



Lust Bites

DANGEROUS DISTRACTION

Mia Watts

A Total-E-Bound Publication



www.total-e-bound.com

Dangerous Distraction

ISBN # 978-0-85715-117-9

©Copyright Mia Watts 2010

Cover Art by Natalie Winters ©Copyright March 2010

Edited by Christine Riley

Total-E-Bound Publishing

This is a work of fiction. All characters, places and events are from the author's imagination and should not be confused with fact. Any resemblance to persons, living or dead, events or places is purely coincidental.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced in any material form, whether by printing, photocopying, scanning or otherwise without the written permission of the publisher, Total-E-Bound Publishing.

Applications should be addressed in the first instance, in writing, to Total-E-Bound Publishing. Unauthorised or restricted acts in relation to this publication may result in civil proceedings and/or criminal prosecution.

The author and illustrator have asserted their respective rights under the Copyright Designs and Patents Acts 1988 (as amended) to be identified as the author of this book and illustrator of the artwork.

Published in 2010 by Total-E-Bound Publishing, Think Tank, Ruston Way, Lincoln, LN6 7FL, United Kingdom.

Warning: This book contains sexually explicit content which is only suitable for mature readers. This story has been rated *Total-e-burning*.

DANGEROUS DISTRACTION

Mia Watts

Dedication

To Tessie and Heidi for being awesome fan girls who keep me going.

Trademarks Acknowledgement

The author acknowledges the trademarked status and trademark owners of the following wordmark mentioned in this work of fiction:

Lifesavers: Wm. Wrigley Jr. Company

Chapter One

"Fucking A! Those bastards from ninth are here," Gedry snarled. "I fucking hate those guys."

"Where?" Paulson asked.

"Ninth in our neighbourhood? Fuck that." Paulson's partner looked ready for a fight. David Rook could never remember that guy's name. Frankenfurter? Frententruber? Fronfuckingasskisser should have been his name.

Rook turned his bottle, expanding the moisture ring. "Ninth wouldn't show up in our precinct for beer and pretzels." He leaned on the high table where he'd propped his elbows. Hair fell over his eye and he puffed it off his forehead.

"The guy in the suit is DEA liaison for that office," Gedry insisted.

Rook glanced over his shoulder. Five men huddled around a table like theirs. They were tight, controlled, watchful. These guys didn't have that hang-dog endlessness about them like beat cops, nor the cadet-superman complex. Those uniformed guys all had one hang-up or the other.

This group looked solid and sported more than their share of confidence.

"Think they're crossing borders?" Fronfuckingasskisser wondered, excitedly.

"For fuck's sake, this isn't gang warfare," Rook muttered.

"You want a repeat of Strickland?" Gedry asked. His brows shot up, his upper lip wrinkled with scepticism. "You of all people —"

"—know when to let it rest," Rook finished for him. He tipped the bottle to his lips, taking a long, final swallow.

"They stole our case," Paulson said.

"It crossed lines. They had the majority of the information and the location of the hostages," Rook reminded him.

"We had the bank that funded the damn thing," Gedry said, increasingly disgusted.

Rook rose to his full height. "What the fuck do you want me to do about five guys from ninth hanging out?" He shook his head on a shrug. "It's *beer*, Gedry. Get a grip."

"I want to drink my brew in peace. I want them out of my goddamn face, that's what," Gedry bellowed. "Somebody has to show them the door, and you're bigger than the rest of us. None of them will fight you, except for maybe *their* big dude."

They had a big dude, too? Rook turned slightly to see their token big dude. The other guy looked about the same height and build as Rook. A fight with him wouldn't be easily won.

He had a head full of dark hair and, though his was on the short side, it looked tousled, as though some chick had just finished ruffling it up after a fantastic kiss. The man laughed. Rook's gaze took in his exposed neck, the Adam's apple, his wide shoulders and lean body.

"A fight would take too long," Rook mused aloud.

"Then don't fight him," Fronfuckingasskisser said.

"If I make ninth leave, my beer is on you three for the next month," Rook said.

"Deal," Gedry agreed. "I hate that DEA guy. I'm working a case right now with his office written all over it. I sure as fuck don't need his smug ass at my home base."

"Okay," Rook said, shrugging. Just as well, hanging out with the guys every Friday night was starting to take a toll on his wallet.

The ninth's big dude intrigued him. It was territorial, Rook assured himself. Two top dogs facing off, marking territory, peeing on things to prove to their packs just how dangerous they were—or some Darwinistic shit like that.

Rook rolled his shoulders. He wasn't going to give the boys a fight. Not exactly. He strode to the table, big dude in his sights. The intruders shifted from disinterest to wary suspicion.

Big dude looked comfortable in his own skin, relaxed, and confident. He turned and facing him, Rook felt like a silly, over-testosteroned teenager standing down a rock star. His charisma drew Rook. It gave him the strange sensation of floor shifting unsteadily beneath his feet. He didn't like this feeling. Felt a fuckofalot like fear and lust. Rook didn't do fear, and he didn't do lust in his own jurisdiction.

Big dude's jaw was square and fully capable of taking a hit. His large hands and long fingers bracketed his hips. They were lean and agile looking, much like the man. Rook didn't see a weakness as he took in the breadth of his chest and the way the other man's expression sobered intently at Rook. He seemed to know he'd been singled out for mischief.

Slashing a glance at the other four men before determining they weren't a threat, Rook reached his target. He mirrored the other man's posture, looked him square in the eyes. He couldn't make out their colour, but they were clear. Maybe green or grey or silver. The lighting had nothing to do with not being able to discern it. The colour encompassed all three without settling on one.

"I think it wants something," the man said, addressing his pals.

Suddenly, Rook knew what he had to do. The man had brought it on himself, the asshole. There were rules among alpha dogs. You pissed on the property, not the other dog. He needed to be taken down a peg, sent through the doors with his charismatic tail tucked between his legs and yelping. Rook needed to strip the other guys' alpha. Make him a bitch. Besides, he had the undeniable urge to taste those sarcastically twisting lips.

He caught the man behind the neck with lightning speed, cradled his nape with laced fingers, and drew him in. The man looked surprised. He should be. It kind of surprised Rook with how easy it was to suck face with the enemy.

Rook's lips made contact, claiming the other man's mouth with firm pressure. The man's bottom lip felt fuller than the top, soft, unexpectedly so. He grabbed Rook's forearms and pulled, but Rook held fast, stroking his tongue in and deep when the man grimaced. Rook held him as his tongue explored. Fingers bit the insides of Rook's wrists. He ignored the pain.

Free fucking beer for a month. He's gonna give in soon. Any minute.

Hoots sounded around them. There was a cheer, some chanting. Rook heard Fronfuckingasskisser above the bunch shouting something lame. The digging fingers hurt a little less, the grimace relaxed, and in another second the tables turned.

Aggressive dominance was stolen from Rook as the man responded, tangling his tongue with his instead of pulling away. Rook's stomach spiralled downwards. Their kiss made the floor unsteady again. It changed everything, softened, ripened, stretched until the only thing holding his wayward stomach up, was Rook's stiff cock playing kick-stand to his shivering insides.

His pulse raced, his head swam, and Rook almost lost touch with reality as he barely strangled off the groan rising in his chest. He pulled away first, stumbling backwards. He stared at the other man, dragged the back of his hand across his mouth.

Gedry yelled, "The ninth ain't got their own beer and pretzels?" Peripheral sound came rushing back, reminding Rook what he'd been doing and why he had thought kissing the man had been a good idea. Why had that been, again?

"What the fuck was that?" one of the ninth asked, his voice high pitched and nervous.

Rook shored himself up with arrogance he didn't feel. He turned to the other four with a wide, knowing grin. "Who's next?"

"The fucking seventh wants to have your baby cops, Nate," another said, sneering. *Nate's* friends laughed tightly.

He didn't look at Nate, certain he'd notice how shaken the kiss had left Rook. Nonetheless, he listened for Nate's response as he opened his arms in a "bring it on" gesture.

The bar continued to chant. The bartender yelled to take it outside.

"Let's go," Nate said. His voice was barely loud enough to carry.

The bar cheered. Rook turned a slow circle like the champion in a fight, a cocky grin on his face as he bounced his wide-spread arms to the time of their chants. "Rook! Rook! Rook! Rook!"

The ninth began to file out and Rook kept his back to them, a deliberate show of disrespect and lack of concern.

A sharp, stinging slap zinged his ass. A warm body pressed up close to Rook's back preventing him from turning. Nate, the fallen dog, whispered close to Rook's ear from behind. "It took one kiss to get you hard enough to pound nails. Another one, and your ass is mine for the taking. Next time we meet, I'm going to Queen your Rook, bitch."

Agent Nate Giamanti propped one hand on his waist, his wrist pushed back one side of the ATF windbreaker as he listened to the chatter on his radio. He absently fingered the badge affixed to his belt. Derrick, his partner, nodded towards the three story building and Nate tipped his head in unspoken acknowledgement. He was ready too, just as soon as the damn precinct got its sadly misshapen ass together.

The boys in blue couldn't be more disorganised. But what had he been expecting from the seventh? Nate waited for what seemed like another eternity. Even though the threat had been diminished and the majority of the gun stash from the apartment had been collected, he kept the patrol car between him and the building.

He'd been home free when they'd found the damn body. Not just any damn body, but the damn body of an open case currently being worked by Detective David Rook. He'd gone three weeks, trying to forget the fucker and that kiss.

