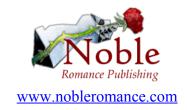
Noble Romance Publishing CJ Black / st See

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Book Blurb

When the older man starts frequenting the restaurant where Adam works, he doesn't know what to think. Kent is everything that defines success and wealth. What could he possibly want with a college kid like Adam?

Kent is going through a bad divorce, but he knows what he wants and *who* he wants. He makes his move, but following a brief yet intense lovemaking session, Adam's insecurities make him walk away.

Kent, refusing to let Adam go, decides to find a way to make the younger man see his worth and their need to be together.

~***~

"Your man is here."

Brad's damned annoying voice broke my concentration. I was trying to get the silverware wrapped so I could get the hell out. I was really into it, too, until Brad opened his mouth and since everything he said pissed me off, this time was no different.

"What man?" I gave my co-worker an irritated look, unable to keep the anger from my voice.

"The old man." He jerked his head to the side, toward the back corner of the sushi restaurant that was my current place of employment. Not that I'd had a choice when I'd applied.

The 'old man' came in every other night and stayed past closing. It used to piss a lot of us off but after awhile we got used to him being there. Besides he wasn't a tight-ass with the tips.

Brad, the little prick, sometimes eavesdropped on the guy. He'd told me the old man was going through a bad divorce. But really, is there such a thing as a good divorce? He'd heard the man on his cell phone with the *scheming bitch* and her *asshole lawyer*.

But Brad wasn't telling me stuff I didn't already know. And what Brad didn't know was that I knew something no one else there knew. The guy's name. Kent always paid in cash and he always asked for me when he came in. Something else no one else knew? I thought Kent was hot.

I don't normally go for older guys. I figured he was in his forties and he kept his face clean shaven. His dark skin had that glow to it—like those ebony museum sculptures, after a good polish.

I'm not stupid enough to act on my attraction, even if he knows and I think he might—since I ran into him when he was coming out of the men's room and I took a nice long look at his package. Trust me, I couldn't *not* look. It was a good thirty seconds before I realized he had this smirk on his face and I mumbled something lame like, "Excuse me, sir," and moved past him. I didn't even go—just spent ten minutes looking in the mirror and telling myself what an ass I was for even *thinking* some college kid is anywhere near his league.

As to why Brad referred to him as *my* man, I didn't know and I wasn't sure I liked what he was implying, despite my sexual orientation. I decided to

call him on it. "What the hell do you mean, my man?"

Brad must have realized he'd pissed me off because he back-tracked real quick. "Well you're his favorite server. He asked for you again."

"You're just telling me this now?" *Dumb ass.* "How long has he been waiting?"

"Damn, chill, just a few minutes."

I slid off the bar stool and pulled my check pad out of my back pocket. I took my time. Kent was on his cell and I didn't want to disturb him but as soon as he noticed me he flicked it closed. "Evening, Adam."

"Good evening, sir." He sounded tired. It was hard to see his face though. The manager dims the lights in the evening and the candle on his table was out. It's the best place to sit if you want to be alone though, because you're pretty much away from everything, and this time of night the nearby server station was closed.

"I don't know if it's so good," Kent said. He slid his cell phone away from him like it gave him a headache and maybe it did because he rubbed his temples. "Just get me something to drink."

"Sure." I really felt sorry for the guy. Of course I knew what would make him feel better, at least in my humble opinion.

He was on the phone again when I brought him his drink. Normally he has whiskey sours so I served that—sans the sour. He looked up at me and grinned. "Good boy."

I clenched my jaw to hold back an angry retort and tightened my fingers around the check pad. He must have noticed because he said, "That didn't come out the right way."

"Damn straight it didn't," *Ah hell – did I just say that to a customer?*

He laughed. "I meant it to say that you know what I want."

Now how was I supposed to answer? "Is there anything else I can get for you, sir?"

He just looked at me, kind of like he was imagining me with my clothes off, and I had to admit I liked the idea.

After a moment he said, "Are you so busy right now?"

Well there was the silverware. "Not really."

"Why don't you sit with me for awhile?"

I didn't move right away. I mean, what was the harm in sitting with a customer to talk? We were closed, there was no one else around and if my boss said anything, I could just tell him I was doing what the customer wanted.

I went to slide into the opposite side of the booth but he said, "No." He moved out of his seat. "Here."

