



Going Deep

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Chapter One

“Dylan, these are ready to go.”

“Thanks, Carlos.” Wiping the sweat from his face from the LA heat, Dylan Conway checked the addresses for his pizza deliveries. With the list in his hand, he shouldered the hot boxes and left through the back door of the restaurant to his little pizza truck. Loading the pizzas into the tiny insulated crate in the back, Dylan mapped out his route.

A frown imprinted on his face, he drove through the traffic snarls. *I’m delivering fucking pizza for a living Fucking twenty-five years old and delivering pizza.*

He chided himself, “Four fucking years in college at Iowa State for what? Fucking driving a goddamn pizza truck in Los Angeles. So much for a football scholarship.”

Checking the time, Dylan ran his hand through his thick brown hair and peeked at his green eyes in the rear view mirror. “Fuck!” he shouted, slamming his hand onto the steering wheel in frustration when the cars slowed to a stop along Ventura Boulevard.

“Here’s the star quarterback for Iowa State University, sitting in traffic with four boxes of pizza to deliver,” he scoffed at himself. “Aren’t I proud?”

He knew the bachelor’s degree would be worthless. It hadn’t trained him for a thing. Did he really imagine he’d be selected to play pro ball for the Oakland Raiders?

“Me and my bright ideas. Come out to California!” he mocked himself. “Go talk to the managers of the football teams. Sure, Dylan. Sure.”

The traffic finally moved.

“Here I am. The famous professional pizza boy.”

Finally the first address came into view. Dylan climbed out of the car, shut the driver’s side door and retrieved the boxes out of the back, jogging up the front pathway. Once he knocked, he could hear women’s voices from behind the door. It swung open in front of him.

“Hi. Pizza delivery.” He shifted the boxes in his hands.

“Wow! Hey, girls! Check out the cute pizza guy!” she shouted over her shoulder as she opened the door wider.

His cheeks went crimson as five twenty-something females raced over to stare at him.

“Uh...twenty-seven dollars and fifty-five cents, please.” He handed over the pizzas, dying of embarrassment. He felt like a loser. Was this the pinnacle of what he could expect of his career? ‘Cute pizza guy?’ *What a fucking life.*

“Here. Here’s thirty. Keep the change, hot stuff.” The woman who opened the door smiled flirtatiously at him.

“Too bad he’s not a strip-o-gram!” Dylan heard shouted from another woman behind the first.

“Thanks. See ya.” He forced a smile and left, putting the money into a vinyl wallet and stuffing it in his pocket.

Once he was behind the wheel, he looked back at the door to their house. No one was left staring any longer. Rubbing his forehead, and cranking up the air conditioning in the truck, he checked the next address and prayed the traffic had let up.

Pulling up to a hair salon, Dylan parked illegally and hustled to get the next two pizzas delivered before the ubiquitous parking enforcement officers gave him a ticket.

Rushing in, he met the receptionist. “Hey. You guys order pizzas?”

“Yes.” She shouted to someone in the salon, “Larry! The pizza is here.”

Still holding the hot boxes, Dylan watched a very effeminate man skipping toward him with multi-colored hair, makeup on his face, and strung beads and bangles over his camp outfit. Larry made an exaggerated gesture of shock when he stood before Dylan. “De-lish!”

“Uh...twenty-eight dollars and thirty-five cents, please.” Dylan lowered his eyelashes shyly.

“Put them right there, honey.” Larry patted the receptionist counter.

Dylan set them down, avoiding the man’s bold stare.

When two twenty dollar bills were assertively tucked into the waist of Dylan’s jeans, he jumped in surprise and looked down at the man’s hand. “Jesus!”

“Keep the change.” Larry pursed his lips at him. “And come back soon. I’d love to get my hands into your err...hair.”

After taking a quick peek at the receptionist's smirk, Dylan retreated, removing the money from his pants and sticking it into the wallet. Before he could even absorb the shock of the incident, he shouted in anger and raced to where a parking enforcement officer had just pulled up behind his truck. "Wait!"

The minute she raised her head to meet his eye, her snarl turned into a flirtatious smile. "Is this your truck?"

"Sorry. I just had to drop off some pizzas. I'm moving it. Sorry."

Flipping her ticket book back into her Honda Civic, she smiled. "Okay. Just move it along."

"Thanks. Honest. I appreciate it." He quickly got into the truck.

She wagged a finger at him playfully. "You just better not do it again, or else."

"Thanks."

She winked and walked back to her car.

"Shit, that was close." He signaled and merged into traffic, headed back to the restaurant for more orders.

* * * *

By ten p.m. he was exhausted. Fridays and Saturdays were the worst because of the late shift. At least he could sleep in the next morning and didn't have to be back at work until one in the afternoon.

Coming through the door of his one bedroom furnished apartment in Los Feliz, he kicked off his shoes and socks, craving a shower to rid the smell of pizza from his clothing, hair and skin.

As he passed through his bedroom, he checked his answering machine. No messages.

Tossing his clothing into a hamper, Dylan stood near the tub waiting for the water to heat up, trying to make sense of his life. Finally under the refreshing spray, he scrubbed the aroma of food off his body, inhaling the musky scent of his shampoo in relief.

Once he had dried off and thrown on a pair of shorts, Dylan stood in the kitchen cutting up a salad for dinner. The last thing he wanted was pizza.

Chapter Two

Parking his ninety-eight Ford pickup truck in the lot of the Body Builder's Gym, Dylan carried his gym bag to the front door and signed in at the desk.

"Hi, Dylan," the female staff member greeted him.

"Hi." She was the same person behind the counter most times he showed up, but he never remembered her name.

"Have a good work out."

"Thanks." He headed to dump off his things quickly, yearning for a vigorous bout of exercise. Preoccupied, he exited the locker room and pulled his leather fingerless gloves on as he moved to an open space by the mirrors to stretch.

With his old college football shorts and a muscle T that read 'Iowa State Cyclones' on his body, Dylan reached up, down, to the side, bending and limbering up. Later in the afternoon he had his pizza delivery shift and he sometimes felt he didn't have much of a life in LA besides working and the gym.

He'd never been a social butterfly, and when he was going to Iowa State, it usually took some coaxing by his teammates to get him out for a drink. His friends never failed to get wasted and act obnoxious. He wasn't a big drinker. His father was an alcoholic, so he stayed away from anything resembling a bad habit.

Giving his arms a good shake out before he started, Dylan eyed the group around him to see where he could begin without getting in anyone's way.

He loved this gym. It was nuts and bolts heavy weight lifting and less posh pool, spa, and social event. This was mostly a man's gym, full of genuine bodybuilders. Not some showy meat market where the women wore make up and jewelry while they eyed your pecs.

It didn't take long before he was bathed in sweat and grunting from the pain. Lying on a bench, straddling his legs, he held a barbell in each fist and did flies until his arms felt fatigued and he had to set the weights on the padded matt under him.

During his rest between he noticed a man peek at his crotch discreetly. Dylan wondered how exposed he was in his tiny stretch shorts with the exterior white lacing. It wasn't the first time men at the gym checked him out. It was Los Angeles, not Ames, Iowa, after all.

Dylan was shy to every glance, male or female.

He hated to admit how many nights he'd jacked off. Half of him wanted to just find a girlfriend and play, but he kept feeling a sense of not being a permanent resident here. What was the point in getting involved if he ended up going back home to Iowa?

"Hey."

Dylan took a moment to realize the man was addressing him. Staring at the man as he stood at the base of the bench, Dylan had to look between his own legs to return his greeting. "Hey. You need the bench?"

"Can I work in with you?"

"Sure." Dylan rolled off and stood, wiping the leather pad with his towel. Waiting to see what weights the man would use, Dylan was surprised when the man simply lay down and picked up the ones he'd been working with. He had imagined they'd be too heavy for the man. As Dylan watched, the guy did a slow arduous set of ten, placing the weights down again.

"I...I'm going heavier." Dylan pointed shyly to the rack.

"Sounds good." The man stood bringing the barbells they had used back to the rack as Dylan grabbed two more.

"I'm Ron."

"Dylan." Dylan nodded his head but avoided his eyes. Carrying the weights back to their bench, Dylan sat down, the heavy barbells on his thighs as he psyched himself up for the ordeal of pressing them.

After a moment, he lay back, positioned the sixty pound dumbbells in his fists and felt his chest tighten as he spread the weights open and closed over his sternum. When he began to struggle, Ron was there, kneeling from behind, to give his elbows the light touch they needed to complete his last few reps.

"One more," Ron coached.

Inhaling and aching, Dylan, with Ron's help, did one last lift. He dropped the barbells on either side and exhaled, standing up. "Thanks."

"You're fucking built."

At that comment, Dylan finally met the gaze he'd been avoiding. Ron's eyes had brilliant sky blue irises. He had highlighted blond hair, maybe he was eighteen, maybe not, and possibly five foot nine or ten.

Now Dylan had to consider if this was a gay come-on or just a friendly compliment. "Thanks."

Without another word, Ron sat down in his place and hoisted the massive weights up to his thighs, just as Dylan had done. Dylan didn't think Ron appeared that powerful, but obviously appearances were deceiving.

Once Ron lay back, positioning the weights, Dylan returned the favor and knelt behind him to help out. After only four repetitions, Ron was already struggling.

"All right. You got it." Dylan cupped Ron's elbows and urged the heavy weights up with him.

"Two more," Ron squeezed out of his throat as he strained.

Dylan was there for the last two, just about doing the final repetition for Ron, he was so spent. He helped Ron set the weights down and stood over him staring at him. "You're a hell of a lot stronger than you look."

Ron laughed softly. "Wish I was as tall as you."

"Why? Isn't doin' me a fucking lot of good." Dylan picked up the weights and brought them back to the rack. Without looking behind him, Dylan continued his workout, remembering the coach of the Cyclones back in Iowa and his encouraging words. 'Don't give up on yourself, Dylan. Never give up.' He loved his coach and missed the hell out of him.

Staring at his reflection in the mirror critically, Dylan answered his own thoughts, "I didn't give up on myself, coach. The world has given up on me."

* * * *

His body spent as he showered in the locker room, Dylan's thoughts began to turn to his shift at the pizzeria. Once he finished up here, he would head straight to work.

Shutting the tap, standing as he dripped, Dylan swiped off the water from his skin and hair, using his towel to dry off before he stepped out of the stall. Once the terry cloth was wrapped around his hips, he emerged, heading to his locker to get his clothing.

Dropping the towel, he slipped on a pair of briefs quickly. After he was covered up modestly, he stopped rushing to swipe his pits with deodorant and brush his hair.

Sensing someone staring, Dylan slowly raised his eyes up under his wet bangs and noticed two men whispering together as they eyed him. One was Ron.

It was as if Ron was either pointing him out as his workout helper, or...something else. Neither was smiling. They both looked very serious, but Dylan had no doubt he was the topic of their conversation.

Dylan turned back to his locker and finished dressing. He stuffed the damp clothing into his bag.

Without giving either man another peek, Dylan made sure he had everything he needed and left, walking in the opposite direction of the two men.

“Bye!” the staff member shouted to him as he left.

“Bye.” He waved back, withstanding the heat from the broiling August day when he opened the door. Once he’d tossed his bag behind the bench seat of his truck, he started it up and cranked the air conditioning.

Weaving through the congested roadways, hating the traffic snarls in the City of Angels, Dylan parked behind the restaurant. He changed his shirt in the truck, wearing the t-shirt with the pizza chain’s logo on it. Dylan hopped out and entered through the back. Instantly he was smacked with the aroma of baked pizza.

“Hey, Dylan.”

“Hi, Carlos. How busy is it so far?”

“Not too bad.”

“Hi.”

Dylan spun around to see Vic, his fellow delivery driver. “Hiya, Vic.” Dylan thought Vic was the epitome of the ‘surfer dude’; pierced eyebrow, blond stringy hair, slightly slouching posture. “Ready for a long shift?”

“I don’t mind the job. I’ve already been on the waves all morning.” Vic flipped back his hair as it hung over his eyes. “You just had a workout at the gym. Know how I can tell?”

“How?” Dylan wasn’t interested, he was just being polite.

“Check out your arms, dude.”

Slightly distracted, seeing Carlos staring, Dylan looked down at his forearms.

“Dude!” Vic admired him, running his finger over the protruding veins. “Awesome.” He gave Dylan’s roping blood vessels one good caress before he stopped. “Bet you’re everyone’s boy candy in the gym.”

“All right, Vic,” Carlos chided as he pulled a pizza pie out of the clay oven with a roaring blast of heat. “There’s some orders done. Get going.”

“I’ll take them.” Dylan picked up the list.

“See ya later, Dylan?” Vic asked.

To Dylan it sounded like, ‘No hard feelings, man?’ “Yeah. See ya.” Dylan caught Carlos’ shake of the head, another signal that meant to Dylan, ‘Ignore him.’

Dylan hefted up the stack of hot boxes, grabbed a loaded wallet, the keys to one of the delivery trucks, and left through the same door he’d come in. He must be growing used to the attention from men, because nothing seemed to faze him anymore.

As he thought about it, loading the food into the crate in back of the truck, Dylan was feeling numb. Like he didn’t have feelings for anything any longer. And that wasn’t good.

* * * *

Balancing three boxes of pizza, Dylan knocked and listened through the door. He could hear voices approaching. It opened and a man stood there with cash in his hand.

“Hi.” Dylan said shyly.

“Come in.”

Dylan propped up the door with his back and only entered one foot past the threshold. There were a group of four men inside that he could see, but he thought he heard more men’s voices throughout the house.

“Don’t be scared. We won’t bite,” one of the men teased.

“Josh, behave,” another man admonished him, taking the boxes from Dylan. “Hunter, can you bring these to Blake in the kitchen?”

“Sure thing, Tanner.”

Dylan tried not to meet anyone's eye, but the one they called Josh was ogling him overtly. As the big man counted out cash, Josh asked Dylan, "We like you better than the surfer dude. Will you be our new delivery man?"

"Joshua, leave the man alone. Go help out in the kitchen."

"Geez, Tanner. Can't even flirt with a gorgeous man anymore."

At the comment, Dylan's cheeks heated up terribly.

Tanner peeked behind him first before he whispered, "Sorry about that. He's incorrigible."

"It's okay." Dylan took the cash. As Dylan dug for change, Tanner said, "Keep it."

"You sure?" Dylan counted out the money. "It's way too much." He tried to return a ten.

"Let's call it payment for the abuse." Tanner winked at him.

"Thanks." Dylan forced himself to look into the big man's eyes. The warmth he felt from the glance was delightful.

"My pleasure." Tanner smiled and opened the door, showing Dylan out.

"See ya." Dylan waved.

"See ya."

Heading back to his truck, Dylan stole one last look behind him. It seemed Tanner was doing the same thing before he closed the door.

Dylan sat behind the wheel, stuffing the cash into his nylon wallet. He took a minute to digest the contact. A house full of men. Good-looking gay men. It made Dylan shiver in delight.

"Man, gay guys have it so damn easy in this town." He started the ignition and found the next address on the list.

At his last stop before he had to go back for more pies, Dylan stood before a mansion-like home, built with what he called 'old money' and not as contemporary as many of the sweet Hollywood manors that were so common in the area.

When no one answered the intercom on the first ring, Dylan checked his watch and rang the bell again. Finally a buzzer sounded and the wrought iron gate opened automatically. He continued walking up the curved paving stone drive to the grand front entrance. About to knock, Dylan heard the knob and latch move, announcing, "Pizza man."

As the door swung open, Dylan stepped back to see a slender woman in her seventies, possibly older, wearing a very silky pink see-through robe and feather slippers. He cringed.

“Can you bring it in, my dear?” she purred.

Shit. “Uh. Sure.” He slid past her, trying not to look at her nearly nude body, asking, “Where should I put it?”

A low seductive laugh was his reply.

Oh god...

“Just put it in the kitchen.” She touched his back lightly.

Dylan flinched at the contact and tried to figure out where the hell the kitchen was. He stood in the foyer of a front entrance that had a winding staircase and doors on each side of its octagonal shape.

“Which way?”

“Straight ahead.”

Making his way quickly, seeing indeed something resembling a kitchen, Dylan set the pizza on the counter and spun around. “Sixteen dollars and—” he choked. She dropped the robe to the marble floor.

“Lady! Please!” He covered his eyes, trying to rid the image of a wrinkled old lady with sagging breasts and a fake tan. Dylan thought he was going to barf.

“How about three hundred?”

“No.” Dylan backed out to avoid any chance of seeing her again. “Christ, just give me ten and we’ll call it even.” He peeked through his fingers, hoping she was dressed and going for her wallet.

She had her money in her hand but was not dressed.

“Come on, lady!” Dylan whined.

“Five hundred?”

“No. I’m out of here. Screw it. I’ll pay for the stupid pizza.” He headed to the door.

Before he managed to escape, a hand held his shoulder.

“God...I hate this fucking job.” He winced.

“Here. Don’t pay for it from your own money.”

Her fingers dug into the back of his jeans.

“Look, lady...” He peered over his shoulder and noticed her robe was back on. “Thank fuck.”

“A thousand?”

“No.” He took the cash out of his ass crack and realized it was a hundred dollar bill. “I can’t change this for you. Do you have anything smaller?”

“Keep it.” She looked extremely upset.

Why Dylan felt guilty for upsetting her was beyond him. “I’m sorry. I don’t know if I can do that kind of thing. You know? Just take someone’s money for nothing...it seems weird.”

“You’re not from around here, are you?” she asked.

“No. Ames, Iowa.”

She nodded and smiled, as if that explained his reluctance to be a whore. “Don’t tell me you never get people propositioning you.”

“They kind of flirt, but no one’s ever been...” he stammered before he added, “been naked like that.”

“You must be making very little money.” She eyed him again.

He shrugged.

“All the way from Ames, Iowa to Los Angeles, California? That’s quite a change.”

“No kidding.” He exhaled loudly.

“What’s a pizza boy earn in a week?”

“None of your business. Now, is this my tip or do you have anything smaller?” He held up the bill.

“Five thousand.”

“Five thousand what?” He tilted his head in confusion.

“Dollars.”

“What about it? You think I earn that in a week? Are you nuts?”

“No. But you can earn it in a half hour.”

He blinked in shock. “You’d pay me five grand...for...for what?”

“*What* is up to you?”

Dylan felt the gooseflesh on his arm rise. Five thousand? Man, could he use five thousand dollars! “Up to me? I don’t get it.”

“Well.” She touched her cheek in a gesture of thinking deeply. “You can just undress for me. Or, you can let me touch your skin.” Eying his crotch, she added, “Bonus if it’s your cock.”

Dylan fell back against the closed door behind him to prevent from toppling over. “You’d pay me more than five grand to touch my dick?”

“More if you make love to me.”

Dylan gave her body another pensive glance through the sheer fabric. Rubbing his face in anxiety, he wondered if he could do it. Get it up. “How...how much more?”

“Pick a number.”

“Pick a number?” He had no idea how high that number should be. After another glance at the interior of the wealth and decadence of her home, he called her bluff. “Okay, lady, ten grand and you get anything you want.”

“Deal.”

“Deal?” he choked.

She held out her hand.

“How will I know you won’t trick me? Use me and then not pay me?” Was he really considering doing this? Sex for money?

She walked into another room and returned a moment later. She leaned over a bureau in the foyer and wrote out a check. Tearing it out, she handed it to him.

It was blank for his name but the amount and her signature were filled in. Then he recognized the script. She was a film star from the old MGM studio, Lila Rosy. Obviously good for the cash.

“I...I...”

“Come with me.” She held his hand. “What’s your name, beautiful boy?”

“Dylan.” He held the check in one hand, ogling it because, at the moment, it was a hell of a lot more appealing than she was.

She led him up the stairs. “Dylan. Perfect.”

They entered a lavish bedroom with antique furnishings of dark rosewood with lace-edged lavender window and bed dressing. Lila removed the check from his stunned fingers, folded it, and stuffed it into his front jeans’ pocket.

His heart was going insane under his ribs. So many thoughts were racing through his head he was dizzy.

How long would it take? Would Carlos and Vic notice he’d been gone? Would his manager, Nick, fire him if he was away too long?

Could he screw this woman? Could he perform, get hard?

He was petrified. Suddenly a portrait of this woman in her prime came into his view. She was a goddess.

Now, that woman he could fuck.

As she began undressing him, Dylan kept his eyes glued to it.

“It’s okay, Dylan,” she whispered. “You think of me when I was in my twenties. It’s just fine.”

“Sorry, Ms. Rosy.” He felt guilty.

Her boney fingers raised his pizza logo shirt over his head. “No need to apologize, Dylan. You are a young, virile, handsome man. You would need a beautiful young woman to make you excited. Believe me. I understand.”

When she peeled open his zipper, revealing his lower abdomen, Dylan tried to remember the last sexual encounter he had.

With Bunnie Weaver, head cheerleader for the Cyclones.

Christ, that long ago?

“You beautiful, beautiful boy,” she crooned as she lowered his jeans.

After kicking off his shoes and socks, he stepped out of his pants and briefs. When he was naked, he felt paranoid someone would catch him prostituting and he’d be dead. “I don’t have a lot of time.” He was shaking like a leaf.

With a tender touch, Lila escorted him to the bed. She lay back on it and asked, “Can you make love to me?”

Dylan looked over his shoulder at the portrait.

Instantly Lila spun around so Dylan could see the painting if they had sex.

“You sure you’re okay with me pretending that’s still you? I feel bad.”

“No. It’s flattering you find me attractive, even if it was ages ago.” She parted the flimsy fabric of her robe.

Dylan kept his eyes glued to the gorgeous starlet hanging on the wall. She grasped his dick and slid her hands over it, making him tingle. Forcing himself to go into an altered state to overcome his nerves, Dylan grew erect.

The minute he was hard, she was about to slip him in.

“No rubber?” He backed up.

“I can’t get pregnant, Dylan,” Lila whispered wryly.

“Still.” He backed off.

As he waited to see what she would do, she lowered down on the bed and took him into her mouth. He quickly looked away to avoid losing his hard-on. When she led his hand to stimulate her, he almost died of embarrassment.

Connecting to that portrait out of necessity, and demanding his brain do his bidding—no wavering, not looking or thinking about reality, Dylan allowed her to use his fingertips to get herself off; all the while she sucked like a pro.

When he actually began to rise to a climax, Dylan felt her increase the pressure of his hand on herself. “Holy shit!” he announced, stunned he was about to come.

His eyes glued to the beauty depicted in the portrait, Dylan climaxed, grunting and jerking his hips into her mouth. A few moments later, she was moaning as well.

As he caught his breath, he was in shock for so many reasons. Dylan felt her nudge. “There’s a bathroom through that door,” she advised him.

Nodding, he climbed off the bed, numb, and made for it.

Washing up, he spotted his face in the mirror and asked himself, “What the hell did you just do?”

When Dylan stepped out timidly, Lila was sitting on the bed wrapped in her robe, smiling sweetly at him.

“I have to go.”

“I know.”

Getting dressed, feeling her eyes on him the entire time, Dylan made sure the check was still in his pocket when he said, “Thank you, Ms. Rosy.”

She escorted him back to the door, handing him the one hundred dollar bill again as well. “For the pizza.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes, my darling boy. Come back if you need the money, or...” she kissed his cheek, “want to please an old has-been.”

His heart broke for her. How terrible to have been so perfect and then fade to obscurity. “I will.” He pecked her cheek in return.

After he was in his truck with the air conditioning running, he read the check again and whistled through his teeth. “Unreal.”

* * * *

“Traffic bad?” Carlos asked as he spun pizza dough into the air.

“Yes. Murder.” Dylan stuffed a wad of cash into the till and looked at the new list of addresses for deliveries. “You want me to wait or take these now?”

“Go now. Vic should be back soon.”

Dylan picked up the stack of boxes. “See ya.”

“See ya.”

On his way to the truck, Vic pulled up beside him.

“Hey, dude.” Vic smiled.

“Hey.” Dylan slid the pizzas into the insulator in the back and shut the door of the truck. Vic was standing there, waiting for him.

“Is there a ton more inside?”

“No. Carlos was making a few, but these were the only ones ready to go.”

“You want me to take half?”

“No. I got it. Thanks.” Dylan pulled his keys out of his pocket.

“Wait.”

Dylan spun around.

“You dropped something.”

When Dylan realized the check had fallen out of his pocket and Vic was reading it, he panicked and snatched it out of Vic’s hand.

“Dude!” Vic laughed. “Score!”

Without a word, Dylan crammed it back into his jeans, trying not to die of embarrassment. He jumped into the truck and started the engine up. Leaving the parking lot, hoping Vic would keep his mouth shut. Dylan read the first address on the list and tried to slow his racing pulse.

Dylan arrived at his first stop and stood in the dingy apartment complex with two pizza boxes in his hand. Dylan couldn’t stop thinking about having sex for money. It was repulsing and alluring at the same time. He rang the bell.

“Yeah?”

“Pizza,” he shouted through the closed door.

The moment the door opened, a waft of cigarette smoke and body odor hit Dylan. A greasy looking man with a cigarette in his lip, and a stained white t-shirt not covering his protruding stomach, pushed back the door. "Set it on the table, kid."

Dylan dreaded when they said that. Couldn't they just take the fucking pizzas at the door?

He entered the tiny living room. Porn was playing on a small screen television, beer cans were left around the place, and raunchy magazines littered the coffee table. Putting the stack of boxes in the kitchen, Dylan read the receipt Carlos had taped to the cardboard. "Twenty-five dollars and sixty cents, please."

"I said extra pepperoni. Has it got extra pepperoni?"

Dylan checked Carlos' writing. "Yes."

The man opened one box at a time, inspecting it. "Good. I love pepperoni."

Just give me the fucking money.

"Let me find my wallet. You want a beer?"

Oh, fuck no. Dylan tried not to visibly cringe. "No. I have to get going. More pies to deliver."

"Wait there."

What choice do I have? Dylan screamed in his head. While the man was out of the room, Dylan made his way back to the front door, glancing at the nasty photos of women on the covers of the magazines. These were not Playboy. Not even close. He didn't even look at the television set.

When the man emerged, he was holding out cash. Two twenties.

Dylan opened his wallet and counted out change.

"Just give me back a ten."

Taking the money, putting it into the wallet, Dylan held out a ten dollar bill. Seeing the man hesitate, Dylan was about to ask him verbally to take it when he noticed the guy's cock was hanging out of his pants. "Come on, man!" Dylan winced, dropped the ten to the floor and left, shaking his head in disgust.

Dylan wondered if the world had gone completely crazy or if he had the worst fucking luck on the planet.

As the end of their shift arrived, Vic cornered Dylan by his pickup truck. "Dude."

"What?" Dylan was exhausted and wanted to go home.

After a peek around, Vic leaned against his side to whisper, “I get some action as well. Great gig, huh?”

“I’m not so sure.” Dylan rubbed his face tiredly.

“Ten grand? Never got that much. What did you have to do for it?”

“Never mind. Just keep your mouth shut.”

“I do. I don’t tell anyone. Discretion is my middle name.” Vic put his finger to his mouth in a gesture to keep quiet.

“See ya.”

“See ya.”

As Dylan drove home he tried to clear his mind. Too many thoughts were passing through it, and he couldn’t decide if he was lucky, as Vic said, ‘a great gig’, or insane.

Chapter Three

Monday morning, Dylan was back at Body Builders' Gym. Greeting the same woman, going through the rote moves like a robot, Dylan slept poorly thinking about the money that the old woman had given him. He didn't want to deposit the check.

Well, he did. He could use the money, but he like he didn't really deserve it.

What am I? A whore? Here's the ex-jock super-athlete-quarterback from Iowa State, screwing old ladies for a living. Augh!

In his gym shorts and a scant muscle T, Dylan stood before a mirror and stretched. *Legs today. Legs and abs.*

Deep inside his thoughts, Dylan loaded up a bar for squats and gave his quadriceps a good rub down to loosen them up. Heaving the bar to his shoulders, behind his neck, Dylan stood before the mirror and began his routine.

An older man was watching him.

At first Dylan disregarded it, until he remembered Ron speaking with the same man yesterday, pointing him out.

What now?

Forcing himself to stop being distracted by the man's leer, Dylan continued his lifting. He finished his set of squats, returned the bar to the floor and loaded it with more weights.

"Excuse me."

Dylan paused before meeting this man's eyes and tried to find some inner strength to deal with being the object of so many people's desires. Why the hell couldn't he be spotted by a goddamn sports scout for the freakin Raiders?

"Yeah?" Dylan met his gaze.

"I'm Madison Henning."

Dylan shook his extended hand. "Dylan Conway."

After Madison released Dylan's grasp, he stepped closer for a more confidential conversation. Dylan knew the bottom line would most likely be a play for his ass. At least the guy was nice looking and seemed classy.

"I'm a photographer for Capon Books. We specialize in male nudes."

Dylan lowered his head, rubbing his eyes tiredly.

"All above board, Dylan." It was as if Madison could see his annoyance. "We're a big, well established publishing house. Nothing sleazy."

Looking down, Dylan noticed a business card being presented. He took it and read it.

"Mostly torso shots. None of cocks."

Dylan nodded, silent.

"Are you already a model?"

"No." Dylan stuffed the card into the tiny pocket of his gym shorts.

"What do you do?"

Almost as if he had to add it as a disclaimer, Dylan replied, "I was first string quarterback at Iowa State last year..." continuing ruefully, Dylan whispered, "I deliver pizza now."

Madison's warm hand rested on Dylan's shoulder sympathetically. "Come to the studio. You have nothing to lose."

"I'm finding that out." Dylan met his brown eyes. "A loser is already lost."

"You are anything but. Just because the assholes in the world of pro sports didn't recognize your talent doesn't mean no one else will."

"Yeah, but a talent for what?" Dylan looked around to see if anyone was listening. "I want to play ball."

A wry smile appeared on Madison's face.

Dylan chuckled. "Football."

"I know. Sorry. I couldn't help myself, but at least I didn't verbalize it."

At the humor coming from Madison, Dylan's dower mood lightened up. "Listen, tell me something. In a million years would this kind of thing help me get into pro football?"

Madison shrugged. "This is LA where dreams are made of."

Taking a moment to think, Dylan knew damn well sleeping with old women wasn't going to get him noticed by a scout or recruiter. Maybe his photo would. Accompanied with a bio? Was that in the realm of possibilities? "Uh. Do you pay me for taking my photos?"

"Yes," Madison answered, smiling.

"Okay."

"When are you available?"

"Mostly mornings. I work afternoon until around ten. And I have Monday and Tuesday's off most weeks unless someone's called in sick."

"Are you off today?"

"Yes."

"Finish your workout. I'll meet you after. I don't want to interrupt you."

"Okay." As Madison smiled and walked away to continue his own routine, Dylan hefted the bar back to his shoulders and stared at his reflection. His mom would tell him to get a haircut. The brown waves had begun to cover his eyebrows and the tops of his ears. Screw that. No one told him what to do anymore.

* * * *

Showered, dressed and rolling his towel up so it fit into his gym bag, Dylan began to get a little excited. He just hoped it wasn't some scam to fool the hick from Iowa. He'd heard enough of those horror stories to last a lifetime. But he was big and powerful and not afraid of anyone. Unless someone had a gun, he wasn't intimidated in the least.

Dylan stood by the front entrance waiting for Madison, who he knew had also gone into the locker to change.

"Hi, Dylan."

That girl behind the counter was smiling at him. Christ, he never remembered her name. "Hi."

"It's not so hot out today. I mean, it's at least in the low eighties."

"True." She wasn't his type, and the small talk was annoying. When did he become such a grump? *Christ, I used to be Mr. Personality. Is this what crushed dreams do to a person?*

"You ready, Dylan? Let's go." Madison appeared, opening the door for him.

"Bye, Dylan!" the girl shouted, waving.

"Bye." He waved, making sure he smiled.

“Pretty girl.”

Dylan shrugged. “Her kind is all over this city.” He spotted Madison’s wry smile.

“Indeed. Okay. Are you comfortable following me?” Madison stopped at a sleek, silver Mercedes Benz.

“Sure.”

“The address is on the card I gave you, along with my cell phone number if I lose you.”

“Okay.” Dylan nodded, walking to his nearby truck. He stuffed his gym bag behind the seat and climbed in. Once he was behind the wheel, Dylan took out the business card to keep handy and turned over the ignition.

Madison was waiting for him at the exit of the lot.

Beginning to get psyched, Dylan hugged the bumper of that fancy car, imagining owning an expensive car himself some day.

In less than fifteen minutes, Dylan was led to a high-rise building in the heart of the downtown core. As Madison parked in a reserved spot, Dylan noticed him waving and pointing to the one beside him. Dylan pulled in and shut off the engine.

They met behind the bumpers and Madison gestured to an elevator. “Traffic wasn’t too bad.”

“No. For a change.” Dylan stuffed his hands into his pockets.

“How old are you, Dylan?” Madison pushed the ‘up’ button.

“Twenty-five.”

Madison nodded in acknowledgement.

After three people exited, he and Madison stepped into the elevator.

“How long have you been a photographer?” Dylan asked.

“Twenty years,” Madison replied wistfully.

“You photograph only nude men?”

“Yes. I suppose once you become known for a genre and are successful, you tend to stick to it.”

Dylan assumed Madison was gay. Why else would a handsome older man want to take pictures of young naked men?

“Hello, Mr. Henning,” a receptionist greeted him, handing him notes and envelopes.

“Good morning, Sandra.”

Dylan avoided her gaze, blushing. She obviously knew why he was there.

“Right this way, Dylan.”

As he was escorted down a long corridor, Dylan knew this was no cheap fly-by-night business. The place reeked of cash. Framed posters of book promos, top models, advertisements, all peppered the walls in a proud announcement of their achievement. Buff handsome male icons were everywhere; as far as the eye could see up and down halls and inside offices. Dylan began to feel honored he was chosen.

All right, it wasn't the Raiders, but this was better than pizza.

“Can I get you anything to drink?” Madison asked as he showed Dylan into a studio set up with cameras, lights, tripods, and ironically, a bed that appeared more like a prop than a sleeping place.

“I wouldn't mind some water. If it's not too much trouble.”

“No trouble at all. Have a seat. Let me alert my staff you're here.”

When Madison left, Dylan wedged his hands into his jeans' pockets and looked at all the equipment in awe. A moment later, an entourage of people appeared. One man handed Dylan a bottle of water, icy cold.

“Thank you,” Dylan said as he went for it.

“No problem.” The young man gave him a good once over.

Nerves, the thirst from his workout, whatever the reason, Dylan chugged the water down as the individuals seemed to immediately know their role in the room.

Madison stood beside him, pointing to each man as he introduced him. Dylan caught none of their names. He was on edge suddenly and apprehensive.

“There's a place to change in there.” Madison pointed. “Take a robe to wear if you feel uncomfortable.”

Looking for a spot to set down the empty water bottle, the same young man who had handed it to him took it, smiling sweetly.

“Thanks.” Dylan made a move to the door he was directed to. “Uh,” he signaled Madison back over with a wave.

“Yes, Dylan?”

“We didn't even discuss this. I mean, negotiating on money, signing papers...shouldn't we do all that?”

A knowing grin on his lips, Madison assured him, “We will. We just want to see what the camera does for you. Sometimes it’s not what we’re looking for and well...” Madison paused.

“Oh. So, I get naked in front of all these people and you may tell me, no thanks, after getting my picture taken nude? What am I stupid?”

It only took a moment for Madison to consider the comment. He held Dylan’s hand and led him out of the studio to his office.

“Have a seat.”

Dylan did, immediately seeing more of Mr. Henning’s handiwork displayed all over the walls, and a bookshelf crammed with his volumes of books as well those of as his contemporaries.

As Dylan waited, Madison opened a file of his desk, removed a handful of paperwork and set it down in front of Dylan. “Release forms, copyright info, verification of date of birth, disclaimers, first right of refusal for next assignment, exclusivity...”

As the list continued, Dylan immediately knew he bit off more than he could chew. “Jesus!”

Madison reclined in his chair, smiling. “Overwhelming, huh?”

“Especially for a dumb schmuck from Iowa.” Dylan dug his hand through his hair as he tried to scan the forms.

“Babe, let me give you the highlights. Okay?”

“Please.” Dylan’s head began to ache.

“Look. We don’t know you, you don’t know us. So we take baby steps. We do a shoot and see what you look like. If we like it, we can decide where to use you. Most likely it’ll be in a compilation book of male nudes. Or, if you’re photographically outstanding and garner a load of attention, who knows? More. Then there is your option of being non-exclusive. You may find that as your photo gets around, people want to contact you for other things. Not just photography. Maybe film, maybe ads.”

Dylan’s mouth began to water. “Maybe pro sports?”

“I’ve never heard of that happening, but never say never.”

“So how do I decide? Should I get an agent?”

“That’s up to you. Agents are a mixed blessing. On one hand they do protect you from bad contracts. But they take a percentage. A hefty one. And for a newcomer like you, it’d cut your wages significantly, and the agent may or may not be able to get you another gig.”

Dylan had to decide if he trusted Madison Henning. “Show me one of your books.”

Rising up, Madison handed Dylan one from off the bookshelf.

The tome was large, hardbound, and had one of the most fantastic looking men he had ever seen in his life on the cover. Just the man’s face. Dark hair, light eyes, chiseled cheekbones.

“Is this guy rich now?” Dylan pointed him out.

“I don’t know his annual income, but he’s got two homes, one here and one in Prague.”

Dylan flipped pages. The entire book contained the same quality of men; too beautiful to comprehend as real. He’d never seen real men look like this. Where were they hiding? They certainly weren’t on the television or in the movie theaters.

“Wow.”

“Wow indeed.” Madison agreed sweetly. “I scour the world looking for the most beautiful men on the planet.”

“You’ve found them.” Dylan shook his head. “Son of a bitch.”

“Are you gay, Dylan?”

Dylan met his eyes nervously.

“That by no means is a mandatory question for you to answer.”

“I’ve only been with women.” Dylan added shyly, “So far...”

“Fair enough.”

“Okay. I’m sold.” Dylan set the heavy volume on the desk. “Back to the studio? Then if I pass muster, return here to the forms?”

“Not only are you handsome, you’re clever.”

“Just unlucky in sports.” Dylan rose up.

“Is that your passion?” Madison led the way back to the studio.

“Yes. I love it so much that when I was left behind in the draft pick, I almost died.”

Dylan’s chest tightened. “I had a football scholarship. I was MVP of my senior year. I thought I had it made.”

Madison rubbed Dylan’s back gently. “You’re still young. Don’t lose faith.”

“I keep training, you know.” Dylan stepped back inside the room of waiting men.

“Hoping one day...”

Madison cupped his chin. “I’ll keep my ears open for any sign of a scout.”

“Would you?”

“I would.”

“Thanks, Madison. I mean that.”

“Go and get ready.”

Nodding, Dylan entered the tiny changing room and began undressing. As he draped his shirt on a hook on the wall and his jeans across a chair, Dylan paused to look at himself naked. A deep sigh escaping his lips, he wrapped up in a white terry cloth robe and returned to the waiting crew.

The minute he appeared, Madison approached him. “Okay, Dylan, this is the plan. You kneel on that bed, take the sheet and bring it up to cover yourself. Not too much, just enough.”

Dylan nodded he understood.

“Someone brush his hair and give his face a quick powder.”

The same young man who had given him water rushed over.

Dylan stared at the young man’s eyes as he was attended. “I’m sorry. When Madison said your name, I forgot it.”

“Jasper.”

“Huh. That’s an unusual name.”

“I know.” He chuckled. “Made it up.”

Not knowing how to answer, Dylan blinked in surprise. Jasper brushed his hair, fluffing it full, making it lay across his forehead. Next, he puffed his face lightly with powder.

“He’s ready, boss.”

“Okay, Dylan. In your own time.”

Dylan tossed the robe aside. He wasn’t that horribly modest and had undressed in locker rooms with dozens of men hundreds of times. He made his way to the middle of the bed on his knees. “Like this?”

“Yes. Cover up.”

Almost forgetting, Dylan grasped the crumpled sheet in one hand and used it to cover the bare minimum, his dick and balls just under his pubic hair.

From behind the camera lens, Madison began his instruction. “Arch your back slightly. Raise your jaw.”

Dylan heard the camera whir.

