



Red Rose™ Publishing

MARILYN LEE

Night Heat



This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously and are not to be construed as real. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, organizations, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

Night Heat by Marilyn Lee

Red Rose™ Publishing

Publishing with a touch of Class!™

The symbol of the Red Rose and Red Rose is a trademark of Red Rose™ Publishing

Red Rose™ Publishing

Copyright© 2007 Marilyn Lee

ISBN: 978-1-60435-268-9

Cover Artist: Ash

Editor: Vi Bowden

Line Editor: WRFG

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be used or reproduced electronically or in print without written permission, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in reviews. Due to copyright laws you cannot trade, sell or give any ebooks away.

This is a work of fiction. All references to real places, people, or events are coincidental, and if not coincidental, are used fictitiously. All trademarks, service marks, registered trademarks, and registered service marks are the property of their respective owners and are used herein for identification purposes only.

Red Rose™ Publishing

www.redrosepublishing.com

Forestport, NY 13338

Thank you for purchasing a book from Red Rose™ Publishing where publishing comes with a touch of Class!



Night Heat

By

Marilyn Lee



Chapter One

While working my way through college one summer, I took a job at a cleaning agency. Sometimes I look back and wonder how different my life would have been had I not taken that job which caused my friends and classmates to smile. Apparently the idea of a six-foot, muscular male cleaning made people snicker, especially guys. But the job suited me. I attended classes in the morning, studied and slept a few hours, then headed out to clean my first office after seven three nights a week. I had the offices to myself and usually finished by eleven, which left my summer nights free for cruising.

Late one hot Friday afternoon, I woke hungry for sex. I'd ended an exclusive relationship because of my partner's refusal to consider my physical and emotional needs. I'd been the top, or dominant, male, not because of any particular need on my part, but because I was several inches taller and had a bigger dick.

Despite repeated requests on my part, Don had only fucked me once during our entire six-month relationship. I'd never been fond of one-nighters, but after four months of masturbating, I was horny enough to go in search of a one-night stand. As I lay in bed that morning, imaging the relief of a really deep, penetrating fuck, I almost decided to skip work and cruise early.

But the rent had to be paid, and so did the tuition for my upcoming last semester of school. So, I masturbated until I shot my load. Still not satisfied, I lay on the bed, rubbing my cock against the mattress until I was hard again. Then I got up and headed to the bathroom. In the shower, I quickly jerked off again. Like I said, I was horny as hell.

After a quick shower, I cooked a couple of sausages. As I slid the last one into my mouth, I pretended it was a hard, thick cock. But that just made me hornier, so I ate the sausage, still longing to be fucked.

Before I left my apartment, I stuffed several condoms and a tube of lube in my shorts. After work, I was heading straight for the nearest club. One of the benefits of living in a large city like Philadelphia was the plethora of clubs to hang out in. After work, I was heading to one of my favorite downtown clubs, and I wasn't leaving until I found a hunk willing to spend the night fucking. As I walked the ten blocks to the office complex, I had to make a conscious effort not to stare at the groin area of all the men I passed on the street. When I'm horny, I imagine every handsome man I encounter is packing a heat-seeking missile aimed straight at my ass. I arrived feeling overheated and hornier than ever.

"Hot night, huh Jace?"

I nodded at the woman behind the security desk. "You know it."

"Bad news. The air is out on the upper floors."

"What?" I stared at her. "Tell me you're kidding."

She shook her head, a wide smile spreading across her face. "Nope."

"Damn. That's all I need." I moved towards the elevator bank.

"Keep cool now, sweet cheeks."

I clenched my jaw, but didn't bother to acknowledge her parting shot. What



the hell was her problem? Did she resent my sexual orientation because it meant I wasn't interested in her? Too damn bad.

Since my mother's death, four years earlier, I hadn't really felt close to any woman. That is until I met a fellow classmate, April Tyler. With her smooth dark skin, big breasts and ass, she was the only female who had even remotely come close to arousing a mild sexual interest in me.

Within weeks of our meeting at school, we'd become close enough to engage in sex play. Our experiment never went past our undressing and fondling each other. After I admitted I couldn't really get it up for her, she kissed me and told me it was a sin to waste my looks and big cock on another man. She then told me anytime I wanted to give pussy another try, I could start with hers.

Still thinking about April, I smiled and pushed the Up button. If I didn't get lucky that night, maybe I'd call April and accept her offer to sample her pussy. I stepped inside when the elevator doors swished open. The interior felt like a blast furnace. I was sweating when I got off at the fifteenth floor. I picked up my cleaning supplies from the janitorial closet and stood in the quiet corridor trying to convince myself that I could not afford to turn around and get the hell out of there.

But damn if I felt like cleaning in that heat. You need the money so suck it up, sweet cheeks. I made a quick circuit of the entire floor which housed a law office. Finding no one in any of the offices, I decided to make myself as comfortable as possible. I stripped naked, put my underwear, shorts, and shirt on a chair in the first office, and began cleaning.

Of course, as I cleaned, having my dick swinging free was a constant reminder that I needed some cock. Determined not to be sidetracked by lust, I resisted the urge to step into one of bathrooms for a quick jerk off. Three and a half hours later, I walked into the last office, still naked. But I was only half an hour away from hitting the clubs. I turned on the lights, emptied the trash can and hooked up the vacuum cleaner. Then I moved towards the private adjourning bathroom. As I neared the half open door, the toilet flushed.

I froze. Shit! Someone was in there, and there I was, buck-naked and semi-erect. Keeping my gaze on the door, I quickly, silently backed away.

I was halfway across the office and ready to turn and sprint for the office door when a man emerged from the bathroom. I felt my stomach muscles churning as I stared at him. He was about 6'4. His handsome, smooth skin reminded me of milk chocolate. He had wide shoulders, narrow hips, long legs, and was as naked and aroused as I was.

I moistened my lips as my gaze slid down over his rippled abs to lock on his groin. Or more correctly, the cock he held in his hand. It was one of the biggest, thickest dicks I'd ever had the pleasure to see up close and personal. The head of his tool was big, dark pink, angry looking, and dripping pre-come. The rest of what I could see of his shaft bulged with veins.

One look at his lethal weapon and my own shaft jumped to complete, rigid attention. I knew I would do whatever was necessary to end up with his big shaft buried to the balls in my ass. Then I'd happily suck him until he gushed over my



lips. I'd eagerly let him put his dick wherever the hell he wanted to.

For a moment, neither one of us spoke. We just stood staring at each other.

Well, we actually checked out each other's cocks. Erect, my own meat is nearly a healthy seven inches. His dick looked like an ass-busting ten inches at least.

He spoke first. "Who the hell are you?"

His voice, like his big, dark body, was perfect. It was warm and deep enough to send my lust meter off the scale as I imagined having him whispering that he was going to bust my ass wide open and make me his bitch.

I sucked in a breath and reached down to massage my dick, imagining how much nicer his hand would feel there than mine.

He spoke again. "Hey. I asked who you were."

I blinked. "Me? I'm the cleaning person."

He leaned back against the wall near the bathroom door, still holding his hard shaft in his hand. "And do you always clean naked?"

He didn't look gay, but his dark gaze kept moving to my cock. His sexual orientation didn't worry me. Many guys who swore they were straight had not only allowed me to suck their shafts, but had also eagerly used their dicks to give me a deep ass massage.

I shrugged, pumping my cock.

Keeping his gaze locked on my meat, he parted his legs.

I stared back. There are few things sexier than a tall, handsome, naked black male with wide shoulders, a narrow waist, long, muscular legs, and a large shaft. Damn, I'd love him to bust a nut in me. His balls hung low and looked heavy. I love a man with the complete package — handsome, horny, and well-hung with a nice set of big, engorged balls that will slap against my ass as he fucks me deep and hard. "Only when I want to be fucked," I told him.

He straightened quickly and looked around. "Are you cleaning alone?"

"Yes."

He relaxed, leaning back against the wall, his gaze returning to my groin.

Confident he wanted to fuck as badly as I wanted to be fucked, I palmed my ass with my free hand and rotated my hips before I made fucking motions with my hips.

His nostrils flared and his voice seemed deeper when he spoke again. "Do you always clean naked and aroused?"

"It's too damn hot without air." I stared at his cock. "And you're naked because..."

He began to massage his cock. "When I work late, I always strip...on the off chance that I might get the opportunity to grab a quick piece of ass."

Oh, hell yeah! I had just the ass for him to grab...and fuck and then fuck some more.

"You've told me why you're naked. Why are you hard?" He asked.

I was too aroused to play games. "I need some cock," I admitted.

He slid his free hand down to his balls and cupped them. "I need sex."



I released my shaft to slide my other hand over my ass. "With a piece of meat like that, I'm sure you get all the pussy and ass you want."

He grinned, revealing a set of white, almost perfect teeth. He released his cock. It sprang up against his body, and damn if it didn't reach past his navel. "At the moment, I'm in the mood for some ass. Do you know where I can get some, Blondie?"

Generally, I would have objected to being called Blondie. However, at that moment, I was too damn horny to care what he called me, as long as he slid that big, ebony dick of his into my ass. I turned to face the door and glanced over my shoulder at him. "Will this one do?"

"Hell yeah."

I ran towards the door.

"What the fuck!"

As I reached the office door, he reached past me, shoved it closed, and pushed me against it. Moments later, I felt his big, muscular body molded against my back and ass.

Oh, hell yeah. I reached down to cup my dick and balls.

He put his hands on the door beside me and bent his head. When he spoke, his lips brushed against my ear. "And just where the hell do you think you're going?"

I pushed my body back against his groin, slowly rubbing my ass against him. "I was just going to close the door."

"Ahh. I thought you'd changed your mind."

I released my shaft to reach back and grip his thighs. "No damn way."

He laughed, grinding his dick against my ass. "You want to feel this sliding in and out of your ass, Blondie?"

I shuddered with lust. "Fuck yes."

He drew his lower body away from mine.

The feel of his hands sliding down my back set me on fire. "Oh...shit," I groaned.

He palmed my ass and parted my cheeks. I felt his thumb sliding down my crack to my hole. "I want to be inside this."

"I want you inside it." I shuddered when he pushed his thumb into me.

He leaned against me. With the tip of his thumb still in my ass, he bit my ear. "I need a fuck," he groaned.

I pushed my ass back at him. "And I need to be fucked."

He slapped the side of my ass. "How much of my dick can I slid up this cute, tanned ass, Blondie?"

"Every damned inch."

He withdrew his thumb, stepped back, and swung me around.

We stared at each other in silence for several moments.

He surprised me by stepping closer and slipping his arms around me, pressing my ass against the door.

Standing chest-to-chest and cock-to-cock, I was so aroused I felt almost ready



to come all over him. I shuddered and ground my dick against his. Damn, that felt good. I palmed his tight ass and rubbed myself against his hard meat. "My condoms and lube are in my shorts in one of the other offices," I told him.

"I have some here." He stroked his big hands down my ass. He parted my cheeks to finger my hole again. "I can't wait to get my dick up your ass."

I pushed my ass back against his hand, thinking about the sounds and smells we'd fill the office with as we fucked. "So fuck me already."

He was my ideal fantasy lover—a few inches taller and a good twenty or thirty pounds heavier than me. "Oh, trust me, I am going to fuck you." He bent his head and brushed his warm lips against my cheek. "Where do you want it, Blondie?"

"Up the ass," I groaned, grinding my aching cock against his.

He laughed, slapped my ass cheeks, and released me. "Oh, you're going to get it up your ass, but I meant, do you have a favorite position?" As he spoke, he moved to his desk and opened one of the drawers. He put a large tube of lube and several condoms on the desk. "Lock the door so we won't be interrupted."

"All the other offices are empty," I told him.



Chapter Two

"You thought this one was empty. Lock the door. I don't want to risk anyone coming in and interrupting us while I'm fucking you."

I was so damned horny and eager for his cock, my hands shook and I took several attempts before I managed to lock the door. When I turned around, he had moved his chair in front of his desk. He sat with the lube in one hand and a condom already covering his big dick.

"Hey, Blondie, you look like you've been working hard." He patted his lap. "Why don't you come take a load off and let me put one in?"

I cast a look at the large windows behind his desk. Although we were on the fifteenth floor, his blinds were up. There were a few lights in a number of windows in the building across the courtyard. Anyone working late might look out their window and see me enjoying my first fuck in months.

Damn. I liked the thought. I reached for the lube. My legs shook as I crossed the room.

He shook his head. "Turn around."

I stood over his chair, frowning. While I was in the grip of cock lust, there was no way I was going to try and take him without lots of lube. "I don't think so."

He laughed. "Turn around and let me oil your ass."

I blinked at him. I'd never had a lover apply my lube before.

He arched a brow and put the lube on the chair between his legs. "Turn around, Blondie."

I obeyed.

"Part your legs"

I did.

He surprised me by gently massaging my ass cheeks. "Nice ass, Blondie. It's whispering to my cock."

"Oh, yeah? What is it saying?"

"Come fuck me."

I smiled and wiggled my ass. "This must be the night for talking genitals because your dick is whispering sweet nothings to me."

"What do you hear, Blondie?"

"I could have sworn I heard your big dick promising my ass a hard, hot fuck."

He leaned forward to kiss my back. "He never lies," he told me.

I closed my eyes. "My ass is yours for the night."

"Bend over," he instructed.

Expecting him to push the lube into my rectum with his fingers, I complied.

He parted my cheeks. But instead of lubing me up, he slapped my cheeks and then reached between my thighs to cup my balls and pump my cock. "Nice ass, nice cock," he spoke in a brusque voice. "Nice body."

I smiled and rotated my ass. "It's itching to be fucked by a nice, hard dick."

He slid his hand up and down my cock several times before he released it. "Show me how much you want to be fucked."



I reached back and pulled my cheeks apart. "Fuck me," I told him. "Fuck me hard and deep."

Holding me by one hip, he eased his lubricant covered fingers into me, pushing several globs up my ass. "There. That should be enough for the first time."

My legs shook at the implication of more than one fuck.

He rose and pushed against my back.

I straightened, turning to face him.

He took my hand and urged me around the chair.

I complied.

He placed my hand on the back of the chair. "Grip this and bend over."

Knowing I was only moments away from feeling his cock sliding up into my ass, I obeyed.

"Are you ready for some cock, Blondie?"

"Hell yeah."

His warm laughter filled the room. Then, without warning, he abruptly slapped both my cheeks so hard they stung.

I shuddered and gripped the back of the chair as he rained his palms down on my ass in a series of quick, painful slaps. I gasped. He spanked me until my cheeks felt as if they were on fire.

Then, he bent over me, soothing my burning cheeks. His lips administered soft, gentle caresses.

His gentleness surprised and pleased me. At 6 feet even and nearly two hundred pounds, it wasn't often I'd had a lover with enough patience to do more than ram his cock up my ass and rut into me until we both came.

I did enjoy rough sex, but I found myself captivated by his slow build up to fucking. "Shit, you're going to make me come," I warned.

"Oh, no. You're not coming until I fuck you deep and hard." He straightened.

I half turned to look at him.

He placed a hand on my hip. He gripped his cock in his other hand. "Spread those red, sweet looking cheeks of yours for me, Blondie. I need to be inside your ass."

I turned and pulled my cheeks apart, feeling sweat bead on my chest and roll slowly down my body.

He stepped close.

I shuddered and closed my eyes as I felt his big cock resting between my cheeks, touching my hole.

He slipped an arm around my waist and pressed his lips against my ear. "Get ready. I'm going to fuck you, Blondie."

"Do it...please."

He tightened his arm around my waist and licked the side of my neck. "I'm going to have to fuck you very deep and hard," he warned.

"For the love of God, will you stop talking and fuck me already?!"

He laughed. "Demanding bitch, aren't you?" He bent over me. "Hold onto the back of the chair."



I gripped the chair.

He reached his free hand around my body to place a hand next to mine on the back of the chair. Then he shoved his hips forward.

“Mother fuck!” I groaned, stiffening as he drove his huge dick past my tight hole and halfway up my ass with one painful, powerful shove.

Instead of drilling the rest of his shaft into me, he paused, giving me time to adjust to his size and thickness. “Damn! Your ass is tight.” He held his cock still inside me, brushing his lips over my neck and ear. “Your entire body is tense. This isn’t all about me. I want you to enjoy this too. If it’s too painful —”

“No. No. I like it rough,” I gritted through my teeth.

“Then relax.” He nibbled at the top of my ear and slid a hand up my belly to pinch my nipple. “Is this tight ass still mine for the night?”

Holy shit. He was a considerate fucker. I took a deep breath. “Oh, hell yeah. Fuck me. Hurt me.”

He kissed the back of my neck and abruptly eased his cock out of my ass.

I swung around to stare at him. “What’s wrong?”

He shook his head. “It’s not going to work with you leaning over the chair.” He took my hand in his and led me across the room. He placed me against the door with my ass facing him. I pressed my palms against the door, bracing myself for the return of his cock.

He kissed my neck. “Don’t worry, Blondie, you’re going to enjoy this too,” he promised. Then he spread my cheeks with one hand and thrust his sugar sweet dick back up into my ass.

Damn. I swear I nearly saw stars, even though I knew there were several inches remaining outside me.

As he gave me time to adjust to his cock, he linked his fingers through mine and then withdrew all but the head of his shaft. Licking and kissing my neck, he squeezed my hands and drove his dick back into me. The first few times, he eased in and out of me before he suddenly slammed his entire length up my ass.

“Oh...damn...damn...”

Rotating his hips, he fucked me with low, deep, penetrating strokes that made me grind my ass against his groin each time he slid his entire length up into me. The feel of his cock stretching me and the sound of his big balls slapping against me, drove me wild with hunger. Damn, I’d never been so full of cock or enjoyed sex so sweet and exquisite, it bordered on pain.

“Oh...fuck...fuck...oh fuck,” I chanted, feeling my balls tightening. I knew it would only take a few more, ass-busting thrusts to send me soaring to the most powerful orgasm of my life.

“Oh, Blondie, you have a tight, sweet ass.” He shuddered, partially withdrew, and then thrust back inside me. “Sweet, tight, and delicious.” He uncurled his fingers from mine and withdrew until only the head of his shaft remained in my ass. “Part your cheeks and give me all of your ass. Give me all of this tight, hot, sweet fuckhole.”

With my stomach muscles clenching, I reached back to spread my cheeks.



“Damn, I like the way my cock looks buried in your ass.”

“I love the way it feels,” I admitted.

He placed his palms on the door, bit into my shoulder, and rammed his cock in and out of me several times.

That was all it took. I shuddered and came, shooting cum over my thighs. I released my ass and slumped against the door.

He continued fucking me for nearly a minute before he groaned and crushed me against the door as he came.

We remained standing with his dick still embedded in my ass for a few moments before he placed his hands on my cheeks and eased his cock out of me.

I groaned in protest.

He turned me around and leaned his body against mine. “Damn I needed that.”

I opened my eyes and smiled at him. “So did I.”

He slipped an arm around my shoulders and walked me over to the sofa along one wall. He flopped down onto it, patting the cushion beside him.

My ass burning, I sat down.

He removed his condom, leaning over to drop it in the wastebasket next to the sofa. He then sat with his legs open, his cum-slick dick lying along one dark, muscular thigh.

I dragged my gaze away and leaned against the back of the sofa. I closed my eyes, unnerved by both my physical and emotional response to him. I am definitely not the shy type, but I didn’t know what to say to him. And I was afraid he’d had enough while I longed for another fuck.

So I waited for him to make the next move. If he wanted me again, I’d gladly spread my cheeks for him or take him in my mouth. The room smelled of sex, sweat, and more sex. Intoxicating.

As the moments turned into minutes, I realized he hadn’t been serious about wanting to spend the entire night with me. Damn. This was awkward. Did I ask him to leave while I cleaned the office? Did I clean around him? Or did I just get the hell out of there and make up some excuse about being unable to clean the office because it had been locked and the master keys hadn’t been in the janitorial office?

This was the first and last time I mixed business with pleasure. I opened my eyes and stood up. I only took one step away from the sofa before he reached out and caught my hand.

“Where the hell do you think you’re going?” He tugged on my hand and pulled me back onto the sofa. “You promised me the entire night.”

A wave of relief washed over me. I turned to smile at him. “I thought you’d had enough.”

He took the hand he still held in his and guided it to his cock. “Does this feel like I’ve had enough?”

While he wasn’t erect, he was completely flaccid, either. I pumped his cock slowly. When it began to stir, I cupped his balls.

