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WINNER TAKES ALL

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Loose Id

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Jenny Urban & Elizabeth Silver



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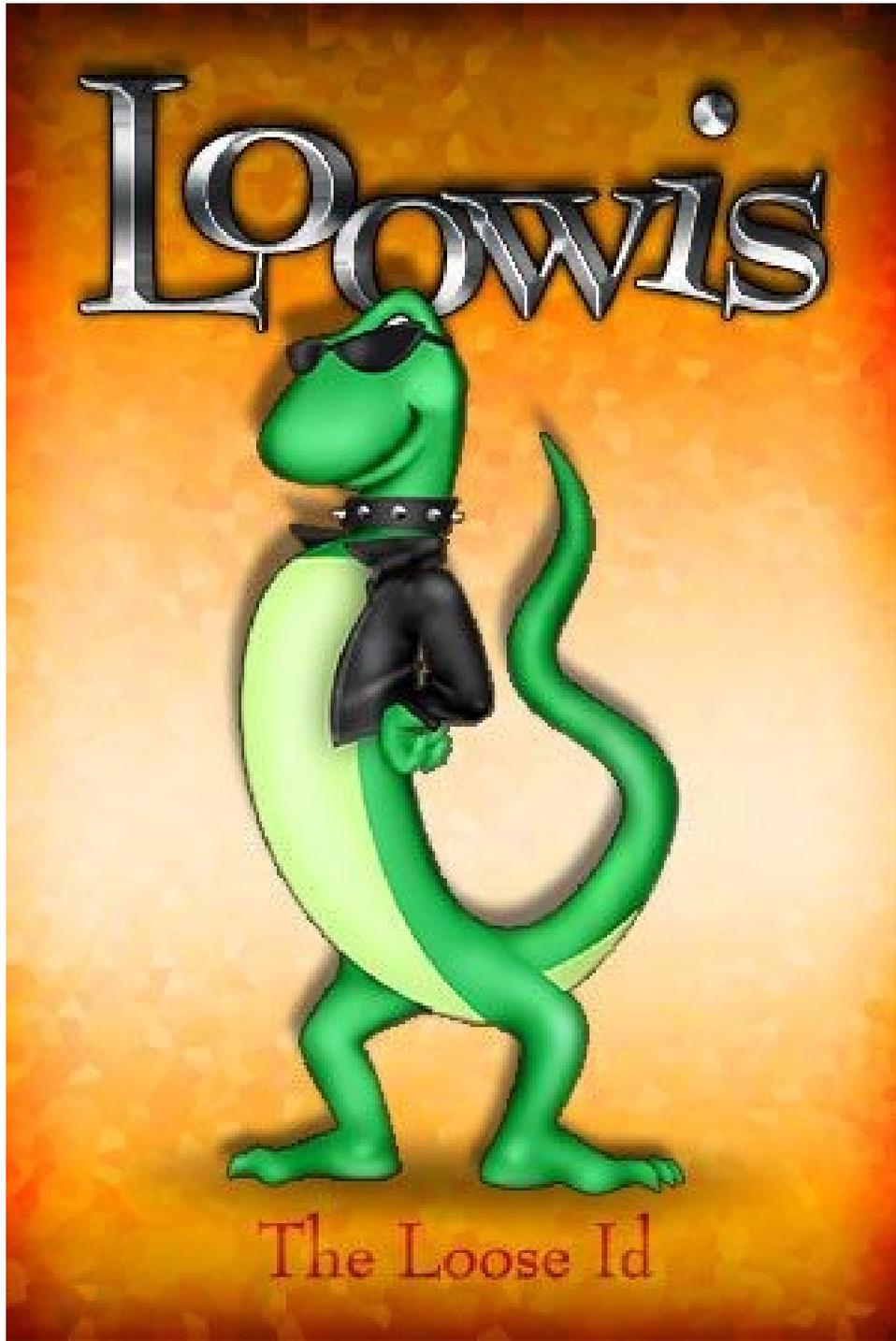
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Chapter One

Matthew Harris settled back in his executive chair, one hand rubbing absently at the black leather and the other covering his mouth as he looked at the floor-to-ceiling windows that gave a stunning view of Dallas, spread out and glittering in the early evening. Not that his blank stare actually saw any of it. He couldn't find a way out of this mess, not without gutting the company and firing half of his people. Two years ago, Harris Development had been riding the construction boom and making more money than Matt had dreamed possible. He hadn't been extravagant, either personally or with the business, but while he had a comfortable nest egg and some personal investments and wasn't much worried about his own financial future, a lot of the profits from the business itself had been put right back into operations. That had worked perfectly while business was good, and Matt had been able to increase operations to the point where he offered his people shares in his company and was even considering going public, but then the housing market had tanked. New construction bottomed out, and Matt had been left with a business without liquid assets and without any sign of work picking up anytime soon.

He'd played with the figures backward and forward and fucking upside down, and there just weren't any options. He was either going to have to aggressively downsize or lose the company altogether. But most of his people had been with him since the beginning. How was he supposed to choose whom to cut loose?

With a sigh, Matt started to run his figures just one more time.

* * *

The lobby of Harris Development was dim with just the after-hours lights, but Dominic Taylor knew where he was going. Matt hadn't shown at the bar like they'd planned, probably because he knew the Mavericks didn't have a chance in hell at winning against the Spurs tonight. Either that or his workaholic friend had completely lost track of time. Either way, it meant that

Dom had to come chase Matt down, and for that he was seriously considering upping the ante on tonight's game.

Dom absently ran a hand through his black hair, mussing up the careful, spiky style, and tugged his tie a little looser as he rode the elevator up to Matt's office. He needed a distraction in the worst way, and Matt was always good for that. Especially in the ways that involved alcohol, orgasms, and neither one of them talking about it afterward, leaving Matt safe in his sexuality closet and Dom reminding himself that he was an idiot and it meant nothing in the long run. No matter how much he might sometimes want more. Not that he'd admit that to Matt, of course—he wasn't that stupid.

Huffing in irritation at himself, Dom jabbed at the button for the floor again. He didn't normally spend much time thinking about Matt and the things Dom let him pretend they didn't do, but he'd been having a bitch of a week; that was all. Thanks to the amber-tinted mirrored walls of the elevator car, Dom could see the strain around his eyes, which looked less gray and more washed out than normal, and he could feel every last one of his thirty-eight years. He was probably going to have to work the weekend too, if he wanted to find a way to magically create a way to meet the new contract that had landed on his desk that afternoon. While too many people were worried about losing their jobs because of not enough business, it would figure Dom's problem was more the opposite. If he didn't solve the manpower problem quickly and cheaply, he had no illusions that the board wouldn't kick his ass to the curb and find someone who could, even if Red Rock was his.

Forcing himself to stop thinking of work for the evening, Dom pushed open the door to Matt's office and stumbled a little at how disheveled his friend looked. Matt had his suit jacket off, tie loosened, and shirtsleeves rolled up his forearms, letting Dom know it was work that had held him up. But his hair, blond and a little longer than Dom would have ever thought about keeping his own, was standing out at odd angles, as though Matt had been toying with it like he did when he had a crap hand at poker. Which meant the work was bad news.

Dom wasn't really sure what to do or say, so he just rapped sharply on the open door and strolled in. “Hey, man,” he said, throwing himself into the chair opposite Matt's desk. “Everything all right?”

“Hey! Yeah.” Matt had jumped at the rap, looking up with a distracted smile that warmed into a friendly grin as Dom dropped into the chair. The smile didn't reach his eyes, which had dark circles under them. “You so excited to eat crow tonight, you couldn't wait for me to show up?”

“Game starts”—Dom glanced at his watch—“five minutes ago. Figured I should come get you so you don't weasel out of paying up when you lose.” He leaned forward, just a bit. It wasn't like they talked about serious things much, but something about the look on Matt's face was enough to make him pause. “Seriously,” he said, “you okay?”

Matt looked at his own watch reflexively and swore. “Sorry, Dom, I didn't realize—Shit. Yeah.” He began cleaning up, closing folders and shutting down the computer on his desk. Matt paused, staring at a spreadsheet as if debating something, then shook his head faintly. “Fine. I'm just fine.”

Leaning forward, Dom braced his forearms on his knees. “Girl problems?” he asked. “How is sweet little Mary?”

“Suzanne,” Matt said with a withering look. Then he shrugged one shoulder. “Not that it really matters anymore. She's gone.”

“Nursing a broken heart, are we?” Dom asked, unable to resist a smile that was probably a little too pleased. If Matt was single, Dom's chances of getting lucky later went up drastically.

Matt snorted. “Not hardly. Or I'm not. I don't think she is, either.” He raised an eyebrow at Dom. “You know I'm never serious about any of them. And she was actually really up-front about it. She wanted to know if we were ever going to *go* anywhere before she got emotionally involved, and when I told her probably not, she bailed.”

Dom shook his head. “One of these days you're going to accidentally get in a real relationship.” He grinned. “And I'm going to laugh my ass off at you.”

“Don't hold your breath,” Matt said. “I'm pretty sure true love is a myth created by greeting card companies. Sex is usually awesome, but there's never been anything more than just that. Doesn't seem to matter what kind of girl she is. It's all just—” He waved a hand dismissively. “Fucking.” Matt stood and turned away to put a folder away in the tall file cabinet behind his desk. “It's all good. I'm fine.”

“Yeah, sure,” Dom said, pushing himself up out of the chair. “Whatever you say, man. But you're still getting the first round for making me wait for your slow ass.”

“Fair enough,” Matt said with a laugh that sounded a little forced. “Since you'll be paying up at the end of the night anyway.”

“Dream on,” Dom shot back. “Come on. Let's go. I spend enough time in offices, and Jimmy's bar has beer.”

* * *

By the end of the game, Matt was well past buzzed and looked even more disheveled than he had in his office. His shirt had come untucked on one side, and there were a couple of buttons open under his loosened tie as he kept his eyes glued to the final seconds of the game showing on the big-screen TV, as if the Spurs might actually pull their heads out of their asses and sink the several necessary buckets to win if he turned away or even blinked.

The buzzer sounded, and Matt jumped up with a yell, almost falling over as he punched the air with one fist. “Yes! Yes, motherfucker, pay the fuck up! Yeah! I *win*! It's about fucking time something went my way.” He dropped back into his seat bonelessly and grinned at Dom, a sloppy, gleeful expression. “Spurs fucking suck, man. You lose.”

“Lucky break, man. It's all it is.” Dom rolled his eyes but handed over a fifty without any real bitching. Fair was fair, and it was good to see Matt looking a little more relaxed, even if it had taken more alcohol than usual to get him that way. Dom's head was spinning from all the beer and shots, and he was damn glad it was a Friday, because he wasn't going to be worth shit in the morning. “Let's get out of here. And since you just took my cab fare, I'm crashing at your place tonight. Cool?”

“Oh, like you don't have cab fare. Whatever.” Matt pushed himself to his feet again, swaying a little. “Sure, man. Won't even make you take the couch. Since you *lost*,” Matt crowed. “Think there's even clean sheets on the guest bed.”

“So generous,” Dom said, and they stumbled out into the cool night air, leaning on each other companionably.

They got a cab to Matt's, the pair of them sprawled drunkenly across the backseat for the ride to the upscale neighborhood just outside Dallas, clear on the other side of town from Dom's condo. Dom always liked staying at Matt's house, with its comfortable, lived-in style that was

nothing like the perfect, professional decor at his own place, so it wasn't anything unusual for him to follow Matt home like this, stumbling off to the spare bedroom with hardly a word once they were inside.

Only tonight, Dom couldn't stop thinking about the tension in Matt's green eyes earlier. The occasional comments throughout the night had hinted at something being decidedly not right besides the sudden lack of girlfriend, and he had this clumsy idea on how to help. Or at least that's what he told himself it was about, and that it had nothing to do with the warm, hot line of Matt's body against his, straining Dom's usual resolve to let Matt make the first move.

As soon as the front door closed behind them, Dom pushed Matt against the wall, grinning. "You should get a bonus for winning," he said, making shit up as he went along. It wasn't like they hadn't fooled around before, and what guy would turn down a nightcap like that, anyhow? Besides, Dom was drunk and horny, and Matt was fucking hot. It's not like it was all that difficult of a choice. Hoping to distract him, Dom pressed against Matt from shoulders to knees. "For dumb luck's sake."

Matt slumped back into the wall and smirked at Dom. "Not dumb luck," he muttered. "S all skills, man." He paused and blinked slowly, his brain clearly taking time to process Dom's words through all the alcohol. "Won't say no to a bonus, though."

Dom leaned in and nosed at Matt's jaw. He reached between them and pressed the heel of his hand against the slowly hardening line of Matt's dick. "Let's go to your room," Dom whispered. "Don't want your heavy ass falling on me when I'm trying to suck your cock."

"I don't... Fuck. Fuck." Matt's eyes shut, and he gave a full-body shudder, his hips rocking into Dom's hand. "You...you've never done that before."

"Wanna." Dom breathed hot in Matt's ear. "Wanna taste you, Matt. You want it?"

Matt shuddered again, whimpering softly. "M not stupid," he managed. "It's a fucking blowjob, right? 'Course I do." He swung his arm up and hooked it around Dom's neck, letting Dom support his weight.

Somehow, Dom managed to get them to Matt's bedroom, their clothes half off before they even hit the mattress. Matt's body was solid and sculpted under Dom's hands, and Dom didn't bother hiding his appreciative groan as he eased his friend's slacks down long, strong legs.

Pressing wet, openmouthed kisses to the hard ridges of Matt's abdomen, Dom got his hand in Matt's boxers and wrapped his fingers around a very eager cock.

“Fuck, you're hot like this.” Dom groaned, tongue dipping into Matt's navel.

“Drunk?” Matt said and cracked up like he'd just made the funniest joke ever. But his hands tangled lightly in Dom's hair, and he spread his legs apart. “So far that's just your hand, fucker. Done that before.”

“Smart-ass,” Dom said with a snort and tugged Matt's boxers out of the way. “Bet I can shut you up.” Then he opened his mouth and wrapped his lips around the hard, hot length of Matt's cock, sucking halfway down on the first go. The salty taste of Matt spread across Dom's tongue, and he groaned, humping against the mattress. Swirling his tongue, Dom lifted his head and worked at Matt's crown, cheeks hollow with effort. It was sloppy and wet and not Dom's best work, but he was still going to make it as good as he could.

Matt's hands tightened as Dom swallowed him down. Then he gasped at the feel of Dom's tongue moving over him. “You know I never shut up,” he muttered. “Fuck, man. God. You're really good at that. *Shit.*” He let go of Dom's hair with one hand so he could throw that arm over his face. “If I still had a girlfriend, I'd make you teach her. Next one, maybe.”

Dom lifted his head, one hand slowly jacking Matt's spit-shiny length. “Gay secret,” he said, giving a twist of his hand that he knew Matt couldn't get enough of, then lowered his mouth again. He sucked harder, deeper, doing everything he could think of to make Matt come apart under him as hard and fast as he could.

“Maybe I'd make it my next bet.” Matt gasped, hips jerking up to fuck Dom's mouth. “Make you promise to teach whoever she is. Oh my God. Fucking hell, *Dom.*”

Growling in the back of his throat, knowing how it would feel along Matt's cock, Dom swallowed him deeper until his nose was pressed against short blond curls. There was no way a girl would be as good at this as he was. It was a point of pride, being good enough to make guys swear they could see God when he was sucking them off. He pushed his thumb against the tight, sensitive skin of Matt's perineum, index finger sliding back just enough to tease at Matt's ass; fuck, did he ever want in there. Wanted to slide into Matt's hard, hot body, wanted to fuck him, wanted Matt to ask for it. With a frustrated groan because he knew Matt would never be into any

of that, Dom shoved his free hand down the front of his own boxer-briefs and stroked his own cock almost desperately.

Matt was panting, flushed, and making incoherent noises in the back of his throat, legs spreading wide as he writhed under Dom's mouth and hand. "Growl again," he said. "Fuck, that was so... Just, I can't even tell you. Gonna fucking come, Dom, right down your fucking throat. Christ."

God. Dom swallowed around Matt, thinking about how he looked when he came, how his face looked when he was drowning with pleasure, and he knew that it was going to be a hundred times hotter like this. His own cock twitched in his hand, and he groaned, only turning it into a growl at the last minute as he pushed the dry tip of his finger against the tight pucker of Matt's ass.

Just like that, Matt came with a loud curse, hips lifting like he could somehow get deeper into Dom's mouth. Dom had to let go of his own dick to push down against Matt, to hold him in place as he shook and made noises somewhere between groans and swear words. Matt tasted salty and desperate on Dom's tongue, and Dom groaned one more time as he let Matt go.

Dom was nearly ready to come himself, so he knelt between Matt's legs, hand working fast and hard on his own dick. He groaned wordlessly, not paying attention to anything but the hot body in front of him, the taste on his lips, and his own hand squeezing just this side of brutal. His orgasm hit hard, and Dom tensed, crying out sharply as he shot off in fast, hot pulses. Damn near boneless, he collapsed, barely managing to crawl up the bed to flop down next to Matt.

"Helluva bonus, if I do say." He felt blissed-out and stupid.

"Let you do it again end of year," Matt slurred and then snickered, flinging one arm out awkwardly to pat Dom's chest. "Prob'ly the only bonus I'll get."

"Yeah, sure," Dom said, covering Matt's hand, keeping it on his chest. "Whatever. Sleep, you drunk fuck."

Matt snorted, but he left his hand under Dom's. "You fuck, you drunk sleep," he muttered. "Shut up."

Dom laughed and managed to kick off the rest of his clothes before passing out, sprawled across Matt's bed. He wondered, dimly, just how much he was going to hate himself in the morning, but couldn't quite bring himself to care right then.

Chapter Two

Matt stretched, legs sliding against someone else's behind him. There was an arm across his chest too. Broader and hairier than it should have been, strong, holding him securely against a chest that, as far as he could tell, had no breasts. He stilled and tried to remember what the holy hell had happened last night that would explain why there was a man in bed with him. He'd had too much to drink but had kept it to beer, thank God. His head ached, and he was beyond thirsty, but once he could think again, he'd remember.

Carefully, trying not to wake the other man—God, it had better be Dom, because if his *friend* had sent some other fucker home with him as a joke, they were going to have words—Matt eased slowly away. The arm across his chest tightened briefly and then relaxed, letting him slide out from under it. Still moving slowly, Matt made his way to the edge of the bed and climbed off before turning around to look.

Dom had rolled onto his stomach when Matt had moved out of the way. Matt ignored the little tug of disappointment and refused to stare at the seriously perfect ass on display on his bed. He tore his eyes away and almost tripped over his own feet in his stumble toward the bathroom. Bending over the sink, he turned on the faucet and filled his hands with water, first to drink from his cupped palms and then again to bury his face in the cool liquid. He stayed there, dripping into the sink for several seconds, until he thought he might feel human enough to go find some aspirin and possibly breakfast.

When he straightened up and finally looked at himself, he thought that maybe he wasn't quite ready for breakfast after all. There were bruises on his hip that looked uncomfortably like fingerprints. His stomach flipped, and his mind helpfully supplied the memory of Dom's hands holding him down as he sucked him off. *God.*

It had been a little weird the first time Dom had jerked him off. They'd been drunk then too, and there'd been a bet. Matt couldn't even remember now what the bet was or who'd lost, or

why he'd decided Dom needed to prove his assertion that he could make Matt come harder than when Matt did it himself. Dom had been right. After that, their bets had begun to result in handjobs more frequently, but a blowjob wasn't a handjob. But while it had most likely been Dom's idea, Matt knew Dom would've backed off if he'd said no.

Matt knew Dom was gay, of course, although the other man didn't advertise it. What Matt didn't know anymore was where he himself fell on the Kinsey scale. Because he very definitely loved women, loved the soft curves and sweet scents, the way they were smaller and delicate and fit so well in his arms, the way he could make them scream as they came. But there was something about Dom, something that drew him in. Something that made it not strange for them to jack each other off once in a while. Something that had made him let Dom suck him off.

But Matt wasn't gay; he really wasn't. He'd wondered sometimes, sure—what guy hadn't? As far back as middle-school gym class, Matt had occasionally thought about other guys or felt his gut clench at the sight of a ripped body or thick cock. It hadn't ever gone past a thought, usually quickly stifled. Because really, he wasn't gay. He stared at himself in the mirror. “It was just an orgasm. It didn't mean anything,” he said firmly. “Go put some fucking clothes on, and see if you have any food in the kitchen, and don't freak out. It won't happen again.”

He refused to admit that there might be some disappointment curling through his stomach at the thought.

* * *

Matt had made his way through an entire pot of coffee and had another brewing as he scrambled up some eggs by the time Dom finally stumbled into the kitchen, heading straight for the coffeepot. “Give it a minute,” Matt said, “and then the whole pot's yours if you want it.”

“Awesome,” Dom said in a raspy voice, grabbing a mug and setting it on the counter. He was wearing his undershirt and a pair of Matt's pajama pants. “Hey, I'm sorry about passing out in your room last night,” he said, voice casual, like there was nothing wrong about them waking up naked together. “Guess I shouldn't have had that last chaser.”

“No problem.” Matt chuckled, thinking it was about the farthest thing from funny he could think of. Maybe he should have skipped the beer altogether, but that would have meant thinking about the imminent loss of all his dreams the entire night instead. He snorted softly at his own melodrama and divided the eggs onto two plates before poking at the bacon sizzling in another

pan. “My bed's the best one in the house, and since I expect I needed help into it, it's only fair that you get to use it too.” He put the bacon on a paper towel and then used another to soak up some of the grease before putting half the bacon on Dom's plate. He put the plate on the table and turned back to the counter. “I'll have toast in a minute, but eat when you're ready.”

He felt the warmth of someone directly behind him for a while, like Dom was hovering, and then warm fingers curled over Matt's bicep in a friendly squeeze. “Thanks,” Dom said, leaning around to grab Matt's empty coffee cup, his other hand still firm and lingering. “I'll get you a refill.”

Matt fought not to stiffen under Dom's hand. It didn't mean anything. It certainly wasn't the most intimate touch they'd ever shared. Matt's brain chose that moment to flash back to the night before, when Dom was pressed against him, shoulders to knees, and breathing hot into his ear. He shivered and moved away under the guise of fixing their toast. “Thanks, man. There's not enough caffeine in the world this morning.”

Dom paused but finally moved away to the coffeepot and poured for both of them. Chair legs scraped on the floor, and then Dom started eating, rumbling appreciatively in the back of his throat. “This is the real reason I like staying over,” he said. “Nice having someone else do the cooking.”

“So you're just using me for my food?” Matt threw a laughing look over his shoulder. “Dude, you're loaded. Hire someone, and you'll never have to cook again.” He slapped butter on several pieces of toast and piled them on a plate, then finished loading his own plate with bacon before carrying them both to the table and dropping into the seat next to Dom.

“This is so much more fun, though.” Dom grinned brightly as he snagged a piece of toast. “Also cheaper.”

Matt pointed at Dom with his fork, hoping his grin looked more real than it felt. “I'm going to start charging, you freeloader. Especially if you're going to start stealing my clothes. You realize you're taller and look ridiculous in floods, right?”

Dom looked down at the pair of flannel pants that had come from Matt's drawer and looked back up with truly insincere innocence. “Just making do with what's available.” He crossed one ankle over his knee so the pant leg rode more than halfway up his calf. Then he paused and sobered. “It's cool, right?” Uncertainty flickered in his eyes for just a moment.

“Yeah, man, of course.” Matt shrugged one shoulder and wondered why it didn't feel as awkward as he thought it should. “Just giving you shit.”

“Yeah, I know.” Dom leaned into Matt's personal space just enough to knock their shoulders together. “Just making sure I don't wear out my welcome.”

Matt grinned. “Oh, don't worry. You'll get my bill as soon as you do.”

“Sure.” Dom finished off his toast before picking up his coffee, long-fingered hands wrapped around the mug as if it were some kind of holy object. He relaxed slightly with each sip. Then he pinned Matt with an annoyingly alert gaze, all things considered. “So, do you want to tell me what had you so pissy, you got us both roaring drunk last night?”

“No one held a gun to your head, asshole,” Matt said lightly. He felt suddenly tense again, as if he were right back in his office with the damning evidence spread out in front of him. He took a slow breath, managed a smile, and looked away from Dom to stare at his food instead. “Work's down; you know that. Recession's hit everyone hard.”

Dom was quiet for a few seconds and then leaned into Matt, just for a moment. “Yeah, I know.” He let it drop. “Now give me some of that bacon, dude. I'm starving.”

Chapter Three

It was pretty easy, in the end, for Dom to learn that Harris Development wasn't doing very well. Of course, he was pretty sure Red Rock Developments would have been in danger too if his best team hadn't scored the government contract that had them scrambling to expand as quickly and as cheaply as possible. The logistics in expanding in a contracting market were awkward but promising, and Dom knew if he played his cards right, he'd be considered one of the best small-company CEOs in the business.

