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# JEANNE ST. JAMES

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### Chapter One

Gil Davis couldn't believe it had been ten years since he'd last walked through these doors. Where had the time gone?

When the invitation to his class reunion had come, he almost tossed it out, just as he had with the notice of his fifth year reunion.

He was not into reliving his high school years.

No way, no how.

But something on the invitation had caught his eye... this time they were holding it at the school. So instead of immediately pitching it, he had thrown the invitation on his kitchen table. Unfortunately, Katie, his best friend and roommate, found it and hounded him relentlessly until he agreed to RSVP.

And, of course, Katie insisted on being his date.

Which thrilled him to no end... Not.

Now he wasn't so sure if he wanted to go in.

He wasn't sure he was ready for a night of teasing from his former schoolmates.

Yet, here he stood, just inside the double doors of his old high school staring at the registration table by the gymnasium doors.

Someone grabbed his elbow. Firmly.

"You're not chickening out, are you?"

Gil just shook his head and swallowed hard. "Did you find the restroom all right?"

"Fine," Katie said in her little no-nonsense tone. "Let's go."

The harder she tugged on his arm, the more he dug in his heels. He didn't want to leave his little corner of safety yet. "Hold on."

"No, Gil. It's not going to get any easier. You look fine. We've—okay, *I've* worked really hard to get you to this point." She smoothed the hair back from his eyes. Gil was surprised she hadn't spat on her fingers first like a hovering mother hen.

The problem was, he was still a nerd at heart.

"Now, get your shit together and *let's go*!" She gave his arm one last hard yank and dragged him over to the table.

Sucking in a breath, he steeled himself for what was to come.

The two women sitting at the table wore big predatory smiles.

"Gilbert? Gilbert Davis, is that you?" the toothy piranha on the right asked. "I swear I didn't recognize you without your bottle-bottom glasses and pocket protector."

Those glasses were long gone thanks to Katie dragging him years ago to the optometrist for contacts.

Gil leaned forward to read her name tag. *Bonnie (Trusk) Smith.* 

Bonnie Trusk. He remembered her. She had been part of the Homecoming Court their senior year.

And had *accidentally* run over his foot one day in the parking lot with her Eddie Bauer Explorer. Why? Her excuse had been she hadn't seen him. Yeah, he had been the invisible man, "invisible" to all of the popular kids.

"Just Gil," he corrected her.

She laughed and waved a hand toward him, clearly dismissing him.

The other woman, Patti Petroski-Harrison, shoved a "Hello! My name is... Gilbert Davis" sticker at him. "And your hair! It looks..." Gil expected the next word out of her mouth to be "normal." Her face showed her internal struggle. "Nice."

He was a geek. He knew it. He had been one ever since he could remember. And his classmates had always teased him about it.

She sized up Katie. "Are you his wife?"

Katie laughed and patted Gil's arm. "Oh, no."

Gil gave her a quick warning look.

Katie just gave him a sugary smile and a noisy kiss on the cheek.

"Well then," Patti said. "When you go through the doors, Gilbert, there will be a table with place settings. Find your name and that will tell you where you're seated."

"Just Gil," he corrected again, but by then both women were flashing their beaming smiles at another couple who had come up behind them.

Katie tugged him to the side to avoid being crushed by the new arrivals' hugging and squealing. Gil didn't recognize the newcomers. But then they had probably been a part of the "in" group.

Gil had been a full-fledged member of the "out" group, but not the "out of the closet" group.

A woman's shrill scream shot a bolt of pain through his head.

"Did you hear Rip Cord is going to be here? Can you believe it?" the one called Patti asked, her question ending in a squeal. She looked as if she would bust a vein.

Gil stumbled back a step from the table, barely avoiding Katie's toes.

Holy hell, he never should have agreed to come to this thing. Especially if he'd known Rip would be here.

Gil had a crush on Rip since high school. Unfortunately, Rip was definitely of the heterosexual persuasion. Being captain of the football team, he'd had every girl in school chasing after him, one way or another.

So he'd admired the well-built, handsome jock from afar. Very afar.

Hearing Rip's name brought all those old feelings back to the surface.

All the insecurities.

Gil certainly had never expected his secret crush to come back to town for a ten-year class reunion. Rip had become way too famous for that.

Gil grabbed Katie's arm and, with her squeaky protest, dragged her through the double doors into the gym.

"Jesus, Gil. What's going on?" she asked as he pushed her against the wall just inside the doors.

"Did you hear that?" He struggled not to hyperventilate.

"What?" Katie peeled the backing off of Gil's name tag and slapped it onto his chest. Not so gently, either.

"Rip is going to be here."

"Rip?" She wrinkled her nose. "What the hell is rip?"

"Not what. Who!" Gil swallowed hard and blew out a long breath. He realized then he was squeezing her upper arms. Way too hard. He relaxed his fingers.

"Okay, okay. Calm down. And let up a little more please."

He released her and wiped his sweaty palms along his slacks. He never should have worn slacks. Slacks were nerd-wear.

Why didn't Katie talk him out of wearing them? He should have worn torn jeans or leather pants or—

"So is Rip a band? I would've thought they just would've hired a DJ. It's cheaper."

"Wait. What?" Gil shook his head. "First of all, why would they need music?"

Katie pointed a finger upwards. "Hear that, nerd-o? Music. You know, it creates atmosphere and gives you something to dance to."

"Dance?" Gil swallowed hard. He cocked his head. He did hear music. He hadn't noticed it because he'd been too panicked about Rip being there. "Okay, just don't ask me to dance."

"No can do, Gilly. We will be dancing. I didn't come along to be a wallflower."

"Katie, you know I can't dance," he hissed inches from her face.

She had the nerve to laugh. As if his lack of rhythm was something to laugh about. His coordination left something to be desired. Gil considered it a handicap—maybe not one recognized by the government. But no one should make fun of the handicapped!

Gil frowned. "I didn't see anything on the invitation about dancing."

Katie sighed. "Gilly, don't worry, we'll fake it."

"Don't call me Gilly here. It's bad enough people will be calling me Gilbert."

"Okay, Gil. So if Rip isn't a band then who or what is it?"

A low murmur throughout the room behind him caused Gil to look up. Coming through the doors...

Gil pressed a hand to the wall to steady himself. His legs had suddenly lost all strength.

Coming through the doors was...

"Him," was all Gil could get past the lump in his throat.

"Him?" Katie turned the direction Gil was staring and her mouth made a little "o."

Gil had expected Rip to walk in with a tall, leggy blonde on his arm—one who was enhanced in various places. He hadn't expected Rip to come... alone.

Ripley "Rip" Cord was just as tall as Gil remembered. Around five inches taller than him, not that Gil was a squirt. The football player was at least six foot two.

And every inch of him was muscle, not lean muscle, but heavy muscle. Heavy, rounded, lickable muscle.

Gil glanced at Katie. "You're drooling."

Katie wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. "As if you aren't."

Gil snagged her wrist and backpedaled until he rammed into something hard. It was the table with the place settings.

Gil peered over Katie's shoulder to see if his klutziness caught Rip's attention.

Luckily it hadn't. The man was completely surrounded by their old classmates clamoring for his attention.

Throughout the years, he'd followed Rip's career in the newspapers, on the evening news, on ESPN.

And in the tabloids.

Rip was well known. Unfortunately, it was as the "bad boy" of the National Football League. He started out with a great career in the NFL, drafted straight out of college. He was one of the best running backs in the league, but it was all his rumored problems which kept him in the spotlight, not his stats.

And that famous running back was here. Now.

"C'mon, Katie! Don't stare."

"Why?"