Instead, Nate had the dubious privilege of waiting for the cocky sonofabitch to show up, debrief him, and turn over the scene along with the ongoing report details. There was one way Nate wanted the debriefing to go down and he was pretty sure Rook wouldn't go for it. Then again, maybe Nate could just bend him over the back of the patrol car and nail Rook's ass until he quit thinking about the detective from seventh.

Nate's fingers flicking over the hard leather badge plate made the tips numb as the rhythm increased. He'd done some looking at Rook's file in the guise of *not* thinking about the man. But no matter how he sliced it, David Rook left an impression. One that made Nate's cock want to storm Rook's defences to see exactly what kind of artillery *he* was sporting.

Derrick's expression took on one of bemusement. "Looks like your girlfriend finally decided to make an appearance."

Nate looked around, saw Detective Rook and one of the shits from the night in the bar slipping under the police tape. Rook's jaw had hardened and his lips pressed into a petulant line. It pushed the corners down and pursed the full centre. Nice. Kissable. *Fuck!*

That wasn't happiness written all over his face, either. Just Nate's luck that he'd pull the one bust which landed in Rook's jurisdiction and case load. What were the chances? Fucking Murphy's law. There had to be a negligence lawsuit for situations when Fate fucked you over so badly, you got to give Karma the finger.

"Missed me, did you?" Nate asked, drolly as Rook stopped beside him.

Rook flicked a glance over him, straightened his shoulders and arrogantly lifted his chin, a strange shrug to the corner of his mouth. Rook's own brand of body language without actual movement beyond his face.

"You got my dead body," he muttered, looking towards the building. "Did you pussies clear out of there, or are you still busy fucking up my crime scene?"

"Still fucking up your crime scene," Nate shot back.

Rook's sudden laugh surprised them both. "Well, fuck me, you admitted it."

Nate turned, propped an arm on the top of the patrol car, and grinned. "Is that an offer, Rook?"

The detective's eyes widened, his smile faltered. Dull red crept up his neck and flushed his jaw. Rook stared straight ahead as though a poker ran his spine and his head would break off if he moved it.

"I think it was an offer, Nate," Derrick agreed.

"Typical. I finally find myself a half-decent mug to wake up to and the man is all lips and prick with no substance," he mourned to his partner.

"I thought you fags liked lips and pricks," Derrick countered.

"His lips. My prick. Sure. But if he's going to blow me, I wanna know it won't take all his brain power to fuel the engine." Nate shrugged. They'd been talking around Rook while he'd grown redder and redder. Now all three faced the building.

"I think you called it, partner," Derrick said. "All his steam got used up in two sentences."

Rook swore under his breath. "Show me the damn building, asshole."

"Asshole is such a *big* word. You sure you can part with it?" Nate asked.

"Rook! This can't wait all day, man!" the guy from the bar yelled.

Rook said something like Fronfuckingasskisser, but Nate was pretty sure he heard him wrong. "Call Paulson. I'm going to be here for a while," Rook said.

"You sure, man?"

Rook sighed deeply. "I hate that guy." To Nate, he said, "When you're done flirting with me, I'd like to get in there."

Derrick snorted. Nate shot him a scowl. "Come on, then."

"I think I'll leave the show and tell to you, partner," Derrick said.

Nate motioned for Rook to precede him, which Rook accepted. Figured. The man was a *taker*. A damn sexy taker, but a *taker*. They cleared the first flight of stairs, had passed the last two out-going ATF agents when Nate decided to goad him some more.

"You have a damn fine ass, detective."

"Are you hitting on me?" Rook asked.

Nate followed him around the bend and up another flight. He considered Rook's flexing butt and thighs, the hip slung pants and thick soled shoes. His eyes travelled back up, pausing on the tight butt then ascended to Rook's rocking gait. Rook looked good enough to eat. They cleared the second flight and took the final level up to the crime scene. Nate locked his gaze on the ass in front of him.

"Yeah, Rook, I guess I am."

"That's what I thought." Rook stopped, pivoted on the halfway point landing.

Nate daringly took the step below him, cocking his eyebrow in challenge. "And?"

Rook seemed confused, annoyed, interested, and yet cautious as though he didn't mean for Nate to read him. But the detective's guard wasn't completely up and Nate did read him. He looked steadily into the gaze of a man who wasn't *out*.

Nate's heart sank. He'd been hoping Rook would take advantage of the sexual banter in a real, cock-pumping culmination of lust, and damn if Nate hadn't sworn he'd never fall for a closeted gay. It had been too hard coming out. He had no intention of hiding for anyone else.

"Never mind, Rook," Nate said, stonily. He stepped around him and climbed the last half to the third level. "It's this apartment, here."

* * * *

David's gaze followed Nate until he disappeared. Then giving himself a mental shake, he pursued the sound of the other man's voice to the apartment. The door had been battered off its hinges and debris littered the floor. He picked his way through the mess.

"She's in the closet," Nate said. With a sardonic twist of his lips as he moved to the location.

"How do you know she's mine?" David asked.

"One of your responding officers recognised her."

David took a folded latex glove from his back pocket, pulled it into place, and snapped it on his wrist. Nate muttered about doctor appointments. David tried not to think about prostate examinations by Nate.

He nudged the closet door. "Was the door closed when you came on scene?"

"Yeah. I think one of your guys opened it," Nate answered, strolling to the window and looking out. He seemed to study the outside sidewalk, his hands in his pockets pulling the black cotton of his slacks tight over his ass.

David turned his attention to the unlit closet. "Why isn't the Medical Examiner here?"

"You want me to do your investigating for you, detective?"

David crouched, examining the body more closely. If the department didn't do this right, they'd be flayed by public opinion and might lose any case they drew against the killer.

What was the tie to the arms deal? Did the murderer have a link, or was the body here before the deal went sour? Was the killer dealing on the side?

He didn't believe in coincidence. Having noted the bruising on the victim's neck, David gently pulled her jaw down. It moved easily and still felt slightly warm to the touch through the thin layer of latex. She'd been a recent kill.

He held her lips and chin with his thumb, pushed her tongue to the side with his finger. The tell-tale red Lifesaver nestled behind her teeth. Yep. It was his guy. The candy hadn't dissolved yet from the natural enzymatic qualities of residual saliva.

"He's my killer," David confirmed. He twisted on his toes.

Nate's shoulders hunched. "Shit." He swivelled and strode to stand in front of him. When he got there, he reached inside his jacket and pulled out a business card.

David rose. Someone called from outside the apartment and David yelled back. He saw the ME hurry in, and David stepped aside, keeping his eyes on Nate. Nate's closed, cold features were compelling. His expression was exactly opposite what it had been down in the street and climbing the stairs. David sensed he'd done something which had caused the change. He couldn't remember anything to explain Nate's mood change.

Nate lifted an eyebrow. He'd given him the same cocky look in the bar. "You're going to need my office number for my statement and information, Rook. It's not a date."

David's heart tripped and he felt a blush rush his cheeks. He snatched the card and shoved it into his back pocket. "Bite me."

"Not anymore."

David's gaze shot to his. Nate flashed an insincere smile before leaving David with the ME and his assistant.

David yanked open the filing cabinet and inserted the thickening records for his most disturbing open case. The strangler was still at large. Nate Giamanti had sent over the pertinent case records as promised, and he'd poured over them trying to glean any new information. The more he knew about the possible links, the less he had to talk to the ATF agent.

That seemed to gain importance daily. Nate made him think things. Made him wish for things David wasn't ready to explore. Once again, he played over the moment on the stairs

when Nate had gone from warm to cold. No words had been exchanged, and David thought he'd held his emotions pretty close. Somehow, Nate must have known anyway.

Did he know David had been tempted to take him up on the sexy banter?

When Nate had climbed those last steps, narrowing the distance, David had hoped. He hadn't put thoughts to the hope, but it had swelled inside him, warmed his belly and he'd *hoped*.

He'd had ten days to think about it. More, actually, if he went back to that first moment when they'd kissed at the bar. Had that been a month ago? Damn, time flew. Daily, David questioned what he was willing to risk in order to see Nate socially. He still hadn't worked it all out, but the hope had left traces of itself.

He dated when he got lonely enough and when the grind of seeing death, smelling death, tasting the acrid flavour of death's aroma laced his tongue. He'd driven to another county to see if he could connect with someone—out of sight of anyone he knew in his professional spectrum. When he did, he broke it off after a few dates. Most times, he didn't find anyone he wanted to spend time with.

The fuck of it was, he finally had and he wasn't in the next county. No, of course not, fate didn't work that way. Instead she'd planted the man on David's turf and cackled with glee when she knew he wouldn't accept the six foot temptation.

The cool, clinical responses to David's questions when he called Nate only served to stoke his curiosity. Why didn't Nate flirt with him? David had tried dropping a hint. Nate hadn't caught it. It was maddening. *Nate* was maddening in his elusiveness.

David's fingertips flipped at the paper edges in the file. He couldn't even close the case that had him in constant contact with Nate. There were no further leads. The evidence didn't connect, yet he couldn't help but feel that it would soon. It itched under his skin with certainty and left him feeling eerily unsteady.

He closed the drawer and reached for his phone. Before he could flip it open to dial Nate again, it chirped in his hand. Giamanti scrolled across the incoming call box. The irony made him chuckle as he accepted the call.

"Rook," David answered.

"You're going to want to see this."

Nate's even tone slipped over the virtual line and cupped David's balls. God, he had a great voice.

"Where are you?"

"Twenty-first and Hemphill," Nate said.

"That's out of my jurisdiction."

"You turning your case over to the ninth?"

"Fuck you," David said.

"I think we've had this conversation. I finished it."

"Yeah, about that—"

Nate interrupted him. "I've another body on my crime scene. You want it, or you want ninth in here fucking with your evidence?"