“Tighten your abs, hard...perfect. Open your mouth, just a little...use your free hand to caress your chest...”

As Madison’s calm, yet firm voice commanded his every move, Dylan relaxed and began to enjoy it. The five men in the room were ogling him overtly. It felt damn nice to be the center of attention and appreciated. It’s what he felt like after a victorious football game. *Damn nice.*

He grew a semi-erection from the thrill.

“...lower the sheet just a tad...good. Lick your lips. Jasper, go mess up his hair. Dylan, relax your abs for a minute until Jasper is done.”

Releasing his tight stomach muscles, Dylan felt the bed shift. Jasper was kneeling beside him, using his fingers to rough up his thick brown hair. Closing his eyes, Dylan felt instant passion rush through his loins at Jasper’s arousing touch. Using the sheet, he pressed his erection down between his legs.

“Jasper, get off.”

The way it was said, Dylan immediately opened his eyes to look at Madison.

“Use the sheet to hold your cock, Dylan. Show it off under the material.”

About to gape in shock that Madison knew he was rock hard, Dylan brought his cock upright and surrounded it with the sheet so it showed through the material.

“Hold the base...now the tip. Fucking perfect. Dylan...fucking perfect. Both hands. Use one behind it to bring it away from your body, the other to hold the bottom. Jasper, make sure it’s covered up.”

Feeling Jasper’s hands tugging on the thin white cotton over his erect cock, Dylan closed his eyes again at the surge of delight. The pleasure was extremely intense and he didn’t know why.

“Get out of the shot now, Jasper,” Madison demanded, the shutter on the camera going wild. Then Madison commanded, “Open your eyes, Dylan. Look down at yourself.”

Dylan had a tremendous urge to jack off in front of these men. The stimulation was like nothing he’d felt before. Maybe this is what he was craving from football. Admiration.

He stared at his own hands and his big dick showing through the white cotton.

“Tense your abs.”

Dylan obeyed.

“Look at the camera.”

Feeling like a smoldering sexpot suddenly, Dylan did, licking his top lip seductively.

“Fan-fucking-tastic!” Madison shouted in glee. “Dylan! You are too much!”

After another minute, Madison said, “Take a break. That’s it.”

Dylan sat back on his heels to rest, actually sweating from the hot lights and physical demand. He was still rock hard and holding his cock through the sheet. As Madison fussed with his camera, Dylan caught all the other men in the room staring at him. He gave his cock a little jerk. The rapt attention was amusing him. Just for fun, he continued to massage it gently.

“I’m gonna cream,” Jasper moaned.

Madison instantly looked up.

Dylan stopped moving his hand.

“Did I miss something?” Madison asked the circle of men who were mesmerized by his model.

“Dylan was about to fly solo.” Jasper grinned impishly.

The blush hot in his cheeks, Dylan assumed he knew what that meant though he’d never heard the term before.

“Well, well, Dylan Conway...you’re full of surprises.” Madison chuckled ironically.

“I’m afraid you will be signing that pile of paperwork, good looking. I want you.”

“So do I,” one of the other men moaned.

Flattered, Dylan laughed modestly. “You guys are great.”

“You can get dressed now, Dylan.” Madison nodded to the door, a sweet smile on his lips.

Even with his erection still protruding from his body, Dylan tossed off the sheet, didn’t bother with the robe, and strutted across the floor to the changing room. Right before he disappeared he looked over his shoulder. Only Madison was busy. The other men were licking their chops at the back view.

Laughing to himself as he entered the room, Dylan felt lightheaded and happy for the first time since he’d began working as a pizza boy nine months ago.

He got dressed, still smiling at this odd turn of events in his life. When he exited the room, only Jasper was there waiting for him.

“Madison is in his office.”

“Okay.” Dylan made a move to leave the room.

“Hey, wait...”

At the softness of the request, Dylan paused and turned around.

Jasper closed the gap between them. “I have a second job other than this.”

Dylan waited, wondering what that information had to do with him.

“I...I work in film.” Jasper bit his lip anxiously.

“And?” Dylan stared into Jasper’s blue eyes, imagining him only to be eighteen or nineteen years old. He was slight and willowy.

“I just thought, you know, because of the high you got from being naked with guys watching...”

“Oh, no. I’m not going with—” Dylan shook his head, assuming this was a come-on.

“Shh! Wait. Let me finish.” Jasper poked his head out of the room to the hall. He gripped Dylan’s arm and whispered, “I work for this awesome studio. Tartarus Studio.”

“And? Why do I need to know this?”

“Because it can bring you money and fame. Isn’t that what life’s all about?”

Laughing under his breath, Dylan asked, “They have any connection with pro sports?”

“Huh?” Jasper tilted his head. When it was obvious Jasper didn’t get it, or care, he persisted, “Dylan, you liked it in there.” Jasper pointed to the bed. “Come with me to check it out.”

“I can’t act. Who would want me in a film?”

“You don’t have to act.” Jasper looked out into the hall again nervously.

“Look, Jasper, Madison is expecting me.” Dylan gently edged out of Jasper’s grasp.

“Come one time.” Jasper held up his index finger. “Please.”

Shifting his weight in irritation, Dylan asked, “Come where? When?”

“Tomorrow?”

Dylan knew he had the day off. “I workout in the mornings.”

“What about tomorrow night?”

Rubbing his forehead, Dylan sighed. “This isn’t a date with you, is it, because—?”

“No. Unfortunately.” Jasper rolled his eyes in irritation. “One hour. That’s it.”

Throwing up his hands, Dylan said, “Fine. Where?”

“Can I pick you up at your place?”

“I knew it.” Dylan twisted away.

Jasper grabbed him. “Fine! Meet me there.” Jasper dragged Dylan back into the studio and scribbled down an address. “Here’s my cell phone number if you don’t want to go. At least call me if you’re not.”

Dylan read the information. “What time?”

“Seven.”

“Okay.” He stuffed the paper into his jeans’ pocket. “But it’s not a date. I’m not going to kiss you or anything.”

“No! Shut up. Get going.”

Making his way to Madison’s office, Dylan found him working at his desk. “Sorry. Got waylaid by Jasper.”

“Oh? What’s he trying to sell you?” Madison appeared amused as he continued to write on the forms under his hands.

“Tartarus Studios? Ever hear of them?” Dylan reclined in the seat across from Madison’s desk.

A very wry smile inched across Madison’s handsome features. “Yes.”

“What the hell am I in for, Madison?” Dylan leaned his elbows on the desk.

Madison’s brown eyes rose slowly to meet his. “Porn.”

Jolting back, Dylan choked. “Porn?”

Nodding, Madison set his pen down. “I hate to say it, Dylan, but I would have mentioned it to you as well after that shoot we just did.”

“Porn?” Dylan was struggling to digest it.

As if to speak confidentially, Madison leaned over his paperwork. “Dylan, very few men out there, as handsome and as well endowed as you are, can get excited in front of cameras and crew. You are a rare commodity and producers will pay a lot for it.” Madison took a moment before adding, “Unless you’re hooked on delivering pizza for a living.”

Stunned didn’t begin to describe Dylan’s reaction. ‘Porn?’ he mouthed silently, mostly to himself.

Nodding, Madison let out a low chuckle. "I dabbled in it myself when I was your age. I thought it was great fun. You get to have sex and get a paycheck for it. Just depends upon your sensibilities about the topic. Some men are religious or afraid of being exposed in the media. There are millions of reasons never to do it."

"Any reason I should do it?" Dylan's insides were jumping like a live wire.

Madison rested his jaw on his hand and stared at Dylan for a moment. "You got off on our shoot, Dylan. Porn is that thrill times ten."

"What about AIDS?"

"The industry is clean now. Condoms only."

Dylan tried to absorb the shock. "You did it?"

"I did. I sometimes wish I still could. But I'm forty-five."

"You enjoyed it that much?" Why did this fascinate him? Dylan had no clue. He'd watched one porn film at a stag night in college. He was very drunk. It was a good laugh.

"I did. Loved it."

"Loved it?" Dylan echoed.

"I suppose it depends how much you like sex." Madison settled back in his leather chair, his hands knotted on the top of the desk. "Some men can't get enough. If a lot of sex isn't your thing, you'd hate it. It's work, make no mistake. Some macho men think they can get it up and screw, no problem. But in front of cameras? On demand? Let me tell you, Dylan, it's not a cakewalk."

Dylan was hard in his pants already. "If I like it, am I an exhibitionist?"

"Yes. You are." Madison laughed heartily.

Peering around the room to the open door, Dylan confided, "I did like being naked in the locker room." Pausing, he added, "I had fantasies of the coach touching me."

"Really? Do you like older men, Dylan?"

Blushing in humiliation, Dylan nodded. "I've never told a soul that." He rubbed his crotch at the memories of his coach pulling him aside for special instructions and imagining kissing the man.

"I'm flattered you trust me enough to tell me."

Dylan's cheeks blushed. "I don't know why I do. There's something very honest about you, Madison. All the way through this you've been straight up with me."

“I feel it’s the best way. I don’t want any man feeling misguided or used. It’s never my intention.”

“Is Tartarus a good studio to work for?”

“One of the best.”

“Really?” Dylan massaged his cock through his jeans.

“Really. They treat their staff like gold. Care deeply for each member, and in particular they are kind and patient with new talent.”

“Then I should go?”

“I can’t decide that for you.”

“I’m intrigued. I can’t argue the fact that I’m interested.”

“I know. You’ve been playing with yourself since we began talking about it.”

Dylan moved his hand away from his crotch. “Do you have x-ray vision?” he laughed.

“Let’s just say I know too much about men.”

Trying not to feel embarrassed by the incident, Dylan whispered, “If my parents found out I did it, they’d be pissed.”

“No one uses their real names in the biz. And as long as your parents don’t buy porn...”
Madison opened his hands in a gesture of ‘who will know’.

“A fake name?” Dylan laughed.

“Yes. All the actors in the industry use aliases. No one wants the aggravation of a lunatic fan or a problem later down the line.”

“Right.” Dylan ran his fingers through his hair.

“When did Jasper want you to go to the studio?”

“Tomorrow night.”

“Then you have a day to ponder it.”

“Can you come with us?”

Madison studied Dylan closely. “You really think you need me there?”

Feeling foolish suddenly, Dylan shook his head. “No. No, it’s okay. I’m sure I can deal with it.”

“You can. Believe me, no one will ask you to do anything you’re not comfortable doing. You can leave anytime.”

“I don’t know why I asked you. I’m an idiot.” Dylan felt like a juvenile suddenly.

Madison reached out his hand. Dylan took it.

“You are alone in a very big city, Dylan. A city where strangers are eaten for dinner. You aren’t an idiot. As a matter of fact, you are more grounded and sensible than ninety-nine percent of the young men I see in here.”

Dylan squeezed Madison’s hand tighter. The man was incredibly handsome, forty-five or not. “That means a lot to me coming from someone like you.”

Madison patted Dylan’s wrist gently, releasing their grasp. “Right. To the business at hand. I already know now you should be non-exclusive to give you the right to go with Tartarus if you wish.”

Nodding, Dylan said, “Just tell me where to sign.”

After they completed the paperwork, Dylan stood to shake Madison’s hand as he escorted him out. When the two of them stood at the threshold of the doorway, Dylan impulsively hugged him. “Thank you.”

Madison leaned back and cupped Dylan’s jaw affectionately. “You’re welcome. Anytime you need advice, or just an ear, you call me.”

Releasing his hold on him, Dylan nodded, slightly humiliated by his impulse to embrace Madison. He walked down the long corridor and peered back. Madison waved at him, still smiling.

Returning his sweet smile, Dylan found four gorgeous men in the waiting area. The moment he walked in, they looked up from the magazines they were reading. It occurred to Dylan that not only did Madison have a knack for picking beautiful men, he also didn’t rush them out of his office even though he had other appointments waiting. The consideration was not lost on him.

“Hey,” Dylan said shyly.

“Hey,” four men answered back, all giving him the same look of mutual admiration.

High from all the attention, Dylan made his way to his truck, hoping very soon that the life of a pizza boy would be a just bad memory.

* * * *

It was only noon when he came through his apartment door. A light was flashing on his answering machine. Taking his damp towel and gym clothing out of his bag to wash, Dylan

started the laundry before attending his calls. There was only one answer as to who left the message. His family back in Iowa.

Sitting on his bed, he hit play.

“Hello, Dylan, it’s your mother. I just called to say hello and see how you are. Call me.”

He picked up the phone and dialed.

“Hello?”

“It’s me, Mom.”

“Oh. I didn’t expect you to call me back so soon.”

“Why? Did you just leave the message now?”

“Yes. Never mind. How are you?”

Thinking about everything he’d been through all morning, Dylan replied flatly, “Fine.”

“Any luck with the football teams?”

“Not yet. I’m still working on it.”

“Why California, Dylan? Why so far from home?”

“You know why.” He grew annoyed. “I got a letter from the Raiders for a tryout.”

“But it didn’t work. You need to come back home. Your father and I—”

“Mom.” He knew the lecture by heart. “I’m not coming back to Iowa.”

“Dylan. There’s no need to be embarrassed. People around here know how hard it is to get into the pro sports business. No one will judge you.”

“Mom.” His temper began rising regarding a conversation they had had too many times.

“Are you dating anyone?”

Ironically, his reasons for not finding a girlfriend were because he may go back to Iowa one day. His life was one big contradiction and it was making him very confused. “Not yet.”

“So? All alone in that crazy place. No family. No friends.”

“I have friends.” Dylan thought of Madison.

“Are you lonely, Dylan?”

At the soft tone, Dylan’s annoyance left. “No. I’m okay.”

“When are you coming for a visit? Do you want me and your dad to fly out just for a week or so?”

Knowing the timing was terrible at the moment, Dylan replied, “Can we wait until Christmas? I’ll come home then.”

“You sure?”

“Sure.”

“Are you still working for that pizzeria?”

“Yes.”

“Are you getting by?”

“I am.” He checked the time. He was hungry for lunch.

“Okay, baby. You know your dad and me are here if you need us.”

“Thanks, Mom. I appreciate you calling.”

“Okay. Bye, Dylan.”

“Bye.” He hung up and stared at his lap for a minute thinking.

Well, actually, Mom, I just got a job posing nude for a male photographer who takes pictures for books, and I may work in the porn industry as well. I'll be changing my name so no one will know who I am. And if I'm lucky, some scout from the football association will be a porn fan, see me, and read my profile and biography. He'll offer me a contract to play for the Raiders, The Forty-niners, or maybe the Chargers, and I'll be the quarterback for a pro football team. What do you think of that, Mom?

“I've lost my mind.”

* * * *

After he ate a quick sandwich for lunch, Dylan drove to the local video rental shop and nonchalantly made his way to the triple-x room. Paranoid because he'd never rented anything even remotely related to porn, he wondered if the other men around him thought he fingered himself in back-alley theaters. They looked as though they did and it was giving him the creeps as they drooled over him.

Scanning the DVD boxes, Dylan hadn't a clue on how to go about picking up one that was interesting. They all looked the same. Dylan became paranoid it was taking too long. He grabbed one with cheerleaders on it, hiding it as he took it up to the counter. As painlessly as he could, he set up an account with the store clerk, and paid for the rental, never meeting the clerk's eyes once.

With the DVD and a bag of microwave popcorn as his evening's entertainment, Dylan stopped home to drop off the items, deciding on a stroll along the beach to kill time.

* * * *

By six he was hungry again and ready to settle in for the night. Kicking off his shoes, changing into a pair of gym shorts and nothing else, Dylan heated some leftover Chinese food, staring at the DVD cover as he did, reading the lame storyline. Cheerleaders and football players. How bad could that be?

After he had finished eating and rinsed the dish, Dylan set the DVD on a table and watched the news and some other pointless crap on the television. At eight o'clock he had psyched himself up for his second foray into porn. The first one, he was so drunk, he didn't remember much other than the guffaws of his other drunken friends as they made nasty comments about it. He stuck the microwave popcorn into the oven and waited.

Once it popped, he set it in a bowl on the coffee table and inhaled deeply. "Right." The DVD in the player, the remote control in his hand, he hit the play button and said, "Let's go."

Chewing a mouthful of popcorn, he could already tell it was a low budget film before it even began. The opening credits were so cheesy he almost lost interest before anything resembling sex appeared.

Finally a shot of men in helmets, pads, and uniforms playing football met his eyes. Smiling in delight, he watched the pigskin being passed downfield, and a rush of pleasure surged in him at the image of the game.

It was nearing fall and the real pro season was closing in. Dylan couldn't wait to be able to watch the games live.

Drawn back to the action, there were the bouncy cheerleaders waving their pompoms. In anticipation of a good scene, Dylan took his cock out of his shorts just in case something worthwhile happened.

When the men were entering the locker room, their cleats making a racket as they shouted and shoved each other, Dylan grew erect. He loved being a part of that chaos; all those men hustling into the showers to celebrate their victories or curse their defeats; their shirts coming off, their taut bodies exposed, the scent of their sweat, like an aphrodisiac of the finest kind.

His attention drifting, Dylan had to force himself back to watch the television set as one of the cheerleaders diverted the handsome quarterback. The dialogue and acting were beyond horrible, but porn wasn't about acting, was it?

"Oh! You are so handsome, stud!"

“How about rewarding the winner by sucking his dick?”

“Good lord.” Dylan rolled his eyes. “Yeah, that happens.”

“My pleasure!”

“Ah! Yes. Suck it. Yes. Ah! Ah!”

The music became distracting, so he lowered the volume. The big handsome quarterback pushed his football pants down his thighs. At the sight of his huge cock, Dylan choked in awe and stared down at his own in comparison.

From then on, the dialogue was, *“Ah! Yes. Ah! More!”*

Another jock appeared from nowhere and joined in. Soon the cheerleader was naked, sucking the quarterback and taking it from behind from another player.

Close ups of a dick inside a pussy and red lipstick on a cock prevailed. Dylan grew hard, but was unimpressed with the quality. What had he expected? Frank Capra or Frances Ford Coppola?

When suddenly the quarterback pulled his dick out of the cheerleader’s mouth and jerked off to come on her face, Dylan actually cringed and his dick grew soft. “Didn’t she suck it well enough?”

The same thing happened to the guy behind her. After twenty minutes of screwing her, he pulled out and jacked off on her ass.

“What the fuck?” Dylan was confounded.

The cheerleader stood up and rubbed the cum all over her face and tits. Dylan shut the DVD off and sat thinking about it.

He certainly could not jack off to that. It was not turning him on.

“Now I have to decide if I can be the guy in the film? You have to be kidding me.” He stuffed his dick into his shorts and laid his head back on the couch, closing his eyes to think.

Chapter Four

At the gym bright and early the next morning, Dylan intended on losing himself in his workout to get things off his mind. While Dylan packed his gear into a locker, he heard his name.

“Dylan.”

When he spun around, he found Ron smiling at him.

“Hi.”

Ron dropped his gym bag on the bench next to Dylan and opened a locker. “What are you working out today?”

“Back and triceps.” Dylan sat down to tie his laces. The heat of Ron’s shoulder pressed against his when Ron took a seat beside him.

“I spoke to Madison last night.”

Dylan perked up. “Did you tell him to ask me in for a photo shoot?”

“I did.”

“Do you work for him?”

“I used to. I work for someone else now.”

“Who could be better than Madison?” Dylan tied his second shoelace.

“It’s not for photography. It’s for film.”

Dylan stopped short and stared into Ron’s blue eyes. “Film?”

“Yeah.” Ron had a dirty smirk on his face.

“Porn.”

“Yeah,” Ron hissed wickedly.

After taking a look around them, Dylan whispered, “Tartarus?”

“How did you know?” Ron tilted his head. “Did Madison mention it?”

“No. One of his assistants did. Jasper.”

Nodding, Ron said, “Jasper works with me.”

Shifting nervously, Dylan enquired, “Do you like the work?”

“Fucking love it.”

“No kidding?” Dylan’s dick grew semi-erect.

“No kidding. And Tartarus is the best fucking place to work in the state.”

“That’s what Madison said as well.”

“You should go talk to them. They would love you.”

Taking another peek at their surroundings, Dylan replied, “I’m meeting Jasper there tonight.”

“Excellent.” Ron peered down at Dylan’s lap. “I see the idea excites you.”

Laughing shyly, Dylan covered his crotch with his hand. “Can’t hide a fucking thing from you guys.”

“No need to.”

“I…” Dylan paused and had another paranoid glance around. “I rented a porn video last night. Man, it sucked.”

“How old was it?”

“I don’t know. Does that matter?”

“It may. Some studios do a better job than others, and some newer ones are better as well. Tartarus is the best by far in all categories. They even have plots in theirs.”

“Good. Because the dialogue and acting.” Dylan made a sour face. “I had to shut it off. Didn’t even jerk off to it.”

“That bad?” Ron laughed.

“Fuck yeah.”

“Huh. My collection always works for me.”

“So, this studio is above board. Clean?” Dylan stood, tucking his shirt into his shorts.

Ron stared at Dylan’s cock through the material. “Yup. Clean, safe, very cutting edge.”

“Am I getting you off?” Dylan teased, certainly expecting to get chided.

“You got me off the first minute I laid eyes on you.”

When Ron met his gaze, Dylan felt his cheeks go crimson. “It was a joke.”

Ron stood up and finished getting ready. “Good luck with your meeting tonight.”

“Thanks. I’ll let you know how it goes.”

“Great.”

Dylan smiled as he left the locker room. “This studio sounds fantastic. Maybe I can quit the damn pizza shop tomorrow,” he muttered, making his way to the weights and stretching his back out in front of his reflection.

* * * *

As he finished changing in the locker room, he kept an eye out for Madison. He had no idea if he came to the gym the same time daily or not. Not seeing him anywhere, slightly disappointed, Dylan waved to Ron who was still working out, and left the gym.

“Bye, Dylan!” The girl behind the counter waved enthusiastically.

“Bye.” *what’s-your-name...*

He sat in the driver’s seat of his truck and took the check out of his pocket from Lila Rosy. He still hadn’t done anything with it. “I can’t do it.”

Dylan decided to drive to her home to return it. He figured with the new jobs on the horizon, things were looking good and his financial stability was no longer in question. He would return it, thank her for her kindness, and be on his way.

Parking out front of her mansion, Dylan stood at a surveillance camera and buzzed the intercom. “Yes?” came a soft voice through the speaker.

“Hi. It’s, Dylan, the pizza guy from last Sunday.”

Instantly the gate opened.

The check in his hand, Dylan walked up to the front entrance and was surprised the front door swung open from behind quickly. The aging starlet, dressed beautifully in white linen, was obviously thrilled with his appearance at her door.

“Dear boy!” She clapped her hands in delight.

“I just wanted to return this to you. I can’t take it. It’s not right.” He held out the check.

“Come in, come in.” She hustled him inside excitedly. “Let me get you a drink. Lemonade? Or would you like something alcoholic.”

“No. I can’t stay. I just wanted—”

Lila hooked his elbow and dragged him to the kitchen. “Lemonade. It’s delicious. We have the view of the pool and the gardens out back.”

“No. Wait, Ms. Rosy...I just wanted to give this back to you.”

“No. You keep it. I insist.” She poured two glasses of lemonade. “Look how lovely the day is.” She held his hand and escorted him outside.

A light breeze blew and the palms and the pink bougainvilleas swayed hypnotically.

“Please. Take this back. It’s killing me.” Dylan again tried to hand it to her.

She directed him to a chair overlooking the pool and panoramic view. “No. Dylan, we made a deal.”

“But it makes me feel like a hooker.”

Her face grew stern. “Nonsense. It was my gift to you.”

“For sex.” Dylan waved it at her. “Fine.” He tore it up and tried to stop it from littering her perfect garden by setting his glass on the shredded bits. Once he had, Dylan found her staring at him.

“What? Don’t look at me like that. I’m sorry if this insults you.” He felt terrible that age had stolen all her beauty. It seemed criminal.

“My word.” She shook her head.

He cringed, waiting for the rebuking.

“A man of honor. A man of grace and goodness. I thought you were a dying species.”

“Huh? Me? Now you’re embarrassing me. I’m not that good.”

“Not that good?” she exclaimed. “You haven’t lived in LA very long, have you?”

“Nine months.”

“Then you are indeed a newborn.” Lila held his hand tightly. “Many men are evil and rotten to the core. I’ve had my share.”

“You must have knocked them dead, Ms. Rosy, in your prime.”

“I had the world at my feet.”

“I’m surprised you didn’t do the plastic surgery thing. You know. All the women out here do it.”

“Well. I did a little, but when I was in my forties and fifties, the idea of those things was still quite novel. Now it’s like buying a new outfit.”

The pity he felt for her was morphing to affection. “You’re still beautiful, Ms. Rosy.”

“I’m eighty-two, Dylan. I am no longer anywhere near beautiful.” Her light eyes watered.

“But you have wonderful memories. A house like this to live in...” He gestured to the grandness. “Children?”

“No. No children.”

His heart sunk. “All alone here?”

“I have friends, but no family. I outlived them.” She smiled ironically.

“I’m alone here, too.” Dylan gave her a sweet smile. “We can be alone together.”

When she dabbed at a tear, he reached for her frail form and had her sit on his lap. Holding her around her tiny waist, Dylan felt her relax against his chest and rest her head on his shoulder. As she petted his hair, Dylan closed his eyes. “Alone together,” she sighed. “A sweeter boy I have never met.”

“Hush. You’re embarrassing me.” He exhaled deeply.

In the serenity of the lush landscape, they held each other close; Dylan missing the sense of family, and Lila easing her lonely life.

* * * *

Jasper looked like a drag queen standing out in front of a studio in his skin tight, electric blue, shiny spandex pants and white tank top and sunglasses.

“Christ.” Dylan shook his head as he drove past him. “Man, he is so gay,” he chuckled, wondering why on earth they would use Jasper for a porn movie.

After Dylan parked, Jasper waved to him enthusiastically. “Look at you!” Jasper gushed, “So handsome in your faded black jeans and cowboy boots.”

“Spandex?” Dylan pinched the fabric at Jasper’s hip and snapped it.

“Fresh!” Jasper slapped his arm playfully.

“I can see your dick right through them. You don’t walk around like that do you?”

“Only in WeHo.”

“Where?” Dylan followed him into the building.

“Ah! Such a babe-in-the-woods. Where does one start to teach you?”

Dylan shook his head at his camp wiggle as they walked to the elevator. “You play a role in movies here?”

“They love me.” Jasper flipped his glasses to the top of his head. “Though I’m eighteen, I look sixteen. Makes them cream. Pure twink.”

“Huh?” Dylan felt as if Jasper was speaking a foreign language.

“Just keep quiet and let me do the talking, hunk.” Jasper nudged him into the elevator. “Have you thought of a name yet?”

“No. I figured I’d see if I got a part. What’s the point?”

“Babe!” Jasper widened his eyes. “You’ll be in! Are you joking? Madison is a ton harder to please than Eric Palmer is.”

“Eric Palmer?”

“The producer. Eric Palmer is the producer. Jay Mason is the director. You’ll meet them both.”

“I’ll never get their names straight. I suck at it.”

“Doesn’t matter if you suck at names. That’s the least of your problems. They just want you to suck!”

Making an exaggerated gesture of confusion, Dylan shouted, “Speak English!”

“Hush. Now let me introduce you and shut up until they ask you a question.”

“What the hell have you gotten me into?”

“Paradise.”

Jasper made his way to a glass door once the elevator opened. ‘Tartarus Studio’ was written in bold letters on the door with a logo of a centaur surrounded by flames.

As Jasper wiggled his way to the receptionist, he said, “Hi, puddin’. I’ve a new recruit here to meet Mr. Palmer. Where, pray tell, is he hiding?”

“In his office. He’s expecting you, Jasper. Go ahead in.”

Dylan caught the woman staring boldly at him. “Nice one, Jasper.” She winked at Dylan.

“I know! Kudos for me!”

Dylan stuck his finger into his shirt collar to loosen it. He suddenly became very hot.

“Knock, knock!” Jasper announced as he rapped on the door frame. “You decent, boss?”

“Very funny, Jasper. Come in.”

As Dylan rounded the corner, a handsome man in his mid-forties rose up from behind a desk.

“Eric Palmer, this is the man I was telling you about. Dylan Conway. Oh, and that’s his real name. We haven’t come up with his fake one yet.” Jasper elbowed Dylan in the side to meet Eric’s hand.

“Nice to meet you, sir.” Dylan stretched his arm out for that shake, his cheeks going crimson.

“Very nice indeed, Dylan. Have a seat.”

“Can I stay?” Jasper asked.

“No. Go get ready. You have a shoot in ten minutes. Shoo.”

“Good luck, Dylan!” Jasper waved as he left.

Dylan crossed and uncrossed his legs nervously.

“I spoke to Madison Henning,” Eric began, “we get many recommendations from him. He’s one of the best as far as sending us the right boys for the job.”

Dylan didn’t say a word.

“He showed me photos of your shoot. Impressive, Dylan. You make the camera burn with your erotic heat.”

Dylan gulped audibly. *Burn? Erotic heat? Me?*

“Of course, the question is performance. Though we’ve had dozens, or should I say hundreds of men pass through our doors, few have what it takes to perform under the gun. Madison claimed you had some exhibitionist tendencies.”

“You guys don’t pull any punches, do you?” Dylan felt boiling hot and began rolling up his sleeves.

“No. No one is here to waste time.” Eric leaned his elbows on his desk. “The question is: can you perform with an audience?”

“I’ve never tried. My one and only opportunity was at the shoot yesterday. I could have jacked off. No problem.”

“How many men were in the room?”

“Six, including, Madison.”

“Good. That’s a good sign.” Eric sat back and pointed his finger. “Take off your clothing.”

“Now?” Dylan not only felt hot, he felt sweaty.

“Now.”

Well, he’d come this far. What the hell was he expecting? This was porn.

Before he stood, he slid off his boots and socks. Getting up, facing Eric boldly, Dylan was dying to strip if for no other reason than to cool off. He draped his shirt over his chair and yanked both his jeans and briefs down his legs. As he did, his erection flipped out of his clothing.

Nude, Dylan relaxed his arms at his sides and waited, giving Eric a good inspection as well, trying to judge his opinion.

“Son of a bitch. Fucking hard already. I’m impressed.”

Dylan stroked his own cock lightly. “I don’t know why I get so hot from it. I guess it’s all those years playing ball and being in the locker room with dozens of naked men. I just don’t feel intimidated.”

“How about ejaculating?”

“What about it?” Dylan kept fingering his own cock lightly.

“You ever jack off in front of anyone?”

“I had one girlfriend that got hot from it. Years ago.”

“Girlfriend?”

At the odd look on Eric’s face, Dylan asked, “You don’t think I’m gay, do you?”

“You wouldn’t be the first who’s not.”

“Sorry?” Dylan was lost again.

“I want a test run.”

“Okay. I suppose that’s what I came here for.” Dylan touched his jeans. “Should I put these back on?”

“Up to you.”

“How far are we walking?”

“Down the hall.”

Dylan folded his clothing over his arm, picking up his boots. He nodded he was ready.

Before they entered another room with a light glowing with the words *shooting in progress* over the door, Eric put his fingers to his lips, indicating quiet. Dylan nodded.

Eric waved over an assistant, and he took Dylan’s clothing for him.

Dylan walked behind a camera with Eric. Eric pointed to the action about to take place on a bed in the center of three cameras. “That’s Jay Mason, our director.”

In panic, Dylan scanned the small room. There were four stark naked men, Jasper included, three cameramen, and a few male assistants. “Where the hell are the women?” he said to himself. Eric put his index finger to his own lips to hush him.

Two of the men began kissing hotly as Jasper’s dick was sucked and the other man watched, jerking off.

Oh no. Oh no... Dylan panicked. No women. No fucking women. Oh my fucking god! Gay! This is gay porn? No one told me this is gay porn! Help me.

“Cut!” Jay Mason yelled. “Nice. Take a break.”

“Jay, I’ve someone here for you to meet.” Eric brought Dylan over. “Jay, this is Dylan Conway.”

Dylan shook his hand, trying to get used to the intimate inspections.

“Looks like he’s over eight inches. Could we be that lucky?” Jay asked in a very serious tone to Eric.

“When we do his bio we’ll get him measured. Still need a name for him.”

“Dylan?” Jay asked, “Any preference for a name?”

“Name?” Dylan was numb. “Name?”

“I like Dick Rich. Always have,” Eric offered. “Been holding that one out for ages. Dylan? Dick Rich?”

Jay joked, “Not Rich Dick?”

“Too obvious.” Eric winked at him playfully.

“Let’s do a solo,” Jay suggested.

“He’s straight. He’ll need either a female fluffer or some women’s mags.”

“No biggie.” Jay addressed Dylan, “Gay for pay? Wouldn’t be our first. Some of our biggest names are.”

Gay for pay? Dylan was still flabbergasted. *Gay for pay?* What the hell was *gay for pay?*

“Okay, babe. Go in front of the cameras.” Jay pointed to where the other naked men had been, including a nude Jasper, who were now curious voyeurs behind the cameras watching him.

“Go have a seat or stand. However you usually jerk off, Dylan. Er, I mean Dick.” Eric laughed. “What kind of magazines would you like? You like Playboy or something raunchier?”

“Uh...” Dylan looked at all the eyes staring at him in the room. “Anything’s fine.”

“Get him a Playboy,” Eric directed the assistant.

With practiced efficiency, Dylan was handed one.

“There ya go. Let’s see what you’ve got,” Jay encouraged.

See what I’ve got? Dylan met Jasper’s eye. He could tell he was trying to communicate to him not to be nervous. It wasn’t working.

Feeling like he had been duped or somehow missed a very important fact about the films he was encouraged to audition for, Dylan was trying to come up with an excuse in his head to leave.

Uh, look, guys, I'm not gay. I can't...uh...say, fellas, this gay-for-pay business, does that mean what I think...

But instantly, and for no reason, Madison Henning came to his mind. Bold. Confident. Successful. Handsome. And certainly a man who had faith in Dylan's ability to do anything he chose. Even play pro ball one day. Who knew? Madison made Dylan feel that anything wasn't out of the realm of possibility.

Adding to that argument was tomorrow's shift delivering pizza. It was enough motivation for him to give anything a try. And the men here acknowledged he was straight. So there was no slight to his masculinity. They even handed him a Playboy with Pamela Anderson in it. No one here thought he was gay. So? No harm no foul.

He set the magazine on the bed that had been used in the previous scene. Men aimed cameras his way. Dylan ignored them but grew erect knowing they were the silent voyeurs.

Flipping to the centerfold, Dylan began stroking himself.

Before he knew it, Dylan closed his eyes, forgot the photograph, lavishing in the fact that almost a dozen men were getting turned on watching him masturbate.

That stimulated him so much more than any nude picture could. He began rising higher and higher at the thrill. A tiny sound of someone in the background inhaling, possibly out of arousal, met his ears, increasing his enthusiasm.

Dylan ran his free hand over his chest and nipples, smoothing his fingers slowly downwards. As his cock throbbed and hardened, Dylan massaged his balls, feeling their weight and softness in his hand. He peeked from under his eyelids to see every hungry leer aimed at his body, cock, face, licking their chops, holding their breath. It set him on fire.

Parting his lips, Dylan gasped, jerking faster, spreading his legs to brace himself for the orgasm. He met Eric's eyes; the best looking fucker in the room and most likely the oldest. Staring directly at that producer of gay porn, Dylan shot his large load.

Milking it, seeing it spatter the centerfold he hadn't bothered using, he caught his breath.

"Mother fucker," Jasper hissed.

"Cut," Jay spoke softly to the camera crew.

As Jay and Eric approached him, Dylan continued to pull gently on his dick.

"You're in." Jay peered down at the spattered magazine. "Pamela not your cup of tea?"

"Huh?" Dylan was light-headed and wished he had a shot of brandy.

“Nothing.” Jay handed the magazine to his assistant to get rid of it.

Dylan found Eric staring at him. As he gazed back, Dylan licked his dry lips, still recuperating and very nervous after what he had done.

“Someone get him some water,” Eric ordered, obviously reading the expression on Dylan’s face. “Jay, I want to measure him up and write a quick bio.” Eric closed the gap between them.

Dylan thanked the young assistant for the bottle of water and chugged it thirstily.

“We need to have a chat, ‘Mr. Rich’.” Eric smiled wryly. “Put your clothing on and come back to my office.”

Nodding, Dylan finished his water and set the empty bottle aside. As he dressed, he met Jasper’s proud eyes.

“You were perfect,” Jasper mouthed silently.

Dylan blushed and smiled shyly in return.

Once he had dressed he followed Eric back to his office. Dylan flopped down heavily on the chair in front of his desk as Eric beamed at him.

“Wore you out?”

“I think it’s nerves.” Dylan scrubbed his hand through his hair.

“Dylan, you were better than I could have hoped for.”

Leaning his elbows on the desk, Dylan whispered, “I had no idea this was gay porn.”

Eric’s eyes widened. “What?”

“I swear!” Dylan raised his hand in an oath.

“But didn’t you pose for Madison?”

As Dylan scratched the stubble on his jaw, he asked, “Just because I posed nude for one of Madison’s books I’m game for gay porn?”

That set Eric back. Rocking in his leather chair, his hands folded on his lap, Eric finally replied, “I know you’re not gay, Dylan. That I get. But the fact you had no idea this audition was for gay pornography.” Eric shook his head. “I can’t understand why you weren’t told. I totally understand if you want to get out of this, babe. I have no idea whose wires crossed where.”

Staring at the intense blue color of Eric’s eyes, the slight graying at his temples in his thick brown hair, Dylan asked, “What is ‘gay for pay’?”

Inhaling deeply first, Eric replied, “It’s a term we use in the industry that denotes a man who claims he is straight and is only doing gay porn for money.”

“Claims he is straight?”

Eric shrugged. “Semantics.”

Dylan was only more confused.

“Look, babe...” Eric softened his tone. “You have everything it takes to be a superstar in this business.” He paused as if giving Dylan a moment to absorb it. “You’re drop dead gorgeous, have the body of a fucking athlete—including a big dick, can perform under pressure...” Eric shook his head in awe. “And you seem to get off on the thrill.”

Dylan’s cheeks went hot once more.

“Don’t be embarrassed, Dylan. There’s no law against enjoying being admired.”

“What will be expected of me? Just doing myself?”

“Ah, that’s the million dollar question.” Eric reclined again and laced his hands on his lap. “What will Dick Rich do for us?”

Dylan gestured helplessly for Eric to continue. He had to know the score.

“In an ideal world?” Eric smiled.

“Okay. In an ideal world.” Dylan tried to relax. His body had completely recuperated from the earlier performance and he was enjoying Eric’s chiseled good looks immensely.

“We’d use you for everything. Top, bottom, head—”

“Whoa...” Dylan held up his hand. “I’m new to this, remember? Top? Bottom? And head of what?”

Chuckling in amusement, Eric explained patiently, “A top does the penetrating. A bottom, gets it up the bottom, and head, well, you know what giving head is, Dylan.”

“Gay sex.” Dylan began to sweat again.

“Yes. Gay porn equals gay sex I’m afraid.” Eric smiled sweetly. “I won’t blame you if you bolt for the door, Dylan. I had no idea no one advised you this was not straight porn.”

A very large part of Dylan wanted to bolt. He was humiliated by this entire episode. Yet...

“Do I get to decide which I do? Like, if I want to be doing the fucking or getting sucked?”

“Oh! A prima donna!” Eric teased. “We don’t usually play that game, Dylan. And there are men with us who have paid their dues and get to top exclusively.”

“So...what you’re saying is I’ll have to get it up the ass and suck a guy’s cock.”

“No.”

“No?” Dylan tilted his head.

“You can walk out that door and never have to do anything like that. It’s all up to you.”

“Jesus!” Dylan scrubbed his face tiredly.

“Why don’t you go home and take a break. Stop stressing. The last thing Jay and I want to do is bring agony down upon you. No one knew you didn’t know the situation. If you decide against the idea, we’ll destroy the tape we just made of you, and you’re done with the whole business.”

Dylan knew that was wise council. He needed to think and sitting here dying was not helping. “How quickly do you need to know?”

“No deadline. No pressure.”

Dylan stood up and extended his hand. “Thank you.”

“No. Thank you. I just wish we had a gay man to offer that contract to. Dylan, you are so incredible, you’d be our superstar in weeks.”

