



THE Reluctant
ESCORT

STONE RICHARDS

After breaking up with his live-in lover, Lee Graham finds he needs money. Franky McCoy owns an escort service and has an opening. A client needs an escort for the evening and is willing to pay top dollar for the right man. Lee is tempted by the large sum—and the rent is coming due. He agrees to be an escort for the evening, believing he will be tending a famous actress. He finds, however, that Sydney Barlow is not only a famous stage actress, but very male, a cross dresser and embroiled in a heated quarrel with his director and lover, Markus Goodfellow. Can Lee be the escort Sydney has paid for? Or will Sydney's lover-director have his own demands on the escort? And perhaps more importantly, is the director willing to share his lover?

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The Reluctant Escort
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The Reluctant Escort

By

Stone Richards

Dedication

To Tina.

Chapter 1

Lee Graham slid onto the barstool and signaled the bartender. "Draw me a beer, Randy. And don't bother telling me how early in the day it is." He ran his fingers through his hair, then massaged the back of his neck. He was on the verge of a headache. Two days ago, he moved out of Larry Walters' house, and broke a long-standing love affair with his business partner.

"Aren't you supposed to be at the store?" Randy asked, setting the glass of beer before Lee.

"Well, Larry and I had a little disagreement and I decided not to go in today." He lifted the drink and took a sip, then wiped the foam off his top lip with the back of one hand.

"Partners shouldn't argue, man."

"Yeah. Tell me about it."

Lee turned his attention to the beer as Randy was summoned to the other end of the bar. He had been partners with Larry for four years, then, after one long night at the sporting goods store, made the decision to move in with him. *That was my first*

mistake. He gulped his drink and set the glass on the bar. Glancing around, he took account of how many patrons were in the neighborhood hangout. Two men sat at the end of the bar, monopolizing Randy's time, and a lone guy sat in the back booth. He glanced at his watch. Hell. It was only eleven o'clock. No wonder his stomach rebelled at the cold beer. He shoved the glass aside and reached for the peanuts. He might feel better if he ate something.

Living on his own again had been an abrupt decision, and one he hoped he didn't regret. *Crap.* He had known Larry since college and when they opened the sporting goods store together, he thought he had found the perfect business partner. Larry had majored in business management, had a good head for figures and a small inheritance from his grandfather. The money was the important part. Two guys right out of college couldn't swing a loan, especially for a business that would prove seasonal. Washington State wasn't known for its balmy temperatures. When snow blanketed the area, no one came into the store except those diehard skiers and snowboarders. And despite public opinion, they weren't all that plentiful. Needless to say, profits took a nosedive in the winter. *And gave Larry and me one more thing to argue about.*

Lee grimaced. He didn't often argue with

Larry—only when things grew tense at the store. Two days ago, a shipment of ski masks failed to materialize and Larry was quick to point the finger at him. In retrospect, he had been the one to place the order, but it wasn't his fault that it had become routed to the wrong damn state. *Fuck. I should leave this icebox and find another way of making a living.*

The idea had merit—except that every cent he had was tied up in The Sports Shop. After four years of the daily grind at the store, he still didn't have any money in the bank. Granted, he knew it would take a while to get the business going—but four years seemed more like an omen than the onset of a lasting business. He popped a peanut in his mouth and listened to the music coming from the jukebox. Someone was crying in their beer. He glanced toward the guy in the booth. He was holding his head in his hands. *Yeah. It looks like he's the one.* He pulled his gaze away from the man. The last thing he needed was to get involved with someone else's problem. He had enough to worry about.

His relationship with Larry had started when they opened the business. While they were in college, he had suspected he was gay, but since they weren't roommates, or even in the same social circle, he had never garnered any proof. It hadn't become a known fact until he began to talk

about his own sexual preferences and Larry opened up. Less than a month after that eye-opening conversation, they had their first sexual encounter. He sighed and drained his glass.

Every time he thought about the first time with Larry, his gut tightened. It was so intense and passionate that he swore Larry was in love with him. The way he touched him, his hands sliding along his body as though he knew every curve. And the greedy way he sucked his cock. His mouth was hot and traveled in just the right places to set his senses ablaze. He signaled Randy and ordered another beer.

The decision to move out of Larry's house had been in the back of his mind for a few months. After they began their sexual relationship, Larry started acting possessive. Once, an old college pal came into the shop and Larry nearly exploded when he saw him give the guy a hug. Hell. It only meant he was glad to see him. Their cocks hadn't touched. And neither man had thrown the other down on the floor and fucked him. His brows drew together. Sometimes he just didn't understand Larry. Right after the incident with the old college chum, he suggested they move in together. At first the idea seemed okay, but Larry's possessiveness just got worse and before too long, he was pressing him for a commitment.

"I'm not ready for a commitment. Hell. I'm only

twenty-eight."

"What's that?"

Lee jerked his head up as Randy set a fresh glass of beer before him.

"Nothing, I was just thinking out loud." His neck felt hot, then his cheeks flamed.

"Well, look what the cat dragged in," Randy exclaimed, laughing.

Lee turned on the stool, spying Franky McCoy, the local escort king. He smiled at the sight of him. A mop of blond hair hung across one side of his face and down his back. He walked toward Lee when he made eye contact, his hips swiveling seductively. Lee smiled. His pants were leather, tight and accentuated the bulge at his crotch.

"Lee, darling," Franky crooned, sliding onto the stool beside him. "How would you like to make a thousand dollars?"

Lee chuckled. "Who do I have to fuck?"

Franky smiled and leaned closer. He fingered the sleeve of Lee's shirt, then traced his palm along his arm. "I like the feel of your muscles, darling."

Lee pulled his arm free of Franky's hand.

"Touchy. Touchy. Are you interested in making a thousand dollars or not?"

"I might be. What do I have to do?"

Franky touched one fingertip to his chin and winked at Lee. "You've heard about the big bash

for the theater tonight, haven't you? Well, it seems one of the stars needs an escort. I was going to send Joey, but he's in bed with the flu." He shrugged his shoulders and smiled. "I supposed I was going to have to cancel on the poor dear, but then I came in here and saw you trying to drown yourself in beer. Tell me, sweetheart, why so blue?"

"No reason, I just like beer."

"Before noon?" Franky clicked his tongue. "I know better. I was just in the sporting goods store and saw your partner. He looks like he's been hit by a semi. You should go console him."

Lee shifted on the stool. He didn't want to hear anything about his former lover, and especially from Franky. "What's the deal?"

"Well, I just need you to escort Sydney to the award ceremony for the theater. The elite of the city will be there. Would you like to rub elbows with the mayor and his cabinet?"

"Not particularly, Franky." *But I could really use a thousand bucks.* Now that he was obligated to pay rent every month, he needed another source of income. He grimaced. Letting Franky talk him into being one of his escorts could have its drawbacks. It might hurt business at the store. People understood only to a certain point. He supposed everybody in town knew he was gay—hell, he had never tried to hide the fact.

"You want me to escort Sydney—is that a woman?"

"Yes, darling, I believe so. The voice on the phone said he was Sydney's publicist. And you might have to bed her." He winked. "You're capable of getting it on with a woman—aren't you?"

"I can get it up, Franky." He studied him. The prospect of making a thousand dollars just for hanging out with a woman for the evening sounded easy. He drew in a deep breath. "Okay. I'll do it."

Chapter 2

Lee straightened his tie and adjusted the tux, glancing at his reflection in the mirror. Damn! He hadn't been so dressed up since he graduated high school. For a second, he had thoughts of calling the whole thing off, of phoning Franky and telling him to get someone else to escort Sydney to the bash. *I don't really want to spend my evening with a female.* He frowned at himself in the mirror. For the most part, the only time he dealt with women was when they came into the store. *And I've only fucked one in my entire life.*

The debate continued in his head. Did he want to go? Could he get out of going? Did he need the money as bad as he initially thought? He sighed and turned to one side, observing his reflection. He looked pretty damn good. A small smile touched his lips. His body was trim and lean. The rich fabric of the tux draped nicely at his shoulders, accentuating their broadness. And the trousers, with the red cummerbund at the waist,

gave a nice teasing element to his tight buttocks.

“Aw hell, I guess I’ll go.”

Lee laughed. He had almost talked himself out of taking the job – until he realized how handsome he looked in the rented suit. His eyebrows rose. Maybe he’d get lucky tonight. Surely there would be more people at the party than Sydney. The thought of having to tend a woman he didn’t know made him a bit uneasy. “If I can’t handle it, I’ll just find the bar and get drunk.”

The clock on the nightstand chimed and Lee glanced in its direction. It was time to go. He pulled in a steadying breath, glanced a final time at his reflection, and strode to the door of his small apartment. At least he didn’t have to go pick Sydney up. After all, his old car was hardly fit for a star. The thought that a thousand bucks would go a long way in replacing it entered his mind. But then he remembered that the rent was due in two weeks.

Being careful not to soil his suit, Lee slid behind the steering wheel and started the car. It was a twenty minute drive to the Civic Center. Apparently the city fathers felt that honoring one of their own deserved more atmosphere than the old Regency Theater could afford. It made little sense to him that such a bash should be held in the first place. From what he understood about the Regency Theater, the old place was home to

various plays and off-Broadway productions directed by Markus Goodfellow, a one-time famous director on the east coast. He shrugged. To hell with it. He had read the write-up in the newspaper when the old theater was reopened but he hadn't paid much attention otherwise. Going to the theater wasn't one of his likes. And shelling out a handful of money to see two people enunciating their vowels at the top of their lungs just didn't make sense.

Lee arrived downtown at the Civic Center and followed the line of traffic along the avenue. Parking inside the covered garage, he left the car and walked toward the main entrance. A bevy of people crowded the sidewalk in front of the double glass doors. He took his place at the back of the gathering, adjusting his tie for the hundredth time. He realized his neck felt hot and ran one fingertip inside the collar of his shirt. *Shit! I hate crowds.*

Franky had given him instructions on where to meet his date for the evening. And he had made certain to stress that should Sydney desire sex, he was to provide her with the hardest cock he could attain. He had to laugh at Franky's description. "Would I give a woman anything less?"

Realizing he had spoken out loud, he felt his cheeks pink when the woman in front of him turned and glanced at him. He faked a cough and

turned his head away, hoping she wouldn't comment on his words or that she hadn't clearly heard them. The line began to move and he shuffled his feet toward the door. The wind was picking up and the fabric of the tux was proving less than adequate against the cold. Goosebumps dotted his legs, and given a few more minutes in the cold, his cock would be frozen.

