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In his family no one had ever been gay or different in anyway. They hadn't been happy when he and Marilyn divorced. No one in his family ended their marriage. He couldn't even begin to fathom how they would react to him being gay and in love with another man. One thing he did know was that if he had to choose between his parents and Scott, he'd choose Scott. That didn't mean the choice would be easy...

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BY SHAWN LANE

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Layout and Formatting provided by: Elemental Alchemy

PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

CHAPTER 1

Scott Trask drove into the two-car garage, turned off the engine, and leaned his head against the leather headrest. Lord, he was weary. And hot. Damn summer in California could be brutal. Especially with his car's air conditioning on the fritz.

He loosened and then yanked off his pale blue silk tie. He closed his eyes, just listening to the tick of the still hot engine. If he didn't get out of the car soon he'd fall asleep and probably die of heatstroke.

Scotty forced his eyes open, picked up his briefcase, removed his keys, and opened the car door. His partner's car was parked and already cool to the touch. Ever since the Law Firm of Trask and Reynolds, the firm Preston owned together with Scotty's father and brother, had hired a couple of new attorneys, Preston had been able

to cut his time at the office significantly.

Scott almost wished he still worked there. *Almost*. He'd work every day for the rest of his life rather than work at his father's firm again.

Scotty went through the thin door separating the garage from the house. "Pres?"

"Here," Preston called from the kitchen.

He flung his briefcase onto the couch and shrugged out of his suit coat. Preston's deep voice rumbled low, but Scotty couldn't make out the words. He poked his head into the kitchen.

Preston stood at the stove stirring something in a big pot. He'd changed out of the gray suit he'd had on that morning into khaki shorts and a thin white T-shirt. He had his cell phone plastered to his ear.

"Who are you talking to?" Scotty grabbed a cold bottle of beer from the fridge and twisted off the cap. He downed half of it before coming up for air.

Preston turned to him. "Hold on a sec," he said into the phone. He set the cell face down on the counter and gave Scotty a light kiss on the mouth. "It's Marilyn."

Marilyn was Preston's ex-wife who lived in Northern California. Just two months earlier, Preston and Scott had gone up to see Preston's two kids. Considering Scotty had always assumed Marilyn hated him, he'd been surprised how nice she had been during their visit. "Anything wrong?"

"Not at all. She's getting married and wants us to come to the wedding."

"Oh." He smiled. "That's great. When is it?"

Preston's blue eyes crinkled. "Well, that's just it. The wedding is Saturday."

Scotty's jaw dropped. "Today is Thursday."

"Yeah, I know." Preston chuckled. "We'd have to drive up tomorrow morning. Can you take it off, honey?"

He felt a little like he was still out in the hundred degree weather. He shook his head to clear it. "Um, yeah. I guess so."

"Great. I'll make all the arrangements so you don't have to worry about anything. Hotel and all that."

"Okay."

Preston kissed him again and then smacked him on the ass. "Go take a shower. When you get out I'll have dinner ready."

Scotty frowned, still feeling out of sorts. He watched Preston pick up the cell and start stirring their dinner again. Looked like spaghetti sauce. He finished the rest of his beer and then forced himself out of his heat-induced stupor. He decided he would feel loads better after his shower.

He walked down the hall toward their bedroom, stripping as he went, which was bound to annoy Preston, but sometimes he liked to annoy the man. He grinned.

The two of them living together had been something of an adjustment. Scotty had moved into Preston's house. Preston liked things neat and orderly and Scotty...didn't. Preston got up with the birds every morning, even weekends. Sometimes he woke Scotty up to go to breakfast or for sex or whatever and he found himself wanting to strangle his lover. He did not do mornings.

Scotty turned on the shower and switched the water to cool. Then, naked, he went back down the hallway to check the air conditioning thermostat. It didn't even feel like Preston had turned it on. He grimaced.

"Why isn't the air on?" he yelled, switching it on.

"It's not that hot," Preston called from the kitchen.

"The hell it's not," he muttered and went back into the bathroom. Heat made him grouchy. He was not a grouchy person for the most part.

He stepped into the big glass shower and let the cool water soothe him. He supposed he didn't really need to work so hard. The long hours working at the accounting firm had started to get to him. In fact, lately Preston had been hinting to him that maybe he ought to quit the job he'd only had for about six months. Preston assured him he didn't need to work. He could pay all their expenses.

In a way, Scotty wanted to quit. Or at least maybe not work at an office job. He worked full time as an accountant now and though he liked accounting work well enough, he preferred the excitement of his real love, investigations. He'd worked briefly for Trask and Reynolds in both capacities when he first returned to Southern California after a six year absence. He missed the investigative work and could easily see himself doing that job part-time.

The problem was he wanted to be with Preston forever and all, but Preston hadn't even told his parents he was gay yet. If Preston never fully came out to his family and friends, well, Scotty would have a decision to make and he just knew it would not be a happy one. Alone and without a job would not be good.

He tried to be patient. They'd only been out officially as a couple for seven months. Unfortunately, the officially out only seemed to be to Scotty's family and friends. Okay, that wasn't entirely fair. Marilyn and the kids knew about them, too.

Scotty toweled off after his shower and pulled on beige gym shorts and a blue muscle T-shirt. His body temperature had cooled down significantly and, therefore, so had his mood. He made a

quick call on his cell phone to let his office know he wouldn't be in tomorrow and then headed down the hall to the living room and dining area. He noticed Preston had already picked up his discarded clothes.

The dining room table already had been set with two plates filled with spaghetti, a platter of garlic bread, and two beers.

His dark haired lover came out of the kitchen holding a giant bowl of salad. He smiled, but his smile was strained.

Scotty sat at the table. "Something wrong?"

"No. No. Only..." Preston sighed and dished out salad into a smaller bowl in front of Scotty's place.

"Only what?"

Preston plopped down heavily in his chair and took a swig of beer. "Marilyn invited my parents."

"And?"

"They're coming."

"Uh-huh." Scotty thought he probably needed something stronger than beer.

"Well, you know they still care a lot about Marilyn, and she is the mother of their grandchildren. They never understood why we got divorced in the first place."

Scott didn't say anything for a moment. He wanted to choose his words carefully. "I don't have a problem with your parents being there, Preston."

"I know, but they don't know—"

"That we're together or that you're even gay. I know."

Preston glanced down at his plate of food. "I'm going to tell them, Scott."

"When?"

"I don't know, but I will."

"Now seems a good time, Preston."

Preston's lips firmed. "I'm not ready."

Scotty blew out a breath. The pain staggered him for a moment. How long was this going to be the way it was between them? He was starting to think forever. He took a bite of his salad but he might as well have been eating sawdust. He swallowed the bite and washed it down with the beer.

He made himself nod. Or he thought he did. "Okay, I'll stay home."

"No," Preston protested immediately, his hand covering Scotty's. "No, that's not what I want. I want you with me."

