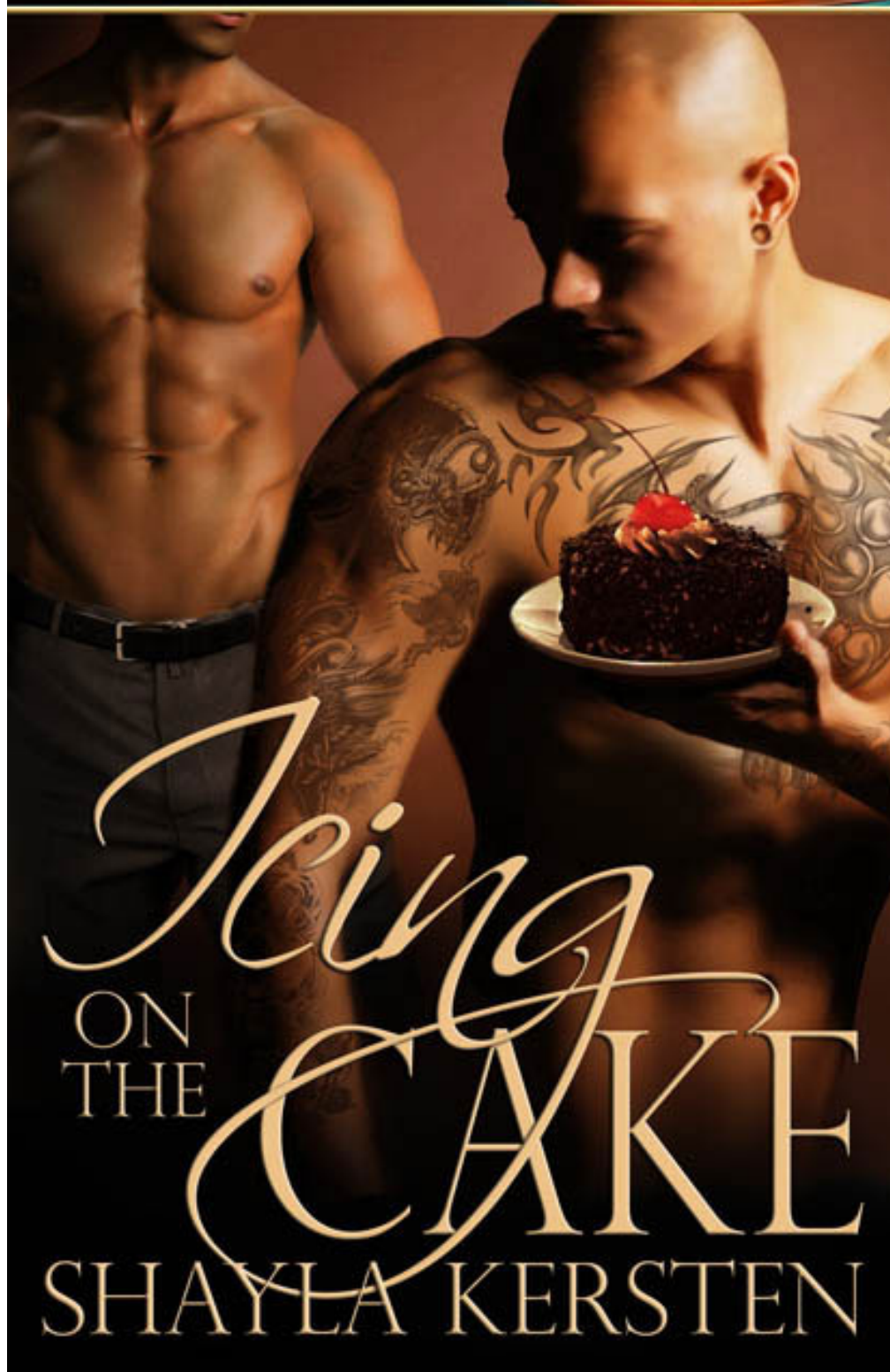


ELLORA'S CAVE *Spectrum*



Icing On the Cake

Shayla Kersten

Jeff Morgan's life is all about career. Relationships aren't on his radar. His friendships are limited to a very few and his sex life consists of wham-bam-thank-you-man sexual encounters. He doesn't do long term. He doesn't even do breakfast.

Then the fate of a cake brings Ollie Cranford into his life. Shaved head, tats and piercings, the baker is far from Jeff's type, but Ollie is as luscious as the treats he whips up in his bakery.

Now if only Jeff can relax long enough to enjoy the icing on the beefcake.

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Icing On the Cake

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ICING ON THE CAKE

Shayla Kersten

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Jell-O: Kraft Foods, Inc.

Chapter One

Jeff Morgan stared at Clarissa as if she'd grown two heads.

"You have got to be kidding. You know how I feel about weddings." She might as well have asked him to be the groom.

"It's not as if you have to plan the entire wedding. Just order the cake." Clarissa grinned. "You're my maid of honor. It's your duty to help me."

"You have to stop calling me that." Not that he really minded. In spite of his negative feelings about marriage, he'd been honored when Clarissa asked him to stand up with her. He didn't have many close friends. Well, any who he allowed to get close. Clarissa managed to push through barriers most people didn't know were there.

But wedding plans? He'd barely managed to pull off the bridal shower at the office. "Why don't you ask Randa? She helped me with the shower that almost wasn't."

She wrinkled her nose in distaste. "Because Randa would pick out some hideous pink-flowered cake with silver bells and cherubs all over it. I still have nightmares of the fourteen shades of pink at the shower. You know my taste." Clarissa reached over his desk then grabbed his hand. "Please. You're my only hope."

"You don't do damsel in distress that well." He shook her grip free. "You could postpone."

"No way. Larry finally asked and I'm not giving him a chance to second-guess himself."

Jeff returned her grin.

Larry wasn't the hold up on the marriage. Clarissa had turned him down a half-dozen times. When she finally said "yes", she'd slammed together a wedding in less than two weeks. Well, almost slammed together.

A last-minute snafu with a client's computer system had Clarissa flying to Denver this afternoon. The client specifically demanded Clarissa's presence. Considering the size of the retainer, what he wanted, he got. Employee personal lives didn't matter.

Now she wanted Jeff to pick out a cake. By himself. Him, the Scrooge of wedding festivities.

"Come on, Jeff. You're the only one I trust to take care of this."

"Fine. But I don't want to hear one cross word about the cake you get."

"Thank you!" Clarissa blew him a kiss. "And make sure you go to Cranford Designs on Tremont. They're the best in town."

"And probably the hardest to get an order in at the last minute."

Clarissa lifted one side of her lip in a mock snarl. "Turn on the charm. I'm sure you can get results."

"Yeah. Whatever." Jeff flapped his hand at her. "Get out of here or you'll miss your flight." He tapped a few keys to save his file then shut down his computer. "I'll head over there now. The sooner I get there, the sooner I'll get this over with." As if he had time for this. He'd been running at warp speed for the last two months, thanks to his schedule. Exhaustion had already pushed him to the edge, but the work just wouldn't stop.

"You are such a ray of sunshine." Sarcasm roiled through her words. "Stop being a bitch." Her tone warmed back to normal. "You're my best friend and the only one who can do it right."

"Insults followed by flattery. You sure know how to charm a guy. And I didn't say I wouldn't find you a cake. I'm just not happy about it."

* * * * *

Jeff couldn't help staring. The tiny table in the corner of the back office of Cranford Designs barely separated him from the beefcake of a baker. The building didn't look

like the fancy bakery he expected. The way Clarissa gushed over the place, he expected better than an old brick building with etched metal signage.

Bulging muscles, shaved head, tattoos, open rings in his ears—gauged ears. The name of the piercing style popped into his mind. A hint of rings showed through his shirt near his nipples. Other piercings too? So normally not Jeff's type, but damn, the man should come with a drool alert.

Something about Ollie Cranford in baker's whites splattered with a rainbow of colored icing... The shirt was just a little tight around the chest and arms, showing off really nice biceps and pecs.

Jeff suppressed a shudder of desire, but he couldn't stop the growing tightness in his slacks. Maybe exhaustion from the last two months of eighteen-hour workdays was catching up with him. Weakening his control.

And the man's voice—deep with a little rasp of a growl—was enough to drive need pulsing through Jeff's veins.

"The wedding is when?"

"Saturday." Jeff's cock interpreted the simple question as "Wanna fuck?" Desire curled through his body. It had been awhile since lust hit him with such ferocity.

"This Saturday?" An arched eyebrow accompanied the question.

"Yes. My friends decided last week to get married before they went on vacation next week."

"My waiting list is usually a little longer than three days." A slight frown creased Ollie's brow.

"I'm sure it is, but I promised I'd see what I could do." What Jeff really wanted to know was the wait time on Ollie's social calendar. He forced his gaze back to the man's face. He didn't even know if the baker was gay and already his imagination had him pushed over the small table separating them. Or Jeff on his knees. His libido couldn't make up its mind.

"I'm surprised the bride didn't send her maid of honor for this chore." His left eyebrow arched just slightly. A hint of a curl dimpled beside his lips.

A flush of embarrassment crept up Jeff's neck and face. "She did."

Ollie's face split with a wide grin as he chuckled. "Sorry. You're the first."

"Male maid of honor?" His half smile widened to match Ollie's grin.

"Nope. The first one who would admit it."

Ollie's knee brushed Jeff's under the table. A rush of a different kind of warmth shot up to his groin.

Jeff jumped as the door burst open.

A young man stuck his head into the small office. "Hey, boss, you need me to stay and frost that last cake?"

"No, you can go. We can finish it up tomorrow."

"I'll lock up the front then." He flashed a grin and a half wink before he disappeared through the door.

"Thank you, Ricky." Ollie's gaze stayed fixed on Jeff, almost as if he was waiting for a reaction.

The warmth of Ollie's knee pressed against Jeff's again. This time, the contact was a few seconds longer than just an accidental brushing.

"Okay." Ollie twirled a bound notebook around on the table so it was right side up to Jeff. "Here's a catalog of a few of the simpler designs. We won't have time to do anything really complicated but we might be able to work something out."

Jeff drew a slow, deep breath. "I hope we can." He hoped the double meaning wasn't lost on the luscious baker. Moving his leg slightly, he met Ollie's. He bit back a grin as Ollie increased pressure.

Dropping his gaze, Jeff opened the book. The first photo showed a three-tiered square cake. Chocolate striped the cream-colored cake in an almost controlled chaos. The next page had a round cake, only two thick tiers but with brightly colored icing in

intricate geometric designs. The third had a glorious bunch of delicate flowers on each of the four levels with a bouquet on the top.

His brain registered elegance and sophistication. "These are...nice." His cock distracted his vocabulary on the way out.

Ollie's laugh was deep and rich. "Said like a true guy."

"Sorry, I just meant—"

"No problem." Ollie pushed his chair back from the table. "Come on. Let me finish up this last layer then we can check out some flavors."

"I just think of wedding cakes as hideous white monsters with a plastic bride and groom stuck on the top." Jeff hesitated before he stood. His jacket might hide his interest in the baker. Then again, it might not. He picked up the notebook then held it strategically as he followed. "These are very elegant."

"Thank you. That's what we aim for. However, we occasionally do the hideous white with the plastic bride and groom. Some people still want that."

A flush of embarrassment competed with the heat of desire. "I didn't mean anything—"

"Like I said, no problem. I prefer the more elegant cakes as well." Ollie held the door open to the back of the bakery. "We can talk more back here while you decide on a style. I need to finish up the base on a cake right quick so I can put fondant on it tomorrow."

"Fondant? Is that like fondue?" In spite of his increasing arousal, his curiosity demanded satisfaction. Hopefully, it wouldn't be the only thing satisfied this evening.

"No." The deep, rich laugh again. Almost as sexy as the man himself. "Fondant is a type of icing that's of a dough-like consistency. We roll it out like a pie crust then cover the cake."

"Oh okay. Learned something new." Jeff opened the sample book. "Are these fondant?"

"Yes, most of them are. Easier to work with. Frosting is sticky and easy to mess up with a casual touch." Ollie stopped by a table holding three cake layers of decreasing size. The only one without frosting stood on a stand. "Here." Pinching off a piece of something that looked like white modeling clay, he offered it to Jeff.

Fingers touched and exchanged more heat. Hopes for a very interesting evening increased as Ollie's fingers lingered.

"Thanks." Jeff placed the morsel of icing on his tongue, sucking his fingers gently. His gaze locked with Ollie's. "Sweet." The fondant tasted like creamy sugar.

"Yep. It's almost pure sugar. We knead different colors and flavors into it." Ollie turned back to the cakes on the counter. Picking up a long spatula, he shoveled a large dollop of icing in the middle of one layer. Spinning the stand, his large hands spread the white fluff in a thin layer around the top and then the sides.

"I thought you were using the fondant?"

"I will. A thin layer of frosting helps fondant stick to the cake. And," he dipped his index finger into the bowl, "it can add an additional layer of flavor to the cake." Holding his hand toward Jeff, he wiggled his icing-coated finger. "Taste?"

Jeff licked his lips as he leaned toward Ollie's finger. *Oh yeah.* Things were definitely looking up. Wrapping his mouth around the thick finger, he took his time sucking on the sweetness. His tongue swirled around as he cleaned all the frosting from Ollie's finger. A soft hum of approval accompanied a groan.

