

Dreamspinner Press Presents

NAP-SIZE DREAMS



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LEONARD watched the flight attendant close the door to the jet way. Tommy had boarded the plane more than ten minutes ago, but Leonard couldn't make himself leave. The finality of the snap of the metal door closing finally motivated him to walk away. He'd been allowed to escort Tommy to the gate since he was a minor, but the extra few minutes didn't ease the ache of being on the other side of the world while his son was growing up. The three-week visit had been great, but now he faced nine months before he'd see Tommy again.

He bumped into someone while walking through the security gate. Without looking up, he mumbled his apologies as he sank his hands deep in his pockets. Then he heard, "Excuse me, sir, are you all right?" in a smooth voice with a British accent.

Leonard looked up into the bluest eyes he'd ever seen. He'd always been fascinated with blue eyes—so few people actually had eyes so vivid. He shook his head, realizing he was staring. "I'm sorry. I guess I'm not. I just put my son on a plane headed back to the United States. I'm stuck here through to summer, and I'm not looking forward to not seeing him over the holidays." He smiled weakly. "Thanks for asking."

Wrinkles creased around the bright eyes as the man smiled reassuringly. "I understand. My girls live with their

mother, and I only see them a few times a year.” He held out a hand. “I’m Camden Bally.”

“Leonard Marten. How many daughters do you have?” Leonard shook Camden’s hand, studying him curiously.

“Three,” Camden said with a smile, indicating for Leonard to start walking ahead of him. “All teenagers now, God help me. So Dad’s not exactly top of their list of favorite people.” He nodded to the gate attendant as he passed.

Leonard was puzzled as Camden fell into step beside him. His head had been down, but he was sure the man had been heading in the opposite direction when they collided. “I guess teenage boys are different than girls. Tommy’s my only kid, so I don’t know a thing about raising girls.” He paused before tacking on, “I’m not making you late for a flight, am I?”

Camden’s mouth quirked, and he shook his head. “No, I was just checking the departure went on time,” he said. “So your son is on his flight now?”

“Yeah, 1658 to New York. So you work here?”

Camden slid a hand into his trouser pocket and hummed an affirmative. He wore a crisp dress shirt and tie; a thin leather belt clasped his trim waist, and quality dress shoes. All in all sharply dressed, and his blond hair brushed his collar, fashionably long. “And you said you’re stuck here. What do you do?” he asked as they turned out of the terminal into the main concourse.

“I’m a professor. Literature and poetry. Technically I’m on sabbatical, but I’m scheduled to begin teaching in two

weeks at Roskilde University.” Leonard ran his fingers through his dark hair, pushing the muddy blond length of it back from his face. He remembered he hadn’t shaved for most of Tommy’s visit and probably looked the part of bohemian professor even more than he usually did. He wasn’t sure why he felt slightly embarrassed about it.

“You’re American,” Camden said as they paused under the arrivals board. “How does an American end up in Denmark teaching?”

“Curious, I guess. My father was born and raised just outside of the city here.” Leonard looked around, trying to find some reason that Camden would still be talking to him—not that he minded the attractive man’s attention. “So is your job comforting random upset travelers? If it is, it might be time to move on to her.” Leonard pointed to a young woman crying as a young man walked through security, leaving her behind.

Camden followed Leonard’s eyes to the woman and then turned his chin. He must have made eye contact with an attendant, because another young woman in an airport uniform materialized to lend support. He refocused on Leonard. “I’ll let you be on your way,” he said apologetically.

Leonard’s breath caught in a surprising panic when he considered the idea of walking out of the airport and back to his hotel room... alone. He knew that Tommy left him a note on his bed; he always did. The idea of walking away from Camden was only slightly less appealing. “I’m not really in a hurry. I don’t suppose you’d be allowed to get a drink while you’re working?”

Blue eyes turned back to him, filled with understanding. “I think I can get away with it. And I know just the place.” He led Leonard through to the other end of the concourse as they chatted easily about nothing, up a level, and then into a gold-level lounge. A waiting greeter didn’t even blink when Camden arrived; she just opened the door with a smile.

Settling into a sumptuous leather chair, Leonard grinned at Camden. “Something tells me this is not the first time you’ve stopped in for a drink here?”

“No, it’s not,” Camden said with a chuckle. A waiter approached, smiled, and spoke up.

“Welcome back, Mr. Bally. Your usual?”

“Yes, Bryan, and a drink for my friend as well,” Camden replied, sitting down in a armchair next to Leonard’s and crossing his feet at the ankles, looking casually elegant.

Leonard dragged his eyes from Camden’s unconscious sophistication. It was a look he had wanted to emulate since seeing his first James Bond movie but could never quite pull off. “Scotch, neat,” he told the waiter, kicking off his shoes and tucking one of his legs beneath him. His ratty jeans and underdog T-shirt didn’t fit the genteel gentleman’s club, but thankfully the room was empty.

“Do you live in Roskilde at the university or here in Copenhagen?” Camden asked, giving the other man his full attention.

“I live in Roskilde. I came in to bring Tommy, but I have a hotel room for the week. I was planning to wander around, take some pictures, maybe do some writing.” Leonard gratefully accepted the heavy crystal tumbler from the returned waiter and took a fortifying sip of scotch. It had been hard to watch Tommy leave, and he was sure that he was reading more into Camden’s attentiveness than was actually there.

“How long have you been here? Do you know Copenhagen? There’s a long list of beautiful places to see,” Camden said, smiling at the bartender who delivered his drink and nodding his thanks.

“We just came in last night. Part of the reason for my sabbatical was to explore. I’m not much into tourist locations, though. I’d rather just walk the streets and watch the people. I do love good food. Do you have any suggestions?”

“Several, I’m sure, depending on what you like to eat,” Camden said, and he cocked his head to one side to meet Leonard’s eyes.

Leonard couldn’t help the flush of heat that spread through his body at the impossible-to-ignore double entendre. Camden was an incredibly attractive man, and the look in his eyes could melt glass. Leonard really had nothing to lose; he had been alone and miserable half an hour ago. If Camden was offended by an advance, Leonard would be back at his hotel, alone and miserable, an hour from now. If the blond didn’t rebuff him, his visit to Copenhagen might have just become a lot more interesting.

Swinging his feet to the floor, Leonard shifted forward in his chair, his hand resting discreetly on Camden's thigh, the fingers testing the strength of the muscles beneath the finely woven fabric. "Right this minute I'm craving a taste I'm unlikely to find in any restaurant."

Camden's lips pulled into a slow smile. "Adventurous, are you?"

"Incredibly. I dare you to suggest something I wouldn't enjoy. What's life without a little risk?"

"Well then, that's a challenge I think I'll enjoy meeting. Do you have plans this evening or would the weekend better suit you?" Camden drawled, not having shifted from his casual pose.

"My plans included sitting on my bed with a good glass of scotch and a map. If you can beat that, I'm all yours," Leonard said.

"Lovely," Camden drew out before taking another sip of his drink. He wore a watch on that wrist, as well as a platinum bracelet. He glanced down when a device on his belt started beeping. "Excuse me," he murmured, sliding the Blackberry off his belt to glance at the screen before tapping on it a few times and sitting back. "I should be done here around five, barring any drama," he said with a small roll of his eyes. "Do you want to meet me? I could call and give you the details."

"You mean more drama than tearful American professors with separation issues?" Leonard chuckled and took a pen out of his pocket. "I'll give you my cell number. Call me when you're ready to get off." This time it was his

turn to emphasize his words with a look as he handing a marked napkin to Camden.

The other man's eyes sparked, and he nodded. "I will," he assured him. "But for now, I apologize. Duty calls. Please feel free to enjoy the amenities of the lounge. The lobster artichoke dip is especially delicious," he said as he stood.

Leonard stood as well, extending his hand. "Thanks for the distraction. It was greatly appreciated. I think I'll head out; the hotel has a jacuzzi tub that is calling my name."

Camden groaned and mock-sagged in place as he shook Leonard's hand. "Lord. Don't tease me. I've been here since before five this morning." He chuckled. "Very nice to meet you, Leonard. I'll talk to you soon," he said as he slid the napkin into his pocket. With that, he headed for the door in an easy stride, offering a smile to the attendant who opened the door for him.