Lee made his way past the decorated tables in the foyer of the building and stepped inside the main auditorium. According to Franky, he was to meet Sydney near the fountain, an elaborate contraption that cost the city a small fortune but commemorated the good work of the council members in the community. *Bullshit*. The concrete and iron configuration, with its twin dolphins spouting streams of water, was little more than an eyesore. The floor surrounding the monstrosity was wet from the overspray and the constant gurgling noise just lent an annoying drone to the spacious room.

He positioned himself as close to the spitting fountain as he deemed safe. He had no intention of cleaning the tux before he returned it and standing too close to the wet fount was one way to guarantee something to go wrong. He glanced around the gathering, noticing the couples dressed in their finery. Beyond the double doors at the end of the room, he could see tables draped in white

clothes. *At least I get a meal out of this.* He smiled slightly. He hoped they were serving roast beef. It was his favorite.

"Pardon me."

Lee turned when a hand touched his arm. His eyes widened and his breath hitched.

"Are you Lee?"

Son-of-a-bitch! He tried to nod, then realized he was staring as if he had seen a ghost.

"I'm Sydney." The hand on his arm lifted, fluttered seductively in mid air for a second, then returned to squeeze his arm. "Franky didn't mention that you would be so handsome."

Lee's throat went dry. His gaze skimmed the figure before him, confirming his inkling that Sydney was Sydney Barlow, the famous cross dresser and the star of *La Petite*, the long running French musical at the Regency Theater. He had seen pictures and heard the gossip, but never thought he would come face to face with him. *Or be his date for the evening.*

Chapter 3

I'm going to kill Franky. The thought lodged in Lee's mind as he offered his arm to Sydney Barlow and watched him slide his red tipped nails along his sleeve. Once the hand disappeared over his arm, Sydney pressed his gown-clad body against his side. The notion that the whole thing was silly assailed Lee. He never understood cross dressing. If a man was gay—so be it. Find another gay and fuck your brains out. He stole a peek at Sydney as they stepped inside the dining room of the center.

A loud uproar arose the second those seated at the white draped tables spied the guest of honor. Lee tried not to grimace as Sydney raised a hand and began blowing kisses to the mass. "Thank you, my darlings," Sydney called, smiling broadly and urging Lee further into the room. "I'm delighted to be here this evening."

Lee allowed the man to pull him through the crowd. Glancing at the audience, he guessed most

of the people of Sullivan were in attendance. Sydney held on to his arm and wove his way through the tables, shaking hands and exchanging kisses with a few people. He felt his cheeks flaming and hoped to God he didn't see anyone he was acquainted with. When finally Sydney halted at a large table at the front of the room, he felt a bit of relief travel through his insides. And when the actor pulled out a chair and dropped in to it, he hurried to seat himself, hoping to be a little less conspicuous.

The hum of voices in the room seemed to congeal around his head. Everywhere he glanced, there was someone aiming a camera trying to get a picture of Sydney. He lowered his head and tried to act as though he was inspecting the centerpiece on the table, but then Sydney grabbed his sleeve again. Against his better judgment, he turned to face the actor.

Pouting flame red lips pursed at him, then spread slowly into a wide grin. "You aren't uneasy, are you?"

Lee tried to smile, but his gut felt as though it was tied in a knot. "This is my first experience at an affair like this."

"Darling, just relax. I'll do the socializing." Sydney stared at him, then bit his lower lip, slowly moving his teeth along the ruby red flesh. "Afterward, I plan to thank you personally."

"That won't be necessary," Lee assured him, his tone low. He glanced to either side, hoping no one could overhear their conversation.

"Oh, but it certainly will be," Sydney assured him. He slid his hand off the table and caressed Lee's thigh.

Lee gulped in a quick breath and grasped the hand quickly sliding toward his crotch. "Aren't you a little worried that someone will see you? There must be two hundred people in this room."

"Two hundred and fifty, darling." He fluffed his red hair with one hand. "I have many fans. The event is sold out. They all want to admire me and some hope to touch me." He bit his lip again, then traced the tip of his tongue along the outer edge. "I'm looking forward to wrapping my tongue around your cock." He drew in a long breath and leaned closer. "I bet your cock is gorgeous—just like you."

Lee shook his head and pushed Sydney's hand off his leg. Memories of Franky's words surfaced. He was obligated to service Sydney Barlow whether he wanted to or not.

"Well, well, well."

Lee glanced up. A tall, well-proportioned man in a black tux stood at the seat beside Sydney, a frown aimed at the actor. As Lee studied the man, his eyes shifted from Sydney to him. Their gazes locked, and a tremor of nervousness shook his

insides. *Markus Goodfellow. Son-of-a-bitch! Sydney's director is giving me the evil eye.*

"This is my date for the evening," Sydney said, sliding her arm around Lee's neck. He leaned closer and touched his lips to Lee's cheek. "Isn't he gorgeous?"

The director smirked and pulled the chair next to Sydney out, seating himself.

Lee could feel the tension between the pair. It was hanging in the air like a giant cloud of smoke. He glanced from Sydney to the director, then back to Sydney. A look of smug indulgence graced Sydney's face, making the thick makeup he wore crease around his mouth. The hand he gripped his arm with tightened.

Mother fucker! These two are feuding!

A voice sounded from the stage and the noise in the room died down. Colin Thorn, Mayor of Sullivan, stood at the microphone. "Ladies and gentlemen, we are honored to be here tonight to pay homage to one of Sullivan's greatest talents, Sydney Barlow." Applause broke out, sending a deafening roar through the room.

Lee gritted his teeth. The evening was getting off to an unorthodox start. Sydney rose from his seat and began throwing imaginary kisses at the audience.

Chapter 4

Dinner was a stilted affair. Lee stared at the succulent slices of roast beef on his plate but his stomach was in such a tight knot that he was afraid to sample it. The aroma was tantalizing and neither Sydney nor Markus was having any difficulty devouring the enormous plateful. He watched Sydney for a second, awed that he was dressed as a woman, but shoveled the food into his mouth with all the finesse of a Billy goat.

"You better eat," Sydney mumbled around a mouthful of food. "You're going to need your strength later."

Markus guffawed and shifted in his chair, sending a dirty look Lee's way.

Lee's eyes widened. It was clear that the pair were having a disagreement of some degree. Sydney kept aiming condescending looks at the director while he retaliated with snide comments beneath his breath. *I should just get up and walk out.* He drew in a long breath, thinking about the

thousand dollars he would be losing. He shifted in his chair, picked up the cup of coffee the waiter warmed up and brought it to his lips.

"I can't wait to get you alone," Sydney whispered, leaning against Lee's shoulder. "I want to see what you're hiding under that black tux. You look wonderful, darling, did I tell you?"

"Yeah. You said something along those lines," Lee returned.

"I know what you're thinking," Sydney said, his lips pulling in to a smile. "You're thinking that the evening will be one you will never forget, aren't you?"

Lee had to laugh. He nodded. "As a matter of fact, I already had that thought."

"Maybe we're soul mates. I just read your mind. You know what they say about two people who think alike, don't you?"

Lee shook his head. There was no way that Sydney was his soul mate. Or anything else for that matter. Aside from needing the money Franky offered, he had little reason to stay at Sydney's side. He slid his gaze over the actor. Up until now, he thought he had seen everything. A slight shrug shook his shoulders. Well, almost everything. He had yet to see what a cross dresser wore beneath his dress. He wanted to laugh at his thought, but dared not. The less attention he called to himself, the better.

He thought of Larry suddenly. He would laugh his head off if he knew what he was doing for a thousand bucks. *Damn! I hope he never finds out.* The flash of a camera made him blink his eyes. *That's all I need – a photo showing up in the local paper. I can see the headline now! 'Local businessman seen cuddling with stage star.'* He thought for a moment. Well, Larry would say it would be good for business, bring customers in if for no other reason than curiosity.

People moved around him. A busboy began clearing the table, removing the plates and drink glasses. Lee gulped the final swallow of coffee in his cup before releasing it. His gut felt awful. He had purposely not eaten lunch, anticipating the free dinner meal, but after finding himself deceived by his date, been too distraught to partake.

The mayor returned to the stage and momentarily, Sydney was leaving the table to a loud round of applause. Lee watched him wiggle his ass as he walked up to the stage then climbed the steps. He extended one hand to the mayor as though he were truly female. The mayor clutched Sydney's hand and tugged him into his arms, giving him a brief hug. The break was rather awkward, however, as though the mayor just realized he was hugging a man in drag in front of most of the citizens of Sullivan.

Sydney wiggled his way to the microphone and began to speak. Lee pinned his eyes on him, trying to figure out how the rest of the evening might go. If he had not seen Sydney up close, he would be hard pressed to believe he was male. His body was proportioned quite nicely, with a tight ass and small chest. The low cut gown gave the illusion of high firm breasts. The long red wig hung to his shoulders and curled seductively around his face. He stared at his face, looking closely at his mouth as he spoke. His lips were full and pouty, the kind of lips that took well to a cock.

Lee moved restlessly in his chair. He hadn't thought about Sydney in that way – until now. He felt uncomfortable and loosened his tie slightly. As he glanced at those seated nearby, he felt Markus' gaze on him. Without thinking, he turned his head and locked gazes with the director. There was clear evidence of dislike in the man's eyes. Lee swallowed to ease his dry throat, then gulped in a quick breath when the director slid into the chair vacated by Sydney.

"You might think you'll get in Sydney's bed tonight, but I have other plans for you."

Lee hoped he had misunderstood what the director said, but the moment he watched him slide one hand beneath the tablecloth and grab his thigh, he knew he had not misunderstood a single word. He grimaced and reached his hand to the

director's.

"I don't like the notion of being caught between two feuding people," Lee began, but the pressure on his thigh halted his words. "Damn! Take it easy. I'm here only because I need money." He glanced at the people seated nearby. Luckily, no one was paying any attention to him or Markus. All eyes were on the stage and Sydney Barlow. "I have no intention of fucking Sydney." He swallowed and leaned closer to the director. "He's not my type."

A dark brow lifted. The hand squeezing his thigh tightened measurably. "You have a cock. Sydney has a cock. I don't see the difference."

Lee tightened his fingers over the hand gripping his thigh. Thank God he hadn't pushed up to his crotch. His grip was a real ball breaker. "Get your hand off me before I make a scene."

Markus grinned suddenly. "Go ahead. Scream if you must."

The threat seemed real, or at least Lee thought the fingers digging into his thigh pushed in deeper. He winced and attempted to push his chair back.

