

Dreamspinner Press Presents

NAP-SIZE DREAMS



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I

IT WAS like it was happening in slow motion as the overloaded grocery bag I was carrying ripped and small oranges of fury made a mad dash for escape. I sighed. Of course the bag would choose now to rip after I walked up the flight of stairs to my second-floor apartment. Just the perfect crap topper to an already crap-tastic day.

Sighing again, I set down the other bags and slowly started to collect my runaway fruit. It seemed that everything was either slightly off kilter or going completely wrong today. First there was my '98 Honda—I left the overhead light on all night and had a dead battery come morning. Luckily, I live in the apartment right above the little second-hand bookstore I own, *In the Margins*, so I wasn't too late to open it. Later I realized that a donation of books I had received two weeks ago was ninety percent water damaged and couldn't be sold. After work, I went to the grocery store, where the bag boy was too busy drooling over the cute cashier girl to notice that he was crushing my eggs under the two jars of jam I bought. And now the ripped bag and lost oranges. What else could go wrong?

As if on cue I could hear the phone start to ring inside my apartment.

"Crap!" I grabbed what I could, fought with my keys to get the door open, tossed the groceries on the kitchen table—

studiously ignoring the loose oranges falling off—and managed to grab the phone on the final ring.

“Hello?” I gasped. There was the sound of something shuffling on the other end and then a sigh.

“Hey, Monty.”

“Mark,” I replied, both smiling and grimacing. After six months of dating I could recognize his voice pretty easily. But still, after all that time, he continued to call me “Monty,” not Montgomery, which was my whole name, or Gom, like everyone else. No, it was “Monty,” which always made me feel like a seventies porn star. “Hey babe, what’s up? Are we still going out tonight?” I asked. Again, Mark sighed, and I got a sinking feeling in my stomach.

“Listen, Monty, we need to talk.”

“Okay.”

“This isn’t working out; I think we need to see other—”

“Wait!” I interrupted, almost in disbelief. “You’re breaking up with me? Over the phone? What are we, in high school?”

“Monty—”

“You couldn’t even come over to do this in person?” I was starting to get pissed. It had been a long day, and this just added to my frustration. And I’ll be the first to admit that when I get pissed I get a bit snippy.

“Gee, Mark, why didn’t you just have your friend Jay call; that way we can be really juvenile.” There was dead silence on the other line and then a slight cough in the background. “Oh my God, he’s there, isn’t he? Am I on speaker?”

“Listen, Monty, let’s not get nasty. We both knew this was coming,” Mark said, in his annoyingly placating manner.

“No, we didn’t. I didn’t. I mean, Jesus, Mark, we just had sex on Wednesday! It’s only Friday! How do you change your mind after fucking me all night not even two nights ago?” A horrible thought dawned on me. “Is there someone else?”

“No, Monty, that’s not it. It’s, damn it, I didn’t want to tell you this, but you’re just too damned needy!” Mark growled.

It took a moment to comprehend what he was saying, and when I did, something inside me seemed to crumble. “Oh.”

Again Mark sighed, but when he spoke his voice was still gruff. “You’re always touching and wanting kisses and wanting to talk, and damn, I mean, if I wanted a woman, I would be dating one.” I sucked in a sharp breath and tried to stop the tears that were burning my eyes.

“Sometimes a guy just wants to *fuck*, not *make love*. You’re looking for a partner, someone to spend your life with. I’m not. Don’t get me wrong. You’re a great lay, but not what I want right now.”

You’re not what I want... it seemed to play over and over in my head, the vicious words stuck on repeat until they were all I could hear. Mark continued to speak, but I couldn’t listen any more. I felt sick to my stomach. Instead of replying I just hung up the phone.

Sinking to the kitchen floor, I pulled my knees to my chest and tried to stop the stem of tears flowing down my cheeks.

It was always the same, wasn't it? It seemed like I was always unwanted, by the men I dated, by my mother and her new marriage. Hell. Everyone. I was like the gum stuck to the bottom of someone's shoe, as soon as I showed up I was scraped off and thrown away.

It had been that way for as long as I could remember. First my mother, who was constantly pawning me off on some poor family member who had better things to do than watch one little boy. Then later my boyfriends, each one coming up with some excuse to dump me. Starting with Luke.

You're not what I want....

No! I wouldn't think about him. I wouldn't think about the first man I gave my heart to, only to have it ripped up and thrown back in my face. That was a long time ago, back when I was young and naïve, back when I believed in true love and happily ever after. I used to believe in that old saying about if you love someone, let them go; if they return to you, it was meant to be; if they don't, their love was never yours to begin with. But I was sure my love would return. He just needed time to figure things out, to see if his love for me could equal mine for him. I learned, though, didn't I? I wasn't seventeen anymore. A decade had passed, he never came back, and I was wiser and smarter than I was then.

Sitting on my kitchen floor in tears, though, could make that highly debatable.

I wasn't sure how long I had been crying when a soft meow distracted me from my wallowing. I glanced up to see my little ginger cat, Peanut, looking at me with big green eyes. She batted at one of my shoelaces, causing me to smile

softly despite my tears.

“It’s okay, baby, Daddy is just a little sad. I’ll be fine in a minute.”

Another meow was my only response, and Peanut wandered away, and I put my head back down. A few seconds later, something solid thumped my shoe. Looking up again, I saw Peanut, lying on the floor, batting one of the fallen oranges at me and having a ball. Giving a watery laugh, I picked up the little rascal and held her close. At least I always knew she wanted me, if for nothing else than because I fed her.

There was a knock at the front door, and then it opened, followed by two loud “Hellos?” Since there were only two other people who had keys to my apartment, I was pretty sure who it was.

“Oh sweetie!” my best friend Claire cried, rushing over to me and wrapping me in a crushing hug. She was followed closely behind by my other best friend, Becca, who walked in carrying a few oranges. Apparently I had missed a few. She went right over and got into my freezer, pulling out a bottle of Vodka. After rummaging in my refrigerator for cranberry juice, Becca grabbed a glass, mixed the drink, and shoved it into my hands.

“Drink!” she ordered.

Claire glared at first Becca and then at me as I slammed part of the drink back. “Bec, what are you doing? Were supposed to be comforting Gom, not getting him drunk,” she scolded.

“If he’s drunk he won’t be thinking about what a jackass Mark is,” Becca replied, like it was the most obvious thing in

the world.

“Wait, guys,” I interrupted, “what are you doing here? How did you know Mark was a jackass?”

“He called us,” Becca replied as Claire nodded and continued, “He told us he was breaking up with you and you hung up on him. Said you might need a friend. So, here we are!”

