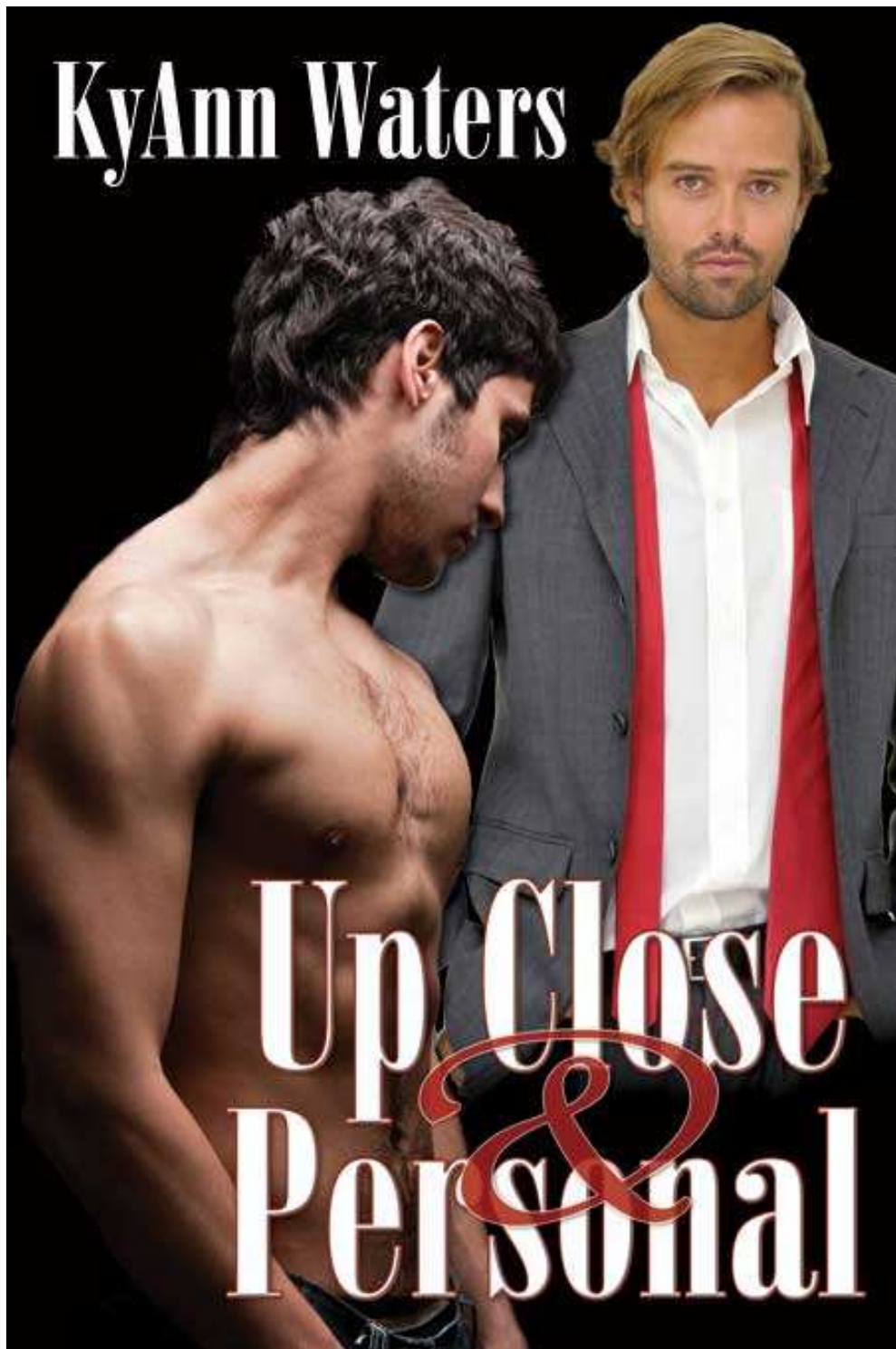


KyAnn Waters

Up Close
&
Personal



Up Close & Personal

by

KyAnn Waters

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Up Close & Personal

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Dedication

To my morning sunshine...my dirty little secret at night. You make me laugh because you're as twisted as I am and that makes us kindred spirits.

