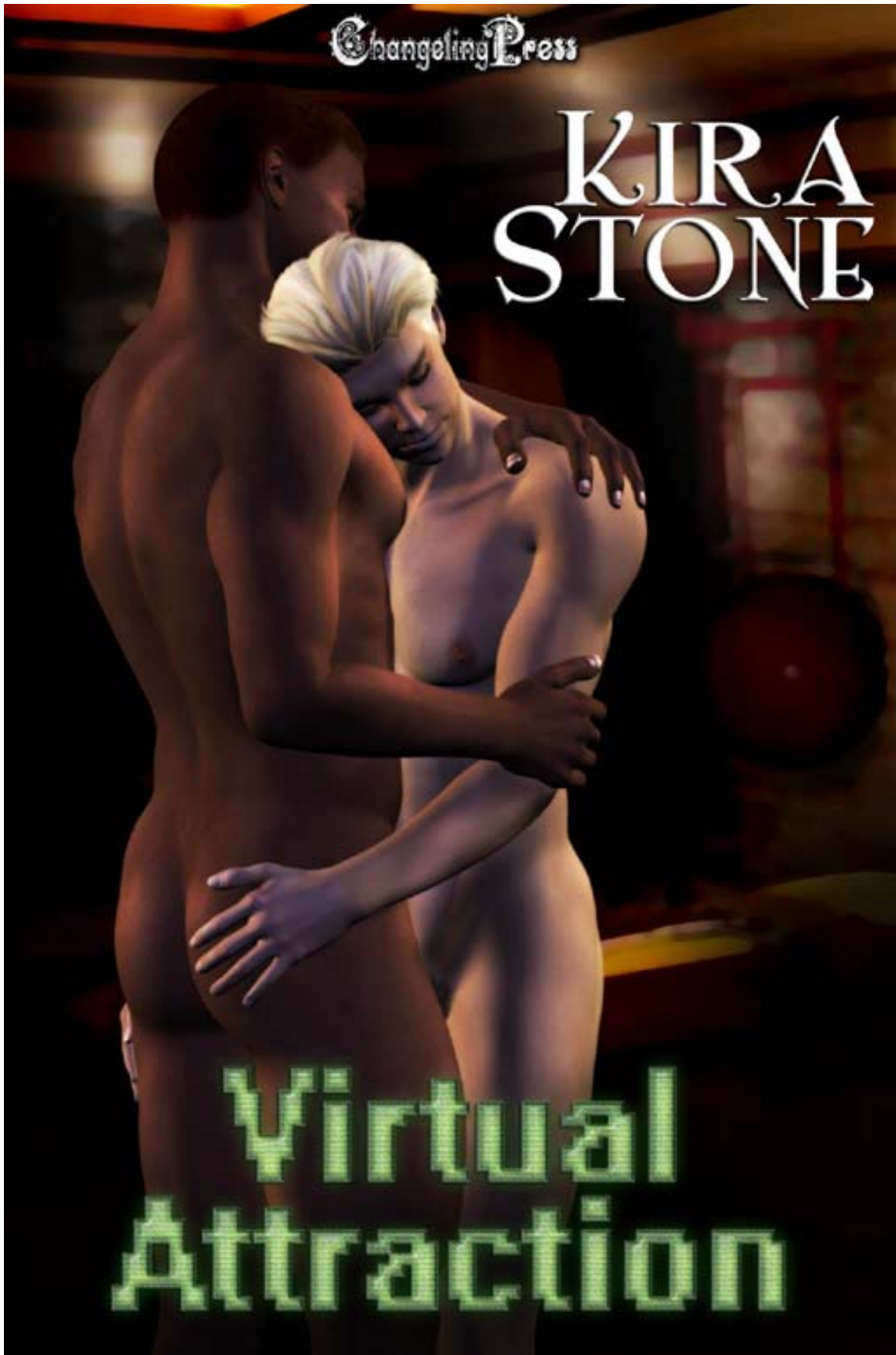


Changeling Press

KIRA  
STONE

Virtual  
Attraction



# **Virtual Attraction**

## **Kira Stone**

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**ISBN: 978-1-60521-258-6  
Formats Available:  
HTML, Adobe PDF,  
MobiPocket, Microsoft Reader**

**Publisher:  
Changeling Press LLC  
PO Box 1046  
Martinsburg, WV 25402-1046  
[www.ChangelingPress.com](http://www.ChangelingPress.com)**

**Editor: Margaret Riley  
Cover Artist: Bryan Keller**

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## Virtual Attraction

### Kira Stone

Five stories of passion beyond the virtual world...

*Out-Houses.com.* The hottest gay-owned interior design business in Northern California. When Paul joins the owners, Alex and Toby, at their secluded cabin, it's supposed to be a chance for them to work away from the distractions of the office. Instead Paul finds himself more distracted than ever -- and wanting to join in the fun.

Jaydin and Rufus have been together for months -- in VR. Today, for the first time, they are going to meet in real life. But sex in real life is a lot different than it is in the virtual world. No pose balls to jump on, no buttons to click. Just him and Rufus, and a first kiss that'll make for another sort of reality...

Andy is late for a very important date -- with Toby, one of the owners of Out-Houses. Toby doesn't like to be kept waiting and decides to teach Andy a lesson by giving him a spanking. Not the traditional way to start an interview, but at Out-Houses, anything goes.

A sea-side pier -- the perfect setting for romance. Kyler's planned an evening his lover will never forget -- in the virtual world.

Alex and Toby are great fun, but Paul wants a man of his own. Not just any man -- he's got his sights set on Andy. Which would be fine, except Andy's not looking his way. Is he?

## Dedication

*To all the men I've loved before, who've traveled in and out my door...*

Each story in this collection has a deep personal meaning for me, and would not have been written without the inspiration of Ty, Fab, Rufus, Andy and Val -- and my editor's tireless flogger.

**www.Out-Houses.com**

"Fuck me." There was a startled gasp, then, "Harder!"

"You want it bad, don't you?"

The sounds of slapping flesh accompanied the masculine voices emanating from the other side of the bedroom wall. Paul groaned and rolled over. His hard-on stabbed the mattress and he groaned again, this time from pain. It was gonna be a long, exhausting week if he had to listen to his bosses, the owners of Out-Houses -- the newest, hottest gay interior designer company in Northern California -- get it on in the living room every night.

Especially given his recent, secret aspiration of becoming the meat in their cum sandwich.

"Oh, yeah. Just like that. Don't stop."

Must be Alex doing the begging, the little slut. Paul pictured him on his knees, his fine caramel colored ass in the air. Desperate for what satisfaction only his partner could give him.

Toby's deep bass rumbled in response. "Heh. No worries there."

"Oh, fuck. More. More!"

Placing a pillow over his head didn't help stifle the erotic noises coming from the nearby room. If he had to hear it, then Paul wanted to see it. Feel it. Be fully *engaged* in the action. Eavesdropping was a poor substitute for sating carnal lust. Last night he'd been jet-lagged enough to fall asleep. A drag queen in full voice wouldn't have woken him. However, after spending the day shoulder to shoulder with his gorgeous employers, hunched over a work table studying a ream of concept drawings for a gay-oriented housing project, pinned between their two rock solid bodies...

Damn. Rock solid. Just like his cock.

He was never going to get to sleep as long as he had to listen to them fuck.

Paul tossed off the sheet covering him and slipped out through the sliding glass doors onto the balcony overlooking the Pacific Ocean. He didn't bother to dress. Dense shrubs on either side of the isolated beach house created a privacy screen from anyone walking along the cliffs. The only people he was likely to encounter were otherwise... engaged.

Two long flights of stairs descended from the deck to meet a short expanse of pristine white sand. Paul didn't feel comfortable going near the water, in part because walking around in the dark in a strange, wild area had "potentially fatal" written all over it, but also because it took him farther away from where he really wanted to be. Inside. In the living room. On his knees. Sucking Alex's cock while Toby pounded into him from behind.

*Like that's going to happen. Face it, Paulie, you may be ready, willing and able to bat for the home team, but that doesn't mean you'll get a chance to play in this ballpark.*

Paul lifted his face to the ocean breeze, trying to clear his mind. He failed, miserably. No matter what lust-killing thoughts he injected into his brain, his libido returned him to the action inside. Toby's large frame, black skin over corded muscle, wrapped around Alex's lithe Latino body. Fucking like bunnies.

If it were just about the sex, he might have stood a chance at stemming this hormonal rampage, but Paul admired their internal qualities too. Both had high IQs and more ambition than a rookie Triple-A player after a spot on a major league bench. They were risk takers. Adrenaline junkies. And it was a good thing, because it would take as much guts as money to make their fledgling company, Out-Houses, a success.

But if anyone could do it, Toby and Alex were capable of pulling it off. Paul wasn't sure how these two alpha males managed to work together so well, or how long their partnership, in and out of bed, could last. Meeting them through their website had been a fluke when Paul needed help with his bathroom plumbing. They'd needed an architect though, and he was ready for a change in jobs. However, the youth of their

business and their relationship made signing on with them a gamble. If they broke up, chances were the company wouldn't survive. Paul chose to take the risk with them. It was hard to walk away from a dream job.

And his dream of joining Alex and Toby during one of their lunchtime quickies.

Paul relaxed against the balcony rail. Moonlight spilled over his milk white skin, giving it a silvery sheen. He ran his hand down his chest, following the thin arrow of reddish-blond hair to his cock. In order to get any sleep at all, he'd have to appease his woodie sooner or later. Might as well be now.

But not quickly. Not something that would be over and forgotten in a minute like a quick jerk-off during a morning shower. Paul wanted to treat himself to something special. Something he'd remember for a long time to make up for the erotic ménage memories he'd have to live without.

A few moments of deep thought produced a workable plan. He was no Olympic athlete, but he had flexibility and balance. Therefore, it was no big deal to put one leg over the rail, his thigh resting on the weather-beaten wood so his balls and asshole were exposed to the night air. He massaged his sac with one hand and pumped his rapidly hardening dick with the other.

Paul had plenty of fantasy material, courtesy of his employers. Toby's long, thick boner jutting out from between his legs, ready for action. Alex's muscular ass being stretched wide, waiting to be fucked. How Paul would love to be the middle man, plunging his tongue into Alex's tight hole while Toby stuffed him completely from behind.

His imaginings were potent, nearly as good as being there. Or so he tried to fool himself into believing. It worked pretty well. His body was halfway to heaven already. Pre-cum leaked from his slit, leaving a thin, sticky trail across the plump head. Paul paused to bring a taste of that salty fluid to his lips. He pretended it belonged to one of his bosses as he lapped it up. "Mmm. Hot jiz."

Returning to his pulsing erection, he ran a finger around the head of his cock, spreading the sticky stuff around. Sometimes Paul dreamed of being fucked hard and



fast. Sometimes slow and romantic. This time he wanted it all. A gradual buildup of passion until he hovered on the edge of orgasm, then fast, deep thrusts to drive him over it. Too bad he didn't have another pair of hands -- or cocks -- to help him get there...

"Attempting a night jump?"

Paul jerked his head up and connected with Toby's dark brown gaze. Shitpissfuck!

"Gotta warn ya, that's a pretty dangerous place to do it. Rogue winds blow off the water at the oddest times, smash you to bits on the rocks."

Paul hadn't been considering suicide before, but he was now. How the hell was he going to explain this without looking like a pathetic dweeb?

He started by letting go of his tackle and bringing his leg down from the rail, then he angled his body to hide his erection. Like it hadn't been outlined in the moonlight just seconds before. "I was... uhh... stretching. Cramp in my thigh." That didn't sound too fake, did it?

Toby wore a pair of shorts, the waistband barely clinging to the curve of his muscular butt. As if he were alone, the black man whipped out his dick and started pissing over the balcony rail into the plant-shrouded darkness.

Paul averted his gaze, hoping the other man wouldn't notice the way his erection failed to shrink as Toby relieved himself. Paul wasn't into that kind of water sport, but it seemed even the most banal of bodily functions turned him on when Toby and Alex were involved.

Toby finished off the stream with a little shake and tucked his dick away. Paul noticed his black rod hadn't shrunk much in length or girth now that it was drained. Maybe he was one of those men who were always distended, even when soft. Or maybe he'd just lost a load and was still in the process of decompressing. Either way, the sight made Paul's mouth water. He wanted to wrap his lips around that big, fat cock and suck...

Down, boy! These thoughts were doing nothing to help the situation.

"Feel better?" Toby asked him.

Startled out of his thoughts, Paul jerked his head up. "What?"

"I asked if you were feelin' better."

No, Paul felt damn miserable. His balls ached for release and his asshole craved intrusion. He was desperate for a good fucking, but he wasn't about to beg for it. "Yeah. Thanks."

"Next time say something. Alex has wonderful hands for that kind of thing."

No doubt. The Latino man had long fingers and a firm handshake. Paul bet those digits would leave fingerprints on any ass they happened to grab. "I'll keep it in mind, thanks. Guess I'd better get back to bed."

Alex slipped out of another entrance wearing a pair of baggy red swimming trunks. The slight curve of his lips indicated that he'd heard their conversation and wasn't buying Paul's explanation. "Since you're up, you wanna join us for a while?"

Though hope flared in his chest, they probably didn't mean the kind of joining Paul had in mind. After that marathon session, they had to be done fucking for the night. And Paul wouldn't be able to sit still for anything else. "Nah, I'm pretty beat."

Alex leaned against Toby's side, his arm encircling the larger man's waist. Toby in turn looped his arm around Alex's shoulders. His fingers dangled far enough to pinch Alex's nipple as the conversation continued.

"Sorry if we wore you out today," Toby said. "This trip wasn't supposed to be all work and no play."

Alex's hand, his skin a glowing copper hue under the stars, dipped into Toby's shorts, rubbing the arc of his partner's hip. Paul tried not to stare as hope flared in his heart. Maybe they weren't done for the night after all. "No big deal. I just couldn't fall asleep tonight."

"Did we keep you up?" Alex asked him.

"No, I..." Paul closed his eyes and swallowed the knot of trepidation clogging his throat. This was his chance. Did he have the balls to take it? He faced them, watching as their eyes dropped to his still-rigid cock. "Yeah, you did."

Alex grinned. "Good. I was starting to think we'd been wrong about you."

"Excuse me?"

"We hired you for your ingenious designs, bright boy," Toby informed him. "The fact that you're the first gay guy we've met who appeals to both of us sexually is just a nice side benefit."

"Unless you don't feel the same way?" Alex asked, though his cocky expression made him seem pretty confident of the answer.