The waiter appeared at Leonard's elbow. "Can I get you another drink or some refreshments? We have an extensive appetizer menu, or I could get something delivered from one of the restaurants downstairs," he offered.

Leonard smiled at the waiter. "Thanks, but I'm good." In a softer voice, he added, "What I want just walked out the door."

HALF-ASLEEP and up to his chin in bubbles, Leonard jumped when his cell phone rang. He splashed a bucketful of

water out of the tub as he lunged for his phone. “Yeah... er... hello?” he answered, disoriented.

“Hello, Leonard.” Camden’s voice was a bit husky on the phone. “How are you?”

Leonard shivered, uncertain if it was from the cool air on his wet skin or Camden’s voice. Sinking back into the warm water, he let his eyes drift closed, picturing Camden at the other end of the line. “At the moment? Wet. Is it five o’clock already?”

He heard a rough chuckle and the sound of doors whooshing open. “Half past, actually.” The background noise got louder.

Leonard ran a hand over his face. “I must have fallen asleep in the tub. Where would you like to meet and how respectable do I have to look?” He knew he should be getting out and drying off, but the urge to continue the languorous soap-slippery strokes on his cock while he listened to Camden’s fuck-me voice was just too alluring.

“Hmm. Depends on how adventurous you’re feeling, I suppose. I’ve been out all day, so the thought of ordering in is quite appealing.” Leonard heard a loud clunk, and all the background noise was gone.

“That sounds good. You’re welcome here. Or I can....” Leonard let the invitation trail off. “It’s your town. I’m at the Hotel Guldsmeden. What is the best plan?”

“If you’ve no preference, I’ll have a car fetch you over,” Camden proposed. “I have a few favorite restaurants that will

deliver to my home. Are you sure there's nothing I shouldn't get?"

Leonard's breath hitched as his thumb brushed a sensitive spot. "I'm putting myself entirely in your hands. I can be downstairs in fifteen minutes."

"Not so quick as that. Perhaps an hour. I'll go ahead and make some calls and see you when you arrive at mine, how about?"

"An hour it is," Leonard agreed, anticipation building at the idea of an evening alone with Camden. "I'll see you soon. Bye."

Leonard flipped his phone shut, dropping it carelessly over the rim of the tub to clatter and slide across the tile. With a sigh, he tightened his grip on his cock, pushing himself over the edge he'd been dancing on with a succession of rapid tugs. His back arched, setting the water to sloshing dangerously.

"Fuck." He collapsed back, boneless. He loved anticipation, building to that knife's edge of desire and holding himself there, but the release would definitely help him relax. Reluctantly, he rose out of the cooling water, reaching for a thick towel.

THE door to the gray stone house was at least seven feet tall with an inset of beveled glass that caught the waning sunlight. The building was one of a long row of well-

maintained and landscaped homes, all of the same stone with wooden-frame windows and pointed brick-red shingled roofs. When Leonard pushed the bell, a low chime echoed inside the house.

Camden answered the door himself, in the same clothes, but charmingly rumpled. The tie was gone, and two buttons were undone at his throat, exposing a thin gold chain; his sleeves were rolled up, and his feet were bare on the hardwood floor. “Leonard, come in,” he invited.

“You have a gorgeous home,” Leonard complimented, looking around the tastefully decorated house. He stripped off his light jacket, hanging it on a coat rack in the foyer and toeing off his shoes behind a chair as he entered the den. He had debated shaving but settled for pulling on his only dress shirt, a Caribbean blue silk, and a pair of jeans with no holes.

“Thank you,” Camden said, walking to a sidebar to pour drinks. “I don’t get to spend near enough time in it.” He dropped ice cubes into crystal. “Scotch, do I remember?”

“Preferably.” Leonard walked along the bookshelves lining the wall, trailing his fingers over the spines. “Have you read all of these?”

Camden glanced up. “Most, yeah. There’s a few here and there I’ve never gotten to.” The collection was eclectic, everything from literature to art to pulp science fiction as well as a large number of textbooks. “I imagine you’ve walls full as well, being a professor of literature.” He padded across the soft rug to hold out Leonard’s drink.

“Yeah, I guess I do. Plus a fair number of stacks waiting to be read.” Leonard took the glass, really looking at Camden for the first time since he’d arrived. His pulse fluttered as the blond raised his glass. His lips curved around the edge, and the tip of his tongue jutted out to meet the dark liquid before it hit his tongue.

Camden met his gaze frankly, a smile hovering. “Are you hungry?” he drawled, eyes dancing.

“I could be tempted....”

The appreciative laugh was warm and rich as Camden slid an arm around Leonard’s waist and turned him to walk. “Come on, food first, you flirt. I missed lunch.”

Leonard leaned into the warm, strong body, enveloped by the subtle scent of Camden’s cologne. “You bring it out in me.”

“Lucky me,” Camden said with a grin. He guided Leonard as they walked arm in arm through the house to a large kitchen with a butcher-block table. Several boxes were laid out but unopened. “Potluck,” he announced, lowering his arm and deliberately sliding his fingers along the curve of Leonard’s ass.

The teasing touch created tendrils of arousal low in Leonard’s body. His breath rushed out of his lungs, and his eyes closed as he swayed closer. “Damn. Yeah. Food.” Forcing his eyes open, he pulled out a chair and reached for the closest container. “This is actually my favorite way to eat.”

“I get tired of all the forks on a formal table,” Camden muttered as he set down his scotch and pulled another box toward him, opening it to reveal fragrant saffron rice.

“Forks are highly overrated.” Tearing off a piece of naan from a package of warm bread, Leonard scooped up some of the curry he’d opened, holding it out for Camden.

Camden accepted the wrap and nudged a box of creamed spinach toward Leonard as he took a bite. “No spoon,” he said around his bite, wiping the corner of his mouth with his knuckles.

Leonard licked his fingers. “More fun that way.” They ate steadily for a several minutes, interspersed with happy moans of culinary enjoyment. Finally Leonard poked through the remaining unopened boxes. “Tell me there is something sweet in here.”

“Mmmmm.” Camden took another bite and poked at a Styrofoam tub. “Yogurt?” he mumbled through his mouthful.

“It’ll do.” Leonard grinned. “I’m a horrible chocoholic. Guess you’ll have to satisfy my sweet tooth some other way.”

Camden got the vilest smirk as he tore a piece of naan in half to dip into the spinach, but he didn’t look up at Leonard. “We can have coffee after dinner.”

Leonard raised an eyebrow but didn’t comment. He nudged Camden to pass the curry back. “So what exactly do you do at the airport?” He motioned to the room around them. “Based on your house, I doubt you walk around comforting travelers. You were on your way somewhere this

morning when you bumped into me. What did I keep you from doing?”

“You saved me,” Camden said wryly as he dragged naan through the chickpea curry before pushing the box toward Leonard. “I was on my way to meet a delegation of businessmen from Tokyo.” He shrugged. “I’m the executive director of operations.”

“Which means what? That’s one of those titles that makes everybody jump but doesn’t say a damn thing about what you actually do.” Leonard wiped his fingers and sat back to watch Camden finish his meal.

Camden snorted and wrapped up the last of the curry into one bite. “That’s because there’s no way to really list what I do. If it needs doing, I do it. If you want to be technical, I’m in charge of all employees and operations on site, as well as coordinating with the airlines and their personnel to make sure everything keeps running on time.”

Leonard nodded. “The buck stops here. And you actually managed to leave at five-thirty? That’s almost a normal work day—even if you did start at five a.m.”

The other man jerked his head to one side as a sort of shrug. “You have to learn to just be done,” he said as he slowly started closing up the empty boxes. He looked up at Leonard. “Today I was motivated.”

“I’m honored. Have to admit that this beats anything I had planned.” Leonard flushed as Camden’s eyes continued to burn into him. “Seems only fair since you provided dinner that I do my part. I’ll clean up.” He grinned, picked up an empty container, and tossed it neatly into the trash can.

The easy, wide smile appeared as Camden laughed and stood up. “Coffee? Or would you rather skip directly to the sugar and cream?” he asked, his voice lowering into a suggestive husk.