"Because—"

"Jesus, Gilly, because you have a crush on him!"

Heat crawled up Gil's neck. He was glad the lights were turned down in the gymnasium. He didn't want anyone seeing him blush.

Hell, he was twenty-eight years old. He shouldn't be blushing. He felt seventeen all over again.

He pulled away from Katie to study the name cards remaining on the table. Of course, he read the same card over and over before Katie squealed.

"Oh. My. God. Here he comes!"

Gil nervously tugged Katie next to his side and threw an arm haphazardly around her shoulders.

"Ouch," she yelped as her curly red hair got caught on the button of his cuff.

"Sorry," he whispered and straightened up just as Rip arrived at the table.

Gil swore he saw spots. He was not going to faint. He was not going to faint.

His knees buckled and he grabbed for the nearest solid thing... Rip.

Rip grasped his forearm and held Gil steady. "You all right, buddy?"

Gil looked up—and up—into deep blue eyes. Eyes he had never forgotten. To this day they haunted him in his dreams.

Dreams he usually woke up to with a raging hard-on.

Gil opened his mouth to answer, but nothing came out. Rip smacked him hard on the back.

"Are you sure you're okay?"

Gil nodded.

"Did you find your name card yet?" Rip asked him, flashing him a bright, white smile.

Gil shook his head.

Rip moved closer, almost hip to hip with Gil, to study the table of white folded cardstock. Gil fought the urge to lean in and nuzzle the larger man's neck, inhaling his manly scent. Roll around in it like a dog.

Hell, he'd probably end up sporting a black eye if he tried.

Even so, Rip's large hands, his long fingers, fascinated Gil as he reached out to snag a card off of the table.

"Here you are." He lifted Gil's hand, cupping it from the bottom.

Gil could feel the rough, calloused palm against his knuckles. A thrill ran down his spine as Rip tucked the tented name card into his curled fingers.

Rip remembered his name? He must have if he had picked Gil's name out from the place settings.

Gil quickly glanced down at his own chest. Crap. He'd probably read his "Hello. My name is..." sticker.

Rip's deep voice broke into his thoughts. "I've dreamt of you, Gilbert."

Gil looked up at him in shock. "What?"

"I said, I remember you, Gilbert. Don't look so surprised." "G-Gil."

Rip lifted one brow. "Again?"

"He goes by Gil now," Katie butted in. "I'm Katie." She held out her hand.

Instead of shaking it, Rip lifted it and brushed his lips over her knuckles.

"Oh, a gentleman, huh? Hard to find these days."

"Hardly," Rip laughed, then pinned Gil with a stare. "Is she your girl?"

Gil's eyes flickered to Katie, who stood entranced, staring at Rip. He understood the feeling.

Rip had a strong square jaw, currently covered in a super short beard since it wasn't game season. He sported shoulder length dirty blond hair with sun-kissed highlights due to the time he spent outdoors.

His long legs were encased in black jeans which sinfully hugged the muscles they covered. He had on a tight black t-shirt under an equally black, but very worn, leather jacket. A biker jacket, not a designer jacket. Heavy leather with rivets, sporting buckles and zippers.

He looked bad. So bad he looked good.

Even so, Gil couldn't help thinking it was way too warm out for a leather jacket.

"Where are *you* sitting?" Katie piped in, tearing Rip's attention away from Gil and onto her.

Damn. Rip had always liked the ladies and it seemed to be no different now.

Gil quickly scanned the table and found Rip's name card. Table 15. He looked at his own. Table 13.

Hell. Unlucky thirteen. He couldn't be lucky enough to be sitting with the NFL star. He was sure whoever organized the reunion had Rip sitting with the popular crowd—or at least the former jocks from high school.

"With you guys." Rip plucked his place card off of the table. "Have a pen?"

What the hell? Was Rip going to be hitting on Katie all night? Gil didn't know if he could sit there and watch that.

"Don't you wear a pocket protector anymore?" Rip asked him, running a finger over his shirt pocket. Gil's nipples hardened instantly and he bit back a gasp.

"N-no." Katie had forbidden them. Even at work.

"Here. I have one." Katie handed Rip a pen she extracted from her purse.

Rip gave her a smile in thanks and used the pen to scribble out the 13 on Gil's name card. He replaced it with the number 15.

He handed the pen back to Katie and the name card back to Gil, the pads of his fingers lingering on Gil's palm.

Gil fisted his hand, still feeling the tingling sensation left behind.

He had to get a grip.

Rip was a football player. A man's man.

Too bad he wasn't Gil's man.

### Chapter Two

"Let's go find our table." Rip moved away from Gil, and Katie followed the other man like a lost puppy.

Gil mentally gave himself a shake. Katie's reaction made him jealous. He shouldn't be. He loved Katie. They'd become inseparable while they both worked toward obtaining their accounting degrees. All throughout college they had been study buddies and again when they studied for their CPAs. They even both worked for the same top ten accounting firm.

Now he watched his best friend and his dream lover walk away together.

Gil took a deep breath to fortify himself before following.

As they wove through the round tables set up at the one end of the gym floor, people rose to their feet, shaking Rip's hand or smacking him on the back.

When Gil passed by, they just stared. A few squinted to read his name tag and then passed looks between each other before shrugging. No one had to read Rip's name tag to know who he was. But then Rip was too cool to wear one anyway.

Gil caught up to them at Table 15 as Rip was pulling out a chair for Katie. Seconds later, Rip settled his large frame into a chair next to her. The rest of the table was already occupied with, of course, jocks.

Just like he had expected.

The remaining empty chair was on the other side of the table which sat ten people. When Gil came up to stand behind Katie, Rip made a big show of having everyone shift down one, freeing up the seat next to him.

"I hope you don't mind me sitting next to your date."

Hell, Rip assumed Katie and Gil were together. Most of their co-workers assumed they were an item, especially since they lived together. But really, Katie was only here for support...

Gil squeezed between the chair and Rip, his hip brushing against Rip's arm.

"Sorry."

"Nothing wrong with a tight fit."

Heat crept up Gil's neck. There was something about the words "tight fit" coming out of Rip's mouth which stirred his blood. As he sat down, something brushed against Gil's ass. He sucked in a breath.

No, he must have just imagined it because Rip was busy greeting everyone at the table. He introduced Katie as Gil's date. But hardly anyone remembered Gil. In fact, every time he repeated his name, he received blank stares.

A couple of the guys attempted to identify him by bringing up stories from the past. They were all wrong.

Had he been so unmemorable? Apparently so. At least there was a silver lining to his being easily forgotten, his fear of being teased became nil since no one remembered him.

"Hey, Rip, is that your Harley out front?" Todd Cassel yelled across the table.

"Yep. That's mine."

Todd had played Varsity football with Rip. "That's wicked. All blacked out with the straight pipes. I hope they put it in your contract you have to wear a helmet."

And was still just as obnoxious as he was back then.

"No helmet."

Gil remembered many a time when Todd had led other guys in the locker room to pick on Gil. Numerous pranks had been pulled on him during gym class. The locker room had been his most hated place to be in school.

"Dumb. Remember when that quarterback—"

Rip cut him off. "I remember. And he's fine now."

Gil bit back a smile. Rip was clearly irritated. He didn't seem interested in his old jock friends.

A little giddiness rippled up Gil's spine as Rip turned to pin him with a stare, ignoring the jocks' significant others smiling at him, preening, bending over to show cleavage, and—

"Gil, you remember where our lockers were?"

Gil blinked. He did. He remembered. They had been only five narrow lockers apart. Just close enough to tempt Gil and he'd always had found a reason to hang out at his locker when Rip was at his.