Ollie's eyes rolled closed for a few seconds. "Mexican white chocolate. Has a little ancho chili pepper and some cayenne powder." The counter blocked the view below Ollie's waist, but Jeff was willing to bet Ollie was sporting a hard-on to match Jeff's.

Releasing Ollie's finger, Jeff savored the hint of heat in the sweet. "Fantastic. I would have never thought someone would put chilies in icing." Jeff couldn't keep his grin from showing. Cake or no cake, he wanted a piece of the baker.

"Once, wedding cakes were pretty much white with white icing. Vanilla all the way, maybe with some kind of fruit or cream filling. These days, anything goes. And

I've always preferred a little spice..." Ollie washed his hands in a nearby sink. "So, any idea what you want?"

"Want?" The baker. Covered in that frosting. Was that an option?

"For your friend's wedding cake?"

"Oh." Embarrassment caught his throat for a second. Why was he acting like a smitten schoolgirl? When Jeff wanted someone, he usually didn't play games.

With a grin, Ollie carried a tray with two of the three layers to a walk-in refrigerator.

Making a quick decision, Jeff dropped the sample book on the counter then grabbed the stand with the last layer. He followed Ollie into the chilly air. "Maybe we should...discuss it some more. Let me know what other *options* are available."

Carefully, Ollie took the cake from him. The heat of his touch scorched Jeff's hands in spite of the frigid air. After he set the cake on a rack, he turned back fast. Pressing forward, he pushed Jeff against the opposite shelf. "What *options* are you looking for?"

"Hard and fast. Here." Jeff's mouth jumped into gear before his brain.

Ollie's lips nuzzled below Jeff's ear. A low rumble of laughter vibrated the sensitive skin. The rough scratch of whiskers grated against Jeff's cheek. "Here? The cold get you hot?" His broad chest pressed Jeff back against the cold rack. He rubbed his groin against Jeff's, revealing the long, hard ridge of his erection hidden by his white tunic.

"Anywhere is good." Jeff's hands gripped the hard waist then trailed up the tight muscles of Ollie's back. "Very good." His thoughts veered from location to the hard body under his hands.

Ollie nibbled on Jeff's earlobe. "I wonder what you'd taste like covered in frosting."

Jeff's body jumped in startled arousal. "Fuck." Blood raced, pounding a beat through his ears and neck as it flooded his already-aching cock.

Ollie mouthed his way down Jeff's jaw then across to his mouth.

Hot and cold. Hot breath, cold air, hot mouth, cold racks. Jeff's breath clouded before Ollie's lips closed on his, stealing his ability to breathe. Warm, wet tongue pushed past any startled resistance.

Oh yeah... Jeff's mind screamed for more but the idea of begging went against his natural inclinations. Jeff was always in control. Work, play, sex, he kept his cool, but even the frigid cooler couldn't keep his need from running volcanic. *Get it under control.*

Jeff slid his hands around to Ollie's chest. Instead of pushing him away, his fingers lingered on his amazing pecs. A thin ring of metal hung from each erect nipple. Jeff pinched through the white tunic then tugged one ring.

Ollie's sharp exhale of breath filled Jeff's mouth. "Oh yeah. That's good."

One hand fumbled with the column of buttons running down one side of Ollie's tunic while the other kept playing with the new toy. Muscles, tattoos, shaved head and piercings. Definitely not what Jeff looked for in an encounter, but there was a first time for everything.

He slipped a hand inside the tunic. A thatch of hair covered the rounded pecs. A thrill ran through Jeff. Chest hair wasn't usually such a turn-on. "Need...now..." He didn't want to move, afraid whatever spell had twisted his normal appetite might disappear. Exhaustion and curiosity made him want to see how this might play out.

Ollie pulled away. Fingers tugged at Jeff's tie, loosening it but leaving it hanging around Jeff's neck. Ollie popped Jeff's shirt buttons free.

Chill air added perk to already-taut nipples.

One of Ollie's hands disappeared behind Jeff. The rattle of plastic against metal didn't prepare him for the cold, sticky goo Ollie rubbed on Jeff's left nipple.

Jeff grabbed the cold rack above his head. His fingers curled through the chilled wire. "Oh shit..." He closed his eyes as he gasped for breath.

Instead of tempering his arousal, the frigid air added to it. Then wet heat surrounded his nipple, chasing away any remaining coherent thought. The muscles in his back cramped with tension as he strained to keep still.

"God!" His hips jerked forward but Ollie's hand caught him, pushing him back hard against the rack. Cold from the metal seeped through his jacket and shirt.

The wet heat disappeared with an audible pop. Ollie ground his rigid cock against Jeff's. His whisper sent fire through Jeff's body. "Shit, I could fuck you right here and now. Except I'd probably be violating about a dozen health department regs."

God, yes! Jeff's mouth wouldn't form the words. Jeff rarely bottomed, but the funk of his exhaustion made the idea almost appealing. Someone doing all the work, getting him off. A sharp shudder of desire whipped down his back.

Ollie stood, his body pressing Jeff into the frame of the rack. Hips grinding against hips, cocks met through the barrier of their clothes. "I have a better idea."

With one hand, Ollie pulled him out of the cooler by his tie. The other carried a plastic container of what Jeff could only guess was frosting. The vision of Ollie covered in icing cut his breath short.

Instead of turning left toward the small office, Ollie dragged him across the kitchen to a door marked *Private*. "Upstairs." Ollie tucked the container under his arm as he pushed the door open, revealing a staircase. "My place."

A few seconds passed before the information settled on an active brain cell. Ollie lived upstairs from the bakery.

"Oh yeah." Jeff took the stairs a little too fast, bumping into Ollie in his haste.

"You're in a hurry." Ollie's low chuckle made Jeff's need for speed even greater.

Jeff ran his hands down Ollie's sides then across his ass. What a fucking ass. High with a sweet curve. "Been awhile."

Understatement. Work had been crazy lately. Long hours left him tired and unwilling to cruise pick-up bars. He really needed to cultivate a friends-with-benefits

relationship. Except working eighty hours a week really put a strain on cultivating friendships—with bennies or otherwise. If Clarissa didn't work at the same firm, he probably wouldn't have any friends at all. And Clarissa didn't have the right equipment for the benefits department.

"Me too." Ollie took the last four stairs two at a time.

The tiny living room was sparsely furnished. The room seemed better-suited for a large closet rather than a main room. A TV and a couch—long and wide—was all the furniture. The couch would work. Jeff pushed Ollie toward it. Except... "Damn." He hadn't exactly planned for sex. When he trawled the clubs, he carried small vials of lube and some condoms.

"This way." Ollie led him toward a door in the corner of the living room. The door looked out of place, as if it had been an afterthought or an addition.

As soon as the door opened, the unmistakable scent of leather wafted out of the room. Jeff hesitated before he stepped into the room.

Oh fuck.

Chapter Two

A fucking dungeon. The hottest guy he'd ever met turned out to be Jeff's worst nightmare. "I...ah..." His feet froze to the floor. "I forgot..."

"Forgot what?"

Jeff's mouth went dry. His brain seized like an engine without oil. He couldn't come up with a good excuse to flee.

Ollie paused near a wooden dresser. "Forgot or scared?"

"I'm not scared." Jeff straightened his back, pushing to his full height, which was just a hair over Ollie's head. His gaze bounced around the room. A sling on a frame stood on one side of the room. The other side held a large metal-framed bed with some kind of large wooden accent across the footboard.

Ollie met him nose to nose. "Prove it."

"It's just not my scene."

"This," Ollie pressed a hand against Jeff's almost painful hard-on, "makes you a liar."

Jeff forced his breathing to normal. "I'm not a submissive or into pain."

Ollie shrugged. "Didn't really think you were. Not giving off that vibe." Ollie slid his hand down Jeff's slacks.

The heat of his heavy hand nearly caused spontaneous combustion.

"And as much as I enjoy a sweet little subbie worshiping my cock, my reasons for coming in here were purely logistical." Ollie sucked on Jeff's lower lip then let go. "Lube, condoms and a bed."

Worshipping my cock... Ollie's words echoed through Jeff's brain. Behind closed eyes, a vision of him, kneeling, face stuffed with dick... "Oh..." *Shit.* Jeff's muscles

clenched as desire flared to high heat. Knees locked. His skin burned. His cock ached. Maybe they should go back to the cooler. Jeff's locked knees wobbled in an excellent imitation of Jell-O.

"Whoa! You okay?" Ollie's arm wrapped around him, holding him steady—and close. "Jeff?"

What the fuck was wrong with him? "Yeah. Sorry."

"A little dirty talk and you're ready to fall over. You really do need a good fucking, don't you?"

Afraid his voice wouldn't work—or worse, he'd agree—Jeff shook his head. Slightly. Even his neck wasn't willing to contradict Ollie. Bottoming wasn't something he normally enjoyed. The feeling of not being in control was too distracting to enjoy the experience. *Control freak.* A tiny little voice in his head laughed.

"Didn't eat today." A lie, but it was a handy excuse.

"Okay." Ollie's lips twisted in a half smile before straightening. His disbelief was obvious. "I promise to feed you." He held up the almost-forgotten container. "Hope you aren't diabetic."

Jeff didn't care if Ollie believed his lame excuse or not. He wasn't about to admit the truth. But the idea of frosting... A shudder swept through him as he exhaled a hard groan. The vision of Ollie covered in icing nearly made his knees buckle again.

"Come on." Ollie pulled him farther into the room. "Over here." Shuffling backward across the room, he tugged at Jeff's tie.

Jeff's heart pumped blood up and down, throbbing through his temples and his dick. He held back a sigh of relief as they passed the sling with its thick leather cuffs.

Ollie's slow shuffle kept them moving toward the bed. The bed was almost as intimidating as the sling. The highly polished wood accents appeared to be stocks built into the footboard. A pair of padded leather cuffs hung from the metal frame of the headboard.

A shiver caught Jeff by surprise. If his body insisted on betraying him with images, what would happen once they were actually in the bed?

Ollie stopped near the bed. Turning, he positioned Jeff with his legs backed against the bed. "What do you want?"

A loaded question. One Jeff wasn't sure he could answer without self-incrimination. Thoughts he'd pushed deep into the darkest parts of his mind threatened to break free.

"Okay. Let me try to guess what you *need*." Ollie set the container on a small table serving as a nightstand. "I think you need to relax." He pushed Jeff's jacket off his shoulders, letting it hit the floor. Strong fingers kneaded Jeff's tense muscles. Heat pressed through the thin dress shirt. "Tension is bad for you. Causes all kinds of problems like high blood pressure and heart disease." His soft tone and tight massage lulled Jeff's eyes closed. "High-stress job. No time for a personal life. No serious connections. Am I close?"

Apparently, Ollie could read his soul through a shoulder massage. At thirty-eight, Jeff was already on high blood pressure meds. Ollie laid out the rest of his life with deadly accuracy. Groaning, Jeff rolled his neck as the deep pressure of Ollie's hands worked magic.

"As I thought. You're so tight your muscles feel like rocks. But I can take care of that." Ollie tugged shirt from Jeff's slacks then slid it down his arms. His thick fingers flipped Jeff's belt from the buckle then tackled his fly with a surprisingly nimble grace. Ollie left the tie around Jeff's neck.

The idea of his tie as a leash crossed Jeff's mind again. Jeff tried to ignore the added excitement his thoughts caused.

With the cuffs still buttoned, Jeff's arms were loosely bound. Panic reared its head but Jeff pushed it away. He could free himself. He'd tangled with buttoned cuffs before. No reason to freak. Yet. He gulped air as he struggled to breathe.

"Always the same with you big-shot corporate types."

"How —"

"The suit. Too expensive for a low-level job. And you look too young to have worked your way up without driving yourself to the edge."

Ollie slid his hands inside Jeff's slacks. Warmth caressed his ass then his thighs as Ollie pushed the pants down.

A quick tug freed his cock from his briefs. Cool air washed over heated skin. "Yeah..." Jeff wasn't sure if he spoke aloud or just thought it. His slacks slid to his ankles.

Ollie ran his hands down Jeff's hips. "You're hot." His fingers ran across Jeff's stomach. "Nice. Hidden muscles. Probably stronger than you look too."

Jeff closed his eyes as Ollie trailed his fingers up to his right nipple. Jeff's voice left the building. His control held on by sheer will.

"You know part of relaxing is letting go." Ollie's breath whispered against Jeff's ear. "Letting someone else deal with the decision making." Strong hands guided Jeff around until the cold metal of the bedframe pressed against his legs.

"I don't—"

"Can't, you mean?"

When Ollie pushed him down, Jeff's mind woke up. The buttoned shirt cuffs still kept his arms bound behind him. He flipped the shirt over his head. Tugging and pulling, the button on the left cuff popped while the other gave way, freeing both hands.

Ollie grinned as he finished opening the buttons on his white baker's tunic. Pushing it off his shoulders, he revealed light fur covering his pecs. Small silver rings about the size of a dime pierced each nipple. Tattoos of intricate geometric patterns in brilliant colors of red and blue spiraled around his chest then down his ribs. A narrow vee of dark hair between his tight pecs turned into a treasure trail down his abdomen as it narrowed to the top of his white pants. The ridge of his cock showed through the light material. The tip teased open a small gap at the waist of his pants.