PRAISE FOR AUTHOR

KyAnn Waters

AND HER BOOKS

JOHNNY LOVES KRISSY

“This is a wonderful story full of love, passion, and a bit of bittersweet emotion that will keep you riveted to the pages.”

~Chrissy Dionne, Romance Junkies

TIE ME UP, TIE ME DOWN

“I wouldn't have believed it possible for such an excellent story to be fully told in such a short novel. This one is so hot, sexy and actually scorching that I couldn't resist it. I read Tie Me Up, Tie Me Down in one sitting, and I was sorry to see it come to an end it was that good!”

~Judy King, Veiled Secrets Reviews

HOT BLOODED

“The one thing I look for in a vampire romance is a good bite scene and Kyann Waters knows how to deliver the goods. “Hot Blooded” is sensual, seductive and contains a surprise at the end that simply made me smile in delight. Actually, I think I said, “Cool!”

~Xeranth, Whipped Cream Reviews

Up Close & Personal

“Hi.”

Nate Sheppard glanced up from his computer terminal as Graham Eddins stepped into his office and softly closed the door. “Not yet, but if you offered me a joint, I might just be tempted.”

Graham chuckled, and Nate’s pulse jolted. A quiver rippled through his gut.

“How about getting a drink?”

God, just the deep, yet soft, lilt to Graham’s voice had Nate’s body warming. He shifted on his chair as heat shot to his cock, balls and buttocks. Graham made Nate intensely aware of his sexuality. He was more than a little hot for his co-worker, but Graham was so much more. Best friend, colleague...fantasy.

Nate wasn’t opposed to having an office romance. In fact, right now his last office romance was a personal source of contention. But Graham was too good of friend for casual sex. And Graham had never given a hint that he was interested in casual or anything else. “Where?”

“It just so happens that the champagne is flowing downstairs in the convention room. You’re the only office light still on. So...”

Nate glanced out the window, turned back to Graham and cocked his head to the side. “Has hell frozen over?”

A smile curved Graham’s lush lips as he crossed the room. “Then you aren’t coming?”

Nate raised an eyebrow.

“Sorry, bad choice of words.”

Graham didn’t look sorry. He looked good...too

good. At the end of the work day, dark whiskers covered his angular jaw. Thick black lashes framed intense smoky green eyes. Wrinkles creased his once-starched shirt, and his shirtsleeves were rolled to his forearms. More dark hair swirled over his bronzed flesh. The subtle fragrance of his cologne still clung to him. Nate breathed deeply.

“I don’t want to tell you what to do,” Graham said, sitting on the edge of Nate’s desk. “But if you don’t go, he’s going to assume you’re pissed.”

Nate snorted. “Fine, I’ll be first in line to kiss our new art director’s ass. Oh, wait, I’ve already done that.” Six months of kissing said ass...of rimming Joe Boling’s tight hole...and screwing him late into the night. Hell, how many times had Joe dropped to his knees and given Nate a blow job from under his desk? That was before Nate realized he was only a means to an end. Joe had used him—used him until there was nothing left for Joe to gain.

Graham picked up a pen and clicked the end with his thumb a few times. “Or he might think you care too much. Do you want him to know how much he hurt you?”

Joe hadn’t hurt him, not the way Graham believed. Nate had been a fool, but he hadn’t been a fool in love. Joe was fucking his way up the corporate ladder. Nate hadn’t realized it, but in hindsight, he should have. Now Joe was bending over for Nate’s boss. Nate wasn’t willing to earn his merits on his knees. So much for the fast track to art director. Yeah, the job Joe just scored by sucking more influential cock. Only took Joe a couple months to get the job Nate had worked toward for the last year and a half. So who was smarter? “Fuck me for being stupid.”