Oh damn. I glanced around. There were a few of my fellow employees finishing up cleaning their areas but most were either gone or gathered in back eating and bitching about that last customer who was a real S.O.B.

"What are you afraid of?"

My head whipped around so fast it hurt. "How about getting my ass fired? Not all of us have a shit-load of money, you know." I knew that wasn't the real reason, but I wasn't sure I liked him suggesting I was afraid of anything.

"That's not the only thing, is it?"

Damn, was this guy a mind reader? "Fine."

So I sat and moved over to make room for him.

"So tell me a little bit about you," Kent said.

I was about to shrug when I stopped myself. *Sure Adam, make yourself look like an even bigger ass.* "Not much to tell," I said. I knew he couldn't possibly be interested.

"There must be something to you besides working in a sushi restaurant."

I rubbed my hands together, anything to give them something to do, feeling the sweat on my palms. "Well . . . ," I said, "I'm a Culinary Arts major." I figured I must be really exhausted because I told him my deep, dark secret. "I want to open my own restaurant."

"Seriously? That's a lucrative business."

Now he really had my attention. "You think so?"

"Of course." Kent lifted the whiskey to his lips. "People will always be tired or lazy and they will always have to eat."

I laughed a bit. That had never occurred to me but hey, it made sense. More important to me was that he hadn't laughed his ass off when I told him.

I didn't want the conversation to end, despite the fact that I was still nervous as all hell, so I said, "So what about you?"

Kent was about to respond when his cell went off again.

"Damn." The way he said it, I knew who it was.

I could hear her bitching on the line but only got a vague idea of the conversation. I gathered from what Kent was saying that it involved some papers he was supposed to sign. He was saying, "Yes, I got them. I signed them. They're on their way, *FedEx*. What the hell more do you want?" He took a big swallow of whiskey.

I could tell by the way the veins bulged in his temple and by the way he tightened his jaw that he was just about ready to go off on her. I figured that was the last thing he needed to do . . . you know, give the lawyer more ammunition, so I put my hand on his thigh and started brushing my fingers up and down. He stopped talking mid-sentence and looked at me. His wife was still going on. He hung up on her, just like that, and laid the phone down.

Now that I'd started, I wasn't sure what to do. He obviously liked it, otherwise he would have said something by now. My actions were definitely having an effect on us both.

"I really can't blame her completely, you know." Kent looked down at his hands. He seemed embarrassed by his admission, like my opinion mattered to him. I wasn't against the idea that it did. He looked up at me. "She had a right to her life and even more to be angry. I should have told her and not married her at all."

"Hell yes, you should have told her." I knew it didn't sound sympathetic but I figure it's your business if you want to stay in the closet, just don't screw around with some woman because you can't face it. "Then again—sometimes it's better just to keep your damn mouth shut. You really can't trust anybody." The whole conversation was dredging up memories I really didn't need right now.

He stared at me for a moment. His face was hard to read in the dark. "What happened?"

I moistened my lips. I could have used a sip of that whiskey. "You're lucky. You had a choice. I was outed by someone I thought I could trust."

"I'm sorry."

I shrugged. I always pretended it didn't matter. "He acted like a fucking little kid, telling everyone he could."

"Asshole."

I had to laugh. It was exactly what I'd called him. For some reason Kent saying that made me feel better. I don't know what I was thinking when I gave into the sudden urge to lay my head on his shoulder. The action just seemed natural. Kent turned his body just slightly toward me and lifted his arm around my shoulders. I wasn't about to stop him and I'm glad I didn't because he was a damn good kisser.

He ran his tongue over my lower lip then sucked it into his mouth, pulling and letting go, repeating what he did before putting his tongue in deep. I actually moaned into his mouth as he worked his tongue around. My arms went around him like they had a mind of their own. I wanted him closer. Damn he smelled good and tasted better, like peppermint and whiskey.

Someone laughed and I shoved back. "Shit!" I twisted around but there was no one there. A couple of my co-workers were heading toward the back.

Kent laughed. I couldn't believe my ears. He thought it was funny that I'd nearly made a mess in my pants over the possibility of being caught in a compromising position at work. But his smile disappeared when the cell rang

again.

He went to reach for it just as I did. His jaw hit the table when I flipped the cell open and hit 'ignore'. I tossed the offending piece of technology back on the table.