Absorbing the compliment, Dylan wished he were hearing, ‘You’d be our pro-football superstar quarterback in weeks.’

“Take my card.” Eric handed it to him.

Dylan pocketed it. “It was great meeting you, Eric.”

“You too. Good luck to you, babe, in whatever you decide.”

“Thank you.” Dylan found his way out of the building and looked up at the blue sky. “Why is my life so weird?”

* * * *

Back at the video shop, Dylan returned the cheerleader-football film and felt even more self-conscious searching for a gay DVD. “Oh, Christ, oh, Christ...” he whined quietly.

Snatching one off the shelf that had a photo of two gorgeous men dressed as football players on the cover, Dylan felt like crying in terror at having to actually hand it to the clerk. Sliding the DVD box and his membership card on the counter, Dylan looked everywhere but at the man behind the cash register. He paid, took the DVD and left quickly.

Once he was seated in his truck, he removed it from its bag and had a better look. '*Cock Jocks*'. He read the back blurb.

Shoving it into the sack again, Dylan began to think this whole idea was absurd. He couldn't do this. Gay for pay? That's bullshit. If you took it up the ass, you were gay!

He pulled into this spot in the parking garage, jogged up the stairs to his unit and slipped inside quickly like he was a criminal. Before he did anything else, he sat on the carpet in front of the DVD player and put the disk into the slot, turning on the television to see this gay porn thing first hand.

Hitting play, he remembered something Ron had said and checked the date. The film was current.

Dylan jolted where he sat. "Ron does gay porn?"

When the film began, he moved to the couch. Men in football uniforms were in a locker room acting obnoxious. Very familiar territory. "Okay so far."

Relaxing, splaying open his legs as his body unwound, he enjoyed the recognizable sight of men changing out of sweaty uniforms and pads.

One man, naked, his body fantastic, stood at his locker busy finding his soap and towel. Another man grabbed the first man's ass in a tease.

Dylan remembered Bruce Risen had done that to him after a winning game.

"Nice ass, Brad," the second man said.

Bruce never made that comment to him. If Dylan remembered right, Bruce said, "Nice game, Dylan."

"Yeah, you'd love it," Brad teased.

The next shot was of several naked men washing themselves near a long wall of showerheads, all with perfectly cut chests and abs.

Dylan grew rock hard. He opened his zipper and took his dick out of his jeans.

Joking banter prevailed. The quarterback with the best physique and the prettiest of the bunch got the most ribbing. *Well, that is true. So did I when I was in that position. It's always the QB's fault for a loss or win.*

As 'Brad' soaped up, another teammate stood behind him, massaging Brad's ass with more soap.

“Holy fuck.” Dylan had fantasized this scene in college. He remembered one victory in particular. While he showered ‘the guys’ all gave his wet backside a good swat and complimented his performance on the field. Their touch left him breathless. But no one did more than give him a playful spanking.

Suddenly a condom appeared on a man’s very large dick. As Brad braced himself on the tiled wet wall, he was taken from behind while the entire team watched.

“Shit!” Dylan grabbed his dick and fisted it as he imagined himself in Brad’s role very easily.

Brad’s moans echoed on the wet tile. Another team member crouched before their star QB and sucked his dick.

Dylan closed his eyes and caught the semen in his hand as he ejaculated into it. Gasping, opening his eyes again, seeing soaking wet football players with large erections touching themselves as they watched their star player get it from both ends, Dylan was panting in shock. With his palm filled with his spunk, he kept massaging his cock as he watched the scene in awe.

Excited didn’t describe how he was feeling at the moment.

“Shit. Shit.” Managing to hit the pause button, Dylan raced to the bathroom to wash his hand, sprinted back with a wad paper towels, stripped naked and started the movie again.

A close up of the QB getting taken up the ass, another of Brad’s cock shooting his load onto the third man, and Dylan was fisting his cock again feverishly.

In less than a half hour, Dylan came three times. Closing his eyes, struggling to regain his breath, the movie still on in the background, Dylan argued, “Can I do this? I must be able to do this! I *am* doing this.”

He’d always gotten hard around football players. Always. He loved their smell, the way the men looked like gladiators in helmets with black paint on their high cheekbones. Craved his hands wedged between the muscular center’s ass cheeks taking the snap. Feeling the center’s thighs and butt tense as Dylan called the plays, or being on the ground with big muscular black men and white studs lying on top of him, grunting, dripping sweat on him and hissing provocative or nasty things to distract his game. And his coach...he loved his damn coach.

* * * *

He didn’t realize he had dozed. Opening his eyes, seeing the DVD had ended, Dylan checked the time. It was nearing five.

Motivating himself to get up, he tossed away the sticky paper toweling, and slipped on a pair of gym shorts. After washing his hands and face, Dylan opened the refrigerator and started taking out the items he needed to prepare his dinner.

He arranged vegetables by a cutting board and paused.

A cucumber was part of the entourage of salad fixings.

Looking around his empty apartment as if spies might be filming him, Dylan picked up the green phallic shaped vegetable and stared at it.

A determined expression on his face, he brought it to his bedroom and tossed it on the bed, sliding his shorts down his legs.

“I’m nuts. I know I’m crazy. But I have to see what the fuck this is all about. Those guys on the video went wild with dicks in their asses.”

He put a condom on it to protect himself from the prickly cucumber skin, laughing at how absurd it looked. Marching with a purpose to the bathroom, digging through his stock of items, Dylan found petroleum jelly and brought it with him.

Once he slathered up the sheathed cucumber, Dylan spread his legs, reached behind him and hesitated.

“Am I about to shove a cuke up my ass?” He winced and imagined he was truly ready for the loony bin. “Right. Can’t be worse than what coach put us through in training.”

Grinding his jaw and envisioning the agony of the pain, Dylan aimed the slimy thing toward his ass. As the cold slickness touched his rim, he jumped and took it away.

Dylan walked closer to the mirror on his dresser. He tried to see his reflection to get a better angle and idea of what the fuck he was doing.

Just do it. Just do it.

He closed his eyes, winced, and put the slippery cucumber against his rim again. Holding his breath, tightening every muscle in his body, he pushed it up.

He yanked it away and shouted, “No. No way!” He paused and exhaled heavily.

Determined, hearing his coach yelling *Never give up!* like an army drill sergeant, this time, instead of tensing his muscles, Dylan forced himself to relax.

The slick vegetable back on target, Dylan allowed his ass muscles to loosen up, to stop clenching. He pushed the tip in.

“Ah!” His eyes sprang open. He pushed it deeper. “Holy fuck!” His cock went rigid. “No! No! This isn’t supposed to feel good!” He was stunned.

Dylan inhaled to calm down, leaning his hand on the dresser before he fell over. He spread his legs wider and struggled to reach to get the damn thing in again. “I don’t believe I’m doing this.” As he pushed the gooey tip in and out, the sensation of pleasure astonished him. “No! What the fuck?” He caught his reflection in the mirror on the dresser and shook his head. “Dylan, this does not feel good. It cannot feel good.”

Continuing to massage himself inside, Dylan didn’t want to stop. The odd posture of arching backwards was the only thing killing him at the moment. He nudged the phallus in deeper. A moan of pleasure emerged from his mouth. He blinked. “Did I just fucking make that noise?”

“Oh, fuck it!” He grabbed his dick in one hand, and fucked his ass with the cucumber with the other. “Holy shit! Holy shit!” He ejaculated so hard he hit the mirror with the spray.

Stunned didn’t begin to describe what he felt. The mixture of going borderline mental, being terrified, along with the discovery of some unknown pleasure center in his asshole, was making him faint.

Dylan stumbled to the kitchen, tossed the cucumber into the trash and used the walls to make his way back to his bedroom. He fell on his bed face down and tried to think.

“What the fuck?” he whined. “Oh, no. Don’t tell me I like this. My mother and father will kill me. A gay porn star? Me?”

Laying his head on his arms, Dylan wanted someone to talk to, to get feedback. Madison came to mind. And Ms. Rosy, too. But he was so mortified by what he had done, all he did was close his eyes and lay still.

Chapter Five

Back at the gym in the morning, Dylan imagined he had a sign on his forehead that read, ‘Fucked by a cucumber’. What he had done horrified him. Never in his twenty-five years had he ventured into anything other than kissing, touching, and making love to two women. This was so unlike the Dylan Conway he knew, he wasn’t sure if he should just get into his truck and high-tail it back to Ames immediately to kill off the impulses that this deranged city had driven him to, *or* embrace this insanity with outstretched arms.

“Hi, Dylan!”

Seeing the painted smile of the woman behind the counter, Dylan finally announced, “I’m sorry. I know I should know your name, but I can’t remember.”

She pointed to a tiny tag on her shirt. “Brenda.” The look of disappointment was obvious.

Nodding, Dylan repeated, “Brenda,” trying to commit it to memory. He was wondering if he should ask her out to reaffirm his manhood. Get the cuke fucking incident behind him. At the pun he had just made in his head, he frowned sadly and walked to the locker room.

As Dylan changed he looked for any sign of Madison or Ron. They seemed like regular gym-junkies judging from their physiques, but many people struggled with fitting the workout in around their careers. The pizza job gave Dylan mornings off, so he made a point to get there the same time every day.

Doing his aerobic workout and abs today, Dylan dressed very lightly in anticipation of a long run on the treadmill, and an even longer marathon on the row machine.

In his skimpy tight football shorts, with the exterior laces on his crotch, and an old torn-up, midriff Cyclone’s football t-shirt, Dylan stepped up onto a treadmill and started his warm up, avoiding the ogling leers from both sexes. *Yes! I fucked a pickle! Okay? Leave me alone!*

* * * *

“Hi, Dylan.”

“Hi, Carlos.”

“Did you have a nice two days off?” Carlos spun pizza dough in the air.

“Yeah.” Dylan walked over to the list of deliveries. “You want me to take these now?”

Once Carlos placed the dough on a board and spread sauce on it with a ladle, he asked, “You sure you’re okay?”

“Yeah.” Dylan didn’t meet his eye. “Want me to wait for the one you’re doing?”

“No. Go. Vic will be here any minute.”

“Okay.” Dylan picked up the boxes and grabbed the prepared wallet with cash in it and the truck keys. The day was already too warm for his comfort and all he could think about was another source of income. He just needed a good night’s rest to decide what to do. Not tossing and turning like a demon haunted in the night.

His first delivery was in Bel Air. He rang the bell and waited. The door opened and a group of giggling girls, barely sixteen, if that, all dressed in bikinis, gawked at him.

“Pizza?” he asked, as if reminding them why he was there.

“Ma!” one of the girls called over her shoulder. “Pizza guy is here!”

The tittering laughter grew louder as they whispered into each other’s ears.

Did he have a damn sign on his head that read *I screw vegetables*? Why the hell were they laughing?

A woman in her late thirties appeared, frazzled, nudging aside the gaggle of teens.

“Deedee, go get the plates and bring the girls out on the patio.”

“Aw, ma!”

“Go!” The woman handed the three pizza boxes to her daughter and waved them off.

When she finally had a chance, she said, “Sorry. It’s Deedee’s birthday and she’s too excited for everyone’s good.” The woman fussed with her purse, removing her wallet.

“It’s okay.” Dylan smiled sweetly at her.

“How much?”

“Thirty-eight dollars and seventy-five cents.” Dylan handed her the slip Carlos had written up.

She gave him forty dollars. As he dug out change, she stopped him by touching his hand. In a very low voice she whispered, “How much?”

Meeting her painted eyes, he enquired, “Didn’t you just ask me that?”

Looking behind her first, she breathed, “How much for a quickie?”

“A quickie?” He blinked. “Aren’t you married?”

“Married? What difference does that make? You ever watch *Desperate Housewives*?”

She brushed Dylan’s long hair back from his forehead.

“Sorry. Not interested in a ‘quickie’.” He counted out her change.

She handed him a five. “Keep this and the rest. Hey, it was worth a try.”

He took the five, stuffed it into his wallet and left, not looking back. “I’m fucking already being offered sex for money. What the hell’s stopping me from going legit and not being a goddamn whore?”

* * * *

More of the same followed. Fifty percent of his stops he received leering looks, thirty percent of them, licked lips and winks, and five percent, all out propositions. As far as Dylan was concerned, LA was one horny city.

Since it was Wednesday, he was off shift at seven as a part-time driver relieved both he and Vic.

“See ya tomorrow, Dylan.”

“Bye, Vic. Bye, Carlos.” Dylan waved as he left and climbed into his truck. Pausing, taking out his mobile phone, Dylan stared at a business card and felt like he needed courage to make a call. “Screw it.” He dialed.

“Hello?”

“Madison? It’s Dylan. Is this a bad time?” Dylan’s cheeks went hot at the sound of Madison’s voice.

“Not at all, Dylan. What can I do for you?”

“I’m not interrupting your dinner?” Dylan felt horrible for the imposition.

“No. Please, don’t worry about it. What’s on your mind?”

“I...I just need to talk to someone. Get some feedback about something. I don’t know anyone else I can trust...” A lump formed in Dylan’s throat.

“Where are you now?”

“In my truck, sitting in the lot at the pizza parlor. I just got off shift.”

“Do you want to stop by?”

Dylan's heart raced. "Your place?"

"Is that uncomfortable for you?"

"No. I just feel like a schmuck and I'm imposing."

"You're not. Stop by."

Dylan waited for his address, his pulse racing. "I'll be there in ten."

"Okay, Dylan."

After changing out of his pizza logo shirt and into a white t-shirt, he started the engine and felt his skin prickle at the idea of being able to sit face to face with that handsome man again. Madison would guide him. He would know what to do.

Dylan parked in front of a spectacular home in West Hollywood with a panoramic view of the surrounding hills. Having been in so many multi-million dollar mansions in his career as a delivery boy, Dylan took it in stride.

He buzzed the intercom and found the same security set up as Lila Rosy had. Looking directly into the surveillance camera, Dylan heard Madison's voice at the other end. "Come in, Dylan." The gate clicked.

Dylan pushed the iron gate back and made sure it closed behind him. Brushing his hands through his hair to try and neaten up his appearance, he hoped he didn't stink too much like pizza, but knew he did.

Madison was waiting for him, standing at the open door of his home. The man had so much class that Dylan was in awe of him. He appeared to possess a European flair to his wardrobe, like he was roaming the streets of Parma or Barcelona.

Bashful instantly, Dylan stuck his hands into his jeans pockets. "Hi. Thanks for seeing me on such short notice."

"Come in."

Noticing Madison's bare feet as he passed, giving his off-white loose fitting cotton slacks and shirt a gander, Dylan felt a rush to his loins in embarrassment.

The moment he entered the home, another handsome, well-dressed man in his forties was standing there. Dylan spun around to Madison in surprise.

"Dylan, this is my partner, Will Markham."

Regaining his composure, Dylan reached out his hand. "Nice to meet you, sir. I'm sorry for the imposition."

“Not a problem, Dylan. And call me Will, please.”

“Come inside the lounge. Have a seat,” Madison said as he placed his hand on Dylan’s shoulder. “Can I get you anything?”

“I feel like a jerk. I’m sorry to bother you at home.” As an afterthought he said, “I know I stink like pizza.”

Madison went for a playful sniff of his hair. “Mm! Nice.”

“Believe me, you get sick of it after a week.”

“Sit down.” Madison directed Dylan to a chair. “Tell me what I can get you. A beer? Wine? Soft drink?”

A wry smile on his lips, Dylan asked, “You have a shot of anything strong?”

Will chuckled, “I’ll get you something,” and left the room.

Madison sat next to Dylan on the sofa, touching his hair affectionately.

Dylan met his eyes. “I didn’t know you had a partner.”

“Oh? Did you have expectations when you came here?” Madison seemed amused.

“Is he a nice guy?”

“The best. He co-produces television shows. Have you ever heard of *Forever Young*?”

“Yes. Who hasn’t?”

“That’s one of his.”

Instantly, Dylan knew if he had any aspirations of a deeper friendship with Madison, they were dashed. *Man, am I lonely or what? Thinking of Madison Henning as a close friend?*

Will appeared with a shot glass and carafe in his hand. “Cognac?” Handing the glass to Dylan, Will set the carafe within reach and announced, “I’ll leave you two alone.”

“Thanks, babe.” Madison winked at his lover.

After watching the two men’s interaction, Dylan shot down the alcohol, wincing at the burn.

“Talk to me, cutie.” Madison caressed Dylan’s face.

Getting his voice back after the heat of the booze, Dylan squeezed out painfully, “I didn’t know the films were gay porn.”

A look of surprise appeared on Madison’s face. “What?”

Shaking his head, setting the glass near the carafe, Dylan explained, “No one told me.”

“You’ve never heard of Tartarus Studios?”

“No. Never.”

“Jasper didn’t say?”

“No.” Dylan’s face heated up again from both the drink and his nerves.

“I am so sorry.” Madison cupped Dylan’s hand gently. “What happened when you showed up?”

Dylan tingled at the grasp of Madison’s palm. Having no idea why he was even slightly turned on by the guy, Dylan thought maybe it was the fact that he adored the influence of an older man previously, namely his football coach. Dylan was beginning to wonder about his sexuality. What was it about LA and the men who dwelled here that put him into heat?

“Well, I assumed it was regular porn, you know.” Dylan averted his eyes for a moment, but wanted to see Madison’s brown irises again. “You know Eric Palmer, the producer?”

Madison replied, “I know him well. Both him and Jay Mason.”

Agreeing with nod, Dylan said, “Yes. Nice guys. Anyway, Eric asked me to undress. I did. Then he requested I perform a solo act, I guess to see if I could do it under pressure.”

“That’s all normal protocol, Dylan.”

“I know. I’m not accusing anyone of anything improper. Not by a long shot, Madison.”

“I’m very glad to hear that. Go on.” Madison squeezed Dylan’s hand.

“It wasn’t until I walked into the filming studio and found nothing but naked men that it hit me.”

“Shit.” Madison frowned in sympathy. “Did you leave at that point?”

Another boiling flush of humiliation washed up Dylan’s neck. “No.”

“Oh?” Madison released Dylan’s hand and poured more cognac, handing it to him as if he sensed Dylan needed it.

Dylan did, and took it. Pausing, licking his lip, he shot it down. Once the heat subsided, he returned the glass to the table. Dylan wiped his lip with the back of his hand and continued. “I jacked off for them.”

Madison’s eyes widened but he stayed quiet.

“They gave me a Playboy to do it to.” Dylan wanted to hold Madison’s hand again, but was too afraid to reach for it, so he clasped his own on his lap.

“Did you manage to come?”

“I didn’t have to look at the centerfold. I got off on the men in the room watching me.”

Madison studied him carefully.

“Am I gay, Madison?”

A warm smile washed over Madison’s lips. “Gay? Just from enjoying the attention of men watching you? I’m not sure that completely represents a shift from straight to gay.”

Dylan felt the slight headiness from two shots of booze and no food. “There’s more.”

Madison rested his elbow on the back of the sofa, his chin cradled in his palm, giving Dylan his undivided attention. “I’m listening.”

Instantly, Dylan grew petrified to reveal what he had done yesterday. Just the damn gay video was enough. How could he ever tell someone about the cucumber?

Folding over his lap and covering his face in his hands, Dylan hid in shame.

“Babe...” Madison rubbed his back affectionately. “Take your time.”

Dylan went for him, resting his weight on Madison’s chest and his head against Madison’s neck, gripping Madison’s body to feel him close. Dylan rubbed his cheek over the soft linen of Madison’s shirt collar.

“Okay. Calm down.” Madison stroked his hair softly.

“I’m scaring myself, Madison.”

“Why?”

“Because...” Dylan bit his lip.

“Because you find you’re attracted to men?”

Closing his eyes, inhaling Madison’s cologne which was in competition with the smell of pizza at the moment, Dylan nodded.

Dylan was granted a warming hug. “It’s okay.”

“Is it?” Dylan sat back to see Madison’s face. “Is it okay I jerked off three times to a gay porno film?” Dylan dabbed at a tear drop that slipped down his cheek. “Is it okay I experimented with...?” Stopping short, Dylan was mortified.

“With? Another man?” Madison stroked Dylan’s hair away from his forehead.

“A cucumber!” Dylan expressed in humiliation. “I’m fucking sick!”

Madison drew Dylan against his chest again. “Calm down.”

“I can’t believe I told someone that. I am so fucking ashamed I can’t even look in the mirror.” Pressing his cheek against Madison’s chest, Dylan muttered, “Stuck a fucking cuke up my ass. What the hell kind of sicko am I?”

“You’re not a sicko. You’re a man who is in turmoil and being confronted with too many decisions at once. And, you’re alone here.”

“Alone. Who would want a loser like me?”

“Who puts ideas like that into your head? Your parents?”

Dylan began rambling, “Couldn’t make it in pro sports. Had a fucking scholarship for football at Iowa State. Star quarterback. MVP two years in a row. I got so many promises for a position with the Raiders that I raced out here with nothing but my truck and a suitcase.” Dylan hid his face in Madison’s neck, pressing his lips against his warm skin. “They didn’t even give me second string. Nothing. Not even a fucking spot as a benchwarmer.”

Dylan inhaled deeply. “Wanna know what do I do instead? Drive a pizza truck and get positioned every day like a hooker. Finally I think something good is coming my way and I stick a vegetable up my ass to see if I can take it.”

“All right.” Madison rubbed his back affectionately. “Stop being so hard on yourself.”

Dylan sat up, knowing his eyes were watery from his emotions. He wasn’t a crier, far from it. And his pain threshold? From years of being pounded on the gridiron, it would make giving birth seem like a walk in the park.

“And then just as I’m thinking of trying gay sex out with someone...” Dylan sighed, touching Madison’s rough cheek with his knuckle. “...you have a partner.”

A light sparkled in Madison’s eyes. “Do you have any idea how flattering it is to have a man as young and handsome as you say that to me?”

“Are you guys...you know.” Dylan bit his lip.

“Exclusive. Yes, Dylan. We are.”

Dylan shifted back as if any contact they were making was cheating.

“Stop moving away. Get back here.” Madison dragged Dylan close so they were touching. “What part of all this chaos is giving you the most grief?”

Dylan rubbed his face in anxiety. “All of it.”

“If you had to decide which aspect was the very worst, which would be number one?”

After some deliberation, Dylan met Madison’s gaze. “Tied for number one is the fact that I can’t make it in pro ball, and...” Dylan choked on his words, “...that I may like men.”

“Okay. Let me deal with the one thing I have some experience with. The gay part. I know nothing of the world of pro sports.”

Dylan inhaled deeply, never releasing his stare from Madison's eyes.

"Being gay in LA is not traumatic. We have a large supportive community here. And I will get you involved in any type of group you would like. Support groups, friends, gay guys who like football, you name it."

Dylan smiled slightly at the idea of playing football with gay men.

Petting Dylan's hair gently, Madison continued, "Coming out to your family, showing the world you are a gay man differs from individual to individual. Some are brazen and just bound out of the closet, others keep a low profile. Some hide altogether."

Biting his lip, Dylan nodded.

"You have to be the one to decide that. No one can do that for you."

"Yes. I know."

"My best advice is to take it slowly. Think things out rationally. No one is pushing you."

"I'm pushing me."

"Why?"

"I hate pizza!" Dylan tried to laugh. "I hate the mindless menial work. The fat slobs flipping their dicks out when I show up at the door." Dylan found Madison trying to hide his smile. It made Dylan laugh. "I swear, Madison, if you knew how many times I've been proposition..."

"I can imagine. Babe, you're stunning."

At the compliment, Dylan's jaw went slack. "I must be gay because I want to kiss you for that wonderful comment."

"If you want to kiss a man, then I'm afraid you may be gay. Is that such a terrible thing?"

"I don't know. I've never kissed a guy, and my only gay experience was a pickle up my ass."

Madison roared with laughter. "Sorry!" He held up his hand. "I know how badly you feel about that. Sorry!" He tried to contain his hilarity.

Dylan laughed with him. It was funny, wasn't it? "It's okay. Believe me, I can see the humor."

Once he had controlled himself, Madison asked, "You mean to tell me, all that time in football, showering with the guys? You never—?"

“No.” Dylan thought about the gay porn movie he rented. “We touched. Me and the guys. I got lots of slaps to my butt. But nothing went anywhere. No guy knelt in front of me and flipped my dick out.”

“I’m surprised. A man like you?”

“Ames, Iowa?” Dylan choked. “Hello? And I didn’t look for it. I dated Bunnie Weaver.”

Covering his mouth to hide his grin, Madison chuckled.

Dylan shrugged, “Cheerleader.”

“Ah.” Madison nodded. “So? What did you think about having something up your ass?”

The blush instantly hit Dylan’s face.

Madison grinned mischievously. “Nice huh?”

His cock went rigid in his pants. Dylan moved his hand to cover it. “It’s hard to say it was nice. I mean, it wasn’t human.”

Madison’s eyes glanced down quickly at Dylan’s lap. “No. Human is better.” He rubbed his hand up Dylan’s thigh. “Much better.”

After an audible gulp, Dylan asked, “I should do the gay porn, shouldn’t I? Go work for Tartarus?”

“Again. Only you can decide.”

“They said I’d be gay for pay. But that isn’t true. Not if you like doing it with a guy, right?”

“Right.”

“Then how can a guy who doesn’t like it do it?”

“It’s one of the great mysteries of the industry. Most men feel it’s just a way for gay men to keep the façade of being heterosexual in case something else comes along to enhance their careers.”

“I get that.”

Madison cupped Dylan’s cheek. “Will you label yourself the same way?”

“No one wants a gay quarterback.”

“You may be the first. Break ground.”

“I can’t get my foot in the door as it is. You think the Raiders will be offering me a contract after sucking a guy’s cock?”

“Maybe if you suck the right one.”

“Huh?” Dylan tilted his head.

“I’m joking. Never mind.” Madison shifted on the sofa.

“Hang on.” Dylan grabbed his arm. “If I suck the right cock I can get into pro sports?”

“I didn’t say that.”

“You implied it.”

“Dylan,” Madison exhaled a deep sigh. “Don’t look to get on the team that way.”

“What other choice do I have? I had no idea that was an option.”

“It may not be. I repeat: I know nothing of pro sports.”

Dylan didn’t want to let this go. He kept Madison in his spot on the sofa to get him to clarify it. “When is that kind of thing an option? Who does that and gets a job?”

“Some actors. It’s nasty. Don’t do it.”

“Don’t do it?” Dylan scoffed. “All I have to do is suck the right cock and I get a spot on the team?”

“Dylan, no. I’m telling you do not try it. You have no idea if that business is receptive to that horrible practice, and I highly *do not* recommend you try it!”

Dylan was floored. Suck cock and get on a pro football team? Is that in the realm of possibilities?

“You guys need anything?” Will poked his head in.

“Yes.” Madison stood. “Tell Dylan sucking cock is not the way to get what he wants out of life.”

“What?” Will laughed uncomfortably.

“Dylan thinks if he finds the right man and gave the guy head, he’d get his place with the Raiders.” Madison pointed at Dylan accusingly.

“And who put that idea into my head?” Dylan rose up, confronting him.

“Madison!” Will shouted in anger. “What are you telling the young man?”

“I gotta figure this out.” Dylan started walking to the door.

“Wait!” Madison grabbed his arm. “Get the hell back here.”

Dylan spun around to see Madison’s furious eyes.

“You don’t think your head is fucked up enough now, Dylan? Just wait,” Madison warned. “If you go searching for the right cock to suck in pro football, I promise you, you’ll

either get a belly full of useless spunk, or your ass kicked so hard you'll be in the emergency room. It's not acting. It's very different."

"No. Dylan!" Will approached him. "Sports is a very macho-man's game. Don't even go in that direction. You will get burned, and I promise you, you won't make the team."

"What choice have I got?" Dylan asked. "No one wants me now. What have I got to lose?"

"Your fucking dignity?" Madison roared, "Your teeth?"

"Look." Will tried to calm everyone down. "I came in on the tail end of this, but I do know one thing, Dylan. Think with your head and heart. Not your dick."

"No. That's not the problem," Madison countered. He grabbed Dylan with a hand on each of his biceps, forcing Dylan to look into his face. "You came to me for advice."

Dylan gazed into Madison's stern expression.

"You came to me because you trusted me and had no one else to confide in."

Swallowing down his nerves, Dylan nodded.

"Then trust me now. Dylan, do not—I repeat—*do not* go around looking for a man's cock to suck to make it in football. Promise me."

"What the hell good am I then? Fucking delivering pizza?"

"Go back to Tartarus. Go back and see Eric. He'll take very good care of you. Like a father."

"Father?" Dylan denounced. "All you older fuckers put me into heat. Father?"

Madison gripped Dylan in an embrace; strangling him it was so tight. Kissing his hair and ear, Madison whispered, "Go to Eric. He'll take care of you. I can't, baby. I can't."

Dylan caught Will's wary eye over Madison's shoulder.

Will was not smiling.

Madison kissed Dylan on the forehead and walked him to the front door.

"Please heed our advice. Please," Madison begged.

"Yes. All right." Dylan lowered his eyelashes shyly.

"I'm here for you. Dylan, don't hesitate to call."

Giving Will a quick glance as he stood near Madison, Dylan sighed, "Sure, whatever."

* * * *

He was exhausted, hungry, and lost.

Coming through the door of his apartment, he showered reluctantly. The scent of Madison's cologne was wafting up and over him like delicious licks. What good would lusting after Madison do? Another dead end. Another disappointment.

Scrubbing the pizza smell off his hair and skin, Dylan let out a growl of frustration that he hoped didn't seep through the walls to his neighbors.

In a pair of shorts, unmotivated for food with two shots of cognac in his belly for sustenance, Dylan turned on the gay football video again. *Yeah, it was due back and it was late. So what. I'll buy the fucking thing from them.*

He flipped out his cock and stared at the DVD. The beginning scene; that hot jock getting his ass slapped. It didn't motivate him this time. His mind was on something else. Suck cock for a position on a pro team?

Shifting to lay on his side on the couch, Dylan rested his head on his arm and watched the entire DVD from beginning to end. He grew erect from it a few times, but didn't bother to touch himself.

Suddenly he was craving a real man in his arms. The embraces of Madison were haunting him. Driving him mad.

Dylan burrowed his face in the cushions, trying not to suffer from things he could not change. He had to stop beating himself up. Had to.

Chapter Six

“Hi, Carlos.”

“Hi, Dylan.”

Dylan picked up the wallet with cash in it and the truck keys.

“Man, hang on a minute.”

Dylan turned around as Carlos wiped his hands on a towel. Dylan wondered if he was beginning to look as crappy as he felt.

“You all right, man?” Carlos cupped the back of Dylan’s neck.

“Just beat. I’m not used to LA’s summers.”

“You need a day off? Or? Something else to relieve your tension?”

Smiling shyly into Carlo’s handsome face, his dark eyes and trimmed goatee, Dylan wondered now that he imagined men as a sexual option if all the guys around him were going to tempt him to his first gay kiss. “No. I’m okay, babe.”

“Quiero tener sexo con usted.”

Dylan woke up from his stupor. He knew very little Spanish, but somehow the words weren’t the only thing that was being communicated here.

“Quiero lamer su culo...”

“Uh...I think I better take the orders and go. Unless you care to translate what you just said to me.” Dylan felt Carlo’s fingers caressing under the hair at his neck while Carlo’s eyes lowered to Dylan’s crotch.

The back door opened and Vic entered. “Hey, dudes.”

Dylan and Carlos parted quickly.

Without a word, Dylan hefted the pizza boxes and left. “What the fuck? What the fuck?” Carlos had never shown a sexual interest. *I screw a pickle and suddenly I’m giving off gaydar signals?*

He loaded the hot boxes into the truck and started the engine. “Something’s gotta give, Dylan,” he warned himself. “Something has got to give.”

* * * *

At seven Dylan finished with his shift. Avoiding any strange contact with Carlos, as it appeared Carlos was ashamed for what he’d said, though Dylan had yet to figure it out. Dylan smiled and said goodnight as if nothing happened. The look on Carlos’ face told Dylan he thought it was for the best as well. His normal friendly demeanor had returned and he waved, saying, “See ya tomorrow, Dylan.”

Dylan stopped off on his way home. He parked his truck and buzzed the intercom. Before he even announced his name the gate swung open. Lila was waiting for him at her door, her smile as bright as the evening sunshine.

“Dylan!”

“Hello, Ms. Rosy.” Dylan kissed her cheek. “Have a minute to spare for a friend?”

“Always. Are you hungry? Did you just come from work?” She hooked his elbow and led him to the kitchen.

“Yes. I bet you can smell the pizza on me. Sorry.” He blushed. “I’m fine. Don’t go to any trouble.”

“Nonsense. A growing man has to eat.” She gestured for Dylan to sit down. “I made a delicious lasagna. I have lots leftover. Can I heat you some?”

“Homemade lasagna? I won’t pass that up.” He smiled at her.

She scooped out a large square piece and placed it into the microwave. “Lemonade?”

“Yes. Thank you. You don’t have to do all this, Ms. Rosy.”

“Don’t be silly. I hate eating on my own and then sitting alone all night.”

“That’s a very pretty outfit.”

She looked down at her pink pantsuit. “It’s a Laura Ashley. My friend Milly thought I looked like Hillary Clinton in it.” She laughed heartily. “She insisted I buy it.”

“You look lovely.” Dylan gave her an affectionate smile. “Mm, that smells good.”

“I bet it’s done. The oven does heat things up fast.” She removed it with a potholder and placed it before him.

“You’re too kind, Ms. Rosy.”

“Nonsense.” Lila made sure he had his silverware and a napkin. Next she poured two glasses of lemonade.

Once she had joined him at the table, Dylan tasted the food. “Good!”

“I’m glad. My grandmother’s recipe. Can you imagine how old that must be?”

Dylan asked, “Are you sure I’m not interfering with your evening schedule? I shouldn’t drop by unannounced.”

She gestured to the empty room. “You see a gala affair, Dylan?”

“You know what I mean.” He wiped his lip with his napkin, making short work of the good meal.

“I will always be happy when you drop by. If I’m out and about, I won’t be here. Simple as that.”

“Okay,” he agreed. “Mm, that was really delicious.” He took the last bite off his fork.

“Would you like more?”

“No. That was perfect.” He stood and washed the plate and silverware in the sink.

“Should we sit and watch the butterflies in my garden?”

“Yes. Let’s.” Dylan helped Lila to stand and escorted her out to the terrace patio.

They relaxed side by side on two lounge chairs. After a few moments to digest and take in the surroundings, Dylan asked, “Ms. Rosy?”

“Yes, my sweet?” She reached to hold his hand.

“When you were young and a star, did you ever have to do anything you didn’t want to do?”

Repositioning herself on the chair so she could see Dylan without stretching her neck, Lila met his eyes. “In what sense, Dylan?”

“Like, did a director or producer make you do a scene you didn’t want to do?”

A wry smile found her lips. “I think I know what you’re getting at.”

He was glad because he was too embarrassed to literally spell it out.

“When I first came to California I had dreams like all the other young women who come to Hollywood to be a big star one day.”

Dylan sat up, putting his feet on the patio so he could watch her as she spoke, her hand still in his.

After a pause, she continued. “We were all so desperate to be accepted by a major studio, you know, Judy, Gloria, Carroll, Audrey, Lana...”

Dylan tried to pretend he knew the names of those women. Maybe his dad did, he surely didn’t. Trying to calculate backwards, he was hit with the fact that this may be the late 1940’s Lila was referring to. Mind boggling to him.

“Well, I had my first interview with an agent.” She touched her silver hair gently as if remembering the day. “He said I had what it took, you know. Star quality. Of course I was eager to please.”

Dylan nodded, urging her to continue.

“Well, the man had me take some very risqué photos. And back in those days, Dylan, it wasn’t like today. If a woman showed off too much cleavage it was scandalous.”

“I can imagine.”

“I did do it. Well, even Marilyn did nude photos.”

“Did it upset you? Did you feel like it ruined it for you?”

She clasped Dylan’s hand in both of hers. “No. Dylan, it made me the star of the silver screen. I did forty movies, my dear boy. I never regretted it for a minute.”

“Forty? Wow!” He gave her a sly glance. “Did you ever pose naked?”

“Oh!” she scolded coyly and batted her lashes.

“Did you?”

“Yes! You are a naughty boy.”

“I’ll bet you knocked the photographer off his tripod.”

A dreamy expression washed over her. “I did. He made love to me on the bearskin rug.”

“Ha! I love it!”

“Come with me.” She rose up, still holding his hand.

“You have those pictures?” he gasped.

“Shh!” she giggled, leading him back into the house.

They laughed together as she climbed the long curving stair to the upper floor. Dylan held her tight, helping her make the climb though the woman was in great shape for eighty-two.

“Sit!” She nudged him to her bed. He plopped down, remembering them fooling around on it. Instantly he found her lovely portrait to admire.

After some time and digging, Lila returned with a photo album. She sat next to him and whispered, “Never tell a soul.”

Dylan held his hand up in a vow.

Slowly she opened the cover. A black and white six by nine snapshot in an old album with corners holding the print onto the page appeared. Lila Rosy on a white bearskin rug, modestly lying on her front, but her cleavage and long legs were exposed.

“Wow! Beautiful. Ms. Rosy, you are so cool.”

“The photographer was a very handsome man. What was his name...Ross!” she shouted when she recalled. “Oh, so tanned and taut.”

“Have you had many men?”

“Of course!” She waved him off as silly. “Hundreds.”

“Hundreds?” He gawked.

She turned the page to another nude shot. It was in the same format, her arms and legs crossed in front of her breasts and crotch, but her seductive leer was fantastic.

“I’m so impressed. You’re prettier than any of the leading women on film nowadays.”

“I think you’re getting carried away now,” she chided. “But I appreciate the compliment.”

“I mean it. The women on the television and movies do nothing for me, Ms. Rosy.” He gazed at the photo wistfully.

“How can that be? There are so many beautiful women.”

Biting his lip, he said without looking at her, “What if I like men better?”

“So? What if?”

Dylan met her eyes. There wasn’t a hint of judgment in them.

“Sweetheart, so many of the leading men back in my day were gay. So what?”

“I’m afraid.”

“Of what? Others judging you?”

“Yes. And of my own desires.”

Lila took the album off his lap and urged him to lie back on the bed so they were facing each other. Caressing his cheek, she whispered, “I learned a big lesson back then, Dylan.”

“Yes?”

“To thine own self be true.”

“And you lived by that?”

“I did. I had a lovely affair with Carroll. She was delicious.”

He wrapped her into his arms and held her tight. “You’re wonderful, Ms. Rosy.”

“My sweetness, you are wonderful, too. And you must learn from my lessons. Don’t be afraid of anything, anyone, or any labels. You go. You do. You be.”

Dylan backed up from her, took off his shirt and kicked off his shoes. “Wanna play with me? As a thank you?”

“I’ve died and gone to heaven,” she laughed like she was still in her youth.

“Be my guest.” He curled her into his arms and kissed the top of her head, smiling in adoration. “Go. Do. And be,” he echoed.

“Without fear. Without hesitation.” She caressed his shoulder gently. “Life is precious. Short. And meaningless if you don’t have some fun.”

Feeling her lean back from him, Dylan found her searching his eyes intensely.

“Dylan, a man as handsome as you should be living his dream.”

“My dream is to be a football player.”

“Then do it.”

“I tried. I failed.”

She put her finger to his lips. “Failure is a four letter word.”

He smiled against her fingertip.

“Put your fate in the hands of karma. She’s a wise old owl and she’ll guide you to your destiny. But!” Lila unzipped Dylan’s jeans. “In the meantime. Life was meant to be lived. Live it up. You’re in LA, my darling. Men can love men, women can love women, and no one gives a hoot what you do as long as it’s consensual.”

“Did you live your life that way?”

“Indeed!”

“No regrets?”

“None whatsoever. And look at me now.” She gestured. “The most beautiful man in LA is in my bed saying, ‘Wanna play with me?’ Talk about karma.”

He cracked up with laughter. “I adore you.”

She pecked his cheek and held him close. “And I adore you.”

Chapter Seven

The next morning before his shift, as he lay on his back, sweating, and pumping the bar over his head at the gym, Dylan heard someone whisper his name. Seeing it was Madison, Dylan set the weight on the mounts instantly and sat up on the bench.