"I'm on my way."

"Look for the ATF truck. I'm on the third floor. Again."

David hung up, grabbed his kit, and took off. He didn't know if he was more excited about finding a second link between the two cases, or seeing Nate. He'd figure it out later.

Chapter Two

He could do this. Nate could handle seeing Rook. He just had to psyche himself up and swear to all things holy that he wouldn't grab the other man's ass and take a bite when he bent over the body.

There was nothing sexy about dead bodies. Rook crouched, ass and thighs flexed, butt cheeks parted, and cock nestled inside open legs, however, was. That might all be happening under the protective covering of jeans, but the position made Nate's body ache.

He heard the rough timbre of Rook's voice moments later. His cock stirred and he braced himself for another look at the gorgeous man. It didn't help. When his loose-hipped stride carried him into the room, Nate's vision narrowed on him.

Rook's hair spilled just over his shoulders and fell across his face, obscuring one eye. His lips parted when he caught sight of Nate, and Nate had to remember to quit staring. It wasn't an easy feat. His navy polo clung to his upper body, delineating each flex of his torso. Lean hips, tight abs, negligently swinging arms created a feast for the eyes.

Derrick slapped Nate's back. "Breathe," he chided.

"Fuck off," he replied, good-naturedly.

Rook's impossibly blue eyes locked on him. Did he have any idea how fucking hot that was? Goddamn him! He arrived like a fucking god, claimed his visual prize, and practically fucked Nate with his gaze as he languidly approached. They were on a case, for fuck's sake. He should be scoping the scene and checking out the corpse, not – *shit*, Rook just checked out Nate's package.

His mouth went dry. He tried to think of something to say about the case to distract him. There wasn't much more Nate could take in Rook's virtual assault on his senses.

"I'm here," Rook said, stating the obvious.

Nate wanted to laugh. There wasn't a person who'd missed his entrance. He knew Rook was oblivious to his looks, at least he seemed to be, but the man's presence vibrated off him in waves. He'd noticed it at the bar. He'd felt it with the kiss, even though he hadn't liked the way Rook had taken it like it was his due. He'd felt it as strongly as he'd felt Rook's indecision on the stairwell.

Nate flicked a glance at the sliding mirrored closet doors. "She's in there."

"Another closet case," Rook mused, following his direction.

"There seem to be quite a few in this room," Nate jibed.

"I'll ignore that," Rook muttered. He moved to the closet, and the ME stood back. He was the same guy from the last scene. They exchanged nods and Rook squatted down.

Nate stifled a groan. It didn't stop him from thinking about spread ass cheeks, and flexed muscles. God, he'd like to see Rook do that without pants on. Preferably because he was preparing to take Nate's cock. His dick thickened at the thought.

Like before, Rook checked the victim's neck for ligature marks then gently pressed her chin and nudged aside her tongue. "She's fresh."

"An hour or two max."

"You bust up the deal?" Rook asked.

"Yeah," Nate answered.

"He's escalating. There's no way my guy isn't involved in your case."

"Nope."

"I don't get why he's doing them on site with his deals, though. Seems like a big risk," Rook said, gaining his feet and returning to Nate's side.

"You're the detective, detective. Detect something."

"What the fuck is your problem, Giamanti?" Rook thundered.

"Hey! Take it outside," Derrick yelled, forcefully splitting them apart.

"I'm done," Nate said.

"No you aren't. Take it outside, now," Derrick countered. "You both have burrs up your asses and until you pass the sonsofbitches, we won't get anything done."

Rook led the way. Nate sent a warning look to Derrick, but Derrick shook his head. Clearly his partner was pissed over the juvenile drama they were creating on the scene. He had every right to be.

They hit the first floor and Rook kept going, taking them to the basement. Rook glanced around and went through another door, holding it for Nate.

"We're surrounded by concrete. Do you want our argument to echo?" Rook asked.

Nate passed through and Rook shut the door behind him after pulling a light cord. The bare bulb swung freely, lengthening and shortening the shadows of an ancient furnace

mechanism and dark, gated storage units. Not the first place Nate would have wanted to be alone with Rook.

"What's your problem with me?" Rook snapped.

Rook's eyes flickered between forlorn shadow and highlighted angles. Nate rooted to his spot. If he moved, he'd do something stupid. Something Rook didn't want to explore publicly. Nate had done that before and vowed never to live through that kind of emotional pain again. When he opened up to someone, he wanted to know that man wasn't going to try to shove him back in the closet, hide him, deny him when they went out.

Rook didn't seem to feel moving presented a problem. He moved until they both stood under the light.

"We need to talk about what's going on between us," Rook said.

There was that vibe again. It amped Nate up, got him horny. "You aren't ready to talk about us," Nate managed to answer. His throat felt as though it was closing and breath had become scarce.

"What happened a week ago when you went from hot to cold?" Rook asked.

He felt a dry smile pull his lips. Hadn't *he* been the pursuer then? Rook seemed to have taken the lead the minute Nate stepped off.

"I tried to get in your pants," he answered. "You panicked." He brought a finger up and poked Rook in the chest. "Don't worry. I got the message and you're safe. I don't fuck men who can't own up to who they are." He huffed dry amusement. "You're off the hook, pal, so how about we go back upstairs and finish the evidence collection?"

Rook grabbed his finger and shoved him against the nearest wall. Cold, hard cement smacked his back and iced his spine. Rook followed, pinning their chests together. Trapped between roughened, unforgiving wall and warm, breathing male, Nate knew he was a goner.

* * * *

David reached low between them and found a handful of hard cock. Nate moaned, his eyes slitting with barely concealed lust. That was more like it. Hard cock and moaning man meant Nate could deny all he wanted, but David knew the man wanted him.

Satisfied, he released Nate's cock and smirked.

"I said I got the message. I didn't say nothin' about not wanting to fuck your ass," Nate growled.

The confession tumbled David's stomach into a tight spin. "Why don't you?" he asked.

"I'm not a masochist. You want my dick, not a relationship."

David didn't have a response to that. He definitely wanted Nate's dick. He wanted Nate, too. He could envision quiet evenings together and sipping hot coffee over breakfast the next day. He could see them competing for the Sunday paper and arguing over who did the last load of laundry.

It sounded like a relationship. He wanted all those things, but couldn't they keep their lives away from everyone else? Pretend they were roommates? With the doors closed, no one would have to know they were together. It wasn't anyone's business but theirs, anyway. Why the fuck did it matter?

"I definitely want your dick," David said, finally.

Nate's gaze skipped away. "That's what I thought."

"I want your dick. I want your lips. I want your tongue against mine. I want to hear you say my name when you come. I want your knees to go weak like mine do whenever you enter the room. I want to see you every day whether or not our cases collide. It's not a fucking commitment but that's what I want."

He grabbed Nate's jaw roughly and held him still. He kissed him, tasting Nate's immediate reluctance and revelling when he relaxed to invite David in. He dragged his free hand down Nate's tightly packed side to his hip. When Nate retaliated by grabbing David's ass and squeezing, he nearly came in his pants. He hadn't wanted anyone this bad in a long, long time.

He released Nate's jaw to fumble with his zipper, abandoned it to unbuckle his belt, then attacked the zipper when the heavy belt hit the floor and clattered. They tangled tongues between ragged breaths and tender cussing. The pants loosened and David took Nate's cock in a firm stroke from root to moist tip. He cupped Nate's scrotum and gently rolled it, sliding a finger behind on the tender hidden flesh he'd rather be kissing.

Nate groaned loudly. David swallowed the sound and stroked him again. Suddenly Nate's hands were on his shoulders pushing. David complied, kneeling. He looked up, waiting for permission.

"Suck it," Nate said, his voice demanding and gravelly with need. "You want my cock, and I have to feel your mouth on me,"

From distant to passionate, David couldn't help the swell of pride in his chest. He was one step closer to having Nate where he wanted him. Where he could suck Nate off whenever he felt like it. A fuck buddy, local, would benefit them both. Once he convinced Nate of it, they could quit dancing around the sexual chemistry and take advantage of it.

David inhaled sharply, memorising Nate's scent. His cock was longer than David's, a little slimmer but not by much. His colour tended more towards tan than David's plum coloured crown. He liked the way it felt in his hand, and his mouth watered to know what it would feel like rubbing firmly over his lips.

He kissed the plump, glistening tip, taking it in his mouth. He hummed when the first salty tang teased his taste buds. David concentrated on the underside of the flared rim, his own favourite spot, while pumping his fist up and down Nate's swollen shaft.

Nate's hips lifted. He grabbed fistfuls of David's hair as though trying to make him swallow more, but David held the other man in check. He only took a little, making Nate's pleasure draw out with the highest level of intensity. He worked like mad, using the tip of his tongue to press and flick the sweet spot.

Nate's guttural cries and hip thrusting demand escalated to pulling David's hair with shaking fingers. "Let me in," he gasped.

Instead, David focused on the sensitive head and snaked his finger between ass cheeks to tease the spot hidden from view. David's own cock twitched with appreciation for the tight clench. Next time, he thought, he'd fill it with the shaft currently aching between his thighs.

Nate swore, seeming torn between thrusting into David's mouth and tipping his hips to get David's finger inside. Sexiest damn thing he'd ever seen. Nate on the verge of coming, turned into a slutty sonofabitch. God, his dick ached to take him. He deserved a reward for this kind of restraint.

David chuckled. Glancing up, he could see the darkened strands of matted hair on Nate's temples as he began to sweat. His finger teased Nate's puckered hole with butterfly flicks and light wiggles against the desperate opening. He drew Nate in a little farther, working his mouth up and down the other man's thickened shaft in slick tandem with his pumping fist.

