cock?" Danny cringed. "Did you just suggest that?" Danny asked Bruno, "He's nuts, right?"

Biting his lip, Bruno shrugged. "I don't know. I mean, have you guys ever even thought about it? Even once?"

"No!" Donny cringed.

Danny shoved him playfully. "It's not all about just a guy's cock." Danny shook his head at the absurdity. "I'm talking about cuddling? Maybe a peck on the lips? Man, you went off on a tangent, Donny. Slow down."

"You..." Bruno stammered, "You want to kiss?"

Donny almost spontaneously combusted at his innocence. *Do I want to kiss you? I'd sell my goddamn wicked soul for one brush of your lips, Mr. Adler!* "Kiss a guy?" Donny curled his nose.

"Well, look..." Danny peered around at the crowded beach. "We can't even really discuss this here. Why don't we go somewhere we can shower, change, you know. Talk about it over a beer."

Donny gave his brother a panicked look. If Bruno had time to reconsider, it was done. "Uh...Bruno? Any thoughts on this?"

Bruno took a look at their immediate surroundings as well. "He's right, Donny. We can't talk about it here. The last thing I want is for someone to overhear this crazy conversation."

"Your place?" Danny suggested.

"Uh, you live with your parents, right?" Bruno touched his lip. "They'd freak if you brought a guy home, you know...to...talk or something."

Donny began to get the idea that Bruno may indeed be into this. The craving in his loins was beginning to get the better of him. "Does that mean you want us to go home with you, Bruno?"

"I don't know." Bruno's expression was a mixture of excitement and sheer terror. "I don't know what I want at the moment. This is all just a little crazy. Isn't it? I mean...us wanting to experiment together?"

Danny leaned closer to enunciate clearly, "Do *you* want to?"

Another pause followed as Bruno's cheeks went crimson. "I'm afraid to tell you guys. I mean, if some guy told me what I'm about to tell you, and I wasn't into it...like I was straight, you know, and not interested in anything but women..."

As Bruno babbled nervously, Danny and Donny exchanged glances. Yes, Bruno wanted it. He was just petrified to ask.

"Let's just go back to your house and see what happens from there." Danny started dressing, sliding his shorts and shirt on. Instantly Donny did the same.

Donny stood, zipping his fly. "Bruno, we can just hang out and talk. We don't have to freak each other out. I mean, we're just friends."

Standing, brushing the sand from his legs, Bruno nodded. "Right. Friends can have a beer together. No big deal."

Donny licked his lips hungrily as he and his brother watched the big brawny man dress. "Exactly. No big deal at all."

* * * *

Donny parked in Bruno's driveway, behind his Dodge. The entire drive there was dead silent. Just to break the tension, he slipped in a music CD. Peering into the rear view mirror, he kept catching Danny's gaze as he sat in the back, Bruno slouched down in the bucket seat lost on the traffic flow.

Too many thoughts were passing through his mind at the moment. The one he was most concerned about was for Danny to wind up with the final prize.

No, not just some sex act they may or may not perform. To keep Bruno as his friend, companion, partner?

Always the sweet one, the charmer, the twin the men called back after sex, Danny was destined to win Bruno over. And that fear made him uneasy.

Maybe he wanted to be the twin to make the first move out of the house, to live with a man, to get the career going. Why was Danny always the one who led the way?

When it came time for a decision on graduate school, Danny was the one who wrote away to a dozen colleges, sitting with his mom and dad to decide on the best path. Donny felt disconnected, but knew his brother would choose wisely. And of course he had.

DOUBLE TROUBLE

Donny shut the ignition off, and Bruno didn't waste any time getting out. Once he did, Donny hissed, "You do realize he's mine."

Danny made a sour face. "No. The deal was we share him." Danny pushed the seat forward so he could exit the car.

Donny gripped his wrist. "Share him for sex, but if he's looking for a man in his life, it's me. You got that?"

"He's not looking for a boyfriend," Danny hissed, trying not to raise suspicion from Bruno who made his way to his home. "I'd be surprised if we do anything more than have a beer and leave. So stop getting your fucking hopes up."

Bruno turned back to look at them after he opened his front door. They hurried to meet him, trying to look innocent.

"You guys reconsidering?" Bruno asked sheepishly. "Believe me. I'd understand."

"No. Go inside." Danny nudged him.

Donny didn't want to share a beer and leave. He wanted to touch Bruno. *Man, how can gay guys be so damn easy and straight ones such a fucking challenge?*

The awkwardness was so palpable no one knew what to say.

Danny appeared to take the lead as he did often when a volunteer didn't step up to the plate. "Go shower, Bruno. We'll hang out."

"There's a second bathroom if one of you want to use it." Bruno pointed to it. "Let me get more towels."

After he disappeared, Danny said, "You shower first."

"Playing ringmaster again?" he snarled.

"Fine. I will."

"No. Then you and Bruno will be done at the same time."

"I'm about to kill you!" Danny ground his jaw.

"Here." Bruno returned with a stack of towels. "This should be enough. There's shampoo and soap already in there."

"Thanks, Bruno." Donny smiled sweetly, taking the towels.

"See ya in few minutes." He walked away appearing very preoccupied.

Danny shoved his brother. "Get in there and be quick, will ya?"

"Fuck you! If you go upstairs and shower with him, I'll kick your ass."

“Shower with him?” Danny gaped at him. “He’s not fucking ready for that. Stop wasting time and go!”

Donny was propelled into the bathroom forcefully. Shutting the door, he stripped as quickly as humanly possible, washing the sand, salt and lotion off his skin.

* * * *

Bruno didn’t know what he was thinking. Bringing handsome identical twins back to his house to...what?

Scrubbing shampoo into his hair, he muttered, “They must think I’m some kind of pervert. A queer pervert.” Shivering at that horrific label, Bruno rinsed his hair and whispered to himself, “Don’t panic. They’re friends. Have a beer with them. Just don’t say anything *else* stupid.”

By the time he had finished, he was stunned to see both twins had as well and were sitting on the couch in the living room waiting for him. “Wow. Did you guys shower together?”

Donny snarled, “Is that supposed to be funny?”

Unprepared for the hostile reaction, Bruno held up his hand. “No. Bad taste. Sorry. I just didn’t expect you both to be done so quickly.” When Bruno turned his back to enter the kitchen he rubbed his face in agony at yet another idiotic comment that came out of his mouth. Hearing something behind him, he spun around to see Danny shoving Donny in anger and glaring at his brother.

“Look, guys...” Bruno sighed. “Maybe this is a very bad idea. I keep putting my foot in my mouth and I don’t want to piss you two off.”

“You’re not.” Danny smiled sweetly. “It’s just a sore spot, that’s all. Remember when you said guys hit on you because you’re good looking?”

Bruno was losing track of who he had told what to, but nodded.

“Well, we get comments about twin sandwiches.” Danny walked into the kitchen and leaned against the counter by the sink.

“From guys?” he gasped.

“Yeah,” Donny replied. “Do you have beer? Or should I pop out and get some.”

DOUBLE TROUBLE

"No. I've got a six-pack." Bruno opened the refrigerator still digesting the comment that guys asked the twins to have a threesome. The chills that thought sent over his skin made him dizzy. *Sex with two men at once? Two identical twins? I have lost my mind. What am I thinking?*

"Here." Bruno handed one beer to each man.

"Thanks." Danny twisted off the cap. "You want to sit inside or out?"

Donny suggested, "Let's hang out in the living room. Is that okay, Bruno?"

"Sure." He tossed his bottle cap on the counter and followed them into the next room.

When Donny sat on one end the sofa with Danny on the other side, Danny patted the spot in between. "Sit here."

Chuckling nervously, Bruno obeyed, moving to be in the center of the two. Gulping his beer and dying of embarrassment because he was in heat to have them both right within reach, Bruno again fell silent. What the hell was he supposed to say?

Donny placed his beer bottle on the low coffee table on top of a coaster. Boldly he caressed Bruno's damp long locks. It sent chills up Bruno's spine and he closed his eyes.

"You said on the beach you wanted to experiment." Donny tugged lightly on his hair. "Still interested?"

The mad rush of nerves and pleasure coursing through Bruno were making him light headed. Just as he was savoring Donny's caress on his hair, Danny rested his hand on his denim covered thigh. "What do you think, Bruno?"

Danny's seductive tone sent goose pimples over his arms. "I think I'm going to pass out."

The twins laughed softly in amusement.

"I'm game." Donny moved closer, brushing Bruno's hair aside and kissing his neck.

Bruno groaned in pleasure.

Danny plucked the bottle out of his fingers and placed both of theirs on the table.

When Danny began running his hands up his thighs, Bruno could do nothing in return but sit still and try and withstand the internal currents of delight cascading over his length. Closing his eyes, having two men touch him lightly, Bruno had never felt anything like this in his life. Three straight guys experimenting?

It was insane. If the guys on the construction site ever found out, he would be hounded and teased mercilessly.

But, how would they find out? How would anyone find out?

Donny's hand snuck its way under Bruno's shirt, stroking his back as he continued to lick and kiss his neck. Danny's fingers were inside the front of Bruno's shirt, working his way up to tease Bruno's nipples.

"You...you guys sure know what you're doing." Bruno opened his lips to a gasp. "What...what should I do?"

"Nothing." Donny dragged Bruno's shirt up his torso, trying to get it off. "Enjoy."

Danny helped remove the t-shirt from the front.

Bruno lifted it off his head and it was tossed aside. Instantly Danny's mouth found one of his erect nipples. As Danny lapped at it, Bruno whimpered, his hands limp on his own lap. "Oh, holy Christ..."

Donny got to his knees beside Bruno, combing his fingers through his long blond hair, kissing his cheek, his ear, licking at his sideburn.

"Are..." Bruno gulped, "Are you guys enjoying this too?"

"Mm," was responded in a chorus.