Matt, as head of Harris Development, didn't seem to have been as lucky. Or at least his company hadn't. Rumor had it that funding was drying up for HD and that enough contracts had withered on the vine that Dom's main competition was in serious trouble. Other developers had gone belly-up more quickly with the rapidly sinking economy and the bursting of the housing bubble, but Matt and his people had been just as dedicated as Dom and his team had been, staying as far ahead of the crash as they could. Dom had just been faster on his feet.

They had first met seven years ago, each competing over the same contract, both just upper management and only dreaming about executive positions, much less starting their own companies. The fighter in Dom felt smug that signs were pointing to him winning the friendly rivalry he and Matt had had since that first meeting; Matt had won the contract then and had taken Dom out for a beer, like the good sport he was. After that, it was sort of inevitable that they bonded, and their friendship was full with stupid side bets on jobs and basketball games and whatever else got their attention. Both of them worked their best under the kind of pressure a “friendly” bet could wield.

The occasional handjob from his bicurious friend hadn't been something Dom had planned or even let himself really consider much before they started. Once they did, though, that was a different matter. Dom didn't date much, not these days, and he liked it that way just fine. It was simpler, without anyone demanding time that he honestly didn't have to give. Both of them

worked long, crazy hours, and it was just easier all around to get off with someone who didn't expect anything more when neither was able to give it. But even still, stupid, drunken decisions aside, they were *friends*. Possibly best friends—or as close as a couple of business rivals could get to it, though Dom wasn't entirely sure that friendship would last past the all-but-inevitable day when Matt realized that straight guys didn't play with other guys' dicks. Matt certainly wasn't entirely straight, but he wanted to be. Dom knew it was just about the orgasms and nothing else, knew he was playing with fire and that the sex was a disaster waiting to happen. He just couldn't seem to want to stop enough to give it up. It wasn't as if he was the first stupid gay boy to get the hots for a guy so deeply in denial he was in Narnia anyway. And if Dom maybe enjoyed it a little more than he probably should, then that was his own business and his own life he was fucking up.

In the meantime, Dom wanted to help Matt out of the mess he was in almost as much as he just plain *wanted* Matt. Not that he could go around giving out bailout money, but he just wished there was some way he could help Matt get his company back on its feet again. Or at least keep them from disintegrating under the weight of a brutal economy. Of course, Dom really needed to be thinking about Red Rock more, but when Matt's ass was on the line... Well, yeah.

Dom smiled slowly, feeling almost sharklike. He had one hell of an idea. It would mean pushing a lot of buttons he shouldn't, not to mention risking their friendship and the good name of his company, but if Dom was right—and he usually was when it came to business—he might have solved his problem and Matt's at the same time. And if Dom got to have a little of what he wanted in getting there, well, he probably deserved it for being just that awesome.

* * *

Matt was completely immersed in plans for one of the few projects that was not only ongoing but was actually already paid for—thank God for small favors—when he was jarred out of his single-minded focus by a sharp rap on the door. He looked up, blinking almost owlshly, his expression clearing into a welcoming smile as he saw who it was. “Just can't get rid of you, can I?”

“What can I say? I'm delightfully persistent.” Dom grinned but didn't drop into his usual chair. He was dressed even more sharply than usual in a gray suit the same color as his eyes, a white shirt, and an emerald green tie that somehow made his hair darker and his tan deeper—a

power suit if there ever was one. He looked almost like he was on his way to a meeting. “How's business?”

“Same old, same old.” Matt fought to keep the smile on his face. He still hadn't found any answers, any way to keep his people, and still hadn't been able to tell them. He knew the first step would be the hardest, that he had to fucking *talk* to them. They deserved that much. He shook his head slightly and focused on Dom again. “Don't *you* look important. That's why you're standing there, isn't it? You don't want my chair cooties on your spiffy suit.”

Dom rolled his eyes, then sobered almost instantly and clasped his hands behind his back. “Oh, I never make a first offer sitting down. Don't want to cede the position of power too early, you know.”

Matt couldn't hide the jolt of surprise and felt his eyebrows crawl nearly up to his hairline. He sat back, lifting his arms and linking his hands behind his head. “*First* offer? What exactly are you offering?”

“Incentive.” Dom put his hands flat on Matt's desk and leaned in. “My sources tell me you're in trouble, Matt,” he said in a smooth, dangerous voice. “Trouble enough that your shareholders would probably accept the surprise bid Greg Johnson is working on.”

Takeover. Matt had always thought people who said they could feel the blood drain from their faces were exaggerating, melodramatic little bitches, but God, was he wrong. He felt it happen to him. He tried to swallow, but his mouth was suddenly desert dry. The smile that ghosted over his lips probably looked as fake as it felt. “If your CFO thinks I'm in that much trouble,” he finally managed, “why would he want to take it on?”

“We need to nearly double in size by the end of the year if we want to meet our new contracts,” Dom said, his eyes hard and flat. “A takeover of an equally sized competitor would do the trick, and for a sweet price. Unless, of course, you can salvage enough of the business between now and the offer that your majority shareholders side with you.” His eyes sharpened, and a tight grin twisted his lips, like he was trying not to laugh before he got to the punch line. “How much do you *bet* they'd just see me as their savior?”

Matt pushed his chair back and stood up, wearily running one hand through his hair as he waved the other distractedly at Dom. “For Christ's sake, sit down and stop looming,” he said irritably. “If this were a legitimate business meeting, you'd have hardly tipped your hand about

the offer.” He crossed to the windows and folded his arms across his chest as he stared out, unseeing. “Your CFO is involved, so you aren't yanking my chain. You're really going to try to take HD. What could you possibly offer me that would make me interested in one of our fucking *bets*, Dom?”

“One month,” Dom said. “I can hold off the offer for one month. Stabilize HD enough in that month to convince your shareholders not to sell, and you win. They sell, and you lose. And I get you, for one week, to do with as I please. *Anything* I want, Matt.”

“Anything?” Matt had almost snapped that a month wouldn't make fuck-all difference in the grand scheme of things, but the way Dom had said *anything* sent him reeling and made his stomach clench. He told himself it was nerves. Fear. “What exactly is *anything*? And what do I get if I win?”

“What do you think?” Dom raised one dark eyebrow. “I get your sweet little ass, however I want it. If you win, I'll roll over and be your bitch instead. And you'll get to keep Harris Development.”

Matt sucked in a breath, waiting a few moments until he was sure his face would show only mild amusement before he turned to face Dom. “Dude, I'm not gay. I don't need you to be my bitch when I can find one with breasts.”

Dom looked almost bored. “We jerk each other off on a regular basis, and you let me suck your cock,” he said, drawing out the words. “Rather enthusiastically, even, and you didn't seem to mind my lack of tits then. You're not as straight as you think you are, Matt. Consider this the perfect opportunity to work out what you want without strings attached. And if you don't want my cock in your ass, then it's an added incentive to get your shit together.”

“C'mon, what sane guy is going to turn down a blowjob? Especially when he's drunk.” Matt glared at Dom, who was still standing, looking smug as all fuck. “It doesn't mean I'm gay or that I'm going to put my ass literally on the line when you're speculating on hearsay.”

“If it's just hearsay, then the offer will fall flat,” Dom said, still so fucking calm and smooth, “and you can ignore me for a week or make me wash your car. But then, if I were wrong, you'd have taken the bet already.” He prowled closer. “I bet I'm right, though. Take the bet, and let's see, shall we? Or are you just going to let your pride and your denial get in the way of saving the futures of the people who work for you?”

Matt clenched his fists and tightened his arms over his chest. He'd never actually wanted to hit Dom before, but now—now he wanted to wipe the floor with his face. “I didn't take the bet already because I don't want to fuck you,” he snarled. But he'd wondered. God, he'd wondered, considered it vaguely once or twice. Had never thought it would be shoved in his face like this. “Besides, there is no guarantee Red Rock would take care of my people after a takeover. They mean nothing to you.”

Dom hummed thoughtfully, taking another step closer. “If it were any other company, you'd be right,” he admitted. “But for you, I'd be willing to talk. Like I said, we have to grow; taking on a whole set of experienced and high-quality people would be ideal.”

“Your takeover bid is going to include jobs for my people.” Matt kept his voice dry, almost sarcastic, to try to hide the fact that he was so overwhelmed by relief, he wasn't sure his legs would hold him up much longer. It was going to fucking kill him to lose his baby, even if it was to Dom, who Matt knew could be trusted to keep his word, despite the verbal swipes Matt was helpless to hold back. But his pride could take the hit if it meant security for those who'd helped him build the company, who'd tried to keep it going. Matt moved behind his desk and dropped into his chair again. “And you think I can—how did you put it? Stabilize enough to fight off a bid from a solid, bigger company in a month?”

“No.” Dom smirked. “That's why I'm willing to bet on it. If I'm wrong, you come off smelling like roses. If I'm right...” He looked Matt up and down in a long, slow appraisal, his expression going hot and carnal. “But that's not the point. The point is: do *you* think you can do it?”

That look shot straight to his cock, making Matt really glad he was sitting behind his desk. He wasn't gay; he really wasn't. But maybe he really wasn't entirely straight either.

He looked considerably at Dom as he thought about his bottom line sinking in a sea of red that was only getting deeper, about the wisdom of taking his people down with him versus the possibility of actual paying jobs for them—and maybe even him—even if it were at another company. And he thought about putting himself in Dom's hands without quite having to admit that maybe he might want to.

A week, a month, hell, a year wouldn't make a damn bit of difference. He had no chance of winning this bet. Didn't mean he wouldn't try.

“You're on.”

Chapter Four

Dom hadn't been kidding, Matt thought wryly two weeks later. The threat—possibility, *promise*—of a dick in his ass was one hell of an incentive to fix his company. He'd seen the satisfaction in Dom's eyes as he'd kicked him out of the office, had spent the days since frantically reworking numbers and searching for new jobs, new opportunities. He'd spent the nights vacillating between honest terror and desperate need.

He was used to nerves, but the level of fear surprised him. Matt still didn't understand where the fear was coming from. But the need... God. He'd been able to ignore the idle curiosity while they were just friends, even after they started jerking each other off once in a while. But having Dom step up and shove it in his face, so to speak, had blown the lid off his ability to contain it. He wanted Dom, *really* wanted him. But he didn't want to want him.

Matt scrubbed his hands over his face and sighed. He had a definite shot at winning the bid on building a small planned community if he could just fucking focus and finish it. It wouldn't save HD, not entirely, but it was a big step in the right direction. Enough of those steps, and he could shore up his position for the coming negotiations to the point that he could protect his people. If he'd had this kind of incentive before and a few more months, he might have even been able to save his ass. Literally.

With a soft snort of self-deprecating laughter, he bent over his plans again and went to work.

* * *

Matt should have known it was too much to ask that Dom stay away and let him work, let him *think* for the whole month. But it was still a surprise later that night when Dom, with a familiar grin on his face, slid into the other side of the booth Matt had claimed at their usual bar.

“Fuck, it's been a long week.” Dom hooked a finger over the knot in his tie and tugged it loose. “I could sure use a beer or three; you know what I mean?”

“I've *had* a beer or three. Or six,” Matt said. “But if you're staying, you're picking up my tab. It's your fault I've had a long week.” Matt could feel a pout trying to pull at the corners of his mouth and thought that maybe his six was at least one too many. He opened his mouth to call Dom a stupid fucker, remembered *why* it was Dom's fault he'd had the week from hell just in time, and shut his mouth again. “I think I need another,” he finally mumbled.

“Aw, baby, you don't have to work hard to impress me.” Dom kicked Matt's foot playfully.

Matt moved his foot out of the way. “Don't call me that.” He glared balefully at Dom's chin. “Don't even—Dude. I am so not trying to impress you.”

Mouth tightening briefly, Dom leaned back like Matt had taken a physical swipe at him. “Jesus, who ate *your* sense of humor?” he muttered. “And don't even fucking try to tell me I've made things worse, because I know you, Matt. I know how you work best when you have outside pressure, and I'd be willing to bet you've been pulling shit off the past couple of weeks that you hadn't thought possible before the bet.”

“So?” Matt hissed, leaning over the table. “What, you threatened to shove your dick up my ass because you were tryin' to *help me*? And stop fishing. Not going to tell you jack shit about what shit I've been pullin' off.” He pointed his beer bottle at Dom, forgetting his reluctance to meet Dom's eyes. “I didn't say anythin' about worse, either. I just said 'm not trying to impress you. Which I'm *not*.” Lifting the bottle to his lips, Matt muttered, “Stupid fucker,” and promptly choked on the beer he was trying to swallow.

“Fine, whatever,” Dom said, the muscle on the side of his jaw twitching a few times before he relaxed again, shoulders slumping like he was forcing them to. “Listen, do you need a ride home? You look like you've been here awhile, and as much as I like being abused by you, you're still my friend, and you kind of look like shit.”

Matt stared at his hands, watching his fingers turn the beer bottle in slow circles, watching the label turn around and around. “I kinda feel like shit,” he finally said. He'd heard the hurt in Dom's voice even through his thickening alcoholic haze, and he sighed. Whatever else, they *were* friends, even if that could never be the same again. He hadn't really wanted to hurt Dom. Hadn't known he could. “Did you really think things wouldn't change?” Matt asked, honestly curious. “That you could throw that out there, and it would be just another bet?”

Dom sighed. “No,” he said quietly. “I guess that was kind of the point.”

“I wish you'd just said,” Matt murmured. “Not—I don't know—made it a game.” He shook his head and managed an awkward smile. “I don't think I should have this conversation drunk.”

“Like you'd have it sober?” Dom asked with a crooked grin. He shook his head and waved his own question off. “So how about that ride?”

Matt laughed. Like hell he'd have it sober, but that didn't mean he should have it drunk, either. But he accepted Dom's change of subject easily enough. “I can call a cab,” he said. “If you need to go. Because I'm not leaving until I'm completely wasted, and I'm not nearly close enough yet.”

“I have a case of that pussy import crap you like so much in my car.” Dom stood and coaxed Matt out of the booth. “If you're going to drink until you puke, at least do it at home where you know what's been on the bathroom floor.”

“M not gonna puke,” Matt insisted, but he let Dom herd him out of the bar. “Not until tomorrow, anyway. Be home then either way.”

Dom was quiet on the drive back to Matt's, but as soon as he opened the case of beer and slid it into the fridge, he pulled out two bottles, cracked them open, and handed one to Matt with a small smile. “Mind if I hang for a bit? I wasn't kidding about wanting a drink, you know.”

Matt took the beer and studied it, then looked up at Dom with a serious expression. “You can stay on one condition.”

“What's that?” Dom asked, suspicion lacing his voice.

“Stop calling it crap, dude. It's *quality* alcohol. And you're the one who bought it in the first place.” He waved the bottle, spilling a little in his enthusiasm. “S not like that piss you drink all the time.”

“Drive American, drink American, man,” Dom said but knocked the neck of his bottle against Matt's in a salute.

Matt tightened his hand around his bottle and tapped his fist against Dom's shoulder. “Right. Because building a kick-ass engine means we can brew like the Germans.” He rolled his eyes. “Cars don't run on beer, dumb-ass.”

“Would be pretty awesome if they did, though.” Dom grinned and took a deep drink, his Adam's apple bobbing as he swallowed.

“Yeah,” Matt said absently. He'd never noticed Dom's throat working like that. He wondered if that's what it had looked like when Dom had blown him, when he'd swallowed. “Yeah, it would.” *Fuck*. Suddenly flustered and dizzy, Matt turned away and stumbled toward the living room. “We can watch something if you're hanging, right?”

“Sure.” Dom followed right behind him and took the opposite end of the couch from Matt when they sat. “Lady's choice, so long as it isn't straight porn again. I swear, I had trouble getting hard for days after that.”

Matt fumbled the remote but managed to get the television on. “You're such a jerk. I don't even care what we watch as long as you don't talk about your dick again.” He scrolled through the onscreen guide until he found something with a lot of explosions.

“Pussy.” Dom snorted and reached across the space between them to shove at Matt's shoulder, but kept quiet otherwise. Arm up across the back of the couch, he just sprawled comfortably, drinking his beer and watching the TV.

It was at least a couple of minutes of silence and another big bang from the television before Matt spoke again, voice slurred and lazy with alcohol. “M not a pussy,” he mumbled, slouching even further into the couch. He finally felt almost boneless, loose and easy, his brain turned off at last. “An' if you had one, I wouldn't be drunk.”

“Oh yeah?” Dom turned to look at Matt. The flickering light from the TV and all the drinking made it hard to read the look in Dom's eyes, but his voice was smooth and warm. “What would you be if you weren't drunk, then?”

“Um.” Matt had to think about that a little, not entirely sure what the question really was. He might be a little drunker than he even realized. He snickered under his breath. “Fucked out, I guess. Or workin'. 'M workin' a lot, you know.”

Dom grinned. “Everybody's got to relax sometime,” he said, voice still smooth, but going a little deeper somehow. “Being fucked out is always a good way to do that.” He slid closer and pulled the empty beer bottle from Matt's unresisting fingers, set it and his own on the coffee table, and then leaned in close enough that Matt could smell him without moving himself. “But you of all people know you don't need a girl to get that.”

Matt inhaled slowly, letting the subtle tang of Dom's cologne fill his head. It made him dizzy, and he closed his eyes. “Haven't won yet, fucker,” he murmured, then snickered again.

“Or, you know, *not*-fucker. Not yet.” The amusement he felt slowly slid away and left him with the vague uneasiness and deep-seated *want* that had been tormenting him all week. “Don’t... C’mon, Dom. Don’t talk about that.”

“Okay,” Dom said, and his voice was *so close*. “I won’t talk about it.” Then a warm hand curled over Matt’s leg, high above his knee and pushing in.

“We can’t do this anymore,” Matt said, and he almost sounded like he meant it, too. But they *had* done it before, and his body knew what Dom’s hand felt like, and his brain had pretty much checked out at the bar. Matt’s legs slid open without his permission.

“We could do something different,” Dom offered, cupping Matt’s slowly filling cock through his suit pants and squeezing him gently. He nosed at Matt’s collar, lips skimming his neck almost teasingly.

Matt swallowed hard. “No, I mean, we—*Fuck!*” His hips jerked, and he hissed as Dom did...something. Matt couldn’t even figure it out because what little blood there was left in his head was abruptly rushing south. “Can’t. Do anything. We just... C’mon.” Matt had no idea what he was saying anymore because Dom’s hand was still moving, and God, that felt so *good*. Matt had a reason for objecting; he knew he did. And it was a good one too. He just didn’t remember what it was.

“Got you,” Dom murmured, not stopping, not slowing. “It’s okay. I got you.” And it didn’t make much sense, but nothing really did when Dom touched him like this, squeezing and stroking as if they had all the fucking time in the world.

And there it was. Matt opened his eyes and stared at yet another explosion on the big screen over Dom’s head. “You don’t have me yet,” he said. “I still have two weeks.”

“I know,” Dom said, and his hand stopped. “Do you just want to jerk off for two weeks, Matt?” He opened Matt’s belt, the metal clanking too loud even with the TV noise, and opened Matt’s trousers one-handed. “Or do you want me to make you come so hard you forget your name?” Dom’s hand pushed into Matt’s boxers, wrapped around his cock, and tugged firmly. “I know how much you like it,” he went on, lips touching Matt’s neck, his jaw, his ear. “I know how fucking crazy it makes you.”

“I’m not gay.” Matt growled. He buried his hands in Dom’s hair and jerked until Dom’s mouth was against his. “I’m *not*.” And then he was sucking on Dom’s tongue as he fucked Dom’s

hand, the pleasure burning away the alcoholic daze he'd been trying to hide in and drowning him in need instead. It was so fucking good, felt so right, so much better with Dom than with anyone else. His hands were just bigger, a little rougher, and knew exactly what they were doing, knew how to shove Matt up and over the edge in seconds or how to push him right to the brink and keep him there. Matt groaned and kissed Dom harder. *"Please."*

Dom groaned and pushed, stretching them out across the couch so they were facing each other on their sides. He never once broke the kiss, tongue fucking into Matt's mouth as he fumbled with his own fly. Then he palmed both of their cocks together—hot, hard lengths almost burning from the touch—stroking them roughly and grunting into Matt as they kept kissing. It was awkward, but Dom kept his hand moving and gasped as he pulled back for air, only to cover Matt's mouth again in another kiss. *"Fuck."* He panted, twisting his hand over their cocks.

Matt strained against him, body on fire as Dom's hand kept moving. As he squeezed and stroked them both together. God, Matt could feel Dom's dick hard against his own, like nothing he'd ever felt before, and he cried out into Dom's mouth. *"Gonna come."* His breath caught. *"Oh God, Dom, it's just... It's so... I can't even... Harder. God, I need more."*

"I've got what you need." Dom gasped, working them harder like Matt wanted. *"Feel so good. Want you so bad, Matt. Fuck, want you."* He shook and kissed Matt hard. *"Come for me,"* he whispered. *"Come with me."*

"Coming. I—Dom." Matt gasped and stiffened, shaking. Dom kept stroking even after Matt started coming in hot pulses over their stomachs. His spunk was all over Dom's hand too, and Dom's fingers squeezed and slipped through the mess as he grunted and jerked and followed Matt over the edge. Matt gave a slow, full-body shudder as he felt Dom come, felt the warmth of another man's semen on his stomach.

This was different than anything they'd done together before, just about the hottest thing he'd ever felt. Matt thought he might be freaking out if he were sober.

Yeah, okay. Maybe he really wasn't actually completely straight.

Chapter Five

When Dom had come up with the idea for the bet, there were a lot of things he had counted on happening. He had known that Matt would freak out, just like he had known that Matt would work his ass off to save his company. And Dom had been pretty confident he'd get laid at the end of the month, one way or the other, although there was always the chance Matt would flat-out tell him no, which was the only thing that would have stopped Dom from pushing the issue entirely.

What he hadn't counted on was the kissing. Or waking up the morning after, twisted and tangled with Matt on a couch that really was too small for two grown men to sleep on, and having the crazy thought that waking up with Matt almost made the cramp in his back worth it. The sudden urge to wake Matt with more kisses had been enough to get him up and dressed and out of the house before Matt could wake on his own, though.

Sex and a bet that bordered on insane was one thing. Falling for a friend who seemed to be frightened about being anything other than straight was something else altogether, especially when the only times they fooled around were when he was drunk out of his mind and not really capable of giving consent. Which hadn't been a problem so long as it was just about orgasms, but then Dom had to go and push things, mess them up, and for the next few days, while he went about the motions of his life and his work, he had a very quiet, very thorough freak-out. He kept catching himself at odd moments, thinking about Matt and looking for excuses to see him, to spend time with him. Almost as though there was something more than just the sex, the bet, and their friendship between them.

He needed to stop this and needed to get some distance from Matt and the crazy, bone-deep *want* that had less to do with touching and kissing and more to do with a sharp need to be with him. Going through with the bet only seemed to make it stronger, somehow *more*. More tangled with emotions every time he saw Matt. The longer it went on, the more likely another

possibility became, one that Dom hadn't thought of in all of his planning. He was going to get his heart broken in a truly spectacular fashion, and there would be no one to blame for it but himself.

So he gave it a few days, and on Wednesday afternoon, five days after the last time they'd seen each other, he let himself into Matt's office and took a seat. The cool look on Matt's face stung like an actual punch, and Dom managed to keep from squirming only out of sheer stubbornness.

"I'm sorry," he said finally, when it became clear Matt wasn't going to speak first. "I shouldn't have. Not when you were that drunk."

Matt studied Dom silently for several seconds and then nodded. "You really shouldn't have," he agreed, "but I'd let you suck me off. You had no reason to think another orgasm would be a problem. And you know I'm an easy drunk." Matt sat back in his chair, hands linked over his chest with elbows braced on either arm rest as he kept staring coolly at Dom. "Unfortunately there's a bigger picture now, more people involved than just you and me. This could jeopardize the negotiations I've been led to believe will take place a week from Friday, give or take."

Dom looked down at his hands and steadied himself. He knew he was still likely to win, and it went against his coding to back down from an almost sure thing, but sometimes self-preservation was more important than pride.

"If you want out..." he said. "If you want out of the bet, I'll let you."

The silence in the room was palpable and lasted for an uncomfortably long time before Matt spoke again. "What exactly does that mean?"

"All terms off the table." Dom was impressed with himself for keeping so cool. This was for the best, all things considered. It was safe. "You either survive the bid or not; I can't stop it from happening, and you know it. But the rest..." He made a vague sweeping gesture. "Gone. Strictly business."

"What about my people? Are they just?"—Matt imitated Dom's sweeping gesture impatiently—"gone too?"