"How is that going to work, Pres? How will you explain me being there? Maybe you've told them we've become good friends, but how would that explain me accompanying you to Marilyn's wedding? And what about Marilyn and the kids? They know you're gay and you're with me. Aren't they going to say something?"

Preston winced. "She said they wouldn't. She talked to the kids and they agreed to keep quiet."

"Oh, that's just great. Now you're making them lie for you to cover up who and what you are." He threw down his paper napkin and rose from the table. "I can't do this."

"What? Come on, eat your dinner."

"I'm not hungry, Preston."

Preston grabbed his arm and yanked him back into his chair. His face was twisted in pain, his eyes pleading. "Sit down, honey. Why are you being so difficult? Please, just...just try to see this from my point of view."

Scotty's anger disappeared, but the hurt stayed. Was he being unfair to Preston? He didn't know. They'd been together for seven

months and still Preston hadn't found the right time to tell his parents.

Preston turned Scotty's hand over until his palm faced out. He traced his fingers along the lines of Scotty's palm. "I love you. I promise I will tell them eventually. Can't you just come with me and we'll deal with it?"

"Yeah, of course. I'm sorry. I guess the heat just made me grouchy."

Preston nodded. "It's okay. I'm sorry I didn't put on the air. It's hard for me, you know? You've been out in the open for years now, but this is still new to me. Just give me a chance, okay?"

He nodded, still unable to get the knot of unease out of his stomach.

* * *

Preston Reynolds pulled a suitcase out of his walk-in closet and flung it on the bed.

"Do we need to bring suits?" Scott asked, his hands full of shampoo and conditioner bottles. He'd just come out of the bathroom.

"Yeah, probably." He went back into the closet and grabbed a garment bag. "We can fit both of our suits in here."

Scott set the shampoo and conditioner on the nightstand and went into the closet.

Preston didn't like Scott's quiet mood. The blond man was usually much more animated than he was tonight. He didn't think it was because of the heat. Not any longer.

Damn, he hated this insecure feeling. He'd never loved anyone like he loved Scott, but he was in constant fear of wrecking things

between them. Saying or doing the wrong thing. Maybe it was unfair, but he couldn't help feeling like Scott judged his every action and found it lacking.

Scott came back out of the closet with his suitcase and a navy suit He laid the suit on the garment bag. "I should call my mom."

Preston nodded and went into the bathroom for the lube. They'd both been tested so they didn't bother with condoms anymore. He reached under the sink and wondered, really, if they would need it for the trip. He always wanted to be with Scott, but a trip to Marilyn's wedding with both his kids and parents there wasn't exactly a romantic weekend getaway.

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"I'd prefer to speak with her," Scott said from the other room. "When will she be back?" A heavy sigh. "Fine. Can you please tell her I'm going out of town for a few days and I'll call her when I get back on Sunday?"

And therein was the biggest reason Preston didn't want to tell his own parents about being gay and living with Scott. He feared their reaction. Sure, maybe he was a damn coward. But he'd grown up with loving parents. He had a great relationship with his dad and it would just about kill him if it became like Scott's relationship with his dad.

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own situation by their strained relationship. But his heart didn't want to listen.

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He came out of the bathroom and tossed the lube in his suitcase. It wouldn't hurt to be prepared. Scott had hung up the phone. "Everything okay, honey?"

Scott blew out a breath and smiled. "Sure. No problem."

He noticed Scott had already filled his own suitcase with shorts, shirts, and underwear. He didn't see any pajamas so he figured maybe it was the right thing to bring lube after all.

He packed quickly, his gaze constantly going to Scott as he worked. He couldn't keep his eyes off his lover. Never could, really. Scott's gym shorts were baggy, but Preston knew the perfection of Scott's round little ass. And damn it, it was distracting.

"What?" Scott asked, catching him looking.

Preston smiled. "Well, you're really hot."

Scott laughed. "Finish packing and you can do something about it."

"Almost done now." He tossed in a couple extra pairs of socks and underwear.

His lover zipped up his own suitcase and set it on the floor. "I'm going to take this out and put it by the front door. You got your suit in the garment bag?"

"Yeah."

Scott also scooped that up and wheeled his bag out of the room.

Preston re-checked that he had everything and closed his suitcase. He set it on the side of the room, then pulled down the blanket and sheet on the bed.

Scott came back, already pulling his muscle T-shirt over his head. He dropped it at the foot of the bed.

Preston's mouth twisted. "Babe, the hamper is right there."

Scott's grin was decidedly unrepentant and wicked. He shrugged and turned his back on Preston. He slowly lowered his shorts, like a striptease, exposing only the very top of his crease.

Preston swallowed. He tore off his own shirt, his gaze never leaving that tight ass as Scott scooted the shorts down over the curve of his cheeks. "Shit, babe, you're making me crazy."

Scott grinned over his shoulder. "That's the plan, Pres."

Preston's shirt fell from his hands to the floor. Now Scott had his shorts pushed all the way off his ass and he inched them toward his knees.

Preston decided his lover was going much too slowly and, with a growl, reached for Scott, who let out a squeal of surprise. He pulled the man against him, rubbing his still-short-covered straining erection along Scott's ass.

Scott leaned back his head, resting it against Preston's shoulder. He moaned low and it sounded so fucking sexy, Preston's cock jumped.

"Fuck." He groaned and pushed Scott toward the bed. "Get on the mattress—now."

Scott scrambled onto the bed, shrugging the shorts off his body altogether and leaving them next to his earlier discarded T-shirt. At the moment, Preston couldn't care less.

"Get the lube out of the nightstand," he ordered. He pulled off his own shorts and left them with Scott's clothes.

Scott tossed the bottle of lube at him and he caught it. He left it lying on the bed. At the moment he had another plan.

"Lie on your stomach, babe."

His lover complied, placing himself toward the top of the bed, his head resting on his pillow.

Preston grabbed Scott's legs and spread them enough to give him access to the pretty little pink opening his tongue longed to probe. He closed his eyes, letting his lover's scent envelope him. Scott's flesh quivered in anticipation.

He darted his tongue into the puckered entrance. Flicked around the circle, teasing but not going past the ring of muscle.

"Preston, please."

Oh yeah. He slipped past the ring, thrusting in and out, relishing the tremors wracking Scott's body. He rubbed circles on Scott's cheeks with his thumbs. Preston's cock became impossibly hard underneath him. He rose a little and reached for his cock, stroking it.

"Fuck me, Pres, I need to feel you." Scott moaned.

Preston needed no other encouragement. He grabbed the lube and squirted a generous amount over his fingers. He pushed two fingers inside Scott, stretching and preparing him. He rose and leaned over Scott, kissing the back of his neck. "Are you ready, babe?"

"Mmm."

He decided that was as good as yes. He placed a kiss on the top of Scott's head. "I love you."

"I love you, too. Fuck me."

Preston chuckled and slicked up his cock. He bit back a groan

as his balls tightened. Scott's sexy voice begging to be fucked sent him to the edge every time.

He closed his hand over his shaft and guided it inside Scott. "God, baby, you're so tight. So good."

