

## Valentine's Escape

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\*A note before beginning this story, it is a spoiler for what happens in CONQUEST, as it takes place after that novel ends. So if you haven't read CONQUEST, but would like to and you don't like spoilers, look away! Otherwise, proceed and enjoy :-)

Jesse poked at the scrambled eggs on his plate. All of his breakfast was barely touched other than him playing with it. Around him, his band members chatted, though about what he didn't know. He heard their voices, but not their words. He glanced up, looking around the hotel restaurant. Even at this hour, the place was filled with happy couples. It was to be expected. On this day, everyone wanted to be with the person most special to them. He was no different, except with the man he loved, he couldn't openly express it, and he wasn't even with him now.

Conquest had just joined Evan on his *Addiction World Tour* after wrapping up their own sold-out tour, and he knew he should be grateful to be able to spend every day at Evan's side, every night in his arms, but today wasn't the same as everyday and every night. It was Valentine's Day, and not just any Valentine's Day, but their first. They'd been together since the previous May, not counting their brief break-up, which neither of them acknowledged since while they might not have been together physically, their hearts, minds, and spirits never parted.

He wanted their first Valentine's to be special. But it seemed it was going to turn out to be just like any other day on the road. Hiding in their hotel room when they wanted a moment together without fear of slithering paparazzi tagging them, pretending to be nothing more than friends when in the public eye. As it was, he'd spent the morning in bed alone. Evan had to get up at the horrific hour of five in the morning to make it to a local Denver morning radio show.

Jesse sighed and lowered his gaze to his left hand. On his ring finger shone a massive diamond set in a band of white gold outlined in yellow gold, the Greek meander pattern wrapping around the center. It was his Christmas gift from Evan, his silent reminder of the love Evan held for him. Even if Evan couldn't be with him at that moment, his love never left him.

"Hey. If you're not going to eat, give me your bacon."

Jesse glanced up at his guitarist and oldest friend, Kenny Cooper, and met his honey-brown eyes. "Back off. I'm getting to it." He felt a hand lay on his forearm and turned his gaze to his keyboardist and pianist, Julian Forrester.

Concern filled Julian's light blue eyes. "Is everything alright, Jess? You've seemed rather down all morning."

Another sigh escaped Jesse. "Yeah, everything's fine."

Trish let out a snort. "Evan forgot it's Valentine's Day, didn't he? Not surprising."

Jesse snapped his gaze to his drummer. “He did not. He told me Happy Valentine’s Day right when he woke up.”

Trish rolled her green eyes and put her attention back on her food.

Julian reclined in the booth, shaking his fingers through his pale blond hair, making it look more tousled with his new haircut of jagged angles and sharp lines, having chopped off his short ponytail. “Look on the bright side. At least you have someone to spend your night with. If I’m not going to be alone, I have to pick up some stranger, which means I’ll have to go to a club since we’re not performing tonight. I can’t even snag a fanboy.”

“Yeah,” Jesse mumbled.

Kenny knocked Julian on the arm with the back of his hand. “I’ll go with you. I need to pick up some company for tonight, too.”

Julian gave him a pitying look and patted Kenny on his head of short, dark blond hair. “Kenny, dear, you might not want the kind of company you’d pick up coming with me. Unless you’re looking to gain greater knowledge in male anatomy.”

Kenny’s eyes widened as understanding set in. “Uh, no. Thanks.” He looked at Trish. “What’re you doing tonight?”

Trish flipped her red hair over her shoulder. “I might hit a club, too.”

“We could go together,” Kenny said.

“That’s fine, but I’d ditch you the second I walk through the door. You’d slow me down in finding a man.” Trish’s gaze went to Jesse. “Jess, since Evan’s busy, I’ll hang out with you today, if you want.”

Jesse took a breath to tell her it wasn’t necessary, breaking off when he heard a woman let out squeal, followed by a flurry of whispers. He whipped his head around, instinctually knowing what caused the sudden commotion. A smile came to his lips without realizing as he watched Evan, flanked by security guards, walk through the restaurant toward him, his every stride graceful and confident.

Dressed in black leather pants, black snakeskin boots, and a white long-sleeved shirt splashed with a black stenciled guitar, Evan stood out against everyone in the restaurant, though for more than his rock star attire. His beauty separated him from all others. The gold and copper highlights in Evan’s chestnut hair captured the sun streaming through the windows, the cut of it layered, the length laying down to the middle of his neck in back.