“Yep, so finish the drink,” Becca demanded, taking the cup from me and basically forcing my head back to pour the rest of the alcohol down my throat.

“Bec!” Claire said aghast.

“Claire!” Becca mimicked.

The girls started bickering about the benefits of me drunk versus not, Peanut managed to get loose, and I took a moment to study my two best friends. They were so different, each having totally separate styles and personalities, and yet the two had been friends since high school.

Claire was a sweet, short, somewhat plump, blonde with a bubbling personality and a naturally happy disposition. She was married to a lawyer and was the mother of a six year old. She worked in my bookstore part-time, mostly because she wanted something to do while her son was at school. Becca was a startling contrast. At six feet tall—two inches taller me—she had long red hair and a supermodel body, she was loud, crude, sarcastic, and one of the most naturally crazy people a person could meet. Single, sultry, and sassy, she was like a force of nature. She was also a bank manager and ran her branch with a smile on her face and a whip in hand. Add in me as a brown-haired, gray-eyed, gay train wreck and bookstore owner, and we were a

whole new spin on *Three's Company*.

With the argument seemingly finished with the women agreeing to disagree, they turned and gave sympathetic smiles. I ducked my head when I felt the tears coming back. God, I was such a pansy!

"Shh, honey," Claire said soothingly, gathering me close. "What happened? I know it hurts to be dumped, but you've never been this upset before, not since—" She was interrupted by Becca's throat clearing in warning, but continued on determinately. "Tell us, sweetie."

I sighed, extracted myself from her embrace, and stood. I wasn't going to have this conversation on the kitchen floor. That would be too damn pathetic! No, I was going to do this like an adult with my head held high and the riotous fury of the scorned!

The three of us piled up on my old battered sofa, me in the middle, of course, and I told them of the phone call, the breakup, and Mark's reasons. When I finished, they were both silent for a moment, and then it was like a small explosion, both of them erupting at the same time. Becca jumped up to pace muttering about stupid men, and Claire once again pulled into a hug.

"Gom, honey, don't you believe a thing that bastard told you. He's an idiot who has no idea what he wants in life and said those things to make himself feel better about breaking up with the best thing he'll ever have," Claire declared while Becca continued to pace, muttering, "I'm going to kill him. I'm going to kill him, or better yet hunt him down, bust his kneecap with my tire iron, and watch him have to hobble for the rest of his life!"

“Whoa there, chick,” Claire said, grabbing Becca’s arm as she passed and pulling her back down beside me. “We’re not the *Sopranos*; we don’t need to purposely maim anyone.”

“How can you say that? Look at how much he upset our Gommy!” Becca cried, jumping up to pace again.

“It’s not that he broke up with me; it’s what he said,” I mumbled. Both Becca and Claire stopped and looked at me. “He said I wasn’t what he wanted. He didn’t want my kisses or touches or even to talk to me. He just wanted to fuck me. I just wasn’t what he wanted,” I explained softly, refusing to look at either of them.

“Oh sweetie,” Claire cooed softly. Even Becca stopped pacing and sat down to wrap her arms around me too.

“Gommy, you have to let that go. You and Luke were so young, and I’m sure he didn’t mean to hurt you as badly as he did. He’s an idiot, and you’re wonderful,” Becca said gently.

“Am I?” I asked, getting agitated. “Luke was always saying I was asking for too much by wanting him to hold my hand and the like in public. Saying we couldn’t be seen as a couple. Maybe I am asking too much from every guy I date. Maybe I’m unrealistic in wanting someone who loves me enough for that. Maybe if I had just stuck with being a good lay and not wanted more, I would still have him, or Mark, or Dave, or Kevin, or any of the other guys I’ve dated.” I hung my head, cursing myself as the tears came back. “I just want to be wanted.”

“Now you stop right there, mister!” Claire said sternly in her mother voice. “Everyone deserves to be wanted for more than to be treated like a simple fuckbuddy. Especially you.

Don't you listen to a word that these losers you date tell you! You *are* wanted. Out there, right now, is someone who is desperate to meet someone as sweet and loving as you."

"You think so?" I asked. I hated to sound insecure and needy, but I desperately wanted to believe her.

"Absolutely," Becca chimed in as Claire nodded vigorously. "In fact, we should go out looking for him," Becca said with a decisive nod.

"What?"

"You heard me, boy-a. Go change into something slinky and sexy; Claire will call the hubby to watch her rug rat; and we will take you out and show you just how many of those men out there want you. Now scoot!" she said, pulling me off the couch and pushing me toward my bedroom at the end of the hall. Claire was already on the phone with her husband, and I looked back just in time to see Becca give her war cry.

"Tonight, we party!"

Oh boy.

II

THE club was packed, lights flashing, hot, sweaty people groping each other en mass, and I couldn't help but hope it was still within the fire code limit. If not, we were all going to die horrible, fiery deaths. When I mentioned this to Becca, she just smiled and said, "Well, if so, I wanna go out completely plastered!" and proceeded to drag Claire and me toward the bar.

"How is this supposed to make me feel better about getting dumped?" I asked Claire quietly. Well, I tried to ask quietly but actually had to yell directly in her ear to be heard.

Claire just shrugged. "I was going to suggest movies and pints of ice cream, but she's trying, so...." Again she shrugged as she trailed off.

I sighed. It was going to be a long night. And I wasn't necessarily feeling social. Oh well, Becca was trying, and at least Claire was with me. And at least Becca chose a club we went to often. I didn't have to worry about every guy in the place being too straight to hit on.

Becca left to flirt her way to the bar for drinks, and somehow, by an act of God, Claire managed to snag a booth not far from the dance floor. Claire bopped to the music while I let my eyes wander through the crowd, examining the

people milling about.

There was lots of leather and silk, women with too much makeup and men strutting about on the prowl, all looking for someone to keep them company for just one more night. They reminded me of a bunch of peacocks. Large, made up, overextended peacocks. I snickered at my own thoughts. Clair turned to me with a quirked brow, but I just shook my head and smiled. No way was I explaining that thought. She'd probably wash my mouth out with soap. Claire had that mom thing down pat.

Finally, Becca returned triumphant: two Cosmopolitans and one Michelob Ultra.

"A toast!" Becca cried, raising her Cosmo high. "Good-bye to the past, hello to new beginnings!"

"Hear hear!" Claire said, lightly knocking her glass to Becca's and my bottle. "And here's to good friends, dance music, and hot men!"

Becca whooped and I laughed, and the three of us took a drink.