Pre-cum dampened David's snug boxer briefs, wetted it enough that the smallest movements caused his cockhead to slide within the confines of cotton. It sensitised the

engorged head, making the fabric feel abrasive in a twisted combination of pleasure and discomfort.

Nails bit into David's scalp, and he pressed his tongue over the slit, delving in with the same tickles he used on Nate's hole. David's breathing quickened. Nate was close. God, so close.

David's balls drew up and causing a sensation like goose bumps to ride his nerve endings. Nate had the sexiest way of losing himself. Fucking himself with David's mouth. *Trying* to fuck himself with David's mouth, he mentally corrected. Nate may not be driven with passion on the outside, but he sure as fuck hid an inner nympho.

Nate yelled, frustration and David holding him on the wrong side of orgasm.

Now, he was ready, David decided. He relaxed, taking Nate as deep as he could. With the tip of his tormenting finger, he slipped into Nate's hole, curled the end digit and popped the tight ring of muscle, repeatedly.

Nate bucked, slammed his hips forward. David hollowed his cheeks on the draw. With a long shout, Nate came, his seed spurting thickly down David's throat. Even as his hips slowed, David continued to suck him off, watching Nate's clenched eyes, his gritted teeth through which his breath hushed on urgent panted grunts. He revelled in the slow single drip of sweat tracking Nate's temple.

David slipped the spent cock from his mouth and stood to crowd Nate's space. Cupping the other man's balls, he leaned into him. "God, you're the sluttiest thing to ride my mouth in a long time. You pretend to be in control, but these," he said, gently rolling Nate's silky sac, "rule you."

A look akin to fear and lust darkened Nate's eyes. His rapid breathing hadn't yet slowed to normal. He shook his head, but it only made David grin more confidently. Even in his denial, Nate had to know he'd given up his poker hand.

David rubbed his hips against Nate's still naked cock, showing him how hard he was. "Turn around, sexy."

Nate licked his lips. "Here?"

"Hell, yeah." David pulled a condom out of his wallet. He tore it open with his teeth and rolled it down his shaft.

Nate's bare ass gleamed in the harsh light. David slapped it, pleased to see him flex his cheek and the skin turn pink. Holding the globes of his ass apart, he spat onto his fingers to

lube Nate up. He suspected he liked a little roughness. The saliva wouldn't do much to ease the friction, but he had some consideration for the discomfort Nate would take from him entering unprepped.

David positioned himself on the gorgeous pink ring he'd only touched until now. Then with all the restraint he could muster, he slid in, sinking the tip of his dick past the mushroomed flare. Nate grunted, stiffened on a shudder as his forehead touched the cement wall.

It was enough. Just what David needed to send his aching cock through the sex spasms he'd been craving. Trapped with his sensitive cockhead in the furnace of Nate's body, and the cooler basement air on his shaft, David held himself back from fucking him.

Hauling back, he slapped Nate's white cheeks. He felt the reverberation all the way up his dick. A sexy blush pinked his already rosy flesh and Nate gasped. David resisted every impulse to bury his cock balls-deep. The denial of his most base needs began the cascade of bliss. Looking down at himself, he saw his dick pulse, felt the urgent jets leave his head and shoot into Nate's body.

David groaned, rolled his balls to get the last spurts out, and extracted himself.

"Thought you were going to fuck me," Nate said.

Was that disappointment?

He leaned against Nate and pressed a soft kiss to the back of his neck. "When we've got the time to do it right, I will."

Nate turned, pulling his pants into place and re-tucking his shirt. He was looking down as he worked, and David thought he saw him checking out David's package, which he'd mostly put away. "You're assuming there will be a next time." He bent to retrieve his belt and strapped it back into place.

Uncertainty speared his chest. "You have needs. It's safe to say that I satisfy them."

"This time," Nate said, noncommittally. He raised his brows, his expression completely under control, again. "You give surprisingly good head for a guy who got lost in his dark little closet."

"That's it?" David asked.

Nate finished dressing. He walked to the door and left it open as he put his foot on the first step. "Oh," he said, as though just realising something important. "*Thank* you, detective,

for the superb suck-off." He made a gesture like a salute, gave a half smile and a wink before he climbed out of sight.

David ground his teeth. "Giamanti!"

He ran for the stairs, gripping the iron banister when he got there and stared up the well. Nate had already disappeared. How had it flipped? He'd gone from dominating their encounter to being the obedient bitch. *What the fuck?*

"Oh, Rook!" Nate called. "Checkmate."

* * * *

"Checkmate," Nate muttered. He couldn't think of anything better to say after Rook emotionally undressed him. Right there in the fucking basement of the damn bust.

His tread echoed hollowly with each step.

Stripped. Shit. David Rook was too cocky by half. He knew he had skills with technique like that. *Then what? He fucking stuck his cockhead in, slapped my ass around like a strung out bitch, and uploaded his goddamn cum.* Like his ass was nothing more than a warm glory hole and Nate the two-dollar gigolo who'd serviced him.

He was pissed at himself. He'd known Rook couldn't do a relationship. A quick fuck hadn't been in the plan either. One night stands were for kids, the newly initiated, and undisciplined *closet monkeys*. Nate had sewn his wild oats years ago. He'd come through the fire of recriminations and had made it out the other side.

He paced to the window, ignoring the sideways looks from Derrick.

Yeah, Nate should have known better. Rook didn't have his own dick figured out, let alone a long term setup to figure out Nate's. Nate wouldn't have fallen for it either if it hadn't been for that goddamn mouth!

Fuck!

Those lips had knocked him off balance in the bar and they'd fucking done it again in the basement. He *knew* better than to fall for the rough, secretive charm Rook possessed.

Nate ran a hand through his hair. He stared blindly at the street, his eyes seeing through the parked cars, the random traffic, through the group of kids acting tough at the corner and the homeless guy in the alley. He looked, but he didn't see. He waited for Rook to make his reappearance and wondered idly what he'd done with the condom.

He suddenly felt queasy. What if Rook had only stuck the tip of his cock in because he couldn't stand the thought that a guy got him off? Maybe sucking dick didn't creep him out but inserting himself into another man seemed a little too out of the closet for him.

Nah, that couldn't be right. He knew how to use the tools he had. God, did he. It had been a long damn time since Nate had blown his wad like that. With those lips...fuck, those lips on his cock...sliding, sliding, stretching, taking.

Nate's dick stirred.

"Giamanti," Rook said from somewhere nearby.

Fuck, he hadn't heard him enter. Nate schooled his features and turned. He hoped he looked as emotionless as the ass-fucking he'd received. "Yeah," he said.

"When you get your report finished, fax a copy over to my office."

"Sure." Nate turned back to the window. The homeless guy had pulled a hoodie over his head. Hands in the front pockets, he looked composed. *Odd.* Though his head wasn't tilted up, Nate had the distinct feeling that he watched. "Derrick. There's a guy across the street watching me. Navy blue hoodie, jeans, five-ten or six feet maybe. Caucasian male approximately mid-thirties. He's by the dumpster. I think he knows something."

"Got it." Derrick made for the door.

Rook followed, calling into his wireless like it was a walkie-talkie. It beeped and Nate could only assume it was a garbled affirmative. They'd left the room and Nate continued to stand at the window to avoid alerting the man in the hoodie.

Just let him keep thinking I haven't figured anything out. That's it. Just like that. Get comfortable. Lean against the wall, buddy.

Suddenly the guy quit slouching, quit leaning. His body went on alert. Nate grabbed the walkie his belt, and hit the call button. "All agents! All agents! Suspect is moving!" The man took off at a run.

Nate ran, taking the steps two at a time and leaping the last several of each floor. He reached the front of the building, slammed his palms against the door sending it flying and rebounding. Rook was nowhere in sight and Nate glimpsed Derrick's flapping ATF jacket as he cleared the alley corner in pursuit.

"Shit!" Nate thrust a hand through his hair, dropped his free hand on his hip. *Fuck!* He should have seen that coming. What the hell was wrong with him? He'd been missing a lot of cues today. First Rook and now this guy.

Something nagged at him until a similar memory unfolded in his mind. A memory with Rook, crouched near a closet and Nate doing his level best to ignore the stretch of denim across his ass and thighs. Nate had been at the window then, too. As though zooming in on a photograph, he saw the street of that bust-gone-wrong very much like this one. In it, the same lounging man in a hoodie.

Was it that easy? If so, why spy on him instead of escaping the bust. Nate paced in front of the building, holding the scene. Derrick had better fucking be okay, or have caught the sonofabitch. You didn't leave your partner. It had been a tossup. Protect the scene or chase the shadow of a possibility.

Now he could say it wasn't so much of a shadow as a definite suspicion. He should have fucking seen it. Should have caught the similarities the moment they'd presented. Instead, he'd been lost in thought about Rook's goddamn lips and how his goddamn lips affected everything Nate did. Including this latest mess.

How many signs did Nate need? Rook made a dangerous distraction, infesting his mind with things he shouldn't be thinking about on a case.

Derrick and Rook came back together. Derrick looked pissed. Rook was grim. As they walked, stern lines pulled at their lips with each uttered word. Derrick gestured behind him. Rook nodded. Well, damn it, the suspect had gotten away.

"You're sure?" Derrick asked.

"Yeah," Rook answered, as they walked up. "I know him. The port wine stain on his temple is a dead giveaway. I'll pull up the records back at the office. There's a link in there. As far as I know, this guy deals in exterminations, not arms."

"Could he be your murderer?" Nate asked. "Maybe enjoyed offing people too much and has gone self-employed."