“Hey.” He looked Madison over, taking in his tight shorts and t-shirt.

“I was hoping to find you here. Are you okay? You were pretty shaken up at my place Wednesday night.”

“Yes. I’m okay.” Dylan loved how fit he was. *Just goes to show that you can have the body you want at any age.*

Madison relaxed next to him on the bench. Dylan was going to scoot over to give him room, but decided against it. Because he did not make space for Madison, they were sealed on one side, Dylan’s sweat connecting their skin like oily lube. He grew hard instantly.

“I called Eric. I hope you don’t mind.”

Dylan panicked. “What did you call him for? To get a laugh about me fucking myself with a cucumber?”

“Shut up.” Madison looked around the area. “Stop beating yourself up, will ya?”

Remembering Lila’s words, Dylan straightened his back and announced proudly, “Go. Do. Be. My new mantra. No more beating myself up.”

“Oh? Really?” Madison rubbed up against Dylan’s side seductively. “And? You’re going to ‘go-do-be’ what?”

“Whatever I want to be. That’s what.”

“A football star?”

“Yup.”

“Don’t you dare suck a cock for it.”

“Nope. Not that way. I’m just going for it my way now.”

“Can I ask?”

“Karma. I’m letting fate take me in his or her hands.”

Madison made a deliberate sweep of Dylan’s body. “Wish my name was Karma.”

Dylan caught the sparkle in Madison’s eye and chuckled. “Won’t cheat on Mr. Markham?”

“No, goddamn him.”

“I won’t tell.” Dylan licked Madison’s shoulder.

“God. Stop. You’re too much a temptation, Mr. Conway. And I’m not that fucking strong.”

“So, what did you and Eric decide on my behalf?” Dylan stuck his hands between his thighs so he wouldn’t play with Madison. “I’m assuming you made some kind of game plan.”

“We did, Mr. Quarterback. A game plan. Play by play. He’s dying for you to sign on with him. And now that he knows you’re slightly, shall we say, bi-curious, he’s willing to play very gently with you.”

Dylan rubbed his cock discreetly. “Damn. Why do you make everything sound so sexy?”

“Stop or I’ll break my fricken vow with Will.” Madison ground his jaw.

“Gentle how?” Dylan forced himself to stop groping his own dick. He was in public and there were some prying eyes.

“He won’t have the guys go rough on you right off. No hardcore up-the-butt.”

“Really? I’m surprised that’s an option. He was a little funny about it. You know, called me a prima donna.”

“It may get you some grief from the gay-for-pay guys, that’s why. They want to top all the time.”

“What can be worse than a pickle up my anus?” Dylan hissed.

“You may enjoy anal sex with a real man, Dylan.”

“I wish someone would be my first so I can see for myself.”

“Augh! Stop it. I swear I’m going to come in my shorts.”

Dylan stared at Madison’s crotch. A large hard-on was indeed present. “Wanna go hide in a shower stall?”

“Dylan,” Madison implored.

“I’m joking. Sort of. Anyway, so Eric will break me in gently.”

“Perfectly put. Yes.”

“That’s encouraging.”

“I thought it might be. You will have to suck cock though, Dylan.”

“Oh!” Dylan sat up. He wasn’t prepared for that.

“You have to do something besides look pretty, babe.”

Dylan touched his own mouth, staring down at Madison’s bulge again.

“It’s better than a cold vegetable, promise,” Madison teased.

“What’s semen taste like?”

“Depends on the guy’s diet. But in gay porn, you do the ejaculating shots outside all of the orifices.”

“I noticed that,” Dylan said. “I thought it was weird even in straight porn. My first thought was, Christ, can’t they give a good blowjob?”

Laughing softly, Madison whispered, “No. It’s not that. Guys just want to see the cum spurt out.”

“Why? That’s ridiculous. Wouldn’t you rather know the fuck or the head was so damn good you came inside?”

“In reality, yes. But this is porn. Stop analyzing it. It won’t make sense to you.”

“You’re right. It doesn’t. I mean, in normal romance movies they make it seem like the man is coming inside the woman. That makes sense.”

Shrugging, Madison replied, “The money shot. Cum spurting out of your dick.”

“Is that what it’s called? Money shot?”

“Yup.”

“So, say this Adonis is sucking me, right?” Dylan bit his lip as he thought about it. “And it’s good, real good.”

Madison squirmed on the bench.

“I can’t come? I have to hold out and wait until I’m out of the guy’s mouth?”

“Yes.”

“Ouch! Hold back? Are you kidding me? With a man’s mouth on my damn cock?”

Madison rubbed his face in agony. “I need to go jack off.”

“Yeah?” Dylan grew excited.

“Anyway...” Madison sighed deeply. “Yes. You have to learn to hold back and not come until your dick is exposed, rubber off, and on camera.”

“That kind of sucks.”

“It’s not an easy job.”

“No. I can see that. But what if I do come in the guy, and I can come again easily after? Will that be okay?”

Madison stared at him.

“What? No? I can’t do that? Who will know I came in the guy?” Dylan paused to consider it. “Oh! Right. If he’s a straight guy he won’t want my sperm in his mouth. I get it.”

“Motherfucker. I have to go into the locker room for a minute.”

When Madison stood, Dylan jumped to his feet. “You’re going to do yourself?”

“Hush, will you?”

Dylan went nuts. “Madison! That’s not fair.”

“What do you want me to do? I can’t cheat on Will. Finish your work out. I’ll be right back.”

“Nooo...” Dylan whined as Madison walked briskly away. When Madison vanished from his sight, Dylan sat on the bench again. “This sucks. I need to get my first touch of a man over with or I’ll go nuts.”

Lying on his back, the bar over his face, Dylan knew his bulge was more pronounced while he was on the bench. “Screw it. Who cares?” He held the bar and continued his lifts in agony, visualizing Madison jacking off.

* * * *

He had an hour and a half before his delivery shift started.

Dylan parked near of the high-rise building he had originally met Jasper in front of and climbed out of his truck. He tucked his shirt into his jeans and ran his hand back through his hair. After riding the elevator, Dylan stood in front of the receptionist as she finished her phone call.

With some anxiety, Dylan tried to imagine the conversation Eric Palmer had with Madison Henning. No doubt a vegetable was mentioned. Dylan knew that information was too good not to share. He’d never live it down, but whose fault was it they knew? His.

“Hello!” The receptionist recognized him. “Are you here to see Mr. Palmer?”

“Yes. I don’t have an appointment. Is he here? I don’t want to bother him.”

Tapping her lip, she said, “Dylan?”

“Right!” He was amazed she’d remembered his name. “Dylan Conway.”

“Let me just ring his office.” She picked up the phone. “Eric? Dylan Conway is—” She blinked and hung up.

Dylan grew slightly worried.

“Go in. He wants you to go straight back to his office.”

Seeing her surprise at Eric’s side of the conversation, Dylan was elated instantly. “Great.”

“You remember which one?”

“I do.” He waved at her and jogged down the corridor. The office door was open. Being polite, Dylan tapped the doorframe. “Mr. Palmer?”

“Dylan!” he greeted, rushing to meet him. “Come in.”

Mesmerized by Eric’s steel blue eyes, Dylan entered the office. Eric closed the door behind him.

“Sit. Can I get you anything?”

Dylan relaxed in the chair as Eric returned to his side of the desk. “No. Nothing, thanks. I’m just glad you’re not upset I just dropped by without calling. I didn’t know—”

“Dylan.”

“Yes?”

“I’m thrilled you came back.”

As usual the heat rushed over Dylan’s cheeks and neck. “Madison Henning told me he called you.”

“He did. He and Will Markham are dear friends of mine and Jay’s.”

Suddenly Dylan imagined Eric and Jay must be in a relationship just like Madison and Will were. He deflated ever so slightly that everyone around him seemed to be taken.

“Madison mentioned you want to give this work a try.”

“Yes.”

“He mentioned also you had an opportunity to watch a gay porn movie.”

“I did, sir.”

“If you don’t call me Eric, I’ll be upset. No sir, nor Mr. Palmer.”

“Sorry.” Dylan felt like an idiot.

“Tell me what your thoughts were about the film you watched.”

“I jacked off three times in the first half.”

Eric’s eyes lit up. “That’s a very good start.”

“Did...did Madison say anything else?” Dylan knew he had, just knew it.

“About?” Eric leaned closer. When Dylan didn’t reply, Eric mentioned, “He said you had some bi-curiosity. Something we did not touch upon on our last meeting. We talked about you being gay for pay.”

“Yes. Bi-curious.” Dylan nodded, lacing his fingers on his lap nervously.

“And Madison also said you may be okay with some of the sex scenes if we do it gradually.”

“Correct again.” Dylan waited. Was Eric too polite to mention the cucumber event?

Eric opened his palms face up, gesturing for Dylan to add anything he may have missed. “Anything else?”

“No.” Dylan decided he’d pretend no one knew. Why suffer that humiliation again. “I’ve never even kissed a man, Eric. Where do I start?”

A knowing grin spread across Eric’s handsome face. “I have a suggestion.”

His skin lit on fire. Judging by Eric’s wicked smile, Madison had to have let that cat out of the bag that Dylan liked older men.

“Uh...” Dylan’s dick went nuts throbbing and pulsating in his tight jeans. “What’s your suggestion?”

Eric rose up and walked slowly around his desk.

Dylan eyed Eric’s crisp expensive casual attire; black slacks, black loose fitted short-sleeved shirt, dark designer stubble on his square jaw and a bulge under his zipper.

“Why don’t you stand up for a moment, Dylan?”

Oh God-Oh God-Oh God. Dylan forced himself to stand up. While Dylan quaked in his shoes, Eric closed the gap between them as if it were a slow-motion dream. Suddenly, Eric’s masculine cologne wafted up Dylan’s nostrils, tantalizing; the perfect aphrodisiac.

As softly as stroking a rose petal, Eric caressed Dylan’s cheek.

Oh God! Oh God! Oh God!

Eric’s hand cupped behind Dylan’s head, digging into his hair. A shiver raced down Dylan’s spine and he was certain his dick spurted out a shot of pre-cum. Keeping his eyes open as long as he could to watch this vision of a man close in on his mouth, Dylan melted as their

crotches connect first. The heat of their two mounds brushing together made Dylan think he was about to pass out. A low moan escaped Dylan's lips right before Eric met them with his own.

Receiving, too stunned to do anything else, Dylan's arms were limp at his sides as Eric's mouth opened, coaxing Dylan to do the same. When the tip of Eric's tongue touched his, Dylan eyes sealed shut and he groaned in agony at how much he wanted this.

Both of Eric's hands cupped Dylan's jaw with so much kindness and affection, Eric kissed him like Dylan had never been kissed before in his life.

The soft sucking, tongue swirling, the scratching bristles of Eric's shadow, his scent, his masculinity, and his experience, were knocking Dylan off his feet. *Go-Do-Be-Go-Do-Be*

Wanting it to continue so badly he could cry, Dylan made the bold move of reaching his arms around Eric's waist. The moment he did, Eric heightened the kiss, deepening it, grunting, and grinding his hips against Dylan's. Between their mashing mouths, Dylan whimpered mournfully as if it was from his very soul. Caressing Eric's powerful back muscles under his silky shirt, Eric's incredible bulge grinding hotly against his, Dylan jerked his body upwards, tightened his hold on Eric, and came.

As if Eric became immediately aware, he stood back to watch it on Dylan's face, crooning, "Baby, baby..."

"Oh God..." Dylan whined in humiliation. "I'm sorry."

"For what? Hmm?" Eric dipped his fingers into the front of Dylan's jeans.

Panicked Eric would feel his sticky mess, Dylan gaped in awe when Eric removed his hand from his briefs and sucked the cum off his own fingers.

"Ah...ah...I..." Dylan panted audibly, his eyes widened in shock.

"You came. How luscious." Eric opened Dylan's jeans for another taste. He scooped some out on his index finger and sucked it, humming in delight as he stared at Dylan wickedly.

"You...?" Dylan couldn't talk. If he wasn't holding onto Eric, he'd topple over.

"I? I love the taste of your cum. Mm." Eric wrapped his arms around Dylan's hips and swayed side-to-side with him. "How you doing, big fella? Did we get you over your first kiss okay? Ready to go now?"

Swallowing down a dry throat, Dylan held back his emotions. Doing? He was so satisfied he could cry. Dylan didn't answer.

Eric asked again, "Good? Nod if you're good." Eric smiled sweetly.

Dylan nodded, biting his top lip.

“You are absolutely edible, Dylan.” Eric playfully brushed Dylan’s hair back from his dewy forehead. “The guys will be begging me for scenes with you.”

Dylan craved to kiss him again. He licked his own lips, not wanting to let Eric go. But of course, Eric was a very busy man simply doing the job of breaking in the newbie, and Dylan had pizza to deliver in an hour.

“Sit, babe.” Eric brought Dylan to the chair and gently steered him to it.

Eric leaned on his desk near Dylan, crossing his arms over his chest, smiling proudly at him. “Tell me how you’re feeling. Are you ready for a light scene with the boys now?”

Glancing down at his own open zipper first, Dylan peered up shyly. “What will I have to do?”

“How about if you get your dick sucked?”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah. You have to be able to prevent yourself from coming while you’re inside. You do know that, right?”

“Yes. I know. I have to hold out and do it outside the guy’s mouth.”

“Yes, that’s right.”

“But what if I come in his mouth? What if it feels really good?”

“It will feel really good. You have to think of methods to hold back.”

“I asked Madison this question.” Dylan touched Eric lightly on his hip. “If I come in the guy’s mouth but can do it again for the ‘money shot’ will the guy be mad I spurted if he’s gay for pay?”

“Most of our guys are not, ‘gay for pay’ and would love to taste you. But all you have to do, Dylan, is give us a sign and pull out of the guy’s mouth. The minute you feel the need, let us know and we’ll get the close up for the money shot. These movies are made very quickly, Dylan, and that’s why most men learn tricks to hold back until they have the camera focused on their dicks.”

Nodding he understood, Dylan replied, “I won’t let you down.”

Cupping his face gently, Eric whispered, “You’ve already surpassed my expectations for you.”

“Are you and Jay lovers?” Dylan asked sheepishly.

“No. Best friends.” Eric sat at his desk and removed paperwork from a file, placing it between them.

“Do...do you have a steady relationship now?” Dylan’s face went hot and he knew that meant red.

Eric gave Dylan a sly smile. “Pretty boy, there will be a few dozen young men for you to play with. Don’t bog yourself down with one man. And I don’t have relationships with the men in my acting stable. Sorry, babe.”

Pouting slightly at the rejection, Dylan watched Eric filling out forms and sliding them across the desk for him to sign. Well, he didn’t really want anything more than friendship with Eric anyway. Maybe he was just being a little anxious. What he really wanted was someone to knock his socks off. And though both Eric and Madison were handsome, they really didn’t match the idea image Dylan had in his mind of his perfect man.

“You okay with the name Dick Rich?”

“Yes. That’s fine.” Dylan signed the contract.

“It’s non-exclusive, so you can still work for Madison, but no other movie studios. Just us.”

“Okay.”

“So?” Eric grinned. “Time to quit the pizza job?”

Almost forgetting that was the idea, Dylan bolted upright in his chair. “Yes! Thank fuck!” Covering his mouth, Dylan apologized, “Sorry.”

“Don’t worry. You’ll hear that word plenty around here.”

“But I do have a shift in an hour. I can’t stick them like that. I have to at least give them a little notice.”

“It’s fine, Dylan.”

Once they had all the contracts signed, Eric reached out his hand. “I’m so glad you’re on board with us, babe.”

“Me too, Eric.”

“If you ever need anything—and I mean *anything*, you come to either myself or Jay. We’re a family here. No one is to feel upset or have a complaint we can’t fix.”

“I have a request.”

“Already?” Eric teased. “What? A dressing room with your own star on it?”

“No. Another practice kiss?” Dylan asked shyly.

Eric jumped to his feet and held out his arms.

Dylan raced to him. This time Dylan was the one to cup Eric’s coarse jaw and dig his hands into his thick hair.

“You like older men, don’t you, Dylan?” Eric hissed seductively.

The hairs standing on his neck at the comment, Dylan licked at Eric’s lips and tongue. After Dylan had kissed him deeply, he replied, “Young men do nothing for me.”

Wrapping his arms around him tightly, Eric purred, “I could eat you up. You know that?”

Dylan rested his head on Eric’s shoulder, closing his eyes. “You feel so good it’s making me dizzy.”

“Christ. It’s so hard having handsome young men around the place. They’re all so tempting.”

Dylan leaned back to see Eric’s sky blue eyes. “What’s holding you back from a relationship with one of us?”

“You ever hear the old adage, you don’t shit where you eat?”

“Yes.”

“I want you too much on the payroll to screw it up.”

“Money?”

“Money. Why?” Eric laughed sweetly, “Are we madly in love, darling?”

Though it was said as a taunt, it didn’t offend Dylan. It made him smile. “Karma.”

“Karma? Are you referring to the fickle hands of fate?”

Dylan loved the amused expression on Eric’s handsome face. “Be my sugar daddy,” Dylan said as a playful tease, knowing he really didn’t want Eric in that role.

After a pause, Eric roared with laughter.

Dylan held him close, enjoying his pleasure. Finally, Dylan felt warm, loved and secure. Now if he could only be a pro footballer, his life would be paradise.

* * * *

After a quick stop in the men’s room to try and tidy up his briefs, Dylan parked behind the pizzeria and changed into his work shirt. A quick check in the rearview mirror to fluff up his hair and make sure it didn’t look like he kissed a man a half-hour ago, Dylan climbed out just as Vic’s car parked next to his truck.

Dylan waited for Vic to meet him before entering the restaurant.

“Hey, dude.”

“Hi, Vic.”

“You have a nice night last night?”

Dylan opened the door for him. “Yes, it was okay.”

“Hi, Dylan, Vic,” Carlos greeted them, already up to his neck in pizza boxes.

After he said, “Hi,” Dylan asked Carlos for their manager, “Is Nick in yet?”

Both Vic and Carlos stared at Dylan. Finally Vic said, “You’re quitting.”

Carlos wiped his hands on his apron. “No. You’re quitting, man?”

“I’m sorry, guys.” Dylan felt terrible. He liked both these men.

“When do you have to leave?” Vic asked.

Dylan shrugged. “Sooner the better.”

“Where did you get another job?” Carlos closed the gap between them.

“Uh...” Dylan’s cheeks grew warm. “Just...ah...”

“Football?” Vic asked.

“Yes.” What was Dylan supposed to tell them? Gay porn? “Just some menial stuff, nothing good. But at least it’s an in.”

“*Felicitaciones, amigo.*” Carlos hugged him.

“We have to go out for a beer,” Vic said, “You know. To say bye or something, dude. You can’t just disappear.”

“We will. Let me just see if Nick is in his office. Okay?” Dylan gently broke out of Carlos’ amorous embrace.

He walked through the kitchen to a closed door. Knocking it with a knuckle, Dylan called out, “Nick?”

“Yeah?”

“Ya got a minute?”

“Yeah, come in.”

Dylan opened the door, seeing the mound of paperwork and disorganized files on Nick’s desk. Dylan didn’t have much interaction with Nick other than the day he hired him. Nick stayed out of the kitchen and let Carlos handle that aspect of the job.

“Look, boss, I have to give my notice.”

“So what? No one lasts around here. When ya leaving?” Nick peered up at Dylan from under heavy eyebrows.

“You need any notice?”

“You give a shit if I do?”

“Yeah. I give a shit.”

“Fine. A month.”

“A month?” Dylan knew Nick was being as asshole.

“Just leave. Vic will pick up the slack and I’ll call the part timer in until we fill your job.”

Nick went back to his paperwork.

“I don’t want to screw the guys. I want it to be fair.”

After giving Dylan a frustrated glare, Nick said, “It’s fucking pizza delivery, not brain surgery. Go.”

“You sure you don’t want me to even finish today?” Dylan felt like crap suddenly about the way this was ending. His thoughts were solely of Vic and Carlos.

Still giving Dylan an annoyed glare, Nick picked up the phone, inspected his list of numbers, dialed and said, “Yo, Bob. Got a driver leaving. Can you come in? Cool.” He hung up. Without making eye contact with Dylan, he said, “I’ll send you your last paycheck in the mail.”

Dylan tugged the pizzeria logo shirt over his head spitefully. “Nice working with you, too.” He tossed it on the chair.

“Yeah, whatever.”

Leaving through the kitchen, Dylan found the other two waiting.

“Dude!” Vic announced. “That dick took the shirt off your damn back?”

“No. He just wanted me out now. He’s got Bob coming in.”

Carlos mumbled something in Spanish under his breath as he stared at Dylan’s chest.

“I’ll see you guys.”

“Bye, man, it’s been good working with ya.” Vic walked Dylan to the door. “I mean it when I said we need to say goodbye over a beer.”

“Okay.” Dylan knew they never would. He looked back at Carlos. “Bye.”

Carlos threw him a kiss. “Adios.”

Strangely let down at being cut free so abruptly, Dylan imagined he'd stay at the job over the weekend until his days off. "Oh well. I tried." He opened his truck door and put his t-shirt on while sitting in the driver's seat.

"Now what?"

* * * *

He dug his toes into the sand at Venice Beach. Still in jeans but no shirt, Dylan reclined with his hands behind him, staring at the waves through his bent, straddled knees. He hadn't stopped home yet, coming straight to the ocean from quitting work.

No beach existed in Ames. This type of environment did well for his nerves. The sound of the surf, the gulls, the breeze, it was bliss. No wonder everyone flocked to the Golden State. The beauty of the coastline was awe inspiring.

Tossing his t-shirt on the sand behind him, Dylan lay back on it, meditating, trying to come to grips with the monumental changes that were taking place in his life.

Enter California a simple boy from Iowa with aspirations of pro football, exit a gay porn star.

"Fuckin 'ell," he muttered at the irony. "Don't try to analyze it, Dylan. Go with it. *Go-Do-Be.*"

Did it scare him? Yes. Petrified him. Did it thrill him? Yes. Exhilarated him. Somewhere in between those two opposites lay success.

He was not a dumb country boy. He graduated with honors. He had brains *and* brawn. Dylan knew that was what quarterbacks needed. Sharp, quick, inspirational thinkers who could react and change a game plan in a split second.

I have that!

Closing his eyes, he relived his brief encounter with the representative he met at the Raider's training camp up in Oakland. He threw every pass perfectly. In the numbers! Never missed! Plays? He knew how to memorize a playbook. *Come on! Why didn't you even give me a chance? One chance? Why? What was it about me you hated on sight? You couldn't pick me? Why not? Why is Iowa State never selected? Everyone comes from Miami, Ohio, Michigan. Why not Iowa?*

A shadow passed over his closed eyelids. He shielded his eyes and found a young girl staring at him.

“Hi.”

“Hi,” he replied with less enthusiasm.

Obviously trying to be casual, she gazed out at the surf. “Nice day.”

“Yes.” He moved back to his previous position, leaning on his hands to sit up off the sand.

“It’s cooler, you know? Not as hot as it’s been.”

“True.” Dylan brushed the sand off his arms and shook out his t-shirt.

“You in college?”

“No. Graduated.”

She plopped down to sit next to him. “I just graduated Los Angeles High.”

He nodded. “Any idea what you want to do?”

“No. My parents are having a cow.”

That made him laugh. He crunched up his t-shirt and set it by his shoes and socks.

“I suppose everyone in this town wants to be an actor or something. You know, get discovered on Pop Idol. Whatever.” She flipped her blonde hair back over her shoulder.

“Probably.” He felt her eyes on him and glanced over to see her face.

“Anyone ever tell you you’re really good looking?”

He turned away shyly. “Thanks.”

“Do you have a girlfriend?”

That question just set him up for his first opportunity. An opportunity to reveal something he didn’t even admit to himself until last Monday, less than one week ago. *To thine own self be true.*

“I’m gay.” Did those two words just come out of the jock-from-Iowa’s mouth? His father would knock all his teeth loose if he said that to him.

“That’s cool.” She nodded.

Blinking in shock he said, “That was easy.”

“Huh?” She tilted her head curiously.

“You’re the first person I’ve told. I mean, told in that way. Just said it like that.”

“Really? That surprises me. All the really pretty boys in LA are. I actually assumed you would be and almost decided not to stop, but I still wanted to talk to you, even if you were.”

“My name is Dylan.” He reached out his hand.

“I’m Jewel.”

“That’s a pretty name.” Retracting from their shake, Dylan rested on his arms again, using them to prop him up.

“Were you named after Bob Dylan? Or Dylan Thomas?”

“I don’t think either. Mom just liked it.” They sat together for a quiet moment, staring at the waves. Dylan was so pleased with his first experience coming out he was beaming. No, this was not Ames, Iowa. Not by a long shot.

* * * *

By evening he was back home and hungry. Sitting with a Chinese food menu, Dylan ordered some dinner and checked the time on his watch. It was after seven. He’d spent the better part of the day at the beach walking around and chatting with Jewel. He mostly did the listening, but still enjoyed the time outside of his four walls.

Stopping by his nightstand to put his wallet and keys down in anticipation of a quick shower, he noticed the light flashing on his answering machine. He hit the play button, heard Madison’s voice and brightened up instantly.

“Hey, Mr. Dick Rich. Heard the good news a minute ago from Eric. Congratulations, I’m thrilled for you. You’re in for one wild adventure, Dylan. Enjoy it. Most porn stars have very short careers, so savor it.”

A pause occurred and Dylan leaned closer to the machine as it sounded as if Madison was talking to someone else. “Will Markham,” Dylan sighed knowingly.

“Anyway,” Madison continued, “I’m very happy for you, Dylan. Don’t be a stranger. Stop by or call anytime. I especially want to know how your first encounter on film goes. Later, babe.”

Dylan played it once more, just to hear his voice again before he deleted it. Smiling to himself as he entered the shower for a quick rinse, Dylan knew Madison was in a committed relationship. It didn’t stop him from liking the guy. He just wished he could find his own partner. True love. Wouldn’t that be cool?

* * * *

Just stepping out of the shower, wrapped in a towel, Dylan heard the apartment intercom buzzer. “Shit.” He rushed to it, pressing the ‘speak’ button. “Yes?”

“Chinese food?”

“Okay. One sec.” He sprinted to his bedroom and slipped on a pair of gym shorts, grabbing his wallet. Dylan jogged down the three flights of stairs and opened the lobby door. “Sorry. Just got out of the shower.” He took the bag of food.

“Fifteen dollars, please.”

“Even?” Dylan took a twenty dollar bill out of his wallet.

“Yes. Even.”

Dylan noticed the young Asian man checking out his naked chest. A wry smile on his lips, Dylan knew the life of an attractive delivery boy well. “Keep the change.”

“Thanks...ah...interested?”

Dylan watched the young man do another sensuous sweep of his body. “No. But I am flattered. Maybe next time.”

“No problem. Have a nice night.”

Waving as he went, Dylan wondered if he should be inviting every available man in to get used to doing it. But that thought turned him off completely. In an ideal world, he would be madly in love with the first man he had sex with. *Ha. Yeah, like that's going to happen.*

Dylan climbed the stairs, his stomach stirring from the aroma of delicious food. Dylan imagined he'd get more than enough cock soon, and may as well get paid for it.

Chapter Eight

He arrived the next day at the studio and was once again greeted sweetly by the receptionist.

“Just go right back, Dylan. No need to wait anymore now that you’re on the payroll.”

“Thanks.” He strutted proudly to Eric’s office. “Boss?” he called as he knocked on the door.

“Come in!”

Instantly, Dylan was struck with Eric’s intense sex appeal as he rose from his seat behind the desk.

“All ready for your debut?” Eric grinned wickedly.

Nervous, dying to bring Eric into an embrace and snuggle for some courage, Dylan contained his urges and replied, “I am. Ready and eager to please you.”

“Get over here.” Eric opened his arms.

Dylan’s body went into heat as he dove for his embrace. “Thank you. I’m a little anxious. I was going nuts.”

“Mm.” Eric kissed his cheek. “Don’t go nuts. Just get ready for my surprise.”

Dylan blinked. “Surprise?” He couldn’t imagine what that meant.

“Hurry. Come with me.” Eric held Dylan’s hand and escorted him to the room where they did the filming of the sex scenes. A different one than where he did his solo act. Several men were already there waiting. None Dylan knew or had seen before.

“Boys!” Eric placed Dylan in front of him. “This is Dick Rich.”

“Hey.” Three of the four men smiled sensually at him.

“Dick, this is Philippe, T-Rex, Toby Steele,” Eric paused and made a grand gesture to someone whose back was toward Dylan at the moment, “and our top man of Tartarus, Rippin Long.”

About to wave shyly at the three young men whom were all around his own age, Dylan stopped short when Mr. Rippin Long turned to look at Dylan from over his shoulder.

The raw sensuality of their ‘top man’ bowled Dylan over. He had to be nearing thirty years old, *big*, six foot two, two hundred and twenty pounds of gorgeous hunk with brown hair and smoldering brown eyes.

“Holy fuck,” Dylan gasped under his breath.

Eric whispered into Dylan’s ear, “You like?”

“I...I...” *I like! I like!*

“It gets better,” Eric teased. “Wait until you see the script.”

Dylan licked his lips as Mr. Long gave him a once over.

“What did you say your name was?” Rippin asked.

“Dyl...uh, Dick.” Dylan didn’t care if these men knew his real name.

While holding a script in his hand, Rippin walked across the room to have a closer look. Dylan held his breath at the inspection.

“Holy shit,” Dylan whimpered as his cock went rigid.

The other men in the room chuckled at his reaction.

“Pretty.” Rippin curled his finger around Dylan’s chin. “Well, done, Mr. Palmer. Very well done.”

“I thought you men might like one another.” Eric smirked wickedly.

“Holy fucking shit.” Dylan couldn’t seem to say anything intelligent. And this fantastic man complimenting him and touching him was almost enough to make him come. As the scent of Rippin’s cologne and body merged with his own, Dylan’s knees went weak.

“Purr,” Rippin teased, rubbing his cheek against Dylan’s.

“Get the camera, Eric. I’m close to my money shot,” Dylan gasped.

Eric roared with laughter. “I love you, Dick. You’re fantastic.”

The other three actors were doubled over, hysterical over the reaction.

“Wait. You still haven’t seen the script we wrote especially for you.” Eric flapped one at Dylan, but Dylan didn’t want to move away from Rippin’s touch. When Rippin brushed his lips over Dylan’s, Dylan moaned and grabbed his own prick to prevent coming.

“Dick? Hello? Script?” Eric waved it at him. “Rippin, give Dick a second. You’ll have plenty of time for some personal contact in a few minutes.”

After a tantalizing lick with the tip of his tongue on Dylan’s top lip, Rippin set back to stare at him.

“Dick.” Eric stuck the script in front of Dylan’s face. “This is the best damn part of the surprise. Will you wake up?”

Dylan tore his gaze away from a man he fell completely in love with at first sight. Madison? Eric? Who the heck were they?

“What? Script?” Dylan took the few pages from Eric.

“Read it.” Eric seemed to be holding back more hilarity.

Coming around from a dream, dying to perform sex with the most incredible fucking god he’d ever laid eyes on, Dylan’s hands shook as he held the words in front of his face and forced himself to read.

“Does...does this say football?” Dylan gaped at Eric.

“Yes,” he humored him. “Keep reading.”

Dylan did. He was the star quarterback and Rippin was his coach. The other three men were fellow players. “Ohmygod.”

“You like?” Eric chuckled.

“You did this for me?” Dylan felt tears sting his eyes.

“Don’t you think it makes your maiden foray into gay porn easier?” Eric opened his hands in an obvious gesture.

Jay entered the room, shouting, “Get ready! We don’t have all day, my pretty boys! Change!”

After another glance at Rippin, Dylan whispered into Eric’s ear, “Thank you so much.”

“Enjoy. Savor it.” Eric cupped his face.

“I am so lucky.” Dylan dabbed at his eyes.

“Me too. Go. Get your tight football pants on. Nothing under them,” Eric warned playfully.

As Dylan followed the three younger men into a changing room, he looked back to see Rippin's eyes on him as Rippin spoke softly to Eric and Jay.

T-Rex asked, "Your first gay film?" as he changed his clothing

"Yes." Dylan set the script down and found a football uniform and helmet with his stage name on it.

"Just forget about the cameras," Toby advised.

"*That* is how *I* do it," Philippe said in a thick French accent.

"Yeah, just get off on it. It's getting paid to fuck guys." Toby slipped off his jeans. "It doesn't get better than that."

As he dressed Dylan asked, "Any of you guys, gay for pay?"

"Fuck no!" T-Rex shook his head. "That's complete bullshit. Any guy that says that," T shook his head in exaggeration, "is feedin' you a line of complete bull."

"No shit," Toby added. "If you're straight, do straight porn, know what I mean?"

"*Oui!*" Philippe agreed. "Why screw men? It makes no sense. Gay for pay!" he scoffed.

T-Rex sidled over to Dylan and smiled. "You like our big star?"

"Rippin?" Dylan admired T's dark mocha skin and good looks. "Yeah, he's fucking gorgeous."

"He likes you too." T-Rex's brown eyes gleamed.

Dylan's cheeks heated up instantly. "Is he going steady with anyone?"

"Going steady?" Toby finished putting on his cleats. "Where the hell are you from?"

"Ames, Iowa." Dylan felt so comfortable in a football uniform it was as if he was indeed at Iowa State.

The other three men laughed at his answer.

"And I thought I was far from home," Philippe chuckled. "*Mais oui!* At least I know porn stars like Rippin do not 'go steady'."

"So..." Dylan laced his cleats. "That means he's available?"

"Good luck, bro." T patted Dylan's back. "A man like that is pure sex and impossible to net. But he did show a liking for you...ya never know."

Dylan noticed T-Rex and Toby exchange wry smiles.

They emerged on the set carrying their helmets, to see Eric, Jay and of course, Rippin, now in a non-descript team coach's costume, standing with three camera men and various other assistants for lighting, make up, and whatever else they needed.

The moment Dylan emerged, he and Rippin locked gazes. *I want you. Oh, lord help me, I have to have you.*

"Gentlemen." Jay waved them over. "I know there's not much dialogue, but did you at least look it over?"

Dialogue? Dylan raced back for the script and flipped pages. Smiling to himself as he read it, Dylan found it wasn't anything he hadn't said to his own coaches and fellow players time and again. No need for memorization.

Eric rubbed up against Dylan. "I see you're already excited." He peeked down at Dylan's tight football pants.

"Everything about this is exciting me. Eric," Dylan breathed, "Where did you find Rippin? Holy shit."

"He's our top man." Eric smiled in pride. "He made Tartarus what it is today. But...saying that. He's thinking of getting out. He feels he's done his time and wants a change."

"No..." Dylan felt sick at the thought of the man leaving just as he was beginning.

"Don't worry, babe. He's expressed the desire to play with you a few times first."

"Good. Damn." Dylan met Rippin's golden brown eyes again and felt his cock throb.

"Break a leg, gorgeous," Eric encouraged, caressing Dylan's ass.

Frantically searching the script, Dylan asked, "What do we do together?" but Eric had already faded to the background to allow Jay to begin his work.

A backdrop with a pattern imitating tile was lowered behind a bench and a few fake prop lockers. Dylan glanced again at the script and figured out pretty quickly where it was going. He was so pumped he couldn't wait.

"Okay, listen up." Jay waved them in a circle. "Big game, blah, blah, blah, you lost, boo hoo. Coach is mad."

Dylan peeked at Rippin who appeared to be licking his chops to get at him.

"...Coach yells at you, singles Dick out for the lecture, and you know the rest." Jay flapped his hands around. "Go. Come through that door when we say action."

T-Rex gave Dylan's ass a tight squeeze. "You just enjoy yourself, rookie."

“Holy shit.” Dylan couldn’t believe any of this was happening. Didn’t he deliver pizza yesterday for a living?

The four men huddled behind a door. Dylan heard someone yell, “Action!”

Toby opened the door and they practically fell over each other coming into the fake locker room.

“Coach is sure going to be mad,” Toby warned.

“Yeah, and it’s the QB that’s going to get it.” T-Rex pointed at Dylan.

“Poor man.” Philippe exaggerated his pouty bottom lip. “I would not want to be you.”

Dylan looked up. Rippin was standing imposingly with his arms crossed over his massive chest, looking so delicious he should be illegal.

“You assholes!” Rippin shouted. “What the fuck was that out there? You didn’t listen to a fucking thing I said! Did you read the damn plays?” He glared at Dylan. “Did you?”

“Yes, sir!” Dylan shouted back in a militaristic style he had used with his coach in college.

“Put your fucking helmet down and get your ass over here. Now,” Rippin ordered Dylan.

He set his helmet on the floor and walked sheepishly over to the beautiful man.

“The rest of you. Hit the showers!” Rippin pointed.

Dylan peered over his shoulder at their smirks as they left. *Oh, God. I’m alone with him. He’s going to touch me.*

Rippin cupped Dylan by the back of his head and dragged him closer roughly. “What have I been tellin’ you all along? Huh?”

“No more interceptions, coach.” Dylan inhaled and drowned himself in Rippin’s scent.

“How many did you throw, asshole?”

“Three coach.” Dylan’s cock was so hard he wanted that money shot now.

“Three,” Rippin roared, “One! On your knees!”

Dylan dropped instantly, eye level with one hell of a huge bulge.

“Two!” Rippin yelled.

That was Dylan’s cue to open Rippin’s pants. He was forcing himself not to tremble.

“Three,” Rippin snarled seductively.

Dylan flipped Rippin's enormous erection out of his briefs. Swooning at the idea that he was going to be allowed to suck it, and suck it good, hard and long, Dylan licked his lips, holding it in his hand.

"What the hell are you waiting for, asshole?"

Taking one last peek at the man attached to that amazing organ, Dylan opened his mouth and devoured it. It tasted like heaven. The scent of Rippin's body was making his own cock throb and ooze like mad. *I'm sucking the coach! I'm sucking the coach. I can't believe this.*

Was it weird? No. Was it horrible to have another man's cock in his mouth? *Hell no!*

Gripping that large organ in both hands, Dylan moaned in ecstasy, sucking deep and hard, licking underneath it, tasting tiny spurts of his pre-cum. The sensations overwhelmed him. Dylan allowed Rippin's cock out of his mouth for a minute to moan and squirm on the floor in front of him.

"I said suck it!"

"Yes, sir!" Dylan began rubbing his own cock as he sucked Rippin off. A signal was made over his head. He caught it and felt the air move from a wave of Rippin's hand. Dylan sensed something shift around him. A camera moved up to his face. He didn't know what was happening.

Rippin pulled out of Dylan's mouth and came, hitting Dylan in the chin, dripping semen down his neck.

The money shot! Dylan was so hot, he tore his own pants open and exposed himself. Script? He didn't remember anything else from it. All he knew was the damn camera was rolling and he was allowed to shoot his wad in front of it. He began fisting himself feverishly.

Rippin shoved Dylan backwards. Dylan hit the floor with a thud. Instantly Rippin's mouth was on his cock. Dylan shouted out in pleasure and fucked that hot wet hole, writhing on the floor, moaning in ecstasy. It was so unbelievable to be sucked off by a man he was going insane.

Instinctively, Rippin knew Dylan was close. He backed off and Dylan's shot came up into the air. Dylan's big load hit his own bare stomach as Rippin exposed Dylan's ripped chest and abs for the shot. While Dylan trembled from the heat of a man's mouth on his length for the first time, getting sucked until he came, and the pleasure of it being with a man as incredible as Rippin, Dylan began to lose his sense of reality, and float like a cloud.

Completely numb, Dylan felt Rippin urge him to face the floor. Still reeling with his first male blow job, Dylan felt the cool tile floor with his hands, his cheek, his naked torso and hot cock. His football pants were yanked to his ankles and his ass was hiked off the ground.

The minute a hot thick dick touched against his rim, Dylan's eyes sprung open. Pushing the cucumber incident out of his mind, Dylan couldn't wait to feel a real man's cock inside him. Slick fingers went in first. "Ah! Coach! Yes!" Dylan cried for more. His cock was already craving another blast.

Hearing Rippin behind him, panting, gasping, feeling Rippin's hands all over his balls and ass, Dylan was going wild. "More! Oh, God! Give it to me."