Bruno's dick was bent down his pant leg and pulsating. Maybe he did want a man to touch his cock. But he wouldn't dream of asking.

Donny tilted Bruno's face towards his. "I want to kiss you," Donny purred, "Is that okay?"

Bruno's skin was on fire. The way Danny was devouring his chest, Bruno didn't think 'no' was in his vocabulary suddenly. "Yes. Please."

Donny cupped Bruno's jaw and brushed his lips over his.

A long low groan escaped Bruno's throat. "Are...are you guys liking this as much as I am?"

"Uh huh..." was whispered back in stereo.

Bruno let Donny physically turn his torso so they could meet mouths properly. Danny paused in his nipple teasing to pant, staring at them.

* * * *

DOUBLE TROUBLE

Donny finally had Bruno where he wanted him. Putty in his hands. Giving Danny one quick glance first, he met Bruno's mouth with his. Bruno opened his lips to receive.

At that subtle gesture of acceptance, Donny felt his cock throb so hard he imagined he spurted a nice sticky blob of pre-cum into his shorts. When their tongues touched timidly, Donny had to hold back the urge to devour Bruno, suck his mouth like he wanted to. Gently, he intensified the passion, drawing Bruno's mouth closer, growing bolder with his tongue. The sound of Bruno's whimpering was driving him completely mad.

Suddenly Bruno's body jolted. Not wanting to disconnect their mouths, Donny struggled to look down to see what was going on.

Danny had popped open the button of Bruno's jeans and began tickling his fingers over that imposing mound under it.

Bruno dug his hands into Donny's hair, deepening their kiss. Donny was so close to climaxing he was going wild.

Donny heard a zipper open. How many men had wanted him and his brother to do this? How many times did he and Danny have to hear that same pathetic comment, 'How about a twin sandwich?'

Guess what? The guy who never asked won the prize.

Pulling back, Bruno gasped for air as if he needed a deep breath to catch up to his racing pulse. It gave Donny a chance to have a peek at what his brother was desperate to reveal.

"Are we crazy?" Bruno's chest heaved. "Doing this?"

"Should we stop?" Danny asked sensuously, his fingers already dipping into the front of Bruno's pants.

"Do...do you guys want to stop?" Bruno looked from one of them to the other.

Danny and Donny exchanged gazes. "No," Danny said simply.

"Do you, Bruno?" Donny caressed his hair lovingly.

"No." Bruno swallowed audibly.

"Take off your pants," Danny whispered as soft as a breath.

Appearing as nervous as a virginal bride on her wedding night, Bruno shimmied out of his tight jeans. Danny made sure the briefs came down with it.

The sight of Bruno naked and erect made Donny swoon. He actually had to take a moment to calm down before he showed Bruno exactly how much experience he had in loving a man.

Danny tilted his head for Donny to make room for Bruno to spread out horizontally on the cushions. When they both stood, staring down at Bruno as his beautiful innocent blue eyes gazed up at them, he gripped his brother's forearm to communicate his excitement.

"Everything okay?" Bruno asked nervously.

"Bruno," Donny sighed.

"What, Donny?"

"You are incredible."

"Am I?"

"Oh, yes," Danny groaned, kneeling down on the floor beside the couch as Donny did the same.

He brushed Bruno's hair back from his forehead. "Can we kiss again?"

"Yes!" Bruno lit up.

Taking one last look at the cock his brother was about to suck, Donny knew they would be swapping places shortly. He nudged Danny discreetly, met his eye and got the nod of understanding.

As Bruno's ribcage rose and fell like a bellows, Donny cupped his face tenderly and urged him back to his mouth. Instantly Bruno's hands dug through his hair, deepening the kiss.

Feeling Danny's movement beside him, he knew the moment Bruno's cock entered his brother's mouth, because Bruno grunted and his entire body jerked and tensed. As Bruno seemed to keel over from the shock, his mouth slackened. Donny used the opportunity to fuck it slowly with his tongue.

A noise of an impending climax reached both of the twin's ears. Simultaneously they stopped what they were doing, sitting up to look over the situation, and the lovely Bruno Adler.

"Holy shit." Bruno blinked, appearing astounded.

Danny elbowed his brother. They swapped places.

Christ! Look at the cock on you, Bruno! Donny wanted to pump his fists in joy.

"You...you guys are switching spots?" Bruno gaped at them. "And I'm just lying here? Should I do something?"

"Not yet," Danny smirked.

DOUBLE TROUBLE

Donny nudged Danny to behave. "Let us just experiment first, Bruno. It's really a challenge to do this to a man. You know? I mean, Jesus. Kiss one? Suck a guy's cock? It's a bit overwhelming as it is."

Danny added, "Yeah. First time with a dick in my mouth. I'm telling you, Bruno, it's really weird."

"I can imagine." Bruno touched himself timidly. His cock was so hard it was seeping pre-cum liberally. "Was it okay?"

Donny shrugged. "Not bad. Donny's going to find out very soon."

"What if I accidentally come in your mouth? Will you freak?" Bruno used his thumb to smear the sticky ooze around his own head.

Donny wanted to suck it off and grew tired of Danny wasting time. "I'll deal with it. If it's not too bad, I'll swallow, otherwise I'll spit it out."

"Man, you guys have balls." Bruno wriggled on the couch.

"You're going to find that out very soon," Danny replied impishly.

Donny swatted him to shut up.

"Ha ha." Bruno got the pun.

"Is it okay if I try and kiss you now?" Danny asked sweetly.

"Yes." Bruno squeezed his own cock.

Donny wanted that juice on his tongue and nudged Bruno's hand aside to lick at him.

"Ah!" Bruno gasped as he did.

Danny immediately went for his mouth.

Forgoing the image that he was some timid newbie, Donny sucked Bruno's enormous cock to the base, feeling it hit the back of his throat. Bruno's hips elevated instantly. He nudged Bruno's thighs apart and fondled his hot heavy balls. Delirious with what he was doing, Donny was squirming where he was kneeling, his own cock oozing down his thigh as it screamed for penetration.

Wanting Bruno's cum on his tongue desperately, Donny gripped the base of that thick shaft and dug his hand deeper between Bruno's thighs until he touched his ass. Bruno started bucking, fucking his mouth frantically. In bliss, Donny pushed his finger in gently, massaging him. Hot cum burst into his mouth. Donny heard Bruno's loud cries, so obviously he knew

Bruno had parted from Danny's mouth to shout. He also assumed Danny was now the voyeur.

Milking it, prolonging it, Donny had reached nirvana.

"Holy shit!" Bruno gasped. "I'm sorry. I had to come. Donny, are you okay?"

He reluctantly allowed Bruno's cock to slip out of his mouth. "I'll live."

"When you stuck your finger up my butt!" Bruno's eyes were wide. "Holy shit!"

"You like it up the ass?" Danny grinned wickedly.

"I must!" Bruno struggled to catch his breath. "Guys, that was one of the most intense climaxes I have ever had."

"Good." Danny stroked Bruno's hair back from his forehead.

"But...what about you two?" Bruno pouted. "I feel badly if I don't do something to get you two off."

Donny caressed Bruno's thigh lovingly. "What are you comfortable doing?"

"I don't know." Bruno managed to sit upright, his feet on the floor between them.

"You tell us." Danny kissed his leg, licking it gently.

Bruno cupped both their jaws, staring at one then the other. "I'll do whatever you want me to do."

Donny heard his brother jet out a blast of air at the comment.

"Whatever we want?" Danny asked, as if to clarify.

Bruno shrugged. "I'm game."

Over-stimulated, Donny rubbed his own crotch hungrily mumbling, "Holy shit, holy shit."

Danny whispered quietly into his ear, "There's condoms and lube in my backpack in the car."

"No!" He knew that was not fair to Bruno.

Bruno perked up. "What? Did I say something wrong?"

"Nope." Danny shoved Donny to the door.

"Where are you going, Donny?" Bruno suddenly looked concerned.

"Just have to get something. Sit tight."

"You are coming back, right?"

"Yes!" Donny gave Bruno's naked body a good once over, then raced outside. *What are we doing? We can't screw him! He won't know what hit him! This is insane!*

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When he dashed back in with the supplies, he was very glad to see Danny still kneeling on the floor in front of Bruno. It was one thing to share and another to have Danny take his man on his own. *His man*. Donny wanted this one act of sucking to fulfill the stupid bet. Then he and Bruno could live happily ever after, right?

"Where did you go?" Bruno covered his genitals as the door opened and closed behind Donny.

"Uh..." He hid the items from view.

"You know," Danny said as he rose to his feet. "Don't you think a bed would be more comfortable? My legs are getting pins and needles sitting like that."

"Oh. Yeah. Duh." Bruno shook his head as if the oversight was his fault. "Come on upstairs. Oh. Lock the door, Donny."

As Bruno's nude bottom swayed hypnotically, Donny almost lost track of what he was doing.

Danny flipped a latch on the door. Donny grabbed his brother's arm before he rushed after Bruno to the top floor. "We can't screw him."

"What?" Danny laughed at the joke.

"No. Danny, he's got to get used to all this first. No. I can't just see us using him like that."

"Are you kidding me? He just said we can do anything we want to him." Danny was obviously trying to keep his voice down.

"Oh right. And we just happen to have condoms and lube?"

"Fine!" Danny threw up his hands. "What then? Have him give us each a blowjob? Come on, Donny."

"You guys change your mind?" Bruno shouted from upstairs.

"Coming!" Danny sang sarcastically. "Get going. Just see what he's willing to do."

"You hurt him and I'll kill you," he warned.

"That's rich coming from you. I won't make him bleed!"

Donny pushed him violently.

"Don't start this now. We almost have it done." Danny shot him an angry glare and jogged up the stairs.

Clutching the items in his fist, Donny raced behind him. When he came through a bedroom door, he found Bruno sprawled out on his bed, legs and arms spread, another erection protruding from his body.