"I'd like to invite my darling director to join me on stage," Sydney said in a sing song voice. "After all, I wouldn't be the star I am, without his expert direction."

Chapter 5

Saved by the bell! Lee winced as Markus pulled his hand off his leg. Thank God Sydney had called him to the stage. He rubbed the place on his thigh where the director had dug his fingers in. It smarted like hell. Anger rose to the fore, his teeth gritted as he watched Markus make his way to the stage. One glance at Sydney clearly revealed his annoyance at the man.

Lee watched the pair as Markus walked across the stage. Sydney made no motion to greet him by extending a hand or embracing him, as he had done with the mayor. He merely stepped back, making the microphone accessible to Markus. Once the director began to speak, Sydney took the opportunity to leave the stage.

Loud applause erupted as Sydney began his stride across the stage. He threw a look of contempt over his shoulder at Markus when the noisy homage overrode his opening words. Sydney waved and blew imaginary kisses off his

red tipped nails until he reached the steps at the end of the stage. Lee looked on as he was met and surrounded by a bevy of fans when he tried to make his way through the draped tables.

Given a few minutes to massage his aching thigh and settle his anger at the director, Lee managed to regain his senses by the time Sydney finally appeared at the table again.

"Darling, don't pay any attention to Markus. He's just a silly old fool," Sydney whispered. He trailed one hand along Lee's left arm and clutched his hand. "He's a little jealous that I have a date tonight."

"That's an understatement, Sydney."

"Darling, trust me." He smiled and leaned toward Lee, pursing his red lips. "You are mine for the evening and I don't care what Markus thinks."

"He's irate." He pulled his hand free and moved his chair, separating himself from Sydney. "I don't know what you two quarreled about, and I really don't give a fuck—"

"Oh, that's my favorite word," Sydney exclaimed and moved his chair against Lee's.

The audience began to clap and for an instant, Lee was certain they were reacting to Sydney's comment. His cheeks flamed as he glanced around the room.

Sydney laughed and placed one palm on Lee's

thigh, then quickly slid his hand up to his crotch. The next Lee knew, Sydney pressed his palm against his cock. He drew in a quick breath and grasped his hand, tightening his fingers around it. "Don't do that," he whispered, his tone urgent.

Sydney licked his lower lip. "I want to make you hard—right here—in front of all these people. I want to feel your cock thrusting against my palm—"

"Stop it!" Lee tried to push Sydney's hand away but the effort proved harder than he thought. He blinked surprised eyes at the cross dresser. He was amazingly strong for his size. "You'll embarrass us both."

"No one will guess what I'm doing." Sydney glanced around, smiled at those seated closest, and returned her gaze to Lee. "The tablecloth is sufficient to cover my inquiring fingers."

"It is not," Lee hissed. His senses were heightened at the thought of being fondled while being surrounded by so many people, but the logic of the situation perplexed him. He cocked an eyebrow as he watched the lusty expression on Sydney's face intensify. "You're getting a buzz out of this, aren't you?"

"Darling, I adore being aroused in public." He winked one heavily made up eye. "Don't you?"

A memory flashed in Lee's mind. Once, at a college football game, he and Tony Morgan had

briefly fondled each other while they sat in the bleachers. He hadn't meant for it to happen—and to this day, he had no recollection of how it came about, only that it had and the intense feelings of arousal he experienced during the brief episode were like nothing he ever imagined. His brows drew together. The thought that he had risked being discovered by his peers for a few seconds of indescribable arousal made him shift in his chair. Sydney laughed softly and raked his nails across his fly. He jumped and tightened his hand on his. "Stop it!" he hissed, his emotions gathering in a tight knot in his belly.

"You know you like it."

"I don't."

"Liar. You're getting hard. I can feel you."

Applause broke out in the room and Sydney jerked his hand free of Lee's pants. He stood and joined the mass, slapping his hands together enthusiastically. Lee released a relieved sigh. For the moment, he was free of Sydney. He slid his gaze toward the cross dresser. His scent was in his nose. And his cock was pressing against his fly, making it impossible to stand up for fear of discovery.

The mayor stood at the podium. "In appreciation to Sydney and Director Markus Goodfellow the citizens of Sullivan would like to present the key to the city. Sydney, Markus,

would you please return to the stage?"

Sydney and Markus rose from the table and made their way to the stage amid great applause. Lee raked his fingers through his hair and decided to make a break for it. As quickly as he could, given the hard cock at his crotch, he rose from the table and started weaving his way through the crowd.

Chapter 6

Lee pushed through the door of the bathroom and resisted the urge to lean against it and catch his breath. He hurried to a stall and slipped inside, locking the door. He leaned one forearm against the barrier and tried to decide what to do. Sydney Barlow had his nerve. Damn! He was a sex maniac. He laughed at his choice of words. “Well, maybe he isn’t a sex maniac but—”

His words broke off as he heard the bathroom door open. The hinge squeaked, then the door banged shut. He waited, leaning against the wall of the stall. His cock pulsed and he lowered his hand. *Son-of-a-bitch!* He was shocked that he had been that easily aroused—especially since he was having a hard time dealing with Sydney Barlow dressed in drag. He raised his head and stared at the ceiling. While Sydney and Markus were enjoying the adoration of the citizens of Sullivan, he could make his getaway. He could slip through the door and leave the building. *And forfeit a*

thousand fucking dollars, too!

It all came down to the money. He needed it. He pushed off the wall and sat down on the toilet. His cock was still semi-rigid. He needed a few more minutes to get the arousal Sydney had stoked out of his head before thinking of making a move. In his best interests, he should return to the table and get on with the night, whatever it held.

How bad could it get? He grimaced. *At the worse, I might have to have sex with a cross dresser.* A groan inched up his throat. *No doubt about it. Sydney had already told him, in so many words, that he was going to take him.* Just thinking about what may be, made his cock leap. He closed his eyes and tried to reason things out. He was usually up for a fuck. *So what's the problem?* Larry suddenly came to mind. He drew in deep breath.

He hadn't stopped loving Larry. He just didn't want to enter into a commitment with anyone. Since moving out, he had spent a lot of time thinking about his time with Larry. They shared a lot besides being partners in the sporting goods store. They liked the same things, generally. He loved funny movies and buttery popcorn, and Larry shared that indulgence. Larry liked to cook and test new recipes. He liked to sample what he concocted. He grinned. Sometimes Larry whipped up pretty good food. He was a real expert at Chinese food. His egg rolls were to die for. *Well,*

maybe not to die for...

"Are you ever coming out of there?"

Lee jumped at the sound of the voice. Lowering his gaze, he saw shiny black shoes beneath the stall door. Damn! He had been so engrossed in his situation with Sydney and his erection—and thoughts of Larry—he had forgotten that someone entered the bathroom a while ago. He stood and straightened his tie. His cock was limp, probably due to the surprise he had experienced when the voice spoke to him. Gathering his nerve, he slid the lock aside and pulled the door back.

"I knew you were hiding out!"

Lee drew in a sharp breath as Markus pushed the door back on its hinge and stepped inside. He forced him back against the toilet so he could slam the door. The lock slid in place and Lee's jaw dropped open.

"What the hell—"

"You thought I'd spend the rest of the evening on stage?" Markus grabbed the front of Lee's tux and pulled him forward, then pressed his back against the wall of the stall.

"Get your fucking hands off me!"

"I saw Sydney playing with your cock."

Lee's anger jumped to the fore. He gritted his teeth. "I've no interest in Sydney."

"But he has an interest in you." He reached a hand to the front of Lee's pants. He rubbed his

cock before Lee could slap his hand away. "I think he made you hard and you came in here to jerk off."

Lee stared at him. The thought briefly crossed his mind, but then he didn't want to chance getting cum on the rented tux. He shook his head. Markus was standing so near that he could smell his aftershave and see the pores in his skin.

Markus grabbed Lee's hand and Lee stiffened his arm, trying to pull away. "Press your hand to my cock. It's getting hard just thinking about Sydney fondling you under the table."

These two people are nuts! "Move out of the way, Markus. I have no interest in fucking you—or Sydney. I'm leaving."

Markus laughed. "I know Sydney's publicist paid a grand for you. And since I pay his salary, you belong to me all night."

Lee swallowed, his throat suddenly dry. *Franky made a deal with the devil!*

Chapter 7

Lee glanced at Sydney, then Markus. The short span between the three barely gave room to move, let alone get up. Their chairs were so close together that it was surprising no one commented. His leg pressed against Sydney's and the heat radiating into his body was setting his senses on fire. Since he had managed to convince Markus that they should leave the bathroom and get back to their seats before suspicion arose, he had been counting the minutes before the gala was over. True, he had made up his mind to stay, so he could collect the money Franky owed him, and he had all but stilled his racing heart about having sex with Sydney, but now he knew for certain that he would have to service Sydney *and* Markus.

He turned his head, concentrating on the crowd in the room. They were noisy and seemed to be readying to leave the auditorium. He could see women being helped on with their coats and men shrugging into overcoats. His stomach felt

nauseous. The prospect of leaving with Sydney and Markus was becoming less appetizing by the moment.

"Darling, we'll go back to my house for a nightcap," Sydney said, leaning close. He swept his hair off his shoulder, displaying the diamond earring in his lobe. "And sex."

Lee pulled in a quick breath. Sydney's explicitness about sex was arousing, to a degree. But then his gaze traveled to Markus and worry set in. He didn't relish the idea of having sex with him. His gaze roamed the man's chest, then lowered to his waist. His cock would be big and just imagining it hard, make him draw in a long breath. He bit his lip.

Sydney rose from the table and began conversing with the crowd. Lee remained seated, hoping he was lost in the throng. As people milled about, and voices rose and subsided, Lee realized that the evening was just beginning for him. If he didn't go along with Sydney and Markus, he would not collect the thousand dollars. He made a note to tell Franky what he thought of his clients — if he got through the night.

Lee rose and began making his way toward the door of the room, keeping an eye out for Sydney. Once he finished adoring his fans, he was sure to latch on to him. He exited the doorway of the auditorium and walked toward the fountain. *I*

guess I could jump in it and drown myself. The thought brought a smile to his lips. *How stupid is that?* He drew in a deep breath and glanced at his watch. The night would be over in about six hours.

"There you are, darling," Sydney cooed linking his arm with Lee's. "I'm parked in the garage. And my house is only ten minutes away." He stroked Lee's cheek. "Imagine, in a few minutes, I'll have you naked and grasping your ankles."

Lee forced a smile. "Will Markus be joining us?"

Sydney seemed surprised. His arched brows rose and his eyes widened. "Do you want Markus to join us?"