“Nice,” he said, leaning back and closing his eyes. He parted his thighs.



I leaned over and licked the head of his cock.

He groaned.

Encouraged, I dragged my tongue along the underside of his shaft. I licked it from tip to balls before gently sucking his balls. My nostrils filled with the scent of his pubic hair. I know shaved pubs make giving a blowjob nicer, but I like a lover with chest and pubic hair.

He lifted his hips slightly, making fucking motions.

I licked my way up the underside of his big dick to suck the big, dark pink head into my mouth.

“Shit!” He thrust his hips upward.

Several inches of cock slid into my mouth. So I caressed his balls and slowly drew as much of his shaft into my mouth as I could. I sucked him and massaged his balls, delighting in feeling him swell and lengthen in my mouth. I generally wasn’t that fond of giving blowjobs, but damn if I didn’t like the taste, smell, and feel of his dick.

He placed a hand over the back of my head. “Damn, Blondie, your mouth is as hot as your ass. I’m fully aroused again.” He reached over and slapped my ass. “I like how you blow, but I want to get back in your tight ass.”

God, yes, he wanted to fuck me again. I gave his big sugar dick a last suck before lifting my head to meet his dark gaze.



Chapter Three

He rose and walked over to the desk for another condom. Moving over to the chair, he sheathed himself and sat with his thighs open. He beckoned to me. "Bring your tight ass over here so I can fuck you again, Blondie."

I nodded and crossed the room to him. I turned and bent over while he eased some lube into my rear. When he was finished, he dropped the tube on the floor by the chair and gripped my hips. "Sit on my dick."

With my back to him, I reached back to grip his cock. Placing it between my cheeks, I slowly lowered my hips. The big head bumped against my hole. I closed my eyes, sucked in a deep breath, and pushed down.

He gently heaved his hips up and the huge head eased into me.

"Oh..." I shuddered and continued pushing down.

"That's it," he encouraged, caressing my cheeks. "Slide your ass down onto my cock."

Eager to experience the sensation of feeling as if my ass would split in two again, I pushed down.

Several more inches of thick, hot cock made its way up into my rectum. His invading dick deliberately brushed against my prostate. Sweet lord! "Damn your dick is good," I groaned.

"Then take it all." He jerked on my hips.

When he had his entire length packed in my stretched ass, he wrapped his arms around my waist and buried his lips against my ear. "Damn, you are one handsome, sweet bitch. And for tonight you're my bitch."

"Your bitch," I assured him.

He held me still.

We both took a few moments to enjoy the wonderful sensation of being fully joined.

"Damn...you're tight," he groaned.

Eager to fuck, I ground my ass against his lap. "And you are so big and hard. Fuck me! Fuck your bitch with your big, black, hot pole."

He laughed. "You like black dick?"

"I like yours," I told him.

Kissing my neck, he began to leisurely move his dick in and out of my ass.

I closed my eyes and leaned back against him.

After several moments, he pushed against my butt.

Groaning, I lifted my hips.

He slid his hands over my ass. He withdrew all but the big head of his shaft. "Let's fuck, Blondie."

"Oh, fuck yeah."

He eased forward, allowing an inch or two of delicious dick to again invade my starving ass...and pulled all but the head out again.

I moaned and pushed my hips down, wanting to feel every inch of his beautiful shaft in me.



But he teased me by immediately withdrawing all but the head again. He was a sexual sadist. He continued to tease me until I felt ready to burst.

"Stop teasing me!" I demanded, after he'd done it for the fifth or sixth time. "Ram that thick tube up my ass! Bust me open, baby!"

He kissed the back of my neck, sending a shiver down my spine. "Patience, Blondie. I plan to keep my cock up your sweet, tight ass all night."

"Start now! Fuck me!"

He obliged by shooting his entire thick shaft balls deep up my ass.

My cock stiffened and my whole body convulsed with lust and pleasure. "Oh, God! Do it again, baby! Fuck me! Drill my ass and make me your bitch!"

"You want to be my bitch, Blondie and have me turn your ass into my own private pussy?"

"Yes! Yes!"

He grabbed my hips and slammed my ass down onto his lap, wrapped both arms around my waist and began shoving his cock deep up into my ass.

Damn, but there's nothing in the world like having an ass full of thick, demanding cock. Especially when it's wielded by a man who knows how to fuck an appreciative ass. I shuddered and groaned with pleasure with each upward thrust.

As he fucked me, he leaned forward and peppered my neck and shoulders with hot, heated kisses. When he wasn't kissing or licking my neck and shoulders, he filled my ears with hot, graphic fuck talk that nearly drove me insane.

The muscles in my stomach clenched, my inner thighs convulsed, and I threw my head back against his body as my climax quickly built.

"That's it," he grunted. "Come for me, my bitch. Come." He released my hip to reach around to pump my cock.

"Holy shit, I've never had such a hard hot fuck! Damn your dick is good!"

"So is this pussy...my pussy, Blondie. Mine."

"Yours...yours...fuck your pussy and make me come hard."

He kept shoving his big dick deep up into my ass, making certain he made frequent and blissful contact with my prostate. Each time he did, I gasped, driving closer to my climax. Damn, but he knew how to fuck a man. "Oh God, I'm almost there!" I groaned. "Almost..."

Still pumping my ass and my cock, he slid his free hand down to squeeze my balls. That did it. A bolt of pure lust shot through me and I came, blasting my seed all over my stomach and chest.

He quickly followed. Biting into the back of my neck, he continued pumping the last drop of seed from my cock. I fell back against him and squeezed my stuffed ass around his cock as he groaned and busted his wad.

He released my balls and dick. "Damn, Blondie! You're a hot fuck," he whispered, kissing the side of my neck.

I slowly rotated my ass, eager to hold onto his fast deflating cock. "Hmm. It's easy to be a hot fuck with an ass packed full of big, juicy cock."

He laughed and nudged my hips, lifting me off his lap. As his cock head cleared my ass, I was left with that empty ass feeling I hate.



When I went to stand, my knees nearly buckled. That's when you know you've had a really good fuck—when you can barely stand afterwards.

He caught me around the waist and walked me back over to the sofa. He sat down and pulled me down next to him. "So what's your name, Blondie?" He fondled my cock and balls as he spoke.

I love a lover who'll hold and fondle me after the fucking. I don't like thinking I'm just a piece of easy ass—even when I am.

"Jace. What's yours?"

"Brian. You involved with anyone, Jace?"

"No." I cupped my hands over his balls and cock and felt him hardening against my fingers. "What about you, tall, dark, and well-hung?"

He sighed softly. "Damn, that feels good. No, there's no one special for me at the moment."

As we talked, we continued to fondle and caress each other's genitals. Within moments, his thick, dark cock started to stir.

I licked my lips and knelt on the floor between his legs.

He smiled and parted his thighs.

I slowly began to suck the thick column into my mouth, swirling my tongue around the tip.

He groaned, curled his fingers in my hair and thrust his hips forward. "Oh, damn, Blondie! Your mouth is hot. Suck it, bitch! Suck it all!"

Several inches of dick slid over my mouth and down into my throat. I leaned forward, eager for more cock and delighted as several more inches of sweet dick made their way down my throat.

Feeling a heated lust in my cock and balls, I began a slow, hungry sucking and pulling on his big shaft. How had I ever thought I could take or leave cock sucking? I was in ecstasy. His dick tasted like a hunk of dark, delicious chocolate. I cupped his balls in my free hand and gently stroked them. It must have been a while since he'd been really sucked because he came very quickly.

I felt the tension in him and tensed for the explosion in my mouth.

But he quickly drew his dick out and pointed it at my groin. Jet after jet of cum blasted from his cock and onto my groin to mingle with mine.

We collapsed on the sofa with him lying on top of me, between my thighs, dick to dick.

I held him, hoping he'd kissed me on my lips.

While we lay grinding against each other until we were both erect again, he showed no inclination to really kiss me. He lifted his head and our gaze locked.

His dark eyes gleamed with a desire that I quickly shared. "How about it? You up for another round, Blondie?"

I fondled his ass. "Depends."

"On?"

I released his ass to push at his shoulders.

He sat up.

I rose, turned my back to him, and rotated my ass in his face. "See anything



you like, handsome?"

For answer, he slapped my ass.

"Hey! What's that for?"

"For trying to play hard to get." He grabbed my hips and tossed me face down on the sofa.

I smiled and felt my balls tingle with anticipation as my ass was filled with lube.

Preparing myself to be taken from the rear, I was surprised when he turned me over and climbed on the big sofa with me. He parted my thighs and eased the head of his dick into my ass.

My eyes started to flutter shut.

"No. Keep your eyes open," he whispered. "I want to watch the expression in them as I slide all the way in."

I moaned, gripped his arms, and pulled him down on me. I longed to close my eyes to better savor the pleasure, but I somehow managed to keep them open.

He pushed the rest of his cock up my ass, wrapped one arm around my waist and the other under my shoulders. "Now you can close your eyes."

I did.

He nibbled at my neck and shoulders as he lay unmoving on me.

I deliberately turned my head until the corners of our mouths touched. Would he take the hint and kiss me, or would I have to curl my fingers in his hair and drag his lips down to mine?

I got my answer when he sucked in a breath moments before he pressed his firm, full lips against mine.

Oh, hell yeah! I slid my palms down his back to his firm ass.

He kissed me slowly as he began to fuck me.

Oh, shit, but that felt good! Moaning into his hot, voracious mouth, I lifted my hips to encourage him to fuck me hard.

He thrust roughly downward, allowing his entire cock to shoot up into me, impaling my ass on his dick. Damn, he was a superb lover. He alternated between long, luscious strokes of his cock and short, hard punches with his dick that nearly drove me crazy.

I clung to him, digging my fingers into his ass while the world around me tilted on its axis. His strong, passionate strokes touched more than my body. I felt almost as if his plundering cock created a bond of joy and delight which threatened to consume me. I'd never felt anything so overwhelming.

He kissed me and thrust deep and hard in my ass and my soul, and I lost my mind and heart to him. "Oh, shit! Your cock is destroying my ass! I'm going to come! I'm coming!" I groaned.

"Then come for me, Blondie!"

My cock, trapped between our thrusting bodies, throbbed and blew its load.

He groaned, held me tightly, and continued to pummel my ass. "Come on me! Shoot your load on me!"

I shuddered through my climax, feeling as if he'd reached into my body and



stolen my heart. I surrendered it gladly and weakly clung to him.

He rammed his dick deep in my ass, locked his mouth over mine, and fucked me hard. He shuddered and sucked on my tongue as he came.

An incredible jolt danced all through my body. I nearly melted under him.

He collapsed on top of me with his cock still spearing my now totally sore ass.

We lay together, holding each other in silence for several moments.

Finally, he shuddered, lifted his head from my neck to look down at me. "Damn that was good."

"It was beyond good! That was the most incredible fuck I've ever had," I admitted.

He smiled. "You have an incredible ass, Blondie."

"It's yours anytime you want it," I offered.

"Now that's what I'm talking about." He whispered the words against my mouth and we shared a long, greedy kiss. "Your lips are sweet and warm," he said when we emerged from the kiss. "Damn, you're a hot piece of ass pussy. I'd love to take you out and get to know you. Are you interested?"

I stared up at him, a little frightened by how I felt. I'd imagined myself in love several times, but I'd never been with a lover who'd touched me as he just had. I felt so needy for him. I wanted to tell him how I felt, but didn't quite dare. What if he was just looking for an occasional piece of ass on the side, with no commitments, and I went and shouted from the roof tops that I thought I could easily fall in love with him?

He'd run away so fast, I'd be eating his dust. I guessed he was roughly seven or eight years older than me, which would make him about 30. How likely was he to want a real relationship with me? It was much better to play it cool and take my cue from him. "Sure. Why not?"

He smiled. "Good."

Very good, I thought, stroking my hands down his back to his tight, hard buns. I love a man who lingers in my ass after the fucking. Such attention afterwards, makes me feel special—as if his interests extended beyond sex. And I definitely wanted him to want more from me than ass.

"Good," he said again. He kissed my lips, slapping the sides of my legs. "Let's get the hell out of here and go some place with a bed."

"You want more?" I tried to conceal my dismay. I really didn't think my ass could stand another pounding.

He nodded. "I do, but I doubt if my dick is going to cooperate. I'm worn out, but I'd like to fall asleep and wake up with you in the bed next to me."

"How long do you have?"

"I'm free the entire weekend." He stroked my cheek. "What about you, Blondie?"

"I'm free as well."

"So?"

"So, you sure know how to close a deal," I told him.

He grinned. "My mama didn't raise no fools." He climbed off me and stood up.



I stretched and rose to stand beside him. "Before we go, I have to give your office a quick sprucing up."

He caught my hand. "Don't bother."

"I have to or else anyone who comes here tomorrow will know someone had sex in here."

"Fine." He sank on the sofa and closed his eyes. "Wake me when it's time to go home and fall asleep in bed with you."



Chapter Four

We spent the rest of the night at my place. He offered to take me to a hotel. I don't normally take one-night stands home, but we'd already shared so many intimacies, I decided I wanted to take a chance with him. Besides, I wanted to fuck in my bed so that when the weekend was over, I could lie there, savoring the memories.

Inside my three-room apartment, we both turned our cell phones off. After we undressed, we stumbled into my bed and fell asleep. Several hours later, we woke, starving. We had a couple of ham sandwiches, then went into the bathroom. After a rather quick shower fuck, I sucked his cock once and he rode my poor behind until his dick went limp and my ass burned.

I shoved against his shoulders. "We have the entire weekend." We both groaned when he eased his dick out my ass. "Damn, I've enjoyed having you fuck me, but now I feel like I've been rode hard and put away wet."

"You do?" He leaned over and kissed me. "I'm sorry. It's just that it's been a long time for me and you..."

I yawned. "We're going to have to talk later. I can't keep my eyes open any longer." I turned onto my side.

He curled his body against my back, his lips pressed against my neck, and one arm thrown across my body. "Go to sleep, Blondie and rest up for round three tomorrow."

I smiled and drifted to sleep.

In the morning I woke to find my ass propped up on a pillow and with him lying between my thighs, kissing me awake. "Morning, Blondie."

I opened my eyes and looked up at him. His unshaven face looked sexy as hell. And his already erect cock pulsed against my stirring dick. I smiled up at him. "And just what do you think you're doing, Brian?"

"I woke up needing some pussy." He held my hips and ground his cock against mine while he nibbled at my lips. "Do you know where I can get some?"

"I just happen to have some pussy." I slid my arms around him. "Would you like some of mine?"

"Depends."

"On what?" I asked.

"Is it any good?"

I caressed his buns. "I've never had any complaints. Why do you ask?"

"Because I have a raging hard-on and I need a pussy that can stand a hot, raunchy fuck." He bent to nuzzle my neck. "Is your pussy up to the challenge?"

I dug my nails in his ass. "Why don't you get the lube, cover your dick, and find out for yourself?" I asked.

"Excellent advice," he whispered.

I slid my hands down his back to slap his ass.

He shuddered against me.

We got up and used the john and returned to the bed.



As he'd done the night before, he lubed my ass, and I rolled the condom over his cock. "There. He's all ready to break a heart and bust up another pussy."

We knelt on the bed facing each other.

"How do you want it this time, Blondie?"

I shrugged. "The guy with the biggest dick gets to choose." I leaned forward to kiss his lips before I reached between our bodies to cup his cock. "That would be you, well-hung."

He slapped my cheeks. "I want to mount you like you're my bitch."

I turned and knelt on my hands and knees with my ass exposed.

He moved behind me to oil me before he eased his cock into my ass.

"Oh, yeah," I groaned, reaching one hand back to grab his hip.

Sinking his cock balls deep, he bent over my back and fucked me with a slow heat that set me on fire. Within minutes of his cock sliding inside, I tensed up and blasted cum all over the bed.

Brian drove me down to the bed and lay on top of me, fucking my ass deep. Just before he came, he pulled out of my ass, discarded the condom, and spilled his seed all over my ass. He tumbled onto the bed beside me. He slapped my thigh. "If this gets any better, it's going to kill me."

I laughed, turning onto my side to face him. "Tell me about it."

He rolled onto his back.

I moved to lie against his side.

He threw an arm and a leg over my body.

We fell asleep.

I woke to the smell of food cooking a few hours later. I sat up as Brian, still naked, strolled into the bedroom with a plate and a cup in his hands. He put the plate and cup on the nightstand before he sat on the side of the bed. "Time to chow down, Blondie."

I arched a brow. "Handsome, well-hung, and does breakfast? I'm impressed."

He grinned and leaned over to kiss me. "Don't be until you taste it."

The eggs were overcooked, the toast and bacon burned, the coffee bitter and strong enough to put and remove hair from my chest. But it was the thought that counted. I ate most of the meal and then we went to the bathroom to shower.

Although we soaped up each other and kissed and caressed, we didn't fuck. We also didn't talk. When I asked him to tell me something about himself, he told me he wanted to fuck, not talk.

After we dressed, we went out for pizza, hoagies, and beer. While we were out, we also rented a few DVDs. I didn't object when he insisted on paying for everything.

Back in his late model car, he turned to glance at me. "I think we have everything we need for the rest of the weekend. If we want anything else, we can order in."

"And talk."

"Talk? Come on, Blondie. I told you I'm not interested in talking. I want to relax and fuck. Is that going to be a problem for you?"

He wants to fuck. Deal with it. I fastened my seatbelt with a smile spreading



across my face. The weekend was going to be hot. "Sounds like a plan."

We spent the entire weekend fucking. We fucked in bed, in the shower, on the kitchen table, and outside in the moonlight on my tiny balcony under the stars. Sprawled on my back on several blankets staring up at the stars as he rutted into my ass, I cherished every second of being with him.

I loved the way he showered my body with praise as we had sex then prolonged my climax by holding me afterwards. Damn, a man could get used to having such a skillful lover. It was just my luck that he was only interested in a weekend-stand.

By the time the weekend ended, I'd spent nearly all of the preceding 48 hours with my ass plugged full of thick, juicy man meat. And I'd loved every second—even when the sex was tinged with pain. Even then, he was tender and considerate of my pleasure.

Late Sunday night, having fucked ourselves into near exhaustion, we cuddled in bed in silence.

I didn't know what he was feeling as I struggled to hold desperation at bay. I knew that the weekend, as wonderful as it had been, wouldn't be enough for me. What I needed to know is if it had been enough for him. Or did he hunger for more as I did? Between watching an occasional movie, sleeping, and all the fucking, we hadn't spent much time talking about anything other than our plans for the next fuck.

With our weekend together nearly over, I regretted not having made the time to talk. Normally, I'd have no problem telling a lover I wanted to see him again. But for some reason, my courage failed me with him. Maybe it was because he'd affected me in a way no other lover had. I'd learned to accept rejection, but I wasn't willing to accept it from him. Yet, how could I just let him walk away?

He stroked a hand down my thigh. "You're very silent. What are you thinking?"

I sighed. "Just how hard I'm going to have to hit the books to make up for not studying at all this weekend.

"Is that it? You're not thinking about us?"

"Us?" My heart pounded, and I turned in his arms to face him. "Is there an us?"

"There is if I have anything to say about it."

I closed my eyes, allowing relief to wash over me.

He rolled onto his back, pulling me on top of him. "Don't go to sleep on me, Blondie."

I lay sprawled on his body. I opened my eyes to stare down into his dark gaze while he cupped his hands over my ass. "I'm not asleep."

"Good." He massaged my ass. "When can I see you again?"

I hesitated. Maybe I shouldn't be too easy or look too eager to please.

He slapped my ass. "I'm waiting for an answer, Blondie. When do I get to fuck my pussy again?" When I didn't respond immediately, he nibbled at my mouth. "I'm still waiting, bitch."



I resisted the temptation to admit he could see me any time he wanted. His refusal to discuss anything even remotely personal made it clear his interest was strictly sexual. I'd started the weekend looking for a one-night stand, but if I kept seeing him, I knew I'd want more than just sex. I pulled my lips from his. "I'll have to get back to you on that." That way I'd have an excuse to either give him my number or get his.

He palmed my ass. "That's too iffy."

I rotated my cock against his. "What do you suggest?"

"A specific date so there's no room for misunderstandings."

I grinned at him. "A man with a big, hard dick and a plan. Tell me more, well-hung."

"How's your schedule for tomorrow night, Blondie?"

"Filled. I have to work. I clean offices. Remember? That's how we met."

"Can't you call in sick or take the night off?"

"I only get paid when I work."