"Speaking of hot men," Becca said, setting down her glass and leaning close so we could hear, "according to one of those girls at the bar, you know the kind, the ones who barely look old enough to be out past eleven let alone to buy alcohol? Well, she was just gushing about some new hunk bartender that just got hired. I swear, I thought she was going to drop trou and proffer panties right there!"

I laughed, trying not to picture it.

"Hush Bec, you're going to traumatize poor Gom." Claire laughed giddily, already rosy cheeked. She'd always been a

quick drunk, get her two drinks and she'd be completely blitzed. It made for some fun times in college.

Becca just rolled her eyes, well aware that she'd probably be giving Claire a ride home tonight. "Anyway, I didn't get a chance to see him; I was on the wrong side, but maybe one of us should go check. Hmm?"

At the same time, the three of us sat up, all craning our necks to try and see the hottie bartender. No such luck. With all the people around, we were lucky to be able to see across the table, let alone across the room.

We chatted while finishing our drinks and then decided to dance.

Sandwiched between Becca and Claire, I let myself go, forgetting about my ex and all my worries. Swaying, I let the music flow through me, trying to become a part of it, letting my hips do all the talking.

Suddenly, a pair of hands closed down on my waist, fingers digging into my hips, pulling me back into a very aroused man. I stiffened, shivering in unease when alcohol-tainted breath trailed down my neck.

"Aren't you gorgeous?" a deep voice whispered in my ear. "How about you and I go somewhere, and you can dance for me in private?"

"Uh...." I tried to pull away, but his fingers tightened so much that I was afraid I was going to bruise. With my fair skin, I've always bruised easily.

"Don't worry, sweet, you're going to love what I do to you. I'm going to make you scream so good...."

"Uh, no thanks," I said, once again trying to get away. I

actually tried to pry his hands off, but it was like his fingers were made with iron. The man continued to whisper disturbing things in my ear, and I shot Becca a frantic look.

Quick as a lightning, Becca was there, forcibly removing the man's hands and pushing me behind her.

"I think he told you 'no,'" she said coldly. Claire draped an arm over my shoulder as I cowered behind Becca.

"Who are you, his mama?" the man asked. He wasn't bad looking on the outside, with light hair and blue eyes, muscular, too, but there was something seriously disturbing about him when you looked close. It made me shudder.

"Only when he asks me to be," Becca replied with a smirk. She could be a bigger bitch than anyone if the situation called for it. "So why don't you take your grabby hands, and...." She leaned closer to the man and whispered something in his ear. I watched in amusement as the blood completely drained from the man's face as he went pale at whatever it was she saying.

Becca smiled as she leaned back. "That sound good to you?" she asked, suddenly syrupy sweet. The man nodded and beat a quick retreat off the dance floor.

"You okay, boy-a?" she asked me, pulling me close on the dance floor.

"Yeah." I nodded, shuddering slightly. "He was pretty insistent."

"No shit," Claire replied, closing in behind me. "He was creepy. You looked like you were about ready to jump out of your skin."

I shrugged. I was still feeling slightly antsy after what

had happened, kind of closed in and claustrophobic. I was sweating, my hands were clammy, and I just suddenly had to be out of the crowd. I needed something, I needed—

“Water!” I blurted. Becca looked at me quizzically, but I just shook my head. “I’m going to get water from the bar. I’ll be back.” I quickly turned and fought my way to the bar.

After nearly ten minutes of jostling and subtle flirting with the cutie next to me, I finally reached the bar. I smiled at the cutie, and he grinned back.

Not bad, I told myself, kind of young, but a redhead. There’s nothing like getting right back on the horse, so to speak. Maybe I’ll buy his drink too—

“Can I help you?” a velvet smooth voice asked. I froze, almost too afraid to turn around. No, it couldn’t be. But I’d know that voice anywhere....

“Luke?” I asked as I turned. And there he was.

Luke Lassiter.

The russet skin he inherited from his Apache father looked so beautiful under the club lights. His hair was longer than it had been ten years ago, nearly to his waist now, and there seemed to be quite a few tattoos on his arms, which had filled out nicely to balance his broad shoulders. I even thought I saw one peeking out from under the collar of his black T-shirt to crawl up the side of his neck, and my dick twitched. His body was different from the one I remembered, more muscled and chiseled, but his face, the face that I once loved and then came to loathe, was the same. Straight arrow nose, high cheekbones, strong jaw, and those luminous green eyes that used to look at me with such care and devotion still managed to grab my libido and stroke it. And

those lips, those luscious lips I had sucked and kissed until they were bruised and swollen, were opened in shock. It would have been funny really, if my own hadn't been the same.

"Montgomery...." I saw his lips form my name, but the blood was rushing to my ears and I couldn't even hear the music, let alone his voice anymore.

He reached forward to touch my hand, which was still motionless on the bar, and it was like everything snapped back into place. Just before his fingers could brush mine, I jerked back.

"No," I said, backing away.

"Gom, wait please...."

I heard him, but I couldn't stay. I had to leave, to get out of here, away from the one person who could make me both fly and fall with a single look. I let the crowd close in around me as people swarmed back to the bar. I just melted into it, heading back to the table I was sharing with the girls to grab my coat.

"Hey, where's your water?" Becca asked. My hand was trembling as I grabbed my coat off my chair, and both Becca and Claire looked at me questionably.

"Gom?" Claire asked. I just shook my head. I couldn't talk about it. My emotions were all over the place, and I couldn't stand there and talk about it. I had to go. I had to leave, now!

I walked toward the doors, not caring if Claire and Becca followed. I was almost there when someone reached out and grabbed my arm. I whipped around, terrified that

Luke had somehow come after me, but it was just Becca. She let go as soon as she saw the mixture of pain, shame, and fear on my face.

“Gom, what happened?” she asked, moving me out of the walkway and against a wall. “Did that guy bug you again?” I shook my head no. “Then what happened? Come on, Gom, you’re scaring us.” Both she and Claire did look worried. I felt a stab of guilt.

“What is it, honey?” Claire asked softly. She ran a gentle hand over my hair, and I nearly broke. Taking a deep breath, I beat back my pain until I found I could answer with some semblance of calm.

“Luke,” I said softly.

They both looked confused. “What about him?” Becca asked, and then it was like a light went on in her head. Claire seemed to get it at the same exact time.

“Here?” she asked incredulously. I nodded.

“Oh my God,” Becca said, glancing over her shoulder toward the bar. “Don’t tell me Luke is the new hottie bartender?”

I laughed, but there was little humor in it. “Got it in one.”

“That bastard, I’m going to go—” Becca started to turn around to head toward the bar, but I grabbed her arm before she could move away.

“No,” I said.

“But Gom,” she began, but I just shook my head.