"Well," Lee began, trying to read the expression on Sydney's face. The notion that he would be subjected to Markus' anger didn't set too well with him. If he had to fuck anybody, he could handle Sydney.

"I suppose you noticed that we're having a little spat, Markus and me." He bit his lower lip. "He's so jealous sometimes." He glanced around the foyer. "But I really do love him." He drew in a deep breath and leaned his chest against Lee's shoulder. "And I'm selfish sometimes. This is one of those times. I want you all to myself, darling."

Relief traveled through Lee as he allowed Sydney to steer him toward the exit. When they

entered the parking garage, he pulled him into the stairwell and pressed his back against the wall. He drove his mouth down hard against Lee's lips as he slid his hands along his body.

Lee stifled the urge to push him away and tried to concentrate on the feel of the hot tongue thrusting between his lips. Sydney's roaming hands slid around his waist, crushing his body against his, then lowered to grasp his cock. When Lee didn't resist the advance, Sydney thrust one hand into his pants.

"Darling, get it up." He pressed his crotch against Lee's hip and wiggled his ass. "I want you hard by the time I drive to my house."

Sydney's hand was quickly arousing him to the point that he was on the verge of getting hard. For all his initial abruptness, he settled down to pleasing caresses once his fingers grasped his cock. He fingered his balls and moaned in his throat when Lee drew in a long breath.

"Darling, we're going to get along famously," Sydney assured him. "Jesus! I'm getting hard myself. A few more seconds and I'll be forced to strip you naked right here in the garage."

"Let's go," Lee suggested, lowering his hands and grasping Sydney's fist as he started to pump his cock. "Let's go before I lose my load in this rented suit."

Sydney laughed softly and kissed him again,

thrusting his tongue inside his mouth.

Lee allowed the arousal to stream unabated through his insides. He felt hot despite the freezing temperature in the garage. He pushed Sydney back and wrapped one arm around his waist, steering him out of the stairwell. "Where's your car?"

"Gosh, I'm turned on. I hope I don't have an accident. Feel me. I'm hard." He reached Lee's hand and pressed it against his crotch. "Believe me, darling, getting hard is a chore inside this girdle." He chuckled. "My balls are cramping and my poor cock is ready to protest to high heaven."

Lee laughed. In some ways, Sydney was entertaining. *If I could just get past the fact that he's wearing a fucking dress –*

Chapter 8

Sydney Barlow lived on the west side of Sullivan, in an elaborate house with a circle drive and tall pine trees surrounding the yard. When he stopped the car at the front door, Lee briefly scanned the impressive façade. White lights illuminated the stone two-story mansion, giving the illusion of grandeur. His eyebrows rose. Since the house sat in the prestigious section of the city, he supposed the grandeur was real. Sydney shut off the motor and opened the door. Lee exited the passenger side of the Cadillac. They had been silent during the ride from the Civic Center and, except for the hand Sydney kept sliding into his lap, it had been uneventful. His cock was still hard, thanks to Sydney's continued fondling and he had rationalized things in his mind to the extent that he felt somewhat comfortable. He would fuck Sydney and earn the money he so desperately needed. Come tomorrow, he would be a thousand dollars richer, and perhaps, a bit wiser.

Lee stood on the porch while Sydney unlocked the door. Once they were inside the wide foyer, Sydney flipped on the light, illuminating a crystal chandelier suspended from the tall ceiling. Lee looked around, impressed with the expensive decor. A large living room stemmed off one side of the foyer and across the space, a large den was visible with book-lined walls and leather furniture.

Sydney turned to Lee, a smile on his face. "Let's go upstairs to my bedroom." He slid one palm across Lee's chest. "Would you like to undress me?"

The thought never entered Lee's mind and for a moment he didn't know what to say. Now that he had made up his mind to fuck Sydney, he realized he had little more than the sexual notion. *Say something, you fool!*

Sydney laughed and took Lee's hand. "Would you like a drink?"

"Scotch, or bourbon, or whatever you have."

"Scotch it is."

Sydney led the way toward the back of the house and Lee combed his fingers through his hair. He felt like a fish out of water, despite the hard cock in his pants. There was just something about Sydney wearing a dress that he couldn't get past, or at least he thought that was the problem. He trailed Sydney into the kitchen and waited

near the island while he mixed two drinks.

"Come on," Sydney said, taking his hand. "We're having these in my bedroom." He leaned toward Lee and kissed his cheek. "I'll strip for you while you sip your drink."

Lee smiled and followed Sydney from the kitchen to the stairwell in the foyer. As they started up the stairs, Sydney clasped his buttock. "I can't wait to get you naked."

Sydney's bedroom was large, with mauve colored walls and a king size bed. An assortment of pillows dotted the purple spread and as soon as they entered the room, Sydney kicked the door closed. He held on to Lee's hand and led him to the bed, then pushed him down on the softness. "I'm going to undress you, sweet, then you can have your drink while I strip for you."

Lee relaxed against the soft mattress. It was good to finally be alone with Sydney. For an instant he questioned his thought. All evening he had felt intimidated by him, awed by his celebrity status, and the fact that he dressed like a female. Sydney began opening the buttons on his shirt, touching his chest with teasing fingers, raking his painted nails across his nipples and tugging at the spray of black hair that trailed down his abdomen. He drew in a quick breath as he released his belt and slid his zipper down. His cock sprang at attention the moment Sydney tugged his

underwear off his hips. He released a loud groan and realized he was looking forward to more foreplay with Sydney. A smile pulled his lips upward.

"What is it, darling? You look like you just won the lottery."

Lee shook his head and levered his body up on the bed. Kicking off his shoes, he helped Sydney remove his pants, then he sat back down. Sydney's hand immediately began stroking his cock. It stood fully erect in his crotch and jerked playfully with every touch of his fingers. Lee spread his legs and took a gulp of scotch. The liquor burned a ribbon of fire down his throat as he pinned his gaze on the figure between his splayed legs.

Sydney's long red wig fell onto Lee's thigh, obscuring his face. Lee closed his eyes and enjoyed the hot mouth sucking on his cock and the curious fingers circling his balls. The urge to come quickly came over him and he gulped the remainder of his drink, trying to ward off the climax. Sydney raked his nails along Lee's inner thigh, bringing a gasp from him.

"Darling, you're delicious," Sydney exclaimed, licking his lips and staring up at him.

Lee panted and reached one hand to Sydney's face. He traced his lips with one fingertip. "You give good head."

"Thank you." Sydney rose and crossed the

room. He walked to a large entertainment center and pushed a button on a stereo. Drum music filled the room, fast, heart-thumping beats that sent Lee's senses reeling. Sydney began to move, working his way back across the room to the beat of the music, his fingers sliding along his sides, easing upward to the red wig on his head. He ran his fingers through the fiery fall, fluffing it across his bare shoulders.

Lee watched Sydney and smiled. He arched his back, thrusting his crotch forward, watching Lee as he strutted across the floor. He raised his arms and reached the zipper in his gown, slowly moving it lower until the dress gaped at his chest. He kicked off one red spiked heel, then the other as the drums reached a staccato pitch. Lee felt his body heat, his gaze encompassing the show of male flesh as the evening gown slid to the floor at Sydney's feet. A wiggle of his hips, and he hooked his thumbs in the only remaining article of clothing on his body—a bright pink girdle that hugged his hips like a second skin. A quick movement, and it fell around his ankles. Sydney was naked. Lee cocked his head, taking in the sleek body prancing before him. His legs were long and delicately shaped. His hips were tapered and round, his buttocks beautiful.

Lee shivered and licked his mouth. *Damn! He's gorgeous!*

Sydney smiled and raised his hands to the red wig. Slowly, he drew it back, revealing short cropped blond hair. He tossed the wig to the dresser and placed his hands on his hips. He stood before Lee, his legs splayed, his long cock in full erection.

Chapter 9

Someone told him once that he should live for the moment. The longer he stared at Sydney, the more he realized the advice was true. His body was on fire and he couldn't take his gaze off the naked man standing in front of him. He set the empty scotch glass aside and stretched out both arms, beckoning to Sydney.

"Darling, I'm all yours."

Lee sucked in a quick breath as Sydney crossed the room toward him. When his hands skimmed across his bare chest, pausing to roll his nipples between his forefinger and thumb, his lust intensified. He pulled Sydney down on the bed and rolled him to his belly. In the next second, he had his buttocks parted and his tongue against his ass hole. His balls were aching and his cock was hammer hard. He groaned and pushed into Sydney.

Sydney spread his legs and grasped the coverlet with both fists. "Be gentle, darling."

Lee gave little thought to Sydney's words. He needed to be satisfied and after watching Sydney strip, his senses had reached an inferno pitch. He lunged inside his ass hole, paused, closed his eyes and savored the heat emanating from the tight sheath, then began to pump. His mind reeled. It had been too long since he had taken the upper hand in sex play. Thoughts of Larry surfaced, battling with the lust he was feeling for Sydney.

"Oh, you're so big. I love a big cock up my ass."

Lee concentrated on the hot sheath he was pumping into, ignoring Sydney's words for the moment. As the climax knotted his belly, he pushed aside everything except the intense feelings washing over him. He closed his eyes and rolled his head back on his shoulders.

"Darling, you should have told me...you were about...to come," Sydney said, bracing his legs against the bed. He began to move, thrusting his buttocks against Lee's crotch.

Lee dug his fingernails into Sydney's ass cheeks and gulped in a breath. His quick lunges at his crotch brought an added element to his climax, intensifying the crescendo of fiery ribbons streaming through his veins. The muscles in his legs tightened, his buttocks knotted, he felt as though he couldn't catch his breath.

"Oh, fuck!" Lee increased his speed, grasping Sydney's buttocks tightly. "I've

never...felt...anything better...in my life!"

His senses somersaulted. After the evening he had experienced with Sydney and his fool director, the release was much needed. He panted and tried to regain a bit of sanity. The orgasm was still lingering inside him, his heart was still thudding wildly against his ribs. Sweat blanketed his naked body. He consciously relaxed his grip on Sydney's ass, noticing the bright red marks on his flesh. He smoothed a palm over the crest of his hip as though he would erase the discomfort. Finally, when Sydney stopped moving and glanced over his shoulder at him, he pulled out and staggered back in the floor.

Lee searched for something to say. Sydney lay on the bed on his belly, his head propped up on one elbow. His green eyes surveyed his body as a slow smile pulled his lips upward. "And I thought you were going to be shy," Sydney remarked, rolling to his back.