"And how many nights do you work?"

"Three."

"Monday, Wednesday, and Friday?"

Wasn't he the bright boy? "Yes."

"Then let's make a date for this Tuesday."

"I'll need to study to help make up for this weekend."

"Come on, Blondie. Can you spare me and my big dick a few hours?"

"Ah...well, I really should study and—"

He slapped my ass hard. "Don't tease me, bitch."

I shuddered. I loved having my ass slapped or spanked, and surprisingly, I kind of liked having him call me his bitch and speak of my ass as his pussy.

He spread my cheeks and pressed a finger against my hole. "After a long, boring day at work tomorrow, I'm going to need to know I can look forward to seeing you and fucking your hot, tight pussy." He eased his finger inside me and brushed his lips against mine. "I want to make you my pussy boy."

Now I definitely don't like that term. While I didn't care what he called my ass, I'm no damned boy. I'm a man who knows just what he wants and needs.

He bit my bottom lip. "Work with me Blondie. You can daydream after we get this settled."

"I need to study."

"And I need your pussy. I'm sure you're a bright guy. You can manage to study and make time to give me a little pussy. Right?"

I couldn't pass on the chance to have him fuck me again. "I might be able to manage both — as long as you don't expect to spend hours setting my ass on fire," I said, trying not to sound too eager.

"It's a date then. I'll be expecting to see you, Blondie." He pinched my ass. "Don't stand me up."

Was he on drugs? After he'd fucked me so many times, how the hell could he think I'd even consider standing him up? "The only thing I'll make stand up is your



big dick," I shot back.

He laughed and then curled his fingers in my hair. He kissed me with a slow passion that made my cock ache. Just as I was preparing myself for a last fuck, he slapped my ass, and rolled me off his body.

"Where are you going?"

He glanced at his watch. "I need to get home to prepare for work tomorrow."

I sighed and watched as he stood up.

I lay in bed listening to the sound of the shower running. Fifteen minutes later, he emerged from the bathroom. After he'd dressed, he sat on the side of the bed. "What's your cell number?"

I gave it to him.

He listened in silence.

"Aren't you going to write it down?"

He shook his head. "Trust me. There's no way I'm going to forget your number, Blondie."

"You know, Brian, my hair is blond—"

"Yes, it is." He reached out a hand to run his fingers through my hair. "And your eyes are blue, and you're one handsome, sexy bitch with an addictive pussy. What's your point?"

I blinked up at him, momentarily sidetracked by his complimentary recitation of my looks. "You think I'm handsome?"

He pinched my right nipple. "Is the sky blue? I have to go. If you have a point, make it."

"My name is Jace."

He leaned over and kissed my lips, thrusting his tongue inside my mouth.

When we broke apart to breathe, he stroked my hair. "Is that your way of telling me you don't like being called, Blondie...Jace?"

"No. I just wanted to remind you that Blondie isn't my name."

"But I can call you Blondie?"

What a pantywaist I was. I nodded. "If you like."

"Good." He pressed a quick kiss against my mouth, gently massaged my cock, and rose. He took his wallet from his pocket and placed several bills on my nightstand.

I shot up into a seated position, glancing at the nightstand. I could see three or four twenties. "I'm not a prostitute," I told him, feeling the blood burning my cheeks and neck.

He frowned. "Don't overreact, Jace. You're a college student. I remember how tight money was during my last year. That's just a little something in case you want to have lunch out with a friend. Okay?"

"I'd rather not accept it."

He treated me to a long, silent stare before responding. "And I'd rather you did."

I could use the money but I didn't want him thinking he had to pay me for sex, but I finally nodded.



"Good. Now just make sure you don't spend any of it on a friend with benefits." He caressed my cheek. "I'll pick you up here at seven o'clock?"

I nodded.

"See you then, Blondie." He turned and left my apartment.

Yes! Yes! I turned my cell back on before I sank down onto my back on the bed, smiling. I turned the light off and went to sleep.

July in Philadelphia can be brutal, weather-wise. I woke feeling hot, sticky, and horny as hell on Tuesday. Rolling onto my side, I stared at the clock radio on my nightstand. Eleven-forty a.m. I groaned. I'd missed both of my morning classes. Great. I'd call April after a shower.

I groaned and slipped out of bed. My ass ached as I walked into the bathroom. After brushing my teeth and using the john, I got into the shower. Coating my cock and balls with liquid soap, I allowed the cool water to cascade over my head while I masturbated. I had to come twice before I'd taken most of the edge off my sexual tension.

Stepping out of the shower, I wrapped a towel around my waist and went back into my bedroom as my cell phone rang. Was Brian calling already? A quick glance down at my cell's outer display, and I sighed. It wasn't Brian, but the number was familiar.

I picked up the cell from the nightstand. "Hey."

"Hey, tall, blond, and handsome. You missed class."

I smiled at the sound of the female voice. "Hi, there, round and brown. I overslept." I sat on the side of his bed. "Did you take notes for me?"

"Don't I always take notes when you miss class after you've been carousing all weekend?"

"Yes, you do, but I wasn't carousing."

"I couldn't reach you all weekend, so I figured you must have gotten lucky. Who were you with? Anyone I know?"

Although we were both graphic arts majors, we didn't meet until she tutored me in English during our second year of college. One night, when we'd been drinking to celebrate my getting an 80 on a critical test, things got a little wild. Neither of us was seeing anyone special then, and we were both horny. She ended up doing a slow, sensual striptease that got me hot. Her ability to arouse me physically surprised me. I'd known since I was a preteen that I preferred other males to females.

Nevertheless, I'd had a few sexual encounters with females to make sure I wasn't bisexual. Losing my anal virginity to a senior in high school had removed any lingering doubt that I was gay. And it had been years since I'd had even a passing sexual interest in a woman.

"Jace?"

I shook away the memories and told her about Brian.

"Wow. He sounds hot," she said. "Any chance of our doing a threesome?"

She spoke in a husky, exaggerated voice. I laughed. "Fat chance. You and I haven't even done a twosome."



"No, but I keep telling myself that if I'm patient enough, I'd get your ass drunk enough for me to be able to take advantage of you."

My smile vanished. I'd hate to think she might actually be hoping my sexual orientation was going to change. "You're joking. Aren't you? You know I'm gay, April."

"I know, but I know gay men who have kids. So I'm just saying that if you ever want some pussy, I'd love to oblige, but I'm not pining over you and turning down dates with other guys. So lighten up, Jace. Okay?"

"You're sure?"

"Of course I'm sure. I was joking. Get a grip, handsome. Got any plans for the rest of the day?"

"I'm seeing Brian tonight, but why don't you bring your notes and come over? We can go over them, do a little studying, and then have a late brunch. My treat."

"You're on. I'll be there in twenty minutes."

April and I spent the rest of the day together. She seemed inordinately interested in Brian, but I couldn't tell her what I didn't know.

"But I can see you really like him, Jace."

I nodded. "That's an understatement." I shrugged and took a gulp of my beer. "But enough about me. Let's talk about you. Any likely prospects rocking your world?"

She shook her head. "Not at the moment, which is okay since I need to concentrate on studying."

I glanced at my watch. It was five thirty. "I need to get home so I can shower and change. You want anything else?"

She shook her head. "I'm fine."

I paid for our late lunch at our favorite fast food restaurant. Her apartment building was five blocks from mine. I walked her home.

When we stood outside her building, she linked an arm around my neck. As she pressed a long kiss along the corner of my mouth, I could feel her breasts pressing against my chest.

I brushed my lips against hers, slapped her on her big ass, and stepped away from her. "See you in class tomorrow."

She nodded. "Have a good time tonight."

"Oh, I intend to." I grinned at her and walked away.



Chapter Five

I'd just finished dressing when Brian arrived. To my surprise, he shook my hand.

I stared at him. Surely he couldn't be serious. But it quickly became clear he was.

"Where would you like to eat, Jace?"

There was nothing in his voice or manner to indicate we were meeting for a personal rather than business reason. I shrugged. "I like Italian."

"I know just the place. Are you ready?"

I nodded.

We had dinner at a mid-size restaurant in Center City. As he had over the weekend, he rebuffed all my attempts to turn the conversation personal during the meal and instead talked about sports and movies. I listened in silence, getting more pissed by the minute. While I didn't want or expect him to be demonstrative in public, I did want to know something about him.

I pushed my untouched pasta aside and interrupted his spiel about a thriller he was reading. "What's your last name?"

"Excuse me?"

Why did he sound so surprised by the question? Did I detect a hint of annoyance in the narrowing of his gaze? Too damn bad. "What's your last name? Mine is Anderson. My parents are both dead. I'm an only child. You already know my age and that I'll be starting my senior year in September. Your turn. What do you do for a living?"

"I told you I wasn't interested in talking."

"And how long is that answer supposed to satisfy me?"

"What?"

"I want to do more than just spread my ass for you. I want to talk."

He stared at me for so long I wouldn't have been surprised had he refused to answer. "This is new for me."

"What's new for you? Paying for sex or answering simple questions?"

His jaw clenched. "I don't have to resort to paying for sex and I didn't pay you for the weekend."

"What's your last name?"

"Why? Are you writing a book?"

That snide question told me all I needed to know. He was only interested in a series of one-nighters. While I wasn't looking to fall in love, I did want an exclusive relationship. He clearly didn't—at least not with me. "Are you married?"

He held up his bare left hand.

"That doesn't tell me much, Brian. Hell, for all I know you're one of the legion of married men who don't wear a ring to make cheating on their trusting wives easier."

"I'm not married."

"And?"



"And what? What the hell do you want from me, Jace? We've known each other a few days. I'm not sure why you think that gives you the right to pry into my life."

"Pry into your life? You won't even tell me your damned last name."

"I told you this is new for me—"

I put down my fork, pushed back my chair, and got to my feet.

He looked up at me, shaking his head. "Don't make a scene."

"Fuck you." I stormed away from him. I turned at the entrance. Although he stared in my direction, he'd remained seated.

I caught the subway and headed home. But I wasn't in the mood to be alone. So I changed into a pair of shorts and went to the bar two blocks from my apartment. I spent two hours at the bar before I left to go home with a buzz, which allowed me to fall asleep as soon as I got in bed.

April and I went to lunch after our morning classes. "I'm sorry things didn't work out for you last night, Jace."

I shrugged. "Thanks, but I really don't want to talk about last night."

"Okay. What do you want to talk about?"

I didn't want to talk at all. Hell, just like Brian. "You want to go out Friday night after I finish work?"

She reached across the table to squeeze my hand. "You really like him. Don't you?"

I pulled my hand away. "Yes, now do you want to hang out Friday night or not?"

She grimaced. "Sure. Why not?"

"Great. I'll pick you up after I get off of work. Okay?"

She nodded. "If you decide you want to talk —"

"About what? We spent the weekend together and had one date. I might have been interested in more, but he clearly wasn't. So what's there to talk about?"

She held up both hands, palms out. "Fine. There's nothing to talk about. Don't bite my head off."

I sighed. "Sorry." I glanced at my watch. "I'd better go home and hit the books. That should take some of the edge off."

It didn't so I spent an hour at the bar before I went to work. I wasn't sure how I'd handle running into Brian, but his office was empty on Wednesday and Friday nights. He was probably no more eager to see me again than I was to see him.

After making it through that first week at work without seeing him, I felt better. The following two weeks were easier at work at least. April was great. Even when I continually snapped at her, she remained supportive and was there whenever I needed to talk.

However, at night when I should have been sleeping, I lay awake. Sometimes I felt as if I'd pushed too hard too quickly. Other times, I felt certain I'd saved myself a lot of grief by realizing very quickly that there was no future with Brian.

Four weeks after I'd walked out on dinner with Brian, I was ready to start looking around for another partner. One Friday night after finishing work, I arrived



home to find Brian's dark late model coupe parked several feet from my apartment building.

I stopped. Should I stroll pass him in silence? Or should I make my disinterest clear by turning around and walking away from him?

While I tried to decide how to respond, the driver's door opened.

The moment he stepped out and I saw him, my heartbeat increased and my mouth felt dry. Damn. I still wanted him. I still wanted him to want me.

I took a deep breath before I strolled past him.

"Jace..."

I didn't respond or acknowledge him.

He followed me inside the lobby to the elevator. "Can we talk?"

I pushed the UP button.

He followed me into the elevator when the doors opened.

I turned to look at him. "Now you want to talk?"

He shrugged. "Apparently so."

I turned to stare at the closed doors.

He sighed. "My last name is Jordan. My parents are dead. I have one older brother, I'm thirty-three, and you've probably guessed that I'm a lawyer. I specialize in contract law, Blondie."

Having him call me Blondie should have pissed me off. Instead, it intensified my hunger to feel his cock invading my ass again. But he'd had his chance and blown it. Since I was fairly certain I could quickly fall very hard for him, I needed to stay away from him. I shrugged. "Those useless bits of information come three weeks too late."

He shook his head. "So now you're going to be a bitch and try to bust my balls?"

"Everything isn't about you and what you want, Brian."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"It means you've had things your way from the moment you stepped out of your bathroom and I've had enough of that shit."

"Look—"

The elevator doors opened. I turn to look at him. "Fuck you and your balls." I stepped out into the corridor.

He didn't follow me, for which I was thankful. If he had, I would probably have caved in and agreed to whatever he suggested. I undressed and spent the rest of the night downing a six-pack.

I returned from my run the next morning to find a bouquet of roses sitting outside my apartment door. I took the roses inside and read the accompanying card.

I fucked up. I'm sorry. BJ

I felt conflicted. While his pursuit flattered me, his sending roses didn't. Men sent roses to the women in their lives. Yes, I still wanted him to fuck me. And yes I wanted a relationship which allowed me to be the bottom for a change. However, that didn't mean I wanted him to lose sight of the fact that I was a man—not a woman. If he couldn't accept that, trying to establish a dating relationship was



pointless.

He followed the roses up with a phone call an hour later. "When can I see you again?"

I swallowed my instinctive urge to admit he could see me immediately. "I'm not interested in any more meaningless one-nighters with you, Brian."

"I didn't say I only wanted sex."

"Yes. You did."

"When?"

"When you made it clear you didn't think I even needed to know your last name."

"I told you this was new to me."

"Being gay is new to you?"

"I never said I was gay."

"You're not gay?"

He didn't respond.

"Well you know what? I am, Brian, and I don't have any damn time to waste on a man who is unwilling to acknowledge his true sexual orientation. So why don't you go find yourself a woman who you can spend the weekend fucking and calling a bitch and telling you're not gay? Maybe she'll care, because I don't."

He swore. "What the hell do you want from me?"

"What do I want you from you? I didn't call you," I reminded him. "And if you're unwilling to be honest with yourself—"

"I want to see you, Jace. Can't we leave it at that for now?"

I should have told him to go fuck himself, but the problem was, I wanted him to fuck me.

"Come on. Give me a break."

"Okay, but you'd better realize you're not the only man with a big dick, and I don't have to take any shit from you. Clear?"

"Jace—"

"Is that clear?"

"Very."

"Good."

"Great. Now when can I see you, Jace?"

"I'm free now."

"For how long?"

"The entire weekend — if you're interested."

"I am."

Thank God!

"Pack an overnight bag. I'll pick you up in twenty minutes."

"I'm not in the mood to go to a hotel."

"I'm not taking you to one. I thought we could spend the weekend at my place. Okay?"

Taking me home with him was a start. If I wanted more, I'd probably have to lay down some ground rules. "That depends."



"On what?"

I ignored the edge to his voice. If he didn't like my conditions, he could take a flying leap. "On whether or not we can spend some time talking, or if you plan to stonewall me each time I ask a question you don't feel like answering."

He responded after an extended pause. "You've made your point, Jace."

"Good."

"I'm on my way."

When he arrived, he had another damned bouquet of roses.

I took them and tossed them aside. "Thanks, but roses are for women, Brian. I'm—"

His gaze narrowed seconds before he jerked me against him.

My cock stirred at the contact with his semi-erect dick.

He stared down at me. "Don't give me any damn grief, Blondie. If I want to bring you roses, I will."

Before I could respond, he pushed me against the closed door.

I didn't protest.

He rubbed his groin against mine.

Damn, that felt good. I slipped my arms around to cup his ass.

He bent his head, pausing with his lips a breath away from mine. "Kiss me, Blondie."

I parted my lips and extended my tongue.

"Kiss me," he insisted.

"You kiss me," I countered.

He brushed his lips against my ear. "I have the bigger dick, so do what the hell you're told, Blondie."

I obeyed, touching my lips to his.

He tightened his arms around me before devouring my lips.

I squeezed his ass, leaning against him. The feel of his tongue in my mouth and his cock hardening against me made thoughts about anything but sex difficult. But this time I was determined to get more out of the weekend than his big dick up my ass. I pushed against his shoulders and stepped away from him.

He gave me a weary look. "What's wrong?"

Now. The word hung unspoken in the air.

I shook my head. "This is how we started our first weekend together. That was all about sex. I want this want this one to be about something else."

He leaned against the door with his shoulder close to mine. "I hope you're not implying you want a platonic weekend."

I turned to look at him. "And if I am?"

He shook his head. "Then it's going to be a very long, frustrating weekend for me."

Hearing the dismay in his voice, I was hard pressed not to smile. "You'll survive." I bent to pick up my overnight case. "I'm ready when you are."

He bent his head and cupped his hand between my legs.

I groaned, opening my mouth.



"I'm nobody's bottom, and there's only so much shit I'm prepared to take from you, Blondie."

"Fuck you."

"No!" He massaged my cock. "I have no desire or intention of being fucked, Blondie."

"Have you ever been fucked?"

"No."

"Then how do you know you won't like it?"

"I know you get aroused when you see my cock. The sight of yours doesn't arouse me."

"Well, damn. Aren't you the ball buster?"

He laughed. "The sight of your tanned, taut naked ass gets me hard in record time, Blondie. Is that better?"

"Yes," I admitted.

He smiled and still massaging my cock, he leaned close.

We shared a brief, hot kiss before I pulled away from him. "That's enough of that. Let's go."

"Not yet." He pushed me against the door and held me there with the weight of his body. "Let's get something straight. I'll answer your questions but when it comes to sex, you're my bitch." He sucked the side of my neck.

I shuddered, dropped my case while I tightened my thighs on the hand still holding my cock.

"You're my pussy boy, Blondie." He licked my ear. "Don't try to dictate to me."

I decided we'd both enjoy my willingness to be his sexual submissive if he learned that on his own. So I remained silent.

"I haven't been with anyone since the weekend we met." He brushed his warm lips against my neck. "I need a fuck."

So did I. "We're not going to start this weekend fucking. If that's a problem for you—"

He ground his cock against me.

I shuddered, but shook my head.

He straightened. "You're enjoying this. Aren't you?"

"Trust me. I'm as horny as you are. So no, I'm not enjoying this one damn bit."

He unzipped his pants. "Then let's fuck. Right here. Right now."

I reached out to slide up his zipper. "No."

His nostrils flared. "Has anyone else been in my pussy?"

"No."

He pressed me against the door again, slipping his hands around my body to grab my ass. "If you think for one moment that I'm not going to fuck you at least once this weekend, you'd better think again."

I pressed a quick kiss against the corner of his warm lips before I shoved him away.

He sighed and gave me a cool look but didn't speak. He picked up my overnight bag and pulled open the apartment door.



We were silent in the elevator. However, once we were in his car some of his tension dissolved. He turned to look at me. "Can I buy you lunch, Blondie?"

I nodded. "Yes."

He started the engine. "What are you in the mood for?"

"Burgers and fries."

He grinned. "You're a cheap date, Blondie."

I shrugged. "I might be a cheap date, but I'm worth the effort to get to know."

He nodded. "I'm looking forward to that—and to fucking you again."

"You have a one track mind."

He blew out a breath. "You have an addictive ass."

"That's flattering, but I'm not just an ass or a pussy, Brian."

"I know that."

"Good."



Chapter Six

During lunch at my favorite greasy spoon, I decided to see just how willing he was to answer questions. "Have you ever been married?"

"No. I haven't."

"Have you ever been close?"

"No."

"Why not?"

He shrugged. "I never met anyone I wanted to marry."

"Have you always been attracted to men?"

He took several sips of his drink before he answered. "I...ah...this is new for me. I've had two long-term relationships with women before...this."

This? He had issues and clearly wasn't yet comfortable with his sexuality. "Did they make you happy? Did they satisfy you?"

He jaw clenched. "I...the relationships were long term because I enjoyed them."