“Well!” Danny said as he began undressing, “It looks as though you’re enjoying yourself.”

“I am.” Bruno blushed. “Are you guys?”

“Yes!” Danny replied enthusiastically as he dropped his last item of clothing onto a pile on the floor.

Donny set the rubbers and lube behind him on the dresser quickly, taking off his shirt. He was in a foul mood from earlier and it wasn’t until he caught Bruno’s stare that his expression of anger fell to one of passion.

“You okay, Don?” Bruno sat up in concern. “Is this all moving too fast for you?”

Donny stripped off the last item he was wearing and crawled next to Bruno on the bed. “No, Bruno. I’m okay. Just a little nervous, that’s all.”

“Come here.” Bruno wrapped his arms and legs around him and sealed their bodies together.

“Ohmygod!” He gasped as his skin sizzled. “Danny, take a hike!”

“Not on your life!” Danny laughed wickedly, climbing behind Bruno.

As Bruno connected to his lips, Donny wished it were real. Real love, real commitment, a man just his to pamper, adore, cherish.

Then Danny’s moan of delight met his ears. He broke the kiss and looked over Bruno’s tattooed shoulder. Danny’s eyes were closed in pleasure. “What are you doing to him,” Donny accused.

“Nothing yet.”

“He slipped his dick between my thighs,” Bruno answered for him. “Is this too weird? You two in the same bed like this?”

“Yes.” Donny was trying not to grow unreasonably angry at his twin.

“But I’m getting used to it,” Danny crooned, pumping his hips.

“Don’t let him distract you.” Bruno cupped his jaw. “Look at me.”

Donny met those sky blue eyes and melted.

“You just concentrate on helping me make you come. Tell me what to do, Donny.”

Tears stung Donny’s eyes. How could he tell him what to do? Keep going along with this charade? How, when he wanted to

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admit he wanted him as his boyfriend? This beautiful, honest soul thought this was three straight men experimenting. *No. This isn't what's going on at all.*

It was wrong on so many levels.

And the fact that he was in love with him was literally killing him.

"Danny." Bruno nudged him. "Stop. Something's bothering Donny."

Danny's head poked up from over Bruno's body. "What?"

The emotion he was feeling for Bruno and the humiliation at the deceit was torturing Donny. Bet? He didn't care about a stupid bet. All he cared about was Bruno. He hid his face in the pillows as he struggled with what to do.

"Donny?" Danny asked in concern.

"Babe?" Bruno stroked Donny's hair and shoulder lovingly. "We'll stop if this is upsetting you. I understand. It's really weird to be with a man. It's no wonder one of us is getting in over our heads."

"Don!" Danny called more forcefully.

"Go away, Danny. Just go away." A lump clogged his throat.

Hearing rustling, Donny felt the bed behind him shift and his brother's whisper in his ear. "I'll leave you two alone. Where are your keys?"

"My shorts' pocket. Thank you, Danny."

"Don't worry about it."

"What's going on?" Bruno asked. "Are you taking him home?"

"No. But I'm leaving." Danny reached out his hand to Bruno. "Bruno, you are an amazing man. Thank you for a fantastic afternoon."

Donny raised his head to see their exchange.

"I don't get it." Bruno shook Danny's hand. "Don't you want to look after your brother?"

"I am." Danny winked, finding his clothing.

"Donny?" Bruno whispered to him in concern. "Do you want to go home with Danny?"

"Do you want me to leave?" A single tear rolled down his cheek and he swiped at it quickly.

"No. I'm just completely confused as to what's happening."

"See you later," Danny said as he left, waving.

Neither man replied, watching him go.

"Why do I feel like I'm not getting something that's going on between you two?" Bruno moved back on the bed, making space between him and Donny.

Seeing Bruno's suspicion, Donny had no idea how to explain. They had set up a complex web of deceit. His solution seemed to be more lies. But he hated that route, hated it.

"I'm sorry, Bruno. Are you sure you don't want me to go. I can still catch Danny if I hurry."

Bruno held his arm. "Just tell me what's going on."

Donny leant over to kiss Bruno's lips. Bruno retreated in surprise, as if he thought the physical part of their situation was over.

"Why am I getting a bad feeling in my gut, Donny?"

Sitting back so he was propped up against the pillows and headboard, Donny knew Bruno was much too intelligent not sense something unseemly may be the motivator to this little encounter. And Bruno's expression grew darker by the second.

After rubbing his face wearily, Donny did something he never thought he would do. He came clean. Or at least as honest as he could be without getting murdered.

"Bruno."

"What," Bruno answered flatly, not smiling.

"My brother and I are gay."

After a moment of consideration, Bruno's mouth formed a tight line. He didn't say a word.

Inhaling, trying to endure a stare which was turning hostile, Donny continued, "We saw you one day on your construction site and thought you were unbelievable."

Bruno's top lip curled and Donny could see he was incensed.

If there was to be a relationship between them, Donny had to try to salvage this mess. But the look of contempt in Bruno's eyes made him feel it was useless.

"We..." Donny trudged on. "We wanted to meet you. Well, me especially. I was infatuated with you on first sight. We figured out you and your friends went to the Daily Pint."

Bruno put his hand up to stop him. "Please don't tell me you faked the whole fucking thing with the charity event and that you and your brother set me up." He glared at Donny. "Did you do that to me? Did you fuck with me like that?" Bruno began

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backing up. "To...to..." He looked down at his nakedness. "To get me in bed?" he gasped, fuming mad. "You fucking used me?"

Donny's heart broke. "Let me explain."

"Get out!"

"It started out like that, Bruno. But once I got to know you..."

Bruno hopped off the bed. His large muscles twitched and flexed as his anger grew.

Leaning up, Donny needed to tell him how he felt or he'd never forgive himself. "The more I got to know you, the more I began to adore you."

"You used me!"

"No. Bruno, we didn't. We all agreed to this meeting. No one coerced anyone."

"Then why do I feel like I've been duped?"

"You have a little." Donny stood to face him. "But not in the way you think."

"Not in the way I think?" Bruno clenched his fists. "You lied to me. You told me you were straight. You told me you had gay guys hit on you...come on, Donny! You're a lying sack of shit. Both you and your brother. And you used a charity event to get a straight man in bed? How low can you go?"

"Did we?" Donny challenged. "Did we force you to come here and have oral sex, Bruno? Did I do anything you didn't want me to do?" Donny watched Bruno's expression to see if anything he was saying was making any difference.

"You know something crazy?" Donny said, but Bruno never answered his rhetorical question. "If I didn't love you so much, Danny and I would have had our little conquest of you, and we'd be gone." He felt that lump to his throat again and pushed past it. "But I love you. Bruno. You are the most amazing man I have ever known."

"Please leave."

"Bruno. Did you hear what I said? I love you." Donny thought those were supposed to be magic words. Where's the magic?

Bruno began dressing, his face still contorted with rage.

Approaching him, Donny reached out to touch him lightly.

"Lay one finger on me and I'll kill you."

Donny drew back in awe.

"Get the hell out of my house."

"Please say you don't mean that."

His chest heaving with fury, Bruno appeared to be counting to ten.

Backing away from him, Donny reached for his clothing, dressing as he watched Bruno's face. "I never meant to hurt you. You have to believe me."

"But you have. Haven't you? You and your brother and your nasty games. You're wicked men, Don. You should be ashamed of yourself."

"Five minutes ago you wanted to please me." He pointed at the bed, his pain changing to his own anger. "So by being honest and telling you what was in my heart, now I'm wicked?"

"You made the whole thing up to get into my pants. Do you have any idea what an idiot I feel like at the moment? Don't you rich boys have anything better to do than to use peons like me and my buddies for your sick amusement?"

"Right." Donny tucked in his shirt. "So I should have just shut my mouth and allowed Danny to fuck you. Is that what I'm hearing? Kept my fucking honesty to myself and let Danny and me screw you? You would have preferred that? Pretended we were all just bi-curious. Gone on with the charade?"

Bruno ran his hand through his hair in irritation. "I don't know! Stop confusing me. You fucking college graduates think you can run circles around blue collar idiots like me."

"Are you insane?" He choked at the irony. "Blue collar idiot? Is that what you think of yourself? Bruno, for crying out loud. You're so goddamn smart you knew me and Danny weren't the same person an hour after we began this stupid stunt. An idiot? I don't think so, Bruno." Donny shook his head, his hands on his hips. "I'd never fall head over heels in love with a blue collar idiot."

Bruno met his eyes.

The intensity almost knocked him over. After a long pause, where they did nothing but stare at each other, Donny nodded. "Yes. I'm madly in love with you. So much so I ache. I didn't want Danny near you." His eyes burned. "I begged him to stop the game. He threatened to tell you it was all a setup. I would rather die than give up on you or have you hate me."

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Donny turned aside to try and gain control. After calming down he continued, "But I've lost you anyway. So much for being honest. Believe me, Bruno, I've learned my lesson. Fuck men and don't get involved with them. They'll break your heart, just like women do." As he waited for Bruno to say something, Donny grew weary. Making sure he had everything he came with, he started heading down the stairs.

Taking his mobile phone out of his pocket, Donny left the house, dialing Danny to come and pick him up.

* * * *

Danny didn't want to go home. After sucking Bruno's dick he was so horny he was about to combust. Parking Donny's car at East/West lounge, he pocketed the keys, ran his hand through his hair and entered the establishment thirsty for booze and a screw.

Ordering a martini at the bar, Danny spun around to survey the crowd. Immediately he spotted a handsome male giving him the eye. But it was the "evil eye," not the "come hither" look he would have preferred. "This is fucked up." Danny made a direct line towards him and when he was face to face, he asked, "What did I ever do to you, Pete, to make you act so rude to me over the phone that day?"

"Me?" Pete sneered.

"Uh," Danny replied, making a silly face at him. "Am I talking to anyone else in the room?"

"I wish you were."