Lee ran his gaze over Sydney. His body was beautiful, and without the damn dress, he saw he was really all man. He raised his gaze to his face. Traces of eye shadow and mascara remained. A smudge of red lipstick dotted his left cheek. He walked to where he lay and stretched out beside him, lowering his hand to Sydney's crotch.

"Suck me, darling," Sydney cooed, raising one hand and stroking Lee's chest. "I've been thinking

of your mouth on me all evening.”

A surge of arousal began in Lee’s belly and quickly streamed through his veins as he wrapped one hand around Sydney’s cock and began pumping it. He watched Sydney’s face, his lust becoming intensified when he closed his eyes and opened his mouth to gasp. His hips began to move, thrusting his hard erection into his hand. Lee smiled and moved on the bed, positioning his head at Sydney’s crotch.

Sydney grasped Lee’s head when his mouth closed around his flesh. He knotted his fingers in his hair. “That’s wonderful, my sweet. Your mouth is...hot...and so wet. Oh, darling, I can’t last much longer.” He bellowed a high pitched squeal and released his load.

Chapter 10

“Darling, I love your hole.”

Lee braced his knees apart as Sydney pushed inside his body. He felt filled up as he began to work his cock, thrusting in quickly, then pulling back, almost to the point of extraction before pushing back in. His rhythm was engrossing. One second he was thrusting wildly, and the other, he was pulling back and pausing, gasping for breath, savoring. He ran his hands over Lee’s buttocks, reached between his splayed legs and clasped his cock, pumped it briefly, then withdrew his hand. Lee was aroused to the point of considering placing his own hand on his cock and gaining release.

“Oh, damn, damn, damn!” Sydney bellowed loudly and lunged hard into Lee’s ass. “It’s so delicious!”

Lee braced his stance on the bed while Sydney savored his climax, lunging against his buttocks and running his hands over his back and hips. The

touching was enthralling. Larry never touched him so much when they had sex. He drew in a quick breath. He always knew what to expect from Larry.

“Can I tie you up?”

Lee’s thoughts were jerked back to the present when Sydney pulled out of his hole and sat down on the bed. He turned his gaze on him, noting his flushed face and heaving chest. His hair was damp around his face and his eye makeup was smeared across his forehead. His first inclination was to laugh, but then he stifled the urge.

“You’re into bondage?”

“Honey, I’m into everything.” He smiled and stroked Lee’s chest. “I just adore being tied up and teased.” He cocked his head and narrowed his gaze. “You’ve never been tied up?”

Lee shook his head. *Damn! I’m almost embarrassed.*

“Honey, you don’t know what you’re missing.”

He didn’t have a comment to add. Apparently his love making with Larry was tame in comparison to what Sydney was used to. He drew in a steadying breath and stared at him.

“Would you like to see my toy box?” Sydney rose from the bed and padded softly across the room to a wide closet.

He has toys, too.

Lee sat up on the bed and watched as Sydney

opened the closet and stooped to pull a large chest out into the floor. When he threw back the lid, his curiosity got the better of him. He stood and walked toward Sydney. "That's quite an assortment."

"I've been collecting for years. If there's something new, I simply have to get it."

Lee watched as Sydney rummaged through the box, taking some items out and pushing others aside. Finally, he extracted four colorful scarves.

"I got these in China. They're real silk. And quite delicate on the wrists and ankles."

Lee swallowed nervously. *I don't know about this. What if he ties me up and refuses to untie me? What then?*

"Want to play?" Sydney smiled at Lee and dangled the scarves before him. "I'm sure you'll enjoy it." He reached one red tipped nail to Lee's thigh, traced it down his leg, then grasped his ankle with his hand. "In fact, I guarantee you an orgasm."

Lee's brows rose. *Can I really trust him?* He stared at Sydney, considering, then an idea rose. "Can I tie *you* up?"

"Oh yes, darling. By all means." Sydney hurried to get up from the floor. He rushed to the bed and flopped down on his back, spreading his legs and arms toward the bedposts. "Tie me up and have your way with me."

Lee watched with interest. He seemed eager enough. Maybe there was nothing to fear after all, especially since he was volunteering to be first. He strode to the bed, a little uncertain how to proceed. The smile on Sydney's face intensified and his cock began to grow hard.

"Just thinking about being tied up turns me on. See, my cock is starting to get hard. Oh, do hurry and begin, Lee."

Lee took the scarves Sydney had dropped on the foot of the bed and began tying him up, carefully positioning the ties around his ankles and wrists so they weren't too tight. When Sydney was securely fastened spread eagle, he took a moment to look him over. He was quite beautiful, but then he had already decided that. His skin was moist with perspiration and the muscles in his arms were flexed and prominent. He saw a small tattoo on his left bicep and at first thought to comment on it, then decided Sydney would only think he was stalling. He had already urged him to hurry once.

Sydney yanked playfully on the restraints at his wrists, a giggle coming from his throat. "I'm ready." He bit his bottom lip. "Do whatever you want to me." He raised his ass and bucked against the bed.

Lee climbed on the bed and began stroking Sydney's inner thigh, raking his fingernails along

the tanned skin, inching upward to his crotch. Sydney drew in an audible breath and wiggled his butt. His cock bobbed playfully, already fully erect. Lee drew in a deep breath, the male flesh beneath his palm was supple and hair roughened. It tantalized his senses in a way that made his lust rise. His cock jerked.

“Oh, you’re getting aroused. Why don’t you get a toy from the box and tease me?”

Lee thought for a second. His mind seemed to be a jumble of want and lust. Seeing Sydney so vulnerable and willing, he had the desire to roll him to his belly and thrust into his hole, but that wouldn’t be playing the game—or would it? He hated to admit he had no idea what the actor wanted him to do. He slid off the bed and went to the box sitting in the floor.

Dildos, some made of soft rubber with a painted bulbous head, and others made of plastic and in various stages of arousal lay on the top of the assortment. Lee pushed them aside in search of a feather. Massage oils, vibrators, erotic literature, pictures of people having sex. *My gosh!* His fingers touched silky underwear and bright red g-strings. A tiny red pillow was pushed into one corner of the box and for a second he paused, considering what it might be used for. Finally, he spotted a yellow feather and pulled it from a tangle of straps and plastic chains.

Carrying the feather back to the bed, he felt a new emotion beginning in his belly. When he raised his gaze, he saw Sydney watching him, a smile on his face.

Chapter 11

Lee trailed the tip of the yellow feather along Sydney's inner thigh, up the incline to his balls, circled them, listened to Sydney moan, then raised the feather to his stiff cock. A light flick on the bulbous head and Sydney lunged his hips upward. Lee smiled and reached a hand to his belly, delving a fingertip into his navel. When Sydney pulled his abdominal muscles back, he replaced his finger with his tongue.

"Oh God! That is so arousing."

Lee laved Sydney's abdomen with his tongue, tasting the saltiness of his flesh, then lapped upward to his nipple. Drawing the bud between his lips, he sucked on it until it became a hard nub. Bringing the feather back to Sydney's balls, he traced the hairy orbs and watched Sydney's face. His eyes closed and his jaw fell. Lee trailed the feather up Sydney's body to his side and eased along the contour. Sydney jerked his eyes open and stared at Lee.

"You're ticklish."

"Yes, you rascal."

Lee laughed and skimmed the feather along Sydney's ribs, making goose flesh appear on his skin. His cock jerked erratically, as though he was about to come. *Fascinating*. He traced the feather back and forth along Sydney's ribs, watching, admiring his reaction to the stimulus, then climbed over his body to tease his other side. Sydney's reaction was almost identical. And he was sweating profusely. His chest was heaving rapidly. Lee's eyebrows rose, amused. He felt almost powerful, as though he held the key to Sydney's arousal.

"You're driving me...to orgasm," Sydney whispered. He closed his eyes and bit his lip.

Lee lowered his gaze to Sydney's cock. It was jerking wildly with every breath Sydney dragged in. He trailed the feather down his body and between his legs, tickling his balls.

"I'm coming!" Sydney screamed, bucking his hips.

A sudden surge of lust gripped Lee. The urge to pull Sydney's cock into his mouth was overwhelming. He lunged forward, opened his mouth and drew the hard flesh across his tongue.

"Oh, damn you! Damn you to Hell!"

The hot spurt of cum shot against the back of Lee's throat almost the instant he sucked Sydney's

cock into his mouth. He slid both hands beneath Sydney's ass and gripped his buttocks, bringing him against his face. He closed his eyes and sucked, feeling the stick of flesh lunge against his tongue.

Sydney stilled, panted noisily. His body was sweat drenched, his chest heaved as he tried to catch his breath. "Now it's my turn...to tease you, darling."

Lee pulled his mouth off Sydney's cock and swiped one hand across his lips. His first experience with bondage had been satisfying—to some extent. He hadn't realized he might feel any sort of power over Sydney, even with him tied up, but his senses had been spiked by the notion that he was in charge. He glanced at his crotch. His cock was hard and his balls were beginning to ache. He needed release. He studied Sydney lying so still and panting, his cock limp in his crotch. The taste of him was on his tongue. He reached one hand to his balls and stroked the hairy orbs, listening to Sydney moan.

"I'm very sensitive right now—as if you aren't aware of that."

Lee chuckled. The thought of keeping Sydney tied up a while longer materialized. What if he experimented a bit? He glanced at the box of toys. There were things in there that he had never seen—and probably never would again.

“About those toys—”

Sydney laughed deep in his throat. “Trade places with me and I’ll introduce you to some of my favorites, darling.”

Curiosity intensified inside Lee. He reached one hand to Sydney’s right ankle and pulled the silk scarf loose. Releasing his other leg, he looked on as Sydney drew up his knees and gave him another view of his crotch. He crawled to the head of the bed and released his wrists, looking on as Sydney massaged the red marks left by the ties.

“You got into the game rather nicely, I must say,” he whispered, a smile on his lips. He reached for Lee, curling one hand at the back of his neck. He urged him forward until his mouth pressed atop his.

His lips were moist and when he poked his tongue inside his mouth, Lee felt a surge of want grip his senses. He pulled Sydney into his arms and kissed him deeply, delving his own tongue into his mouth and slicking its tip across his gum. Heat surged anew, setting his senses flaming.

Chapter 12

Lee tried to steady his racing heart. It beat a wild tattoo against his ribs as he lay still and allowed Sydney to tie him to the bed. He tried to relax, telling himself over and over that he was only playing a game with the actor and soon he would be in orgasm heaven. A smile touched his lips when he recalled the lusty reaction Sydney had to his teasing. He flexed one fist and pulled against the silk scarf. It felt rather tight, but then he might be imaging things. When both his legs were splayed open and his ankles secured to the bed posts, he looked at Sydney. There was a teasing look across his face. His stomach lurched, uncertain as to Sydney's intentions suddenly.

