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I Can't Drive 55

A Phaze Rocks short by

JADE FALCONER

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Kyle grunted and glanced in his rear-view mirror. “Fuck!” A police cruiser, lights flashing, bore down on him on the completely deserted country road.

It was a five-mile stretch of ruler-straight nothing, linking one highway with another highway. CR909. He had been itching to try it out ever since one of his buddies had bragged about pushing his piece of shit Daewoo up to a hundred. He was sure if a Daewoo could do a hundred, his Camaro could easily get up to one-twenty or one-thirty. And he’d chosen his time: a clear night—not a cloud in the sky, big fat white moon, two AM on a Tuesday. On top of that, it was, serendipitously, the night after they’d caught a notorious burglar in the small town. He had been so certain half the police force had taken the night off.

Apparently he was wrong. He sighed and eased up on the gas. He’d lose his license this time for sure. For a moment he thought about having to ask his sister or his mom for a ride to work. Oh, that wasn’t gonna be fun at all. Nope. Not happening. And his friends... Jesus, he’d never hear the end of it. He’d be treated like a cripple, which was what he’d be, in effect.

The cruiser drew closer as he slowed down, and he pulled onto the broad shoulder. Everything about CR909 simply begged him to speed. He had to get out of this ticket somehow. He wasn’t expecting sympathy. If a cop could bust a guy on such a perfect night on such a perfect road, he was clearly a dick.

He pulled out his wallet as he waited for the officer to approach. License and registration in hand, he knew he had only one hope. He scraped his teeth across his lips, reddening them as much as he could, and rolled down the window.

The cruiser sat behind Kyle’s car for long moments, lights flashing and heightening the tension. Then the door swung open and the cop got out. He sauntered slowly up to Kyle’s car and into his line of vision.

Kyle tracked him as he approached, looking in the side view mirror. When he found himself ducking in his seat to see the cop’s face, he realized how tall he must be. The man was backlit

by the headlights, so it wasn't until he turned to look at him looming over his door that he got a good look at the cop.

His gaze raked downward. He'd barely registered dark, longish hair and a vaguely boyish face when broad shoulders tempted his eyes to take in more. When he saw the snug blue trousers not even attempting to conceal an impressive bulge, his head snapped up to look into the cop's eyes again. "Good evening, officer," he said, mustering an ingratiating little smile.

The cop leaned down, one hand on the car, peering into the interior. He had a small flashlight in his hand and he pointed it at Kyle's face. "Hello, sir. Do you know why I stopped you tonight?"

Kyle blinked into the light, his hand coming up to shield his eyes. "I suppose I was going a bit fast? Inspired as I was by the beautiful night, some sweet rock and roll, and this amazing stretch of unpopulated road." He let his hand drop, trying to look up innocently at the officer. He licked his lips. "Was it really doing anyone any harm?" he asked.

The cop's mouth quirked. "A bit fast? I clocked you at one-ten. That's reckless driving territory, you know that?" He held out his hand. "License and registration, please."

Kyle handed over the two cards, relieved when the flashlight diverted away from his eyes. "It can't be very exciting watching this lonely stretch of road at two in the morning," he said conversationally. "I suppose you're almost relieved to catch someone, just to break things up." He tilted his head to the side and rubbed his damp hands on his jeans. He shifted his hips forward on the seat just slightly, more to draw the officer's attention to his obscenely tight jeans than anything else. If he looked at him, Kyle would be able to tell. He'd know if he had any hope.

The cop examined the two cards, gaze flicking from them to Kyle. "Mr. Edwards," he said. "Is this your current address?"

Kyle smiled. "Yes, sir," he said breathily. He had noticed the glance, but the cop's manner was still brusque. "You know...I could make your evening even more...interesting." He looked up at him wide-eyed. The more he studied the cop, the more he thought he might want to do him even if he wasn't trying to get out of a ticket.

The cop stared into Kyle's eyes for a moment. "It's already gotten more interesting," he said finally, his voice deeper. He leaned closer. "What exactly did you have in mind?"

Kyle could hardly keep still. His mind latched onto how dirty it would be to offer to suck off a cop to get out of a ticket, and it caused his cock to stir. "Maybe I could do something for you, and...you could do something for me," he suggested. He wet his lips again.