"Sexually? Emotionally? Or..."

"They were satisfying in both ways."

I frowned. "What did you enjoy about them?"

He arched a brow. "I enjoy pussy."

"You enjoy...female pussy?"

He nodded.

I ate a French fry. "So you're telling me you're not gay?"

"That's exactly what I'm telling you."

Boy was he in denial. "How many male lovers have you had?"

"You're the only one."

I blinked. "You mean you've never been with another man?"

"No. I told you I enjoy pussy and I'm not gay."

"So how do you go from being heterosexual to lusting after my ass with nothing in between?"

"I have no idea." He shook his head. "My last relationship ended three months ago. I travel a lot but I'm not fond of one night stands."

We had that in common.

"So what happened with me?"

"One Friday night I forgot a file in my office that I needed to take with me on a midnight flight to LA. When I returned to the office, you were in the corridor outside the office at the opposite end of the hall to mine. There was something about the way the light shone on your hair...you had on a pair of tight shorts. When you bent over I..."

"You what?"

"I was stunned to find myself wondering what your ass looked like bare. Within seconds of seeing you, I wanted to fuck you."

"And you've never been attracted to another man?"

"Never."



I stared at him. "How can you insist you're not gay?"

He swore. "I suppose now you're going to try and tell me I have to be gay because I want to fuck you? Well, I have news for you, Jace. I still get aroused when I see a beautiful woman. I just haven't done anything about it since I met you."

"So when the newness of fucking me wears off...what? You'll kick my ass to the curb and go back to women?"

"What do you want me to say? That fucking you has turned me gay? It hasn't. If you can't deal with that, Jace, then that's your damned problem. Not mine."

My nostrils flared. "That's not exactly the way to get your cock back in my ass."

He leaned across the table and stared into my eyes. "I've had enough of this shit. Don't kid yourself, Blondie. I am going to fuck you again."

I pushed my chair back.

He shook his head and reached across the table to grab my hand. "Don't even think about walking out of me again."

I jerked my hand away. "Or?"

"I'll answer all your damned questions, but you'd better decide once and for all if you want to see me. If you don't—fine. If you do, we're going to play this damned game by my rules. Not yours. I'm not going to chase you again." He leaned back in his chair. "The ball's in your court, Jace. Make your decision. Do you or don't you want to see me?"

My inclination was to swallow my pride and admit I wanted to see him. I resisted it. "Under those conditions? Hell no." I rose and stalked away from him. That time I didn't look back. There was no need because I knew he wouldn't follow me.

The certainty that our relationship was over before it had even begun made me incredibly sad. And a little angry—at myself. Not everyone had the assurance to readily accept their sexuality. I should have been patient with him instead of insisting he admit he was gay.

I'd forced his hand and now would never see him again. I was wrong. By the time I neared one of the mall's set of exit doors, he was beside me. Although my heart raced, I ignored him.

He pushed open the door.

I walked out without looking at him.

He followed me, caught my arm, and swung me around to face him.

I jerked away from him. "Don't follow me and don't touch me again." Even as I spoke, I couldn't believe what I'd just said. One moment I was lamenting never seeing him again and the next I was doing everything possible to make sure I didn't.

He sighed. "Okay. You called my bluff. You win. I'm sorry. Let's go to my place to kiss and make up."

I stared at him. "Kiss and make up? You think you can—"

"I think...I know that I want...I need to be with you. Why can't you just accept that without trying to bust my balls, Jace or force me into a mold that doesn't fit me?"



"Because you're not being honest with me or yourself."

"Really? Haven't you ever been attracted to a woman?"

"No!" I thought of April. I knew I was gay rather than bisexual, but she had managed to arouse me—more than once. And I had actually come in a woman on two separate occasions. Both had occurred years earlier. But I had been aroused enough by fucking a woman to come. "Well...maybe...once...or twice."

"Then can we call a truce and go to my place?"

"I..." Oh, hell. What was the use protesting when I longed to strip naked and let him fuck me until I could barely walk?

I nodded.

He gave me a slow smile. "You won't be sorry."

He lived in an upscale condo in the ritzy Fairmount section of the city. When we arrived, there were a dozen roses on the floor outside his door. He picked them up and gave them to me. "These are for you, Blondie."

I stared at him. "Are you serious?"

"I like to give you flowers. So sue me." He opened the door and stepped back for me to precede him inside.

His condo was sparsely furnished but very nice. It had a fireplace in the living room and a spiral staircase. I placed the roses on the table in the entrance.

He took my overnight bag, tossed it across the room, and pushed me against the locked door. He ground his cock against mine, his lips against my ear. "I need a fuck."

I slid my hands over his ass and parted my lips. "I need to give you one," I admitted.

He dragged his mouth across my cheek to my lips.

I felt as if I were drowning in his hot, demanding kiss. This was what had always been missing from my relationships—a lover taller than me with a bigger dick who would dominate me in the bedroom.

After grinding against each other and kissing for several frantic minutes, he reached between our bodies to unzip our pants.

Feeling his fingers closing around my dick, I moaned against his mouth.

Moments later, he pulled my right hand from his ass and guided it into his pants. "Touch me, Blondie,"

I did more than touch his big cock. I slipped it out of his briefs and pants and pumped it.

He groaned and pulled away from me. He took my hand in his and led me across the living room and up the stairs.

In his bedroom, we undressed quickly. He sat in the chair by the window and beckoned to me.

I stood with my heart pounding, looking at his big, dark shaft protruding so far in front of his body. Damn.

"I don't have all day, Blondie. I want my pussy and I want it now."

I stumbled across the room to him.

When I attempted to sit on his lap, he rose and urged me to grip the back of



the chair.

I obeyed.

He proceeded to spank my ass until I squirmed and moaned. Then he put on a condom, oiled up my ass, and spread me on my stomach on his big brass bed, near the top of the bed. To my surprised delight, he bound my wrists and mounted my stinging ass like I was his bitch.

I lay spread-eagled with my eyes closed and my mouth open as he pushed his big cock between my cheeks and up into me. Feeling his slow entry into my neglected ass felt like paradise. I moaned. "Oh...shit...yes. Yes. Slide it all in me...up to your big balls and then fuck me until I can barely walk."

Once fully sheathed in me, he groaned and leaned over my back. "Damn, Blondie, you are so tight, hot, and sweet."

"Fuck me hard and brand me as your bitch."

Brian had other plans. Instead of fucking me, he made sweet, tender love to me. He kissed and nibbled my neck and shoulders, filled my ears with soft, seductive words of need and pleasure, and slid his big dick in and out of my ass with a gentle hunger that filled my heart with joy and my body with ecstasy.

Brian stilled his cock in my ass, whispered softly to me, and kissed my neck and shoulders until I came.

My orgasm was so overwhelming and filled with such emotion for the first time in my life, I sobbed when I came.

Once I'd enjoyed my release, he gently fucked me until he reached his climax. He eased his cock out of my ass, discarded the condom in the wastebasket by the bed, and reached for me. "Come here, Blondie."

I cuddled in his arms with my head on his shoulder. I fell asleep in his arms, physically content, but a little fearful because I knew I was in love with a man who insisted he preferred women sex partners.

He woke me an hour or so later with a hungry kiss and a demand for a fuck.

I rolled onto my hands and knees. I rotated my hips. "Take your pussy," I invited.

He oiled my ass and his shaft. The moment he thrust his cock into me, I knew his mood had changed. He was going to fuck me rather than make love to me.

I savored the sensation of lying on my stomach on his waterbed while he lay on top of me, fucking the shit out of my ass with deep, almost brutal stokes, which had me blasting the sheet with cum in just moments.

Minutes after my release, he gripped my hips to hold me still under him while he rutted into my ass with all the desperation of a man fearful that he was enjoying his last fuck.

By the time he finally came, my ass burned and I had to clench my hands into fists and bite my lip to silence groans of pains.

I gasped in relief when he finally withdrew his cock from my ass and rolled into his stomach.

I lay awake long after he fell asleep. Those first two fucks set the tone for the weekend. He was alternately tender and rough. I kind of liked the variations in how



we had sex until Sunday night when he gave me the hardest, most painful fuck of my life.

His total lack of tenderness or concern for my feelings and pleasure stunned me. He didn't seem to care if I enjoyed having my ass battered or not. The entire encounter seemed to be about him. He didn't make much effort to arouse me and came without ensuring he pleased me. When he finally pulled out of me, I was shaken.

He rolled away without a word.

I turned onto my side. "You're not going to sleep?"

"Yes, I am," he said.

"I think we need to talk, Brian."

He groaned. "Some other time, Blondie. Right now I'm bushed. I need to sleep."

Great. So he got his damned rocks off and now to hell with me?

While he slept, I got up, showered, and left.

Riding home on the subway, I told myself I didn't want to see him ever again. That anger-fueled certainty vanished when Monday and Tuesday passed without word from him.

Wednesday night I arrived at work to find a dozen roses on his desk. I stood staring down at them.

"They're for you, Blondie."

I looked up. He stood in the open bathroom doorway—fully dressed. My heart raced with relief, but I overcame the urge to rush across the office to him.

I enjoyed rough, raunchy sex, but I wasn't going to have a relationship with a man who went out of his way to cause me physical pain.

"I know I was too rough with you Sunday night and I'm sorry."

I shrugged and turned away.

He crossed the room to me.

I shook my head and held up a hand. "Don't touch me."

He sighed. "I lost my head, Jace, but I promise it won't happen again."

"You're damned right it won't!"

He sighed again. "I have to go. I'm flying to LA tonight."

"Ask me if I care?"

He hesitated, glanced at his watch, and walked towards the door.

I was alone in the office moments later. I lifted the card from the roses.

Forgive me.

Brian

I sucked in a breath before I tossed the card and the roses in the trash.

I couldn't sleep that night. On Thursday, April came over to my apartment with beer and pizza to cheer me up.

After three beers each, she stripped for me, sat on my lap, removed my dick from my briefs and jerked me off.

As my come splashed on my stomach, I slipped my hand between her sleek, dark thighs.



She shook her head and lifted my fingers from her wet pussy. She leaned forward to peck at my lips. "It's okay, Jace. I did that as a friend. I can wait until Friday night."

I caressed her breasts. "For what?"

She climbed off my lap. "I was going to wait until things were better between you and Brian before I told you."

"Told me?"

She slipped on her panties and bra. "I met this tall, dark, handsome hunk last weekend at Club Egypt. We had our first date the next night."

"Your first date?"

She nodded, pulling on her too tight jeans. "We had our second on Monday night and our third last night."

"You must really like him."

She nodded. "What's not to like? He's handsome, single, and thinks I'm gorgeous. And he's treated me like a gentleman. We've shared some passionate kisses last night, but he's made no real effort to get past first base."

"Tell me about him."

She smiled, slipping on her blouse. "His name is Kwmei. He's an exchange student from Ghana and he's...I'm excited, Jace. I really...it's early days yet, but..."

"You have a good feeling about him?"

"Yes."

"I hope I didn't interfere with anything tonight."

"No. He did want to see me tonight, but I thought we needed a tiny breather so we're seeing each other tomorrow night. Besides, no matter who I'm seeing, you're my friend and it will always be important for me to do whatever I can to lift your spirits." She sat beside me. "So let's talk Brian. Are you two going to be able to get past this rough patch?"

"I...he...he was too rough. I don't think he feels anything...real for me. He said he wasn't gay and he's still attracted to women so..." I swallowed several times and raked a hand through my hair. "I don't know if there's anything to patch up."

She leaned against my shoulder. "Sometimes lovers lose it and get carried away. It doesn't always mean they don't really care."

"You think I should give it another chance—assuming he's still interested when he returns from LA?"

"I don't know. How do you feel when you think it's over?"

"Miserable."

"Then maybe you should take the time while he's away to decide if you want to give your relationship another chance—provided you believe that he won't hurt you again."

"He says he's not gay."

"Maybe he's not, but that doesn't mean he can't fall for you. Love isn't always logical, Jace."

"Love? I can assure you he's not in love with me."

"Are you in love with him?"



I sighed. "I...if I'm not, I'm so close to it that the difference doesn't matter."

"Then maybe it's worth it to give him another chance."

I wasn't sure what I should do, but I was sure of one thing. "So this Kwmei of yours...what's his major?"

"Business, but he loves to draw, so if things go well, the two of us can make beautiful art together."

I smiled and leaned over to kiss her cheek. "I'm cheering for you."

"Same here, Jace."



Chapter Seven

The phone on Brian's desk rang Friday just as I finished cleaning. I turned off the light and left the office. I returned my supplies and equipment to the janitorial closet and pushed the UP button. In the elevator, my cell rang. I knew it was him. I rode two floors before I answered it. "Hello?"

"I'm sorry, Jace. I hope you can forgive me."

"I don't know if it's worth either of our time."

"Come on, Jace."

"What's the point if you're just going to leave me for a woman in a few weeks?"

The elevator doors opened on the first floor. I stepped out.

"I can't make promises for the future, but I haven't been with anyone else since our first night together. I don't plan to see anyone else. I lost it, but—"

"Why?" I nodded at the guard at the front desk and left the building.

"I don't know why. I'm usually very...I don't usually lose control. I need another chance with you, Jace. I know I've fucked up at least two times, but I had a reality check when I woke up and found you gone. I'm sorry, Jace."

"I...I'm going to go now. I'm tired and—"

"Don't go out with anyone else, Jace. Please."

"You hurt me and I'm not making any promises. Goodbye." I removed the phone from my ear. I ended the call and turned my phone off.

I went home to drown my sorrows in three beers and went to sleep.

When I turned my phone back on the next morning, he hadn't called again. I spent the weekend studying or at least trying to.

On Monday night there was a new bouquet of roses on his desk. The card read.

Forgive me.

B.

I tossed the roses in the trash but slipped the card in my wallet.

On Thursday, April and I had dinner.

Her dark eyes sparkled and she looked radiant so I knew things were going well with Kwmei. But I asked anyway.

A slow smile spread across her face. "Oh, Jace, he's...can you believe he still hasn't made a move on me? But he's...he's wonderful. I...he asked me to go down to the shore with him this weekend."

"And?"

"And I'm going. I'm so excited I feel like I could burst." She blew out a deep breath. "What about you and Brian? Is he still in LA?"

"I have no idea where he is."

"Have you talked to him?"

"Not since Monday when he called."

"What did you tell him?"

"That I didn't know if we had a future together."

"How did he take it?"



"I don't know, but he hasn't contacted me since."

"Are you all right?"

I sighed. "Not really, but I will be."

"Is there anything I can do?"

"Yes. Go have a great time with Kwmei and don't spend a moment worrying about me. I'll be fine." Eventually.

I spent the night tossing and turning and woke up late on Friday. I barely made it to my first class on time. By the end of classes, I knew I wanted to give my relationship with Brian another chance. The thought of seeing him or at least talking to him that night got me through the rest of the day.

If he'd sent flowers, I wouldn't toss them this time. But there were no flowers on Brian's desk. I stood in the doorway of his office, taking slow deep breaths. He hadn't sent flowers, and he hadn't called. Was it over between us? Had he moved onto one of those women he still found attractive?

Maybe he was in the bathroom waiting to spring out on me—hopefully naked. But I finished cleaning the office without his making an appearance. My inclination was to either go clubbing in hopes of meeting someone to fuck me, or to go home and get drunk. My father had been an alcoholic who died when I was fifteen. When I'd taken my junior year off from college to take care of my mother who was dying of cancer, I'd promised her I wouldn't follow in my father's footsteps. Lately, I'd been allowing drinking to become too much of a crutch.

So instead I hopped on the subway and went to Brian's condo. I didn't see his car in the parking space. I went home and spent a long night watching movies. After my morning run on Saturday, I went back to check Brian's parking space. It was still empty. I went to a bar, had a few drinks, and then started back to Brian's place before I stopped myself.

At this rate I'd be a stalker. I went home and spent the rest of the weekend studying.

On Friday afternoon after class, April and I had lunch.

She was practically bubbling over with excitement.

"The weekend went good, huh?"

She nodded. "You have no idea, Jace. He is such a gentleman. He...he kissed me and made my toes curl, but said he wanted us to really get to know each other before we slept together. And there I was, ready to jump on him and rip his clothes off! We walked the boards, we talked, we cuddled, and oh, man, Jace, I think I'm in love with him."

"He sounds like a great guy."

"He's unbelievable." She frowned. "How are things with you and Brian?"

I shrugged. "It's over. I haven't seen or heard from him."

"And you wanted to?"

I nodded.

She bit her lip. "You could call him."

"It's over. I pushed too hard and blew it."

"Are you going to be all right? Kwmei wanted to see me tomorrow night, but—"



I held up a hand. "Don't even think about canceling your date on my account."

"Are you sure because—"

"I'm positive." I smiled. "I'm glad things are going so well for you, April."

"I know, and I just wish you and Brian—"

I shrugged. "I'm going to be fine, April. Don't worry."

I went to work that night without any expectations of flowers or an appearance by Brian. At the end of the night, I went home and studied. I resisted the urge to down a few beers before I went to bed. It took a long time to fall asleep that night as well as the following night.

I nearly blew work off on Friday night but thought I might be inclined to end up at a bar drinking. It was ten o'clock when I reached Brian's office. Of course there were no flowers on the desk and the adjoining bathroom was empty. I cleaned the office, deposited my supplies and equipment in the janitorial closet, and left the building.

I stopped halfway across the sidewalk. Brian's dark car was parked at the curb. The driver's side door opened. He got out and crossed the sidewalk.

My heartbeat so quickly I feared I would hyperventilate.

He stopped several feet from me. "Can I give you a ride home?"

I swallowed and nodded.

He stood staring at me. For a moment, I thought he would embrace me. Instead, he turned and walked back to his car.

I stumbled behind him.

The moment we were both seated in his car, he reached in the back seat. He straightened and handed me a dozen roses.

I accepted them in silence, feeling nearly overcome with relief.

"Can I talk you into spending the weekend with me if I promise I won't press you for sex?"

I didn't want that promise but realized we needed to talk. I nodded again.

"What's the matter, Blondie? Cat got your tongue?"

I took a deep breath before turning to look at him. "I...I thought it was over."

He palmed the back of my neck. "I wanted to give you some time to decide if you can forgive me."

I dropped my gaze to the roses and remained silent.

He drove me to my apartment. After I packed an overnight case, we had a late snack at a fast food restaurant before going to his condo. We undressed down to our briefs and went to bed. We cuddled until we fell asleep.

In the morning, he made me another awful breakfast. We spent the day talk talking and watching movies. That night lying in bed with him, it was difficult not to pull off my briefs and offer him my ass. I managed. We got through the entire weekend without having sex.

Sunday night, he took me home. Inside my apartment, we exchanged passionate kisses before he left, promising to call me the following day.

He sent me roses on Monday morning and called to ask me to make time for



lunch with him that day.

"I can't."

"Why not, Blondie?"

"I have to study for an important test."

"Damn. Well, good luck with the test, Blondie."

"Thanks."

And he just hung up.

Bastard.

I was annoyed—until I found him still in his office when I arrived to clean it on Monday night.

The moment I saw him, I rushed across the office to him. He embraced me, and overcome with need, we locked the office door and had a quick, hungry fuck on the office sofa. He was so gentle and tender; I fell a little more in love with him.

We spent the night at my apartment fucking until we were both exhausted. Then we stumbled into each other's arms and fell asleep.

He'd left when I woke but left a note.

I'll call you later, Blondie.

I smiled and rolled over onto my side, sleepily recalling how much we'd enjoyed fucking the night before. I felt great because I was starting to feel confident in our relationship.

We saw each other several times a week. Each time we were together, the sex got better and I fell a little harder for him. Although he was always attentive when we were together, and never showed any inclination to hide our relationship, he also never showed any desire for the deeper relationship I longed for. While I trusted him not to stray, I knew he wasn't in love with me.

Nevertheless, I knew he could have any man or woman he wanted. Yet he kept coming back to me. Sometimes it made me feel so damned lucky. Other times it made me feel so lonely, because it was still just sex for him. I wanted and needed so much more from him.

Still, as our relationship remained strong through the rest of that year and into the next, I kept hoping that one day he'd fall in love with me, too. In January, April and Kwmei eloped. It was great to see her so happy with a man who clearly adored her. I felt as if I were losing my best friend when she and Kwmei moved to Colorado right after graduation.

To cheer me up, and to celebrate my graduation from college and my landing of my dream job at a growing graphic artists company, Brian and I spent two weeks in the Bahamas. I wanted to go Dutch, but he insisted on paying.