"I haven't seen the offer yet," Dom said honestly. "But some of them, probably. Depends on how bad off you are. I was pushing for full retention because it was part of our deal, but..." He shrugged. "That's not the point. The point is, you're probably well on your way to hating me already, and I don't have it in me anymore to keep trying to convince you there's nothing wrong

with you. With us. So if you want out, you're out. We'll play it as plain business, and however Johnson does the offer is it.”

Matt sat forward and put his elbows on the desk, then braced his chin on both hands. “I don't hate you,” he said quietly after a moment, still watching Dom. “But I didn't even know there was an 'us' here, not the way you mean.” He rubbed a finger over his lips. “I've signed a few contracts, won some bids. I'm not as bad off as I was. I don't know how bad off you think I am.” He shrugged. “If I had the capital and several more months, we might be okay, but I've run out of money and time.” He paused again and then sighed. “If you did push for full retention, what are the chances they'd agree?”

“Pretty good,” Dom said. “They trust my judgment. I'm not the type of person to get personal and business mixed up, you know.” He snorted in self-derision. “And no, there's no us. Never was, and I really do understand there never will be.” Bitterness was seeping into his voice, and Dom was just too tired to even try to stop it now. “Not so long as you're so terrified about being anything but a lie.”

“I didn't know you wanted an us, you dumb shit.” Matt sucked in a breath. “Look, that's not—I'm not terrified, but I can't deal with it right now, not on top of everything else. But I didn't know it was a lie. Not...not really. You've known you were gay for a lot longer; you have *got* to cut me some slack here.”

At that, the wind dropped out of Dom's sails. It hadn't been easy for him to come to grips with being gay either, but he'd had almost his entire life to make it a part of who he was. “Yeah,” he said. “True.” He brightened, though, lifting his head and forcing a wicked grin before things got any more uncomfortable. “So you're wearing down, huh? Maybe I should make you stick to the deal, then.”

Matt rolled his eyes, but his face relaxed. It wasn't a smile, not quite, but the tension around his eyes and mouth was dissipating. “Wearing me out, man, not down.” After another pause, Matt shrugged. “What if we change the terms a bit?”

Dom gestured for Matt to continue.

“You still get my ass for a week,” Matt said. His voice was steady. “But only if all my people still have jobs at the end of this.”

Annoyed, Dom sat back in his chair. “Don't barter sex for business favors,” he eventually said. “Sets a bad precedent.” At least he knew Matt's real weak spot in the takeover now, but he wouldn't use it like that. Couldn't.

Matt raised an eyebrow, a smile tugging at the corner of his mouth. “Excuse me? I seem to remember someone who looked remarkably like you doing the exact same thing about three weeks ago, right here in this very office, in fact.”

“No, I bet you your ass you couldn't beat me in a takeover.” Dom grinned. “There's a difference.” And what a fine line it was, but a guy had to have standards. Especially when he was ignoring his own intentions to get the hell out of Dodge before things got any messier. “Tell you what: save your company, or I get you for a week. And how much do you want to *bet* I can get you full retention in writing with the offer?”

“A side bet on our bet?” Matt choked out a laugh. “Dude, Gamblers Anonymous is your friend. Just out of curiosity, what terms were you thinking?”

“What can I say? I just feel lucky.” Dom leered. “And I was thinking about a little bit of reciprocity. You did say you wanted me to teach my blowjob tricks, after all. Just wouldn't be to some girl.”

Matt folded his hands together over his desk and gave Dom a deliberately innocent look. “Who else would you teach to blow me? I'm not sure I want you pimping out my dick to all the newbies in the greater Dallas area.”

“Asshole.” Dom snickered. “I was thinking I could teach you a few tricks that you'd practice on me. What do you say?” He paused for effect and licked his lips slowly. “Bet a blowjob against my getting full retention? If I fail, you at least get your cock in my mouth.” As far as Dom was concerned, he couldn't lose either way, but if Matt was determined to do it this way instead of just asking for it, and if Dom was going to keep being so damn stupid, they might as well enjoy it.

“Oh, I don't think we need to bet to get my cock in your mouth.” Matt gave Dom a smug grin, but it faded and turned almost shy. “Yeah, reciprocity would work. *If* you get me full retention.”

“Baby, you have no idea how good I can make it when I'm motivated.” Dom smirked. “Or even just sober.”

Matt's eyebrow went up again. "I doubt motivation will be a problem. And seriously, don't call me that."

"If you say so." Dom stood and walked around Matt's desk to lean back against the edge. This close, Matt looked more relaxed than Dom had given him credit for, and it gave him hope that maybe things weren't as hopelessly destined to go up in flames as he'd thought. Bending over, he cupped the side of Matt's face and pulled him in close. "Normally, I'd say let's shake on it..."

"Special circumstances." Matt grinned as Dom's mouth met his. He leaned into the kiss, opening to the tease of Dom's tongue with a faint whimpering sound, kissing him back for several long seconds before pulling away.

"We can't do this here." Matt licked his lips. He looked like he was considering another quick kiss but apparently thought better of it and leaned back, away from Dom's mouth. "I won't."

"Fair enough," Dom said. "Business hours." He took a deep breath and straightened, putting his head as much in order as he could manage with Matt right there, *licking* his lips. "Still on for the game Friday night? We could maybe get dinner first."

Matt was obviously tempted to say no. "Yeah, I... Sure. Wouldn't be Friday without the game, right?"

Dom grinned and resisted the urge to steal another kiss. Better to get going while the getting was good, in case Matt hadn't realized yet that he'd just agreed to a date. He backed away, giving Matt more space. "Absolutely. Meet at Red Rock at six-thirty? I promise to make myself pretty for you."

"Dude." Matt glared at Dom and waved him off. "Don't push it."

Dom winked at Matt. "See you Friday, baby," he said, already heading for the door. "I'll see myself out."

He managed to slip out of Matt's office, closing the door behind him just as something—probably the minibasketball to go with that stupid hoop Matt kept over his trashcan—hit the door with a solid *thunk*. Amused with himself, Dom just laughed at the confused look on Matt's assistant's face, waving as he headed back to his own work.

Chapter Six

Matt hesitated on the sidewalk in front of Red Rock, took a deep breath, and pushed his way into the lobby—only to hesitate again, unable to make himself take the familiar path to Dom's office. Fortunately the lobby was empty, the staff having all gone home or out or wherever they went when they weren't at work. Matt felt free to pace, hands shoved into his pockets as he tried to talk himself into actually going farther into the building. This was stupid; he knew it was. But every time he thought he was finally okay, that he'd wrapped his mind around the possibility of an *us* with another man, his stomach clenched and his mind just froze and it was a fight not to fall back into the near breakdown he'd had when he'd woken up on his couch almost a full week ago.

He should have told Dom no, skipped the game at least this time, but he'd said yes and couldn't back down now. Matt pulled his hands out of his pockets and forced himself out of the lobby. It didn't take nearly long enough to reach Dom's door, and when he did, the door was shut. Normally he'd tap on it and walk right in, but he wasn't sure things would ever be normal again. He lifted his hand, rapped sharply on the door, and waited.

“Come in,” Dom called, sounding distracted.

“Dammit,” Matt muttered. He had really hoped Dom would be ready to go and that they could just *go*, just get this over with. Although he had no intention of getting wasted like last week, he really, *really* needed a beer, and then he needed to go home—*alone*—and just fucking sleep for two days. He sighed and tried to bury the irritation he felt, then opened the door to stick his head inside. “You're the one who wanted to do this tonight. Aren't you ready to go?”

Dom looked up from his work, hair mussed and eyes blinking rapidly. “Matt,” he said, sounding surprised, even as he smiled in greeting. “Fuck, I totally lost track. Give me a few minutes, and I'll be ready. Sorry.” His suit jacket and tie were gone, and his shirt collar was open, exposing the tanned length of his throat. “Damn government contract is kicking my ass. Sorry.”

Matt shrugged and made himself step completely into the office. “Seems only fair that *something* is.” He wandered over to the leather couch along one wall and dropped into a corner, loosening his own tie with a tired sigh. “Seems like everything is kicking mine lately.”

“Anything new?” Dom asked absently, typing something quickly. “Or more of the same?”

Matt opened his mouth to blow it off and couldn't make himself do it. Because it was both new and more of the same, and while he thought Dom deserved to know, he wasn't sure it was ethical for Red Rock to find out. He pinched the bridge of his nose between his thumb and forefinger and sighed. Maybe Dom wouldn't notice he hadn't answered. He dropped his hand and opened his eyes to find Dom looking directly at him. Shit. He sighed again. “I got a phone call yesterday afternoon.”

Dom arched an eyebrow at him. “So did a lot of people.” He came around from behind his desk and claimed the other corner of the couch. “What was yours about?”

Matt sent him a humorless smile. “My business. Specifically, about a possible purchase of my business.”

“Shit,” Dom said, voice flat. He leaned back, eyes closed for a few seconds. “Who?”

“JD Consulting.” Matt's voice was wry. “And you know what that means.”

“Fucking vultures,” Dom spat out. “All they do is dismantle and sell. You and your people would be out on the street faster than you could say 'highest bidder.’”

Matt sighed and closed his eyes again, letting himself sink even farther into the soft leather. “Oh, they're the highest bidder, all right. They always are. Not that I can give you details. Not that I should even have told you they called.”

Dom was quiet for a long moment before he finally asked, “Would you rather...you know, someone not me?”

“Oh, hell no.” Matt turned his head and cracked one eye open. “And not just because you'll keep my people employed. *Vulture* doesn't begin to cover JD.” He paused, unable to completely dismiss the thought of all those zeros. “But damn, it's a shitload of money.”

“If I speed up the timetable on my bid, I can't promise you a job,” Dom said honestly. “I wasn't going to push anyhow, considering the terms of our bet, but if there were more time, the board would be more likely to decide on their own to make you an offer. I had been planning to make you look pretty damn good without actually telling them to hire you, but I'm not going to

let JD sneak in ahead of me and destroy Harris.” He shrugged, looking uncomfortable. “You know how much I hate to lose.”

Matt was absolutely not warmed to the core by Dom's response. It wasn't his heart turning over; it was just indigestion. Or possibly hunger—he'd missed lunch today. He turned on the couch, bringing one knee up as he faced Dom, unable to stop the smile curving his lips. “Uh-huh. I make myself look pretty damn good without your help, Taylor.”

“Yet I am always prettier,” Dom said with a smirk, visibly relaxing as he leaned in. “Remember, my board is used to how dazzling I am, so you're going to have to pull some seriously amazing shit off to catch their attention.”

“See, I think they're so used to your dazzle that they'll be more impressed with my subtle, razor-sharp wit.” Matt propped an elbow on the back of the couch and rested his head on his hand. “Flashy misdirection only gets you so far.”

“Smart-ass,” Dom said. “Well, if we get our bid ready in time, we'll see about that, won't we?”

Matt's own smile faded, and his voice was softer as he spoke. “I never expected to make it out of this mess with a job for myself, Dom. I have savings and resources; I can make it until I find something else. Don't let my personal situation affect your timetable either way. And I would appreciate your not outing me as your source. By the time JD makes an actual offer, enough people know about it that you could have heard it from somewhere else. It gives Red Rock an unfair advantage because JD doesn't know you're already working up a bid.” Matt didn't let himself look down at the way Dom filled out that dress shirt or at the stretch of expensive fabric over strong thighs, but it was a struggle not to. Red Rock already had an unfair advantage, and they both knew it. He swallowed hard. “I will choose the bid that is, overall, the best choice for my company and my people, even if it's JD's offer.”

Dom reached out across the back of the couch, fingers dangling inches away from Matt's raised knee. “Here's hoping you'll like what I have to offer better, then,” he said, his eyes dark.

“What I'd like is to keep my company.” Matt sighed. “What I'd like has nothing to do with it. Anyway”—Matt waved his hand dismissively—“nothing I can do about it tonight. Weren't you hungry or something?”

“Yeah.” Dom cupped and squeezed Matt's knee for a quick second. “Let me clean up, and we can go. We can eat at the bar while we watch the game, since I held us up.”

Matt managed a smirk as he cocked an eyebrow at Dom. “Weren't you supposed to be ready when I got here? Maybe you need a new watch for Christmas. Since yours doesn't seem to work anymore.”

“Whatever.” Dom stood and started putting his desk in order. “Just remember, I like gold watches. None of that leather-wristband crap.”

“Whatever.” When Dom looked away, Matt let his smile fade and turned on the couch to sit forward again. He braced his elbows on his knees and rubbed his hands over his face. He wanted Dom's offer to be the best one, even if it wasn't the highest one. Didn't know if he could be honestly impartial. A quick yawn caught him by surprise. He really needed to not get drunk, not when he was already this tired, but God, he wanted a beer. “You'll take what you get and be grateful for it.”

“Never settle for less than the best, Matt,” Dom said as he shut down his computer and grabbed his suit coat. He offered Matt a hand up. “Ready to start the weekend?”

Matt let Dom pull him to his feet. “I'm always ready.”

“Are you now?” Dom grinned as he gave Matt's hand an extra tug, pulling him a lot closer than really necessary. “Think fast,” he murmured, cupping the back of Matt's head in his free hand and then sealing their mouths together in a sudden kiss.

Oh God. Matt groaned, fingers curling into Dom's shirt where his hands had landed when Dom had yanked him off balance. He was so warm, solid under Matt's hands, and his tongue was in Matt's mouth, and it felt so good. Matt kissed him back almost helplessly, and when he finally pulled his mouth free, Dom simply moved to nip at his jaw. “I thought we were—dinner. Dom, the game.”

“If we eat at the bar we've got the time.” Dom smiled against Matt's neck. One hand curved over Matt's ass and squeezed as he pulled Matt's mouth back in for more kissing. His tongue slid between Matt's lips as Dom stepped closer, pressing their bodies hard against each other.

“I don't—” Matt's words were lost in Dom's mouth, and his fingers were sliding into the belt loops of Dom's slacks before he even realized his hands had shifted. Heat moved slowly, inexorably through his body, into his dick. “I thought you were hungry.”

“We can eat later.” Dom bent to nip at Matt's jaw again and then stole another kiss, this one lingering, tasting. “Unless you'd really rather...”

Matt wasn't sure what he'd rather. Because he didn't know if he could do this, and he definitely couldn't do it here on the fucking couch, for Christ's sake, but part of him wanted to, so much he was shaking, fine tremors under his skin as Dom kissed him again. “I can't—Please. Please, stop.”

Surprisingly enough, Dom actually did stop. He pulled back enough to make eye contact as he cupped Matt's cheek. “Yeah?” he asked. He must have seen whatever answer he was looking for, because he just gave a half smile and backed off before Matt could actually answer out loud. “Okay. Dinner it is, then.”

Dom stepped back, adjusting himself deliberately but watching Matt carefully all the while. “You okay?” he asked quietly.

Matt managed a half-assed smile and shrugged. “Fine, man. Just, you know. I could use a steak. And a beer.”

Dom straightened his jacket and reknotted his tie, all the while shooting Matt strange, unreadable looks. “Hunger can do crazy things to a man.”

Hunger wasn't the only thing that could. Matt surreptitiously wiped his damp palms against his pants. “Is that your excuse?”

Dom prowled close again, invading Matt's personal space but not quite touching him. He looked Matt up and down in a blatant appraisal. When he spoke next, his voice was low and rough around the edges. “There's more than one kind of hunger, Matt.”

“I know.” Matt's smile faded as he swallowed hard, surprised by the intense rush of need Dom's voice sent through him. “I know. One kind at a time, yeah?”

“If that's how you want it,” Dom said and then pulled away, heading for the door.

Matt watched him walk away and wished that what he wanted had anything to do with it. Because he wanted Dom, really wanted him. It was a big step just to admit it to himself; admitting it to Dom would have to wait.

* * *

By the end of the game, Dom was sitting next to Matt on one side of their usual booth all the way at the dimly lit back of Jimmy's Sports Bar, their shoulders touching and elbows knocking as they drank. It was nice, Dom thought, to just sit like this, like they used to, and he knew it was mostly his fault that they couldn't seem to get this comfortable with each other anymore. He'd seen real panic in Matt's eyes earlier at the office, had felt the way Matt shook under his hands, and couldn't believe how far down the rabbit hole he'd gone that he'd forgotten even for a moment that Matt was more than just someone to seduce, someone to win. It had been easy falling into the role of seducer, ignoring all the nonsexual things Matt made him want, but now Dom was pretty sure it came at a price he wasn't willing to pay. Not if it meant losing things like this—basketball on Friday nights, friendly insults, and the comfort of being with someone who knew Dom so well that he could just *be*.

Three seconds left on the clock, and the Spurs sank a two-pointer against the Lakers, sealing the deal on the game. Dom pumped his fist in triumph, glad to see his boys finally getting their act together. He turned to Matt, pointing at him with the neck of his half-empty beer, only his third of the evening. “Just you wait,” he said. “Mavs are going down.”

“You just hang on to that delusion. It'll get you through the tough times.” Matt snickered as he finished his beer, his third as well. “It's all Kobe's fault, you know. If he'd figure out how to be a fucking team player, they'd've wiped the floor with your Spurs.”

Dom rolled his eyes, fighting a grin. He hadn't realized how much he'd missed this over the past few weeks until tonight. “Whatever, man.” He took a deep drink and almost finished the bottle. “Keep thinking like that, and I'll be wiping the floor with your money come playoffs.”

Matt reached over to pat Dom on the head. “That's assuming they don't stall out first round. Keep hopin', boy. Keep hopin'.”

“Asshole.” Dom laughed as he ducked out from under Matt's reach. “No respect for a fine sports team.”

“I have *lots* of respect for *fine* sports teams,” Matt said. “But we were talking about the Spurs. Speaking of which, I need more beer if you're going to keep yammering on about your boys.” He eyed the empty bottles on the table and then shot Dom an expectant look.

“Bitch, bitch, bitch,” Dom said. He was the one on the outside, but he was comfortable like that. Comfortable next to Matt, and with the game over, there was no reason for them to be

sitting next to each other. Still, rather than ruin a perfectly good evening, Dom stood, pulling his wallet out. “One crappy import coming right up.”

By the time he returned to their back corner table with their refills, he was surprised to find that his spot was still available; somehow he had half expected Matt to slide over and make him take his own side of the booth. But Matt looked relaxed and open, watching the TV screens around the bar, still sitting as if Dom were right next to him, arm across the back of the booth in a casual drape. Smoothly taking the opening, Dom took his seat back, pushing Matt's beer across the few inches between them. “Your panther piss,” he said, grinning.

Matt reached for the beer, shaking his head. “You're a fucking Neanderthal with no taste in alcohol.”

“Keep telling yourself that.” Dom patted Matt's face condescendingly. “Whatever helps you sleep at night, sweet cheeks.”

“Fuck you.” Matt snickered, smacking Dom's hand away. “Your drinking habits have no bearing whatsoever on my sleeping habits.” He laughed before taking a solid swallow of his imported beer, making a frankly obscene noise of pleasure as the beer hit his tongue.

Any response Dom might have made died at that sound as he gripped his bottle tightly to keep from reaching out. Whatever distinctly more-than-friendly urges he had shoved to the back burner through dinner and the game came crashing to the front, and he had to bite his tongue to keep from saying anything as he took a drink of his own, eyes locked on Matt like he was incapable of looking away at all.

Matt sent Dom another sideways look, but when their eyes caught and held, the amusement faded from Matt's expression, replaced by a flash of hunger edged with discomfort. He turned toward Dom as his face flushed. He lifted the beer. “Want a taste? See what you're missing.”

Dom swallowed hard and licked his lower lip, blindly accepting Matt's beer. “Sure,” he said, his voice sounding strangled to his own ears. He took a sip and didn't taste a thing. Shifting in his seat, his fingers itching to touch, Dom tried not to think about kissing Matt right then and there. It was dark, and no one was paying them any mind, but some shred of common sense still held him back.

“Hey,” Matt whispered, “that was *my* beer.” He wrapped his hand around Dom's on the beer and leaned forward to press his mouth to Dom's, tongue sliding past his lips to taste.

An embarrassingly weak sound broke in Dom's throat as he opened his mouth to let Matt lick and kiss all he wanted. He tilted his head to the side for a better angle, fingers white-knuckled on the edge of the table to keep from pushing things further than they should dare right now. But, *God*, Matt's kisses were perfect even just like this, and Dom groaned again, lacing their fingers together over the beer bottle and squeezing.

Matt's other hand came up to curl around the side of Dom's throat as he slowly pulled back until his lips were just barely touching Dom's. “I think I got it all,” he said with a smile.

“Matt.” Dom breathed, almost vibrating out of his skin. He *needed* more, wanted Matt so much he was aching with it, knew instinctively that he was going to have to move carefully. “Do you... Do you want to drop by my place? I have better beer you could try there.”

“I already know your beer sucks, dude.” Matt brushed his nose against Dom's, tasted his lips again. “But we can go if you want.”

“Yeah,” Dom whispered, kissing back. “Yeah, I want.” He pulled back reluctantly, knowing they might be in a dark corner, but they were still in public. “Come on; let's go.”

Matt silently followed Dom out of the booth and then out of the bar, stopping just outside the door to take a deep breath. “God, I needed that.”

“Yeah,” Dom said, thinking about something that he needed far more than just a drink right then.

Surprisingly, they got to Dom's condo without the freak-out that Dom kept expecting. This was more deliberate than anything they'd done before, at least on Matt's part, and Dom still wasn't sure it wasn't all too good to last—or even just to be true. But Matt was relaxed and smiling, clearly buzzed enough to keep from thinking too hard and not nearly as drunk as he'd been the last time. So they caught a cab to Dom's place, Dom somehow managing to keep his hands to himself the entire ride, while Matt just sat there looking happy and relaxed in a way that made Dom want to crawl into his lap and kiss him senseless. By the time they arrived, Dom felt nearly sober, the lust coursing through his body burning off the alcohol better than coffee could.

Once they got through the front door, though, that was about the limit of Dom's self-control. He closed the door with his foot and pulled Matt in close, nuzzling their noses together. "You still thirsty?" he asked, sounding as wrecked as Matt made him feel.

"For your crappy beer?" Matt tilted his face to kiss Dom again. "Not hardly." He paused and then pulled back just a little with a faint smile. "Should maybe try being sober this time. Or at least not wasted."

Dom grinned. "Sounds good to me." He pulled Matt back in for another kiss, licking his way into his mouth. Slowly, carefully, he navigated them to his bedroom, fingers nimble as he freed them of jackets, ties, and shirts. He only broke the kiss to shuck each of their undershirts in turn and then pulled away to climb onto the bed, gaze riveted to Matt as he waited, half-sure that this was when Matt was going to freak out. Or run. Or both.

Matt sat on the edge of the bed, hands between his knees, and looked over his shoulder at Dom. "No, you know, actual sex tonight," he said with a wry half smile. "Not quite ready to give you my ass yet."

The thought of fucking Matt made Dom flash hot all over, but he just pulled up a casual smile and crawled over to kiss at the back of Matt's neck, hands sliding around the warm, taut skin of Matt's waist. "That's fine with me," he said. "There are plenty of other things besides that."

"Better get started, then." Matt closed his eyes as he leaned back into Dom's body. "But start slow. We both know I have no idea what I'm doing."

"Okay," Dom murmured, kissing Matt's shoulder. Matt was tense but clearly trying to relax at the same time. It made Dom smile against warm skin as he reached around to open Matt's fly, one hand sliding into his boxers to stroke his prick firmly. The other hand slid up Matt's stomach and chest, index finger circling one small, flat nipple, making it pebble under his touch. "I promise you'll like it," he added, hand tightening around Matt's length. "Make you feel so good."

Matt sucked in a hard breath and leaned back even more, opening his legs and giving Dom room to maneuver. "Already do. Christ, Dom. Your fucking *hands*."

"I like them on you too." Dom kissed Matt's neck and pulled his cock out of his pants, still stroking firm and steady. Matt was a gorgeous, thrumming picture of sex, just waiting to be

debauched, and Dom groaned in his ear. “We need to get naked, Matt. I want to taste you all over.”

“I’m sure as hell not stopping you,” Matt said. His voice had deepened with want, Texas thick in the sound, and his hips lifted slightly into each of Dom’s strokes. “What are you waiting for?”

“That’s a damn good question.” Dom let go, backing away to the middle of the bed and shimmying out of his trousers as quickly as he could, hands almost shaking with the want. Looking back over at Matt, Dom groaned deeply at what he saw.

Matt was sprawled flat on his back, one hand moving slowly but firmly over his dick. His other arm was flung over his head, face turned into his bicep, eyes closed but mouth open as he panted. He was not, however, making any attempt to finish stripping out of his clothes.

Dom flipped onto all fours and prowled over to Matt, then kissed the hard muscles of his stomach. “Don’t get too far ahead of me,” he said, moving down, kissing the sharp cut of Matt’s hip bone as he pulled trousers and underwear out of his way. “There’s plenty more to come,” he added, pulling off the rest of Matt’s clothes so they were finally both naked. Kneeling between Matt’s legs, feet hanging over the edge of the bed, Dom slid his palms up strong thighs, soft hair crinkling under his touch. “Still good?”