Preston closed his eyes, pushing in balls-deep. His jaw clenched. He was close but he didn't want to rush this. He needed this, needed Scott.

Scott's ass rose, pushing back against his thrusts.

"Touch yourself."

Scott whimpered and his hand disappeared under him.

He increased his thrusts, seeking to hit Scott's prostate, pleasure shooting through him at every gasp, every sigh spilling from his lover's lips. "Baby, please tell me you're close."

"Uh-huh."

Damn. Preston's balls pulled tight, the tingle of his release fingered up his spine.

"Pressssss." Scott jerked.

He came hard, screaming his lover's name, shaking with the force of it, his throat stripped raw. His arms wrapped tight around Scott, pulling him even closer, if that were possible.

"Mmm. Love you, Pres."

"I love you, Scotty." So much. He had to make things right between them.

CHAPTER 2

Scotty shifted in the passenger seat of Preston's luxury car. The problem with going to Northern California was it was several hours worth of a car ride. And the fastest, easiest freeway up there had nothing but boring scenery. He turned up the volume of the rock song playing on the radio.

He leaned over and picked up the bag of chips he'd brought with them and ripped open the bag. He held it out to Preston. "Want some?"

"No."

Scotty eyed Preston. His lips were pursed as though in irritation. He knew that look too well. "What?"

"Nothing."

"Bullshit. What's wrong with you?" He almost said, "What's

wrong with me?" because he knew it had to have something to do with himself.

Preston's jaw tightened. "Do you have to have the music up so loud?"

He rolled his eyes and pressed the off button. He turned to look out the window.

"I didn't mean you had to turn it off."

Scotty ignored him for a mile or so. "Should we have brought a present?"

"Probably. We can give them cash or something."

Scott nodded. He bit his lip as something else occurred to him. He hoped he was wrong. "Did you...did you get us separate rooms?"

When Preston didn't answer right away, Scotty closed his eyes, defeated. It shouldn't hurt this much if Preston had booked two rooms. He'd known Preston's parents were coming, so he should have guessed before.

Preston sighed. "No, I did not get us separate rooms."

"Oh, you didn't?" He turned to look at his lover.

"No. I talked to my dad and they're staying in a different hotel."

"I see. So there was no real reason to keep up appearances," he said, wincing at the bitterness in his own voice. But, geez, when were they going to get past this? He'd thought Preston had understood when they committed to a relationship. He'd been wrong.

"Scott."

"I know, I know. You're going to tell me to stop pressuring you or something. It's been *seven* months, Pres. When are you going to be okay enough with me to tell your parents? Or anyone else for

that matter."

Preston frowned. "What are you talking about? Lots of people know."

"My friends and family, yes. And Marilyn and the kids. Not any of your old law school buddies you get together with, or your friend Lou, or the guys at the gym, or half the fucking people you know, Pres."

"What do you expect me to do, Scott? Take out an ad to announce it? I've never told any of them I was straight either. Why do I have to make a big deal out of my sexual orientation?"

Scotty sighed. "You don't. But when someone point-blank asks you if you are seeing someone you say no. You don't acknowledge me in any way." He closed his eyes again, feeling so weary he could sleep for three days and it wouldn't be enough. He couldn't do this much longer. "I heard you tell Lou at the Dodger's game that I was just Jack's younger brother who was staying in one of your spare bedrooms until I could afford a place of my own. What the fuck was that?"

"I don't know, Scott. I just panicked."

"This is stupid."

"What?"

"Us. Goddamn it. I told you I didn't want to be your dirty secret."

"And I told you I might trip up. I need time to adjust, to deal with it."

"How much time? It's been seven months."

Preston blew out a breath. "I know, you keep saying that. You never told me I had a limited time to change my whole fucking life. Look, can we not talk about this right now? I'm trying to drive."

"Okay," he said softly. He realized he still had the open bag of chips in his lap so he closed them up and put them back at his feet again. "I think I'm going to take a nap if it's all right with you."

"Yeah, go ahead."

* * *

"Scott? Honey, wake up, we're here."

He swatted at the person shaking him. "Go away."

A low chuckle made him open one eye. Preston, who leaned into the passenger side of the car from outside, smiled.

"We've arrived at the hotel, Scott."

He opened both eyes and straightened. "What? How long did I sleep?"

"A few hours."

"Why didn't you wake me?" Scott got out and rested his hand on the roof to ground himself. He glanced around the parking lot of the hotel. Leave it to Preston to pick a giant luxury hotel on the beach. Not that he was complaining. *Much*. But he could see why Preston's parents wouldn't be staying here.

"You seemed to need your sleep." Preston went to the trunk of the car and opened it. He reached in and took out their suitcases.

"Is the wedding in San Francisco?" Scott knew Marilyn and the kids lived in Dublin which was a little more than thirty miles away from the Bay City.

"No, they're getting married in Dublin. Why stay there when we can stay here?" Preston shrugged. "Much nicer."

"Yeah, but you have to drive more."

"I don't mind driving a bit."

Scott grabbed the handle of his suitcase and started wheeling it

toward the entrance. "I assume your parents are staying in Dublin, though."

"Sure. But they're also staying at a motel."

Scotty grinned. "Oh, the horrors."

"I've stayed in motels on occasion." Preston held the door of the hotel open for him. "We're supposed to meet everyone for dinner in a couple of hours."

"Are they having like a rehearsal dinner?"

"Nah, they're getting married in just a short, small ceremony. Her fiancé has been married before, too, so they saw no point in having a big church wedding. So they just want a nice dinner tonight. After the wedding tomorrow they're having a reception at some local sports and hunting lodge they rented."

They checked in with no problem and Scotty noted Preston didn't try to hide their being together with the woman at the checkout. At least that was something. When they'd first started seeing each other, Preston stayed in the car when he'd checked them in for a weekend getaway. They rode the elevator to the eleventh floor. When they got to their room, Scotty sighed and flopped down on the king-size bed. He stretched out.

"What are you going to wear to dinner?" he asked Preston.

Preston went to the sliding door leading out to the balcony and flung it open, letting in a sea breeze. "Just some slacks and a nice shirt. I'll probably take a shower in a few minutes." He stepped onto the balcony.

Scott sat up and watched his lover leaning over the balcony looking out at the ocean. He still felt the tension between them and knew it was his fault. He hated it. He didn't want it to be like this for them. He couldn't go on like this forever, but maybe he was being unfair to Preston.

Scotty got up and walked out to stand behind Preston. He put his arms around his lover and then rested his head against Preston's back.

"I'm sorry we fought earlier," he whispered.

Preston sighed and turned to face Scotty. He pulled him close. "Me, too. I love you, Scott. I really do."

He tightened his arms around Preston and inhaled his lover's spicy masculine scent. "I love you, too. I don't want to fight."

"I promise I'll do this," Preston said, kissing the top of his head. "Just give me a chance."

"Okay." He swallowed the lump in his throat. He pulled back and looked up at Preston. "Come inside. I want to do something for you."