Leonard’s eyes darkened, his body responding immediately to the pure sex in Camden’s tone. “Damn, your voice is lethal,” he groaned. Running a hand up the smooth fabric of the shirt covering Camden’s chest, he tangled his fingers in the blond hair where it curled at the collar. “Can we take both the coffee and the dessert into the den? I liked the look of that leather couch.”

“If you like,” Camden purred before dipping his head to catch Leonard’s lips. His arms slid around Leonard’s waist to pull him closer.

Going willingly, Leonard curled his arms around Camden’s neck, tilting his head to allow their mouths to join more fully and parting his lips. He could taste the spice of the curry and the warm musk of the scotch. With a moan, he sucked the combination of both flavors off Camden’s tongue. Camden growled lowly and deepened the kiss, pulling the other man firmly against his body as one hand slid up the flexing muscles of Leonard’s back, the other moving to settle under the curve of Leonard’s ass.

Leonard leaned back against the heavy table to steady his shaking knees. Spreading his legs, he cupped Camden’s ass and pulled him close. One hand strayed higher, pulling the shirt free, his fingers seeking skin. Camden moved easily in between his knees and teased at Leonard’s warm, wet lips with soft licks and nips. Humming in appreciation, he started unbuttoning the blue shirt, his fingers sliding along

bared skin as he went. Leonard gasped as Camden's fingers grazed one of his nipples.

Biting at Camden's bottom lip, Leonard broke free from the kiss with a gasp. "I don't want to rush this. Let's get comfortable."

"You mentioned the couch," Camden murmured, sliding his lips along Leonard's chin. "There's also a lovely large bed upstairs." He pushed his hands under Leonard's shirt and skimmed them over his ribs to settle at the small of his back.

Leonard shuddered, his back bowing into the touch. "Oh yeah... that sounds like a wonderful idea." He'd been the one to suggest moving, but damn if the idea of separating wasn't at all appealing. His lips found the fluttering pulse at the base of Camden's throat, and he closed his mouth over it and sucked.

Camden exhaled harshly and gripped Leonard's waist. "Bloody hell," he hissed. "We're going now, or I'm putting you on this damn table."

"You could put me on this damn table, and *then* we could go...."

The words weren't even out of Leonard's mouth before Camden boosted him up to sit on the edge of it. He put one hand on each of Leonard's knees and spread them as he leaned close to kiss him ravenously, sliding their bare chests together. Leonard's hands brushed up Camden's chest, the fine hair tickling his palms. Pushing the shirt off the broad shoulders, he broke free from the kiss, his mouth moving

down the tan chest to capture a pink nipple between his teeth.

Camden arched his back as he braced both hands on the table behind Leonard. When he looked down, his blue eyes were dark and sparking. “What do you want?” he rasped. “Or rather, what don’t you want?”

Leonard grinned, grinding his hips up into Camden. “I think I told you before that I was adventurous. Try me.”

Licking his bottom lip, Camden smirked and dragged one hand down Leonard’s side before sliding it between them to grope the bulge in Leonard’s pants. “Let’s see what you’ve got then,” he said hoarsely. “I’m anticipating a hell of a ride.”

Leonard tugged at the tab of his jeans, popping the series of buttons open. Camden smiled wolfishly and pushed himself to his feet before grabbing Leonard’s hand and helping him stand. “We’re going upstairs because I’m going to strip you down and take all sorts of liberties with this gorgeous body,” he promised, starting them walking back toward the the staircase in the front hall.

Unable to resist, Leonard reached out and grabbed a handful of what was walking in front of him, playfully pinching the lower curve of Camden’s ass until he sped up to get away. Camden laughed as he ran up the stairs, leading the way to the back of the house. He pushed open a heavy wooden door and half-bowed.

“Go ahead,” Camden said with a wink.

Leonard walked by the blond, chuckling. “Said the spider to the fly....”

Camden purred, following closely behind and stopping Leonard at the foot of the bed, pressing right up behind him to seal their bodies together. He pushed his hard cock against Leonard's ass and rubbed up and down. "I looked forward to this all day," he growled.

Arching back into the intimate touch, Leonard turned his head, sinking his fingers into Camden's hair to guide their lips together for a kiss. "So fuck me already and make both our daydreams come true."

Camden claimed Leonard's mouth with a grunt before he maneuvered them to the side of the bed. His hands moved to unfasten Leonard's jeans and shove them down his thighs, along with the soft cotton under them, and his palms moved familiarly over the bared flesh. He pushed Leonard to bend him over the mattress. "Stay," he rumbled as he jerked open the bedside table drawer.

"Oh fuck," Leonard swore, supporting himself on his elbows, ass in the air. He had a definite kink for dominant men, and his last two relationships had been with men younger and slightly shy. The demanding tone in Camden's voice was like a physical caress. Pressing down, he rubbed himself against the cotton comforter.

He first heard the sound of a zipper, and then a wrapper, and then a bottle popping open. Camden drizzled lubricant into the crack of Leonard's ass and started sliding his finger up and down. "Mmmm, look at this hungry little hole," he said, and he leaned over to lick a stripe up Leonard's back.

Leonard shivered, pushing back onto the long finger. "Not enough. Fuck me."

Camden licked again and bit at Leonard's spine as he thrust two fingers in deep, shunting them in and out. "Fuck, you make me hot." His other hand smoothed down Leonard's side as he worked Leonard's hole, impatient. "I'm big," he said raggedly. "You think you can take it?"

"I'll let you in on a secret," Leonard said as he panted. "I'm a bit of a size slut. Fuck me already. Deep and hard. Make me feel it."

Camden didn't answer; he just shifted, pulled his fingers free, and started pushing his way inside. He spread Leonard's cheeks wide, making room as he brought his weight to bear on Leonard's hips.

Widening the spread of his knees, Leonard moaned as he pushed back, impaling himself. "Oh yeah... just like that," he rasped, keeping his hips high enough that his cock swung free. It would be too easy to come with Camden stretching him and filling him so full, and he wanted to make this last as long as he could.

Moaning happily, Camden didn't stop until his hips thumped up against Leonard's ass. He pulled out and pushed in slowly a few times, experimentally, and then grasped Leonard's hips and started fucking him in a hard, punishing rhythm.

Leonard's fingers twisted in the bedding as he held on. Every thrust of Camden's hips forced meaningless, encouraging sounds through his lips. He was going to come way too fast at this pace. Rocking forward, he disengaged

their bodies. Turning over, he grabbed Camden's shoulders, swung him onto the bed on his back, and kicked out of his jeans. "I'm in the mood for a ride," he purred, swinging a leg over to straddle Camden's body.

Camden narrowed his eyes and looked up at him. "Get to it then," he instructed, grasping his cock at the base as Leonard moved over it. "And make it good. I intend to pummel your sweet ass and get mine out of it."

Holding onto the headboard for leverage, Leonard sank down the long, thick cock, settling Camden deeper than he'd been. "You could have pummeled me over the kitchen table. This bed provides all sorts of advantages, and I say we explore them." Flexing his thighs, Leonard began to move, setting a slow, deep, even pace.

Changing his angle as Leonard moved, Camden kept thrusting against the other man's movement. "The table will be there later," he growled. "And believe me. There will be a later."

Leonard found the promise of something beyond a single lay incredibly enticing. He increased his speed, lifting almost free and then letting gravity slam his body down.

"Fuck, yes," Camden hissed, snapping his hips. He dragged in a rough breath and slapped Leonard's ass.

A spontaneous groan rumbled deep in Leonard's chest and one of his hands dropped so he could squeeze the base of his cock in an attempt to postpone his climax. Shooting Camden an evil grin, he awkwardly lifted each of his legs to turn around with the blond's cock still buried in his ass, offering an alluring view of the red hand print on his pale

skin. “Open for me,” he urged, spreading Camden’s knees with his hands.

Groaning, Camden pulled his legs apart before sliding his hands to grip the cheeks right in front of him. “Show me what you’ve got.” He slapped Leonard’s ass again, the sharp crack reverberating in the room.