Evan waved at some fans calling out his name, his fingers adorned with silver rings, though Jesse saw on Evan’s right index was the ever-present eagle ring that had belonged to Evan’s

father and on Evan's left ring finger shone the alexandrite ring he'd given him. Rather than his usual gold hoop earrings, two large diamond studs sparkled from his left ear.

Jesse moved his gaze slowly over Evan's face, drinking in his soft and elegant features. His eyes met Evan's and his heartbeat quickened as he found himself entranced by their brilliant azure hue. Evan slid into the booth beside him, and the scent of his cologne, Platinum Egotist, enveloped Jesse in its delicious fragrance of flowers and spice.

Evan's shoulder bumped into Jesse's. He kept it against him rather than have space between them. "Hey, gorgeous. How's your morning been?"

Jesse rested his hand on Evan's thigh under the table. "A lot better now."

"He's been pouting all morning over missing you," Julian said.

Evan smirked at Jesse as he replied to Julian. "Is that so?"

Jesse chuckled and shrugged. "I won't deny it. How was your interview?"

"Fine. Same old questions, just a different jackass asking them. He tried to catch me off guard while on the air asking, 'So Mr. Arden, how do you feel about the rumors around you and Mr. Alexander,' to which I said, 'Rumors come and go, what's important is that people keep listening to the music'."

"So you dodged the question," Jesse stated rather than asked.

"Pretty much."

Jesse couldn't help but feel a sting in his heart. Not that he wasn't used to Evan skipping around questions about their relationship, and even doing it himself, it just bothered him more with it being Valentine's. Silly, he knew, but he couldn't help it.

Evan picked up a slice of bacon from Jesse's plate and took a bite.

Kenny's mouth dropped open with an offended cough. "Now that's not fair. I asked for your bacon and you got pissy. But you let him take it without a word."

Jesse looked to Kenny. "Yeah, and do you know what he does for me that you don't?"

Kenny's expression turned apprehensive. "Yeah, I do. Never mind."

Jesse grinned at Kenny, listening to Evan laugh under his breath, then movement at a nearby table caught his attention. He let out a loud huff. "Are you kidding me? Snake in the grass paparazzo doesn't have anything better to do than sneak pictures of you eating a piece of bacon from my plate."

Evan followed Jesse's gaze to a man and got a glimpse of a camera lens before the paparazzo ducked it under a magazine. He glanced at his security that were mingling with Conquest's close to the table. "Guys."

The one word was all it took for the security to maneuver and stand shoulder to shoulder in front of the booth, creating a wall of brawny male bodies.

Evan smiled at Jesse. "Better?"

Jesse gave him an affectionate bump with his shoulder. "Much."

Sitting at the other end of the booth, Kenny glanced at the ass of one guard less than a foot from his shoulder. "I don't know if I'd agree with that."

Evan looked at him. "Not your type, Kenny? We can have the guys shift around until we find one who is."

The security guards snickered.

"Until you find one with double-Ds, you're not going to find my type," Kenny said.

Evan turned to a massively built African-American guard. "I'd say your pecks are about a double-D, aren't they, Sam?"

"Nah, Mr. Arden. Only a C," Sam chuckled.

Everyone broke into laughter.

Evan held up his hands in a helpless gesture. "Sorry, Kenny. I tried."

"And sorry if I don't appreciate it," Kenny grumbled.

Jesse rubbed his hand higher on Evan's thigh. "You're in a really good mood today."

Evan turned a smile on him. "Of course I am. It's Valentine's Day. I'm guaranteed sex."

Jesse's hand slid higher still. "You're guaranteed that everyday."

Evan moved one hand under the table. He laid it on Jesse's and guided it to his crotch, pressing Jesse's palm to his hard cock. He looked into Jesse's eyes. "But today is special."

Jesse gazed at Evan. Feeling Evan's solid rod covered by the leather pants, his own cock finished filling. His heart pounded faster, his body warmed. Moments before Evan's mood had been light and playful, now there was such intensity in his gaze, and Evan's voice dipped to a huskier timbre. Jesse wet his lips. If Evan asked him to, he would strip down right there, before all eyes and every hidden camera, and let him take him.