“Yeah.” Matt groaned softly. He spread his legs farther apart and pressed his face more firmly into his arm. Face still turned away, he opened one eye and shot Dom a shaky sideways smile. “You aren’t using your tongue yet, man. Thought that was the idea here.”

“Asshole,” Dom said with a fond grin. “Get all the way on the bed, and I’ll show you an idea or two.”

Matt turned his head to give Dom a challenging look and firmed his hand on his dick, stroking a little faster. “Don’t get too many ideas,” he said. “You only get to try one at a time.”

“Easy there.” Dom grabbed Matt’s wrist and stopped him. He pushed Matt’s arm up, straddled his thigh, and half covered him, kissing his way up, licking and nipping until he got to Matt’s mouth. Dom sucked on Matt’s lower lip and growled just rough enough to be a promise. “My turn.”

“Bout fucking time.” Matt growled back. “Was starting to think you were waiting for me to back out.”

“Not hardly,” Dom said—even though he had been—and closed his mouth over Matt's, tongue pushing for entrance as he settled firmly on top of his friend. Shifting so their cocks were trapped between them, he moved, rubbing both of them with hard, calculated thrusts. The slip of his cock on smooth skin was enough to drag a groan out of Dom, and he let go of Matt's wrist, fingers seeking and clasping Matt's as he moved. It wasn't what he wanted most, but it felt amazing. Shocks of pleasure were going off under his skin—it felt amazing. It wasn't what he wanted most, but it was a damn good start.

Matt opened to Dom's tongue, kissed him back as their hips moved together. He was hard and leaking against Dom, skin flushed, moans building in his throat that turned into helpless laughter as he broke the kiss and turned his head away. “You were right. Get off me so I can get m'fucking legs on the bed. I feel like I'm about to slide off.”

Snickering, Dom rolled away. He sat with his back against the headboard, watching as Matt scrambled up on the bed next to him. He didn't want to give Matt a chance to freak out, so he rolled, covering Matt fully right away.

“Much better,” he said, kissing his way down Matt's neck, sucking hard on his collar bone, hands smoothing down Matt's sides and cupping behind his hips without grabbing too much of his ass. “Getting better all the time, even.”

“Definitely.” Matt sucked in a breath, but there was humor behind the breathlessness in his voice. “Although there still is not enough tongue involved. And I thought you were a man of your word.”

“Fixated much?” Dom licked small circles around one of Matt's nipples. He kept his hands moving, petting, stroking, leaving Matt's skin flushed and salty with want. “You just want me to suck your cock again, don't you?”

Matt shrugged. “I wouldn't say no. But you're the one who said *taste you all over*, so... I'm just running with your idea.” He bit back a groan as his body shuddered under Dom's hands and mouth.

Dom looked up and smirked, knowing the look was wicked. “Well, since you insist.” He moved quickly to flip Matt over and push his knees between Matt's. “All over means all over,” he added, then sucked the back of Matt's neck before licking slowly down his spine.

“I didn't think it just meant my dick,” Matt snickered. He relaxed into the bed, body going boneless under Dom's. “God, that feels good.”

Dom continued licking down Matt's spine, hands following in his wake. When he reached the dip at the small of Matt's back, he traced a delicate line with the tip of his tongue along the swell of Matt's ass. He paused only long enough to make sure Matt was still good, then scraped his teeth down the curve of one perfect ass cheek. Holding Matt's cheeks apart, Dom took a moment to admire the view and then swiped his tongue, rough and wet, across Matt's tight pucker.

Matt cried out and jerked in Dom's hands. “I—Fuck—That's—*Dom*. You just *licked my ass*.”

“I noticed.” Dom chuckled. He rubbed a thumb over where he'd just licked, the other hand petting soothing circles on Matt's back. “It's okay, Matt. Just relax,” he murmured, kissing next to his thumb and then tracing a fast, teasing circle around the tight pucker. “Relax.”

“I—I can't *relax*. God. I—Do it again.” Matt's breath hitched; he put his face in both hands and writhed slowly. “Had no fucking idea. It's—Please. Please.”

Slowing down, Dom traced painfully slow circles again and again, gradually pushing harder. The more noise Matt made, the more he moved. Dom's own skin was damn near on fire with want, but he forced himself to keep going, to keep driving Matt as thoroughly out of his mind as possible. When he thought he'd go crazy himself, Dom finally pressed the tip of his tongue in, worming his way into Matt's tight body with a groan.

“That's your—*God*. I—Shit. Shit!” Matt stopped trying to talk and just moaned, hips pushing back into Dom's hands and tongue. His dick pushed into the bed with each roll of his hips, and his legs were spread wide on either side of Dom. “Gonna come,” he finally panted. “Oh my God, I'm gonna come because your fucking *tongue* is in my *ass*, and God, it's so...feels so good. Fuck.”

Dom fucked his tongue into Matt, groaning as he held Matt's cheeks apart and licked, sucked, and tasted all he could. Eager, desperate for more, Dom pushed the tip of one finger into Matt, hooked it, and tugged. “Want you so much.” He growled, licking around his finger and the tight ring of muscle.

Matt just whimpered as Dom kept working, licking and sliding his finger farther inside to press until Matt's whole body jerked hard. He yelled wordlessly and shook as he came, spilling in sharp pulses against the bed. The feel and smell of Matt coming was almost enough to shove Dom over the edge. He pushed up and stretched next to Matt, humping desperately against his hip even as he mouthed at Matt's shoulder.

“Oh God, so close.” Dom gasped, almost shaking. “So fucking close.”

“Come on,” Matt slurred. He reached down and circled his fingers around Dom's dick, making a fist for him to fuck into as Matt turned his body slightly so he could catch Dom's mouth with his own.

“*Matt.*” Dom gasped, thrusting into Matt's fist and kissing back wet and messy as he fell apart. Breath hitching, Dom clutched at Matt and came, his body a tense line against Matt's. Sagging, gasping for air, Dom curled closer as he came down, body twitching pleasantly in the aftermath of his orgasm.

Matt hummed vaguely and sighed, lips quirking into a vague smirk as he wiped his hand off on Dom's stomach. “Can't believe you had your tongue in my ass, man,” he mumbled.

Dom snorted. “Can't believe you kissed me after,” he said, even though Matt was all but passed out already. Forcing himself to stand, Dom went to his attached bathroom to clean up. He wet a cloth, pushed Matt over enough to clean him and pull the stained covers away, turned out the lights, and then crawled back into bed and wrapped himself around Matt. It felt more intimate than even the sex, but it felt good. Comfortable. Right.

Falling asleep, relaxed and sated, Dom couldn't help but grin, smug and happy and pretty sure he could get used to this.

* * *

Matt woke slowly, far too comfortable in his half doze to want to completely emerge. He felt *good*, sated and relaxed in a way he hadn't been for a long time. He pulled his pillow closer, tucked it in close, and thought about just staying where he was for a few days.

Dom shifted behind him, fitting himself against Matt's back in a lazy, sleepy sort of cuddle. One hand slid over Matt's hip, the sheet between them, and Dom hummed quietly. “This is so very much worth skipping my morning run,” he muttered, face tucked against the back of Matt's shoulder.

“Much better way of working out,” Matt agreed absently. “Now shut up. You're waking me up.”

“Shutting up,” Dom said, and Matt could hear the grin in his voice. Warm lips skated over his shoulder and neck, and Dom slid closer, the hand on Matt's hip moving under the sheet and settling at his waist this time.

Matt's lips quirked in response. “That's not really helping either,” he said, but he turned a little to tangle his legs with Dom's and reached down to pull Dom's hand in to cover his stomach.

“I'd offer to sing you back to sleep,” Dom said, squeezing his arm once, “but I don't want to make your ears bleed.”

“I appreciate your consideration,” Matt murmured as he guided Dom's hand a little lower. “There are other ways of getting me back to sleep.” His stomach jumped under the touch of Dom's hand. The warmth of arousal was curling through him slowly, a much lazier feeling than last night's rush, and he tried not to let his breath hitch. He really wanted this, really wanted Dom. Really wasn't straight. It was getting easier to admit to himself, even if he still didn't want to think too much about it. Matt ducked his head and pushed Dom's hand over his dick.

Dom laughed but wrapped his hand around Matt's half-hard length and stroked him gently, slowly. “I do like the way you think.” He kissed the nape of Matt's neck.

Matt sucked in a breath. “Rather not think at all, actually.” He pushed back into Dom's body and nearly froze as he felt Dom, hard, now snug against his ass. Shifting experimentally, Matt groaned as Dom's dick slipped through the crack of his ass and rubbed. Suddenly he felt a whole lot less lazy. “Oh, fuck, that was... Ngh.”

“Fuck is right.” Dom groaned, his hand tightening around Matt's dick, hips rocking slowly against his ass. “God, you drive me crazy,” he added, panting across Matt's skin.

“Trust me, you were already—*God*—already insane. Dammit!” Matt groaned and pushed back again, harder. “You're rubbing your fucking dick on my ass. It shouldn't feel *that* good.”

“If you...” Dom trailed off and swallowed loudly, hitching Matt closer, his hand more determined as he somehow locked their bodies together, the hard lines of his chest fitting perfectly against Matt's back. “If you say so, man.”

Matt reached back and tangled his hand in Dom's hair, body arching. “Fuck, I—I say so. Christ, Dom, I just—I need to come, please, just, oh fuck.”

“I'll get you there, baby,” Dom whispered, kissing Matt's neck, keeping them moving together. His hand moved hard and fast over Matt, more determined and less coaxing now. Dom's cock was slipping easier against Matt's ass too, a steady grind that only felt better with each push.

“Don't call me that, you fucker. Just... Shit. Shit!” Matt pulled one leg up to better brace himself as he reached between his legs to palm his balls while Dom jacked him faster. “So fucking close. Oh God.”

Dom didn't say anything, just stroked Matt's cock hard, hips and hand pushing him harder. Then he scraped his teeth down the length of Matt's neck, twisted his hand, and grunted in Matt's ear. “Let go for me. Let me see you come.”

Matt groaned and shuddered, hair around his face damp with sweat, face flushed with the heat that had flooded his body and melted his brain. “Make me. Fuck you. Make me come.”

“How do you want it?” Dom asked in a rough voice. “Do you want to come like this? Or maybe in my mouth, so I can drink you down again while I jack myself to the sounds you make?” He swiped his thumb over the weeping head of Matt's cock, spreading the slick fluid. “Or maybe you want me to put my fingers in your ass and make you scream again.”

“Yes.” Matt tried to swallow, tried to speak through the flash of heat Dom's words—his *voice*—shoved through him. “Put your fucking fingers in my ass already. God, Dom, I need you to just fucking do it now.”

“Fuck yes,” Dom ground out and moved quickly, pushing Matt back and kneeling between his legs. With the hand that had been on Matt's cock, Dom was jerking himself as he pushed two fingers from his other hand past Matt's lips. “Lick them,” he ordered. “Get them wet for me.”

Matt sucked them in eagerly, pushing his tongue between and over and around as he wrapped his hand around his abandoned cock. He watched Dom stroke himself and tried not to think about Dom fucking him, really fucking him. Using his tongue, he tried to push Dom's fingers out of his mouth. They were wet enough, and Matt wanted to come, now. He spread his legs farther apart and brought his knees up, fucking his own fist in earnest.

Dom started with one finger, pressing in slowly, biting his lower lip in concentration. Matt wasn't quite used to the full feeling before Dom added the other finger and shoved both in hard and deep. “God, you're so fucking tight in there.” He groaned, letting go of his cock and falling

forward, then bracing himself on the mattress, fingers still fucking slowly in and out of Matt, cock bumping against his jerking hand.

“Thought that was the fucking point,” Matt muttered, squirming a little as he tried to adjust, tried to wrap his mind around the fact that he was stone-cold sober and Dom's fingers were in his ass. That he wanted more, *needed* more. More fingers, more movement, more *something*. He threw his arm over his eyes and jacked himself faster, groaning as the loss of vision sharpened his awareness of the full feeling in his ass. “Faster, asshole. Not gonna break.”

“Fuck you, man.” Dom laughed breathlessly, pumping his fingers in and out of Matt, hard and steady. He crooked his fingers, a blinding, hot stretch of more that still somehow wasn't enough. “Fucking touch me, Matt. *Please.*”

Matt let go of his own dick and fumbled until he found Dom's, not wanting to uncover his eyes yet. Of course, his sense of touch was heightened here too, in spite of the awkward angle. He could feel the heat of Dom's body, feel the layer of velvet-soft skin that shifted under his fingers, feel how hard and solid Dom was. Dom's heart was pounding; Matt could feel the thrum of it in the veins that wove along the entire length in his hand. Matt used his thumb to toy with the spongy head, pressing against the oozing slit, spreading that moisture, flicking at the flared rim. God. *God*. He wanted to *feel* this in his ass instead of his hand, wanted to open around it as it slid inside. Wanted to know if it hurt as much as he assumed it would, wanted to see how hard he'd come when he found out. Dom chose just that moment to shove and twist and *press* all at once, and Matt cried out, body snapping taut and hand clenching on Dom's dick as he finally, *finally* came.

“*Jesus.*” Dom gasped and pushed hard into the circle of Matt's hand, his head falling forward with a curse. He stiffened, swelling in Matt's hand before coming hot and wet on them both, shaking between Matt's legs. “Fuck,” he managed roughly, pulling his hand free and sagging, falling in a sprawl across Matt's body.

“No, it's Matt.” Matt sucked in air, trying to breathe, trying to think and not think at the same time, trying not to freak out. He closed his eyes and gave in to the inevitable. That had been one of the best orgasms in his life, and he wanted Dom to fuck him. Jesus Christ. “And you're fucking heavy, man. Get off.”

“Asshole,” Dom grumbled, but he rolled to the side anyhow, grinning like an idiot. “I bet you're going to want breakfast now too, aren't you?”

Matt reached over and wiped his hand down Dom's arm. It was Dom's spunk—he could damn well wear it. “Of course,” he agreed. “I fed you when you crashed at my place. Your turn to cook.”

Dom laughed and kissed Matt's shoulder. “Fine, fine.” He rolled away and got out of bed. “Let me shower, and then I promise to feed you. I might even break out the good cereal bowls for the occasion.”

“Oooh, aren't I special.” Matt yawned and rolled onto his side, away from Dom. He needed a minute to regroup. “Take your time. I'll power nap.”

* * *

Dom smiled as he sipped his coffee and poked at the sausages before flipping a couple of pieces of French toast over. He felt good. Relaxed, even, despite all the extra work that the bid on Harris was making for him at the office. He was even getting used to the warm and comfortable feeling he got low in his gut every time he thought about Matt. Plus, it had been longer than he really wanted to admit since he'd had any kind of sex on a regular basis, and Matt was scorchingly hot. Even with the looming possibility that Matt might still have a panic attack over what they'd done, Dom was willing to say that he was having a pretty good morning.

When breakfast was ready and there still hadn't been a sound from the bedroom, he fixed a couple of plates and two fresh mugs of coffee, dug out a tray that he hadn't used since the ex-boyfriend who had a thing for dinner parties had left, and brought the food to Matt. He felt like a complete sap, but that couldn't stop him from grinning as he walked into his bedroom to find Matt still sleeping in his bed. Matt was on his stomach, completely oblivious to the world as Dom set the tray down and climbed onto the bed.

“Time to wake up,” Dom murmured, sliding his hand through Matt's tousled hair and kissing his exposed temple softly. “Breakfast is ready.”

Matt grunted something unintelligible and shifted onto his side, then yawned and blinked slowly. “Dude, are you petting me?”

“It was either that or a bucket of cold water,” Dom said with a grin, fisting his hand in Matt's hair and tugging gently. “And I have to sleep on this bed later. Hungry?”

“Starving.” Matt let his head move with the pull of Dom's hand but raised an eyebrow at him. “I'm awake now; you can let go. And please tell me you made coffee.”

Rolling his eyes at Matt, Dom patted the back of his head and kissed him loudly on the cheek before backing off. “Coffee, French toast, and sausage.” He nodded to the tray on the nightstand. “*And* I'm even going to let you eat in bed.”

Matt smirked. “I thought you said you were sleeping here later.” But he sat up and pushed himself back until he was comfortably situated against the padded headboard before gesturing grandly. “Well? Feed me.”

“Asshole,” Dom said. But he got the tray and balanced it on the bed between them, then flourished his hands over it. “Breakfast is served, your majesty.”

“Coffee first,” Matt muttered, immediately reaching for a mug. He actually moaned with the first swallow, eyelids fluttering and face relaxing as the caffeine hit his system. “God, I needed that.”

“I can tell,” Dom said, very proud that his voice was even. He wondered if he'd ever get to a point where most of the time around Matt was not spent wanting to touch him. If he was lucky, he would, at any rate. Dom grabbed his own mug to busy his hands. “There's more in the kitchen,” he finally said. “But after this you have to serve yourself.”

Matt waved a hand absently, still engrossed in the coffee. “Fair enough, I suppose. But I seriously need a shower before I put any clothes on again. I'm not really interested in wearing dried spunk home.” Matt put the mug between his legs and reached for a plate. “Smells good.”

“I have some clean sweats you can borrow,” Dom offered with a leer. “And I can always help you in the shower, you know. All part of being a good host.”

“I think I can manage,” Matt said. “Thanks. But I might take you up on the sweats.” The tightness around Matt's eyes had returned, and the smile he gave Dom was a little stiff.

“Oh, what's the matter, princess?” Dom asked, fluttering his lashes to hide the disappointment that welled up at seeing Matt close off again. “Need all the space you can get in the shower for your beauty routine?”

Matt tossed a sausage at Dom's head. “Fuck off,” he said, expression easing again. “First, you already showered. Clearly. Second, I can shower faster without your elbows in the way.”

Dom laughed, grabbed the sausage, and took a bite out of it, winking at Matt. "Suit yourself." He picked up the other plate and tucked into his breakfast. "Your loss."

"I usually do." Matt grinned. "And I rarely lose."

Chapter Seven

Matt blew out a breath and yanked at his hair again. This might actually work, might come together well enough that Red Rock would take his people. He'd sucked it up and talked to everyone today, told them what he should have weeks—if not months—ago. They weren't stupid; most of them had seen something coming. But the possibility of staying employed was a welcome surprise. He'd been honest, hadn't guaranteed anything, and had told them about both offers. They were, if not excited, at least relieved to know what was going on, to have hope. To Matt's surprise, he'd had two people ask about retiring instead and another tell him she had been planning to quit because her husband was being transferred. So that was three of his staff he didn't have to worry about.

Still. It had been a hard discussion, one Matt had been worked up over all morning, and he was still working on shoring up as much as he could before Red Rock's bid came. He was starting to feel like he'd never have time to stop and catch his breath again. His stomach churned, and he pressed his hand against it. With his luck, he was getting an ulcer too.

“When this is over,” Dom said, letting himself into Matt's office, “you have got to promise me you'll take a vacation. I have it on good authority your new boss won't mind approving the time off.”

Matt jumped and looked up, honestly surprised. Dom had said he couldn't guarantee Matt a job, and Matt didn't expect one. Not really. Did he want to work for Red Rock? Did he really have a choice? “Hi,” he said drily. “Sure, come in, no problem. Does that mean I'll be working for you?”

Dom grinned and came around to Matt's side of the desk to half sit on the edge. “Only if you don't think it'd be considered sexual harassment when I do this.” He leaned in and pulled Matt into a kiss, gently sucking on his lower lip before pulling away. “Hey,” he breathed. “Kind of missed you.”

“Yeah, I just—” Matt sat back, then rolled his chair out of Dom's reach. “Can you not do that here? I've been... I mean... I can't do that now.” Just rolling back wasn't enough. Matt stood and crossed to the windows, shoving his hands into his pants pockets to keep from grabbing Dom. What he really wanted was to sit *with* Dom, to lean on someone else for once, and God, he really was turning into a girl.

Behind him, Matt heard Dom huff in irritation. “It's after hours,” he said, voice tight. “I didn't see a single soul on my way in here. No one's here to see me stealing a fucking kiss, Matt.”

Matt turned to glare at Dom. “So, what—I have to have an audience to not be in the mood? Apparently it really *is* sexual harassment. No really does mean no, dickhead.”

“You were sure singing a different tune a couple of days ago,” Dom said, crossing his arms over his chest and glaring right back at him, “when no meant *don't stop, yes, harder.*”

“Oh fuck you.” Matt growled. “I said no. Back off.”

“For fuck's sake!” Dom threw his hands up and stalked over to loom in Matt's personal space. “One minute you're begging me to finger fuck you, and the next you won't even let me kiss you. I'm getting fucking sick and tired of this hot-and-cold bullshit, Matt. What the fuck is your problem?”

Matt shoved a hand through his hair and tugged, hard. “I can't just, I don't know, roll over and let you have my ass whenever you want. I am fucking *trying*. I really am.” Matt waved his arm almost violently and started to pace. “This isn't easy for me; I told you that before. And I am trying not to freak out about *wanting your fucking cock*. Okay? It's been a shit day, and I'm already on edge, and I just... I don't want to do this right now.”

Dom crossed his arms again and scowled. “So, what? I get to wait around while you yank my chain until you're ready to act on getting fucked?” he all but snarled. “Kissing doesn't have to lead to you bent over your desk, asshole. Sometimes it's actually just *kissing*.”

“And sometimes”—Matt snarled right back—“I really am just not in the mood. I'm not yanking your fucking chain, *asshole*. I'm trying to adjust to the idea that I'm maybe not really that straight while I deal with losing my business. At the same fucking time. If you just want someone who'll drop everything to play kissy-face with you, you're in the wrong office.”

“Fine, you're not in the mood.” Dom paced halfway across the office, sulking. He stopped suddenly and looked hard at Matt, disbelief clear on his face. “Wait. That's the second time

you've said that. Are you honestly saying you didn't know you might have a thing for dick before this? Because for a supposedly straight boy, you're sure comfortable doing some pretty fucking gay things.”

Matt glared at Dom. He could feel his face slowly heat and knew he was flushing red. “Yes,” he gritted out. “I am honestly saying I didn't know.” Then with a sigh, he crossed the room to drop into his chair again. “Maybe I wondered, a little. Once in a while. But it's really easy to pretend otherwise when it isn't thrown in your face and when you love fucking girls.”

“Wouldn't know about that last part.” Dom gave half a grin in peace offering as he threw himself into his usual chair, shoulders slumped a little. “Never even had that as an option, really. Still...” He paused, grin widening. “Would have thought you'd be at least a *little* self-aware at this stage in your life.”

“Oh shut up,” Matt said irritably. He fought the answering grin trying to pull at one corner of his mouth. “Or I'll give you all the lurid details I can remember from years and years of girl fucking.”

“No need to get nasty.” Dom chuckled, relaxing some. He sighed, grin fading to a serious look. “Sorry, man,” he finally said. “Guess you're not the only one on a hair trigger lately, huh?”

Matt shrugged one shoulder. “Guess we both need that vacation after this is over.” He ran a hand through his hair and managed a rueful smile. “So, why'd you drop by? I sort of jumped all over you before you had a chance to say anything.”

Dom had the good grace to look embarrassed. “I came by to see if you wanted to go somewhere for dinner.” He rubbed the back of his neck. “Can I ask a guy on a date, or what?”

“Wow.” Matt started to laugh. “You really know how to make an impression, don't you? Tell you what—if you leave now so I can get some work done, then yeah, I'll go somewhere for dinner with you.”

“If we go too much later, it won't be worth it to go to any of our usual spots,” Dom pointed out. “How about I get pizza and beer and meet you at your place in a couple of hours?”

Matt looked down at his watch in surprise. It was almost eight o'clock, and they both had to be back at their offices in the morning. “Well, fuck.” His hand worked through his hair again. “Yeah, sure, that works. I just have some paperwork that has to be done tonight.”

“I understand; trust me.” Dom pushed himself up and out of his chair. “I just left work myself.” His gaze lingered on Matt’s mouth for a few seconds before snapping up. “See you later, then?”

“Yeah.” Matt thought about the kiss Dom so obviously wanted, but lost his nerve and didn’t offer. He mustered up an extra-obnoxious smirk instead. “Make sure you get *good* beer, you hear me?”

“Whatever you want, princess,” Dom said, rolling his eyes and waving a dismissive hand at Matt.

“Don’t call me that either. Asshole.” Matt flipped him off. “Get out of my office.”

“You say the sweetest things.” Dom laughed but finally went, leaving Matt alone.