"And that's why I'm the detective and you're the guy who plays with his gun," Rook answered, looking at him as though he'd lost his mind.

"Yeah, whatever. I'll talk to my contacts at the ninth to keep you in this one. You're out of your jurisdiction on this scene," Nate said.

"Fuck. You two were supposed to work this shit out," Derrick groused.

"Oh, he worked me out," Nate said.

Rook glared. "When you morons get your shit together, send the damn report to me. Don't do me any other favours." He stormed off in the direction of his car.

"Jesus, what's his problem?" Derrick asked.

"I called his bluff."

Nate watched Rook leave. His wide shoulders and lean hips moved as part of his fluid gait. He'd had that man's cock in his ass. Hell, he'd had *his* cock in that man's mouth and he swore he could still feel the tight suction, the rawness his tongue had left on the underside of his shaft.

He was dangerous, all right. Nate didn't do one-night stands or quickies in the basement. He'd always disdained shit like that for being the chicken shitted way out of responsibility. In this situation, responsibility for human connection. It was a mistake for him to get caught up in lust for Rook when Rook had no sense of continuity with one person.

He knew it like he knew his own heart had been built for loyalty, permanence. Rook screamed *one-off* from every pore. He's shot his load using Nate's ass as a tight receptacle and could move on to the next sorry loser dumb enough to think that was enough.

Nate had been mind-blowingly stupid for giving in. He sensed it would be a long time before he got the sexy detective out of his mind, lost the imprint Rook left on his body, and the exposed hunger he'd enflamed in his soul. Rook had hooked him, and it was going to be a bitch getting free.

Chapter Three

Except for two gruff responses on the phone, Rook hadn't been able to get the man to call him back. David had tried everything he could think of, short of stalking him. The department operator insisted Agent Giamanti wasn't available when he called the office, yet the messages were getting through eventually, because the requests for case documents always arrived to David's attention within twenty-four hours.

His cell went to voice mail after the first two contacts. David had come close to pulling his hair out. With the case information at his disposal, and nothing to review between the departments, he pursued his last lead, Johnny Pantorino, David's street informant.

David checked his cell, hoping a message or text had come in that hadn't buzzed at his waist. He frowned at his cell, clipped it back on his belt. Since Nate barely answered David's calls for work, he felt confident that a message asking to see him socially would go unanswered. His frown deepened as the thought took hold.

He watched the street, waited for Johnny to appear. The silence stretched out, filling the spaces between his racing mind and the scent of stale coffee. Soon he wouldn't even have this. The Chief would be assigning him a new partner now that additional funding had come in to replace his last one. He supposed that was good, but David liked silence.

His car engine ticked, cooling. David sniffed, changed his position to lean against the wheel.

"Maybe I came on too strong," he wondered, aloud. He had always been direct. He hoped Nate liked that about him.

His cell phone buzzed to life.

Nate snatched it, fumbled it in his rush, flipped it open and forced himself to calmly lift it to his ear. His hands shook. "Detective Rook."

"It's Steph. Ninth is giving you the Hemphill bust." The Chief's assistant's voice carried eagerly over the line.

"Tell Chief I owe him."

"The paperwork came from ninth in cooperation with the ATF. They said you were specifically requested since you'd been in close communication with them. Way to go, stud!"

David blushed. Nate had kept his word. Did that mean something? Was it a peace offering?

"Thanks, Steph."

"So, I was wondering..."

"Yeah?" he asked, when she'd trailed off and hadn't picked up her thought.

"Do you...do you want to go get coffee sometime?" she asked, her voice squeaking nervously on the question.

The only one he wanted to have coffee with wouldn't call him. How did he get out of this one without telling her she not only had the wrong parts, but she wasn't Nate Giamanti.

Johnny stepped out of the brownstone facing him. "Hey, Steph, hold that thought. My informant just made an appearance."

"Okay, yeah, sure," she said, crestfallen.

He flipped his phone closed as he got out of the car. "Johnny!"

Johnny looked up, grew pale, and tensed. Pre-flight behaviour.

"Don't even think about it," he warned.

"Shit, man," Johnny said when David reached him. "You can't show up here."

"I know the routine, Johnny." David made a show of reaching for his gun while he flashed his badge.

Johnny postured, shook his head and David crowded his space. To anyone looking on, it was the expected dance and retreat of a cop and a suspect. Johnny held his hands up, "Okay, man, okay."

David saw him dart looks out the sides of his eyes.

"What do you want?"

"What do you know about Erik Riley hanging around arms deals and murder scenes?"

Johnny's grew ashen. "Naw, man. I ain't touching that shit. Naw, you can haul your ass off my block and ask some other dumbass. I ain't that stupid, man."

"You're that stupid if you don't answer the question."

"You want me to rat on a hit man? Dude, you're *messed up!*" Johnny backed away, hands up as though pressed on an invisible wall.

David sighed. "Don't make me drag your sorry ass in." He unholstered his weapon, keeping the barrel down, an empty threat instead of a promise of force.

Johnny turned and ran.

"Shit, Johnny!" David chased the scrawny guy down the block.

Gaining on him, David swiped an arm, hoping to grab his shirt, failed and burst forward with renewed energy. This time he caught and held. David jerked Johnny backwards. Johnny flailed and David slammed into his back, taking him to the ground.

He leapt to his knees, planting one in the small of Johnny's back and took out a zip-tie to lock his hands behind.

"Police brutality! Police brutality! I didn't do nothin'! All you people lookin' through your windows, this is police brutality."

"No one's looking out their windows," David said, barely winded.

"You don't know that."

"I know this neighbourhood. No one sees anything. But I see you, Johnny. And Johnny, *you* see everything. Let's go back to my office and have a talk."

"Man you're all up in my business! You can't *do* shit like this!"

"Calm down, you played your part. You know how this works," David said, under his breath.

Johnny struggled convincingly. David half believed he didn't want to go with him. He pushed Johnny's head down and deposited him in the back seat.

"Listen, you can't take me there. It won't matter if I talk when they know I went and you find this guy, my life's for shit. You gotta let me hit you and run."

Johnny's brow glistened. His eyes darted and he'd hunched his shoulders. Fear leached from him, almost palpable in potency.

"Riley got himself a mark," Johnny said.

"Who?"

"Ain't sayin' unless you swear you let me go."

"Can't trust you," David said, starting to close him in.

Johnny pushed out with a foot. "Please. I'll call it in. I ain't gonna live until tomorrow if you take me in."

David frowned. "You've got my number. Make it look good, but if I wake up with a headache, I'm going to find and beat your ass."

"Yeah, yeah," he agreed. Johnny scooted from the seat, shoved his body into the door and David pretended to stumble back. Then Johnny head-butted him in the gut and David took the fall, cracking his head on the side of his car as he went down.

Johnny ran. David shook his head to appear dazed. He was, slightly, not much of an act in that. He'd conked his head hard enough for his ears to ring. He gave Johnny several more minutes while David struggled to his feet, holding the trunk as though it kept him steady. By then, Johnny had disappeared.

David acted pissed, got in his car, and took off with a squeal of tires. "He'd better fucking call, or I'm going to haul his ass in for obstruction first chance I get."

Speaking of calling... David grabbed his phone off his belt. Alternately glancing down and driving, he picked out Nate's cell number and listened to the rings on the other end.

"Agent Giamanti, here."

"It's David."

"Rook," Nate answered, guarded.

"Thanks for the good word with ninth. The files have been turned over as of this morning."

"Good."

It sounded final, as though Nate prepared to hang up. "Nate, I want to see you again," David said, rushing to speak before the line disconnected, then regretting the desperate way his words hung in the air. He winced, waiting to hear how his answer.

"Did you find anything new?"

David's heart sank. He'd meant socially, not professionally. Nate had to know but chose the lesser of two evils. "I've a lead. He knows the guy from the alley and said he has a mark."

"Who?"

"Don't know yet."

"Well, when you find out —"

"—I'll call. Hey, that's not what I meant about seeing you," David said, going for the obvious.

"I know."

"Well?" David asked.

He almost heard Nate thinking. Finally, he answered as David pulled into a parking space at the department.

"I don't think so," Nate said, speaking low. "We don't want the same things."

David bit the inside of his cheek in frustration. "I want *you*."

"I'm not my dick."

He turned off his car. Resting his forehead on the wheel, David tried to think of something that didn't smack of walking on eggshells yet told Nate exactly what he was thinking. "I know you're not your dick. I didn't say I wanted your dick. I said I wanted you." Though to be fair, he did *also* want his dick.

"My ass isn't a parking space for your cock."

"God, I wish it were," David confessed. He thought he heard a chuckle from the other end of the line.

There was rustling, then another voice came to the line. "Rook, this is Derrick. Keep your hands and dick away from my partner. Got it?"

"What the fuck, man? This is a private conversation." David's cheeks heated. He'd known Derrick and Nate were close, but sharing pillow shit wasn't cool. Especially since David didn't tell people things they didn't need to know about his preferences.

"It quit being private when you're—what did you call him?" There was a muffled answer from Nate. "Yeah, when you're a *closet monkey*."

"I'm a what?"

"Emotional freeloader who gets off by sneaking out of the closet to throw a wrench in things before slamming your gay closet door in his face," Derrick thundered.

"I'm trying to get with him, asswipe!"

"It ain't happening. He deserves someone who's going to invest in relationship type shit."

"Maybe I want that, too!" David snapped.

"Maybe?" Derrick didn't sound believing.

"What I want has got Nate tucked up in there somewhere. Put his ass on the line. I'm done with you. I called to talk to him, unless of course he's too fucking chicken to take my calls."