"They were right near our homeroom. They were in F wing."

"F wing," Rip repeated. A smile flitted over his lips, almost as if he had a secret he didn't want to share. "We should see if they look the same."

Gil didn't know how much lockers could change, unless they had been painted.

"Wanna check it out?"

Gil shrugged before leaning forward to eye Katie. She was engrossed in yapping with the guy next to her.

Rip shifted and whispered, his warm breath against Gil's ear, "She's busy. We'll be back before she realizes we're gone."

Gil's cock stirred and he squirmed in his seat. He was going to have a perpetual boner if he went off into the hallways with Rip.

He didn't want to just desert Katie without saying something first, but when he opened his mouth Katie got up and headed towards the dance floor with that guy.

Gil sat there stunned. He couldn't believe she didn't even say anything to him first. But on the other hand, at least he was off the hook when it came to dancing with her.

Rip nudged him in the side with his elbow. "See, she's busy. Let's go."

They both rose in unison and Rip pulled Gil's chair back, clearing the way. Gil waited for him to lead, but Rip hesitated.

"You go first."

Hell. Well, at least Rip might not notice the half chubby he sported.

Gil shrugged and wormed his way through the room. The hair on the back of his neck stood. He imagined Rip was staring at his ass as he shifted his hips around the people, chairs and tables.

He headed toward the nearest double doors and pushed his way into a dim hallway. He didn't have to look to see if Rip was behind him. The larger man's presence was unmistakable. Gil stopped short.

Rip bumped into him, his arm snaking around Gil's waist to catch him from falling forward.

"Shit. Sorry. Why'd you stop?"

Gil turned around in Rip's hold to look at him. He expected Rip to drop his arm quickly and step back, gaining some personal space. But he didn't.

Gil was more breathless from the closeness than the fact Rip had slammed into him.

"Uh. I... I forget which way to go." Gil's hands fluttered aimlessly. He didn't know where to put them. Where he wanted to put them was on Rip's chest—underneath that heavy jacket, of course. His hands trembled.

"Are you nervous?"

"No."

Rip's hand tightened on Gil's hip, right below his belt. He leaned in.

Gil's gaze locked with Rip's and he held his breath.

"Liar," Rip murmured, barely a hair's breadth above his lips.

Gil's heart thumped fiercely, and he was afraid it would jump right out of his chest.

What was Rip doing? Why was he acting like this? He acted like he wanted to—

Oh... Rip's mouth clamped down on his. Shit.

Gil's lips opened in a gasp and Rip took advantage, plunging his tongue deep. Gil moaned and tentatively touched his tongue against Rip's.

Before Gil could figure out whether it was real or he was dreaming, it was over. Gil felt a deep sense of loss as Rip straightened.

He gripped the edges of Rip's jacket, holding himself steady. His eyes were still closed and he blew out a breath.

Gil couldn't believe Rip wasn't dying of heat stroke still wearing his heavy biker jacket. But the smell of warm leather— Rip's body heat mixed with the jacket, wafted up into Gil's noise. That scent would be stuck in his mind forever.

Gil opened his eyes to find Rip studying him.

"Are you okay?"

Gil shook his head.

"Surprised?"

Surprised. That wasn't the word for it. More like shocked. Amazed.

Excited. Rip had actually kissed him.

Holy shit.

Rip kissed him.

"Pinch me."

"What?"

"Never mind."

Rip's deep chuckle floated around him. "C'mon. I want to find our lockers." Rip strode away on his strong, long legs down the darkened hallway.

Gil shook himself mentally and took off after him, forcing himself not to run.

But, oh, how he wanted to. He wanted to skip and dance and scream at the top of his lungs.

But he didn't.

He quickly adjusted his hard-on before Rip could turn around.

Gil had to lengthen his stride to keep up with Rip's long legs. The other man seemed to know where he was going.

"Do you follow football?"

Football? Gil had to do a mental u-turn from thinking about the kiss to football.

"Yes. I love football." When I'm watching you play.

"Who is your favorite team?"

Whatever team you are on. Jeez. What team did Rip just sign with? Would that be too obvious? Maybe he shouldn't narrow it down. "I, uh, I follow a few teams."

"Like?"

"The Steelers, the Colts, the Patriots..."

"So you don't hold any loyalty to one team."

"No." Just to one player. "I just enjoy the game."

"You know I used to play for all those teams."

Gil knew. And Gil also knew after one season with each team, he was not re-signed. In fact, most teams wouldn't contract him for more than one year. He was too risky. But they kept giving him chances because he was that good of a player. Just one who came with too much baggage.

"Wait here."

Gil stopped in front of a door. Even in the low light, Gil could read the sign next to the door. Nurse's Office. Rip tried the door but it was locked. He murmured a curse and snagged his wallet out of his back pocket. He pulled a long, narrow metal object out and shoved it into the lock, jiggling it around until the lock clicked.

He shoved his lock pick back into his wallet and back into his jeans.

"I'll be right back." He disappeared into the dark room, pulling out a very small flashlight out of one of the many zippered pockets in his jacket.

Gil could hear him rooting around searching for something. But what could he need in the nurse's office? Drugs? A high school nurse couldn't have anything stronger than an aspirin. And who the hell carries a lock pick in their wallet?

Rip came rushing through the doorway, snagging Gil's arm as he went.

He almost tripped over his own feet as Rip pulled him down a ramp.

### Chapter Three

"F wing. I wonder what the F stands for," Rip said, as the two of them stood in front of their old lockers.

The wing was dark and quiet as it was far from the action in the gymnasium. From what Gil could see the lockers looked the same as when they were in school.

"Well, the wings went alphabetic—oof!"

Gil found himself slammed against the lockers, looking up into Rip's eyes. In the low light, he couldn't see the color, but he knew what they were. They were a beautiful blue which, depending on the light, could be more sapphire, indigo or even a blue-grey. He had thick lashes and thicker brows which were pinned fiercely at the moment.

Rip had a knee jammed between Gil's thighs, and had his wrists pinned tightly against the cool metal lockers. He stared intently at Gil, his breathing slightly ragged.

Gil's own shaky breath escaped once he realized he'd been holding it.

"Uh…"

"Do you know why this wing is the F wing?" Rip growled.

Gil's gaze darted to the side. He didn't know what Rip wanted for an answer.

"I'll tell you," Rip continued. "No, I'll show you instead."

Rip lowered his head, only leaving a slight gap between them. Gil's lips were parted and their warm breaths mingled.

"You ready this time?"

"Oh, yes," Gil breathed.

"You've been wanting a piece of me for a long time, haven't you?"

Gil's head spun from all the blood running south.

"I remember how you watched me with that heated look in your eyes."

Rip pushed his hips tight against Gil, his hard length unmistakable underneath his jeans. The denim was rough against Gil's thinner slacks.

"I remember you standing here as you peeked around your locker door, thinking I didn't notice. I noticed. Hell, I noticed. Now—" Rip thrust his hips. "Do you notice me?"

Gil struggled against the grip on his wrists, wanting to dig his fingers in Rip's mane of hair, but Rip only tightened his hold.

"Oh, no. No. I've been waiting a long time for this. Almost as long as you have."

A thousand questions filled Gil's mind. When? When did Rip discover he wanted him? When did Rip realize he was gay? Why didn't Rip ever approach him during high school? Why didn't he ever look him up after graduation?

Why didn't Gil ever have a clue Rip wanted him the same way?

All those years of wanting, dreaming, fantasizing. All those lonely years, because even though he tried to date other men, there was truly only one man for him. Only one man who he wanted to give himself to.

That man finally stood in front of him, revealing a secret which would have to stay just that... a secret.