* * *

Dom sat in his car in front of Matt’s house for a few minutes, staring himself down in the rearview mirror. The large pizza and a six-pack of Matt’s favorite beer—which, admittedly, Dom had developed a liking for since Matt had licked the taste out of his mouth—sat on the seat next to him, waiting. He wasn’t sure what he was doing now, pushing things with Matt when they were so completely mixed up like this. What he really should have been doing was running as fast as he could, but he couldn’t seem to stop himself from doing just the opposite. Beyond the stress of putting together the bid, fighting to convince Johnson and the board that full retention of HD employees was in their best interest, and keeping his own business running, pursuing Matt was really the last thing he should have been worried about.

Dom wasn’t a stupid man. He wouldn’t have lasted a year, much less over a decade, in business if he were. But he was only just now starting to understand and accept how messed up he was over Matt. The fact that he wanted nothing more than to freaking *hold* him after their argument earlier had been a pretty big clue, after all. He shoved it back, though, even further back than the burning *want* to fuck Matt over any and all available surfaces. If Matt couldn’t reliably handle the physical, Dom was pretty sure throwing in heavy emotions would be the big deal breaker for them.

But he just couldn’t seem to stop himself. Matt wanted this just as much as Dom did; he was sure of it now, especially since Matt hadn’t taken the out Dom had offered. If Dom was right, according to what Matt had said earlier, he knew he wasn’t going to be able to save HD,

even though he wasn't showing any sign of giving up. It made Dom smug to know he was going to win, and it also made a messy, hot knot of want and possession coil low in his gut to know that Matt was sticking to this, knowing what it would mean in the end. Too bad it was too late to change the terms again, though; Dom wanted so much more than just the sex, and there was no deal in the world that could make that happen. You either cared about someone or you didn't, and while Dom might have been hiding behind the sex, there was a good chance that was all it really meant to Matt.

Closing his eyes, Dom took a deep breath before opening them and taking one more hard look at himself in the mirror. Same guy as always, T-shirt, jeans, tousled hair he hadn't bothered to fix when he'd pulled his shirt on. There was nothing in his reflection that made him look like someone who had fallen for a guy who might not be able to accept what was happening between them. And maybe if he acted the part enough, he'd make it true after all.

“Man up, Taylor,” he muttered to himself. “Sometimes life just sucks like that.”

One deep breath to steady himself, and Dom gathered the food and drink, headed to the house, and rang the doorbell with the back of his hand. Letting the pizza get cold and the beer get warm wouldn't solve any of his problems anyhow.

Matt opened the door, eyes drifting half shut as he inhaled the scents wafting from the pizza box. “God, that smells good. I was starting to wonder if I needed to find a new delivery boy.” He stepped back to let Dom in.

Dom grinned, looking Matt over from head to toe; he was still in shirtsleeves and trousers, complete with a loosened tie, but he was barefoot and looked worlds more relaxed than he had only a couple of hours earlier. “I got everything you want right here.” He leered ridiculously. Before Matt could escape, Dom leaned in and stole a quick kiss. “But I should let you know, I'm expecting one hell of a tip.”

“You are such an ass,” Matt said, rolling his eyes. “And if you want that tip, I expect some seriously stellar service.” He took the beer with a pleased smile. “I'll go put this in the fridge and get the cold ones out. You go pick something to watch. Just put the pizza on the coffee table.”

“I live to serve,” Dom grumbled but winked at Matt. He picked a random movie he hadn't seen before. It looked like something with aliens and explosions, something that didn't require too much brainpower to enjoy, which was their main criteria for a movie most of the time.

Starving, he sat on the couch and grabbed a slice before Matt could make it back with the beer; he took a big bite, moaning in appreciation at the taste.

“Need some alone time with your pizza, dude?” Matt set a bottle on the coffee table in front of Dom and dropped onto the couch next to him, grabbing his own slice before slumping into the cushions with a soft, tired sigh.

“Do not mock my food porn,” Dom said, slouching back. “Besides, it really is that good.” He took another bite and moaned again, deeper and longer and more blatantly sexual. Just because he could.

Matt muttered under his breath but couldn't quite hold back his own moan when he bit into his slice. “Okay, yeah,” Matt finally said after he swallowed. “But if you moan like a porn star, I'm totally going to mock you for it.”

Dom leered at him. “It's not the only thing I can do like a porn star,” he said, waggling his eyebrows.

“Oh, you did not.” Matt choked out a laugh around his pizza. “Dude, trust me. Not a comparison to aspire to. Not at—how did you put it?—at this stage of your life.”

“Fuck you,” Dom said cheerfully, kicking at Matt's shin. “You'll appreciate my skills when you finally let me fuck you, you know.”

“Dude, you know porn is fake, right? It's acting—*bad* acting—and no skill at all.”

“It's the only sex I'm getting these days. Don't ruin it for me,” Dom said, proud of himself for holding it together. The look on Matt's face was part amusement, part disbelief, and Dom couldn't resist jerking him around a little.

“Uh-huh. And I bet you believe in Santa and the Easter Bunny too.” Matt snorted and took a swallow of his beer, then let his head fall back against the couch, eyes closed. “I would feel sorrier for you, truly, if you weren't a few days shy of owning my ass for a week.”

“Aw, isn't that sweet.” Dom slid over and patted Matt's knee gently. “Fake almost-pity from a virgin. Don't worry, man. Once you find out what you're missing, you'll understand the pain of my blue balls more.”

Matt flipped him off but didn't move and didn't open his eyes. “Oh, whatever. Like I've never had blue balls before. Then again, that's what your hand is for.”

Dom finished his slice of pizza. "Nothing's as good as the real thing," he said at last, grin turning smug. "Just like there's nothing quite like being fucked."

"I wouldn't have thought you'd know," Matt said, cracking his eyes open slightly at that to send Dom a sidelong look. "Didn't think you ever took it up the ass." The look turned sly as he added, "Because you seem like such a giver."

"Oh, I am," Dom said, stretching his legs out so his thigh was pressed against Matt's. "But some things you just have to have."

Matt shifted a little but didn't move away, staying silent for a long time. Finally he huffed out a laugh and, shaking his head, lifted his beer to his mouth.

Waiting until Matt was swallowing, Dom leaned in to whisper in his ear, "Play your cards right, and you could give it to me."

Matt promptly choked on the beer going down and leaned forward to set the bottle on the coffee table as he coughed. "Oh my God," he finally rasped. "You did that on purpose, you son of a bitch." His eyes were watering, and he was still coughing as he started to laugh helplessly.

Dom grabbed his own beer and saluted Matt with a smile and the bottle. Hanging out and shooting the shit with Matt had gotten worlds more fun now that Dom was allowed to flirt. "Let me know if you're interested," he said, still grinning hugely. "I can add it to your tab."

"Yeah, whatever." Matt's glare was entirely unconvincing. "Shut up and eat your pizza, asshole. I'm trying to watch the movie here."

"Fine, whatever." Dom grabbed another slice. He didn't move very far away when he sat back, though, still close enough to feel Matt's warmth, close enough to keep their knees touching casually.

When he'd finally finished his third slice, about halfway through the movie, Dom leaned back against the sofa with a sigh of satisfaction. He stretched, laying his arm across the back of the sofa behind Matt, fingers dangling just enough to brush the side of his arm. It wasn't smooth, but it was a move that could be ignored if Matt was still not in the mood for anything. Dom grinned, pleased with himself.

Matt turned and shot Dom an incredulous look. "Seriously?"

Resisting the urge to blush, Dom rubbed his thumb back and forth over Matt's arm in a light caress. "Deal with it, asshole," he said, grinning to soften the insult. "Now shut up and let me watch the movie."

"Uh-huh." Matt snickered. "I can tell you're completely engrossed." But he sat forward to exchange his fourth empty beer bottle for another slice of the now-cold pizza, and when he settled back again, he was measurably closer to Dom.

When Matt didn't move away after a few minutes, Dom let himself relax a little more, leaning against Matt's side warmly. It was peaceful and comfortable, sitting there like that. Still... "Dude, this movie really sucks," he finally said. He hadn't seen acting this bad outside of those made-for-TV genre movies. "Why the hell did you buy it?"

Matt shrugged. "I like cheesy movies." He paused, considering, and then laughed. "Actually, I pretty much like any movie at all. I can always find something to enjoy about it, even if it's just the potential for mocking. You can stop it and pick something else if you want."

The last thing Dom wanted to do was get up just then. "Nah. It can stay. Besides," he added, deliberately leaning more against Matt, "I'm comfortable where I am."

"As long as you're comfortable," Matt cooed. He reached over to pat Dom's thigh and left his hand where it landed.

Dom draped his arm around Matt, not even bothering to try to make it look like anything else at that point. "Shh." He kissed Matt's temple. "I'm trying to watch the movie."

Matt slid his hand up and in until he was palming Dom's cock through his jeans. "Oh well. I was thinking you could teach me something else instead, but if you want to watch the movie..." Matt let his voice trail off.

"You know me," Dom said, voice quiet even as he tensed briefly. Matt's hand felt so good, his touch chasing away Dom's earlier worries. He kissed the corner of Matt's jaw and hummed. "I'm always up for suggestions."

"You aren't quite up yet," Matt murmured, still stroking. "But we'll get there."

"Wiseass," Dom said. Matt was giving him fucking whiplash like this, but that didn't mean Dom wanted him to stop. He laughed softly. "You ever going to stop running hot and cold on me?"

Matt's hand slowed, and he sighed. "God, I hope so. I'm just—shit—new. At this. Sorry." Matt put his hand back in his own lap. "Feel free to kick me to the curb here. Just because I'm not playing you on purpose doesn't mean you have to put up with it."

"Hey, it's okay." Dom cupped Matt's chin and guided him into a gentle kiss. "It was a stupid joke," he said, resting their foreheads together. He managed to summon up a smile from somewhere and squeezed Matt's shoulder. "I kind of like you, you know. It makes dealing with your crazy ass a lot easier."

"Gee, thanks." Matt shook his head, but he smiled. The smile didn't last long, though—Matt closed his eyes as he kissed Dom again. "I want you to fuck my crazy ass," he murmured. "Can we do that?"

The words went straight to Dom's cock, making it stand up at attention in record time. He nodded, kissing Matt hard, fingers working to pull Matt's dress shirt out of his trousers, yanking at the buttons. "If that's what you want, I'm not going to say no." He grinned before catching Matt's lower lip between his teeth and tugging. "Please tell me you have supplies, Matt."

Matt choked out a laugh and nodded. "Easy, cowboy. I don't want it on the couch with the aliens looking on." He gestured at the TV and laughed again. "And yes," Matt admitted with a slight blush, "I have supplies. But they're in my room."

Dom forced himself to slow down, to reluctantly disentangle himself from Matt. "We should go there, then," he said, proud that his voice held steady. "More comfortable than the couch anyway."

"I thought you were trying to watch the movie," Matt said, eyes wide and almost, *almost* with a straight face. His lips twitched, though, as if he couldn't help it.

"Always up for suggestions," Dom said, grabbing Matt's hand and pressing it against the hard line of his cock. Matt's hands on him in any way had always driven Dom nuts, but this was even more. "Want to give you what you want," he murmured in Matt's ear before kissing his neck. "I promise I'm going to make you feel so good. Going to spread you open and slide in and make you feel better than you've ever felt before. I promise."

Matt groaned softly, turning his face into Dom's as he rubbed his hand over Dom's crotch. "Hold you to that, swear to God. C'mon, Dom, let's—mmm. Let's go upstairs, yeah?"

"God yes." Dom breathed against Matt's mouth. "Lead the way."

With obvious reluctance, Matt dropped his hand, moved away from Dom, and stood up. He scrubbed both hands over his face and then turned to face Dom. “I’m saying yes right now, okay? If there’s something you do that I don’t like, I’ll tell you, but I want to do this, and I don’t have a fucking clue. So it’s all you, man. Unless I say otherwise, assume it’s all good.”

“Sounds good,” Dom said. He stood, quickly stepping into Matt’s space and pulling him in by the back of the head for more kisses. “Sounds fucking perfect.”

Chapter Eight

Matt wasn't feeling nearly as nervous—panicked—as he thought he should be. He could attribute some of that to the alcohol he'd consumed, but not all of it. Not anymore. He bent over the bathroom sink and filled his hands with water, then splashed it over his face. He'd thought he would need a minute to settle, to breathe, but as he stared at his own face in the mirror, he realized he was okay. This was okay.

Still, he took the time for a piss before ambling out of the bathroom into the master bedroom, where he'd left Dom a few minutes before. Dom had stripped down to boxer-briefs and was sitting on the edge of Matt's indulgently huge bed. Matt smiled as he continued across the room and came to a halt directly in front of Dom, hands tucked into the pockets of his trousers. “Hi.”

Dom smiled up at him and curled his fingers around Matt's tie, tugging until the loose knot finally fell open, the silk sliding away to the floor. “Hi,” he said, hands smoothing down to pull at the tails of Matt's shirt. He paused, but fortunately didn't do anything stupid like ask Matt if he was sure about this. Instead he held Matt's gaze as he opened the shirt the rest of the way, reaching in to push it back and down Matt's arms, leaving him in his trousers and undershirt. Dom thumbed open Matt's trousers and slid them down, then pushed up his undershirt enough to put those warm hands right against the skin of Matt's waist.

Matt hummed under his breath with pleasure and rested his forearms on Dom's shoulders. “S a good start,” he said, eyes heavy. “That all you got?”

“Baby, I'm just getting started,” Dom said softly. He leaned in and kissed Matt's stomach, just above his navel. “Yes, I know, don't call you that,” he murmured before Matt could say anything. He tugged on the undershirt but didn't look up as he kissed the curve of Matt's hipbone. “Take this off, would you? 'M busy.”

“Could at least say please.” Matt pulled the undershirt over his head and tossed it absently at the laundry hamper, then dropped his hands to curve around Dom's skull. His stomach contracted as Dom's lips moved over his skin.

“Next you'll be wanting flowers,” Dom said, looking up at him. There was something dark and deep in his eyes, but he looked away quickly, pulling Matt's boxers down and out of the way. “Would rather do this, though.” He took Matt's slowly hardening length in hand and closed his mouth around him, sucking until his nose pressed against Matt's body.

Matt hissed in a sharp breath. “Trust me,” he rasped, “I would much rather have this. Fucking flowers, not even.” His fingers flexed in Dom's hair, tightening rhythmically as Dom worked at him. “This is much better when I'm not wasted.”

Dom swallowed again, tongue and throat fluttering around Matt's cock as he pulled back slowly. “Especially when *I'm* not wasted too,” he said, stroking Matt's wet shaft. Smiling up at Matt with eyes gone dark from lust, Dom kissed along the hard length like it was the best thing he'd ever gotten his hands on. “Want to come join me on the bed yet?”

“Why? You gonna make me weak in the knees?” Matt grinned down at Dom, played with his hair. This was *easy*, no problem, even if he *was* mostly sober. He didn't know if it was because they'd done this much before or because he'd decided that this was what he wanted or because of something else altogether, but he wasn't going to think too deeply about it. He was just going to enjoy it, and fuck, did it feel *good*.

“That's the general plan,” Dom said with a laugh. He kissed Matt's stomach again, still slowly jacking him with one hand while he slid the other up Matt's chest, middle finger circling one flat nipple until it pebbled under his touch.

Matt had never really had anyone play with his nipples before. He shouldn't have been surprised at the tug of arousal, because the nerves, the mechanics, were the same, and women seemed to enjoy it. But he'd never thought much about it in connection with his own body. Still, he didn't really want to let Dom see his surprise. He made a loose fist in Dom's hair and pulled just a bit. “Why'd you stop sucking me?”

“Damn, you're bossy when you're sober,” Dom said, but he was grinning as he said it. He bent and kissed the head of Matt's cock, lightly tonguing the crown as he hefted Matt's balls in his hand, cradling them gently. Dom mouthed down the side of Matt's cock, all lips and tongue

and suction, while he moved his other hand from Matt's chest around to his back, down over the curve of Matt's ass to grip the back of his thigh in a firm grip, forcing Matt to widen his stance. "Let me know if you get bored." He hummed, kissing the base of Matt's cock and then slowly dragging his tongue up the underside of that hard, red length.

"That's more like it." Matt choked on his laugh as Dom's tongue hit the sensitive spot just under the crown of his dick. Heat flashed through him, and he shifted his legs even farther apart, hampered by the slacks and boxers tangled around his thighs. He hadn't really expected Dom to start sucking him again, to just do what he said like that, but he certainly wasn't complaining. "Make me want to lie down, Dom. Make it worth the effort."

Dom's hand kneaded the back of Matt's thigh. "I want you to lie down so I can get you naked," he said, tonguing again and again at that same spot. "I want to spread you open, put my fingers in you, and stretch you until you're begging for more. I want to be able to kiss you and touch you and drive you crazy all at the same time, and like *this* is just not as good as I can make it. Lie down, and let me blow your mind."

Yeah, okay. Matt closed his eyes and let his head fall back, trying to keep from fucking Dom's face. It felt so fucking good, but Dom sounded so *sure* of himself, so confident that he could make Matt feel things he'd never felt before. "You gonna let go so I can?"

"Don't want to stand in the way of progress." With one last sucking kiss, Dom let go and pulled himself farther on the bed to lean back on his elbows, eyeing Matt up and down with a lazy smirk. Dom's prick was hard, pushing up against the snug black fabric of his boxer-briefs, and his face was flushed with lust as he licked his lips and arched an eyebrow in pure challenge.

Matt matched Dom's expression as he slowly pushed his slacks and boxers down far enough that they could drop to the floor on their own. He climbed onto the bed and straddled Dom's hips, knees digging into the mattress on either side as he settled himself so he could grind against Dom. "I managed to get naked all by myself," Matt murmured. "So far you're oh-for-one."

Dom groaned and pushed up to meet Matt once before moving quickly to flip them over and kneel between Matt's spread legs. "Let me improve my average," he said and slanted his mouth over Matt's in a hard kiss, tangling their tongues together. He shifted a bit, and then Matt

felt Dom's bare cock against his as Dom moved his hips in long, slow thrusts and lifted one of Matt's legs higher to change the angle of their bodies.

"That's two, I guess," Matt managed, words breathed into Dom's mouth before Matt kissed him again. He grabbed at Dom's arms, fingers digging in, trying to anchor himself against the rush of need that ripped through him. It was primal, disorienting, and God, he *loved* having Dom's weight pressing him into the mattress, pinning him in place. Matt swallowed hard. The urge to just give in, give over to Dom, was almost more powerful than the pleasure he felt. Dom was driving him crazy already, and they hadn't really even *done* anything to justify it. Not that Matt would admit it by giving him a third point.

"You're going to feel so good when I fuck you." Dom nearly growled as he broke off the kiss to bite his way down Matt's neck, his teeth worrying at the taut cords between Matt's shoulder and neck. The push and drag of their cocks against each other was dirty, but not as dirty as what was coming out of Dom's mouth. "I've wanted to fuck you for so long, been dying to have you want it. Now I get to have you, and you're gonna be so tight and hot and fucking gorgeous when I fuck you, and I'm going to make you feel so damn good, you're going to beg me not to ever fucking stop." He curved over Matt, kissing down his chest and raking his teeth over one of his nipples before latching on in earnest.

Matt made a sort of gurgling, incoherent noise that would have embarrassed him if he'd had any function left in his brain for it. He arched up into Dom's mouth and wrapped his legs around Dom's thighs. "I'll beg you now if it'll make you shut up and put out." Matt groaned. He bit his lip and fought not to let Dom see how overwhelmed he really was. "Why the hell aren't your fingers in my ass yet?"

One more hard thrust, and then Dom rolled to the side and reached under a pillow to pull out a tube of lubricant. "I'm getting there." He opened the tube and sealed their mouths together again.

"I've heard that before," Matt grumbled into Dom's mouth, and then he gasped, stiffening sharply as Dom's finger was suddenly pushed into his ass. The arch of Matt's body only served to shove Dom's finger farther in, and Matt bit Dom's lip in retaliation. "Oh fuck, oh *fuck* yes."

Dom moved his finger back and forth a couple of times before adding a second, crooking them both deep inside of Matt. “Going to get even better, Matt,” he promised, voice strangled. Then he thrust his fingers as far as they would go, pushing hard against Matt's prostate.

Matt cried out, body shaking from the jolt of pleasure. “S more like it,” he rasped. “Oh God, what the fuck was that? Do it again. I think I could come just from that. Oh fuck.”

“Your new best friend.” Dom slid his fingers in and out a few more times before pushing again, lips curving smugly. “One of these days I'm going to have to see if I can get you to come that way. But tonight?” Slowly, steadily, he worked a third finger in, stretching Matt that much wider. “Tonight I want to see you come on my cock instead of my hand.”

“Aww, I thought you were my best friend,” Matt cooed back, fluttering his eyelashes as ridiculously as he knew how to try to cover a wince as the stretch in his ass moved from pleasure to discomfort to actual pain. He clenched on Dom's fingers, then forced himself to relax because he wanted that too—wanted to come screaming on Dom's cock, wanted to know how it felt. He'd never tell Dom that, though. “As long as I come, I don't care.”

“Good to know you're flexible,” Dom said, twisting his fingers, crooking them a little more each time. He leaned over Matt, pinning Matt's shoulder to the bed with his weight. “Can't wait to see you come.” He nipped at Matt's mouth once before covering it in a kiss.

Matt shuddered as he kissed Dom back. He flung one arm over his head and fisted his hand in the comforter desperately because he *couldn't move his other arm*, and it was stupid how hot that was. Apparently Matt had a whole host of kinks he'd never even suspected. As Dom curled his fingers, stroking Matt from the inside, it occurred to Matt that Dom might well be the perfect guy to figure them out with. “Oh my *God*, you bastard, then *don't wait*.”

“Shh...” Dom kissed him again and again. “Don't want to rush this part yet.” And then he did something with his wrist and pushed hard, hitting that spot deep inside and not letting up. He just rubbed, ground, fucked Matt with his hand for what felt like forever.

“I thought”—Matt growled, letting go of the bedding so he could fist his hand in Dom's hair instead—“you wanted me to come on your cock.” He worked his hips, pushing into Dom's hand in a move that had the added benefit of rubbing his dick over Dom's stomach. His eyes rolled back as pleasure—*need*—shuddered through him in incessant waves that carried him close to the edge. “Not gonna happen if you keep that up.”

At that, Dom finally eased up on the pressure and pulled his fingers free. "Easy there," he murmured, pulling his boxer-briefs off the rest of the way and then kneeling between Matt's legs. Naked, Dom grabbed the lube and slicked his fingers again before pushing them back in, stretching Matt fast and dirty now. "Condoms are under the pillow," he said. "Grab them."

It took way too long for Matt to figure out what Dom was talking about. Finally he let go of Dom's hair and reached, fumbling under the pillows until his fingers closed over the foil strip. He pulled it free and grinned. "Feeling ambitious, are we?" he rasped.

"Feeling lucky," Dom corrected, fingers slipping out of Matt. He tore one condom free, opened it, rolled it on, and slicked his length quickly. Then he just stopped, looming over Matt and so fucking close. "Just...remember to breathe." He kissed Matt one more time. "Tell me if you need me to slow down too. Got it?"

"You'll definitely be lucky if you can get it up that many times." Matt laughed. "And you'll hear about it if there's a problem. I'm just surprised you don't want me on my knees with my ass in the air." He licked over Dom's lip and then nipped at it. "Just do it, fucker." *Before I freak out.*

"How did you know I was going to tell you that next?" Dom asked with a smirk. "Knees and elbows, Matt. It'll be easier that way for your sweet little virgin ass."

Matt shoved at Dom's shoulder. "Get out of my way, then, asshole. Sweet little virgin... Whatthefuckever." He didn't wait for Dom to move, just laughed and shoved again, then slid out from under Dom and turned around so he was headfirst in the pillows. Something eased in his chest, some residual tension he hadn't realized he was carrying, and he sighed into the fabric. And then he pushed up onto his knees and felt the tension return. His ass was in the air, and he felt unbelievably exposed. When he mockingly exaggerated the arch of his back, the feeling of exposure deepened. Matt fisted his hands in the pillow and reminded himself that he wanted this. Reminded himself to fucking *breathe*.

Dom rubbed his hand in slow circles on Matt's back and kissed the curve of his ass. Humming tunelessly, he rubbed his fingers over Matt's slick entrance, just touching for now. "Took me a couple of tries my first time getting fucked," he said quietly, still just petting Matt instead of getting on with it.

“Oh hell no,” Matt grumbled, then pulled his face out of the pillow. “Don't say shit like that, or I'm going to make you stop and get me drunk first. Just fucking stick your dick in me already.”

“Such a sweet talker.” Dom laughed, but then he was right there behind Matt, blunt, hard pressure against Matt's ass. “Got you,” Dom murmured, and then he was *inside* Matt's ass.

