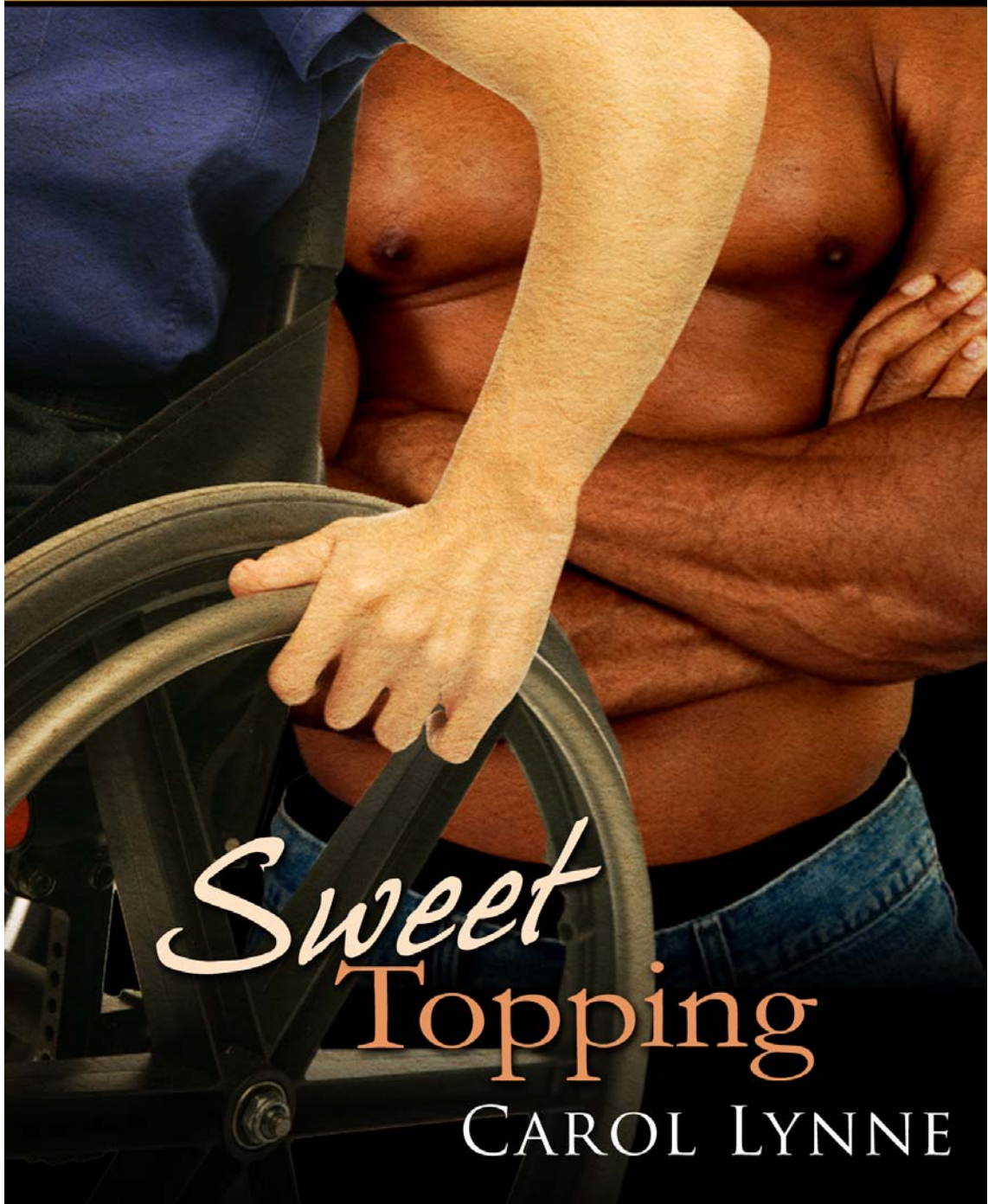




# CATTLE VALLEY



## *Sweet* Topping

CAROL LYNNE

A Total-e-bound Publication



[www.total-e-bound.com](http://www.total-e-bound.com)

Cattle Valley: Sweet Topping

ISBN # 978-1-906328-87-0

©Copyright Carol Lynne 2008

Cover Art by Anne Cain ©Copyright December 2007

Edited by Claire Siemaszkiewicz

Total-e-bound books

This is a work of fiction. All characters, places and events are from the author's imagination and should not be confused with fact. Any resemblance to persons, living or dead, events or places is purely coincidental.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced in any material form, whether by printing, photocopying, scanning or otherwise without the written permission of the publisher, Total-e-bound eBooks.

Applications should be addressed in the first instance, in writing, to Total-e-bound eBooks. Unauthorised or restricted acts in relation to this publication may result in civil proceedings and/or criminal prosecution

The author and illustrator have asserted their respective rights under the Copyright Designs and Patents Acts 1988 (as amended) to be identified as the author of this book and illustrator of the artwork

Published in 2008 by Total-e-bound eBooks 1 The Corner, Faldingworth Road, Spridlington, Market Rasen, Lincolnshire, LN8 2DE, UK.

### **Warning:**

**Warning:** This book contains sexually explicit content which is only suitable for mature readers. This story has been rated *Total-e-burning*.

**Cattle Valley**

# **SWEET TOPPING**

**Carol Lynne**

## *Dedication*

To Drew Hunt, my inspiration on a daily basis. Thank you.

## *Trademarks Acknowledgement*

The author acknowledges the trademarked status and trademark owners of the following wordmarks mentioned in this work of fiction:

Flexiciser:	Flexiciser, Inc. CORPORATION
Ford Explorer:	Ford Motor Company

## Chapter One

From his chair, Kyle watched as Gill walked into the party at the new church reception hall. He felt his heart rate increase as he studied the six-foot-five athlete. Never before had a man turned him inside out like Gill.

Finally coming to grips with his disability had been a hard fought battle, but he thought he'd licked it. That was until Gill walked into his bakery for the first time. Suddenly he wanted something more than to walk again. He wanted to be touched and kissed. Hell, who was he kidding, he wanted to be fucked.

Before his Jeep accident, he'd been quite the player in and around his hometown of Irvine, California. Now, Kyle sighed, he couldn't even sustain an erection for more than a couple of seconds at a time. To say nothing about the oh-so-not-sexy external catheter he had to wear to bed at night.

Kyle couldn't believe his eyes when Gill started walking straight towards him. Gill had come into the bakery quite a bit lately. They both seemed to enjoy flirting, but he knew that was as far as a relationship between the two could go.

"Merry Christmas," Gill greeted him, his deep voice vibrating the walls of Kyle's chest.

"Merry Christmas," Kyle grinned.

Gill pointed towards the folding chair next to him. "Mind if I have a seat?"

"No, not at all." Kyle felt his hands begin to sweat where they rested naturally on the chrome wheels of his chair.

He watched in awe as the big man sat in the chair. Although full-sized, the chair looked way too small to hold its occupant.

"You look good," Gill commented.

Kyle looked down at his khaki pants and navy button-up shirt. "Naw, you're just used to seeing me in an apron."

"Well, you look good in the apron, too, but I was referring more to your smile. You seem happier this evening."

Kyle blushed. How could he tell Gill the smile was because of him? "Thanks."

Gill reached over and ran his big hand over Kyle's thigh. "Although the pants look nice, I prefer you in jeans."

Kyle wasn't sure whether to be touched or appalled? No one ever laid a hand on his useless limbs. His question must have shown on his face.

"Sorry, don't you like to be touched?"

"It's not that," Kyle mumbled. "I don't know if anyone's done it since I left home. Most people try and pretend the bottom-half of my body isn't there. They never look lower than my face." Kyle shrugged. It was hard to explain to someone not in his position.

Gill touched his thigh again. "That's a shame. Everyone needs to be touched occasionally." Gill gave Kyle's leg a slight squeeze. "Do you mind if I ask you something?"

"No, not as long as you don't mind if I refuse to answer."

"Can you feel my hand on you?"

"Some." Kyle nodded. "I feel the pressure but its more like you're touching through a thick comforter or something. Does that make sense?"

Gill grinned. "Yeah. So the more pressure I apply, the more stimulus for you?"

A tighter grip on his leg had the desired effect. "Now?" Gill asked. "I don't want to hurt you, but I want you to understand that I'm not afraid of touching you."

Kyle felt his face heat as his cock actually twitched behind his fly. Gill would never understand the power that one sentence had over him.

"I felt it more that time," Kyle whispered.

He looked up from his leg to find Gill staring at his lap. *Shit, had he seen that twitch?*

"So, have you got plans for Christmas day?" Gill finally asked.

Kyle swallowed. Was Gill asking him out of curiosity or was their flirting about to take the next step? He wasn't sure which scenario scared him more. On one hand, he longed to feel the press of a man's chest against his once again, but on the other hand, he wasn't the same man he once was.

"Kyle?"

"Yeah, sorry. I'm supposed to spend the holidays with my family."

"It's Christmas Eve? Just when did you plan on going?" Gill asked with a chuckle.

His family had been hounding him for the past nine months about getting re-evaluated. The doctors seem to think he had promise as far as walking again. Until now, he'd pushed the idea to the back burner, but for the chance at a normal life with Gill? "I'll drive to

Sheridan in the morning and get a flight out from there. It's cheaper than flying before Christmas. Most people are already at their destinations by then."

Gill smiled and nodded. "Where's home for you?"

"Here in Cattle Valley, but my parents live in Irvine. What about you? Big plans?"

"Naw, I went home for Thanksgiving. I'll probably spend the day watching television."

"Hey, Gill, can you come over here for a minute?" Hal shouted from across the room.

Gill looked from Kyle to Hal and back to Kyle. "Sorry, I won't be long. You staying for awhile?"

"Yeah," Kyle answered as his leg was squeezed again. He watched Gill walk across the room. The small alarm on his watch chirped and Kyle sighed, time to visit the bathroom. He wheeled his way towards the restrooms, nodding to people as he passed.

---

"What do you want," Gill asked Hal. He didn't mean for it to come out as gruff as it did but Hal knew he was talking to Kyle.

Hal held up his hands in surrender. "Sorry, buddy. Didn't mean to pull you away, but Pam's car won't start and she needs to get the kids home for bed."

Gill turned back towards Kyle. He watched as the object of his interest rolled into the restroom. "Okay, but keep an eye on him. I don't want Kyle leaving until I get back."

Hal chuckled. "Will do, Romeo. Should I stand guard outside the restroom?"

"Smart ass," Gill mumbled as he went to the coat rack.

---

It was thirty minutes later when Gill walked back into the party. He spotted Kyle in the centre of the room. From the looks of it, he was getting ready to leave. "Oh no you don't."

Gill stalked towards his prey, happy to see Kyle's position in the room. He came to a stop in front of Kyle, blocking his forward progression and gestured up.

Confusion on his face, Kyle looked up and rolled his eyes. "Mistletoe. You know what the tradition is regarding mistletoe, don't you?" Gill asked getting down on one knee.

With a subtle nod, Kyle blushed.

"Do you mind if I kiss you?" Gill inquired.

Kyle's answer was to lean towards him. Staring into Kyle's eyes, Gill pressed a kiss against those oh-so-soft lips.

"Wow," Kyle whispered.

"I think we can do better than that." Gill's hand moved to the back of Kyle's neck and kissed him again. This time, their kiss caught fire and Gill moaned as he felt the swipe of Kyle's tongue across his own.

It was Kyle who finally broke the kiss. "I need to go," he said, looking down at his lap.

"Go home with me," Gill said, almost begging.

Shaking his head, Kyle refused to meet his eyes. "I can't."

Laying his hands on the useless legs, Gill kissed the tip of Kyle's nose. "Is it because of these?"

Kyle's head popped up, eyes wide. "My legs? No. I just...I gotta go." Kyle backed his wheelchair up and quickly manoeuvred around Gill, heading towards the door.

Gill scratched his jaw and watched as Kyle rolled away from him. "What the hell?" he whispered.



## Chapter Two

"Hello?"

"Did you see that Kyle's back in town?" Hal asked

"What? When did he get in?" Gill wiped the grease from his hands. He walked into the office and looked down Main Street towards the bakery.

"Sometime yesterday. I went in for a dozen glazed doughnuts earlier and he was there instead of Chuck."

"Thanks for the call. I think I need a doughnut." Gill hung up and went to the sink to wash his hands with soap. As he scrubbed his short nails with a brush, his thoughts returned to Christmas Eve. It had been nearly five weeks ago, but he could still taste Kyle's mouth if he concentrated.

Flipping the sign to 'Closed', Gill darted across the street. He'd had a lot of time to think since Kyle took off that night. He determined it was fear, rather than non-interest that drove Kyle away.

He'd spent a lot of time on the computer since then, trying to find out everything he could about paraplegia and some of its side effects. Gill shook his head, hell he'd even joined a chat group in hopes of understanding what Kyle was going through.

A smile crossed his face as he neared the bakery. Kyle had another think coming if he thought Darshawn Gilling would give up that easily. The old-fashioned bell over the door announced his arrival as he pushed through the door.

"Just a second," Kyle hollered from the back.

Instead of doing what he'd been asked, Gill went to find his man. He wasn't prepared for the sight of Kyle that greeted him. At least ten pounds lighter, Kyle's face looked shadowed and gaunt.

"Gill." Kyle's hand went to his chest. "You startled me."

"Sorry," Gill replied as he continued to study Kyle. "You've lost weight."

"A little, I suppose. Is there something I can help you with?"

Gill's eyes narrowed. "That's it? That's all you have to say to me after leaving for nearly five fucking weeks?"

Wheeling himself around the industrial-sized dishwasher, Kyle turned his back on Gill. "What do you want from me? I told you when I left that I couldn't get involved with you. I'm sorry if it hurt your feelings but that's the way it is."

Forced to take several deep, calming breaths, Gill tried to remember everything he'd learned. "So is it dating you're not interested in or just me?"

He watched as Kyle's shoulders rose in a deep silent sigh. "What's the point of dating? I'm better off trying to forget that part of my former life."

Oh, his little man was in the middle of a pity party. Walking around the worktable, Gill stood in front of Kyle once again and crossed his arms. "So the idea of ever being held or kissed again doesn't appeal to you?"

"Gill," Kyle said with a shake to his head.

"No, listen first. Dating doesn't have to end just because you can't walk. There are plenty of men out there in your condition who go on to lead perfectly normal lives. Hell, some of them even father children."

Kyle's brow rose. "I don't think fathering children was ever a goal of mine."

"One question. Are you attracted to me?"

"Don't be stupid. I have a pulse don't I?" Kyle looked towards the side, unwilling to meet Gill's gaze. "Attraction isn't the problem. It's my inability to be able to do anything about it."

"Bullshit."

When Kyle started to turn his wheelchair away from him, Gill put a hand out to stop him. "Don't run away from me."

"Oh, ha, ha, real funny, Gill," Kyle said with a level of disgust in his voice. "Look, let's just forget about it. We can still be friends, but it's all I have to give you."

Towering over Kyle, Gill got right down in his face. "That's two lies you've told me. Now I want you to listen up. There's nothing that says the two of us can't go out and enjoy each other's company."

"And then what? What happens at the end of the date? You give me a kiss and then drag your blue-balls home? Don't you get it, man? I'm trying my best to save you from a life that's not pretty or sexy. I'd rather have you walk away from me now than later. I know my own limitations, both physically and emotionally. I won't begin to care about you only to have you look at me with disgust when I piss the bed the first time."

"Don't you wear an external catheter to bed?"

Kyle's head snapped back like he'd been slapped. "You've been researching me? Why? Am I your new pet project? Get the fuck out of my store." Kyle wheeled himself backward at such a rate of speed his wheelchair struck the industrial mixer.

Gill rushed forward to help only to receive a punch to the jaw. Damn, his man may be small but he had one hell of a right hook.

He shook his head and grabbed his jaw. "Keep that up and I'll begin to think you don't like me much."

"Get out," Kyle growled.

Deciding he wouldn't get any further with Kyle in his present mood, Gill nodded. "I'll leave, for now, but you can rest assured I haven't given up. You can yell at me all you want for looking stuff up on the internet, but maybe, just maybe, you should give a guy a chance. I know a lot of what I'm getting into, and I still want you. If you decide that means something to you, give me a call."



Four days later, Gill was on his way in to open the station and slammed on the brakes in front of the bakery. Ryan's Sheriff's SUV was out front along with one of the deputy's cars.

Pulling into a parking spot, he crossed the street and pounded on the door. The bakery was obviously closed, so Ryan and his deputy definitely weren't getting doughnuts.

Rick Buchanon appeared at the door and shook his head. "Sorry, Gill, the bakery's closed today."

"Let me in or stand back while I break this motherfucking door down," Gill screamed through the glass.

He watched as Rick held up a finger and went towards the back of the shop. He was back just in time to spare Kyle's door from a well placed kick.

Unlocking, he opened the door. "Sheriff said you could come in but you're to wait here until he comes up, understand?"

"Where's Kyle?"

"Upstairs with Doc Browning."

"Ryan," Gill yelled. "You'd better get out here before I tear this place apart."

The heavily tattooed sheriff walked into the room shaking his head. "Gill, you've got the sense God gave a jackass. What do you think you're doing coming into a crime scene and shouting orders?"

Puffing up, Gill towered over Ryan. "What happened to Kyle?"

"Nothing, he was just a little upset so I called Dr. Browning. I'll call upstairs and see if it's okay for you to go up."

"What happened here?" Gill asked as Ryan pulled out his cell phone.

"Someone tried to break in again." Ryan held the phone to his ear and talked to the doctor for a second. "Okay, I'll send him up."

By the time he was given the go ahead, Gill was already half-way to the staircase that opened off the eating area. He took the steps two at a time, not bothering to knock when he reached the top.

Shutting the door behind him, Gill came face to face with Dr. Browning. "How is he?" Gill asked. His eyes darting down the short hallway towards what he assumed was the bedroom.

"He was a little shook up. I gave him something to help him rest." The silver-haired doctor shrugged into his coat. "I take it your planning to stay until he wakes?"

"You betchya."

"Well I've got to get to the clinic." Dr. Browning handed Gill a card. "My numbers are on there if he wakes and needs anything." The doctor looked closely at Gill and rubbed a hand across the back of his neck. "I had to put one of his catheters on him. Usually during the day he remembers to go regularly, but being sedated..."

"I'll take care of it," Gill was quick to reassure the man. The doctor gave him one last nod before heading out the door.

Gill wasted no time walking back to what he figured was the bedroom. Kneeling at the side of Kyle's bed, Gill ran his fingers through the spikey dark blond locks. He couldn't help but to notice the dark circles under those beautiful long lashes. With a light touch, Gill ran the pad of his finger over the delicate skin. "Why won't you let me take care of you?" he whispered.