When that length filled him, Dylan hissed and closed his eyes. "*Ohmygod...ohmygod...*" *so much better than a cold cucumber!*

"My star player," Rippin crooned as he pumped, "My football star..."

Rising to the heavens instantly, Dylan warned, "I'm going to come," as if he needed to let someone know. The camera was there so quickly Dylan didn't have to wait another minute. As Rippin's cock massaged him inside, Dylan spurt another round of semen all over the floor. He vocalized his bliss in loud whimpering groans that echoed off the walls. That cock behind him sought to own him, claim him, devour him.

Rippin pushed Dylan's clothing up his back, licking his skin, chewing his shoulder blades and grunting like a dog in heat. "You gorgeous mother fucker. I want to fuck you!"

"Fuck me! Ah! I'm yours!" Dylan felt possessed. Whose words were coming out of his mouth? And on film? Was this really Dylan Conway from Ames, Iowa screaming for a man to keep fucking him? To claim him? "Coach! Take it. Take it."

"Fuck!" Rippin jammed his hips in deeply first, suddenly pulling out.

Dylan twisted over his shoulder to look.

Rippin had torn the rubber off and fisted himself, coming on Dylan's ass cheeks. The expression on Rippin's face was so fantastic, Dylan grew another erection. He pounced on Rippin the minute Rippin slowed his hand to a milking action and pinned Rippin to the floor. Dylan connected to his lips and rubbed their sticky cocks against each other. Sucking at Rippin's mouth, tongue, licking his coarse jaw, and upper lip, Dylan began jerking himself off as he fucked Rippin's mouth with his tongue.

Rippin dug his hands into Dylan's hair, deepening their kiss, both their hips grinding into each other.

Dylan loved the sweat soaking them, sealing their skin together, the smell of semen and testosterone in the air, and this man! *Rippin Long, holy mother of God!*

Dylan sat up and came all over Rippin's powerful chest; number three was the most intense of the trio. Dylan ground his jaw and clamped his eyes shut. "Three orgasms for the three interceptions, sir!" Dylan groaned and swooned.

In what felt like hours of spinning climaxes, Dylan opened his eyes. Rippin was gaping at him in awe, his chest heaving.

Still holding onto his spent cock, Dylan took a sheepish look around, wondering when he would get into trouble for going off on his own, away from the script.

Every man in the room was glued to them, their mouths hanging open, especially Eric and Jay.

Finally Jay croaked out a strangled word. "Cut."

"Holy fuck," T-Rex sighed, his eyes wide, panting as he watched Dylan and Rippin. Toby and Philippe were doing the same, gawking.

Dylan looked back at Rippin who was still recuperating.

"Did I do something wrong?" Dylan asked in fear.

First Rippin smiled. A weak weary laughter followed before his all out roar of hilarity.

Dylan realized everyone was laughing, wiping their eyes. "Is that a yes or a no?" Dylan looked at Eric for some kind of sign.

"Did you do something wrong?" Eric gasped. "Yes! Dick Rich! How on earth could you burn up the screen and make Rippin come so quickly when he usually holds back for hours?"

Dylan spun his head back to see Rippin continuing to recover underneath him. Rippin was smiling at him affectionately.

"Get the fuck over here!" Rippin dragged Dylan down and made for his lips. Once he had kissed him, Rippin announced, "I don't know who the hell you are, pretty boy, but you're the first man who is going to steal my crown."

Dylan gave Rippin an adoring gaze. "I'd rather steal your heart."

Rippin grinned at him wickedly and sucked at his mouth again.

* * * *

A few scenes later, Dylan was done working his first day in the gay porn industry. And he loved it.

Given a quick synopsis of the next day's filming, Dylan noticed Rippin walking through the parking lot to a snazzy red Ferrari. Hurrying his pace, Dylan shouted to get his attention.

When he had, Rippin grinned sweetly at him. "Hey, hot stuff."

Dylan caught his breath. "Nice car."

"Thanks."

Fumbling awkwardly, Dylan said, "My real name is Dylan."

"Is that what you want me to call you?"

Dylan nodded shyly. Just the presence of this man was overwhelming. He oozed sex.

"Some guys are very private about things like that. They don't want the films overlapping their real lives, you know?"

"Yeah. My family doesn't live in California. I'm pretty safe. Uh...Are you going home?" Dylan stuffed one hand into his pocket and swung the script nervously in the other.

"Why? Do you have another idea?"

Dylan glanced down and found a nice bulge under Rippin's jeans. "Hell yeah."

"Hop in." Rippin opened the car door.

"What about my truck?" Dylan pointed to it in the lot.

"I'm sure it'll be fine here until morning."

At the wicked grin on Rippin's face, Dylan cheered, "Yes!" He climbed into the low slung car and stared at Rippin in awe. "I want to know everything about you."

Rippin started the fancy Italian sports car and it purred just like he did. "Why? To know the secret of my success with gay porn fans?"

Dylan rested his hand on Rippin's leg. "No. Because I think you're amazing."

"I'm sorry to inform you, you wouldn't be the first young man to become infatuated with me. I don't even want to tell you about the emails and letters I get." Rippin drove them out of the lot.

"I won't be the first, but I will be the last."

Peering at Dylan suspiciously, Rippin quipped, "That means either you're going to kill me or somehow make interested in you."

"I wouldn't harm a hair on your gorgeous head." Dylan ran his fingers up Rippin's thigh.

Rippin rolled his eyes. “I’ve given up on relationships. Gets you burned every time. Soon the novelty of porn star Mr. Rippin Long wears off and I’m just a man with the same problems as everyone else.” Rippin stopped for a red light. “Don’t put me on a pedestal, Dylan. I’ll only disappoint you.”

“Will you keep an open mind?”

Rippin smiled sweetly at him. “Sure kid. Whatever you say.”

Chapter Nine

The home was lush, overlooking a swimming pool and a view of the valley. Dylan was already impressed with the man and the house did nothing to change his opinion either way.

Rippin led Dylan silently into his kitchen through a door connecting from the garage. As Rippin tossed his keys on a counter and took off his shoes, Dylan thought he appeared preoccupied.

Dylan removed his own shoes and set them near Rippin's, waiting for some kind of sign that this was okay not an irritating inconvenience.

When Rippin paused to read some mail on the kitchen table, Dylan asked sheepishly, "You sure you want me here?"

"Hmm?" Rippin glanced up at him. "Oh. Sorry. You want something to drink?"

Dylan crossed the marble tiled floor to him, holding Rippin's waist. "You think I'm some infatuated little jerk, right?"

A wry smile found Rippin's lips. "Like I said—"

"What if we don't make love tonight? Don't kiss?"

"Then what's the fucking point?" Rippin moved out of Dylan's grasp to open the refrigerator.

"The point is for two people to get to know one another."

As if the comment was depressing, Rippin shook his head, pouring two glasses of pineapple juice for them. Ignoring the topic, Rippin said, "I don't do much booze. Sorry."

"I don't need booze." Dylan began to get slightly upset that Rippin appeared completely unreceptive. "So, you figure I'm just another fan out for a fuck? Why would I do that when I can have you, *have* had you, on the set?"

Rippin sipped the juice, meeting Dylan's eyes, not answering right away. Finally Rippin snarled, "I've had you. You haven't had me. But no doubt that's what you came here for."

Dylan was amazed at the defensiveness he was hearing. "What happened to you, Rippin? How bad was your last experience with someone to get you so cynical to not want to fall in love?"

Choking on the swallow of his pineapple juice, Rippin wiped his lip as he gasped, "Love?"

Dylan gripped Rippin's elbow. "Show me a spot where we can sit down."

Still coughing to clear his throat, Rippin brought Dylan to a living room with a view of the valley. Dylan sat Rippin down on the leather sofa and dropped heavily next to him.

Once Rippin finished his juice, he put the empty glass on the coffee table, crossed his arms over his chest and gave Dylan a skeptical glance that read, 'Go ahead, convince me'.

"What's your real name?"

"You shittin' me?" Rippin replied. "You know me all of eight hours and you think you can get that kind of information out of me?" Rippin threw up his hands. "Look, I thought you wanted a fuck and a fun night. Maybe this was a stupid idea. I don't need this kind of crap-bullshit-love-talking nonsense—"

Dylan cupped his hand over Rippin's mouth. The look of rage almost caused Dylan to pull back, but he didn't. Dylan worked his way to be situated almost onto Rippin's lap, pushing Rippin back into the arm of the couch.

Rippin jerked Dylan's hand off his face. "Just tell me what the hell you want," Rippin said impatiently.

Maybe Dylan thought he could go all night and not touch this sex god. Maybe he was wrong.

Running his hand up Rippin's thigh, Dylan spoke softly, "When I was in junior high my science teacher, who coached football, asked me to try out for the team." Dylan heard Rippin exhale a deep irritated breath. "I did," Dylan continued, "He made me quarterback instantly pissing off all of my older teammates. I got pummeled in the locker room and threatened I'd get more if I didn't either quit the team or tell the coach I didn't want to be QB." Dylan studied Rippin's eyes. He expected Rippin to tell him to shut up, but Rippin seemed to be waiting for the moral of the story, or something like that.

“I did neither. I wanted to be the QB.” Dylan chewed on his lip as he thought about those painful memories. “Next day I found the same fury waiting for me. It took every ounce of fucking guts I had not to run away. I never told the coach. Never. I just went out there and played my fucking heart out.”

“This story got an end?”

“It does if you let me finish.” Dylan cupped Rippin’s crotch. Rippin peered down at it quickly, before connecting with Dylan’s eyes again.

“I hit every fucking pass. And that was even with no offensive line from my teammates and being crushed by the defense.”

“Goody. You’re the hero.”

“You’d think so.” Dylan rubbed his hand over the bulge in Rippin’s jeans. It appeared the only way to calm the savage beast was to stroke him. “Same thing happened to me in high-school. The sophomore, me, ran over the seniors and was selected starting QB. Different guys beat the crap out of me. Still I didn’t quit.”

“Will this story ever end?”

Dylan ignored his expression of annoyance. “Then came the football scholarship to Iowa State.”

“Yippee. Big fucking deal.”

“Voted MVP three years in a row.”

“Ya done bragging? I’m fucking bored.”

“Got a call from the Oakland Raider’s for the draft pick. ‘Can I come out,’ they asked. So, I packed my pickup and drove to Oakland.”

Rippin ran his hand over his face as if he was becoming impatient.

“Didn’t even give me a look.” Dylan sighed. “I thought I did well. You know, tossing the ball. Got a ‘thanks, we’ll call you.’”

“Augh. Just shoot me.” Rippin moaned, closing his eyes and resting his head on the sofa back.

“I was broke and didn’t want to go back to Ames with my tail between my legs. So? I moved here and became a pizza delivery man. Isn’t that glamorous, Rippin?” Dylan asked sarcastically. “The college grad with honors and a scholarship, delivering pizza? Getting propositioned by married women, old men, schoolgirls?”

Rippin moaned pathetically, scrubbing his face with both hands. “Tell it to a shrink! Not me.”

That set Dylan back. “Wow. No wonder you don’t connect on a deeper level than sex.”

Rippin lowered his arms to his lap and stared at Dylan. “Was there a point to your story?”

“Yes. There was. But it was obviously lost on you. Never mind.” Dylan stood, imagining a long walk to the studio and his truck.

Rippin yanked Dylan back down to the couch by his wrist.

“I assume you want me to leave,” Dylan said flatly.

“If I wanted you to leave I would tell you to go.”

“You want sex? Fine.” Dylan began taking off his shirt.

Rippin stopped him. “My name is Sean.”

Mid-strip Dylan paused. Did he just hear right?

“Sean Dean.”

Dragging his shirt back down his torso, Dylan stared at Sean.

Sean sighed deeply. “I was born in Detroit. Got a fucking scholarship to UCLA for ball.”

“Football?” Dylan gasped.

Sean nodded. “Football.” His gaze drifted off into the room. “Quarterback.”

“Fuck!” Dylan felt his skin prickle.

“Didn’t even make the draft pick. All the fucking pro teams look at Florida State, University of Miami, Ohio State...”

“Fuck!” Dylan echoed, and felt his stomach tighten, knowing he had said those exact words.

“Waited tables for three years.”

Dylan covered his eyes in agony, listening to the identical story coming out of Sean’s mouth. It was harder to hear than to say for some reason.

“Got so sick of it I thought of fucking killing myself.” Sean sank deeper into the cushions, his hands folded on his lap. “Some sleaze-ball slips me a business card. Says he wants me to be in movies.” Sean rubbed his forehead as if the memories were painful. “Straight porn. Fucking hate pussy.”

Dylan’s eyes welled up from seeing Sean’s anguish.

“Couldn’t get it up without a male fluffer.” Sean paused. “You know what that is? A fluffer?”

Dylan nodded, biting his lip.

Sighing deeply, Sean gazed at the ceiling, his head resting again on the couch cushion. “After two months they kicked me out. I just couldn’t get hard for the scenes.” Sean closed his eyes. “I thought, waiting tables? Again? God no...then one of the guys on set tells me about Tartarus Studios. You know, doing the gay thing. Christ, Dylan, admitting I was fucking gay?” Sean massaged his eyes tiredly. “Mr. Star QB from UCLA? A fag?”

“Oh, God.” Dylan felt like sobbing for him. He knew the tale too well.

“Had my audition with Jay and Eric. Well, you know those two.” Sean looked at Dylan with slightly red eyes from the rubbing. “They’re angels. I swear they saved my fucking life.”

Dylan’s lip trembled from the pain he was hearing, so he bit it again to stop it.

“I thought it would be my death sentence. Gay porn. AIDS.” Sean paused in thought. “It was fucking cleaner than the straight porn. Though everyone in straight porn had to show AIDS test results constantly and used rubbers as well...but the women...” Sean winced. “Filthy. They were cringe-worthy, babe. Some even stunk.”

Dylan shivered in revulsion.

“Not at Tartarus.” Sean took a deep breath. “Clean, sane, good stories, fun sex. No shoving it into assholes for hours so you can’t sit for weeks. Nothing like that.”

Dylan cuddled Sean, resting his head on his shoulder.

“They somehow made me into a superstar of the industry.” Sean wrapped his arm around Dylan’s shoulder, cuddling him closer. “I won awards for Most Erotic Sex Scene. Best Solo. Man Most Wanted To Perform With. And then they made up a latex dildo of my dick, and little dolls in my likeness, posters, mouse pads.” Sean chuckled. “Money started rolling in. I did some live acts. Danced at special events.”

Dylan nestled his cheek against Sean’s shirt, inhaling him, loving what they were sharing.

“I was happy for the first time since playing ball in college.” Sean smiled but it appeared bittersweet. “I felt appreciated.”

Dylan leaned up to stare at him. Sean Dean alias Rippin Long was so damn handsome and so unbelievably endearing, how could he not be adored? “What about love?” Dylan whispered.

Sean shrugged. "It seemed like it would happen at first." Sean petted back Dylan's hair gently. "I met a few men that I thought had potential. We were mutually attracted, shared a good laugh."

At a pause in the narrative, Dylan prodded, "And? But?"

"And? But?" Sean repeated. "They were happy to screw their way across LA. It's about sex, Dylan. I've had plenty of it. No complaints there. But you learn after a while to seal off the emotional part of your heart. One good crushing and you learn."

"Not one man wanted a relationship with you that was exclusive?"

"The ones that did were manic fans. They scared me. They were possessive and clingy. Christ, I had one guy who had been fucking himself with my dildo for years. He met me at one of my live shows. I thought, yeah, all right." Sean massaged the nape of Dylan's neck. "He seemed okay. I brought him back to my place. Not this one, I was in a condo back then. We had a decent bout of sex. He starts talking about his obsession with me over the years. He said he fucked himself so hard with my latex dick he had to go to the ER." Sean met Dylan's eyes. "I thought it was weird, but I still gave him the benefit of the doubt. Then I find him tailing my every move. I drive to the studio, he's behind me in my rear view mirror. I go out for an errand, he's watching me from across the street."

"Jesus!"

"Yeah. Love, huh?" Sean laughed sadly. "That was it. Done."

"How long ago was that?"

"Five years."

Dylan's heart broke. "No."

"Look, babe." Sean adjusted his position on the couch so they were face to face. "You're young. You've only just begun this game. When you get known in the business you'll gain lots of manic fans. Some who will be a nice fuck, some who will be nuts."

"No."

"No. No what?"

"I don't want a string of meaningless sex with 'fans'."

"You think you'll find a boyfriend who'll be okay with you screwing other men for a living?" Sean cupped Dylan's face. "Good luck with that."

"So? Once you get out of the porn industry will you try love again?"

“I haven’t thought that far in advance. I’ve been doing this work for seven years.”

“What will you do next? Do you have to work at all or have you saved enough money to stop?”

Sean gave Dylan a sly smile. “You sure you didn’t major in journalism in college?”

“If I’m prying, just say so.”

“You are. But it’s okay. I have savings. I just don’t want to do nothing for the next thirty years. I want to work.”

“As?”

“Ah, that’s the million dollar question.” Sean smiled broadly. “As what? What does an ex-gay porn star do for his next act, and who will hire him? A very good question indeed.”

“Can you coach sports?”

“Coach?” Sean laughed. “You think PTA moms want me around their sons? Are you trying to be funny?”

“What about older guys? Not coaching kids.”

“You’re talking about the same competition as being a player in the game. No. Can’t happen, babe. And if I haven’t been a pro-baller for the last seven years, it’s not even in the realm of possibilities.”

“Then what?”

“No idea. Scares the crap out of me to think about it. I just keep going to the studio to feel useful. I’m petrified to stay and outlive my good reputation, and terrified to leave and find nothing waiting for me but...waiting tables.”

Dylan wrapped his arms around Sean’s neck and embraced him, pressing his lips into Sean’s skin.

“Stop feeling sorry for me.” Sean caressed Dylan’s back. “It’s making me feel like a charity case.”

Sitting back to gaze into Sean’s dreamy brown eyes, Dylan whispered, “But you’re me in seven years. Don’t you see that?”

“Yes. I do.” Sean petted back Dylan’s hair from his forehead. “Be forewarned then.”

“But you said it was a happy time.”

“Happy and short. No one wants to watch a middle aged man screw. Especially not screw twenty year olds.”

“No? I love older men.” Dylan touched Sean’s face.

“I know, hot stuff. Eric told me.” Sean grinned demonically.

“Is nothing sacred?” Dylan panicked that Sean knew about the cucumber incident as well.

Maneuvering Dylan so he was lying face up on his lap, Sean dug his hand under Dylan’s shirt to fondle his nipples. “Nothing is sacred, no. We are fully exposed with those men, Dylan. Get used to it.”

“You...uh...know everything about me?” Dylan’s dick grew as hard as his nipples.

“Everything? I wouldn’t go that far. Just the basics, and now, with what you’ve told me yourself, a little more.” After a good feel of Dylan’s torso, Sean purred, “Why? Any good secrets you’d like to reveal?”

“No!” Dylan panicked.

Sean popped open Dylan’s jean’s button. “That means there is.”

Squirming as Sean’s hand dug its way into his briefs, Dylan moaned as Sean’s fingers found him and straightened his erection so he could stroke it.

“Tell me something dirty, babe.” Sean exposed Dylan’s cock from his clothing, teasing it.

“My God. When you touch me I go nuts.”

“I know that. Something I don’t know.” Sean used his thumb to rub the pre-cum around Dylan’s cock head.

Forcing his eyes open, since they had closed with the passionate sensations, Dylan met Sean’s smoldering leer. “I want us to mean something to one another, Sean.”

“Don’t get into that again. You’ll ruin the mood.”

“No.” Dylan stopped Sean’s hand from stroking him, clasp it tight. “What you told me just now. How many other people know what you went through before you were famous?”

First Sean looked annoyed, then pensive. “Eric Palmer. That’s it.”

Dylan’s eyes widened. “Really?”

“Yes. I may be a slut, but I’m no liar.”

“A slut?”

“I fuck for a living!” Sean rapped his knuckles on Dylan’s skull. “Hello? Anyone in there?”

“Stop.” Dylan nudged Sean’s hand away. “You’re not a slut if you just screw on camera. Do you screw a lot off as well?”

Sean released his hold on Dylan's cock. "Why don't you just leave? You're really running hot and cold here and it's a game I'm not enjoying."

Dylan scrambled to sit up, gripping Sean's arms. "No. You're not getting my meaning."

"You asked me if I screw a lot of guys off camera," Sean shouted. "You think I'm that stupid?"

Dylan didn't know how to answer Sean and not to enrage him further.

When nothing was said, Sean roared, "No! Okay? No!"

Flinching from the force, Dylan asked quietly, "No?"

"I don't fuck around off camera. I get enough all day. Look, just go away," Sean whined. "I don't need this mind fuck."

"I'm not doing that. Not intentionally."

"Well, 'accidentally' you are." Sean pushed Dylan to separate them.

Dylan wrapped his arms around Sean's neck, preventing him from parting their contact.

"Look, kid. I've been here before. Remember? You going to stalk me for months because I don't want any part of this stupid game?"

"It's not a stupid game. Not to me."

"Then what the fuck is it?"

Swallowing the lump in his throat, Dylan bit back his emotions. "I want to get to know you. You. Not Rippin Long. You."

"Why?" Sean threw up his hands in frustration.

"Because you and I are of the same ilk, Sean. We're living parallel lives and I feel a connection to you like I've felt with no other human being."

Sean's annoyed expression dropped quickly to interest.

"You can pretend it's infatuation," Dylan explained. "You can do anything you're comfortable with. If that's what you need it to be, some kind of idol worship, then fine."

"It's exactly what I don't want."

"That's what I've been trying to tell you all along." Dylan rapped his knuckle on Sean's head this time. "Hello?"

"Cut it out." Sean brushed Dylan's hand aside. "Fine. So? What is it, Dylan. True love? Love at first sight? First suck? Come on. Give me a break. It was good sex on camera. Why the hell do you think it's anything more?"

“Why the hell don’t you think it is?”

“Don’t pull this shit on me.” Sean wagged a finger at Dylan.

“Do you have family here?”

Sean cocked his eyebrow at Dylan. “No.”

“On speaking terms with any of them?”

“Some.”

“Any friends locally that would be here for you no matter what?”

“Yes. Eric and Jay. What the fuck is your point?” Sean appeared exasperated.

“Alone. You are alone.”

“I’m not alone!” Sean defended.

“Your producer and your director? That’s it?”

“I have friends. Why are you doing this to me?”

“Look at me.” Dylan gripped Sean’s jaw and forced him to meet his gaze. When Sean reluctantly made that eye contact, Dylan admitted, “I’ve got one old woman in her eighties who I can call and chat with if I’m desperate. I have Madison Henning who I adore, but his partner Will Markham will kick my ass if I call him too often—”

Sean chuckled.

Dylan assumed he knew the two men in question. “All of my family is in Ames, Iowa. No one there knows I’m gay let alone beginning to work in gay porn. My dad would hang me by my balls from the oak tree in the backyard if he even got wind of this.”

Sean cringed.

“Who can I call for an emergency?” Dylan asked. “Eric and Jay. And you say we’re not living parallel lives?”

“Oh God,” Sean moaned sympathetically.

“But unlike you, Sean, I haven’t been exposed to so many horrible men that I’ve built a wall around myself. Here I am. Me. On the line to be massacred at every turn.” Dylan held up his hand to emphasize it. “I’ll be used, abused, perhaps beaten? Stalked like you were? A fucking babe in the woods. That’s me. Dylan Conway from Ames, Iowa, ignorant hick in The City of Sin.” He paused, seeing Sean’s eyes lose their anger completely.

“And the worst part, Sean, is my dream of the perfect relationship. That fairy tale every little girl grew up with. Cinderella, Sleeping Beauty, Snow White. Where’s my knight in shining armor, Sean? Who will sweep me off my feet?”

Sean gazed at him blankly.

“Then I saw you. I thought, oh my God, he’s the most amazing man I have ever met in my whole measly pathetic life. He’s gorgeous, smart, funny...”

As Dylan watched, Sean’s eyes began to fill with tears.

“And if I don’t get to know him deeply, find out what he loves to do, his favorite food, color, music, art...if I don’t find out who the hell Rippin Long is, I’ll go nuts.” Dylan wiped at his own eyes as they watered. “No. I will not stalk you. If you reject me and this ridiculous attempt at something more than a casual fuck, then I’m done. I know what no means. Sort of.” Dylan smiled. “But I will leave you alone. I don’t get off tormenting men. But...” Dylan whispered, “I crave real love, Sean. Real, honest, pure, loyal...true.” He dug his hand into Sean’s hair to his scalp. “One that consumes a man. Brings him to tears of joy.”

In embarrassment, Sean dabbed at his eyes as discreetly as possible.

“My mother warned me about wearing my heart on my sleeve,” Dylan added. “‘So what, Mom,’ I said, ‘So? What’s the worst that can happen? It gets broken. What’s the best thing that can happen?’” Dylan cupped Sean’s cheek. “I get loved back.”

“Who the fuck are you to do this to me?” Sean moaned.

“That’s up to you. I can be the guy who leaves now. The one you never really get to know on any other level than work. Or...” Dylan drew close to Sean’s mouth, brushing his lips with his own. “I can be the man you fall so madly in love with, you feel pure joy and contentment.” When Dylan pressed his mouth harder against Sean’s, he felt Sean shake with a sob.

Moving away, angry with himself at getting Sean upset, Dylan felt Sean grip him like iron and tighten the hold on his body.

And they kissed.

Dylan’s head spun with the images of the two of them earlier that day on the floor of the studio, sucking, writhing on each other’s bodies in pleasure, and of a common bond that was struck between two men; one who was at the end of his porn career, and one at the beginning.

The power of Sean's embrace was awe inspiring. Dylan had never been handled 'sexually' by a man as big and strong as Sean Dean. On the playing field, yes, but that was a completely different animal.

Sean urged Dylan to lie prone on the sofa under him, pinning Dylan down with the weight of his body.

And the kiss they were sharing was not casual. Not superficial. Not a onetime connection.

Dylan knew damn well what a passionless kiss felt like. This didn't fit that description. Sean's tongue entered Dylan's mouth delicately. No harsh on camera tongue jamming for effect, just a flick of the tip to entice. Dylan's hips rose up in reflex and he massaged his fingers through Sean's thick brown hair. It felt leisurely, as if they had days to sit and discover each other's mouths. Ironically, a few hours earlier in the studio, they had. But Dylan knew this was different. This was not work. It was play.

Passionate play.

A very long moment passed. All they did was kiss. Each taking turns entering the other's mouths, soft, lush, exploring forays into touching teeth, circling tongues, light lip laps, and moans that sent chills over Dylan's skin.

The only hand caressing had become their faces and heads. Nothing more. Dylan couldn't get enough of digging his fingers into Sean's thick hair, and it seemed Sean was content to trace his fingertips along Dylan's forehead, nose, cheek and jaw.

Yes, his dick was throbbing, dying for Sean's hand to reach down and give it another good yank, but wasn't this kissing superb? Monumental?

Had Dylan ever done nothing but kiss for an hour? No. Had Sean? Dylan had no idea.

Opening his eyes when he remembered to, Dylan caught Sean staring at him at times as well, while at others, Sean's eyelids were sealed shut from his passion.

Again, Dylan's eyelids opened to see just enough of the man he was kissing. It was then Dylan realized the room had grown dimmer. How long had they been doing this? Did he care? No. He was in heaven.

As intimately as it began, Sean leaned back to stare at Dylan. They said nothing at that moment.

Dylan reached up and stroked the rough skin on Sean's jaw and admired his intense beauty. From Sean's amazing head of chocolate brown hair, long and luxurious, to his dark

arching eyebrows and long lashes, his high carved cheekbones and the hollows under them, sideburns trimmed halfway down his ears, and his lips, full and slightly blushing from Dylan's own coarse shadow, Dylan had never seen a man like this in his life. Tartarus' top star. Perfection. The epitome of a male sex god.

Finally Dylan broke their silence. "You are absolutely fantastic."

Sean's lashes fluttered as if he were shy suddenly to the compliment. Certainly a man in his position heard that constantly.

"I don't care if we ever fuck. I just want to stare into your eyes forever."

Immediately Sean's gaze locked to Dylan's. Dylan felt Sean's respirations increase, Sean's chest rose and fall against him. What was it? Excitement? Nerves? Could anything make a man with Sean's experience in the porn industry anxious? Surely he could out perform all his co-stars and had earned the reputation of a superstar.

"Who the fuck are you?"

Dylan smiled adoringly. "I can be your dream come true."

"I stopped dreaming ages ago."

"Start again." Dylan lightly dusted his fingertips over Sean's face.

Sean stare was so intense it seemed to pass through Dylan's body. After a long exhale Sean sighed, "I'm so tired of that game. I can't stand putting my heart out there. I can't do it."

"You're right. I should go back to delivering pizza and you should wait tables. We suck and can't amount to anything anyway. Why bother?"

"Shut up," Sean said, but smiled when he did. "Why the fuck should I trust you?"

"Only you can answer that question. And I can only do my best to be here when you need me, never cheat on you, be your back when you need someone to lean on..."

"Stop spouting Hallmark greeting cards. What the hell are they like in Iowa? Eternal optimists?"

"Who gives a shit about Iowa?"

"You want something from me. Everyone wants something. In Los Angeles, people use others for something they need. Time to fess up. What is it you really need from me?"

"I need nothing."

"Bull-fucking-shit."

"Nothing," Dylan repeated. "But..."

“Here it comes.” Sean leaned back, smiling. “But?”

“I want something.”

“Ah. Now we have the truth finally.” Sean shook his head. “Want what?”

“Your love. Your deep committed love.”

The comment surprised Sean. “You’ve known me five fucking minutes. You may hate me if you get to know me.”

“I may. Isn’t that the risk all couples take?”

“Couples?” Sean began backing off of Dylan’s body.

Dylan grasped his arms preventing him. “Two people make a couple.”

“You’re beginning to sound like a Disney movie. Quit it.”

“Did you like our kissing?” Dylan purred, dragging Sean down so he could lick his chin.

Though Sean didn’t answer, Dylan caught a slight grin.

“When was the last time you kissed a man like that?”

No answer from Sean, not even eye contact.

“What do they normally do, Sean? Huh?” Dylan prodded. “Strip you? Suck your dick? Offer their ass? Then leave?”

“Fuck you.”

It was said without any malice and it made Dylan laugh. “Not tonight. Maybe after we get better acquainted.” Dylan felt Sean’s body relax as he lay back down on him comfortably.

“Better. Don’t go anywhere. I like you laying on top me.”

Sean propped his head up in his palm so they could continue talking.

“You think I have you on a pedestal, Sean?” Dylan noticed Sean’s stare was lower than his eyes, perhaps on his lips? “I do. But not for the reasons you think I do.” Dylan shifted his left leg so his foot rested on the floor. It opened his body to a straddle, wedging Sean between his legs.

“I’ve never seen one of your films,” Dylan continued, “So, if you think I’m a fan, you’re wrong. Not a fan of your films, anyway. Am I a fan of you as a man? Yes. That’s another story.”

“You don’t even fucking know me.”

“I’m getting to know you. And with your cooperation, I may get to know you deeply.”

“And? What if you hate what you find?” Sean met his eyes boldly.

“What if I love it? Life’s like that. A gamble. Don’t we both know that?”

"I'm not even sure I can love you, Dylan. I closed that door so long ago. I feel numb, not love."

"What if I find the key?"

After a pause, Sean asked, "Why me?"

"Why not you?"

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-five."

"You have a long way to go and many men to meet."

"No. I have met enough people and now I have nowhere to go."

"You're setting us both up for failure, you know that?"

"On the contrary."

"You cannot force love. It's either there or it's not. It can't be fabricated. No, I take that back, it can be faked. Any bimbo who's hungry for money can fabricate love for an old rich moron."

"It's there already."

"What's there already?" Sean tilted his head. It was growing dim in the room.

"My love for you."

"Shut up. You say the most pathetic things."

"Pathetic? Or maybe more Iowa-optimism?"

"Exactly. A dreamer. How am I supposed to flip a switch in my head and instantly love you? It's not possible."

"I never asked you to do that."

"You did."

"No. I asked you to give it a chance and keep an opened mind."

Sean adjusted his position on the couch to lean against the back cushions. "Let me get this straight..."

Dylan nodded for him to go on.

"I'm supposed to allow you to 'court me'," Sean used one hand for half a quotation mark, "and see if you can melt the fucking ice job of a heart in my chest?"

"Yes."

"Good fucking luck."

“Will you at least give me a fighting chance at winning you?”

“Depends. What are the rules?”

“Rules?” Dylan laughed. “Oh, Sean Dean, you have been alone for a long time.” Dylan caressed his cheek.

“No. You’re naïve. If you think there aren’t conditions on love, you’re insane.”

“True love needs no rules or conditions. It just is.”

“True love? Where do you come up with this shit?”

Dylan checked his watch. “When was the last time you spent an hour and a half talking and kissing with another guy? And that’s it.”

Sean instantly appeared anxious and his body even jerked up to get off the sofa for a split second.

“Never?” Dylan offered with a wry smile.

“Right. We had a conversation and necked and now we’re a committed couple? Is that the criteria? I have news for you. I don’t love you.”

“No. I didn’t expect you would instantly.”

“So? Give me the rules,” Sean insisted, “How long before I can give up on this charade?”

Dylan gasped. “What an attitude! Do you truly hate the idea of loving someone?”

“Yes! Hello?” Sean tried to rap on Dylan’s head again, but Dylan prevented him. “Do you hear anything I say?”

“Just because you’ve been burned or may get hurt?”

“Fuck! Are you stupid?”

“Okay. What if this is your last chance.” Dylan used his free leg to wrap around Sean’s, trapping him on top of him. “This is it. The rules are: one last leap of faith with Dylan Conway and you never have to try and fall in love with another man again. You can die alone.” Dylan repeated, “All alone. Old. Decrepit. Solo. In solitary confinement.”

“All right. I get it. Geez.”

“Deal?”

“No. I still need conditions and terms. I mean, for instance, are you moving in? Suddenly going to be here constantly? In my face?”

“No.”

“Oh.” Sean paused. “What then?”

“When you want me, I’ll be here. If you need someone on the phone to talk to about your day, call me.”

“That’s it?”

“That’s the start of ‘it’. I’m not here to harass you. Push you. Move in on you. That’s not love, that’s smothering.”

“I’m very glad you know the difference.”

“Christ! Sean!”

“All right. But if I set the time of when to call or see you, what if it’s weeks in between?”

“It won’t be.”

“Won’t it?”

“No. You’ll want me.”

Sean laughed. “Cocky bastard.”

“Not even close. No. Lonely bastard. Like you. If I knew I had someone who would be there. *Be there*,” he enunciated, “I’d love it. Would I call just to say ‘Hi, how was your day’? Fuck yeah. I’d run the gamut from that, to ‘Hi, I’m horny, how about a good long screw?’”

Sean gaped at him. “That’s it?”

“That’s it.”

Sean gestured to Dylan to be released. Sean sat up on the couch to obviously give the proposition some thought.

Dylan moved upright to be near him, staring at his profile.

“But we work together. We’ll be screwing and sucking on camera.”

“Totally different animal,” Dylan replied, waving it off. “I’m talking personal time. Not work time.”

“So...” Sean met his eyes. “If I give you a call on a Saturday and say, hey wanna watch the game on TV?”

“I’m here. With beer and pretzels.” Remembering the alcohol comment, Dylan added, “Or pineapple juice and pretzels.”

“And...if I say I’m tired...”

“I’ll go home. No questions asked.”

“And...you won’t see other guys? I mean, meanwhile, while this whole thing is going on?”

Dylan used his finger to cross his chest symbolically. “Hope to die. No way.”

“What if you’re horny? Say you’re at a club and some gorgeous guy hits on you—”

“I don’t go to clubs and only one gorgeous guy has the right to my body. You.”

Shaking his head, Sean just did not appear convinced.

“I’m not saying this is some normal proposition, Sean.”

“Ya think?” Sean laughed sadly.

“I don’t know about you, but I want someone special in my life. Someone I trust.

Someone who has my best interest at heart. At this moment, that’s no one. How about you?

Anyone fit that description in your life?”

Sean hunched over and hid his face in his hands.

Stroking his back, Dylan whispered, “I didn’t think so. You know, a good man is very hard to find anywhere, not just in LA. And you, Sean Dean, seem like the cream of the crop.”

“I’m not. You’ll find out how fucked up I am.”

“I know. And you’ll find out how fucked up I am. We’ll go on that exploration together.”

“I am so far from perfect, Dylan, I will dash your expectations of me in hours.”

“First of all, it’s been hours and you haven’t. Secondly, no one is perfect. Jesus Christ, not even close. I couldn’t stand perfection. That’s an ideal no one can live up to. But as far as expectations, yes, I do have one.”

“I figured,” Sean scoffed.

“Give me a chance. One chance to win your heart.”

As if it wasn’t what Sean expected to hear, he spun around on the couch.

Dylan held up his index finger. “One. I promise with all my heart I will never disappoint you. When you call, I will be here.”

“Why?” Sean whimpered. “Why me? Why would you do that for me?”

“Are you fucking kidding?” Dylan choked at the absurdity. “You amazing, amazing man!”

“What’s enamored you? My looks, my dick? What?”

“The entire package! You are everything in one man. Who told you you’re just a dick or a face? Yes, it doesn’t hurt you’re gorgeous, but Jesus, Sean, you’re not a prick. You think I’d give you the time of day if you were some conceited pompous asshole?”

It was very dim in the room now. Dylan figured it had to be nearing nine. He caressed Sean's face. "Are you hungry? Can I get you something? Order in some food?"

Sean reached out and hugged him.

Dylan went for that embrace and squeezed him. "I already adore you, Sean. My trip to love will be a short, skip and jump. But you, my stubborn man, need some faith in me. And I will give it to you. I don't care how long it takes. I'm here."

"Who the fuck are you?" Sean whispered in his ear. "Who sent you to me?"

"Karma. Go-Be-Do. Fate sent me to you, and you to me. Embrace her like we're embracing each other. Let go of your doubts."

"It scares the shit out of me."

Dylan felt him shiver. "Don't let it. I won't hurt you. Ever."

"Why? I keep feeling suspicious of your motives."

They parted just enough to meet gazes. "I have one motive. To be loved and to love. That's it."

Sean cupped Dylan's jaw and lightly kissed his lips. "How about some Chinese food, delivered?"

"Perfect. Anything but pizza!"

Sean stood, reaching back for Dylan's hand. After Dylan clasped it, he kissed Sean's knuckles, walking with him to the kitchen.

* * * *

"...I remember the first time I had to perform for Jay," Sean said, stuffing more lo mein noodles into his mouth with a set of chopsticks. After he chewed and swallowed, he laughed. "I was as hot to trot as you were. After the fiasco of trying straight porn, the minute I was surrounded by buff gay men, I went nuts."

Dylan loved sitting with him at the kitchen table, sharing stories. It appeared Sean had completely let his guard down. *Finally!*

"The hardest part was not coming inside a man's mouth," Sean continued, sipping from a bottle of water. "It's hell holding back when you love it."

"I know." Dylan gave him a wicked smirk.

"I know you know." Sean smiled back. "Dick Rich? You like that name?"

Dylan shrugged. "I suppose it's as good as any. I had no idea what I would call myself if I had been asked. Did you pick yours out?"

"No. Eric gave it to me. He wanted something that referred to the size of my prick. He kept wanting to add 'big' to the front of all the names, but I thought that was too tacky and overdone."

"Rippin Long?" Dylan took a swig of his own water first before he replied, "Are you rippin' because it hurts to take you up the ass?"

"That's the perception they intended. Have no doubt." Sean handed him a white cardboard container. "Here. Finish it."

"I'm stuffed. I can't."

Sean set the food aside. "Tell me about your workout routine."

"Every morning I'm in the gym." Dylan set his fork down on his plate, feeling very full. "I do my old football work out the coach gave us. It's a mix of aerobic and anaerobic. The only thing I'm missing is the actual outdoor football practice with training dummies, throwing passes...you know."

"You still aspire to be in pro ball?"

Dylan felt his heart sink at the expression of disbelief on Sean's face. "Uh..."

"Really?" Sean's brown eyes widened.