Needing to regain some sense control, Jeff reached for Ollie's fly, yanking it open with shaking hands. His fingers curled into the waist of the tight briefs. A quick jerk freed Ollie's impressive length. "Oh yeah." He wrapped his hand around the shaft. The crown was thick and the tip glistened with moisture.

Ollie pushed his hips forward.

Jeff stroked the length from the base to just under the crown. For the first time in a long time, he didn't know what he wanted to do next. Usually, he went for the fuck as fast as possible. Kept things simple. And in control. No time for someone to want more or ask too many questions.

Leaning over, Ollie dipped his hand into the plastic container then spread white frosting over the crown of his cock. "Taste me."

Without hesitating, Jeff obeyed. His mind taunted him at his eagerness but he banished the nagging voice. He was still in control. He wanted this.

His tongue swiped the slit, gathering the salty taste of pre-come mixed with the shock of sweetness. A hint of chocolate, without the spice, melted across his taste buds. The musky scent of the man added to his aching arousal. Jeff wrapped his hand around Ollie's cock near the base.

With his clean hand, Ollie grasped Jeff's hand. With slow, short motions, he guided Jeff up and down his length.

Circling his tongue around the crown, he gathered more of the sweet frosting. The heat of Ollie's flesh seemed to soften the creamy treat. Licking his way around the head, Jeff lapped up all the icing.

Ollie urged Jeff's hand up and down his length, stopping just short of the head.

Dropping his free hand into his lap, Jeff's fingers circled his own dick. He matched Ollie's slow stroke, easing his cock through his hand.

"Nice. Feels good." Ollie's harsh whisper seemed to intensify the heat rushing through Jeff's body. "But if you keep that up, things will be over too soon."

Over soon worked for Jeff. He needed to leave, had things to do. Work things. Still hadn't officially ordered the cake. His apartment waited. No hidden rooms or secrets, a cocoon of safety. Of solitary control.

Still he let Ollie pull his mouth away. Push him down on the bed. His gaze followed the play of muscles as Ollie stripped his baker's whites off his legs. Jeff admired the broad shoulders dropping to a solid waist and lean hips. Muscles tightened and played across Ollie's back while he knelt to remove Jeff's shoes and socks, tugged Jeff's slacks off his feet.

A daze of mellow flowed through his brain. Blood pushed a steady beating in his ears, throbbing in his cock, but he just watched.

"Move up." Ollie smacked Jeff's outside thigh.

Once again Jeff obeyed, scrambling up the mattress until he was straight on the bed. He kept his hands near his sides and away from the headboard. As funky as his mood was, he wasn't interested in being bound.

Funky mood.

Ollie was right. He rarely relaxed. Relaxing required letting his guard down—something he just wasn't prepared to do. Add the last few months' hectic schedule—hell, his entire career's hectic schedule—and the accompanying exhaustion clouded his mind. And his constant need to be in charge.

His entire life had been an exercise in control. Dealing with the aftermath of his mother's drunken binges, handling the bullies at school who taunted him for existing. Thank all the deities who ever existed, no one back then knew he was gay.

Actually, no one really knew. Most of his acquaintances suspected. Only a few very close—like Clarissa knew for sure. Of course, agreeing to stand up with her at her wedding would probably confirm his sexuality in some people's minds.

Ollie knelt on the floor near the head of the bed.

A whisper of rollers clued Jeff in to drawers he hadn't noticed under the bed. Of course he hadn't been able to see anything except the stocks in the footboard and the cuffs dangling from the headboard.

"Just a few supplies."

A mix of fear and anticipation rushed through Jeff. What kind of supplies? Jeff never got into dildos or butt plugs. Playing with toys took too long. Jeff was a slam-bam-thank-you-Sam kind of guy. Except right now his cock grew harder at the idea of something different, out of his usual realm of control.

Disappointment collided with his expectations when Ollie dropped a handful of condoms, a tube of lube and a bottle some kind of oil on the bed.

A wide grin crossed Ollie's face then vanished. His slight nod left Jeff feeling as if he'd revealed too much.

His self-control reared its head. Jeff sat up, grabbing Ollie's wrists, twisting him onto his back on the bed.

Ollie gave way and let Jeff push him down on the mattress. His curiosity let Jeff have his way. The dude was way too uptight and Ollie really wanted him to lose control, but preferably when he had his dick up Jeff's ass. Ollie had a thing for the uptight kind. When they lost control, they lost it in the most spectacular of ways.

With his knees bent, Ollie's feet rested on the floor. Jeff's lighter, leaner frame sprawled on top of him, thighs straddling thighs. His hands wrapped around Ollie's wrists, holding them to the bed.

About time.

From the moment Jeff walked into the bakery, Ollie wanted to see him take action. Something about Jeff interested him, maybe the way he looked in his expensive suit. Like a perfect icing waiting to reveal delicious layers of cake beneath the surface. Jeff

was the first man to interest him in a while. Since his relationship with Elliot crashed and burned.

Probably best to let this encounter play out as just another one-night stand. Although more than a year had passed since Elliot stormed out of his life, Ollie wasn't sure if he was ready for more.

His sous-chef Ricky was more than willing to take on the boss occasionally, sweeten his temperament. But Ricky was a free spirit. He liked keeping things at arm's length in his footloose search for maximum pleasure. Something Ollie lost interest in as he hit forty.

Fingers clenched around Ollie's wrists. Jeff leaned forward, his cock crossing swords with Ollie's. The pressure sent a sweet shock through Ollie's system.

"I told you I wasn't submissive." Jeff mouthed one of Ollie's nipples. His tongue twisted through the nipple ring, tugging with a hint of pressure.

"And I said I didn't think you were." Ollie's fingers clenched the thin blanket, gathering material into his hands. His brain swam through a flood of pleasure. Between the heat and pressure of Jeff's body and stimulation of his sensitive nipple, Ollie was ready to let Jeff have his way with him.

Then again...

Ollie pushed against Jeff's hold on his wrists. Combined with a quick jerk of his body, he flipped Jeff over onto the bed as he rolled on top of him. "But you don't have to be submissive to relax and enjoy."

Before Jeff could argue, Ollie caught his mouth in a hard kiss. Pressing his hips tight on Jeff's, he sandwiched their cocks between them.

Jeff opened to the kiss. Tongues clashed and fought. His head angled to make contact easier. His body arched up, rocking against Ollie.

Going with the flow, Ollie let Jeff push the pace faster. Harder. Almost too much. Getting close. He pulled away from the heat of the kiss, lifting his body above Jeff's. "Why the rush?" Ollie's grip on Jeff's wrists kept him from following Ollie up.

"Need to come." Jeff's gritted teeth muffled his words. His body arched up, following Ollie's but unable to connect. "Need to go..."

"Come and go, eh?" Ollie dipped his hips low enough so his cock brushed against Jeff's. "See, that's what I mean by relax. Try staying put for a little while. Is it so hard?"

Jeff inhaled as if preparing to argue more, but instead he bit his lower lip.

A smile twitched on Ollie's lips. "So relax a little bit." He dipped his head until his face was a mere inch from Jeff's mouth. He ran his tongue across Jeff's upper lip. "Come on, I'll do all the work."

The taut muscles of Jeff's neck relaxed just slightly as his body eased deeper into the mattress. He released his bottom lip as he jerked his head in a tight nod.

"Good. Now let's slow things down." As Ollie slid off Jeff, he grabbed the bottle of massage oil. "Turn over."

Jeff's forehead creased in a deep frown. His gaze flickered back and forth between Ollie and the bottle.

"Massage oil." Ollie held it closer to Jeff's face. "I'm going to help you relax. Whether you want to or not."

The frown eased and Jeff obeyed.

Ollie's cock twitched at the sight of the tight ass muscles. Forcing his libido into submission, Ollie straddled Jeff's butt. His dick bounced along the crack of Jeff's ass. Ollie gritted his teeth. *Later...* He poured oil into his palm then capped and tossed the bottle. "I'll warm it up a little first," he said as he rubbed his hands together. "Stuff can be jarring when it's cold. Usually, I set the bottle in hot water so it'll be warm when I'm ready."

"Usually?" Jeff craned his neck until he locked a one-eyed gaze on Ollie.

"Yep. I love giving massages." Ollie ran his hands across Jeff's upper back. "And people seem to like it." Starting near the neck, he dug into Jeff's shoulder muscles.

"Oh shit..." Jeff's words ended in a low groan. He buried his face in the pillow. "Tha's good..."

"I find kneading relaxing. Guess that's why I love my job. Sad to say, these days, most of my skill goes into kneading fondant." Ollie moved to the other side of Jeff's neck.

Another deep moan. "Wha' waste."

"Glad you're enjoying it."

"Uh-huh."

Ollie leaned forward, pushing the length of his cock against Jeff's ass crack. His mouth close to Jeff's ear, he whispered, "I'm going to get you practically boneless then I'll fuck you silly."

Jeff's muscles tensed under Ollie's grip then eased with a long sigh as Ollie resumed digging into Jeff's tight flesh.

Working down Jeff's back a few inches at a time, Ollie chased away tension and stiffness. Jeff's body became as pliable as warm fondant and just as appetizing.

His hands rubbing deep on Jeff's lower back, Ollie arched over Jeff then planted a soft kiss on the back of Jeff's neck. Heated by Jeff's skin and Ollie's ministrations, the oil gave off the slight hint of vanilla. When Ollie flickered his tongue against the fragrant skin, Jeff responded with a soft gasp.

Straightening, Ollie put his strength into rubbing out the remaining tension in Jeff's back. The pillow-muffled grunts and groans help spur on Ollie's need to move on to the main course.

Using his thumbs, Ollie dug deep into the muscles running up the length of Jeff's spine.

"Oh..." Another long moan — almost sexual.

Reaching for the icing, Ollie grabbed a heavy finger full. "Now *this* will be cold." Starting at the base of Jeff's skull, he smeared the thick frosting down Jeff's spine. He stopped at the dimple just above the crack of Jeff's ass.

Jeff's body jumped as he yelped. "Damn!" He craned his neck over his shoulder. "That is cold."

"Here." Ollie rubbed his frosting-coated fingers over Jeff's lips. "I promised to feed you." His cock twitched in envy as Jeff's hot tongue worked around his fingers.

Ollie pulled his fingers from the wet heaven of Jeff's mouth. Jeff twisted his neck, chasing Ollie's hand.

Leaning over, Ollie met his lips in a fast kiss. Sweetness lingered from the frosting, reminding him of the trail of sticky goodness down Jeff's spine.

"My turn to taste." Starting at the top, he worked his tongue over the sweetness of both icing and Jeff's back. The combination of white chocolate mixed with the edible vanilla massage oil created an interesting flavor combination. Too bad the chilies in the Mexican chocolate frosting would be too uncomfortable on sensitive parts.

Jeff wiggled and moaned with each suckle and nip, clenching his fingers tight around the metal bars of the headboard.

Twisting his tongue around each slight ridge in Jeff's spine, Ollie made his way lower. Finally, he reached the top of Jeff's ass.

He laved his tongue against the dimple, hands holding Jeff's wiggling body as still as possible. Slowly he dipped lower into the top of the crack.

"Shit!" Jeff's knuckles turned white as his fingers gripped the bedframe. "Stop!" Pushing up, Jeff clambered to his knees, knocking Ollie off in the process. "Enough."

"Ticklish, eh?" Ollie filed the information away for future reference.

The idea of a future encounter definitely appealed to him. Hopefully convincing his uptight new friend wouldn't be too difficult.

Ollie's cock ached with desire. Time to move on. With a sharp smack on the ass, Ollie said, "Roll over." Bending over Jeff's back, Ollie whispered near Jeff's ear, "I like to massage the front too." His cock pressed against the tempting crack. One way or another...

"Uhhh..." Jeff rolled over. A light flush reddened his face and chest. His cock lay across his lower stomach, hard and glistening with pre-come.

Ollie dipped a finger into the icing. "Here..." He pressed the sticky cream against Jeff's lips. Before Jeff could lick it clean, Ollie swooped in for a hard kiss. Starting sweet and warm, the kiss went deeper, hungrier. His body reacted with a swift jolt of need.

Too long without someone in his life...

Pressing Jeff into the mattress with his full weight, Ollie rolled his hips. Their cocks crossed and rolled between them. Too long...

Ollie decided to save the full frontal treatment for another time. His dick needed relief soon but he didn't want it this way.

Straddling Jeff again, Ollie wrapped his hands about Jeff's wrists. He pressed them into the mattress as he leaned in for another kiss, this one short and hard. He couldn't stop himself from rocking his hips, pressing his dick against Jeff's stomach again.

Ollie eased his grip then tugged Jeff's hands toward the headboard. Jeff's arms tightened with slight resistance. Knocking Jeff's knuckles against the black metal frame, he whispered, "Hold on here."

Jeff took a deep breath, exhaling as he obeyed. His gaze cut up at the leather cuffs dangling from the frame.

"Don't worry. I won't use the cuffs." Sitting back on Jeff's thighs, Ollie surveyed Jeff's body. "Unless you want to."

"No." Jeff's knuckles whitened as he tightened his hold on the frame. "No cuffs."