"Bite me!" Nate yelled, having taken back the phone during David's tirade.

"Did that," David said, breathing heavily, but softening his words. "Liked it a lot. Wanna do it again."

"I don't do quickies. That was an exception I'm not repeating," Nate answered.

"Damn it, Nate. I want to see you. Not just once or twice."

"Oh, so you want a weekly conjugal visit," Nate translated, flatly.

"No. Shit. Why do you have to make this difficult? I want more than cock."

"More than cock, less than serious. Well, Rook, that's the hang up. I don't give cock unless I'm serious. Last Tuesday is a non-repeatable offence."

David felt like Nate was doing a two step on his heart wearing cleats. The conversation made him hot and cold, made him sweat with the sensation that he was losing and losing big. That there was no way to get off the road they travelled, and Nate had a head start. God, if he could only catch up!

"It's David," he said, weakly. "Just...just say my name once."

He could hear Nate breathing. Could feel his indecisiveness. "Why is it important to you?"

"Because *I'm* not my badge, and it matters."

"Why?" Nate repeated calmly, the strength of his voice increasing.

"The badge calls me Rook. To you, I want to be David." He'd squeezed out the last of his dilemma for Nate to see and trounce. Would he? The exposure stung.

Nate sighed. It wasn't the sound of frustration or pleasure, more one of letting go.

David squeezed his eyes tighter, waiting. Moisture cooled the inner corner of his eye and he knuckled it away.

"David," Nate said, his voice soft.

David's cock throbbed in time with his heart. God, was a sweet sound it was to hear his name on Nate's lips. He was about to say, thank you, when Nate continued in that same soft tone.

"What do you want from me?"

"I don't know. Just more than this. There has to be more than this," David hoped.

"It's called dating."

"That's—I don't think..."

"Until you're ready to be seen with me, there isn't more than this, Rook. We just...aren't," Nate finished. "Goodbye."

"Wait!" David pleaded. Emptiness filled the earpiece. Too late. Nate had hung up.

Nate's fingers tightened on his thigh, resisting the urge to pull the latch and rush over to Rook's side. *David*. He wanted to be called David. The word echoed intimately in his mind.

"Are you sure?" Derrick asked him.

"No."

"Look at him. This is killing him, too."

Derrick had a point. They'd followed David all morning on the pretence of finding where he got his leads. Nate had argued that if David were withholding information about their investigation, they could follow the dropped threads and make a break in their arms case.

David had done what he said he'd do. He'd followed up on his lead. Then he'd done something he hadn't confessed to. Something which made David's investment in the case that much more reliable. He'd thrown himself under the bus for an informant.

"He took a hit for his *rat* at the expense of his own reputation," Derrick said, his words mirroring Nate's thoughts.

Nate shot him a sour look. "I know." His fingers released the cotton material as he wiped his palm on his leg. "Protecting an asset protects his interests," Nate reminded his partner.

It spoke to David's distractibility that he hadn't noticed Derrick and Nate tailing him since David had left the precinct. They'd followed him to the rendezvous point, then to the parking lot of the police department. They watched when David called Nate, dropped his forehead on the wheel, wiped his eye when Nate turned him down, smacked his hand on the dashboard, and sat back again, his chin tilted up in defeat.

Even from this distance, Nate could see David's Adam's apple work and his chest rise and fall with quick, unsatisfying breaths. You learned a lot about someone's character watching how they behaved with others. How they behaved in their quiet moments.

"It kills me when my wife cries."

"He's not my wife," Nate snapped. "David doesn't want to be my anything. He just wants sex."

"I don't think so." Derrick blinked solemnly at him.

"Fuck!" Nate slammed his fist into the door. "Fuck, fuck, fuck! Whose side are you on?"

"Yours, partner. I always have your back, even when you do stupid shit like let the man you're crazy about walk away."

Derrick's and Nate's pagers went off.

"It's Director Chiltz." Derrick looked at Nate. "We have to go, but I won't say anything if you need to take a few minutes and stop your investigative lead over there before he enters the building."

"Let's go."

"Are you sure?"

"No. Let's go, anyway."

Derrick shook his head. "For a smart guy, you're a moron."

"Hey, if I'm worth the fight, David won't take no for an answer."

"You're worth the fight," Derrick said, gently.

"Thanks. Shut the fuck up and drive."

* * * *

David wasn't taking no for an answer. He needed to find his nerve, but he wasn't staying away. Okay, maybe he was staying away for a little while, but it was only because he had a job to do, a job which entailed lots of paperwork and phone calls. A job that, if he did it right, meant he'd be seeing Nate pretty soon with some evidence. He wanted that evidence sharp when he *did* see Nate so David didn't look like a love-struck idiot.

But that was the only reason he hadn't called Nate back.

Really.

Had nothing to do with rejection.

David went to his desk where the case file he'd been working still loomed in his inbox. Steph wandered over, her arms loaded with papers.

"Hi, Rook. How'd the stakeout go?"

"It went."

"So...coffee?" she asked, hopefully. Her cheeks pinked.

"Oh, right." *Shit.*

He'd been so caught up with Nate that he hadn't thought about telling Steph he wasn't interested. Approaching him in the middle of the floor with the department around him, she must have thought it would be impossible for him to turn her down. Which it was. Add to it the pressure of knowing Nate was *out* and wouldn't consider a relationship with David since he wasn't, meant having coffee with a woman counterproductive to snagging the man.

"You told me to hold the thought. So..." Steph continued boldly.

If keeping Nate meant coming out, did he really want that? The ridicule? The guys who'd always looked up to him would have a new concept of who he was.

It didn't change David, fundamentally. Coming out to your department, to your friends, to the guys you risked your life for, seemed like a mistake. Huge, actually. They knew almost everything about each other. It went hand in hand with the job.

That was the thing about these confessions to men like the ones in the building. Rook knew their type because he was their type. They held the legal system in their hands, saw death on a daily basis, and worked puzzles a mathematician wouldn't touch. They were self-aware in a way most people weren't, knew how much space they took up and exactly how to put down an attacker.

You couldn't make them uncomfortable with violence. They lived it. Rook lived it. They were birds of a feather. But give them something fragile to the soul, something emotional, ammunition that wounded deeper than any bullet or knife, that cut to the core of who a man was...could he trust them? Could he trust that they wouldn't twist that knowledge deep in his gut and leave him empty and bleeding without the friendships of his fellow law enforcement officers?

That, he didn't know.

"Rook?" Steph asked, laughing nervously. "It's just coffee."

Just coffee to her, but his entire life to him. Did he play off being gay and have coffee with Steph, or did he turn her down? Or did he turn her down and tell her the reason he did so?

Nate flashed before his mind's eye. He wanted Nate something fierce. Nate was confident, sexy, *free*. David envied the freedom. God, he wanted that.

There was a chance that even if David *came out*, Nate still wouldn't want him. Yet David tired of driving long distances to find someone who understood him. Those moments were precious few. Nate existed in his own world and made it work. There was hope found in that knowledge.

"Yeah, I'm just thinking about my schedule. Sorry," David muttered, stalling.

"Tonight's open."

"I'm meeting an informant," he said, lying. Johnny would call, not show.

"Saturday? We can have lunch, down on Nicolette," she said, referencing the foot mall downtown.

Even if Nate wouldn't have him, David needed this for himself. He'd never bring home a wife to his parents. He'd never invite his detective partner over to barbeque with the *little woman* and the kids, but damn, it felt energising to think seeing Nate without hiding.

Nate rocked his world. David liked being near him, liked the way Nate looked at him. Having Nate at his side wouldn't be embarrassing, it would be *hot*.

"Actually, Steph, I'd like to have lunch or coffee with you, but you should know something first."

"Oh?"

"I'm gay."

The industrious background static of the office dimmed.

"You..."

"Are gay, yes. I'm gay," he said repeating it with more confidence. His heart fluttered like a stupid butterfly in his chest. He sensed the eyes of his co-workers on him. God, he hated that feeling.

Steph sputtered, blushed. "Oh, I didn't know. I mean, not that it matters. It was just lunch or coffee or—but if you don't want to, I mean, if it makes your boyfriend uncomfortable, I totally get it. My sister's best friend is gay. Not my sister. Just her best friend. And I like her. She's not butch or anything just, you know..." Steph seemed to realise she was babbling through a lame ass, politically incorrect explanation. "Gay," she finished.

"So she's gay?" he teased.

"Yeah." Steph blinked at him.

David smiled widely.

She sighed. "Are you sure you're gay?" she breathed.

"Positive." He leant over slightly. "Not even a little *bi*. If I were, I'd have hit on you a long time ago."

* * * *

"Goddammit!" David slammed his foot on the accelerator, not caring when he raced through a red light and another car veered out of the way before laying on the horn. He gripped the wheel tighter, narrowed his eyes as though the squint would help him see through the descending night and rain-glare on the road.

He hit the speed dial. "Dispatch, send an officer over to nine-forty-seven Juniper. I want that house under watch until I say otherwise. Got it?"

With the confirmation on the other end that the police were on the way to Dwayne's house, David focused on making it through the maze of backstreets to Nate's house.

Johnny had come through. The guy in the blue hoodie had been a hired hand, all right. Out to the highest bidder, Cizone did odd-jobs. Johnny and his buddy Dwayne had come face to face with the bastard when they'd sold a couple of filed down handguns from their trunk. Johnny would have to answer for that later. Tonight, David took the inside information.

Cizone had shot up their tires, stolen the inventory, and threatened to feed them their balls if they were caught selling guns on Jasper White's turf again. Cizone had made good the threat on Dwayne and a quick call to the county morgues had turned up the dead, castrated body of Dwayne Pollack. Dwayne was dead, but his sister, Lita would be safe. For now. If he got hold of Jasper White, she'd be safe forever.