"Now, darling, I'm going to give you a little taste of your own medicine."

"My medicine? It was your idea to play games."

"True." Sydney fanned one hand and stroked his bare chest. "I love a good game." He winked

one eye. "And I'm certain you'll like what I have in mind for you." He turned and strode toward the toy box.

Lee watched while Sydney picked through the box. When he finally decided on an item, he rose and holding the toy behind his back, came toward the bed.

"I have the perfect toy. I bought it in Paris, while I was on vacation. I have yet to experiment with it." He smiled.

"Fuck! I don't relish the idea of being your guinea pig, Sydney."

"Relax and trust me, darling."

Trust? Damn, I hope I can.

"I promise not to harm you." He giggled.

Lee held his breath and waited, anticipation making his stomach tremble. Sydney set one knee on the bed and slid against his side. Lee glimpsed the silk cords and silver clips in his hand.

"I'm sure you're going to like this. I remember the man at the sex store assuring me that it brings about intense passion."

Lee's brows rose.

Sydney released the silky cords across Lee's chest. He took one silver clip and attached it to Lee's left nipple.

"Ouch! Damn! That hurts."

"Bear with me, darling."

Sydney fastened the other clip to Lee's

remaining nipple, then he stretched out the silk cords and looped them around the base of Lee's cock.

"Make it hard, honey, so the cords have something to circle." He giggled and bent his head to suck in Lee's limp cock.

Sydney's tongue was wet and Lee raised his hips to meet his sucking mouth. Lust rose, peaked, and his erection began. A few thrusts into Sydney's hot mouth, and he was semi-rigid.

"That's better, darling. Now, let's play." He looped the cords around Lee's cock, caressed his balls before withdrawing his hand, then tightened the tension on the clips secured to Lee's nipples.

Instantly, pain began in Lee's nipples. He winced, turned his head so he could see Sydney at his side. Sydney grinned. "How does it feel?"

"It hurts." He drew in a breath and the pain in his nipples was intense. Fright shot through his insides. "I don't like this, Sydney."

Sydney stroked his balls and adjusted the cords surrounding his cock.

The pain lessened. He drew in a breath, felt the cords tighten on his cock and the pinching sensation on his nipples. He laid still and the sensations waned. *It's not my intention to leave here injured.* He tried to remember all he knew about sex toys and their affect on the male sex organs, but he couldn't recall anything about pinching

clips on nipples or silk cords around erections.

"Now I'll arouse you, darling." Sydney climbed on the bed, straddled Lee's body and lowered his cock to Lee's abdomen. He moved back and forth, rubbing the head of his cock against Lee's skin.

The sensations began at once. The stroking head of Sydney's cock inched across his stomach, briefly touching the silk cords lying against his flesh, and eased upward to his chest. Sydney lowered his head and kissed his forehead, forced him to close his eyes when his lips touched his eyebrows. Lowering his mouth, he pressed his lips to his and thrust his tongue in abruptly, touching his cock to the silk cords attached to Lee's cock.

Pain seared Lee's nipples, but a groan of undeniable pleasure leapt from his throat. His eyes flashed open and he stared up into Sydney's smiling face.

"You liked that, didn't you, darling?" He lowered his mouth and took his lips again, sliding his body along Lee's chest.

The pain came again, piercing, aching in a way that puzzled his mind. His cock jerked, intensified the unusual feeling. Sydney slid his cock across his abdomen, disturbing the cords and making the sensation return to assail him.

Lee moaned and tried to free his arms.

Sydney laughed softly and increased the pressure on his body, lowering his chest to touch

his nipples to Lee's.

Lee gasped and jerked against his bindings. The raw feelings of need and want cumulated in his gut. He tightened his fists, flexing his muscles.

"Darling, I adore your body." Sydney leaned on his knees and stroked Lee's chest, inching his fingers beneath the silk cords.

The pressure of Sydney's hands was exquisite. And when he plucked the cords, pain that quickly became more, shot along Lee's body.

Lee's cock was hammer hard and pulsing, jerking erratically on the cords at its base, bringing pain and pleasure to his body. His mind soared, lost in a realm of pain induced ecstasy he had never experienced before.

"I feel...as though...I want to come," he said, his voice a breathy whisper.

"Then come, sweet," Sydney encouraged, lowering his head to kiss him again. "All you have to do is move a little." He leaned back on his heels and stroked Lee's belly.

Arousal blazed through Lee. Sweat dotted his body. His breathing was rapid. The slightest movement brought the sensations to the fore, unusual pain that quickly materialized into a heightened erotic sense of need. He moaned and hunched his hips, feeling the mesmerizing tingle urge him further, closer to climax.

"I can't stand it much longer," He rasped, his

body quivering with want. He closed his eyes and moved his ass, pulling the cords tighter and bringing pain to his nipples. "But I feel compelled to continue...Oh God!" He lunged upward, pulling the cord taut, sending a rush of pain traveling along his limbs. His belly convulsed as the urge to move again came over him. He lunged upward, identified the onset of orgasm. "I'm coming! I'm coming!"

He gritted his teeth and brought the pain forth, held his breath while the pain gave way to intense orgasm.

Chapter 13

“So what did you think? Did I buy a good toy?”
Lee opened his eyes. “Am I still alive?”

Sydney giggled. “Darling, you thoroughly enjoyed that climax. Your body trembled and bucked—I bet you want to stay tied up.”

Lee shook his head. “I have never experienced an orgasm like that one.” He glanced down at his nipples. “I’m sore.”

“I’ll take the toy off.” Sydney reached the clips and released them, then untied Lee’s wrists and ankles.

Lee released a long breath. The orgasm had seemed to go on forever. His brows drew together. He had never experienced pain and then have it turn into something so fucking erotic that it brought him to climax.

“Would you like to see what else I have in my little toy box?”

“No, thank you. I could use a drink.”

Sydney left the bed and returned with a squat

glass of scotch. Lee brushed a hand across his sore nipples and sat up, accepting the glass. Sydney stroked his head, tangling his fingers in his hair. "I like playing with you, sweet. You're like uncharted territory."

No shit! "I've led a sheltered life." Lee took a long sip of the liquor, hoping it would take away the pain in his nipples.

"Then I have lots to teach you, honey."

How can I tell him to get lost without pissing him off?

"Sydney is an excellent teacher."

Lee nearly choked on the liquor in his mouth. He jerked his gaze toward the strange voice and nearly fainted when he saw Markus standing near the door.

"Markus! What are you doing here?" Sydney exclaimed, his hands flying to his hips.

"I live here, remember?" Markus answered, his voice condescending.

He lives here? Lee darted his gaze to Sydney, then back to Markus. The director didn't appear amused at the sight of his naked lover and the man pretending to be his date. The urge to flee the scene gripped Lee. He eased from the bed, aware that his knees felt weak—either from the intense orgasm he had just experienced or the fact that Markus Goodfellow was glaring at him—and began looking for his clothes. Spying his pants at

the foot of the bed, he started to walk toward them when Sydney grabbed his arm.

"Do you want to join us, Markus?"

What did he say?

"I have to go," Lee uttered, his voice barely more than a whisper.

"Nonsense. We can all play. Markus likes a good threesome, don't you darling?"

Lee looked from Sydney to Markus, then back to Sydney. *I've been caught between these two bickering idiots all evening and I've finally had enough.* He shook his head, hoping one of the fools got the hint that he wasn't interested in a threesome.

Markus crossed the room and stood at the end of the bed. He began loosening his tie.

Lee sucked in a quick breath. *He's getting undressed!*

"I think I'll go now."

Markus chuckled and shrugged out of his suit coat. "I've been lusting after you all evening, Lee. Don't tell me that you aren't the least bit curious about me."

"Well, I wouldn't say I'm curious about you, Markus. I feel a little intimidated by you."

"That's only 'cause you just fucked my lover."

Lee grimaced and combed his fingers through his hair. He really wanted to put on his clothes and forget the whole damn evening. He wanted to go home to Larry and crawl into bed beside him.

What's wrong with me? I moved out of Larry's house.
He stifled a groan of remorse.

"Well, it wouldn't have happened if you hadn't gotten mad at me, Markus." Sydney marched across the room and poured himself a drink.

"You have absolutely no business sense, Sydney. When are you going to admit that fact and let me manage your career?"

"Well, I'm tired of Sullivan. I want to go to New York. I want to —"

"The people love you here. Didn't you learn anything from tonight's gala?"

"Yeah," Sydney barked, his hands flying to his hips. "I learned you can be a fucking bastard, Markus! You stood at the microphone and announced that *La Petit* would continue for the rest of the year. I'm sick to death of the cold weather. I want to lie outside in the buff and sunbathe, damn it! I'm tired of standing in that horrid tanning booth and getting sprayed with brown dye. I want a real sunburn for a change."

"It's cold in New York, too."

"Yeah, it is," Lee remarked, then felt his cheeks heat when he realized he had spoken aloud.

"California is where you should go, Sydney. It's warm most of the year. Or Florida. It's warm there, too."

"Shut up!" Markus yelled.

"He can talk if he wants to!"

Son-of-a-bitch!

"Listen Sydney," Markus said, crossing the room and grasping Sydney's upper arms. "I know you're bored. I am too. But your career is flourishing here in Sullivan." He pulled Sydney against his chest. "Darling, I only want the best for you."

Lee watched, his jaw dropping. Markus didn't appear angry anymore and Sydney wasn't pushing him away. He considered whether to take the opportunity to get dressed and leave the house while the two were making up. Surely it was almost daylight. He felt as though he had been having sex for hours. He glanced around the room for a clock.

"Oh, Markus."

"Darling."

Lee jerked his head around in time to see Markus devouring Sydney's mouth. Sydney had his arms wrapped tightly around Markus as though he never wanted to let him go. He watched Markus slide his hands along Sydney's naked sides and clasp his buttocks. He pressed his naked torso against his tall frame.

Chapter 14

Markus threw his pants across the chair flanking the nightstand and Lee drew in a quick breath. His cock was enormous, long, thick. He swallowed nervously. The opportunity to put on his clothes and leave the house had slipped by because he had been too awed by the performance of the pair. They kissed and fondled, caressed each other with soft endearing words, until Markus resorted to getting undressed.

"You'll like the director's long cock, darling." He pulled in a long breath and skimmed one hand over Lee's chest. "It's longer than mine and will bring you great pleasure."