Julian loudly cleared his throat, but leaned over the table toward them as he spoke with a hushed voice. “Excuse me. Boys? You may want to think about returning to your room. Not even this wall of lovely man-flesh can block the heat coming off you both.”

Evan slowly brought his gaze to Julian. “You’re absolutely right, Jules, except for one thing. Not even our room would be able to contain it, which is why we’re leaving.”

Jesse blinked himself out of the trance Evan had put him in. “What?”

Evan tapped one of the guards on the back. The guard stepped forward to give him room to slide out of the booth. Evan stood and looked at Jesse. “We’re leaving.”

Jesse climbed out of the booth. “Where are we going?”

“It’s a surprise.” Evan turned to walk away.

Jesse called out a cheery “Later” to his band members and fell into stride beside Evan. Conquest’s guards stayed with the band. Evan’s surrounded them as they walked.

“I’m going to get the truck brought around,” Evan said. “Why don’t you run up and get your coat and Achilles, then meet me out front.”

Jesse gave him a mischievous smirk. “Is there anything else I should grab?”

Evan glanced at him with a smirk of his own. “I already have everything else.”

“All prepared for a little Valentine’s escape, huh?”

“You got it.”

As they came up to the elevators, Jesse broke away with two guards moving with him. “I’ll be right down.”

Jesse stepped into the elevator and tapped an impatient finger on his hip as he watched the digital numbers light up. He’d never been in an elevator that moved so slow, or at least, seemed to. It hit his floor, and he wiggled through the door before it finished opening, one of the guards calling for him to wait. His quick strides carried him down to his suite. As he swiped the card, he glanced at the guards. “I’ll only be a minute. Do you guys mind waiting out here?”

One shook his head. “Not at all.”

Jesse smiled his thanks and stepped in to find his dog, Achilles, bouncing in place. A mix between a Collie and German Shepherd, the dog’s long coat of tan, white, and black shone with health and hours of brushing that Jesse put into it.

Jesse roughed up the dog's fur. "Ev's taking us somewhere, 'chilles. I knew he wouldn't let our first Valentine's go without doing something special." He walked to get his black leather coat, Achilles following. "Okay, I might've been a little pissy this morning thinking we were going to be stuck in the room all day, not that doing that would be bad, but I was hoping we could get out."

Jesse grabbed Achilles's leash and clipped it onto the dog's matching collar. He wrestled on his coat, then rushed from the room with Achilles in hand, leaving the guards no choice but to rush to keep up. He reached the lobby and saw the other security guards standing outside the doors by a black Lincoln Navigator. He assumed Evan must've rented it and went around to the back to load Achilles. The hatch popped open from the inside. Jesse patted the back, and Achilles sprang in.

As he closed the hatch, he noticed there were no other SUVs or vans around, which seemed odd unless only a couple guards were riding with them. He missed the days when he and Evan went places without security, but with being on the road, it wasn't practical or safe. There was too much hype around the tour and in every city they hit, people were on the lookout for them.

Jesse walked to the passenger side. One of the guards opened the door for him and closed it after he got in. He pulled his seatbelt forward, looking at Evan as he fastened it. "Aren't the guards coming with us?"

Evan tapped on the GPS to give directions to a preset destination. As he finished, he reached across the center console and took Jesse hand. "Today is just about us."

Jesse smiled at Evan's words. He glanced in the back to check on Achilles and saw a suitcase, a bag of dog food, some grocery bags, and his Chicago Bears duffel bag that held all their toys and supplies in the backseat. "What's all that stuff? Aren't we coming back to the hotel?"

Evan kept his eyes forward, the smirk on his lips unwavering as he swung away from the hotel.

"You're not going to tell me, are you?" Jesse said.

"I think you're more than capable of figuring out the answer."

"You're being very mysterious, you know."

"That's why it's called a surprise."

"Then I'll just sit here and be quietly excited."

"You can't be quietly anything, let alone excited," Evan laughed. "I've gotten you excited enough to know."

Jesse chuckled and pulled his hand from Evan's to give him a shove on the shoulder. He took his hand again and noticed Evan's gaze was focused in the rearview mirror. Jesse turned in the seat to look out the window. "Are we being followed?"