Tight pecs rounded his almost-hairless chest. Areolas were the color of caramel against a waning tan.

Ollie wondered if the tan was from actual sunlight. Probably not. Jeff didn't seem the type to waste time on a beach somewhere. Goose bumps circled small, peaked nipples.

"Nice." With both hands, Ollie ran his fingers over Jeff's chest then down to his waist.

An almost-six-pack defined his abs. Probably too busy with his job obsession to work out enough to finish off the last set. His long dick canted to the right, tip glistening with pre-come.

Wrapping his hand around Jeff's cock, Ollie gave it a quick pull.

Jeff gasped as he repositioned his hands on the frame, clenching tight again.

"Very nice." Ollie ran his thumb over the tip. As he scooted down Jeff's legs, Ollie lowered his head toward Jeff's dick. He kept his gaze fixed on Jeff's face.

With his head tilted up, neck muscles corded, Jeff's gaze followed Ollie's movement. The muscles in Jeff's arms tightened but his hands stayed glued to the bedframe.

Ollie flickered his tongue against the crown of Jeff's cock.

"Ahh..." Jeff's eyes closed as his hips arched toward Ollie's mouth.

"Slow. Remember?"

With a muffled groan, Jeff lowered his body to the bed. His head dropped back as well.

"Now don't move." Ollie gripped Jeff's dick then squeezed. The edge of his hand pressed hard against where the base met Jeff's body. "Not a muscle."

Jeff's eyelashes fluttered but his eyes stayed closed.

"Not even an eyelash."

Crinkles formed at the corner of Jeff's eyes as he squeezed them tighter, but a grin curved his lips.

“Good. Very good.” With a quick stroke, Ollie released Jeff’s cock. He raised one leg then pressed his knee between Jeff’s thighs, shoving until Jeff opened his legs. Shifting his weight, he settled between Jeff’s legs. His hands ran down Jeff’s thighs to his knees. Reaching under, Ollie bent Jeff’s legs then planted his feet next to Ollie’s thighs.

A soft gasp escaped Jeff’s mouth before he pursed his lips tight. His jaws clenched as teeth ground against teeth. His chest rose with a deep breath.

Ollie lifted one of Jeff’s legs, straightening it until the calf rested on Ollie’s shoulder. “Nice.” He kissed a trail from Jeff’s calf to the inside of his knee. His hands followed the same path, kneading the tight flesh of Jeff’s leg.

“Oh shit...” Jeff moaned but didn’t pull away.

“Feels good?”

“Yes.” Jeff’s teeth caught his lower lip again. Soft grunts accompanied each hard stroke of muscle.

“Tell me if it hurts.” A grin teased Ollie’s lips. “You aren’t into pain, you know.”

Jeff’s next grunt sounded closer to laughter. Maybe he had a sense of humor. That’d be a plus.

Ollie kept kneading his way down Jeff’s leg until he reached his hip. Claspings his hand around Jeff’s cock, he stroked the length a couple of times then moved to the other leg.

Pulling Jeff’s left leg up, he now had both legs resting against his chest, lower calves pressed against his shoulders. Ollie traced the same path on the left leg, letting the right slide down until it caught in the crook of his arm. With a slight tug, Ollie pulled Jeff’s ass closer to him.

Eyelids flashed open. Jeff’s gaze moved back and forth. “What are you doing?”

“Same thing as before.” Ollie ran his tongue across the instep of Jeff’s foot.

Jeff's body shuddered with the contact. His eyelids drooped closed for a second then rebounded. His hips wiggled, scooting his ass a little farther away from Ollie's cock.

"Just trying to make you feel good." Ollie massaged his way down Jeff's leg a little faster than before. "Been a while since someone wanted to make you feel good?"

"You could say that." Jeff's body shuddered as Ollie kissed behind his knee.

"Don't you like receiving pleasure?"

"Of course."

Ollie's body pushed for a little more speed. Too bad he didn't have a way to ignore his aching cock or the growing need to come. Next time, he'd jerk off before Jeff got there. Give him a little time to play before need forced him into action. "You certainly have trouble accepting a little TLC."

"Tender loving care..." Jeff almost snarled the words.

That didn't sound good. Maybe a next time wasn't a good idea. Ollie wanted someone with whom he could share a life. Jeff sounded rather skeptical about that sort of thing. Still something about Jeff struck a familiar note. Ollie had escaped the high-powered need to be the best, the richest, the boy with the most toys. Maybe Jeff needed someone to show him the way. For now, he'd concentrate on Jeff until he couldn't take it anymore.

Hands on Jeff's thighs, Ollie pushed both legs wide apart. He slid down until his face was level with Jeff's balls. The position revealed the pucker of his ass. Desire shot through Ollie as he imaged his cock pushing into the tight hole.

Jeff's legs tightened and pushed back. "Wait."

"Relax. Please." Ollie swooped in, his tongue laving Jeff's scrotum. Holding Jeff's legs up, Ollie sucked first on ball then the other, his tongue massaging each.

"Oh yeah..." Jeff's legs pulled up and away from Ollie's grip.

With hands free, Ollie reached around Jeff's thigh, wrapping his fingers around Jeff's cock.

"Yeah." Jeff's body rocked back and forth a couple of inches. His balls mashed against Ollie's face.

Pressing his thumb against Jeff's perineum, Ollie sucked harder on the scrotum. His tongue twisted through the loose flesh, pushing Jeff's balls around inside the sac.

"Yes!" Jeff's rocking slowed to barely there. "Oh god, yes."

Ollie eased his grip on Jeff's dick. He wasn't ready to finish him off just yet. He had plans and he needed Jeff desperate for relief. Pushing up on his elbows, he positioned his mouth for the next stage. His finger, coated with saliva, dropped lower.

Chapter Three

Jeff nearly came off the bed as Ollie's finger circled his asshole. The lethargy brought on by the amazing massage fled. "Shit!" Wet heat swallowed his cock. Any other words he might have spoken turned into a low groan as the tip of Ollie's finger dipped past the ring of muscle.

Ollie took his cock to the root. Throat tightened around the crown. A strong hand gripped the base of his cock, keeping his climax barely at bay. Ollie's forearm pressed against his hip, pushing him into the mattress.

"Damn!" His body flushed with heat from the roots of his hair to the balls of his feet. Sexual need kept him frozen to the bed.

The finger pushed deeper, curling quickly. Ollie gagged around the crown before he pulled away.

A deep breath, drawn around Jeff's dick, swept cool air over his aching flesh. Another plunge into Ollie's hot mouth sent shivers across his skin.

"Fuck!" Every muscle in Jeff's body engaged. He rose off the bed almost as if levitating. The intense pleasure shooting through his body was unlike anything he'd ever experienced.

Prostate. He'd heard enough stories about prostate massage. He just didn't believe them. His body had never responded like that before. Again, a wave of ecstasy shuddered through him.

Ollie pressed against the magic button at the same time his mouth engulfed Jeff's cock.

"Oh fuck!"

Freeing his dick with a slight pop, Ollie peered between Jeff's legs. His smile reached his eyes with a mischievous glint. "That can be arranged..."

Let Ollie fuck him? His plans for yet another hit-and-run sexual encounter had already been thwarted. His body tensed, each muscle resisting the idea. His rectum tightened, trying to eject Ollie's finger.

Another push against his prostate melted Jeff's resistance for a few seconds. "No..." Already his head spun with the sense of losing control. He needed to catch his breath. Turn things around.

Ollie ran his tongue around Jeff's crown, ending with a flicker of the slit on the tip. "You're so sensitive. Especially your prostate." His finger pushed against the gland in question. "Not every man's that lucky. I'd love to see you come with my dick in your ass." His teasing finger pushed again. "Bet you'd shoot across the room."

"Damn." Jeff's fingers now dug into the back of his knees. For a minute, he thought about lowering his legs, regaining control of the situation. *Just fucking relax.* "I haven't..."

"Haven't done it before?" Ollie suckled on the tip.

"No." Pleasure sparked between his prostate and his cock like an electrical current. "I mean yes."

"You've bottomed before?"

"Yes. Just not often."

"Can't let go, eh?" Ollie alternated between talking and sucking but his finger never lost a beat.

"Don't like to." His need for control weakened with each stroke. The words to stop Ollie kept floating in the vicinity of his tongue but wouldn't form. The intense bliss kept his head in a fog of euphoria.

"Why not?"

"Causes trouble." Like losing control as a kid.

Ollie leaned his cheek against Jeff's inner thigh. The rough beard tickled against his skin. "You've never let someone else have control? Of anything?"

"Only when I couldn't help it."

"I want to fuck you so bad." Ollie's voice dropped to a low whisper, full of want and desire. A sound that could grow on Jeff. "Like this. Legs in the air. Facing me so I can watch you come. Let go long enough for this..."

Another poke, another shudder of need swept through Jeff. He clamped his teeth onto his lower lip to keep the "yes" from jumping out. *Why not?* He'd never see the baker again. At least, after the cake was ordered. If things went badly...

Part of him struggled to regain control of the situation. *Say no.* Instead, his head betrayed him with a quick nod. Relief melted through him.

"Sweet... Just let me take care of everything."

Jeff's heart rate doubled. His breath caught in his throat. He almost missed Ollie's soft words over the thump of his own heartbeat. Somehow, the quietness reassured him.

Ollie slid his finger free of Jeff's ass.

A quick twinge of regret warred with relief. He could change his mind. Sit up. Move away... Even put his legs down. Instead, his hands clenched the back of his knees tighter.

Without rising from his position between Jeff's legs, Ollie grabbed the lube from its spot near the edge of the bed. "Need some of this."

A lot of it... Jeff bit back the words. He couldn't remember how long it'd been since he'd bottomed. Combined with his normal resistance to anal, he'd be as tight as the security at Ft. Knox. The squishy sound of lube squirting from the bottle made him tense.

"Gonna be cold." Ollie's finger eased past Jeff's resistance.

"Fuck!" The warning came a little late.

"Sorry." A cockeyed grin split Ollie's face. His finger twisted and turned until he prodded Jeff's prostate again. "This should help get over the cold."

"Gah..." Jeff swallowed any protest. His eyes rolled as pleasure spread through him again. Why hadn't someone done this right before? *Maybe because you wouldn't let them.* The massage had loosened his control all right. Let down a carefully honed guard. Why?

His body rocked between the aching need to come and the sheer ecstasy firing through his synapses. His deeper thoughts crashed and burned against the heat stirring his body.

"Still cold," Ollie warned.

Another squirt of lube preceded a second finger pushing in beside the first. This time the cold eased the slight burn of stretching.

Penetration sent tension flying through Jeff's muscles. His fingers began to go numb digging into his flesh.

"Relax..." Ollie tapped Jeff's gland again. "Don't know why I said that. You don't know how to relax, do you?"

"Ahhh..." The pleasure only added to the tightness in his muscles.

"Deep breath in, slow out." Ollie twisted his fingers, scissoring them apart then together again. "Try it."

Jeff obeyed once...then again.

"Now one muscle at a time, ease out the tension." Ollie's fingers never stopped moving, brushing Jeff's prostate in unpredictable strokes. "Go ahead."

Keeping his breathing regular, Jeff concentrated on relaxing his body. He tried to ignore Ollie's fingers. Not exactly easy. But when had anything been easy?

One muscle at a time.

He wasn't sure if his mind echoed Ollie or if the man had repeated the words. Didn't matter. Slowly, he released each taut tendon, each tight muscle.

"Very good." Ollie's tone was low and soothing.

Much like the slow push and pull of his fingers in and out of Jeff's ass. Jeff's mind emptied of everything but the slow rhythm. *In...out...* Each soft swipe of his prostate caused a slight hiccup in his steady breathing.

"Time for one more."

The soft warning sent tendrils of need through Jeff instead of anxiety. His hips pushed toward the additional intrusion. "Yes..." Eyes closed, he floated in a cocoon of warmth.

"Very good." Ollie's weight shifted slightly. "I'm going to suck you now."

Jeff's hips jerked in anticipation. "Please..." Warm breath warned him. His eyes flew open just in time to watch Ollie's mouth sink down his shaft.

His hot tongue teased the crown. Fingers prodded deeper, harder.

So close... Jeff pumped up to meet Ollie's mouth. "Oh..." Then the wet heat was gone. The fingers stilled.

"Not yet." A hint of amusement colored Ollie's words. "Remember, I want you to come with my dick deep in your ass."

A jolt of desire ripped through him like a flash fire. "Fuck!"

"Getting there." Still between Jeff's legs, Ollie clambered to his knees. "Just need one of these..." He snagged a condom from the small pile near the edge of the bed. His fingers shook as he ripped the package open with his teeth. A corner of the paper stuck to his lips. His hands occupied rolling the condom on, Ollie puffed several breaths, trying to dislodge the paper.

A half smile settled on Jeff's face as he leaned up then flicked away the offending paper. His fingers lingered, marveling at the softness of Ollie's lips.

The gleam of hard need in Ollie's eyes gentled. He leaned forward, following Jeff's hand down.

An ache settled in the back of Jeff's throat. Need and desire overwhelmed him as Ollie pressed his mouth against Jeff's in a slow, sweet, lips-melding kiss. Much different from the teeth-clattering kisses from earlier. Jeff released his hold on his legs, letting them slide around Ollie's bulk. Their cocks bounced against each other in a teasing rhythm.