Exhaling in annoyance, Danny explained, "We had a fantastic time in bed. I thought we really hit it off. I was looking forward to seeing you again." Pete still just glared at him. "Was it about what my brother did to Chuck?"

"That's Chuck's problem, not mine."

"Then you lost me." Danny touched Pete's arm and noticed his revulsion when he did. "Please. For my sanity. What the hell did I do to you?"

"Why are you acting like you don't know?"

That set Danny back to think. "Don't know? Gee, Pete, let me see." He put on a thinking face. "You called me. You asked me to see you again, when was it? On Saturday after my round of golf. You said you had a fantastic time. Am I right so far?"

"Not that phone call," Pete scoffed.

Danny struggled to think. "Okay. I called you again and asked about seeing you Tuesday. That's when you got all weird on me and *you told me* you were clingy and revolting." He waited. Still Pete did not respond. "Why would you say that to me, then get mad at me for it?"

"Are you mental?"

"I may be having a fucking blackout." Danny laughed. "Because I have no clue what's going on. Where the hell did I mess up? Christ, Pete, I really wanted to see you again."

Pete set his drink down and got into an aggressive battle stance. Pointing his finger rudely into Danny's face he announced, "You called me, asshole. You told me I was clingy and revolting and it was just a fuck."

"What? Me? I never did that. Are you kidding me?" Danny suddenly got it. "Donny."

Pete's expression softened. "Your brother?"

"Fucking Donny!" Danny swore. "Why the hell did he—" Danny tapped his lip. "I don't believe it."

Pete's expression changed drastically. "Your brother said those nasty things to me?"

"Yes. He did." Danny shook his head. "Son of a bitch."

"Look, Danny, I'm sorry. You two sounded exactly alike over the phone. What was I supposed to think?"

"You were supposed to think it was me. That son of a bitch!" Danny finished the rest of his martini on one gulp. "This is what he does to me after what I just did for him?"

"Sorry?" Pete asked.

"Never mind." Danny was fuming. "I'll take care of him later. So? Is it cleared up? Am I forgiven for something I didn't do?"

Finally Pete's expression altered to one of passion. "I did think it was really odd, Danny. I mean, we hit it off really well." Pete brushed Danny's hair back from his face playfully.

"No kidding. Jesus, babe, it was one hell of a good time."

"Let's sit down." Pete gestured to a table with two chairs.

The moment they were side by side, Pete put his arm around Danny's shoulders. "I couldn't stop thinking about you."

"Even after what my fuckhead brother did?" Danny cupped Pete's handsome face.

"Yeah. You're not an easy man to forget."

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"I thought you were really exceptional. And not just in the sack." Danny chuckled. "Tell me about yourself."

Pete pecked Danny's cheek lightly first. "I work for a law firm in downtown LA."

"Oh?" Danny smiled flirtatiously.

"I'm just a junior partner at the moment."

"Which firm?"

"Larsen, Knight, Bernstein and Associates."

"What type of law are you in?"

"Civil litigation."

"Good. I was hoping you weren't a defense attorney." Danny smiled. He got the waiter's attention. "Another martini for me and whatever Mr.—"

"Mr. Harrison," Pete informed him.

"And whatever Mr. Harrison is having."

"A pint of beer, please," Pete announced.

The waiter nodded and left.

"Danny what? What's your last name?"

"Rothschild."

"Okay, fill me in. What are you doing at the moment?"

"Just finished grad school with a master's degree in marketing. I polished up my resume and have one company in mind, but if that fails, I've a list of second choices."

"Parsons and Company, right?" Pete smiled impishly.

"You've heard of them?"

"One of the senior partners in my firm is best friends with two of the CEO's there."

"Small fucking world." He rubbed Pete's thigh hungrily.

"Wanna go back to my place after our drink?" Pete spun a lock of Danny's hair around his finger.

"I've been wanting that since the first time I laid eyes on you, you handsome devil."

Pete dug his hand behind Danny's head and drew him to his lips.

Danny groaned and dissolved into mush instantly.

* * * *

Donny dialed as he looked back at Bruno's house. He walked a few doors down the block as it connected. "Dan?"

“What do you want, asshole?”

“What?” Donny stopped in his tracks. “I’m the asshole now?”

“Why did you call Pete and tell him he was clingy and revolting?”

Donny felt a chill up his spine. “How did you find out?”

“I’m standing with him right now in the parking lot of East/West and he enlightened me. What the hell is wrong with you? I thought we were a team?”

“I’m sorry, Danny. Look, can you pick me up? I’m—”

“Fuck you.”

Donny heard the line disconnect. “Dan?” He hit redial. It went to voice mail. Rubbing his forehead in anguish, Donny sighed, “Can this day get any worse?”

* * * *

The cab dropped him off in front of his house. Donny paid the fare and scuffed his way to the door.

“There you are,” his mother announced when she spotted him. “Where’s your brother?”

“Out getting laid.” He began heading up the stairs.

“Louisa is making dinner. Are you joining us?”

“I’m not very hungry.” Donny kept advancing to the second floor.

“Well, let me know if you change your mind so I can tell her.”

He entered his room, kicked off his shoes and stripped for the shower.

Standing naked in the bathroom as the water heated up, Donny gazed at his reflection always seeing Danny looking back at him. Maybe this twin business wasn’t so cool after all. Lowering his head, he stepped into the shower and allowed the soothing pellets of water to hit his face and chest. He was so upset with himself he couldn’t think straight.

Hurting Bruno the way they did was unforgiveable.

He and Danny had to leave the childish pranks behind. It wasn’t harmless fun anymore. It was asinine and cruel.

“It’s time to get on with my life. I can’t keep feeling useless looking for demented ways to amuse myself.”

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After washing up, Donny shut the taps and stood dripping for a minute. He blamed his parents in part; his mother's reluctance to play the role of an empty nester. They bribed him and his brother to commute to graduate school and not move out. That was a mistake. He and Danny should no longer be living home.

A towel wrapped around his hips, Donny gave the mirror one last glance before he entered his bedroom to finish dressing.

The moment he had, he booted up the computer to work on his resume.

"Parsons and Company." Donny smiled. "At least I can do something before you do, Danny. I'm e-mailing this off the minute I finish with it."

* * * *

Danny was bathed in sweat catching his breath. "Ooh, Pete..." he moaned, "You are amazing."

Pete was propped up on his hands gazing down at Danny's body, still inside him. He gave one last deep thrust of his hips and pulled out, sitting back on his heels as he recuperated. "I'm fucking glad I didn't miss out on that again." Pete laughed, wiping the drops of perspiration off his face. "I need to clean up. Feel like a shower?"

"Hell yeah. Sounds great." Danny stretched out his legs, which had been bent tightly to his body. After Pete hopped off the bed, he hauled Danny up to follow him.

Watching Pete remove the condom, Danny asked as he started the water in the shower for them, "So, this senior partner you work with. He's good friends with two of the CEO's at Parsons and Company?"

"Yes." Pete tossed the rubber and washed his hands. "He's best friends with that cologne model, Mark Richfield, and his partner, Steve."

"Yeah? Can you get me an interview over there?"

"I can try. You have your resume and cover letter all typed up?"

"I do." Danny smiled at him, caressing Pete's bottom affectionately.

"E-mail it to me. I'll print it up and give it to Jack on Monday."

“Christ, I’d love to work there,” he hissed, pushing back the sliding door for Pete to climb into the shower first.

“Are they hiring?” Pete stood under the crashing spray.

“I have no idea.”

Pete urged Danny into an embrace. “I’ll try my best, gorgeous.”

“I can’t ask for better than that.” He held Pete close and kissed him.

* * * *

By one in the morning, Danny parked Donny’s Porsche in the garage and still had a smile on his face reminiscing about his and Pete’s cuddles in bed. He wanted to spend the night but Pete had to work and they both needed some good sleep. It seemed impossible to keep their hands off each other, whether they were in bed together or not.

The house was silent as he came in. He tried not to wake anyone. When Danny turned on his light in his room he found Donny asleep in his bed. Danny shook his head at Donny’s sense of timing. Shutting the overhead light, he turned on a tiny lamp on the nightstand and washed up.

Climbing under the covers, Danny closed his eyes and with his brother out of it next to him, fell deeply asleep.

Chapter Ten

Danny felt movement beside him. Motivating himself to open his eyes to the light of day, he found Donny leaning up on his elbow staring down at him while he slept.

"You've got nerve showing up here after what you did." Danny's voice felt gravelly in his throat.

Donny lowered his gaze to the sheets.

"Why? Why did you call Pete and tell him that crap?"

"I didn't want to lose you."

"And? Now that Pete and I may begin a relationship? What will you do?"

"Nothing."

"Didn't you and Bruno have sex yesterday? Why would you sleep in my room after a bout with your dream man?"

"We didn't have sex."

"Why the hell not? Christ, Donny, he was primed."

"I told him that we were gay and trying to get him in bed."

Danny gasped and recoiled. "You did what? You idiot! He was ready to spread for you."

When Donny stared at him with agony in his eyes, Danny softened. "You really like him that much?"

"I love him. But he hates me."

"Did you tell him we had a bet?"

"No. I couldn't do it. He was already so upset."

"Gee. I wonder why? You know, Donny, sometimes you do confuse me. I would have played it out completely differently."

"Like how?" Donny propped his chin on his palm.

"I would have had sex, that's for certain," Danny replied with a sad laugh. "I think I would have used his attraction to us to get him to continue seeing us. Or you, if you know what I mean." Donny nodded, but didn't say anything. "And I would hope by the continuous contact and good sex, he would have formed an attachment to you on his own."

Donny's eyes diverted to the bed sheets again.

"The way you did it? Coming clean?" Danny said, "He felt betrayed. I bet he was livid."

"He was."

"Didn't you think it would piss him off to find out we used him like that?"

"I thought it would, yes. But then after I told him I loved him, I thought he'd forgive me."