“I think Gommy just wants to go home, don’t you,

honey?” Claire interrupted softly, putting a restraining hand on Becca’s shoulder.

I nodded. Yes, home. I just wanted to get the hell out of here and go back to my safe zone, to lick my old wounds in peace.

Claire smiled gently. “Come on, then.” Letting her lead me toward the doors, I glanced back one more time, the crowd parted just right, and my eyes met a pained pair of green ones as Luke watched me leave, and I almost stopped. Caught in a timeless moment, I almost ran back to him—my heart screamed at me to go to him—but then the gap between us closed up with people and the moment was broken.

It’s better this way, I told myself. You can’t have something that was never yours in the first place.

Claire led me outside the club toward my car, Becca following along behind. Originally I had driven, but I handed my keys over to Becca without a fuss.

The drive home was silent. Luckily for me, both of my friends seemed to realize I was barely hanging on and didn’t try to get me to talk about it. We ended up back at my building with no trouble, and without a word, I took my keys from Becca and opened the back door that led to the stairs to my apartment.

“Gom, honey, do you want us to come up?” Claire asked. I thought about it for a moment and then shook my head. I wanted to fall apart on my own, not deal with trying to keep a strong front for them.

Claire looked like she wanted to protest, but Becca just took her arm and nodded. “Alright, then, boy-a. We’ll talk to

you tomorrow.” Then she dragged Claire toward their waiting cars.

I felt completely numb as I trudged up the stairs, not really sure how I was supposed to feel. I didn’t even remember getting inside the apartment, but there I was, standing in my living room, staring at the opposite wall in a daze. Stripping out of my clothes right there, I walked into the bathroom and turned on the shower as hot as I could stand it.

Getting in, I let the water wash over me, trying not to think, but unable to focus on anything else.

Why me? Why today? As if getting dumped wasn’t hard enough, I had to come face-to-face with my first lover, the one who broke my heart. The heart it took me years to try and repair.

“Luke,” I snarled softly as I grabbed the bar of soap out of the soap dish and started scrubbing my skin vigorously. Mister Luke “I’m not sure I can be gay” Lassiter. The anger I had been keeping at bay seemed to now bubble over.

God, why did I spend so much time on him? I crushed on that boy for years before he finally noticed me. I was seventeen, scrawny, and so in love with my own personal football star that I felt like I was in a fairytale. We spent our entire senior year together, living and loving like we were the only people left on the planet. We made plans for the future, counting down the days until we could leave our parents’ houses and start our life together.

A week before graduation I gave him my heart and my virginity, and not two weeks after receiving our diplomas, he broke up with me, claiming he wasn’t sure he was gay. He

said he just needed time to think, that he was going to go on a trip to get his head together. I let him go, believing with all my might that he would coming back to beg my forgiveness and profess his undying devotion. Only he never did. I waited for a single word, a simple phone call, even a postcard, but nothing ever came. I must have gone to his house a dozen times that summer, only to be refused by his parents and turned away, told that I wasn't wanted by my lover and that he was never coming back.

By the time college started I was a wreck, so depressed I nearly flunked out my first semester. Without Becca and Claire's support, I never would have made it through those first two years. That was how long it took me to work up the courage to date again, and even then I was still one of the walking wounded.

Now here I was, a successful business owner with a degree in English and business, feeling the same searing pain I had a decade earlier. It wasn't fair. *Why now?* Damn it, someone in the heavens must hate me.

He did look good, though, the small voice inside me whispered.

Well, I couldn't disagree there. He did look good, with his broad shoulders and thick muscled arms covered in tattoos. God, he had gotten big. I could picture myself grabbing two fistfuls of his long hair, crying out as his beautiful mouth sucked my cock just like he used too. I wonder if his cock had gotten bigger as well.

I could still remember how it felt as a teenager as he pounded into me from behind, how he stretched and filled me until it felt like I'd never get him out, his puffing breaths

in my ear, his soft groans of pleasure, his hard little nipples brushing my back as he thrust into me enthusiastically, both of us racing for our climax. I still remembered how it felt when he filled me with his hot come....

I cried out hoarsely, my climax catching me off guard. I didn't even realize I had been stoking my erection, too caught up in the past memories to notice. I let the water wash away the evidence of my pleasure as I finished coming and slowly sank down to the floor of the shower stall. My racking sobs filled the small bathroom, and I didn't try to stop them. All I could think about was how that was the hardest I had ever come, and all past experiences seemed dull in comparison. God, what was wrong with me?

It wasn't until later, when I had dragged myself out of the cooling water and into my comfy king-sized bed, that I realized....

I'd called out Luke's name as I came.

III

WHAT was it about Mondays that made people moody and antisocial? I wasn't exactly sure; I just knew that I definitely was a member of the "I-hate-Mondays" club.

I won't lie and say that I managed to wake up Saturday morning and act like nothing happened. I won't say that I opened my shop at noon and that for the next six hours was my usual happy-go-lucky self. I won't say that seeing Luke again had no affect on my weekend at all and that now I was ready to start over.

I won't lie. I may want to, but I won't.

The truth is, I was a wreck for the rest of the weekend. Saturday, I barely managed to get out of bed and run my store, and Sunday wasn't any better. Becca and Claire both stopped by, but I still couldn't talk about it. I wouldn't.

Monday morning dawned with a clear resolve ringing through my head. I wasn't going to allow Luke any more time to disrupt my life. I'd wallowed in self-pity long enough. It was time to bite the bullet, as the saying goes. Or at least that's what I told myself.

Thank goodness, my shop and building is located in the historical district of town. After opening at ten, there was a steady stream of business throughout the morning and into the afternoon, keeping me from my thoughts. Claire was

watching me the whole time I was helping customers, but she never got a chance to ask me how my weekend was.

Around one, after Claire left to go get us both some lunch, I was sitting in the back, tucked away in my little office checking some invoices. The chimes over the front door announced there was someone entering the shop.

“Be with you in just a second,” I called, checking off the last two things on my list and heading out. I didn’t see my customer near the front cash register, but I could hear someone moving around in the stacks, so I followed the noise.

Plastering on a pleasant smile, I rounded the corner. “Hi there, can I help you find... something...”

I stared into a pair of big green eyes in shock, and then to my horror felt my stomach flutter when Luke smiled.

“Not anymore, thanks, I found him,” he replied.

I stood there like an idiot, too shocked and dumbfounded to say anything even remotely intelligent or witty. Or even sarcastic and scathing. Damn, I really wanted to say something scathing.

“W-what are you d-doing here?” I finally managed. Okay, not so scathing that.

Luke shrugged and then shuffled his feet in embarrassment. “Let’s just say I got the verbal tongue lashing of my life Saturday night by someone you know and love, who then recommended I talk to you to try and make things right.”