But Gil didn't care. If he only had one night with Rip—only one night—he was going to take advantage of it.

"Are you going to tease me all night or are you going to fuck me?"

A low growl rose from Rip's throat at Gil's question. "Oh, I am definitely going to fuck you."

Rip adjusted his grip on Gil's wrists until he was pinning them high above his head with one hand. Freeing the other to move down Gil's arm, his chest, over his stomach and ended up on his belt buckle.

With ease, Rip undid the belt and popped open the top of Gil's slacks. Gil felt a swoosh of air against the hard tip of his penis before Rip grabbed it roughly.

"This is mine tonight. You got it?" Rip said through gritted teeth.

Gil's cock twitched in Rip's hand as he nodded slightly. His breathing deepened and became harsh. All he wanted Rip to do

was stroke him a few times. Only a few, though, because he might come at any second.

A slight tremor started in Gil's arms and legs and moved throughout his body. This was his dream come true. Okay, maybe not getting assaulted against the lockers in his old high school, but having Rip holding him in his large hands. Jesus, he couldn't think of anything better.

At least until Rip spun him around, plastering his face against the cool metal. Rip still had one hand binding Gil's wrists and the other held fast to his cock. Precum leaked freely as Rip squeezed and massaged along Gil's length. Gil moaned against the metal locker door.

"I'm going to have you moaning a lot more than that."

Rip release his wrists and tugged at the waistband of Gil's slacks, pulling them and his boxers down to his knees. Rip cupped Gil's ass cheek.

"Damn, ripe and plump and ready for the picking."

A finger stroked along the crease of Gil's buttocks, up and down, until it brushed across his tight hole. Rip's fingertip pressed against it, not penetrating, just pushing. And Gil so wanted him to slip inside him. He didn't care if it was his finger or his cock. Right now he just wanted... no, needed something.

Instead Rip suddenly released him. Gil turned around, his pants and underwear still pooled around his knees. Hard as a rock, his cock stood straight out, visible from between his shirt tails.

Rip shucked his jacket, letting it fall to the floor. The tight fabric of his black tee encased the heavy muscles of his chest and biceps. But within seconds Rip had his shirt pulled over his head and tossed aside with his jacket.

Those muscles... Gil knees almost buckled. Those muscles... Oh, Jesus, he just wanted to touch them, lick them, run his fingers—oh, his tongue—along the ripples of the larger man's abdomen.

Rip yanked at his own belt, jerking roughly at the snap of his jeans, then sliding down his zipper, revealing a dark pair of tightly fitting boxer briefs.

"Down on your knees."

Rip's gruff command pulled Gil's attention from the bulge in Rip's underwear to his face.

"I said down on your knees." Rip wasn't playing around.

Unable to speak, Gil dropped to his knees onto the cool tile floor. Rip put a hand on the back of his head and pushed him closer. Before he fell forward, Gil caught himself, his hands grasping Rip's hips.

He swallowed hard as he saw the swirl of dark hair curl around Rip's navel and down into his boxer briefs. It was like a present just waiting to be unwrapped.

Merry Christmas to him.

"I want your mouth on me."

Gil had no problem obliging. He closed his eyes for a moment, his chest tight. He still couldn't believe this was happening.

Maybe this was going to be a cruel joke. Maybe all of the jocks were going to jump out from nowhere and make fun of him. They would point and laugh and say what a fool he was to think Rip would want another man. And not only another man but someone like him.

But Rip's hand tightened in his hair. Almost painfully. He let out a loud breath. "I want you to suck me."

Gil slid his fingers along the inside of the elastic waistband of Rip's boxers. Rip's skin was hot and the dark fine hairs brushed against the back of his knuckles. Gil peeled the cotton down tentatively. Impatiently, Rip used his free hand to shove at his jeans pushing them down over his hips. The briefs went along with the denim, until Rip's hard cock sprung forward, almost poking Gil in the eye. Gil wrapped a hand around the steely length and touched his tongue to the slick head.

"C'mon. What the fuck are you waiting for?"

Again, Gil was unsure whether this was a trap. Whether he was suddenly going to be blinded by the flash of cameras.

But as he wrapped his lips around the thick knob, he relaxed and savored the salty taste of Rip's precum. He gripped the root and squeezed. Rip's fingers tangled tightly in Gil's hair.

"Christ, that feels so good."

Gil agreed. The silky skin over the hard length felt unbelievable inside his mouth. He swirled the tip of his tongue

over Rip's head. He fisted Rip's cock, sinking his mouth as deep as he could, sucking hard, wanting to hear Rip moan.

Finally, a moan escaped Rip's lips and Gil fought back a smile. Rip really was enjoying a man sucking his cock. But instead of celebrating, Gil worked his mouth over Rip's prick more intently, sucking harder and deeper. Rip thrust into Gil, matching the rhythm of Gil's mouth, while his tongue stroked along the throbbing vein.

With a hand still on Rip's root, Gil cupped Rip's balls, fingering the soft sac. He felt along the crease of skin and pushed upward just behind Rip's testicles. Rip shoved harder between his lips and cursed. Gil pressed his finger deeper into that sweet spot and moaned around Rip's cock. He never tasted anything so good in his life.

Rip quickly pushed him away. Gil fell back and landed on his ass against the locker. His hand automatically went to his own cock, the urge to stroke himself too much to ignore.

"I don't want to come in your mouth. Not this time."

Not this time. That meant... Gil slid his palm along his own length. It meant there might be a next time. A thrill rushed through him.

But this time wasn't over yet. Not even close.

Before Gil could rise to his feet, Rip was hauling him up and turning him around once more, pressing his face against the lockers.

"No. This time I'm going to come inside you. Deep inside you."

Gil's cock twitched and his anus tightened in anticipation.

Rip pinned his body against Gil, wedging his cock between his ass cheeks. Gil's lips parted and he struggled to breathe.

As much as he wanted Rip to just take him quick and hard, he knew better. Without lube and without condoms, there wasn't much they would be able to do. And Gil was not packing a condom. Not today. He never would have guessed in a thousand years he would have needed one for his class reunion.

Rip's chest pushed against Gil's back as he worked his cock back and forth between Gil's ass cheeks. Gil tilted his hips back, giving the larger man better access. Rip's thick cock was replaced with a finger. His slick finger. Surprised, Gil turned his head to look over his shoulder.

"What—"

"I didn't come prepared, even though I should have because I was hoping you'd be here tonight."

His gelled finger played around Gil's tight hole, lubing the entrance.

"Why do you think I broke into the nurse's office?" He slipped his index finger into Gil's anus. "For necessary supplies." He wiggled his finger around, deep within Gil, then slid it back out.

A sudden sense of loss came over Gil. He wanted that finger inside him, hell, he wanted more than that finger inside him. And now that Rip had lube, they could explore some of Gil's fantasies.

Now if they only had-

Gil heard foil ripping and looked up to see Rip tearing open a condom with his teeth.

Oh, God, this was really going to happen. It truly was.

Rip stroked his cock once before rolling the condom on.

"Face forward."

Gil didn't want to. He wanted to watch Rip enter him.

Rip leaned in and took his mouth, kissing him hard, shoving his tongue against Gil's. Rip slanted his mouth over his, his tongue exploring deeply. Gil groaned into his mouth, squeezing the top of his own cock, rubbing the slick precum with the pad of his thumb.

As the head of Rip's cock butted up against Gil's anus, he forced himself to relax but it was quickly replaced with Rip's thumb. Rip worked his digit around the circle, massaging, stretching Gil wider. Preparing him for entry.