That's when it really hit him. He needed Kyle as much as Kyle needed him. He'd walked away from professional sports because he was tired of lying to himself and everyone

around him about what he wanted out of life. What good were money and your face on a trading card if you were alone at the end of the day?

He'd managed a few very discrete affairs, but they all ended the same way. His partner always wanted more than Gill was able to give. It wasn't his career that had held him back, although that was what he'd always used as an excuse. No, the reason was he'd never felt enough emotions for any one individual to capture his interest for long.

Kyle was different though. He didn't need to date the man to know the way he felt about him already.

His eyes roamed first the man and then the room. It appeared two bedrooms had been joined to create one large space. Aside from Kyle's normal bedroom furniture there was a small weight machine and another piece of exercise equipment Gill wasn't familiar with.

Standing, he approached the equipment to further inspect it.

"It's a Flexiciser," Kyle said in a soft sleepy voice. "It helps keep me in shape by moving my legs."

"Cool," Gill said before going back to Kyle's side. He sat gingerly on the edge of the bed next to Kyle's hip. "How're you feeling?"

"Fine. Stupid. I can't believe I acted like such a spaz Ryan had to call Doctor Browning."

Gill reached out to run his knuckles up the side of Kyle's face. "It's not stupid. Someone tried to break-in. Anyone would be a little freaked out, especially someone with mobility problems."

Kyle smirked. "Is that what I have? Mobility problems?"

"How 'bout I make you a deal. You stop being such a smartass and making fun of everything I say and I won't pick you up and put you across my knee." Gill's voice was stern but he ruined the effect by ending the statement with a wink.

Looking sombre, Kyle reached up and covered Gill's hand where it still rested on the side of his face. "Why do you act like you care so much?"

"Because I do," Gill stated honestly. "I know I made you angry by doing the research that I did, but I wanted to go into a relationship with my eyes wide open."

Kyle's brows rose. "A relationship? We've skipped the dating part and went straight to a relationship?"

Gill shrugged, feeling a little embarrassed. "I already care about you. It makes sense that if I get the chance to take you out, my feelings will only deepen."

"I have no control of my penis and I very rarely ejaculate."

Wow, Kyle kind of threw Gill for a second by blurting that out. Still, he wasn't fazed. "That's fairly normal for someone with T10 paraplegia. But there are things that we can try together that can be just as pleasurable."

"Better than fucking?" Kyle shook his head in disbelief. "Nothing's better than a good screw, well except maybe catching a good wave."

Gill smiled. "A surfer boy were you?" He quickly sobered and bent over to place a chaste kiss on Kyle's lips. "Give me the chance to show you how much feeling your body still has. Say you'll go out with me Friday."

A yawn stretched Kyle's jaw before he slowly nodded. "Okay. Will you stay until I get back to sleep?"

"I'll stay all day if you need me to."

"Can I ask one more favour?"

"Anything."

"Lie beside me and hold me. It's been so long."

Without a word, Gill took off his work boots and stretched out next to Kyle. Instead of trying to move him, Gill curled himself around the smaller man in a protective embrace. He kissed Kyle's cheek. "Get some rest. It looks like you could use it."

## Chapter Three

Checking himself out in the mirror, Kyle tweaked his hair a little more before rolling his eyes. "Enough already."

He knew he was acting like he'd never been on a date before, but his nerves were definitely getting the better of him. As the minutes ticked away, Kyle's hands began to sweat. He enjoyed Gill's company, too much. He hoped he wasn't setting himself up for a fall.

The ringing phone took his attention away from the mirror just as his hand reached up to fiddle with his hair again. Shaking his head, he chuckled as he dug into the small pouch he kept around his waist for the phone.

"Hello?"

"Kyle? Its mother, how are you doing, dear?"

"Hi, mom. I'm fine. How's everyone there?"

"We're missing you terribly. Why don't you stop this nonsense and come back home where you belong? You know what the doctors said. With intense physical therapy, you could have the chance to walk again."

Kyle took a deep breath. It was an ongoing argument and was getting really old. "I've told you a hundred times. I need my independence. When I'm home, people hover and refuse to look me in the eyes. In Cattle Valley, no one knows me from before the accident. The friends I have don't dwell on my paralysis. I like it that way. This is my home now, mom. Please accept it."

"You and I both know that will never happen. We've the resources at our disposal to try and get you walking again. How can I just turn my back on that possibility? I miss the boy you used to be."

"Mom!"

"Oh calm down. I'm not talking about the son who used to walk. I'm talking about the son who didn't mind relying on his family."

"I was a sponge." Kyle shook his head. "Looking back, I don't like the man I was before the accident, and I hope I never go back to being that selfish prick."

"Kyle!" Now it was his mom's turn to sound shocked.

"Sorry, but I'm a good baker. I've always had a passion for it but you and Dad always said it was beneath a Brynn. Here, I don't have to try to live up to the family name. I can be me, and I like me."

"We'll buy you your own bakery if you come back home. You could open a chic coffee shop. They're all the rage you know. Then you could bake your little doughnuts and brownies to serve on the side and still have the therapy you need."

The doorbell saved him. "I gotta go, mom. I'll talk to you next week."

"Where do you have to go that's more important than talking about your future?"

"On a date, and I have a future, right here in Cattle Valley that doesn't involve spending hours in a hospital every day."

"A date? Kyle, I don't think that's a good idea. You know what the doctor told you about the possibility of a sex life."

"Okay, stop. I'm not about to discuss my personal life with you, especially my sex life. I'll talk to you later, mother." Kyle hung up and put the phone on the dresser. If he knew his mom she'd demand his father call him back.

Wheeling towards the elevator, Kyle grabbed his jacket from the back of the chair. Pushing the button on the intercom, he greeted Gill. "I'll be down in a second."

Hopefully Gill was a patient man because the elevator, though practical, took forever to descend.

Finally making it to the door, he unlocked it. Maybe he should give Gill a key. That would save him from having to come downstairs every time. Kyle rolled his eyes at himself. Here he was planning many return visits and they hadn't even started their first date.

"Hey," he said opening the door.

"Hi," Gill replied. He leaned down and gave Kyle a quick kiss. "You ready?"

The ringing phone from upstairs could be heard through the heating vents. "Yep."

Gill surprised him by waiting beside the door for Kyle to wheel through. Most people took it upon themselves to try and push his wheelchair whenever they accompanied him. Kyle was happy Gill had known it wouldn't be welcomed unless asked.

"Do you want to take the van?"

Gill stopped beside him. "Will it be uncomfortable for you to ride in my Explorer?"

"No, although it's a little high off the ground so you might need to give me a boost."



Grinning, Gill ran his hand down the side of Kyle's face. "You mean I'd have to put my hands on you? Damn, what a shame." He winked and led the way to his maroon SUV.



Gill was a little taken aback by Erico's fussing as they arrived at the Canoe. He personally escorted them to a table in the corner with only one chair present.

Funny, Gill didn't remember telling them when he made the reservation who would be joining him, but they must've known. It was nice for Kyle though not to have to wait while the chair was removed.

His face must've given his puzzlement away because Erico chuckled in that seductive way he had. "I stop into the bakery every morning for one of Kyle's lemon squares and to pick up the deserts for the day. I've been trying to seduce him into joining forces with me here at the restaurant. We could always use an onsite pastry chef."

Gill's eyes narrowed as he studied the oh-so-smooth Latin man. "Just make sure that's all you try to seduce."

Erico grinned and winked at Kyle. Gill knew the growl escaping from his throat was audible but he didn't care.

"Of course, Gill. I'm only interested in Kyle's...buns." Erico chuckled and headed towards the kitchen.

His gaze slid to Kyle who was trying to hide a grin behind his glass of water. "Does he talk to you like that often?"

"Eric? Come on, Gill, its Eric. He talks to everyone like that. He doesn't mean anything by it."

Gill didn't know whether to feel glad or insulted. "He's never talked to me like that."

Kyle choked and coughed. "I don't think you're his type."

"See," Gill said pointing towards Kyle. "He doesn't do it to everyone, just those that are his type. What is 'his type' by the way?"

"Young, small. I don't know, let's change the subject."

Deciding that would be a good idea, Gill nodded and reached across the table and took Kyle's hand. "Thanks for coming out with me."

"You're welcome."

The waiter came to take their order and Gill reluctantly released his hold on Kyle.



Lifting Kyle into the SUV after dinner, Gill didn't ever want to let go. As he placed him in the seat, he leaned in and kissed him. Kyle's tongue immediately ran along the seam of Gill's lips. Delighted, Gill opened to the exploring tongue.

Gripping the back of Gill's head, Kyle moaned as he took the kiss even deeper. Gill felt the hard press of his cock against his zipper and reluctantly drew back. "Feel like going to my house and watching a movie?"

Gill immediately saw the fear in Kyle's face. "Or we could go to your place?" He hadn't thought about the supplies Kyle might need for a late night or hopefully, overnight visit.

"My place would be better, if you don't mind? I know it's not as big as your house..."

Gill silenced Kyle with another kiss.



As soon as they arrived at Kyle's, he excused himself and went into the bathroom. Gill took the opportunity to look around the homey apartment. On the bottom shelf of the bookcase he noticed a dusty photo album.

"Hey, Kyle? Do you mind if I look at your pictures?"

"Uh, no, go ahead," Kyle called back from behind the closed door.

Taking the album to the couch, Gill kicked off his shoes and settled back. The first section held pictures of Kyle growing up. "Cute little shit," he commented to himself. Within minutes he felt like he'd witnessed Kyle's first eighteen years up to and including his high school graduation. His cock perked up in the next section. Gill ran his finger over a sun bronzed Kyle on the beach.

Picture after picture followed of Kyle surrounded by a large group of guys, all of them with surfboards. Gill wondered if these pictures were the reason the album appeared to have been untouched for so long.

As he continued flipping, he came across several newspaper articles detailing the wreck that had injured Kyle's spinal cord. After reading several of the shorter articles it appeared

the press had chalked the accident up to another spoiled rich kid out of control. From the looks of the Jeep, Kyle had been damn lucky he only lost the use of his legs. The vehicle looked like it was nearly split in two by the telephone pole he'd run into.

He heard the bathroom door open and looked up. "Wow, that was some wreck."

"Yeah, that's what they tell me."

"You don't remember?" Gill asked as he waited for Kyle to slide out of his chair and sit beside him on the couch.

"I don't remember anything," Kyle said looking over Gill's shoulder at the album. "Not where I was that night, or why I was driving home in my obvious condition. All I recall was waking in the hospital twelve days after the accident."

Gill closed the book and set it on the small end table. "So what movies do you have or would you rather just channel surf until we land on something interesting?"

"Doesn't matter." Kyle leaned and pointed towards the remote sitting on the top of the television. "You want to grab that for me?"

After retrieving the remote, Gill handed it to Kyle. "You choose. I'd much rather concentrate on you."

Gill received a pretty blush from Kyle as he turned the television on. He finally settled on an old black and white movie starring Humphrey Bogart. "This okay?" Kyle asked.

"Fine." Gill tugged on the long sleeve of Kyle's shirt. "Care to come closer so I can hold you?"

Kyle bit his lip and seemed to study the sofa for a few moments. "How? The couch isn't wide enough."

Gill's answer was to pluck Kyle from the sofa and deposit the much smaller man onto his lap. "How's that?"

Kyle gave him a smile and nod before leaning against his chest. "I'd ask you into the bedroom but I'm not sure I'm quite ready for that yet."

Gill ran his free hand down Kyle's back. "That's okay, baby, we have plenty of time to get comfortable with each other." His hand automatically came to a stop at Kyle's sweet ass. He couldn't help but to squeeze the heavenly flesh. "Can you feel my hand on you?"

"Y..." Kyle cleared his throat. "Yes," Kyle whispered against Gill's lips, a split-second before kissing him.

Thrusting his tongue into the depths of Kyle's mouth, Gill brushed his palm across Kyle's chest. Another moan from Kyle and Gill broke the kiss and pressed Kyle's head to his shoulder. "Let's see what Humphrey's up to?"

"Yeah, okay." Kyle turned his head slightly towards the television.

They settled in for a pleasant evening of old movies and stolen kisses. Gill would be lying if he said he hadn't wanted to pick Kyle up and carry him off to bed, but they had time. The important thing was getting Kyle comfortable around him. Only then, would Gill attempt to explore the physical aspect of their new relationship.

## Chapter Four

"Gill? There's someone downstairs," Kyle said into the phone.

Swinging his legs over the side of the bed, Gill grabbed for his jeans. "Call the police and then lock yourself in the bedroom. I'll be there in five minutes."

"I already called them. I just needed you," Kyle admitted.

"You got me, baby. Lock the door."

"I will."

Shoving his feet into his work boots, Gill hung up the phone. He grabbed his coat and keys on the way out the door. He cursed the need to scrape his windshield before setting off. Fucking winter.

Gill cleared a large enough area for him to see the road, and roared off down Bower Street towards Main. "Hold on, baby," he said to himself as he screeched to a stop across the street from the bakery and jumped out of his SUV.

"Hold up, Gill," Deputy Roy Jenkins said. "We need to make sure the place is secure before you go up."

He wasn't surprised Roy knew exactly the reason he was there. He and Kyle had been seen around town together for the past week and a half. Lord knows, word travelled fast in a small town. "Can you tell me if they got in this time?"

Gill had worked an entire weekend reinforcing the doors and windows of the shop in an effort to keep his man safe.

Roy gave a short nod and looked around. "Broken window in the back, but he or she didn't get very far into the building before we scared them off with our sirens."

"Dammit," Gill punched the front door frame. "I told him I should put bars on the windows."

Gill's anger suddenly transferred to Roy. "Why haven't you guys been able to catch him? Is there so much crime in town you can't protect one store?"

"Easy," Roy growled. "We don't have a big enough police force to babysit one shop owner. Despite what you think, there are other people in town who occasionally need our help."

"What's the problem?" Ryan asked, coming up behind Gill.

Gill spun and faced the Sheriff. "The problem is, this is the fourth time someone's tried to break into the bakery." Gill's eyes narrowed. "Only this time, they succeeded. The goddamn sheriff's office is half a block away. Why can't you catch this guy?"

Ryan took a deep breath and ran his fingers through his long black hair. "I know you're pissed. Hell, I'd be tearing me a new ass too if the positions were reversed, but I don't think our suspect is your typical burglar."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

Ryan looked up and down the street. "See all these shops? Not one has had a problem. Why would a thief target a bakery when Wynfield's is next door and full of expensive merchandise?"

Gill didn't like where this was going. "So you think someone's targeting Kyle specifically."

The thought of someone getting their hands on his lover had Gill seeing red. "Can I go up?"

"Yeah. We'll be here for a while dusting the window and ledge for prints, but I'll call up when we're done and you can lock up."

Gill shook his head. "I won't be here. I'm getting Kyle the hell out of this building." He passed Ryan a key off the small ring Kyle had given him a couple of days ago. "Lock up when you leave and I'll stop by the station and get it back later."

"Good luck getting Kyle to leave. Nate's tried before. Kyle seems determined to protect his home."

"We'll see. He sounded pretty shook up on the phone." Gill nodded to Ryan and Roy before heading upstairs.

---

Looking out the window, Kyle watched as Gill parked and ran across the street. When he didn't come up right away, he figured the police must've stopped him. At least he was here.

Kyle breathed a sigh of relief and reached for his sweats. It had been almost two weeks since Gill had started hanging out with him, both at home and around town. Kyle wasn't ashamed to say they had been the two best weeks of his life.

His partying days paled in comparison to spending time with Gill. Every date he learned more about the man, like the reason he quit professional football. Everyone thought there was a big scandal behind his decision to leave, but it was simple. Gill didn't enjoy playing for the pros. He loved the game, but not the politics that went along with it. When he'd amassed enough money to fulfil his dream of opening a garage, he'd quit and moved to Cattle Valley. It was really that simple, no scandal, no hidden injury. Gill was just a man who wanted the normal things in life.

Struggling into his ancient grey sweatpants, Kyle readjusted his condom catheter. He thought about just taking the damn thing off but he'd need to wait until he got the all-clear signal from Gill.

"Baby?"

"Gill," Kyle's heart leapt at the sound of Gill's deep voice. He wheeled to the bedroom door and unlocked it.

As soon as he opened the door, Gill had him out of the chair and into his arms like he weighed nothing. Gill carried him to the couch. "Are you okay?"

Kyle thought about it for a few seconds before replying. The answer wasn't an easy one. His sanctuary had been invaded, but on the other hand, Gill had come. "I'm better now," he finally said.

"Get some clothes together and let me take you to my place."

Kyle looked at the clock and shook his head. "I can't. I have to start baking in two hours."

"I don't think anyone would blame you for taking a day off after what happened," Gill said, smoothing his big hand over Kyle's back.

"I'd blame me," he answered back. "There are people counting on me to get their orders done."

"People like Eric," Gill mumbled.

"Yeah, among others."

"So call Chuck. He ran the bakery for the five weeks you were gone, surely he can manage for a day or two."

"I appreciated Chuck trying to run this place for me, but he screwed up a hell of a lot of stuff. No, this place is my responsibility. Maybe in time I'll seek out another assistant, but it won't be Chuck."

They had a few long moments of staring into each other's eyes, neither of them wanting to give in. Gill must've seen the determination in Kyle's face because he finally sighed and shook his head.

"Mind if I stay until I have to open the station?"

Kyle grinned and ran his hand under Gill's jacket to the bare chest underneath. "You might need to run home and get a shirt before you start work, although this is a great look for you."

A soft moan escaped Gill's throat as Kyle's finger circled a dark brown nipple. The sound pleased Kyle more than he could say. The two of them hadn't gotten into any real petting since they'd started dating. He was beginning to think Gill saw him more as a pity project than a real man.

His answer was there, in the heavy lidded gaze Gill was aiming his way. Kyle took a chance and squeezed the hard nub between his thumb and forefinger.

"Feels good, baby," Gill moaned again and leaned back further on the couch. "Touch me."

Kyle's fingers worked their way over Gill's smooth chest, outlining every dip of the sculpted abdominal muscles. "You're so gorgeous," he whispered as he bent to lick one of Gill's aroused nipples.

Gill buried his fingers in Kyle's hair and held him in place. "Bite it."

Grinning at the pushy bastard, Kyle took the nub between his teeth and bit down just enough to make Gill groan. Relaxing his jaw, Kyle affixed his mouth around the sensitive nipple and sucked, hard.

Gill's thighs started to spread apart and Kyle was almost dumped on the floor before he was caught. "Sorry," Gill apologised. "You made me forget."

The feeling of utter joy filled Kyle's heart. He wrapped his arms behind Gill's neck and pushed his tongue passed those beautiful full lips. When he pulled back, he rubbed Gill's nose with his own. "That was the nicest thing you could've ever said to me."