"Hold still," he said.

I would have been pissed at his arrogant tone if he hadn't pushed his hands between my legs.

"What are you –?" As if his actions weren't blatantly obvious.

He stroked me through my pants, slow and deliberate, like he had all the time in the world and we weren't in the back of a restaurant where we could get caught at any time. And damn it all if there wasn't something about the situation that excited me.

He pressed down harder, circling with the flat of his palm. I grunted and fisted one hand around the sleeve of his jacket, needing something to hold on to. I moistened my suddenly dry lips. My cock strained against my pants. Damn it, I wished he could undo the fly. I think I told him to stop at one point. I don't remember. I do know I opened my legs for him. He made a sound sort of like he was satisfied he'd gotten that reaction from me.

After a while he stopped and I nearly said, "What the fuck," until I realized what he was doing. What I'd hoped he'd do. He unzipped my pants and plunged his hand in, underneath my briefs, and grabbed my cock, a little too hard because I couldn't help this little convulsive jump I made.

"Too . . . hard " I muttered.

He ignored me, or maybe he was too intent on what he was doing to answer. I didn't give a shit right then. "God this feels so good . . . ," I managed to get out, my voice stuck in my throat. He went from stroking my cock to fondling my balls and I had to bite my lower lip to keep from screaming out his name like some teenage virgin.

"Kent." I was almost there. If he stopped now, I swear I'd "Oh hell,

Kent, please, I'm going t − "

I came, spurting my seed all over his pumping hand and my stomach, my hips lifting off the seat with each burst. Kent grabbed one of the cloth napkins on the table and stuffed it in my mouth and I screamed around it, hoping like all hell that nobody heard. It took forever and at the same time I thought it ended too soon. When I was finished, I could barely stay in the seat. I would have slid under the table in a boneless heap if Kent hadn't held me up.

"I'm not done with you yet," he said as he lifted his hand to his mouth and licked my cum off his fingers. "I'll be waiting for you, outside."

And he left me there, sprawled in the booth with my pants open. I couldn't move. I was still panting and drained . . . and suddenly pissed at him again. The least the bastard could have done was stay until I'd gotten myself together. If anyone walked up on me now I was dead.

I guess I was having a lucky night because no one did. I cleaned myself up with the napkin and zipped up my pants. Then I sat there, with my head in my hands, wondering what the fuck just happened? I tried not to think too much on it because when I did I could just feel my cock twitching, wanting more.

To hell with the silverware. I was out of there.

* * * * *

There he was, like he said, standing next to this big damn *Cadillac* SUV parked next to my car. Employees have to park behind the restaurant and how he'd known which car was mine was anybody's guess. I wasn't sure I liked this.

"What are you, a stalker or something?" I tried to make it a joke, but my voice came out all wrong. I was seriously nervous for a moment.

Kent didn't answer right away. After staring me down a moment, he said, "Do you really think I have to stalk anybody?"

He had a point. He was rich and hotter than hell. A guy like that could get

anybody he wanted. But those facts really didn't ease my mind much. With all he had going for him, why did he want me? I moved closer, just enough so I wouldn't have to shout but far enough away to send a clear message I wasn't about to do—what? He'd only said he would be waiting for me.

Some of my co-workers came out. I kept my mouth shut until they got into their respective cars and drove away. Kent moved then, opening the rear driver's side door. "Get in."

"Hell no," I said. There he went again, bossing me around. Maybe he was used to people just doing what he said but he wasn't my boss and I'd be damned if I let him treat me like some peon.

I'd never seen an old man move so fast; he was on me in a flash, pressing me against the side of the car. He had me by the back of the neck and pulled my head forward while grinding his crotch against mine. I couldn't believe how big he was. I was hard in a matter of seconds. I'd never gotten it up that fast in my life. He kissed me, his tongue intruding, taking over for a moment before pulling back. I stared at him, my jaw unhinged and probably looking like a complete idiot. "What—?"

"You think I didn't see you looking at my cock before? And all those other times you've been looking at me? Are you going to stand here and tell me you don't want me?"

I was still too out of it from the kiss. My throat was tight, so I cleared it. "Why me?"

"Why do you think?" He seemed annoyed. "If you tell me you don't want me" He pressed his jaw against mine. "Then I'll get in my car and drive away."