Oh, he wished that Rip would hurry up. He was ready. He was so ready. He couldn't wait anymore.

Gil broke the kiss. "Please," he begged.

"Anxious?" Rip murmured, the moist heat of his breath against his ear. "Face forward and give me your ass."

Gil smashed his cheek against the locker and closed his eyes. He relaxed his muscles as Rip replaced his thumb with the head of his cock once more.

A slight burning sensation ensued as Gil's anus stretched to accommodate Rip's rock solid cock. With little thrusts, Rip entered Gil until he was fully seated. Then he stopped. Just stopped—deep within Gil. It was glorious. His dream lover was deep inside him. Gil didn't care that he was shoved against the old lockers. He didn't care they stood in the middle of a dark high school hallway. What mattered was he was getting fucked. And not just fucked by anyone, but by Rip.

Rip reached around to grab Gil's cock. Gil gladly let Rip take over. The other man's hand was a great improvement over his own. Rip's calloused pads of his fingers stimulated him like nothing else ever before. To have Rip taking him from the front and the back was the most unbelievable sensation.

He'd died and gone to sex heaven.

Rip began to surge against him, driving in and out of him with a steady rhythm. Rip's fist kept a similar cadence on Gil's cock.

Strong fingers squeezed and massaged along Gil's length and he fought the urge to thrust into Rip's hand. He threw his head back and rested it on Rip's shoulder. Rip continued his assault on Gil's ass, blowing out ragged breaths as he buried himself over and over again into Gil.

And then Rip changed his angle, finding Gil's prostate, stroking that sweet, sweet spot.

"Oh, God," Gil groaned.

"I know. Christ." Rip grazed his teeth along Gil's neck.

Gil cried out when Rip bit him.

"Fuck!"

"Damn right I'm fucking you. And you like it, don't you?" "Oh, God. Right there."

Rip kept the perfect angle, sinking into Gil over and over. Rip tightened his grip on Gil's hip, while stroking his cock at a faster pace, squeezing his root, before moving up to the slick head.

Gil tensed. His canal tightened around Rip's cock when he couldn't hold back anymore. He thrust once into Rip's palm and spurted his milky cum all over the lockers.

"Your cum is so hot. Just like your ass," Rip said roughly. Rip rammed him harder, shoving Gil tighter against the locker. His thrusts became out of control and he grunted against Gil's neck.

Gil accommodated him by adjusting his hips. Their damp skin slapped against each other with thrust after thrust.

With one last curse, Rip stiffened and ground against Gil's ass.

And then he was still. Rip's raspy breathing next to his ear.

Gil dropped his forehead against the metal locker and swallowed hard. It had been a long time since he'd come like that.

"I hadn't been with anyone for quite some time."

Rip released a long sigh, his cock still deep within Gil, but softening a bit. "Are you usually on the receiving end?"

"Depends on who I'm with."

"You know, with me you will always be a bottom."

Gil gave a slight shrug. The move dislodged Rip and he stepped back.

"Does that bother you?"

"No." As long as I'm with you. "Have you ever—"

"No." Rip cut him off.

No, of course not. Gil couldn't see him being a bottom for anyone.

"There's a boys' room right there. I'll be right back."

Rip tugged his jeans up but left them unfastened as he moved down the dark hallway and disappeared into the restroom.

Gil yanked his handkerchief out of the back pocket of his slacks to clean himself off before tucking in his shirt and securing his pants with shaky fingers.

He leaned back against the locker and closed his eyes, reliving what had just happened in his mind. Even though he was spent, thinking about what just happened between him and Rip made his cock stir once again.

He had never been as attracted to anyone in his life as much as he was—

"You okay?"

*Rip.* He opened his eyes.

"I'm definitely okay."

Rip leaned over to pick up his t-shirt and jacket. A handful of condoms fell to the floor.

There had to be at least a half dozen.

Jeez. Gil would never be able to walk if Rip planned on using all those tonight.

"Did you find them in the nurse's office, too?"

"Yep. I'm glad safe sex is promoted in school now."

"Me, too."

"You wanna hit the head?"

Gil nodded. "Yes, that would be good." He began to move down the hall towards the restroom Rip had gone to, but Rip snagged his arm and pulled him back against his chest.

"Not there. I have a better idea."

## Chapter Four

The smell of stale sweat mixed with athletic socks assaulted Gil's nostrils as he followed Rip through the door.

Rip hit the switch, flooding the locker room with harsh fluorescent light.

Dizziness rocked Gil as the nightmarish memories returned in full force.

"I'm not so sure..." he began, but the rest of the words caught in his throat.

"What," Rip prodded, clearly not noticing the beads sweat forming on Gil's forehead and upper lip.

As they weaved their way through the aisles of gym lockers and wooden benches, Gil wondered what the point of coming into the locker room was. They could have stopped at any restroom throughout the hallways for Gil to clean up.

"I'm sure you have a better memory of this room than I do."

"Well, this was my second home." Rip continued to wind through the lockers without even looking back. "Still is."

"I'm sure." Gil studied Rip's legs as they moved farther into the room. He imagined those legs, the corded muscles of his thighs and calves, encased in the snug Lycra of his uniform pants.

Rip stopped and turned suddenly, a fierce expression on his face. Gil bit back a surprised yelp.

"Gil, I want you to feel comfortable with me. I know how much everyone played tricks and jokes on you."

"Why... Why didn't you come to my rescue?" Gil cursed himself for letting his disappointment be so recognizable in his voice.

Rip looked away. Good. Let him be uncomfortable. Rip's small pang of guilt now could not compare to what Gil had gone through then.

"I had a reputation to uphold. I was a tough football player. I was captain of our team. I was someone the guys looked up to." He blew out a harsh breath, dragging a hand through his hair. "Wrongly so."

Gil studied him for a moment. "Why, Rip? Why was that more important? Why couldn't you have stepped up and told them to stop?" Gil's voice caught. "Do you know how many times I was stuffed into a locker? Do you how many times I received a wedgie? Do you know how many times I was dumped into the bin of wet, dirty towels?" Tears burned Gil's eyes. But he refused to break down. He was a man now, not that weak, confused teenage boy.

"I know. I'm sorry." Rip clenched and unclenched his fists, which were held stiffly by his side. "I feel I still have a reputation to live up to. I'm the *Bad Boy of the NFL*. That's who I am. Who I'm expected to be. I don't know how to be anyone else."

Gil was almost afraid to ask, but he asked it anyway, "Can you be yourself with me?"

Rip spun away and continued through the locker room. "I don't know. Sometimes I just don't know myself anymore."

A show of weakness, a break in Rip's hard exterior was one more mind-blowing occurrence tonight. And the night wasn't over yet.

A sudden, overwhelming urge to be completely naked with Rip came over Gil. He would love nothing more to have sex with him properly. In a bed. Not rushed. With cuddling time afterwards. Gil had a feeling that cuddling and Rip just didn't go together. His display of affection would be more like pat on the back or even a smack on the backside.

"It was in this room I realized how much I liked men."

His softly spoken confession caught Gil off guard. "Really? I'm sure that went over well with your teammates."

Rip shot a glance behind him at Gil, his face grim. "They didn't know."

Rip finally stopped in front of the large cavernous shower room. Shower heads lined all three tiled walls and several large drains dotted the floor. Gil had never wanted to shower after gym class. He never was brave enough to bare himself in front of his schoolmates. He had been skinny and lanky back then. He had worked hard over the years to develop some muscle and weight. He would never be as built as Rip or one of his fellow football players. But with weight gain and some working out, he had matured enough to have some lean muscle and was no longer so self-conscious of his body.

At least none of his former lovers had pointed and laughed.