"I want the two of you as much as I want to keep this job." It didn't sound like they were going to make him choose one over the other -- it would be hypocritical, since they'd already demonstrated it was possible to have both -- but he wanted to be clear on this score. If it was a choice between getting screwed or getting a paycheck, he'd take the option that paid the bills.

Alex balled his hands into fists. "We don't pay people to fuck us."

*Brilliant, Paulie. Insult the guys the second they invite you to step up to the plate.* Paul ran a hand over his hair, then said, "What I meant was that if there's a company policy against having sex with co-workers, then I'll decline. Regretfully. Really regretfully."

"That's the cool thing about being the bosses," Alex replied. "We get to make up the rules. And while sex among co-workers isn't mandatory at Out-Houses, it is definitely encouraged."

Paul smiled as though he'd won the lottery. "Then count me in."

After a slight nod from his partner, Toby held out his hand. "Come here."

Batter up! As if in a dream, Paul approached them. His heart thundered in his chest, beating so hard he was surprised it wasn't audible. Adrenaline flooded his system. Could he handle what was coming next?

Maybe not, but he was going to give a damn good shot though.

Once he was within reach, Toby caught him by the back of the neck and hauled him in close. "Let's see if you know how to use those lips for something else besides talking numbers."

The large black man captured his mouth in a hungry kiss. Alex shifted position, allowing Paul to slide between him and his partner. Toby's barely sheathed cock collided with his own while Alex's stabbed him in the rear. Their ragged breaths hummed in his ears.

God, it was incredible, being surrounded by all this masculine heat. The pounding of the high surf on the beach below, the whistle of a breeze through the nearby shrubs, the occasional traffic noises from the highway a quarter of a mile distant... it all faded away until Paul knew nothing but what he could touch and taste and feel of these two men.

His chest grazed against Toby's as Paul went up on his toes to kiss him more deeply. Paul had never known another man who kissed so well. Toby managed to caress Paul's entire mouth and make it hunger for more. His adventurous fingers tweaked Paul's nipples, tugging hard enough to border on pain, then soothing the sting with a barely perceptible caress.

Alex created a cascade of sexual shivers by licking his way down Paul's spine. "Spread 'em, white boy. Lemme at that sweet spot," he cajoled.

Paul had to concentrate on letting his butt cheeks relax so Alex could probe around his puckered hole with his thick, wet finger. The digit didn't penetrate, but just rubbing over the sensitive ring of tissue started a tingling deep in Paul's balls.

The fictional seduction he'd imagined earlier couldn't hold a candle to the real thing. Riding the erotic high, Paul explored Toby's back. Muscles flexed under his touch. Alex's warm breath praised him from behind. Toby continued to grind his mouth against Paul's, tongue wrestling like a pro. Paul's leaking cock rode the cleft in the black man's washboard abs. Nothing in his previous experience had ever felt so good.

The touch, taste, smell... it was overload. Climax gripped his balls in a vise, preparing to squeeze out long ropes of cum. Paul tore his mouth away from Toby's. "Fuck! Not yet!"

But it was already too late. Large white droplets shot from Paul's cock, spattered against Toby's black skin, against his own. Of all the times to be fast on the trigger...

Alex looked over Paul's shoulder. "That's quite a mess you made."

Though it was long after midnight, they had to know his face was flaming red. "Yeah, I know. I'm sorry."

"It's kinda sexy," Toby told him.

The big man used his palm to spread the sticky white threads of semen over his chest. Droplets that became pearlescent under the moon mixed with his sparse, curly black hair surrounding his brown nipples. Paul thought *that* was sexy.

"Move over. I want some," Alex demanded.

To Paul's surprise, he didn't go for his lover's chest, but instead latched on to Paul's hips with those strong fingers, holding him in place. He lowered his head and licked the remaining semen from Paul's abdomen.

Unable to withstand the new sensations any longer, Paul threaded his fingers through the Latino man's shoulder length hair and tugged his face away. "Okay, okay. Enough."

Alex smiled up at him, a knowing gleam in his amber eyes. "Ticklish?"

"A little," Paul admitted.

"So's he," Alex replied, nudging his partner with his elbow. "Wanna see a grown man cry?"

Before Alex could carry out his puckish plan, Toby grabbed his wrists and held them away from his body. "It's time you got fucked but good, little man."

Alex shrugged, as if he didn't care one way or the other. The gleam in his eyes said otherwise. "Whatever makes you happy."

Being stuffed with Toby's prime Grade-A meat would make him very happy, Paul suspected. But he'd already taken his shot in the batter's box and fouled out. So what if he remained half hard and ready for another inning? Whether he'd get another turn at the plate wasn't his decision to make.

But Paul prayed to all the baseball legends he could name that his employers wouldn't take him out of the game now.

"I think it's time we put Executive Plan 369 into action," Alex suggested.

Toby chuckled. "You've been dying to say that since we arrived here, haven't you?"

Paul had no clue what Alex was talking about. Their employee manual -- mostly handwritten notes in a file they'd left at the office -- only numbered about twenty items. None of them covered sex. They had to be referring to something else. "What's Executive Plan 369?"

"It's designed to take us around the world and then some." Alex grinned. "Can you stand on your head?"

Caught off guard by the seeming non-sequitur, Paul could only say, "Uhhmm..."

"Don't worry, it's easy. Toby and I will help you."

Though slowed by another bout of nervousness -- his sex life had been pretty plain vanilla until now -- Paul followed his employers to the corner of the balcony. They stripped off the only scraps of clothing they'd had on. He didn't want to be caught gawking like a locker room peeper, but Paul had trouble taking his eyes off the impressive sight.

Alex's cock was much like the rest of the man, acting in defiance of all logic. It hung down instead of curving up even though it looked fully erect. Its uncut head bounced against his thigh as he helped his partner check the wooden rail for potential splinters.

The quick glimpse he'd seen of Toby's cock before had left Paul with an erroneous impression. The man was packing quite a tool, nearly as thick around as the shaft of a wooden baseball bat just above the grip. And it was still growing.

When they finished their inspection of the railing, Alex gave his lover one long kiss before turning his attention back to Paul. "This plan is gonna put you in the

middle, getting it from all sides and both ends. Any part of that you have a problem with?"

"Absolutely none," he replied. Except a mild concern about whether he'd still be able to walk in the morning. Paul tabled it for later consideration. Much later.

Toby braced his back against the sturdy wooden rail. He slapped his beefy thighs. "Mount up."

"How?"

"Jump," Alex suggested. "When Toby catches you, wrap your legs around his waist."

He made the leap before fear turned his feet to lead. Toby caught him easily. Paul loved the feeling of being completely enclosed in the big black man's arms. Unable to resist the temptation, he seized Toby's mouth in another deep, addictive kiss.

Toby squeezed his ass, bringing Paul in high and tight against his body. "Gonna stuff you full of dick," he growled. "You ready for it?"

Paul's cock began to fill anew, the sudden surge of blood leaving him a bit dizzy. "Yeah. I want it all."

Paul felt Alex moving around behind them. His exposed hole quivered as the cooling night air blew over it. Lube was fetched from somewhere and liberally applied. Agonizing seconds ticked by before he felt another touch, something poking its way into his asshole. Something much, much too small to be Toby's monster cock.

"Hey!" Paul protested.

Alex nipped Paul's shoulder with his teeth as he continued to probe with a finger. "I want to see what I'm missing out on."

"Alejandro," Toby said threateningly.

"All right, all right."

Paul tried not to tense up as hot cock pressed its way inside him, popping past the ring of restrictive tissue. Achieving full penetration was a slow, relentless process and about as much pleasure/pain as Paul could withstand. Every time his breath hitched, Toby and Alex were there to coax him into relaxing, taking more.

Toby moaned in heartfelt pleasure. "Damn, you're tight."

"Damn, you're big," Paul parroted back, gasping for air as he took the last inch of dark meat.

"Chat later, boys. I want in on the action." Alex stood beside them now. "Paul, fall backward and reach for the floor."

Toby trapped Paul's legs under his powerful arms so Paul couldn't fall. When the top of Paul's shoulders rested against the wooden deck, his head bent forward so he could look up at the large, dark man looming over him, Toby drove another few inches of dick into Paul's greedy hole. From then on, it was advance and retreat, thrusting in and out of Paul's ass in a steady pace. He was getting well and truly fucked.

And loving every second of it.

Alex dropped to the deck, one knee to either side of Paul's head, and dangled his balls over Paul's mouth. "Suck me while I watch my lover fuck you," he ordered softly.

With great pleasure, Paul licked the low hanging sac. He sucked one furry nut between his lips, growling at the wonderful sweaty man flavor hitting his tongue. Paul released it and subjected its twin to the same treatment. Alex was so close, his erection rested against Paul's neck. The pulsing vein traversing its length beat against the one gorged with blood along Paul's throat.

Wanting to do more, he parted Alex's butt cheeks and fingered his anus. The Latino shifted position, making himself more accessible. "Push it in."

Paul complied, happy at the way Alex no longer sounded in complete control of himself. He might not be capable of reducing the sexy Latino to mindless begging as Toby could, but Paul vowed he'd get there with practice.

Alex rained kisses along the inside of Paul's thighs, working his way down to where Toby was still thrusting slowly in and out of his ass with patient persistence. Apparently the man had a long sexual fuse to rival his equally long cock. As Paul added another finger to Alex's bung hole, Alex licked the area where Paul and Toby's bodies were joined.



"You're in my way, sugar man," Toby informed his partner. "How about showing this white boy how good you suck."

"Yeah, okay, but only because his spunk tastes almost as good as yours."

Though the verbal exchange didn't sound tender, the look they shared certainly was. Paul envied their closeness before, but it was even more evident now. His employers shared a deep bond, perhaps even love if that's what they wanted to call it. Some day...

Every thought flew out of his head as Alex engulfed his shaft in one greedy bite. Instantly, Paul bucked his hips, shoving his dick deep into Alex's mouth.

"Come back here," Toby said, tightening his grip on Paul's legs. "I'm not done with you yet."

Paul wasn't done either, although his second orgasm wasn't far off. Blood pounded in his head, echoed by the throbbing in his cock. Alex's expert sucking combined with Toby's rhythmic fucking had him ready to explode.

"Oh no, you don't," Alex mumbled. His hand clamped around the base of Paul's shaft so he couldn't release. "Not until Toby is ready."

"But --"

As soon as Paul opened his mouth to protest, Alex filled it with his own erection. If the Latino man's balls had tasted like the equivalent of a fine wine, his velvety cock was vintage champagne. The way his head was angled didn't give him much room to work with, so Paul settled for a thorough cleansing of the head, around the outside, under the flap of extra sensitive skin, and into the narrow slit where a drop of pre-cum melted under his tongue's caress.

"So fucking hot!" Toby kept up a stream of erotic praise as Paul and Alex concentrated on fucking and sucking.

Their groans filled the air as they entered the home stretch. Paul couldn't separate one source of pleasure from another. A mouthful of Latino *cajones*. An ass being drilled by one of the biggest black cocks known to man. His own dick being deep-throated. His body on fire with the need to nut...

"Coming," Toby announced.

"Uh-huh," Alex said around a mouthful of cock as he loosened his grip on Paul.

Paul wasn't in a position to articulate either. "Yeah, yeah, uh!"

Orgasm rolled through all three of them in a chain reaction. Toby's load shot into Paul's ass. Paul's cum hit the back of Alex's throat. Alex's cock twitched, sending a stream of hot jism into Paul's mouth. It was a perfect fucking moment that would be seared in Paul's mind for the rest of his life. He rode it for as long as possible, until all three of them were completely spent.

Limbs jumbled together as the men collapsed on the wooden deck in a well-satisfied heap. Despite their noodle-weak muscles, they wiggled around until Toby held the other men in a loose embrace. The pair of lovers fit together so naturally, but Paul didn't feel left out. Both of his employers found ways to touch him, drawing him into their inner circle at least while the afterglow lasted.

"So, Paul, how's your cramp now?"

Paul laughed self-consciously at Toby's question. "Fine. Just fine."

"I told ya Alex had a talent for working those things out."

When the chuckles died down, Alex spoke up. "You know what this means, don't you?"

Nervously, Paul picked up his head to look at his employers. "What?"

"We're going to need a bigger conference table for those long lunches."

Jaydin looked out of the foggy window at the falling rain. Why? Why did it have to rain today of all days? He wanted it to be bright and sunny and warm when Rufus arrived...

His stomach flipped. Rufus. Here. And in just a few minutes. His plane had landed an hour ago. Jaydin had checked with the airline before shutting down his PC. He was offline until further notice. The people at MANifesto and the rest of their friends in the computer world of My 2nd Life were just going to have to get along without them for awhile.

07:03:29 PM. Seconds slowly dripped off the VCR's LED clock, especially in contrast to the drops falling from his kitchen ceiling into the pan in front of the stove. Damn the landlord and his "brother-in-law" special roof job. Well, at least it wasn't cold enough to turn on the heat...

Drumming his fingers on the arm of the ratty recliner, he watched the unusually silent street. He should have gone to the airport to meet him. Rufus had rejected that plan over and over, citing the fact that he didn't want to meet for the first time in such a public place. It wasn't so much the thought of public displays of affection that bothered the athletic, cat-like man. Rather what cautioned him was the thought that they'd be arrested for public indecency before they could find a place to be alone, and he didn't want to waste any part of his trip in jail.

Reluctantly, Jaydin had given in to his wishes. Now he wished he hadn't. Sitting here waiting was killing him.

Suddenly, a jagged bolt of light sliced through the coal black sky. A few seconds later, thunder rumbled like a content cat's purr. It was going to rain all night. Jaydin just

hoped the power stayed on, but it wasn't a given. The electricity seemed to cut and run any time a strong breeze blew through his part of town.

Jaydin wasted a few minutes setting out candles to be on the safe side. Cheap sticks with no scent, bought in bulk because he went through so many during the rainy season. When he returned to his perch at the window, a taxi cab had stopped below. The door opened, and a head capped by blue-black hair bobbed as the passenger got out. Rufus.

Jaydin was in motion before the taxi pulled away. Halfway down the steps he heard the buzzer ring in his apartment. He took the rest of the stairs by twos, then jerked himself to a halt at the door. He quickly wiped his sweaty palms on his black jeans before he yanked on the knob.

"Hi, Rufus."

"Hi, Jay."

Jaydin knew he was sporting a goofy grin, but he couldn't help it. His heart pounded in his chest and he gripped the door tightly to keep himself from reaching for the man who stood in front of him.