"Yeah, but I thought we would be."

Jesse faced forward. "Why can't they just leave us alone? It's Valentine's Day. Don't the assholes take a break even to get laid?"

"Not when they can earn enough for a lifetime if they catch a shot of us laying each other." Evan scanned the road ahead and saw they were coming up on a traffic light. He shot the SUV into the other lane, hit the gas, and surged up on the bumper of the car in front of him, giving him just enough space to veer back into the lane they'd originally been in. A horn blared from the car he'd cut off, but he ignored it and slammed on the brakes as the light turned red.

Jesse slowly looked at him. "If I wasn't so used to your driving, almost rear-ending and getting rear-ended in less than five seconds could've freaked me out. But since you've pulled moves like that when I've been sucking you, it doesn't even bother me."

Evan leaned toward the steering wheel, looking left, checking right. "Proof of your bravery. Or mine, since I do moves like that when my cock is in your mouth. Do you see any cops?"

His voice holding caution as if he wasn't sure he should tell the truth, Jesse said, "No."

"Good. You might want to tell 'chilles to lie down."

Jesse glanced back at Achilles and told him to lie down, praising the dog when he obeyed.

Evan pulled his hand from Jesse's. "I should probably use both hands for this." He checked the distance of the oncoming cars at both ends of the intersection. Hold on."

Before Jesse could ask what he was up to, Evan slammed the gas down. The SUV launched forward under the red light, the force propelling Jesse back in the leather seat.

In the middle of the intersection, Evan whipped the truck around in a U-turn. The backend fishtailed. Evan expertly corrected it and pressed the gas to the floor again, leaving behind shrilling car horns. He flashed a brilliant smile and waved at the paparazzi trapped in traffic, easily discernable from the fits they were throwing, as they shot by. He heard Jesse laughing and glanced at him.

"That was awesome!" Jesse said.

"Then your courage came out of that intact?"

"Hell yes! We should do things like that more often."

“Yeah, but next time I’ll make sure we have a better car. This thing isn’t made for moves like that, but since I knew we’d have Achilles and with the roads we’ll be going on, I thought it’d be a good choice.”

Jesse let out an exaggerated sigh. “It’s funny when you tease the media dropping hints about things, but not when you do it to me.”

“I don’t mean to tease. It’s just it’s a-

“Surprise.”

Evan brushed up the inside of Jesse’s thigh. “That’s right.”

Jesse caught Evan’s hand and brought it to his lips. “I don’t care what we do so long as we’re together.”

Evan smiled at him, then focused on the road as he made a sharp right turn down a side street. He sped up to the end of the street, then swung a left.

Jesse looked at the GPS trying frantically to keep up with Evan’s moves and show new directions. “Do you know where you’re going?”

“No,” Evan laughed. “I’m just trying to make sure we won’t be followed.”

After a few more turns, Evan settled on a road. The GPS was finally able to give the route they needed, and Evan aimed the SUV toward the snow-kissed mountains. With his iPod hooked into the SUV’s stereo, he picked it up and scrolled through the songs. “Now, what should we listen to? I know. My favorite band.”

Through the speakers came soft piano notes that Jesse recognized instantly since he wrote them. He turned off the stereo. “But you don’t have to listen to the recording.” He unfastened his seatbelt and leaned closer to Evan. He let his tenor voice flow out in a soft, angelic pitch,

“I yelled for you as you walked away,  
My voice a whisper...in the crowd...  
And I watched our memories fall with the rain,  
Breaking...on the ground...  
I want to take it all away,  
And believe the truths in the dark.  
I want to live the fantasy,  
The sweet delusion,  
And keep you in my arms...”

As Jesse took a breath to enter the chorus, Evan did the same, lifting his smooth baritone in harmony with him.

“What can I do?  
Don’t leave me to drown  
In these shattered memories.  
I want to scream,  
But I can’t breathe,  
I’m falling away.

Can’t you see,  
That I’m alone,  
And I’m slipping away?  
I can’t stop myself.  
Can’t catch myself.  
Take my hand,  
Pull me out,  
Please save me.  
I’m shattering,  
Breaking...”

Both carried the last word, letting it slowly fade. Jesse nuzzled Evan’s hair near his temple, and Evan tipped his head into Jesse’s touch. They didn’t continue into the next verse, but rather let the whisper of their mingled voices linger in their minds.