Leonard stifled a groan as the new angle stroked all the right places. “Let’s find out what *you’ve* got.” Wetting a finger, he probed into Camden’s cleft, rimming the tight opening between the clenching cheeks.

Camden’s hands tightened on Leonard’s hips, and he slowed his movements. “Touch, but no more,” he warned. “Not my thing.”

Chuckling, Leonard continued to pulse his finger just behind Camden’s balls in time with his thrusts, occasionally swirling around the puckered opening. “I promise, no more... unless you beg me.”

A soft harrumph was Camden’s reply as he started fucking up into Leonard again. “Don’t worry,” he rasped. “I can show you plenty a good time.”

“So show me,” Leonard challenged, rolling his hips and tightening his muscles around the cock piercing him.

After a choked groan, Camden pulled up his knees to brace his heels on the mattress and began a hard rhythm, despite Leonard’s weight atop him. He pulled one hand from Leonard’s waist and slid it down over hot flesh until his fingers caught in the sweaty crease. He pushed his fingers in

between them to feel where his cock split Leonard open, and he rubbed them both.

“Aww... fuck! You cheat!” Unable to help himself, Leonard pumped his cock, stroking himself rapidly. “But damn it feels good. Fuck. Do it. Make me come,” he pleaded.

Teeth gritted, Camden kept moving and turned his wrist to angle a finger around to rub between Leonard’s legs, pushing the hot little patch of skin steadily before working the finger in alongside his cock as Leonard thumped down over it.

Squirming and cursing, Leonard wantonly fucked himself on Camden for a long, tense minute as they both gasped and groaned. “Fucking hell! Coming!”

Camden chuckled through his panting and kept both his hips and his finger moving. His entire body was drawn up and tensed. Leonard’s legs shook, and he threw back his head, eyes tightly closed as he exploded over his hand.

“Fuck yes,” Camden hissed, and with a choked groan he rammed up into Leonard twice before his hips stuttered as he climaxed.

Bracing himself on Camden’s thighs, Leonard locked his arms to keep from collapsing, revelling in the feeling of Camden pumping up into him through his orgasm. “God, you really don’t know what you’re missing,” he moaned, every nerve ending screaming with overload. “But I’m happy to indulge your short-sightedness.” It took several long breaths and feeling Camden’s finger pull out before he lifted up. He laughed as he rolled to the side and collapsed next to Camden.

Camden grunted as he let his legs slide down. He pulled off the condom and tied the top in a knot before dropping it over the side of the bed. “I know what I’m missing,” he said mildly as he tried to slow his breathing. “Just don’t like it.” He turned his chin to look at the man next to him. “Is that a problem?”

“Not for me.” Leonard lay sprawled on his back, one hand low on his stomach, enjoying the breeze of a wooden ceiling fan cooling his damp skin.

Camden shrugged. “Bad experience. Well, not bad. Mediocre.”

“Mmm... that sucks. Bottoming can be mind-blowing with the right top.” If Camden never wanted to bottom again, Leonard guessed that it had been worse than just mediocre. It didn’t surprise him. There were a lot of really awful lovers out there, and good sex took time and patience—no matter if you topped or bottomed.

Turning to his side to look over Leonard’s flushed face, Camden settled his own against the pillow. “Guess I haven’t found the right one then,” he murmured before closing his eyes.

Leonard opened one eye, rolling onto his side and pulling Camden to fit against him. That almost sounded like an invitation. Maybe after a little nap, he’d explore exactly how far his new lover was willing to bend.

Between dinner and a rock-the-world climax, Leonard’s eyes were beginning to feel a little heavy. He should get up and see about calling a taxi to get home, but somehow he couldn’t interest his body in moving.

“If you want me to leave before we snag a nap, you better tell me quick,” he mumbled sleepily. “Wouldn’t want to take advantage of your hospitality.”

Instead of saying something, Camden scooted closer and relaxed into a boneless mess. “Nap,” he breathed.

CAMDEN came awake slowly as he felt a little chilled. He drew in a long, slow breath and shifted, feeling pleasantly drowsy. Deciding he didn’t want to wake up, he slid his hand to find the blanket he had obviously kicked off... and came into contact with warm skin.

His eyes blinked open to see a man in bed next to him.

Leonard mumbled something unintelligible, turned onto his side, and backed into Camden’s body, picking up his hand and pulling it around his body like he was draping himself with a blanket. Camden allowed his arm to move and curve around Leonard, and he smiled slightly. It was nice just to rest like this. Almost as nice as what preceded it.

He’d had no idea where it would lead when he asked the visibly upset man at the gate if he was okay. Camden asked such questions all day, most every day. But never had he looked into a pair of eyes and felt something yank inside him. He’d been immediately drawn to Leonard, and he hadn’t wanted to let him go so quickly. He still didn’t. Always before now, the men he’d picked up had been casual fucks with no thought for anything else.

Camden slid a bit closer so he could feel the heat of Leonard's body. His lips curled into a smile; who needed a blanket? But he needed to get up anyway. Sighing, he extricated himself and walked into the next room to use the toilet. When he came back, he stopped in the doorway, peering into the darkened room.

Leonard lay on the bed, his head propped up on his elbow. "I got cold. Took me a minute to figure out it was because my blanket left." He smiled and patted the mattress. "Can I convince you to come back?"

"Nature called," Camden said as he returned to the bed and started to draw down the sheet. He stopped and looked at Leonard. The man seemed willing enough to stay around, and Camden had decided a week ago to take tomorrow off from work. Lucky. He smiled a little and gestured to the bedcovers. "We can pull these down, if you're of a mind to stay. Or I can call the car for you." He'd leave it up to Leonard. The novelty of someone warm and willing in his bed for something other than the quick assignation was definitely pleasing.

"I'll stay if it's all right with you." Leonard shifted to allow Camden to maneuver them under the covers. Spooning against Camden's back this time, Leonard trailed a series of kisses from his shoulder up his neck, whispering into the wispy hair behind his ear. "Exactly how sleepy are you?"

Camden shivered as he felt Leonard's lips on his skin, and a bolt of heat tore through his middle. It had been too long since he'd allowed himself this, a touch of intimacy. Letting out a breath, he reached for Leonard's hand and

pulled it down to his groin, pushing the other man's palm over his hardening cock. "Not that sleepy," he murmured.

"Oh good," Leonard purred, sucking and nipping at the nape of Camden's neck, "because our nap left me feeling refreshed and more than a little horny." His hand wrapped around the swelling length, traveling lightly up and down as he scooted lower while his tongue following the furrow of Camden's spine.

Camden closed his eyes and moaned as he arched into Leonard's mouth. "More than a little, yeah? I'll have to see what I can do about that."

Leonard rocked his erection against Camden's thigh. "Does it feel little to you?" He laughed.

Chuckling, Camden rolled to his back, pressing against Leonard's cock the whole time. "Not at all," he purred. "Quite the mouthful, I'm betting."

"I'm hoping you'll find out." Leonard crawled between Camden's legs and continued exploring with his tongue, finding a tight pink nipple and flicking at it playfully before sucking it into his mouth to be tortured by his teeth.

Camden grinned and looked down as he slid his hands into Leonard's hair to push it back and out of the other man's face. He wanted to see that mouth on him. "I'm thinking you will," he drawled. "I want a lot more before I let you out of my bed." Oh yes. Much more. He felt amazingly comfortable with Leonard, not to mention terribly aroused. He hummed slightly in approval as his cock hardened.

Leonard's mouth switched between Camden's nipples until the slightest pressure made Camden gasp. Placing open-mouthed kisses on the salty skin, Leonard slid under the covers to tease the sensitive skin in the hollow of Camden's hipbones. He grinned as the taut abdominal muscles trembled.

Camden could tell by that grin that Leonard was enjoying himself. That made this all the more enjoyable. "Ohhh yes," he groaned, hoping Leonard's mouth kept on its descent. "Suck me with that gorgeous mouth."

Leonard sucked hard enough to raise a purple bruise on the tender skin. "Like that?" he asked with a cocky glint in his eyes.

Hitting the mattress next to his hip, Camden squirmed and gasped. "Getting there."

Laughing, Leonard left a slow trail of open-mouth kisses in a wide arc around the cock lying erect on Camden's abdomen, making an identical mark just inside the opposite hipbone.