Matt sucked in a hard breath. Yes, he definitely did have him, Matt thought a bit frantically. He spread his knees farther apart, not sure if he was trying to open himself up or get the fuck away from that slow, inexorable push into his ass. It *hurt*, a deep, stretching burn that felt like it would never end as Dom just kept coming, farther and farther in until Matt felt Dom's body come to rest against the curve of his ass and then finally stop. Matt's face was pressed so deeply into the pillow that he couldn't quite breathe, and his fingers felt cramped where they curled into the pillowcase. Dom was *inside him*, stretching him wide open, filling him so completely that Matt couldn't think, couldn't feel anything other than the hard length of Dom's dick. “Oh my God,” he said, words completely muffled. “Oh my fucking God.”

Behind him, Dom held still, hands clenching once on Matt's hips. “Just breathe,” Dom finally said, voice strangled, like he wasn't taking his own advice. He rubbed the small of Matt's back soothingly. “Gets easier,” he promised, reaching his other hand around to stroke Matt's cock, trying to get him hard again. “Doing great, Matt. Doing perfect.”

It was already getting easier, the pain easing as he adjusted to the ache that throbbed through him, pulsing into his dick as it hardened again in Dom's hand. Matt's fingers relaxed, and he moaned softly as he turned his head to speak. “You sound like my trainer. God, just...” Matt squeezed experimentally on Dom and moaned again, because holy fuck, that felt *good*. Amazing. “Just move, man. Please.”

“You got it.” Dom groaned, and then he moved, pulled back, and pushed in again with a slow, deep thrust. “Fuck, you feel so...feel so good.” He picked up a slow, hard rhythm. “You okay?”

“I know I feel good,” Matt snarked, mouth open and panting as he fought not to writhe under Dom's body. “You were right to feel lucky.” The ache had deepened into a growing pleasure that just radiated through him, warming and filling him in ways he hadn't even known

were possible. He pushed back to meet Dom's thrusts, trying to get him to move faster. "You aren't going to get lucky again if you don't fucking *move*. Oh my God. Just c'mon. Fuck me."

"Pushy fucking bottom." Dom growled, but he listened, thrusting harder and faster, slamming into Matt each time. "Going to—fuck—going to fucking *gag* you next time. Gag you and tie you the fuck down and take my time." He moved, jerked Matt up a little, and then slammed against his prostate.

Matt cried out as heat flashed through him so strongly, he nearly came on the spot. Tied and gagged—and maybe blindfolded too—and God, Dom just kept *thrusting*, shoving against Matt's prostate again and again until Matt couldn't breathe through the desperately needy sounds he was pouring into the pillow. His knees wouldn't even hold him up anymore. He was completely at the mercy of Dom's hands and cock and his own raging need.

"Let me hear you," Dom said, grabbing a fistful of Matt's hair and forcing him to turn his head. "Let me hear you lose it, hear you beg to come." He kept moving hard and deep, thrusting so hard, the headboard was banging against the wall. "Next time I'll make you wait. Have you so fucking helpless under me... *Fuck*, Matt, I can't...can't wait much more. Wanted you for so fucking long."

"I need to come," Matt begged. "Oh my fucking God, Dom, I can't—Feels too good. Can't wait—Can't—Please don't make me wait. Make me come." Matt threw one hand up to brace against the shaking headboard, trying to find any leverage he could to push back with because he needed *more*. "You can fucking have me if you just fucking make me come. *Please*, God, hold me down and fuck me."

"Go ahead and come," Dom snarled back, pushing down hard between Matt's shoulders, pinning him flat to the bed. He kept moving, kept fucking, his other hand holding Matt's hip in place. "Come just like this. Let me feel you come on my cock."

Almost as soon as Dom pinned him down, Matt came, climax ripping through him so roughly it was almost painful. Matt's mouth opened on a silent scream as he convulsed, muscles jerking ineffectually in Dom's hold. It felt like it went on forever, pulse after pulse of sharp-edged pleasure that spilled from his dick until he actually saw stars. He was only vaguely aware of Dom coming—inside him, holy *fuck*—because his mind was a fucked-out haze, and he was absolutely sure that he would never be able to move again.

“*Goddamn.*” Dom gasped as he pulled out slowly, letting Matt collapse onto the bed as Dom rolled away to throw out the used condom. Then he wrestled the sheets and stained comforter out from under Matt, curled up close, and covered the both of them. He kissed Matt's shoulder and almost melted against his back. “Damn near killed me, Matt.”

“Know you killed me.” He was right—he couldn't move. Fortunately he didn't really want to, even if Dom was fucking cuddling. “Fucking hell. I'm fucking *gay.*”

Dom chuckled. “It's okay,” he said. “So am I.”

Apparently Matt could move after all. He shoved his elbow back into Dom's stomach. Not as hard as he wanted to, but it was totally the thought that counted. “Stupid fuck. You're a nosy thief too. You totally went through my drawer for the lube, didn't you?”

“Didn't want to have to stop to look in the middle of the good stuff,” Dom said, voice clearly smug. “Didn't want to give you a chance to change your mind before you got to see what you were missing out on.”

“Shut up, you idiot. I told you yes downstairs.” Matt yawned and felt himself relax even more under Dom's weight. “Gimme a minute, and we can do it again.”

“Sure,” Dom said. He kissed the back of Matt's neck and settled more firmly, warm and lazy against him. “Night.”

The last thought Matt had before completely passing out was that it was a good thing the sex had been so fantastic, because Dom was clearly going to smother him in his sleep and he'd never get laid again.

* * *

As much as Dom would have liked to wake Matt up with more sex in the morning, it turned out they both barely woke up in time for Dom to slip under the covers and suck Matt off before they had to get on with their days. Dom wound up being late to the office, since he had to go home and put on a fresh suit, but he was still grinning happily by lunchtime. Matt was worth the messed-up schedule as far as Dom was concerned.

There was still a chance that this was all going to blow up in Dom's face, and he knew it. But the more he thought about it, the more he wanted it. Wanted Matt, and in ways far beyond the sex. Not that this was anything new to Dom, but it was finally turning into something real. Something he might be able to have after all, no matter how many times he might have wanted to

kick his own ass for knowing better than to get involved with a closet case like Matt. Matt wanted him and trusted him, and all Dom had to do was just be patient until Matt was ready for something more. Hell, he'd had relationships based on less.

Of course, he wasn't very good at waiting when it came to Matt, so he managed a whole day and a half before he went over to Matt's office at lunch to see him. Dom let himself in and closed the door behind him, deliberately flipping the lock as he grinned across the room at Matt, who watched the whole process with a bemused expression.

"Miss me?" Dom asked and pushed off from the door to close the distance between them. There was no way he was going to be alone in a room with Matt and keep his hands entirely to himself.

"Unbearably," Matt said drily. "What was your name again?"

Dom leaned back against Matt's desk, kicking lazily at Matt's ankle. "I've been called a lot of things, but my favorite's got to be 'oh God.'"

Matt cracked up at that. "I always knew you had delusions of grandeur," he said, still chuckling. "What's up, man? I still have two days before you kick my ass to the curb."

"I'm thinking I'll keep you a little longer than that," Dom said before he could stop himself. To cover, he reached out and tugged on Matt's tie so he'd have to either get up or have the knot tighten around his neck. "I've got good news for you," he added, pulling again.

"What, you think you've found a way around sexual harassment laws?" Matt raised an eyebrow. He stood willingly enough, though, following the drag on his tie until he was standing, his chest a mere breath away from Dom's shoulder. His hand came up to rest almost absently on Dom's stomach. "Or is the housing boom back?"

"Better," Dom said, moving his free hand to Matt's hip. He smiled, drawing out the moment for as long as he could without pissing Matt off. "Full retention."

Matt's eyes widened as his gaze flew over Dom's face, apparently searching for some hint of a joke. "Seriously?"

"The only one I can't promise is you," Dom said, letting go of Matt's tie to mirror his other hand. "Depends on how bad off things are when we get full disclosure. But your people are in, Matt. Seriously."

“Thank you. Oh God, that’s—Thank you.” Matt’s forehead dropped to rest on Dom’s shoulder. He blew out a breath and started to laugh softly with relief. “That’s awesome news.”

“I didn’t have to work that hard to convince them,” Dom lied, flattening one of his hands on the small of Matt’s back. “HD’s got a great reputation; my board was glad to hear we wouldn’t have to break in new people to keep up with our biggest clients.”

In truth, he’d had to work harder than he had for anything else he’d wanted in a long time to convince his CFO and board that keeping everyone on was in their best interests. The competing bid from JD Consulting had been enough fuel to the fire to make Dom’s people want to win this almost as badly as he wanted it, and Dom hadn’t been shy about using pressure to get everyone else on board with his line of thinking. As a result, though, he was more than likely out of diplomatic points with the board, which meant that Matt’s future at Red Rock was a lot less certain than it should have been, but it was a sacrifice Dom was willing to make.

Matt looked up, glee and relief clear on his face. “Well, if you didn’t have to work that hard, then I don’t really have to give you a thank-you gift, I suppose.”

Dom stole a quick kiss. “Aww, don’t be like that,” he coaxed. “I still put my ass on the line, didn’t I? That should get me at least a *little* something.”

“I thought it was *my* ass on the line,” Matt countered, but he turned to Dom and kissed him back. “You’re definitely not getting anything you call little. You should keep that in mind.”

“No, definitely not little,” Dom agreed, tongue tracing the seam between Matt’s lips.

Matt opened to Dom’s tongue, tilting his head slightly to deepen the kiss. “We aren’t doing this here, remember?” He slid his hand from Dom’s stomach to his hip and squeezed. “Office hours or some shit.”

Dom couldn’t help grinning at that, at how relaxed Matt was with this. “Just a little kissing,” he said, nuzzling their noses together. “Come over tonight, and we can do all that good stuff you won’t let me do here.” He sucked on Matt’s lower lip, let his fingers rest on the top swell of Matt’s ass, holding him in place.

“I don’t think I can,” Matt said solemnly. “It sounds like I’m going to get laid off soon. I need to start job hunting.”

“Asshole.” Dom laughed, kissing Matt lightly. The truth of it was that he probably could have pushed for Matt’s guaranteed retention, but he hadn’t. He couldn’t, not ethically, not while

they were sleeping together. “You know as well as I do that if you're in half as good a shape as I'm willing to bet you are, you'll have a job.”

Matt pulled back, glancing down at the papers strewn over his desk. “I guess we'll find out either way soon enough. Speaking of which, I really should get back to work.”

Dom pulled him in for one more lingering kiss. “Okay,” he said, squeezing Matt's hips once. “See you tonight?”

“I really don't think that's a good idea,” Matt said. “We shouldn't even be doing this now.”

There was something in Matt's voice that had Dom blinking in confusion. “Matt?”

Matt sighed. “Nothing's sure until everything's signed, Dom. You know that. I'm not willing to risk it.”

It was tempting to argue with Matt, but at the same time, that was almost exactly why Dom hadn't pushed the board to promise Matt a position. “It doesn't have to be anyone's business but ours,” he said instead, pulling at Matt's hips to bring him back in. “You telling me you're willing to give this up now?”

“Not give it up,” Matt said, letting Dom pull him close, pressing even closer. “Just put it off. You know it will make some of them think twice about your counsel regarding my people if they know you're putting your dick up my ass. This can wait. I'm not fighting your takeover if I turn JD down, so it won't take long to finalize.”

“I've been putting this off for too long already.” Dom sighed, resting his forehead against Matt's. “Please.”

Matt was silent for a moment, and then he let out a soft laugh. “You'll live, dude. Blue balls aren't fatal, and besides, you fucked me the other night.” He pressed his lips to Dom's in a quick smack of a kiss and then patted his cheek before pulling back, out of Dom's grip. “Buck up, little camper. You'll get a whole week with my ass, after all. *After.*”

Taking the out, and knowing he'd pushed too far, Dom sulked playfully. “So I have to jerk off for the next few weeks?” he asked, eying Matt up and down. “That is so very not fair, man.”

“Trust me—it's hurting me too.” Matt put a dramatic hand over his heart, face solemn. “Orgasms are always better when shared. But it's not like you've never jerked yourself off before.” Matt settled back into his chair and pulled a folder into the center of the desk in front of

him. “Maybe you can go play with your own paperwork, you know. Make sure all the i's are dotted so things go as smoothly as possible.”

“Oh fine.” Dom sighed, straightening. “I can recognize a dismissal. And a cock block.” He grinned ruefully and brushed the lines of his suit, avoiding Matt's eyes. He'd known it wasn't going to last. He just hadn't known it would be so soon—or sting quite so much.

Matt looked down at the folder in front of him but didn't open it. He lowered his voice. “And maybe you could make sure you have cuffs and a gag or something. Because you did promise to tie me down next time.” He cleared his throat and opened the folder without looking up.

Dom didn't even bother trying to stop the predatory grin Matt's words brought. “That I did,” he said slowly and then bent just enough to kiss the side of Matt's neck. “And you're even giving me time to plan. How sweet of you, princess.”

“Giving you time to *research*,” Matt corrected, giving Dom's quickly retreating form a stern look belied by dancing eyes. “I don't want you to break something because you don't know what the fuck you're doing.” He snorted and bent over his folder. “And apparently I'm a queen now, so don't even think about demoting me. Get the fuck out of my office.”

“Yes, your majesty.” Dom blew Matt an exaggerated kiss as he backed toward the door, barely holding back his laughter. “Call me if you want a blowjob, your majesty. I live to serve.”

Matt didn't even look up, just flipped him off with one hand. “Serve me well enough, and I'll let you call me master.”

Pausing at the door, Dom smirked. “Baby,” he said, using the nickname deliberately to piss Matt off, “masters aren't the ones who get tied down and gagged while they're fucked senseless.”

“Even I've heard of topping from the bottom.” Matt did look up then, lips drawn and the beginnings of irritation in his eyes. “Baby.”

Dom threw back his head and roared at that. “Whatever you say, sweet cheeks.” He hadn't missed how pliant Matt had gone when pinned or trapped the other night, and he was getting plenty of ideas on how to work with that if Matt actually did give him another chance to play later. “I have work to do, and you have a thank-you present to plan.” He unlocked the door and gave Matt one last leer. “Later.”

Matt waved one hand in a shooing motion. "Can't fucking get rid of you," he muttered. "Go work, asshole."

Still chuckling, Dom slipped out of Matt's office and left. It wasn't a promise, and it wasn't any sort of commitment. But it was a chance, and that was good enough for now.

Chapter Nine

The night before presenting the offer to HD, Dom found himself at loose ends. So much of his work over the past month had been tied up in getting the offer together, in getting a solid promise for Matt's people, not to mention in setting up Red Rock so that if the bid was accepted, HD would merge quickly and seamlessly with his existing business without too many growing pains. But with the last paper drawn up and the last lawyer's okay given, Dom had nothing else to do but go home at a decent hour and try to unwind.

At first he tried to go for a run, but after forty-five minutes, he only succeeded in soaking himself in sweat and finding this buzzing, itching sensation somewhere under his skin. It wasn't anything he was used to, but he still recognized it as uncertainty; he wasn't sure, no matter how much Matt might seem to like fucking, that Matt would even decide to go with Red Rock's offer. Sex was sex and business was business, and frankly JD had more clout than Red Rock. If they lost this bid, Dom was going to be on some seriously thin ice for a while too, but it wasn't anything he wasn't confident he could survive.

The thing was, the bid, the bet, all of it—it was way more than just about business and getting off, and Dom knew it. And Matt seemed to finally get that too. Which meant that tomorrow, whatever Matt chose, he was going to be choosing for himself as much as for his people. Losing in business was something that Dom could handle, but the idea of losing whatever it was he was finally building with Matt made his stomach lurch uncomfortably.

Finally, unable to take it anymore, Dom showered and dressed and got in his car, then headed across town before he could talk himself out of it. He didn't really think Matt would reject him. Not entirely. Well, not if he was being rational about it. But Dom was having more trouble than usual keeping his head on when it came to Matt, probably thanks to the proffer jitters, and he couldn't keep his thoughts in order beyond needing to see Matt and just...just talk this thing over between them. Maybe if he understood what it was, what the hell they were doing

other than just fucking and Dom hoping, he'd be able to concentrate, and things would settle in his mind.

It seemed to only take half as long as usual to get to Matt's house, and Dom was pretty sure he'd broken more speed laws than he had good luck left to do. But he still didn't let himself stop to think too much as he strode up the walkway and rang the bell. It was only then that it occurred to him to wonder if Matt was even home or if he would even be able to have company, if he didn't already.

"Oh well, too late now," he muttered, ringing the bell again for good measure.

"I heard you the first time," Matt called out, muffled through the wood; then the locks snicked, and the door swung open. Matt cocked an eyebrow and leaned on the frame when he saw Dom on the porch. "Negotiations starting early? I thought I still had twelve hours or so."

"Negotiations are for the boardroom," Dom said, suddenly feeling like an ass. He rubbed the back of his neck to keep from grabbing Matt. Now that he was there, he had no idea what to say or do that didn't involve all those things Matt had told him had to wait until after negotiations.

Matt's eyebrow rose even higher. "You look more wired than I feel. Come in and have a beer before you snap." He took a step back and opened the door wider in invitation. "I may still have some of your crappy shit from the last time you were here."

"That's quality lager, dude," Dom said, more out of reflex than anything else. He took a deep breath and forced himself to let it out slowly, giving Matt a tight smile. "Not that it hasn't been fun at times, but I'm really fucking glad this month is over, you know?" He stepped in and paused a few inches from Matt, the buzz under his skin turning into an itch to touch the other man.

"It's not over until tomorrow, Dom," Matt said quietly as he shut the door and snapped the dead bolt. He folded his arms across his chest. "I'm glad it's almost over. I don't think you have any idea how glad. But that's not why you're here." Matt relaxed his arms and let them drop to his sides. "Go find something on TV. I'll get the beer."

Dom reached out and cupped Matt's shoulder. "Sure," he muttered, stepping closer and closing the distance between their bodies. "Just...first... I need to..." And then he kissed Matt,

groaning softly as he slipped his tongue into Matt's mouth, tasting the familiar blend that was uniquely Matt.

Matt's hand wrapped loosely around Dom's neck, thumb grazing the line of his jaw. He let Dom kiss him—and kissed him back—for a few long moments before he slowly broke the kiss, staying close, hand still resting against Dom's throat. “Trying to influence my decision?”

“Would it work if I was?” Dom asked, only half playing as he backed Matt against the nearest wall. Threading his fingers in the fine hairs at the nape of Matt's neck, Dom drew in close, kissing up Matt's neck, nibbling slowly. He wondered briefly if he could fuck Matt into agreeing to his offer, into agreeing to give them a chance. “Or would you just put me out on my ass?”

“Nope.” Matt breathed, eyes closing as his head tilted back. “To both. You're certainly welcome to try, however.” Matt's free hand ghosted up Dom's leg, then curved around his hip and held on. “I promise not to put you out on your ass.”

“You're so kind,” Dom said, but his mind wasn't really on their banter. The way Matt went so pliant in his hands made a sharp smile curl the corners of Dom's mouth as he sucked on the skin just under Matt's ear. He felt in control like this, almost possessive of the way Matt sagged against the wall, and Dom growled lightly, dragging his teeth down Matt's neck. “God, I want to mark you up,” he whispered, not even thinking before the words breathed over Matt's skin.

Matt made a quiet sound in the back of his throat, hand tightening on Dom's hip. “Think I'm yours, do you? Not sure you've earned that yet.”

Dom growled again, grabbing tighter at Matt. “That so?” he asked roughly, fitting one thigh between Matt's and pushing up, grinding against Matt's groin. “I think you want me to do it. Want me to mark you up as mine.”

“Think what you want,” Matt said. His hips rolled into Dom's thigh as a smirk curved his lips. “Just because you think it doesn't mean it's going to happen.”

“You're the one who wants to be tied down and fucked,” Dom reminded him, kissing the edge of his ear. “I'd be able to do anything I wanted to you then. Some part of you must want it, must want to be bitten and licked and spread wide for me, completely at my mercy. A stamp right across your ass: *Property of Dominic Taylor*.”

Matt shook his head slowly. “Never said anything about biting. Never said you could suck bruises into my skin or hold me down hard enough to leave fingerprints behind.” He rocked into Dom again, slowly riding his thigh. He turned his face to murmur directly into Dom's ear. “Never said I belong to you.”

“But you could,” Dom said back, and then to cover that, he turned and caught Matt's mouth in a hard, wet kiss, moaning roughly. He pinned Matt's shoulders against the wall with his forearms, cupping his face as they kissed, holding him in place. A small part of Dom reminded himself to be careful how far he pushed this, because there was no telling where too far was with Matt. Like always. But the rest of him was enjoying it too much to stop just yet, so he pushed his arms harder, rumbling low in his throat as he invaded Matt's mouth again and again.

“Maybe,” Matt murmured noncommittally when Dom let him breathe again. His thumb began to slowly stroke just under Dom's jaw. His other hand, still on Dom's hip, moved to clench in the fabric of Dom's T-shirt, pulling it free of his jeans, stroking just as slowly over the skin at Dom's waist.

“Maybe? Asshole.” Dom laughed breathlessly, leaning into Matt's touch. He hadn't realized how much he'd been craving Matt's fingers on his skin until just that moment, but as soon as they touched, so much of the tension flooded out of him. He kissed Matt again, more gently this time, relaxing his arms until he was holding Matt instead of punishing him. “Damn, I've missed you.”

Matt scratched lightly at Dom's hip. “I might have missed you too. Maybe.” He grinned and pressed another quick kiss to Dom's lips. “Now let me up. You really need that beer.”

“I can think of something else I need more than alcohol,” Dom said, rubbing the side of his nose against Matt's. “I've got all this energy I just can't seem to burn off, you know.”

“Oh?” Matt laughed softly. “I suppose I could help you with that. But you aren't fucking me against the wall. Nor am I going to tattoo your name on my ass. Just for future reference.”

“No fun at all.” Dom grinned as he kissed Matt softly. “Do you want to go upstairs, then? I promise I'll bring the beers up afterwards.”

“Dude, if you can walk down the stairs afterward, I clearly didn't do it right. And neither one of us should need the beer. But yes. Upstairs is where the condoms are. And the lube. And

the bed.” Matt curled his fingers into the waistband of Dom's jeans and tugged lightly. “Get moving, and I'll show you just how fun I can be.”

Dom followed, letting Matt lead them up the stairs and to his bedroom. “You're such a fucking cornball, dude,” he said, stumbling happily along and not complaining in the slightest. He used the advantage of his longer legs to catch up and reach around, unbuttoning the top few buttons of Matt's dress shirt as they walked—never hurt to get a head start on things.

Matt slowed his steps a little and tugged his shirt out of his slacks, starting on the buttons at the bottom. “Property of Dominic Taylor? And I'm the cornball? Right.”

“I call them like I see them.” Dom mouthed at the nape of Matt's neck. They stumbled into Matt's bedroom, Dom's fingers making short work of Matt's tie and finishing off the rest of the buttons before Matt could completely turn around.

“Uh-huh. Look in the mirror next time, buddy.” Matt shrugged the shirt off and tossed it at his hamper as he crossed the room to hang up his tie.

“Whatever helps you sleep at night,” Dom said, kicking off his shoes and pulling off his socks as he walked over to Matt's bed. He pulled off his T-shirt in one smooth movement and pushed his jeans down quickly, leaving just his snug black boxer-briefs on. Matt was already down to his underwear too and was intently hanging up his trousers. Grinning, Dom wrapped himself around Matt from behind, arms sliding around Matt's solid torso as he kissed slowly up the length of Matt's neck. “Coming?”

Matt tilted his head to give Dom full access to his throat, leaning back into Dom's body. “Not too soon, I hope. But eventually, yes.”

Dom snorted. “Cornball,” he said, sliding one hand down Matt's stomach, teasing at the waist of his underwear.

“Just the truth, man.” Matt, trousers now hung neatly, put one hand over Dom's and reached back to wrap his other hand around Dom's thigh. “You know, the bed's way over there.”

“Just going where the action is.” Dom laughed, turning them around so he could kiss Matt and back them to the bed at the same time. It was weird, but the more he kissed Matt, the more they touched, the better Dom felt. “Damn, I've been needing this,” he murmured between kisses, one hand grabbing Matt's ass firmly.

Matt groaned softly and tried to move them faster. “We really shouldn't. Not yet.”

“Uh-huh,” Dom said, almost falling over when the backs of his knees hit the bed. Instead he sat down and pulled Matt's boxers down, kissing along the edge of his hip bone.

“Yeah.” Matt's voice was almost breathy and clearly distracted. His hands threaded through Dom's hair and clenched. “What?”

“Don't worry about it,” Dom said, lips grazing the tip of Matt's cock. “Not that important.” His tongue flicked out, tasting, and this—this was what he'd needed. Not to talk, not to hash things out or to worry about the meeting in the morning. Just this—Matt, hard and ready and already so eager he couldn't think.

Matt jerked at the first touch of Dom's tongue, hissing through his teeth as he sucked in sharply. “Stop teasing, Dom. C'mon.”