Cizone muscled for White.

White had a sealed juvie record with ties to assault and battery. Beyond that, misdemeanours and a lot of scared girlfriends littered his personal profile. Nothing pointed directly at White for the murders, but the history along with the affiliation to Cizone, Dwayne's body, and the surveillance on Nate's two busts didn't look innocent.

Johnny's final words had sent a chill of dread down David's spine, *"Cizone's sweatin' 'cause White's last two deals got fucked. Thinks I had something to do with that shit. Thinks I'm in with the cops, man. Cizone said Dwayne's sister would have to wait since White had a dude in mind for the next time."*

After this many years on the job, David didn't question his instincts. They were pinging like frozen piss on a pipe to get his ass over to Nate's, pronto. He'd already been belting up in the car when the second morgue he'd called cemented Johnny's story. Castration stood out as a cause of death. It had been an easy find.

David jerked the wheel hard to the left, clipping the empty plastic garbage can, and skidding to a halt in Nate's drive. He pulled through the carport and swung the Buick around the back of the house keeping it hidden from the street. If Cizone planned a visit, hopefully he wasn't in position yet.

Nate's cheerfully lit house glowed anticlimactically through the drizzle. Nate had no idea that a murdering arms dealer had him in his sights.

"Practicing for Indy?" Nate said. Standing on the back stoop with his arms folded across his chest, he sent David a wry smile.

"Get in the fucking house!" David snarled.

Nate took several steps backwards and to the side of the door letting David pass through. David latched them inside.

"Lock every window and door. Shut your blinds and curtains. Turn off every inside light." David charged ahead, room by room, doing exactly what he commanded.

"What the hell?" Nate yelled after him.

David stalled inside the living room. Curtains billowed gently through the open glass sliders. "How long has that been open?" he choked.

Nate bumped into him from behind. "All night."

David swivelled, grabbed Nate's shoulders. "Goddamn it, Nate. You're going to get yourself killed." A gruff hitch caught his last word, stealing any further argument he'd offer.

"David, what's wrong?"

God, he'd used his name. David got hard just hearing the concern roughened words, seeing the tender curiosity in Nate's gaze. "Jasper White is coming after you. I won't let him have you."

Though his eyes flicked over David's shoulder, a playful smile tipped Nate's lips. "Oh, yeah? Jasper's a hottie, huh?"

"Don't fuck with me," David said. He dropped his hands and stepped away. Before he could change his mind and clasp Nate to his chest, David crossed to the sliders and locked them before pulling the curtains closed against the night. "I came out tonight," he said quietly as he turned, searched for more to secure.

"Came *out*, came out?" Nate asked.

"Yeah." David met his gaze, waiting but not sure what he waited for.

"Good for you," he said, softly.

"That's it?"

"Did you want an award?" Nate walked down the hallway.

Still in the living room, David dropped his chin to his chest. "A kiss would work," he muttered. He heard Nate call out that they were locked in and safe.

"What did you say?" Nate asked, coming back into the room.

"I thought it would matter to you."

Nate blew out a breath and ran a hand through his hair. "I don't know what you're asking from me. A gay man's tour guide, I'm not."

David strengthened his resolve. He had to see it through—see if Nate would take the chance on him. God, he hoped so. "I'm in love with you."

"Possible," Nate hedged. "Or in love with the idea of me and tangled up in the adrenaline of coming out. You'll regret it the minute the sun comes up tomorrow. I don't want to be your regret."

"I came out to the department. You don't think that counts for something?"

"I think it means you saw a means to an end. I *hope* you thought it through. Coming out could cost you your friends, your career. Is sex with me worth that?" Nate asked. "Did you think telling people you're gay would get you in my bed?"

The words sounded harsh, hit like static in David's ears. He wanted Nate. He wanted a future with him. More than sex, because David was pretty sure Nate wanted him bad enough to give in if David persisted. It was the honesty David wanted. The freedom to hold Nate's hand in public or tell him over the phone he loved him while working a case. He wanted to come home to him and breathe in his scent from the crook of his neck when they held each other after a long day.

"I'm worth it," David corrected. "I'm worth being honest to. I'm worth being happy. I'm worth standing up for, Nate." Angrily, he walked to where Nate stood. "I'm worth respecting whether or not other people do. Of course I want you! You're the only guy I ever wanted to risk exposure for, but because you showed me that there's nothing to fear. I've been crippled and you put it all in perspective. You finally gave me a reason to fight."

David crowded closer. "I'm worth the fight, damn it! Even if you won't have any part of me, I won't regret what I did today. I'm *free*, Nate. Goddamn you, I'm *free*!" He swallowed past the lump forming in his throat. "And I want you freely with me," he said, softer. He reached up, stroked Nate's cheek. "Please."

"I'm a forever kind of guy, David." Nate caught his hand, though, and pressed it to his cheek, kissed the heel of David's hand.

David's breath tangled in his throat with hope, and fear, and longing, and desperation. "So am I. I just never found the guy I wanted my forever with, until you."

Nate's gaze locked on his. David saw the moment understanding dawned on him. "You mean it," he said, acknowledging the truth out loud. "What happens when things get rough and the questions start flying? What happens when you're tempted to back down?"

"I admit it's scary, and I can see where it'll get difficult, but I'm not hiding. I meant it. I'm out. Hopefully, I'm out with you."

"I don't know." Nate's voice wavered.

David knew one thing for certain—Nate liked the way he kissed. If he could do nothing else, he'd prove his words with his body and hope Nate didn't leave him in the rubble of aftermath. It would kill him.

Chapter Four

David's hand slid from Nate's cheek to the back of his head, jerking him forward. Their noses bumped. David adjusted, tipping his head oh so slightly to the side before sealing Nate's lips with his own. The bottom dropped out of Nate's stomach. His ears roared as pleasure swamped his senses.

Damn his lips!

Nate had two seconds before he quit thinking with his brain and led with his cock. David had no idea what can of worms he'd opened in coming out. He'd need time to adjust, time to take stock of what he wanted, not leap into a long term committed relationship, no matter what David thought he wanted. No matter what Nate hoped David wanted.

It felt real. All of it felt real. David's firm chest, steely and warm flattened against his. David's lean hips and thickened cock rolling sharply along his. David's strong fingers gripping him close no matter how Nate pushed. Real and incredible. Fucking amazing if he chose to believe it. Could he?

With a strangled groan, Nate wedged an arm between them and levered his elbow until they had distance. He shoved David backwards. The sudden release of David's demanding hold sent them both stumbling. David bumped the armrest on the couch and nearly toppled over. Nate caught himself before hitting the wall.

David looked back at him. His lips were swollen and pink, every muscle in his body held taut as he waited Nate out for a determination. David's cock rose insistently behind his tented fly. He didn't move, but held himself upright on the couch arm. His blue eyes smouldered beneath the shaggy hang of his chestnut hair. Dishevelled, hungry, fearful, David's countenance spoke directly to Nate's heart.

This look, worn by David, should have been bottled as an aphrodisiac. Fucking sexy as hell and all for Nate. What he knew about David told him the man wouldn't back out of a decision no matter how difficult the circumstances became. He wouldn't give up now that he was *out*.

So what held Nate back?

He'd been so certain of his own stance, secure in knowing he wanted David Rook but wouldn't have him. Now that David offered himself without reservation, why did he resist? Hypocrisy slapped him into awareness.

He'd accused David of being afraid to face his identity and take on a meaningful relationship. What if it had been *Nate* who'd been afraid? Had he been banking on the expectation that David wouldn't come to him? There was security in the knowledge that he didn't have to open his heart up to David and risk the hurt he could cause.

Yet there he was. David was the strong one. David fought himself and Nate for the privilege of being gay and open. David gave himself up to Nate's rejection and the longer Nate waited, the more resigned those sexy blue eyes got as they glittered with agony.

God, I'm hurting the one man I most want the right to love. What the fuck am I thinking?

Nate launched himself at David, taking him to the couch. The angle bent Nate awkwardly. He wrapped his arms around David and rolled to the floor, briefly knocking the wind out of himself in the process. Momentum carried them too far, smacking David against the legs of the coffee table and stopping them both on their sides. David grunted, a sexy husky sound that rumbled against Nate's ear and sent shivers down his spine. Nate's balls tightened with anticipation.

"Is this a yes?" David asked, throwing his leg around Nate's waist and hooking him closer.

Nate shoved the coffee table and rolled on top. "Didn't hear the proposal."

"I suppose you'll want a ring." David mused.

Nate leant down, demanding and receiving a kiss from the wisecracking mouth. David kept pace, thrusting his tongue into Nate's mouth to rub sensually against Nate's. Like a starving man who's just discovered culinary excellence, Nate slowed down, savoured the feel of David beneath him.

He pulled back, looking into David's flushed face. Nate grinned at him. "Hell, yeah. Matching cock rings."

David laughed, joyously. "Just don't go flashing your junk at other men to show them you're taken."

Nate pretended to give it some thought. David laughed, grappling him and knocked the coffee table over in the process. "Oh, shit! Sorry about that."

"No worries. I've got plenty of wood right here," he said, his voice turning husky as he rubbed his cock against David's.

David exhaled sharply, met Nate's gaze with a hungry one of his own.

Fuck if that look didn't stroke his balls. Nate rested fully against him, held his head in his hands as he plied David's lips with soft kisses. "I love your mouth," he murmured between kisses. "I love the way it feels on me. I love the way it moves when we kiss, trembles when I do something you like."