"Don't be ridiculous, Blondie. I'm delighted you'll be starting a great job soon, but that doesn't mean I'm going to allow you to pay for your graduation present." He grinned at me. "If you really want to thank me, you can promise to give me an extra fuck every night."

I leaned against him. "When have I ever denied you my ass?"

He slipped his arms around me. "So it's settled? This trip is entirely on me?"

I nodded. I liked the idea that he wanted to take me—even while I was nervous



at the thought of being surrounded by so many beautiful island women.

“Good” He squeezed my ass. “You can save your money for a tight pair of swimming briefs that will allow me to roll over on the beach and get a glimpse of the sweet ass I’ll be fucking that night.”

I linked my arms around his neck. “Would you like a sample now?”

“Hell yeah.” He took my hand and we went to bed to fuck.

Three days later, we arrived in the Bahamas. The majesty of the island took my breath away. The beauty of the women gave me pause when I noticed Brian watching several of them.

But even with Brian ogling the voluptuous lovelies we encountered all over the island, I had a fantastic time. We spent our days swimming and lying on the beach. At night, we slow danced in a club for several hours before going back to our room to fuck all night long. There is something very addictive about fucking the night away in the Bahamas.

I decided I didn’t mind Brian ogling the half-dressed women we encountered on the beach or dancing in the clubs because I reaped the rewards later when he fucked me. Lying under him with his big cock buried deep in my ass was incredible. After we both came, he rolled me into his arms and kissed and held me until I drifted to sleep. I was as happy as I could expect—given that I knew I was still in love alone.

We returned from the Bahamas still hot for each other and continued dating several times a week. A year and a half into our relationship, he finally introduced me to his older brother, John when he came to town on business.

John was happily married with two kids. I immediately knew John didn’t approve of our relationship. Still, he treated me well enough.

John stayed in the second bedroom at Brian’s condo for the week he was in Philly. That was a long, sex-deprived week for me.

While Brian drove John to the airport, I packed an overnight bag and headed for the condo. As soon as Brian returned, we stripped in record time and lay on our sides on the sofa.

He held up my top leg and pushed his shaft between my cheeks and slowly up into me. As I felt his nuts against my ass, I shuddered, leaning back against him. “Oh...damn, Brian, your cock feels better every time you fuck me.”

He reached around me to palm my cock. His warm lips moved against my ear. “I can’t ever imagine fucking you getting old. Damn, you have a sweet ass, Blondie.”

“It’s your ass,” I murmured. “Your pussy. Take it, handsome. Take it and fuck it.”

He gave me a quick, hard fuck. We took some time to catch our breaths before he slipped his cock back inside me. The second time he gave me a long, tender fuck that sent chills of desire and love through me.

He slapped my ass and kissed my lips. “Damn, Blondie, I needed that,” he said as we lay in each other’s arms.

“Me too.” I paused before continuing. “Did John know about us before he arrived?”



"No, but he knows now." Brian kissed me again.

Was there a hint of regret in his voice? "Was it difficult to tell him?"

"Yes," he admitted. "It was, but it was time he knew so he could stop expecting me to show up on his door one day with a wife and a kid or two in tow."

I settled against his body, fondling his flaccid cock. "Do you want kids?"

"I...yeah...at least I used to, but that's not likely to happen now, is it?"

I stiffened, then relaxed. I was probably overreacting in thinking he regretted meeting me. "I want kids too, and these days same sex couples can adopt, you know."

He stiffened.

"What is it? What's wrong?"

"I'm not same sex, Blondie. You're an exception, not the rule. I'm still heterosexual."

I stifled a sigh. If he kept saying it enough, he might start to believe that, but I knew better. I needed, wanted, and loved him so much, I had to believe that he'd one day be ready to admit he fully shared my feelings.

I believed that right up until the night he told me he'd received the offer of a junior partnership which require him to relocate to LA.

"What did they say when you refused?" I asked, nibbling at his lips. We'd just finished making love and we lay in each other's arms.

He sighed. "I didn't say no, Jace."

I stiffened. "What?" I sat up in bed, pulling away from him. "What did you say?"

He sighed and sat up. He leaned against the headboard with his shoulder touching mine. "It's not an opportunity I can afford to pass up, Jace."

"Couldn't you just commute or spend the week there and return home on the weekends?"

"That's not feasible, Jace. I need to be in LA to assist in the working of that office. I know this is a shock and I'm sorry."

I turned to stare at him. He was sorry? That was it? He was just going to walk away from our relationship after two years of exclusive dating? I kept waiting for him to express regret for having to leave me or better still, for him to ask me to go with him. I'd barely settled into my job as a graphic artist but would gladly have gone with him.

But he didn't ask. He just told me he was going. I think that's when I began to believe that maybe he wasn't gay. The sex and passion was still so hot between us I knew he wasn't leaving me to be with anyone else. The only explanation I could find for his not at least asking me to accompany him was his desire to return to romancing women.

We spent the entire last week he was in town together. Our lovemaking had a desperate edge to it. Talk about bittersweet. The better our lovemaking was, the more morose I felt. Our last night together was a long, frustrating struggle not to succumb to the urge to beg him not to leave me.

I didn't.



Chapter Eight

He left—taking a piece of my heart. Worse, he hadn't even suggested we try a long-distance relationship. I would gladly have spent the money and time flying to LA twice a month to keep our relationship alive. Weeks after his departure, I missed him so much I couldn't sleep. And the thought of another lover felt like cheating. Cheating? On a man who I'd been nothing but a willing piece of ass to?

I needed another lover ASAP. Two months after Brian left, I went to a gay club where I met Paul. He was handsome, with long, dark hair and deep green eyes. He was just what I needed—a man who bore no resemblance to Brian.

Paul was charming and funny. He listened when I talked and asked intelligent questions. More importantly, he didn't make any attempt to fuck me the night we met. After four dates over three weeks, I was fairly certain I could grow to care about him.

Dressing for our fifth date, I decided I was ready for a fuck. But once inside his apartment and in his arms, I wilted. I wanted Brian and no one else. I felt like a tease as I pulled out of his arms and told him I'd changed my mind.

"What? You get me rock hard and ready and then decide you don't want to fuck? Well, that's great, Jace, but what about me? What if I haven't changed my mind and still want to fuck?"

His attitude pissed me off. I didn't owe him anything—least of all my ass. "Then you'll just have to find someone else to fuck. I'm sorry, but I'm just not ready yet."

"You think your ex is sitting home in LA on a Friday night playing with his own meat?"

I had no doubt Brian was out fucking some lucky—person. That certainty stung, but didn't change my feelings. "I'm sorry, Paul. Goodbye."

He caught my arm. "Goodbye? What? Just because I'm a little pissed at being jerked around? Don't overreact, Jace."

I shook my head. "I thought I was ready, but I'm not."

"I'm not asking or expecting you to fall in love with me so quickly, Jace. That doesn't mean we can't meet each other's physical needs."

"Actually, it does. I'm not ready to take on another lover, and I don't want sex without all the wonderful feelings I experienced with Brian."

Paul raked a hand through his hair. "Damn, he must be the biggest ass in the world to walk away from you."

I shrugged.

He sighed. "Look, give me a call when you get tired of sitting around, and we can get together. I know getting over a break up isn't easy. I'll wait until you're ready," Paul told me.

I shook my head. "Please don't do that. Go meet someone who's ready now. Goodbye."

I went home, undressed, and had three beers before heading to the bathroom. Standing under a cool shower, I realized getting over Brian was going to take much



longer than I'd thought.

As I lay in bed that night, lonely and horny, the phone rang. I glanced at my bedside clock. At 12:20 it could only be bad news. I decided to let it ring.

It rang and rang. I sat up and snatched the cordless phone off my nightstand. "What?" I asked irritably, not caring who was on the other end.

"Hi, Blondie."

My throat tightened and I struggled to catch my breath at the sound of the deep, warm voice. "Brian!"

"So you still remember me?"

"Vaguely. It's been a while."

"Yes. It has. How have you been?"

Oh, just lousy, thank you. "Great. I'm fine. You?"

"Busy."

"All settled in?"

"Well I guess."

I longed to ask him if he'd already settled down with someone else. However I feared hearing he had.

"Ah listen, I'll be in town next week, Jace."

"Oh." My voice came out low and raspy. I cleared my throat but didn't speak.

"So are you seeing anyone?"

"As a matter of fact I am," I lied.

"You are?"

He sounded unpleasantly surprised. He'd probably thought I'd been sitting around missing him. As I had. "You've been gone for over three months and I'm sure you're dating."

"Actually, I'm not."

"But you've been out socially."

"No. I've been too busy."

A big foolish grin spread over my face. It quickly disappeared as I realized that just meant he wasn't in love. With his sexual appetite, he'd probably had a string of meaningless fucks the moment he hit town.

His voice interrupted my thoughts. "I'll be in town for about a week."

"Business?"

"No. I...I've been working very hard..."

"And?"

"And...I've...missed you. I was hoping I could take you out while I'm in town."

My heart thumped in my chest, but I tried to sound cool and only mildly interested. "I...well...maybe we can work something out. Call when you get in and—"

"That's too iffy. I'll be in town on Friday night."

"Tomorrow?" My heart raced.

"Yes. Can I see you then?"

The thought of seeing him again after so long left me momentarily speechless. I swallowed before I spoke. "Maybe we can arrange a meeting sometime this week. What hotel are you staying at?"



"Hotel? I was hoping I could stay with you."

Wasn't that presumptuous of him? "Were you?"

"Yes...if your friend doesn't mind."

I decided to be honest. "I'm not seeing anyone who has any right to mind."

He sighed after a long pause. "But you are dating?"

"Yes."

"So? Can I stay with you?"

"I...I don't know if that would be a good idea."

"Come on, Blondie. Please."

"I only have one bedroom."

"Which we can share — just as we always have."

We'd shared until he'd bailed on me. "Things were different then. We were a couple."

"Come on, Blondie."

I caved. "All right, but—"

"Thanks."

"What time is your plane arriving?"

"At six."

"Are you renting a car?"

"No. I was hoping you'd meet me."

"All right, but I have to work and might be a little late."

"I'll wait."

Damn right he would. I could leave a few hours early to ensure I didn't keep him waiting, but why the hell should I make everything so easy for him? I'd just gotten to the point where I'd been ready to date again. Now he wanted to turn my life upside down again.

"I... I'm looking forward to seeing you, Jace."

More like he was looking forward to busting my ass open. Leaving me behind had been his choice. "I'll see you soon," I said and hung up before I could shout something foolish—like I still loved him.

I couldn't concentrate on work the next day. I stumbled from one project to the next, without accomplishing anything. The drive to the airport in rush hour traffic forced me to concentrate on driving rather than allowing myself to worry about seeing him again.

I arrived forty minutes late.

The moment I spotted him, my mouth felt dry and my heartbeat increased. Rushing toward him was not an option. I gave him a casual smile and extended my hand. "Hi, Brian."

He took my hand in his. Instead of shaking it, he surprised me by pulling me close for a brief hug. For a moment, I almost thought he would kiss me...right there in the airport. Instead, he released me, allowing his hand to brush against mine.

"It's good to see you again, Blondie."

His words were tame enough, but the look in his dark eyes made my heart contract like a drum. I flashed him a quick smile before I turned away. I didn't want



him to see how shaken I was or how much his public embrace had meant to me. "Where's your bag?"

We collected his suitcase and garment bag. We walked close together as we left the terminal building.

We got in my car and I put my key in the ignition. Thoughts of sharing a bed with him within a few hours made my hands shake noticeably.

Brian placed his hand over mine. "Blondie?"

I looked at him. "What?"

"This."

Squeezing my hand, he leaned over to touch his lips to mine.

At the tender salute, some of the hurt and despair of the lonely months without him dissipated. I leaned into him, slowly parting my lips.

He slipped a hand over the back of my head, thrusting his tongue into my mouth.

We shared long, hungry kisses that acted like a balm to my aching heart. I slipped a hand down his body.

He parted his legs.

I cupped a hand over his cock.

He groaned against my lips.

I massaged his cock and balls through his pants while we continued to kiss.

When we came up for air, my cock had hardened. I wanted to jump in the back seat, drop my pants, and let him fuck me senseless right then and there.

He sat back in his seat, taking slow deep breaths. "Damn I missed you and that, Blondie."

I rubbed the back of my hand across my lips and started the car. "Have you eaten?"

"No. I thought we could go out to dinner and maybe see a movie. My treat."

Damn right it would be his treat. Despite the heated kisses we'd just shared, my sense of resentment for his having hurt me so badly lingered within me and in the car. "Okay. Where shall we go?"

"Any place but one of your greasy spoons."

We both laughed.

Some of the tension between us dissipated.

We had dinner at his favorite French restaurant before we drove to Delaware Avenue to the multiplex. Brian held my hand for most of the thriller we saw. That pretty much ensured I had little clue or interest in what happened on the screen.

After the movie, we stopped for a bottle of wine before going to my apartment.

I put my key in the door lock. "Do you want the bed or the sofa?"

He leaned close, pressing his hardened cock against me. "I want your ass," he told me, his voice brusque. "I don't care if I take it on the sofa or in bed. I just need it ASAP."

Although I burned to feel his big dick powering into my ass again, I wanted to make him wait at least one night for sex. My body had other ideas.

He reached past me to unlock and open the door.



We practically tumbled inside. We started undressing at the door. Once naked, he held me against the wall with the weight of his big body.

I closed my eyes. Sliding my hands down his back to cup his ass, I savored the feel of his dick pressed against me while he devoured my lips.

The joy and feeling of completeness I felt overwhelmed me. I think that's when I knew how much I loved him and how utterly at his mercy I was. No matter how financially successful I was, I'd never be truly happy without him in my life.

He dragged his mouth from mine and turned me to face the wall.

I stood with my eyes closed, listening to the sounds of a condom package tearing. Then he eased a lubed finger into my rectum. And then another. His warm lips rained moist, hot kisses against my neck and shoulder while he finger fucked me.

"Are you ready to give me my pussy, Blondie?"

I'd been ready for him since the moment we met. I ground my ass against him, shuddering at the resultant sensations. Damn I loved feeling his cock against any part of my body. I reached back to close my fingers around his shaft. "Give me my dick," I whispered.

"Show me how much you want it," he countered.

I reached back to part my cheeks. "Stick it in...now...please...I need to feel you inside me."

He bent his knees, pressing his length against my hole. "Give me my pussy, Blondie."

I pressed my hips down, slowly driving him up into my rear.

The big head of his shaft pierced me.

We both groaned and paused several moments to enjoy the first moments of our coupling.

He kissed my neck. "Get ready for more."

"Give it all to me, baby."

He did, thrusting the rest of his dick up into my ass.

"Oh...God, yes. Yes!" I clutched at his thighs. "Give it all to me...fuck me."

Our first fuck was quick and more than a little rough. Each time he thrust into me, my cock was pushed against the wall. I didn't care. I was soon lost in the wonder of having the only man I'd ever loved brand my burning ass as his private property.

I was seconds away from coming when he reached around my body to pump my dick. Groaning and grinding my ass against him, I came.

Brian released my cock, gripped my hips and fucked me harder and deeper until he shuddered behind me and blew apart.

He kept his dick inside me for several sweet moments before he eased out of me.

I made a small sound of protest.

He turned me to face him. "Look at me."

I opened my eyes.

He stroked my cheek and leaned close to kiss me.



I brushed my lips against his.

He groaned and engulfed me in his arms, pressing his face against my neck.

I could feel his heart pounding. I lifted my arms to hold him. "Brian? Are you all right?"

He sighed before lifting his head to look at me. "Damn, I missed you, Blondie." His voice was low and rough with emotion.

I blinked. "Brian?"

He tightened his arms around me and kissed me until my dick stirred again.

I slid my hands down his damp back to his ass. "We're together now," I whispered.

"It's been so long since I could hold you...touch you...kiss you...fuck you."

"You can do all that now, Brian."

He released me. "I need you again."

I would have liked to talk, but responded to the desperation I saw in his eyes and heard in his voice. "Then take me."

He removed his used condom and put on another one before he picked up the lube.

I moved away from the wall to walk towards the bedroom.



Chapter Nine

He caught my hand.

I glanced over my shoulder at him.

"Let's fuck again in here." He linked his fingers through mine and led me over to the sofa.

I hesitated. "The sofa's new. Let's go to bed."

"Right here. Right now, Blondie." As usual, he wanted his own way.

Lying on his side with his legs opened, he pulled me down in front of him. He gripped my cock in his hands and spent several moments kissing my neck and shoulders while filling my ears with hot words of desire and lust.

By the time he lifted my top leg and pressed his dick against my ass, I was rock hard and ready for round two. I rubbed against his groin. "Who wants some of this tight pussy?"

"I do." He slowly drove his shaft up into my ass. "I want it all, Blondie. Every tight, hot, sweet inch."

"Take it," I encouraged.

He obeyed, banging my ass with a greedy enjoyment and delight that sent shivers all through me. Before long, I groaned and exploded.

He came moments later.

When we'd caught our breath, I groaned. "You realize my new sofa is now stained."

He laughed and slapped my ass. "It was for a very good cause, Blondie." He eased his dick out of me.

I turned in his arms.

We kissed and drifted to sleep.

Later, we got up to go to the bathroom.

Instead of getting into bed, he wanted to return to the living room.

"Oh, no!" I protested when he pushed me down onto the matching loveseat.

"Oh, yes." He reached down to part my legs.

"Brian—"

"Shh." He knelt between my legs.

I caught my breath, wondering what new position he wanted to try.

He cupped one hand under my balls while he gently pumped my cock.

I smiled at him, still not sure what he planned. I nearly came on the spot when he bent his head to kiss my cock.

"Hmm. That's nice, but what are you doing?"

He arched a brow. "What does it look like, Blondie?"

"I'm not sure."

He squeezed me. "Nice dick."

"It is?" He'd never paid much attention to my cock.

"Very nice." He ran his thumb up and down the underside.

I shivered. Surely he was going to...

Almost as if he'd read by mind, he nodded. "I'm going to suck this beautiful



cock of yours, Blondie.”

“No shit?”

“No shit.” He reached around the loveseat for several moments. When he drew his hand back, he handed me a condom.

My hands shook so badly that I couldn’t even get the condom on my cock. He took it from me after several attempts and slowly rolled it over my shaft. He smiled up at me. “Ready?”

I was so excited I could barely catch my breath. Although he had never said so, I’d always assumed he considered anything beyond jerking me off or pumping me as I neared orgasm beneath a top.

He squeezed my balls. “Ready?”

I nodded eagerly. “You have no idea how ready I am.”

He lowered his head. His warm lips brushed by balls.

Oh, hell. That felt nice. I slipped my fingers over the back of his head, closed my eyes, and lay back against the loveseat. “Take it nice and slow, baby.”

Obedient to my plea, he lingered over licking and squeezing my balls before he finally gave my aching cock some attention. When his lips covered the head of my cock, I really lost it. I’d had my share of blow jobs, but never by anyone who mattered so much to me. Although I enjoyed being inside his mouth, it wasn’t long before I realized he wasn’t used to sucking cock. He didn’t seem to know what to do with his tongue as he sucked me. And he seemed to be having difficulty breathing with my entire shaft in his mouth.

True I’d had more skillful sucks, but none I enjoyed more on a purely emotional level. It took a long time for me to come, but he persevered and finally I rewarded him by closing my legs around him, holding his head tight against my groin and coming.

I felt him struggling to breath and quickly loosened my legs and he practically jumped away from me, gasping for breath.

I sat up and touched his shoulder. “I’m sorry,” I said.

He shrugged, not quite meeting my gaze. “Did you...enjoy that?”

“It was the best blowjob I’ve ever had,” I told him without hesitation.

He looked at me then, shaking his head. “If my pitiful attempt to get you hot is the best you’ve ever had, I feel sorry for you.”

“I loved it,” I told him honestly. And I had. How could I not love having the man I loved suck my cock? “How often have you done it?”

He sat back on his hunches, frowning. “I’m not gay, Blondie. I’ve never given anyone else...I’ve never had another cock anywhere near my mouth.”

Hell. What can I tell you? I’m a sucker. I fell a little more in love with him. I extended my hand to him. “Come here, handsome.”

He leaned forward.

I cupped his handsome face between my palms. I pressed a long, wet kiss against his lips.

He cupped my dick and balls again while he returned my kisses.

After a few heated kisses, I wanted more. I drew away from him. “You’re



obviously a quick study because that was the best blowjob I've had, ever."