The cop paused longer this time, his gaze flicking obviously over Kyle. He glanced up the empty road. This time when he spoke his voice was deeper. "I think maybe we could work something out...if you promise not to drive so fast again."

Kyle's smile widened. "I swear I won't, sir. I promise." He sat up a bit, gaze panning down to the officer's crotch again. He gasped. The bulge was definitely bigger. "Maybe you'd like me to sit in your car so you can 'lecture' me?" He looked down the road as well, but it was still completely deserted. He slipped his arm out of the car slowly, rubbing one knuckle down the stiff line to the right of the officer's fly.

Kyle was rewarded by a soft growl coming from the cop. "I think so, yes." The cop moved away from the car. "I'm going to have to ask you to step out of the car, sir."

Kyle opened the car door. He got out slowly and closed the door again. His plain black t-shirt clung to his chest just as his worn jeans accentuated every inch of his legs, hips, and ass. The officer loomed over him, easily half a foot taller. "Whatever you say, officer," he said meaningfully.

The cop stared for a moment, taking in every inch of the smaller man. He licked his lips and said, "I'm going to have to frisk you, sir. To make sure you're not concealing any weapons."

Kyle couldn't help but smirk at that. "You're concealing one, that's for sure," he purred. He held his arms out to the side. "Please, frisk away, officer. I have nothing to hide." He felt the steady throb of his pulse, strong and thumping through his cock. He wanted this man's hands on him.

The cop reached out slowly, putting his hands under Kyle's armpits and sliding them down. He ran them down Kyle's legs and up his inner thighs, then back up over his crotch, right over

the bulge of his erection. "Turn around now, hands on the car, legs apart."

Kyle inhaled sharply, but the intimate touch was over too quickly. It was tantalizing and frustrating. He turned and put his hands on the hood of the car. He braced his feet apart and arched his back, feeling the cool night breeze through the frayed tear running across the back of one thigh of his jeans. His eyes drifted closed and he tried to think about how he wasn't going to lose his license, because thinking about the man behind him touching him again was too delicious.

The cop stepped closer, putting one hand on Kyle's back. He ran it down, and when it reached the young man's ass, the other hand joined it. He squeezed Kyle's ass, and his elevated breathing was just audible. One hand slid around to the front, groping Kyle's cock roughly. "You wouldn't be getting off on this, would you, Mr. Edwards?" he rasped. "Because that would make you a little slut."

A needy whimper vibrated through Kyle's throat. "I didn't know that was a crime, too, officer. If it is, I guess you'd better handcuff me now." His hips wriggled forward so he could press his aching erection against the large hand groping him.

"I might just do that," the cop growled, "but that wouldn't stop that smart mouth, now would it?" The cop moved closer, pressing his arousal against Kyle's ass. "I think I might have something that will shut you up, though."

Kyle pressed his ass almost defiantly back against the other man's taut body. "You wanna fuck my mouth with that big hard cock?" he asked, voice strained with lust. "You wanna shut me up by ramming it down my throat?"

"I do," the cop groaned, rocking against him. "You think you can take it? Are you a good cock-sucker?"

"If you don't give me a ticket I'll take you so deep you won't wanna come back out," he ground out. The situation—the sheer size of the man behind him, the uniform--brought out desires in him he was unaware of. The air was thick with domination and sex.

Judging from the moan behind him, the cop had clearly reached the breaking point. He moved back, reaching out to grab

Kyle by the back of his jeans. "Come on. Now." He stormed over to the cruiser and yanked open the back door. "Get in."

Kyle stumbled toward the other car, nearly pulled off balance. He crawled into the back seat and turned to face him. Rather than fear, all he felt was a thick ache threatening to consume him.

The cop climbed in beside him and shut the door. He sat back, and growled at Kyle, "Suck me. Make it good, slut."

Kyle scrambled over, sliding to the floor on his knees. He leaned over the policeman's lap and fumbled with his clothes. His fingers burrowed between coarse fabric and hot flesh until he held him. He leaned over more, feeling a knee pressing into his chest as he suckled on the head, wetting the skin so his lips could slide down. His tongue swirled around the thick cock and he took more and more of him into his mouth. It was easily the largest cock he'd ever seen up close.