"You know, we wouldn't have this problem at my house. My family room has a couch wide enough for both of us."



Oh, look at his Gill, trying to tempt him into leaving. "You can show me after work. I still haven't gotten to see the inside of your house."

"Yeah, really? You'll come over and stay the night with me?"

Whoa, he hadn't said he'd spend the night. He was about to set Gill straight when he was given the big brown puppy dog eyes. After only two weeks, Gill knew Kyle couldn't say no to those eyes. He chuckled and shook his head.

"I have a lot of supplies I'll need to bring if I stay over. Are you sure it wouldn't be easier to just stay here?"

"No offence, Kyle, but I've seen your bed. Hell, I've taken a nap in it, and I'm here to tell you, it sucks."

"What? My bed sucks?"

"Well, not really. The mattress is comfortable enough. It wasn't made for a man of my size. Put the two of us together and I feel like I'm laying on a two by four."

"My bed wasn't purchased with big strong, ex-football players in mind. I figured I'd always be sleeping alone."

"See, even you admit it doesn't work for the two of us. I'll help you pack stuff up and load it into my SUV before I go to work. Then I'll just swing by at closing time and pick you up."

"That's okay. I can meet you at your house. I have the van and I'll need to be back here at four a.m."

"We'll see," Gill said on a yawn.

"Why don't you lie down and get a few hours of sleep. I get off at two, so there'll be plenty of time for me to nap later."

Gill wrapped both arms around Kyle and kissed him, lingering over their combined tastes. "I want to watch you bake. Besides, I need to protect you from Eric when he comes to pick up his order. I just don't trust that guy."

"Eric's harmless. Besides, I think you intimidate the hell out of him. He knows we're dating."

"Hasn't stopped him in the past."

"I don't think he's ever tried to take on someone of your size and strength before. He may be a player, but he's not stupid."

“Good, but just to make sure, I’ll accompany you downstairs and give him the famous territorial stare.”

Laughing, Kyle tweaked Gill’s bruised nipple in retaliation. “Just don’t piss in the corners.”



While Kyle mixed a batch of dough in the industrial mixer, Gill cleaned up the glass from the broken window. He’d looked up the number for a security company and planned to call them as soon as they opened. Kyle had finally relented and agreed he could use a security system, complete with bars on the back windows.

“I draw the line at anything messing up the front though,” Kyle had stated firmly.

When Gill had questioned Kyle on why he didn’t already have an alarm system in place, Kyle laughed. “It’s a bakery for God’s sake. I don’t have anything of real value other than my equipment, and I’d like to see someone try and lug one of these mixers out of here. Besides, I close at two and take the day’s cash to the bank during daylight hours. The only money kept here is a hundred dollars in change and small bills for the register.”

Dumping the dustpan of broken glass in the dumpster out back, Gill tried to figure out who would be tormenting Kyle. It obviously wasn’t about money. Ryan had been right about that.

Going back inside, Gill stopped to watch Kyle drizzling frosting over his famous cinnamon rolls. “Have you pissed anyone off since you’ve moved here?”

“Huh?” Kyle asked, head popping up from his task.

Gill walked over and pulled another stool up to the work bench. “Ryan said he thought the break-ins were more personal in nature. Like you said earlier, you don’t have anything of real value in here. So why are they targeting you?”

Kyle shrugged his shoulders and tried to laugh it off. “Maybe someone doesn’t like my pastries.”

Gill couldn’t help what he was thinking. “Or maybe someone likes them too much.”

“What’re you getting at?” Kyle put his spatula back into the frosting bowl.

“Maybe someone wants you to close down the shop? Who would want that? Perhaps a certain restaurant owner who wants you to come to work with him?”

“Stop it, Gill. I won’t have you pointing fingers at my friends. Eric would never stoop so low. You’re just jealous, and for no good reason I might add.”

“Then who?”

“I don’t know. If I did, I’d tell the police.” Kyle leaned over and gave Gill a kiss. “Look, I’m getting the bars and alarm system. Can’t you just be happy with that?”

“It’s a start, but I won’t be happy until this fucker is caught.”

## Chapter Five

"Hey, is anyone here?"

"I'm in the back, Nate. Come on in." Kyle pulled the heavy door down on the dishwasher and turned it on.

"Hey, buddy. Heard you had more trouble overnight." Nate walked in and sat on the stool at the end of the work counter.

"Yeah," he gestured to the back of the building. "Guys are here now fixing the window and putting bars up." Kyle rolled his eyes. He still hated having bars placed on the windows.

"Makes sense with all the trouble you've had lately."

"That's what Gill says. I'm afraid the folks around town will think I don't trust them. There was a guy from Sheridan here earlier talking to Gill about an alarm system."

"Now that's the smartest thing I've heard you say. Bars are one thing, but I don't think anyone would blame you for a security system. Hell you live upstairs. You have more than your business to protect." Nate shook his head. "You're too independent for your own good sometimes."

Kyle narrowed his eyes. "You've been talking to Gill, haven't you?"

"Nope," Nate said too quickly.

"Liar."

Nate gave him a boyish grin. "He called earlier. He's worried about you."

"So he asked you to come in and brow beat me into getting an alarm system."

Shrugging, Nate stood and walked towards the front of the shop. Kyle heard the display case open and shut moments before Nate came strolling back in with an éclair. "I've missed you. Maybe I wanted to do some catching up of my own. Mmm, damn these are good," Nate said finishing off the pastry in three bites.

"I've missed you, too. How've you been?" Kyle saw the look in Nate's eyes. "Yes, you can get another éclair."

"Thanks, man." Nate disappeared momentarily before coming back with not one but two more pastries.

Kyle rolled his eyes. "Why don't you weigh five hundred pounds?"

Nate's brows did a happy dance as he grinned around a mouthful of food. "My guys work it off me every chance they get."

"Okay, that's enough talk of your amazing sex life."

"Speaking of...how're things going with Gill?"

"Subtle." Kyle laughed. Of course that was one of the things he liked best about Nate. His friend never filtered his comments because of Kyle's disability.

"Yeah, and you still haven't answered. I assume you can have sex, right? I mean you've told me you had some feeling in your lower half."

Feeling a blush creeping up his neck, Kyle nodded. "I have some sensation but not enough to come."

"And you know this how?" Nate prompted.

"Fuck, Nate, are you trying to embarrass me to death. I can't jack off, okay? I've tried and nothing happens."

"But you haven't tried with Gill? Why?"

Kyle shrugged. "He seems to be content with kissing and light petting."

Nate shook his head and groaned. "You two really need to talk. Maybe he doesn't want to put pressure on you. You ever think of that? Gill looks to be a virile man. I'm sure he's been forced to go home and jerk off after every date."

Biting his bottom lip, Kyle had to admit he'd never thought of that. Gill always seemed so in control. "What if I make my move and end up disappointing him? I've really enjoyed having him in my life. I'm not sure I'm ready to risk it."

Nate put his hand on Kyle's shoulder. "I have a feeling the two of you can work through anything as long as you're upfront and honest with each other."

"Can I tell you something that I haven't told anyone else in town?"

"Not even Gill?"

"Especially not Gill." Kyle wiped at a scratch on the work table. "When I went back to California over Christmas, I was re-evaluated."

"And?"

"I don't know if I've ever told you, but my spinal injury was incomplete. It's damaged but not severed."

"And?" Nate prompted once again.

"They think I can learn to walk again with enough therapy."

"That's fantastic." Nate slapped Kyle on the back. "So when do you start?"

"I'm not."

"What? Don't be an ass."

Kyle shook his head. "It's not that I don't want to walk again. I just don't want to do what it would *take* to walk again."

"Meaning what? You're afraid of hard work?"

"No, Cattle Valley doesn't have what I'd need. Which means I'd have to either move to Sheridan or go back to Irvine."

Kyle blew out a breath. He'd been over this every day in his mind since he'd talked to the doctors. "For the first time in my life, I have something real. At first it was the bakery, but now it's Gill. It could take months or years to get me on my feet again. Gill's here now. How long do you think he'd wait? I can't risk it."

Looking frustrated, Nate buried his fingers in his hair. "Okay, let me get this straight. You're worried about your handicap getting in the way of your relationship with Gill. But in the meantime, you won't do what it takes for you to walk again, because Gill might forget about you? That's fucked-up, Kyle."

"Yeah, I know. Welcome to my fucked-up world."



After a short nap, Kyle decided to go over to the garage instead of waiting for Gill to pick him up. It was only fair since Gill had watched him work earlier in the day.

Wheeling his way to the front door of the station, Kyle stopped. "What in the world?" He looked at the brand new door and shook his head. Pushing the handicapped button, the doors opened automatically.

Gliding easily through the wide entrance, Kyle went in search of Gill. "Hey, anybody here?"

Gill slid out from under a car. "Hey, baby."

"What's with the new door?" Kyle asked, wheeling over to Gill. "And why are you scrunched up under that car instead of putting it on the hydraulic lift?"

"Sometimes the old fashioned way of working on a car is easier. I may not have as much room to move around, but my neck doesn't get a crick in it either. As far as the new

door? Well, my eyes have been opened thanks to you. I hadn't given a thought to how hard a normal glass door is to open for someone wheelchair bound."

Gill gave Kyle a wink and a quick kiss. "Besides, I hoped my number one fella would visit me more if I made his access easier."

"Well, thanks. I appreciate it. Even though I'm the only wheelchair bound citizen of Cattle Valley."

Gill shrugged and went to the sink to wash his hands. "I can be ready in about twenty minutes. I just need to go over the day's receipts and close up."

"No hurry. I was hoping to watch you work." Kyle went over to the sink. "Besides, your ass looks great in those coveralls. A hell of a lot better than mine did on Halloween."

Chuckling, Gill looked behind him and ran a hand over his ass. "Really? You think so?"

A groan escaped Kyle's mouth. "I know so." Trying to keep his earlier conversation with Nate in mind, Kyle ran a hand over Gill's ass. "Nice."

Gill's eyes grew huge as he quickly stepped away from Kyle's touch. Feeling dejected, Kyle lowered his hand and head. "Sorry, I didn't mean to make you uncomfortable."

Gill sighed. "You did, but not for the reason you think." He turned around and Kyle was pleased to see the huge tent that had appeared in the front of Gill's coveralls.

"I did that? Just by touching your ass?" Kyle was amazed.

"Lately every time you touch me this is the result. My jeans help hold me in, but I've only got on long-underwear under these."

Without thought, Kyle leaned forward in his chair and nuzzled the erection trapped behind the greasy material. He felt Gill's length and girth against his cheek and moaned. Reaching up, he started unbuttoning the coveralls. "Can I taste you?"

Gill's cock grew against Kyle's cheek. "Just a minute." Gill practically ran to the office.

Kyle blinked in surprise at the sudden departure until he heard the lock on the door. Several moments later, Gill was back with an envelope in his hand.

"I hope you don't think I was being presumptuous but I got tested." He handed the envelope to Kyle. "I'm clean, but you deserve to see for yourself."

Kyle's eyes filled with unshed tears. "I was beginning to think you didn't want a real sexual relationship with me."

"What? Are you nuts? I was trying to give you time to get comfortable around me. I want the first time to be special, not mired by doubts and worries." Gill sunk to his knees in front of Kyle.

"I'm falling in love. Right now, taking care of my heart is a lot more important than my cock."

Gill ran his hands over Kyle's chest down his torso to his groin. "I love your body, baby, all of it. I think I know your fears. I know you worry about your occasional incontinence issues and your legs being thinner than they used to be, but none of those things matter to me."

Kyle felt a drop of moisture trickle down his cheek. Gill wasted no time in kissing the lone tear away. "I love you, Gill."

"Thank you. A man couldn't ask for more."

Gill took a rag out of his pocket and rubbed Kyle's nose and chin. "You've got grease all over your face from my coveralls."

Kyle grinned. "It was worth it."

"Yeah, it was. I'm going to go in and throw the receipts in a bag. I'll figure them out later. Right now I want to get you home with me."

"I could go for that. I can't wait to see this wide couch of yours."

"I think you'll enjoy the king size bed even more," Gill said with a wink.



## Chapter Six

Kyle knew he was taking too long, but certain cleansing preparations couldn't be rushed. The last thing he wanted was an embarrassing moment while in bed with Gill for the first time. It was all new territory for him, and Kyle didn't quite know what to expect.

In the old days he wouldn't have bothered to wash his hands let alone everything else. Kyle liked to think with his newfound self, he could be a more considerate lover. He knew Gill was sacrificing a lot to be with him and the last thing he wanted was to become a disappointment.

With his body as clean as a whistle, Kyle put away his supplies and looked at himself in the mirror. "Just relax," he said to his reflection. Taking a deep breath, he opened the door and wheeled into the bedroom.

Gill was stretched out under the covers, chest exposed to Kyle's hungry gaze. He felt momentarily silly for merely draping a towel across his lap after his shower, until he spotted the heated expression on Gill's face.

With a swish of the hand, Gill opened the blankets to receive him. "All done?" Gill asked.

"Yeah. Sorry it took so long." Locking his chair, Kyle used his upper body strength to get into bed. The hardest part was trying to figure out how and where to position his lower body.

"Just lie back and I'll take care of the rest," Gill said, reading his mind.

Removing the towel, Kyle fell back against the mattress. "I'm nervous," he admitted.

Gill rolled to his side and covered Kyle's exposed body up to his waist. "Don't be nervous, baby. I just want to touch you. I won't do anything that makes you uncomfortable, okay?"

Kyle nodded, trying to relax.

"Put your arms over your head so I can take full advantage of this beautiful chest." Gill's palms skimmed over his well-developed chest muscles.

"Nice."

"One advantage to being in the chair," Kyle stammered.

The feel of Gill's hand drawing circles around his nipples sent a shiver through him. Why did Gill's hands feel so much better on his skin than his own?

Kyle was further surprised when Gill buried his face in his armpit. He jumped a little when he felt teeth scrape across his skin.

"I like that you're trimmed here," Gill said, nipping and kissing the area under his arm.

Embarrassed, Kyle shrugged. "It's practical. I exert a lot of energy just getting around so I sweat a lot. With the hair trimmed, I save on deodorant."

Gill started laughing. "You tell yourself whatever you need to, baby." Gill smoothed his hand down Kyle's hairless chest and under the covers. He touched Kyle's hairless groin. "How much deodorant do you save shaving this?"

Kyle could feel his face turn bright red. "Believe it or not, I do spray deodorant down there. When you're sitting all day, the last thing you want is a sweaty crotch."

Gill released the skin of Kyle's armpit and looked him in the eyes. "I never thought of that."

"You wouldn't have any need to."

Nodding, Gill attached his mouth to Kyle's nipple. *Oh fuck.* The pleasure was unbelievable. Kyle's body longed to thrust up against Gill. "So good," he moaned smoothing his hands over Gill's bald head. The rough texture of Gill's beard added to Kyle's enjoyment and he was happy he'd talked his man out of shaving it off. He knew Gill was concerned about irritating his skin, but the rasp of whiskers only added to the sensation.

Wanting to give some of the pleasure he was receiving back, Kyle ran his nails down Gill's back. "Let me taste you."

Gill's mouth popped off his nipple. "You sure? Because I'm more than fine right where I am."

"I'm sure that I've longed to have a look at that big cock of yours. Now gimme." Oh, look at him being all bold and slutty.

Pushing back the covers, Gill sat up on his knees. "How do you want me?"

"Anyway I can get you, but let me look my fill first." Kyle studied the dark brown cock in front of him. Damn. His mouth began to water as he reached out and wrapped his hand around Gill's girth. "Fantastic."

He gave Gill's cock a couple of strokes, grinning at the growls that vibrated through the bedroom. "Straddle my face," Kyle said when he couldn't take the temptation any more.

"I have a better idea," Gill said. He turned around and climbed over the top of Kyle into the proverbial sixty-nine position.

Kyle suddenly felt uncomfortable. "Gill?"

A hand wrapped around his cock. "Yeah," Gill finally answered. "You've got a beautiful cock, baby."

"Yeah, about that..."

"Stop worrying. I just want to play. I know you don't have as much control as you used to. If you get hard, great, but if not, I'll still get to play."

Kyle took a deep breath. "Okay," he whispered. Hell, at least he'd emptied his bladder while in the bathroom so hopefully he didn't have to worry about that.

Turning his attention to the fat cock nudging his chin, Kyle wrapped his hand around it. Damn, Gill had big heavy balls. He decided to start with them before asking Gill to scoot down a little more. Licking the wrinkled skin, he inhaled Gill's musky smell before taking one of the big nuts into his mouth.

The pressure around his own cock increased as Gill moaned. Kyle wished he could tell if his cock was hard. It felt like it was or at least should be, but his body didn't always cooperate with what it felt.

After lavng and sucking Gill's sac, Kyle nudged his hip and chuckled. "I can't reach your cock without being smothered by these balls," he joked.

"Sorry," Gill said and moved closer to the head of the bed.

"No need to be sorry, I quite enjoyed my time spent with your balls."

Gill slapped Kyle on the side of the leg. "You're certainly cheeky all of the sudden."

"I know," Kyle stated proudly. "Kind of nice for a change. I guess it means I'm feeling more comfortable."

Gill gripped his cock tighter and nipped the skin at the base of his penis. "Good, because I want you to be completely open to me."

"In that case, why don't you turn around and let me give you a proper blow-job."

Moving, Gill sat beside Kyle. "I'm sorry, weren't you enjoying it?"

"It's not that. I just can't tell whether I'm getting it up or not, and I'm spending so much time thinking about it, I can't concentrate on you." Kyle ran his hand down Gill's solid length. "And I so want to do this cock justice."

"Okay, one at a time." Gill leaned over and kissed Kyle before straddling him again. The kiss was deep and long, with Gill playfully biting at Kyle's tongue. "I love the way you kiss."

"Mmm," Kyle moaned. "You can have all the kisses you want any time you want them."

"I'll remember that," Gill chuckled.

"Help me sit up against the headboard."

With a nod, Gill gripped Kyle under his arms and lifted him effortlessly up the bed and into a sitting position. After taking one more kiss, Gill stood and straddled Kyle.

Taking the big cock in his fist, Kyle rubbed it against his cheek before slapping himself with it a couple of times. Looking up into Gill's eyes, he licked the cock from base to crown, eliciting a moan from his lover. "Like that?"

"More," Gill ground out between clenched teeth.

Taking as much as he could into his mouth, Kyle sucked hard while squeezing the root in a tight fisted grip.

"Kyle!" Gill yelled in warning.

Smiling to himself, Kyle bobbed up and down the length of Gill's cock, setting his hand to the same rhythm.

Gill's hips started to snap towards his face, his big man losing the control he'd been so proud of.