Jeff slid his hand around Ollie's neck, pulling him closer. The kiss deepened little by little. Slight opening of lips, easy swipes of tongues. Nothing hard, nothing fast. The intense need to come faded slightly against the gentleness.

"Fuck me..." Jeff whispered between kisses. The urgency surprised him. The growing need to feel Ollie in him was hard to control. *Control...* But he didn't feel out of control. Not yet.

"God, yes." Ollie buried his face in Jeff's neck with a groan. "Just give me a minute."

Running his hands down Ollie's back, Jeff couldn't stop the grin spreading across his face. Ollie's desperation sounded as if he was the one losing it. Not Jeff. Maybe there was something to the old saying about the bottom being in charge.

Jeff kissed the side of Ollie's neck then moved up to his ear. His tongue twisted around the shell as he breathed into Ollie's ear. "What's wrong?" The slight hint of a laugh was unintentional but he couldn't stop it.

"Damn, you're killing me." Ollie rose up on his arms, hands flat on the bed. Hanging over Jeff in a push-up position, he half frowned, half grinned. "You realize I'm going to make you pay."

"Bring it on." Playfulness had never been part of Jeff's sexual repertoire. On the contrary, serious and all business were his standards in everything he did, even as a child. But teasing Ollie seemed to heightened Jeff's need and anticipation, adding to the sheer pleasure of watching excitement overwhelm Ollie.

Ollie's eyes closed. His head dipped, chin touching his chest. Inhaling deeply, he exhaled slowly. His eyes popped open as he raised his face. His amused gaze met Jeff's. "You asked for it." A playful wink accompanied his growl.

With a sharp shove of his arms, Ollie settled back on his knees. Once again he shouldered Jeff's legs. Grabbing the lube, he barely glanced at the bottle as he slathered his cock.

Cold gel dripped on Jeff's balls but nothing could cool him off at this point. A combination of lust and fear shuddered through Jeff. Ollie's dick wasn't huge but he was a damn sight bigger than anyone else who'd fucked him. Too late now...

Ollie dropped the bottle. His hand shook as he wrapped it around his cock, guiding it to Jeff's ass.

Cold heat...like the walk-in downstairs. This time, cold lube and the burning of penetration.

Gripping the bedframe again, Jeff exhaled slow and deep. *Don't tense up...*

"Damn." Ollie whispered the word like a half prayer. "So tight." His eyes closed and mouth hung open. His chest rose and fell in body-shaking breaths. "Fuck..."

Jeff matched Ollie's groan but he couldn't take his gaze off the man.

A slight sheen of sweat beaded his forehead. A deep frown cut his brow. His half-closed eyes showed a thin line of white. Each breath shuddered through him with a halting stutter. Every muscle in his chest and abdomen flexed tight. But the soft groan, *that* was pure heaven.

Living proof of pain and pleasure mixing...

A slow push, short pull, repeat. Each motion drove Ollie deeper. His cock pressed against Jeff's prostate, nudging it time and again. The burn of stretching faded with the repeated push of ecstasy.

Pain and pleasure... Jeff's mind flashed to the sling, the stocks, the cuffs. A long moan escaped his mouth.

With one final push, Ollie slid home. Balls smashed against Jeff's ass. His hips rocked short strokes back and forth.

"Shit!" Jeff reached the breaking point. His cock rocketed past need. One touch... His hand collided with Ollie's as he reached for his dick.

Ollie wrapped his large hand around Jeff's length. One, two tight strokes...

"Ah..." Jeff swallowed his yell, bucking against Ollie's hips. Impaling his ass on the thick length buried inside him.

With a low shout, Ollie met Jeff's motions, plunging quick and short strokes.

His prostate, abused with each stroke, added to the stream of come striping his chest. Warm liquid splattered his face. "Yes! Yes!" Unable to move with any kind of coordination, he tensed his body, grabbing the bedframe, holding his body still while Ollie did all the work as promised.

Ollie released Jeff's cock. His hands gripped Jeff's thighs, holding him tight. Hard strokes, pounding pressure. Ollie pistoned his cock in and out of Jeff. Combined grunts and groans accompanied the slap of flesh on flesh.

"Give. It. To. Me..." Jeff's teeth clattered from the rough ride.

With a final slam against Jeff's ass, Ollie held tight, his hips flexing as he yelled. "Yes!" His body shuddered several times, a feeling that ran deep inside Jeff from their connection.

Leaning forward, Ollie caught Jeff's mouth in a hard kiss. "Damn..." he whispered between teasing bites. "I thought you didn't like bottoming." His mouth nuzzled a path down to Jeff's throat.

A flush added warmth to Jeff's already over-heated skin. "I guess I hadn't been doing it right?" He muffled his laugh in the crook of Ollie's neck.

Ollie's rich laugh hummed against Jeff's neck. "Glad to be of service."

Ollie didn't want to move but the angle and his softening cock meant some serious slippage. He hadn't expected Jeff's reaction given his initial reluctance. Relief commingled with satisfaction. Every bone in his body had turned to jelly.

A half kiss fluttered against the side of his face. Jeff's hands rubbed a warm path up and down his back.

Raising his head, Ollie found Jeff's lips. The kiss was long and deep. Slow, full of tongue.

Jeff's hands moved up then circled behind Ollie's neck. "Nice," he whispered as he changed the angle of his head for another searing kiss.

His initial spark of interest deepened into a desire to see this past the morning. In spite of his fear of a rebound relationship. Then again...it had been over a year. As a baker, he should be able to handle the occasional burned finger. Starting something with Jeff sounded better with each kiss.

"Gotta move..." he mumbled, pulling away from Jeff's mouth.

Arms tightened. "Not yet."

"Mmmm...'kay." Ollie moved his hips slightly, trying to stave off slippage. Wrapped in a warm embrace, he was more than happy to stay put.

"Good." Jeff's chest rose against Ollie's then dipped. Cooling come smeared against his skin.

"Why the big sigh?"

"I dread moving."

"Then don't." Ollie met Jeff's gaze. "You don't have to rush off."

"I don't..."

Brushing his mouth across Jeff's cheek, Ollie could almost guess what Jeff's didn't say. "Don't, what? Don't do breakfast?"

"Something like that..." Jeff squirmed a little, hastening the inevitable.

Ollie eased his cock the rest of the way out of Jeff's ass.

"I don't like waking up in strange beds."

"But you have to stay once in a while to get accustomed to a new one." Rolling over, Ollie relieved his cock of the condom, dumping it in a small wastebasket next to the bed. He grabbed a handful of tissues then turned back to Jeff.

Jeff snorted a half laugh, full of derision. "I'd have to stay more than once."

"So stay." Ollie wiped the smeared streaks of come from Jeff's chest. "Then come back tomorrow night and try it again."

A small frown creased Jeff's forehead but his gaze softened. His hand stopped Ollie's attempts at cleaning. "You know you're just making a bigger mess."

"Yeah. Bathroom's through there."

Jeff rolled out of bed. Long muscles played along his back as he walked. His gait was a little uneven. After a ride like the one he'd had, Jeff was probably a little on the sore side. Hopefully it wouldn't keep him from coming back.

When the door clicked shut, Ollie used clean tissue to wipe off the smeared residue of Jeff's come then crawled under the covers. Lying on his back, he stared at the ceiling.

Part of him really wanted Jeff to take him up on the offer. Another part laughed at him. He didn't know a damn thing about the man except he was a control freak and his ass was a little piece of heaven. He wasn't even sure what kind of business ran him ragged. If Jeff had mentioned it when he arrived, Ollie had been too involved in keeping his growing attraction hidden under his tunic to remember.

Ollie took a deep breath. If Jeff gathered his clothes and left, so be it. While he'd been reluctant at the idea of a new relationship, tonight kind of opened the idea. If not with Jeff, maybe it was time to start looking for more than a quick fuck.

But the idea of introducing Jeff to more ways to lose control thrilled him.

"Can't control what I can't control." Ollie let his breath out slowly. "Just take whatever comes." His hard-won mantra usually calmed him. Somehow, it just didn't work tonight. Truth was, he was tired of being alone.

When the bathroom door opened, Ollie planted a small smile on his face. He curbed the urge to hold up the covers in invitation. Let Jeff make his decision without any undue influence.

Jeff hesitated halfway between the bed and the bathroom. His gaze darted toward his clothes, scattered on the floor, then back to the bed. A barely visible shiver played across his shoulders.

Almost crossing his fingers, Ollie kept his breath easy. Why this suddenly mattered so much, he didn't know. After all, he just met the guy, and Jeff was so not his type. Uptight, always in control didn't fit with Ollie's laid back, let-what-comes attitude. He'd bet Jeff didn't even own something more casual than khakis while Ollie was comfortable in torn jeans and a T-shirt. Then again, his *type* hadn't exactly worked out for him. Maybe there was something to be said for opposites attract.

At one point in his life, Ollie'd had to learn to let go and find happiness in the now instead of trying to control every detail of his life. Maybe Jeff just needed him to show him the way.

With a shake of his head, Jeff's face screwed up in a wide grin. "What the hell..." Two long strides brought him back to the bed. "I hope you don't mind my snoring." He scooted closer to Ollie. The front of his body lined up against Ollie's side.

"If you can live with mine." Ollie slid an arm around Jeff's neck, burying his face in Jeff's hair.

"We'll see..."

"Hmmm..." Warm, satisfied and worn-out, Ollie was already slipping into sleep. Score one for the baker...

Chapter Four

Jeff snuggled closer to the warm spot in the bed. His arm curled over the source of the heat. The waist...

Jerking out of his half-sleeping state, Jeff opened his eyes to the dim light of the baker's bedroom.

Ollie lay on his side, back to Jeff. A soft snore rumbled through his chest.

Jeff's first instinct was to run. Grab his clothes and escape before Ollie woke. Instead, he rested his chin on Ollie's shoulder. Hard pillow. The man was built.

Something happened last night. He'd willingly given control to someone else. Something he never remembered doing. Not even as a child. He couldn't afford to give his mother control. She'd forget to eat, forget to feed him. All for the love of a drink. No one else was ever around except her occasional boyfriends. He didn't remember his dad. He'd died right after Jeff was born. No one around to notice his mother walked around in a drunken stupor. Or they didn't want to know.

His hand rested on Ollie's arm, thumb stroking back and forth. What was different?

"Penny?" Ollie's voice was rough with sleep.

"Huh?"

"For your thoughts. You've been lost in them for several minutes." Ollie stretched his arms out in front of him as he yawned.

"Sorry. Didn't mean to wake you."

"Didn't. I always wake up about now."

Jeff's gaze darted a quick glance at the small clock on the nightstand. "It's not even three in the morning."

"Bakery. Sign says 'baked fresh daily'. Since we open at six, when do you think we bake?"

"Damn." He hadn't thought. Of course, they'd ended up falling asleep early. Couldn't have been more than eight o'clock. Between his exhaustion and the best sex he'd ever had...

Best sex... His body tightened with desire. His mind played through different past encounters. Best sex ever. "Damn."

"You said that already."

"Yeah." Maybe now was the time to cultivate one of those elusive friends-with-benefits relationships.

Ollie pushed back against Jeff. "You planning to do something with that morning wood?" His nudge caused Jeff's cock to nestle tight between Ollie's cheeks.

"You have something in mind?" He hoped he hid his surprise. With the dungeon equipment and Ollie's persistence about topping last night, he assumed Ollie didn't bottom. Excitement curled through his gut, pushing his morning erection into full hardness.

"Yeah." Ollie leaned off the edge of the bed, his hand dropping to the floor. "Here." He handed Jeff a condom then his arm dropped again, this time returning with the lube.

"If you insist." Jeff tucked the cold bottle near the pillow then ripped open the condom.

With his back to Jeff, Ollie settled in on his side with a long sigh. "Morning sex is the best kind. Body's already relaxed and muscles waiting for a good stretch."

"Whatever you say." Jeff translated Ollie's words as a reproach. How could Jeff know about morning sex if he never stayed the night? Cock covered in cold latex, Jeff grabbed the lube. "Going to be cold."

"I'm sure things will heat up quick."

Similar lines from last night. Familiar and teasing. Something vaguely comforting in that. "You're a bit of a puzzle." Jeff coated his cock with the slick gel.

"How so?" Ollie twisted his neck until one eye peered over his shoulder.

"You have dungeon equipment but you don't seem to be a Dominant." His fingers dipped between tight ass cheeks. "The whole tat-pierced-shaved-head thing seems more biker than baker."

Ollie's hips pushed back, assisting Jeff's fingers. "Never judge a book..."

"Yeah. I know."

"You going to be much longer back there?"

"Impatient, aren't we?" Jeff nuzzled the soft skin just below Ollie's ear.

"If I'm not downstairs in another half-hour, Ricky will be up here looking for me."

"Ricky?"

"Sous-chef. Assistant chef. You saw him last night."

"Hmmm..." Rubbing his cock down Ollie's crack, Jeff felt the tip catch on his opening. "The one that winked at you."

"Yeah." Again, Ollie pushed back.

The crown of Jeff's cock popped past the tight ring of muscle. Really tight. Jeff rolled his eyes back as he pushed deeper.

"Good..." Ollie sighed as he rolled his hips forward then back again.