"Fuck," moaned the cop. "You like that, don't you, baby? You look good with a cock in your mouth."

Kyle pulled back and sucked him back down, deeper each time until it felt like his throat would be crushed from the battering. He concentrated hard, his brows knitting together as he swallowed, slick muscles gripping at the flesh. He moaned as he took him in over and over, sucking, pressing with his lips covering his teeth. He could feel sweat breaking out on his own brow. The muscles of his mouth trembled, but he sucked harder.

The cop's head leaned back against the seat now and he panted, but he never took his gaze off the mouth on his cock. "Fuck, you're good." He gasped. His hand found its way into Kyle's hair. "Getting close. Don't stop."

He had no intention of stopping. He wanted it too much. Making the other man lose control like this felt so powerful. His head bobbed up and down as he suckled and swallowed ever faster. He moaned around the cock in his mouth, milking him with all the determination he could summon.

The cop had a firm grip on Kyle's hair and he yanked on it now. "Pull off," he warned. "Want to come on that pretty face."

Kyle pulled back with a gasp, his full lips hanging open. He gulped air as he looked up at the officer's face.

Looking at Kyle's face, the man stroked himself once and came with a growl. His seed pulsed over Kyle's mouth and cheeks, dripping down. "Fuck..."

Kyle licked his lips. The look of blissful satisfaction on the cop's face was well worth it. He still had hold of him by the hair, and Kyle breathed shallowly. He wiped at his face with his fingers.

The cop still panted as he released Kyle's hair. "That was fucking amazing," he said, staring at Kyle.

He smiled, crawling back up on the seat beside the larger man. The vinyl seemed a little chilly to his overheated body even through his clothes, but he didn't mind. He pulled his t-shirt off and wiped his face with it. "I guess I should...go?" he asked, unfamiliar with the etiquette of the situation.

Wrapping his arm around Kyle, the cop pulled him close. His put his hand in Kyle's crotch, feeling how hard he was. "No hurry. You liked doing that to me, pretty boy?" he asked softly.

He was surprised at how comforting that big strong arm felt around him, but then a moan came from his throat at the delicious pressure of the police officer's hand. "Ohh," he uttered, his breath speeding up. He wriggled a bit, his hips lifting to press up more.

The cop's gaze flicked down Kyle's body. "I want to see. Show me how much you like it."

Kyle wasn't shy under the worst of circumstances, but certainly not now. He unbuttoned and unzipped his jeans and eased them down with his Jockeys. His cock sprang free of the tight fabric and he raised his gaze to the other man's face. "That's how much I liked it," he said hoarsely.

Breath hitching, the cop stared at Kyle's hard cock. "Fuck. Touch yourself. I want to watch."

Kyle sucked in a breath. He reached down and curled his fingers around his own cock with a stuttering moan. He rubbed his thumb back and forth over the slick slit at the head, whimpering. "Do you like to watch?" he rasped.

The cop nodded slowly. "You're the prettiest boy I've ever seen, baby. I think I'd like just about anything with you." He reached out to wipe a bit of his seed off Kyle's face that he'd missed.

Kyle looked into the cop's eyes. He was so close he could see flecks of gold in the brown, even in the dark interior of the cruiser. The cop was very handsome. Kyle moaned, open-mouthed, as he stroked himself slowly. "Well, if I'd known, I would have let you fuck me," he whispered.

The cop dropped his hand down and traced over Kyle's pale chest. "Would you? You want my cock in your pretty ass?"

Kyle shivered. "Yeah," he moaned. "I kinda think I do." He couldn't believe he was getting off on being with a cop. Generally speaking, he hated cops. But this man was delicious. The more he looked at him, the more he wanted to get to know every inch of skin and toned muscle in his powerful frame.

The cop pulled Kyle tighter against him. "I bet you'd be so tight. I bet you'd beg for it, wouldn't you, pretty slut?"

His words made Kyle feel raunchy and promiscuous, though he'd only done it with a couple of guys. As he was pulled closer, his gaze dipped to the officer's lips. "That's not all I'd beg for," he croaked.