Camden groaned and wiggled a little. "Oh, you *fucking* tease," he muttered.

Hooking a hand under each knee, Leonard spread Camden even wider, settling more comfortably and licking at the tight sac and thick cock. "I'm only a tease if I stop," he said, his lips hovering over the leaking head until Camden pushed up into his mouth. Lifting his head, Leonard kept the contact minimal, swirling his tongue around the retracted foreskin. "I'm going to taste every inch of you until you are begging me to let you come."

Pushing himself to his elbows, Camden gazed down at the man's mouth and reflexively licked his lips. "Every inch, eh?"

"Oh yeah, starting with this one." Leonard lowered his mouth, his tongue circling Camden's balls and delving deep between his cheeks to tease at the puckered entrance.

Camden's eyes widened, and he choked on a short laugh as he spread his knees once again. "Well then, nice to meet you," he said, quickly following it with a moan of approval.

Leonard hummed, pointing his tongue and stabbing it inside Camden sharply. His thumbs pulled him open wider and Camden flinched in surprise. While he was a generally adventurous man, this was somewhere he'd never gone, and Leonard hadn't hesitated for a second. Squeezing his eyes shut, Camden wiggled a little as he tried to assimilate the oddly arousing sensations caused by Leonard's tongue.

Reaching up to grasp Camden's cock, Leonard stroked the shaft as his tongue continued to work at the wet hole. Turning his head, he nipped at the lower curve of Camden's ass. "So how does it feel to have me inside you?" he teased gently.

Opening his eyes to peer down at the man between his legs, Camden sighed. "Different," he admitted. And it was. Leonard's tongue was nothing like Leonard's cock would be, were he to allow such a thing. Camden was more interested than he'd expected. Leonard turned him on like crazy and made him crave whatever he could get.

“Different, huh?” Leonard’s mouth went back to work, his tongue circling and probing the clenching center of the small opening, his lips spreading into a smile against Camden’s thigh as he whimpered. Shifting swiftly and smoothly, Leonard lifted his head to suck Camden’s cock into his mouth, sliding his lips down to the base at the same time one long finger slipped inside Camden’s body.

Camden’s eyelids fluttered down as he arched against Leonard’s lips, not expecting the motion to complement the digit delving into him. He grunted in surprise and stiffened a little, but the heat and wet on his cock immediately distracted him. He relaxed, telling himself he could stop the man at any time. But oh, it felt so good. Much better than the last time.

Camden’s fingers tangled in Leonard’s hair as Leonard set the pace with the gentle push of his mouth. When Camden’s knee fell to the side, opening himself further, Leonard worked a second finger in next to the first, his free hand searching for the lube they’d discarded earlier.

“Christ,” Camden muttered, “what are you doing to me?” He groaned and shifted his hips against the fingers pushing against him. It was odd, but not painful; he didn’t remember this at all from the time he tried being fucked before.

Leonard lifted his mouth away briefly, shifting his lips to Camden’s hip, kissing and suckling the smooth skin. “I’m going to make you see stars,” he whispered, his hand continuing to move between the thighs now spread and limp. “So fucking beautiful this way.” His tongue traced circles,

spiraling back to the erect cock bobbing above Camden's belly.

The muscles in Camden's thighs kept contracting as Leonard left wet trails on the skin, and he had to draw several deep breaths, trying to stay calm. But his cock was throbbing, and he dug his hands into the covers to keep from taking himself in hand. He wanted to enjoy Leonard's attentions more first. He wanted to see what would happen next, feeling cautiously positive.

Leonard's lips teased at the silky head of Camden's cock, lapping at the salty fluid, cleaning it from Camden's skin before sucking just the tip back into his mouth. Flattening his lower body, he rubbed his own erection against the sheet. Camden's hips arched up, but Leonard's head retreated, keeping the contact minimal. "You're going to have to tell me what you want next, Camden. Do you want to finish in my mouth... my ass... or do you want something else?" His fingers twisted in the tight channel.

"Don't...." Camden shuddered. "Don't stop touching me," he breathed as the twisting inside him heightened the tension he felt in his groin. He unconsciously lifted his hips against Leonard's hand. "Not yet...."

Well slicked, Leonard's fingers moved easily in and out of Camden's body, matching the rhythm of his hips. Camden's breathing got heavier, and he gasped for air after a particular twist sent lightning through him. "Jesus," he rasped, finally moving one hand to surround his cock and squeeze it firmly. He felt about ready to burst.

Leonard's lips moved to Camden's balls, mouthing them and using his free hand to sweep up and down Camden's sensitive thighs in long, soothing strokes. Instead of deep thrusts with his fingers, he went back to a single finger and teased the clenching ring, just barely penetrating Camden's body.

The next soft sound out of Camden was practically a whimper, because now he felt awfully empty, and he wanted that feeling back. "Leonard," he breathed. "Please." He pulled slowly on his cock as he slowly writhed under Leonard's hands.

Leonard's tongue made a slow swipe from where his finger worked Camden's hole, up over his tight balls and to the tip of his cock before he answered. "Please what, Camden?"

Camden's answer started as a soft growl. He couldn't believe he was going to ask for this. "It's nothing like what I remember," he admitted. "You've got me wanting more. More of you in me." He shivered as Leonard's tongue slithered over his straining flesh. Christ, he actually wanted it.

Leonard's mouth closed over the tip of Camden's cock, swallowing it to the base and then lingering as he moved back up. Pulling his knees under him, he fumbled with a condom, his hands shaking. "Fuck," he swore, taking a deep breath. "You'd think I'd never done this before. I want to make it good for you." He lifted his eyes to meet Camden's.

Leonard's obvious nerves reassured Camden, and he sat up in a rush, grasping Leonard's chin and kissing him firmly. "You started this," he growled, his natural dominant

nature reasserting itself. “Now you’re going to finish it. You promised to make me see stars.”

A smile spread across Leonard’s face. “So I did.” He gave Camden a lingering kiss. “Turn over and let me see that beautiful ass. I think I need one more taste.”

Camden arched an eyebrow and smirked. He shifted to his knees and scooted up to grasp the heavy headboard. Moving between Camden’s legs, Leonard ran his hands down the muscular back from shoulders to ass. “You truly are magnificent,” he whispered reverently, his lips brushing the skin at the top of Camden’s spine and following it down. His thumbs pulled apart the white cheeks, his tongue swiping the slick hole. Pursing his lips, he blew a stream of air into the damp crease.

Savoring the unexpected pleasure of it, Camden spread his knees further and pushed his ass back toward Leonard. “You’re driving me wild on purpose, aren’t you,” he rasped as his fingers closed convulsively on the wood.

Leonard chuckled, reaching between Camden’s thighs to fondle his cock. “Want me to stop?”

“No,” Camden said firmly as he turned his chin to look over his shoulder. “You’re *not* stopping.”

“Only if you ask me,” Leonard replied, shifting to kneel behind Camden, his voice serious. Adding a handful of lube to his sheathed cock, he ran the tip up and down over the opening to Camden’s body, pressing his hips forward just slightly with each pass.

Camden tried to resist tensing up. It was a different situation, being on his knees and mostly upright like this instead of on his back folded up under someone. He felt like he was more in control. After letting out a slow breath, he shifted back slightly, feeling the snub head of Leonard's cock. Leonard kept teasing, and Camden finally said, "Goddamnit, Leonard, I want it, come on."

Leonard held himself steady with one hand, the other reaching around to stroke up Camden's chest, tweaking his nipples. Leaving a string of kisses over his shoulder, Leonard bit into his neck. "I'm right here," he rasped just behind Camden's ear, the air from the words tightening the nipples under his fingers. "Take me."

It took Camden a moment to sort out Leonard's meaning: Leonard was letting him take control, take it at his own pace. He swallowed, turning his face against Leonard's lips as he pushed tentatively back. The thick head of Leonard's cock pushed against his opening, and after licking his lips, he shifted more of his weight back to test getting more of it inside him. Just when he thought he'd stop because the pressure was getting too uncomfortable, the head popped past the twisting muscle, and the initial stretch was gone. Camden groaned heavily, feeling the cockhead throb.