Jesse placed a kiss on Evan’s cheek, then sat back in his seat and fastened his seatbelt again. He took Evan’s hand as he watched downtown Denver zip by. Normally, whatever city they were in, he never saw more than what he could glimpse coming in and going out, and little bits on the way to an arena. The hectic tour schedule left little time for exploring. On the days they had time off, they’d often check a place out, but the few hours of free time they’d have never really allowed for them to get a feel for it.

They slipped from the city’s hold for craggy, rugged terrain as they entered the mountains. Evan stayed on the main road as it wove higher into the Rockies, glancing at the GPS from time to time. Jesse did the same, seeing they were to turn in less than half a mile, though couldn’t imagine where. There was nothing around but the occasional gravel and dirt road. The distance on the GPS grew shorter, and still he didn’t see any buildings or roads.

Evan slowed the SUV and swung into a narrow drive. If Evan hadn’t been turning into it, Jesse wouldn’t have seen the drive at all; it was so well hidden by coniferous shrubs and large boulders. It hooked sharply left, not allowing what was at the end to be seen. Evan crept the truck along, though it still dipped and bumped over the uneven ground.

As the SUV rounded another bend, Jesse saw their destination and a soft gasp left him. A two-story log home stood surrounded by tall pine trees, the mountains rising up behind it.

Evan smiled at him. “Surprise.”

Jesse whipped his head toward him. “We’re staying here?”

Evan nodded. "I rented it for us."

"How'd you find it?"

"I read about it online. There are places like this all over here that you can rent. Some are private homes people rent out when they head to warmer places for the winter, others are business owned. This is one of the business-owned ones." Evan squeezed Jesse's hand. "Do you like it?"

"I love it."

Evan pulled up to the garage, then jumped out. He unlocked and opened the garage door, and got back into the SUV to pull in. Once in and parked, Jesse let Achilles out while Evan closed the garage door again. They both grabbed bags from the back with Evan unlocking the access door. Jesse stepped into the cabin, the hardwood floors nearly the same shade as the natural log walls. The interior was open with a spacious living room, fully furnished with a plush green couch, tan recliners, entertainment center, a large, rustic stone fireplace, and it connected to the kitchen. A flight of stairs to his left led up to the loft bedroom.

Evan walked toward the kitchen. "It's modest, but not too bad."

Jesse followed him and set the bags on a counter. "It's perfect."

Evan pulled two packages wrapped in brown paper from the bag. "I got us enough food so we wouldn't have to go out today and some steaks for dinner, but if you'd rather go out to a nice dinner, we can do that. We could hit one of the smaller towns and might be able to not get tagged."

Jesse stepped closer to him. "I'd rather stay in."

Evan turned to him. He laid his hand on Jesse's cheek. "That's what I was hoping you'd say."

They both leaned forward, meeting each other's lips. Jesse closed his eyes as Evan's tongue moved into his mouth. He held it there with soft suction. Evan pushed against him. Jesse leaned against the counter, tipping his head back as Evan's lips moved to his throat.

Evan kissed down it, over the choker Jesse always wore, two thin black leather cords with a gold pendant of the sixteen-rayed Vergina Sun, then licked up Jesse's neck. He took one of the Jesse's silver hoop earrings between his front teeth and gave it a light tug. "Why don't you go upstairs and get a shower. I'll run Achilles out."

Too breathless to speak, Jesse nodded. He drew his hands down Evan's chest, getting one more feel, then turned to leave the kitchen. He grabbed his duffel bag, and as he reached the stairs, he paused to watch Evan walk toward a backdoor with Achilles, taking a moment to stare at his ass in the black leather pants.

Jesse sprinted up the stairs to the loft, finding a king-sized bed situated before windows overlooking the back of the cabin and the mountains. Another stone fireplace was on one wall. He went to the bed, folding the comforter and top sheet down while gazing at the wilderness. What Evan had done amazed him. Sure, they got time alone together when in their hotel rooms, but being in a hotel he never felt *truly* alone. He could always hear people walking in the hall, noises from the neighboring rooms, look out the window to a parking lot of cars. He couldn't even get food without seeing another person.

But here was silence.