They'd shared so much over the past couple months. Few people knew Rufus better than he did these days. And yet to finally see him in person was such a total shock. He thought he'd been prepared after the exchange of real life photos and a few live cam sessions. He was wrong. Looking at him now was so much better than anything he'd imagined.

Rain had pulled some of the wave from his blue-black hair, so that it clung to his chiseled face. Jaydin tracked a rivulet that coursed over Rufus's high cheekbone, down to his shaven jaw line. A dark maroon shirt collared his neck under the fitted leather jacket. He had a duffle bag slung over his shoulder. It seemed that his yellow lab had been using the nylon strap as a chew toy.

But what really held his attention was Rufus's eyes. Rich and brown, the color of undiluted coffee. They held him tightly, squeezing the air from Jaydin's lungs.

Suddenly Rufus's face softened, and a smile curved his lips.

"What?" Jaydin asked him.

Rufus brushed his hand over Jaydin's short, light brown hair. "No ears."

Jaydin laughed. "No tail either. Weird, huh?"

"A little."

In the virtual world, where anyone could be anything, they'd chosen to be nekos, a cat-human hybrid with ears, tail and usually some kind of markings on their skin. Jaydin's pelt in-world was a soft grey while Rufus had opted for the striped human skin. Hearing the familiar voice without the familiar cat face to go with it was... jarring.

An awkward, but not unpleasant, silence filled the space between them until Jaydin realized he was keeping Rufus standing on the porch. "Duh, sorry. Let's go up."

He turned and led the way, taking the stairs at his natural breakneck pace. Rufus's footsteps were much slower. The door at the top was already open from his hasty exit, and Jaydin stepped in. Rufus came in behind him and dropped his bag beside the entrance.

"I can give you the nickel tour, but you know almost everything about this place already," Jaydin said, shoving his hands into his pockets to hide his nervous tremors.

Rufus remained silent, just staring at him. The drip-drip-drip from the rain catchpan in the kitchen seemed to echo through the whole apartment.

Rufus shut the door softly, then ran his hand over the edge where the paint had worn thin from repeatedly shutting it and again Jaydin wished his landlord to the seventh level of hell.

Lightning sizzled through the sky, creating an eerie flash across Rufus's face. As thunder beat its war drums, the lights in the apartment flickered. Jaydin held his breath and prayed the power would stick with them. When they flared back to a steady gleam, Jaydin said, "Circuits are kind of temperamental, and they don't like storms. Last year we lost power for --"

"Jaydin."

That low husky voice flowed over him. It was even more arousing live than on camera. He swallowed. "Yeah?"

"C'mere."

Rufus opened his arms, and Jaydin walked right into them. Oh, God. He smelled so good. Leather, sweat and a hint of something that might be cinnamon. And his arms came around him, warm and tight. A perfect fit. Jaydin couldn't help but melt against him. Standing in only his socks, he and Rufus were at equal heights, as the man had boots on that gave him an extra inch. Jaydin settled his head on Rufus's shoulder and drank in the feel of him.

His heart still hammered in his chest, and he was surprised to find that Rufus was breathing a little fast too. Apparently some things did rattle the cool cat. Gradually, their heart rates fell into sync. Their bodies shifted to better align. For more than a minute they stood and just clung to each other.

Finally Rufus's arms loosened a bit, and he started to stroke Jaydin's back from neck to hip in a slow, soothing rhythm. "Better?"

"Much." It was hard not to purr. A deep feeling of peace filled him. And he knew without having to consult a crystal ball that everything was going to go okay between them.

Rufus brushed a kiss over his temple, then released him. "Bathroom break. Which way is it?"

"Over here." Jaydin led him through the living room and across the short hall to where the two small bedrooms and bathroom were. After turning on the light, he emptied the rain pot in the kitchen and returned to his seat near the window, watching the rain fall. Somehow, the view was no longer so bleak.

A short time later the floorboards squeaked, heralding Rufus's return. Jaydin watched his reflection on the glass. He moved with such grace, every bit the sexy cat-man hybrid he portrayed in *My 2nd Life*. "Take off your coat and boots, and stay awhile?"

Rufus smiled. "Sure."

He toed off the heavy black boots and kicked them toward his bag that still sat by the door. His leather jacket landed on top of them.

"How was your flight? Are you hungry?"

Rufus's brown eyes blazed with heat, but his answer was tame enough. "Flight was fine. Crowded though." He stretched his arms, his maroon shirt pulling up from the waist of his blue jeans. Jaydin saw a strip of skin and licked his lips. "I could do food."

Jaydin grabbed his cell phone and went to the fridge. He read off the choices from the magnets. "Chinese, Mexican, Italian, Greek, French..."

"Are you asking me about a preference for hotties or dinner?"

"Dinner." He grinned. "I don't have to ask about the other."

Rufus leaned against the doorway, watching him. "You got that right."

Heat flooded him as Rufus's hot gaze raked him from head to toe. "Uhhh... so what are you in the mood for? For dinner, I mean."

"You pick. Anything that delivers."

Jaydin hit the auto-dial for his favorite Greek place, and doubled his usual order. Assured that he would receive the food in their standard twenty minutes, he hung up and set the phone on the counter. "Beer? Wine? Pop?"

"Got milk?"

He did, but he couldn't guarantee that it hadn't taken on a life of its own. "Are you serious?"

Rufus laughed, and crossed the kitchen to wrap him in a big hug. "About the milk, no. About you, yes."

They rubbed noses before Rufus gave him a quick kiss and released him. "Water's fine for now, and since we have a few minutes, how about that tour?"

He'd already seen most of the place, but Jaydin handed him a tumbler full of icy water and then led him toward the spare room where he kept his computer and a single bed for friends to use when they needed a place to crash. "Nothing much to it," Jaydin said.

"And your room?"

He'd made an effort to straighten up the place, but no amount of cleaning was going to make his "broke-college-kid" furniture look any better. He went the opposite way down the short hall and motioned for Rufus to go in first. "Nothing much here either."

The bed took up most of the space. An old dresser stood between the door and the closet. A small TV sat on a tray table at the foot of the bed. Japanese anime posters decorated part of the white walls. Windows, with the shades drawn, took up the rest.

Rufus fingered the deep gouges on the footboard of the bed. "Notches?"

"War wounds. Belonged to a guy in the frat house next door."

"Did you buy the mattresses there too?"

Jaydin grimaced, recalling the kind of scars those had borne. "Yeah, it was a package deal. I really think he just wanted someone to haul out his trash when he graduated. I only took the mattresses as far as the alley Dumpster though. This set is pretty new."

"Good." His slow smile promised it would get a workout later.

Jaydin was nervous. Sure, this was Rufus. His Rufus. The number of times they'd had virtual sex certainly gave him an idea of what to expect. But here, now, he could only think of how this would be their first time together, for real. Would it be just as good?

"Talk to me," Rufus coaxed.

"I want to please you," Jaydin admitted.

"You already do."

He didn't have time to enjoy that response. Rufus's expression turned predatory. The shift was so swift that Jaydin took a step back. Rufus advanced, and Jaydin took another step back... again and again, until his back hit the hallway wall. Rufus hemmed him in by putting his arms against the wall to either side of Jaydin's head. He could smell a hint of mint on his breath, count every long dark lash outlining his aged-whisky eyes. His nostrils flared as he leaned in and said, "I want a taste of you."



Jaydin's soft gasp was all he needed to gain entry. His tongue swept in and conquered Jaydin's mouth in broad strokes. Love and lust for this man crashed over him in a tidal wave as they angled for a better, deeper fit.

Jaydin ran his hands up and down Rufus's sides. He was all muscle and warm, firm flesh. Jaydin growled soft and low, then groaned as Rufus's hips slid against his. His hardening cock met its twin and it felt so damn good that Jaydin had to push Rufus back to give him a second to catch his breath.

Rufus's hand came slowly down to cup his jaw. The pad of his thumb, a little rough, grazed his lower lip. Jaydin wanted it inside him. Wanted Rufus inside him. Wanted to bond with the man until complete separation was impossible.

Fierce desire had him gripping Rufus by the collar and twisting him around so that it was his back pressed to the wall. The anime pictures rattled in their frames from the force of the impact. Rufus's eyes widened in surprise, but then their mouths met again and it was all Jaydin could do to remain on his feet.

Rufus wrapped his arms around him and crushed their bodies together from knee to hip. Jaydin clung to his shoulders, occasionally sliding his fingers up into his thick tangle of hair to hold him still so his mouth could be more thoroughly plundered. Their moans and growls mixed with the rumbles of thunder that continued to peal outside. They were lost in each other, completely lost...

A particularly close boom shook them out of their erotic cocoon. Their breaths sawed in and out and Jaydin rested his head against Rufus's shoulder.

"Oh, my. Look."

Jaydin turned to see what had put that hushed, reverent tone in Rufus's voice.

The storm was in its full glory. Sunset seared the ashen clouds, giving them a burnt orange edge. Red, the color of blood, pooled around the horizon. It had all the earmarks of a fantasy sky, including the intense pyrotechnics.

As they watched, Mother Nature unleashed another jagged bolt of lightning and hurled it straight at them. It narrowly missed the house, striking the electric pole

instead. The box blew in a shower of white-blue sparks. And then the power in his apartment died.

At almost the same moment, the doorbell chimed.

Split between two priorities and the desire to stay in his lover's arms, Jaydin muttered, "Damn."

"I'll deal with the candles, you grab the food," Rufus said, stuffing a few bills in his hand and nudging him toward the door.

When Jaydin returned with the bag, he found Rufus had lit every available candle. The white living room walls glowed with orange warmth. Shadows turned Rufus's skin a deeper shade of tan where he'd rolled up his sleeves. Wearing faded jeans that clung to his ass and thighs, he looked like a walking advertisement for raw, heart-pounding sex.

Jaydin shifted his stance to give his aching erection another millimeter of room. "Dinner's here," he said, holding up the bag.

"Great."

Together they milled about the kitchen, getting plates and glasses. Jaydin opened up the bag and pulled out the foil-wrapped bundles. Gyros with thick slabs of meat and plenty of yogurt. Yum. Jaydin handed Rufus a plate and then carried his own into the living room. There wasn't much romance to be found in a damp, drippy kitchen.

They sat on the heavily padded couch. Comments were exchanged between bites, talking of online friends and personal gossip. It didn't take them long to devour the meal, and by then they were so comfortable with each other it was as if their time together in My 2nd Life had been spent entirely in this one.

Once they finished eating, they cleared the dishes, refreshed their drinks and returned to the couch, sitting at opposite ends so that they faced each other. Silence soaked the room, except for the weather outside. The violence of the storm hadn't abated. Rain lashed against the windows and the drips in the kitchen had become a steady stream. The sounds were soothing. Combined with the romantic glow of the

candles, it was hard for Jaydin to think about anything but stripping his lover naked and finishing what they'd started in his bedroom.

"I'm lonely," Rufus said at last. "Come keep me company." He spread his legs and opened his arms.

Jaydin scooted over and settled against him, back to chest. He rested his head against Rufus's shoulder. Once Rufus wrapped his arms around him loosely, peace washed over him.

Rufus kissed the top of his head. "Jay?"

"Hmm?"

"Want you. Bad. I don't want to rush you, but..."

Jaydin ran his hand up the back of Rufus's neck and urged him closer. Just before their lips met, he murmured, "What took you so long?"

As they kissed, Rufus's hand went to the front of Jaydin's unbleached cotton shirt and slipped the buttons through the slots one by one. Jaydin pulled the tails from his jeans so the fabric would fall open.

Running his hands over Jaydin's exposed skin, he said, "I want to try something. Will you let me?"

"Of course."

Rufus picked up a candle from the table. With careful deliberation, he dribbled liquid wax onto Jaydin's nipple and seared his skin. Jaydin hissed through his teeth.

"Too much?"

"Almost." Although now that the initial spike of pain was over, pleasure welled up in its wake.

Rufus stretched to set the candle down on the coffee table. "I'm sorry, I shouldn't have --"

"Hey," Jaydin said, cutting him off. "I said almost, not definitely. In fact, I kinda like it."

Rufus squinted at him, as if weighing the truth of that statement. "Yeah?"

Jaydin guided his hand back and tipped it so that another splash of hot wax hit his chest. He bucked under the pain, but then his cock responded with a powerful throb.

"I'm finding I don't much like causing you even a little bit of pain," Rufus said, putting the candle back into its holder. "Let me kiss it and make it better."

He scratched at the wax to flake it away. Jaydin turned to run his fingers through Rufus's hair and give him better access to his chest. Rufus bent his head to kiss the inflamed skin. His lips against the reddened nipple only increased the sharp pleasure. His touch was so tender, and at the same time calculated to bring him the most joy.

His hand slipped under the waistband of Jaydin's jeans and briefs, pushing them off over his slim hips. He drew them down Jaydin's slightly furred legs, then tossed them aside. The socks went next. Jaydin shrugged out of the shirt that hung from his shoulders.

Rufus ran a hand over his chest. "Beautiful. I knew you would be."

"One of us is still overdressed," Jaydin reminded him.

He reached for the snap of Rufus's jeans, but the man stepped back, out of his reach. Rufus's brown eyes slid to half mast, and he started to strip. He didn't need any music or a stripper's bump and grind routine. Standing there, removing his clothes one piece at a time, slowly with their eyes locked, was far more erotic to Jaydin. Fierce, proud, strong. He was all those things and more. Every piece of his body had been perfectly crafted. The scar on his knee, the other on his shoulder... they too were perfect in Jaydin's eyes.

"Stay right there." Rufus walked over to his bag -- looking even better naked than he had in clothes -- and returned with the lube in his hand. "Spread for me."

Jaydin dropped one foot to the floor and rested the other on the back of the couch. Because he knew it would drive his lover wild, he gripped his own cock and stroked it with a light touch.

Rufus batted his hand away. "That's mine."

"Well, you could always bring me yours to play with... or did you forget how much nekos like to play with balls?"

A playful growl was the only warning he got before Rufus pounced on him. Their heated kiss stoked their simmering lust. It wasn't long before Rufus drew back and reached for the lube. He generously coated a finger and then slid it between Jaydin's ass cheeks.

"I'm ready for you." Jaydin blushed at what he'd just revealed. "I mean, you don't have to stretch me. I'm good." Well, that wasn't putting it much better. Yes, he'd eagerly anticipated this night, but he hadn't meant to mention just how *thorough* his preparations had been.

Rufus grinned at him. "Maybe I want to." His thick finger found the point of entry and threaded it easily.