He grabbed Preston's hand and pulled him back inside the room. He closed the screen of the sliding door but left the glass open. He pushed Preston toward the bed, stopping him when his lover's legs met the bed.

Scotty dropped to his knees in front of Preston and unsnapped the button on his shorts.

"Babe?"

"Shh." He pushed Preston's shorts and briefs down his legs to the floor. "Step out of them."

Preston kicked the shorts and briefs away. His cock was halfhard, rising toward Scotty. He couldn't help but smile. He licked his lips in anticipation.

His lover groaned. "God, that's hot."

A creamy drop of pre-cum appeared on the tip of Preston's erection. He darted his tongue across the slit, lapping up the tangy fluid. His gaze rose, watching Preston's face, so beautiful with his desire. This man was his. Had wanted him. Scotty sometimes

couldn't believe it.

He drew the head of his man's cock into his mouth, savoring the taste, the feel of the spongy tip. His reached his hand up to cup Preston's balls, squeezing them, rolling his fingers over them.

"Scotty, yes." Preston gripped the back of his head and pushed his cock farther in Scott's mouth.

His lover's smooth, hard shaft slid down his throat. He hollowed out his cheeks, sucking it deep. Preston's hold on his head tightened, his moans grew louder, more urgent.

Scotty pulled Preston's cock all the way out, twirling his tongue along the head and then down the shaft, the thick vein there. Then he swallowed it up again, opening his throat muscles, taking as much of the fat cock as he could. Preston shook beneath him, pumping in Scotty's mouth faster and harder. He knew his man had to be close.

"Ah!" Preston tensed, his fingers threading in Scott's hair, tugging and thrusting. Warm, salty, slightly bitter liquid filled his mouth.

He continued sucking, until Preston gasped, pulling out and falling onto the bed.

Scotty wiped his hand across his lips and sank onto the floor, panting heavily. His own cock was hard enough to break off, but he knew they'd have to get ready for their dinner date with Preston's family. He'd have to wait for relief.

"You're amazing," Preston said from the bed.

"Glad you think so." He rested his hands on the bed and used the leverage to stand up. He lay on top of Preston and pressed his mouth to his lover's. "If you want to get that shower, you'd probably better get to it. Don't forget we have a drive ahead of us."

Preston's hand curved around his neck. "What about you?"

"We'll take care of me later."

His lover's hand found his erection through his shorts. "Are you sure, babe? Doesn't seem like it means to go down on its own."

He bit his lip and groaned. "Hurry."

Preston smiled and unzipped Scotty's shorts. He slipped his hand inside and into Scott's boxer briefs. His hand closed around Scott's hard shaft.

"Ah, shit, Pres." He rocked his hips as Preston pumped his cock. Preston's mouth found his, tongue slipping in, tangling with Scotty's.

"Come, baby, show me how much you love it," Preston murmured, breaking their kiss long enough for the hoarsely spoken words. He fused their lips together again. Pumping, jerking Scotty fast and furious.

A keening cry broke from his lips as his orgasm shot through him, his cock releasing strips of opaque cum.

"Oh, geez." He threw his arms around Preston, pressing their bodies close, feeling the beats of their hearts. "You've gotten fucking great at that."

Preston chuckled and kissed him deeply. "You have a cock that begs to be played with."

"Oh, yeah, believe me, I agree." Scotty laughed and then lay down on the bed next to his lover. He threw his arm over his eyes. "Shit, now we really do need to get ready."

"Uh-huh. But at least you were fast." Preston kissed him again and jumped off the bed. "I'll start the shower. We can shower together."

"Do you think that's a good idea?" Scotty rose on his elbows to look at Preston.

"I think you can manage to control yourself for the few minutes it takes us to take a shower. Don't you?"

His cock twitched, but he knew they had no time. "Yeah, yeah, okay. I'll behave."

CHAPTER 3

Scotty walked toward the restaurant, not failing to notice how much distance Preston put between them as they approached it. The chasm was so wide three or four people could have fit between them.

He hadn't expected they'd hold hands or anything, but did Preston have to act like he had cooties? He hated this. Pretending to be something he wasn't. Now he would have to sit across from Preston's parents and act like their son wasn't the most important person in his life.

Marilyn had chosen a steak place for her rehearsal dinner or her before her wedding dinner, whatever she wanted to call it. The outside of the building had different shapes of inlaid rock and two big wooden doors. Preston's ex-wife waited outside the doors, her

arm around her fiancé, Oscar. Scotty remembered meeting the tall bearded man from their previous visit.

The woman Preston had once married was slim and petite with auburn hair and green eyes. Very pretty, actually. Years ago when they'd been married, Scott figured she didn't think much of him. He suspected she wasn't comfortable with him being gay. To his surprise, she'd been warm and friendly during their visit a few months ago.

"Scott, Preston, how wonderful to see you," she exclaimed, pulling first Scotty into a hug and then Preston into a slightly longer embrace. "I'm so glad you guys came. I know it was terribly short notice."

"Hi, Oscar," Scotty said, shaking the man's hand.

"Thank you both for coming."

Preston looked around. "Where are the kids?"

Marilyn smiled and patted his arm. "I left them with a babysitter for tonight. I wanted to have a nice adult dinner. They'll be there all day tomorrow, you'll see."

"Oh. That's fine," Preston said. "Is it just us then?"

"No, your parents should be here any moment. Don't worry, they don't know anything." She patted his arm again.

Scotty turned away.

Get it together.

"Here they come now," Oscar announced.

He forced himself to turn around to face the approach of Preston's parents. They were an elegant couple. Preston looked almost exactly like his father. The same dark hair, although Elliot's hair was sprinkled with gray, the same chocolate brown eyes. Even roughly the same height. Preston's mother, Jennifer, came only to her husband's shoulder and her perfectly coiffed bun was still

platinum blond.

"Hello, everyone," Elliot Reynolds said. "I hope we're not late."

"No, right on time." Marilyn kissed his cheek and then Mrs. Reynolds's. "Thank you. I know you didn't have to come."

Scotty knew from Preston that Marilyn's own parents had passed away years ago and she still looked on her in-laws as second parents. He thought that was very sweet.

"We wouldn't miss it," Mrs. Reynolds assured her. She turned to Scotty with a questioning smile. "Who do we have here?"

"Mom, Dad, you remember Scott Trask. He's Jack's little brother," Preston told them.

"Oh, Jack, sure, of course." Mr. Reynolds shook Scotty's hand. "It's been a while, I think. You were just a boy when we last saw you. How is Jack?"

"He's very good, sir."

"It's nice to see you, Scott." Preston's mom's brow furrowed. "Are you and Marilyn friends?"

Scotty smiled, ignoring the flutter in his stomach. "We do know each other, Mrs. Reynolds, but I came along because I'm a private investigator. Preston has a client's case coming up and the man is originally from up here. It was the perfect opportunity for me to mix work with pleasure."

"Oh." She nodded. "That makes sense. I do seem to recall Preston mentioning something about you doing investigations. Well, we're glad to have you. The wedding should be lovely."