"Oh yeah?" the man said. "Tell me what else you want. You're so fucking sexy."

Kyle looked into his eyes uncertainly. It sounded stupid even before the words left his lips. He didn't want to ask, but that left coming up with something else, when his mind was a divining rod pointed unambiguously to one thing. "A kiss?" he whispered.

The cop's lips parted in surprise. Then they curled into a smile. "Of course," he answered. "But first, my name is John." Then he leaned in to kiss Kyle slowly.

Kyle smiled against John's lips. The way he'd announced his name was a bit awkward under the circumstances, and a little endearing. His eyes drifted closed and he hummed into the sweet, soft kiss as he stroked himself.

John pulled back, eyes glazed as he watched Kyle. "You like me watching you? Touching you?" His hand roamed over the smaller man's pale skin.

Kyle whimpered and nodded. He stroked himself faster, the cop's attention pushing him to the edge of orgasm. He moaned and lifted his hips as his slender fingers gripped his own throbbing cock. "The way you watch me makes me feel...dirty."

“You are dirty,” John purred. “A dirty little slut who would give a cop a blowjob to get out of a ticket. A slut who’s gonna let that cop fuck his pretty ass later, just because he wants to be used...” The cop’s voice was deep and rough again.

Kyle’s head dropped to John’s shoulder and moaned again. “I’m...oh God, I’m gonna...” And then he came, pulsing over his own knuckles, shuddering and gasping. “John,” he croaked as he kissed the curve of the other man’s neck and jaw with a strangled whimper.

John held Kyle tightly as he shuddered through it.

After a few minutes, Kyle looked up into John’s eyes. He still trembled. He smiled slowly. “Would it be stupid of me to ask for your number?” he asked.

John smiled in return. “I’d insist on it.” He leaned down to kiss Kyle gently.

Kyle wiped his hand on his discarded t-shirt before wrapping both arms around John’s neck. He pulled himself closer, turning his upper body towards him, kissing back.

John pulled Kyle onto his lap as they kissed, his hands roaming all over him. Finally he pulled back and whispered, “You should go. But I get off in an hour. Can I buy you dinner?”

Kyle smirked. “I thought you just got off a few minutes ago,” he teased. He kissed John again. “I’ll meet you at the diner. I think they still have donuts at this time of night.” He giggled. He hoped John wasn’t offended by cop jokes.

John rolled his eyes. “Does it look like I eat donuts?” He grinned, patting his flat stomach. “You’d better be there. Or I’ll have to come find you.”

Kyle pulled his jeans back up, grinning. “Well, you’ve proven you can catch me, so...” He balled his t-shirt up and opened the door. “See you soon, John.”

“Drive carefully now,” John responded. “I can’t wait to see you again.”

As Kyle walked back to his car, he couldn’t help but smile. And not just because he wasn’t getting a ticket.

* * * *

One hour and ten minutes later, the door to the all-night diner swung open with a creak, and the doorway was momentarily filled by John's muscular figure. He was still in uniform, minus the hat, and as he stepped in he smiled and greeted the few people there. Then he spotted Kyle in a corner booth. His smile widened and he strode toward him, a faint flush heating his handsome face. Kyle took a moment to admire the man's body, his lower stomach tightening in anticipation of what lay ahead. Maybe he'd ask John to keep the uniform on...

"You look like you're having dirty thoughts," John said as he arrived at the table. He stood there, looming over Kyle for a long moment before sliding into the booth across from him.

Kyle swallowed hard. The reminder of how *big* the other man was wasn't lost on him. He'd had a taste of being manhandled by John and he wanted more. "Oh, yeah," he said, his voice coming out a bit too hoarse. "And getting dirtier by the moment."

John's smile increased. "Maybe we should skip dinner then, and go right to dessert," he suggested, his gaze undressing Kyle.

Kyle's body responded to the look as surely as if it had been a touch. He was half hard already, despite having come just over an hour ago. "Takeout works for me," he agreed. The sooner he had that big thick cock in him the better.

John grinned and waved the waitress over. They greeted each other familiarly and soon she returned to the kitchen to box up a couple of sandwiches and chips: food that would keep for later.