"Maybe I want you to... just... fuck... me." He craved Rufus with every cell in his body. There was nothing he wouldn't surrender to this man, nothing he wouldn't give.

"Not yet." Rufus curled his finger, and hit that magic spot. Tingles fanned out over Jaydin's belly and thighs. Another gentle brush against the small spongy nub and pre-cum oozed from his slit. "Mmm... cream."

Rufus licked away the clear fluid. Enthusiasm got the best of him, and he swallowed Jaydin's cock in one greedy bite.

Jaydin bucked, shoving his cock even deeper. "Holy mother of..." He lost his ability to speak as moist heat and strong suction jerked an extra ounce of blood into his already straining shaft. A few seconds of such intense bliss was all he could take. He shoved at Rufus's head, pushing him away.

Rufus resisted at first, but then gradually withdrew both finger and mouth. "On your back, kitten."

Jaydin drew his knees up against his chest. His heart was beating so fast he felt a bit light-headed. Rufus was at the center of his vision. His rock. His soul mate. "Now, Rufus. Please."

Rufus conquered him in slow inches. The heat of his gaze claimed him just as thoroughly. As his channel tightened around Rufus's shaft, Jaydin felt his heart expand. "Yes," he hissed. "Yes, lover, fill me up."

"So fucking perfect."

Jaydin was stretched and stuffed until he thought he could take no more. The biting burn hardened his cock into a rigid rod.

Once Rufus was buried so deep that Jaydin could feel his balls brushing against his ass, Rufus stroked him. "Purr for me."

The sound rolled out of him in one long cat-like rumble. Jaydin arched his back and was rewarded when Rufus raked his chest with his fingernails. Then, almost as if he couldn't help himself, Rufus began to move his hips. Short, gentle strokes opened him up further. Jaydin wriggled under the attention, and another purr escaped his lips.

Gradually Rufus increased the tempo. Perspiration beaded on his skin, turning his flesh into molten gold in the candlelight. Lightning and thunder hammered at the walls of their safe haven, as if they were whips driving him on.

The tight coil of orgasm was building in his balls. Jaydin knew he couldn't hold back much longer. He licked the sweat from Rufus's throat, then bit down on the taut cords of muscle that were strained by the pleasurable forces ravaging his body. His cock slammed into him hard and deep, and then his lover paused...

"Jaydin!" Rufus's shout echoed the thunderous crashes. "Jaydin!"

Jaydin clung to him fiercely, clamping down on Rufus's cock with his internal muscles. Hot semen flooded into him. He buried his head against Rufus's neck and chanted, "Love you, love you..." Then orgasm ripped through him too, shooting hot seed between their bodies. Rufus resumed his powerful thrusts, prolonging Jaydin's pleasure longer than he'd ever thought possible. His vision dimmed and his limbs went numb, and yet it was the best feeling on Earth to be so thoroughly loved.

When neither had any more juice to give, Rufus collapsed on top of Jaydin's chest, shifting only enough to make sure that his lover had breathing room. "Love you too, Jay," he mumbled groggily.

Their climax seemed to have exhausted the storm as well for in the next few minutes the intensity subsided. The leak in the kitchen continued to drip steadily though, lulling them into a light doze. Happiness and contentment covered them like a blanket, and Jaydin had a hard time fighting the temptation to pass out entirely.

“Ready for bed?” Jaydin asked.

“No.” Rufus smiled, and Jaydin knew exactly how he felt. He didn’t want to move either. But neither of them would feel very good in the morning after spending the night on a cramped couch.

Jaydin sat up and gave him a little shove. “C’mon. Get up.”

Though energy was sorely lacking in both of them, they blew out the candles and stumbled down the hall to his bedroom, with a short stop at the bathroom to get cleaned up. Rufus stretched out on his back, and Jaydin curled over him. Cuddling with his lover was the perfect ending to the best day of his life. His last thought before drifting off was *Rufus and I, together at last.*

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The pounding of his heart rivaled the pounding of his footfalls on the wooden stairs climbing from the beach to the ocean-side vacation home owned by Toby and his lover, Alex, the duo that ran the hottest interior design firm in the area, Out-Houses.

Big, black and beautiful. Andy couldn't think of anything he wanted more than to spread his legs wide for Toby, so he could drive his meaty cock deep into Andy's tight hole. Unfortunately, that wasn't likely to happen now. Still, he had to show up for the interview he'd managed to snag with the man through [www.interns-for-hire.com](http://www.interns-for-hire.com).

Not even fear of rejection could keep him away from Toby Yates. Not today.

Andy climbed the last riser of stairs and reached the back porch. Sweat beaded on his forehead despite the cool, late fall air. Panting, he knocked on the sliding glass door, then bent over with his hands on his knees to catch his breath. He listened for the sound of footsteps over the rush of blood thundering in his ears. He heard nothing... nothing that sounded like Toby had waited for him to show.

Shit.

Shitshitshit.

He closed his eyes and sank against the door, only to jerk upright when it gave under his shoulder. It had opened a few inches, enough for Andy to slip his fingers inside and push it back. He could... but should he?

The room on the other side of the glass appeared to be a bedroom, dark and austere. A guest room maybe, but why give the best view in the house to a guest? Didn't they want to be able to look out over the trees to the water below from their bed?

Or, maybe, whenever Toby and Alex were here, they were too busy with each other to spend much time looking at the view.



Oh, man. Just the mental image of Toby's and Alex's sweaty bodies entwined made his cock hard. The sensitive head scraped against his plain cotton undies as it expanded upward.

To keep his mind off his throbbing hard-on -- and his carnal thoughts -- Andy decided to push open the door and step inside. At the very least, maybe he could find a phone to call for a ride so he didn't have to hike all the way back to his traitorous POS car. That was, if Toby really had left.

"Mr. Yates?" he called out. "Mr. Yates, are you here?"

Crushed at getting no response -- why would the man leave without locking all the doors? -- Andy opened the inner door of the bedroom. A passage extended to the left. Two more doors, also closed, were across the hall. He stepped into the hall, proceeding cautiously. His mind screamed at him to turn around, go back to the beach, find a cell phone to borrow.

His feet had other ideas, carrying him further into the house.

"Mr. Yates? Toby?"

"Yo."

Startled by the voice he didn't expect, not now, Andy made a small, scared noise in the back of his throat. "Mr. Yates, it's me. Andy Bower."

No response. The man was playing games with him. That was yet another reason to cut and run. He enjoyed being a bottom boy, but he wasn't going to be a mouse for a male tomcat like Toby to toy with.

Still, Andy treaded down the hall to where it spilled out into a living room. Beyond that, he could see the kitchen. He glanced around, but saw only a reading light on next to the couch. No Toby Yates. Had he been imagining the man's earlier response?

"Toby?"

An arm shot up from the plush leather couch and waved. "Yo."

Anger sparked in Andy's gut. Why wouldn't the man get off his admittedly gorgeous black ass and answer the door when he'd knocked like a normal human being?

Andy circled the back of the couch, staying to the far side of the low, Asian-inspired coffee table. Toby set down his book, the latest by James Patterson, and looked at him. Just looked.

And Andy looked back. The man was... lickable. A thin white tank top spread over his wide chest, stretched out enough to display a tantalizing glimpse of nipple. His legs were encased in a pair of loose, drawstring pants that showcased the bulge underneath. Andy's cock, already hard, throbbed anew at the idea of getting down on his knees and nestling his face into the thatch of tight curls that was sure to surround the base of Toby's penis.

Under the man's steady, unreadable gaze, Andy began to feel another kind of warmth creeping up his neck. Damn it all if he would feel embarrassed for getting caught breaking and entering.

Well, at least entering.

"When you didn't answer, I let myself in," Andy explained.

"So I see."

"Didn't you hear me?"

"I heard."

"Then why didn't you answer me?"

"I'm not my father."

Andy cocked his head, trying to make sense of that. When he couldn't, he said, "But I wasn't calling for your dad."

"Mr. Yates is my father. In our email exchange, I asked you to call me Toby. When you did, I replied."

Great, so he'd been screwed by his car and his own respectful nature. Was there anything else that wanted to betray him before he got his ass kicked out?

"I'm sorry, Mr. Ya --" He bit down on his tongue, hard, to keep that last bit from slipping out. When he thought he could handle it, he said, "I'm sorry, Toby."

"For?"

"Being late. Entering without permission." *For being such a desperate fuck that I ran much of the last fifteen miles just so I could see your face when you rejected me.*

Toby sat up, and then rested against the back of the couch. With his feet on the floor, he let his knees fall open. He slipped his hand under the waistband of his cream-colored pants and said, "Why did you come?"

After swallowing to ease some of the sudden dryness in his throat, Andy replied, "We had an appointment."

"We did, yes. Two hours and thirty-nine minutes ago."

Ouch. Apparently it had taken him a little longer to jog there than he'd anticipated. No wonder the man was pissed. "I'm sorry. Really sorry. Look, if I could just make a phone call, then I'll get out of your way and --"

"Andy, shut up." There was no heat in the command, but the seriousness in Toby's dark brown eyes encouraged compliance.

It seemed like his heart rate hadn't slowed since he started his long climb up from the beach. Andy wondered how long it could beat like that before he passed out. He thrust his hands into his jean pockets so he wouldn't fidget with them, and hoped to disguise his rampant erection at the same time.

But standing there, under Toby's scrutiny, biting his tongue so he wouldn't ramble, was hard.

"Why did you come?" Toby repeated, finally breaking the silence.

He'd been told to keep quiet. Did the question give him tacit permission to break his silence or was this some kind of test? *See, this is why I don't play mind games. I never get it right.*

Toby got to his feet slowly and circled the end of the table. Andy watched the play of dim light over his trim body. He couldn't be younger than thirty, given what Andy knew about his background, and from the prime condition of his body, he

couldn't be much over forty-five. At only twenty-two, Andy found the possible age difference only made Toby sexier.

Toby stopped mere inches from Andy's face. Andy's eyes were on the same level as the man's shoulder. He kept his eyes focused there because it was easier than looking up into that shrewd, assessing gaze.

"Let's try another question," Toby said softly. "Why were you late?"

"My car. Something with the engine." Andy was trembling. He wanted so badly to reach out and touch Toby. Anywhere. Just to put his hands on the exposed skin, feeling the muscles move under it. "It had gas but wouldn't run."

"Cell phone?" Toby asked as he slipped the heavy backpack off Andy's shoulder and tossed it into the plush chair across the room.

Andy put his hands back into his pockets. "Don't have one."

Toby went for his jacket next, lowering the zipper very, very slowly. "Taxi?"

Andy shook his head. "No money for that. No way to call them either."

"Right." Toby lowered the zipper another few inches. "So?"

Andy shrugged. "So I ran."

"You ran. How far?"

The zipper finished its journey, and the jacket split apart. "Couple miles," Andy mumbled. Why did it matter? He was late and Toby was pissed about it. *Just tell me I lost the job and let me go.*

Toby put his finger under Andy's chin, bringing it up so their eyes would meet. "How many miles?"

"I don't know. Twelve or fifteen, maybe." He'd screwed around under the hood for a bit before accepting the fact that his limited mechanics skill wasn't up to the task. Working out the best solution had used up another few minutes. Then, he'd run. And since he usually relied on his computer or the clock in the dashboard to tell him the time, he had no way to check on how late he was.

Not that he could have run any faster.

The black man's face remained unreadable, but his touch was gentle and soft, a lover's touch. The pad of his thumb grazed Andy's jaw. "Fifteen miles. Why?"

"The... uh..." It was so hard to think when Toby was doing that. "The meeting."

"Getting a job with us is that important to you?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

His heart continued to beat at a frantic pace that had to be unhealthy, and there was a very real possibility that he'd pass out. However, Andy knew he'd never get this chance again if he failed to provide the right answer. "You." He cleared his throat and tried to make his voice sound stronger, more determined. "I want to work with you."

"Hmmm."

This time the sweep of his thumb brushed over Andy's lips. He couldn't help but part them, hoping Toby might slip the digit inside where he could suck and taste.

"I think you got more on your mind than work, boy."

The large black man backed off, going clear across the room to a drafting table. Though he didn't look back when he got there, he summoned Andy over with a hand gesture. He had a plain piece of paper waiting, along with a drafting pencil.

Someone who still worked the old fashioned way, Andy thought. So much of architectural design was done with computers these days. He knew Toby's business was on the cutting edge when it came to technology, but apparently he appreciated the old ways too. Andy liked that.

"Write down the deets about your car, where you left it, the plate number."

Andy took the pencil from him, brushing against those thick, warm fingers as he did. He licked his lips as he reached for the paper, and thought that he might have heard Toby groan.

Could have been the stool adjusting to his weight though.

Probably was.

Andy scratched out the information, wondering what Toby wanted it for. While he was doing that, Toby left and went to the kitchen. Andy heard the murmur of conversation, but it was quickly drowned out by the sound of running water.

A few minutes later -- of course, it had to be when Andy judged he had enough time to reposition his erection to a less painful spot -- Toby returned with a big plastic tumbler full of water in one hand and a cell phone in the other.

"Drink this," he said, shoving the cup at Andy. "All of it. Slowly."

Until presented with it, Andy hadn't realized how badly he craved a drink of water. His first sips were quick as Toby glanced over his notes.

"Make and model?"

"Ford Escort."

"Year?"

"1997." Yeah, it was old, but until today it had been fairly reliable.

Toby nodded toward the couch. "Go sit."

Andy did, picking the exact spot Toby had been in. The scent of his cologne enveloped him as he sank into the plush cushion. Finding a position that didn't further constrict his cock was hard. Finally he ended up resting an ankle on the opposite knee and holding it there with his free hand.

Behind him, out of his line of sight, he could hear Toby calling for a tow truck to pick up his car. That was going to cost. A lot. Money he didn't have. He spun in his seat to tell Toby that, and the momentum carried the water out of the glass, onto the dark green leather.

"Shit!"

He set the glass down on the wooden coffee table, then looked around for something to wipe up the spill. Seeing nothing better, he shrugged out of his jacket but the waterproof material did little more than chase the droplets off the leather, onto the floor.

"Here. Use this."

A white ball of cloth was shoved under his nose. Andy eagerly grabbed it and swabbed at the wetness. It helped, a little. It was just going to have to live with being damp.

Kind of like his own underwear was now, from pre-cum.

Andy looked for a place to set down his wet towel, but it was tugged from his hands. He looked up as the cloth arced over Toby's shoulder and out of sight. Or, rather, Andy lost sight of it because he was too preoccupied by Toby's naked chest.