Marilyn opened the door of the restaurant. "Shall we?"

Scotty waited for them all to precede him. When they were all inside but Preston, his lover turned to him and raised an eyebrow. He shrugged. Preston hadn't told him how they were supposed to

explain his presence so he'd improvised. It was better than standing there stuttering over it.

* * *

Preston made sure to get a seat at the table next to Scott. Just the nearness of the man soothed him. Which was the reason he'd wanted Scott along in the first place. He wanted the man with him all day, every day, but if that weren't possible, he still wanted Scott around as much as he could. The thought of coming up here for the wedding alone just didn't compute. He was in deep, he knew.

Somehow, this weekend, he was going to have to find the nerve to tell his parents. He couldn't risk losing Scott by remaining stubborn. He'd wait until after the wedding. That would only be fair to Marilyn and Oscar. Maybe they could meet for breakfast on Sunday morning. His stomach twisted just thinking about it.

His mother, who sat on the other side of Preston, leaned over to speak to Scott. "So, Scott, being such a handsome man, you must have girls all over you,"

"Mom."

"What?" She gave him an innocent look.

Scott took a sip of his wine and smiled. "Actually, Mrs. Reynolds, I have someone special in my life."

Preston tugged at the collar of his button-down shirt. "It's pretty hot in here, don't you think?"

"That's lovely. I'm not a bit surprised though." His mom speared a bite of her salad. "She's very lucky to have you."

Fuck.

"Thank you, ma'am. He is very lucky to have me. But I doubt he always thinks so." Scott winked at his mom. Preston wanted to

disappear under the table.

"Oh." His mother blushed and the table got suddenly very quiet. "Oh, I see. Well, how...nice."

His dad cleared his throat. "Yes, that's right. Your brother mentioned you were gay once. I'd forgotten."

Scott continued to smile. "Yep. I came out several years ago now. I guess I forget sometimes it's not old news to some."

His mom, still blushing, returned Scott's smile. "Well, I am sure all the girls were crushed when you did." She held up a basket of sourdough rolls. "Bread?"

"Thank you." Scott took the basket and the conversation at the table started up again.

Preston blew out a breath and took a spoonful of his soup.

"Are you all right?" Scott asked him, his voice low. "You look pretty pale."

"I'm fine." He couldn't wait until the dinner was over. God, he hated this. He could see why it ate at Scott that they had to hide their relationship. It was getting to him, too. But he also saw the look on his mom's face when Scott told her he was gay. She hadn't been appalled, exactly, but she definitely didn't have a clue how to react.

When dinner was finished and the bill paid, Marilyn suggested they all go over to her and Oscar's house for dessert. They'd bought a cheesecake earlier in the day. Their house wasn't far from the restaurant.

"Besides, I'm sure the kids would love to see you, Preston. And their grandparents, too," Marilyn said.

"Great, we'd love to." He got their address for his GPS and they went to their car.

"Pres?"

"Hmm?" He clicked the electronic locks.

"Are you mad because I didn't hide being gay?" Scott asked, getting into the passenger side.

"No, honey, I'm not mad. I know you don't want to hide who you are." Preston just wished he could be half as brave as Scott. "And there's no reason you should. I'm sorry I've made you hide us this long."

"You are?"

"Yes." He ran a hand through his hair. "I'm going to tell them Sunday, after the wedding."

Scott rested his hand on Preston's thigh. "Are you sure?"

Was he? Probably not. But he had to do this. He couldn't keep lying to everyone he knew and most of all to himself. What was it Jack had told him?

"Preston, those who love you will love you anyway, and those who won't accept it, never loved you in the first place."

Easy for Jack to say. Jack was straight and the apple of his father's eye. Ken thought Jack could do no wrong and Scott could do no right. Preston sure didn't want that with his father.

"Pres?"

"I'm sure, babe. I'm sure."

* * *

They pulled up in front of Marilyn and Oscar's nice suburban tract home. It was just like all the houses around it. Quiet and unassuming, but cozy. Similar to the neighborhood Scott grew up in, actually.

Preston's parents pulled up right behind them and got out of their car at the same time as he and Preston. The front door of the

house burst open and out came Preston's six-year-old daughter, Candace.

"Daddy! Scotty!" She ran to them and threw herself at her father, who caught her with a grin.

"Hey there, pumpkin."

Scotty loved to see Preston with his children. He wished they lived closer so he'd get to spend more time with them. Preston scooped her up so that she was in his arms. She reached over and grabbed a hunk of Scotty's shirt.

"Scotty, guess what?"

"What?"

"I got an A on the school project."

"The one I helped you with?"

"Uh-huh."

Mrs. Reynolds looked at them quizzically. "When was this, Candace?"

"Last time Daddy and Scotty were here. Daddy wanted us to meet his boyfriend." She touched her father's face. "Huh, Daddy?"

"His...Scott isn't your daddy's boyfriend," Mrs. Reynolds said.

"Yeah, he is. They live together." Candace bit her lip and looked at Scotty. "Oops."

Mr. Reynolds came to stand next to his wife. "What is this?"

Preston's mom was shaking her head rather frantically. "No, Candace. You have it wrong."

"Candace, maybe you'd better come back into the house," Marilyn called from the front door.

Preston set his daughter on the ground. He didn't say a word, but he'd turned a little red. Candace's face was screwed up in a big frown.

Scotty bent down to her height. "It's okay, kiddo. Go on

inside."

She cast one last worried look in her father's direction and then ran toward the house.

"Preston?" Mrs. Reynolds asked.

Preston wouldn't look at his parents, or Scotty for that matter. He looked toward the house where he daughter had just disappeared inside. "It's true, Mom. I...Scott and I live together."

"As roommates?"

Scotty knew by looking at her she knew very well that wasn't what Preston meant. He ached for Preston. He'd been through this himself. He could still recall the pain of his parents' initial reaction to his being gay.

"No," Preston said quietly. "We're partners."

"Partners?" she repeated, her voice going up an octave. "As in...as in lovers?"

"Jennifer." Preston's father touched her shoulder.

"Yes. Mom."

"But you're not gay, Preston," she insisted. "You were married for God's sake. You have children. You are *not* gay."

Scotty wanted to hug Preston and tell him everything would be all right. Preston was about to lose it. He could see his lover's bottom lip tremble.

Preston turned and looked straight at his parents for the first time since his daughter spilled his secret. "I am gay. Before when I was married, that was the mistake. I think I knew then but I tried to pretend otherwise. Scott is my partner and we love each other."

She recoiled against her husband and then turned teary eyes toward Scotty. "You! This is your fault!"

"Don't talk to him like that, Mom," Preston said firmly. "I know this is a shock for you, but I won't let you talk to Scotty like

that."

"How could you!" she wailed, and then turned and ran down the pathway and into Marilyn's house.

"Dad—"

But Preston's dad just shook his head and followed after his wife. The door closed behind Mr. Reynolds, leaving Scotty and Preston outside in the front yard.