Lee forced a smile. Despite feeling uneasy around Markus, he wasn't quite sure how he felt about him playing sex games with Sydney.

"I should go," Lee whispered, darting his gaze toward Markus.

"Nonsense. We want you to stay and play. It's been a while since we took anyone into our bed. It

will be fun." He grinned and tweaked Lee's nipple.

"Ouch! Damn!" Lee quickly covered his nipple with one hand.

Sydney laughed softly and kissed Lee on the cheek. "I'm sorry." He walked to the bed and stretched out on his back. "I'm hard just thinking about you sucking me, Lee. I just love your hot mouth. Come on." He wagged one hand invitingly.

The sight of the two naked males in the room sent Lee's pulse racing. Despite the trepidation he was feeling, he knew he would enjoy the contact. He bit his lower lip and climbed on the bed with Sydney. Sydney giggled and splayed his legs, reaching for Lee's head as he lowered it toward his crotch.

Lee was keenly aware of when Markus approached the bed. He glanced at the big man as he stepped to his rear. When the bed dipped, he knew Markus was at his back and when he felt a large hand on his buttock, he knew he was going to get fucked. Whether he would like it or not, would be another story. *Don't panic. It's just a cock up the ass.* For a brief second he wished he was more expert at sex play. *And more open-minded. Larry would never agree to taking a third man into their bed.* Damn! He couldn't keep from thinking about Larry – even when he was about to get it up

the ass!

"Suck me, sweetheart," Sydney urged, tugging Lee's head down. "I want to cum in your beautiful mouth." He wiggled his butt. "And don't worry about Markus. He'll be gentle."

That's what I wanted to hear. His cock is the size of a log – and you're saying he'll be gentle.

"Relax," Markus instructed.

"Don't worry," Sydney added, pulling his head down.

Markus slapped Lee on the back with an open hand, slid it along his side, then to his crotch. He curled his fingers around his cock and squeezed.

The contact made Lee drag in a quick breath. His muscles were knotted. It was impossible to relax for fear that Markus would surprise him. The memory of him digging his fingers into his thigh while Sydney was on stage came to mind. Sydney urged his head down as Markus' hand began to move on his cock.

"That's better," Markus remarked.

Lee opened his mouth and curled his tongue around Sydney's hard cock as the action on his own cock began. Despite his fear of Markus, his hand was surprisingly light. It slid comfortably, though snugly, up and down his shaft. He felt compelled to hunch his hips, to thrust into the fist. Sydney's cock pushed to the back of his mouth, touched his throat, brought his senses back to

what he was supposed to be doing to the actor. He moved one hand and wound his fingers around the stick of flesh. It was engorged and Sydney had increased his speed, bucking his hips wildly against the bed and lunging rapidly into his mouth. He would come shortly.

The fist at Lee's crotch worked back and forth, bringing all sorts of wonderful sensations to his body. Given the size of Markus, his hand was sufficient to hold his cock from base to tip and every pump brought increased pleasure. He was on the verge of coming when he felt a finger slide into his ass hole and Sydney snarl his fingers in his hair.

The erotic sensations seemed to pause while Markus thrust his finger into him. He realized he was holding his breath and Sydney was pulling his hair. The finger moved back, left him, but was quickly replaced with a wet tongue. *Jesus!*

"You're not tight, are you?"

Lee groaned and fought the urge to jump off the bed.

"Oh darling, I'm about to...come!" Sydney announced.

At once Lee was overwhelmed by the big cock positioned at his rear and Sydney screaming that he was about to come. The action at his own crotch was rapidly bringing him to orgasm. He squeezed his eyes shut as Markus pushed part

way into him, paused while he increased his speed on his cock, then lunged in to the hilt.

Lee released a loud breath, Sydney ejaculated in his mouth, and he came all at the same time. The sensation of climax was overwhelming. He could barely keep Sydney's cock from slipping down his throat as he bucked and rammed his flesh in to his mouth. The large cock inside his ass hole was filling him more than he imagined possible. The world seemed to stop revolving for an instant—just long enough for him to feel the sensations curling his belly and the intense pressure inside his body.

Markus thrust and held Lee's buttocks in his big hands. He pulled him against his crotch, releasing his cock once Lee had come. Lee felt as though he was at the big man's mercy. He could neither get loose from his grasp nor stop the rampant battery of sensations he was bringing to his body. He braced his body on the bed, temped to sprawl on his belly atop Sydney as he enjoyed the waning orgasm and hoped for the best.

Chapter 15

Lee sprawled on his belly, tangling his arms and legs with Sydney's when Markus pulled out of his rear orifice. He felt spent, as though he had run a marathon. Tingling sensations still lingered in his body from the intense orgasm he had gotten from Markus' hand. He panted and tried to focus his eyes. Sydney and his director were cuddling on the bed, so close that he could see the fine spray of black hair on the actor's arms. Leaving entered his mind again, for the hundredth time.

"I adore you, darling," Sydney said to Markus.

Lee watched the pair kiss, then Markus began to stroke Sydney's cock. It was limp and wet, lying atop the matt of blond hair in his crotch. He squeezed his eyes shut. The sight was just too much. He had never been with two men before, in a sexual way. *That's old news.* He moved, straightened his legs and rolled to his side. The space on the bed seemed to shrink with the addition of three bodies atop it. He took

advantage of the situation and sat up, before standing. His head felt dizzy and his asshole ached. He brought one hand to his buttock and massaged his flesh. Markus had dug his fingers into his ass when he climaxed.

He moved on wobbly legs toward the bottle of scotch sitting on the dresser. *Maybe I'll drink the whole damn thing.* A moment's consideration and he dashed the idea. Getting drunk now would only mean he would be unable to drive home—if morning ever arrived. He pulled the stopper from the decanter and splashed a hefty amount into his glass. He raised the drink to his mouth listening to Sydney and Markus behind him.

"I'm sorry we quarreled, my love," Markus said, his deep tone rumbling into the room.

"And I'm sorry I thought I had to have a date for the evening," Sydney added.

The bedclothes rustled and Lee downed the rest of the liquor in the glass. *How can they keep getting it up?* He shook his head. The noise behind him intensified and when he finally got the courage to turn around, he saw Sydney between Markus' legs sucking his cock. He pulled his gaze away. *I'm leaving now. I've fucked and been fucked. My butt is sore and my nipples feel as though they are about to fall off.* He glanced about the room, spying his clothing. *With any luck, I can be at Larry's house before he leaves to open the store.*

Larry. He just couldn't stop thinking about him. He loved him. A small smile pulled at his lips. He picked up his underwear from the floor and leaned one hip against the dresser while he poked his foot through the opening. A laugh found its way up his throat. He was moving like an old man, having to lean against something to keep from falling on his ass. He felt bruised. The liquor he downed seemed to go straight to his head, probably due to his empty stomach. He had the urge suddenly for toast and coffee.

"Darling, why are you getting dressed?"

Lee jerked his head toward the bed. Sydney was sitting up, staring at him. Markus was stretched out on his back, his ankles crossed and his hands clasped behind his head. His gaze quickly took in the tall cock in his crotch and a trickle of nervousness cascaded through him. *I don't want that log up my ass again!*

"Isn't the evening over?" *Please say yes.*

Sydney shrugged and glanced toward the window in the room. "I'll be damned. The sun is up. We're in for another glorious day here in lovely Sullivan."

"Don't be sarcastic, darling," Markus cautioned. He reached out one hand and tugged Sydney by the arm. "Let's sleep for a while, before we have to be at rehearsal."

Lee glimpsed the disgruntled look Sydney

aimed at his director. He picked up his shirt and thrust his arms into the sleeves, then grabbed his jacket off the floor. Should he say that he had fun—or that he enjoyed the night with the pair? *I don't think so.* When Markus finally managed to pull Sydney into his arms, Lee took the opportunity to leave the room. Once the door was shut, he didn't pause to feel relieved, he shuffled along the hallway to the stairs.

Once outside Sydney's front door, he realized he had no ride to get back into the city. *Son-of-a-bitch.* He combed one hand through his hair. Well, there was no way in hell he was going to go back inside and ask for a ride. He stepped off the porch and walked to the street. The subdivision was about a mile from town. *I can walk that.* He drew the lapel of his tux across his chest and poked his hands into his pockets, then set off at a fast clip.

Snow was piled along the sidewalk and slushy muck streamed across the pavement in rivulets. His shoes were soaked in no time and his fingers were frozen. He quickened his step, trying to warm his body and move through the neighborhood before too many households awoke. A stranger in a tux hurrying along the sidewalk could be an excuse to call the police. Granted, he would welcome the ride, but that would be the extent of it.

He reached the mouth of the subdivision and

turned toward the interstate. Sullivan was only a few blocks north. If he picked up the pace, he could be in the downtown area in a few minutes. Thoughts of waiting for Larry at the store came to mind. *I don't have a key to the door.* Knowing he would have to walk all the way to his apartment just added insult to injury, and another six blocks out in the freezing temperature. *I don't blame Sydney Barlow one bit for wanting to get out of Sullivan. I've been thinking the same damn thing for months.*

Larry came to mind again. He shook his head, weary with his own thoughts. Did he really love him? *Yeah. I really do. I love Larry.* Admission gave him a warm feeling inside. If it came to leaving Sullivan—as he had been enticed to do lately—and being separated from Larry for the rest of his life—he couldn't do it. *Well, at least I have one thing straight in my mind.*

Chapter 16

“I want my money!”
“Take it easy, darling,” Franky cautioned, rounding the edge of the desk.

Lee propped his hands on his hips and glared at the escort king. “You call yourself a businessman—you idiot!”

“Honest, I thought you were escorting a woman, Lee. I didn’t—”

“You didn’t bother to check, you jackass!”

Franky straightened and released an annoyed huff. “Well, I suppose I could have asked a few more questions, but who knew I would run into you and you would take the job?” He pulled a desk drawer open and tossed a fistful of money on its top. “Here’s your pay.”

Lee reached the money and shuffled it through his fingers, counting it.

Franky propped one hip on the corner of the desk. “So, how was it to fuck Sydney Barlow?”

For a moment Lee considered not answering,

then after seeing the amused look on Franky's face, fought the urge to smile. "He was wearing a dress, Franky. A fucking evening gown. And a red wig."

"He's an actor and quite an attraction in Sullivan, or so I hear."

Lee narrowed his eyes and nodded. "Now you know."

Franky shrugged and giggled. "I'll know the next time, that's for sure. But how was the sex?"

Lee shook his head. "I'll carry that secret to my grave."