Kyle had a hard time keeping his eyes off John as the cop stood at the register to pay for their order, as he insisted. He kept remembering the feeling of that big, solid body pinning him to the car, those strong hands on his ass. He hadn't had nearly enough.

They walked out into the parking lot and John turned to him, stepping closer. "I wish I could push you up against the car right here," he said, his voice a low growl.

Kyle went from half hard to fully aroused in the space of seconds. His knees felt weak and all he wanted was to be ravished by the other man. "God, I want you." He panted. He looked around. There was no one in the parking lot, but he knew

they couldn't take a chance. "Where can we go? I have roommates..."

Kyle breathed a smile of relief when John answered, "I don't." He looked at Kyle's Camaro. "You want to follow me, or...your car will be safe here," he suggested.

"You mean ride in your squad car?" Kyle asked, intrigued despite himself.

John nodded. "I drive it home when I work the late shift. Looks good to have a cop car in the neighborhood, I guess."

Kyle considered. "Why not? I've never been in a cop car till tonight."

"Good. Come on then. You're making me so hard, Kyle."

Kyle didn't have to be asked twice. He walked over to the black and white car and asked, "Um...front or..."

"You can ride in the front. As long as you don't play with the radio," John said in a teasing tone. He opened the door for Kyle and gave him a surreptitious grope as he climbed in.

Kyle almost giggled, he felt so lighthearted. This was a sexy adventure and he couldn't wait for the rest. He settled in the seat and fastened the seat belt, gaze following John as he walked around and got in the driver's seat. "I won't touch anything," he promised, though all the flashing lights were kind of tempting.

John laughed and they were off. The radio crackled with bursts of conversation but John ignored it. "It's not far," he said as he navigated a turn.

"Good," Kyle breathed. They were alone enough that he felt a little more open. "Because I want to play with that huge cock of yours again." Then he paled with a sudden thought. "They can't hear me, can they?" he asked with a glance at the radio.

"No," John chuckled. "Not unless I press the button."

"Whew," Kyle sighed with relief. He wasn't really thinking clearly.

John spared a glance at Kyle while they were stopped at a light. "I wouldn't stop you," he offered.

Kyle blinked. "What?" Then he realized what John was suggesting. "Ohh," he said, purring as he released his seat belt and slid closer. Thank goodness for bench seats. "You gonna give me a ticket for not wearing my seat belt?" he teased.

John raised an eyebrow. "With that mouth, you can get away with just about anything," he said, his strained voice and bulging trousers belying his need.

"Mmm, I like the way you talk to me," Kyle whispered, reaching over to press the heel of his hand against John's arousal. The size of it made him ache in anticipation. He hadn't been fucked in a while and it was going to hurt, but then again he'd always been a size queen. It was going to be so worth the momentary pain to be filled that full.

John groaned in response to the touch. "Something there you want?" he asked breathlessly. He arched his hips up slightly, encouraging.

"Oh, yeah," Kyle nodded. "Want it so bad, John. Want it hard and fast."

John's head fell back against the seat. "Fuck, Kyle. You think you can take it?"

"I know I can," he promised. "And I don't want you to be gentle with me." He loved a little pain. It enhanced the pleasure.

Kyle was gratified when he felt the car jerk. He liked making strong men lose control. "You're so sexy," John growled. "When I first saw you I wanted you bent over for me."

Kyle's cock, trapped in his tight jeans, throbbed. "When I first saw that bulge in your pants I knew I wanted you inside me." Talking dirty was another one of his kinks. John really knew how to push his buttons.

"Fuck," hissed John, mouth hanging open as he clearly tried to focus on driving. "You better be ready for it, Kyle. I'm so hard for you."

"I'll be ready and willing," Kyle promised, a thrill running through him. John wanted him so much. This big, powerful man ached for him. He loved the feeling.

Finally, they pulled into a driveway in front of a neat house. Kyle didn't much care what the house looked like, though, as long as it contained a bed. Or a horizontal surface. Hell, anything would do right now.

John got out quickly and opened the door for Kyle. Kyle's gaze lingered on the huge bulge in John's trousers and he licked his lips as he climbed out. "Such a gentleman," he whispered as John led him to the front door.

“As soon as we’re inside I’m not going to be a gentleman any more,” John growled.