Jesse sat on the edge of the bed and closed his eyes. No sounds came to his ears, and it filled him with a sense of peace. Then a sound did come to him. Footsteps walking up the stairs, though that noise didn't disturb his calm.

Evan smiled as he saw him. "Savoring the quiet."

Jesse nodded, his eyes still closed. "It probably seems odd, doesn't it? I'm a singer, a rock star, my life revolves around sound, but right now, it feels so good to hear nothing. Even the music always playing in my head is quiet."

Evan sat on the bed beside him, then lay back, spreading his arms out. "It's not odd. I know firsthand what it's like to want silence. That's why I brought you here. I thought you were overdue for a break, because I know you didn't give yourself one on your own tour." He lightly caressed Jesse's lower back. "I want to make sure you don't burn yourself out."

Jesse brushed his fingertips down Evan's chest and abdomen. "You're always watching out for me. Even when I don't know it, you're trying to take care of me."

Evan lifted his gaze to Jesse's. "Because I love you."

Jesse leaned over him, his lips above Evan's. "And I love you." He touched his lips to Evan's in a sensual kiss. He smiled through the kiss. "Now I'm going to get a shower so we can make some noise."

Evan laughed softly and gave Jesse's ass a pat. "I'm ready for that kind of music."

Jesse kissed him with smiling lips, then pushed off the bed and turned to the bathroom. He looked at the hot tub sitting in a windowed nook and decided they'd spend some time there later. Jesse set his duffel bag on the closed toilet to collect his supplies while the water got up to temperature. He stepped into the shower, his cock stiffened as he cleaned and prepared himself. Every time he brushed it, pleasure radiated through him, driving his need higher. Finished, he hastily dried off and walked to the bedroom.

Evan tossed another log on the roaring fire he'd built. Though Jesse hadn't made any noise, sensing him, Evan turned and watched his partner walk toward him with a dancer's grace. Droplets of water dotted Jesse's fair skin, a few dripped from his black hair. With his hair wet,

the angles around his face looked sharper, accenting even more just how beautiful Jesse's features were. Jesse's indigo eyes were always enough to arouse Evan, but when holding the heat and desire they did at that moment, they left him utterly helpless to Jesse's will.

Jesse stopped in front of him, their bodies a fraction from touching. "Now I'm ready for you. Are you ready for me?"

Evan answered by wrapping one arm around Jesse's back, yanking him to him, and pressing their lips together. Jesse returned the kiss with equal hunger, pushing his hands between their bodies to open Evan's pants. As they loosened with the button undone and the zipper down, he rubbed his hands over Evan's hips, dipping them into the back. His fingers met only the soft skin of Evan's ass, no underwear blocked his touch.

Evan pushed against him, making Jesse walk backward to the bed. As they reached it, he took his lips from Jesse's, placing urgent kisses on his neck, and nipped him under his slender jaw. Evan's hands roamed over him in firm rubs, then bowed his head, licking and kissing the water drops from Jesse's smooth chest.

Jesse pulled a trembling breath, his body growing more excited with every kiss from Evan. As Evan went lower, Jesse's cock twitched. He felt the need to have Evan's lips wrapped around it. Just as he thought Evan was about to take him in, Evan stood, grabbed his hips, and spun him around.

Jesse caught himself against the bed. He felt the silkiness of Evan's shirt against his back, the supple leather of his pants on his ass as Evan rubbed against him. Evan's hands slid around, one going to Jesse's chest, the other to his cock. Evan gripped the solid shaft tight, giving it a couple pulls as he pinched one of Jesse's nipples. A high moan burst from Jesse. He bumped his ass into Evan's crotch.

Evan released him to kiss and lick his back. His tongue followed Jesse's spine down, and at reaching his tailbone, he pressed on his lower back. Jesse dropped forward to his elbows on the bed and spread his feet wider on the floor. His heartbeat hit a frantic pace as he felt Evan's tongue move with excruciating slowness down his crack. The tip brushed his hole, and a shiver of pleasure shook him. He desperately wanted Evan's tongue and mouth. Instead, Evan moved lower, licking the sensitive strip of skin leading from his ass to his balls, then sucked and teased his sac.

Jesse let out a needful groan and shifted lower, trying to get Evan's mouth where he wanted it. He heard Evan laugh softly and glanced back. "It's not very nice to tease on Valentine's Day."