“God damn Becca and her meddling ways,” I muttered to myself. Luke quirked a brow, but I just shook my head.

“Regardless. What are you doing here?”

Luke seemed surprised. “Well, I wanted to talk to you. Since you never came back to the club I thought—”

“You thought what?” I interrupted. “That you could just come waltzing back in here like nothing ever happened, into my home and happy place, and I would just what? Not have a problem? You can’t just come here, to my place of business, looking all perfect and sexy after ten years, and think this is okay!” I exclaimed.

Luke was silent and shamefaced for a moment, and then his eyes seemed to brighten. “You think I look sexy?” he asked.

Damn, had I said that? Shoot. Stupid Freudian slip.

“Shut up!” I grumbled in a huff. “You seemed to have conveniently forgotten the ten-year absence part.”

“No, I didn’t. But that’s why I’m here. I want to explain myself.” He took a step closer, and I could suddenly smell the woodsy scent of his aftershave. Damn, he smelled good. No, bad Gom, focus here!

“Explain? Explain what? Why you felt it was okay to rip out my heart and break every promise you ever made? Oh, I’m so excited to hear this,” I said with a snort. “Well, go on, then, grovel. Then, when you’re done, can you go ahead and disappear for another ten years? We wouldn’t want our meetings to become habit or anything.” Alright, there was the scathing!

Seeing Luke look so hurt and ashamed really shouldn’t have made me happy, but inside the little demon was doing the happy dance with glee. Right on the heel of that thought,

my own shame came tromping up. Damn it, now I was feeling guilty about hurting him. I sighed. Stupid conscience. I swatted the little demon down and pinched the bridge of my nose. Near the front of the shop, I could hear the chimes ring again and figured Claire was probably back.

“Listen, Luke, I don’t want to yell at you. I think I probably deserve to, but I don’t want to. I don’t want to hear why you left, and I certainly don’t want to hear why you never came back, I just want to know one thing.” I took a deep breath, steeling myself. “If you hadn’t seen me Friday night, if we hadn’t run into each other, would you ever have come looking for me?”

Luke didn’t say anything, just watched me with those gorgeous green eyes, until finally he couldn’t seem to keep contact and looked toward his shoes. I just nodded my head, even as my heart turned to ash.

“That’s what I thought.” I turned away. I couldn’t keep looking at him and not break down. “Have a good life, Luke. I hope you eventually found whatever it was you were looking for.”

Desperate for escape, I walked away. I didn’t look back; I couldn’t watch that beloved face fill with pain. My poor heart just couldn’t take it. So I walked away with my tail tucked between my legs like the coward I was.

I headed straight to my office, not even acknowledging a surprised Claire as I passed. Locking the door behind me, I sat behind my desk and laid my head down on the cool wood as the tears began to fall.

God, I was an idiot. Even when I knew what his answer was going to be, I had still allowed myself to feel a glimmer of

hope. I should have known better, really, but I suppose something inside me still hoped that after all these years, he'd missed me as much as I did him.

Now that something was dead and gone, leaving me feeling empty somehow, almost hollow.

I sat with my head on my desk for what seemed like hours, but was probably no more than a few minutes, when I heard the banging. Someone was pounding on my office door, nearly sounding like they were going to break the damn thing down.

"Go away, Claire," I groaned when the banging didn't stop. "I just need a minute." Still, the pounding on the door continued. Damn, that woman could be like a pit bull with a bone when she wanted to be.

Sighing, I walked over to the door and jerked it open. "What?"

I didn't get much more out because a large body pushed me up against the wall and a pair of soft, firm lips smashed into mine. Distantly I heard the door slam shut, but I was too occupied with clinging helplessly to broad shoulders that were the only port I could find in the sudden maelstrom of emotion and sensation drowning me.

I practically sobbed into Luke's mouth, and he took advantage of my weakness by pushing his tongue into mine. I sucked on it helplessly, trying to draw out as much flavor as I could from it. Luke groaned, and suddenly I was lifted, his hands were under my butt and were the only things keeping me from falling back to the ground.

Damn, he was strong, and tall, I mused as I wrapped my legs around his trim waist. My cock was so hard it hurt,

and my balls drew up tight as we ground ourselves frantically together. I could feel his thick, hot shaft digging into my belly and groaned. He *had* gotten bigger over the years!

Burying my fingers in his glorious hair, I ripped my mouth away from his, panting for breath, little mewls of pleasure escaping my throat. His fingers dug into my butt, and I knew I would be bruised come tomorrow, but I couldn't bring myself to care. This was what I had wanted, longed for, dreamed about since the moment this man had walked out of my life. As he whispered wonderfully dirty things in my ear, nibbling on my earlobe, I couldn't help but wonder if what we were doing was right. So much had happened, so much time had passed, and when we were done there could only be more tears.

But as his lips claimed mine again, I let those thoughts fade away. Nothing mattered but this moment, and even if I regretted it later, I was going to enjoy it now.

My balls tightened, and I cried out, jerking helplessly in his arms as pleasure overrode everything else and my vision went white. I heard Luke roar and I knew he had come too.

We stood there, sagging against the wall, my legs loosely holding his hips, both of us gasping for breath. My heart was pounding, racing in my chest, and I forced myself reluctantly to let him go.

But I knew I had to.

Slowly, I unwrapped my legs from around his waist, slithering down his body to the floor. Luke loosened his hold slightly but seemed reluctant to let go as well.

I sighed, eyes closed, suddenly very conscious of the

wetness spreading through my briefs and just how close Luke was. I wanted to look up, but I was afraid I would see the same rejection in his eyes that was there ten years ago. In fact, I was nearly trembling with fear.

I heard Luke sigh, and I squeezed my closed eyes tighter.

“It’s okay,” I whispered. I tried to stop my voice from shaking, but I don’t think I accomplished it. “You can just go. I know it didn’t mean anything. Just go.”

Luke sighed again, but instead of lowering his arms and moving away, he pulled me closer. “I can never tell you....” He began but stopped when his voice cracked. He took a deep breath and started over. “I can never tell you how sorry I am for what I did to you, baby. There is no excuse, and I’ve spent the last ten years regretting walking away. I’d like to try and make it up to you, if you’d let me.” He gently tilted my chin up so I met his eyes. “Will you let me, Gom? Let me explain, and then you can decide if you want to kick me to the curb or not?”

I stood there for a long moment, looking into his eyes, searching for something. What it was exactly, I wasn’t sure. Maybe regret, maybe forgiveness, maybe hope. I don’t know what it was I saw, but whatever it was warmed me inside.