“Promises promises,” Kyle teased, but suddenly all levity fled as he found himself very firmly pinned to the closed door. “Fuck, John,” was all he could get out before his mouth was covered by the cop’s. John kissed him like he meant it, tongue possessing his mouth then sucking Kyle’s lip into his own. Kyle had never had a kiss quite that heady. It made him quite sure that tonight was going to live up to all his expectations.

While they kissed, John’s hands weren’t idle, either. John seemed to be trying to read Kyle’s body like a message in Braille, memorizing every line. Kyle felt claimed and they still had all their clothes on.

He wanted to do something about that, though, so when John came up for air he quickly took the initiative, pulling his shirt off. It wasn’t easy, since John seemed less than inclined to release him, but Kyle was fine with that. He liked his present situation just fine. It wasn’t until Kyle raised his leg up to hook around John’s hip that he felt another bulge that wasn’t his fault.

“Shit,” John muttered. “My gun. I need to take it off. Don’t move.” He backed away a little and Kyle already missed it.

He watched as John carefully unfastened his belt and slid it out of the loops. He placed the gun in its holster in a cabinet, then returned to Kyle, unbuttoning his shirt.

Kyle had the grace to flush as he croaked, “Um, John? Would you think I was really, *really* sick if I...asked you to keep the uniform on? Um, at least for the first time.”

John stopped, his handsome face twisted into a grin. “That’s really hot,” he said, ceasing his unbuttoning.

Kyle smiled and reached out, finishing the job. “Oh, unbuttoned is fine. So I can see that gorgeous body.” He whistled as he slid his hands into the opened shirt, caressing the sculpted muscles.

John groaned as Kyle’s thumbs brushed over his nipples. Then he reached out and grabbed Kyle by the hips, pulling him roughly against him. “You’re a sick little boy, aren’t you?”

“Oh, yeah,” Kyle breathed, grinding against him. John’s rock hard cock dug into his belly, taunting him. “I need to be fucked hard by a big strong cop.”

"I think I got that covered," John replied, kissing him hard once again.

Kyle hadn't taken John for the kissing kind, but he was pleasantly surprised. He was pretty sure he'd like almost anything John did. His hands drifted all over the cop's body. John was solid and muscled, and Kyle knew John could easily overpower him. He could do anything he wanted to him. Even though he was fairly certain John wouldn't, that edge of danger was something Kyle really liked. It made his cock throb and his ass ache to be filled. He pulled back from the kiss with effort, and gasped. "John. Fuck me."

In answer, John leaned down and effortlessly picked Kyle up, tossing him over his shoulder in a fireman's carry. Kyle was so surprised he squealed before grabbing John's waist for balance. "You brute!" he laughed as he was carried into a bedroom.

John didn't bother with the light, but there was more than enough illumination coming from the hallway that Kyle could see just fine. John laid him down on the bed and he scooted back. "We...we need..." he said, trying for some presence of mind. John's raw sexuality made it hard to think about things like safe sex.

Luckily, John seemed to read his mind. "Got it covered," he said, heading toward the bathroom and returning a moment later with a foil packet and a small tube.

"Sweet." Kyle grinned, hands going to his own belt. John stopped him.

"I'll do it," he commanded. Voice so deep it sent chills down Kyle's spine, right to his cock.

"Anything you want," Kyle replied, and he'd never meant those words more than right now.

Deftly, John stripped Kyle of his jeans and jockeys, and his gaze roamed now naked skin. "You're what I want," he rasped, climbing onto the bed.

"Good," Kyle purred. John's lustful gaze made him ache. He wanted to please this man, wanted to feel him rut into his body and take his pleasure. The very thought made him moan. "Fuck me. Please." He hadn't forgotten his promise to beg. It was no act. John was a fantasy, all muscles in his half opened

cop uniform, all manly and strong and dominant. He spread his legs to emphasize his need.

It had the intended effect. John's breath hitched and he crawled forward, straddling Kyle. His crotch was right in Kyle's face and his erection was clearly visible. "Take it out," he commanded.