"Anyway, I know what you went through. It's too late to do anything about that now. But it's not too late to make a new memory here. A better one."

A better memory? Here?

Rip threw his jacket over the nearest narrow bench and turned to face Gil, hands on his hips.

"I want to see you."

You don't know how much I want to see you, too. "You just want me to strip?"

"You do it or I can do it for you."

The second option sounded so much better.

Rip grabbed the bottom of his black t-shirt and yanked it over his head. He tossed it to the side.

Gil could look at his bare chest all day. Rip's heavy muscles flexed and he looked up to see Rip giving him a bright smile. Gil laughed.

"Do you like what you see?"

Gil more than liked. Gil wiped his mouth. He was salivating.

Rip was definitely more ripped than in high school. He had to be at least fifty pounds heavier and most of it was muscle. Another major change was all the tattoos he sported.

Gil didn't know much about tattoos, but Rip's arms were full of them. He even had a few tattoos over both of his pecs. His chest only had a light dusting of hair and Gil was glad to see he didn't shave his body hair like so many other sports figures. He liked a man with a bit of hair.

Not that Gil was hairy himself.

"Your turn."

Gil fingered the top button to his dress shirt. Oh, God, he didn't want to disappoint Rip. Especially now that they were in bright light. It was one thing when they had been in the dark hallway...

"C'mon. Do it."

Gil worked one button after the other until his shirt hung open. Rip stepped closer, impatiently shoving the shirt off of Gil's shoulders until it fell to the ground.

His thought that he would have to send his clothes to the dry cleaners on Monday made him wince. That should be the last thing he should be thinking about when he had his dream lover half naked in front of him.

"Something wrong?"

Gil shook his head. "No."

Before he could pull off his undershirt, Rip did it for him, snagging the white cotton tee and working it over his arms. When his head finally escaped the shirt, Rip was staring at him.

"I expected you to be slimmer."

Slimmer? He was nowhere near fat. He didn't even have a pooch or love handles.

"Maybe I mean scrawnier." Rip splayed his fingers over Gil's heart, his thumb brushing back and forth over Gil's small, tight nipple. "Your heart is pounding."

Well, of course, it was pounding, Rip was teasing his nipple. "I'm not nearly as big as you."

"That's good. I wouldn't want you bulky. I look at bulky everyday in the mirror."

"You work very hard."

"Speaking of hard..."

Gil automatically gazed down at the V of Rip's jeans. He certainly *was* hard.

But so was Gil. Excruciatingly so.

Rip hooked a finger into the waistband of Gil's slacks and tugged.

"Get these off. Now."

With trembling hands, Gil released his belt, unfastened his pants, and with a push, let them fall to his ankles. He kicked off his loafers and stepped out of his pants, all the while Rip drove him nuts by flicking and tugging on his nipples. Rip slipped a hand down Gil's stomach and into his boxer shorts. The large man's fingers slid along Gil's length and down until they cupped his sac. Rip squeezed Gil's balls and twisted his nipple at the same time causing him to cry out. And it wasn't in pain.

"Get those boxers off, too. They hide too much."

"And your jeans?"

"Don't worry, we'll get to that," Rip answered. "Boxers. Off. Now."

Gil shivered, but obeyed, and with a yank had his boxers pooled at his feet, Rip never releasing him.

"That's better." He whistled, appreciatively. "Damn. Why is it geeks are always hung like horses?"

"Are we? Have you had many geeks?"

Rip dropped his head, so his lips were a hairs-breadth away from Gil's. "No, not many. But I have a special place in my heart—or my bed, rather—for nerds. I wonder why?"

Rip crushed his mouth over Gil's, kissing him hard. His teeth nipped along Gil's mouth, his tongue following, soothing the sting.

"Gil. I'm going to fuck you again," he murmured against Gil's lips.

"I know."

"Do you want me to?"

Gil grabbed his own cock and palmed the hard length. "God, yes." The blood rushed to Gil's head as he continued to stroke his cock.

Rip leaned his forehead against Gil's and released a noisy breath. "That's my cock tonight."

"It certainly is."

"But first," Rip put a splayed hand against Gil's bare chest and pushed him farther into the shower room. "I want a little show."

A show. Gil's thoughts spun. "You want me to dance for you?"

Rip's deep chuckle vibrated up Gil's spine. "No, not unless you want to."

Hell, no. Gil couldn't dance if his life depended on it. "Okay, then what?"

Rip stepped away from him, leaving Gil naked and alone in the middle of the stark room.

"I want you to show me what you've got." Rip's looked pointedly at Gil's cock, which twitched at his gaze.

"It's hard to miss with me naked like this."

"You're right, it is hard to miss," Rip said with a smile. "But I want to watch you come."

"You want me to..." *Watch* him come? Oh, no. Rip wanted him to jerk off in front of him? He couldn't—

"Don't even think you're going to get out of it. Now, do you need me to help you get started?"

"How—" Before Gil could finish his question, Rip dropped to his knees on the hard tile floor and took Gil into his mouth.

Gil sucked in a breath and his hands automatically went to Rip's head, his fingers intertwining in the long length of Rip's hair. Rip palmed Gil's balls as he took Gil's cock deeper in his mouth. The warm, wet interior of Rip's mouth was like a little piece of heaven. Rip sucked harder, his tongue stroking along the underside of Gil's length. He felt his balls tightening in Rip's fingers as he manipulated his sac, squeezing and pulling, stroking a finger along his seam.

With a groan, Gil closed his eyes, just enjoying the sensation of Rip's mouth. The rhythm picked up and Gil fought the urge to thrust. Suddenly Rip's hands were gripping his ass and spreading his ass cheeks, stroking along his crease. Every time a finger would tease Gil's hole, he couldn't fight it anymore, he'd thrust forward. By the third time, Rip moved back and stood, leaving Gil's cock glistening.

"There. Take it from here and do it good." He dug into his pocket, taking out the pilfered lube. He tossed it to Gil, who caught it with both hands. After removing the cap with his teeth, he squirted a liberal amount onto his palm. Rip expertly snagged the tube out of the air when Gil tossed it back haphazardly.

"I hope you're better at entertaining me with that hand than throwing. That was awful."

Gil gave a nervous laugh. No pressure. He'd never had an audience for jerking off before. Talk about stage fright.

He would just have to close his eyes and imagine himself alone just *thinking* about his dream lover. Even though his dream lover was only a couple feet away.

Gil wrapped his slick fingers around his rod and started to pull, as if he was milking a cow. It felt awkward.

Gil let out a shaky breath and started again. He adjusted his grip on his cock and squeezed, wishing it was Rip's hand around him instead. Even so, his shaft throbbed at the thought of Rip watching him. A sense of excitement skittered down his spine, causing his balls to tighten.

He squeezed his cock harder until the head felt as though it would burst and then, only then, did he slide his hand up. He ran his thumb around the crown until it was well lubed and then fisted it, sliding his tight grip all the way back down to the base of his shaft.

He adjusted his grip, making sure every finger encircled his girth and then he stroked slowly once again. To the top, paused, and then back to the root.

As good as his fist felt, he still would rather be deep in Rip's muscular ass. Licking his tongue along Rip's spine. Nipping the tender skin along his corded neck.

Gil's hand moved faster along his length, creating a rhythm that was steady and smooth. His fist was slick and warm and he so wanted to be behind Rip, slamming into his ass cheeks, giving Rip every inch of his cock.

But he never would be the top. Never the top. Only in his dreams would he ever get to do the things he wanted to do to Rip. Rip would be in control. Always.