“Okay, we’ll talk,” I said softly, pulling slowly out of his arms. “But I can’t right now. After I close the store? Uh, maybe then?”

“I’ve got tonight off. Can I meet you here? We can do dinner or coffee or something.”

He looked so damn sincere that before I even realized what I was doing, I nodded. Damn, I forgot just how blinding

his smile could be. It had always been enough to make me forget everything but him; seemed like it still did.

“Thank you,” he said softly, giving me a soft, chaste kiss. It was so gentle and scorching that I completely melted.

Damn. It wasn’t till Luke chuckled that I realized I had said that out loud.

“I’ll be back,” he promised as he walked toward the door.

I don’t think he noticed that my smile faltered when he said that. It was the same thing he said to me the first time he left, and I found myself hoping that history wasn’t going to repeat itself.

IV

AFTER Luke left, I asked Claire to watch the store while I ran upstairs for a minute. I knew she was curious about what had happened in the office, but there was no way I was telling her that I got my rocks off with my ex.

The rest of the day seemed to go by in a daze. Becca showed up about an hour before closing, and she and Claire tag-teamed me for information. But I held strong. I felt like this whole thing with Luke was something I had to handle myself. Even though I might need their support later if the whole thing fell apart, for now, I was on my own.

I managed to chase the girls out at quarter to six, and Luke showed up just as I was locking the door.

Damn, he looked good. His long hair was pulled back in a braid as thick as my wrist, and he wore a black tank, washed-out blue jeans, and a pair of motorcycle boots. It wasn't until he smiled at me that I realized I was holding my breath. I forced myself to breathe and attempted to smile back. I'm sure it fell short, but he didn't say anything.

"Ready to go?" he asked. "I thought we'd try this little Italian place down the street, you know, in case this doesn't go well or something...."

I nodded. "Um, yeah, that's probably a good idea."

We walked down the street, our hands brushing every

now and then, and I stifled the urge to take his hand in mine. Now was not the time to seem needy, even if all I wanted to do was wrap myself up in his arms and stay there forever.

Glancing up at his profile, I memorized how the strength of his jaw was accented by his nose, and how his lashes looked like little fans as they brushed his cheeks. God, he was beautiful. Of course, he caught me staring, and I could feel my entire face heat. Damn, when was the last time someone had made me blush with just a look?

“What?” he asked.

Oh my God, my face was on fire. “Oh, um, nothing. Just, uh, wondering how tall you are now?” I asked quickly, stumbling over my words. Luke just grinned at my ineptitude.

“Six-three,” he answered, pointedly looking down at my own five-foot-ten height.

“Jerk.” I snorted. “We can’t all grow an extra three inches after puberty is done. Freak.”

Luke laughed out loud, and I wasn’t the only person on the street who stopped to watch. Damn, that man was fine.

Once in the restaurant, all it took was a smile from Luke to get us seated without having to wait. I just had to smile and remember how many times he did the same thing while we were in high school. It was nice to think that some things never changed. Odd, but nice.

The waiter came to get our drink order, and after each of us ordered a beer, left us in a slightly awkward silence. Our easy camaraderie on the street now seemed to be gone,

replaced by a tension I hadn't noticed until then. I wasn't sure what to say, so I waited for him to speak first.

"So," he finally said, startling me. I was starting to think we were going to sit in silence for the rest of the evening.

He faltered after that and then seemed to rally his courage. "So, how long have you owned your bookstore?" he asked. I relaxed marginally—business I could talk about.

"Um, five years, come March. I found the building for sale not long after I graduated from college. I used the money my grandma left me to renovate and put together In the Margins. I also turned the second floor into a pretty nice-sized apartment. The third is just used for storage."

Luke smiled. "It looked like a really cute little place."

"Thanks."

There was another awkward moment, broken only by the waiter coming back with our drinks and taking their dinner order. Luke decided on the pasta primavera, and I got the three-cheese lasagna.

We passed the time in idle small talk, both of us purposely ignoring the giant elephant at the table between us. Finally, when we were halfway through our food, I just couldn't take it anymore.

"So can we talk now?" I asked.

Luke smiled self-deprecatingly. "Yeah, I'm just not sure where to begin."

I shrugged. "Start easy. Where did you go right after you left?"

"That's not as easy as you think," Luke said with a

small smile and a shake of his head. He took a deep breath. “At first I wandered down to my uncle’s ranch in Utah and worked there for a month. It was okay, just grunt work mostly.” He stopped and then sighed.

“I waited for you,” I said quietly, “for some kind of sign that you hadn’t forgotten me. I was a wreck when I went to your house and your parents told me you didn’t want me anymore.”

“I swear, Gom, I must have picked up the phone at least a hundred times to call you that summer. But every time I worked up the nerve, I would chicken out as soon as I heard it ring through. Figured you hated me and I was too late. I was scared. I thought about you every day, every damn day for the past ten years. I ended up joining the military not long after I left; the navy actually. Work my way up to the SEALs. Did that for about six years. I got injured almost a year ago on a mission, lost a few of my men, and ended up getting an honorable discharge. I didn’t have anywhere else to go but to come back home.”

“Sounds like you’ve had a full life,” I whispered, feeling lost that I wasn’t a part of it and horrified that he had been hurt without me there to care for him. Then again, maybe he had someone else to do that.

“So no marriage or anything?” I asked, not caring if he could tell I was fishing for information.

Luke snorted. “Gom, you of all people should know better than to ask me that. I know what I said when I left, but there was no way I could fuck your ass like I did and still like the pussy, man. Besides, I’ve been safely ensconced in the closet since I joined up. I’ve only ever been with you. I’ve

only ever wanted to be with you.”

My heart started to pound. What did he mean by that? Only? He wanted me only? I shook my head to shake away those thoughts. Now was not the time for swooning like a romance novel heroine.

“I still don’t understand why you left in the first place. D-Did I do something wrong? Not supporting enough? People say I’m too needy, that I expect too much loving stuff, was that it? ’Cause I didn’t mean to be pushy. I know you didn’t like me touching you and stuff in public, but if I was pushing too much you could have told me to back off. I would have if you wanted....”

Luke stopped my pained rambling with a gentle hand on my arm. “No, Gom, hear me right now. It wasn’t you. It was never you. I was scared, but that didn’t mean I didn’t like touching and kissing you every chance I got. I was an ass, and I’m so sorry that the things I said hurt you as badly as it did.” Then he frowned. “Who told you that you were too needy?” he asked.

Now it was my turn to duck my head. “My latest ex,” I explained. “We only broke up on Friday; that’s why the girls and I were at the club. He said I was needy and should have just stuck with being a good lay and not expecting too much from the relationship,” I mumbled.