Soon, Gill's hands were buried in his hair and he was all out fucking Kyle's mouth. "Gonna," he howled seconds before the first thick rope of cum hit the back of Kyle's throat.

Kyle couldn't keep from moaning as Gill emptied his seed, whispering words of love and encouragement.

After Kyle had Gill cleaned, Gill slid down to sit on Kyle's lap. Gill's eyes went wide as he reached under his ass. "Baby? Someone's still hard and it's not me."

"Really?" Kyle was ecstatic.

Gill's eyebrows bounced up and down. "Want me to ride you?"

Shocked, Kyle stared at Gill. "I thought you'd never..."

"I haven't, but I would with you."

Kyle knew from previous conversations that Gill had never allowed anyone to top him. The fact that he was willing to with Kyle made the sentiment all the more meaningful.

Surprising even himself, Kyle shook his head. "I don't think it will last long enough. Besides, I'd just like to relish the fact that it happened at all. Maybe we could just sit and stare at it until it goes away?"

Gill started laughing and gave Kyle a kiss. He snuggled down beside him and rested his head on Kyle's hip. You think if we watch it long enough it'll do tricks?"

Kyle snorted. "You have no idea that my cock getting hard is a trick. I've pulled on that damn thing for hours before without getting this result." He ran his hand across the top of Gill's shiny head. "It must have something to do with the company."

"Or maybe it's because you weren't putting pressure on yourself to get it up?"

"Maybe," Kyle agreed. "Regardless, I hope it's a common occurrence from now on."

"What has the doctor said about your inability to sustain an erection?" Gill asked, running his fingers up and down the length of Kyle's cock.

"That every incomplete spinal cord injury is different. He said it may be a mental thing, but it could very well be a physical condition. I was told to forget about sex and concentrate on walking." *Shit, did that just slip out of his mouth?*

"Walking?" Gill asked, sitting up.

*Fuck, fuck, fuck.* "Yeah. That's one of the reasons I went back to California in January. I was due for my check-up and re-evaluation."

"And?"

"Can we talk about this later? I'm kind of enjoying having a woody for the first time in longer than I can remember."

"I'm not letting you off the hook, but I'll help you enjoy it." Gill immediately swallowed Kyle's cock. Biting down gently, it was obvious Gill was trying to give him the added pressure he seemed to need.

"Good, so good," Kyle murmured, his head rolling back and forth against the headboard.

Gill's rutting noises turned him on as much as the grip the man had on his cock. His arms broke out in gooseflesh as Gill repositioned his legs and entered him with his finger. With a violent jerk to his upper body, Kyle's head began to swim in ecstasy.

By the time he came back to himself, Gill was sitting up nose to nose with him. Kyle looked down at his now flaccid cock. "Sorry."

Gill shook his head and kissed him, pushing his tongue right in. Kyle tasted his own seed and pulled out of the kiss. He looked at Gill in amazement. "How?"

"The power of love, I guess."

"Was there much?"

"No, but evidently enough to make you feel good, that's all that matters to me."

Gill readjusted Kyle so he was flat on his back. Once again, tears filled his eyes and he felt like a wuss. He came? Kyle studied Gill's mouth. He hoped he never had to do without that mouth again.

"You okay?" Gill asked snuggling up and kissing Kyle's neck.

"Are you kidding? I'm fucking terrific. Can I keep you?"

Laughing, Gill rewarded him with another kiss. "I'm counting on it."

## Chapter Seven

With two dozen doughnuts in hand, Gill walked into the Sheriff's station. "Hi, Pam, is Ryan in yet?"

"Hi, Gill. He just got here. Let me buzz him for you."

Gill grinned at the way Pam eyed the bright green box in his hands as she spoke to Ryan. When she hung up, he decided to put her out of her misery. "These are for you guys. Do you have a plate or something, so I can take a couple to Ryan's office with me?"

Pam rose and went to the small table in the corner of the room. She poured Gill a cup of coffee and retrieved a paper plate. "Here ya go."

Gill stacked half a dozen doughnuts on the plate and gave Pam a wink as he topped the pile off with a bribe for Ryan. "Believe it or not, I haven't gotten any of these yet."

Pam rolled her eyes. "Yeah, right. If you don't watch yourself, dating Kyle is going to have a direct effect on your waistline."

Looking down, Gill patted his still flat stomach. "Bite your tongue, woman."

Carrying the doughnuts and his coffee down the hall, he walked into Ryan's office. "Morning."

"Doughnuts?" Ryan said, jumping up from his chair to take the plate from Gill. After waving the plate under his nose, Ryan set them on his desk before giving Gill a once over. "Are these a bribe?"

"No, but if they were, would they get me some answers?" Gill took a seat in front of Ryan's desk.

"I'd say no, but I see you brought me a cinnamon roll, so the answer is maybe." Ryan chuckled and picked up the frosted pastry. "Ahh, what all cops live on," he said enjoying his first bite. Kyle still makes the best cinnamon rolls I've ever tasted."

Gill's brow rose. "When you quit making out with the pastry, can we get down to what's going on with the break-ins?"

"We still don't know much. Whoever's behind these attempted break-ins is either stupid or he's just fucking with Kyle. The first three attempts were lame, mostly scratches on the door to appear that someone had tried to break-in. The broken window was a bust. From

what we can tell, the guy never attempted to actually enter the building. So the question remains, who and why would someone go to all the trouble?"

Biting into a chocolate frosted cake doughnut, Gill shook his head. "No clue. I'll talk to Kyle about it and see if he can come up with anything."

"Stop by again with another cinnamon roll after you talk to him," Ryan laughed.



When six o'clock came and Kyle had yet to arrive, Gill called the bakery. Surprised when the answering machine picked up, he left a short message and locked up.

Unlocking the door, Gill stepped into the bakery. "Kyle?"

"Gill? Damn am I glad to hear your voice. I thought I'd be stuck forever."

Trying to follow the sound of Kyle's voice, Gill headed into the kitchen. "Where are you at, baby?"

"I'm embarrassed to tell you," Kyle answered back.

"So you want me to leave and you can save yourself a few more hours of embarrassment?"

"I'm in the elevator. It's stuck between floors."

Chuckling, Gill made his way over to the corner of the kitchen and looked up at his man. "How long've you been up there?"

Kyle didn't respond right away.

"Kyle?"

"About three hours I think."

"Baby, what's wrong? I'll get you out of there."

"I wet myself."

Gill knew what that would do to someone with Kyle's pride. "That's perfectly understandable. Let me see if I can figure out the problem. Do you need me to go upstairs and lower you down some water or something?"

"No, just get me out of here, please."

"I'm gonna run out to my SUV and get a toolbox. I'll be right back."

"Okay."



Gill could hear the depression in Kyle's voice. He quickly ran out to his Explorer. Hopefully he'd be able to fix whatever was wrong with the small elevator.

Back within moments, Gill looked up through the grating at Kyle. "You still doing okay?"

"Yeah," Kyle mumbled.

Looking around, Gill determined the small motor appeared shot. "Have you been having trouble with this?"

"Not really. It gets slower all the time, but I figured it was normal wear and tear."

"The motor looks burned up. "I'll need to take it over to the shop to work on it." Gill didn't even know if he had the parts to fix it. "Baby? How mad would you be if I called the fire department to come help you get out of there?"

He was met by silence as Kyle seemed to think it over. "Can you call Nate and Rio instead?"

"Yeah. You got something against George Manning?" Gill had met the fire chief on several occasions and found him to be a very personable man.

"Not really, but the fewer people who see me like this the better. Nate and Rio will keep their mouths shut. I don't know George well enough to say the same about him."

"Okay. I'll call Nate and Rio."



As they hoisted Kyle out of the small elevator shaft, Gill made sure he'd be the first to get his hands on his man. He'd explained Kyle's predicament to Rio, Nate and Ryan so they'd be prepared. The last thing Kyle needed was someone calling attention to his wet pants.

As the three of them pulled, Gill lay on the floor and reached down towards Kyle. "Just a little more."

He managed to get hold of Kyle's hands and pulled with all his strength. Coming out of the hole, Gill immediately cradled Kyle in his arms and stood. "Thanks, guys. I can take it from here."

As Gill carried Kyle towards the bathroom, Kyle spoke over his shoulder. "I owe you a month's worth of desserts."

"Now that's the kind of payment I like to receive," Rio said with a chuckle.

Once in the bathroom, Gill shut the door and turned on the shower. Setting Kyle on the stool, he kneeled to remove his shoes and socks. "Sorry, baby, but until I can get the elevator working and your wheelchair out, you'll have to rely on me to get around."

Gill noticed Kyle's short nod. He knew it was embarrassment that was affecting Kyle's mood. After tossing Kyle's sneakers into the corner of the room, Gill rose up enough to place a kiss on his lover's lips.

"Please don't be ashamed. I love you, and all this?" Gill motioned around the bathroom. "This is all part of it. It doesn't disgust me or make me think any less of you. Being trapped for hours in an elevator could have this affect on anyone."

"I feel like a child."

Gill pulled off Kyle's shirt. "Funny, because you sure as hell don't look like one to me." He placed kisses over Kyle's chest as he pulled off the dark grey sweat pants. His own clothes came next.

"What're you doing? There's a chair in the shower, I can wash myself," Kyle said in an indignant manner.

"Maybe I need to hold you. Can't you please indulge me, just this once?" He gave Kyle his over dramatic puppy eyes.

Kyle sighed and clicked his tongue. "Fine, but stop using those big brown eyes to get your way, it's not fair."

Laughing, Gill picked up Kyle and stepped into the shower. He sat down in the special chair with Kyle in his lap. "You wash my back and I'll wash yours," he joked.

Groaning, Kyle reached for the shower gel and squirted a generous amount in his hand before passing it to Gill. He began to wash Gill's chest and underarms.

"I love the feel of your hands on me," Gill said, setting the gel back on the shelf. He reciprocated Kyle's loving touches. When he reached Kyle's groin, he applied a little more soap to his hands.

"I'm going to lift you up while I wash all your bits and pieces." He hoisted Kyle off his lap with one arm while quickly cleaning Kyle's sweet ass. When he felt Kyle was clean enough, Gill set him back down.

After they'd thoroughly washed each other, Gill turned off the water and reached for a towel. He rubbed the soft terry cloth over Kyle's skin and wondered if he'd ever been

happier. What happened to Kyle had sucked, but he felt with this shower, they'd made a huge leap in their relationship.

---

"You doing okay?" Gill asked as he finished fixing the small motor.

"I'm fine," Kyle yawned.

"I'm almost done and then I'll take you back to your place and tuck you in before fixing the elevator."

Kyle shook his head. "It's late. Why don't you fix it in the morning?"

"Then how would you get around the kitchen? It's okay. It shouldn't take long and I'll have your chair next to the bed when you wake up."

"Will you stay with me?"

"Of course, although, would you be offended if I brought over the queen size bed from my spare room sometime?"

"Not as long as you promise to sleep with me in it."

"Deal." Gill set the finished motor inside a cardboard box and went to wash up.

By the time he had his hands cleaned and the box loaded in his SUV, Kyle was sound asleep, slumped over in the chair. Turning off the main lights, Gill picked Kyle up out of his desk chair and carried him outside. As he buckled Kyle in for the short drive, Kyle began to awaken.

"Shhh, go back to sleep. I'll get you tucked in."

He drove half a block and parked in front of the bakery. He unlocked the front door and went back for Kyle.

"Okay, you're home," Gill said, lifting Kyle out of the seat. Kyle's arms immediately went around Gill's neck as he nuzzled his face in the crook of the bigger man's shoulder and neck.

He found himself squeezing Kyle a little tighter as he made his way up the staircase with his precious cargo.

After laying Kyle on the bed, he quickly removed his clothes. Knowing what his little man needed to prepare for bed, Gill went into the bathroom and returned with one of Kyle's condom catheters and the glue that helped keep it in place.

"Baby? Can you wake up enough to put this on, or do you want me to do it?" He didn't mind doing it, of course, but Kyle would be mortified in the morning. "Kyle?"

Kyle's eyes struggled to open. "I can do it."

Gill bent and gave Kyle a kiss before handing him the needed supplies. "I'm going to get started on the elevator. I'll be with you as soon as I can."

"Okay," Kyle said, fumbling with the catheter.

Gill looked at Kyle one last time before leaving the apartment. What would've happened had he not come over when he did? What if Kyle was left in that busted elevator until someone worried enough to investigate? The thought chilled him to the bone.

## Chapter Eight

The bell over the door signalled someone's arrival. Kyle quickly dried his hands and looked towards the front of the store. "I'll be right there," he called.

"No hurry," Nate called back. "I'm just looking at your goods."

Chuckling, Kyle wheeled to the front. "You'd better watch that, Gill will be on you."

Nate puffed up and wiped the side of his nose with his thumb. "Bring him on." He laughed and gave Kyle a wink.

"So, tell me what happened with the elevator. Gill rushed us in and out so fast, I didn't get the story. And were you really in there for over three hours?"

"Yeah," Kyle rolled his eyes. "I was going up to get showered so I could head over to the garage and the damn thing just stopped half-way between floors."

Nate pointed towards a turtle brownie and Kyle grinned and opened the case. "So why didn't you have your phone? You always have that thing with you."

Kyle handed Nate the decadent dessert. "That's the same thing Gill asked." Kyle wondered if he should confide in Nate. "I didn't tell Gill the reason. I just told him I'd left it on the work counter, but truth is, I left it there after a huge fight with my father."

Nate's brows rose as he licked the caramel from his fingers. "Why didn't you tell Gill?"

"He was the subject of the argument."

"Your parents don't approve? I take it they're not football fans," Nate grinned and stuffed the last of the brownie in his mouth.

"No, they aren't fans. They don't want me seeing anyone, because they're afraid it will keep me from going back to Irvine. Hell, they've already lined up a top-notch physical therapist." Kyle drummed his fingers on the glass case. "It doesn't seem to matter what I want."

"What do you want?" Nate asked, leaning his arms on the counter.

"Gill. He's foremost in my dreams. After Gill, I guess walking, but Gill comes first. If this town had a decent therapist, I'd be set, but I can't maintain a long distance relationship."

"He'd wait, you know."

"Yeah, I think you're right, but without him my heart wouldn't be in it."

The door opened and Wyn stepped inside. "When is spring due to arrive?"

"Not soon enough," Nate answered. "How're you doing, buddy?"

"Quite well, thank you. I happened to see you come in here from next door and wondered if you'd do me a favour?"

"Sure, you know that."

"I know you live out by The EZ Does It and wondered if you'd drop off Mr. James' special order?"

"Special?" Nate seemed to perk up at the words. Everyone in town knew Nate loved nothing more than fine clothing. "What did he order? Something from New York?"

Wyn clucked his tongue and crossed his arms. "I doubt that Mr. James would have a clue about New York fashion. No, I had to order in some new jeans and shirts. He's the only one in town who wears size triple x giant."

Kyle had seen the brief peck Ezra had given Wyn on Christmas Eve. He wondered if that was the reason Wyn didn't want to venture out to the ranch.

"I can take the stuff by, Wyn, but why don't you just call him and have him come in and get it himself? That way you could ogle each other some more."

"I do not, ogle. Will you take the clothes or not?"

Nate held his hands up in front of him. "I will, geeze, you're touchy. Something happen between the two of you? I thought maybe you'd start sparkin' before long."

"I don't want to talk about Mr. James any longer. I'll get the clothing bagged up and you can drop in after you leave." Wyn started to leave, but Nate stopped him.

"Wait, I'll walk over with you." Nate turned back to Kyle. "Can you box me up a couple of those brownies? I think my guys would like to nibble on some of those after dinner."

Nate made his brows dance in that funny way he had when he was thinking about sex. "Will do. Give me a couple of minutes."

"I'll be back."

Nate followed Wyn out the door and Kyle started folding one of his bright green boxes. He chuckled as he thought of anyone referring to Ezra as Mr. James. Ooh, Wyn must have it bad to be that pissed off.

---

"Hello?"

"Hey, Hal, it's Gill. I was wondering if you could do me a favour."

"Sure, what's up?"

Gill switched the phone to his other ear and handed George Manning his change. As he watched him walk out of the station, he continued. "I need to run over to Sheridan later to pick something special up for Kyle, and I was wondering if I could get you to ride along. I, um, need help picking his Valentine's Day present out."

"Let me get this straight. *You* need *my* help? What happened to the man I used to know? He'd never have taken my advice on something so personal."

Gill rolled his eyes and sighed. "If you don't want to, just tell me."

"Don't get pissy. It's just a nice change of pace. I was kidding."

"Well?" Gill asked. He was starting to lose his patience with his best friend.

"What time? I'm free around two but pretty booked until then."

"Two's fine. The Withers kid should be here by then to watch the register."

"I'll come by the station since it's on the way out of town."

"Sounds good, thanks, Hal."

"Oh, you'll owe me, but maybe I can find something for Casey at the same time."

Gill hung up the phone and looked down at the sales flyer on the counter. He hoped he wasn't jumping into the fire prematurely.

He picked up the phone again and called Kyle.

"Brynn's," Kyle answered.

"Hey, baby."

"Hi," Kyle said in a seductive voice.

"I need to run to Sheridan this afternoon to help Hal with something. I thought maybe you could call Casey and see if he wants to meet you at Canoe for dinner? Hal and I should be back around seven, so we could meet up with the two of you there."

"Yeah, sounds fine to me. I'll give Casey a call and let you know."

"Love you," Gill whispered into the phone as a customer walked in.

"I love you, too. I'll call when I know something definite."

"Okay, talk to you later." Gill hung up with his heart a little lighter. Talking to Kyle always had that effect on him.

\* \* \* \*

"So you've got me on the road. Are you ever going to tell me what we're shopping for?" Hal asked, turning the radio down.

Gill pulled the flyer out of his pocket and handed it to Hal. The snow was starting to get heavier the closer they got to Sheridan.

"Rings? Oh, buddy. This is big-time serious, isn't it?"

"Yeah," Gill admitted, refusing to look at Hal. He knew his friend would have a big cheesy grin on his face.

"So, are we talking a ceremony and everything?" Hal punched Gill in the arm.

Gill flashed Hal an I'm-going-to-beat-your-ass look. "Why the hell would I buy Kyle a ring if I didn't plan on asking him to marry me?"

Hal held up his hands defensively. "Just asking, man."

They rode in silence for a few more minutes before Hal turned back to Gill. "Will you get pissed if I ask why you're doing this so fast? I mean, you guys just started dating. Are you that sure of him?"

Gill gripped the steering wheel a little tighter. "Yes, I'm that sure of him." He exhaled and gave a soft groan. "Kyle has the chance to walk again, but he needs intense physical therapy. He won't even consider it, because he's afraid if he leaves town, I'll forget about him. I want to show him that I'll always be here for him."

"Wow."

"Yeah."