"I thought that was the whole point of this day."

A couple rough chuckles left Jesse. "Well, maybe it is a little, but it's more about satisfaction."

“Oh. In that case...” Evan jerked him back, covering Jesse’s small hole with his mouth.

Jesse gasped. His fingers hooked into the sheet beneath him. He closed his eyes as his body became consumed with pleasure. Evan’s tongue licked and flicked across his hole, then he pulled back to lightly bite his ass cheeks. Evan placed one hand under Jesse’s left thigh and pushed it up. Jesse pulled his leg onto the bed, leaving him fully spread to Evan. Evan’s tongue returned to his hole, the tip pushing inside.

Quiet moans left Jesse on every breath. He leaned heavily on the bed. His cock ached as his body hit a point of desperation. Jesse reached down to grip it, but as he did, Evan blocked his hand as he grasped it himself. At the first firm stroke, Jesse snapped his head up, moaning loud.

“Ev...Evan, I’m so close.” He groaned between his words. “I want it so bad. Don’t stop.”

Despite Jesse’s words, Evan pulled back.

Jesse let out a short cry of protest, but as soon as it left him, he found himself being spun around again by Evan’s forceful grip on his waist. He barely caught his balance as his leg dropped off the bed before his senses were drowned in pleasure again as Evan swallowed his cock down his throat.

Jesse glanced down at him and saw Evan had freed his own cock. He stroked it in time to his sucking on him. Jesse couldn’t move his gaze away from the sight of Evan’s lips on him while he pleased himself. With each second he watched, the closer he got to coming. Evan pushed him deep once again, letting out a rumbling moan as he did. The vibration, the sound of Evan’s voice, the beautiful vision, finished him.

Jesse arched, shouting his ecstasy as he came. He gripped Evan’s hair in both hands as if to hold him there, though Evan readily stayed and swallowed his fluid. Evan groaned around his cock. Jesse looked down just as Evan’s climax hit. He watched the cum pump out of Evan’s cock and over his hand.

As his climax subsided, Jesse dropped his hands from Evan’s hair to his shoulders. He leaned on them, trying to catch his breath. Evan’s mouth stayed on his cock, sucking gently at first, then Evan began rubbing the underside of the head with his tongue, sending jolts of pleasure through him. Jesse gasped and flinched on each one, the sensation nearly overwhelming him to where he could hardly stand. Evan’s affections slowed and became more tender. After a few moments, he eased back.

Jesse fell to the bed, his breathing still quick. His legs dangled over the edge, his arms were spread wide, and a smile dominated his expression.

Evan stood and leaned over him. “Are you feeling more satisfied now?”

“Words can’t describe how much.”

“Then I’ll give you a couple minutes to enjoy and relax while I get cleaned up.” Evan bowed his head and kissed Jesse’s neck. “But don’t get too relaxed. I’m not done with you yet.”

A drowsy chuckle left Jesse. “I won’t.”

Evan turned for the bathroom. Jesse forced himself to shift around on the bed and pulled the top sheet up as his head dropped to the pillows. His body warm and relaxed, his eyes closed on their own. He started to lightly doze, then heard the bathroom door open. He looked toward it and Evan’s nude, finely honed form. Jesse gazed at his sleek, muscled torso, the hard lines in his abdomen. His eyes lowered further to Evan’s long, thick, half-raised cock. The relaxation he felt a moment before began to get pushed away as desire filled him again.

Evan slid beneath the sheet and turned on his side toward him. He caressed Jesse’s cheek with the backs of his fingers. “I didn’t realize how much I need this with you, having complete privacy.”

“It’s almost like being at your mansion again, isn’t it?”

A slight frown turned down Evan’s lips. “Jess, don’t call it mine. From the second you stepped inside it, it belonged to you, too.”

Jesse averted his gaze. “I guess it just feels strange to say that since I haven’t been back there yet.”

“But you will, as soon as we come off the road and you’ll live there with me again.” Evan rested his forehead against Jesse’s. “And I’m going to officially make it yours. I’m going to have you put on the deed.”

Jesse coughed out a shocked breath. “You don’t have to do that.”

“It’s what I want to do.” Evan pulled back enough to meet his gaze. “Just like I want us combine our accounts. I want to do everything we can to blend our lives.”