"You planning to do all the work this morning too?"

Ollie snorted a short laugh. "If you don't get moving... Unless you want Ricky to burst in. I'm sure he'd be willing to join us."

"So, you and him..." How'd that work? Last night, Ricky obviously encouraged Ollie with the wink. Jeff eased his cock deeper into the tight heat. A tiny flair of jealousy hit him out of nowhere. Not a pretty idea.

"Occasionally. But Ricky isn't exactly my type."

"Why not?" The guy was good-looking in a slender, twinkish kind of way. Jeff eased out of Ollie's ass then pushed deeper. A fast stroke took him balls-deep. His eyes closed from the intense pleasure.

"Ricky is a pleasure hound. He wants maximum fun with minimum fuss."

Jeff understood Ricky's *modus operandi*. "And what's wrong with Ricky's philosophy?"

"I prefer something a little more substantial." Ollie slid a hand behind him, pulling on Jeff's hip. "Feels good."

"Yeah, you do..." *Substantial?* The question faded as pleasure distracted him.

Eyes rolling closed, Jeff let coherency slide away as he concentrated on the sweet heat and tight pressure surrounding his cock. Jeff lengthened his stroke but he was off balance on his side. Wrapping one arm over Ollie's waist, Jeff sought leverage for his strokes. His other arm circled under Ollie's neck.

"Uhhh..." Ollie's hand gripped Jeff's forearm. "Good."

Short strokes – almost slow motion – combined with the warmth of Ollie's skin kept Jeff simmering but without the urgency of most of his encounters. *Lazy*. Not a concept Jeff related to but this was...nice.

He stifled a chuckle. "Nice" seemed such a bland term for the heat and tease of each slow stroke. Need simmered low without the feverish pitch of last night.

Ollie's beard-roughened jaw rubbed against Jeff's arm. Lips pressed tight. "More." The word traced dampness on Jeff's skin.

"Patience." Jeff enjoyed the turnabout situation. Let Ollie sample the fire Jeff had burned with last night.

"Ricky. Soon."

"Damn." Instead of speeding up, Jeff ran his hand down Ollie's stomach. Fist closed around Ollie's dick, Jeff matched each stroke of his length with the one in his ass. "Come first."

Ollie's fingers tightened his grip on Jeff's forearm. Teeth joined as Ollie groaned. Hot breath teased Jeff's skin. Ollie rolled his hips back and forth, upping slow to more.

Jeff closed his eyes as he buried his face in Ollie's neck. Coming at such a slow pace was normally impossible for him. He always seemed to need that last frantic race to the finish, pounding strokes and speed. But not this morning. Maybe there was something to be said for morning sex...

"Come on, Ollie. Come for me." Jeff latched his teeth on the corded muscle near Ollie's neck. He wanted Ollie to come first but he wasn't sure he could hold back. Desire rushed for release without a thought to what Jeff wanted.

"Damn!" Ollie's body jerked as warm come caught Jeff's hand on the upstroke. Slick liquid helped coat Ollie's dick as Jeff pulled several more strokes. Ass muscles clenched around Jeff's cock.

"Yes." Jeff's hand froze. His body tensed as he came into the welcoming heat. "Shit!" His head swam through a fog of pleasure as his arm tightened around Ollie. "Wow." His breath caught in his throat.

"I told you. Morning sex. Mind-blowing." Ollie drew a deep breath. Craning his neck around, he rubbed his mouth against Jeff's temple.

Tilting his face up, Jeff caught Ollie's lips in a soft kiss. "Yeah. I think I like morning sex."

"Want to try it again tomorrow?"

A rush of excitement forced his heart to beat faster. "Yeah. I think I'd like that." Friends with benefits or more?

Ollie drew a deep breath then let it out slowly. "Wish I didn't have to move."

"Me either."

"Then don't." Ollie slid out of Jeff's embrace then settled on the side of the bed. "I'm sure you don't have to be at work this early. Go back to sleep. What time? I'll set the alarm."

Jeff let his eyes droop closed. Warm and sated, going back to sleep sounded like a really good idea.

Substantial... *I prefer something a little more substantial.*

Forcing his eyes open, Jeff reached for Ollie's wrist. "How substantial?" Friends with benefits didn't sound substantial.

"Huh?"

"You said earlier, you prefer something more substantial."

Ollie shrugged. "I like committed relationships."

"Why?"

A long sigh puffed past his lips. Ollie dropped his chin to his chest. "I don't know. Why do you like hit-and-runs?"

"I guess I agree with Ricky's point of view. No muss, no fuss."

"I was like that once." Ollie scooted up on the bed, his back against the headboard, legs crossed.

"What changed?" Jeff rolled over to give him more room then propped his head on his hand, gazing up at the frown on Ollie's brow.

"Oh god. Isn't it a little early for serious talk? I thought you wanted to go back to sleep?"

"Call it curiosity." Call it necessity. Jeff wanted to see Ollie again but he needed to know what Ollie wanted from him. *Trying to control things again?*

"I did hit-and-runs for years. Until Elliot. We were together for almost three years. Broke up a little more than a year ago. I'm not sure how we lasted as long as we did but we had a hell of a time trying."

"Why?"

"Why what? The three years or the breakup?"

Jeff wasn't sure. "Both."

Ollie's hand rested on Jeff's hair, fingers plucking strands here and there. "No one thought we'd last that long." A low chuckle rumbled from deep in his chest. The frown eased. "We weren't exactly each other's type. He was very ambitious. Really wanted to get somewhere in the world but just couldn't seem to get there from here. I think he might have had the talent, just never got the break."

"What'd he do?"

"Mostly investment work but couldn't get through to that top tier of clients to make the big bucks. We met as a hit-and-run. He thought he was getting some brutal biker top. Shocked the hell out of him to find he'd bedded a baker who likes to switch." The chuckle became a full-blown laugh. "Then he found out which bakery."

"You had your own bakery back then?"

"Yep. Going on twelve years now. And very successful." Ollie's lips curved into a smile. "I was once the driven type too, which is why we're known as the best in town." His chest puffed a little for a few seconds. "But I realized when I got to a certain level, it wasn't worth the stress. Always running for the next contract. It took the joy out of the actual baking, my creative side. Once we had a good reputation, I decided that I could step back and relax a little. Not be so uptight about the business. People came to me for cakes. I didn't have to get out and drum up clients anymore. As long as we maintained quality, the business kept flowing in. Still does. And I was happy with my work. Just missing something in my personal life. Thought I'd finally found it with Elliot."

"What happened?"

"He thought I would be his big break. He wanted to take the bakery national or some such fool notion. Franchises and websites. All I wanted to do was bake the best cakes and pastries in town." Ollie shook his head. "Finally, Elliot realized I wouldn't give in to his schemes. He left."

"But you want more of the same?"

"No. I don't want someone scheming to make me a household name." Ollie tugged on Jeff's hair. "I want someone who is around to celebrate the little things—the new

recipes, the new milestones. And I can celebrate his accomplishments. Not to mention someone to wake up with and have fabulous morning sex. I grew accustomed to that with Elliot. While his ultimate motives weren't pure, I learned what a committed relationship could be."

"And you'd be interested in that with me?" While it all sounded nice, Elliot was living proof it wouldn't last.

"Maybe." Ollie leaned over, planting a hard kiss on Jeff's mouth. "You are rather full of yourself, aren't you? One night and you assume I want happy ever after with you?"

"No. I mean..." Heat flushed Jeff's face. Embarrassment slid toward anger. He didn't appreciate being laughed at.

"I'm just saying maybe you should try it. Dip your toe in the pool. Try more than one encounter. More than one night. Take a chance and see if you can find someone willing to get to know you, someone who wants to be with you. Sex may be great by itself but it's just icing on the cake when it's with someone who cares."

His irritation faded as quickly as it bloomed. The idea was appealing. He already had proof that the fringe benefits were excellent. "And how would I start?"

Ollie's grin spread wide as he slid down into the bed next to Jeff. "Come back tonight. See what happens."

Chapter Five

Jeff's computer screen blurred as his mind wandered. Again. "Damn..." Fortunately, his desk hid the results of his drifting memories. Desire raced through his veins, leaving him almost giddy. Except he didn't do giddy. He didn't do breakfast.

Ollie. The memory of the man against him, in him—a shudder of need whipped down his spine. So hot.

Ollie had invited him back for round two tonight. Or round three if Jeff counted this morning. *A little more substantial... Best sex ever...*

The two opposing ideas took turns chasing each other through his mind. Jeff never considered himself substantial material. Not in a relationship way. The idea was ludicrous.

This morning, curled around Ollie, with the heat of his glorious ass tight around Jeff's cock, anything seemed possible. The cold light of day illuminated the facts. Jeff wasn't the type to settle down. Then again, Ollie offered only a taste. The full menu could wait. What would be the harm in seeing him again?

Jeff whirled his chair away from his computer. The blinds allowed strips of the setting sun through his window. Almost six o'clock. The bakery's closing time.

Taking a deep breath, Jeff tried to analyze his hesitation. He'd always been a logical thinker—programs and systems worked based on reason. He should be able to determine the logical course for his dilemma. Instead, a list of excuses formed.

He wasn't really out. A relationship meant not hiding, shining a spotlight on his sexuality. Not that he was ashamed of being gay. He was what he was. Nothing would change him, but he hated being the subject of gossip. He'd spent his childhood watching people whisper behind hands about his mother, about him. Letting people in, like Clarissa, like Ollie, meant letting personal parts of himself out.

No one had assumed they were more than just friends. Clarissa wasn't a problem. She'd been dating Larry forever and everyone knew it. But with Ollie...big difference. Of course, agreeing to stand up with Clarissa at her wedding probably already outed him.

And then there was the man himself. Ollie wasn't exactly inconspicuous. Between the shaved head and gauged ears, he'd stand out in a crowd.

The only part of his life Jeff wanted attention was his work. Otherwise, he'd prefer being invisible. With Ollie, he would never be able to hide in the background.

Would that be so bad?

"Damn." Why did Clarissa have to be out of town? Twirling back to his desk, he grabbed his phone. Maybe...

Staring at the keypad, he hesitated. Clarissa would only encourage him to see the baker again. Being in love, she wanted everyone headed into happily ever after.

With a snort, he dropped the phone back on his desk. Happily ever after... Ollie had said they could try a relationship. See what happened. Sounded like dating. Something Jeff also didn't do.

Voices in the hallway called out good nights and goodbyes then the sound of humans faded. Like every night, leaving Jeff alone with his computer, his work. Cold, impersonal screen, logic chips and wires. His life's blood. A pile of plastic and metal.

Once again, memories intruded...the heat of Ollie's touch, the fire in his kisses and the sheer ecstasy of his dick deep inside Jeff.

While still not sure of the ever-after thing, Jeff needed something now, and a willing baker waited across town.

"Fuck it." He didn't bother to shut down his system, just saved the file and flipped off his monitor. "I can always end it tomorrow."

* * * * *

"Hey, boss!" Ricky's yell echoed up the stairs into Ollie's apartment.

Ollie had left the door open, hoping Jeff would show up again. Probably not. Afraid he might have pushed Jeff a little too hard, Ollie didn't expect him. But if he did...

"Yes," Ollie yelled back as he stuck his head out the door.

Jeff stopped halfway up the stairs. "Hi." The look on his face wasn't encouraging. A frown with slight lip biting didn't reek of anticipation.

"Come on up." Darting back into the apartment, Ollie didn't wait to see if Jeff followed. If he came on too strong, Jeff would bolt. Best to let things go at a slow pace and see what happened.

Ollie couldn't decide why this particular relationship was suddenly so important. Sure Jeff was hot, but looks weren't everything. Especially when the looks housed such a commitment-phobic package. Then again, Ollie loved a challenge. Sometimes too much. He ran a hand across his chest. Not that he could feel the tat through his T-shirt but the memory evoked a sting of needle against flesh and memories of a misspent youth.

"Hey." Jeff's footsteps rapped across the wooden floor of the living room. Stopping in the doorway, his gaze darted around the small room before meeting Ollie's. "Kitchen?"

"Yes. Hungry?"

Almost a leer, Jeff's expression revealed a hunger for more than food. Not to mention the boner not so well hidden by his dress slacks and open jacket. "I...ah...guess."

"Hang your jacket in the closet. No sense in messing up two expensive suits in two days."

"Yeah." Single-word conversations weren't exactly encouraging. Instead of complying, Jeff stood in the doorway.

Ollie turned back to the stove as if Jeff's inaction was nothing. "Hope you're hungry."

"Cake?" Jeff stepped into the small kitchen, his jacket still in place.

"Nope. I do more than bake, you know. I did attend culinary school."

"Really?" The one word showed more interest than anything Jeff had said so far. As if Ollie had piqued his interest. "Why?"

"Why culinary school?"

"Yeah." Jeff's body heat warmed Ollie's back as he peered over Ollie's shoulder.

"Long story, but the basic gist—I enlisted in the Army a couple of weeks before my nineteenth birthday. I had a choice of infantry, communications or cook. Communications sounded too techy. Infantry sounded like too much trouble." Ollie pulled the lid off the steamer. Poking an artichoke stem with a fork, he tested the doneness. "Of course we weren't in a shooting war back then. I'd like to think I'd have made different choices if we had been. But I discovered I liked cooking. The Army, not so much. I only joined because I was one skip away from doing something stupid and ending up in jail."