Sigh. He'd just used the man's shirt to clean up his mess. So not cool. "I'm sorry," he said, feeling the embarrassed heat rise to his cheeks. "I'll pay for it to be cleaned."

"It's been hit with stuff worse than water. I think it'll be okay." Toby reached out a hand to him. Andy offered his own which Toby grabbed onto tightly and jerked him up out of the seat so their bodies collided. Before he could tumble backward, Toby caught him around the waist and held him close. "You and I have a few things to talk about, boy."

Not knowing what else to do with his hands -- he couldn't slip them into his pockets this time -- he rested them on Toby's shoulders. Touching, at last. His thumbs caressed the corded muscle, traced over the prominent collarbones. Only a small part of him tracked Toby's words.

"I asked my cousin to tow your car here."

Their lips were so close. It wouldn't take much to bring them together. Andy tried to hold his desire in check, waiting for Toby's permission. "I'll pay him back." Somehow.

"No need. He owes me." Toby glided his hands up Andy's sides, then over his chest to his shoulders. "Now, it's important that you understand me here so pay attention to what I'm saying."

"Okay." Andy was willing to try, at least what he was able to comprehend outside of the fact that he was -- finally! -- in Toby's arms.

"I don't think you came here today just for the job."

"No?"

"No. I think you came here because you want me."

Had he been that obvious? Did it really matter if it was going to get him what he wanted? "Maybe. A little."

"You know Alex and I are together."

It was a statement, not a question, but Andy answered anyway. "Yes."

"We have an open relationship, and that works because he knows he always comes first with me. Nothing we do here will change that. Got it?"

Okay, so Toby was saying that having sex wouldn't be the start of a beautiful relationship. That kinda put a damper on Andy's libido. However, he knew from his research about the firm that sometimes Paul, one of their other architects, joined them on their weekend trips to the ocean. Perhaps he'd be invited at times too, assuming Toby hired him on. For now, Andy could live with that. "Yeah, I understand."

"Good. One more thing. Whether or not you get the job has nothing to do with your bedroom skills. Are we clear on that?" Toby started tugging at the black tee-shirt that was only partially tucked into Andy's jeans.

"Yeah, clear," Andy replied automatically, practically bouncing with the need to do more than just cling to the man. He was harder than stone, and ready for a good pounding. Couldn't they talk later?

Toby stopped playing with the shirt and gripped his face, forcing their gazes to collide. "I mean it, boy. Whether you stay or go, whether you fuck like a dream or not, this has nothing to do with business."

"Got it." And he did. He wouldn't have it any other way.

Too many gays lost their jobs when their employers found out about their sexuality. This situation was just the opposite. He wasn't looking to be hired on as the office whore. Whether they fucked like bunnies or not, Andy still wanted the intern job as Junior Architect but would take it like a man if he didn't get it.

He'd really hate to miss out on the "fucking like bunnies" part though.

"Excellent," Toby replied, drawing out the word. His chocolate brown eyes lost their cold cast to burn with lust. "So are you in then?"



Andy licked his lips. "Yeah. Yeah, I'm in."

Toby whipped off Andy's shirt and dropped it, seemingly unconcerned where it landed. "C'mere."

Though they were already standing pretty close, Toby jerked the belt loops of Andy's jeans, knocking their bellies together. Their mouths met next in a blistering hot melding of tongue and lips and teeth. Andy's chest, almost hairless, brushed against the dark, wiry, tight curls scattered across Toby's pecs. Still kissing deeply, he slid his arms around Toby's waist, then up and down his back, feeling the muscles move under his fingertips.

Toby jerked on the fabric surrounding the button of Andy's jeans. As if it knew to obey rather than to test his patience, the button cleanly slipped its noose. Another tug brought the zipper down. Thinking that Toby wanted them off, Andy wiggled his hips to send his pants to the floor.

Toby quickly stopped him by gripping his butt with both hands and pressing their lower bodies together. "Do you know how long I waited to get my hands on this ass?"

"Two weeks, three days and about six hours?"

Toby chuckled, a dark and sexy sound. "Sounds about right. And we're gonna go slow and enjoy the hell out of it."

Andy went for his lips again, but Toby angled his head to the side to nuzzle and nip Andy's neck. He adjusted his grip so that his hands went under the fabric rather than over it. Hot male hands squeezed and massaged his butt cheeks. It felt... better than he had imagined during those long restless nights when he'd dreamed of this moment.

As did the hard length of cock pressing against his bare belly. Andy badly wanted to get rid of the drawstring pants that separated them, as well as the remainder of his own clothes. He also wanted to go slow and savor every minute he had with this man.

Gently he rocked into Toby's body, creating a slight friction between their cocks. His partner helped by squeezing his butt in rhythmic bursts. Andy returned Toby's kisses, licking the long column of his ebony-skinned neck and along his collarbone. He tasted raw, hot, primal. Like male essence that had been distilled down to its purest form.

"Touch me," Toby commanded, breathing heavily. "Take off my pants and touch me."

Eager to comply, Andy immediately started picking apart the bow that held the thin material around Toby's trim hips. The easy task was somewhat complicated by the way that Toby continued to kiss him -- short, hard and deep -- in between grinding their hips together. Going by touch alone was a lot of fun, but something of a challenge with his clumsy, nervous fingers.

Soon the string was untangled, and gravity took over. The cream-colored material slid silently to the floor in a puddle. What it revealed left Andy's mouth dry. Toby's cock was long and thick, with the cutest curve to the left near the head. Andy could get his fist around it with a few inches left over.

"Gorgeous," he whispered, lovingly stroking the rigid shaft. So hot, pulsing with life. It was everything he'd hoped it would be and more.

Reverently, Andy sank to his knees and brought the pinkened head to his lips. There was a lot of it to take in. He pressed a kiss to the small slit first, almost shaking with his desire for Toby. His own cock, painfully hard, pushed its way up, out of the jeans and underwear that now clung uncomfortably to his thighs. He ignored the ache and concentrated on giving his partner maximum pleasure.

Little licks of his tongue around the sensitive head had Toby moaning. He settled his hands on Andy's shoulders. "Stop playing around and take it like a man," he growled.

He could, but Andy had other ideas. He held the straining shaft flat against Toby's belly and licked his way down to the root. He tasted raw and powerful, the kind of alpha male scent every man wanted to have but so few did. He nuzzled his face into

the tight thicket of curls surrounding the base of Toby's cock, imprinting the man's essence on all his senses.

"You're not obeying me, Andrew."

Andy glanced up at him. "I'm going slow. You wanted slow."

"I also want to see those pretty lips of yours wrapped around my dick."

"I do too, but let me do it my way. Please?" Andy held his breath through several long seconds, but finally Toby gave a jerk of his head, indicating consent.

"Just remember, that's four."

Four of what, Andy wondered, then decided it was better not to ask. He didn't want to risk Toby becoming so irritated with him that he'd turn him away.

With a little urging, Toby widened his stance so that his balls hung free. Andy cupped them in his hand, enjoying the weight of them. The solid magnificence of them.

He laved Toby's hairy balls with the flat of his tongue. He sucked one orb through his lips, then pushed it back out to suckle the tightening sac. He wanted to lick lower, deeper. Unthinking, he tried to push his way in between Toby's legs, only to feel those strong hands jerk him back.

"I'm no pushover, but you're going to have me on my back if you keep doing that," Toby said.

That sounded good to Andy, and he lunged forward, driving his shoulder into Toby's thigh and putting him on his ass in the corner of the couch. Before Toby could react, Andy was on him, draped between his legs, swallowing his cock to the very back of his throat.

"Add another." Toby groaned softly and shifted his hips.

To what? But again, Andy didn't feel the time was right to stop and ask the question. He splayed his fingers around Toby's inner thighs, kneading the taut muscles there even as he continued to suck, moving his mouth up and down in long, slow strokes.

Toby's fingers threaded through Andy's dark curls. At first, the caress was soothing, but as Andy sped up his cock-sucking, Toby's hands became more demanding, guiding his rhythm.

"That's it, Andy. Suck me hard."

Toby stretched his right leg out over the cushions on the couch, then rested the other on the coffee table to give Andy more access. Andy stretched out next to him, along his inner thigh and calf. This new position pressed his cock into the soft padding, and he couldn't help but flex his hips, gently rubbing his cock against it.

Warm fingers brushed over his spine, down into the crack of his ass.

"This is going to be mine," Toby told him, his voice low and rough. "I'm going to bury my dick so far up your ass that you'll still feel it tomorrow."

Since that's exactly what Andy wanted, he purred his agreement. The vibration caused Toby's hips to arch off the couch, shoving his cock deeper down Andy's throat. The first drop of pre-cum hit his tongue, and Andy groaned again. He tasted so fucking good.

"Stop."

Andy didn't. He couldn't. His need to drink the milky seed from Toby's cock overrode all other thoughts.

"Stop, Andy. Now." This time the order was accompanied by a not-so-gentle yank on his hair.

His mouth let go of Toby's shaft with a pop. Andy's lips were a bit numb, and no doubt swollen. He ran his tongue over them to remove the excess saliva as he waited for Toby's next command.

"You are... so damn hot. I wanna come every time you do that."

Figuring that was permission to resume what he'd been doing, Andy edged back toward Toby's cock, but the man held him off.

"My turn. Strip."

It didn't take long since he was mostly undressed now anyway. He did have to yank off his tennis shoes so that his jeans would come off, but then he was naked. And feeling a little vulnerable.

And very, very horny.

"Kneel on the coffee table."

The request wasn't even within the realm of his consideration, so it took a few seconds for the meaning to register. When it finally sank in Andy turned around, but the wooden surface was cluttered with the normal stuff that collects in such places.

He picked up his glass of water and used it to gesture at the pile of magazines, newspapers, remote controls, and other things he couldn't quite identify. "Where should I put all this?"

Toby picked up the end of the table and dumped the detritus of daily living onto the floor, then looked at him expectantly, his dark eyes glittering with heat.

Well, that certainly solved most of the problem. Andy set the glass down on the floor at the end of the couch, then kneeled on the table as he'd been instructed to do.

"On all fours, face the kitchen."

Feeling awkward, Andy did as he was asked. He didn't like having to look away from Toby, nor did he like the way his erection hung over empty air. Anticipation of what Toby would do to him in this position, however, kept him hard and desperate for the man's touch.

The first surprise was the way the earth moved under him. Or at least the table. He could only guess that Toby had jerked the coffee table closer to him. Impressive, since Andy's entire weight was on top of it.

Next surprise was a slap of an open palm against his ass, hard enough to sting. He whipped his head around, startled.

Toby grabbed his waist, so Andy couldn't do much more than look over his shoulder. "Leave the table without my permission and our time together ends."

Andy wasn't ready for that, so he resumed his former position. For now.

"The first was for being late. Next time, call. Collect, if you have to." Andy started to nod, but then -- slap! "That's for driving me out of my ever lovin' mind for the last couple weeks."

How that was his fault exactly, Andy wasn't sure. He hadn't gone out of his way to seduce Toby. He had hoped for it, but hadn't --

*Slap!*

Same spot on the same cheek. It wasn't painful, but the sting was taking longer and longer to fade. He imagined there would be a handprint on his ass before long if Toby kept this up.

"This one is because I like the respect you show others, boy, but I don't want to hear you call me anything but Toby."

His ass tingled. It almost felt like a warm, lingering caress. Just a little more sensitive.

A fact that became clear when Toby blew a lungful of cool air over it. "Cherry red. I knew with your fair skin it would be."

The throbbing lust in Toby's voice caused Andy's cock to jump. He wanted to touch it, to jerk off so the ache would ease. He was young and his body could easily climax two or three times when he was this charged up. Somehow, he knew that would earn him another slap. So instead he put his head down, resting it on his arms, and widened the spread of his knees.

Air whistled through Toby's teeth as he exhaled, hard. "Quite the eager little slut puppy, aren't you?"

"Fuck me," Andy pleaded softly. "Please."

"I'm not done punishing you yet." *Slap! Slap!* "Next time I say stop, stop. We both have to respect that, or neither of us will. Got it?"

Andy nodded. At that point he would have agreed to just about anything. His cock was sticky with pre-cum, and the need within him to find release was rapidly becoming unbearable. But Toby had spanked him at least five times now, so this bit of fun was over. Right?

*Slap!*

"Hey!" Andy protested.

"A man doesn't like being knocked off his feet." The sore spot on his ass was palmed, massaged. "Can't fault your enthusiasm though."

He ran his hands over Andy's hips, then along his back. Just rubbing, testing.

Driving Andy freaking insane. "Toby, please!"

"Looks like you need to cool off a bit..."

Andy could see the large man moving if he looked between his own legs, but he couldn't figure out what he was doing until the first dribble of cold wetness hit his reddened skin. It trickled down the crack in his ass, then dripped from his balls.

Toby sat on the couch, leaned forward, and licked the moisture away. The tip of his tongue invaded every crevasse, paying particular attention to the inch-long strip of highly sensitive skin just above his balls.

Though it was a bit awkward, Andy looked between his legs to watch Toby lick the water from his sac. His talented tongue skated over the tight skin that held his balls against his body. The tingling in his spine became a ribbon of pleasure that rippled through his belly.

Another thin stream of water and another noisy suckle had Andy on the edge of orgasm. This time Toby licked him from root to anus, paying carefully attention to the sensitive ring of muscle that quivered under his attentions. Never before had his relatively inexperienced sexual partners been able to drive him so crazy with lust. One touch of his cock was all it would take to set him off.

Or maybe just a few seconds of tongue-fucking his ass would do it, Andy thought as Toby penetrated his puckered hole with his thick, forceful tongue. He couldn't help but groan at the feel of a five o'clock shadow scraping over his butt cheeks. The way that hot, wet organ felt as it opened him up. His cock writhed, oozing a steady stream of pre-cum like a volcano leaking magma just before the big eruption.

He shifted his weight to free up his hand, unable to resist the need any longer. He twisted his own nipple between his fingers as he ran his hand down his chest, over his belly and finally to cup his straining shaft.

"That's mine," Toby growled. *Slap!*

This time the soft sting hit the back of his balls. Andy yelped more in surprise than in pain. He was actually starting to like the mild heat it produced, and missed it when it faded. But all that was secondary to the desire to be fucked and filled. He rocked on his knees and elbows, trying to bring on more contact.

Toby's dark chuckle rolled over him like an intimate caress. "Slut puppy..." The fat head of Toby's cock slid between his butt cheeks. "Want this?"

"Yes. Oh, yes. Please."