"Well then, to Sheridan, man, and step on it."



Eric greeted Kyle with a kiss on both cheeks. "Good to have you back."

"Thanks," Kyle said, following Eric to their reserved table. Casey was already seated, drinking a white wine. "Hi, Casey."

"Hey, Kyle."

"Can I get you something to drink while you're waiting?" Eric asked.

"That wine looks pretty good. I'll have one of those."



Eric nodded and walked off towards the bar. After he'd left, Casey grinned. "Why is it that Eric always makes it a point to come out of the kitchen to greet you? He usually reserves that honour for guys he's hot after?"

Kyle rested his arms on the table and leaned forward. "Shhh, don't tell, but he's hot after my desserts. He wants me to close the bakery and work here full-time."

"Are you?" Casey looked shocked.

"Hell no, I love my bakery." Kyle realised what he'd said and covered his mouth as a blush crept its way up his face. "Sorry, Reverend."

Casey laughed and waived his concerns away. "Don't apologise. Have you met Hal? He has a mouth like a sailor, both in and out of bed." Now it was Casey's turn to blush. "Sorry, TMI, right?"

Kyle leaned even closer to Casey. "FYI, I know you have sex."

They were both chuckling, red-faced, when Eric came back with his wine. "I brought you some bread-sticks to hold you until the rest of your party arrive."

"Thanks, Eric," Kyle said, taking a healthy gulp of wine. Oh, damn, it had been too long since he'd had a drink of alcohol. After his accident, he'd felt so guilty, he'd sworn off the stuff. Now, oh, now he wanted more. "Could you bring us a bottle of this? I feel the need to get happy."

Eric's brow rose. "I'm not going to get into trouble with that big mountain you call a boyfriend, am I?"

Kyle shook his head. "I didn't drive, so I should be okay."

Eric looked at Casey for a moment. "I'll bring it right out."

After he left, Casey looked at Kyle. "What's going on?"

"Nothing," Kyle said, taking another big drink. "I realised I've been punishing myself for too many years because of a stupid mistake." Kyle looked down at his legs. "I think I've already been punished enough."

Kyle didn't tell Casey he'd just had another huge fight with his father. His family was relentless lately. Since he'd been home, they called at least every other day to beg him to return and get therapy. While he appreciated their dedication, he couldn't help but feel bitter. Why were people constantly trying to improve him? He liked the person he'd become.

---

By the time Gill and Hal arrived, Kyle was giggly. He'd finished off the first bottle and was already well into the second.

Gill sat down and leaned over to give him a kiss. Kyle couldn't help but to notice the look he gave Casey. "Hey, baby, you having fun?"

"A ball," Kyle slurred slightly.

Gill picked up the partially empty bottle and looked at Casey once more. "He's like this after a couple of glasses?"

Casey shook his head. "That's the second bottle."

"Oh don't worry," Kyle smiled, leaning heavily on Gill's shoulder. "I'm having a good time and I'm not hurting anyone. I think I'm allowed."

Gill wrapped his arm around Kyle's waist and gave him another kiss. "Of course you're allowed. I've just never seen you like this before. Have you eaten anything?"

Kyle ran his hand over Gill's chest. It was such a nice chest. He tweaked Gill's nipples through the tight sports-shirt. "Nope, I was saving my appetite for you." He bit Gill's earlobe and tweaked his nipple again.

Gill's hands stilled Kyle's. "Baby, we're in public. Can we save the play until we get home?"

Kyle released his hold on Gill and crossed his arms. No fair. He wanted to play now. Why did everyone always care about how things appeared to the general public? Weren't feelings more important? "Fine," he said, his bottom lip extended.

Gill leaned over and nipped his lip before soothing it with his tongue. "We'll be home in an hour. Let's get some food in you so you don't pass out on me half-way home."

"Whatever," Kyle mumbled. His high-flying mood was plummeting. He just wanted one night of forgetting.

## Chapter Nine

Once they were safely ensconced in the Explorer, Gill leaned over and gave Kyle a kiss. He was a little surprised when Kyle opened to him right away. He could tell he'd hurt his man's feelings earlier, but with Casey and Hal at the table, he didn't want to go into it at the restaurant.

Pulling back he held the side of Kyle's head and looked into his eyes. "Are you still mad?"

"No," Kyle grinned. "You were right. I was getting a little out of control."

Gill ran his free hand over Kyle's chest, brushing those sweet nipples he loved to tease. "I liked what you were doing. I just didn't think it was the right place for it."

"Yeah?" Kyle whispered. His head fell back against the seat as he pulled his shirt up under his armpits, giving Gill better access.

Never one to pass up a taste of his man, Gill bent down and began licking one of the tawny nipples. Soon licks became nibbles, which soon turned into Gill's mouth sucking up bruises across Kyle's chest.

Kyle's moan broke the spell and reminded Gill they were parked in front of a busy restaurant. His cock was so hard, he was in pain. "Let's take this back to your place."

Rubbing at his sensitive nipples, Kyle nodded. "You make me feel like doing wicked things."

"Never wicked between two people who love each other." Gill reminded Kyle. He pulled out of the parking spot and drove down two blocks to the bakery.

Once inside, Kyle turned his chair to face Gill. "We're alone."

Kyle started unzipping Gill's jeans. "You have something I've been dying to taste all evening."

A moan escaped Gill as Kyle's mouth enveloped the crown of his cock. "Damn," he groaned. He almost cried as Kyle's talented tongue tickled the veins running up his length. Reaching out, Gill braced himself by placing his hands on Kyle's shoulders as his hips began gently thrusting.

Oh, oh fuck that felt good. He watched as his cock slid in and out of Kyle's beautiful mouth, his little man looking up at him with those gorgeous blue eyes.

Applying enough suction to suck his brains out of his head, Gill cried out. "Gonna." Seconds later, he felt his body jerk as he emptied his seed down Kyle's throat.

The longer he shot, the louder they both became, him growling and Kyle slurping. Shit, way too intense to be standing, Gill thought seconds before he sunk to his knees in front of Kyle.

Leaning in, Gill tasted himself on Kyle's eager tongue. "God, I don't think I've ever come so hard. You okay?" he asked, licking the drops of essence around Kyle's mouth. He chuckled as he did so. "You look like the cat that ate the cream."

"Mmm, I did," Kyle said, tongue tangling with Gill's again.

"Let's get upstairs so I can reciprocate."

Kyle's eyes went wide. He'd only ejaculated a couple of times since he and Gill had been together. Gill could tell it was still weighing heavily on Kyle's mind.

"Don't worry. I enjoy touching and tasting all that delicious skin of yours whether you come or not."

Kyle gave him a slight nod. "At least I can get it up fairly regularly lately."

Gill pushed Kyle's wheelchair into the elevator and pushed the button. "I'll meet you at the top."

As Kyle started to rise, Gill heard him chuckle. "I want you to make love to me."

Gill almost swallowed his tongue. Fuck. He turned and ran towards the staircase at the front of the shop. By the time the elevator finally stopped, Gill already had his shirt and shoes off.

He met Kyle's heated look with one of his own. "You sure you're ready for that?"

Kyle nodded, looking slightly embarrassed. "I'm sure. I'll need to prepare myself first though."

"Need help?" Gill asked, unzipping his jeans and pushing them down his thighs.

"Um, I think I'd feel more comfortable if I did that part myself," Kyle mumbled.

"Okay, baby. I'm all about making you comfortable. I'll just wait in bed for you."

Kyle disappeared into the bathroom, and Gill walked through to the bedroom. He stared at the bed trying to figure out the best way to make love. He knew Kyle wasn't as flexible as in the past, so he knew his options might be limited.

Deciding it might be better to ask, Gill walked back towards the bathroom. He heard the shower come on and opened the door a crack. "Hey, Kyle? Do you think it would be more comfortable for you on your side or stomach?"

After a few seconds, Kyle finally answered. "I'm not sure. I haven't tried either. Let's start on my side."

"Okay, baby. I'm going to get some pillows gathered up to put between your knees."

"Sounds good."

Walking naked through the apartment, Gill retrieved the throw pillows from the couch. Hopefully they wouldn't ruin them, but if they did it would be well worth it.

Tossing them onto the bed, Gill stretched out on the queen size bed he'd brought over and waited for Kyle. It was silly, he knew, but he was as nervous as a groom with his virgin bride. He knew anal penetration wasn't new to Kyle, but that had been before the accident, before him. This would be their first time and he prayed Kyle would be able to feel enough pleasure to enjoy himself.

He heard the bathroom door open moments before Kyle came through the doorway. "Waiting on me, sailor?"

Gill grinned and crooked his finger at the naked man. "Get that sweet ass over here."

"Aye Aye," Kyle playfully saluted.

Once Kyle was beside him, Gill felt his nerves ebb. He realised it didn't matter what position they were in, their union would be beautiful because it was right. He scooted closer to Kyle and wrapped himself around his man. "Damn I love you."

Smiling, Kyle ran his hand over Gill's bald head. "This wouldn't mean as much to me with anyone but you. Matter of fact, I figured I'd spend the rest of my life celibate. Thank you for giving me back what I thought I'd lost."

Gill gave him a kiss, pushing his tongue in deep. With a growl, he climbed over the top of Kyle and began grinding their cocks together. "Can you feel it? How much I want you?"

Kyle was breathless in his stuttered response. "Y-Yessss," he hissed.

"Gonna love you like no other, baby."

"Please," Kyle moaned.

Knowing he could come at any moment, Gill reluctantly rolled off the smaller man. "Let me help you turn to your side."

With very little effort, Gill had Kyle facing the open room. He lifted one of Kyle's legs and started stacking pillows between his knees. "Tell me when it starts to get uncomfortable."

"I'm fine."

When Gill saw a flinch in Kyle's shoulder muscle, he stopped. Removing the pillow he'd just added, he tried to help Kyle save his pride. "I don't think we need that many." He went back around to the other side of the bed and snuggled up to Kyle.

Running a hand down Kyle's hip to his ass, Gill couldn't help groaning. "You didn't tell me you had toys?" He felt the lovely plug imbedded in Kyle's ass.

Kyle shrugged, looking embarrassed. "I bought it a couple of years ago, but it was too hard to use and get any satisfaction." Kyle looked over his shoulder at Gill. "I thought you might put it to better use."

Gill leaned in and nipped at Kyle's shoulder while moving the plug in and out of the tight body he wanted into so badly. "How does it feel?"

"Good when you do it, but I'm hoping you feel even better."

Pulling the plug out of Kyle's stretched hole, Gill tossed it to the floor and reached for the lube and a condom. Even though Kyle was already slick, Gill didn't want to take any chances. He quickly greased his cock, using the excess lube on Kyle's hole. Gill grinned, showing his pearly whites. He tested Kyle's readiness. "Oh, damn, baby. You feel amazing and I haven't even gotten inside yet."

"Well then hurry the fuck up," Kyle whined.

With a grunt, the head of Gill's cock pushed inside of Kyle's warm body. "Oh yeah, that's what I've been dreaming about," he murmured, slowly burying himself deeper.

"Why didn't you tell me before?" Kyle panted.

"No pressure." Gill worked his way in to the root before stopping to let Kyle acclimate to his size. Knowing Kyle would need even more stimulation than most people, Gill began rubbing and plucking at his nipples.

"Gill!" Kyle screamed, goose flesh breaking out on his arms and back.

"Right here. You ready for me?"

"Oh god, yes."

With a chuckled groan, Gill pulled out slowly before sliding back in. He felt his eyes roll to the back of his head at the sheer ecstasy he felt. It had never felt like this in the past. It

didn't matter that Kyle couldn't move with him, he could tell by his love's moans he wasn't the only one feeling the power between the two of them.

Gill started moving a little quicker, and a lot harder. He wanted Kyle to feel every inch of his cock. Reaching down from Kyle's nipples, Gill took hold of that beautiful cock between his lover's legs. He grinned at the moisture his hand encountered.

"Look at yourself, baby. See how much your cock wants me?" Gill started stroking Kyle's cock as he began pounding harder in and out of that sweet ass.

Looking over Kyle's shoulder, Gill watched as Kyle's cock wept for him. "I love it, I love you." He pistoned his hips as hard and fast as he could.

"Watch. Oh, so pretty," Gill grunted as Kyle's cock erupted in strings of thick white cum.

The sheer joy of Kyle's cries of completion sent Gill toppling over the edge into oblivion. He saw the lights dance in front of his eyes. He'd heard of such a phenomenon in books, but it had never happened to Gill before that night. Well, that was until now. He closed his eyes and enjoyed the brief but intense light show. "Wow."

When he came back to his senses, Gill removed the pillows, trapping his softening cock inside the heat of Kyle's body. He licked and kissed his love's neck as Kyle's breathing evened out.

With a smile, Gill closed his eyes, unwilling to separate from Kyle for a moment. The wine and loving had taken their toll on Kyle and Gill swiftly followed him into slumber.

## Chapter Ten

Kyle turned off the alarm and groaned. Ever since that first mind-blowing fuck, he and Gill had gone at it like rabbits until the small hours each night. Such a schedule was impossible for a baker, even if the sex was out of this world.

"Stay in bed with me, baby," Gill grumbled.

"I can't. The cookie bouquets have to be finished and ready for you to deliver before I start on anything else. Go back to sleep. I'll call up later and wake you."

Gill gave him a sleepy morning kiss. "Love you."

Those two little words always put a smile on Kyle's face. It no longer mattered that it was two o'clock in the fucking morning. "Love you, too. Now go to sleep and I'll get out of here as quietly as I can."

Kyle chuckled as he lifted himself to his chair. He hadn't even got the entire sentence out before Gill went back to snoring.

After dressing, Kyle rode down on his elevator. He was just about to turn the kitchen light on when he heard scratching at the back door. His heart rate accelerated as he listened to the incessant noise. Kyle looked back up the elevator shaft. Should he call Gill?

It was obvious the person on the other side of the door wasn't really trying to get in. What the fuck was going on? He wheeled towards the door in the dark. He realised he'd been a real chicken shit up until now. Maybe he was crazy, but he suddenly had a strong feeling the person on the other side of the door was only interested in scaring him. He'd known from the beginning, breaking into the bakery hadn't made sense. There was obviously nothing of real value to a burglar.

As he sat in front of the door, his hands began to sweat. What if he was wrong? Maybe the guy was just a really bad thief. He looked at the security key pad mounted on the wall. Positioning his chair just right, Kyle's hand hovered over the keys.

Taking a deep breath, his finger less than an inch from the panic button, Kyle unlocked the door and threw it open. He was shocked by the man standing on the other side with a screwdriver in his hand. "Kevin?"



Eyes big, the man held the tool in front of him like a weapon. "What're you doing up? I know I wasn't making enough noise to wake you."

With a sigh, Kyle keyed in the number to disengage the alarm. "Get in here," he growled at his younger brother.

Disgusted, Kyle wheeled himself further into the kitchen. He heard the door shut. It was all beginning to make sense. "Dad sent you to scare me into coming home, didn't he?"

"No," Kevin replied.

Kyle turned around to face Kevin. "Then why? Do you have any idea what you've put me through these last several months? The expense?" Kyle motioned towards the back of the building. "I'm living with fucking bars on the windows and an alarm system because of you."

Kevin stared at him for several long moments before Kyle detected tears streaming down his cheeks. "Kevin? What's going on?"

Taking the few steps that separated them, Kevin fell onto his knees and buried his face in Kyle's lap. "It's all my fault," Kevin finally gasped.

"Yeah, it is." Kyle couldn't help but to reach out and run his hand through his brother's blond hair.

Kevin shook his head. "No, I'm not talking about the break-ins." Kevin hid his face. "The accident. It was my fault."

Kyle's hand stilled. "What are you saying?"

"I was supposed to drive you home that night. I knew how shit-faced you were, but there was this redhead..."

Rubbing his moist eyes, Kyle shook his head. "I don't remember anything from that night."

"I know," Kevin continued. "I begged you to take me with you to that party on the grounds you could drink as much as you wanted and I'd get you home." Kevin sat back on his feet before standing. He walked towards the mixers, putting distance between them. "I thought more about getting laid than you, and you paid the price. When you woke up and didn't remember anything, I couldn't bring myself to tell you. I was so ashamed."

"So why all this, Kevin?"

"Mom and Dad aren't the same since you moved here. They wander around the house like zombies half the time." Kevin kicked the heavy piece of equipment. "They barely

acknowledge my existence. I think they know I was with you that night. At first, I just wanted you to come home for them. When you came for Christmas and we found out you could walk again, I thought that was my chance at redemption. Only you were too damn stubborn. I had no choice but to follow you back to Cattle Valley."

Kyle really looked at his brother for the first time in a long while. He'd been as pissed as his parents when Kevin dropped out of college and took a job at a gas station. It suddenly dawned on him. Kevin had been as crippled as Kyle the night of the accident. Except while Kyle moved on with his life, Kevin was still mired in a pit of guilt.

"Come here." Kyle wiped his eyes before holding out his arms.

Looking confused, Kevin walked slowly towards him. When Kevin was within reach, Kyle pulled his brother down into an embrace.

Kevin was hesitant at first, his spine stiff, his hands barely resting on Kyle's back. "I love you, baby brother."

At his words, Kevin buried his face in Kyle's neck and hugged him back. "I'm so sorry. God I wish I could relive that night. You have no idea how many times I've prayed for that."

"Shhh," Kyle soothed. "The truth doesn't affect the way I feel about you. We can't go back, and undoing the past just isn't possible. I guess I came to grips with that about a year after the accident."

"But you could walk," Kevin gasped, still crying.

"Yeah, probably." Kyle took Kevin by the shoulder and pushed him back enough to look into his eyes.

"There's a man sleeping upstairs who I love more than walking. I know everyone thinks I'm crazy, but Gill, along with this bakery, has shown me I can do anything. I've weighed the pros and cons of going back to Irvine, believe me. But what would walking cost me?" Kyle held out his arms and looked around. "It could take months or years. I'd have to sell my home and business, and I'd probably lose the most important thing in my life. Gill's life is here. He has his own business. He can't drop everything and follow me to California. Walking isn't worth losing those things, at least for me."

Kyle placed his hands on either side of Kevin's face. "Gill's the only one who doesn't seem to care that I can't walk. That's not a deal-breaker for him. Do you have any idea what that feels like? To know that kind of unconditional love? I won't ever take a chance at losing that, not ever, not even to walk."

Pulling Kevin back in for another hug, Kyle smiled. Even though what Kevin had done was wrong, Kyle understood. "I think you need to go back to Irvine before Gill comes down. I'm not sure he'd be as forgiving as me. The police don't know you're the one and it's best it remains that way."

Kevin nodded. "Maybe I could move here, to Cattle Valley. Mom and Dad wouldn't know the difference."