Knowing his cheeks were going crimson from the heat he felt, Dylan lowered his eyes to his empty plate and deflated. Sean touched Dylan's arm. Dylan met his gaze instantly.

"You know, there are other teams to try out for other than the Raiders."

"They were the only ones who showed any interest." Dylan didn't want to go anywhere else at the moment. Not with a man like Sean Dean around.

"Did you try for an agent?"

"Yes. No one returned my letters or phone calls."

Watching as Sean stood to clear up the table, Dylan gathered his silverware onto his plate to help. "You think I'm pathetic, don't you? Dreaming of true love, wishing for a contract with a pro football club—"

After Sean set his dish in the sink he spun around. "Not pathetic, just ingenuous."

"Ouch." Dylan cringed. "What's wrong with having high hopes? I mean, some men actually get on the team. It's not impossible."

“It’s like the lottery, Dylan.” Sean dumped the remaining food cartons into the trash. “A million to one.”

“Some men would say that about the success you’ve achieved.” Dylan paused until he held Sean’s attention again. “But you’ve done it. A million to one? A handsome man becomes the number one star at a film studio? You did it.”

Sean took Dylan’s plate from him, rinsed it and stuck it into the dishwasher, not answering.

Dylan knew what he was thinking. *What a dumb kid. Still trying to get into football? Idiot. Grow up.*

Dylan’s hand was touched, then clasped. Dylan woke up from his stupor at the contact. As they passed through rooms, Sean shut off the lights. They ascended a staircase to the second level. A light was illuminated showing off a bedroom.

The décor was masculine and minimal. Tasteful photos of male nudes were set off in metallic frames.

“Go wash up.” Sean urged Dylan to the master bathroom.

He was provided a new toothbrush and left alone.

Cleaning his face, brushing his teeth, Dylan avoided his eyes in the mirror. *I’m an idiot. Why am I here? Sean is not interested, not in the least. Another pipe dream, that’s what this is. Just be happy you have a new job and aren’t a pizza boy anymore. Stop reaching, Dylan. Stop!*

He exited the bathroom. Sean passed him on his way in to do the same. Dylan noticed the bed had been turned down and a low lamp was lit on the nightstand. He stripped down to his briefs and sat on the bed, waiting.

Sean emerged, closing the bathroom light behind him. He set the alarm before he also undressed to his briefs. Once Sean climbed under the covers, he raised them in invitation for Dylan.

Dylan crawled next to him, facing him on the pillows. “I’m sorry.”

“Why?”

“I guess I just realized what a complete ass I am. I won’t bother you after this. Look, work is work. We’ll just be co-workers.”

Sean reached back, shutting off the tiny lamp so the room was in darkness. He snaked his arm under Dylan and drew him close.

Closing his eyes, Dylan inhaled the delicious cologne scent on Sean's skin. As he drifted off, Dylan felt Sean caressing his hair and shoulder lightly. A light kiss pressed against his forehead, and he fell asleep.

Chapter Ten

Sean dropped Dylan off at the studio lot where he had left his truck the day before. Waving as Dylan exited his Ferrari, Sean had an hour to kill before his scene shooting and wanted the time to spend on his own. To think.

He drove to Redondo Beach, parked and walked down the sand-covered white paving stones to a café for a cup of coffee. Pausing at a bookstore window display first, Sean smiled to himself and entered the shop. A jingle sounded from a bell on the door tinkling musically as he did.

The minute he met eyes with the man behind the counter, Sean felt instant comfort. “Hey, babe.”

Angel Loveday lit up in delight, walked around the counter and opened his arms up for an embrace.

Sean felt Angel’s kiss on his cheek and squeezed Angel tight. “How’s my favorite ex-movie star?”

“Doing well, Sean, very well.” Angel backed up to give Sean a once over. “What brings you to my neck of the woods?”

“Had an hour to kill. I thought I’d get a coffee and sit and stare at the waves. Care to join me?”

“Would love to. Summer?” Angel called to a woman stacking shelves, “You mind if I go out for a quick break?”

“Nope! Hi, Sean!”

“Hello, Ms. Thompson. Are you keeping out of trouble?”

“Unfortunately!”

“Good girl.” Sean touched Angel’s back, accompanying him to the front door. “How’s Billy?”

“Weary of being a cop, but he’s handling it.” Angel paused outside the door so they could walk to the café together.

“What’s Oliver up to these days?”

“Going to drama school and madly in love with Mark Richfield’s son.”

“Mark Richfield?”

“The model for *Dangereux* cologne.”

“Right. Right.” Sean nodded, he knew the one.

Once they were inside, Angel asked the woman behind the counter, “Two coffees to go, Mary?”

“You got it, Angel.”

While they waited, Sean admired Angel’s sleek body and handsome good looks. Who said porn stars had to age badly? At forty-two Angel was perfection in his eyes.

“Here ya go, sweetie.” Angel handed Sean one of the cups. “There’s milk and sugar on the counter over there.”

“Yes. I remember.” Sean brought his cup over, opening the lid to add milk.

Waiting as Angel prepared his, Sean opened the café’s door and they walked out onto the soft sand toward the cresting waves. It was still cool out but promised to be a very hot day.

When they were close enough to hear the slapping tide, Sean sat down on the sand and sipped his coffee. As Angel did the same next to him, Sean tugged on Angel’s ponytail. “Take it out of the rubber band.”

Smiling slyly at Sean, Angel released his long straight hair from its band so it blew gently in the breeze. “What’s wrong, Sean?”

“How do you know something is wrong?” Sean dug his fingers through Angel’s silky brown locks.

“You look preoccupied. Rumor has it you’re thinking of quitting the biz.”

Sean stopped touching Angel and used his hand to prop himself up on the sand. “When did you retire?”

“In my late twenties. But even though you’re in your thirties, Sean, you’re still in your prime. I wasn’t doing work for a great studio like Tartarus. Also, don’t forget, my generation did a lot of dope back then. And Plimpton was killing me with his grueling schedule.”

“You weren’t doing real porn, Angel. I’m getting worn out.”

“Sexually worn out or spiritually?” Angel caressed Sean’s arm.

“Both? Fuck. I don’t know.”

“I do know. I know exactly what you’re going through.”

Sean peered behind him at the strip of stores. “What should I do? Open a shop? What the fuck should I do?”

“Have you any interest in anything behind the camera?”

Exhaling deeply, Sean replied, “That’s a very difficult question to answer.”

“Why?”

“Tartarus isn’t looking for another producer or director. I’d have to set up on my own studio. And I don’t want to. I smell headache all over that idea.”

“Take a break from it. Just step back and take time off.”

Sean finished his coffee, wedging it into the sand so the cup didn’t blow away. He spread out on his side, resting his jaw in his palm, staring at Angel. “If I do that, I’ll feel useless and afraid I can’t go back.”

Angel stacked their empty cups and mirrored Sean’s posture on the sand. “Are you seeing anyone?”

Sean smiled at that query.

“Ah?” Angel laughed. “Who is he?”

Meeting Angel’s enchanting light eyes, Sean blushed. “I’m not in a relationship no, but...”

“But?” Angel chuckled, brushing back one of his own long locks as it blew across his face.

Sean had no idea why he couldn’t stop smiling. “There’s a new man on our set.”

“I see,” Angel crooned.

“Young. Too fucking young.”

“Unless he’s under eighteen, he’s not too young, babe.”

“No. Not that bad. Twenty-five.”

Angel shrugged. "Seven years between you? Big fucking deal. Billy's five years younger than I am."

"Angel, there's a huge difference between a thirty-six year old and a twenty-five year old."

"How mature is he?"

Sean fell back on the sand and stared at the blue sky. Angel crept to lean over his body to see his face.

"Talk to me, sweetheart. We've been friends a long time. Tell me what's troubling you. Do you love this young man?"

Letting out an ironic one syllable laugh, Sean sang, "*What's love got to do with it?*"

"Judging by your defensiveness. Everything."

"I don't love him."

"Then what's the problem? Do you want to have sex with him and he's not receptive?"

"No." Sean covered his eyes tiredly, then checked his watch.

Angel caressed Sean's chest through his shirt to comfort him. "You came to me to talk. Tell me what the hell is going on. I know it's hell leaving the business. I know. Where does the aging porn star go? Believe me. I've been there. But what about this twenty-five year old? Where does he fit into this picture, Sean?"

After taking a moment to collect his thoughts, Sean gazed at Angel, toying with Angel's long hair. "He offered me a proposition last night."

"One of a thousand you've gotten over the years?" Angel grinned knowingly. "Big deal."

"No. A first of its kind."

"Now you lost me."

"Welcome to my world."

"Sean, tell me what the hell he said."

"He said he wants me to fall in love with him."

Angel laughed sadly. "Just like that?"

"Yes."

"And? Could you?"

Sean stared back at the cloudless sky, his hand still caressing Angel's hair. "I don't know."

“Then it’s within the realm of possibility? I mean, you’re considering it?”

Not answering, Sean bit his top lip.

“Tell me about him.” Angel petted Sean’s chest vigorously to encourage him.

Meeting his good friend’s eyes, Sean smiled. “Angel, he’s fucking gorgeous.”

Angel’s expression lit up. “I assumed that.”

“His first day at Tartarus was yesterday. He’s this football junkie and was rejected by the Raiders. So, you know Jay and Eric, they wrote up a nice little number to break him in.”

Angel rested his leg over Sean’s and coaxed him to continue.

“There he is, in his football uniform, tight, oh, Angel, so tight...I’m playing the coach and balling him out for losing the game, you know, same stupid plotlines as usual. And we get into some sex. Angel, the kid’s first on-screen blowjob...Mother fucker. He sucked me off so hard I couldn’t hold back. I had to get Jay in for the fucking money shot. I’ve been in the fucking biz for seven years. Never couldn’t hold back. Not since I started.”

“Shit.”

“That’s not all. Wait.” Sean brushed one of Angel’s long strands away from his face gently as the wind blew it around. “While he’s giving me head, he can’t hold on either. So he’s switched on enough to know when the camera’s up close he can go for it. He lets Jay know he’s gonna blow and needs to shoot his wad. I wasn’t going to miss that trick. I sucked him, loving him going insane from all the new sex he was getting. The kid’s a gay virgin. I feel him getting close so I pushed up his clothing and, Angel...the guy’s so ripped he’s like a goddamn god. Comes all over himself. I was so fucking turned on I flipped him over, picked his tight ass up off the floor and fucked him. It was heaven, Angel. Mother fucking heaven.”

“Uh, babe, I think you already got it bad for him. I mean, how many cocks have you had in seven years at Tartarus? You ever feel this way before?”

“Maybe. I don’t remember.”

“What else? What happened after that?”

“By now we’re off script completely going nuts. He’s hard as a fucking brick from me fucking him. Holy Christ, Angel, even though I had just come, the minute I was inside his virgin ass I was a goner.”

“Jesus, Sean.”

“I could not hold back. I was trying, Angel, I swear. Using every trick in the book. No good. I had to pull out and tear off the stupid condom. I shot out a load like I haven’t in months all over his perfect fucking ass cheeks. Ended up creaming all over him. Meanwhile, the fucking gorgeous hunk is coming on the floor underneath him.”

“You do realize I need to fuck Billy’s brains out now.”

“Wait. There’s more.”

“Why did I know there would be?”

“He gets into a state from me fucking him. He jumps me, jacking off for number fucking three and shoots his spunk all over me. I felt like I was back in my first skin-flick. My goddamn head was spinning. Then he sits up, still on top of me, and looks around innocently. He asked Jay ‘Did I do something wrong?’ The guys died laughing.”

“Mother fucker,” Angel sighed.

“Wait. That’s not the kicker.”

“There’s more?” Angel squirmed on the sand.

“Listen, this is the part that’s got my head all messed up.”

Angel sat upright on the sand, allowing Sean to do the same. As they brushed the soft grains from their arms, Sean explained, “He meets me by my car in the lot afterwards.”

“Eager for more?”

“That’s what I figure. So? Why not?” Sean glanced around, the beach was sparsely populated. “But when we get to my place, he tells me it’s not sex he wants from me. It’s a relationship. He wants me to fall in love with him. Come on, Angel. Who the fuck goes home with a porn star and asks for something like that?”

“You lucky fucker.”

“What?” Sean gasped.

“Where did you find him?”

“Angel! He’s a loon!”

“No. He’s not. Sean, he’s a treasure.”

“Shut up, don’t you start. You know how it feels to be stalked. I don’t need some star struck kid making my life hell.”

“You think Perry stalking me is anything like this young man loving you? Are you on drugs?”

“No. Clean.” Sean held up his hand in a vow.

“Then you can’t see a good thing when it kicks you in the ass.”

“Angel!” Sean chided. “I can’t fall in love.”

“Why not? I did. Billy and I are completely exclusive. I’ve no interest in anyone else. Neither does he.”

“No. No. It’s not the same.”

“Is he clinging? Begging?”

“No.” Sean looked back at the waves.

“What are his expectations of you?”

“He...he wants us to call each other if we need anything.”

“And?”

“That’s it.”

Angel shoved Sean, toppling him over.

“Hey!” Sean complained, righting himself and brushing off the sand.

“When you and he were together last night, did you fuck him all night?”

“No. We did nothing but had a light dinner and slept together. Before that we sort of kissed for an hour or so.”

Angel’s expression dropped. “Didn’t screw? Kissed for an hour or so?”

Sean grew frustrated and stood, taking the paper cups, checking the time.

“Sean...”

“I can’t fall in love, Angel.”

“Why not? What are you so afraid of?”

“Every-fucking-thing! Look where I am.” Sean tried not to shout, but it was impossible. “The end of my career is looming. His is just starting. There will be fights, jealousy, anger and betrayal. Come on, Angel. You’ve been here. Exactly here. Remember the damn parties and the drugs?”

“You’re talking about the 1980’s.”

“Whatever.” Sean growled, “It’s still the same.”

“What if he’s here to help you through it? What if it’s his love, support and kindness that will get you to the other side?”

“Christ, do you and he write the same damn greeting cards?” Sean began walking back to the shops.

“Sean. He wants nothing from you other than one chance at being close to you. Obviously he doesn’t want your dick or he’d have taken it last night.”

“I can’t do it, Angel. I can’t.” Sean dropped the cups into a trash can.

“No. You can, but you won’t. There’s a difference.”

“I have to get to the studio.”

“Sean.”

Feeling Angel’s hand on his arm, Sean paused and looked at his dear friend.

“Don’t be afraid. Not of love. Be afraid of things like maniacs and stalkers. Not of a man who wants to love you.”

Knowing Angel knew better than most what real fear felt like, Sean nodded slowly.

“Call me, babe. Tell me how it goes.” Angel kissed him.

“I will, doll. Thanks for listening.”

“Anytime.”

Sean waved and headed to his car. Why on earth did the prospect of letting someone take his heart put him into mortal terror? He didn’t know the answer to that question, but knowing Dylan for one day and being expected to be hit by Cupid’s arrow, was absurd.

* * * *

Waving at the receptionist as he passed through the lobby and halls, Sean paused at a door with a light indicating whether filming was on or off. The light was on. He left that room alone and continued down the hall. Opening another door, he found a complicated array of camera monitors, sound mixers, switchboards and a one-way wall of glass. Three men wearing headphones gave him only brief glance as he entered before they were busy again.

Sean stood near the glass looking at the action. Dylan was wearing his football jersey and cleats, nothing else. Philippe was giving him head while Toby fucked him from behind.

A twinge of jealousy washed over Sean. *This is why I don’t fall in love. I don’t want my lover being touched by anyone else, even if it is just his job.*

Leaning back against the wall, Sean crossed his arms over his chest and lost himself on Dylan’s expression of bliss. *Real or acting? Hmm, Dylan? Getting off on the young men? Are you going to ask them to fall in love with you, too?*

As he watched and waited, Jay cut the scene. Sean left the room and headed back to the set. The light was now off so Sean entered. The moment he did, Dylan's head jerked up to see him, giving him an adoring smile which Sean did not return.

"Good," Jay addressed Sean, "I thought you were going to be late. Get dressed. You're up."

Sean yanked his shirt over his head as he walked to the dressing room.

* * * *

Dylan knew something had changed. Sean appeared furious. Fidgeting with his football jersey, his cock soft and limp over his balls, Dylan kept his stare on the door in which Sean had vanished behind.

Dylan tolerated these scenes with the other guys. Pretended he was hot for it. But he had to envision Sean to get an erection. The others did nothing for him. Absolutely nothing.

A door opened. Sean appeared in his coach's outfit.

Dylan's dick twitched as he watched Sean strut toward him. He waited for Sean's eye contact, received none.

Jay touched Sean's arm. "You come in on the group scene. You're pissed. You think Dick is your main man. Seeing the other players on him makes you enraged."

Hearing Jay's direction, Dylan finally realized this was not fiction. Sean was not handling other men touching him very well. That had to be it. This morning they left off fine. A peck on the lips and a 'see ya later'. Dylan scanned the room quickly. Where the hell was the peephole? *Ah! A smoky glass window. That's where he must have been watching me. Son of a bitch. If you're jealous, Sean, does that mean you want me?*

"We'll go from there. Just do your thing. I don't need to tell you guys how to fuck." Jay laughed. "Okay. Get back into position," Jay instructed the three men.

Dylan couldn't stop looking at Sean's sneer. It sent a shiver down his back.

Philippe knelt down in front of Dylan as Toby set up behind him, like they were screwing again.

The minute Philippe placed Dylan's dick in his mouth, Sean didn't wait for Jay's call to 'action!' to commence his performance. Sean opened a door so hard it slammed into the wall, reverberating loudly in the room.

Philippe and Toby gasped and spun around, not acting. Dylan was convinced the noise startled them.

Dylan's heart was exploding in his chest and his dick went upright instantly at the sight of Sean's power. Hearing the cameras whir, seeing Jay signaling frantically for everyone to get taping, Dylan waited with bated breath.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing?" Sean's teeth showed under his top lip.

"Sorry, coach!" Toby and Philippe grabbed their helmets and raced off the set.

Dylan wondered how much was acting and how much was fear on the young men's part. Dylan gulped audibly, his naked lower half showing everyone in the room just whose man he was. He was harder than he had been all morning.

Sean appeared menacing and large as he stood in front of Dylan. "Coach, I..." Dylan stuttered.

With one hand Sean grabbed Dylan under his jaw and pinned him to the fake tiled wall. Dylan gasped at the violence. His balls were grasped and massaged as Sean crooned sensually, "This belongs to me."

"Yes, sir!" Dylan shouted, wanting to kiss Sean so badly he ached. Sean's hand was already over-stimulating him even though Sean hadn't even touched his shaft.

"You want to continue playing football?"

"Yes, sir!"

"First string quarterback? Or water boy?"

"Quarterback, sir!" Dylan began writhing as Sean's hands fondled his balls and the base of his cock.

"You let the other boys touch you, and you'll be washing my car...with your tongue."

"Sorry, sir!" Dylan knew sex was supposed to happen here sooner or later. Where's his sex scene? *I want it now!*

Sean gripped Dylan's shoulders and pulled Dylan to his chest, staring down at Dylan. Dylan felt his pulse elevate so high he was dizzy. *Your mouth. I need your mouth.*

Just when he thought Sean was going to kiss him, Sean twisted Dylan to face the wall and trapped Dylan against it.

Gasping for air, Dylan waited, listening. All contact ceased momentarily. Then a large cock pushed into his ass.

“Ah!” Dylan shouted out in both surprise and delight.

Sean’s hands clamped onto Dylan’s hips as Dylan was taken to the hilt. The difference between Sean’s dick and Toby’s was substantial. In no way had Toby prepared him for the size of Sean’s cock, even though Toby had just been fucking it, loosening it up for the real prize.

“You touch those other boys again and you’re off the team. You got that, asshole?” Sean thrust in.

“Yes, coach!” Dylan moaned, both his hands flat on the wall bracing himself.

Sean dragged Dylan’s football jersey up and off. Now all Dylan had on were his cleats and socks. Both Sean’s hands dug into Dylan’s hair, cupping his head as Sean’s hips hammered away behind him. Dylan wanted to scream, “I love you! I love you!” at the top of his lungs. All he wanted was this man to touch him. No one else.

In no way able to exclaim his undying love, Dylan did what he could get away with on film. “Take me. Take me...” he growled, grinding his ass against Sean’s body. “Fuck your football star. He’s yours. Only yours.”

Sean encircled his arms around Dylan’s chest and hissed in a helpless sounding voice so no one else but Dylan could hear, “You son of a bitch.”

Unable to stop himself, as quietly as Dylan could, he breathed in reply, “I love you.”

The minute he did, Sean gripped Dylan’s cock in both hands turning them so they profiled the cameras and nothing was hidden. As Sean bucked into Dylan’s ass, he fisted Dylan’s cock with both palms.

Dylan went into a tailspin. He arched his back, clamped his eyes shut and screamed, “I’m coming!”

A camera sped in for a close up, aimed directly at Dylan’s dick. Hearing Sean gasping from behind, Dylan ejaculated, spurting out white blobs into the air with the coaxing of Sean’s expert hands. Even without prompting, Dylan moaned loudly, writhing against Sean’s body, reaching back to drag Sean’s shirt up so they were skin to skin. “Fuck me. Fuck me...”

“Agh!” Sean snarled, then hissed under his breath, “You son of a fucking bitch!”

Dylan felt that same signal behind him, some kind of hand gesture. As the camera panned back, Sean pulled out of Dylan’s ass, the rubber was snapped off and it appeared Sean was ready for his money shot. Dylan dropped to his knees in front of him and opened his mouth.

Sean aimed for it, spurting cream all over Dylan's mouth and jaw. Dylan licked it off his lips, rubbing his own cock and balls as he savored the taste of his lover's cum.

The moment Sean stopped milking his own cock, Dylan slipped it into his mouth, whimpering in agony at the affection he was feeling for this man.

Sean cupped Dylan's face, smearing the rest of his sticky cum around it as he kept fucking Dylan's mouth.

Dylan used one hand to fist himself he was so hot. With his mouth full sucking Sean's cock, Dylan continued to grunt and groan in bliss. Dylan removed Sean's saliva-coated dick from his mouth and wiped it off all over his face and neck.

"Oh, my fucking God," Sean cried out.

Dylan had no idea why Sean said it, and didn't care. Dylan was lost. Lost on the man he adored. Slipping Sean's cock in and out of his mouth, licking it, Dylan sucked like a madman.

Dylan's head was grabbed and Sean began fucking his mouth roughly. Dylan gripped both of Sean's ass cheeks, one in each hand, encouraging it. That enormous dick hit the back of his throat as it thrust in. Dylan sucked hard, harder, until he was deep in a dream.

Sean pulled out suddenly and sprayed cum all over Dylan's face and chest. Dylan began lapping at the last drops of cum on the tip of Sean's cock, thrusting his own hips forward as his dick stood out like a pole from his body once more.

As if in a wild sexual fantasy, Sean toppled Dylan backward and began sucking Dylan's cock like mad.

Dylan cried out from the intensity. "Oh God! Oh God!" Clawing at the floor, reaching for anything he could to squeeze in preparation for the blast, Dylan raised his hips up and choked as his throat closed for what was going to be a very intense climax.

Sean sucked hard one last time and held onto Dylan's length by the bottom, allowing the cum to flow out of him like a fountain, running down his length and over Sean's fingers.

Swooning, almost passing out, Dylan forgot the cameras, the crew, Jay, Toby, Philippe, and lunged for Sean. Wrapping around Sean's neck Dylan cried, "I love you. I love you."

"All right, babe...shh." Sean caressed his hair, squeezing him close.

"Cut!"

Dylan burrowed his face into Sean's neck, closing his eyes. "Love me. Love me," he whimpered.

“Gentlemen,” Jay exclaimed. “I have never seen anything like the chemistry between you two in all my years of filming.”

Dylan parted from Sean’s grasp just enough to see his brown eyes. “Love me,” he mouthed as tears ran down his cheeks.

Sean smiled adoringly at him.

Dylan closed his eyes and held onto him again, fighting back his emotions.

“Take a break. Get cleaned up,” Jay instructed patiently. “Take a moment, guys. It’s okay.”

Dylan heard several people leaving the room. After a minute, Sean whispered, “We’re alone now, babe.”

Dylan parted from him to see his expression. “I adore you so much I ache.”

Sean wiped at Dylan’s tears gently. “Can I tell you something?”

“Yes!” Dylan sobbed.

“I don’t like other men touching you.”

“Oh. Shit. It’s not real touching, Sean. I can’t even get it up without thinking of you. Do you want me to quit?”

Sean gaped at him. “Quit? You’d quit?”

“Yes. If you want me to quit so no one else touches me, I’ll quit.” The shock in Sean’s eyes surprised Dylan. “Tell me what you want me to do.”

“I can’t ask you to quit.”

“Yes. You can.”

Sean stood them both up on their feet. He brushed back Dylan’s hair from his forehead. “Are you being honest with me? The other guys don’t do it for you?”

Dylan made a face in exasperation. “I don’t love them.” He threw up his hands in disbelief. “Man, you have no faith in me. None.”

“Wait until you have to watch me make love to someone else. You’ll see.”

Dylan flinched. “I won’t watch. Besides. It’s work. Not love.”

“But it’s what makes this so hard. Each time we touch another man it feels like cheating.”

“No. No.” Dylan shook his head adamantly.

Sean held his hand. “Come. Let’s get washed up.”

They stood at a double basin and used antibacterial soap and fresh washcloths. Dylan splashed his face with the refreshing water, leaning over the sink. Feeling a warm wet cloth on his bottom, he paused, closing his eyes. Sean was tending him lovingly. Dylan spread his legs wider, resting his head on his arms on the sink counter.

The soapy cloth rubbed between his thighs, under his balls, arousing him whether it was meant to or not. Another urge to cry ‘I love you’ welled up, but Dylan thought he’d said that enough for one afternoon.

The pressure of the washcloth against his scrotum was glorious. Suddenly kisses feathered his back and shoulder blades.

“Sean...” Dylan moaned.

“Are you coming by tonight?”

“If you want me, I’m there.”

“I want you.”

Dylan nodded, wishing he could do a split and spread as wide as an acrobat for the delicious cleaning.

“I have a scene to shoot that’s later than yours.” Sean licked Dylan’s skin. “Come to my place at around seven. Is that okay?”

“Yes. It’ll give me time to stop home and change into fresh clothing.”

“Bring some with you. You know. Some spare stuff.”

Dylan looked over shoulder. “Spare stuff?”

“Yeah.” Sean crouched down disappearing from Dylan’s view.

Dylan felt a tongue on his ass. Another first. A shiver ran up his spine and a groan of longing echoed off the bathroom walls.

“You ready, Rippin?” Jay’s voice commanded from outside.

“Yes.”

Dylan watched Sean appear in the mirror again.

“My place at seven.”

“I’ll be there.” Dylan turned to watch Sean as he backed out of the room. “I won’t let you down. Ever.”

Without a smile or other encouraging sign, Sean left. Dylan took a moment to recover. The washing and licking had gotten him insane. Was he winning Sean over? Could that be?

* * * *

On his way home, Dylan made a stop. He parked his truck and buzzed an intercom. Instantly the grand gate opened. As he walked up the brick path, Lila was already at the door waiting for him. He gave her a warm smile.

“Dylan!”

“Hello, Ms. Rosy.” He kissed her cheek.

“Come in! Are you hungry?” She hooked his elbow.

“How about some lemonade on your lovely deck?”

“Perfect!”

“I like your outfit. Is it new?” He watched as she poured from a frosty pitcher.

“Oh, this old thing?” she scoffed. “I suppose it’s only new because I rarely wear it. I decided on purple today. Why not?”

“Very nice.” Dylan took both glasses with him to the sliding door. Lila opened it and he passed through to set the drinks down on the round table under the umbrella. “How are you keeping? Well? Busy?”

“Well enough. I have to tell you, the new pizza delivery boy isn’t nearly as attractive as you, Dylan. When did you leave?”

After taking a sip of lemonade, Dylan replied, “I’m working for a gay porn studio.”

Lila paused in her sipping. “Which one?”

“You know any of them?”

“Some.”

“Tartarus.”

She relaxed her tight posture slightly. “They’re one of the better ones.”

Chuckling, Dylan asked, “How do you know about gay porn?”

“You don’t live to be an octogenarian in this town and not pick up a thing or two.”

“No kidding.”

“Do you like it?”

“It’s okay.” Dylan placed his empty glass down. “It’s better than driving a damn pizza truck.”

“But not as good as playing football.”

Dylan shrugged. “No. But I have to do something other than pizza.”

“Gay porn.”

“Then you disapprove?”

“It’s not up to me to approve or disapprove. To thine own self be true.”

“I did meet a man, Ms. Rosy.”

“I imagine you met many. Intimately.”

“This one is special.”

“Why?”

Dylan smiled as he thought of Sean. “He’s the kind of man you imagine in fairy tales.”

“The dangerous knight in shining white armor. Careful, Dylan. Those men are heartbreakers.”

“I know. But I think his heart was broken already. He’s so reluctant to begin anything meaningful.”

“Poor man.”

“Exactly.” Dylan met her kind eyes. “He was let down by sports as well. He wanted to be a quarterback. Sound familiar?”

“Hmm, maybe we do have karma at work. Some common ground.”

“Lots of it.”

“How old is he, Dylan?”

“Only thirty-two, but he’s tired of gay porn. I think he’s thinking of getting out.”

“To do what?”

“I don’t know. I don’t think he does either.”

“Life is very hard for some, isn’t it?”

“Yes. Decisions are tough to make. You never know if they’re the right ones.”

“That’s how you learn in life. From mistakes.”

“Mistakes hurt. They leave you scarred. Poor Sean. He’s so timid about getting involved. Man, he must have been put through something awful.”

“If he lets you into his heart, he’ll be a very lucky man.”

Dylan held her hand. “I’ll still see you. I’ll never neglect you.”

Lila caressed his cheek. “I know. You’re a man of your word. That’s why Mr. Sean would be a fool to not snap you up.”

Dylan scooted closer to her chair so he could hug her. “You’re wonderful, Ms. Rosy. I thought you’d be angry with me for making the choice to be in porn. Everyone else I know would.”

“I’m not your mother, Dylan. And you’re a big boy and can make your own decisions. Right or wrong, they are yours.”

“Thank you.” Dylan embraced her tightly. “I cherish our talks. I do.”

“Me too, Dylan. Me too. More than you’ll ever know.”

Chapter Eleven

Dylan carried his backpack over his shoulder as he left his pickup truck parked in Sean's driveway. He hurried up to his front door feeling giddy. After ringing the bell, Dylan ran his hand back through his hair nervously and tried to calm his racing pulse.

The door swung back.

Dylan almost fell over.

"You like?"

"Holy shit." Dylan stared in awe.

"My old football uniform. Still fits." Sean whacked his own tight abs proudly.

"I'm gonna cream." Dylan admired his skin tight gold leggings and navy blue shirt emblazoned with 'Dean' in big letters on the back and the number 'One' under it.

Sean grabbed Dylan's shoulder and dragged him indoors as Dylan stood like a statue in shock. "I'll take your stuff to my room."

Salivating as he climbed the stairs behind Sean, Dylan couldn't keep his hands off that tight end if he tried.

"Ha. Knew it'd get to you. You football whore." Sean put Dylan's pack by the bed.

"Your whore." Dylan wrapped his arms around Sean's neck for a kiss.

"Mm," Sean hummed in pleasure as their lips connected.

Standing, grinding crotches as they swayed hypnotically, Dylan savored the gentle kisses so much he could do it all night, exactly like they had the night before.

Digging into each other's hair, gently rubbing the tips of their fingers over one another's faces, Dylan was already high on Sean. High and so in love he was delirious.

After a good long bout of necking, Dylan parted for a breath and asked, "So? You kind of like me?"

“Kinda,” Sean teased, still swaying them softly, connected at the hip.

“Like me enough to dress up for me?” Dylan grinned devilishly.

“You just got me thinking of the old days.”

“Uh huh.” Dylan wasn’t buying that for a minute.

“Are you hungry? Thirsty?”

“Anything you want. I’m okay.”

When Sean parted and began taking off the jersey, Dylan stopped him. “What are you doing?”

“I was going to change.”

“Do you have to?”

“You want me to wear this all night?” Sean laughed.

Blushing shyly, Dylan stepped back. “No. You’re right. It’s silly. Sorry.”

“I can. I just thought...”

“No. Go change. No big deal, Sean.”

Before he left the room, Sean drew Dylan into his arms for more kissing. Resisting the urge to grope him, promising himself he wouldn’t push Sean to get physical during their off time, Dylan was dying to touch Sean’s cock through the tight gold pants.

Dylan’s weight shifting from leg to leg as he grew so hot he was about to explode. Dylan felt Sean reach for his hand and place it on his football pants for him.

Dylan whimpered in agony at Sean reading his mind, and allowing him to touch him where he was dying to touch him. Molding that mound of manhood through the tight material, Dylan was so hyped up by the fantasy he was about to pop.

Slowing down, staring into Sean’s sensuous dark eyes, Dylan melted.

“I’ll be right down. Go pour us both a glass of juice.”

“Yes.” Dylan nodded, completely lovesick.

Sean pecked his lips one last time.

Backing out, staring at big beautiful Sean Dean in his Bruins’ uniform, looking like a major stud of the gridiron, Dylan hit the wall with his shoulder and groped his way to the door without losing sight of a man who was his consummate fantasy.

In the hall finally, Dylan pointed behind him. “I’ll get us some juice.”

A sly smile on his lips, Sean nodded. “Good idea.”

Dylan stumbled and headed to the staircase, Dylan rubbed his own dick hungrily and wanted Sean to love him so much it was like a physical ache in his body.

Locating tumblers, Dylan poured two tall glasses of pomegranate juice and wandered to the sliding door to admire the view of the landscaping and valley beyond.

When he heard Sean enter the room, Dylan spun around. Now in his faded jeans and sleeveless T-shirt, Sean still looked the same. A fantastic male stud. The man just couldn't manage to look like anything else.

"Thanks." Sean raised his glass to Dylan.

"No problem. So, do you not drink any alcohol at all?"

"Rarely. It's toxic to the body. Makes semen taste bitter."

Dylan choked on his pomegranate juice at the comment.

"You okay?"

Nodding, Dylan held up his hand indicating to give him a minute. Once he had stopped coughing, he replied, "I did notice you taste fucking sweet."

"Good." Sean grinned wickedly over his juice.

"Are you a health nut?"

After Sean gestured for Dylan to sit down at the kitchen table, he answered, "I wouldn't call myself a nut. Just conscientious. Look, Dylan, our bodies are our work. We have to look good and have stamina or we're through. If you eat poorly, smoke, don't work out?" Sean opened his palm in a gesture saying, *well?*

"You're done for," Dylan concluded.

"Yes. I didn't last seven years in this business by eating junk."

"Teach me."

"Teach you?"

"I know a little about nutrition but mostly from my coach. And he always advocated protein and carbs before a big game."

"No. Don't eat like that now. You won't burn it like you did during a football match."

"What should I do?"

"Fruit, vegetables, pure low fat protein like chicken, turkey and fish, some whole grains, wheat bread, and plenty of water and fruit juice, unsweetened. Not from concentrate. You know, real juice. No soda pop. No fast food. Not too much booze, limit caffeine."

“Geez!”

Sean shrugged. “You asked.”

Leaning toward him over the table, Dylan hissed, “I know. Look at you. You look fucking twenty.”

“Shut up.” Sean laughed. “Twenty?”

“Yeah. No way thirty-two.”

“Thanks. I try. Stay the hell out of the sun all day as well. Just an hour a day off peak hours.”

“How did you learn all this?”

“Reading, the internet, from other guys who have a prefect body...”

“You have a perfect body.”

“I wasn’t fishing for a compliment.” Sean stood and opened the refrigerator. He set out a bowl of grapes and already sliced-up cantaloupe.

Dylan drooled over Sean’s ass in his tight jeans. “I need someone to guide me now. I try my best, but it’s hard when you don’t cook very well.”

“Not at all?” Sean handed Dylan a fork.

“I can a little. I try hard to eat well.” Dylan ate a chunk of the melon. “Good.”

“Sweet. Better than sugar coated crap.”

“Do you cook?”

“Yes. I’m not a gourmet, but I can cook well enough to not have to depend on take out. Talk about overdosing on calories. Christ, eating out. Very bad.”

“Like the Chinese food yesterday?”

“Yes. Only do it on rare occasions and even then, order wisely.”

“I love you.”

Sean blinked in surprise.

“I just do. You’re awesome. I love sitting here like this with you, drinking pomegranate juice, eating melon and grapes, and talking about cooking. I absolutely love it.”

“You’re easy to please.” Sean popped a grape into his mouth.

“Yes. Exactly. I am. I can have very little and be very happy.”

“You don’t fit in around here.”

“No. I don’t. LA? Christ, talk about materialistic.” Dylan ate another wedge of melon.

“You’ll get sucked in.” Sean poured more juice for them both. “Like I did with my car and this house...” He finished topping off their glasses. “You start earning and you buy shit.”

“I know.” Dylan nodded, then said, “Thanks for the juice.”

“It’s all meaningless really.” Sean sat back down after putting the juice container back into the fridge.

“Then why buy it?”

“I’ve always loved sports cars. I suppose the Ferrari was over-indulgent. And this place?” Sean gestured to the house. “Got it at a very good price. Some dead celeb owned it. Was gunned down in it or some other urban myth. No one wanted it. I didn’t believe the stupid story to begin with, but hell, if they were knocking thirty percent off the asking price, I wasn’t going to say no.”

“Paid in full?”

“Yes. Hate bills.” Sean held out a grape. “They’re very sweet.”

“Are they? I’m not keen on the tart ones.”

“Taste.”

Dylan ate it from his hand. “Mm. Good.”

“What’s your place like?”

“A crappy furnished one bed, one bath apartment in Los Feliz. It was all I could afford.”

“I’ve been there. Waiting tables wasn’t exactly lucrative.” Sean sipped more juice. “Are you relocating now? Now that you have a better paying job?”

“I haven’t thought that far in advance. I didn’t get my first paycheck from Tartarus yet. I did get the one for posing for Henning. Christ, I should do more of that. What easy money.”

“Do more. Call him. You’re at the age he loves. Do it now before you turn the dreaded age of thirty. He no longer uses us ‘older’ men.”

“That idiot. Doesn’t he get that there are guys like me who crave men your age and older.”

“Nope. He caters to the opposite clientele. The ones his age with massive disposable incomes who get off on twinks.”

“Twinks?”

“Little boys, or should I say, just eighteen, not underage, wink, wink, nod, nod.”

“Then I’m already too old.” Dylan smiled at him, eating another grape.

“Nah. I know what he likes. You’re it.”

“Did you pose for him as well?”

“Yes. I did. Many times. Loved it.”

“You seem so centered, Sean. So happy.”

Sean gave him a sad laugh. “I guess I am. For the most part.”

“What don’t you have? You’re the best looking fucker on the planet, you have the perfect car, house, diet, life...”

“Christ, Dylan. Don’t get me started on where my life is lacking.”

Immediately, Dylan stood up and reached for Sean. “Come to the living room. Can we take these?”

“Yes. Of course.”

They carried their juice and a bowl of fruit each, setting it down on the coffee table.

Dylan kicked off his shoes and curled around Sean as he relaxed on the sofa.

After feeding Sean a grape, Dylan said, “I know some of it.”

“Of what?”

“Of why you’re anxious and not completely happy.”

“We did talk about it, right? I can’t remember.”

“You’re thinking of leaving porn and have no idea what to do after.”

Smiling sadly, Sean replied, “Yes. Obviously we did. See, I’m already getting forgetful in my old age.”

“Old age? Shut up. Now, other than that, which I am not trivializing, believe me. What else?”

Sean put on a serious face as he pondered.

Dylan offered to feed him another grape. After Sean ate it, he sighed. “I suppose I felt lonely.”

Dylan froze at that deeply moving confession. As gently as he could he cupped Sean’s jaw and turned him toward him. “You now have a choice about that.”

“I know.” Sean smiled sweetly. “But I know you all of two days.”

“You know me very fucking well, Sean. Think about it.”

“Do I?”

“Yes.”

“What’s your favorite color?”

“Blue. Yours?”