Andy heard the sound of a wooden drawer opening and closing -- perhaps the table had a hidden compartment -- followed by the tearing of a foil package. Toby's slight grunt as he prepared himself. Then that marvelous cock was back, this time slick with gel. With one hand wrapped around the curve of Andy's hip and the other resting at the base of his spine, Toby pushed his way inside Andy's tight little hole one delicious inch at a time.

Though Andy was prepared for it, there was a slight burn. It was a good kind of pain, like the spanking. And yet, it didn't satisfy him. Not yet.

He gripped the edge of the table with both hands, and curled his toes over the opposite edge. He tried to impale himself further on Toby's cock, but the larger man moved back with him.

"Slowly, boy. I wanna enjoy this."

Though he had to bite his lip to keep from pleading, Andy held himself still as Toby, inch after inch, stuffed him completely. Long and hard and deep, Toby's cock sank in to the root. For a few seconds, there was no sound in the room save for their mingled panting. Then, finally, Toby began to move.

Using little strokes at first, Toby concentrated on grinding in, forcing his cock to go deeper. Andy's body stretched to admit him. The feel of those wiry black curls



scraping over the reddened patch on his ass caused him to gasp with pleasure. He writhed on Toby's cock, wanting to be pounded until his world shattered into a billion pieces.

A low and keening sound burst from his throat. Toby covered him with his body, and wrapped one arm around his waist to keep their bodies tightly joined. "Feels good?"

Surprised that he was still capable of speech, Andy replied, "Yeah. More."

Toby ground his hips against him, little circles that caused his cock to graze over the spongy spot deep inside him. Each tiny thrust drove him another inch closer to the orgasmic brink.

Firm lips suckled his neck, hard enough to leave a mark. The idea that he'd have a physical sign of Toby's love-making left him gasping for orgasm. He was nearly wild with the need to come. Toby seemed to derive the same pleasure from it because his pace increased. Thrust after thrust brought tidal waves of pleasure to Andy's body as Toby pounded into him.

Panting as though he were still running, Andy took up his lover's rhythm. Squeezing his muscles around him when he was pulling out, loosening up as he glided back in.

"Aww fuck, Andy. You feel so good."

Andy would have said the same, if only he'd had the breath. He was growing lightheaded, and he'd been hovering on the brink of orgasm for so long his balls were starting to go numb.

Toby buried his face in Andy's neck and doubled his pace. Andy's flesh rippled with every pounding penetration. He could hear Toby's low moans in his ear. The scent of the man filled Andy's nostrils as Toby sweated with the effort of fucking him good and hard.

Just as climax became a certainty rather than an endless possibility, Toby wrapped his hand around Andy's cock. "Come for me."

Andy did, in a light-bursting, gut-clenching, bone-rattling release. Blood rushing past his ears created a roar that echoed the primal one trapped in his chest. It claimed him totally. His breathing hitched, his body shook, and then long ropes of white cum splattered across the dark wooden tabletop.

"Fucking incredible," Toby said as he continued to milk Andy's cock in his tight fist. "So sweet."

Andy rode out the physical pleasure storm as long as he could before the last of his energy drained away and he sank against the hard surface under him. Being with Toby had exceeded all of his expectations. He longed to curl up in the big man's strong arms and nap, maintaining what intimacy they'd fostered.

But first, he wanted to make Toby come and watch his dark-skinned face as orgasm overtook him.

Which wasn't going to happen with Toby pulling out... "Toby?"

"I'm not going far."

The creak of leather told Andy that Toby had taken a seat on the couch. He rolled over on his side -- his knees were killing him -- and watched the man strip off his used condom and ball it up in a tissue.

Had he done something wrong? Didn't Toby want him any more?

"What's with those sad brown eyes?" Toby asked him.

"Don't you want to...?" Andy sat up, hugged his knees to his chest. "I mean, you didn't..."

"A near thing, but no, I didn't come yet. But I will, as soon as you have a few minutes to recover."

Oh. That was... incredibly thoughtful.

But unnecessary.

Andy got to his feet, a little unsteady, and walked around the table. "You don't have to wait," he said softly.

Toby considered him thoughtfully, then a slow smile spread across his face. "Have at it," he said as he pulled the lever that turned the couch seat into a recliner.

Andy curled up next to him, so that his head rested in Toby's lap. The scent of steamy sex coated Toby's dark curls. He spread his legs so that Andy could delve between them and lick his heavy balls. He opened wide, taking both into his mouth. He let them sit on his tongue so he could absorb the taste and texture of them.

Toby's hand massaged the back of Andy's neck. "You suck like a dream."

Toby had that wrong. He was the dream. Andy could hardly believe he'd been allowed to become so intimate with the charismatic black man.

Between licking and sucking those big twin orbs, Andy stroked Toby's cock. To Andy, Toby's phallus was more than flesh and blood; it was the embodiment of all the alpha-male qualities Andy loved about Toby. He rubbed the cum-drenched head against his cheek, split the tiny slit with his tongue. Making love to the organ as much as the man.

"Ride me," Toby ground out between his tightly clenched jaws. "Can you do that?"

"Yeah." Andy licked his lips again, and Toby groaned. The cause and effect made him smile as he straddled Toby's hips.

Looking around, he spotted another condom, still in its package, sitting on the floor. A half-empty tube of lube peeked out from under the couch. Andy picked them up, and waited to see what the man's reaction would be.

"Do it. Fast," Toby commanded.

It took Andy a few moments to pull his eyes away from the long, thick, curved cock that rested against the man's stomach. But he managed to extract the condom and fit it to his partner's shaft without too much fumbling as Toby watched him through eyes that were half closed with lust.

Andy rubbed the lube between his fingers to warm it before he coated Toby's sheathed erection with it. Long, slow strokes caused the man's grip on the leather to become white-knuckled.

Lust started building in Andy again, and Toby's restraint further fueled it. He wondered what it would take to make the man crack, go wild...

"I swear if I don't get inside you again soon, I'm gonna die."

"I want you inside me," Andy admitted shyly. Even if he didn't come again -- and he knew he would -- he loved the feeling of Toby's massive cock filling him up. He would take it as long as Toby was willing to give it to him.

Toby pushed back in the chair, reclining almost flat. Andy was able to reach between them and -- with Toby's help -- impale himself. This time he didn't have to wait for his body to adjust to the full, tight fit. He started moving immediately, putting his hands on Toby's muscled chest to steady himself. His eyelids drifted down as Toby's hands landed on his hips, fingers digging into his flesh, and guided his motion.

Slow and steady quickly turned to deep and fast. He squeezed Toby's nipples between his fingers as he rode him hard. His cock -- which had never totally deflated -- started throbbing again. His tender ass was a hundred times more sensitive to the way the curly hair on Toby's thighs felt as he ground down on it, a result of the spanking Andy guessed.

Suddenly Toby jerked on Andy's wrists, toppling him forward. Before he could recover, strong fingers gripped his hair and angled his head for kissing. Toby covered Andy's mouth with his, slid his tongue inside, almost stealing Andy's breath with this fierce, forceful possession. Andy kissed him back with equal passion, his hands now on either side of Toby's head, as he continued rocking his hips.

Toby's other hand ran over his spine, down to his ass. There he pressed down, hard, keeping their bodies tightly joined. He began to raise his hips off the cushion with every thrust. There was little Andy could do to help but hold on to the moving mountain of muscle under him.

His cock, now trapped between their bodies, continued to swell with purpose. Rubbing his sensitive cock head over Toby's ripped abs provided some of the friction he'd missed earlier. He felt like every nerve ending was on high alert. Wherever his body came into contact with Toby's it burned with desire.

Toby's thrusts became frenzied, almost desperate. His arms tightened against Andy's back. He broke their tongue-tangling kiss to gasp for air, and Andy didn't need a formal announcement to know the man was about to reach his climax.

For all his earlier noise, Toby came in open-mouthed silence. Andy felt Toby's cock twitch deep inside him with every spasm. His own body answered in kind, releasing a short, second burst of creamy cum onto Toby's black skin.

Their mutual climax seemed to stretch out a long time. Even so, Andy was a little bit sad when he felt Toby's arms start to relax and shift their bodies to give them both a bit of breathing room.

After wiggling around, they managed to clean themselves up with tissues, but Toby didn't seem inclined to get up or even let Andy out of his grasp. In fact, Toby urged him to lie over his chest, their legs tangled. Not doing anything sexual, just... resting together.

"That," Toby said, in between dotting Andy's sweaty face with kisses, "was well worth the wait."

Andy's heart squeezed a little, thinking how nice it would be if this could happen again. Instead of saying something Toby might not want to hear, Andy just nuzzled against him.

A kind of awkwardness hung in the air. Andy wasn't sure what Toby expected him to do. He wasn't even sure if his car had been brought yet, providing a possible means of departure. Not that he wanted to leave. However, he didn't want to overstay his welcome either.

"Do you have anywhere you have to be today?" Toby asked in his rumbly, confident voice.

"No." Not knowing how long their meeting was going to last, Andy hadn't made any other plans.

"Good."

Toby put a protective arm around him and hugged him to his chest. His soft, steady breathing against his neck told Andy that the man was dozing. Feeling better

than he had in a long, long time, Andy drifted off to sleep, wondering what his future -- with or without Toby and the architect firm? -- would hold.

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Waves lapped against the thick poles holding up the weathered pier. I inhaled slowly, breathing in the smell of fresh lake water, fallen leaves, and peace. It all seemed so real. It was hard to remember this was a VR world.

I waited with the patience of a man who had all the time in the world... and yet my heart skipped a beat with every groan of the pier. When would I feel the gentle brush of his fingers against my hair instead of the caressing breeze?

Anticipation built in my gut, a snowball of lust that grew in strength with each passing second. A sweet feeling I hadn't experienced often in my life. It made the waiting even more worthwhile.

I lost myself in the sounds of nature and my own random thoughts. Perhaps I even fell into a light doze because at first I wasn't even aware of the change in the air around me. The gentle brush of skin against my cheek was feather light, only a fraction harder than the restless wind. Then fingers ruffled my hair, and I roused myself enough to tune into my surroundings.

Looking up, I found a pair of stunning golden brown eyes smiling down at me. I brought the large, strong hand to my mouth where I kissed the broad palm. "Hello, sweetheart."

Val's tight jeans creaked as he squatted beside me. "Hello, Kyler, my love."

Just the soft greeting whispered against my ear brought a shiver to my spine. Had I not gambled on a brand new virtual reality interface, [www.personal-paradise.com](http://www.personal-paradise.com), for a mental vacation a few months ago, we might never have met. I pushed the thought to the back of my mind. I had come to this computerized island

paradise and met the man of my dreams. Thinking about what might not have been was needless.

My masterful lover took a seat on the plump, crimson cushion opposite me. With our knees touching, we spoke briefly about our work, the clear blue sky and the unusually warm fall day before falling into a companionable silence. That moment of mutual peace stretched out, tightening the coil of lust in my gut.

I never tire of looking at the face of the man I love. It's marked by strong lines that reflect his inner courage and fortitude. The steely set to his jaw shows he won't back down from a just fight. The tiny lines around his mouth and eyes prove he laughs far more often than he argues. So much character there to see, and yet it seemed so few looked beyond the well-crafted clothes the man made himself to the warm, magnificent person inside. The special parts of him that couldn't, wouldn't be changed by time.

Slowly the mood changed as we regarded each other, the air heating with an erotic charge. At some silent yet mutual signal that frequent lovers learn to recognize, we leaned toward each other, our lips meeting tenderly. Nibbling. Licking. Then deepening to a tongue tangling expression of undeniable desire.

I reached for Val's thighs, running my hands over the jean-clad muscle. Val pulled me into his lap as though I -- a full grown man -- weighed no more than a young child. Our kiss continued with rising lust until the mouth-to-mouth pressure became almost bruising.

Every heartbeat thickened the shaft of my manhood. Though it was plainly visible under the shorts I wore, I felt no embarrassment. I had nothing to hide from this man. Not my rising desire, nor the love I had in my heart for him.

Val's hands roamed my bare chest. My nips turned into hard beads beneath those talented fingers. I leaned my head against his shoulder to nuzzle his neck, groaning softly.

"Sweetness," Val murmured as he tilted my head up for another long, deep kiss.

"Mmmmm," I hummed back, my fingers flirting with the buttons of Val's shirt.



The cloth fell freely into my hand. I dropped it upon the wooden planks, startling the nearby turtles and swans. With all the muscular expanse to explore, I bowed my head and licked the sweat from Val's chest.

"Worked hard today," I murmured against his skin. Of course, the same thing could be said of him on any day. I'd watched him at his tasks often enough to know.

"Nothing special."

I nodded, knowing from the tension in Val's shoulders that despite his claim the day had been more difficult than usual. I turned in my lover's arms and pressed him down on his back. Following him down, I left stinging bites on the corded muscle around his neck. "But you are. Something special, I mean."

Val's fingers grasped my hair, jerking me closer. Even as our lips clashed hungrily, I attempted to work through the belts and snaps around Val's waist. The material parted under my deft attention and I slid my hands under the heavy fabric to grasp Val's meaty butt.

A soft groan feathered past my ear just before Val rolled us over so that his weight held me captive beneath him. Val captured my wrists and pinned them over our heads. Despite the sudden stinging heat of the sun-warmed pier against my bare back, I wrapped my legs around Val's waist, arching my hips so that he could feel the full extent of my desire against his stomach.

Panting more from need than exertion, we gazed upon one another. From my perspective, the sun created a golden glow around Val's tan torso. It was almost blinding and I shut my eyes against it, turning my senses inward so I could focus on the pleasure coursing through me.

The wet tongue outlining my armpit might have tickled if Val were any less skilled a lover. Instead it heightened my arousal, the raw animal nature of this man taking in my personal scent. A needy sound escaped my throat and my legs tightened around his hips.

There was a hair's breadth of hesitation before he spoke. "Do you trust me?"

I was so stunned that he felt he had to ask that he repeated the question before I could frame a response. "Of course."

He swiftly rose to his feet and shucked his boots. I stared as he uncoiled the ropes from his waist and peeled off his tight pants, drinking in the long, lean lines of his legs and the perfection of his manhood.

When he was naked, he backed up to the edge of the pier where the water was deepest and ordered, "Come and stand before me."

Curious, I quickly obeyed. His eyes held mine captive, his face inscrutable, as his fingers tugged on the length of cord binding the thin shorts to my waist. They fell to my feet and I kicked them aside. They floated away on a gust of wind and neither of us bothered to trace their path. They were replaceable. This moment was not.