His fist contracted and he quickened his pace. Up to the edge of the crown, squeeze, then a solid stroke back down. His balls tightened even more, to the point of painful. He repeated his stroke, over and over quickly. Almost frantically.

His chest heaved as he tried to catch his breath. He was close. So close. He grabbed the root of his cock harder and squeezed all the way to the top. Then down once more.

"Gil, look at me." Rip's rumbled deeply.

Gil opened his eyes to see what he'd wanted... who he had wanted for over a decade.

When did he get naked?

Rip was like a sculpture, his body toned, his muscles distinct under his tanned skin. A fine sheen of sweat glistened those rock hard muscles. His cock was just as hard as Gil's. Rip had his hand wrapped around his own shaft, stroking much slower than Gil. It was a lazy, slow motion, almost a preparation of sorts.

Gil's anus puckered tight at the thought.

"Gil, I want to see you come." Rip's eyelids were heavy and his mouth parted, his breathing visible as his chest rose and fell.

On the last upstroke, a throaty groan escaped Gil's lips while hot cum spurted straight out away from him, the thick fluid shooting onto the tile floor. He panted, unable to move, his cock twitching with release. He squeezed his cock one last time, the last drop dribbling off the end of his cock.

A second later his knees buckled, a bout of dizziness overcoming him. But Rip was there in a flash. Holding him. Supporting him from behind, a thick arm wrapped tightly around Gil's waist.

"Easy," he whispered into Gil's ear. He released a low chuckle, Rip's warm breath tickling against his ear. "That was so hot."

Gil turned his head until his cheek was flush against Rip's. "I want you to fuck me."

Rip smoothed a hand over Gil's stomach. "Was there ever a question whether I was going to take your sweet ass at least one more time?"

He wedged his cock between Gil's cheeks. The hard length pressed against Gil, making his breathing quicken once again. Rip nudged him slowly forward, still holding him up, making sure Gil didn't stumble, until Gil faced the nearest shower wall.

He braced his hands against the wall, the cool tiles a startling contrast to Rip's warm body pressed to his back. Gil arched his spine when Rip bit his neck.

"Oh, Jesus, I want you in me."

"Patience. We'll get there." Rip traced his tongue around the shell of Gil's ear. "We'll get there. It will be worth the wait."

Gil pushed his ass back tighter against Rip, pushing Rip's cock deeper into his crease. He rocked his hips making the other man's steely length rub against his tight hole. He relaxed, wanting Rip to slip inside him. Wanting his dream lover's cock deep inside him. He wanted to feel every last inch of him.

Rip's hands smoothed along Gil's sides and up his abs, his rough thumbs brushed against Gil's puckered nipples. He groaned when Rip plucked then twisted the tight rosettes.

"God, I need you, Rip." He pushed his hips back against the larger man, trying to get closer. He couldn't be close enough. Nor close fast enough. "*Please*."

"Baby, you've got me." Rip nipped along Gil's shoulder. "I'm right here. And I've got you." He twisted Gil's nipples harder, making Gil buck against him. "I've got you right where I want you."

"You want me."

"Can you feel how much I want you?"

Gil certainly could. The head of Rip's cock was slick and hot as he slid it back and forth between Gil's ass cheeks. Then Rip's muscular chest was pressed against Gil's back; he had to brace his arms to prevent being smashed against the tiles. Rip snagged his earlobe between his teeth and tugged.

"Can you feel how hard I am?" Rip ground against him and the heat of his balls seared against Gil's buttocks. "Your ass is mine. You are mine."

Those words sent a thrill through Gil. He belonged to Rip. He was his. Even if it was just for this one night, he was his.

"Take me," Gil begged.

"I want your mouth first," Rip demanded, taking Gil's jaw into his grasp, tilting his face up and to the side. Giving Rip access to Gil's mouth. His lips.

Rip possessed him fiercely. His tongue demanded access to the deep recesses of Gil's mouth. Gil tentatively pushed back with his own tongue. Rip took it as a challenge, his fingers tightening on his cheeks, turning his face for better contact. His kiss became rougher, harsher, more frantic, causing Gil to groan into Rip's mouth.

As much as he wanted to move his hands from the tiles, to take Rip into his embrace, he didn't dare move. He stayed in that submissive position—leaning against his arms, giving his ass to Rip while the man kissed him—for a reason.

He liked it.

Hell, he loved it.

The deeper Rip made the kiss and the harder his lips took Gil's, the more Gil rocked back against Rip's cock and the slicker that cock became.

His hard shaft pushed and pulled against his anus, and with every stroke, Gil wanted Rip to push it inside of him. Every stroke. But it didn't. Rip didn't. He continued to slide against him until Gil had to break the kiss and turn away to groan.

"Oh, please."

"You want me inside you?"

"Yes."

"How badly do you want me inside you?"

"I—I—Damn it! Just fuck me!"

Gil surprised himself with his frustration. And his intense words must have surprised Rip too, because Rip tensed against him, stilling his motions for a long moment. Then his muscular body relaxed and he chuckled, the laughter vibrating through Gil's back.

"Don't move," Rip commanded and pulled away. Cool air replaced the warmth where Rip had been previously causing Gil to shiver.

Gil turned his head slightly, just enough to see Rip squatting by his clothes, digging through a pocket. His naked body and rippling muscles were an amazing sight.

Gil shivered again. But this time in anticipation.

Then Rip was there. Behind him. Stroking his warm palm along Gil's spine. Cupping Gil's ass. Smoothing his hands around Gil's waist.

"I wanted to take more time, enjoy each other more, but someone is in a hurry. Someone wants it right now. Someone is very impatient."

Gil was hardly impatient. But a man could only take so much teasing. And if he only had this one night... he wanted to get down to the nitty gritty. And—

Oh, damn.

Rip's lubed, latex encased cock pressed against Gil's hole. Rip's large fingers spread his ass cheeks and he dropped his head down and closed his eyes as Rip pressed harder, trying to break the tight circle. And then the rim of his head pushed through. Gil let out a long sigh as Rip's cock pressed deeper, the fullness of the larger man inside him so fulfilling. So... perfect.

Gil gasped as Rip slid farther inside. Taking his time, giving him every little bit of him.

Life couldn't get any better than this moment.

At least he thought so until Rip was fully seated deep within him. This was definitely his moment of glory. He wanted to stay this way forever.

Well, maybe not in the shower room at the high school.

Gil lost his train of thought as Rip shifted and pulled, riding Gil's ass. He began to move faster, dragging the head of his cock over Gil's prostrate, making the smaller man groan. Gil dropped his head, his eyes rolling back as the pleasure of Rip's stimulation made him thrust back against him.

"You love this, don't you?" Rip ground out, his words stirring the hair next to Gil's hair.

"As-as much... ah... as you." Gil answered. He gritted his teeth, the friction of Gil against him making him want to scream.

He couldn't scream, it would echo in this cavernous room and someone might think they were in trouble and burst in.

That's the last thing they needed. Gil did not want to be discovered with the high school/pro running back deep in his ass. Or for the football star to be caught fucking the class geek.

Rip's muscles were hard against his back, his tree trunk-like thighs touching the back of his legs. The football player's hips slamming into Gil's buttocks.

Rip grunted into Gil's ear. "You are so fucking tight and hot."

"And you are so fucking hard. Fuck me like you mean it." The words were out before Gil even thought about them. Normally he'd be blushing right now. He was not much of a curser. But right now, the word fuck was so fitting...

And it felt good to say it. "Fuck me harder, Rip. Fuck me." "You got it, Baby. You got it."

With a grunt, Rip moved faster against him. Pushing. Pulling. Faster. Until finally a whimper escaped Gil. And then another. His own cock was getting hard again, the stimulation too much to bear.