David groaned. "No one's ever said that."

"They're all idiots." Nate moved his hands down David's body, yanked his shirt out of his pants and slid underneath to feel the hard muscles he'd only suspected were there until now. David's smooth flesh heated his palms and Nate found himself searching out every dip and rise along his packed abdomen. Nate's stomach knotted when David flexed and squirmed beneath him.

"I love what you're doing to me," David whispered under Nate's lips. "Let me touch you."

"Not done yet."

"Don't have to be," David answered. He explored Nate's back with the same thorough drag, until the trapped fabric between them kept him from lifting his shirt higher. "Gonna have to buy you a new shirt."

Nate heard the words but it didn't register until he heard the thick ripping sound and felt cooler air touch his back. Then a fit of chuckles hit him. He'd tried so hard to keep David away, calling him a playboy who dabbled outside the closet before shutting himself back in again. Yet, confessed and out, David's enthusiasm humbled Nate with its straightforward quest to pleasure them both.

Nate nuzzled under David's ear. "Hot move you got there."

"You liked that, huh?"

"Yeah."

"Wasn't sure, since you laughed."

Nate rocked his hips into David's, groaning when their cocks rubbed against each other through layers of clothing. "Any doubt now?"

"None," David said, roughly. He turned his head to the side, forcing Nate to look at him. David stroked his cheek. "Make love to me."

Nate's breath stalled. The liquid need in David's eyes held more than a request for physical connection. He was asking Nate to love him back. Nate lightly rubbed the sides of their noses together, and tried to convey the depth of his own heart through the answer in his eyes. "With every breath."

He reached between them, pulling off David's shirt and the remnants of his own while keeping his eyes locked on him as much as possible. David helped, fumbling with their pants closures.

"Wait," Nate said, breathlessly. He reached into his back pocket and retrieved a condom. He held it up between them and wiggled his brows. "Can't forget this."

David's slow smile was like a hit to the gut. "You're going to need a lot more than one."

"Later," he answered, hearing the gruffness in his voice. "One dick at a time."

They kicked off their remaining clothing, Nate sliding between David's legs and their cocks jostling in the chaos of shucking pants, socks, and shoes. He reached over and grasped David's gorgeous length, sending a visible shudder through him, temporarily stopping David with one shoe to go.

"Fuck, Nate, hurry up!"

Nate let him go, rolled the condom on and spat in his hands. The condom was lubed but it would still sting. He reached between David's legs.

David's shoe flew through the air and he hooked a digit at the ankle of his sock. Nate's moist fingers stroking his hole made his eyes roll back. "Oh, God! Give a guy some warning."

"Leave the sock. It's not your ankle I'm fucking." He plied David with another finger, tugging the tight ring, sliding in and out in a way that made David hot and cold all over.

He stretched out, lifted his knees to give Nate better access. He closed his eyes, enjoying the electric sensations until Nate surprised him again with seductive licks and light bites to his ass cheeks. "God!"

"That's me," Nate murmured.

David's laugh caught when pumping fingers were joined with an enthusiastic suck to his cockhead. "Jesus *Christ!*"

"Him, too," Nate quipped. He grabbed David's ankle and in one swift move, covered the other man with his body while bringing his leg up over Nate's shoulder. He sank balls deep.

Looking into Nate's tightly controlled face, David wasn't sure he'd seen a more beautiful sight than the man he loved, loving him with as much care as he could. They were both anxious, and the declaration of love between them only fuelled their desire.

"Don't stop," David pleaded. "Need you."

He grunted affirmation. "Want this to be perfect."

"There's no other way this *can* be," David assured.

Nate withdrew languorously, wringing a moan from both. Then gathering himself, he plunged forward. David's eyes closed as sensation swamped him. There was truth to the saying that sex was better with someone you loved. They'd just started, and already his heart felt like it would burst and his cock throbbed for release.

Nate reached for David's hand and brought it to David's weeping shaft. Together they pumped in time to Nate's possession. He had to see his lover's face when he came. David trained his eyes on Nate, watching his face contort with ecstasy as they drove each other higher. Colour flushed his cheekbones and David felt the similar rush of awareness as his balls tightened.

"I love you," Nate whispered, slowing to kiss David.

David cried out as orgasm consumed him, streaking up his cock and spilling his seed. Nate pressed their chests together, slicking them with David's cum. His hips bucked hard and sharp against David's ass as Nate soon followed in tremulous release.

Still linked, David lowered his leg and wrapped himself around Nate's waist. "I love you, too."

Nate blushed. "Was that sappy?"

"It was perfect. I'll show you how perfect once I catch my breath."

David squirmed, wrapping his fingers on a small cylinder at his hip, bringing it around to see what had insistently chafed him to the point of bruising during their lovemaking.

A tube of cherry Lifesavers glowed in the dim firelight. David and Nate clashed gazes with dawning horror.

"Get dressed," David whispered.

* * * *

"We went through the house. No one's here," Nate whispered. He jerked on his pants, ignoring the sickly crawl along his spine.

"Inside or out, Jasper's here, and you're his target."

David zipped his jeans, reached for his gun and cell. He checked the magazine, then tucked it at the small of his back before checking Nate's gun. Slapping the magazine in with the butt of his hand, he flipped Nate's out to him.

Nate took it and picked up his house phone. The line was silent. Dread solidified like cold lard in his stomach. He shook his head. David paled and woke his cell.

"This is Detective Rook with the Seventh. I'm at fifty-one-oh-four Hemlock requesting immediate assistance. Two-seventeen in progress. Agent Giamanti with the ATF is here. We're armed. Phone lines cut. Evidence of a four-oh-six. Come with sirens."

Nate readied his firearm, 911 had what they needed. A homicide attempt was in progress with evidence of a break in. With nothing more to light their way than fading firelight, they moved throughout the house.

"Clear," David called.

"Clear," Nate answered.

Adrenaline pumped through Nate's veins, shook his hands. Silently, they righted the coffee table. It sagged at one corner where the leg had broken in their tumble.

David's gaze met Nate's. His expression was grim. Suddenly, David grabbed Nate in a bear hug. His heart tattooed a rhythm as urgent as Nate's. Words weren't needed. He felt the same way. He wasn't going to let anyone hurt David, and David's silent embrace told him the same message.

Rapid fire zips through breaking glass urged them to the floor. The outside door creaked as it swung on its hinges. A red laser danced around the room at chest level from the kitchen. Nate grabbed and squeezed David's hand through their ragged breathing. Then letting go, he crawled to the edge of the couch, using it as a barrier. David did the same at the other end.

"Give it up, Jasper. Cizone ratted you out," David called.

"The police are on the way," Nate added.

Nate trained his gun on the kitchen and closed bar shutters. He noted the broken glass panes in the swinging outside door. Creeping forward, he ignored David's signal to stop. No way he'd let David take a bullet for him.

Hell, guns were *Nate's* speciality.

"Why the girls, Jasper?" David yelled.

There was a thick chuckle. "Stress relief," presumably Jasper, answered.

"Dealing arms getting stressful?" Nate taunted.

"Not for long, Giamanti. I'm about...to exterminate...the problem." A red dot centred on Nate's chest.

"Nate!" David yelled, leapt, and tackled him to the ground as the zip-pop of bullet splitting wall reached him.

"Where are the fucking sirens?" Nate snapped, quietly.

Red light slid over them as Jasper's dark shape loomed in the kitchen passage, bigger and broader than he expected. David rolled to his feet between Nate and Jasper, his gun steady on the intruder.

"Don't you fucking get shot, Rook!"

Sirens wailed, distracting Jasper long enough for David to fire off a shot. Jasper's right shoulder jerked sharply. "*Sonofabitch!*"

"Freeze motherfucker!"

Attention swung to the open door. A young man, legs spread, arms raised, had Jasper in his sights. There would be no missing from the ten foot divide.

"Who the fuck are you?" Jasper said, swinging his firearm.

"My new partner," David said. "I just decided."

Jasper tensed. Nate didn't think, he took aim and clipped the asshole's gun hand.

David and the other guy pounced, taking the bleeding, screaming man down as cops swarmed through the back and now busted front doors. Lights flared to life.

Nate hauled David off Jasper once he was secured by several cops. He pulled David into his arms, kissing him. David kissed back, his arms circling Nate.

"It's about fucking time," Derrick said, stepping over broken glass. He tipped his head. "Who's that?"

The young, dark-haired cop stepped forward, "Knight. His new partner," he said nodding at David.

“Rook and Knight? You’re fucking kidding me,” Derrick barked.

David grinned at Nate. Derrick faded away while Nate had David in his arms.

David hugged him tighter. “Wanna see a guy about a ring tomorrow?”

“After you recheck my measurements,” Nate answered.

“God, get a room,” Derrick muttered.

“Great idea. Hurry up and take my statement.” David took Nate’s hand, interlocking their fingers.

Someone snickered gleefully. Someone else whistled.

Looked like David would never stop being his dangerous distraction, Nate thought with a smile.

About the Author

Mia makes her home in Minneapolis, Minnesota, where she divides her time between a job and spying on people. Mia enjoys long walks in Como Park, daisies, dancing in the snow...(Delete prior sentence, meant for personal ad)...

Mr. Perfect may apply in person for a thorough evaluation and trial. All others will be towed.

Email: wattsmia@aol.com

Mia loves to hear from readers. You can find her contact information, website and author biography at <http://www.totalebound.com>.

Also by Mia Watts

Bad Boys, Bad Boys

Total-E-Bound Publishing



www.total-e-bound.com

Take a look at our exciting range of literagasmic™
erotic romance titles and discover pure quality
at Total-E-Bound.