"I hope you spoke the truth," he said softly, then his mouth covered mine. His arm circled my waist in a steely grip. I had no warning of his intent so I barely had time to grab his shoulders before he fell backward, taking me with him.

I felt the impact as water slammed into his back, then rushed around him to engulf me. I would have gasped from shock alone had he not been holding my mouth against his in an unbreakable seal. We surfaced together a short distance from the thick wooden columns supporting the pier, and Val scissored his legs to keep us afloat.

"Still trust me?" he asked as water streamed from his long red hair.

Was this some kind of test? A flash of ire delayed my response, but my faith in him never wavered. "I do."

"Good boy."

Together we swam for the wooden ladder that would allow us to climb back up on the pier. I reached it first, but he was right behind me and held me back. "No, stay here."

I turned to face him for his voice was strangely intent. Whatever he planned next would be extraordinary. "What did you have in mind?" I asked, not expecting much information in return.

His answer was to reach for one of the mooring ropes that dangled from the large metal hoop bolted into the water-logged wood. He used a slip knot to capture my left wrist and then pulled the rope tight until it was raised well above my head. I remained silent, fear and anticipation flooding my veins until my cock slapped against my stomach, as he repeated the process with my right wrist.

The wooden slats of the ladder pressed against my back as I dangled from the ropes. Water rose as high as my waist. Somewhere in the back of my mind was the knowledge that the tide would soon be coming in, but I kept silent. I trusted him.

“Float,” Val commanded. “And put your legs around me.”

I knew he must be standing on the lowest rung of the ladder to remain so steady against the constant push of the lapping waves. Though I couldn’t see it, I suspected his left hand held onto another part of the pier’s underbelly. As my legs rose, he guided them around his chest which was at the same level as my hips. I must have looked like a piece of shark bait or perhaps a sacrifice to Poseidon. The hungry, predatory gleam in Val’s eyes said I certainly looked good enough to eat...

But instead of lowering his mouth to my throbbing, needy cock, he brought up his right hand. His fingers stroked the length of it. His gaze slipped down my body until it fixed on that movement. His fist tightened, and his strokes came faster. Heat suffused my body until I thought steam would rise up around us. My hips bucked furiously under his dedicated attention. I had no clue why he was so determined to send me into orgasm so quickly, but I couldn’t hold back long.

As my body shook with the first climactic tremors, Val leaned down and seized my nipple between his teeth. He bit down hard, and the cry that came from my throat echoed across the water. “Oh fuck!”

Seed fountained up as he continued to work my cock. One volley after another broke the surface to splash against my chest. His smile praised me, and I felt as though I were the luckiest man alive.

I waited for him to free me as my tremors eased, thinking we might go inside his cottage where I could pleasure him in comfort, but instead he shifted his grip so that he

held my hips in his hands. His hard erection probed the crease of my ass. I quivered with anticipation as I waited for him to enter me.

Most of my weight was now supported by my arms. The ropes bit into my wrists, with only occasional relief as the waves lifted me on their trip to the shore. It was their force that had him breaching my tight pucker. Wave upon wave, his thick cock inched inside me. It was the most delicious agony... being in his strong arms, being slowly filled, the saltwater burning my sensitive flesh... being flooded by tender emotion, both his and my own.

When neither tidal force nor muscle could force him deeper, he squeezed me tight. His breath came heavy and fast against my face. I felt a tremor in his arms and I knew it was taking much effort to hold himself back. Part of me wondered why, the rest of me just enjoyed the erotic, complete joining of our bodies.

"Fuck yourself... on my cock." He shook his head to brush the wet hair back from his eyes. "Use your arms."

I struggled to obey. The coordination proved tricky. Gripping the rope, I lifted myself up, his cock retreating from my tight channel. As the next wave rolled into us, he was forced upward and I let go, sinking back down on his rigid length. But as soon as we fell in sync...

*"Ohhhhhhh."* Our dual moans were loud and long.

It seemed as if the world was waiting for us to make that tight connection, for then things started to speed up. The waves rolled in faster. His thrusts came so deep and hard and fast I thought I might split open. I bucked wildly, using my legs and ass to pull him in.

It wasn't long before I felt the deep throbbing of his climax. He drew near enough for me to sink my teeth into the meat of his shoulder. Warm seed shot into my greedy hole. Instinctively I flexed around it, milking his cock for every drop.

He remained inside me as his arms encircled my waist. He raised his feet to a higher rung so that I could sit across his thighs and ease the tension on my arms.

My shoulders screamed in pain but the discomfort was dulled by the pleasure filling my mind, body and soul as he kissed me.

“Love you,” he whispered against my lips.

“As long as there is water to drink and air to breathe, I am yours.” It was a promise wrapped inside a statement of fact.

Val caressed my face before reaching up toward the ropes that held me captive. One tug of the dangling ends and I slipped free, into his waiting arms. He kissed me again, so tender and gentle. Overcome by emotion, I could do nothing but cling to him as he guided us to the shore. Together we waded through the shoals, then climbed the stairs and entered the cozy cottage.

There we stretched out on the many pillows and rugs covering the floor. The last warm breeze of fall dried our wet, naked bodies. As our breathing deepened and sleep crept up on us, we turned toward each other, entwined our limbs and shared one more loving kiss. Adrift on love, I knew there was no happier place in the world for me to be.

**[www.the-pitchers-glove.com](http://www.the-pitchers-glove.com)**

"Good morning, Andy."

"Hey, Paul."

That quick greeting was probably the most they'd say to each other all day even though their work areas were back to back, separated only by a five-foot-high modular wall. Andy didn't know why he couldn't make chit-chat with Paul like he did with the rest of his co-workers, but figured it was a good thing since whenever Paul walked by, his cologne -- something spicy and not at all sweet -- hit his system like pure liquid sex.

Like now, for instance.

He shifted in his office chair, wincing when it creaked in a mechanical groan that only such chairs could make. His heart raced, his palms began to sweat. His cock pushed against the thick layer of white cotton underwear he'd taken to wearing at work to avoid embarrassment. Andy wanted badly to stroke it. Anything to ease the mounting tension. Unfortunately, the only thing that worked for any length of time was getting his ass pounded by a forceful lover, and that wasn't going to happen here, at work.

Okay, so in the few months he'd been working for Out-Houses, he'd been invited back to Toby and Alex's beachfront home for recreational sex. Just a couple times, as they'd spent more weekends working lately rather than playing as they geared up for their first trade show. Still, it helped to have that occasional release. Someone to love on rather than leaving it up to his tired hand. But Toby and Alex were only into recreational sex outside of their tight, loving bond, and deep inside Andy craved someone to love... really love.

And that someone wasn't going to be his office mate who seemed perfectly comfortable to ignore his existence.

His cock, however, remained ever hopeful.

*Time for a bathroom break.*

Andy stood, making his chair groan again. The hall was littered with boxes upon boxes of supplies for the show, and he skated through the maze in a hip swinging gait. The bathroom was at the end, just one for six people to share. Dillon, the male receptionist who covered the phones, the meetings and the visitors, was about Andy's own age of twenty-two. The other employee went by the name of Greco, and he spent most of his time in fabric stores and furniture warehouses coming up with design ideas. Andy had only seen him once, and it was a brief encounter but Toby and Alex had faith in him so that was all right.

The bosses had yet to arrive for the day, and Andy could hear Dillon talking on the phone. Since he'd just left Paul at his desk, he knew he'd have the restroom to himself. He went in and shut the door, the lock making a slight click. Since visitors occasionally used it, it was better than your average employee bathroom. It had been papered with tissue-thin strips of birch bark that curled against the drywall so that it gave a slightly convex appearance, as if it were still on a forest of saplings. The washbasin and stand resembled a bird bath. The lights were on a single track down the center of the ceiling. A combination of filters allowed one to "set" the time of day to display, or to just let it cycle through sunrise to sunset.

Normally Andy took the time to appreciate the genius of the design -- he always found some new detail -- but not today. Today he made straight for the bio-friendly commode, stripped off his pants and underwear and sat down.

Early in his career with Out-Houses, he'd made the mistake of jerking off while dressed. His orgasm had been so intense that he'd failed to control the discharge and ended up smelling like a used sex toy despite the copious amounts of soap he'd scrubbed his jeans with. Paul had gone home early that day, and Andy couldn't help but feel he'd been responsible.

From then on he'd tried hard to confine his need for release to the off hours, but there were times like now where if he didn't come at least once, he wasn't going to be able to concentrate on his work.

He turned on the exhaust fan to cover any noise he might inadvertently make. The motor itself was quiet; the air blew through a specially designed vent so that it sounded more like wind in the trees. If he tried, Andy could close his eyes and imagine he was really in a forest.

With Paul.

*...he sat on a wooden stump, naked and aching hard. Paul kneeled before him, his ginger hair looking like burnished gold in the morning sunlight that streamed through the tall birch trees. He too was naked and hard, his alabaster phallus arching up in a soldierly salute. Andy wanted to wrap his lips around it, suck the salty man-juice from its crown. Paul had other ideas.*

*"Spread your legs for me, Andy," he ordered gently.*

*He did as Paul asked, making room for the man. Paul inched closer, placing himself between Andy's knees. He ran his hands over Andy's thighs, his thumbs tracing the faint blue veins visible under his translucent skin. He guided one of Andy's feet to a nearby trunk.*

*"Now that's what I want to see," Paul told him as he ran his hand over Andy's shaved balls. His fingers lingered on the highly sensitive strip behind the weighty orbs, lightly massaging it. "So beautiful."*

*Andy's hole quivered with the need to be fucked, filled, stuffed. He shifted his hips, trying to get Paul to take the hint. To slide his finger inside, stretching him.*

*"Eager much?" Paul teased him. "You're gonna have to wait for it now."*

*Andy groaned as long, strong fingers caressed his bare balls. To keep from reaching for the man who seemed to want to run the show, Andy ran the flat of his hand over his chest, tweaking the sensitive nubs until the flash of pleasure/pain caused his cock to jerk in response.*

*"You have such a beautiful cock, Andy." Those dexterous fingers danced over his smooth rod. His light touch only made Andy crave him more. "Look at how big you are."*



*He didn't have to look. He knew. But it pleased him beyond words to hear Paul's praise. His heart sped up as he let the man continue to stroke his rock hard shaft.*

*Paul's hand engulfed the circumference of Andy's cock and began a leisurely stroke. "Some day, Andy... some day soon... I want you to shove this massive cock of yours up my ass. Would you like to do that?"*

*Andy nodded as pre-cum bubbled up from his slit. Paul's thumb bathed the surrounding tissue with it. The strokes became a little harder, a little more determined.*

*"Good. I thought so. Now, we don't have much time here, so I want you to come for me."*

*Like he could hold out long. In the next second, Andy would have been begging for it. Blood hammered through his veins, preparing for release. The tingling started low in his gut and slowly spread to his thighs, encompassing everything in between. He wanted so badly for Paul to suck him, but all he felt was the man's breath floating over his damp cock head as he spoke.*

*"I can tell you're close, Andy. Give it to me. Put your cum on my chest."*

*The fist around his cock tightened. The strokes came faster. His muscles tensed, and he let out a little moan at the thought of licking his hot jism off Paul's pale skin as the first spurt arced between them...*

He returned to the reality of the bathroom as the last burst spilled over his fingers. Great. Though he'd missed his shirt, some of the cum now dripped from his long bangs.

He used the cinnamon vanilla soap and natural fiber paper towels to clean himself off, then quickly dressed. He'd been away from his desk far too long. At least now he'd be able to sit there and get some work done without thoughts of Paul driving him insane.

Or maybe not.

As he returned to his cube, he found a note stuck to his monitor. *Conference Room at 1:00 PM. Lunch is on us.* The only signature was a smiley face but the handwriting was all Alex. Jumbling the loose change in his pocket, Andy decided eating with the bosses would definitely be better than anything he could buy off a drive through 99¢ menu.

He wondered if Paul had been invited to the lunch too, and then quickly decided that thinking about Paul in any context was a bad idea. Lunch was hours away, and Andy couldn't keep running to the bathroom all morning.

Resolutely he turned his attention to the computer screen and lost himself in wholesale outlets, shopping for the inexpensive essentials they needed to decorate the company's latest Out House.

\* \* \*

1:03 PM. Andy stood and stretched his cramped limbs. He'd been working steadily, lost in a world of numbers and colors. But he'd found some great bargains. Alex and Toby should be pleased. He grabbed his printouts from the communal printer and turned, only to run face first into Paul's very solid chest.

"Sorry," Andy mumbled against the man's hunter green polo shirt. Up this close and personal, the man smelled like heaven. Andy's cock went rock hard, and his face turned crimson. He wanted to back away, but that would put his butt precariously close to the paper shredder. And if anyone was going to chew his ass, he'd rather it be Paul.

"Andy, I --"

Whatever Paul might have said was drowned out by Toby bellowing, "Yo! Lunch!"

"Right." Paul stepped back, giving Andy room to slip by. Andy didn't move. He was transfixed by the strange expression pinching Paul's normally serene face. "About lunch. I don't think I should, uhm, you know... participate."

The word "participate" came out as though Paul was talking about sky diving or drag racing. Lunch, even if it was something like sushi, wasn't exactly a risky endeavor. But it wasn't his place to tell Paul what to do. "Oh."

"Could you just tell Toby and Alex --"

A well-tanned hand clamped on Paul's shoulder, spinning him around. "Tell me what? You're not trying to back out of lunch, are you?" Alex demanded.

"Well, as a matter of fact, I thought I'd knock off early and --"

Alex cuffed him on the back of the head. "Stop thinking and start moving or I'll send Mrs. Strom and her harem to you the next time they want to renovate their playroom."

That was a pretty serious threat. Andy had only met the woman once, but shopping for their toys had taken him to some pretty extreme places.

"Alex, this just isn't a good idea." Paul glanced at Andy, his expression still beyond troubled.

"That's because it's a fantastic idea. Now move your sweet ass. Andy, you too."

Paul rubbed the back of his neck then gave a resigned sigh. He headed for the conference room. While Andy was trying to figure out what could be so daunting about a business meal, Alex made shooing motions.

Andy followed Paul into the room that was dressed to impress, more than any other office space. The focal point of the room was a conference table of Paul's design. It was made up of five hinged pieces that could form a hexagon or a line of triangles, or anything in between. Currently it was locked in its smallest configuration, an intimate hexagon. Andy loved its teak veneer, polished to a mirror shine.

"Sit, sit," Toby instructed.

Four of them, five seats. Paul took the side nearest to the door. Alex sat in the forest green plush chair to his right. Andy quickly slid into the leaf looking seat on Paul's left, not wanting to face him across the table.