Rip reached around, his fingers finding Gil, stroking him the rest of the way to an erection. Gil's balls tightened, the pleasure too much to bear.

"You like that, don't you? Look how hard you're getting. You love me in your ass."

"It's where you belong," Gil said breathlessly. The simultaneous stroking in his ass and of his cock made him want to go over the edge. He couldn't believe he had recovered so fast. He guessed it took being with the right person.

And that right person grunted once again. "That's right. Now you understand that this ass is mine. And I will take it when and where I want to."

Rip squeezed the head of Gil's cock, his thumb circling the crown, catching the precum, massaging it over his sensitive, swollen skin.

"Not only is your ass mine, but so is your cock."

A moment later Rip sank his teeth into Gil's shoulder and let out a long moan, his body stiffening. Rip's orgasm was so intense Gil could feel Rip's cock throbbing inside of him. That alone made him join in. With a muffled yell, Gil let lose his own stream of hot cum, Rip's hand working him, making sure he was emptied of every last drop.

Rip leaned against him causing Gil's shaky arms to finally give out. He landed against the cold tile wall, his chest heaving for oxygen. Rip's heart thumped against Gil's back.

They stayed that way for a few long minutes. But for Gil it wasn't long enough. As soon as their breathing evened out and their pounding hearts slowed, Rip slipped away to dispose of the condom.

He was back as quickly as he left. Gil hadn't moved a muscle. He was still plastered against the tile.

He heard a teeth wrenching squeal and suddenly cold water hit him. Gil gasped, a violent shiver shot through him.

"Easy. It'll warm up in a second."

Rip was true to his word, the water finally turning warm as it flowed down Gil's worn body. Rip squirted some liquid soap into his hands from the dispenser on the wall. He ran his soapy palms over Gil's back, soothing his aching muscles. Rip's fingers worked their magic, skimming over slick skin here and there. Gil groaned and arched his back. *Heaven*.

Rip turned Gil to face him. He laid a wet kiss on Gil's lips before moving away to soap up himself, washing his hair and rinsing off the suds. With a twist of his hand, he turned the water off. They stood studying each other quietly, their bodies glistening with dampness.

Gil reached out, his finger catching a bead of water as it ran over Rip's bulging pec. "You're amazing. I could just dry you off with my tongue."

"Sounds tempting." They both laughed. "But I think I'll grab us a couple towels instead. Maybe we'll use your tongue another time."

Another time. Rip actually wanted to get together again? Maybe he had water in his ears. He shook his head like a wet dog.

"Careful, Rover."

Gil looked up. Rip stood a foot away holding out a towel.

"What did you say?"

"Careful, Rover."

"No, before that."

Rip gave him a wide smile. "I said maybe you can use your tongue on me next time."

So there had been nothing wrong with his hearing.

The famous smile slipped for a moment. "Unless you object?"

Gil snagged the towel and dried his hair. "Not at all." "Good."

They both concentrated on drying off for a few moments, but when Gil wasn't looking, he heard a crack and then a quick sting of pain against his bare ass.

"Ow!" Gil rubbed the welt where Rip had snapped his rolled up wet towel.

His first instinct was to do the same back to Rip. But Rip stood there like a rock, his hands on his hips, just daring Gil to try it. In fact, Rip wore a shit-eating grin.

Gil wasn't brave enough. He just wasn't as bad-assed as Rip.

And he was okay with that.

But Gil kept a careful eye on Rip not wanting to feel that sting again any time soon. Once they were completely dry, Gil was pulled into Rip's hard chest. He wrapped an arm across the front of Gil's shoulders, holding him close. Their body heat merged into one, Gil's back to Rip's chest. Rip rubbed his chin along Gil's hair.

So many things—so many questions—came into Gil's head. But he pushed them away. For the moment. He needed—wanted—to enjoy this while it lasted.

He let out a sigh of contentment as Rip nuzzled his ear.

The Bad Boy of the NFL was... nuzzling his ear.

His ear.

Was the hot-headed, troublemaker NFL star going soft? Was *he*—Gil Davis—going to ruin him for rough and tumble football?

No. Impossible. The man would never be a pussy.

Gay or not, Rip Cord would still be one of the best and toughest players out there.

Rip might be a bad boy but Gil had seen his softer side tonight. As well as his hard side.

He liked both equally well.

## Chapter Five

As they wandered down the dark hallway away from the boys' locker room, Gil felt a twinge of regret.

Not of what he'd done with Rip.

No. He'd never regret that. But it was almost as though the high school was some magical fairyland. That dreams had come true while he was here tonight. Dreams he never thought possible.

What if everything that had happened would evaporate into thin air when he left the building?

But they had come true. Rip walked confidently and solidly next to him as they negotiated the shadows and the double doors at the end of each empty hallway until they arrived at the main entrance of the school.

Rip gave the heavy doors a fierce shove and they stepped out into the clear, comfortable night.

There was no one hanging out at the entrance, even to smoke a cigarette.

Which seemed really odd.

Gil quickly jogged down the concrete steps to look toward the staff parking lot, where most of the reunion goers had parked earlier in the evening.

His practical Honda hybrid was the sole remaining vehicle. He glanced at his watch. Midnight.

Hell.

He turned to say something but caught his breath as he watched his lover casually stroll down the steps and wander over to his motorcycle. Rip had parked right out front. In the fire zone. Something Gil would never have the balls to do. He would be too worried about being towed.

The halogen light over the school's entrance made the blacked out Harley gleam meanly. The motorcycle was

completely chrome-free. It appeared custom and ferociously bad ass. Not that Gil knew much about bikes.

"I'm sure your friend found a ride."

*Katie.* Crap. He had been selfish and so caught up in his own pleasure he had forgotten about her. "I hope so. You didn't get to say goodbye to your buddies."

Rip lifted his shoulders. "I could care less. They're more interested in my celebrity than who I really am." He shrugged on his heavy biker jacket.

Rip threw a denim-clad leg over the bike and straddled the seat. But, it seemed something was missing... What their classmate Todd had mentioned earlier in the evening.

"No helmet, huh?"

Rip just raised his eyebrows at him before sticking the key into the ignition and hitting the start button. The bike roared to life. Rip hit the throttle a couple times, making Gil's ears ring, then he let it settle into an idle.

A deep rumbling that vibrated to Gil's core.

With a tilt of his head, Rip said, "C'mere."

Gil sidled up to the bike, cautious of the heat coming off the side pipes.

Rip snagged Gil's BlackBerry, ever present on his hip, and plugged in some digits. He shoved it back into Gil's hands.

"Now you'll know when it's me calling you. I expect you to answer the phone when I call you tomorrow."

And with that, he kicked the side stand up with his heel and roared away.

Gil couldn't pull his gaze away until the bike disappeared completely out of his sight. Even then, he took moment before moving toward his car. He glanced at the new entry in his BlackBerry.

He smiled. The *Bad Boy of the NFL* was his. Finally.

### About the Author

Jeanne writes: "I started writing around 13 years old and found it great therapy. Over my high school years I wrote my first novel, a young adult novel, that was pretty raw about a young girl growing up in a gang. That manuscript is now forever lost (and that might be a good thing). During this time I read loads of books, most of them historical romances and category romances (contemporary). I fell in love with the genre. And have been writing ever since...

I now concentrate on the erotic romance genre. Why? Because it's a blast. There's nothing like a hot, hot romance to get your juices flowing. But I still like the HEA (Happily Ever After) ending.

I currently reside in Southcentral Pennsylvania with my dog and the love of my life (yes, he has two legs, not four).

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