Gratitude and joy brought a smile to Jesse’s lips. “That’s what I want, too.”

Evan met him in a soft kiss. Jesse parted Evan’s lips with his tongue, doing a slow glide across Evan’s. Evan’s fingertips floated over him, and Jesse gently explored Evan with his. He knew every muscle, line, and contour of him. Yet no matter how many times his fingers traveled over Evan’s body, he never tired of feeling it. The simple act of touching him brought both excitement and calm, because he knew he was about to have him and that he always would for all their days.

Evan turned from him, grabbing the lube. Jesse watched him slick his fingers, then as Evan moved his hand under the sheet, he rested his top leg on Evan’s hip. As Evan’s wet fingers rubbed his hole, a hushed sigh left Jesse. Evan propped himself up on one elbow and leaned over him, showering Jesse’s neck, shoulder, and face in tender kisses as he pushed two fingers

into him. Jesse inched still closer to him, laying his arm over Evan's waist, holding him with it and his leg. He caressed up and down Evan's back while Evan gently stretched him.

Evan's fingers pushed deep, curled, and found his gland. Jesse drew in a sharp breath, his hips twitched forward, bumping his cock against Evan's stomach. He said Evan's name in a breathless moan. Evan pulled his fingers from him and rolled against him, his lips pressing to Jesse's as he put him on his back. He brought the kiss to an end as he reached for the lube a second time and fisted his own cock with a palmful.

Evan braced himself with one arm as his other hand guided his cock to Jesse's hole. Jesse gazed at the cords of strength standing out in the arm Evan supported himself with, how tight his chest and stomach muscles were. He wanted their bodies joined, to feel all of Evan's muscle and strength working against his own body as they lifted each other to ultimate pleasure.

As his thought finished, Evan's broad cock-head pushed past his rim. Jesse nearly snapped up to shove it in himself, but willed himself to stay still and let Evan keep control. He savored each inch of Evan sinking into him. When Evan could go no deeper and paused, Jesse reveled in being filled by the man he loved.

Evan lowered down to one elbow. He brushed his fingers through Jesse's hair, down his cheek and throat, feeling such satisfaction at that moment. To be so close to Jesse, their bodies connected. The heat of Jesse's skin, the heat of being inside, hit him with emotions that couldn't be articulated. It was love, he knew that, but it was a level of love so deep, so profound, the simple word seemed to fall short of the actual emotion. He gazed into Jesse's eyes. As Jesse had said to him before, theirs was a love beyond eternity. He knew without doubt that was true.

Evan brought their lips together once again. He eased his hips back, then forward again. Jesse wrapped his arms around him. Evan pushed one beneath Jesse to hold him tighter. Soft kisses were placed everywhere their lips could reach as holding one another as they made love. Evan kept his thrusts slow, allowing their pleasure to gradually build. Time drifted away from Jesse until he couldn't say how long Evan was inside him, only that he didn't want it to end.

A shudder of pleasure shook Jesse. He knew he couldn't hold out for much longer. Despite the gentle pace, Evan's cock gliding in and out of his sensitive channel and his own rubbing against Evan's stomach, brought his body to a point where it wouldn't be denied.

Jesse clung tighter to him. "I love you, Evan. I love you so much."

Evan touched his lips to Jesse's as he spoke. "I love you too, Jess. You're my world, my life."

Jesse's breath left him in a quiet moan. He writhed beneath Evan as his release pulsed out between them. During the sweet seconds where nothing but sensation existed, he felt Evan's hold on him strengthen, heard Evan's deep voice rumble in a moan. Heat and wetness filled him as Evan came.

Evan continued to thrust gently a few more times, then stopped. He rested on him, not willing to pull out of him, Jesse not willing to let him go. After a few moments, Evan raised his head and gazed down at him. "Having a good Valentine's so far?"

Jesse chuckled softly. "The best of my life. But you know what's even better?"

Evan brushed his lips over Jesse's. "What?"

"Knowing all the Valentine's Days that lie ahead of us."

"And knowing that we don't have to use a specific day to celebrate our love for each other. We can everyday."

"For the rest of our lives." As Jesse spoke his last word, their lips met once more in a kiss that sealed their promise to use everyday as one to show their love.