Toby handed out the brown paper bags that, if Andy's nose was correct, contained Mexican takeout from down the street. Not Andy's favorite meal, but hey, it was free. Except when Toby got around to him, he received an entirely different kind of package.

"You get the box lunch special," Toby said. The wicked light in his brown eyes warned Andy to be prepared for anything.

While the others were unwrapping their jumbo-sized burritos, Andy peeked into his bag. He blinked. And blinked again. It didn't change the contents a bit. With a shaky

hand, he removed the white box that had *www.the-pitchers-glove.com* written on it in plain, blocky black lettering.

He tried to hide the mild tremor in his hand as he removed the box with the logo from one of his favorite online shops. "Okay, guys. Very funny. Now where's my lunch?"

"Everything you need is right there," Alex said, nodding toward the container.

Maybe there was something tasty inside, but given the name of a prominent sexual accessories vendor on the lid and the looks of the others around the table, he didn't think it would be exactly nutritional.

"Go on, open it," Alex prompted.

Andy glanced at Paul, who had been statue still thus far. His mouth curved into a faint smile and he gave Andy the barest of encouraging nods.

Somehow, that wasn't the reassurance he was looking for. But he opened the box anyway. Inside he found... the stuff his erotic dreams were made of. Vibrating anal plug, the best silicone-based lube on the market, nipple clamps and a wide variety of condoms. Damn. It was like someone had looked at his Pitcher's Glove wish list and gone on a shopping spree...

No, they wouldn't have gone that far. Would they?

Another glance in the box confirmed it. They had. The bastards.

He appreciated the gift but... "Thanks, guys, but it's not my birthday or anything. What's the deal?"

"It's a box lunch," Toby repeated. "You get the box and we get to use what's in it on you for lunch."

Andy wiggled a bit in his seat, well aware that all eyes in the room were on him. His toys, his fantasies, out in the open for everyone to see. Including Paul. Paul, who didn't want to be here. Paul, who had tried to slip out early. Andy sighed. So much for his daydreams about the man. Now he knew he had no chance of ever fulfilling them.

"This is great, guys." And it really was. Andy didn't make enough money to pay rent, car repairs and still be able to indulge in some of the more technical aspects of his

sexual fantasies. That's why these items had been in his wish list, rather than his shopping cart. "Maybe another time we could --"

"What's wrong with now?" Alex cut in.

"Well..." Andy glanced toward Paul, who seemed to be intently studying the contents of his overstuffed enchilada. "It might not be something everyone is interested in." Andy was though. Very interested. His cock was already throbbing. Paul, on the other hand, looked like he'd rather be in a dentist's waiting room. Andy wanted to be closer to the man, but not by force.

Toby made a derisive sound. "Come here, boy."

Somewhat abashed, Andy stood up and took the few steps that would bring him to Toby's side. Although he should have known what to expect, he let out a small yelp when Toby's hand came down on his ass. "That's for being silly."

A glance at Paul's face told him he still had something to worry about. The man wasn't even willing to look at him. But in an uncommonly empathic gesture, Alex came up behind him and turned him into his arms. "Shhhh. Everything will be fine, I promise."

Alex kissed him, all soft and tender. It wasn't what he was used to from Alex, and his heart melted a little. He wrapped his arms around the man who wasn't much taller than he was and kissed him back. Quickly their mouths sank in to deeper contact.

Toby's hands caressed his ass, then circled around his waist to deftly release the button on his pants. His fingers lowered the zipper in a tantalizingly slow glide, somehow managing to stroke his cock at the same time.

Somewhere in the back of his mind he was aware of Paul's presence in the room, watching or not, but every time he tried to pause and speak about it, Alex would overwhelm him with deep, drugging kisses that blocked out all but the most primal of thoughts.

Alex helped, and soon they had him stripped down to his bulky and not terribly erotic underwear. Mostly naked in a room full of mostly clothed men. He should have felt awkward. Instead, lust pounded through his veins. These men -- well, at least Toby

and Alex -- were going to spread him on the table and feast on him like he was a Thanksgiving dinner...

Toby snapped the waist of his white briefs to get his attention. "Take your box to Paul, boy. He's better with the clamps."

Paul. Oh boy.

Slowly, he started to extract himself from Alex's arms and walk around the table, but before he got too far, Toby stopped him with another stinging slap to the back of his thighs. Andy had to bite back a groan. He loved getting spanked now, and Toby knew it.

"Get on the table. You're dessert," Toby told him.

He never thought about disobeying. Toby's deep, confident voice always triggered the submissive in him.

The wood was cold under his hands and knees. He crawled the width of the table, then sat on his heels in front of Paul. The box was within his reach and he tugged it over in front of his knees. He felt vulnerable, scared. And Paul's expression was still that troubled mask, almost like he was warring with himself.

Pulling together his courage, Andy asked, "Will you help me with these?"

Behind him, he heard Alex say, "Did my ass ever look that good?" followed by Toby's rumbling assent. There was another *smack*, Alex being the receiver this time. And the squeak of the chair as Alex was tumbled into Toby's lap. It was all background noise to Andy. Paul still hadn't answered him.

After shoving his lunch to the side and moving the box of toys closer, Paul picked through the contents and came out with one bright silver nipple clamp. "Are you sure that's what you want?"

Since Paul had focused on the sex toy rather than him, Andy couldn't just nod. "Yes," he replied softly. The urge to touch Paul's red hair was overwhelming. He had to keep his hands balled into fists to control himself. They were so close, so close to all the things Andy had dreamed about. And yet, Paul gave ground grudgingly, almost resentfully.

"Come closer to the edge then," Paul instructed.

Andy scooted closer, and dropped his legs to either side of Paul. Apparently that wasn't close enough because Paul grabbed his hips and pulled him off the table so that only his butt rested against the edge.

Finally, Paul looked up at him. His green eyes blazed bright with desire. Had he not already been resting against a solid object, Andy might have fallen over from the sheer intensity of Paul's gaze.

"You want this?" The question came out in a growl, so unlike Paul's normally soothing voice.

Andy could no longer resist the lure of touching Paul's red hair. It was so feather-soft against his fingertips. He gazed down at the man and smiled softly. "Yes."

Paul made a wounded noise, then let out a big breath that fanned out across Andy's stomach. Need blossomed in his eyes, and he leaned in to take a long lick, tasting Andy's skin from navel to nipple.

Sexual heat shimmered down Andy's spine, pooling in his balls. He tightened his hands in Paul's hair as the man laved the flat, tan disc of his left nipple, bringing it to a pebbled peak. He then bit down on the sensitive nub. Andy closed his eyes and arched his back as pleasure shot through his body. His cock dampened the front of his underwear with pre-cum. He wanted to be free of the fabric, to give Paul access to all of him --

"Ouch!" Andy gasped as the teeth on his nipple tightened.

"First time is always a bitch," Alex chuckled.

"Uh-huh," Toby agreed.

First time? He'd had his nipple nibbled on before but this stung a bit more than --  
"Oh!" He looked down and saw the bright silver clamp around that sensitive nub.

"Too much?" Paul asked him.

Andy thought about it, but it was hard to concentrate with so much pleasure and pain flooding his system. "No, no, it's not too much. It's just..."

Paul made some minor adjustment to it, and the pressure eased up just enough to be erotic rather than alarming. "That's better," he said with a satisfied grin.

Andy reached down and traced the curve of his jaw with his finger. "Perfect."

The chair rolled back with barely a sound as Paul got to his feet and drew Andy into his arms. There was nothing sweet or soft in Paul's kiss. Andy melted under the dominant claiming of his mouth. He clung to the man's shirt, kissing back for all he was worth.

Except for some heavy breathing and the occasional groan, the room was silent. Until the door opened and then clicked shut. Andy thought Paul might stop then, but he didn't. He didn't even turn his head at the sound.

Andy pushed Paul back with his hand. "Alex and Toby. They're gone."

"I know." Paul leaned in and kissed him again, causing Andy's heart to flutter.

He tried again to get his meaning across. "We can stop. I won't say anything, I promise."

Paul pulled back from him a step, though he kept his hands on Andy's waist. "Why? Am I doing something wrong?"

"Wrong?" He'd rarely felt such pleasure in his life. "Oh, God, no."

"Then why stop?"

"Because I thought... I mean, you said..." Okay, so he was standing in the middle of a conference room practically naked and he was blushing about something as simple as a water cooler conversation. "Because you said you didn't want to come to lunch. You were going to leave early."

"Oh. That." Paul nuzzled into Andy's neck. "Would you believe it's because I didn't want to share you?"

There were a lot of things Andy could believe, but Paul feeling possessive about him wasn't one of them. "No."

Paul laughed and rubbed the back of his neck. "It's true. Ever notice I wasn't included on your weekends at their beach house? It's because I didn't think I could sit still and watch you with Toby and Alex." He reached out and stroked the back of his



fingers down the curve of Andy's neck. "I've wanted you since the day you sat down in that cube beside me."

"Oh."

Andy might have said more, but Paul attacked his other nipple with lips, teeth and tongue. Soon he was writhing again, pressing his chest against Paul's face. Then he felt the bite as the other clamp trapped his tender nipple.

After the initial sting, both nipples settled into an aching, throbbing heat that seemed directly connected to his rapidly rising cock. His breath came in fast waves. His ass clenched with the need to be fucked. This moment with Paul was too important to rush but Andy couldn't help himself.

"Let's finish getting you undressed," Paul suggested in a husky voice. The underwear fell to the floor and Andy stepped out of it. He reached for Paul to help him get naked too, but Paul avoided his tugging and just ran his hand over the polished wood in a loving caress. "You know, when I designed this thing, I had this image of us fucking on it."

The man was making his dream come true. Andy wondered if it would be possible to fulfill a fantasy of his in return. "How so?"

"Spread-eagled, on my back, with you riding my cock." He spoke the words frankly and his eyes dared Andy to pursue this line of conversation further.

"You mean," Andy said, pressing Paul down on his back across the table, "something like this?"

"Getting closer."

Andy reached for the man's belt. Paul didn't stop him this time. In fact he laced his fingers behind his head to better watch Andy's movements. The leather came loose easily. The clasp came apart on its own. Andy only had to lower the zipper, which he did in jerky movements. Paul's erection strained through the thin fabric underneath. Dark green boxers, the same color as his shirt.

With a little wiggling, the pants slid past his knees. Andy removed his shoes, and the pants hit the floor with a soft rattle of keys and loose change. He reached for the

underwear next, and paused to glance at Paul. With a small nod, the man gave his assent.

Andy had gotten the alabaster part right. The length of Paul's cock was a little shorter than he'd imagined, but the man made up for it in width. It would fit nice and snug in his ass...

Seemed a shame to cover up such a fine specimen of manhood, but for now they had to play it safe. Andy reached into the white box and fished around for a condom. Without really looking at the type, he opened the foil packet. A fresh wave of mint came to his nose. With a wicked grin, he rolled it down the length of Paul's shaft.

"Ohmygod. What the --"

"Minty fresh." Andy chuckled as he applied a generous coating of the pricey silicone lube over it.

"Freaking cold!" Paul retorted. "You better get your sweet ass over here now and warm it up."

"That was kind of the idea."

Andy climbed up on the table and straddled Paul's waist. He planted his hands on the man's chest and wiggled his ass, teasing Paul's cock. Paul gripped his hips, trying to force him down, but Andy resisted.

"Andy, please... I need to be inside you."

That was it. Game over. Andy sunk down on Paul's rigid shaft in one long push. Gravity helped drag him down. However, not being stretched or really prepared, it was a tight and painful fit. At first. But he rested with Paul inside him, balls deep, allowing his body to adjust to the girth of Paul's erection.

Several long heartbeats later, they began to move. Andy rocked backward as Paul's butt rose from the tabletop, then forward as Paul withdrew. Their eyes were locked on each other as if they were in their own world. Spirals of lust quickly turned into tornados swirling through Andy's system. Faster and faster they moved until both of them were panting, writhing, moaning and gasping.

The air conditioning kicked on, cooling the sweat on their skin only for them to be warmed again by the friction of their bodies. Their thrusting and grinding turned feverish. Between Paul's throbbing cock in his ass, the piercing pleasure of the clamps on his nipples and the firm grip he had on his own cock, the need to spill his seed hammered at him.

"I can tell you're almost there. Come on my chest, Andy. Do it."

The words from his earlier daydream came back to him. Fantasy melded with reality and when he came his release was doubly powerful. White bursts arced through the air, one after another, landing squarely between Paul's nipples in a dotted line. Not that he saw things so clearly at first. His vision darkened around the edges and air seemed to be trapped in his lungs.

Below him, Paul arched and thrust deep. His fingers bit into Andy's hips. The howl he let loose was raw, primal. They probably heard him in the neighboring offices. Andy could only grip his shoulders and hang on as Paul slammed into him time and time again, through his powerful release.

Andy came back to his senses at the same time Paul did. They each reached for each other, Andy draped over Paul's chest. This moment was more perfect than anything Andy had imagined. He didn't want to get up and return to their quiet cubicle existence but still wasn't sure what kind of relationship Paul wanted from him. If he wanted any further involvement at all.

Silence stretched out like a languid cat in the sun, just soaking up the moment.

"Since you didn't get much of a lunch," Paul started out a few minutes later. Andy grinned wickedly and Paul rolled his eyes. "Since you didn't get much of a lunch, maybe we can do something better for dinner. What do you say?"

Andy's heart beat hard in his chest, and this time it was from an emotion that went much deeper than lust. "You and me?"

Paul laughed. "Yes."

"You mean, like a date?"

Paul kept grinning and nodded. "I'm in."

For now, they were in it together. And Andy's box lunch was just the thing they'd need to keep them together, and occupied, for a long, long time.

## **Kira Stone**

Kira Stone lives in a warm, many-chambered cave tucked away in the Scottish Highlands. A small band of ever-changing heroes keeps her company. As they relax in front of a roaring fire, devils dance and angels sing her bawdy songs. Faerie folk often stop in for a cup of mulled wine and to listen to her spin a yarn or two. And when daylight turns to dusk, together they somehow find a way to keep the cold, uncaring world at bay for another night...

Okay, maybe not. LOL. When Kira isn't living in a fantasy world, she's writing about one from her ordinary house in Ohio with a few feline companions (who don't sing nearly as well as the angels do). Is it any wonder she prefers the cave? You can check out Kira's website at <http://www.kirastonebooks.com>, or join her Yahoo! group at <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/kirastonebooks>.