"There's one problem with that, Kev. You're not gay, and most of the women in Cattle Valley are lesbians. You deserve to move on. To build a life for yourself without carrying the guilt from the accident."

"Maybe Sheridan. Then I'd be close enough to see you."

"They have a college in Sheridan. Maybe you could go back to school?"

Kevin shrugged. "Maybe."

Hopefully it would help Kevin heal his own wounds if he could see how happy Kyle was with Gill.

"Go back to Irvine and make the arrangements. You can stay here until you find a place in Sheridan."

Kevin hugged him tighter. "Thank you, big brother."



By the time Gill came downstairs, the cookie bouquets were made and the morning inventory was in the display case and on cooling racks. "Wow, you've been busy," Gill said when Kyle finished with a customer.

"You don't know the half of it," Kyle sighed, running his hand down the back of Gill's thigh. The impromptu meeting with Kevin had put him behind schedule. He'd had to work double-time to get everything finished on schedule.

Gill bent and gave him a tongue thrusting kiss. "Happy Valentine's Day."

"It's the first one I've spent with someone I love." He looked around at the cellophaned wrapped baskets of cookies. "You ready to make the deliveries?"

"Yeah, I called the station to make sure my part-time help was there. I'm all yours for as long as it takes." Gill gave Kyle another kiss. "I'm closing up early so I can take you out to dinner before the rush. Eric promised to save us the best table in the house."

"Early dinner? Sounds good. That'll give us the rest of the evening to ourselves."

"That's the plan," Gill agreed. He walked over to the baskets lined up on the table.

"People really like these more than flowers?"

Kyle shrugged. "Depends on the person. I think men like them more than women."

Kyle rubbed his stomach. "We're basic animals. It's all about the grub."

Chuckling, Gill picked up the biggest basket, containing at least fifty cookies. His brow rose as he read the delivery address. "Ezra? Wyn's really going out on a limb sending these out to the EZ Does It. I can just imagine the ribbing Ezra will get from his ranch hands."

Choking on a drink of coffee, Kyle shook his head. "Wyn's not sending them."

"Really? Ezra has another admirer? Ooh, do tell!"

Kyle still couldn't believe he'd accepted the order and gone along with the crazy scheme. "Nate ordered them. Read the card."

Gill pulled the small pale green card out of the envelope. "To Ezra James, Thanks for leaving the door open. I've had my eye on Palmer Wynfield for years. Thanks for making my Valentine's Day all the more special."

Gill whistled. "Damn, he's a sneaky little fuck."

"If it works, it'll be worth it."

"Did Mr. Matchmaker at least order a bouquet for his own men? I'd hate to deliver something to the Sheriff's station and not have something for Ryan. Hell, he might just shoot me."

Kyle laughed and pointed towards a much smaller basket. "Ryan gets that one."

"And Rio?"

Laughing harder, Kyle shook his head. "Nope. It seems the big bad Rio prefers flowers, lilacs to be exact."

"Wow, I would've never guessed that," Gill said with a smile.

"I don't think Rio would want the information to get around so keep it on the down low."

## Chapter Eleven

Fussing with his shirt, Kyle finally sighed and gave up. Hopefully no one would be looking at his lap other than Gill, who'd think he was hard. Kyle grinned. Gill would probably be right.

He still couldn't believe Gill had volunteered to deliver all those baskets. It had been almost eleven before his man was back and ready to go to the station.

Picking his keys up from the table, Kyle made his way towards the elevator, his overnight bag slung over the back handles of his chair. Gill's story when he returned about the delivery to Ezra still cracked him up. Evidently Ezra wasn't amused by Nate's note. According to Gill, Ezra took the basket and stormed towards his big four-wheel drive, roaring out of the driveway in a spray of dust and gravel. Poor Wyn.

Reaching the bottom, Kyle turned out the kitchen lights and went to the front door to wait. Gill was running a little late which wasn't like him at all. Kyle looked at his watch. He'd give him five more minutes before calling.

No sooner had the thought crossed his mind, Kyle saw the big Ford Explorer pull to a stop in front of the building. As he opened the door, he noticed a strange look on Gill's face.

"What's wrong?" Kyle asked.

Gill bent and gave him a deep kiss. "Nothing."

Another kiss had Kyle forgetting the evasive answer. Gill helped him into the Explorer before putting his chair in the back. Once Gill was buckled in, Kyle ran a hand over the top of Gill's head. "You're especially shiny. Did you use a buffer?" He grinned.

Gill gave him a sheepish grin and shrugged. "Just wanted to look my best. I'm taking my Valentine out for dinner."

"Well you look good if that helps."

"Sure it does," Gill said.

"So tell me what the look was for earlier."

Gill looked over at him and gave a brief shake to his head. "I don't know if I've ever seen you look this hot. I'm rethinking our dinner reservations." Gill parked the Explorer.

Kyle reached his hand over and ran it up Gill's thigh towards his cock. "Because you'd rather go home and make love?"

"Yeah, that and I don't like the thought of Eric drooling over you all evening."

Kyle gave Gill's cock a gentle squeeze. "You're the only man I have eyes for." He batted his lashes and grinned. "Sappy enough for you? Now, let's eat. It's been a hell of a long day and I'm looking forward to dessert at my place."

"Who could argue with that," Gill said as he leaned over and gave Kyle another kiss. "Let's go."

Gill opened his door and headed towards the restaurant. Kyle watched him through the windshield, and rolled his eyes. It was a pretty good eye roll though. It meant Gill had once again forgotten that Kyle couldn't just get out and follow him in.

When Gill started to open the Canoe door, he turned to say something to Kyle and finally noticed he wasn't behind him. Kyle watched as Gill shook his head and ran back to the Explorer. Opening Kyle's door he immediately started apologising. "I'm so sorry. I forgot."

"Yeah, you did. Isn't it wonderful?" Kyle waited for Gill to retrieve his chair out of the back.

"Okay, in you go," Gill said as he lifted Kyle from the seat and deposited him in his wheelchair.

"Thanks. I'll even let you push me up the ramp."



Getting seated at their table was a pleasant experience for Gill. It seemed there was something in the kitchen that needed Eric's immediate attention, so he wasn't available to paw all over Kyle.

"What looks good to you?" Kyle asked looking at his menu.

"Oh, I think you already know the answer to that question," Gill replied with a wink.

Kyle's cheeks tinted the prettiest shade of pink. "On the menu."

Gill set his aside, and leaned across the table. "Steak. A thick piece of meat with so much juice I have trouble swallowing it all. I'll also want asparagus. Their tender tips tickling

my tongue as I put them into my mouth." Gill licked his lip and watched as Kyle's eyes rounded at the description.

"Damn, I'll have that, too. Except the asparagus, did you know it will make your cum taste bitter?" Kyle's hand disappeared under the table for a second.

"Scratch the asparagus. I want you to love the taste of me." Gill studied Kyle. "You hard?"

He watched Kyle's Adam's apple bob as he swallowed and gave a nod.

"Good." Gill sat back in his chair and crossed his arms. "Now that we're on the same page, let's order and get the hell out of here." The ring in his pocket was burning a hole through his thigh. He'd been nervous all day. Thank god Kyle had kept him busy. He knew he was skipping several steps in their relationship progression, but he wanted Kyle to get the help he needed without worry. No way would he look for any other man when he had the love of someone like Kyle.

He looked around for their waiter and almost groaned when he saw a frenzied Eric heading their way. "Hold on to your hat," he mumbled.

"Kyle!" Eric crooned in that smooth Latin voice of his. "So sorry I couldn't greet you. I'm having trouble with my sous chef."

Gill's hands fisted as Eric bent to kiss Kyle on both cheeks. After the little love-fest ended, Eric finally looked at Gill. "Nice to see you again, too, of course."

"Yeah, right," Gill mumbled. Why couldn't Cattle Valley open another restaurant with the same food he could get here? Thrumming his fingers impatiently on the table must have given Eric the hint his presence wasn't welcomed.

"Well I'm off to deal with the kitchen. I just couldn't let my favourite customer go unnoticed."

"Thanks, Eric," Kyle said and glanced at Gill.

As soon as the Latin heartthrob headed back from where he came, Kyle reached across the table and took Gill's hand. "Sorry about that."

Gill squeezed back. "Not your fault you're so damned sexy."



Gill drove to his house after they'd finally escaped the Canoe. "I think maybe next year, I'll take you to Deb's Diner or Brewster's."

Laughing, Kyle swatted Gill's arm. "Maybe by next year Eric will be tied to a man of his own."

"Not likely. He's too much of a player to ever settle for one man."

"He just hasn't found the right one."

Gill rolled his eyes. Kyle was a hopeless romantic at times. Gill would bet a thousand dollars Eric broke up at least one more couple in town before next year. Hell, before next month.

Pulling into the garage, Gill waited for Kyle to notice the changes he'd made.

"A ramp?" Kyle asked, mouth open wide. God he was so cute.

"I thought I'd make a few home improvements. Hopefully you'll be staying here a lot."

After retrieving Kyle's chair and overnight bag, he opened the door and gestured towards the new entrance. "Have a go. I tried to make the incline so you could come and go by yourself."

Kyle easily made his way up the ramp with a big grin on his face. "Works like a charm." Kyle rolled into the kitchen and looked back at Gill. "You have no idea how much something so simple means to someone in a wheelchair."

"Wait, there's more." Gill was also excited about his next bit of home improvement. He showed Kyle to his old office. Hell, he never used the big space anyway. He walked into the new master bedroom and stood back.

Kyle looked around the room and shook his head. "Won't you miss your old bedroom?"

"Why would I, when the most important thing in my bedroom is you?" He gave Kyle a quick kiss and handed Kyle his bag. "Why don't you go get ready for bed? I have one more surprise."

Gill rushed to the kitchen and opened the fridge. Taking out the chilled bottle of champagne, he put it and some ice into a silver bucket. Two flutes and a bowl of strawberries were added to the tray. The final touch was the ring. Taking it out of his pocket, Gill looked at the platinum band. He'd had the jeweller inscribe their names on the outside of each ring. He placed both rings in the bottom of the bowl of berries.



Excited, Gill returned to the bedroom. He heard the shower running in the attached bathroom. Hopefully Kyle would be pleased with the new shower seat he'd added. Gill quickly undressed and turned back the bed covers. He placed the tray on the end of the large king size mattress and waited.



Struggling into the tiny thong he'd bought for the occasion, Kyle began to sweat. "What the hell was I thinking?"

He finally got the tiny scrap of red satin material positioned and shook his head. The damn thing barely contained his flaccid cock. What would happen when he wheeled himself out the door? He knew the effect Gill had on him. Maybe it was a stupid gift. "Too late now," he mumbled.

With a deep breath, he opened the door to Gill's new bedroom. The large naked man stretched out on the white silk sheets immediately had his cock threatening to bust through the delicate underwear.

"Wow," they both said at the same time.

Kyle looked at Gill and started laughing. "We're quite the pair."

"Yes, baby, we are. Now bring me my gift," Gill said, hand wrapped around his cock.

Kyle's eyes were glued to the picture Gill made jerking himself seductively. Once in bed, Gill reached for the big bow in Kyle's lap. "Is it stupid?"

Gill's eyes finally met his. "Are you nuts? Those are the sexiest damned underwear I've ever seen."

"Well admire them quickly, because my cock wants freedom," he chuckled. "As hard as they were to get on, this is probably the last time you'll see them."

Gill shook his head. "I'm going to get a frame and put them over the bed."

"Dork," Kyle said, feeling himself blush.

Instead of unwrapping him, Gill reached for the tray and positioned it beside them. "Let's make a toast." He handed Kyle a glass of champagne. "To you. Thank you for making my first real Valentine's Day all I'd ever hoped it would be."

"Ditto," Kyle agreed before clinking his flute against Gill's.

They took several sips of their champagne in between kisses. Kyle liked the taste of the alcohol better when tasted on Gill's tongue.

Reaching back towards the tray, Gill came back with a bowl of strawberries. He picked one up and held it to Kyle's lips.

Taking a bite, Kyle rolled the sweet fruit around in his mouth as he moaned. "Good."

His breath caught as Gill ran the cold half-eaten strawberry around his nipple. Gill withdrew and lapped the juice from Kyle's nipple. "Oh, shit," Kyle groaned, the underwear beginning to cut off his circulation.

Gill passed over the bowl. "Your turn. Dig to the bottom if you want the sweetest berries."

Kyle narrowed his eyes, wondering what Gill had up his sleeve. He took in the expanse of bare skin in front of him and smiled to himself. Or lack thereof.

Feeling something hard and round, Kyle swallowed. Shit, was it? He pulled out one of the rings and held it up wide-eyed. "Gill?"

Gill rose to his knees, towering over Kyle. "I know it's early in our relationship, but I know I'll never want anyone else. Will you marry me, Kyle?"

He felt stunned. Marry him? Shit, he needed to think. He knew he felt like Gill. No way would he ever find someone who loved him and accepted his disability like Gill. His own feelings ran as deep as any he'd ever known. He could easily see himself and Gill fifty years down the line. Both of them might be in wheelchairs by then.

"Kyle?"

"Yes," he blurted. "I'll marry you."

Taking the ring from Kyle, Gill started to place it on his finger, but laughed instead. "Here I am trying to be all smooth and romantic and never considered you might dig the wrong ring out of the bowl."

Gill held up the huge ring obviously meant for his own finger. After a little searching, he slid the appropriate ring on Kyle's finger. "That's better," he growled as he licked the sweet juice off Kyle's ring and finger.

"Could you do me a huge favour?" Kyle begged.

"Anything you ask."

"Get this underwear off me before I'm permanently damaged."

## Chapter Twelve

Once he had Kyle naked, Gill ran a hand over the unencumbered cock. "My poor baby," he said, placing an open mouthed kiss on the crown of Kyle's erection.

"Your baby needs a whole lot more of that."

Gill chuckled and swirled his tongue around the head, delving into the wide slit at the top. "Mmm," he groaned at the taste.

Rubbing his cheek on the side of Kyle's cock, Gill looked up into his eyes. "Talk to me. Tell me what kind of ceremony you want?"

Kyle's brows rose. "You want to talk now?"

Gill shrugged. "We have all night to love and touch. I was just wondering."

Running a hand across the top of Gill's bare head, Kyle grinned. "You're such a romantic." He sighed. "Well, I thought I'd like to have the ceremony in the park. Maybe at one of the gazebos. I'll invite my family and hopefully your family will come up for it. I don't care much about flowers or anything like that. To be surrounded by friends and family is enough for me."

"And?"

Kyle chuckled and rolled his eyes. "And you, of course. I thought that was a given."

Gill wondered how to approach the topic really on his mind. He'd gone over it a dozen times and still couldn't come up with the perfect way. "Would you like to walk down the aisle?"

Kyle stilled. "What?" he asked, voice cracking slightly.

*Shit.* Gill sat up and cupped Kyle's cheek. "I know I'm not saying this right. I thought if we planned to get married, you'd go back to Irvine to get your therapy. I'm sorry if it was presumptuous. I just wanted you to know I'd be here when you got back."

Kyle sat up and reached for his chair. After swinging himself into the seat, he headed towards the bathroom.

"Kyle?" Gill crawled off the bed.

Kyle held his hand up, stopping Gill's progress. "I need to be alone," he said as he slammed the bathroom door.

Gill paced back and forth across the room waiting for Kyle. When the door finally opened, he was surprised to see Kyle was fully dressed. "I need you to drive me home."

"Baby? Please don't do this. Let's talk about it."

"Don't call me that," Kyle ground out between clenched teeth as he wheeled out of the bedroom.

Scratching the top of his head, Gill watched Kyle leave the room. "How the hell did I manage to screw everything up with one question?" he asked himself.

Maybe he could talk his way out of the hole on the way to the bakery. He pulled on a pair of sweats and stuffed his feet into his work boots. By the time he made it out to the garage, Kyle was already in the seat. Gill quietly put Kyle's chair in the back.

"Please talk to me," Gill begged as he pulled out of the garage. "I'm sorry if I made an ass of myself. Please, just tell me what I can do to make it better?"

"Nothing. There's absolutely nothing you can say to me to make me change my mind."

Kyle reached over and Gill was momentarily thrilled at the touch. The thrill was short lived as he felt the cold press of platinum in his palm. "No. I won't take this back."

Gill pulled up in front of the bakery and Kyle opened the door. "You have no choice. I don't want it anymore."



Kyle barely made it to the bathroom before he threw up. He was shaking so badly, he almost fell face first into the toilet. Soon after vomiting, the crying began. He washed his face and made his way into the bedroom.

Once on the side of the bed, Kyle completely fell apart. How could he have been so naïve? Of course a man like Gill would've preferred a man who could walk. Reaching out he pushed at the chrome chair with all his strength, sending it across the room to smash into his dresser.

Without bothering to disrobe, he lay down and reached for the phone. Hopefully Kevin wasn't on a date.

"Hello?"

"Kev? I need you."

---

A knock on the driver's side window woke him. Gill looked over and came face to face with Eric. Suddenly pissed, he rolled down the window. "What the hell do you want?"

Eric jerked back and held up his hands. "Sorry. I just wondered if you knew why the bakery wasn't open?"

Checking his watch, Gill saw it was almost eight in the morning. "Guess Kyle's taking the morning off," he mumbled. It took everything he had not to use the set of keys in his pocket. The only thing that stopped him was the knowledge that it would only make matters worse.

"Are you okay?" Eric asked.

"No," Gill said and rolled up his window. He stared at the apartment above the bakery, waiting for some sign that Kyle was okay.

He wasn't sure how long he stared, but another knock to his car window had him jumping. "Shit!" he yelled. He rolled down the window. "What the hell do you want now?"

Hal was leaning against the driver's door with his arms crossed. "Snappy bastard. Let's go get some breakfast at Deb's."

Gill shook his head. "I'm not good company right now."

"That's what I heard. Come on, buddy. Let's get some food in you then we can talk it over. If you sit here much longer the whole town will know you're having trouble with your man."

Sighing, Gill got out of the car. "I take it Eric called you," he said as he walked across the street towards Deb's.

"Nope, Ryan did. Seems you've already caught the attention of a lot of folks in town." Hal slapped Gill on the back. "Don't worry, we can fix it."

Gill shook his head as he slid into a booth. "I don't think so. I really fucked up."

The waitress filled their coffee cups and Hal waived her away before ordering. "Didn't Kyle react well to your proposal?"

"Yeah, he said yes." Gill took a sip of his coffee, enjoying the burn of the hot liquid as it tortured his tongue.

"But that's what you wanted, right?" Hal prodded.

"Yeah, it's exactly what I wanted, but then I had to go and fuck it up."

Hal gestured for him to go on as he took a drink.

"I asked him if he wanted to walk down the aisle, and then I told him he could go back to Irvine for therapy knowing I'd be here when he returned."