"You are such a sweet liar." He rose.

I grinned up at him. "I loved every second."

He stood over me with his cock hard and at attention. "Why don't you show me how a very good blow is supposed to be done, Blondie?"

I ran my hands down his thighs. "Hmm."

He ran his hands over my hair. "Suck my cock and then I'll have some more of your sweet ass pussy."

I stiffened. He talked a lot about pussy. "Have you had any pussy lately?" I tried to sound casual.

"Have I had any pussy?" He frowned. "I told you I haven't had time to date."

I shook my head. "I don't mean ass...I mean pussy."

"I know what pussy means, Blondie."

"I mean have you had any female pussy?"

He stared down at me. "How many ways do I need to say no, Jace? I haven't had sex with anyone since the last time we were together. I'm not going to deny that I still think about female pussy."

My cheeks burned. "Then what are you doing here?"

He knelt between my legs again. "You can ask that after I just stumbled through my only blowjob? Jace. Get a grip. Yes. I'm still not gay, but my hunger for the last three months has been for you and only you."

"But—"

He pressed a finger against my lips. "If I'd wanted sex with a woman or even a number of them, there was nothing stopping me."

I drew away from his finger. "Nothing?"

"Nothing except none of them was you, Jace." He leaned close to brush his lips against mine. "I wanted you."

He had a silver tongue and always knew what to say to make me fall just a little bit more in love with him. I sat there grinning up at him like the village idiot.

He smiled, stroking my hair. "So are you going to show me how it's done?"

"Yes, but later."

He frowned. "Why not now?"

"Because right now I need some cock." I rose and walked over to the sofa.

He followed, kneeling beside the sofa. "You have a beautiful ass, Blondie."

I smiled. "All the better for you to fuck, my handsome lover."

He delighted me by kissing my ass cheeks while he caressed my thighs.

"Oh...yes..."

He parted my legs, giving him access to my cock. He licked the head of my shaft before he stretched out on top of me.

I lay on my stomach and took his entire hard length balls deep up my ass with one wonderful thrust. "Oh...shit...I love feeling my ass stretched over your monster cock."

He brushed his lips against my ear. "Your tight ass was made to hug and cradle my dick, Blondie. It's no damned wonder I can't get enough of it or you."



I lay under him, barely breathing, savoring the delight of being so full of him again. I think I'd forgotten how much having my ass stuffed with his cock made me feel so much more alive than I'd ever felt with any other lover.

"You keep talking like that and you can have anything you want," I told him.

"I already have what I want and need, Blondie."

"And what's that?"

"Your ass." He eased his length halfway out of me before gently pushing back in.

"It's your ass now," I murmured.

"Too true." He slid in and out of me with a slow enjoyment.

I closed my eyes and pressed my lips tight to keep from crying out that I love him.

He settled his big body over mine, withdrew slightly, and thrust slowly forward.

A wave of bliss rolled over me. My hands lay on either side of my head. I clenched them tight, moaning softly.

Threading his fingers through mine, he kissed the back of my neck. "I've missed you so much, Jace."

I was so overcome with emotion I couldn't speak. I sucked in an aching breath and tried to hold back a flood of tears. No one likes a crying man.

"I missed you," he said again and gave me a long, slow, hot fuck that totally destroyed all the barriers I'd attempted to build around my emotions after he left me.

As I came, tears trickled down my cheeks. I lay under him gasping in ecstasy, totally at the mercy of my feelings for him. God, I loved him so much. How could he not love me just a little bit? How could this just be sex to him when I lived only to please him?

"Hey!" I felt his lips brushing against my damp cheek. "Jace? Did I hurt you? I didn't mean to." He eased his cock out of me, sat up, and pulled me into a sitting position and into his arms.

I buried my face against his neck and clung to him, my body shaking, unable to stop the tears.

He held me, rocking me gently until the tears stopped. Then he released me and abruptly rose to his feet.

I wiped at my cheeks, ashamed of having cried like that.

He paced the floor in front of me, looking agitated. "I didn't mean to hurt you. I thought you were enjoying it."

I shook my head. "I was."

He stopped pacing to stare down at me. "Then why the hell are you sitting there crying like a woman?"

That hurt. Because I had a cock, did that mean I wasn't supposed to show my emotions and cry when I felt as if my heart was being ripped out by a man whose only interest in me was my willingness to allow him to plunder my ass at will?

I rose and stared at him. "Fuck you, Brian!" I said and turned away.



He surprised me by grabbing my arm and swinging me around to face him. "No! Fuck you, Jace!" He pushed me onto my back on the sofa. Before I could struggle into a sitting position, he was lying on top of me, holding me down with his body.

I stared up at him. "Get off me."

"You're the one who gets the fucking, not me, Jace!"

"Get the fuck off me, Brian!" I snapped, shoving at his shoulders.

He stared down at me. "Look. Okay. That remark about your crying like a woman was out of line."

"No shit? Now get off me or else."

"Calm down, Jace."

"Don't tell me to calm down. I'm sick of your shit!"

He made no effort to get off me. "Why the hell were you crying if I didn't hurt you?"

I think that's when I knew he was never going to really care about me. To him I was always going to be just an easy piece of ass. He would expect me to be willing and ready to spread my cheeks each and every time he rolled into town.

The depressing thing was that was probably just what I would do.

I sighed. "It doesn't matter why I was crying. You got what you wanted. You always get what you want. Now get the fuck off me, Brian."

"I only got part of what I wanted," he told me, brushing his lips against mine. Although his cock was hard, I could feel him softening. "I'm still hard and I still need you, Jace. Don't go all feminine on me."

That hurt too, but it also pissed me off. "Don't go feminine on you? What the fuck is your problem, Brian? I'm not feminine. I never have been. I'm being what I've always been—as male as you are."

He sighed and I could feel his chest muscles moving against mine. "Okay, Jace. I've already admitted I was out of line. I'm sorry."

"Newsflash, Brian. Sorry isn't good enough."

"Oh, come, Jace. Give me a break. Please. I've waited a long time for this weekend with you. I'm a little over my head with this and how I can't stay away from you. I was way out of line and I'm sorry. Can you give me some slack and let us move on?"

"Just like that? You want to sweep my feelings aside as if they don't matter and let the fucking continue?"

"I didn't say that. If you don't want to fuck...fine."

I hated that I felt so weak and needy, but I was realistic enough to acknowledge that wasn't going to change. He always got what he wanted because I didn't really want to say no to him. He only had to mention a want and I asked how much and when and gladly gave it to him.

"Sure, Brian. You're the top. We'll move on."

"Oh, no, Blondie. No. It's not like that between us," he protested. "I said I was sorry and I'm very sorry. I know I've been a jerk on more than one occasion. I know I keep fucking up."



“Damn straight you do.”

He nuzzled my ear. “I know, Jace, but it’s not intentional. I’m just feeling my way with you.”

After two years he was using the same damned excuse—which I’d be a fool to accept. So naturally I did. I knew he had no real feelings for me, but I had to learn to deal with the hand I had, not long for the one someone else had been dealt.

I kissed his lips. “So shut up and fuck me.”

“No. No more fucking tonight.”

I blanched. Damn, had I just talked myself out of something I wanted as much as he did?

“This time I want to make love to you.”

He did, and I enjoyed every second of his tender possession of my ass.

It was only after we went to bed and he lay behind me asleep that I allowed myself to briefly wallow in misery. I lay awake, unable to sleep, until he woke suddenly and drew me in his arms. “What’s the matter, Blondie?”

I buried my head against his neck. “Nothing.”

He whispered to me softly, holding me. I fell asleep in his arms.



Chapter Ten

In the morning, I woke to find him bringing one of his horribly cooked breakfasts into the bedroom.

He climbed into bed with me.

Sitting propped against the headboard, we fed each other, stopping frequently to kiss.

We showered and then drove to the park for a walk instead of a run.

During the brisk walk, he kept the conversation on me. Just to ensure he didn't realize just how into him I was, I told him about Paul.

Several moments passed before he replied. "Did you sleep with him?"

"Not yet."

He stood and turned me to face him. "But you're going to?"

I shrugged. "Maybe."

"Why?"

"Why not?" I countered. "You'll be gone in less than a week. What do you expect me to do? Sit waiting to see if you'll come back again in another three months?"

"Look, Jace, all of my time is spent trying to reorganize the LA office to run more efficiently. I don't have time for..."

"For me, Brian? Me?"

"For much of anything."

Apparently that's the way he wanted it. "Fine. You have your life and your priorities and I have mine, which doesn't include sitting around waiting for you to make a little time for me, Brian."

He narrowed his gaze. "Why the hell do you always have to make everything so God damned difficult?"

I jerked away from him. "If dealing with me is so difficult, why the hell don't you stay the fuck away?"

"Oh, you bitch! You're enjoying this aren't you? You like trying to make me jump through hoops. Well, I have news for you, Blondie, I don't take shit from anyone."

"Fuck off!" I walked away.

He caught up and fell into step beside me. "One of these days you're going to tell me that once too often and I'm going to fuck off for good."

"You do that, because I'm beginning to wonder just what the fuck I see in you. You're not the only man with a big dick."

"So our relationship comes down to the size of my dick?"

"Oh, shut the fuck up, Brian!" I pulled open my car door and got inside, slamming the door shut.

We made the drive back to my apartment in a cool silence.

I headed for the kitchen. I needed a cold beer. I returned to the living room to find him standing by the door with his luggage beside him. "Do you want me to leave, Jace?"



An idiot with half his brain cells dead would have shouted yes and kicked the dust off his feet the moment he left. I nodded. "No."

He stared at me. "Which is it? You're nodding yes but saying no. Do you want me to leave?"

I lowered my lids to conceal my expression. "No."

He crossed the room and took me in his arms.

I closed my eyes, clinging to him.

He kissed my ear. "Thank God because I couldn't bear to leave you a moment before I have to."

I jerked back. "Then shouldn't your ass start acting like that's true?"

He nodded. "I keep telling myself it's just sex with you and that I can get that anywhere."

"Oh? Really? How's that working for you, lover?"

He jerked me back into his arms. "Apparently, not too well, or I wouldn't be here." He bent his head to kiss me. "I need to be with you, Jace."

I held him. "Take me to bed and show me how much."

We had a long fuck before showering and dressing for dinner out.

That night we didn't make love or fuck. We watched movies and then went to bed where we talked about nothing in particular.

In the morning, we both woke up horny. To compensate, we fucked like bunnies. We somehow managed to get through the day without snapping at each other. That night, he gave me a blowjob before making sweet love to my ass.

Lying on top of me after he'd come, he nibbled at my ear. "One of these days I'm going to come directly in your ass."

"Sure," I said. "But not before hell freezes over."

"What?"

"I don't do unsafe sex."

He slapped the side of my thigh. "Neither do I."

"Then you're not coming in my ass."

He sighed. "A man can dream. Can't he?"

"Sure—as long as he doesn't lose his grip on reality."

He kissed my neck. "Don't ruin the mood, Blondie."

I reached back to stroke his thighs. "Chill out, handsome."

He bit my ear and ground his groin against my ass. "You drive me nuts."

"Is that a good or bad thing?"

He settled his full weight on me. "I can't stay away from you. Decide for yourself."

I smiled. "Let's go to bed."

We got up and walked hand in hand to my bedroom. Tumbling into bed together, we slept in each other's arms.

We had no more disagreements. The days spent at work were long and boring. The nights, spent in Brian's arms, were sweet but all too short. Before I knew it, our week had ended, and I found myself standing at the airport saying goodbye to him.

As before, it was difficult for me to accept how easy it was for Brian to leave



me. Had he just asked, I would have jumped on that plane and left everything I owned behind without a second thought. Of course, he didn't ask me to go. Hell, he didn't even discuss when or if I'd see him again.

In fact, he had very little to say and avoided meeting my gaze. When his flight was announced, he nodded at me and just walked away.

I stared after him, taking slow, deep breaths, while I struggled to keep my eyes from misting. He didn't even turn to wave before he disappeared from my sight. Damn the cold, selfish bastard.

I felt lost, devastated, and abandoned. At home, after downing several beers, I was about to call April when she called me.

"Oh, Jace, I'm glad you're home. Do you have time to talk?"

The moment I heard her excited voice, I knew she had good news. "Sure, honey. How are you and Kwmei?"

"We're great. Oh, Jace! I have the most wonderful news."

I smiled. "Lay it on me."

"I'm pregnant! Kwmei and I are going to have a baby and you're going to be an uncle!"

"Oh, damn, girl! That's great news. How pregnant are you?"

"Three months. Oh...I'm so happy I could shout!"

I laughed. "You are shouting."

She laughed. "So I am. Can you stand some more good news?"

"Yes, honey, I can."

"Kwmei and I discussed it and we're naming the baby after you."

"After..." I sucked in a breath. "Are you sure? Kwmei doesn't mind?"

"No, he doesn't. He's not fond of his own name and is fine with naming our baby after you."

"So it's a boy?"

"I don't know. We've chosen to be surprised at birth. If it's a boy, we'll name him Jason. If it's a girl, we'll call her Jacia."

"Damn, April, I...I'm...I don't know what to say."

"You don't mind. Do you?"

"Mind? I'm honored and touched and...damn...that made my day."

"I'm glad. Now enough about me. How are things with you? Have you started dating again yet?"

I didn't have the heart to dump on her parade with my bad news. I told her about Paul, but not about the week I'd spent with Brian. When she probed about Brian, I asked if I could speak to Kwmei.

We spoke briefly before I told him I had to go. "Tell April I'll call her in a few days. Good night and congratulations again."

I had another few beers and fell into bed in a drunken stupor.

In the morning, I woke with a hangover. I showered and went for my Saturday morning run. Running through the park, I promised myself I would not fall into the trap of drinking myself into a stupor so I wouldn't lie awake at night wishing for the impossible with Brian.



When I hadn't heard anything from Brian two weeks after his return to LA, I went out to a club. I confined myself to one drink and went home alone. The following weekend, I stayed home working on a work project. The next week, I went out after work with a few coworkers.

While I wasn't ashamed of my sexual preference, I didn't broadcast it. I was fairly confident that none of my coworkers even knew I was gay. When one of my female coworkers, Rhonda flirted with me, I flirted back and soon we were sharing several dirty dances.

When I took her home, I was a little concerned that she'd ask me in and want me to fuck her. Imagine my surprise when she admitted she had the hots for one of our female coworkers. "Of course, after the way she looked at you tonight, Jace, I haven't got a hope of sampling her sweets."

"So you're a lesbian?" I asked.

She shrugged. "I love women, but every now and then..."

"Every now and then what?" I prompted.

"Every now and then when I get really drunk, I kind of like having some meat in me."

"So you're actually bisexual?"

She shook her head. "No. I prefer women, but...every so often I like having a real dick instead of a dildo in my pussy. But only every now and then and only when I'm drunk. Sober, I want a woman with a nice ass and nice rack."

"Rack? You called breasts a rack, like men?"

"So sue me. I like the word. It gives me a nasty thrill. What about you, Jace? Are you disappointed to find you won't be able to get me drunk and get in my thongs?"

I hesitated and then admitted I was gay.

We stared at each other in silence before we both laughed so hard, tears rolled down our cheeks.

When we sobered, Rhonda wiped her cheeks. "Damn. You don't look it."

I shrugged. "Not all gay men advertise their sexuality by swishing around in such a way that everyone knows they're gay without their having to say a word. I figure who I sleep with is no one's business but mine."

"Same here. You know? The next time we go out after work, I'm going to ask her out." She looked at me. "Why don't you ask Mitchell out?"

Mitchell was tall with dark blue eyes. He had a flat ass and pale skin. While he was nice enough, there was nothing about him to get me hot. I shook my head. "He's not my type," I told her.

"What is your type?"

"I prefer my men with more bulk, darker skin, and a much bigger cock than Mitchell has."

"You've already checked out his cock?"

"We both use the male bathroom," I reminded her.

"Right. So if not Mitchell, do you have someone else in mind?"

I nodded.



"Then why go out clubbing at all?"

"He's living in LA now so I'm back on the market."

"Was it serious between you two before he left?"

I shook my head. "Not for him it wasn't, or he wouldn't have left."

"Why didn't you go with him, Jace?"

"Because he didn't ask me to."

"Sometimes life stinks."

"Tell me about it," I said.

She shrugged and then smiled. "I have an idea. Why don't we team up?"

"Team up how? We both prefer members of our own sex."

"I know that. What I meant was that if we teamed up and went to a straight bar or club, we could use each other as cover if we encountered anything unexpected."

The thought of spending my free time with any female other than April held little appeal, but I nodded anyway. "Why not?"

Rhonda and I soon became the subject of office gossip. It amused us that our coworkers thought we were fucking each other. We spent most of our weekends club hopping. One night at a gay club, she met this gorgeous blonde with large natural breasts and a round ass that Rhonda couldn't take her eyes off.

"Go ask her to dance," I suggested.

"And leave you to go solo?"

I nodded. "I'm over six feet and fully grown. I can take care of myself. Go ask her to dance."

"You're on." She winked at me and followed the blonde.

I watched them share several slow dances before they left the club together an hour later. I was happy that Rhonda had gotten lucky, but a little jealous too that I would be spending the night alone.

I finished my drink and was about to leave when a handsome male with smooth dark skin and a big, sculptured body slid into the booth opposite me. "Hi. I'm Adam. I see you're alone now. Can I buy you a drink?"

He practically reeked of sex appeal. Looking at him I could almost imagine myself lying naked under him with his dick sliding into my ass. Almost, but not quite. He looked like the type who'd expect his expenditure of buying a few drinks to be repaid with a fuck. I knew I'd eventually get over Brian enough to want casual sex. I wasn't there yet, and until I was, I'd need to stir clear of men like Adam.

I shook my head and rose. "Thanks, but I was just leaving."

He rose and faced me. "Alone?"

"Yes."

"Can I give you a ride home?"

"No." I turned away.

He caught my arm. "Where's the damned fire? Wait a minute."

I jerked away from him, narrowing my gaze. "How rude do you want me to be? Take a damned hint. I'm not interested. I don't want a drink or a ride with you."

He threw up his hands. "Fuck you, bitch."



For one moment, I was tempted to deck him. I swallowed the urge, deciding he wasn't worth the skinned knuckles or bruised hand. "Right back at ya, tall, dark, and dense." I flashed him a cool smile and walked away.

He swore but didn't follow me.

I went home and had several beers before falling into a restless nightmare, where I found myself old and alone—after having wasted my entire life rebuffing other men in the hopes that Brian would one day discover he and I were soul mates meant to spend our lives together.

I woke trembling and covered with sweat. My heart pounded. Get a damned grip, Jace. I took several deep breaths before my heartbeat returned to normal. Lying in my darkened bedroom, fear of a long, loveless future filled me. I spent most of the rest of the night wondering what the hell was wrong with me that made getting over Brian so difficult.

I felt like hell in the morning. It took a great deal of effort to make myself put on my shorts and go for my run. Each step felt like torture. By the time I returned to my apartment, I was so confused I needed someone to talk to. I called April who listened in silence. "What do you think, April?"

"I think it's past time you stopped allowing him to control your emotions and jerk you around."

"Allowing? It's not exactly a choice, April."

"Isn't it?"

"No!"

"I think it is because you don't know your own worth."

"And that would be?"

"You're a kind, handsome man who won't have any problem finding a lover more considerate of your needs."

"You're making it sound as if I'm not even trying. I am," I said quickly before she could challenge me on that score. "I haven't exactly been spending my weekends sitting home alone waiting for the phone to ring. I've been out clubbing."

"Yeah, with a woman who prefers other women. How far is that going to get you, Jace?"

She almost made me sorry I'd called. "Look, April—"

"The first step in the process of forgetting him is to accept that you have no future with Brian, Jace. I know how you feel about him, so I know that's not easy, but it's what you need to do."

I swallowed hard. I knew she was right, but—

"How long has it been since you've heard from him, Jace?"

I sighed before I told her about Brian's visit two months earlier. "I haven't heard from him since then."

"Did you expect to?"

"Not really."

"Then you need to move on."

"I know that, April, but it's easier said than done—at least on an emotional level. You know I'm going out, but it's going to take longer than I'd hoped."



"I know that, Jace, but you have to get a grip. If he doesn't care about you, what's the point in sitting and waiting for him to throw you a few crumbs by coming to spend a week here and there with you?"

"I'm not waiting for him."