"God, I'm sorry, babe." Scotty stepped toward Preston and took his hand, threading their fingers together. He had hoped it would go better, but had feared Preston's parents might react badly. He knew that was why Preston had been reluctant to tell them.

"Yeah." Preston nodded. "Let's go back to the hotel, okay?"

"Sure, of course. You want me to drive?"

Preston answered by handing him the car keys. He opened the passenger side and sat inside the car, closing the door.

Marilyn came running outside. "Wait!" She glanced at Preston sitting in the car.

"I think he wants to be alone for a second," Scotty said, trying to give her a smile. He feared it was a terrible attempt.

"I'm sorry, Scotty."

"It's not your fault. Kids will be kids. Anyway, it had to come out eventually," he assured her.

She hugged herself. "You two are still coming to the wedding, aren't you?"

"We'll try." Impulsively he hugged her. "Thanks, Marilyn. You've really been cool with this and I appreciate it."

Marilyn nodded. "You're welcome. I used to resent you, to be honest."

"Resent me?"

"Yeah, before when Preston and I were married, before you went to New York. I didn't know exactly what it was about you, but I knew you were special to Preston and I was jealous. It didn't occur to me then that it was sexual, but you know, when Preston told me about the two of you it all made sense."

"Well, thank you again. And I promise to try to get Preston to your wedding tomorrow." He kissed her cheek.

"Thank you. I'll talk to his parents, too. Maybe there's something I can say."

He went to the driver's side and opened the door. "See you tomorrow."

She waved and turned to go back to the house.

Scotty got in and started up the car.

"You know how to get back to the hotel?" Preston asked in a low voice.

"I think so. Besides, we have the GPS if I get lost. Why don't you just rest there and close your eyes until we get there."

Preston sighed, leaned his head back on the headrest and closed his eyes. "How did you do it?"

Scotty knew what he asked. How was he able to get through telling his parents? "To be honest it was fucking hard."

"Jack said your mom cried and they wouldn't even talk to you for three days."

"Yeah." He blew out a breath and pulled the car away from the curb. "She still cries sometimes."

Preston opened his eyes and looked at him. "She does?"

"Sure. She cries because my dad and I don't get along. We never did, really, but it's definitely worse since I came out. Sometimes she cries because she knows people treat me like crap just because I'm gay. It hurts her every time she hears a story about

gay bashing or an anti-gay rally."

"I never knew."

"She hides it a lot. She's afraid for me, too. Plus I think she still thinks about how I'm not going to give her a grandchild. She's going to have to rely on Jack for that."

Preston closed his eyes. "At least I gave my parents that, huh?"

"Yeah, and your kids are great. Both of their parents are awesome. Whatever they choose in life both you and Marilyn will support them. I think that's so cool."

"Yeah, cool." Preston's lips curved into a small smile. He grew quiet then and kept his eyes closed.

Scotty turned on the radio, but he found a classical station and turned it low enough that it would be soothing to Preston.

By the time he reached their hotel, Preston had dozed off. He pulled into a space in the parking lot and touched Preston's arm.

"Hey, babe, we're back at the hotel."

Preston opened his eyes slowly. He stared at Scotty for a long time and then cupped his jaw. "I love you."

"I love you, too."

"I need you so much, Scotty. Please don't leave me."

Scotty felt the prick of tears. "I never will, Pres. I promise."

Preston nodded, looking very somber by the parking lot lights. "I promise, too."

"Come on. Let's get you up to the room. Do you want some tea or coffee or a drink of something?" He opened his door and came to the passenger side to help Preston out. Not that he needed it really, but he wanted to touch Preston, to offer him comfort in any way he could.

"All I need is you, Scotty."

He took Preston's hand. "Good, because you definitely have me."

CHAPTER 4

Preston opened his eyes and peered at the digital clock next to the hotel bed. A little after eight already. The weight of Scott's arm around his waist was a comfort. He didn't want to ever move.

"What time is it?" Scott asked, snuggling closer.

"A bit after eight."

"The wedding is at eleven?"

He shrugged. "I'm not sure we're going."

Scott suddenly moved until he was lying on top of Preston. He held Preston's face in his hands. "Babe, come on. Marilyn wants us there."

"I don't want to ruin her wedding."

"We won't. In fact, I think we'd ruin it if we didn't go. She wants us there and the kids want you there."

"My parents..."

Scott sighed and kissed him. "Pres, I don't think they will ruin the wedding either. They're too classy to make a big scene at Marilyn's wedding. It might be a little awkward, but I think we should go."

"God, I hate it when you're sane and rational." Preston wrapped his hand around Scott's neck and pulled him down for a deep, tongue thrusting kiss. "Mmm. I'd rather spend the day in bed with you."

Scott grinned. "Yeah, me, too. But sometimes we have to be adults and do what's expected of us."

"Damn." Preston felt suddenly better, which surprised him. "Okay, okay. I guess we'd better get showers and into our suits."

* * *

The wedding itself was a lovely outside affair under a flowered archway in the outdoor rose gardens of the local lodge they'd rented for the reception. The weather was perfect, sunny with a slight breeze. Marilyn wore an off-white knee-length gown and Oscar wore a navy suit.

Preston's daughter, Candace, and his eleven-year-old son, Logan, were dressed to match Marilyn and Oscar, which Preston thought was a bit over the top, but Scott thought it was too precious.

Across the garden, Preston spotted his father standing tall in a suit. His mother was nowhere in sight. Disappointment in his mother nearly overwhelmed him, but he pushed it aside. This was Marilyn's day and whatever his mother's problem was...well, it was her problem. Not his, not Scott's, and certainly not Marilyn's.

That she would choose to stay away from the wedding because of his love for Scott hurt just the same.

Later, after the reception started and the lodge was crowded with well-wishers, Preston decided to approach his dad. The man stood off to the side, looking uncomfortable and as though he wished he could be anywhere else. It shouldn't be like that. Scott came up to him and handed him a glass of champagne. He followed Preston's gaze.

"Going to go talk to him?"

"I think I should."

Scott nodded and stroked his fingers over Preston's hand. "Want me to go with you?"

"No. I need to do this alone." He handed his champagne back to Scott. "Be right back."

His father stiffened as he approached, but he did not move away. "Hello, Preston."

"Where's Mom?"

His father was quiet for a moment, then he looked at the ground. "She's not feeling well. Thinks it was something she ate last night at dinner."

"You're a terrible liar, Dad."

His father sighed. "I'm sorry. She's having a difficult time accepting...accepting—"

"I'm gay. I know."

"Yes." His father looked away.

"Look, this isn't a phase I'm going through or a fad or whatever. And I'm not trying to hurt Mom or you. I'm attracted to men."

"And in love with Scott Trask," his father said.

"Yes. I've been in love with him for years, really, I just tried to

pretend otherwise. I've been pretending a lot of things, Dad. I don't want to do that anymore."

"But...you got married and you managed to-to have children."

"I know. It was all part of the pretense. I love Candace and Logan and I'm very happy I have them. I care about Marilyn, too. Since our divorce we've become friends. Something we never were when we together. Dad, this is for real. I'm not going to change my mind."