Leonard groaned too, one hand wrapping around Camden's neck to guide their lips together. "You feel so fucking incredible." He rocked slowly, tiny shallow thrusts, working more and more of his cock past the tight ring of Camden's hole.

“Jesus Christ, how can you feel so fucking huge?” Camden panted though he started rocking to help Leonard’s efforts.

“Aww... flatterer. I bet you say that to all the guys,” Leonard teased, pulsing his hips forward and then pulling almost completely out in a long, slow drag.

Camden made a strangled noise. “So how did the other guy fuck this up so bad?” he asked weakly as he pushed back against Leonard, taking him deeper and gasping when a shock of sensation flared through him.

Leonard laughed, dropping his hand to Camden’s hip and guiding his motions. “I’m supposed to know? Though I’m not sure I’m doing much better if you are thinking of other lovers... especially *bad* lovers.”

“Then get to it,” Camden drew out, reaching back with one hand to clasp Leonard’s ass. He was taking Leonard’s cock a little deeper each time, and he gasped aloud when Leonard’s groin finally hit his ass and stopped, his cock buried all the way inside. It was tight and somewhat uncomfortable, but incredibly hot and arousing. Camden almost couldn’t stand it, being so full. “Move. Move!”

“Fuck! Gladly,” Leonard ground out between clenched teeth. “Feel so fucking good. Not going to last long.” His hand, still slick with lube, wrapped around Camden’s cock.

When Leonard made his first real thrust with strength behind it, Camden let out a soft cry. “Christ....” He breathed. “Never thought I’d want this so much.” He started moving his hips to meet Leonard’s pushes, intensifying the pressure,

and then back into Leonard's hand. "Fuck me!" he swore as he almost lost his hold on his control.

"How can I resist when you ask so prettily?" Leonard's hips slammed forward, fulfilling Camden's request. "Now come for *me*!"

"Fuck!" Camden cried out, his body bowing under Leonard as his ass took the pummeling, and after only a few moments he gasped and groaned as he came, the strings of come dripping on the pillows below him.

With a hoarse shout, Leonard climaxed, collapsing over Camden's back and catching himself on the headboard. "Fuck... oh, fuck...." Muscles trembling, he fell to his side.

Camden collapsed alongside him, shuddering when Leonard pulled free, leaving him empty. And aching, Camden admitted to himself, though not painfully. Rather more a pulsing reminder. He groaned and pushed his face into the pillow.

Leonard carded his fingers through the soft blond hair. "That was the most erotic thing I've ever experienced." He leaned forward and kissed a sweaty shoulder.

Camden sighed and turned to his back, settling where he could look at Leonard through hooded eyes. "Erotic?" he rumbled.

Propping himself on an elbow so he could see Camden's eyes, Leonard smiled. "Watching you surrender and fall apart, knowing I could make you feel that way."

“Hmmm.” Camden lifted a hand to brush it over Leonard’s cheek. “Thank you,” he said solemnly. “For making it good.”

Turning into the touch, Leonard kissed Camden’s palm. “So, are you still comfortable with me here or should we call that car?”

“May as well stay for breakfast,” Camden murmured as he reached to pull the covers up over them both. “I’ll call the car in the morning. If that’s okay,” he added.

“Depends on what you’ve got for breakfast,” Leonard answered yawning and curling around Camden’s back.

LEONARD strolled into the town square, stopping to snap pictures of a toddler in a snow suit chasing a pigeon across the cobblestones. Classes had started last week, and life had settled into a routine. Every Saturday and Sunday, Leonard spent his morning wandering among the vendors that set up in the town square of Roskilde. He’d buy rolls, fruit, vegetables, and flowers for his landlady.

Sitting at an empty table and signalling the waiter for a coffee, he listened to a phone ring for several seconds before realizing it was his own. Fumbling the phone out of his pocket, he answered, “*Goddag.*”

“Hello, Leonard. How are you?”

“Camden?” Leonard sat up straighter in his chair, leaning his elbows on the table and covering his free ear to

be able to hear better. He hadn't actually expected to hear from the gorgeous man again.

"Yes," Camden confirmed, voice amused. "I suppose I ought to have announced myself."

"No," Leonard disagreed. "The list of people I know in Denmark is still pretty short."

"People are missing out then," Camden commented.

"Hardly. Two dozen students have the number, but they won't start using it until projects are due and they don't have them done." Leonard smiled at the waiter who set his coffee on the table. "So how is Copenhagen?"

The sound of soft laughter came over the line. "That wasn't exactly what I meant," Camden said. "And Copenhagen is, I suppose, the same. I see damn little of it but the inside of this airport." He sounded cheerful despite his complaint.

"So you are at work?"

"I'm very rarely not at work. But I have an actual day to myself coming up, and I hoped you might be able to spend some of it with me."

Leonard's pulse fluttered at the idea of seeing Camden again. "I'd love that. When?"

"Sunday," Camden named. "I'm more than ready. I'm actually taking three days, but you're teaching now, aren't you? And I wouldn't keep you from that."

“Maybe you could come here,” Leonard suggested. The idea came out before he had thought it through, and Leonard held his breath, hoping that he hadn’t gone too far.

It was quiet on the line for a moment, and when Camden spoke, he sounded faintly surprised. “I... wouldn’t mind that at all,” he said. “That sounds like a great idea. I want to see you.”

Leonard smiled. “Why don’t you catch the train? I’ll meet you at the station.”

“I can do that. What time? I’ve no idea of your schedule, but I’m an early riser.”

The day was suddenly looking a lot brighter. “I’d rise at the crack of dawn for you.” Leonard chuckled. “In fact, I think I have.”

“You did, as I remember. Well, Sunday morning it is then, depending on the train schedule, of course.”

“They run every forty minutes, and Sunday morning you shouldn’t run into any crowds. Just give me a call when you get on the train so I’ll know when to meet you.”

“All right. I’m looking forward to it.” Camden paused. “Shall I bring anything?”

Leonard hesitated. “This might sound crass, but condoms and lube? This is a pretty small town, and the selection isn’t exactly extensive.”

“I think I can manage that. See you soon.” And the line clicked closed.

Leonard took a long, shaky breath. The first time they'd met, Camden had reached out to him. Now he would reach out to the other man and return the favor.

CAMDEN caught himself pacing in front of his wardrobe at seven a.m. Sunday, debating what to wear to meet the sensual Leonard.

Sensual. What a word to describe a man who wasn't apprehensive about propositioning a stranger who had only hinted at the idea. Camden was glad he had taken the time to talk to Leonard in the airport. It wasn't just the obvious unhappiness in Leonard's shoulders that had drawn his attention; it was how the casual clothes somehow enhanced Leonard's body, even with the thick dark blond hair tumbling over his shoulders.

Leonard looked like a hippy, a throwback to the late 1960s. Camden found he didn't mind. After all, it wasn't Leonard's clothes that concerned him—it was what was under the clothes Camden wanted.

He paused his pacing in front of the glazed window and images of the passionate encounter they'd shared floated in front of his eyes. It had been a very, very satisfying night, one that Camden hadn't wanted to—or been able to—put aside. And he'd finally decided he wanted more.

Camden turned back to the wardrobe and considered the style of clothing Leonard had seen him in before, the elegant professional wear he donned every day. Pursing his

lips, he decided to take his cue from Leonard and dress casually.

After all, Camden didn't intend to wear clothes very long once he arrived in Roskilde.

LEONARD walked toward the train station, his pace this morning faster than normal; he'd walked across town in record time. He wasn't even trying to tell himself it was because of the brisk air; he was anxious to see Camden.

A stream of people appeared from the latest train, and he searched for Camden's blond head. Spotting it, he took a second to just absorb Camden's masculine beauty and easy grace, wishing that he'd brought his camera with him to catch a couple candid shots. Camden actually spotted him before he made any move to get his attention, which made him flush as if he'd been caught doing something illicit.

A smile spread across Camden's face as he made his way through the crowd, a simple folded garment bag hanging from one shoulder. He was dressed casually in jeans and an open-collar shirt, and he raised a hand in greeting as he approached.