Donny gaped at Donny in exasperation. "Please tell me you're joking."

His lips forming a frown, Donny dropped to his back on the bed, staring at the ceiling.

"First you dupe the guy into your bed, then you profess love to him? And you expected him to what...get on his knees and propose? I thought I knew everything about you, Don. But as we get older, I feel like I know you less and less."

Donny covered his face with both hands in a gesture of grief.

It broke Danny's heart. "Get over here, you idiot." Danny wrapped his arms around him and drew him closer. "You do have some strange ideas of how to seduce men, Donny."

Donny nuzzled into Danny's hair. "I'm a fuck up. I know it. I constantly feel insecure or threatened. And when I find someone I want, I go about it the wrong way."

"You'll get over it. Go back to gay men. I swear, Donny, they're so fucking easy."

"I want Bruno. I really don't want to go find some stupid fuck."

"What?" Danny laughed. "Since when?"

"Since yesterday."

Danny cuddled him closer. "Give yourself a week. Come with me to a club tonight and have a good screw session..." he paused, adding, "But don't hurt anyone."

Donny moaned, hiding his face in Danny's hair.

"All right." Danny rubbed his back gently. "Live and learn, brother, live and learn."

* * * *

DOUBLE TROUBLE

"There you are," Patty said as they entered the kitchen together. "I was on my way out to work. Your father's already left. Louisa has some breakfast for you."

Donny nodded, pouring both he and his brother a cup of coffee.

"What are your plans today?" Patty asked, pushing Danny's hair back from his face. "Are you sending out your resume?"

Danny peeked at Donny quickly before he answered. "Yes."

"Good. All right. See you both this evening. Stay out of trouble."

After she left Donny asked, "Got your resume together?"

Danny took the cup of coffee from him. "Thanks. Yes, I have it done. I was going to send it today."

"Parsons and Company?"

"That's the plan." Danny sat down at the kitchen table opening the newspaper that was lying there.

"Mm. I wonder how many openings they have there." Donny took the chair across from him.

Danny met his eye quickly. "Why?"

"I sent mine yesterday."

"Jerk."

"Hey. Since when do you make all the decisions in my life?"

"You know how much I want to work for them."

"Me too."

"Good morning, boys," Louisa greeted them. "Can I make you some eggs and toast? What would you like?"

"I'm not hungry." Danny stormed out of the room.

"I'd like some eggs, thank you, Louisa." Donny smiled at her.

"Coming right up."

* * * *

After his breakfast Donny crept up the stairs, Danny was at his computer and on his cell phone at the same time.

Pausing at the doorway, Donny listened to his conversation.

"Yes. Do you have it in your box, Pete? Great. Look it over for me. How does it sound to you?"

Pete? Donny wondered what Pete had to do with anything.

“Great. Thank you, Pete. I really appreciate it. Yes... No, if Jack wants to call me about anything it’s fine. Give him my number.”

Jack? Now Donny was completely confused and growing concerned Danny had some newfound connection to that mega advertising firm.

“You are? Yes! I’ll hang on. Christ, Pete, you’re amazing!”

At Danny’s enthusiasm, he grew nervous. A moment later Danny was scribbling frantically on a note pad. “And Mark said I can call him? Really?”

Mark? Donny choked. *Not Mark Richfield. No way!*

“Excellent! Dinner’s on me tonight, Pete. Any place you want to go.” Laughing seductively, Danny whispered into the phone, “You know you can eat that anytime, babe.”

Donny stiffened up. *Is it always a competition? And does Danny always have to win? I can’t stand this anymore.*

“Great. I’ll pick you up at seven. Thanks again, Pete. Bye.”

The minute Danny hung up he spun around as if he suddenly sensed Donny in the room.

He entered to confront him. “So? Pete knows Mark Richfield? Lucky you.”

“He doesn’t know him personally. He works with a lawyer who does.”

“I hate you.”

“You’re the one who’s going after my dream job.” Danny shut down his computer.

“And you wonder why I get so angry I make men raw,” Donny growled.

Danny jumped to his feet and gripped his arms. “Don’t you dare do that again.”

“Screw you. Just how much of my life do you have to control, Dan?”

“Donny! Don’t!”

After shoving Danny back, he shouted, “Why the hell not? You’ll get the fucking job. You’ve got a great boyfriend. And what the hell do I have? Nothing!” He was on the verge of tears again and it was killing him.

“I’m not doing this intentionally to hurt you.”

“Like fuck you’re not!”

DOUBLE TROUBLE

Danny pointed his finger into Donny's face. "You fucked it up with Bruno, don't pin that one on me."

Donny cringed and left the room.

"Donny! Wait. I'm sorry."

Slamming his bedroom door behind him, locking it, he fell onto his bed and hid his face in the bedding.

"Don? Open the door. Donny."

As the knob rattled, he put the pillow over his head and shut his eyes.

* * * *

Hearing the phone ringing, coming around from a woozy nap, Donny answered it. "Hello?"

"Yes, is this Don Rothschild?"

"It is." He sat up.

"This is Harold Parsons from Parsons and Company."

Donny's eyes widened. "Yes! So good to hear from you, sir."

"My secretary forwarded your resume to me, and I was very impressed, young man."

"Thank you. Thank you, very much, Mr. Parsons."

"I would like it if you could come in for an interview."

"I would love to meet you. Yes. When is a good time?"

"I have an opening tomorrow morning. Can we say around nine thirty?"

"Perfect. Thank you so much, Mr. Parsons. I've heard nothing but wonderful things about your company, and I would very much like to join your team."

"And we need fresh young faces to join us. With your impressive graduate work, I think someone like you would fit in very well."

"Thank you, sir. I appreciate you taking the time to phone me yourself."

"It's my policy, young man. I like to be involved in every aspect of my company. So. We will meet tomorrow morning. I'm looking forward to it."

"As am I. Thank you again, sir." He hung up and blinked his eyes. "Am I dreaming?"

* * * *

Danny worked out in the gym and swam laps on his own. It felt lonely and awkward without Donny there to keep him company, but Donny refused to come out of his room.

Doing the front crawl until he had finished his fifty laps, Danny paused, catching his breath and finally spotted his brother exiting the back of the house. "You okay?"

"I'm fine." Donny sat down on a lounge chair.

Climbing out of the pool, Danny picked up a towel and wiped his face. "I would have preferred it if you had joined me. It sucked working out alone."

"I'm sorry, Dan. I just felt a little out of it."

He sat on the end of Donny's chair. "I'm sorry too. About the dig I got in about Bruno. I know how much you like that guy."

Donny winced and looked aside.

"You want to do anything? Go hit Rodeo drive for lunch?"

"Sure."

"Good. Let me wash up."

"I'll be here."

Danny patted Donny's leg affectionately and entered through the sliding doors to shower and change.

* * * *

Just after he'd finished showering and shaving, his mobile phone rang. Picking it up, seeing a strange number on it, Danny answered it suspiciously. "Hello?"

"Yes, hullo. Is this Daniel Rothschild?"

The British accent threw him completely. "Yes. Who is this?"

"This is Mark Richfield. I work for Parsons and Company."

Danny felt faint. He staggered back to the bed and fell to his rump on it. "Mark Richfield?"

"Yes, love. I heard through the grapevine you're interested in a job here at the company. Am I right?"

"Yes." He gulped down his nervousness.

"I've a copy of your resume in my hand and I love it. Seriously, Danny, it's fabulous. You did very well in graduate school and, well, the honors, your references, they are impeccable."

"Thank you, Mr. Richfield. I don't know what to say."

DOUBLE TROUBLE

“Call me Mark. Hearing Mr. Richfield makes me think of my father. I’ll have none of that!” He laughed. “Right. Now we need to get you in for an interview. Are you free anytime tomorrow? Mornings are best, love.”

“Yes. Of course. Anytime.” His heart was pounding.

“Good...good. How about ten? Can you manage that?”

“I can.”

“Well, then, I shall see you at ten tomorrow. I’m looking forward to it, Daniel.”

“Danny, or Dan is fine.”

“Danny. I like that best. Okay. Good chatting with you and tomorrow it is.”

“Thank you, Mark. I really appreciate it.”

“No need to thank me. We’re recruiting. The place has gone mad and we’ve had a spate of retirees. We’re desperate for good men.”

“Excellent.”

“Right. I shall see you tomorrow. Ta, love.”

“Goodbye, Mark.” Danny hung up and had to catch his breath. He was so excited he was panting.

* * * *

Donny peered up as Danny stepped outside again. “You ready?”

“I am.”

“Good. I’m starving. Who’s driving?”

“I will.” Danny jiggled his keys.

Smiling as he followed his brother through the house, Donny had no intention of tipping his hand until that coveted job was in the bag.

Meeting his brother’s grin as they entered the Porsche simultaneously, Donny inhaled deeply as he imagined getting the job of his dreams. Now, if he could only get the man of his dreams his life would be complete.

Chapter Eleven

Donny stood in front of his mirror knotting his necktie. He was wearing his most expensive Perry Ellis suit and felt confident and ready for his interview with Mr. Parsons.

His wallet, cell phone and keys in his pocket, he jogged down the stairs avoiding his brother, who he knew was in the shower in his own room.

Climbing into the car, heading to downtown LA in the morning rush hour, Donny had given himself plenty of time to get there in case he hit bumper-to-bumper traffic.

After leaving his car in a multistory parking garage, he checked the time and stopped at a coffee shop for a quick latte.

Avoiding the flirting gazes from both men and women, he tossed the empty cup in the trash, stuck a mint into his mouth and boldly made his way to the office building.

Pausing at a men's room on the correct floor, he tamed his long hair, straightened his jacket and tie, and approached the front desk and receptionist.

"Yes, hello. My name is Donny Rothschild and I have an appointment with Mr. Parsons."

"Have a seat Mr. Rothschild and I'll let Mr. Parsons know you're here."