“Blue as well.” Sean tucked one of his legs under him so he faced Dylan. “Music?”

“All kinds. Well, not keen on jazz or country. But I can be open-minded. You?”

“Same. I like a variety.” Sean held Dylan’s hand. “Any preference on movies?”

“Don’t even try to bring me to a musical, and can’t stomach slasher movies. I like adventure, sci-fi, drama...comedy.”

Sean nodded. “Books?”

“I should read more. I don’t read enough. In college I had a book with me constantly. I used it to unwind at night before bed.”

“Any favorite authors?”

“Kipling. Lawrence, Wilkie Collins, Poe...”

“Classics?”

“Too highbrow for a lowly QB?”

Sean rose up from the couch. He thumbed through a bookshelf that Dylan had only just noticed.

Dylan’s lap was hit with Dickens, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Bram Stoker and Jonathan Swift.

“Son of a bitch.” Dylan shook his head in awe.

“So? Am I the dumb jock as well? Or better yet, the moron porno star.”

“I can’t believe this.” Dylan picked up the Swift paperback and read the back cover.

“Borrow anyone you’d like. I’ve read them all.”

Dylan jumped to his feet and hugged Sean tight, the books sliding off his lap to the couch and floor. “My God. Sean...it’s too weird.”

Sean rocked Dylan, kissing his cheek. “Maybe you’re right and there is karma or fate working on us. It is getting me a little confused.”

“I’m a Capricorn.”

Sean’s eyes widened. “What day were you born?”

“January fifth.”

Staggering back, Sean had to grip Dylan not to topple over.

“What?” Dylan asked in fear.

“No way. You’re just saying that to freak me out.”

“Freak *you* out?” Dylan shivered. “I’m freaking myself out! What day is your birthday?”

“The same fucking day!”

Dylan went pale. He stumbled backwards to sit on the couch again, moving the books out of his way. “No. No. You’re lying.”

Sean left the room returning with his wallet. He produced his driver’s license and handed it over.

Quivering nervously, Dylan read the same date seven years prior to his. “Holy mother fucker.”

Sean dropped down next to him. “What the hell is going on, Dylan? I’m getting really uneasy suddenly.”

“I don’t know.” Dylan stared at Sean’s photo. Of course he looked like a model and not the usual horrible driver’s license shot. “Here.” Dylan handed it back to Sean to replace in his wallet. Slouching on the couch, Dylan tried to think about all the strange coincidences. “Are you an only child?” Dylan asked.

“One younger sister. You?”

“One younger sister.”

“Shut the fuck up!” Sean yelled. “Now you’re just being a smart ass.”

“Her name is Julie and she’s three years younger than I am, she’s married and has one kid, Billie who’s one!” Dylan shouted back.

“My sister is Maria, three years younger than I am, married with two kids...” Sean grew pale. “I’m going to pass out. What the hell does all this mean, Dylan?”

“You’re asking me?” Dylan poked his own chest.

Sean reached out for Dylan and drew him close. “Hold me.”

Dylan wrapped his arms around Sean and buried his face in his neck and hair, closing his eyes as they squeezed each other mercilessly for comfort.

“I don’t know what the fuck’s going on here, but it’s weird.”

“Don’t freak out and leave me. Please,” Dylan begged.

Sean kissed Dylan’s cheek. “No. No way. Not now. That’s not going to happen. Something very big is trying to tell me something, Dylan, and I’m too scared to ignore it.”

“We’re meant to be, Sean. We found each other.”

“Jesus Christ. I don’t believe in things like that.”

“I do. Believe in me. I’m begging you. Believe in me.”

Sean nuzzled Dylan's hair. "I have to. I'm terrified of letting go now."

"Thank fuck." Dylan squeezed Sean even tighter. "I love you. I love you so much."

"Wait for me. Be patient with me."

"Forever. I'll wait forever." Dylan felt tears burn his eyes and kissed Sean's neck.

Sitting back from Sean to see his gaze, Dylan felt a flutter in his stomach. There was something there. Something was changing in Sean's soft stare and Dylan hoped for the best.

* * * *

They lay naked, intertwined in bed, but had not done anything more than kiss and caress each other lightly. In what Dylan thought was incredible irony, he wanted the physical relationship with Sean to go slowly.

Absurd? Yes. On camera they had already given each other head, and Dylan had been fucked royally by Sean's big dick.

That was work. This was personal.

Outside the arena of the camera and crew, Dylan wanted them to build on their trust and loyalty gently. It seemed best for them both, and particularly for Sean, who obviously had felt used constantly for his porn celebrity status.

Cradled in Sean's arms, Dylan raised his head just enough to peek and see if Sean's eyes were still open. They were.

"Can't sleep?"

"It's the one thing I don't do well for my health."

"I get nights like that. Too much on my mind."

A sad laugh erupted from Sean.

"Let me help you."

"Help me?"

"Roll over onto your stomach."

After hesitating, Sean disengaged himself from their cuddle and lay flat on the bed, his arms tucked beneath the pillow under his head.

Dylan sat on Sean's bottom and began massaging his back and shoulders.

A deep groan of pleasure echoed in the dim room.

"Feel good?"

"Yes. Thanks."

“It would be better with a little massage oil, but what are the odds you have something like that?”

“I may. Go dig in the cabinet in the bathroom.”

“Don’t move.” Dylan climbed off.

“Believe me, I won’t.”

Dylan turned on the light in the bathroom, squinting at the brightness. After he relieved himself and washed his hands, he searched for something suitable. To his surprise, a slightly dusty, tiny green bottle of massage lotion was tucked away behind a box of adhesive strips. He opened the top and took a sniff. Cinnamon.

Shutting the light and returning with the little bottle, Dylan sat back down on Sean’s tight rump and emptied a few drops on his fingers.

“Find something?” Sean mumbled groggily.

“Yes.” Dylan reached to put the tiny glass bottle on the night stand, continuing to massage Sean’s ideal physique.

A long deep sigh was released from Sean’s chest and his entire length seemed to unwind under Dylan’s caress. Dylan dug his fingers into Sean’s rippling back muscles, smiling adoringly at giving this man comfort and stress release.

Though his own dick was rock hard and protruding from his body, Dylan ignored it, concentrating on helping his lover sleep.

Several soft moans from Sean informed Dylan he was doing well in his task. After giving Sean’s neck and back a good work over, Dylan lowered down Sean’s thighs and massaged his wonderful bottom. Staring at the tight hollows of Sean’s ass cheeks and the crack between, Dylan’s cock began oozing at the sight. He brushed it off before any dripped on his tired partner.

Once he had massaged Sean right down to the soles of his feet, Dylan washed his hands in the bathroom and crawled back under the blankets. As he relaxed, he could hear the deep slumbering sound of Sean, fast asleep. Smiling proudly at himself, Dylan drifted off soon after.

Chapter Twelve

Sean awoke. Checking the time on the clock, he noticed the small bottle of massage lotion on the nightstand and remembered Dylan catering to him with a backrub. Sean couldn't remember the last time he had received that type of kind nurturing. He didn't even recall why he had a bottle of massage oil in his medicine cabinet.

Combing his fingers through his hair as he tried to think, Sean felt the warm body next to him stir. Seeing Dylan still asleep, Sean took a moment to gaze at him.

The dark shadow on his jaw and the shape of Dylan's face was very masculine and appealing. Dylan's brown hair was shaggy and he was obviously letting it grow because it was far from a conservative cut of a potential football candidate. Perhaps it was Dylan's small way of rebelling against the powers that be. Long dark brown lashes framed what Sean knew were sea green eyes. His favorite combination. Dark hair, light eyes.

The sheet had fallen from the warmth of the night and Dylan's chest and rounded shoulders stood exposed.

Sean's dick was already hard, but staring at Dylan made it throb. *What a fucking doll.*

Could he love him?

He wanted to. Sean wished he possessed the kind of carefree spirit he once had to throw caution to the wind and let go.

How could allowing someone in be so damn hard? Had he really been burned that badly that he couldn't feel any real passion any longer?

It was definitely food for thought.

Sean hadn't imagined finding a mate and settling down. He'd given up on the idea almost a decade ago. He blamed the industry. Wasn't nasty pornography the cause of a perception that a male sex star was somehow less than human—some lowly form of life descending to the dregs

of society to be either loathed by the religious right or drooled at by filthy lecherous creeps? It was an impossible position to be saddled with.

Add to that stigma was finding a partner who could stand you sticking your dick into other men all day. Jealousy? Rage? He'd felt it all.

And here's Dylan. Gorgeous Dylan. *Do I want him to get fucked and sucked by other guys all day?*

"No."

At the audible word, Dylan opened his eyes, staring at Sean.

"Sorry. I didn't mean to wake you," Sean apologized.

"What time is it?" Dylan yawned.

"Only seven. We have a minute to be lazy."

Dylan stared at him for a moment. "What's wrong?"

"Why do you think something's wrong?"

"You look upset. Did I do something? Do I snore?"

Chuckling, Sean replied, "No, you don't snore."

Dylan rolled to his side, propping his head up in his hand. "You know you can talk to me about anything, right?"

"Yes." Sean caressed Dylan's rough jaw.

"Do I already know? Is it the same two things we already discussed?"

Sean stopped moving his hand and met Dylan's eyes instantly.

"Your leaving the industry and me contacting other men sexually."

At being so fucking transparent, Sean collapsed to his back, staring at the ceiling. "This is why I hate relationships."

Dylan crawled closer, overlapping their legs and sides. Kissing Sean's chest gently, Dylan whispered, "I'll just do photography with Madison. End of subject."

"I can't ask you to do that," Sean exhaled in exasperation.

"You're not. I'm making the decision."

Sean covered his face. "No."

"Yes!" Dylan dragged his hands down forcefully. "Don't you get it yet? For you I'll go back to delivering pizza."

"No!"

“Yes. Shut up. That’s one problem solved. Let’s talk about your options. What would you do if you could be anything? Tell me?” Dylan caressed Sean’s shoulder. “Astronaut? Brain surgeon? What?”

Sean chuckled. “Anything?”

“Anything.”

“I don’t know.”

“Dream. Pick a profession.” Dylan rested his leg over Sean’s soft cock.

Smiling as he thought about it, Sean replied, “I suppose it would be cool to be a personal trainer and nutritionist for a pro sports team.”

“Mm. Excellent.” Dylan kissed Sean’s chest. “Good choice.”

“It’ll never happen.”

“Why not?”

“You want to hear my resume?” Sean scoffed.

“I already know it. I also know you’re an expert on diet and keeping fit.”

“Expert? You see any degrees on my walls?”

“Do you want to go back for a degree in that? You’ve already got an undergraduate degree. Have you ever looked into how much more schooling it would be?”

“Dylan.”

“Yes, Sean?”

“I’m a fucking gay porn star. I could have ten degrees and a Nobel Peace Prize and I couldn’t get that job.”

“How do you know? Have you tried?”

“Have you tried to get a position with the Oakland Raiders?” Sean spat out sarcastically.

Flinching, Dylan shrunk away.

“Sorry.” Sean held him. “Come back here. I didn’t mean it.” Sean felt Dylan hide his face in his chest. Petting Dylan’s hair, Sean apologized again, “I’m sorry, babe. Forgive me.”

Dylan laid his cheek against Sean’s pectoral muscle. Sean felt him sigh deeply.

“I suck at this relationship thing, Dylan. I’ll only hurt you. Why don’t you just get away from me before I do some real damage to you?”

Dylan began climbing out of the bed, his eyes cast down.

As Sean watched Dylan gather his clothing to dress and leave, Sean felt ill. He jumped out of the bed and grabbed Dylan, embracing him. “Don’t go.” Cupping Dylan’s head, pressing their faces together, Sean actually felt a lump form in his throat. *I can’t be getting attached to this man. I can’t!*

“Let’s at least shower and get a cup of coffee first.”

Dylan nodded, not meeting Sean’s eyes.

As Sean led Dylan to the bathroom, he hated himself for causing any pain to Dylan. *I’m such an ass. Here’s this man trying to be my closest friend, helping me, and I say stupid things to hurt him. God help me. No. God help him!*

* * * *

In his truck on the way to the studio, Dylan made a call from his cell phone.

“Hello?”

“Madison? It’s Dylan.”

“Dylan! I’ve been dying to talk to you. You don’t go to the gym in the mornings anymore.”

“No. I need to find another time to get that in. Look, Madison, can you use me for more photography?”

“Anytime. You know that.”

“Good.”

After a pause, Madison asked, “Wait. What happened with Tartarus? Do you hate it?”

“No. I don’t hate it.”

“Where are you now?”

“In my truck on my way to the studio.”

“You have a minute?”

Dylan checked his watch. “Yes.”

“Stop by my office. It’s only five minutes from the studio.”

“Okay. See you in a bit.” Dylan disconnected the call and massaged his forehead tiredly as he drove.

Ten minutes later he was standing in the lobby of Madison’s photography studio. “Hi, can you let Mr. Henning know—”

“He’s expecting you, Dylan. Go right through.”

“Thanks.” Dylan tried to smile but failed. He walked down the corridor and rapped on the doorframe. “Madison?”

“Come in, Dylan.”

As he entered, Madison stood, crossed the room, and drew him close for an embrace. Dylan received his kiss on the neck and parted from him. Dylan dropped down heavily in the leather chair in front of the imposing mound of paper and photos littering the desktop.

Madison leaned back on the desk, crossing his arms and legs, staring at Dylan. “Gay porn not all it’s cracked up to be?”

“No. It’s okay. I just don’t want to be touched by anyone but one man.”

“Oh?” Madison’s expression was a blend of envy and amusement.

“Yes. I need to earn money without having sex. Can you help me out?”

“You know I can.” Madison returned to his side of the desk and relaxed in his chair.

“You do realize you signed a contract with Jay and Eric, don’t you?”

“Non-exclusive. Eric said I can pose for you.”

“I’m not talking about that. I mean, they signed you to work for them. In gay porn.”

Pinching his closed eyelid between his index finger and thumb, Dylan moaned, “Mother fucker. I can’t win.”

“Who did you fall in love with, Dylan?”

Slowly Dylan met Madison’s eyes. “Does it matter?”

“It matters if he’s a cad and an ass and you’re willing to ruin your career for him, yes.”

“It’s my business, Madison. I just need you to help me out financially.”

“Dylan,” Madison admonished. “We’re good friends, aren’t we?”

Chewing his lip, Dylan suddenly felt like he was in the principal’s office. “Yes. I’d like to believe that.”

“Who is it?”

“Rippin.” Dylan knew most gay porn stars never wanted their real names revealed. So he assumed that Madison didn’t know Sean’s. He was wrong.

“No!” Madison’s face reddened. “Not Sean Dean! Don’t be ridiculous, Dylan. He’s a fucking mess. His life is a disaster at the moment because he’s getting too old for porn. He’s never had a relationship that has lasted more than a fucking week. He breaks hearts on a constant basis—”

“Shut up!” Dylan screamed, covering his ears. Folding over his lap to curl up and die, Dylan hid his face and couldn’t handle the criticism of a man he adored.

“Look, Dylan,” Madison continued, softening his tone, “the man is strikingly handsome. He does tend to sweep men off their feet.”

“Please stop.”

“He’s Tartarus’ top man for a reason, babe. He’s charismatic, won the genetic lottery for his dick and body size, his beauty...”

“I’m begging you, Madison. Please. I can’t handle this.”

Coming around the desk, Madison crouched next to Dylan and petted his back gently. “He’ll use and abuse you, babe. He’ll screw you until he’s bored and look for a new boy-toy to play with.”

Dylan raised his head to meet with Madison’s eyes. “He hasn’t touched me other than a kiss except in the studio.”

“Sure, Dylan.”

“We spend every night talking, getting to know each other.”

Madison stifled a laugh.

Growing angry, Dylan straightened his posture as he said, “I’m not asking for you to believe me. I came here to find out if you will give me work. That’s it.”

Blinking in surprise, Madison nodded, “Yes. You have work here.”

“Thank you.” Dylan stood.

“Babe.”

Dylan stared at Madison’s hand as it gripped his arm.

“Don’t trust, Sean. He’s been a player in this town for nearly ten years. He’s the hit and run type, and if I see him crush you, I’ll kill him.”

“What the hell do you think I am? An idiot?”

“An optimist, not an idiot. Ames, Iowa does not have predatory men like Sean Dean roaming the back alleys.”

“How can you talk about him like that?” Dylan gasped, “This is unbelievable. Do you even really know him?”

After a callous laugh, Madison replied, “Everyone gay man in this town ‘knows’ him.”

“Christ, how wrong can you be?” Dylan shook his head. “It’s his reputation, not his reality.”

“Is that what he’s gotten you to believe? The bastard.”

Dylan wanted to strike Madison for that comment, but do you bite the hand that’s going to feed you? No.

Dylan jerked out of Madison’s grip. “I have to go. When can I come in for a shoot?”

“Call tomorrow morning. I’ll make sure you get a schedule of times and locations.”

“Fine. Thank you.” Dylan made for the door.

“Good luck, Dylan. You’ll need it.”

Not looking back, Dylan left, a cold chill running down his spine at the entire incident.

* * * *

Sean was wearing a yellow construction hard hat, a flannel shirt, blue jeans and work boots. On a set designed as a building site, he hammered a nail and wiped the drops of sweat off his forehead.

“Nice tool.”

Sean spun around. T-Rex was giving him the eye.

“You like big tools?” Sean grinned demonically.

“Bigger the better.”

Sean tossed his hammer aside and opened his zipper. “Come and get it, stud.”

“What if the boss sees us?” T-Rex dropped to his knees.

“Knowing him, he’ll join in.” Sean flipped out his cock. It was only semi-hard at the moment. He knocked the yellow hard hat off T-Rex’s head and grabbed onto him.

T-Rex began sucking him.

Another first for Sean, he was struggling to get hard. “That’s it. Suck it.”

T’ was doing his damndest to moan and tear Sean’s tight jeans down his legs. After a few useless moments, T’ broke the scene and stared up at Sean. “You need a fluffer, man? What up?”

“Cut!” Jay shouted, walking closer to the two men. “What’s going on?”

“I’m not taking all day to get him hard,” T-Rex scoffed. “Too much fucking work.”

Sean felt like crawling under a rock in humiliation.

Jay grabbed Sean's elbow and dragged him aside. "You? You can't get hard? Are you shittin' me?"

"Sorry. I'm a little distracted."

"Since when has that made any fucking difference? You're the one man I always count on."

A door opened.

Sean raised his eyes to see Dylan. Instantly the blood rushed to his dick.

Jay spun around, obviously caught the two gazing at each other and the reaction from Sean. "T! He's fucking hard now. Get going." Jay pushed Sean back to the fake building set.

"Pick it up from just after, 'Knowing him, he'll join us'," Jay instructed. "And Sean, keep your eye on pretty boy, Dick."

T-Rex spun around to see Dylan standing in the room. "Ah, perfect timing."

Sean didn't know whether to be proud or die of embarrassment.

"Action!"

As T-Rex sucked him, Sean suddenly had to hold back from a climax as he stared at Dylan.

* * * *

Keeping away from the camera's view, Dylan leaned back against a wall and watched as Sean leered at him while T-Rex gave him head.

Toby appeared on the set. "What the hell am I paying you two for? Blowjobs?"

"Sorry, boss." T-Rex wiped his mouth.

"Never mind saying you're sorry," Toby warned, "Just take off your jeans and give me a piece of it."

"See?" T-Rex laughed as he yanked down his pants. "You were right!"

Toby slipped on a rubber, lubed up and fucked T-Rex as T-Rex sucked Sean's cock.

Well, well, no one tops Mr. Rippin Long. Dylan smirked at that idea. *I suppose that's what seven years as the big gun gives you. Clout.* Dylan met his lover's eyes. Sean was glued to his. To tease him, Dylan removed his shirt slowly over his head, smoothing his hand down his chest to his jeans.

This time Dylan witnessed Sean's signal first hand. A very subtle movement that almost appeared to be a stretch or grasping for something.

The camera moved in instantly. Sean pulled out of T-Rex's mouth and gazed directly at Dylan as he came, jerking off to encourage a bigger load.

T-Rex and Toby were still going at it, moaning and pumping. Dylan didn't know what was scripted for Mr. Rippin Long, but all Sean did from then on was lean back against the wall and stare at Dylan while fingering his cock.

Dylan thought about Madison's warning. Bull shit. Maybe Sean spread the reputation around for his publicity. No way was Sean still a player. The man was home every fucking night eating health food and reading the classics. Madison didn't know the truth, and maybe Rippin Long didn't want anyone to.

Who wanted an intellectual nerd as a porn star?

"Money shot, boys," Jay announced.

Toby pulled out of T-Rex's butt, removed the rubber and jerked off at the same time as T-Rex. In what felt like a long while, they finally shot out cum at each other.

It looked a lot like hard work. Dylan wondered if after some time in the business it took longer to come. Perhaps the excitement wanes.

Dylan needed to talk to Eric about quitting porn. He was intercepted by Sean before he got the chance. Sean, in his construction get-up, his zipper still down but his cock hidden, asked Dylan, "What did Madison say?"

"He's good." Dylan nodded. "I can do work for him. He's a little worried about the contract I signed here. He thought Jay and Eric would expect more films from me."

Sean nodded. "Come with me to wash up."

Dylan followed him to the bathroom and watched as Sean scrubbed his genitals with antiseptic soap on a wet washcloth.

"What else did Mr. Henning say to you?"

Diverting his stare from Sean's dick to his brown eyes, Dylan whispered, "He warned me to stay away from you."

"Sur-fucking-prise." Sean tossed the cloth into a laundry bag, fastening his pants. "Did he tell you I'm a wolf in sheep's clothing?"

"Yes. Worse."

"Whom do you believe?"

"You. One hundred percent."

Sean cupped his hand around the nape of Dylan's neck, drawing him to his lips. When they met, Dylan's knees went weak.

Against his lips, Sean whispered, "Madison wishes he could fuck you. He'd say anything to keep you away from me."

"He's got Will Markham."

"You think Will compares to you?" Sean nibbled his way down Dylan's neck.

Dylan hung onto Sean before he toppled over. "I have to find Eric and tell him I can't do this anymore."

"Are. You. Sure?" Sean enunciated clearly, leaning back so they could stare into each other's eyes.

"If it makes you upset to see me with other men... Yes. I'm. Sure. Period."

"What about now?" Sean pointed out to the studio. "Having the boys have sex with me. What's your feelings?"

"You had to stare at me to get hard," Dylan replied smugly.

"Will you be my fluffer?"

"Fuck yeah."

Sean tossed his yellow hard hat onto the floor and embraced Dylan, crushing him to his chest as he kissed him.

Dylan wrapped his arms around Sean's neck, grinding his cock against Sean's in delirium.

"Boys?" Jay shouted through the door. "Time for Dylan's scene."

Parting lips, Dylan breathed, "He's going to freak when I tell him."

"I'll be with you."

"I signed a contract."

"Use me as clout."

"I can't." Dylan panted as his nerves kicked in.

"You want me to trust you, right?"

"Yes."

"Trust me."

Dylan stared long and hard into Sean's eyes. Madison's warnings were trying so desperately to ruin everything. "I trust you."

Sean met Dylan's lips again for a deep tongue dancing kiss. Once they had parted mouths, Sean held Dylan's hand and led him out of the bathroom.

"Boss?" Sean called to Jay. "We have to talk. Where's Eric?"

Dylan noticed Jay glancing back at the set with Philippe and Jasper standing at the ready. "Now? Dylan has a scene—"

"Now."

Jay threw up his hands in frustration. "Take five, men."

As Dylan passed, Jasper hissed, "Hi, Dylan!"

Dylan smiled and waved at him. Obviously word must be out about him and Sean, and if not, their holding hands at the moment was a clue, wasn't it?

Jay took out his cell phone as they left the studio. "Eric? Location?"

Dylan felt anxious. What if...?

What if Eric and Jay were so angry he wasn't doing gay porn any longer that they called Madison. And what if Madison was so jealous he was with Sean that Madison didn't give him work either. Pizza? Back to pizza? *Oh God. Oh God. Faith in Sean Dean? The player who's done all of the gay men in Hollywood?*

To thine own self be true. Go-Be-Do.

Nope, nothing's working. Help!

"Meet in my office." Jay hung up his mobile phone and kept a stiff angry pace down the hall. He threw open the door and gestured sarcastically for Dylan and Sean to enter.

"Eric will be here in five. Do I have to wait for him or can I know what the hell's going on now?"

Sean sat down on the supple leather chair, guiding Dylan to his lap.

"Oh, no." Jay shook his head. "Please don't tell me you two want to be exclusive, excluding porn."

"You're half right," Sean purred, wrapping his arms around Dylan's waist.

"Don't be angry," Dylan begged Jay.

Jay's body posture begged to differ. A minute later Eric entered the office appearing rushed. "What's so urgent?" He took one look at Dylan and Sean and echoed, "Oh, no."

Jay waved his hand at the two cuddled men in an obvious gesture. “You believe this? Three days? Three fucking days we have Dylan with us and Sean’s got him believing he could be in a committed relationship?”

“Hey!” Sean snarled.

Eric closed the door and sat on the desk in front of them. “Sean, you don’t do relationships. Don’t fuck with any of us, especially Dylan. He needs the money.”

“I didn’t do relationships because the men out there suck, and not in a good way.” Sean kissed Dylan’s shoulder.

“Sean!” Jay moaned, “Don’t do this to the kid!”

Dylan kept quiet. He knew what he wanted, but he also knew Jay and Eric, and Madison, for that matter, knew Sean a hell of a lot longer than his tiny handful of days.

“I don’t want him touching anyone else.” Sean tightened his grip on Dylan. “And I want you two to tell me *one* man I’ve said that about.” Sean paused. “Tell Dylan what other man I’ve asked you to do this with!”

Dylan cringed at the angry volume.

Jay and Eric exchanged glances.

“Stop being greedy, you bastards, and tell Dylan the fucking truth!” Sean roared. “In seven goddamn mother-fucking years, and fucking a hundred men in gay porn, which man have I asked this request of you?”

Dylan opened his palms. “Well?”

“No one.” Eric deflated.

“Not one!” Sean yelled. “Did I fucking care about any other mother fucker I worked with?”

Dylan watched Jay and Eric’s expressions change from cocky to embarrassed.

“Answer me!” Sean insisted.

“No.” Eric slumped over. “No one.”

“Not one fucker!” Sean emphasized. “When was the last time a man got me so fucking hot, I couldn’t hold out for the money shot?”

Silently, Dylan again stared from Jay to Eric. They exchanged quick glances but didn’t reply.

Sean gently urged Dylan off his lap. When he was free to stand, Sean confronted Eric, pointing a finger in his face. "Tell Dylan the fucking truth! I am, can't you guys do it, too?"

Dylan dropped into the empty chair tiredly. "Eric?"

"You're the first, babe. Sean was known for his ability to hold back, until last Friday."

Jay threw up his hands and paced. "Where does that leave us, Sean? Huh? You're on your way out and we have plans for Dylan to be the next you. So? What now?"

"Keep looking." Sean stood behind Dylan and caressed his hair. "He will not be the next Tartarus top man."

"Selfish bastard!" Jay accused. "You had your glory years. Your seven years. What about Dylan? What does he think about you running his life?"

"Only Dylan runs his life. Not me." Sean combed his fingers through Dylan's hair. "He's sitting right here, ya bastards. Ask him anything you want. I'm not influencing him. He's a grown man."

Eric's expression softened. He leaned closer to Dylan. "Is this what you want?"

"I want Sean. Period."

"Want him for what?" Jay whined. "A fuck? You can do that on camera and get paid."

"No. I *only* want to be with Sean."

"What have you said to brainwash this poor man into thinking you can have a relationship with him?" Jay snapped at Sean. "Don't feed him a bunch of shit just so you can have exclusive rights to his ass, Sean. Be fair."

"Have I lied to you?" Sean asked Dylan.

"No."

"Have I told you I suck at relationships?"

"You have." Dylan nodded.

Eric choked, "And? That's not enough to warn you away from him?"

Dylan met Eric's gaze. "No."

"How far will you go for him?" Jay sneered, "Deliver pizza?"

"Madison said he can use me for photos," Dylan replied.

"Madison likes little boys. Good luck lasting a year." Eric shifted his position on the desk.

"I want him as my fluffer."

They all looked at Sean in surprise.

As if they were deaf, Sean shouted, "I want him as my goddamn fluffer!"

"Fine!" Jay exclaimed. "He'll be your goddamn fluffer!"

"You okay with that?" Eric asked Dylan in a calm voice.

Choking in a laugh, Dylan asked, "You're wondering if a job making Sean hard is okay with me? Have you lost your mind?"

"Get over here," Sean ordered, gripping Dylan and wrapping him into his embrace.

When they kissed, Dylan knew it was something more. That kiss was full of emotion.

"Guys!" Jay whined. "I have a movie to produce. Let's get this sorted before you two drown in each others' arms."

Dylan was released, dizzy from Sean's mouth and unsteady on his feet.

Eric pointed for Dylan to sit back down. Dylan dropped into the chair. Sean stood behind him, massaging his shoulders.

"Dylan."

"Yes?"

"You want only to work as Sean's fluffer."

"Yes."

"It's a cut in pay."

"I figured it would be."

"Fine." Eric checked his watch. "I have work to do."

"Are we finished here?" Jay asked angrily.

"We are," Sean answered in the same tone.

As a last warning, Jay wagged his finger at Sean. "Don't fuck the kid up, Sean. It's not fair."

"I won't do that."

"Whatever. Dylan, if you're not going to act, you're done for the day. Sean will tell you his schedule." Jay stormed out.

Eric paused. "Can I talk to Dylan alone for a minute, or have you turned into both his mouthpiece and bodyguard?"

Dylan felt Sean tense up. He caressed Sean's arm. "Go. I'll be right out."

Sean leaned down to peck Dylan's lips, glared at Eric, and left his office.

Once the door closed, Eric stared at Dylan for a moment. “Did you think long and hard about what you’re doing?”

“Yes.”

“Do you know the reputation Sean has in the industry?”

“I do.”

“Is he worth the risk?”

“He’s worth more than that.”

After a deep exhale, Eric repeated the same thing Dylan had already heard from Madison, almost verbatim. “Dylan, he’s charismatic, handsome—”

Dylan held up his hand to stop him. “I love him, Eric.”

“Sure.”

“Stop patronizing me.” Dylan tried not to scream. “I’m not the idiot hick from Ames, okay? I know a fantastic man when I see one, and I’m not just talking about his appearance.”

“Dylan,” Eric chided, shaking his head.

“I’m not asking anyone to understand. It’s between me and Sean, period. We are not seeking permission or approval from anyone. We will do what we think is right between us. And right now, I can’t stand the idea of touching another man, and he can’t stand it either.”

“What about him touching other men?”

“He needs me now to get hard. They mean nothing.”

“So Sean shoving his dick into other men is okay with you?”

“It’s his job. Not his personal life. I know the difference.”

Eric’s eyes widened. “Maybe I should give you more credit.”

“No. Give Sean more credit. He’s the one that’s been handed the bad rap, not me. Everyone seems to think he’s some nasty predator. Let me inform you how wrong you are.”

“It’s your heart, babe.”

“Yes. Mine. To give to the man I choose, and I choose Sean Dean. Exclusively.”

“I hope he knows how lucky he is.”

“If he doesn’t know it yet, he will. And besides, I’m the lucky fucker, not him.” Dylan stood. “I don’t want to keep my man waiting.”

Eric followed Dylan to the door. When he opened it, Sean was leaning against the wall just outside. “Did your best to fuck us up, Eric?” Sean asked.

“You’ve got a damn good one here, Sean. Hope to hell you realize it and don’t fuck him up.”

“That’s not going to happen.” Sean held Dylan’s hand. “Let me get changed,” he said to Dylan.

“I’m with you, babe.” Dylan kissed his cheek. When he peered back down the hall, Dylan caught a very sad expression on Eric’s face. Jealousy? How could he not be jealous? Sean was the best of the best.

Eric muttered under his breath, “Sean Dean, you lucky son of a bitch.”

Chapter Thirteen

They stood in the parking lot. The tension between them was palpable. Dylan's nerves were shot. It was as if he were back in that office at the Oakland Raiders and being told he wasn't worthy. It felt as if he were taking a hit to his self-esteem and pride. What if Madison, Eric, and Jay were right? What was he giving up for the infamous Sean Dean AKA Rippin Long?

"Are you going to follow me home?" Sean dangled his keys. "It's early. We can do something."

Dylan's stomach churned uneasily. He didn't meet Sean's eyes. Sean's warm hands surrounded Dylan's arms and drew him against his chest.

Reciprocating the hug, Dylan rested his cheek on Sean's shoulder. "Do you like me, Sean?"

The embrace tightened and Sean pressed his lips against Dylan's neck, kissing him, tasting his skin.

Instantly Dylan was in heat. "...like me for more than sex?"

Indiscreetly, Sean ran his hands up and down Dylan's body from his shoulders to his ass as they stood in the parking lot in the midday sun. "Yes."

Losing himself on Sean's animal magnetism, Dylan forced himself to stay focused. "Why do they say those things about you?"

Sean dug his hands into the back of Dylan's jeans, massaging Dylan's ass with his fingers. "I used to be what they described. Not anymore."

As Sean's hands became more assertive, Dylan's dick throbbed against Sean's through their tight jeans. "How...how long ago did you stop...stop screwing around?"

Sean's fingers sank into Dylan's ass crack to his rim. "More than five years ago. I stopped looking for the elusive Mr. Right."

Dylan moaned as Sean dipped the tip of his finger into his hole. “Five...five years ago?”

“Yes. I stopped dating and going to clubs. I got enough sex on set. I needed to have peace of mind.” Sean licked Dylan’s neck. “Men were fucking my head up. I had enough.”

“Ah...” Dylan felt as if he could spurt between the penetration and the friction. He didn’t dare peek at their surroundings to see if they were being spied.

“Then you came along.” Sean pushed his index finger in and out of Dylan’s ass. “Asking me to love you.”

Dylan’s head fell back as the sensation rose in him. He closed his eyes. Sean began massaging his dick through his jeans so Dylan was getting it front and back.

Sean brushed his lips over Dylan’s mouth, repeating, “Asking me to love you...”

The stimulation was overwhelming him. “You’re going to make me come.”

Sean slowed down. “I want our first time to be special.”

“First...first time?” Dylan forced his eyes open.

“Yes. You and me. Alone in a bed without a camera voyeur. Our first time.”

“I love you,” Dylan whimpered as Sean removed his hand from the back of Dylan’s pants. “How could it not be special whenever we touch?” When he finally was able to function again, Dylan read an intensity in Sean’s sensual brown eyes that made his breath catch in his throat.

“Where the fuck did you come from?” Sean sighed in disbelief. “How did you show up at a time in my life when I am in so much crisis?”

“Maybe that’s why I’m here.” Dylan touched Sean’s face.

As if he were trying to control his emotions, Sean stepped back and cleared his throat.

“Are you following me to my place?”

“Yes.”

Sean nodded, turning to head to his car.

As Dylan watched him walk, he tried to calm down. He was panting he was so excited. Was it all just Sean’s sex appeal? Or was this deeper? True love?

Making his way to his truck, Dylan said, “I don’t know what the hell it is, but it sure feels good.”

* * * *

Pulling his Ferrari into his driveway, Sean checked his rear view mirror for Dylan's truck. Angel Loveday's voice whispered in his ear, *"Don't be afraid. Not of love. Be afraid of things like maniacs and stalkers. Not of a man who wants to love you."*

Sean watched Dylan preparing to climb out of his vehicle. *Not only does he love me, he's sacrificing himself for me. Mother fucker. When was the last time a man did something like that for me?"* Sean took the keys out of the ignition. "Fucking never."

Dylan paused, waiting for Sean to get out of his car.

Sean stared at him in awe. *You beautiful man. I'd be insane not to love you. All I want to do is hold you. Touch you. Talk to you. I want you with me all the time.* "NO!"

Dylan rushed to the Ferrari and yanked open the door. "Sean?" he gasped having heard Sean's shout. "What happened?"

A tidal wave of emotion threatened Sean. It felt like he was having an anxiety attack. His heart raced, he was sweating, panting.

"Am I pushing you?" Dylan crouched down by the open car door. "Babe. I'll lay off. Take a few days to think about it. No pressure. If you want me to fuck off, I will." Dylan hesitantly touched Sean's leg. "I know you're going through some shit right now. Maybe my timing sucks. Why don't I just let you deal with it and you call me in a few months, or not. Your choice."

When Dylan stood and began walking back to his truck, Sean heard him say, "See ya."

Stumbling to get out of his car, Sean raced to Dylan, grabbing him and spinning him around. Sean hugged Dylan tight as hot tears ran down Sean's cheeks. "I'm so fucking scared, Dylan. I keep getting the feeling in the end it'll be the same. Let down, crushed. Used."

Dylan cupped Sean's face and forced him to meet his gaze. "Not. From. Me." Dylan ground his jaw. "I won't ever let you down. You got that?"

Sean smoothed his hands behind Dylan's head and kissed his face all over as tears ran down his own. "Come inside."

Holding Dylan's hand, Sean unlocked his front door and led the way to his bedroom.

Once they were alone in a place without directors, cameras, extras and fake props, Sean took a moment to calm down. Dylan stood still, staring at him.

Their eyes connected with a fire that could burn down a house. Sean removed his watch, kicked off his shoes and socks, and undressed slowly.

Dylan appeared mesmerized.

Once he was naked, Sean approached Dylan, his cock rock hard and protruding from his body at his obvious attraction for this young stud. Sean helped Dylan remove his shirt over his head, then Sean began kissing Dylan's chest, working his way to Dylan's nipples. Dylan held onto Sean's shoulders and moaned in delight.

His man. Dylan was *his* man. Exclusive. Dylan Conway did not want to be with another man. Not even for pay.

Sean helped Dylan step out of his shoes and socks. His thumb and index finger pinching the slider of Dylan's zipper, Sean watched Dylan's expression as he slowly dragged it down. Dylan's eyelids fluttered and his lips parted for delicious little gasps.

When Dylan's jeans were open and lowered, Sean reached inside them for that hard-on, pointing it upright and exposed. The amount Dylan turned him on amazed Sean. Was it Dylan's scent? Innocence? Sex appeal?

No. It was Dylan's honesty. His true-blue nature. That was hot. Sexy fucking hot.

With one hand on each side of Dylan's open jeans, Sean began yanking those tight denims down Dylan's hips. As he did, Sean knelt in front of him, opening his mouth to taste Dylan's cock.

A deep whimpering moan escaped Dylan's lips as he gripped Sean's shoulders for balance.

While Dylan's cock was inside his mouth, Sean continued to lower his jeans to the floor, helping Dylan step out of them until he was naked.

When that task was done, Sean focused on Dylan's dick. Drawing it fully inside his mouth, Sean inhaled him in ecstasy and wrapped his arms around Dylan's hips. The taste of Dylan's sweet pre-cum flavored Sean's tongue.

"*Ohmygod...*" Dylan groaned.

With his right hand, Sean massaged Dylan's balls gently, then finding his tight puckered hole and teased it.

"*Oh...*" Dylan cried and Sean felt him shiver from his hips to his feet. "*Baby...baby...*" Dylan sighed.

Sean released Dylan from his mouth so he could look up at Dylan's expression of bliss. Rising to his feet, Sean led Dylan to his bed and had Dylan to lay back on it.

As Dylan watched every move Sean made, Sean rolled on a condom and crouched between Dylan's legs with the lubrication. Dylan gripped his own knees and opened up his body for Sean to take.

Just the sight of that willingness and pure untainted love made Sean quiver. With two fingers, he gently entered Dylan, massaging lube inside him. Dylan gasped and shut his eyes, his hips rocking from the stimulation.

Coating himself in gel as well, Sean took a moment to look at Dylan and think about the act. Real sex. Not pretending. Not faking. Not emotionless entering of holes. No. This was sex with a partner. A loving, exclusive, devoted man.

"Yes." Sean had to convince himself this was what life could be like.

He placed the tip of his cock on Dylan's ass. Dylan inhaled a hiss of a breath. As gently as he could, Sean penetrated him. The chills it sent across his skin almost pushed him over the edge instantly. "Holy Christ..."

"Deeper."