"Humph. I didn't do stupid as a kid. My mother did more than enough for both of us."

Interesting tidbit... "How so?"

"She had...issues." Jeff's flat tone kept Ollie from asking more. For now. "So the Army? But you're gay."

"No shit." Ollie put the lid back on then twisted around to face Jeff. "And right now, I'm very glad I'm gay." His hands circled Jeff's waist under his jacket. Fingers dipped below the waistband. The sharp linen shirt kept him from the warm flesh below. "You really should shed the suit. Dinner could get a little messy." Grinning, he raised one eyebrow.

"I guess I should have changed first."

"You could put on something of mine. You're a bit thinner but workout pants or some shorts with a drawstring should fit."

Jeff nodded but didn't move away. Hesitation flickered with his darting gaze. His teeth worried his lower lip again as one hand settled on Ollie's hip.

Enough inaction and indecision... Ollie leaned in. Nibbling on Jeff's mouth, he rescued Jeff's lower lip from further abuse. Swiping his tongue across the seam of Jeff's mouth must have helped Jeff's indecision.

Jeff's tongue darted between Ollie's lips. His hand tightened on Ollie's hip while the other hand tugged the back of Ollie's neck.

The warmth of his hand against Ollie's skin was cold compared to the fire of the kiss. Hard, almost desperate, Jeff's mouth covered Ollie's. His hand pulled Ollie closer as Jeff shuffled forward.

The kiss slowed to only slightly frantic then Jeff pulled away. Taking a deep breath, he pressed his forehead against Ollie's. "Need you." Jeff's whispered words were a soft plea.

"Need you too." Ollie wrapped both arms around Jeff, holding him tight. "But we have all night." One hand traveled up Jeff's back. The other slid under the tail of his jacket, cupping Jeff's ass. "And you'll need food for strength."

"Strength?" Jeff's closeness emphasized how much he needed Ollie. The ridge of his cock rubbed against Ollie's rising hard-on.

"Yeah. I plan to make you beg for my dick in your ass."

"I don't beg." One side of Jeff's mouth quirked upward.

"Not yet anyway." Ollie pressed a soft kiss against his lips. "Go find something to wear besides your fancy suit. I have the feeling dinner could get real messy." Ollie tilted his head toward the door of the tiny remainder of the original bedroom, now nothing more than a dressing room. "Look through the dresser in there. Second drawer you should be able to find something."

With a deep breath and a long sigh, Jeff nodded.

Ollie missed the heat of his body, but the stove warming his backside reminded him of dinner. The chicken rollatini should be almost done. Stuffed with seasoned goat cheese and breaded in crushed almonds, the rolled chicken should be filling but not too heavy. He definitely didn't want to put Jeff into a food coma, but he did plan to use Jeff's last ounce of stamina before the night was over.

* * * * *

Jeff looked around the tiny room. In an open closet, at least a dozen chef whites hung in a neat row. He couldn't see if the other side, hidden by a sliding door, held more of the same. A high dresser, five drawers tall, stood opposite the closet. A desk with a computer was in one corner. Another door led out of the room, toward the dungeon room. Maybe the bathroom? Probably. He remembered another door in there but he'd thought it was a closet.

Second drawer... Jeff pulled it open, revealing neat stacks of T-shirts, long workout pants and shorts. Grabbing a pair of dark shorts and a light gray T-shirt, he looked around for somewhere to put his suit. The office chair by the computer...

With a perfectly serviceable closet, why lay an eight-hundred-dollar suit over a chair? Tossing the shorts and shirt on a chair, he moved to the open closet. Flipping through the whites, he found an empty hanger. Stripping, hanging up his suit, changing into something casual, comfortable... Everything seemed a little too...substantial.

His aching dick reminded him to get over it. At least for tonight. Tomorrow, he could let it go. Never see Ollie again.

Yanking on the clothes, he tried to ignore the smell of a different laundry detergent, a scent he already associated with Ollie. His dark dress socks looked more than ridiculous with his new outfit and his dress shoes were out of the question. Stripping his socks off, he then stuffed them in his shoes. He stopped short of placing his shoes in the closet and opted for the corner near the dresser.

Not really ready to face the world—Ollie in particular—he headed into the kitchen.

Clarissa would have been jealous of the fine china gracing the small table in the corner. Several candles close to the wall illuminated a small platter of oysters.

A smile threatened Jeff's lips. Oysters on the half shell. In the center of the platter, several slices of lemon surrounded a tiny bowl of probably a horseradish or hot sauce. Could Ollie get more obvious? "You know you don't have to woo me to get into my pants."

"Not wooing." Ollie looked over his shoulder. "Fueling. We have a long night ahead of us. Besides, if I'm not mistaken, you're in my pants at the moment." Ollie waggled his eyebrows then turned back to the food. He sliced the rolled chicken into bite-sized pieces then put the food into a serving dish. "For later. Pour some wine." He set the chicken next to two covered dishes on the stovetop.

Two glasses stood near a wine bottle on the counter closest to Jeff. He checked out the label. A chardonnay. "Never heard of the label."

"Nice little wine from a small winery in Arkansas. A friend of mine recommended it."

Jeff sniffed the open bottle. "Nice aroma." Carefully, he poured two glasses. "Fuel, huh? What exactly do you have in mind?"

"Sit. Eat. We can talk over dinner."

Weaving his fingers through the glass' stems with one hand, he snagged the bottle with the other. "So what's for dinner? Beside oysters."

"Chicken rollatini stuffed with goat cheese, some asparagus spears and steamed artichokes. Dessert is roasted figs with honey."

"Damn. Sounds like you do know your way around a kitchen." Jeff's stomach suddenly reminded him he'd worked through lunch. Or worried through it. He hadn't accomplished much of anything today. Maybe dinner wasn't such a bad idea. A growling stomach at an inopportune moment could be embarrassing. And Jeff didn't like being embarrassed.

Jeff handed Ollie a glass as he slipped around him in the small room. "Not much room in here."

"I don't cook often. Usually baking all day sends me out to eat, plus it's really no fun cooking for one. Besides, I needed the extra room for other things." Ollie slid onto the chair around the corner of the table from Jeff.

"Like a dungeon?" Jeff reached for a slice of lemon, squeezing a few drops of juice on an oyster.

"Yeah. Like a dungeon." A soft snort accompanied a wide grin. "Except it's not exactly a dungeon. I mean, a sling, some stocks and cuffs don't exactly make a dungeon."

"Close enough." Tilting his head back, Jeff sucked the oyster from the half shell. The briny taste burst on his taste buds with the slight splash of lemon. "So how did that come about? The equipment?"

"Checked out a leather bar when I was young. Too young." Ollie snorted a sharp bark of laughter. "Underage as a matter of fact."

"How young?"

"About a week before my seventeenth birthday. Gay, horny, and to some degree, a virgin."

"What the hell were you looking for in a leather bar?" Jeff knew the type but he'd never been attracted to the idea or the lifestyle. One of the reasons he was surprised by his attraction to Ollie.

"It was a dare. A friend of mine said I wouldn't. I have problems turning down a challenge."

"Interesting." Jeff tossed back another oyster. His cock still simmered at almost half-staff. The interesting turn of conversation was sending him to full. "So what happened?"

"Met a guy who called himself Bull. Hung like one too." He chuckled as he picked up his wineglass. "Haven't thought about him in a long time."

"So..." Jeff took a swig of his wine. His curiosity got the better of him. "What happened?"

"Let's just say I ended up in the back room and a virgin no more. Couldn't sit down for several days." Ollie's face went serious, his gaze staring into space, unfocused.

Unease suddenly swept over Jeff. "He didn't force you?" His hand reached for Ollie's but he hesitated halfway across the space between them.

"Oh no. Not forced. But he wasn't happy at all when he found out how old I was." Ollie exhaled hard through puckered lips. "He was thirty-five. Just a little too much age difference for him. I looked a lot older than my age. I was shaving by the time I was fourteen." Ollie paused for another oyster. "No, he became a mentor and definitely a friend. He encouraged me to join the Army because he said I needed discipline. Drinking and screwing around wasn't getting me anywhere. Fun, but not exactly a viable career path. He said I needed self-discipline, and not the kind you find in a leather bar. So I never really got into the lifestyle." A big grin split his face. "Just some of the toys."

"Did he influence your tattoos as well?"

"Yeah. Because he had them and I wanted to be like him, I got my first tat when I turned eighteen." His hand ran over his shaved head. "Did this because of him too."

"First tat? But it looks like it's all one tattoo."

Ollie shook his head. "Started with one on the upper arm." Tugging his T-shirt sleeve up, he trailed his finger around the tat of a horned creature. "This one was first but it was like an addiction. I kept going back. The artist expanded on each subsequent design. Took years to get to where I'm at now. Bull thought it was funny."

"Do you still see him?" Jeff reached for another oyster and found only empty shells. He hadn't been paying attention.

"No. He died in motorcycle accident almost ten years ago."

"I'm sorry."

Ollie took a deep breath then smiled. "Me too. But life happens and death's a part of it. He lived the way he wanted. I guess he influenced me there too. It just took longer for me to realize the value of destressing your life. I think he'd be proud of me now." Grabbing the empty platter, Ollie stood. "I miss him." He placed the dish in the sink. "Next up, the main course."

"Smells good." Ollie's revelation about Bull made Jeff uneasy. While his story explained some of Ollie's quirks, the conversation was a little too intimate for Jeff.

Returning, Ollie placed a dish of asparagus and artichokes on the table then turned back for the chicken. The only silverware was the serving utensils.

"Forks?"

"Nope. Fingers." Ollie picked up a piece of chicken then offered it to Jeff.

"Fingers." Jeff's grin made it hard to get a bite on the food. Part of the cheese filling dropped on his T-shirt. "No napkins?"

"Huh-uh." Ollie slid out of his chair. Kneeling next to Jeff, he sucked the cheese from Jeff's shirt. His teeth raked against Jeff's skin through the thin material.

A jolt of need refreshed Jeff's flagging erection. "Fuck!"

Ollie raised his head. "Oh yeah. We will. Later." His gaze locked on Jeff's as if waiting to see his reaction.

Reaching over the chicken, Jeff plucked a leaf from the artichoke. He dipped it into a creamy sauce on the platter. Starting at the top of Ollie's upper lip, he ran the sauce over Ollie's mouth. When Ollie opened for the food, Jeff pulled it away and substituted a hard kiss.

The creamy sauce tasted of mayonnaise and lemons with a hint of something spicy. Ollie tasted of wine and heat.

Ollie's hand slipped into Jeff's lap. Warmth and pressure teased then disappeared down to his inner thigh.

"Shit." Jeff lost his lock on the kiss. Fingers slid up the leg of the borrowed shorts, under the leg of his briefs. As Ollie teased his balls, Jeff renewed the kiss. The forgotten artichoke petal smashed against Ollie's neck as Jeff grabbed hold hard. The smashed vegetable fell down Ollie's sleeve then hit the floor.

A chuckle interrupted the moment. "Now you have to clean up the mess you made."

Without missing a beat, Jeff ran his lips down Ollie's jaw to the swath of sauce. A long, slow lick gathered most of the savory cream. "Mmm...tastes good."

Suckling on the spot between neck and the shoulder brought on a hard shudder from Ollie.

"Sensitive?"

"Yeah." Ollie removed his hand from Jeff's shorts then backed away. "But we haven't finished dinner." His grin bordered on evil.

"Fine." Two could play this game. While teasing wasn't one of Jeff's strong points—hit-and-run sex didn't leave much time for practice—Jeff was a quick learner. Pulling away, he reached for an asparagus spear.

With an open mouth, Jeff rolled his tongue around the tip. Lemon with a bite of coarse salt seasoned the vegetable. "Mmmm..." His over-exaggerated moan garnered both an eye roll and a groan from Ollie. He pulled the vegetable from his mouth, sucking the tip to create an audible pop. "Good stuff."

Puckering his lips around the asparagus, Jeff pulled the long spear out then pushed it back in. With slow strokes, Jeff fucked his mouth while his gaze never left Ollie's face.

"Damn." Ollie sat back in his chair, hand in his lap over his erection. "Keep that up and dinner will get cold."

"Really?" Jeff put the asparagus out of its misery with a quick bite and hasty chewing. Dropping out of his chair to his knees, Jeff scooted the short distance between him and Ollie. His fingers tugged Ollie's waistband. "I bet dinner will taste great cold."

Ollie lifted up in his chair, his fingers helping Jeff pull his shorts down. His cock was full. The crown infused red and ready.

Kneeling between Ollie's open thighs, Jeff decided playing with food was fun. Reaching across the table, he dipped three fingers into the artichoke sauce.

Gripping the seat of the chair, Ollie stiffened in his seat.

Drizzled over the head of Ollie's dick, the white cream resembled something less table worthy.

Jeff ran his fingers over Ollie's lips, pushing his fingers into his mouth. "Suck them clean. Then I'll return the favor."

A harsh moan vibrated around Jeff's fingers. Jeff mimicked his actions with the asparagus, quick, short strokes, finger-fucking Ollie's mouth.

"You're good at this. Maybe I'll let you suck me instead."