"Thanks." He loitered in the lobby eyeing the collection of magazines and admiring the original artwork on the walls.

A few minutes later he was invited to follow a secretary who stood outside a door and knocked. "Mr. Parsons? Your nine thirty appointment is here."

"Show him in, Ray."

Ray opened the door, smiling. "Go right inside, Mr. Rothschild."

"Thank you." Donny got his first look at an enormous office space with windows boasting a view of the LA skyline.

DOUBLE TROUBLE

A well-dressed man in his fifties stood and came around his desk, extending his hand.

"Mr. Parsons, so nice to meet you. Thank you for seeing me."

"My pleasure. Have a seat."

Donny unbuttoned his suit jacket and relaxed on the supple leather chair in front of the imposing desk.

"I've already had a chat with your references, and I am impressed, to say the least, Donny."

"Thank you, sir."

"We have had a slight reduction in staff the last few months from retirements. In a way I can't say I'm unhappy to have this type of turnover. The market is craving fresh ideas, and in my opinion, that means youth."

"I have to admit, sir, ever since I entered graduate school, I have had my eye on Parsons and Company. You are the epitome of the ideal advertising firm. You come highly rated in both customer and employee satisfaction."

"I see you've done your homework as well." Mr. Parsons smiled warmly.

"I have, sir. My heart is set on working here. If you hire me, I'll work like a dog to make sure you never regret you have."

After a gentle laugh, Mr. Parsons replied, "We don't tend to work our staff like a dog. But I do appreciate the sentiment."

"What would you like to know about me? Is there anything I can tell you that is lacking from my paperwork or references?" Donny leaned closer.

"To be honest no. Just how soon can you begin?"

Donny's eyes widened. "Today? Now?"

Mr. Parsons chuckled. "I think I can give you a little more notice than that. But I like your enthusiasm. How about I walk you around and introduce you to the staff."

"Excellent." Donny stood, buttoning his jacket. When Mr. Parsons moved beyond the desk, Donny extended his hand. "Thank you sincerely, sir. I can't tell you what an honor it is to work for you."

"My pleasure, dear boy." Mr. Parsons patted his back.

He was led down a corridor. As they passed employees, Mr. Parsons introduced Donny. Donny shook hands and smiled brightly in greeting.

Another office door stood before them. Mr. Parsons knocked lightly on it.

Donny read the name on the door and felt his heart rate sky rocket.

“Hullo, Harold.”

“Mark, I have someone I’d like you to meet.”

“Bloody hell!” Mark gasped.

“What is it, Mark?” Harold grabbed Mark’s arm in concern.

Donny jolted at Mark’s odd reaction. He had hoped to make a good impression on the handsome model.

“Step in!” Mark gestured wildly. “Step in, please.”

The moment Donny entered Mark’s office, he choked. “Danny?”

Mark laughed, “I hope to hell you’re twins because otherwise this is too bizarre to believe.”

Mr. Parsons began laughing. “Are you here for a job interview, as well, young man?”

Mark explained, “I was just about to bring him to your office, Harold. Jack works with this handsome chap’s friend and he came highly recommended. But—I’m bloody gob-smacked at the moment.”

Donny observed Mark as he looked from his brother back at him. Finally Donny sighed, “Mr. Parsons, if there’s only one open position, let Danny have it.”

“No. Donny.” Danny hurried over to him. “It’s okay. I’ll manage.”

“Why didn’t you tell me you had an interview last night?” Donny asked.

“The same reason you didn’t tell me.” Danny giggled.

“Harold,” Mark got his attention, “I just have to get Steven in here to see this.” He addressed the twins, “Be a moment. Don’t disappear.”

Once Mark had left, Donny and Danny stared at a very bemused Mr. Parsons.

“Sir?” Donny whispered, “Give the job to my brother.”

“Holy crap!”

Donny spun to the open door. A handsome man with bright blue eyes was gaping at them.

“Aren’t they adorable, Steven?” Mark spoke over Steve’s shoulder.

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“Hi. I’m Steve Miller.” Steve extended his hand to each of the twins.

“I’m Donny Rothschild, and this is Danny.” Donny gestured to his brother.

“We want them both, Harold. Oh, there’s no choice!” Mark insisted. “We’d be mad to let them go. Think of the fun on retreats.”

Donny gazed at his brother, feeling a spark of hope.

Steve added, “Harold, we’re swamped. Three retirements in two months. Is there really a debate?”

“No. No, Steven. No debate at all.” Mr. Parsons scratched his head as he stared at the twins curiously. “I assume, Mark, you’ve already checked Danny’s references, etcetera.”

“I have. Impeccable I may add.” Mark grinned broadly.

“Welcome aboard, boys.” Mr. Parsons extended his hand to each.

“Thank you, sir!” Danny shook Mr. Parsons’ hand vigorously.

After Donny had done the same, his attention was brought back to the two outstanding men who had a very strong influence on the decision. “You guys are awesome.”

“The feeling is mutual.” Mark appeared completely enamored.

“You’ll love it here,” Steve said. “Great team spirit and the pay’s not bad either.”

“I already do.” Donny blushed at Mark’s attention.

“Right. Well,” Mr. Parsons continued to appear slightly frazzled. “Why don’t we give each of you a packet with some paperwork in it to fill out and bring with you when you begin. What say we start you next Monday?”

“Perfect.” Danny was beaming.

Donny spun around and held out his hand to Mark and Steve. “Thanks again. I really am looking forward to working with you.”

“Us too!” Mark shook his hand.

“Welcome aboard,” Steve replied.

Each with envelopes in their fists, Donny followed his brother to the elevator. “Where did you park?”

“The parking garage across the street.” Danny pushed the button for the street level.

“Me, too.”

They stood together in silence.

Danny whispered, “I can’t wait to tell Pete.”

Feeling a deep pang of loneliness in his chest, Donny did his best to smile.

“See you at home?” Danny waved as he made his way to a different floor of the multistory garage.

“Yes,” Donny replied.

Once he had found his car and was behind the wheel, he took a look at the paperwork quickly just to see what it entailed. It was standard forms for health insurance, and direct deposit.

Imagining his brother celebrating with his new boyfriend, Donny started the car and checked his watch.

* * * *

Bruno adjusted his hardhat on his head as he reached up to drill screws into wooden beams. It was another scorcher and he was boiling.

A tone sounded from a speaker indicating break time for the workers. “Thank fuck.” He wiped at his face with his forearm and set his power tool down. The group began making their way to a catering truck near the entrance.

Licking the sweat off his top lip, Bruno imagined a bottle of water and an energy bar to hold him over until lunch. As he was joining the long line, he noticed a man in a business suit standing just outside the construction zone’s fence.

Suddenly he realized who it was and the shock it sent over his body stunned him.

Phil tapped Bruno’s arm. “Ain’t that Donny?”

Bruno wasn’t sure if it was. Maybe it was Danny.

“Look at him all dressed up in a suit,” Phil exclaimed. “See which charity he’s working for this time. Go say hi.”

Feeling Phil’s nudge, Bruno handed him some cash. “Can you get me a bottle of water and an energy bar, Phil?”

“You got it.”

As if his legs were made of lead, Bruno forced himself to walk over to him. The amount he had thought about Donny, if this was indeed Donny, was bordering on obsessive. He just didn’t know what to do about his feelings. Many nights he’d

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spent tossing and turning, craving him, but scared to face his own sexuality.

Finally he was close enough to converse, but not touch. “Donny?”

A slight sly smile appeared. “Yes, it’s Donny.”

“What...ah, what do you want?”

The smile dropped to anguish. “You.”

“For more games?” Bruno quickly peeked behind him to see if anyone was close enough to listen.

“No. Bruno, I miss you. I’m going nuts.”

Bruno took him in again, Donny Rothschild in a designer suit. A fashion model walked off the page of a magazine.

“Should I give up, Bruno? Or will you forgive me?”

Taking another look at the men in the site, Bruno smiled shyly. “I’d hug you, but, well, I’d never hear the end of it.”

The look of relief on Donny’s face was instant. “And I want that hug.”

“Later. Did you get a job? Is that why you’re all dressed up?”

“Yes.”

“Does that mean you can’t stop by later...” Bruno swallowed nervously. “My place?”

“Are you going to the bar first?”

“Not if you’re meeting me I’m not.” His mouth watered at Donny’s beauty.

“Then I’ll be there. Six?”

“Six is perfect.” Bruno wanted to touch him. Another discreet look back and he closed the gap between them. “I can’t kiss you, or anything.”

“I know.” Donny’s eyes were on fire.

“I’m sorry for the way I treated you after you fessed up.”

“Don’t be. I deserved it.”

“I thought a lot about it and it took guts to confess like that to me...and, I suppose I’m flattered you made such a big effort just to meet me.”

“I’m so glad you have forgiven me. Bruno, I would kill myself to have hurt you. I never meant to.”

“I think I know that now.” He smiled sweetly. “I have to get back or I’ll miss my break.”

“Okay.”

Bruno touched Donny’s hand lightly. “Will you be there?”

"I will. Count on it."

Blushing at the smile he was receiving, he nodded. "See you later."

"Love you," Donny whispered.

Bruno winked at him.

When he returned to his group of friends, Phil handed him his water and energy bar.

"So? What charity is he roping us into this time?" Jim asked, eating a doughnut.

"He just got a job. I don't know how much time he has for charity." Bruno smiled as he chewed.

"What did he want?" Stu asked.

"Just to say hi and to meet me later on."

All three men raised their eyebrows at him.

"Meet you at the bar?" Phil asked.

"No. My place."

"Your place?" Jim leaned closer.

"Yeah. Just a couple of regular guys getting together." Bruno grinned.

No one commented after that.

Bruno chuckled to himself.

* * * *

When Donny parked in his driveway he was floating on a cloud. Danny's car was already there.

Entering the house, Donny began unknotting his tie. While he ascending the stairs, he could hear his brother talking, assuming he was on the phone.