Kyle wasted no time. He unbuckled John's belt and unfastened the button, then carefully lowered the zipper. John's thick cock strained to get out, and the musky smell of him made Kyle even harder. As if handling a precious object, Kyle pulled out the heavy length, hot to the touch and rock hard. A few light strokes had John moaning.

"Kyle," John said in a rough voice. "Can't wait. Get me ready."

The desire in John's voice was obvious, and Kyle hurried to comply. He slipped the condom on and slicked it liberally, and despite John's size Kyle decided to skip the prep. Neither of them could wait. "How do you want me?" They'd talked about John taking Kyle from behind, but the view from this angle was pretty damn good, too.

John seemed to share Kyle's feelings. "I want to see you," he said simply, and shifted so that he was between the smaller man's legs.

Kyle spread readily, panting just a bit as he became even more vulnerable. A whimper left his lips as he watched John watching him. He wanted to remember that look. "Please," he whined. "Want your cock in me, John. Fill me up."

John groaned and pressed his cock to Kyle's entrance, and almost simultaneously their eyes rolled back as John slid inside.

"Oh fuck, John, so big..."

"God, Kyle, feels so good..."

Kyle was beyond coherent words as John nearly split him apart. But the bigger man went so slowly and carefully that it didn't hurt all that much. Kyle forced his eyes open though they wanted to close, and was struck at how incredibly sexy yet adorable John looked right now. The big strong man was dressed in his cop uniform, every inch the macho man, but he could clearly read the concern in his dark brown eyes. "I'm okay,"

Kyle assured him, voice higher than usual. "You're a monster, John. Feels good. Fill me up," he encouraged.

Kyle's words clearly had an effect on John. The larger man took a shuddering breath and pushed in deeper, and Kyle felt every millimeter until John was buried inside him. He'd never felt so full before. "Give it to me, please..." he begged. He needed John to move.

With a groan John pulled out, and Kyle saw stars as the cock inside him dragged over his prostate. "Fuck yeah, just like that." He gasped, suddenly desperate for more.

That really got John going—he thrust back in again more quickly than the last time, grunting as he impaled Kyle once again. He seemed to lose his reticence then and began to pump in and out, a bit faster and harder each time.

Kyle loved every minute of it, every stroke, every thrust. John was well-endowed as well as talented, and he was going to be walking funny tomorrow. And he'd enjoy it. "Yeah, yeah, more," he breathed, looking up at John, gripping the strong arms holding him up. He could feel John's strength and it turned him on even more.

"More?" John croaked, pulling back only to slam in again. "You're fucking incredible..." He pounded Kyle now, their efforts rocking the bed and slamming the headboard against the wall.

"You're the incredible one. Come on, baby, give me that cock." Kyle's hand snaked down between them and wrapped around his own cock. He stroked slowly, wanting to make it last.

It was obvious John was getting close. His movements became less smooth, more frantic, and a light sheen of sweat covered his upper body. Kyle gaped up at him, drinking in the sight as well as the deep thrusts. "Fuck, John... Gonna come," he groaned, his hand speeding up as he arched up to meet each savage thrust.

John leaned down to kiss Kyle and then he was over the edge, losing himself in the soulful kiss as his hand and John's body worked in tandem. His scream was lost in John's mouth, and an answering grunt and jerk told Kyle his lover had also succumbed. His scream turned into a whimper as John finally released his mouth, head thrown back as he rode out his release.

Kyle gasped for breath now, waves of ecstasy still washing over him. He'd really never felt anything like that, he was sure of it. "Wow," was all he could manage as John lay down on the bed beside him.

John chuckled and moved closer to Kyle. "Wow," he agreed, smiling dazedly. "Boy, am I glad you're a reckless driver."

Kyle laughed softly and snuggled close to John. "As long as you're the only one to catch me," he whispered.

John's strong arms wrapped around Kyle immediately, "You're assuming I'm ever letting you go."

Kyle just sighed and buried his face in John's neck. He didn't want to go anywhere.

About the Author

Inspired by the important things in life—beauty, love, and passion—Jade has spent several years writing erotic fiction. The forbidden nature of homoeroticism is the basis for many megabytes of fiction that have delighted a wide circle of online readers. Please feel free to visit Jade at www.JadeFalconer.com or on MySpace at <http://www.myspace.com/jadefalconer>.