Sean thought he was the master of holding back. Not with this man he wasn't. Sensing Dylan's body relaxing around his shaft, Sean pushed up to the hilt, feeling his own balls rub against Dylan's sweat-soaked body.

"*Ohmygod...*" Dylan moaned, pumping his hips to get the friction he craved on his prostate.

"Good, baby?" Sean asked, the perspiration already running down his temples and pits.

"*So...good...*" Dylan cried.

Sean felt the craving to come so badly he began driving in quickly. "Still good, lover?"

A loud groan of pleasure was his reply.

"Shit. Shit..." Sean felt the sensations rising. He was about to grab Dylan's cock and fist it when Dylan arched his back and came before Sean even touched his length. Seeing that load of creamy cum flooding out of Dylan's dick, Sean cried out and sunk his cock as deeply as he could, feeling his balls tighten and his dick throb as the pleasure poured out of him. "Fuck! Fuck!" Sean humped Dylan like mad as it overwhelmed him. He never felt this kind of climax on camera...until he met Dylan.

"Yes! Sean! Take it! Take it, you gorgeous mother-fucker!"

Still pumping, unwilling to stop thrusting, Sean gripped Dylan and forced him to his lips. The moment they kissed, Sean stopped his hip action and concentrated on Dylan's mouth and tongue.

Dylan was blasting out air from his nostrils, trying to recover, running his hands all over Sean's sweaty skin.

Parting, in need of a deep breath, Sean gasped, staring down at Dylan's beauty and semen coated chest. He dropped down on him to lap it up in delight. "Mm, you taste so good..." Sean crooned, his cock slipping out of Dylan gently.

Once he had licked all of Dylan's cum off his skin, Sean raised his chin to see Dylan's green eyes taking everything in.

Sean crawled his way up Dylan's body and embraced him, pressing his cheek against Dylan's. Then, almost as if something possessed him and he was not Sean Dean, the one man in the universe most petrified of commitment, he whispered those three dreaded words into Dylan's ear, "I love you," hanging himself out to dry.

Under him, Dylan's entire length appeared to have been hit by an electric charge. He jolted, gripped Sean in a painful embrace and sobbed.

Wrestling his way out of the stranglehold, Sean gaped at Dylan for his intense reaction. "No! Don't be upset." Sean wiped at Dylan's dewy face.

"Upset?" Dylan choked in a laugh. "I'm not upset. I'm the happiest fucker on the planet."

Sean smiled at him. "And I'm the most terrified."

"Don't be. Let's love each other. Why not?" Dylan's tears rushed down the sides of his face.

Shrugging casually, Sean replied, "Yeah. Why not?"

Chapter Fourteen

Dylan felt so sated he was on cloud nine. Wrapped in Sean's arms, the scent of sex in the air, their sweat mingling, he couldn't wipe the smile off his face.

"When can you move in?"

Dylan froze. Did he hear right?

He spun around and stared at Sean. "What did you just say?"

"I asked you when you can move in."

"You sure?"

"Am I sure?" Sean tilted his head as if the comment was lunacy. "Me sure? No. But when can you move in?"

"Tomorrow?" Dylan's heart pounded.

"Excellent."

"You ever live with a guy before?"

"Not formally, no." Sean brushed Dylan's hair back from his forehead. "Guy's have just stayed over. You know."

"You don't think we're rushing it?"

"Oh?" Sean grinned. "Your turn for cold feet?"

"Nope. Just making sure you're not feeling pressured by me. I want these decisions to be yours."

After a sly smile, Sean asked, "Do you really think I take anyone's advice but my own?"

"I don't know. Do you?"

A strange expression passed over Sean's face.

"What?" Dylan asked, tickling his fingers over Sean's chest.

"Actually I did. I took the advice of a good friend of mine."

“Really? About us?”

“Yes. He was a soft porn star in the Eighties, and is a very good friend now. He told me to stop being so afraid of love and let it go.”

“Good man.” Dylan stuck his tongue in his cheek.

“He is. One of the best.”

“You’re the best.”

“And you need to stop putting me on a pedestal.”

“I’m not doing that. I just think if you love someone you should say what’s in your heart. Life’s too short to keep that stuff inside.”

Sean kissed him. “I love you.”

Dylan brightened up. “I’ll never get sick of hearing that!”

“Good.” Sean squeezed him. “And I can’t believe I’m actually saying it. Will wonders never cease?”

“Are you just saying it, or...?”

“Or?” Sean roughed Dylan’s hair up playfully. “Yes. It’s all an act. Sorry.”

“Shut up.” Dylan laughed.

Sean gripped him, spinning them on the bed so he was on top of Dylan now. “Am I just saying it?” Sean used his knees to part Dylan’s thighs. “Or do I really love you. Hmm, that’s a good question. What do you think, Mr. Dick Rich?”

“No more Dick Rich, sorry. Just simple Dylan Conway from Ames, Iowa.”

“Simple? What a gross understatement to describe the man I love.”

Dylan cupped Sean’s face and asked seriously, “How are we going to get you out of porn and into something you do love?”

Sean jammed his hips up, pushing his erection between Dylan’s legs. “I will be into something I love again very soon.”

“Ha. Ha.”

“Something will come up. Let’s just enjoy this now.”

“I like it. Sean Dean has optimism about love? Amazing!” Dylan teased.

“My turn to say *ha ha*?”

“Kiss me.”

Sean's smile dropped and he dug his arms around Dylan's back, drawing him upwards. When their mouths connected, Dylan sighed in pleasure, spreading his legs wider. He could kiss this man all day. And he did.

* * * *

By evening they had showered and devoured a light healthy meal that Sean had prepared. Cuddled together on the sofa in the den, Sean shared one of his favorite old movies with Dylan.

"Wow. Who is that guy?" Dylan nestled into Sean's shirt to get a sniff of his cologne.

"Angel Loveday. He's the friend who I mentioned earlier. The one who told me not to be afraid of love."

"He's gorgeous."

"Still is. He's madly in love with an LAPD police sergeant and deliriously happy."

"Is he still making movies?"

"No. He owns a bookstore in Redondo Beach."

"Huh." Dylan caressed Sean's thigh. "He gets me horny."

"Me too." Sean kissed Dylan's forehead.

"Have you ever had sex with him?"

"Nope."

"Do you want to?"

Sean paused until Dylan met his eyes. "I only want to have sex with you."

"Good." Dylan squeezed him.

"Are you testing me?"

"A little." Dylan chuckled.

"I can be loyal."

"If I didn't think you could be, I wouldn't be sitting here right now."

"Good!" Sean wrapped his arm behind Dylan's shoulder and snuggled him to his chest.

"Now shut up and watch the movie."

Dylan smiled, content beyond words.

Chapter Fifteen

Dylan packed up his things the next day while Sean had a few of his own errands to attend. The furniture came with the apartment, so all Dylan had to stow was his clothing and a few odds and ends.

His mobile phone rang and he thought of Sean, then his parents. It was neither. “Ms. Rosy?”

“Hello, Dylan. How are you?”

“Great. Actually I was going to stop by to see you.”

“I was hoping you were.”

“Are you free a little later this afternoon?” Dylan paused and dabbed at the sweat on his face with the bottom of his t-shirt.

“I am.”

“Good. I’ll see you around two?”

“Perfect.”

He hung up and fit more of his books into a box, smiling brightly at telling Lila about moving in with his new love partner and how well it was working out.

* * * *

After he had showered and changed, Dylan filled the back of his truck with boxes and stopped off at Lila’s place before heading to Sean’s.

The gate was already open, so he pulled into her long arching paved drive and noticed a strange black Mercedes parked there. Wondering if his timing was off, Dylan was about to call her and check before knocking when he found Lila standing at her door waiting for him.

He hopped out of the truck and smiled as he approached. “Hello, Ms. Rosy. Don’t you look pretty. Another new outfit?”

“No. This old thing?”

Dylan loved the playfulness. It was becoming their new ritual. “Pink suits you.”

“Come in, come in.” She rushed him.

“Lemonade on the patio?” he asked and suddenly noticed a man in a suit standing ominously in the room. “Am I in trouble?”

“Good heavens no!” Lila patted Dylan’s back affectionately. “Dylan Conway, this is Doug Field.”

Dylan knew that name. “Doug Field, as in, assistant manager for the Oakland Raiders?”

“Yes.” Lila pushed them both toward each other.

Dylan shook the man’s hand. For some reason, Mr. Field did not look amused. “What’s going on, Ms. Rosy?” Dylan asked.

“Let’s all have a seat, shall we?” She escorted them to her patio where she poured lemonade as they sat in apprehensive silence.

Once Lila had settled down, a very impish smile on her lips, she addressed Dylan. “You know, young man, I have done so much thinking since the two of us met.”

“And?” Dylan still did not see Mr. Field’s pinched expression change. The man never touched the lemonade.

“Yes!” Lila continued enthusiastically. “Well, I felt I needed something new in my life. It was going stale, Dylan. Day after day, the same thing...nothing new, nothing exciting. Until you showed up.”

Dylan had no idea what Mr. Field had to do with any of this. If Lila was attempting to get him another tryout, she was mistaken. Mr. Field looked downright mad.

“Well,” she lavished on, “what to do, what to do? So much money, no children, no nieces or nephews...what to do?”

Dylan choked on his lemonade. Something was dawning on him, but he kept his mouth shut.

Lila waved her hands theatrically. “I began taking an interest in sports, Dylan. Like you did. I watched the games. You know, there are so many young handsome men in football, it became my new passion.”

“*Ohmygod.*” Dylan met Mr. Field’s irritated eyes.

“So guess what I did, Dylan. Go ahead and guess,” Lila gushed, nudging him.

“You bought the team.” Dylan gulped.

“Fifty-one percent. I bought fifty-one percent. Isn’t that clever of me? I own just enough to make some decisions.”

“Ms. Rosy!” Dylan chided. “You can’t do that!”

“I did!” She clapped her hands and giggled.

“Did she?” Dylan asked Mr. Field.

“She did.” His lip curled slightly.

“Well,” Lila chirped, “I’m no expert in football, but I do have some suggestions.”

Dylan’s skin went cold, then hot. “*Ohmygod.*”

“And my number one request was that a young man with so much football talent he can hardly be missed needs to be allowed to play.”

“Can she do that?” Dylan asked in awe.

“She can.” Mr. Field bit his lip. “Can you even play?”

“I got a football scholarship to Iowa State, and your scout called me in for a tryout.”

Mr. Field looked relieved. “Oh. Thank Christ.” He wiped his brow in relief.

“But,” Dylan shook his head. “Ms. Rosy, I want to get in because I’m good, not because you own half the team.”

“You are good. Too good to be passed over.” She sat up adamantly.

Dylan bit his lip as he thought about it. “I want it to be fair.”

“Sure kid.” Mr. Field rolled his eyes at the folly.

“And...and I know someone who’s very eager to be a fitness trainer and a nutritionist for the team.”

“Who? Do I know him?” Mr. Field asked.

“No. But he’s amazing. Can we try him out?”

“Ask her.” Mr. Field aimed his thumb at Lila.

She whispered, “Your man?”

Dylan nodded.

“You’re gay?” Mr. Field moaned. “For Christ’s sake. Don’t tell no one that, kid. Please.”

Grinning, Dylan comically zipped his lips.

“Look,” Mr. Field said as he handed Dylan his card. “Just call when you can make it in with your...friend.” He peered over at Lila impatiently. “We’ll give you both an opportunity.”

“Uh hum?” Lila scolded.

“I mean, a job.” Mr. Field stood and held out his hand reluctantly. “See ya.”

“See ya.”

“Can you show yourself out, Mr. Field?” Lila asked, slightly mocking.

“Yeah.”

After he left, Lila gave Dylan a big devilish grin. “Wasn’t that naughty of me? I’ve never had so much fun in my life! Well, at least not for the last decade.”

“What did you do?” Dylan gasped in awe.

“I’m letting karma do her thing! Whoopee! Now this is living.”

Dylan rose up and opened his arms. “Get over here you dear girl!”

Lila jumped into his arms. Dylan rocked her, hugging her tight. “Why did you do this for me? Why?”

“Because I adore you. I wish I could say like a grandson, but after we’ve played together, that’s unseemly. How about like a young lover.”

He kissed her cheek. “You’re amazing.”

“I haven’t had this much fun in ages. Did you see how pinched that man looked? Terrific!”

“My turn to tell you my news?” Dylan smiled into her sparkling eyes.

“Your turn.”

“I’m moving in with Sean. He said he loved me.”

She squealed in joy and shouted, “I am so happy for you!”

“Thank you, Ms. Rosy. Thank you.”

* * * *

Sean unloaded some food from grocery shopping. When his mobile phone rang he rushed to it, imagining it was Dylan. Seeing the display on the LCD he answered the call from Jay by saying, “What?”

“I need you to do an extra shoot today.”

“Today?” Sean checked his watch. It was supposed to be a day off.

“You took Dylan away from us. We need you to fill in.”

Fuck you! Fuck you! He heard the sarcastic anger very clearly in Jay’s voice. “Fine.”

“How fast can you get here?”

“Half hour.”

“Make it twenty minutes.”

Sean disconnected the call and tried not to throw the phone against the wall. Inhaling to calm down, he dialed Dylan.

“Hello?”

“Hey, babe. Where you are you at the moment?”

“Driving to you.”

“Detour. I need my fluffer.”

“I thought you were off today?”

“Punishment from Jay for losing you. What can I say? He needs me for a fill in scene.”

“On my way.”

“Love you.”

“Love you too, babe. See you in a few.”

Sean disconnected the line and finished putting the items into the fridge, tired of this game. Very tired.

* * * *

Sean parked his Ferrari and felt the stubble on his jaw. He hadn't shaven that morning, not anticipating working. Tough shit. He was beginning not to care.

Seeing Dylan's truck already there brought a smile to Sean's face. “Movin' in!” he cheered. “My man is moving in!”

Making his way to the lobby, Sean chuckled. *Who would have thought I'd be psyched for a man to be living with me? Huh? How many times did I throw up my hands and say, 'No way. I'm no sucker. I'm not sharing my life with anyone.'* How many times, Sean?

Hundreds! Fucking hundreds. Waking next to a creep who used me, nudging him awake and pointing to the door. Go. You had me. Leave. Get the fuck out of my sight.

But the thought of Dylan with him? That was a different story. Why? Sean didn't want to sit and analyze it again. He'd done it to death. Just accept it.

“We have the same fucking birthday? Come on. Some things are so meant to be they're like stopping a freight train. Impossible.”

“Hi, Rip!” the receptionist greeted him.

“Hey, babe.”

“They’re all waiting for you.”

“Thanks.”

Seeing the studio live light was off, Sean entered the room. It was packed. Instantly he searched for Dylan and found his adoring smile in the group. He made for him across the room, moving around cameras and props that were laid out like an obstacle course.

Every man in the room stopped what they were doing when he and Dylan kissed hello. “Thanks for coming.”

“I wouldn’t miss it,” Dylan replied, holding Sean’s waist. “I’m your fluffer!” he chuckled.

Sean pecked his cheek and noticed everyone’s gape. “What?” he challenged.

“You through?” Jay admonished in annoyance.

“Through touching Dylan? Is that supposed to be a joke?” Sean shot back sarcastically. “Never.”

“All right, just quit the crap and go change.” Jay flipped pages on a clipboard.

Sean took a look at the outfits on the other actors. They were still doing the construction vignettes judging by the tool belts and hard hats.

“Be right back,” Sean whispered to Dylan.

“Can’t wait.”

Sean entered the changing room, looking back to give Dylan an affectionate wink.

* * * *

“If I hadn’t a seen it with my own eyes.” T-Rex whistled in disbelief. “Did you actually net Rippin?”

“Yup.” Dylan crossed his arms over his chest.

Jasper hissed, “I wouldn’t trust him.”

In the same nasty tone, Dylan said, “You’re not me.”

“Girl!” Jasper flipped his wrist. “He’s a whore among men.”

Dylan clouted Jasper in the jaw.

“Hey!” Jay raced over. “What the fuck’s going on?” he shouted.

“He punched me!” Jasper pointed, holding his face.

“Why did you hit Jasper?” Jay asked in exasperation.

Furious, Dylan snarled but said nothing.

T-Rex laughed, “Boss, Jasper called Rippin a whore.”

Jay forced Jasper to get away from Dylan. “Just don’t bruise each other, will you? Jesus Christ, like I don’t have enough crap to deal with lately.”

T’ leaned against Dylan to whisper, “Bitch deserved it. Talkin’ shit about your man.”

“Damn fucking right.” Dylan glared at Jasper who still was nursing a sore jaw.

“I’ll miss playing with you, Dick. Big time.”

Dylan gave T-Rex a caress on his back. “Me too. But that’s life.”

T’ looked around first before he asked, “You and Rippin? Exclusive? For real?”

“For real,” Dylan whispered back, grinning.

“I can’t believe it. Me and Toby thought that was mission impossible.”

“I love him, T’. He’s fantastic.”

“I know he is. I’ve been working with him for two years. He’s the best there is, in and out of the business.”

Dylan cupped T’s cheek. “Thanks. It’s about time I heard someone talk kindly about him.”

“You listen to your heart, bro. Nuthin’ else.”

A door opened.

T’ nudged Dylan. “Your man in a hard hat. Damn! Ain’t nothin’ better than that!”

Dylan spun around and caught Sean’s smoldering glare. “Oh, yes.”

“Go on, fluffer. Get him ready,” T’ chuckled.

“My guess is he already is.” Dylan grinned wickedly at his lover.

Sean licked his lip at him seductively.

“Can we get on with this? It’s a ten minute scene, boys!” Jay appeared to be having a coronary.

Sean strut to the front of the cameras like a rutting bull. Dylan was already in heat and the notion that he could suck Sean to get him excited was really too much to even think about.

“Right,” Jay said, rattling paperwork. “Jasper, you’re wiring cable, T’, you’re hauling boards, and Rippin, you’re on the step ladder. Jasper you start your work under Rippin and go on from there.”

Dylan moved closer, behind the camera to watch. Jay only glanced at him briefly. Dylan knew he was supposed to be the actor on the ladder. *Oh well! Shit happens!*

Jasper knelt down near Sean, pretending to push cable into the wall. "I wish this job was finished. It's hot in here."

"Always is hot." Sean hammered a nail into a board.

"Talk about hot," Jasper crooned, staring directly at Sean's crotch. "The boss is on another job, and I know someone else who wouldn't mind a little stress release."

Sean peered down at Jasper. "I know someone, too."

Jasper looked at his watch. "I think union rules call for a break."

Sean threw his hammer down and opened his pants.

T-Rex appeared and asked Jasper, "Time for our mid-day snack?"

"You bet it is."

Dylan perked up when Sean craned his finger to him.

Jay moaned, "Cut," in annoyance

"Come here, fluffer." Sean exposed his dick.

"Yes!" Dylan raced over and started sucking Sean's cock.

"Are you kidding me?" Jasper gasped. "He's working as Rippin's fluffer? Since when has Rippin ever needed a fluffer?"

"Shut up, Jasper," Jay whined.

Dylan moaned, drawing Sean's dick deep into his mouth.

"Shit man!" T' warned, "You're gonna make him come if you keep that up."

Sean nudged Dylan away reluctantly. "Roll it, Jay."

Dylan wiped his mouth and stared at Sean's huge erection, glistening with his saliva.

"I want a fluffer, too!" Jasper complained.

"Shut up! Action!" Jay waved at the camera.

Dylan licked his lips, still tasting Sean on his tongue. As Jasper sucked Sean and T-Rex fucked Jasper, Dylan reached into his own jeans and played with himself as he and Sean exchanged secret smiles.

After ten minutes of dicks in holes, Jay commanded, "Money shot, gentlemen."

Sean removed his dick from Jasper's mouth, stared directly at Dylan and fisted himself. He was the first to come, spraying his spunk on the other two.

Dylan was so hot he wanted to join in. Jasper appeared to struggle as T-Rex arched his back and came beautifully.

They waited. Jasper continued to fist himself in frustration. Dylan stripped off his jeans and made his way to the camera. "Use me, Jay I'm there."

Instantly the camera panned to Dylan's dick. As he gazed at Sean's beautiful features, seductive glare and gleaming pecks, Dylan came.

"Perfect! Cut." Jay waved them all away in annoyance. "Good bye."

"Jesus!" Jasper exclaimed, "first he punches me, then he steals my money shot."

Seeing Sean's confusion over the punching comment, Dylan shook his head to communicate *never mind*.

Within a half hour, Dylan and Sean were walking outdoors to the parking lot together.

"I have some exciting news to tell you." Dylan hugged Sean's waist.

"Yes?"

"I want to tell you now, but I have a truck loaded with my crap to bring to your place."

"Then it's good news?" Sean connected their crotches and rubbed his excited dick against Dylan's jeans.

"Yup."

"Tell me now!" Sean ground his hard-on against Dylan's.

"God! Fuck me here in the lot!" Dylan swooned and grabbed Sean's hips.

"Bad boy." Sean laughed, licking his jaw.

Humping Sean's body, Dylan tried to explain, "I know a lady. She's great. She bought half the Oakland Raiders and is giving us both a job with them."

Sean froze and gaped at him. "What the fuck did you just say?"

Coming back from his altered state of sexual arousal, Dylan found Sean's astonished gaze. "I befriended an aging starlet. We met when I delivered pizza. She paid, well, tried to pay me ten grand for a fuck."

Sean choked in awe.

"Look, we became really good friends. She's in her eighties, but is so damn cool I love talking to her, hanging out with her."

"Did you say she bought half the Raider's team?"

"Yes. She and I have become close. She wanted to help me."

"No. No. You're mistaken. This isn't real. She's just telling you this so—"

"You know Doug Field?"

“No.”

“He’s the assistant manager of the Raiders. He was at her house earlier today when I stopped by there. Believe me, he was pissed. But he’s got no choice. She owns fifty-one percent.”

“She...she...What the fuck?”

“She is giving me a new tryout, wink, wink, nod, nod,” Dylan laughed, “and you the position of team trainer and nutritionist.”

“And I’m supposed to just take your word for it?”

“No. Come meet her.”

“Who is she?”

“Lila Rosy.”

Sean went pale.

“You’ve heard of her?”

“Yes! She was as hot as Marilyn Monroe. Heard of her? You befriended Lila Rosy?”

“Come with me.” Dylan held his hand. “We’ll come back for your car in the morning.”

“Fine.”

As Dylan started his truck he dialed Lila’s number. “Ms. Rosy?”

“Dylan!”

“Can I stop by with a guest for you to meet?”

“Is it Sean?”

“It is.”

“Yes. I’ve been dying to make his acquaintance.”

“We’ll be there in less than twenty minutes.”

“I’ll make some fresh lemonade.”

“Perfect.” Dylan hung up and grinned at Sean. “You don’t believe me.”

“No. I mean. Yes. I don’t know what I mean.”

“She’s so fucking cool. I adore her.” Dylan whispered, “And if I ever cheated on you, it’d be to give her a good time, you know.”

Sean roared with laughter. “She’s in her eighties?”

“She is. And hot to trot!”

“Yipes!” Sean shivered.

“No. She’s wonderful. Don’t look at her like she’s old and ugly. Please.”

“Promise.” Sean crossed his finger over his heart. “If this woman bought a football team for you, I love her already.”

Dylan brought Sean’s hand to his lips. “I get wilder about you every day, you know that?”

“Ditto, good lookin’.” Sean scooted closer on the bench seat.

Dylan pulled up to her grand entrance keeping an eye on Sean’s reaction. The gate opened before he even got out to buzz her intercom. He parked in her drive and shut the engine.

“Give her a big hug okay?”

“I will.” Sean winked.

They found Lila standing at the doorway waiting.

“Ms. Rosy!” Dylan reached out for her. “Another new outfit?”

“Don’t you think yellow suits me?” She modeled for them.

“Perfectly. Ms. Lila Rosy, this is Sean Dean.”

“Alias, Rippin Long?” She raised her eyebrow in a wicked smile.

“You know of me?” he replied, laughing.

“I know many things. Come in.”

Dylan witnessed Sean give Lila a kiss on her cheek. “I love your movies,” Sean gushed. “Watched every one.”

“Liar.”

“Am not. Test me.” Sean held her hand. “Me and my mom used to watch your movies every Sunday evening. We both loved them.”

“Okay, handsome man.” Lila cocked an eye at him. “Who co-starred with me in Mountain Peaks?”

“Errol Flynn.”

“How about Western Maidens?”

“John Wayne.”

Lila nodded, smiling. “I’m impressed.”

“On the contrary, Ms. Rosy.” Sean kissed her hand. “I’m honored to meet you.”

“I take it Dylan has informed you of my recent purchase?” She batted her lashes coquettishly.

“He has.” Sean glanced at Dylan over her head and added, “A kinder soul I have not met.”

“Yes, he is.” Lila smiled at Dylan.

“I meant you, kind lady. You know what it means to Dylan to play pro ball?”

“I do.” She faced Sean full on and met his eyes with a steely glare. “You know what it means to Dylan to find a true heart?”

Sean cupped her face tenderly. “Yes. I do.”

She smiled in delight.

“Forget the lemonade tonight, Ms. Rosy.” Dylan asked Sean, “Can’t we give her a special thank you?”

Sean grinned wickedly. He picked Lila up in his arms and asked, “Where’s your bedroom, missy?”

“Ah! I love karma!” she cheered in glee.

“I’ll show you.” Dylan led the way.

Dylan opened the door of her luxury suite, instantly seeing that fantastic portrait of the grand dame. Sean set her down gently and assessed the room.

“Ah! There you are!” Sean gestured to her perfect painting. “The delicious Lila Rosy.”

Dylan was so thrilled at the way Sean was treating Lila he was near tears. He knew Sean was a kind soul. No one could tell him otherwise.

“Yes. How sad we age.” Lila sighed.

“We all do, lovely.” Sean sat next to Lila to admire the painting with her. “Even now at the ripe old age of thirty-two I am becoming a has-been.”

“In gay porn, yes. I can see that. How long can a man continue such a career?” She cupped Sean’s face.

“I’ve been at it longer than most.”

“Enough. Go-Be-Do! To thine own self be true!” she sang.

“Did you really buy us into the Raiders you naughty girl?” Sean kissed her cheek.

“I did.” She giggled. “You should have seen how annoyed they were. It was worth every dollar I owned.”

“Sean.” Dylan began taking off his shirt.

Sean nodded. He stood, removing his shirt slowly, staring at Lila.

“My oh my!” she gasped. “What am I in for?”

“A sensual thank you, for the grandest of stars,” Sean replied, dropping his clothing on the floor.

As Lila gazed at Sean’s body, she clapped. “Dylan, you’ve done very well!”

“Haven’t I though?” Dylan climbed naked on her bed behind her.

Sean did as well, gesturing for Lila to relax between them.

She gazed from one to the other in awe. “I must have been a very good girl.”

“You have been. Too good to us.” Sean gently caressed her hair back from her face.

They moved in to sandwich her in a hug. She closed her eyes and smoothed her hands down their skin slowly. “I wish I were twenty.”

Dylan laughed softly. “We love you now. You’re still wonderful, Ms. Rosy.”

“Kiss your lover, Dylan,” she whispered.

“You want to watch us, Lila?” Sean whispered.

“Can I?”

“Anything for you, doll.” Sean gave her a smooch on her cheek.

Sean climbed over Lila to get to Dylan. As they lie side by side, exploring each other, Lila continued to caress them both gently.

“Anything special you want us to do, Ms. Rosy?” Dylan asked, already over-excited by his naked lover.

“You just pretend I’m not here. Enjoy.”

Dylan closed his eyes as Sean drew him to a kiss. It wasn’t the first audience they had performed for, but most likely it was the swansong of their acting careers.

Moaning as Sean’s tongue explored his mouth, Dylan gripped Sean’s body to press him closer. Their two hot dicks began rubbing together causing arousing friction. When Sean gripped them in his hands to fist as one, Dylan moaned in bliss.

As they drifted to the heights of orgasmic pleasure, Dylan could occasionally feel Lila’s soft hand touching his side or hip gently.

The sucking of his tongue in Sean’s mouth coupled with the jacking off of their dicks, Dylan’s head began to spin. Thrusting his hips up into Sean’s tight palm, Dylan gasped and hissed, “Coming...coming, babe.”

Sean jammed harder against Dylan and Dylan heard him grunt as he felt his cock throbbing with his own. Hot cum ran down their lengths. Opening his eyes with an effort, Dylan caught Lila's adoring smile.

"You two were meant to be."

"I love him, Ms. Rosy." Dylan's eyes filled with tears.

Sean cradled Dylan in his arms, kissing his cheek. "Isn't he adorable?" he asked Lila.

"He's a peach." She sat over them, caressing their hot skin. "You're both fantastic."

Dylan wiped his eyes and smiled at her. "How can we repay your kindness, Ms. Rosy?"

In awe she gestured to their naked bodies. "How can you repay me? How many eighty-year-old ladies get treated to a private performance by the two hottest gay stars in Hollywood? Dylan, please, don't be silly."

Sean climbed back behind her and they pressed Lila between them, cuddling her close.

Dylan stared at her portrait knowing both he and Sean would also one day grow old, and if they were lucky, live to see eighty. He hoped someone young would show them compassion when their time came.

"I could sleep with you two in my bed. You smell like male sex."

Sean laughed in delight. "Man, you're something else, lady."

"Sleep." Dylan hugged Sean around her. "We'll be here when you wake."

"I'm so glad I met you both. You're wonderful men."

"Ms. Rosy?" Dylan asked, "You are the wonderful one."

"Hush. Nap time for the old lady." She giggled.

Sean winked at him from over her head. Dylan winked back.

Epilogue

“Go deep! Deeper!” Dylan shouted, the football in his hands as his wide receiver opened up for his pass. He threw it, nailing him in the numbers, and the man ran for a touchdown.

It was a fake tryout, but it felt so good! Dylan smiled at the coach.

“Excellent! You said we passed you up?”

“You did,” Dylan replied back.

“Next play. Let’s see an instant replay, Conway!”

“Yes, coach!” Dylan beamed at him, getting his hands back on the ball, loving the feel of the helmet and uniform.

* * * *

On a dry-erase whiteboard, Sean wrote up a diet regiment along with a fitness routine. Hearing cleats behind him, he paused in his writing and looked back at the men coming in from their practice, sweaty and covered in mud. “Shower and listen up! New workout routine!”

They waved in acknowledgement as they passed. Sean grinned and continued to mark up the board. When he felt someone behind him, he spun around to see Dylan’s handsome face.

“Hey, babe.” Sean smiled.

“Made first string. Benched the damn QB.” Dylan appeared about to bust.

“Lila’s doing?”

“Nope.”

Sean held up his hand for a high-five. “I’d kiss you and hump your leg, but we’re supposed to be straight.”

Dylan slapped his hand. “Later, in your bed. Grrr!”

“All fired up with testosterone, hot shot?”

After peaking around, Dylan grabbed his own crotch and pumped out his hips seductively. “Wanna fuck, fuck, fuck.”

“Keep that up and we’ll out ourselves here and now. Go shower. New diet and exercise routine to learn.”

“Love you,” Dylan whispered.

Sean patted his ass and threw him a kiss. As he finished outlining the plan, Sean stood straight and checked out his handiwork.

Someone came into the room. The general manager.

“You the new trainer?”

“I am.” Sean extended his hand. “Sean Dean.”

It was clasped and shaken. “They need something. Crappy last season. You think you can help them out?”

“I guarantee it.”

“Guarantee it?” The GM was impressed. “Love your confidence, babe.”

“High energy. They need stamina. You win when you wear out the other side.”

“Brilliant! Where did we find you? Who were you working for?”

“Ah, let’s just say, I found you.”

The general manager held up his hands. “As long as it works, I don’t give a shit. Welcome aboard, Sean.”

“Thank you, sir. You won’t be disappointed.”

“Can’t have a worse season than we did last year. You’ve got nowhere to go but up.”

Sean smiled. “Up is where I do my best work.”

“Well done. I’ll catch you later.”

As the team began to fill the room, showered and in casual clothing, Sean looked for his lover. The minute he found Dylan, he knew he was ready. His fluffer had him hot and fired up.

“Listen up, men! Strict new diet and work out regime. No exceptions!”

Dylan took a seat up front, spread his legs wide and licked his lips hungrily at his new trainer.

Unable to wipe the smile from his face, Sean continued, “You got a new QB who’s going to work your asses into shape, so you gotta be ready for it. You ready, men?”

They cheered, pumping their fists.

“I knew you would be.” Sean winked at them.

Dylan beamed at Sean in pride. He was deliriously happy and couldn’t imagine how Sean was feeling to be exactly where he wanted to be in life.

Yes, so, they had a little help from Ms. Karma AKA Ms. Rosy, but who said life was meant to be fought alone?

As Sean solicited another rousing cheer from the room full of men, Dylan licked his chops hungrily, knowing what was on his menu later. Something better than broiled chicken and rice.

As they walked out to Sean’s car after practice, Dylan checked around first before he reached to hold Sean’s hand. Once they entered his car, Dylan leaned across the console for a kiss. As Sean’s tongue entered his mouth, Dylan moaned in pleasure.

Laughing at Dylan’s lovesick noise, Sean started the car and grinned at him. “So, QB? Any game plan for tonight?”

Dylan grabbed Sean’s leg and squeezed it sensuously. “Going deep. Very deep.”

Sean purred and dragged Dylan to his side of the car, kissing him hotly. “I’m going to want to see that on instant replay.”

“You will. Every night, you fantastic fucker.” Dylan grabbed Sean’s bulge. “I love you.”

“Ya got me, babe. Hook, line and sinker.” Sean licked Dylan’s lips softly.

“We’ll take up fishing next time. Now I want this tight end.”

Chuckling as he kissed him, Sean replied, “You got it, QB.”

The End

About the Author

Award-winning author G. A. Hauser was born in Fair Lawn, New Jersey, USA and attended university in New York City. She moved to Seattle, Washington where she worked as a patrol officer with the Seattle Police Department. In early 2000 G.A. moved to Hertfordshire, England where she began her writing in earnest and published her first book, *In the Shadow of Alexander*. Now a full-time writer in Ohio, G.A. has written dozens of novels, including several best-sellers of gay fiction. For more information on other books by G.A., visit the author at her official website.

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Carol Lynne's *Refuge Shifters* Series is at Resplendence Publishing

Extinction

Professor of Environmental Science/Wildlife studies at UNLV, Jack McBain has spent his adult life trying to track a legend overheard during his youth. Born and raised in the Canadian Province of Newfoundland, Jack remembers his grandparents telling stories of a race of people eradicated by European settlers in 1829. According to the legend, the Beothuk people didn't die out as first thought, but were transformed into wolf shifters.

When Newfoundland wolves began to appear in great numbers, the European settlers began killing them under the guise of population control. In 1910, the last of the Newfoundland wolves was shot, making them one of the few extinct species of wolves in the world.

Following spotty leads, Jack begins to track what he believes are Beothuk/Newfoundland shifter wolves. His search leads him to the Lake Mead National Recreational Area outside of Las Vegas. There, on Spirit Mountain, he finally comes face to face with not only the shifter he's been looking for, but the man of his dreams he didn't know he needed.

Retribution

Three lonely souls find each other in the midst of an all out war between the shifters and the Hunters.

Mother Earth gave Ryker Allen rebirth over a century ago, his main purpose to protect Mother's shifter children. Ryker has never begrudged his duties, but the loneliness is something he'll never get used to.

Daniel was the King of the Coyotes until a mistake led to the decimation of his species. Alone and half-dead, he was taken in by a pack of wolf shifters as a pet for the Alpha's mate. When he's given a chance to live as an Alpha once again, he's reluctant to accept, afraid he's no longer worthy to lead.

Hakan is the son of Father Sky. He was awarded rebirth over a thousand years ago to protect the Native American Bird Shifters. When animosity towards Native Americans escalated, Hakan's charges took to the sky permanently, leaving him without a purpose. He's lived his long life alone, waiting for the day he can once again serve his Father.

Three men, three very different backgrounds, one thing in common. Loneliness. Can these three souls come together to form a family?

***Also Available from
Resplendence Publishing***

In For a Penny by Carol Lynne

What's the old saying...*you can never go home again*? Raven Black resigned himself to never returning after being ordered from the only real home he'd ever known. Now, seven years later, Raven is back to face the man who sent him away.

Zane Conner is not only Raven's foster brother but the only man Raven ever loved. Despite his mixed feelings about the situation, Raven can't deny Zane when the older man asks for his help in saving the Lazy C Bar Ranch. A boy found dead on the ranch clinches Raven's decision.

Why did the young boy look so much like he had at that age—the same age he'd been when his own father had beaten him and left him for dead?

Nice and Naughty by Mia Jae

Cassie Franklin has to prove herself. After all, she's the first female head of the English department at the university. But that doesn't mean she has to prove herself sexually to Eric Marsh, a fellow professor in the English department, does it?

Then there is Ryan. Strong and sexy, with hands that can ease away the tension of most any job, he almost makes her forget her risky escapades with Eric.

Until Cassie realizes that Ryan and Eric have a closer connection than she ever could have imagined, and they have very specific plans for her...

Nuit Aux Trois by Melinda Barron

Quinn's two roommates, lovers Fletcher Covair and Devlin St. Giles, have the perfect idea: Quinn will accompany them on a Halloween ghost hunt at a haunted plantation. Quinn agrees, knowing there's no such thing as ghosts and thinking the time away will give her time to assess her future job prospects, and if nothing else, a chance to relax.

But the plantation's resident ghost, Alison, has other ideas. She wants help in righting a long-time wrong, and it seems that the ghost has chosen Quinn, Dev, and Fletch to assist her. While Quinn's mind is reeling from the knowledge that there are really ghosts, she comes to another

shocking realization: Dev and Fletch have more on their minds than ghost hunting, and Alison isn't the only restless spirit who wants to make contact.

***The Resurrection of Josephine* by Melinda Barron**

Martin Vandreen avoids graveside funerals at all costs—for good reason. As a spiritual medium with the ability to communicate with the dead, cemeteries tend to be filled with restless souls that want to chat with him. But when Martin makes an exception and attends the burial ceremony of his dear friend's departed father, he encounters a powerful entity that nearly kills him.

Rumer Rousseau and her lover Noah Hopper will do anything to stop the resurrection of Josephine, including forcibly enlisting the help of Martin. Martin reluctantly agrees to help find a way to destroy Josephine before the evil witch gains enough power to overturn the spell binding her spirit to her crypt, thus allowing her to return to the world of flesh and blood.

Suddenly, Martin's orderly, somewhat private lifestyle is turned upside down. But within the arms of Rumer and Noah, he's finds that he no longer desires the solitude he once treasured, and longs to have a relationship that can stand the test of time. But will the bond they forged together be strong enough to survive the resurrection of Josephine?

***Sinful Temptations* by Cassidy McKay**

Jennifer Amante calls a phone sex line on a dare from her childhood friend, and encounters "Naughty Nick", the self-made man who runs *Sinful Temptations*. Tempted out of her normal repressive shell, Jenn lets loose, safe in the knowledge she'll never encounter Naughty Nick.

Yet, when the handsome, successful Nicholas Germaine walks into her office wanting to buy a house, she redirects her fantasies on the phone to include the man she lusts after but denies herself in person.

Nick is determined to have Jennifer as his own, no matter her silly rule to never date clients. Now he just has to find a way to reveal who he really is and what he does without scaring her.

As passion tempts them both beyond their previous boundaries, Nick and Jenn must confront the deceit, jealousy, and death that stalks them.

Can they survive their *Sinful Temptations*?

***Ticket Me More* by Tia Fanning**

Melanie Rose Darling is a very unhappy florist.

Hailed by the bridal flower world as an artistic genius, Meli works long nights making bouquets for women lucky enough to find love, while she herself lives a life of solitude. She yearns to share her heart and body with someone other than Bob, her *Battery Operated Boyfriend*, but acute shyness keeps her from engaging the “living” world.

However, Meli’s quiet and predictable existence takes an unexpected turn when she is pulled over and ticketed by the most gorgeous cop she has ever encountered—Officer Michael Johnson. Though he doesn’t seem to notice her as anything more than a traffic violation, Meli makes plans to overcome her timid nature and seize the police officer’s attention...using any speed necessary.

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