"You are—on an emotional level." She sighed. "I don't mean to sound unfeeling, but you deserve more than you're getting from him."

"I know that."

"But? I know there's a 'but' involved, Jace. Let's have it."

"I...I don't...I love him."

Her voice had softened when she responded. "I know that, Jace, but—"

"And I guess a part of me doesn't want to get over him."

"You have to—unless you want to spend your life waiting for a man who may not share your feelings and commitment."

That was a diplomatic way of saying Brian would never love me. "I know. You're right. It's probably just going to take a little more time to accept it."

"Don't settle for any less than you deserve, Jace. That doesn't mean you have to hop into bed with the first hunk you meet, but you have to stop turning down your opportunities when you go out."

By the time we hung up two hours later, I knew I had to make a better effort to get Brian out of my system—or take another tongue lashing from April.

With a great deal of effort, I settled into a comfortable routine. During the week, I went out one night after work with coworkers. To keep my sexual life private, I occasionally flirted with women. Rhonda and I generally spent at least one weekend night making the round of the clubs. I spent my Sunday nights reading or watching a movie. Although I was still lonely, I cut back on drinking and didn't automatically turn down invitations from prospective lovers. I didn't end up in bed with any of them either—but I was getting closer to that.

I was sleeping more soundly and I hardly spent any of my free time wondering what Brian was doing and who he was doing it with. Just when I was sure I could see the end of my obsession with Brian, he turned my newly formed world upside down. All it took was one phone call from him. He did that one Friday night as I was about to meet Rhonda for a night of clubbing.

"Hello, Jace."

The moment I heard his voice, all my resolve vanished, and I was in danger of hyperventilating. I had to take several deep breaths before I could respond in a relatively calm voice. "You've caught me at a bad time, Brian. I'm on my way out for the night."

"Are you going out alone, or are you going with a friend?"

I knew he wanted to know if I were going out with a lover or prospective lover. That was information he had no right to know. "No, I'm not going out alone."

"You're going with a friend? Like April?"

"I don't have much time so if you could cut to the chase..." I suggested.

"I see. Ahh..."

"So I'd appreciate it if you'd get to the point of your call, Brian."



"Fine. I'll be returning to Philly for a week soon."

My heart raced. "Really? Well, I'm sure that'll be nice for you."

He clearly wasn't expecting that response because he was silent for several moments before he spoke again. "I...I was hoping we'd be able to spend some time together while I'm in town."

I closed my eyes. Oh, God. Not again. Please don't let me get caught up in him all over again. I shook my head.

"Jace? Did you hear me?"

"Yes. I did."

"And?" He prompted.

"And I'm flattered, but I don't think our seeing each other again would be a good idea."

He swore. "Don't say that, Jace."

"I just did."

"I don't want to hear that."

"That's too bad, Brian."

"Are you seeing anyone?" he asked.

"Of course I'm seeing someone," I lied. "I know you probably expected me to sit around waiting and hoping that you'd call, but I haven't been. I've been out meeting other men."

"Are you saying you've found someone else to take my place?"

I made no effort to hide my anger and hurt. "What did you think I'd do, Brian? Sit around waiting for you to breeze into town for the occasional week?" My statement was greeted with a rather long silence.

"This guy you're seeing...how serious are you with him, Jace?"

"That can't possibly matter to you, Brian."

"How can you say that?"

"Oh, shit, let me see. Maybe I reached that conclusion based on your complete silence since you last breezed into town expecting to use me as your damned fuck slave."

"A fuck sl...you know it's not like that between us, Jace."

"The hell it isn't. And you know what, Brian? I've had it with you."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"You're coming back to Philly? La de damn dah."

"Jace—"

"I'm not going out of my way to accommodate you. When you arrive, I might be free or I might not. Call me when you get here and we'll play it by ear."

"You know I don't like that iffy shit, Jace."

"That's too damn bad, Brian. I don't like it either, but that never mattered to you!"

"Look, I can see you have some...pent up resentment, but I've spent the last three months putting in a lot of over time so I could come back to see you."

"Ask me if I'm impressed."

"I'm not settling for any 'if I can make time for you, I will shit, Blondie.' Are



you going to be free or not?”

“The name is Jace and as I said, you can call when you arrive and find out,” I told him.

“Jace—”

“Goodbye,” I told him and hung up. I closed my eyes and leaned my forehead against the wall. Had I done the right thing? Hell, yeah I’d done the right thing. And now I was going to go out and enjoy myself. To hell with Brian. He could find someone else to fuck when he arrived. I straightened and opened my eyes.

The phone rang again as I crossed the floor towards the entrance door. I faltered for a moment, before I ignored it, fairly certain it was Brian. The phone was still ringing as I locked the door. Fifteen minutes later, my cell rang. I ignored that too. After the third call to my cell, I turned the ringer off.

“He’s a persistent bastard, isn’t he?” Rhonda asked.

I nodded.

“So why didn’t you answer?”

“I’m through with lying down for him. For once I want him to see how it feels to be on the receiving end of so much uncertainty.”

She nodded and grinned. “Sounds like a plan to me.”

Rhonda and I had a good time clubbing that night. Since neither of us were driving, we drank—a lot. Later during the night when it became clear neither of us would end up getting any action, we drank more before we shared a few dirty dances. By the time we took a cab back to my apartment we were both horny as hell. So naturally we had another drink before tumbling onto my bed and falling asleep.

The next morning, Rhonda and I got the shock of our lives when we woke. We were both in my bed. We were also stark naked. Worse, when we rolled away from each other, it was right into wet spots on the sheet. I felt what I was certain was cum and bodily fluids stains under me. Glancing down, I noted my pubic hair looked matted. Holy hell! What had happened?

Rhonda stared down at her inner thigh. When she looked up at me, her dark eyes were wide. She placed a hand over her pussy. “You took advantage of me!”

“No. I didn’t.”

“You did. You fucked me!”

I shook my head, but when I looked down at my dick, there were traces of dried white stains I was fairly sure were her pussy cream. “No.”

“Yes!”

“I...I...I don’t know what happened.”

“It’s clear what happened. You fucked me and you did it without protection! You bastard. You told me you were gay!”

“I am!”

“Then why the hell is my pussy seeping with your cum?”

“I don’t know!”

“You don’t know? You don’t know? Jace, you lying fucker!”

“Rhonda—”



“Don’t Rhonda me!” She snatched the top cover off the bed to cover her body. She then hopped out of bed, backing away from me.

Our clothes were scattered around the floor. She snatched hers up and rushed from the room.



Chapter Eleven

I groaned and rolled onto my stomach. I had no memory of what had happened after we fell onto my bed. I couldn't even remember our undressing. As drunk as I'd been, it was difficult to imagine how I'd even managed to get hard, forget actually being able to fuck her. While I knew she sometimes liked cock when she was high, drunkenness had no such effect on me. So how the hell had we ended up fucking?

I felt an indentation on the bed. I opened my eyes and rolled onto my side.

Full dressed, Rhonda sat on the side of the bed. The anger in her gaze had been replaced by one of curiosity.

I sat up, placing a palm between my legs to cover my dick. "Rhonda...I don't know what to say."

"Neither do I." She frowned. "But it's a little late to cover that thing now, isn't it?"

I felt the blood burning the back of my neck.

"Let's see it."

I removed by hand.

She looked at my flaccid cock. "I don't remember what happened but at least one of us had a good time."

"Who?"

"You."

"How did you arrive at that conclusion?"

"I can still feel cum seeping out of my pussy, which is sore."

"Sore?"

"Yes, buddy, sore. I haven't had a cock in me since I was nineteen. And surely you wouldn't have come so much if you hadn't enjoyed fucking me."

It didn't seem the right time to point out that my having enjoyed fucking her was very unlikely. "I'm sorry."

She sighed, shaking her head. "There's no point in either of us crying now. We clearly fucked. Just promise me you haven't been having unprotected sex."

"I don't do unsafe sex."

"Thank God for that. Since that's out of the way, what's the worst that could happen?"

"You could get pregnant."

"Pregnant?" She nodded.

"Why are you smiling, Rhonda?"

She shrugged. "I like the idea of motherhood. Does the thought of being a parent scare you, Jace?"

"No. I've always wanted to be a father."

"Well, I'm sure we won't have to worry about that." She glanced at her watch and bolted to her feet. "I have to get going." She grinned. "There's a pretty blonde who makes a point of wiggling her cute ass every time she runs past my balcony."

"Speaking of cute asses, you're carrying one around yourself, Rhonda."



"Hey, buddy! Watch it. That's how that cock of yours ended up in a place where it had no business being—in my pussy. So keep your eyes off my ass."

"I'm sorry!"

"So am I—that I can't remember how the hell you convinced me to allow you to fuck me."

It was a huge relief that she didn't feel as if I'd used force.

She frowned. "Damn, I hope it wasn't too unpleasant."

"Why the hell should it have been unpleasant?"

"Get real, Jace. You're a gay male. How much finesse can you have when it comes to pleasing a woman?"

"I've done it a few times and I didn't get any complaints."

"Dream on, lover boy." She rolled her eyes and left.

I took a shower and went for my run. Back home, I felt restless. I was tempted to drown my miseries in a few beers, but I'd finally learned my lesson. Clearly I couldn't handle alcohol any more than my father could.

I spent the next few days cursing myself for having hung up on Brian. Now it was over between us for good. There was no way he was going to come back after I'd hung up on him.

When he called three days later, I felt as if the weight of the world had been removed from my shoulders.

"Look, Jace, I'm coming to town in two days and you'd better set aside some time to see me. I don't care who you're seeing or how serious it is. I'm coming to see you and you'd better be available."

My stomach muscles tightened and I couldn't stop grinning. One of the things I'd first fallen for was his willingness to be top in every aspect of our relationship. But I decided it was probably a better strategy not to allow him to be too sure of me before he'd shown some indication he wanted more than just a fuck toy. "We'll see," I said.

"I'm arriving on the six-thirty flight on Friday night at gate 23. You have your tight ass there to meet me, Jace."

"Or?"

"Or I'll come find you."

"And?"

"And fuck you until you can't sit down for a week. Don't fuck with me, Jace."

"Don't you fuck with me, Brian. Your days of having everything your own way are over." Confident that even if he didn't love me, he at least wanted me badly enough to keep coming back, I hung up on him. Damn that felt good.

He called back. I allowed the answering machine to pick up. Despite my bravado, after spending a nearly sleepless night, I left work early to drive to the airport.

The look of relief on his face when he spotted me was priceless. I'd been right not to cave.

With my heart thundering, I walked towards him. I stopped a few feet away and nodded. "Brian."



He inclined his head. "Blondie."

"The name is Jace. Are you ready for me to drive you to...where do you have reservations again?"

He flashed a cool smile at me. "Cute."

"Let's get your bags and get you on your way to your hotel."

He stared at me. "I didn't work sixty hour weeks for three months just so I could rush back to Philly for this shit from you, Jace."

"Really? Well, maybe you should have asked how I felt before making plans for both of us, Brian."

He sighed. "You're right, but I'm bone weary. Can't we talk about this some other time?"

I shrugged. "Fine." I let him carry his own luggage and made no effort to make conversation.

The moment we were alone in my car, he clamped a big hand along the back of my neck.

I stiffened. "What are you—"

"Shut the fuck up." He leaned forward and pressed a long, deep kiss against my mouth that was so hot and intense, the blood rushed straight to my cock.

I shuddered against him, my lips parting.

He kissed me again before he dragged his lips away. He pressed his forehead against mine. "Oh, God, Jace, I missed you. I missed you."

I kept my eyes closed and my thoughts to myself.

He slipped his fingers in my hair. "I know you're pissed, and rightly so, but if I don't get a fuck soon, I'm going to explode, Jace."

I drew away from him, settling in my seat. "That sounds like a personal problem to me, Brian."

He groaned. "Don't do this to me...please."

"Been a while for you?"

"Believe it or not, it's been just over three months for me."

I did believe him. I reached between his legs to cup a hand over his cock.

He swore.

Feeling him hardening, I withdrew my hand. "I do believe you."

"Good, because it's true."

I started the car and drove away. "Why have you been celibate?"

"Because I didn't want sex with someone who meant nothing to me."

The implication of his words gave me hope that he might want more than just sex. "You might just have earned yourself a stay at my place after all, Brian."

"You have no idea how much I've been looking forward to seeing you again."

"I'd know if you'd bothered to keep in touch and tell me."

"I know."

"So why didn't you call?"

"I wanted to concentrate on work. Talking to you would not only have been a distraction, but would have made the separation even more difficult."

There was no pointing reminding him that the separation was his doing. "Do



you want to stop for dinner?"

"I want to be alone with you ASAP."

I couldn't deny my need for him. I drove home. We undressed, got into bed, and shared an explosive fuck that left us both shaking in each other's arms. Afterwards, he rolled us onto our sides and spent several minutes gently kissing and caressing me. He whispered how much he'd missed me...he needed me...couldn't stay away from me.

I fell into a very contented sleep listening to the sound of his deep voice whispering in my ear.

The first thing I saw when I woke the next morning was a dozen roses on my nightstand. I blinked hard, overcome by emotion. The roses which had once annoyed me now touched me in an immeasurable way.

That set the stage for what turned out to be an almost perfect day, which ended with our fucking on the balcony under the stars. Although we spent most of the weekend fucking every chance we got, Brian insisted on taking me out every night. We visited an art gallery, had dinner out, and saw a movie.

On Sunday night after a late dinner, we walked hand in hand along a quiet neighborhood park in the moonlight.

Without warning, he abruptly stopped walking.

I turned to glance at him. "What's wrong?"

He pulled me close, slipping his arms around me.

"Brian?"

He leaned close to kiss me.

I think he intended it to be a gentle kiss, but I'm a greedy fucker. I parted my lips and turned it into a hot, passionate kiss that went on and on until both our dicks were hard.

"Oh, damn, I have to fuck you, Blondie."

"Let's go home."

"I can't wait that long. I need you right now."

I was as hot as he was and the thought of fucking in public turned me on. "Okay."

We found an isolated spot in the darkest section of the park. He unzipped his pants and exposed his cock. "Suck me, Blondie."

I briefly considered telling him to suck me before I obediently dropped to my knees. I cupped a hand over his balls and dragged my tongue along the under side of his big shaft. When his pubic hair trickled my nostrils, I inhaled. I loved the pungent scent of his erect cock.

He placed a hand on the back of my head. "Hmm."

I ran my tongue around the head of his dick twice before slowly drawing it into my mouth. Enjoying the feel of him against my tongue I compressed my cheeks.

"Oh...shit, Blondie. Suck me...suck me."

I hesitated. I wasn't fond of swallowing cum. Should I ask him to put on a condom so I wouldn't have to worry about pulling him out of my mouth before he came?



He tightened his fingers in my hair. "Suck me...now."

I placed a hand on his hip and gave him a slow blowjob. My apprehension rose with the tension I felt building in him. He gripped the back of my head and started shoving his dick into my mouth and down my throat with increasing fierceness. To keep pace with him, I sucked him hungrily. I loved the feel and taste of his naked shaft in my mouth. Within minutes, he groaned.

I released his balls in preparation of sliding him out of my mouth.

He thrust his hips forward. Jet after jet of cum blasted down my throat, thwarting my attempts to pull away.

I gagged and attempted to swallow. I felt cum spilling down my chin by the time he finally released my head.

I fell back on my hunches, furious.

"Oh, shit, Blondie that was worth the months of jerking myself off while I fantasized about being with you again."

His confession dissipated most of my anger. Still on my knees, I looked up at him.

"Now let me take care of you, Blondie." He reached down to urge me to my feet. He placed my hand over his cock.

Looking into his eyes, I massaged his cock and balls until he was hard again.

He pushed my pants and briefs down below my knees. Taking off his jacket, he pressed it against the tree behind me, turned me around, and pressed me against his jacket.

I trembled in anticipation as he lubed my ass. The breath caught in my throat and I gasped in delight when he parted my cheeks and thrust his big cock past my hole and up into my rectum. "Oh!" I moaned and pressed my ass back against his groin. "Oh, Brian. This feels better each time we fuck."

"Each time, Blondie."

"Fuck me!"

With one arm around my waist, he slapped my ass with his other hand and fucked his delicious cock up into my hungry ass with long, sure, wonderful strokes that shattered my heart and disrupted my world in a matter of minutes. I came hard, erupting all over his jacket.

It was only when I felt him coming in my ass that I realized he'd fucked me barebacked.

"Brian!" I shoved back against his abs.

He withdrew his cock and stepped back.

I swung around to face him. "Where the fuck do you off not wearing—"

"We'd better get dressed and get out of here," he said suddenly. "Someone is coming."

Still pissed, I pulled up my briefs and pants.

We left the park in a cool silence.



Chapter Twelve

Before that fuck, we'd been walking along holding hands and making plans to see each other again when he came back to town. Now, we weren't touching and seemed to have nothing to say to each other. Well, I had plenty to say to him, but I doubted he'd want to hear it.

"We have to talk about your stunt at the park," I told him at my apartment.

He held up a hand. "Not now, Jace. Please. Let's just go to bed."

"Go to bed? You're not fucking me again until you explain yourself."

"Fine. Let's just go to sleep."

I stared at him and turned to storm to the bedroom.

In bed, I tensed, preparing to rebuff him when he attempted to embrace me. Instead, he turned on his side and lay with his back to me.

That's it, I thought. The next time he brings his ass to town, he can find another lover. I'd had enough of his shit. I needed and deserved a lover who didn't think I existed solely to fulfill his sexual needs at the cost of my feelings. And one who didn't think he had the right to initiate unprotected sex without my permission.

Having decided to end our so-called relationship, I finally fell into a fretful sleep.

He woke me in the middle of the night. "We need to talk, Jace."

I shook his hand off my thigh and moved as far away from him as the bed allowed. "I don't have anything to say to you, Brian."

"No shit? Well, I have plenty to say to you."

I didn't respond.

He hauled me across the bed close to him. He pushed me onto my back, slid his body on top of mine, and stared down into my eyes. "And you're going to listen."

"I am sick of your God damned shit, Brian! Now get the fuck off me."

To my surprise, he rolled off of me. But I should have known that was too easy.

He turned on his side, pulled me on mine, and into his arms. I could feel his cock hardening and hated that my own dick stirred in response.

"Let me go."

Instead, he tipped up my chin and kissed me on the mouth. "Shut the fuck up and listen to me, Jace!"

Although I felt my body respond, I'd made my mind up. "Let go!" I demanded, clenching my hands into fists to keep from returning his embrace.

"I will when hell freezes over!"

"Damn it, Brian—"

"Shut up and listen before I lose my nerve!" He slapped my ass so hard, it stung.

"Don't hit me, Brian!"

"Will you shut up long enough to let me tell you that I..."

"That you what? Don't want to see me anymore? Well, I have news for you, buddy, I don't want to see you anymore either!"



He sucked in a breath and I felt him tense against me. "What? What do you mean you don't want to see me anymore?" He released me and shot into a sitting position. "What the hell are you talking about?"

He sounded so upset that I sat up slowly and stared in his direction. Shafts of lights that came through the partially open blinds provided the only illumination in the bedroom. So I couldn't see his expression, but I knew he was agitated and tense.

"Never mind," I said. I suddenly felt very tired. "Have your say so I can go back to sleep."

"What? You tell me you don't want to see me anymore, and then you expect to go back to sleep as if nothing has happened? What the fuck's wrong with you, Jace? Your period on?"

"Is yours?" I demanded, clenching my hands into fists. I wanted to slug him, but I was sure he'd just slug me back. If he actually hit me, my remaining illusions would be shattered.

"Who are you sleeping with, Jace?"

"You know something, Brian, I'm going to tell you this once, and then I never want to have to say it again. I have not slept with another man in nearly two and a half years." I felt a guilty flush burn the back of my neck as I thought of my encounter with Rhonda. Since she wasn't a man, my statement was technically true. "Yours is the only cock that's been up my ass since I met you, you blind idiot!"

I waited for his response. If he dared show disbelief, I'd be hard pressed not to kick his ass out of my apartment on the spot.

"Oh, shit!" He hauled me into his arms and held me close. "That's what I wanted to hear."

"You...you did?"

"Yes!" He tipped up my chin. "I...damn it, Jace! I...oh, shit! Jace, I love you," he whispered.

My heart beat so fast I could barely breathe. I'd been in love with him since our first night together and to finally hear that he felt the same way was overwhelming. "You do?"