His father gave him a small smile. "I didn't think you would. You're going to have to give your mother some time, son. She'll come around. You're her boy and she loves you."

"I love her, too." He touched his dad's shoulder. "And I love you, Dad."

His father pulled him into a bear hug which surprised the hell out of him. "I love you, too, son. I wish this could be easier for you."

Preston felt the sting of tears. "Me, too. But you just made it a hell of a lot easier. Thank you."

* * *

A few hours later, Preston watched Scott sitting at a table waving his hands dramatically while he talked with Candace and Logan. They were laughing at whatever story he was telling them.

"What are you smiling about?" Marilyn came up behind him and put her hand on his back.

"Them." He tilted his head in Scott's and the kids' direction.

"He's really good with them," Marilyn agreed.

"Yeah, they really like him, too." Who didn't like Scott? He couldn't imagine anyone being able to resist Scott. "I'm sorry

about my mom not coming to the wedding."

Marilyn tucked a lock of his hair behind his ear. "Me, too. But that's not your fault, Preston. I tried talking to her last night, but she wouldn't even come out of the bathroom. Your dad finally dragged her out and they left for their motel."

"Well, I'm still sorry she took her problem with me out on you."

"It's fine. I'm glad your dad came. Are things all right with the two of you?"

He nodded. "I think so, anyway. It will be." His gaze strayed to Scott again.

Marilyn smiled. "You look like you want to take him back to the hotel."

Preston's face heated. "No, I-I don't."

She chuckled. "Yes, you do. Go ahead, Preston. Oscar and I aren't going anywhere. We're not going on a honeymoon or anything. We've already become a family. This was just to cement things. Besides, I think they're going to get a conga line going and it'll be fun for the kids. Go on. Spend some time with Scotty. You two have earned it. Meet us for breakfast at nine-thirty tomorrow. Betty's Diner on the Boulevard."

"You're really cool. Did anyone ever tell you that?"

"You didn't think so when we were married." She gave him a mock pout.

"Yeah, you weren't cool then."

She smacked him. "Get out of here."

Preston kissed her cheek and went over to Scott and the kids. "Hey, what's up?"

"Scotty was telling us stories about him and Jack when they were little," Logan said. "I wish I had a brother instead of a sister."

Candace stuck her tongue out at him.

"Sisters are good." Preston ruffled his hair. "Hey, your mom wants to see you. There's a dance she wants you to do."

"Ah man," Logan whined. "I hate to dance."

"Come on, for your mom."

Logan rolled his eyes but followed after his sister who ran toward Marilyn.

Scott looked at him quizzically. "What dance is that?"

"A conga line."

"Wow, I haven't done one of those in ages."

Preston grabbed his arm. "And you still aren't going to do one now. Come on, we're leaving."

"Leaving? Really?"

"Yeah. You don't want to?"

"Sure, but is it okay?"

Preston smiled. "I got permission from Marilyn. Let's go, I have this urge to pound you into the mattress."

* * *

A short time later as the sun started to make its descent, Scott leaned against the passenger seat. "You sure you don't want me to drive?"

"Honey, you've been drinking." Preston couldn't help but smile.

"You had champagne," he pointed out.

"Four hours ago. You've continued to imbibe. Just sit there and behave yourself."

Scotty laughed. "What if I don't feel like behaving?" He reached over and turned on the radio. He searched for his favorite

rock station and turned up the volume. He laughed harder when Preston grimaced.

"What am I going to do with you?"

"Well, I thought you were going to pound me into the mattress." Scott waggled his eyebrows.

"Shit, how much did you have to drink?" He shook his head.

Scotty waved his hand. "Oh, hardly anything."

Preston eyed him warily. "Just let me know if you think you might puke."

"I won't. Listen, I didn't have a chance to ask you how it went with your dad," Scott shouted.

"You wouldn't have to yell if you didn't have the music up so loud."

"What?"

Preston turned the volume down. "You're shouting."

"Oh. Well. How did it go?"

"It went okay. I don't think he knows quite how to deal with it, but he's willing to try. Know what I mean?"

"Yeah. What about your mom?"

He shrugged. "Dad seems to think she'll come around eventually. I'm not so sure to be honest."

"What if she doesn't, Pres? How will you feel?"

"I don't know. It hurts, Scotty."

Scotty nodded and put his hand on Preston's thigh. "I know and I'm sorry."

Preston sighed. "I'm the one who is sorry."

"You?" Scotty tapped his head. "I know I've had a little to drink, but what are you sorry for?"

"It should have been me."

"Huh?"

"That told them. Not my daughter. I should have had the guts to tell them before and instead Candace told them. I'm sorry, Scotty. I promise I'm going to be better. I'm not going to hide us from anyone anymore."

Scott's smile was soft. "It's okay, Pres."

"No, it isn't. I'm an ass."

His lover laughed. "Well, yeah, maybe, but I forgive you anyway."

The drive back to their hotel seemed to take forever and for a moment Preston had decided choosing a hotel far away from Dublin had been a mistake after all. But as the car got close to the hotel and the moonlight hit the ocean he changed his mind again. In fact, he wanted to stay an extra day. Just for them. They hadn't even really seen the area or walked on the beach since they'd arrived.

As he pulled into the parking lot, he said, "Hey, want to take Monday off, too? I think we can get the room for another night."

"Uh, yeah, maybe, but my job is going to fire me. I'm still new."

Preston shrugged and parked the car. "Is that such a bad thing? Honey, I'd rather you didn't work anyway."

"I know, you're crazy." Scott grinned. "I'll think about it."

He leaned over and kissed Scott. "Good. Now come on. I want to show you how much I love you."

They stopped at the front desk to ask them about staying an extra night, which Preston was relieved to learn was no problem, and then they hurried up to the eleventh floor and their room.

As soon as the door of their room closed, Preston attacked. He pushed Scott up against the wall, devouring his mouth. Scotty gasped for air, breaking the contact of their lips for just a moment.

"Put your hands above your head," Preston ordered.

Scott whimpered a little but raised his hands, placing one wrist over the other. Preston wrapped his hand over them, holding Scott against the wall. He ground his erection against his lover.

"Preston, please."

"Please what, honey?"

"Fuck me."

"Oh, yeah." Preston crushed Scott's lips under his, pushing his tongue inside his warm moist mouth. He drew Scotty's tongue in his mouth, sucking.

"Mmm."

He released Scott's hands so he could ease the suit jacket off his lover's shoulders. He inched the pale gray suit down and past Scott's wrists. It pooled at their feet, but he didn't care. His hand closed around the light blue tie Scott wore and he pulled him toward the king-size bed. He pushed his lover onto his back.

Preston shrugged out of his own suit coat and tossed it toward a chair by the window. He tore at his navy tie, watching Scott pull off his. Next Scott toed off his shoes. When Scott's fingers went to waistband of his pants, Preston shook his head.