It was silent for a moment, and when I finally glanced up, I jerked back. Luke was sitting there with murder written in every line of his face, his normally bright eyes frosty cold. I could suddenly see the dangerous former SEAL hidden behind his carefully cultivated exterior.

“Your ex is fucking moron,” he finally growled. His jaw

was so tight I thought it was going to snap. “Did he make you cry?” he asked suddenly, leaning closer.

Again I leaned away. “No,” I tried, but it came out sounding more like a question than a statement. Luke raised a brow, but I just shrugged. “I tend to tear up over anything, Luke. Even insurance commercials make me cry. I’m kind of an emotional person.”

Luke reached out and brushed a warm finger tip under one of my eyes and down the curve of my cheek. “No one should be allowed to make you cry,” he stated.

“You did,” I pointed out.

“And it nearly killed me,” he said, stroking my cheek again. I couldn’t help myself; I leaned into his touch. His finger moved to trace my lips, and my tongue flicked out, tasting the salty digit. Luke groaned.

“Oh baby, the things you do to me,” he said softly. Then he seemed to shake himself, and he pulled back. I felt oddly bereft.

“You never answered my question,” I said to him, forcing myself to take another bite of my now-lukewarm lasagna and trying to seem nonchalant.

“I didn’t?”

“No, you didn’t. You kept saying you were scared. What were you scared of?” Luke sighed and stared hard at the pasta on his plate. I put my hand on the table and gently stroked his. “Was it me?” I asked. “Were you afraid of me?”

“I don’t know, really,” Luke said softly. “Yes and no. I was afraid of what you made me feel. I mean, I was eighteen and so in love I wanted to attach myself to you as a

permanent fixture. And I was afraid of what people would say. I'll admit, I was worried about the talk—about how the football star was now a raging homo. Being called gay has such a stigma on it, I didn't want that attached to me."

"I understand, Luke," I said, taking his hand more firmly in my own. "I was scared too. About what people would say, how my mom was going to react. I was scared of gay bashing and having to fight for the rest of my life for the right to love the person of my choice. But I was ready, too, because I had you there with me. I didn't have to be afraid because I wasn't going to go through it all alone." There were tears in my eyes, but I fought valiantly not to let them fall. Now was not the time to become a blubbering mess.

"And then I abandoned you, and you still faced your fears, even when you were alone," Luke said, hanging his head.

I gave him a watery smile. "I wasn't alone, though. I had Becca and Claire, and my college LGBC group. I asked for the support, and it actually wasn't that hard to find."

"Can you ever forgive me, Gommy?" Luke finally asked, his green eyes filled with tears and despair. "I feel like I don't even have the right to ask, but I can't stand going through the rest of my life thinking you're going to hate me."

I shook my head. "Luke, I never hated you. Even when I wanted to! I may have been hurt, heartbroken, and pissed as hell, but I never hated you. I don't think I could be the person I am today if I was able to hate someone for ten years."

We both smiled at each other, and then Luke laughed.

"I don't even think I deserve to know you," he said in a

wondering tone. I just shrugged and smiled.

“Well, luckily for you, I happen to disagree.”

The rest of dinner passed quickly, neither of us wanted desert, and Luke picked up the check. I felt lighter than I ever had. It was like the past ten years were a weight around my neck that had finally been removed. I know that Luke and I could never be happy the way we were before, too much had happened and we had both changed a lot. Now it felt like there was a chance we could possibly be something. I felt truly happy for the first time in a long time.

And horny.

Now that some of the smoke had been cleared and I no longer wanted to cry and/or murder Luke on the spot the moment I saw him, I needed him with a desperation that bordered on mania. Just looking at him made me so hard a breeze could have brought me off. I needed to have him fill me, to become a part of me once more.

As soon as we exited the building, Luke turned to me with a crooked smile. “So now that that’s taken care of, did you want to—”

I cut off Luke’s rambling by grabbing his head, jerking his face down to mine, and seizing his lips. I kissed him with every ounce of my hunger, relishing in the groan of need he emitted when we finally parted for breath.

“Come home with me,” I whispered.

V

LUKE stood there completely frozen, somehow looking both unsure and hungry at the same time. It was kind of cute, and I would have laughed but was too busy holding my breath.

He closed his eyes and took a deep breath, seemingly for patience. “Gom, baby, don’t tease me that way.”

“I’m not.” I let my arms fall away from where they were wrapped around his neck. “You don’t want me?”

“No!” he nearly shouted, his arms whipping away from his sides and wrapping around me to pull my body flush against his. God, he was built. “I want you, God, do I want you. I just want you to be sure,” he mumbled against my throat.

His lips were skimming over my jaw, pausing to whisper at my ear, then across my brow in tiny kisses. I shuddered, my knees feeling weak. Damn, that man still knew how to play me like his own personal human instrument. It was so fucking hot; I was starting to doubt I would survive our encounter once we took it to bed.

“I’m sure, Luke. Please come home me and fuck me until we both collapse.” There, I didn’t think I could make my invitation any more clear than if I had engraved the damn thing.

Luke grinned. "Lead the way, baby."

He let go of everything he was holding except my hand, which he kept firmly in his, and I practically dragged him back down the street toward my building.

God, what was I doing? What if he was just doing this for nostalgia or something?

No, I told myself firmly. He wants me. He said so. And he came back. It may not have been the next day or even the next week, but he's here now and that's what truly matters. Maybe that old saying is true.

"You going to open the door, baby?" Luke's velvet voice cut into my thoughts, and I was surprised to see that we had reached my building and stood at the back door. I glanced back and saw Luke watching me with a tender, yet sad expression.

"Change your mind?" he asked.

I smiled. "Nope." My smile turned into a leer. "You?"

The sad look vanished, and he grinned. "Not on your life."

I laughed as Luke crowded me toward the door, his hands wandering, making me burn as I fought to get the key in the lock. "Come on, come on!" I muttered, gasping as Luke slipped one of his hands under my shirt and pinched a nipple.

I groaned, arching my chest, rubbing my butt against the hard length I felt behind me. My hand stuttered, but finally and mercifully, the key went in. The door opened, and suddenly the world tilted as Luke picked me up and threw me over one shoulder, taking the stairs two at a time to the

top landing.

I was giggling hysterically as Luke tried to open my front door. Then I figured turnabout was fair play and reached down to grab two handfuls of his delectable ass.

Luke sucked in a sharp breath. “Damn it, Montgomery, the things you do to me!” he cursed as I squeezed his butt again.

“If you hurry up and get the door open, you can show me,” I purred, which probably looked ridiculous since I was still hanging off his shoulder.