Leonard shook himself out of the creative fog he sometimes found himself in, returned Camden's smile, and greeted him with a hug. "I'm glad you're here. Hungry?"

Camden folded his arms around him for a long squeeze. “I am. The problem with being at home in the mornings is that I don’t cook. I’m running on coffee.”

“Well, we can’t have that, and I know just the lady to fix you up. Come on.” Leonard casually laced his fingers through Camden’s to pull him in the right direction but let their hands fall still joined between them as they started to walk. “So how did you end up with three days off? Won’t we start hearing reports of mass pandemonium at the airport?”

“I hope not,” Camden muttered, but he sighed right after. “No, it should be fine. I’ve got a good staff. And I’m actually gone for a week every couple months for meetings and tours, so it’s not totally foreign for me to be away.” His fingers squeezed Leonard’s.

Leonard weaved in and out of the people hawking their wares in the square, coming to a stop in front of a small white cart of baskets loaded with every imaginable bread and pastry.

“Leonard!” the woman yelled. “You are late. I was beginning to think you were cheating on me with the pastry shop around the corner.”

“Never, Margaret.” Leonard took her hand and kissed it. “You have no competition in my book.”

“Flatterer,” the older woman said, obviously pleased with the compliment. “Your usual?” She paused, eyes running up and down Camden, obviously evaluating him. “Or something new this morning?”

Leonard swallowed a chuckle. “My usual to get me through the week, but we’ll add a few extras.” Turning to Camden, he started to point at the various unlabeled rolls and pastries, describing each.

Camden’s brow raised higher and higher, and finally he laughed and shook his head at Leonard. “You choose. I’ll eat anything. It all looks wonderful.”

Shrugging, Leonard looked at the vendor. “Just make it double my usual order, Margaret.”

The tiny, gray-haired woman beamed as she loaded up a second bag and tied it closed with raffia before handing it over. Leonard laid a bill in her hand and turned to walk away before she could make him change.

“It’s a beautiful day. We could drop the bags at the house, fill a Thermos with coffee, and walk down to the harbor,” he suggested.

“Sounds lovely. I’m always cooped up inside,” Camden said, taking the time to look all around him before settling his intense gaze on Leonard.

“My house is on the way. I just need to pick up some flowers for Adelena.” Leonard paused next to a display of cut flowers in bins of water. “I bought her purple last week. What do you think I should get this time? I’m terrible at making decisions. Must be the Libra in me,” he said with a laugh.

Camden picked immediately, pointing at the bright blooms spilling from the bin. “Yellow. And who is Adelena? Should I be jealous?”

Leonard grinned, squeezing Camden's hand. "Only if you get jealous over ninety-year-old landladies. Adelena owns the house I'm renting. It's a guest house really, just two rooms. I think her husband converted their garage. She has lovely gardens planted all around it, and there is an apple tree so close that I can literally open my window and pull off fruit. She doesn't get out much, and her children live in Ringsted, so I've been helping with groceries and errands. The gardens aren't producing as many flowers right now, so I've been bringing her a bouquet on Sundays." He paused and looked at the quizzical expression on Camden's face. "Probably too much information, huh?"

Camden's head tipped to the side as he studied Leonard. Then a charmed smile pulled at his lips. "That's all right. I'm finding I like listening to your voice," he said.

Blushing, Leonard looked away, mumbling something. Camden's lips twitched, and he ducked a little to try to catch Leonard's eye. "What was that?" he asked, obviously amused.

Leonard grimaced. "I said, 'You and half the girls in my poetry class'. I swear if they give me one more dreamy-eyed sigh, I'm going to scream."

Camden laughed aloud. "Well, I won't try for a dreamy-eyed sigh, but I certainly like what I see."

Seeing the humor in the situation, Leonard laughed along with him, leaning into Camden's side and wrapping an arm around his waist. "Well, unlike them, you might actually get somewhere with it, and I like what I see too."

Camden slid his arm over Leonard's shoulders as they waited on the flowers to be wrapped up. "I'm glad of that," he admitted. "I hoped you did."

"And here I thought I was being so obvious." Leaning in to brush Camden's ear with his mouth, Leonard whispered, "Maybe we could hang out at my house for a little while before taking that walk. The things I want to do to you really aren't suitable in public."

Camden's laugh was a low purr. "I vote for that. I've always enjoyed breakfast in bed."

Picking up the package of yellow blooms, Leonard rearranged the bags so he could take Camden's hand again. "Home it is. So do you get out of Copenhagen often? You said you traveled for work."

"Fly out of Copenhagen, in somewhere else, and right back," Camden said tiredly. "Very rarely do I see anything but the inside of a plane or a car." He glanced around. "I forget that it's so beautiful here. It's one of the things I like about Denmark."

"It really is beautiful. I felt immediately at home. One of the things I've been looking forward to about being here is traveling through Europe. I've traveled extensively in North and South America, but other than the obvious—London, Paris, Rome—I haven't seen much of Europe. Once the students start their projects, I'll only be teaching three days a week, so I'll have lots of long weekends to travel."

"EuRail is a good choice. Takes longer to fly, sometimes," Camden said as they walked along. "More flexible too. Though don't tell anyone I said that."

“Plus the train stations are frequently located more to the center of town, unlike the airports,” Leonard agreed with a wink to Camden. “There are a couple of trips I’ll probably do by car.” He paused, focusing on the stone wall they were passing. “I could keep rambling, but it probably would be more productive if I got to the point. In my roundabout way, I was sort of asking if you might like to come with me occasionally.”

Camden smiled warmly. “I’m going to enjoy showing you how much I like that idea,” he said in a voice that was a low purr.

Leonard’s pace picked up, and he soon turned onto a stone path between two high hedgerows and pushed open a weathered gate. “It’s a good thing we’re almost there.”

Camden dragged his hand across Leonard’s chest as he walked by. “I heartily agree.” He took several steps down the walk before waiting for Leonard to catch up.

“It’s around back,” Leonard said, nodding for Camden to continue. “You can’t miss it. It looks like something out of Hansel and Gretel.”

Chuckling, Camden walked ahead. When he got to the small cobblestone area before the door, he blinked and straightened. “You’re not kidding! It’s amazing.”

“Especially since the rent is about the cost of a good night out in New York,” Leonard added, putting an old-fashioned skeleton key in the lock, opening the door, and motioning Camden inside. “Why don’t you put the kettle on? I’m going to take these flowers to Adelena before they wilt. I’ll be right back.”

Camden nodded and stood in the doorway until Leonard disappeared from sight before entering the house, leaving the door cracked open. Leonard hurried, rushing his normally lengthy conversation with Adelena, letting her know that he had a visitor so she wouldn't be scared by a strange man in her backyard and promising to take her to town for dinner as soon as Camden left. Hands full of fresh-baked apple pastries, he walked into the cottage, closing the door with his hip.

"It looks like we have more to go with our—" The rest of the sentence was lost as Camden's lips closed over his. Two hands cupped Leonard's face gently, though the kiss was everything but. It was hungry and wet and consuming. When they finally broke apart, Leonard was panting, and he had to fumble to slide the pastries onto the counter.

"I've waited all week for that," Camden purred.

Leonard's head spun, and he clutched the front of Camden's shirt to keep the world from tilting. "If I had known that was coming, I'm not sure I could have waited."

Camden's lips pulled into a satisfied smile as he maneuvered Leonard to push him against the counter. "Want to wait any longer? I feel the need to thank you for graciously agreeing when I invited myself to visit."

"Fuck, no, we're not waiting." Raising a knee between Camden's legs to fit them together, Leonard's hands kneaded his ass as they moved against each other. It was amazing how fast Camden turned him on. Waiting for the train this morning, he'd been determined to spend some time getting to know Camden instead of just falling into bed, but the second

Camden had kissed him, all his good intentions flew right out the window. “Oh well, right after sex is a great time to talk,” he mumbled, not realizing he’d spoken aloud.

Camden chuckled as he slid his groin against Leonard’s thigh. His stiff cock was clearly evident. “I agree.” Then he claimed Leonard’s mouth again as his hands moved to yank Leonard’s shirt free of his waistband.