Hal rested his chin on his fist. "Maybe he was upset that you didn't offer to go with him?"

Gill felt his chest ease a bit. "You think that's it, because I'd drop everything in a heartbeat and move to California if that's what he wanted."

"Why don't you go talk to him? Ask him?"

Sliding out of the booth, Gill shrugged into his coat. "Sorry to stiff you for breakfast. Thanks for the advice." Gill waved as he walked out of the diner.



Kyle woke to a loud pounding on the door. "What the hell?" As soon as he realised it was coming from his apartment door and not the bakery door, he knew who it was. "Go away, Gill."

The banging continued. Kyle looked over at his chair, toppled on its side across the room and groaned. His eyes felt like they could barely open. Leave it to him to be a puffy crier.

With a deep breath, he lowered himself to the floor. He was almost to his chair when Gill stepped into the bedroom.

"Kyle?" Gill ran over and picked him up off the floor. "What happened? Did you fall?"

Kyle felt frozen at the feel of Gill's embrace. Although part of him wanted to lean against that massive chest and let Gill take away his pain, the other half knew he couldn't.

Gill carried him back to bed before going to retrieve his chair. "Kyle?" Gill asked again.

"No, I didn't fall. I pushed the chair over there in a fit of rage." He looked up into Gill's eyes as he swung himself into the seat. "Why are you here?"

Gill shuffled his feet a few times. "I was an ass. I know I should've offered to go with you to Irvine. Please tell me you'll forgive me?"

Despite everything that had happened, Gill's main focus was still doing everything in his power to see Kyle walk again. How could he deal with the pressure of knowing so many

people depended on him to become normal again? Kyle snorted. Normal. He didn't even know what that meant anymore.

He'd felt pretty damned normal these last few weeks. Stupid him. He should've known Gill was like all the others. "Go home, Gill."

"Wait, no, didn't you hear what I said? I'll get someone to run the station. We'll rent a little apartment or something. I'll be with you every step of the way."

"I don't want you there. Go home." Kyle turned his back on Gill, hoping he'd get the hint.

"Please, Kyle. Don't do this. I love you." He heard what sounded like tears in Gill's voice. Good, they matched his own.

Kyle didn't say anything, just shook his head. After several long minutes, he heard Gill's retreating footsteps. He felt the closing of the apartment door all the way to his soul.

Looking around the room, Kyle dried his eyes as he mapped out the next few days activities.

## Chapter Thirteen

"Hello?"

"Kyle?"

"Hi, Nate."

"It's good to hear your voice again, friend. How've you been?"

Kyle looked around at his boyhood bedroom. "Crappy. I've been living in the past for the last month. I spend my days in pain and sweating like a pig. So. How've you been?"

"Wow," Nate chuckled. "Bitter much?"

"Sorry."

"No problem. Listen, Kyle, I wanted to let you know I talked the doctors at the clinic into hiring a full-time physical therapist. I thought maybe you'd be interested in transferring back to Cattle Valley."

Kyle shook his head. If anyone could've talked Dr. Browning and Dr. Singer into hiring a therapist it would be Nate. That man could sell sand in the desert. "Did you do this because you miss me, or my éclairs?"

"All of the above, plus I really need my car worked on and Gill's the only one in the state I trust."

Kyle felt a stab of pain in his chest. "I don't have any control over Gill anymore. Why don't you just ask him?"

"Because no one's seen Gill since you left except Casey and Hal and they aren't talking."

"What do you mean, no one's seen him? Where's he at?" Kyle asked, watching the gardener prune the bushes.

"Home. Where he's been since he drove by the bakery and saw the 'For Sale' sign in the window. I'm telling you, Kyle, the man's cracked. I know Hal and Casey are worried sick, but they can't get him out of his funk."

"Even if I come home, what can I do about it? I'm a long way from walking, Nate."

"What's that have to do with anything?"



"Nothing and everything. I made the stupid mistake of thinking he saw beyond my legs, but one of the first things he asked after he proposed was when I was going to Irvine to learn to walk again."

Nate whistled into the phone. "I can see how that put a crimp in the relationship, but I think you're wrong about the way he sees you. I don't think someone like Gill would've fallen in love with you if he couldn't see past your legs."

"Doesn't matter now," Kyle said, blinking away the moisture that had begun in his eyes. He would not cry. He'd spent too many days doing nothing but that.

"Do you still love him?"

"Of course."

"Then you're an idiot for leaving."

"Gee, thanks."

"If you still love Gill, get your ass on a plane and get back here as soon as you can. Not only does Gill need you, but so does Cattle Valley."

"I'll think about it. When does the new therapist start?"

"Next week. He's moving in from Tampa."

"I'll let you know." Kyle said goodbye and hung up. He wondered if he should call Hal. Maybe Reverend Sharp would be the better choice. Even if he and Gill never worked out their problems, Kyle needed to know Gill would be okay.



Wyoming was damned cold this time of year. How had he forgotten that so quickly? It felt strange being in his apartment. He was damned lucky he still had a place to return to. Apparently there wasn't a big market for handicapped equipped bakeries in small town, Wyoming.

That was fine with him. He couldn't wait to get his hands back into the soft feel of dough. Unfortunately it would be another two days before his much needed supplies were delivered.

In the meantime, he had clothes to put away and a town to reacquaint himself with. Casey promised to feel Hal out about the possibility of him visiting Gill. When he'd spoken with Casey on the phone several days ago, Gill's condition didn't sound good. According to

Casey, Gill was almost despondent. He refused to bathe for days at a time and had actually foregone shaving since Kyle left.

Feeling guilty that the man you loved was miserable because he'd hurt you so much you had to leave, sucked.

Deciding to go down the street to the grocery store, Kyle got in the elevator. As he began to descend, a whine erupted from the motor. "No, no, please, not now," Kyle begged the hunk of junk.

With crossed fingers, Kyle prayed all the way to the bottom. When the elevator made it to the bottom with a few stalled protests, Kyle thanked the heavens. Now what was he going to do? No way in hell he was taking a chance with it again. He thought of the last time it had broken and Gill came to mind. He'd fixed it before. It could be the perfect excuse to see him.

Going to his little toolbox, Kyle waited for the motor to cool down before unbolting it from its casing. He found an old cardboard box to set it in and took off towards Gill's.



Pulling up in front of Gill's house, Kyle looked at the steps. Shit. He hadn't thought of how he was going to get inside. The ramp Gill had built for him was only accessible through the garage and he couldn't get in there without a remote.

With a sigh, he took out his cell phone and called Gill.

Finally, after six rings, Gill picked up. "What!"

"Gill?"

"Kyle?" Kyle could hear the emotion in Gill's voice. His already deep voice sounded lower and scratchier than ever, like it hadn't been used often enough.

"I was wondering if you could open the garage door for me?"

"What? You're here?"

"Yeah. I'm out front, but I realised I can't get up the steps."

"Hold on." Gill hung up the phone and Kyle waited for the garage door to open. When the porch light came on instead and Gill stepped out of the house, Kyle's breath caught. Casey had been right. Gill looked like shit. Had his leaving really done that to him?

Gill walked towards Kyle's van and opened the door. Without asking, he scooped Kyle out of the driver's seat and carried him into the house.

Kyle motioned towards the van after Gill shut the door. "My chair?"

Gill shook his head and set Kyle on the sofa. "It'll be harder for you to run out on me if I leave it where it is, for now."

Kyle wasn't sure whether to be insulted or flattered. He took in Gill's appearance. The black hair on top of Gill's head was barely long enough to curl, but it seemed messy nonetheless. His once beautiful face now sported a full, bushy beard. The dark circles under Gill's eyes attested to his lack of sleep.

"Are you okay?" Kyle asked.

Gill shook his head and fell to his knees. Putting his head in Kyle's lap he began to cry. "No. I haven't been since the night you left me."

Overwhelmed by Gill's emotional display, Kyle rested a hand on top of the big man's head. "I was hurt."

Gill looked up at him. "Why? Is it because I didn't offer to go to California right away?"

"No."

"Then why? I've racked my brain trying to figure out what I did wrong. I've replayed that night over and over again and I just don't know."

Kyle's heart melted at the sight of his big, strong lover in tears. "I...I thought you were different than everyone else. I thought my being in a wheelchair didn't matter to you. That you loved me for me, not for what I could or couldn't do."

"I do. I do love you no matter what. How could you think otherwise?" Gill asked. He honestly looked confused.

"It just seemed like as soon as I said yes, you wanted to ship me off to learn to walk. Gill, I don't know that I'll ever walk again. It broke my heart when I realised walking was so important to you."

Gill started shaking his head vehemently. "No. I want you to walk for you. Because I have faith that you can do anything you set your mind to. You can't honestly look me in the eyes and tell me you don't care if you ever walk again. I know you too well. I know about the fights you had with your family over it. I heard you on the phone several times. I thought you kept saying no because you were afraid I'd find someone while you were gone. The ring, the wedding? That was to prove to you that I loved you enough to give you the time you needed to do what you needed to do. That's all. No big scheme on my part."

Gill took a breath and wiped at his face. "When we started dating, you didn't think you'd ever be able to cum, right?"

Kyle nodded.

"And I was okay with that, because just being in the same room with you was enough for me. But then you surprised us both and erupted like a geyser."

"Well, more like a tiny trickle in the beginning," Kyle was quick to remind Gill.

Gill shook his head again. "To me, it was a geyser. It was you overcoming an obstacle that had been placed in your way."

"It never would've happened without you," Kyle piped in again.

"I'd like to think that, but..."

"No buts. It wouldn't have without your unwavering commitment to make me feel again."

Gill finally grinned. It was the prettiest thing Kyle had ever seen. "Thanks."

Leaning down, Kyle placed a sweet kiss on Gill's lips. "I never stopped loving you. No matter what I did, or how far I went, I couldn't shake my feelings for you."

"Good," Gill leaned up on his knees. He placed his hand on the back of Kyle's neck and pulled him forward until their lips met. "Kiss me properly, please."

With a moan, Kyle parted his lips and delved inside. Oh God, he'd missed this. The tiny noises Gill always made when he was getting aroused, the taste of his tongue. How had he ever imagined he could live without it?

Gill pulled back and scratched his beard. "Will you be okay here while I go clean up? I want to woo you all over again and that requires a good bit of hygiene."

Laughing, Kyle kissed the tip of Gill's nose. "Why don't you carry me into the bathroom down here and you can use the one upstairs. I hope you still have the stuff I left here, because we both have a bit of cleaning to do."

Gill carried Kyle into the bathroom and helped him undress, placing kisses over every inch of exposed skin. "I'll bring in your chair so you don't have to wait on me before getting in bed."

"Thanks. While you're out there, the motor to the elevator is fixing to go out again. That's the excuse I was using to come over."

"You never needed an excuse. And as far as that damned motor goes? Either we're going to have to buy a better elevator or you'll just have to move in with me, because the thought of you stuck again, is unacceptable."

"Do I get my own garage door opener?"

"Gold plated if that's what you want."

"No, a regular one will be fine."

Gill gave Kyle another deep kiss. When he pulled back he rubbed the skin around Kyle's lips. "I'm chafing you. Let me get this beard trimmed down and then I plan to reacquaint myself with every inch of your body."

"Sounds fair."

## Chapter Fourteen

Gill collapsed beside Kyle. "That was...wow."

"Mmm hmm," Kyle mumbled, still with his ass in the air.

"Shit, sorry, baby," Gill said and helped Kyle down off the pile of pillows. Gill positioned Kyle on his side and snuggled up behind him, fitting his still half-hard cock against the cleft of Kyle's ass.

"I start therapy in three days."

Gill stilled. What? No. Kyle couldn't be leaving him again. "Can I go with you to California this time? Please. I don't want to be here without you again."

Kyle brought Gill's hand up to his mouth and kissed the palm. "Our resident busy-body and miracle worker, Nate, arranged for the doctors at the clinic to hire a therapist. We're going to work at The Gym for now. I guess Matt's going to add a space for him at the clinic, but it won't be ready for awhile."

"Have you met him?" Gill drew circles on Kyle's stomach as he spoke.

"No, not officially, but I've talked to him on the phone several times. He seems like a real nice guy, young I think."

Gill didn't want to fall into the same pit he had fallen into before, so he proceeded with great caution. "So, um, you're going to continue the therapy?"

"Yeah," Kyle said and looked over his shoulder at Gill. "Although I don't know what I'm going to do about my kitchen at the bakery if I ever start walking again."

Gill leaned in and gave Kyle a kiss. "When, you start walking again, I'll build risers for your equipment. It may not be pretty, but it'll be functional."

Kyle picked at an imaginary thread on the bedspread. "Um, would you mind if we held off on setting a date for the ceremony?"

"What?" Gill sat up. "You mean you'll marry me?"

"Of course," Kyle slapped Gill's chest. "But I want to see how the therapy goes."

Lying back down, Gill wrapped his arms around Kyle. He was afraid Kyle still thought Gill would prefer a walking man. "I don't care how it goes. I want you, walking or not."

"I know that, now. But I'd like to dance with my new husband if at all possible, and that may take some time."

"You can have all the time you need." Gill ran his hand over Kyle's hip before moving to grasp his cock. "You sore?"

"Nope, and even if I were, I'd want you anyway."

Gill reached to the foot of the bed and picked up several pillows. Placing them between Kyle's knees, he groaned. "So pretty like this."

Scooting down, he placed a kiss to Kyle's stretched hole, slipping his tongue inside. "Damn, baby, you taste better than one of your desserts."

Thrusting his tongue into Kyle's depths, Gill was startled when the muscles tightened around his tongue. He pulled back and tested the sphincter with his fingers. "Uh, Kyle?"

"Yeah."

"Exactly what kind of therapy have you been doing in California?"

"Regular, painful kind, why?"

"Here's a strange question. Are you thinking about gripping my tongue with your ass?"

Kyle was silent for a moment. "I always do. I wish I could."

"You are, baby."

"Huh?"

Gill leaned over the side of Kyle so he could look him in the eyes. "You're thinking about moving your muscles and they're moving. Hell, you nearly pinched my tongue off. That has to be a good sign, right?"

Kyle looked stunned. "Yeah."

"Don't forget to tell Matt." Gill thought about it for a second. "Wait, on second thought, don't tell him everything, just that you showed some control."

Laughing, Kyle shook his head. "Yeah, I think that would be a better idea."

Gill resumed his place and reached for the lube, slicking his cock. "Gonna make you feel good."

"You always do," Kyle moaned as Gill pushed the crown of his cock past the first ring of muscles.

"Let me feel you tighten around me," Gill panted as he slowly pushed home.

As he set a slow pace, Gill tortured Kyle's poor nipples. "I'd like to see little rings in these one day. You're so sensitive anyway. It would blow your mind."

"Uhhh," Kyle groaned.

Using one arm, Gill held Kyle's leg up even more, giving him better access. He felt the squeeze around his cock and grinned. Yeah, that's what he'd been waiting for. Maybe one day Kyle would be able to move with him, really fuck himself on Gill's cock.

The more he thought about it, the harder Gill pounded Kyle's ass. Kyle was starting to babble in the cute way he had. "Good, 's good, deeper, oh yeah, there, right there," Kyle screamed as Gill pegged his gland on every thrust.

"Grab your cock, baby," Gill pleaded. He could feel his sac drawing up tight and wanted to give his man every chance to join him in his bliss.

When Kyle's grunts and groans took on a feral quality, Gill didn't hold back. He snapped his hips at lightning speed, burying himself over and over. "Yes, come for me."

"Gill!" Kyle screamed as they both toppled over the edge.

His big body jerked as stream after stream of seed entered his baby. Gill lowered Kyle's leg back to the stack of pillows, and wrapped his arms around his man. "Love you."

"Me, too, always."



The following morning, Kyle barely touched his breakfast. A new guilt had made its way into his gut and he knew he wouldn't rest until he'd told Gill the truth about the break-ins.

"What's wrong, baby? Don't you like my cooking?"

It was so rare the two of them got to spend a morning together, Kyle felt even worse for his lack of appetite. Finally he put his fork down. "I need to tell you something."

With a fork full of eggs on the way to his mouth, Gill stopped. "What?"

Kyle watched Gill look at the bite of food and set it back on the plate. Perfect, he'd ruined Gill's appetite as well.

"I know who kept trying to break into the bakery. Although they weren't really interested in taking anything. Kevin was just trying to scare me."

"Kevin who?" Gill growled, ready to go slay Kyle's dragons.



"My brother," Kyle whispered. "I surprised him the morning of Valentine's Day." He went on to explain everything, from the break-ins to the night of his accident and Kevin's guilt over it. When he was finished, he held his breath, waiting for Gill's reaction.

"Does Ryan know?"

"No, and I hope he never figures it out. Kevin's a good kid. He did what he thought he needed to. I don't want to see him get into any trouble over it. He's planning to move to Sheridan, maybe go back to school. He wants to be close to me."

"And your folks? What'll they say if he takes off to follow you?"

"Sadly, I don't think they would care." The words hurt, but Kyle knew they were true. He'd always been their favourite, though he'd never deserved such an honour.

Poor Kevin had always been overshadowed by Kyle's accomplishments growing up. Kyle was the Homecoming King in high school and one of the most popular guys at Pepperdine University. Kevin was a lot taller and thicker than Kyle. He'd tried to get his brother interested in basketball, but no matter how hard the two of them practiced, Kevin just didn't have the athletic ability.

"Kevin was a good brother, still is," Kyle said more to himself than to Gill.

Gill reached across the table and took Kyle's hand. "I won't tell anyone, and I won't hold it against him."

All the tension seemed to leave his body at once and Kyle bowed his head. "Thank you."

---

Working on Nate's car, Gill whistled the song stuck in his head.

"Well someone's in a better mood," Hal said walking into the garage.

Coming out from under the hood, Gill smiled. "Why wouldn't I be? I've slept with Kyle in my arms for the last three nights, and his therapy starts in an hour."

Hal leaned his hip against the black Mercedes convertible and Gill shook his head. "You trying to get me killed? Nate notices every smudge on this beauty."

Rolling his eyes, Hal stood up straight. "I take it you haven't met Matt Jeffries yet."

"No, but Kyle's spoken with him several times on the phone, why?"

Hal shrugged. "Nothing."

Gill narrowed his eyes at his friend. "What? You wouldn't have brought it up if it was nothing."

"I ran into him at church. He's, uh, hot."

"And? More than half the guys in Cattle Valley are hot. Doesn't mean anything to me, or are you worried about Casey falling for a member of his congregation?" Gill teased.

"Hell no. Casey thinks I'm the sexiest thing that ever walked."

"I didn't know his eyesight was that bad," Gill commented straight faced.

"Asshole. Casey loves me. I don't have to worry about him straying."

"And you think I do?" Gill asked, suddenly he felt offended by his old friend.