"I did, Pete. Thanks. You are awesome and will be amply rewarded." Danny spun around when Donny appeared at his open door.

Donny slid the tie off and started opening his shirt buttons.

"Mm," Danny purred, "You can have it anyway you desire, Mr. Harrison." He made a face of ecstasy at his brother in a tease. Then speaking back in the phone he said, "I love being your bottom, pretty boy."

It was another fact about them that they differed in. Donny loved to top. Maybe with Bruno, he should reconsider that

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option. The mere thought of injuring Bruno could bring him to tears. No. That was never going to happen.

"Okay, Pete...I will see you later to celebrate. Dinner and champagne is on me, you delicious man."

Donny had to smile. It appeared his twin brother may be growing infatuated. Did they do everything together?

When Danny hung up the phone he addressed his brother, "You are lucky we both got that job or I'd have to kill you."

"Did you let Mom and Dad know?"

"Not yet. I wanted to call Pete first."

In a gesture to come with him, Donny tilted his head. Danny followed him to his room.

Hanging up his suit jacket and tie in his walk-in closet, Donny continued to change. "I stopped by the construction site."

Bouncing as he dropped down on Donny's bed, Danny replied, "Did he tell you to fuck off?"

"No. I'm meeting him at his place later." Donny peeked out of the closet as he stepped out of his trousers.

"Don't lie."

"I'm not." Donny paused before deciding what to wear. "You want to workout or swim?"

"Both." Danny hopped up off the bed.

"Good." Donny tugged a pair of gym shorts on.

"So?" Danny leaned against the frame of the closet watching him. "All of a sudden macho Bruno Alder, after finding out we duped him to get at his cock, is seeing you tonight."

"Yup." He poked Danny's chest with his index finger as he walked past him to get his t-shirt and a pair of socks.

"You are so lying!"

Exasperated, Donny spun around and gave Danny an expression of frustration. "I am *so* not!"

"What the hell happened to change his mind?"

Donny smiled sensuously and smoothed his hands down his chest to his crotch. "Simply irresistible."

Danny's eyebrows raised skeptically.

"Look," Donny sighed, "If someone loved you, really loved you, wouldn't you forgive them?"

It took a moment for Danny to consider the thought. "I guess I've never had a man tell me he loved me before, nor have I told one that."

“Ha!” Donny shoved him playfully. “Finally did something before you did, Daniel.” He took off running down to their gym. “Tag! You’re it!”

Danny cracked up with laughter and sprinted after him.

Chapter Twelve

Danny relaxed at the table for two. A candle flame flickered between he and Pete, a bottle of champagne wedged into an ice bucket stood beside their table.

Raising his glass, Danny whispered, "To you."

Giving Danny a generous smile, Pete tapped his stemware. "To the newest associate of the prestigious advertising firm, Parsons and Company." After Pete sipped his drink he asked, "So? What's Mark Richfield look like in person?"

"Fucking amazing." Danny gently placed his glass down in front of him.

"Don't make me jealous," Pete warned good-naturedly.

That reply surprised Danny. "Jealous? You realize that implies possessiveness."

Pete's cheeks blushed slightly and he turned his eyes shyly away.

"Do you have designs on me, Mr. Harrison?" Danny thought he was adorable. Maybe he and Donny will fall in love at the same time.

"I'm afraid to say what I think after the rocky start we had. My luck Donny will call and tell me to fuck off and break my heart."

Danny stifled a gasp of astonishment. "Can your heart be broken at such an early stage?"

"I'll shut up now." Pete gulped his champagne.

"Pete Harrison!" Danny laughed. "Do you *like* me?"

"Christ, why do I feel like such an idiot?" Pete rubbed his forehead nervously.

Danny moved his legs to contact Pete under the table, at the same time reaching out his hands for both of Pete's. When he was connected with this handsome man as much as he could be in a public restaurant without getting in trouble, Danny kissed Pete's knuckles quickly and said, "Let me tell you something,

babe.” Danny leaned over the candle to whisper, “I’ve never met a man like you before. And I want to get to know you a whole lot better.”

“Really?” Pete appeared genuinely flattered.

After a quick peek around, Danny licked Pete’s finger, making him shift in his seat. “Really.”

“Christ, Danny. I could really fall for a guy like you. Don’t mess with me.”

“The only messing I’ll be doing with you will be under the sheets.” Danny gazed into Pete’s deep brown eyes and shivered from the affection he was reading.

“You mean that?”

“I mean it as much as I can at this early stage. Yes.” Danny ran his fingers over the skin of Pete’s hand sensually.

“Christ, what are we doing sitting here? I want to eat you, not dinner.”

Danny released Pete, threw more than enough money on the table to cover the champagne and said, “Let’s go.”

Jumping to his feet, Pete reached for Danny’s grasp and they walked out into the open air. The moment they were standing near Danny’s Porsche, Pete spun Danny into his arms and connected to his lips.

The swoon of passion almost knocked Danny over. Love? A new job and a new love too? Can life get any better than this?

As Pete devoured him, handling him very inappropriately for an outdoor environment, Danny simply didn’t care. He dug his hands into Pete’s thick brown hair and deepened their kiss, as their hips ground together.

When Pete parted for a breath, he stared at Danny for a long moment. “I can really fall for a man like you, Danny. Son of a bitch. I can.”

The amount of tingling rushes racing over Danny’s body astounded him. This wasn’t lust. Oh, no. He’d felt physical lust before. This was something else entirely.

“Take me home and make me yours,” he hissed sensually.

“Fuck!” Pete shivered. “Get in! Drive us to my place. Now.”

Feeling his pulse race like he’d run miles, Danny got them both in the car and on their way, holding hands, exchanging grins of pure joy, and eager for a union that meant more than just a fuck.

DOUBLE TROUBLE

* * * *

Donny stood outside Bruno's home. Dressed in his best black Giorgio Armani slacks and his Dolce and Gabbana shirt, a dab of the infamous Mark Richfield's *Dangereux* cologne on, and Berluti shoes on his feet, he felt as if he should have a dozen roses in his hand. "I'm courting a man," he sang happily. He was doing the pursuing. *Much better than getting hounded by drooling mutts.*

Standing straight, he rapped on the door.

When it opened, Donny was knocked over. It seemed Bruno wanted to dress to impress as well. And that made him feel like a million bucks.

"Hello," Bruno whispered shyly, opening the door.

His voice catching in his throat, Donny cleared it and echoed as he stepped in, "H...hello." Once inside he gazed in awe at the big man. Bruno's gray and white pinstriped-collared shirt and black dress trousers, fitted tightly over his muscular frame. His long blond hair was tousled to perfection and his jaw clean shaven and smooth.

"My God..." Donny gaped at him. "Bruno."

After a shy laugh, Bruno asked, "Can I get you anything?"

"Yes. You." Donny shook his head. "I am finding you an agent. Bruno, you are too fantastic to believe."

"You think finding an agent is easy?" Bruno smiled wryly. "It isn't. I've tried."

"You leave it to me. Okay?" Donny drew nearer. He had to touch him. Tugging on a strand of his long blond hair, Donny informed him, "I'm working with the model, Mark Richfield, at Parsons and Company. One look at you and Mark will get you an agent. Maybe even *his* agent."

Bruno's light blue eyes widened. "You'd do that for me?"

Boldly cupping Bruno's face, Donny replied, "I love you. I'd do anything for you." To his amazement, Donny was swept up in an embrace and his lips pressed against Bruno's.

At the contact, Donny melted in his arms. Delighting in Bruno's soft style of kissing, his tender touch contrasting the power of Bruno's body, Donny was so far gone emotionally, he

never wanted to come back. When they parted mouths, he whispered, "Take me. Make me yours."

A deep agonizing whimper escaped Bruno's lips. "You...you mean?"

"Yes." Donny ground his hips into Bruno's.

As Bruno kissed Donny's neck and ear, making him shiver, he said, "You and your brother left some things upstairs."

"Thank fuck." Donny sighed.

"You want me to use them?"

"Please!" Donny cried, humping Bruno's leg.

Holding his hand, Bruno escorted him up to his room as if Donny was a princess and he were the prince. Donny wasn't used to the care and consideration. He'd had so many meaningless encounters with men, he never understood the difference, until now.

Once they were inside Bruno's private bedroom, Bruno began undressing Donny with so much compassion, he wondered if maybe, just maybe, Bruno was beginning to feel strong affection for him as well.

After Bruno got Donny naked, he stood back as if to inspect the view. It made Donny feel modest. Another first. Blushing shyly at an appraisal? Insanity. "Do I look good or bad to you?" he asked nervously.

"Good. Very good." Bruno began unbuttoning his own shirt.

Donny quickly was there to assist. Kissing Bruno's skin as it was revealed, he didn't want to rush. They had all night to enjoy.

And knowing this was Bruno's first encounter with anal sex, Donny was going to treat him like the virgin he was.

As he knelt down to unzip Bruno's slacks, Donny released that impressive organ from Bruno's clothing. Allowing Bruno to step out of the rest of his things, he paused to admire the sight of him naked. Then very slowly, he aimed Bruno's cock towards his mouth and began sucking it.

Bruno groaned and dug his hands into Donny's hair.

Closing his eyes, Donny savored the taste and scent of a man he simply could not get over, forget, or deny he adored.

"Ah, Donny...so nice..."

"Mm," Donny agreed completely. Giving an unhurried blowjob, not meant to reach climax, but meant to titillate, he explored Bruno's heavy balls delicately, massaging them in his

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hand as he deepened his sucking. When he felt Bruno's organ ripple in his lips, Donny sat back on his heels to gaze up at him. And pure affection gazed back.

"Come to the bed." Bruno urged him to his feet.

As he drew closer, Donny found the rubbers and lube already out on the nightstand. He was very glad Bruno was primed for it because he wouldn't think of pushing him into anything too fast.