“Not teasing.” Dom moved his lips up Matt's length. “Just warming up,” he added and then opened his mouth, slowly sucking the head of Matt's cock between his lips.

“I changed my mind.” Matt gasped. “I want to come soon. Really soon, just...please. This is fucking ridiculous; I have no stamina anymore.” Matt yanked at Dom's hair again. “Suck me harder. You can play later.”

“I guess you really did miss me,” Dom said, lifting his head with a smirk. Then he swallowed Matt down, sinking as far down as he could go all at once, humming at the taste and feel of Matt filling his mouth.

Matt choked out a low groan. “Oh Christ. No, not—fuck yes—not you specifically. Just, you know. Orgasms from something besides my fucking hand.”

Growling, Dom pinched Matt's hip but kept sucking, swallowing slowly. He had to believe that Matt was teasing, no matter what his head kept trying to tell him. If Matt just wanted to get off, there were a lot of easier ways than changing his sexual orientation, Dom reminded himself as he rumbled again, head bobbing steadily.

“Ow, asshole. No pinching, just blowing.” Matt's fingers rubbed through Dom's hair slowly, stroking in time with Dom's movements on his dick, soft, helpless sounds spilling from his lips. After several more long moments, Matt's legs started to shake, a fine tremble building just under the skin, and he stiffened under Dom's hands as he locked his knees. “Fuck,” he finally whispered. “Please.”

Normally Matt was more vocal about letting Dom know how he enjoyed getting off, but as soon as he whispered, Dom understood. He didn't want to want this so badly either. Instead of saying anything about it, Dom just eased back slowly, fingers digging into Matt's hip to draw his attention. "Hey," he said, voice rough from sucking cock. "Why don't you lie down before I kill your legs with my awesome cock-sucking abilities?"

Matt pulled hard at Dom's hair before he let go, turning just enough to collapse onto the bed next to Dom. He cupped Dom's face with both hands and tugged him into a kiss that rode the edge of desperate. Voice more serious than usual, Matt whispered into Dom's mouth. "What have you done to me?"

Dom smiled and kissed Matt back, feeling something loosen in his chest. "It's just a blowjob, baby." He kissed Matt back even as he loosely fisted his hand around Matt's prick, stroking him lightly. "Just want to make you feel good."

Matt broke the kiss. "You know that's not what I meant, you stupid fuck." He rested his forehead on Dom's shoulder. "And don't call me that."

"I know," Dom said, giving in to the urge to kiss the crown of Matt's head. "I know. Just lie back. I've got you."

Matt smacked the back of Dom's head lightly and pulled away to crawl up the bed. "Just because I let you fuck me doesn't make me the girl. I can handle myself."

"Never doubted you could," Dom said, sliding out of his underwear before climbing between Matt's legs. He could feel the tension thrumming through Matt, but it wasn't what he was used to; this wasn't Matt about to bolt, but something new instead. Dom dropped a slow kiss on the warm skin of Matt's belly, tongue tracing the rim of his navel. "Strong is pretty fucking sexy, you know," he added, stroking soothingly up and down Matt's side. "Of course, you're even sexier."

"Shut up." Matt reached down to grab Dom's hand, pinning it at his hip. "Just shut up and fuck me, Dom."

"And they say romance is dead," Dom said with a laugh, rolling away to the side of the bed and pulling open the nightstand drawer. He'd found the condoms and lube there last time and figured that was the best place to look this time too. What he found instead had him stopping dead, staring down into the drawer in equal parts shock and arousal. "Matt?"

Matt was silent for far too long before muttering under his breath, “Oh God.”

Dom reached into the drawer and pulled out cuffs, the dark brown leather lined in white sheepskin as glaringly obvious as though they were lit in neon. Matt had mentioned getting tied up, but Dom had never really thought a control freak like him would really want something like that. The metal links of the connecting chain clinked as Dom set the cuffs on the bed between them, and only then did he manage to take a deep breath, steady himself, and look up to face Matt, who was hiding behind his hands. “Wow, Matt.” Dom's voice was barely more than reverent breath. “Wow.”

“Well, you didn't really think I'd let you pick them out when they were going to be on my wrists, did you?” Matt's voice was rough, and he cleared his throat. “I, er, wasn't expecting you to open that drawer tonight.”

“I like them,” Dom said, fingering the soft lining, wondering what they would feel like buckled on, snug around his wrists. “Have you...” He paused and swallowed, looking back up at Matt. “Have you tried them on yet?”

Matt's face flushed, and he swallowed too. “In the store,” he said quietly.

“Fuck.” Dom groaned, crawling over Matt and kissing him hard. “Show me now.”

“C'mon, now. What's the magic word?” Matt's blush had faded, and his lips were curved in a familiar smirk under Dom's mouth. He lifted his arms without another word, though, and rested his wrists near the headboard.

“The magic word?” Dom said as he fastened the buckles around Matt's wrists as quickly as he could, running the chain behind one of the wooden bars of the bed. He straddled Matt's thighs and looked down at how he looked, trapped and gorgeous and still so incredibly turned on, and Dom groaned at the sight. “The magic word is *mine*. Or at least it is when I've got you all trussed up like this.”

Matt shook his head slowly, eyes locked on Dom's. “That's not the magic word my mama taught me. And I think we already had that conversation, didn't we?”

“Shhh.” Dom pressed his fingers against Matt's lips. He'd seen people tied up before in porn, but he'd never seen anything quite like this. “You look amazing, Matt,” he said. “Stretched out. Helpless. Fucking needy as hell.” He ran one blunt finger up the eager length of Matt's hard cock, swiping up a bead of fluid. “Amazing.”

“I always look amazing.” Matt's cheeks were flushed again, color and heat spreading into his chest, but he was still smug. He toyed with the cuffs, lightly testing. “I wouldn't say helpless,” he continued thoughtfully. “More—I don't know—temporarily incapacitated?”

“Helpless,” Dom repeated, leaning over to kiss his way up the center of Matt's chest. “If only for now.”

Matt bent his leg, planting his foot on the bed and nudging Dom with his knee. “Hmm. Maybe. So what are you going to do about it?”

Dom shifted, fitting between Matt's legs like he belonged there and stretching out over him, pinning him down. “I'm going to fuck you so hard, you'll feel me every time you go to sit or move tomorrow.” He breathed in Matt's ear, grinding their hips together slowly. “And I'm going to leave you tied up while I do it.”

“Stop talking about it, and just do it.” Matt growled, winding his legs around Dom's waist and pushing up into him. “Or are you all bark and no bite?”

“I'll get there,” Dom promised, swooping in and covering Matt's lips in a silencing kiss.

Matt laughed softly into Dom's mouth before sliding his tongue alongside Dom's, maintaining a slow, strong roll of his hips into Dom's body as he took control of the kiss. Dom let him keep control for a while, just losing himself in the taste and feel of Matt for a while. Eventually he broke Matt's grip around his waist and slithered down, licking a path along Matt's neck to his chest.

“Why do you taste better than anyone I've ever been with?” Dom asked between licks and nips, then latched on to one of Matt's nipples, teasing it into a hard bud with a few deft flicks of his tongue.

“It's the beer,” Matt gasped. “I have awesome taste in alcohol.”

Dom snorted but didn't say anything else. Instead he just reached for the nightstand again, this time pulling out the supplies. He pressed two slick fingers against Matt's opening, then paused. “You'll tell me if you need to stop,” he said, nodding at the cuffs. It wasn't a question; Dom was far from inexperienced, but with Matt, none of the usual rules ever seemed to apply.

Matt smiled slowly. “Trust me—you'll know if I have a problem.”

“Oh, I don't doubt that,” Dom said, pushing his fingers in as far as he could.

“Is that all you've got?” Matt's voice was rough, but his cocky expression didn't fade. “Somehow I thought the cuffs would—I don't know—do something for you.”

“Seriously?” Dom asked, twisting his fingers more roughly than he probably should have, considering how little experience Matt had. But he could see how flushed and eager Matt was, could feel and see how he couldn't seem to keep his hips from rocking up to meet Dom's fingers, and Dom knew Matt was more than just good with all of this. “You're going to play it like that when I'd be willing to bet you were hard as hell in the store just trying these on?”

Matt gasped, squeezing Dom's fingers as his eyes fell shut. “C'mon, dude. When don't I play it like that? Especially since you're being so careful. Still not a girl here.” His eyes opened again and pinned Dom. “Fuck me, Dom. I'm tied up, helpless, completely at your mercy. You can do anything you want to me, and I can't stop you. I can't even touch you back, can't stroke your cock or grab your ass or shove my fingers inside you. Does it help if I tell you I was harder in the store than I am now? I couldn't fasten them—they were loose around my wrists, and just the thought of letting you put them on me had me so hard, I had to stand there with my back to everyone else for several minutes because I couldn't even fucking move.”

“No one helped you try them on?” Dom asked, pushing a third finger in. “Good. Only I get to see you wearing them.” He growled, feeling triumphant and possessive all at once. Twisting his hand, he pushed hard against Matt's prostate and bit the skin at Matt's hip before sucking it into his mouth to raise a bruise, a mark of ownership that Matt would never put up with him doing otherwise. “I want this to be mine.”

“Better,” Matt rasped. “You're getting there. C'mon, man. Fuck me. Put more bruises on me because I'll never tattoo your name on my ass. Hickeys are all you get.”

Dom growled, sucking on the bite one more time before moving lower, closer to Matt's groin, and biting again. He fucked Matt with his hand, knowing Matt was almost as ready as he was going to get, but in no hurry to rush things. Not yet.

Matt spread his legs wider, bracing his feet on the bed as he slowly fucked up into Dom's hand. “Can't wait to feel you,” he said, his voice a low growl. “Can't wait for you to spread me open on your dick.”

“Fuck, that's so hot.” Dom groaned, panting against Matt's hip. “Used to jerk off imagining you saying that.” He licked up the length of Matt's cock. “But this is so much hotter. God, I want to keep you like this, spread out and desperate for me, so fucking ready.”

“Imagined me, huh?” Matt's voice held amusement under the need. “What else did you imagine? How long have you wanted to fuck me, Dom?”

“Too long,” Dom confessed, shaking as he reached for the condoms. He wasn't sure he'd ever been this turned on in his entire life, and just talking about it was making it worse. “Wanted to open you up and make you beg and fuck you so hard. Thought about sliding my dick into you and feeling your legs around my waist while we fucked over and over again. Thought about getting to my knees and pulling your cock out and sucking you dry, taking you all the way in my throat until you couldn't fuck my face any deeper. Thought about all of it.”

Matt groaned, a rough sound that caught in the back of his throat as he watched Dom roll a condom on. “Why the fuck didn't you get me drunk sooner? God, we got each other off all the time, and you never said a fucking word, Dom.” He tugged at the cuffs, the sound in his throat one of frustration this time. “Can't fucking touch you. God, Dom, please fuck me, now. Fuck me *now*.”

“Yeah,” Dom managed as he lifted Matt's hips and pushed in hard, filling Matt faster than he should have. Tight, hot muscles grabbed him, and Dom's lungs stuttered for air as he froze, leaning over Matt and buried balls-deep. No one else had ever driven Dom this damn crazy from a single thrust before, but he was still shaking and trying to get control enough not to fucking lose it right off the bat.

“Finally,” Matt said. His voice was so thin that it was barely audible, pain and relief and need a jumbled mix on his face. He winced as he lifted his legs but didn't hesitate to wrap them around Dom. “That's two for three. Now fuck me over and over again. If you're really good, I'll fuck your face next time.”

“Promises, promises.” Dom lifted Matt's hips higher for a better angle as he started pounding into Matt in a hard, steady rhythm. He knew he could lose himself in Matt if he weren't careful, and Dom wasn't all that sure he cared.

Matt opened his mouth, almost certainly to snark back, but gasped instead, eyes rolling up as his back arched. “Oh fucking hell,” Matt cried out. “Oh my God, right there. Again, you fucker, right fucking there.”

Dom did just as Matt told him, rubbing his cock again and again over Matt's prostate with each thrust as they fucked, the chain of the cuffs scraping the headboard as Matt twisted and writhed. They were both close; he could tell, could feel it in the tightness gathering low in his belly and the way Matt kept spasming around him, but Dom wasn't ready for it to end just yet. Curling over him, Dom slowed his hips just enough to pull back, to keep both of them on the edge, and latched on to Matt's raised shoulder, sucking another hickey into his skin.

“You fucker. I was almost... And now I can't—God. Please. It's too much, feels so fucking good. You're killing me.” Matt turned in to Dom, nosing at his ear. “Please,” he begged again.

“Taking care of us,” Dom muttered, catching Matt in a kiss as he kept moving. He was gone, riding high on the waves of pure ecstasy that Matt was trying to drown him in, and Dom knew he could do fucking anything with Matt tied up and desperate like this. “I'll always take care of you, I promise. Just...just a little more. Please. For me. Then I'll touch your cock and make you come all over me while I fuck you into your bed. I promise, Matt. Please.”

Matt only moaned into Dom's mouth as they moved together, riding the edge until he couldn't hold on any longer, had to move faster, fuck Matt harder. The pleasure, the need that had been building suddenly broke, roaring through him, and he cried out as he slammed into Matt, back curving away as the last of his control just shredded. Dom fucked, mindless and determined to get them both off as soon as possible. “Can you...can you come like this?” he asked, not sure he'd be able to balance on one hand but willing to try if Matt needed it.

Apparently he could. Matt yelled wordlessly, arching up hard enough to lift them both and almost unbalance Dom as he came, thick white striping his stomach and even hitting his chin. He was absolutely gorgeous, and that, combined with the way Matt clenched down on him and the amazing, overwhelming sensation of being inside of Matt, was enough to shove Dom over the edge. With one last thrust, he came hard, eyes squeezing shut as he stopped breathing and just came in long, hot pulses, falling on top of Matt in a sweaty, panting mess as he struggled to remember how to form even basic words.

They lay there panting for several long seconds before Matt finally shifted under Dom's weight. "You can stay where you are, or you can leave me in cuffs. You don't get both, asshole."

"Pushy fucker," Dom managed to mutter, lifting his head enough to see what he was doing to release the cuffs clumsily. Then he shifted and pulled off the condom, dropping it where he hoped to hell there was a wastebasket, and settled back down on top of Matt in what he was absolutely not ashamed to admit was a full-body cuddle.

"You wouldn't know what to do with me if I weren't," Matt said through a yawn. He patted Dom absently on the back. "You know we aren't over tomorrow just because the negotiations are, right?"

Warmth spread through Dom's chest, and he nosed at Matt's neck, kissing him softly. "Yeah?" he asked, not nearly as nonchalant as he had planned to be. "Good."

"Still not putting your name on my ass, though."

Dom snorted. They'd see about that.

* * *

In the end, the takeover was rather anticlimactic, Matt reflected as he packed up the last of his office. He knew the bid was coming, they knew he knew, he wasn't fighting it, and Dom had made sure all the paperwork was in order. Because Matt's major concern was jobs for his people, and Dom had already assured that, turning JD down was a no-brainer and there really wasn't much to negotiate with Red Rock. Matt was in a somewhat stronger position than he might have been without Dom's warning and extra month too, so Matt was more than pleased with the fair price he'd been offered. He smiled wryly. He'd have accepted a lot less since they were taking his people on, but he wasn't about to tell anyone that.

They hadn't offered him a position, though. Had been very vague about it, to be honest, and Matt wondered briefly if they'd found out he was letting Dom fuck him and weren't willing to risk potential problems. He certainly couldn't blame them if that were the case, but it might have nothing to do with that at all. It might be as simple as not needing any more executives, not having a place for him, and he'd just have to find something somewhere else. Regardless of his own situation, the main event was over. Dom's people would go over the figures, file the paperwork to transfer ownership, see to all the nitty-gritty details that simply weren't Matt's problem anymore. Part of Matt was relieved at the thought that he wouldn't have to be in charge,

that he could find something that would let him focus on the aspects of his job that he loved instead of all the rest of the bullshit, but part of him... Well, part of him was mourning the loss of his independence, his autonomy. The failure of his dream.

“Cry me a river,” he muttered to himself. He shook his head, grabbed the basketball hoop from where it hung over the garbage can, and threw it with the miniball into the box before sealing it shut.

“Talking to yourself?” Dom asked, walking in. He was wearing casual clothes, jeans and a gray T-shirt. “See, I knew I shouldn’t have left you to your own devices for so long.”

“I’d been talking to myself for years before meeting you,” Matt said, cutting the packing tape off and starting another strip across the top of the box in the other direction. “Frequently I’m the only one who could possibly understand my advanced thought processes, and I hate to burden the unenlightened.”

“Uh-huh.” Dom shook his head wryly. “I came by to see if you needed any help. And to see if you wanted dinner. My treat.”

Matt finally looked up and smiled. “There’s really not much to do here. All my personal stuff fit in one box, and I’ve hired people to come in tomorrow to move all the furniture and the boxed business files into storage.” He shrugged one shoulder as his smile turned sly. “Just in case I need any of it for whatever new job I end up taking.”

“Always good to plan ahead.” Dom laughed, the door swinging shut behind him as he walked closer. “I’m sure your new boss will appreciate you bringing your own decor.” He crowded in close, pulling on Matt’s belt loops playfully. “So how about that date?”

“Were we dating?” Matt gave Dom an innocent look, then set the tape gun down and let Dom tug him closer, let his own hands settle over Dom’s ribs. “I wasn’t going to say no to dinner, but I’m not sure I want to live up to the expectations of a date.”

“What if I promise to put out?” Dom asked with a grin, putting his hands on Matt’s back like he expected him to try to leave. “And I hate flowers, you know.”

Matt shook his head. “You said you were buying. I think that means *I’m* supposed to put out.”

“Ooh, now there's an idea,” Dom said, looking almost like he hadn't thought of it before that. He rubbed their noses together and kissed Matt softly. “Either way, it would be nice to come some way other than in my hand and only *thinking* about you. What do you say?”

“You only think of me? I'm touched, man, truly touched.” Matt snickered and brushed his mouth over Dom's. “And you'd better plan on making it more than nice, or I don't know that it'll be worth the effort. My ass hurt for, like, three days the first time. At least. And I'm still sore from last time.”

“Three days, huh?” Dom asked, cupping Matt's ass through his jeans, hauling him close so they were pressed together. “Didn't realize you were such a delicate flower.”

Matt firmly pinched Dom's side. “You shoved your dick up there. Hard. I'm allowed to be sore after enduring something like that.” He braced his forehead on Dom's shoulder to hide his amusement.

Dom snorted. “Hey, you asked for it,” he singsonged. “I was just giving you what you wanted. But I can do slow and gentle too—a little Barry White, maybe some candlelight. Do you like chocolates, sweetheart?”

“Do you ever want sex from me again, *sweetheart*?” Matt figured that if Dom was going to flutter his eyelashes like that at him, then he was totally allowed to coo right back at Dom. He smacked Dom's side and pushed away. “Let me just put my box in the truck, and then we can go have a slab of steak or something.”

“That sounds good.” Dom reached out and cupped the back of Matt's neck firmly. “But first...” And then he was kissing Matt like he was trying to keep him from slipping away, or like he just couldn't get enough of it. Dom's mouth slanted over Matt's, pushing and tasting even as he pulled Matt back in, stumbling them back against the desk. “Hi there,” he said softly as he came up for air and then swooped back in, tongue sliding into Matt's mouth.

Matt's hands came up to tangle in Dom's hair, for balance, for an anchor, just to fucking *feel* it—he wasn't sure anymore. He sucked on Dom's tongue, moaning softly. He could feel the box on the desk behind him as Dom pressed him backward, and he pulled free of the kiss. “If you break anything in that box by trying to fuck me on it,” he said against Dom's mouth, “I will take it out of your fucking ass.”

“Promises, promises,” Dom eased back enough that they weren't leaning against the box. Then he slipped a knee between Matt's and kissed him again, fitting their bodies together like a couple of puzzle pieces. One hand slipped under Matt's T-shirt and splayed warm and solid across his back as Dom swiped his tongue over Matt's lower lip, growling softly.

“Seriously,” Matt finally said as he pulled free from Dom's mouth reluctantly. “Let me move the box. Or move us. I'm not picky.” He shifted up to rub himself against Dom's thigh and sucked in a breath.

Dom laughed breathlessly. “Okay, move your box.” He stepped back enough to let Matt go.

Matt gave Dom a slightly embarrassed smile, but he moved away, picked up the box, and crossed the room to set it on the floor by the door. It was really all he had left of his business, and apparently he was even more sentimental than he'd thought. He stood up again and smirked at Dom from across the office. “Sure you don't want that steak and then a real bed later?”

“Of course I do,” Dom said, reaching down and adjusting himself. “Were you expecting me to trade dinner and sex for office fun? I just thought we could do both.” He wagged his eyebrows. “Unless you've changed the rules and I finally get to fuck you in your office, in which case I am *definitely* more than capable of fucking you twice in one day.”

“Don't worry,” Matt said drily, starting to cross the room back toward Dom again. “I wasn't casting aspersions on your ability to get it up. I just thought you were hungry. You were the one to mention dinner first.” He came to a stop in front of Dom and looked at him consideringly. “Technically this isn't my office anymore. So you could say the rules don't apply.”

“In that case,” Dom said, hooking his fingers in the waist of Matt's jeans as he stepped closer to fill the gap between them on his own, “why are we just standing here? Dinner was a real offer, but I only brought it up first to be polite.” Dom thumbed open the button at the top of Matt's fly and kissed him, nipping quickly at his lips. “Matt, please let me fuck you,” he begged and then kissed Matt again.

Matt reached out, fisting one hand in Dom's T-shirt and sliding the other up under the loose fabric, fingertips ghosting with pleasure over the warm, firm skin. “I suppose.” He gasped. “But only because you asked so politely.”

He could feel Dom's grin against his mouth. "That's me," Dom said, one hand pushing down the back of Matt's jeans, "always so polite."

"Mmm," Matt said noncommittally, also grinning. "Right. Well, I expect you to politely feed me after I put out. And I will totally order the biggest steak in the place."

"Sure, why not?" Dom said, turning them around and pinning Matt against his desk again. "I might even buy you dessert." He nipped at Matt's mouth. "If you're good, that is." He wedged his leg between Matt's again, pressing and grinding with his hand as he finished opening Matt's fly.

Matt groaned, fingers teasing at the back of Dom's jeans. "I'm awesome. And you talk too fucking much."

"Fucking picky," Dom said and slanted his mouth over Matt's, kissing him hard and deep. Pushing his tongue past Matt's lips, Dom thrust slowly, rocking their bodies together, denim-covered cocks rubbing against denim-covered thighs. He growled quietly and grabbed a fistful of Matt's hair, forcing him to move his head, to deepen the kiss.

"Mmmhmm," Matt agreed, going almost limp in Dom's grip at the rush of pleasure. In a small corner of his mind, Matt was almost more perturbed by his new, apparently submissive bent than by the obviously gay nature of his sexuality. Or bi. Whatever. He loved fucking girls, but he loved being in control too, so he didn't know where this need to just give in was coming from. He pulled back and bit Dom's bottom lip, then licked it. "You have too many clothes on."

"So do you." Dom let go long enough to grab the back of his T-shirt and pull it up and over his head. Hands working fast on his jeans, Dom leaned in, kissing Matt again before either of them could take a breath. Once he had his zipper open, Dom switched track, fisting his hands in Matt's T-shirt, then tugging it up and tossing it somewhere across the room.

Matt laughed softly. "Well, I'll just let you take care of it all, then." He shoved himself up onto the desk. "Speaking of which, you brought stuff with you, right?"

Dom leered, yanking at Matt's jeans-covered legs as they swung over the edge of the desk. "Always be prepared," he said with a wink, pulling a foil packet of lube and a condom out of his pocket and then setting them on the desk next to Matt's hip. "I've had this fantasy where I bend you over your desk and fuck you blind," Dom added, stepping between Matt's legs and cupping the side of his neck to pull him in for another kiss.

“I knew there must be a reason you kept coming over here,” Matt murmured, hands drifting over Dom's stomach, dipping down to tease along the elastic waistband of Dom's boxer-briefs under loose denim as they kissed. “Well, I'm facing the wrong way, and you still have too many clothes on for that. What a shame.”

“And you say *I* talk too much,” Dom said, breaking off their kiss. Dom kicked off his shoes, stepped out of his jeans and underwear, and stood naked and hard, his cock flushed and curving up toward his solid abdomen. He looked at Matt for a few beats and then grinned, shaking his head slightly. “You have no idea how fucking hot you are, do you?”

Matt shook his head absently, not entirely sure what question he was even answering, because he suddenly couldn't look away from the hard length of dark red dick *right there*. He pushed off the desk and almost stumbled, then dropped to his knees at Dom's feet and reached out to circle his fingers around the thick flesh. He wanted to taste but lost his nerve at the last second and settled for slowly sliding his hand up and down again.