"No, that's not what I was saying. God, Gill, lighten up. I just figured it would be weird for you to have a guy like that touching all over Kyle. I was trying to get you riled, not pissed off."

Gill gave Hal a short nod, letting him know he understood.

"Dinner later in the week?" Hal asked.

"Sure, I'll talk it over with Kyle and give you a call."

"Seriously, dude, I didn't mean anything by what I said. It was all in good fun."

"Yeah, it was a lot of fun." Gill gave Hal a half-smile. "Get out of here and let me get back to work. I promised Nate I'd have this finished this afternoon."



An hour later, Gill stared at the clock. He just couldn't shake the seed Hal had planted. He knew he trusted Kyle, but he didn't know Matt. What if the hot therapist decided to take advantage of his position?

Pulling out his cell phone, he called Danny Withers to see if he could come in and run the register.



"Hi. You must be Kyle," the buff, tanned man held out his hand.

"What gave me away?" Kyle joked, looking down at his chair.

Matt laughed and gestured towards the back of The Gym. "Rio has us set up in one of the spare rooms."

Kyle breathed a sigh of relief. He'd been nervous about working out in front of an entire gym full of athletes. "Thanks. I tend to get a little noisy at times."

Matt nodded and gave Kyle a sympathetic smile. "I know it can be painful, but I'll try not to hurt you too much. We just need to get those muscles loosened up again."

Wheeling himself into the adjacent room, Kyle looked at the equipment. "I have a Flexiciser at home. I try to do at least twenty minutes a day on it."

"Great. I'd like to see it sometime. I've heard about them but haven't seen one yet. You might want to put in an extra ten minutes a day on it. Maybe it will speed things along."

"Okay."

Matt walked over to the padded massage table. "The first thing I want to do every session is administer some electrical stimulus to the nerve endings. If you'll get on the table, I'll hook up the pads. Then we can get to know each other."

"Okay." Kyle went to the table and lifted himself out of his chair. He sat on the edge and looked at Matt. "Do you want me sitting up or laying down?"

Matt rubbed his chin. "Down, I think, at least this time. I want to examine your overall muscle tone to determine a workout regime." Matt shifted a little at Kyle's side. "Are you wearing shorts under your sweats?"

"Yeah," Kyle smiled.

After getting out of his pants and reclining back on the table, Kyle allowed Matt to examine his leg muscles. Funny, when Matt ran his hands over Kyle's skin, he felt the pressure but no pleasure. Gill just had to touch Kyle lately and he got hard.

"Your tone is pretty good for someone who's been in a chair for a couple of years. Some patients tell me they do exercises but I can tell when they're lying by their muscle tone. You didn't exaggerate your workout. You should be proud. A lot of people would have just given up on their legs by now."

"I, um, I have something else I promised to tell you." God this was going to be embarrassing. "The other night I wanted a certain muscle to move and it did."

Matt stopped studying Kyle's legs and looked up at him. "Really? That's fantastic. Was it a foot?"

Kyle bit his lip and shook his head. "I was, uh, making love."

"Well, that narrows it down a bit. Were you able to sustain an erection?"

"Yeah. I've been getting better at that since I started seeing Gill."

"Do you mean Darshawn Gilling?" Matt asked in awe. "I heard he lived in town. He owns the Gill's Gas and Garage, doesn't he?"

"Yeah. We're getting married." Kyle said defensively.

Matt held up his hands. "Sorry, didn't mean to sound star-struck, but I grew up watching him play. I can't believe I'm going to be able to meet him."

Kyle felt stupid. Matt wasn't trying to put the moves on his man. He was just a fan, like almost every boy in the nation had been at one time or another. "It's okay. I guess a bit of the green-eyed monster escaped."

Chuckling, Matt shook his head. "Don't worry, I don't poach."

Getting up, Matt went over to a roll-around cart and opened one of the drawers. Coming back to the table loaded with supplies, he began hooking up the electrodes.

"Will this hurt?" Kyle asked.

"No, shouldn't. It'll feel strange at first, but the longer they're on the less you'll notice the actual impulses. Your muscles will contract though, so be prepared for that."

Once he was all hooked up, Matt looked into his eyes. "You ready?"

"Yep."

Matt turned the small machine on and Kyle received his first jolt. Wow, it felt almost like a rubber band snapping against his skin.

"Okay?" Matt asked.

"Yeah."

"So, tell me about Cattle Valley. You know, where are the best places to eat, stuff like that."

Kyle grinned. "The best cinnamon rolls can be found at Brynn's Bakery, downtown."

"Nate already filled me in on your desserts. He said Ryan has a weakness when it comes to your cinnamon rolls."

"Yep. It's my only real power in town," Kyle joked.

"There's the Canoe, for dates and stuff. Fancy, but keep a tight hold on your date because the chef and owner is always after a new conquest. Then there's Deb's for breakfast and lunch. She runs daily specials. Brewster's is good for a beer after work or game days. They usually only serve munchies except on football Sundays. Then they have a buffet."

As Matt listened, he covered Kyle's thighs with his hands, studying the contracting muscles.

"What's going on?" Gill's deep voice suddenly filled the room.

Kyle looked around Matt. "Hey. I'm getting my first treatment."

"Is that what you call it?" Gill asked, stepping further into the room.

Rolling his eyes at Matt, Kyle grinned. "No sexy foreplay. Why don't you step around Matt and see for yourself." Kyle knew from Gill's vantage point it looked like he was nude from the waist down.

Matt removed his hands and stood as Gill came around to stand on the other side of the table.

"Gill, this is Matt, Matt meet Darshawn Gilling." Kyle looked up at Gill with a smug look on his face. "Matt's a huge fan of yours."

"Really?" Gill asked, sounding ashamed of himself.

"Well yeah," Matt said. "I used to watch you play when I was in high school."

"Maybe you're not so bad after all," Gill tried to joke. "So, is this guy giving you any trouble?"

Matt looked down at Kyle and shook his head. "He's in remarkable shape for someone with his history."

"I think so," Gill agreed. "He works hard at it."

Kyle could see they were both floundering for something else to say, so he decided to give them a break. "So, Matt, have you found a place to live yet?"

"No, right now I'm staying in an apartment over Isaac and Sam's garage. I'm hoping to find a little house or something this spring."

"Good luck," Gill added. "It can be tough to find a house for sale in Cattle Valley. Most people that move in never leave. Although there's always construction going on somewhere. Maybe you'll get lucky."

"I hope so," Matt mumbled to himself.

"If you get desperate, I'm thinking about renting out my apartment above the bakery," Kyle said.

Gill's head swung back towards Kyle. "Seriously? You've decided to move in?"

"It's either that or take my chances everyday with that damned unpredictable elevator." Kyle winked.

Gill clapped his hands together. "Fantastic." He bent down and gave Kyle a kiss, only slipping him the barest amount of tongue. "Well I'll let the two of you get back to your work. See you when I get off, baby." Gill held out his hand to shake Matt's. "It was nice to meet you. Maybe we can have you over for dinner next week."

"That would be great," Matt answered.

Kyle watched Gill leave before looking back up at Matt. "Sorry about that."

"No need. It's not the first time I've dealt with a jealous lover."

## Chapter Fifteen

Nate was manning the juice bar when Kyle finished his session a few days later. "Hey, I'll trade you an éclair for a glass of cranberry juice."

Chuckling, Nate looked around. "Just don't tell the boss."

"My lips are sealed."

Nate came around the counter and sat on one of the stools, handing Kyle his drink. "So how's it going with Matt?"

"Great. I'm so sore every evening that Gill has to give me a full body rubdown, but I don't think he's complaining too much." Kyle lifted his glass to his mouth and drank half the contents in one gulp.

"So, has Wyn forgiven you yet for sending Ezra the cookies? I can't believe you were stupid enough to be in the store when Ezra came barrelling in."

Nate gave an exaggerated all-over body shake. "I'm sure he has, but he's been gone since the day after the whole incident happened. His father's death was a surprise I guess. Ezra, on the other hand, almost took my head off the other day when I ran into him at the store."

Kyle grinned. "He finally believed you? I thought you said the day you tried to calm him down, he called you a liar? Kyle finished off his juice and handed the empty glass back to Nate.

"I don't think he believes I did it, but he thinks I know who this mystery fella is and I'm trying to cover for him."

"Geez," Kyle rolled his eyes. He looked around the room before glancing back at Nate. "Busy place lately."

"Yeah, all the businessmen have been dropping by on their lunch hour."

"Is that?" Kyle pointed towards the middle-aged man on the leg press.

"Yep, Asa Montgomery. He hasn't missed a workout since we hired Mario."

Kyle looked from the richest man in town to the new manager of The Gym. "Two way street?"

Nate shrugged. "If it is, Mario hides it well. He's been hooking up with Eric lately."

"I hope you clued Mario into the fact that Eric's a player," he said, watching Mario help Pam Gleeson.

"No need. Seems the two of them have known each other for years. Eric's the one who suggested Mario for the job."

"Hmmm," Kyle hummed. "Interesting."

"Mario said they're just fuck buddies, but I wonder."

Kyle's phone started ringing, drawing attention from the roomful of people. "Sorry, I usually turn this thing off when I come in." Kyle looked at the display. "Hey, you."

"Hi, baby. How'd your session go?"

"Good. I'm just having a juice and a talk with Nate. What's up?"

"I fixed your elevator, but I don't want you using it until I get there. Were you planning on packing up later?"

"Yeah, I have to go by the grocery store and see if I can get some boxes."

"Give me a call when you get back to your place and I'll carry them upstairs for you."

"Thanks, I love you."

"Love you more."

Kyle hung up and slapped Nate's arm. "Stop looking at me like that."

"It's just cute. I can't help it."



Packing away his clothes, Kyle looked up at Gill. "I think Matt might move in here. He's having trouble where he's at, I think."

Gill set down the pliers he was using to disassemble the weight machine. "What makes you say that?"

Kyle shrugged. "Just little things. I think he might be attracted to one or both of our town's doctors."

"Ooh, this gets better all the time," Gill crawled over on his hands and knees to give Kyle a kiss.

"It's not a good thing. Matt's a good guy. He knows Isaac and Sam have been together forever. But you can't always help who you're attracted to."

Gill looked insulted. "Is that a putdown?"



Grinning, Kyle wrapped his arms around Gill's neck and pulled him in for another kiss. "No. I wasn't talking about us, just love in general."

"Love? Who said Matt was in love? Maybe he just wants to jump the silver fox's bones."

"Maybe, but when he forgets himself and talks about them...well, it doesn't sound like a purely physical attraction."

"Matt's young. He'll have plenty of time to find his own man." Gill rubbed his cheek against Kyle's fly.

When Gill started to unzip him, Kyle put a hand on Gill's smooth head. "What are you doing?"

"What do you think I'm doing?" Gill released Kyle's hardening cock.

"Trying to distract me from getting my work done." His eyes rolled to the back of his head at the first swipe of Gill's tongue.

"All work and no play, makes Gill a very unhappy man." Gill slipped Kyle's erection into his mouth and went down as far as he could.

"Oh, wouldn't want that," Kyle mumbled, thrusting his hips. What? Wait? Thrusting his hips?

"Gill?"

"Yeah, baby? I felt it," Gill said, pulling off his cock. "Was that involuntary?"

"No, yes, I don't know. I was thinking about thrusting up and my body just did it. I have to call Matt."

"Not this second you don't." Gill shook his head and swallowed Kyle's cock once more. Fondling Kyle's sac with one hand, Gill tried to get his other hand further into Kyle's jeans. Finally giving up, Gill pulled Kyle out of his chair and onto his lap.

Working from the back of his pants, Gill circled Kyle's hole with his finger. "Whanin." Gill said with a mouth full of Kyle's cock.

"What?"

Gill released his hold and looked into Kyle's eyes. "Want in. Did you already pack the lube?"

Laughing, Kyle shook his head. "It's still in the same place. I had a feeling something like this might come up."

Gill wrapped his arms around Kyle and lifted them both off the floor. Once he'd deposited Kyle on the mattress, he shucked his jeans and lubed up. "Gonna be fast and dirty, baby."

"Yes," Kyle moaned, stroking his cock while he watched Gill apply the slick to his fat cock.

"How limber are you now? Do you think I can put your legs over my arms without hurting you?"

"Oh god, I don't care if it hurts, just do it. Fuck me."

One leg at a time was hooked around the bend of Gill's arm until Kyle was fully exposed. His muscles felt a little tight and uncomfortable, but he knew he'd forget everything but Gill once Gill was inside.

"Okay?"

"Yeah, yeah, please, need it."

Kyle felt the broad head of Gill's cock breach his hole and his legs were forgotten, just like he knew they'd be. Buried to the root, Gill gave Kyle several fast shallow jabs before setting his hungry pace.

Feeling his body stretch and open to his love was like nothing else in the world. Kyle knew he'd die a happy man if he could have this for the next fifty or sixty years. "Love you," he panted.

Gill grunted and nodded his head. Kyle lifted Gill's T-shirt and ran his hands over the sweaty six-pack. So sexy his man. He was able to reach down far enough to feel where Gill's cock was joined with his body.

"Yes, feel me inside of you."

Kyle felt the wide stretch of his hole with his fingers. The human body was amazing. His actions seemed to turn Gill on even more because he started talking dirty as he hammered Kyle's hole.

"Fucking love this ass. It was made for my dick."

*Yes it was*, Kyle thought as he wrapped his fingers around his cock. He squeezed the sensitive skin just below his crown and felt a swift jolt of pleasure. Oh, hell yes. He started jerking himself faster. "Now, Gill!" Kyle screamed seconds before his hand was rewarded with a thick splash of cum.

He'd never be able to explain what it felt like to regain something so basic as the ability to come.

Gill arched his back and howled to the ceiling as he reached his own climax. Kyle watched his lover's face contort with unbridled pleasure. That was him doing that to Gill. Kyle still couldn't believe it.

Releasing Kyle's legs, Gill set them gently on the mattress where they dangled over the edge to almost touch the floor. Kyle pulled Gill down on the bed beside him. "I like that position with you," he whispered against Gill's temple.

"Mmm hmm," Gill agreed, almost asleep.

"Are we taking a nap before going back to your place?"

"Mmm hmm," Gill managed a split second before Kyle heard the first snore.

He wrapped his arms tighter around his man. "Some things will never change. Hopefully," he added with a grin.

## Epilogue

Three months later...

"Come on, your hair looks fine," Kevin yelled at his brother.

"Chill. I've got time. I'm only getting married once and I want to look my best," Kyle said, determined to get each hair standing up in just the right place.

"I've got your jacket, let's go."

Huffing, Kyle turned away from the mirror and wheeled his way to the door. He was still a little pissed his family had insisted he stay at the lodge with them instead of spending the night with Gill. Now he had all these stupid nerves and Gill wasn't around to soothe him.

He made his way down the wheelchair ramp and towards his dad's rental car.

"Ready, son?"

"More than you'll ever know," Kyle answered.



Gill was the one greeting their guests as they filled the chairs surrounding the gazebo. His mom and younger sister were on the front row, both looking extremely happy. They'd met Kyle the prior evening and were instantly taken with him. Who could blame them, Gill thought. Kyle was so charming Gill would've fallen in love with him all over again if they'd just met.

He got a signal from Hal that Kyle and his family had arrived. Finally. Gill wanted nothing more than to see Kyle. Last night had been hell. It was hard to believe after a lifetime of bachelorhood that three months sharing a bed with Kyle had ruined him for sleeping alone.

Gill patted his inside tux pocket, making sure the tickets were there. For a wedding present, Gill was whisking his man off to sunny Maui. They'd have ten full days of lying on the beach while sipping silly umbrella drinks.

"Ready?" Hal said in his ear as the last of the guests were seated.

"You have no idea," Gill grinned and walked back towards Kyle who'd positioned himself at the head of the aisle. They'd decided to do things a little differently. Instead of waiting at the gazebo, Gill and Kyle had decided to go down the aisle together.

Gill chuckled at the memory of Kyle arguing with his mother over decorating the wheelchair. Kyle had put his foot down, so to speak, reminding his mother once again that he wasn't a damn bride who needed everything frilly.

Kyle's therapy was coming along nicely but he still wasn't able to make the walk without his chair. Gill had offered Kyle the option of postponing the wedding until he could make the walk, but Kyle had declined the offer. According to him, even a wheelchair wouldn't ruin his day.

Gill took his place beside Kyle and bent over to whisper in his ear. "If all these people weren't here, I'd have you up against a tree having my wicked way with you."

"You do say the sweetest things," Kyle said, batting his long blond lashes.

When the music started and Reverend Sharp took his place at the gazebo, Kevin stepped forward brandishing a walker. Confused, Gill looked over at Kyle. "What's going on?"

Kyle grinned and took the walker from his brother. "Your wedding present." Leaning on the chrome handles, Kyle slowly stood.

After Kevin took away the chair, Kyle looked up at Gill. "I can make it, but I'm slow."

"Doesn't matter," Gill said, wrapping his arm protectively around Kyle's waist. "Is this okay?"

Kyle nodded and took his first step. Gill held his breath as they continued down the aisle. He was so overwhelmed with emotion he could barely see through his tears. Wiping his eyes, he looked around at their friends and family. He hoped they didn't think he was a total wimp. What he saw when he looked into their eyes, was the same awe and emotion shining in his own. Kyle Brynn was one hell of a man.

By the time they reached the gazebo, Kyle's arms were shaking. "Do you need the chair?" Gill asked.

"No, but if I start to fall, catch me."

"Always," Gill spoke around the knot in his throat.

## **About the Author**

An avid reader for years, one day Carol Lynne decided to write her own brand of erotic romance. Carol juggles between being a full-time mother and a full-time writer. These days, you can usually find Carol either cleaning jelly out of the carpet or nestled in her favourite chair writing steamy love scenes.

Email: [carollynne@carollynne.info](mailto:carollynne@carollynne.info)

Carol loves to hear from readers. You can find her contact information, website and author biography at <http://www.totalebound.com>.

## **Also by Carol Lynne**

Campus Cravings: Coach  
Campus Cravings: Side-Lined  
Campus Cravings: Sacking the Quarterback  
Campus Cravings: Off-Season  
Campus Cravings: Forbidden Freshman  
Campus Cravings: Broken Pottery  
Good Time Boys: Sonny's Salvation  
Good-time Boys: Garron's Gift  
Good-time Boys: Rawley's Redemption  
Good-time Boys: Twin Temptations  
Cattle Valley: All Play & No Work  
Cattle Valley: Cattle Valley Mistletoe  
Karaoke at the Tumbleweed

# Total-e-bound eBooks



[www.total-e-bound.com](http://www.total-e-bound.com)

Take a look at our exciting range of literagasmic™ erotic romance titles  
and discover pure quality at Total-e-bound.