He made a sound of triumph as the door finally swung open and entered. Suddenly I was right side up, the door was digging into my back, and Luke’s scorching lips were covering mine.

“Oh yes!” I groaned between kisses, climbing up his body like a jungle gym, hanging onto his muscles. “Need you, now, please now!” I whimpered, latching onto his neck and sucking a mark right over his tattoo, all the while humping against him like a dog in heat.

“Where’s your bedroom, baby?” he asked, one of his large hands working itself into the back of my tight jeans.

I waved toward the bedroom’s general direction, too busy writhing against him to be of much help. God, I was such a little slut! Then again, Luke didn’t seem to mind.

We swarmed into the bedroom, clinging like limpets. Landing on the bed with a thump, my breath whooshed out of me as the bulk of my lover’s weight came crashing down. I laughed breathlessly, clinging to him and kissing his neck, and it took me a moment to notice he wasn’t moving.

“Baby?”

“Hmm?” I licked up his neck to nibble on the lobe of his ear.

“We seem to have an audience.”

I pulled back, looking at him quizzically. He nodded his head toward the top of the bed. I looked up and then laughed.

Sitting on the top of the bed, safely ensconced on top of the pillows, watching with wide eyes and a cocked head, sat Peanut. I couldn’t stop giggling. My poor cat was probably scarred for life.

“Peanut, meet Luke. Luke, this is my baby girl, Peanut.”

Luke quirked a brow. “Hey there, little kitty. Mind giving us a minute?” he asked. Peanut, the little shit, just lifted one dainty little paw and began to clean herself.

I just laughed. “Hold on.” I pushed Luke over and then climbed to my cat.

“You’re out, sorry, furball,” I said. She meowed plaintively, but I just laughed and carried her to the door. After I tossed her into the hall, she harrumphed, looked at me over her shoulder with disgust, and walked away with her tail held high. She was probably going to go destroy the couch in retaliation, but when I turned around just in time to see Luke slip his shirt off and see the extent of his tattoos, I found myself willing to buy a new one.

Wiping the drool from my mouth, I took two steps forward and then froze.

There, written in old English script, was “Montgomery,” tattooed directly over his heart.

“Is that...?” I asked, pointing at his chest.

Luke froze and glanced down. Then, when he glanced up, his face was bright red. I couldn’t believe it. He was blushing like a little school girl!

“Uh, yeah,” Luke said sheepishly, clearing his throat. “I might have gone a little crazy when I left. It was the first one. I, um, got it right before I joined up. Just so I could always, you know, keep you close to my heart.”

Oh! The last of my doubts and worries completely melted away at the sincere look in his eyes.

Running the last few steps, I leaped on him, laughing and crying the whole time. He caught me easily, pulling me close, devouring me with his mouth as his fingers brushed away my tears. Ripping my mouth from his, I trailed kisses down his throat, stopping to suck on a nipple before going over and tracing the tattoo with my tongue. I sucked a mark directly over his heart and my name and then leaned back to study my work.

“Damn, you’re sexy,” I whispered, running my hands over his smooth chest. “These tattoos are hot!”

“I’m glad you think so,” he said with a smirk. He flipped us over, putting me on the bottom, trailing kisses over every inch of skin he exposed as he pulled off my shirt. He latched onto a nipple, and I cried out, gripping his hair with desperate fingers.

“You taste just as good as I remember,” he groaned, leaving fire everywhere he touched as he sucked his way over to my other nipple. “Like salty candy,” came the whisper, right before he bit down in the sensitive nub.

I screamed and shot like a teenager. I was so embarrassed. How could I come just from having my nipples played with? Luckily for me, Luke seemed to like it.

“Damn, that was hot,” he said, quickly unbuckling my belt and pulling off both my jeans and sodden briefs. “Got to have you, baby,” he grunted as he fought with the rest of his clothes.

I nodded, my trembling fingers being more a hindrance than a help in the quest to get naked. “Yes, yes, in me, in me!” I chanted, giving up on taking his clothes off and stretching to reach the nightstand.

By the time I had managed to fish out a condom and the well-used bottle of lube, Luke managed to extract himself from the rest of his clothes. Slowly I perused his body, down to his....

“Oh fuck,” I breathed. Yes, his erection was huge; the glorious cock dark red with blood, but that wasn’t what made me stop. No, it was the large silver piercing in the head, glistening with precum, that made me shudder and my cock jerk back to life.

“Better grab two condoms, baby. I don’t want to chance hurting you,” he said hungrily, eyeing my filling cock. I nodded mutely, dutifully fishing out another one.

“Let me,” he said, taking both and stretching them over the glinting metal. While he was busy with that, I popped the cap to the lube, wet my fingers, and reached behind to stretch my opening.

“Jesus, baby,” I heard, just as a large, long finger joined the two I already had inside myself, pegging my prostate. I cried out, riding the swirling digits helplessly, begging.

“Please, Luke, love, please! Now please, I need!”

My fingers were removed as Luke reared up behind me, the blunt end of his cock slowly filling me, stretching me wide. I felt his balls brush my butt, and then Luke stopped, giving me time to adjust.

“Please, love!” I cried out. Luke grunted as he started to move, thrusting hard and fast, just like I liked, and I met each one, working his cock for all I was worth.

I sobbed as my second climax ripped through me, listening as Luke hollered, feeling the muted jerks as he came with me.

We collapsed onto the bed when my arms gave out, and I felt Luke slip out as he softened. He stood up, stripping off the condoms and throwing them in the bedside trash can as he headed toward the bathroom. I hazily realized he was gone, but before I could start to worry, he was back with a warm cloth, gently turning me over and cleaning me off before tossing it back toward the bathroom.

He helped me pull back the comforter and sheets and then cuddled up behind me in the bed.

“Stay,” I said softly.

Luke nuzzled up behind me, spooning close. “Always, baby. Never leaving you again.”

I smiled. Maybe that old saying was right after all. It may have been years, but he came back, and now he was mine. I guess we were meant to be.

AMYLEA LYN is a little odd, a lot weird, and just plain strange. At least that's what everyone tells her. She lives in Nevada, filling her laptop with too many stories to count and trying to ignore the yells of her football-obsessed siblings in the background. Most days, Amylea can be found sitting in her favorite chair after work, bugging those around her for fun tidbits to make her stories more interesting. When she's not writing, Amylea spends her time daydreaming her fantasies while talking to herself without realizing it, experimenting with different baked dishes that she force feeds her brothers, and plotting ways to get back at her psychotic cat. All in all, she likes to think of herself as pretty normal... even if it's only by her own standards.



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