I didn't realize I'd grabbed on tight to his jacket. I had to hold onto something. "Damn it, you know I want you. But you'd better damn well not treat me like I'm one of your employees."

He laughed. "I think you like being a submissive."

"Fuck you."

He laughed again, stepped back and motioned to the open car door. This time I climbed in without so much as one word of protest. I struggled to tamp down my excitement while he turned on the stereo—some satellite jazz station or something. Then he climbed in beside me and closed the door. The SUV had a nice-sized interior but it was a little hard to maneuver with both of us back there. Still he managed to undo his pants and slide them off. Even in the dim light of the cab I could see how big he really was. His cock was thick and dark, with veins forming a network along his skin. He turned toward me, presenting it like a gift. "Suck it, boy."

I moistened my lips again. No way was I getting that monster in my mouth . . . at least not all the way. But I wanted him. I wanted to taste him and take him in my mouth before he went in my ass.

I rested one knee on the seat, my other leg stretched awkwardly, but I got in a good enough position to be able to reach out and grab his cock at the base. He growled like a dog, his hips thrusting forward as I lowered my mouth over him. Damn it, he was huge, filling my mouth with the taste of salt and musk. I could barely get him three-quarters of the way in. I'm not good at deepthroating, so I just fisted him while I sucked him off, running my tongue over the tip. He leaked pre-cum and I lapped it up.

Kent was writhing and thrusting his crotch into my face. I heard the sound of his fist hitting leather. He continued to growl like an animal, and he grabbed a handful of my hair. "Yes, that's it! Suck it boy, take it all the way in."

He pushed me forward, trying to force me to take more but I couldn't. He seemed to realized it so he settled for circling his hips then, fucking my mouth, and I couldn't do anything but take it in. I didn't want to do anything. I wanted this.

Kent pulled out unexpectedly, and even in the semi-darkness I saw the rigid lines on his face and I knew he was close to coming. He stayed where he

was, his chest rising and falling deeply, his shoulders heaving, trying to regain control. I watched, knowing what he'd want me to do next.

"Undress," he said in a low voice.

Another demand that I wanted to follow. I undid my pants, pushed them down to my ankles.

"Here, hurry." He pushed that familiar wrapped square into my hand and my fingers shook as I fumbled with it, finally getting it out. I got the condom over him, my movements eager, hungry. I turned on the seat and presented my ass to him, offering it to him like he'd offered his cock to me.

"Damn, that's a beautiful ass you have." He grabbed my ass cheeks and pulled them apart. As much as I wanted him to fuck me, a felt a bit sick in the bottom of my stomach. I knew without any lube

Kent was moving around again and I couldn't tell what he was doing until I felt something slick and cool dribbling between my ass cheeks.

"One must be prepared."

"Y-you . . . planned this," I said on a moan as I felt the tip of his cock press against my opening.

"Wasn't it obvious that I wanted you?" He leaned over my lower back and grabbed my cock in one lube-slicked hand. "Don't act so surprised."

"But you—" I jumped once, convulsively as he pushed into me. Damn it, he *was* huge. I ground my teeth against the burn while at the same time pushing back against him.

"You want me all the way in, deep?" He sounded as if he'd forced the words through clenched teeth.

"Yes." I continued to rock my hips as his cock continued to slide deep into me. "Fuck!"

He pulled out, almost all the way, the tip right at the entrance of my opening. He teased it there for a moment, smearing my hole with his pre-cum before shoving back in. The feeling burst all the way through me, like an electric

shock that exploded my mind. He pulled out again, shoved back in, grunting each time he did, and me still grinding and lifting my ass in time with his movements. Damn it, talk about pain and pleasure all at once. His cock felt hot and slick going in me, and I thought he was going to tear me apart he was stretching me so wide, but still I thrust back, begging him for more without saying a word. I didn't have to, he knew. Kent worked his cock inside me, circling around, before pulling out and shoving into me again until he got what he wanted — me screaming his name, and not giving a damn who heard.

"Kent, oh fuck, that feels so good! Yes, please don't stop."

"If you keep begging me, boy, I won't," he said. "Beg me or I'll stop."