Long fingers buried themselves in Matt's hair as Dom groaned, leaning into his touch. “Go on,” he urged, hand clenching. “Do it.”

“Don't get pushy,” Matt grumbled. He grinned then and sent Dom a sly look through his eyelashes. “I've never done this before, you know. Are you sure you want my teeth around your dick?”

“If you hurt me, I won't be able to fuck you,” Dom pointed out. “I'd say that's incentive. Unless you're chickening out now?” He arched an eyebrow. “I could give you another lesson, if you're slow.”

“If I suck your brain out your dick, you won't be able to fuck me either.” Matt leaned closer, nosed at the cut of Dom's hip, and inhaled the warm musk of his skin. It made him dizzy, and he closed his eyes. “Slow. You're such an ass.” Another breath, and Matt turned his face enough to rub the flat of his tongue up Dom's dick from base to crown.

“*Fuck.*” Dom gasped. His hips twitched forward once, but he held still otherwise. “Don't tease. Please.”

Matt licked at the head of Dom's dick, then stroked across it with the underside of his tongue. He pulled back, licked his lips, and swallowed. “Not teasing. Promise. Just...figuring it out.” He leaned in again, wrapped his lips around just the tip, and sucked.

The air caught in Dom's throat as he yanked on Matt's hair before he finally let go, petting Matt's head and shoulders instead. "That's..." he said, voice taut, "that's...a good start."

Matt pulled off and smirked up at Dom. "I'm slow, remember. But I'll try my best." He bent again to suck Dom into his mouth, slowly taking him in as far as he could, then pulling back. He set an easy rhythm down and back as he adjusted to the feel of the thick length in his mouth. Once he felt like he had the basic head bob down, he started using his tongue, toying with Dom, trying to remember the little tricks that always blew his mind so he could test them on Dom.

He kept working mouth and tongue over Dom's dick until Dom couldn't control the jerks of his hips anymore, until Dom was groaning helplessly. Matt pulled off with a wet sound and wiped his face on his shoulder. His throat felt raw, and his jaw ached, and his dick was hard enough to pound nails. "Did you want to fuck me," he rasped, "or do you want me to finish you off instead?"

"I take back the slow comment." Dom groaned, pulling up on Matt's hair to make him stand. "You're a fucking natural at that. But I'd still rather fuck you than your mouth right now."

"Are you calling me a cocksucker?" Matt pushed his jeans and boxers off his hips, groaning with relief when his dick was finally freed of the fabric.

"In the very best way," Dom said, putting his hands on Matt's waist. "Also, you kind of are, you know." He kissed Matt as he tried to walk them back to the desk, though it was more of a shuffle with Matt's jeans still around his thighs.

Matt stepped on the hems so his jeans pulled off with each step backward. He laughed into Dom's mouth. "One cock! I sucked *one*. Once. I hardly think that qualifies for name calling." He winced slightly as they hit his desk, literally, the sudden bump of cool wood on his bare ass jarring him.

"It's a compliment," Dom said. "Unless you just want me to call you *my* cocksucker?" He reached between them and wrapped long fingers around Matt's hard length, jacking him a few times. "Do you really want to argue about this now?"

"Not arguing." Matt gasped. "Just making conversation." His hips lifted with each stroke of Dom's fist. "Waiting for you to make your move."

“Asshole.” Dom snorted. “I’ll show you making a move.” Then he kissed Matt hard, fitting their bodies together and letting go of Matt’s cock so there was nothing between them. Narrow, blunt pressure pushed at Matt’s ass, the dry tip of Dom’s finger just enough to remind both of them what they were doing.

Finally. Matt gasped again, into Dom’s mouth, pushing back onto Dom’s finger encouragingly. He *wanted*—wanted the stretching burn, wanted the sharp pleasure that sparked up his spine anytime Dom hit his prostate, wanted to be manhandled and bent over and *taken*. “Wow, what a move,” he said breathlessly. “I think I might swoon.”

Dom growled, nipping at Matt’s lips once more before roughly turning him around to face the desk. “God, you’re such an ass,” he muttered, pushing hard against the space between Matt’s shoulders, forcing him to bend over the desk. “Stay there.” There was the sound of foil tearing, and seconds later Dom was pressing a pair of cool, slick fingers into him, sliding deep and hard with a grunt.

Matt widened his stance and lifted his ass, squeezing on Dom’s fingers as he bit back a groan. “That’s more like it. God.” Matt rested his face on his hands and closed his eyes, focusing on the pleasure curling through his stomach, the blood rushing to his already flushed dick. “I might be an ass, but you still want to fuck me.”

“Fuck yes I do.” Dom’s laugh was a rough-edged sound. He twisted his wrist, spreading Matt open fast and dirty. “Want to fuck you as much and as often as I can.” A third finger wormed in next to the first two, and Dom turned his hand, pushing hard on that spot that made Matt lose his mind. “Want to mark you as mine and have you begging for more.”

“I’ll think about letting you mark me.” Matt growled. “It will probably depend on how hard you make me come.” Matt squeezed his eyes shut, gritted his teeth, and tried not to let Dom see how fucking *good* his fingers felt. Dom pressed again, and pleasure ripped up Matt’s spine. “And if you ever actually fuck me.”

“I can’t wait until I get to gag you so you can’t talk smack while we’re fucking.” Dom pushed one more time before pulling his fingers free. A moment later, something wider was sliding in, pressing past the slick entrance easily. One hand gripped tightly at Matt’s hip while the other rested heavily between his shoulders, holding him firmly in place.

Matt sucked in a breath and then groaned, long and low. He could easily become addicted to this, he thought hazily as he felt a shiver run through him. “Uh. You—oh God—you're the one who couldn't wait, had to fuck me here instead.”

“Who said anything about instead?” Dom asked. Then he started pounding in and out of Matt, fucking him hard and fast, the force rocking Matt up onto his toes a few times. “Fuck you again.” He grunted. “Later.”

Bracing himself, shoving back into Dom roughly, Matt opened his mouth to retort again and cried out wordlessly instead, mind wiped completely clean when Dom slammed into his prostate. Dom kept moving, thrusting in again and again, and Matt couldn't breathe and couldn't fucking *think*, could only feel, overwhelmed by the rush of need and pleasure roaring through him.

“Feel so good.” Dom kept his hard and nearly punishing rhythm, his fingers digging into Matt's hip, clenching with each thrust, and he pushed down harder with his other hand, keeping Matt flat against the desk. “So fucking hot.”

“Yes.” Matt gasped. “Oh God, yes, so fucking good I can't—Fuck, Dom. *Please.*” Matt wasn't even sure what he was asking for, just knew he needed to come before he exploded. He pulled one hand out from under his face and reached down to grab his dick and stroke. “Please.”

“Fuck.” Dom moaned, changing his angle to hit Matt's prostate more and more, panting and struggling for breath behind him. “*Matt.*”

Matt started to shake, a fine tremor just under his skin as he rode the edge of climax for a few endless seconds before falling over into an orgasm so intense, it was almost painful. His body convulsed, muscles contracting and clamping down on Dom's dick. Spunk dripped down the side of his desk and covered his fingers, his hand still tugging and stroking as he came.

Dom let go of Matt to brace himself against the desk with both hands and thrust a couple more times, coming with a broken cry. He slumped over Matt, breathing heavily on Matt's sweat-slicked back. “Damn.” He panted. “*Damn.*” It sounded like he was smiling.

“No shit,” Matt mumbled. He kept twitching as aftershocks shuddered through him, and he wasn't sure he ever wanted to move again. His lips curved, smashed against the back of his hand. “Speaking of which, I totally thought you were full of it. But you were right.”

“I usually am,” Dom said, slowly pulling out of Matt. Somehow he managed to maneuver them over to the couch and pull Matt into a naked, sticky cuddle. “What was I right about this time?”

Matt pulled a face but didn't move away from Dom even though they were both getting more disgusting by the second. “Didn't know what I was missing.”

Dom laughed, a breathless sound against Matt's neck. “Just wait,” he promised, kissing damp skin slowly, “until I show you what I bought today.”

Epilogue

Six Months Later

Dom let himself into Matt's house, using the key he'd helped himself to the week before. Matt hadn't seemed to mind then, just rolled his eyes and let Dom have his way. Dom had claimed at the time that it meant he wouldn't have to wait for Matt to get off his ass to answer the door anymore, but he still got a crazy, giddy sensation low in his gut when he held the key. And yes, he was well aware he was turning into a complete sap, which he would probably never live down, but damned if over the past half year he hadn't fallen hard and irretrievably.

“What's for dinner, Lucy?” he bellowed through Matt's house as he closed the door.

“Depends on what you're cooking, Ethel,” Matt bellowed back, his voice coming from somewhere upstairs.

Laughing, Dom tugged off his tie and headed up the stairs, two at a time. He found Matt in the guest bedroom, bare feet visible under his too-long jeans, staring out the window, hands in his pockets and a thoughtful look on his face. Dom came up behind him, looped his arms around him, and kissed the back of his neck. “What's up? Something good out the window?”

Matt leaned back into Dom. “Nah. Just wondering how much this view is worth.”

“You're not thinking of selling?” Dom tightened his arms just slightly. Matt loved the house, but he didn't need Dom to tell him that. “This place is way better than mine.”

“I'll never sell this place, but I haven't found a job yet.” He shrugged a shoulder casually, but Dom could feel tension slowly winding through Matt's body. “Thought it might be time to look for a roommate or something. Someone to share expenses.”

“That so?” Dom asked. Matt had insisted, when Red Rock hadn't made him a job offer, that he was fine for money, and Dom knew he'd been looking for the past few months, but there'd never really been a sense of urgency to his job search. Almost as though Matt hadn't

wanted to get back out there after everything that had happened, and Dom couldn't really blame him for it. "Well, I guess you could put out an ad, but you should be careful about crazies. What kind of roommate are you looking for?"

Matt shrugged again. "Hadn't really thought that much about it, honestly." A thread of amusement curled under the words as he continued, "Maybe someone who drinks decent beer."

"Hoping it will rub off on you?" Dom teased, this time kissing the side of Matt's neck, a lingering touch of lips. He had a feeling he knew where this was going, but it was almost always worth it to play along with Matt's games.

"Or you, fucker." Matt shifted a little and nudged his elbow into Dom's stomach—not hard, just making a point. "Although I constantly give you a stellar example in drinking, and you haven't learned yet."

Dom snorted. "I guess it's all subjective. So what will the lucky roommate get for his share of the bills?"

"Or her. You never know who'll answer an ad, and I'm sort of a safe guy for a girl to live with now that I'm taking it up the ass."

"Only if they aren't pretty." Dom growled playfully, nipping at Matt's neck. "Guy or girl. Not sure I like the idea of you living with someone else as it is. Pretty just wouldn't be fair."

"I would totally let them have their own room if they wanted it. It wouldn't necessarily be living *with*." Matt tilted his head slightly, giving Dom more access.

Dom pinched Matt's side. "Asshole," he muttered, nipping at Matt's earlobe with his teeth. "Have their own bedroom. *Very* funny."

Matt shifted his hips, a minute movement that rubbed his ass over Dom's crotch. "If they wanted." He pulled one hand free of his pocket and reached back to squeeze Dom's thigh. "Of course, an ad could be expensive, unless I post online somewhere, and then I run the risk of Internet stalkers. You wouldn't know of anyone looking for a place, would you? It'd be a lot better if it were someone we know."

"Just so happens I do know someone," Dom said between kisses along the curve of Matt's neck. "He's got a bitch of a commute right now and doesn't like his place as much as he likes the suburbs. Of course, he's amazingly good-looking, which should be a deal breaker." He paused

for effect, popping open the top couple of buttons on Matt's shirt. "But he's crazy about his boyfriend, so I think I could make an exception on the ban on hot guys moving in here."

"His humility is somewhat underwhelming," Matt said drily. "He should have thought about location before choosing his condo too." He let go of Dom's thigh and pulled his other hand from his pocket so he could start opening the buttons at the bottom of his shirt. "Are you sure he's not just crazy?"

"Jerk." Dom chuckled, working his way down Matt's buttons to meet him in the middle. "I'll have you know he's the ideal roommate for you."

Matt pulled the tails of his shirt free of his jeans. "He must cook *and* clean, then. *And* drink imported beer. You sure you don't mind making an exception for this guy? What if he doesn't want his own room?"

"He might be willing to take turns with the cooking and cleaning." Dom grinned against Matt's neck. "And he'd probably be willing to leave room in the fridge for your crap beer. I'm afraid he's a bed hog, though."

"Hey!" Matt said, sounding indignant. "My fridge! I'll fill the whole damn thing with my awesome beer if I want to."

"Living with someone is all about learning to make concessions," Dom said sagely. He flattened his hand on Matt's stomach, holding him close.

"Concessions, my ass," Matt muttered.

"Never make concessions about your ass. It's perfect," Dom teased, thrusting his hips forward once. He sobered and squeezed Matt tight, kissing his jaw softly. "I love it just the way it is. Kind of like the rest of you."

Matt folded his arms over Dom's and squeezed back. "God, Dom," he said, sounding breathless, "this is so fucking ridiculous. There are no condoms in this room, and would you just tell me you'll fucking move in already so we can stop *talking* and just go get your dick in my ass?"

"You're the soul of romance, baby." Dom laughed. "And yes, I'll move in. Half my stuff is here at this point anyway."

“*And* your crappy beer is in my fridge. Don't call me that.” Matt turned in the loosened circle of Dom's arms and raised both hands to cup Dom's face, palms bracketing his jaw and tugging him in for a hard, hungry kiss.

Dom kissed Matt back, leaning in and giving as good as he got. He'd long since figured out that Matt didn't really mind the nickname, that his reaction was more of an automatic one than a serious one by now, but it was still fun to pull his leg now and then. “Sorry,” he said when they broke for air. “You know it takes me a while to learn some things.”

Matt nipped at Dom's lower lip and then soothed the bite with his tongue. “Six fucking months. You'd think it would've sunk in by now. Or you know damn well and do it on purpose.” He bit Dom's chin. “I'm going to have to start keeping lube everywhere, aren't I?”

“It would probably be a good idea, yes,” Dom said, grinning. He kissed Matt, slowly tightening his arms as he teased Matt's mouth open with small flicks of his tongue. “Especially considering how you can't keep your hands off of me.”

“Oh, whatthefuckever,” Matt snarked. “I was just standing at the window, minding my own business, and you started going all grabby-hands and touchy-feely. Had my fucking hands in my *pockets*, for Christ's sake. And if you don't get your hands on my ass in the next five seconds, I am kicking you out and rescinding the roommate offer and taking care of things myself. God, you're slow.”

Dom snorted but did as he was told, with an extra smack for good measure before grabbing Matt's perfect ass with both hands and grinding their bodies together until his breath caught in his throat. “So damn pushy,” he rumbled, nipping at Matt's lips.

Matt started to walk, steering Dom backward across the room toward the door. “I'll show you pushy,” he mumbled against Dom's mouth. It was awkward because Matt refused to stop kissing Dom long enough to just walk to his room, but they were making slow progress. “Besides, you love it. And we'd never get anywhere if I weren't.”

“Whatever makes you happy,” Dom said, letting go of Matt one hand at a time to shrug out of his suit jacket as they stumbled the familiar path to Matt's—their—bedroom. He could feel how fast and hot Matt was flashing under his hands already, taste it in his kisses, and it bled over into Dom too. By the time they got there, Dom had his shoes off and both of their pants open. “Can't wait to come home to this all the time.”

“Your dick in my ass would make me happy,” Matt said, finally pulling away from Dom long enough to pull his shirt off. He tossed it to the floor, then shucked his jeans and boxers before lying down, stretching across the bed on his stomach to dig lube and condoms out of the night table on the opposite side.

Dom was unbuttoning his shirt when he saw Matt stretched out like that, and there was no way he could have resisted, even if he'd wanted to. Dom pulled his shirt up and over his head, then kicked off his pants and underwear before climbing onto the bed and straddling Matt's legs. He slid his hands up Matt's sides, kissing slowly up Matt's chest and stomach until his body covered Matt's, wedging his hard cock firmly between the ass he'd been touching only moments earlier.

Matt pushed back, up into Dom, hand momentarily stilled as he groaned. “God, now we're getting somewhere,” he mumbled. “If I could just find the fucking lube.”

Muffling his own groan against Matt's shoulder, Dom rocked against Matt a few times, already more than half-lost in the way Matt's skin felt against him. “Anytime you want to find that lube so I can start fucking you would be good.” He breathed against Matt's neck, rocking again. Being with Matt drove Dom crazier than anyone else ever had, and he couldn't love it more. Even when Matt was being obnoxious. “Can't get enough of you. Don't think I ever will.”

“Are you sure you even put it back—Oh, never mind. Got it!” Matt held it back toward Dom with one hand while he dug for a condom with the other. “Although you drip enough that we probably almost don't even need it. Christ.”

“*Fuck.*” The idea of fucking Matt with nothing but spit between them, not even a condom, hit Dom like an electric shock, and his dick twitched in approval. He grabbed the lube and slid off Matt, quickly pressing his slick fingers between those perfect cheeks. “Bet you'd feel so good like that,” he all but cooed, pushing two fingers into Matt at once. “All tight and bare. I could lick your ass first, get you all nice and slick.”

Matt grunted and pushed back into Dom's hand as he shoved the drawer shut. “Damn straight you'd lick me first. Your dick isn't actually going anywhere near my ass without a lot of slick of some kind. Oh God, I—*Please.*” He held the condom back over his shoulder. “You also aren't going bare tonight, so put this on and just fuck me already. Now, please, Dom, c'mon.”

“It's all about patience,” Dom said but took the condom before adding more lube to where his fingers met Matt's ass. Matt didn't need nearly as much stretching now as he had at first, but sometimes Dom just liked making him squirm. “Love making you come apart like this, making you beg for it.”

“Always beg, you asshole.” Matt groaned. He writhed under Dom's hands, legs shifting farther apart. “Can't keep my—*fuck*, yes, there, God, *again*, please—keep my fucking mouth shut with you.”

“You never could,” Dom agreed, pressing hard against Matt's prostate. “It gets sexy as hell too.”

Matt cried out, hands fisting in the comforter under him. “Gets sexy? I'm always sexy as hell. And would you seriously please just fuck me already? Please, don't tease me. Not this time, Dom, please.”

“Shh.” Dom kissed Matt's shoulder. He'd made him wait long enough. “You know I've got you. Always got you.” Another kiss, this one as he pulled his fingers free and tore open the foil condom wrapper, kneeling on the bed next to Matt. “Roll over for me?”

Without a word, Matt sat up, took the condom, and quickly rolled it down Dom's length. He reached up and curled a hand behind Dom's neck, pulling Dom down over him as he lay back. “Like this?” he asked, wrapping a leg around Dom.

“Just like that.” Dom sucked on Matt's lower lip briefly. He moved into position and pushed in with one long, slow shove, not stopping until his cock was completely buried inside Matt, balls pressed snug against Matt's ass. Taking a moment to enjoy the feeling, Dom rested his forehead against Matt's. “God, you always feel so good.”

“Yeah,” Matt said breathlessly. “Just wait until you start moving. I'll feel even better.”

Dom laughed and kissed him lightly. “Good to know.” Then he started moving slowly, a gentle in-and-out motion that wouldn't get them off so much as it would make them both burn for more. He could feel Matt tight and hot around him, and he groaned quietly as he kissed Matt again, deepening it with each steady thrust.

Matt pushed his hand into Dom's hair, fisted, and tugged. “You're still teasing,” he murmured into Dom's mouth. “You already know I won't break. Hard and fast, *baby*.”

“I know you won't,” Dom said quietly, still moving slowly, though he added a twist of his hips, hitching Matt's leg a little higher around his waist. “But you're so good, I just don't want it to stop.” Matt felt so amazing around him, Dom wasn't sure he'd even be able to see straight if he opened his eyes. Hell, he didn't even remember closing them. “Just want to take my time and make it last forever.”

“That's the awesome thing about your moving in,” Matt said, tightening his leg around Dom. “We can do this all the time. A lot.”

“Not the only thing, I hope.” Dom grunted, thrusting harder. His control was starting to fray, the pleasure of making love to Matt frying his brain surely, and on the next thrust, he shifted, sliding his arm behind Matt's shoulder to pull him in.

“No,” Matt said with a gasp, “not the only thing, but I thought if I reminded you that you'll be getting laid all the time, that maybe you'd fuck me harder.” His fingers ghosted down Dom's spine and then pushed between Dom's cheeks. “Maybe I'll fuck you some too.”

Ass clenching, Dom sped up. “Fuck, I hope so.” He groaned. “When we test clean, can't wait to have you fuck me bare.” They hadn't talked about that yet, and Dom's thrusts faltered at his own slip of the tongue but didn't stop. Hoping to distract Matt, Dom pulled him harder into the next few thrusts, mouthing at his neck and reaching around to cup his other shoulder, holding him tightly in place and grunting as he aimed, looking for Matt's prostate.

“Soon,” Matt said, then cried out as Dom hit exactly the right spot. “Oh God, yes, right there, fucking hell, Dom!” He made a strangled sound as Dom thrust again. And again. “Me first, though,” he finally managed.

“You know it.” Dom moaned. “Can't wait to feel only you wrapped around my cock, baby. Going to feel so perfect.” Control in shreds, Dom started fucking Matt hard and fast, driving into him again and again. Like this, with Matt pinned under him and his hands around Matt's shoulders, neither of them could get to Matt's cock, trapped and leaking between them, so Dom moved and pressed and fucked as much as he could, trying to force Matt to come untouched. “*Matt.*”

Matt shook and squeezed around Dom. “God, that feels so good, Dom, so fucking close. I'm so close. Just fucking come already. Christ. Get me off after.”

“Fuck, you feel so good.” Dom panted, mouth just under Matt's ear. “Can you come like this for me? Drives me fucking crazy to feel you coming on my cock. So close. Gonna come, baby. Come with me.”

“Maybe. Maybe if you stop fucking calling me that,” Matt said with a growl. “And maybe if you bite me.”

“You got it.” Dom licked a stripe down Matt's neck. “*Baby.*” Before Matt could say anything else obnoxious, Dom just opened his mouth and bit down on the straining cord of Matt's neck, sucking and biting hard enough to raise a serious mark. Matt immediately stiffened and cried out as he convulsed and spilled between them. He kept shaking, his body clamping down on Dom's cock again and again. The feel of Matt coming was enough to shove Dom over the edge, and he came hard with a shout, thrusting once more into Matt before shuddering with the force of his orgasm.

Still twitching, Dom fell to the side enough that he could still keep Matt pinned to the bed without squashing him. “Good goddamn.” He panted, not caring how stupid his postcoital grin was, not after all these months of fucking himself stupid with Matt on a regular basis.

Matt shoved at Dom's shoulder weakly, still panting himself. “God, you're such an ass,” he grumbled. “Get off me. And get rid of the condom, seriously.”

“Jerk.” Dom laughed shakily, but he rolled away and disposed of the condom anyhow. He grabbed a handful of tissues and dropped them on Matt's chest. “Sometimes I have no idea why I'm so crazy about you.”

“Because I'm awesome, clearly.” Matt cleaned himself up and tossed the tissues in the trash, then flopped back on the bed with a yawn. “I'm so awesome, I'll buy pizza after I have a nap. You wore me the fuck out.”

“Sure, whatever.” Dom grinned happily as he curled around Matt and rested his head on Matt's sweaty shoulder. “I meant it, you know,” he said, quiet now. “I do love you.”

Matt was silent for a long time, and then he huffed out a breath and started toying with Dom's hair. “Yeah, I...” His voice trailed off, and he blew out another breath. “Maybe I might sort of love you too.”

Dom laughed and wound an arm around Matt's waist. “Maybe, huh? How much do you want to bet you really do?”

“Possibly.” Matt laughed too and lightly smacked the top of Dom's head. “Shut the fuck up. I am never making a bet with you again. Asshole.”

THE END

About the Authors

Jenny Urban

Jenny lives not too terribly far from Las Vegas, Nevada, but not terribly close, either. An unabashed fan girl, she shares her home with two cats named after fictional wizards and a larger than life size poster of a certain television actor. No, she won't tell you who. When she isn't working hard at her day job, she enjoys watching said actor on his show, writing, reading, playing the piano and singing in a local community choir. She and Elizabeth Silver are constantly bouncing new story ideas off each other and plan to keep writing together for as long as they can.

Elizabeth Silver

Elizabeth Silver lives about halfway between New York and Philadelphia with her husband and two demanding felines. Long known among friends and family for a love of telling stories that weren't exactly what people expected, Elizabeth has only recently turned her attention to writing for the public. Having discovered how much fun it is, however, she has no plans to ever stop now. Elizabeth can frequently be found at the local diners or coffee shops with Internet access and bottomless refills, working on new story ideas on her own or with her close friend and co-author, Jenny Urban.