"Shit, yeah, baby!" He rolled me onto my back and lay on top of me, staring down into my eyes. "I'm tired of trying to pretend if I see you or fuck you just once more, I'll get over you. I'm not going to get over you and now I don't even want to try anymore. And I can't handle a long distance relationship. I need and want you with me in LA."

My eyes misted. "Are you saying...you're not just saying this because you know you fucked up when you went bareback without my permission?"

"I am not gay, Blondie. I'm never going to be gay. I haven't had unprotected sex since my junior year in high school. Having it with you last night was a clumsy attempt on my part to tell you how I felt without actually saying the words I've never said to anyone else."

I swallowed hard. "You said you had two long term relationships you enjoyed."

"I did."

"And you didn't love either one of them?"



"No."

"But you love me?"

"Yes."

I slipped my arms around him, cupping my hands over his hard, warm ass. "I'll let you in on a little secret, Brian. I've been in love with you since you first busted my ass wide open."

"Why didn't you ever tell me?" he demanded, grinding his hardening cock against mine. "If you had, I wouldn't have left you."

"Why didn't you ever tell me?" I countered. Since our first meeting, he had been the top. I'd always wanted to meet a man who wanted me to be his bitch. The dom had certain responsibilities as far as I was concerned and he'd dropped the ball in that regard.

"I told you. I kept thinking I'd get over you. Besides, you're so handsome and addictive, I thought you'd want to cruise for a while before settling down."

"My cruising days were over the moment I set eyes on you," I told him.

He buried his face against my neck. "So where are we going from here?"

I stroked his hair. "Anywhere you want to go."

"Yeah?" He caressed my ass. "Right now I'd like to go up your ass."

"Okay, but we're using a condom this time."

"That won't happen again—not unless we've discussed it and decided that's how we want to make love."

I smiled. "Then I'm your bitch, lover. Dominate me...use me to pleasure yourself."

He lubed up my ass.

I rolled a rubber over his large, dark weapon.

He pressed a tender kiss against my lips while he eased his dick up my ass.

I loved having him lie on top of me during our fucks. I moaned and clung to him. "Oh, yeah, baby! Take me!"

"Be my bitch," he whispered, taking complete and delicious possession of my ass.

"I've been your bitch since the night we met," I told him, clutching his clenching ass in my hands.

With my ass full of the cock of the man I loved and who loved me, I closed my eyes and surrendered to the most glorious fuck of my life. Just knowing this was the first fuck of many more to come as we began our life together as committed lovers, I was so psyched that the moment he moved his lips from mine, I chanted that I loved him.

"I love you too, Blondie," he groaned against my lips. "Always, baby, always!"

I slipped a finger into his ass. He groaned and shuddered, and we exploded almost together. Afterwards, we lay in each other arms, planning our future. It was going to be a wonderful life, full of nights filled with heated passion and love.

I was ecstatic thinking I finally had everything I wanted. He asked me to move to LA with him. I agreed. April was delighted when I called her the next morning to tell her. "Oh, Jace, I am so happy you're finally getting what you deserve."



On Monday, I gave a month's notice at work. I told Rhonda at lunch that I was resigning and moving to LA with Brian.

"I'll miss you, Jace."

"We'll keep in touch."

Seven weeks later, when I was making plans to spend a week in Colorado with April and Kwmei to meet my namesake Jason, before joining Brian in LA, Rhonda called and told me she needed to see me before I left town.

We had dinner on my last night in Philly. What she told me left me speechless for several moments. I raked my hand through my hair, staring at her. "Oh, God, Rhonda. Please tell me you're joking."

She shook her head. "I know this is a shock to you. It was one for me. I spent two weeks agonizing over whether I should tell you or not. I finally decided this wasn't something I had any right to conceal from you."

"What...oh, God! I—"

"This is not something either of us wanted or planned and I'll understand if you'd rather not be involved."

I shook my head. "That's not what I meant...it's just that...of course I'll be involved. I'm just going to need a little time to absorb this."

"I understand. Let's give it a few weeks and then talk again."

I nodded. I'd already given up my apartment so I returned to the hotel room where I'd spent the last two nights. Instead of downing a few beers to drown my sorrows, I called April.

"Oh my God, Jace. How are you feeling?"

"Shocked. Hell, April, I can't even remember sleeping with her and now I learn she's pregnant. How the hell can I keep this from Brian?"

"No, Jace. Things are finally settled between you two. You have to tell him."

"This is going to ruin things between us. I told him I hadn't slept with anyone. He'll never trust me again and—"

"Trust your relationship enough to tell him the truth, Jace. Promise me you'll tell him."

"I'm not sure I should. I mean—"

"You have to."

"I'll think about it."

She didn't press me any further that night or during the week I spent in Colorado.

By the time I flew to LA, I'd decided I wasn't going to risk telling Brian. Yet the moment I saw him waiting for me at LAX, I knew I had to be honest with him.

After we'd fucked twice, I told him.

He was silent for several moments before he got out of bed and walked across the carpet to stare out the bedroom window.

"Do you love her?"

I got out of bed and went to embrace him, pressing my cheek against the back of his shoulder. "No! I love you. I have from the moment we met. I don't even know how or why it happened. Damn. I don't even remember it happening."



He turned in my arms to face me. "Are you sure you actually slept with her?"

"We were naked in bed the next morning. She had cum seeping from her pussy and my cock bore traces of pussy cream."

He sighed. "Fine. Then...this is a shock. I won't lie, but...it's not the end of the world. So you'll be a father and we'll get to have a rugrat, crumb snatcher around to keep us on our toes."

I felt a wave of relief sweep over me. "You mean this isn't a deal breaker for our relationship?"

He shrugged. "It probably would have been—if I didn't love you. I do, so we'll just include the baby in our long-term plans."

His reaction endeared him to me all the more. I spent the next seven months flying back and forth between LA and Philly to support Rhonda.

Brian and I returned to Philly for the birth. I was at her side when our daughter Janis was born. One look at her and I knew she was mine because she looked as if she'd been cut out of the baby picture of me my mother had always kept on her nightstand. My throat tightened and my eyes misted when I held her for the first time. Joy and sorrow filled me. I was delighted that I had a child, but sad that her birth was probably the end of my relationship with Brian.

When we returned to our hotel room that night, there were a dozen roses with a Congratulations, Dad balloon floating above it. I looked at Brian, my eyes misting.

He shrugged. "I know you're not crazy about getting roses, but—"

I shook my head. "Actually, I've grown to like the idea of your sending me roses."

He started to undress. "Then why are you so close to tears?"

I sucked in a breath, swallowed hard, and told him of my decision.

Stripped down to his briefs, he sat on the side of the bed, staring at me. "What the hell do you mean it's over between us?"

I shrugged. "I'm so sorry, Brian, but I know how you feel about long distance relationships."

"The last time I checked we shared a home in LA. What's this shit about long distance?"

"I'm moving back here to Philly."

He took a deep breath. "What?! Why?"

"I know you're pissed and you have a right to be, but after holding Janis in my arms I know I don't want to be a long distance father. I want to be there for her so that I don't miss any of her firsts."

"You can commute."

I shook my head. "I don't want to be six hours away. I had a great relationship with both my parents while they were alive. I want her to have the same experience."

He ran a hand over his hair. "Jace, I appreciate your wanting to be there for her. That's commendable, but you don't have to do this. Please. Don't do this."

"Please don't make this any harder for me, Brian. You must know I don't want to leave you. You know how I feel about you, but I'm a father now. I have to put Janis's needs ahead of my own—just as my parents always did."



"We can take turns commuting. I'll take a three day weekend once a month to fly here and you can do the same to fly to LA. That way we'll have three days together at least twice a month. I want more than that, but it's better than nothing."

"That's not going to work. I want to be close in case something happens in the middle of the night. I don't want Rhonda to have to be father and mother."

"You're not even willing to try long distance?"

I shook my head.

He rose and went to stare out the window. "Then there's nothing else I can say except I hope...to wish you luck."

I stared at his back. That was it? He was going to just allow me to walk out of his life without a fight? I sank onto the side of the bed, taking slow, deep breaths to keep from hyperventilating.

Needless to say, we didn't have a very good night. We slept on opposite sides of the bed. Over breakfast the next morning at our hotel restaurant, he told me he was flying back to LA that night.

I stared at him. "What? We were supposed to remain here for another four days."

He shrugged. "That was before you told me our relationship was over. There's no point in my remaining here now."

"You could remain to support me, Brian."

"If our relationship is over, Jace, I'd prefer not to linger here. If there's anything you need...money...you know I'll help."

"It's not money that I need or want from you, Brian."

He stared at me, his expression cool. "If it's over, that's all I have to offer."

I stared down at my cooling coffee. So that was the extent of his love? The moment things got difficult he left me to fend for myself with no support from him.

"You can call me when you're ready to return to LA to pack your things, Jace. Or if you like, I'll pack your possessions and ship them to you."

I looked up to find him staring at me with no trace of affection in his dark gaze.

"Your brand of love leaves a lot to be desired, Brian."

"This is your choice. I can't make you change your mind."

"You didn't try very hard."

"I asked you not to do this. You're obviously not willing to compromise and I'm not willing to beg for something you're determined not to give me."

"Fuck you."

He arched a brow, but remained silent.

I rose and walked quickly from the restaurant, feeling as if he'd ripped my heart out. I hoped he'd follow me, but he didn't. I returned to our hotel room to stretch out on the bed. I considered calling April, but didn't want to worry her. I also wanted a drink. Actually I wanted several of them.

I was considering going out to buy a six-pack when Brian returned to the room half an hour later. He sat in one of the chairs near the window, his dark gaze locked on me. "Are you sure you want to do this, Jace?"



I sat up. “Do I want to do it? No, but I have to. I want Janis to know that I love her enough to do what’s right for her—even if it means I’ll lose the only...I’ll lose you.”

He sighed. “Then I wish you well, Jace.”

My throat tightened and I couldn’t speak. I struggled to keep my gaze free of tears. I wanted and needed him to make more of an effort to convince me our relationship was worth saving.

When he remained silent, I walked away from him. He let me go— again.



Chapter Thirteen

I felt as if I were on an emotional rollercoaster during the next weeks. Janis filled me with awe and delight. I was totally content when I was with her. At night, lying alone on Rhonda's living room sofa, I experienced anger and grief at how easily Brian had accepted my decision to end our relationship.

Although he hadn't called me during previous separations, I had expected him to call this time. He didn't. Three weeks after Janis's birth, I found a new job and started searching for an apartment. I found one close to the building where Rhonda and Janis lived a week later and moved in.

Two months after Brian had returned to LA, I arrived home one night to find a dozen roses outside my apartment door. My heart raced. I plucked the card from among the roses. It was blank. What the hell did that mean? I opened my apartment door and placed the roses on the coffee table in my living room.

The phone rang.

I moved across the room to lift the cordless phone to my ear. "Hello?"

"Hi."

"Brian!"

"How are you, Blondie?"

My knees buckled. I leaned against the wall, nearly overcome with relief. "Brian..." Then I realized he was probably calling to find out why I hadn't contacted him about my clothes.

"Jace? How are you?"

I closed my eyes. "Fine."

"How's Janis?"

"She's amazing. Look, I know why you're calling, but—"

"You do?"

I frowned. Why did he sound so surprised? "Yes."

"Then what's your response?"

"I'll get my clothes as soon as possible and—"

"What? What are you talking about?"

I straightened and opened my eyes. "What are you talking about, Brian?" I frowned. "Who gave you this number?"

"Rhonda."

"Oh. Well...what arrangements do you want to make?"

"I want to arrange things so that we can spend the night together."

My heart raced at the thought of having him make love to me again. "Which night?"

"This one."

"We have the entire country separating us and—"

"No, we don't. I arrived in Philly this afternoon. I can be at your place in half an hour or you can come to my hotel. Which do you prefer?"

Sleeping with him would definitely relieve some of my sexual tension. But it would also make getting over him more difficult. "Neither."



"I thought you would say that, which is why I've made the decision for you."

"What?"

"I'm in your lobby."

"You're in the lobby?"

"Yes. Buzz me in."

I put the phone down and released the door to the lobby entrance.

Five minutes later, my apartment bell buzzed.

I sucked in a deep breath and slowly crossed the living room to the door.

"Yes?"

"It's Brian."

I opened the door and stepped aside.

He walked inside, closing the door behind him. He leaned against the wall beside the door. "How are you, Blondie?"

I shook my head, unable to trust myself to speak past the lump of emotion.

He pushed himself away from the door to brush the back of his hand against my cheek.

I burrowed against him, my eyes welling.

He embraced me.

We clung together in silence for several moments.

Finally he lifted his head to look at me. "Do you know why I came, Blondie?"

I nodded. "For sex and to make arrangements for me to get my clothes—"

He shook his head. "I didn't come to discuss clothes or even sex."

A ray of hope tightened my gut. "Then why did you come?"

"I came to reclaim what's mine."

"I...don't understand."

"Don't you?" He brushed his lips against mine. "I came for you, Blondie."

I pulled away from him. "What...what do you mean?"

"Neither one of us wanted a long distance relationship so I went back to LA and did something about it."

Oh, God! Was he implying..."What?"

"I immediately went back to LA and started sending out resumes. Five weeks ago, I was offered a job at a law firm in Philly. I had to take a small pay cut and I'll probably have to work longer hours for a few months, but I accepted. Yesterday was my last day at my old firm. I have a month before I start my new job in which to relocate back to Philly."

I swallowed. "You...resigned from your job?"

He nodded.

"You loved that job."

He shrugged. "I guess you can conclude that I love you more, Blondie."

I stared at him through a mist of tears.

He drew me back into his arms and held me close. "I love you more," he whispered against my ear. "Much more."

"But I thought...when you went back to LA and didn't call...I thought..."

"I knew the moment I left I would do whatever was necessary to keep you."



I jerked away from him. "Then why the hell didn't you tell me that? Why did you let me think it was over between us?"

He compressed his lips. "Why the hell did you just up and tell me it was over between us? Before you try and rake me over the coals, Jace, remember you're the one who slapped back all my counter proposals and insisted it was over between us."

"That's because...I...I wanted you to be willing to make sacrifices and be willing to fight for our relationship."

His expression softened. "Isn't that exactly what I've done, Blondie?"

"Yes. It is."

He extended an arm. "Then shut the fuck up and come show me how much you claim to love me."

I stepped into his embrace, sliding my hands down to his ass. "I do love you," I whispered against his lips.

He nipped at my ear. "Show me," he insisted.

We went to bed and I showed him how much I loved him twice before I lay sprawled between his legs. "Damn, Brian, I was so lonely without you. I kept imaging you falling in love and never wanting me again."

"I'm already in love—with you, Blondie."

I smiled, rubbing my cheek against his shoulder. "What's a straight guy doing in love with a gay one?"

He slapped my ass. "Don't get cute with me. My sexual preference hasn't changed. I'm not gay and never will be, but I do love you. What do you want to do about that?"

That was two years ago. To this day, Brian insists he's not gay. Guess what? I don't really give a shit what his sexual preference is anymore. I love him. He loves me. We make each other happy. Janis has changed and enriches both our lives. I don't suppose Brian's brother John will ever like the idea of Brian and me being a couple, but he's never ever been anything but pleasant when we meet. Next summer, at his invitation, Brian, Janis, and I will spend a week with his family so John's two sons can get to know me and Janis.

What does the future hold for us? Brian, Rhonda and I have decided that when it comes to kids, one is not enough. After a lot of soul searching and long conversations, the three of us decided we'd like at least two more kids.

Rhonda loves being a mom and actually enjoyed being pregnant—strange creature that she is. So she wants to have our kids the natural way. I still don't remember sleeping with Rhonda and don't have any desire to repeat the experience. Brian, on the other hand, wouldn't be averse to sleeping with her. Surprisingly enough, Rhonda is willing to let him fuck her.

So hopefully the next two times Rhonda wakes up with cum seeping from her pussy, it will belong to Brian and he'll be nine months closer to finally having everything he wants—me and a child of his own to call him daddy.

How am I going to feel when he fucks Rhonda? I'm not sure, but I know I want to be there. I want to watch his big, ebony dick sliding in and out of her pussy, in



the hope he's planting the seed that will give him a daughter or son we can all love and adore as we do Janis.

On a personal level, I don't ever foresee Brian wanting to admit he'd like to share a formal commitment such as marriage with me. Although I'd love to be married to him, I'm content with the state of our relationship. Besides, I never thought he'd resign from a job he loved and move across the country to be with me either. So who knows? Maybe one day I'll ask him to marry me and he'll surprise and delight me by saying yes.

Until then, I'm happy and content to take our relationship one day at a time. Brian is my man and my top. I'm his bitch and his bottom. I always have been. I always will be. As long as we're together, I'll happily follow wherever he leads.

The End



Meet Marilyn Lee

Plus you can visit her website to find out more about her and her coming soon books as well:

<http://www.marilynlee.org>

To subscribe to Marilyn Lee's Love Bytes,

marilynlee-subscribe@yahoogroups.com

After her bio you will see her books listed that she has out. Many of her books are both in ebook and print formats.

Marilyn lives, works, and writes on the East Coast of The US. In addition to thoroughly enjoying writing erotic romances in various genres, she enjoys roller-skating, spending time with her large, extended family, and rooting for all her favorite hometown sports teams.

Her other interests include collecting Doc Savage pulp novels from the thirties and forties and collecting Marvel comics from the seventies and eighties (particularly Thor and The Avengers.) Her favorite TV shows are forensic shows, westerns (Gun smoke and Have Gun, Will Travel are particular favorites), and mysteries (Charlie Chan movies in particular).

Her all time favorite mystery movie is probably Dead, Again. She's seen nearly every vampire movie or television show ever made (Forever Knight and Count Yorga, Vampires are favorites. She thoroughly enjoys interacting with readers either through email or via her Yahoo web group.



Red Rose™ Publishing

Summer Storm

Skin Deep

Night Heat

Eye of the Beholder-coming soon

Ellora's s Cave

Bloodlust series:

Bloodlust 5-Midnight Shadows

Conquering Mikhel Dumont

Taming Serge Dumont

Forbidden Desires

Nocturnal Heat

All In The Family

The Talisman

Teacher's Pet

Night of Desires

Trina's Afternoon Delight

Branded

Moonlight Desire

Moonlight Whispers

Road To Rapture

The Fall of Troy

Full Bodied Charmer

Breathless In Black

Playing With Fire

White Christmas

Pleasure Quest

Quest III—Return to Volter

Liquid Silver Books

Yesterday Day's Secret Sins

Changeling Press

Moonlight Healing

Soul Mates

Moonlight Madness Books I & II

Daughters of Takira Series:

One Night in Vegas



Kyla's Awakening
Revelations
Daughters of Takira—complete series

Loose id

Falling For Sharde
Nice Girls Do
Dream Lover
The Dare
Fantasy Knights

By Genre
I/R themes or couples

Teacher's Pet
Moonlight Healing
Night of Desire
Soul Mates
Summer Storm
Bloodlust 5-Midnight Shadows
Trina's Afternoon Delight
Taming Serge Dumont
Forbidden Desires
Nocturnal Heat
All In The Family
The Talisman
Moonlight Desire
Moonlight Whispers
Playing With Fire
White Christmas
Pleasure Quest
Quest III—Return to Volter
Primal Lusts
Moonlight Madness Books I & II
Revelations
A Thing Called Love (also available in paperback)
Falling For Sharde
White Christmas
Where You Find It (written as Mary Lynn)

BBW heroines

Teacher's Pet



Trina's Afternoon Delight
Nice Girls Do
The Fall of Troy
Full Bodied Charmer
Playing With Fire
Falling For Sharde
Bloodlust—Nocturnal Heat

Contemporary settings

Teacher's Pet
Night of Desire
Soul Mates
Trina's Afternoon Delight
The Fall of Troy
Full Bodied Charmer
Playing With Fire
Falling For Sharde
White Christmas

Romantic suspense themes

Yesterday's Secret Sins
A Thing Called Love

Paranormal themes

Moonlight Healing
Soul Mates
Fantasy Knights
Bloodlust 5-Midnight Shadows
Conquering Mikhel Dumont
Taming Serge Dumont
Forbidden Desires
Nocturnal Heat
All In The Family
The Talisman
Moonlight Desire
Moonlight Whispers
Road To Rapture
Pleasure Quest
Quest III—Return to Volter
Branded
Primal Lusts



Moonlight Madness Books I & II
Daughters of Takira Series:
One Night in Vegas
Kyla's Awakening
Revelations
Daughters of Takira—complete series