Leonard shivered as Camden’s hands brushed bare skin. “I said that out loud, didn’t I?” he asked, his fingers busy with the buttons of Camden’s shirt.

A simple affirmative hum against the skin of his neck was Camden’s reply as he worked on unfastening Leonard’s trousers and sliding his hands over trim hips to push them out of the way. Camden was right there against the bare skin of one thigh, pumping his hips firmly against it. “Want you right here, right now,” Camden growled.

“Can you reach the condoms and lube?”

“Hold that thought,” Camden ordered as he stepped back and rifled through his bag, which he’d set on the table. When he turned with supplies in hand, he took in Leonard’s flushed face, mussed hair, loose shirt, and open pants, and visibly took a deep, steadying breath. As he unzipped his own pants, he growled, “Get out of those trousers if you want them intact.”

Leonard quickly pushed his jeans to the floor, stepping out of them and kicking them to the side. Grabbing Camden’s waist, he pulled their bodies flush, one hand pushing inside his open pants to circle his cock. “Want this inside me.” Turning against the counter, he crossed his arms

and leaned forward, offering his ass and looking coyly over his shoulder. They could do slow and easy later, in bed, after they'd eaten and maybe even explored the town a little. Right this minute, he wanted to feel all of Camden's force... all of his strength.

Camden pushed two slick fingers into Leonard as he rhythmically rubbed his cock against his ass. "Such a debauched picture," he said thickly. "And all for me." He pushed his fingers back and forth inside the almost too-tight passage.

"Yeah, all yours," Leonard groaned. "So take it already or you're gonna make me come." It had been years since he'd had a regular lover. The idea of really getting to know Camden during his time here and going beyond the 'getting off to relieve a need' phase was really appealing.

"Fuck, you're tight," Camden swore as he tried to make room for his thick cock inside Leonard. "Want to fuck you, but I don't want to hurt you," he said, but his fingers forced their way in anyway, generously slick with lube. With his other hand he dug into his pants and shoved his briefs out of the way, pulling his fat cock free of the restriction.

"God," Leonard panted. There was something so debauched about bending over half-naked when Camden was still mostly dressed. "Please," he whimpered, his own hand squeezing his cock to stave off the climax already near breaking point.

Camden let go of him just long enough to roll on the condom, then he was back, cock in hand, pushing against

Leonard's hole. "Open up, lover," he growled as he started rocking forward and penetrating him.

Leonard relaxed into the touch, allowing himself to be taken. Although he enjoyed topping, the complete surrender of his pleasure to Camden was incredibly rousing. His head fell forward between his shoulders, and he groaned as Camden's hand climbed up his back under his shirt to curve over his shoulder and pull him back onto his cock. "More. I want all of you," he moaned.

With another of those deep growls, Camden grabbed Leonard's hip with his other hand and jerked him back, impaling him on his thick erection. "Oh, fuck, yeah," Camden groaned before he pulled back part way and thrust back in.

"Just like that. Fuck me!" Leonard's fingers scrabbled at the countertop, searching for some way to anchor himself.

Grunting with each thrust, Camden surged forward over and over, fucking Leonard in hard, slapping motions and jamming his hips against the counter. "You're going to come without touching your cock," Camden said hoarsely. "Just from my cock pounding into you."

Considering Leonard had been just barely holding back since before Camden had penetrated him, it wasn't much of a leap. His eyes closed and focused on the feel of Camden's cock, thick and hard, sliding in and out of his body. "Soon... harder!"

Camden gripped Leonard tight as he followed through on his promise, pounding into Leonard, slamming his hips against his ass, his balls slapping the soft flesh of Leonard's

inner thighs. He set both hands on Leonard's hips and started yanking him back at the same time as he bore forward, drilling into him with his cock.

The almost feral noises Camden made were Leonard's undoing. He reached behind himself to hold onto Camden's ass as everything else spun out of control. "Oh God, I'm coming!"

"That's right, lover, come. Come hard. I want you seeing stars as I fuck you crazy," Camden rasped, his thrusts keeping up in strength and length.

Leonard shook as he came, peaking again and again as Camden slammed into him until he was pulling away from the contact because it felt so good it hurt. But then Camden froze and moaned long and low while he started moving in short, erratic strokes as he climaxed and his hands shook on Leonard's hips. He gasped out Leonard's name and lowered his forehead to his shoulder.

"Damn," was all Leonard could manage to say, his knees shaking. Taking a deep breath, he worked on getting his muscles to cooperate enough to push himself up from the counter. "I think I need to lie down."

Breathing hard, Camden closed his arms around Leonard to help him stay upright. "Where's the bed?" he asked between deep gasps for air.

"About ten steps behind you. It's not a very big place." Leonard laughed, leaning on Camden's chest and enjoying the secure feeling of the strong arms wrapped around him.

Camden nipped at Leonard's neck and turned them both, walking them toward the bed, chuckling as his cock was slowly squeezed out as Leonard moved. "Not very friendly," he teased, rubbing the sated head against the slick hole.

Leonard whimpered, his knees threatening to give out. "You need to feed me first if you want me that friendly," he said weakly, stumbling to the side of the bed and pitching forward onto the soft duvet.

Camden kissed the back of Leonard's shoulder and chuckled as he stood back up. "You take a breather, and I'll be right back."

Limp, Leonard drifted along the edge of sleep as he listened to the water running in the bathroom. He must have dozed off because next thing he knew, there was something warm and wet bathing his cock and balls. "Mmm... feels good," he said, forcing his eyes open but not quite able to focus them. "I could get used to this kind of treatment."

When his eyes finally agreed to work, he could see Camden's blond head moving between his legs, and the source of the warmth and wet suddenly became clear: Camden was giving him a tongue bath. Leonard's gut twisted with heat. Sinking his fingers deep into the silky strands, he massaged Camden's scalp. "You're going to spoil me. Come here," he ordered, pulling his lover's head up so their mouths could meet.

Camden's lips were warm and wet as they kissed slowly, lingering as they hadn't before. He crawled up Leonard's body and settled against him so they lay close.

“Now that we have that out of our systems, I guess I should feed you like I promised,” Leonard rasped, not moving one muscle to carry out his suggestion.

Camden hummed vaguely and rested his cheek against Leonard’s shoulder. “Soon,” he murmured sleepily. “I’ll take you up on that kind offer.”

Leonard closed his eyes and rested, the weight and heat of Camden’s body lulling him almost to sleep. Floating in that place between dreams and reality, his mind wandered to possibilities of a permanent relationship with the exciting man in his arms.

A few minutes later, he forced himself awake, unwilling to waste their time together sleeping. He eased out of the bed carefully without waking Camden. Pouring two cups of coffee and grabbing a plate of the fresh-baked pastries, he tiptoed back into the bedroom, putting everything within easy reach, and crawled into the bed. Scooping a fingerful of jam from the center of a pastry, he rubbed it on Camden’s lips.

Shifting slightly, Camden’s tongue darted out as his body recognized some outer stimulus. It must have been the taste that woke him, though, because he frowned and cracked open one eye.

Leonard smiled down into the confused blue eyes. “Hungry?”

Camden closed them for a long moment before blinking them open again, and he looked a little more alert. “’s good,” he murmured, licking his lips.

“It should be. Adelena makes the jam herself, and you don’t even want to know how many hours she works at making the pastry.” Leonard broke off a bite of the flaky treat and held it to Camden’s lips. “I’ve got coffee too.”

Camden groaned happily and opened his mouth to accept the pastry. “I think I love her,” he said as he chewed.

“I’d be jealous if I didn’t love her myself.” Leonard popped a piece in his own mouth and hummed happily. “I’m going to weigh two tons by the time I’m done with this job. Unless you stick around in which case, I’ll be working it all off.”

“You want me to stick around?” Camden asked quietly as he watched Leonard eat.

Leonard leaned over and sucked the stickiness from Camden’s lips. “I’ll take as much of you as I can get.”

“Mmmm, I like the sound of that,” Camden purred. “We can keep treating each other well for some time to come, then.” He slid a hand to the back of Leonard’s neck to hold him in place as he teased a deeper kiss from him.

Leonard smiled against Camden’s lips. Sometimes, taking advantage of the kindness of strangers *really* paid off.

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