"Don't. I want to undress you. Just stay where you are for a second."

He went into the bathroom where he'd left his travel bag and pulled out the lube. He got rid of his shoes, undid his belt and pants and left them lying on the bathroom floor. Walking back into the bedroom, he pulled his dress shirt over his head and flung it away, too.

Scott still lay where he left him but he palmed his erection through his pants, his eyes closed.

Preston growled and tossed the lube on the bed next to his

lover. "Scoot up to the top of the bed."

Scotty complied instantly, but didn't remove his hand from his crotch.

Preston stripped his undershirt, briefs and socks off and crawled onto the bed. The sight of Scott rubbing himself through the material of his pants sent a jolt of near mind-numbing lust through him. He positioned himself so that his mouth was right above Scott's crotch, and he pushed the fingers away.

"Hey," Scott protested.

"Hey yourself. Mine." He darted his tongue along the bulge in the material.

"Oh, shit."

He opened his mouth over Scott's crotch, sucking and nibbling. Scotty's fingers dug into the bed. "Pres, God."

Without removing his mouth from the erection straining against his lover's pants, Preston's hands went to the zipper. He slid it down and tucked his hand inside, closing over the soft material of Scott's silky boxers.

"If you keep that up, I'm going to come right here in my pants," Scotty said breathlessly.

Preston undid the button, opening the pants wide. He slipped his hand inside the boxers to wrap around the hot, smooth hardness within. His own cock jumped in protest below, trying to demand attention.

"Lift up a little, honey."

Scott lifted his hips and Preston pulled his pants and boxers down past his ass. Scott's hard dick leaped, striking Preston's chin. He grinned and swallowed down the head. His lover bucked underneath him. He knew he wasn't as good at this as Scotty was, but practice made perfect, didn't it?

He grasped the shaft and sucked in more of his lover, fighting the urge to gag. With his other hand, he inched under the layers of shirts Scotty wore to the bare skin of his abs. His thumb stroked circles there.

"Pres, please, I-I want."

Preston hummed, vibrating the delicious cock. He wanted to make Scott come. He wanted to swallow every drop of his lover's cum.

He slipped a finger in his mouth, rubbing along the shaft and wetting it thoroughly. Scott shook beneath him. When he was satisfied his digit was soaked enough, he withdrew it and found the opening of Scott's ass. He pushed in.

Scotty's hips rose off the bed and he groaned. "Oh, oh God."

Preston tugged on the man's pants, suddenly annoyed they were there. *Damn*. He released Scott's cock and removed his finger.

"No!"

"Shh, babe. Just a second. I want to get these off you." He sat back and yanked the pants off Scott's legs. Then he leaned forward and tore at the buttons of his dress shirt. They popped and flew everywhere.

"Hey," Scott protested.

"Quiet, we'll get you another one." Laughter rumbled from his chest and he pushed Scott's undershirt up under his arms. He licked his lips, staring at the copper nipples of his lover.

"Are you going to stare or do something?" Scott's pretty violet blue eyes were hazy with passion and love.

He dropped his head toward the man's glorious chest and pulled a nipple into his mouth.

"Oh, fuck!"

Yeah, fuck. Fuck now.

But wait, he wanted Scott to explode in his mouth. Clenching his jaw, he released the nipple he'd been sucking and trailed kisses in his path back to Scotty's cock. Scott's bare skin jumped with each touch of Preston's lips.

The man's cock curved up, as though seeking Preston's mouth. He kissed the spongy head, then lapped up the pearly drop there. Slowly, painstakingly, he sucked it in, past the tip, down the shaft, savoring each inch as it slid farther into his mouth. Blindly he felt on the bed for the lube, his hand closing triumphantly over it.

Without looking, he squeezed the slick stuff onto his fingers. Even the sound of the liquid sloshing out made his dick twitch. *Soon*.

Scotty spread his legs wider, knowing what Preston wanted to do next. He slipped two fingers into his lover's tight opening. Scott tensed for a moment and then relaxed, letting Preston's probing fingers push farther inside. He sought and found his lover's prostate. *There*.

"Ahh!!" Scotty yelled, cum splurting from his cock into Preston's welcoming mouth. The bitter fluid kept coming. He sucked and sucked until his lover's cock was only half hard. Finally he released it.

"Good?" he asked, meeting Scott's glazed eyes.

"Uh-huh."

Preston grinned and slapped one of his lover's ass cheeks. The man jumped. He lifted Scott's legs and poised the head of his cock at Scotty's ass. "Ready, babe?"

Scott closed his eyes and sort of moaned. He decided that was a yes.

He slid in, pausing only for a second at the ring of muscle,

sliding past and all the way in. For just a moment he stopped, letting their joined bodies rest. He moved with slow thrusts, wanting to make this last. But when Scott's ass tightened around his throbbing cock all thoughts of wanting to take his time flew from his head.

Gripping Scott's hips, he pumped hard and fast, rocking into him, his body slamming Scott into the mattress again and again. His breaths came heavy and raspy, sweat beaded on his forehead as he drove in.

"Scotty!" he shouted, his release tingling through his body, shaking him. He jerked into Scott, every last drop pouring from him.

He didn't know when he withdrew and collapsed onto the bed. His mind was fractured. His arms were wrapped tight around Scott's middle, holding him close, wanting him closer still.

Eventually his breathing returned to semi-normal enough so he could form words. "I love you."

Scott kissed his chest. "Love you, too."

"You know, you were right by the way." He tightened his hold.

"About?" Scott yawned.

"What you said to my mom at the restaurant."

His lover struggled up a little and stared down into Preston's eyes. "What did I say?"

"The man you're with is lucky to have you."

Scott smiled and stroked his thumb over Preston's lips. "Yeah?"

He nodded. "I don't know how I got so lucky to have you fall in love with me, but I'm not letting you go."

"So, you're going to love me forever? Until the end of time?"

"Oh, yeah." Preston pulled him down for a kiss. "But I don't think that's going to be long enough for me."

SHAWN LANE

Shawn Lane believes love and passion know no boundaries. Shawn writes both erotic love stories involving men in historical or contemporary settings and interracial romances between men and women. Shawn is always looking for new stories and new characters to create while holding down life in California.

Don't miss At Long Last by Shawn Lane, available at AmberAllure.com!

When his best friend's younger brother gets a job at their law firm, Preston Reynolds begins to feel the same overwhelming attraction he felt for Scott Trask years earlier. But he couldn't be sexually attracted to the young gay man. Preston isn't gay.

Scott has been in love with Preston for years, but the man is straight, and he was married. And now that Preston is divorced, that doesn't mean he is any more available.

The more Preston tries to ignore his attraction, however, the more he thinks about it. Finding himself alone at the office one night with Scott, he finally surrenders to his urges. Afterward, Scott wants to talk about what happened, but Preston doesn't want to analyze it, still certain he couldn't prefer men. When Preston suggests to the openly gay man that they keep things between them secret, however, the situation comes to a head.

Both men are forced to make difficult decisions, but will their choices tear them apart forever?

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