"Please don't." Damn it, why was I acting that way? Doing what he said? "Don't stop. I love it; I want it, *please*"

And then he spanked me. At first, my mind froze up. No one had ever done that to me before, and the feel of his hand coming down against my bare ass shocked me. I bit back the scream as his open palm met my skin again, making it burn. I tried to adjust my position so he wouldn't get the same place but he wouldn't let me. He held me around the waist with one arm and brought his other hand down, over and over again.

"Stop, damn it. I can't—"

"You'll take this." He smacked me once more, before wrapping his hand around my cock again. "Like you'll take this." And he was pounding into me again.

I couldn't take anymore. I felt my climax building, my whole body aching with the need for release, to finish this, but damn it all my brain hoped it would never end. In the end, my body won out and I shot my load all over his seat. I slammed my fist against the door with each ejaculation and like him, ground my cries of completion through my teeth.

I knew when he was about to finish; he lifted himself off of me and with each thrust he demanded something of me—he told me I was his, that he'd fuck

me whenever he wanted, that I wouldn't want anyone else but him. Damn arrogant bastard. But I agreed, and as I did, he came, his hands tightened on my waist as he held himself in me, animalistic growls coming from his throat.

He slumped over me. It was damned uncomfortable in our position but I didn't care. My cock was still throbbing in time with my heart pounding in my chest. I couldn't move, I didn't seem to have any substance to me anymore, like there was nothing left of my body. I knew Kent was in the same position. Served him right, the horny old bastard. Then again, I wasn't one to talk.

For awhile the only sound in the interior was our heavy breathing but then Kent said, "Adam, come home with me."

And damn it all, I wanted to, badly. Just the thought of that big black dick in me again

I must have stayed silent too long because he said, "You don't want to?"

"Yes." I flinched liked someone had slapped me. "I mean, yes I want to go home with you."

"But?"

I bit down hard on my lower lip. Why did there even have to be a 'but'? Why was I hesitating? *Grow the hell up; you're not some little kid. Go home with the man if you want to.*

"You're wondering what happens next?"

I blew out a breath. "Yeah."

"I want you, Adam."

That's it? *I want you*, and that explains everything? I wish it did, but it didn't.

"I have to We have to "

Now he was the one blowing out a breath. He pulled off me and sat up, with his back against the door just looking at me as I struggled into my pants.

"You know it was good," Kent said. "You know you want more." I did want more, damn it.

"Adam." He reached for his jacket, which had spilled onto the floor.

Strange I didn't remember him taking it off. Kent drew out his wallet and there was a flash of light against something metal, a business card holder. He removed a card and handed it to me. It was high quality and embossed. I wasn't sure why I felt that was important.

"Call me when you decide what you want to do, but I won't wait forever."

I stuck the card in my pants pocket. "Yeah." A lame answer, but I couldn't think of anything else to say. I opened the door and climbed out.

* * * * *

I tried not to think about Kent on the drive home. I was pissed at him for . . . what? Giving me the fucking of my life? I wasn't so stupid as to not be able to admit I was pissed at myself for acting like a damn pansy bitch.

As soon as I arrived at my apartment, I got out of my clothes and left them in a pile by the door. I needed a shower. Badly. As I lathered myself up, I tried not to imagine Kent's hands all over me, or his cock slick with soap pushing into my ass. I was half-way hard by the time I got out. I dried myself quickly and wrapped the towel around my waist. I didn't even bother with underwear, just stretched out across the bed in the hot room and stared at the ceiling.

"Damn," I muttered. I got up, on the pretense of turning on the window AC. So what if I also went and picked up my clothes? It meant nothing that I dug through my pockets and pulled out his card.

I learned his last name and that he worked for one of the large banks in the area. I discovered the URL for his personal website, his e-mail, even his damn *Twitter* address. My stomach growled. I hadn't eaten since breakfast, but I didn't care. I stood there and continued to stare at the card.

Oh, what the hell? I tried to pretend it was no big deal if I decided to give him a call. I knew it was late but I figured he was probably just getting in like I

was. I flopped down across the bed again and picked up the cordless.

He picked up on the first ring. "You never answered my question before."

No 'hello', no 'I knew you would call'.

"What question?"

"What are you afraid of?"

"I did answer it."

"No, you gave me some lame-ass excuse."

I didn't respond. Just laid there chewing on my lower lip again.

"Answer me, damn it."

"I'm not good enough for you, okay?" I practically screamed the words into the phone. "You don't want some young boy who barely makes enough to pay the damn rent."