Donny lay back on the bed, face up, opening his body to be taken, something he very rarely did. Danny took it up the ass for men, Donny did the fucking. Not this time. No way. Just the thought of Bruno inside him inspired something very meaningful in Donny.

Without verbal instructions, Donny directed Bruno to kneel between his spread knees. Reaching for the condom first, he rolled it onto Bruno's imposing length, preparing him with lubrication next. The preliminary work done, he guided Bruno closer. "If you want to stop, let me know."

"I don't want to stop."

Donny smiled in excitement. With the tips of his fingers on Bruno's slick cock, Donny kept him on target, drawing him down onto his body. The moment Bruno's cock head touched his rim, Donny shivered and felt his skin break out in goose bumps. Little by little he worked Bruno's cock inside him. As he did, Bruno hissed and moaned in delight.

Once Bruno had penetrated to the hilt, Donny wrapped his arms tightly around him and concentrated on the feel of him inside. "I love you. Love you, love you, love you..."

"Donny...oh, babe..." Bruno hissed softly.

When his body relaxed around that hard shaft, Donny announced, "I'm ready. Make love to me, Mr. Adler."

As if he could hardly stop himself, Bruno began shifting his hips, sliding his long cock in and out of Donny's ass.

"Christ, I forgot how good that feels," Donny whimpered, feeling his prostate getting a delicious rubdown. Peeking up at this Greek god, he found a state of bliss on Bruno's face. His eyes closed, his lips parted, the picture of the orgasmic rush.

His dick pulsated at the sight. Knowing Bruno was trying to be tender, Donny urged him along, jutting his own hips up to meet Bruno's. "Fuck me. Don't be afraid. Fuck me."

Another low masculine moan followed that order. Bruno shivered visibly and deepened his thrusts to a quicker pace.

"Yes! Oh!" Donny arched his back and came, shooting out semen all over his own chest. "Faster! God, Bruno! Holy shit!"

Another deep ramming thrust of Bruno's hips and Bruno's dick shivered inside Donny's body. Opening his eyes, Donny salivated at the sight of Bruno in an intense climax.

A last plunge inside and Bruno grunted and ground his jaw.

"Holy Christ you're beautiful." Donny gaped at him in awe.

His head drooping as he recuperated, Bruno panted for breath, finally opening his eyes. "Wow."

Chuckling, Donny agreed, "Wow."

Separating their hips, Bruno stared down at Donny's spattered skin. "You came just from me fucking you?"

He reached out to touch Bruno's cheek. "Just from you in me. Yes."

"Does it feel that good in there?"

Taking pleasure in Bruno's wide-eyed innocence, Donny replied seductively, "It feels *really* good in there." Before Bruno responded, he added, "Because it's with you, Bruno. Because I am making love to you."

Bruno dropped down on top of Donny and kissed him, wrapping his arms around Donny's back and rocking him as he sealed their bodies together.

Donny's eyes filled with tears and the hot liquid ran down his face as he struggled not to cry.

As they rolled on the bed, Bruno cupped Donny's cheeks in both hands. Instantly he parted and sat up, obviously feeling the wetness on Donny's skin. "What's wrong?"

Shaking his head, biting his lip, he rubbed at the tears in embarrassment.

"Babe?" Bruno brushed his lips lightly over Donny's as he whispered that word.

Like a dam was bursting, Donny sobbed, "I'm terrified, Bruno, I've never felt like this." He covered his face in shame. Bruno peeled back his fingers so they could see each other's eyes. Donny relented and found Bruno's smile.

"Don't be afraid. Have a little faith in me."

Still shaking his head in denial, Donny moaned, "After what Danny and I did to you, lying to you, and you being straight—"

DOUBLE TROUBLE

“Straight?” Bruno chuckled nervously. “I just screwed a guy and I still have the condom hanging off my dick.” Bruno peered down at his own chest. “And— your spunk is all over me. Straight?”

“Hold me.” Donny wrapped around him like a boa constrictor.

“I got ya.” Bruno squeezed tight.

Donny buried his face into Bruno’s neck, closing his eyes and trying to have faith. Just a little bit of faith.

Chapter Thirteen

“Oh! Blimey!” Mark’s eyes widened as he stared at the photos in his hand.

“He looks better in person, Mark.” Donny gazed at the eight by ten photographs of Bruno that he had insisted Bruno have done. “He’s six-four!”

“He’s yummy, have no doubt, love. Let me show these to my dear friend, Adam Lewis.”

“Adam Lewis?” Donny gasped. “Adam Lewis the agent is your dear friend? That Adam Lewis?”

Mark cupped Donny’s jaw sweetly. “Yes. Calm down.”

“Oh my God! I can’t wait to tell Bruno Adam Lewis is going to look at his photographs.” His heart was pumping wildly.

Taking a second look at the handful of pictures Mark muttered, “He’ll eat him up. Look at him. You did very well for yourself, Donny. He’s delightful.”

“Adam Lewis?” Donny choked, still not believing one of the top Hollywood agents was going to actually see his lover’s photos.

“Sit.” Mark pointed to the chair in front of his desk.

Donny plopped down.

Picking up his phone, Mark dialed, smiling at Donny. “Adam, love? Are you busy?”

“Ohmygod. Ohmygod...” Donny wanted to scream in joy and pump his fist.

“A new associate of ours has just handed me some shots of a very spectacular male.” Mark winked at him. “Oh, love, you’ll adore him. Tonight? Is that all right? Good. I’ll tell Steven. Make sure Jackie knows. Yes...” Mark’s emerald green eyes met Donny’s making his pulse rate and dick rise up instantly.

“Our newest employee is one of a pair of gorgeous identical twins, Adam,” Mark purred, “Did Jack tell you about them? Yes,

DOUBLE TROUBLE

Pete Harrison from Jack's law firm is dating this doll's twin brother."

Donny's cheeks felt boiling hot.

"We are cursed to be surrounded by gorgeous men, Adam...No! Don't tell Alex. Let him be content with Oliver. Anyway, I have to be going. Just wanted to see if you were free." He winked at Donny. "Yes. Okay, love, ta."

Donny held his breath.

"Right." Mark slid the photos back into the envelope. "You just leave these with me, all right?"

Jumping to his feet, he leapt on Mark and kissed him. "Thank you! Thank you!"

His eyes wide in surprise, Mark gasped, "And everyone thinks *I'm* trouble. You and that handsome twin of yours are double trouble!" Mark laughed. "I'll take a kiss any time if that's my reward for doing a good deed."

"Ah hum?"

They both spun to the door to see Steve standing there.

Donny jumped back. "Sorry. Just thanking him."

"Uh huh." Steve's tongue was planted firmly in his cheek.

"He was, Steven. Take your mind out of the gutter. Or better yet, look at Donny's lover."

Donny waited as Mark handed Steve the envelope.

"Wow. Nice." Steve flipped pages. "He's as big as Jack."

"Taller. He has Jack by two inches," Mark quipped. "He-man two."

"Damn. I have to stop looking at these or I'll need your mouth, Mark." Steve handed Mark back the photos.

"I love working here." Donny pumped his fist. "Thanks, Mark. Let me know what Adam says. I have to call Bruno."

"Okay, love." Mark laughed as he waved the envelope at him.

As Donny raced down the hall he noticed his brother in his office on the phone. Danny peeked up at him as Donny paused. Still conversing, Danny waved Donny in.

"Yes. Fine. See you Thursday. Goodbye." Danny hung up. "You look happy."

"I am."

"I'm so glad, Donny."

"Get over here."

Danny rose up and stepped around his desk. Donny hugged him tight. "Mark is showing Bruno's photos to Adam Lewis."

"Really? Bruno's got it made."

Parting from their hug, he asked, "Are you as happy as I am, Danny?"

"I'm thrilled. Pete is amazing."

"Has he forgiven me?"

"Don't think about it another minute." Danny leaned back on his desk.

"Let's all go out. Double date."

"Not like the old days," Danny warned, wagging his finger. "No swapping."

"We didn't do that!"

"Didn't we?"

"That was high school." Donny laughed.

"True."

"We're older and wiser now."

Danny broke up with laughter. "Christ, we better be. We have to grow up eventually."

"No. I refuse. I have to get old, but growing up is optional." Donny headed to the door. "Oh, by the way. I kissed Mark Richfield."

Danny jumped to his feet. "Liar!"

"Am not." Donny stuck out his tongue. As Danny chased after him, he roared with laughter sprinting down the hall. When he arrived at his own office, he collapsed down on the chair and smiled. "Why do I get the feeling this is only the beginning of the fun to come?"

"Because it is." Steve gave him a smile and a wink as he passed by in the hall.

Grinning broadly, Donny picked up the phone and got back to work, wanting to tell Bruno in person later about Adam Lewis. Or even better, wait until Adam took him on as a client, then tell him.

"Because he will, oh yes. He will." Donny connected to the call. "Yes, Donny Rothschild here from Parsons and Company. I wonder if I could stop by and show you some of our most innovative ideas in advertising..." Reclining in his leather chair, he threw a kiss to his brother as he too passed by his office.

DOUBLE TROUBLE

“Yes. We are the best advertising company in California.”
Donny smiled, *with the best looking fucking staff in the nation.*
“We aim to please.” *And we please very well indeed.*

About the Author

G.A. Hauser was born in the shadow of the Manhattan skyline in the suburbs of New Jersey in the sleepy town of Fair Lawn. After graduating with a degree in Fine Arts from a university in New York, she gave up the idea of being a starving artist and headed for Seattle. For over a decade she lived in Rain City, and the last eight of those years she wore a blue police uniform working for the Seattle Police Department as a patrol officer. She's been writing since 1990 but it wasn't until she reached the wet British Isles that she published her first book, *In The Shadow of Alexander*. She lived in Hertfordshire, England for six years and from there she was able to travel and see the wonders of the world. She's back in the good ol' USA once again and is convinced *there's no place like home*.