A sharp bite surprised him but the pain only added to Jeff's growing desire.

With no warning, Ollie pushed him backward. His hard body tackled Jeff, taking him to the floor. Rough kisses kept him from voicing his surprise. Warm hands ran up under his shirt, pushing it up under his arms. Fingers tweaked and pinched his nipples.

"Too bad these aren't pierced." Ollie's growl added more fuel than food ever could.

A quick bite on one nipple elicited a sharp bark of pain from Jeff and an even more jagged spike of need. A fleeting thought about piercings raced through his mind.

Instead of continuing his torment, Ollie moved off Jeff. His hands tugged the borrowed shorts down until he freed Jeff's cock.

Before Jeff realized Ollie's intent, he found the luscious baker's hard, thick thighs straddling his head. "Oh yeah." Jeff wrapped a hand around the base of Ollie's dick

then guided it into his mouth. The savory sauce added a layer of flavor to the bitter pre-come glistening from the slit.

As he suckled Ollie's taste, wet heat engulfed his cock. He couldn't remember the last time he'd been in a sixty-nine but the give and take of stroke for stroke was an echo of intense pleasure. His evening might be over faster than he expected.

His hips moved up to match Ollie's down stroke. Up, down, hot, wet and deep. So deep. Faster...

Jeff matched Ollie's pace. Sinking into the pleasure, Jeff pulled Ollie's length deeper in his throat. Unable to speak, he moaned around the thick flesh. A matching moan vibrated around his cock.

Running a finger between Ollie's tight cheeks, he pressed against his hole. The echo continued as Ollie mimicked his actions.

Push, pull, up, down. Too much. Too soon. The evening couldn't end now. Jeff wanted more before he ran away from the idea of a relationship.

Too late. His body tensed as he gave up his come. His arms wrapped around Ollie's hips, holding him tight as Ollie swallowed everything he had to offer.

The first shot of Ollie's return fire nearly choked Jeff, but he forced the gag back.

Ollie sucked hard as he came, pulling the last of come from Jeff.

Not ready but not ready... Jeff wasn't substantial material, but he wasn't ready to end it. Not yet. Not now. Maybe tomorrow. Maybe the next day. Couldn't hurt to taste test the menu. See if repeat business worked for him.

As Ollie released him, cool air teased Jeff's cock. His rough jaw rested against Jeff's thigh. "Damn. That's not exactly the dessert I had planned. At least, not the first course of dessert."

Jeff eased Ollie's cock free. "We can always try again later."

"So you might come back tomorrow?"

“Yeah.” A sense of relief added to the glow of climax. “Although I’d rather stay until tomorrow. Takes more than one night to get accustom to a strange bed, you know.”

Chapter Six

Jeff stood next to Clarissa in the reception line with her new husband, the best man and the parents of the bride and groom. Only a few people remained to greet.

More people turned out than he expected with the short notice. Most of the people he knew were from work. Clarissa was almost as bad as he was about friends.

Larry's family and friends were different and not exactly what Jeff expected. Actually, Larry wasn't the type he thought Clarissa would end up marrying. But they say opposites attract...

One more time, he stood on tiptoe, looking through the mingling guests in search of his opposite. A first step in his attempt at a real relationship – introduce him to friends.

Clarissa nudged him with her elbow. "What's with you? You act like you're expecting something bad to happen." She narrowed her gaze at him. "You really did get the cake, right?"

"Yes! And you'll love it. Looking for someone in particular." Jeff grinned as he caught sight of Ollie waving from the door. Jeff's throat nearly closed as his gaze devoured the sight of him.

In a pair of gray dress slacks, his matching vest highlighted his shoulders and bulging biceps encased in a light blue long-sleeved shirt. He looked positively edible.

"You have a date for my wedding?" She whacked him hard with her elbow. "You've been holding out. Is he the reason you kept hiding a yawn during the ceremony?" Her gaze must have followed Jeff's because she fixed on Ollie's approach. "Who is he?"

"Your baker," Jeff whispered as Ollie stepped in at the end of the reception line. The short wait almost had Jeff dancing in anticipation.

"Hey." Ollie shook Jeff's outstretched hand with a tight grip. "Getting everything set up took longer than I expected."

A long sigh of relief wanted to escape but Jeff held it back. He hadn't realized how much he'd looked forward to tonight until now. "Ollie, this is Clarissa. Clarissa, Ollie Cranford of Cranford Designs." Yet at the same time, his heart raced with nerves at being in public with another man, and someone so different.

Ollie wrapped her hand in both of his. "I want to thank you for sending Jeff searching for your cake."

"Reaaally..." An eyebrow arched as she darted a glance at Jeff. "He hasn't mentioned anything about the cake, other than to assure me it's beautiful."

"And elegant." Jeff chuckled as he winked at Ollie. "I learned a lot about cakes."

"And frosting." Ollie's eyebrows lifted quickly then lowered.

"Oh, we definitely have to talk." Clarissa glared at Jeff before turning her attention back to Ollie.

"I was putting the finishing touches on it back in the kitchen. That's what made me late. Wanted it to be perfect." Ollie kept glancing at Jeff.

A flush of desire and a sense of almost giddiness swept through Jeff. The last two nights with Ollie had been as memorable as the first, but exhausting. With Ollie's weird hours, Jeff's sleep cycle was whacked. Not that it wasn't screwed up to begin with. However, they'd both cleared their schedules for the rest of the weekend.

"I can't wait." Clarissa craned her neck, gazing around the room. "Where is it?"

"They'll bring out the cake as soon as everyone is served dinner." Ollie grinned. "I insist on a little fanfare with my creations."

"Oh great!" Bouncing on her toes like a child waiting for Christmas morning, Clarissa's eagerness made Jeff grin. "Everything I've heard about your cakes is fantastic. I'm so glad Jeff could convince you to do mine on such short notice."

"He's rather...persuasive." A quick wink flashed in Jeff's direction. "And speaking of short notice, everything looks great."

Jeff's chest swelled with pride in his best friend. She'd pulled off an amazing feat in two weeks. The hotel ballroom looked fantastic. A full sit-down dinner for almost a hundred guests waited. Plus she looked a dream in a long, fitted gown of silky cream-colored material. Someone who didn't know her would think she'd been planning her wedding for years.

Ollie stepped in front of Jeff. His body tilted forward. His lips creased in a hint of a pucker, but he stopped short.

Jeff almost finished the move. So close... He wasn't sure how he'd get through the evening. Although he knew exactly where he planned to end the festivities. Or how anyway. He didn't really care where as long it involved a bed and Ollie.

"Hey." Ollie canted his head toward the main doors. "Got a minute?"

Excitement flooded through Jeff like an electrical shock. He patted Clarissa's arm. "I'll be right back."

"Yeah." Her giggle assured him he was fooling no one. "Don't worry. We'll start without you."

Jeff resisted grabbing Ollie's hand. His feet nearly tangled as he hurried behind him. All of his standoffish confidence seemed to desert him when Ollie was around. Or when he thought too hard about the man.

The gray slacks hung on Ollie's butt as if they'd been sewn on him. Whatever happened tonight, Jeff wanted to sink his cock deep inside that ass.

Then again...bottoming held a new fascination. At least bottoming for Ollie.

Neither spoke as Ollie led them through a door marked *Employees only* then into a small, deserted corner.

"Wanna kiss you." Ollie's words rushed out with a hard breath. He pushed Jeff against the wall and made good on his wants. His hands roamed inside the tux jacket, fingers tweaking nipples.

Hard lips, teeth bumping, and tongue hot and deep morphed into gentle and slow. By the time Ollie stopped, resting his forehead against Jeff's, Jeff needed air.

A long, sucking breath kept him from saying anything. His body wasn't content to stay still. His hips bucked toward Ollie, bumping his erection into the hard ridge of Ollie's length. His hands circled the narrow waist then ran up the broad back. A shiver coursed through him.

"Should have gotten a room." Ollie took another deep breath. "Upstairs. Guess we'll have to go back to my place."

"Now?"

Ollie responded with a low chuckle and a shake of his head. "No. I mean later. I don't think Clarissa would appreciate me kidnapping you. You are the maid of honor, remember? Kind of needed here. At least for a while."

"Yeah. But see what you do to me?" He ground his hips against Ollie's. "Don't know if I can go back in there like this. A little obvious, you know?" Clarissa would kill him if he disappeared but he weighed the repercussions anyway.

"Hmmm..." Ollie pulled away. "Come on." Grabbing Jeff by the hand, he led them through a small maze of corridors. A couple of people nodded or greeted Ollie by name as they passed.

"How do they know you?"

"I bake wedding cakes. I'm here, and any number of reception halls and ballrooms, each week." Ollie opened a door marked *Men*. "Here."

The bathroom was a single toilet, urinal and sink with a door that locked. Relatively clean wasn't clean by Jeff's normal standards but at this point, he didn't care. Ollie seemed to bring out the need for the unusual in Jeff.

After flipping the lock, Ollie pushed Jeff against the door. "Now." This time the kiss started slow but Ollie's hands didn't.

Fingers flipped the button of Jeff's fly open, his zipper undone before Jeff could catch his breath. Ollie's hand dipped inside Jeff's underwear. His strong grip circled Jeff's cock.

"Oh god..." Jeff bumped the back of his head against the door. Kisses fluttered down Jeff's throat.

"We need to be quick." Tugging Jeff's underwear down, Ollie crouched near the floor until his face was level with Jeff's cock. "And neat."

Before Jeff could register the meaning of the "neat" comment, Ollie's hot mouth engulfed his cock. Quick? "Oh shit." Jeff gripped the waist of his slacks so they wouldn't slide down his legs. "Keep that up and I'll come right now."

Ollie released him for a quick breath. "So come now."

Once again, wet heat surrounded his cock. "You asked for it." One hand settled on the back of Ollie's head. Guiding the motion just a little... "Oh yeah." Heat rose through his balls, twisting a path through his dick. His hips jerked.

Slow, steady strokes urged climax, but Jeff held back. As much as he needed to get back in the ballroom, he really didn't want to rush this.

"Remember what you said..." Jeff grunted as Ollie took him deep. "About subbie and cock worshiping."

Ollie hummed around Jeff's cock then pulled back. His hand took over for his mouth. "Hey, I don't mind playing the role every now and then. If it feels good...why not?"

"Yeah." *Why not?* Suddenly Ollie's sling and stocks seemed less intimidating. Playing a role. Letting go. And being with Ollie felt good. Like dinner the other night and talking, in bed and out.

Heat flushed through Jeff's veins. His body tightened as his come rushed to freedom.

With a short grunt, Ollie took it all, everything Jeff had.

"Damn..." Sweat beaded Jeff's forehead as his body clenched in a rush of pleasure. The suddenness amazed him. Then again, he'd stayed half-hard since he met Ollie.

"Good, huh?" Ollie rose from the floor, licking his lips. "Didn't spill a drop either. Wouldn't want to go back to the wedding with come splattering that sexy tux."

"Uh. No." Jeff closed his eyes, trying to get a grip on his shaky knees. And his suddenly overactive imagination.

"We'll save that for later..." Ollie's eyebrows wagged in an exaggerated leer. "Come on. Pull yourself together. Your absence will be noticed."

"But..." Jeff glanced down at the obvious bulge in Ollie's slacks. "There's no way you can hide that boner. I need to —"

"Not now. You'll pay later." The grin splitting Ollie's face almost scared Jeff. After all, the man had a damn dungeon in his apartment.

Then again, Jeff's dick twitched with renewed interest. "Let's discuss it later. Just the idea could get another rise out of me."

"Good." Ollie planted another quick kiss on Jeff's mouth. "Because I plan to make you come many times before tomorrow night."

Borrowing Ollie's favorite phrase, Jeff whispered, "Sweet." A shudder shook him from the top of his spine to his ass.

"Now go. I'll be in as soon as things have...calmed down."

"Aren't you going to take care of it?" Jeff rubbed his hand against the ridge in Ollie's slacks.

"No. Saving it for you." Ollie unlocked the door. "Now go."

Jeff nodded as Ollie pushed him through the door then closed it behind him.

What a strange turn of events... Jeff considered himself a loner. Not one to become attached to anyone. While being alone forever wasn't appealing, it was the life he thought he'd chosen. Career had always been his first and only consideration.

Until now.

Granted, he just met Ollie three days ago. A little soon to be planning a happily ever after, but it was a start. Start of what, he wasn't sure, but it sure sounded like the journey would be fun.

About the Author

By day, Shayla Kersten is a mild-mannered accountant. By night, she's a writer of sexy romances. Torn between genres, Shayla writes erotic stories about hot heroes and their sexy women as well as hot men and their passionate heroes.

A native of Arkansas, Shayla spent four years in the Army as a missile specialist, stationed in Germany and Oklahoma. After her enlistment was up, she spent eleven years in New York City taking a bite out of the Big Apple. Even her love of theater and the nightlife of the big city couldn't cure terminal homesickness for the Natural State. In 1995 she returned to her roots in Arkansas.

Shayla now divides her time between her mother, her spoiled-rotten dogs, her dratted day job and her obsession – writing. And no, her mother doesn't know what she writes. That's between Shayla, her dogs and her readers!

Shayla welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her [author bio page](#) at www.ellorascave.com.

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