Kent remained silent so long, I wasn't sure he'd answer. And then he said, "Well now, on one hand that's flattering, on the other it's damn insulting."

"What?"

"You think I judge people that way? I'm some kind of snotty son of a bitch who measures people by what they have?"

I cringed, feeling that imaginary slap again. "No, I'm sorry. That's not what I mean."

"So?"

"Damn it, Kent " I wondered if he knew how good I felt. Like my heart was about to burst right out of my chest.

"Good." I could hear his satisfaction behind that one word. "Now, is that ass of yours naked?"

I unwound the towel and tossed it across the room. The cool air from the AC felt good against my skin as I unexplainably found myself sweating. "It is now."

"Very good. Now, does you phone have a speaker?"

"Yes."

"Turn it on."

I hit the button and replaced the receiver in the cradle. "It's done."

"Touch yourself."

I didn't move at first, except twitching the fingers of my right hand.

"What are you waiting for?"

"You want to have phone sex? Who the hell does that any more?"

"Didn't you hear me?" Kent literally growled. "Grab your cock, boy."

I did. I had started to flag but the moment he told me to touch myself I went hard again. I stroked up and down and my whole body sank into the mattress.

"Are you doing it?"

"Y-yes." I knew he could tell from my voice.

"That's very good," he said. "Now you know I'm there with you?"
"Yes."

"I'm taking that dick of yours in my mouth right now," Kent said. "I'm going down on you nice and slow. Do you feel it, boy?"

"Yes." The word came out on a panting breath; my chest ached as my breathing quickened. I squeezed my dick, pumping it with eagerness.

Kent continued and I could hear the catch in his voice too. He was as aroused as I was now and I imaged that big cock of his rock hard. "I'm sucking you, pushing my tongue in your slit. I'm licking you all up and down. Do you see me?"

"Yes, damn it, yes!" My back came up off the bed. I pumped my cock hard and fast, nearly to the point of pain. My other hand fisted on the blanket.

"Turn on your stomach now, spread you legs."

I did so, rising up on my knees slightly.

"I'm coming up behind you, I'm grabbing that ass." Kent's voice grew rough. "I'm spreading your cheeks wide and rimming that sweet little hole of yours. How does it feel?"

"Oh damn, Kent, so good."

"Do you want me to fuck you?"

"Yes, you know I do."

I could almost feel him pushing into me, feel him filling me again. "Oh yes, oh hell yes!"

"I'm deep inside of you, can you feel me? I'm pounding into you so hard you can't stand it."

"No," I said on a moan. "Please Kent—"

"Come for me." His voice was strained and I knew he was as ready as I was.

I came, hard. I went up on my knees, my back arching, my load shooting all over the blankets. I reached back with my free hand and jammed a finger in my hole, and I found myself screaming for Kent again and at the same time he was calling out my name. I imagined his hot cum all over that hard stomach of his, creamy against dark skin.

I fell back onto the bed, my knees bent at first but I realized I couldn't even manage that. It was a few minutes before something started rumbling in my chest. I broke out in a grin and couldn't stop the laugh.

"You sound pleased." Kent's voice told me he was sated. I figured he was probably in the same position I was in.

"I am." I couldn't stop grinning. "Damn, that was incredible."

"So we're clear now?"

I had a little twinge of annoyance. "You knew I would want to be with you, you perverted old man."

"Of course."

I could just imagine the smug look on his face.

"Oh, kiss my ass." I sat up and realized I had nothing to replace the soiled blanket and pillowcase. I snatched the pillow case off and tossed it across the room, ripped off the blanket and it joined the case, wrapped in a tight ball.

"Later." He laughed.

I swear . . . did nothing I say or do piss this guy off?

"I'll be waiting for you, Adam. Good night."

"Good night," I said. I knew he had me for good now, and that was fine by me.

~The End~

About the Author

CJ Black has been an author for over two decades and published short stories and a fantasy novel. Hoping to "expand her horizons," she began writing erotica and has stories published in two of the Better Sex.com Amatory Fiction Anthologies, as well as several online publications. She has completed a full-length M/M erotic fantasy novel and after the inevitable edits, hopes to seek publication. Feel free to drop by her blog at http://cjblacksatin.blogspot.com/ or catch her on Twitter at http://twitter.com/cjblacksatin.

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