"That good? Well—"

"Sydney and his director were in the midst of a spat and I ended up in the middle. Markus Goodfellow was irate the moment he realized I was Sydney's date for the evening. He intimidated me through the meal and—" He paused, seeing Franky hanging on his every word.

"And what? Tell me what happened, Lee."

Lee turned toward the door. Regardless of how unorthodox the evening was, he had to admit he learned a lesson from the experience. But he wasn't about to tell Franky. He poked the thousand dollars into his jeans pocket and strode to the door.

"Darling, Joey still has the flu and I have a client who—"

"Fuck you, Franky! I'll never be an escort

again.” He clutched the doorknob and twisted, flinging the door back on its hinges. “And if you tell anybody about this —” *Never mind — just get the hell out of here.*

“My lips are sealed, darling!” Franky yelled.

Lee walked down the block to his parked car. He still felt the effects of the numbing cold he had endured earlier. It would be July before his toes warmed up. He slid behind the steering wheel and started the car. *At least it's over and I'm still alive.* A short giggle leapt from his throat. As he pulled the car out onto the avenue, he admitted he had enjoyed some of the evening. The physical contact with Sydney was enthralling. Once he took off the dress, he was a lot easier to tolerate. He stopped his thoughts before they progressed further. Sydney Barlow was a different breed as far as he was concerned. His brows drew together. *I really do lead a sheltered life.*

It felt good to have money in his pocket, even if it was only briefly. Although he had taken a chance in being one of Franky's escorts for a night, he had managed to get through it. He pulled the car into the parking lot at the sports store and shut off the motor. *I'll never ever tell Larry what I did.* He thought of Franky and wondered if he would keep his mouth shut. He flexed one bicep. *If Franky ever talks, I'll pull his bleached hair out by the roots.* Envisioning the escort king bald made him

chuckle.

Lee unlocked the back door of the store and shut off the alarm. Larry would be along any minute. He drew in a long breath. There were things he needed to say to Larry. Last night with Sydney and his idiot director had made him realize just how much Larry meant to him. He slid his hand into his pocket, touching the wad of bills.

"You're early."

Lee turned at the sound of Larry's voice. He watched him come through the door, his dark hair ruffled as he removed his cap. He shrugged out of his overcoat and hung it on the rack near the door. *Damn, I've missed him.*

"I was in the neighborhood," Lee replied. There were so many things he wanted to say to Larry, but his mind seemed to be blank all of a sudden. He pinned his gaze on him as he stepped inside the office and flipped the light switch. He loved his broad shoulders, and the way his waist nipped in. A shiver of lust shook his body.

"I'm thinking about selling my share of the business, Lee."

Larry's words struck him like a bolt of lightning. "What?" Surprise streamed through him. He stepped into the office and stared at Larry.

Larry raised his gaze to Lee's face. "I can't go on like this, Lee. If we can't be together in real life,

I can't see any sense in trying to be partners in a business."

The past evening seemed to pale in comparison with Larry's announcement. Damn! Who would have ever thought he would come to such a radical decision?

"What if I don't want to sell?" *That was stupid. I've been wanting an excuse to get out of town.*

Larry stared at him. "Didn't we argue last week about the business, Lee?"

Lee shrugged. "It was just a fucking argument." *Or was it?*

Larry released a long breath and sat down in the leather chair flanking the desk. "I'm tired of arguing with you."

The look of anguish on Larry's face tugged at Lee's heart. The last thing he wanted was to hurt the man he loved.

Chapter 17

“We’ve known each other since college, Larry, and when we decided to open this business, I thought it was a great idea. I still think we can make it work.” He shrugged. “We just have to realize that Sullivan is in a cold climate and adjust our merchandise to the proper audience.”

Larry grinned. “You’re talking sales strategies, Lee? Haven’t we been over those a million times?”

Lee shrugged. “You say you want to sell —”

“Because we aren’t together, silly.” Larry pushed out of his chair, rounded the desk and paused in front of Lee. “I have to unlock the door and open up. We’ll talk about this later.”

Lee rose from his chair. There were a million things he wanted to say to Larry. “Wait. We can talk about this right now. I’ve been thinking about our relationship and I owe you an apology.”

Larry shook his head. “I don’t want an apology from you, Lee.” He reached one hand to Lee’s

chest and smoothed his palm across his shirt front. "I'm as much to blame as you are. I made demands on you."

"Yes, you did, and I thought you were being unreasonable, at the time. I've had time to think since then."

Larry slid his hand along Lee's chest, then curled his fingers in his belt. "I've missed you terribly."

Lee drew in a deep breath. Saying what he wanted to Larry could be difficult if he continued to touch him. All the sex he had enjoyed with Sydney and Markus seemed trivial suddenly. It had been satisfying physically, but it lacked any emotional feeling. He covered Larry's hand, stilling it on his belt.

"I have missed you, too."

Larry groaned and slid his arm around Lee's waist.

The heat emanating from Larry's arm assailed Lee's senses. He raised his hand and placed his palm against his chest, halting further movement. "We need to talk about this situation, Larry."

"Can't we talk after we've made up? I'm getting hard just standing this close to you."

Lee released a low chuckle. Larry was having the very reaction to him he hoped he would. Just knowing that he still loved him filled him with hope and warmth.

"When I moved out, I thought it was the right thing to do." He watched Larry's face, identified the hurt that suddenly came into his eyes. He reached one palm to his cheek, caressing the arc. "I was certain I wasn't ready to commit to a long-term relationship with anyone."

Larry's brows rose. "Is there someone else?"

"No," Lee quickly replied, shaking his head. "There's no one in my life except you. I adore you, Larry. I suppose I always have."

Larry tugged him into his arms and held him.

Lee didn't object to the hug. He wound his arms around Larry's shoulders and drew his scent into his lungs. He smelled familiar and slightly like bacon and coffee. For an instant he imagined him having breakfast at the small kitchen table near the window, sipping his coffee and watching the birds at the feeder beyond the glass panes. He closed his eyes and savored the nearness, tightening his arms as a smile pulled at his lips.

"I love you."

"I love you, too."

"Tell me you'll move back in. I need to know that we're still together."

Lee broke the hug. Larry had asked him the one thing he hoped he would.

"I promise I won't make any demands on you, Lee. If you don't want to commit to me, you don't have to." He caught Lee's chin between his

forefinger and thumb, tipping Lee's head up so he could look into his eyes. "I promise. If you want to see other guys —"

"I don't want to see other guys, Larry." *Damn! I did that last night!*

"Then tell me what I can do. What are your conditions? I'll do anything to get you back."

Lee caressed the large hand clasped at his chin. His skin felt good, warm, smooth. In his mind he knew every callus and rough spot. "I've had time to think. I feel different about some things." He pulled his head free of Larry's hand and kissed his knuckles, pressing his lips against the hair-roughened back until he heard Larry sigh.

"Am I going to like what you're about to say, Lee?"

He raised his gaze and looked at Larry. "I think so." He smiled.

Larry bit his lip. "Then tell me, before I die of suspense."

Lee chuckled and drew in a deep breath. He hadn't envisioned talking to Larry would be so hard. "You know that I'm not one to show emotion, except for when we're in bed —"

Larry laughed and tightened his arms around Lee's waist.

"I've given up trying to get you to open up. But that's okay. I respect your need for privacy."

"I've been wrong. I suppose my idea of privacy

and your idea of togetherness are two different things. You want me to share all my feelings with you and I think you're being demanding of me." He shrugged. "Well, I know now that for us to be a couple, I need to confide in you more. I need to share my feelings." Thoughts of Sydney and Markus' stormy relationship came to mind. The pair probably bickered constantly, about the slightest thing. Yet they made up. And had sex at the drop of a hat. The thought that they could share a third man in their bed made him cringe. He would not want Larry touching another male, let alone fucking him. *And especially not in front of me!* During the time he was with the pair, he found himself comparing his relationship with Larry to theirs. It was like night and day.

"I realize that you love me, and I truly love you." He cautioned himself about revealing why he had come to the realization. "And there's nothing wrong with making a commitment to someone you give your heart to."

Larry pulled him against his chest. His lips traveled up the incline of his neck and nibbled on his skin before traveling around to his lips. He kissed him soundly, and Lee returned the affection, his heart rejoicing at their reunion.

"I'm hard. Oh God, Lee. I'm so hard."

Lee laughed and lowered his hand to Larry's buttock, pressing his cock against his crotch. The

familiar firmness sent his senses reeling. "We can't fuck now. We have to get the store open," he whispered. A surge of remorse gripped him. Having sex with Larry was the greatest thing in the world. They knew each other's bodies like they knew their own. There was never a time when they both weren't satisfied.

"The customers can wait for a little while," Larry insisted, his hand going to Lee's belt. "Strip out of your jeans. I want you right now."

Lee couldn't deny the arousal he was feeling. His cock was hard and his senses were on fire. He released the snap on his jeans with trembling fingers while Larry hurried to strip away his own pants. In a matter of seconds, they were both naked. Lee drew in a quick breath at the sight of Larry's long cock. "I get excited every time I look at your cock." Inside, he understood his feelings. He was meant to be with Larry.

"Bend over the desk," Larry insisted, pulling Lee by one hand.

Lee hurried to spread his legs and offer his bare ass to Larry. When Larry's hand delved between his legs and grasped his cock, he closed his eyes, secure in the knowledge that the fingers curling around his flesh would bring him to ecstasy in a few seconds. He drew in a breath and waited for Larry to enter him, anticipating the familiar length and heat of him.

"I want to move back in, Larry."

"I'll help you, darling, just as soon as we close the store tonight."

Larry pushed inside and Lee allowed the warmth of his flesh to stream through his insides. He began to pump and move his hand on Lee's cock. Anticipation welled up inside him.

"You feel wonderful."

"I've missed you."

"We'll share everything, darling. Everything."

Well, there's one thing I'll never share with you, Larry. Sorry. But I have a secret.

About the Author

I'm a person of many interests. I'm a weekend explorer. I love to poke around in caves and look for artifacts. I'm a frequent visitor to the track—horseracing, when in season. I'm a small bucks investor, dabbling in real estate. I savor fine wine, love to relax in front of the fireplace, and I'm still in love with my mate—perhaps my greatest accomplishment. And erotica...ah...erotica. Is there any other form of writing that allows one to fully express one's true emotions? Not as far as I know. I've read erotica since high school, when it was taboo to speak of Henry Miller. And I'm most free when I sit down at my computer and pen a short erotic story. Erotica makes my juices flow—and I hope some of my stories prime your pump as well.