Graham tossed the pen back to the desk. “I’d be pissed, too.”

“I’m pissed about losing the promotion. But

knowing I sucked Joe's dick after he'd been with *him* is harder to swallow."

Graham laughed at the pun. "That's vile," he said.

"I think Joe's getting what he deserves from Earl—spank me, thank me—Chapman." The lecherous pig. "They deserve each other."

Graham stood, walked around the desk and rested his hand on Nate's shoulder. The weight of his palm seeped through Nate's linen shirt and created simmering warmth in his chest. "I know you cared."

"I cared about the job. Joe was a casual fuck." Nate sighed. "Maybe I'm no better than Joe." He pivoted his chair to the window overlooking the city from thirty stories up. A million pinpricks of light flickered below. Joe's reasons for screwing Nate were no less self-serving than Nate's reasons for screwing Joe. Maybe Nate's reasons were worse because he was avoiding the pain of not having the man he really wanted.

Nate and Graham had been friends, great friends, for a couple of years. Many times during their friendship, Nate had thought about just making a move. Damn the consequences. But in the end, he'd been too chickenshit to risk rejection.

Nate realized silence filled the room. He glanced to Graham. "What?"

"What? What do you mean 'what'? You didn't care about Joe? You were fucking him for months."

"Yeah, so? Fucking, not loving."

Graham's brows furrowed, and his lips pulled into a snarl. "Christ, Nate, you sound like Joe."

"Damn, that's a fucked-up thing to say and not *exactly* true." Nate stood from his chair and stretched his back, pulling his shirt taut.

Graham leaned against the wall and crossed his arms over his chest. "I never pegged you for a

player.” His gaze sizzled over Nate, over his chest, along his stomach and paused on the fly of Nate’s trousers.

“I’m not a player.”

“Then a slut.”

“I can live with slut. I like sex.” He’d like to have sex with someone he cared about, but he wasn’t sure he was ready to care about anyone...except Graham. “But, unlike Joe, I never lied.” Nate spun away. His cock strained against the fabric, the bulge becoming more defined. “I never pretended to want more from him. I don’t do serious.” Because of the barely banked heat he felt for Graham. Their friendship fed his need for everything but sex.

“Bullshit.” Graham grabbed his arm and turned him back around. They stood together, nearly touching. Nate could see Graham’s pulse pounding in the strong column of his neck, the flush of color in his cheeks, and feel the warmth of Graham’s breath against his face. His lips looked soft, soft enough to kiss. Graham had mesmerizing eyes to drown in, to forget about everything but seeing those smoky irises darken with passion. “You’re the most serious man I know.”

“Graham,” he whispered, afraid to say more, afraid to reveal too much about the rioting sensations firing through him. *Kiss him. Touch him. Tell him how you feel.*

“You’re driven by your job, but not enough to fuck for a promotion.” Graham rested his hand on Nate’s hip.

Breath froze in Nate’s lungs, his chest tightened, and his gut clenched. He found enough voice to whisper, “No.”

Graham’s fingertips hesitantly inched higher, onto Nate’s waist. “What will you fuck for?”

Nate swallowed, but his tongue thickened and his mouth watered. Graham was touching him in a

very non-platonic way. Graham's face was close, his body closer. Sliding his hand onto Nate's ass, Graham pressed his groin into Nate's, and Nate groaned. Graham's cock was solid and beyond tempting. But... "I can't fuck you."

"Can't...or won't?"

Nate had always been attracted to Graham, wishing Graham felt the same. Nate's heart pounded, and his dick wanted nothing more than to get up close and personal with Graham, but not because of some fucked up power play between colleagues.

"You never let on you were interested, so neither did I." Graham nuzzled Nate's neck. His stubble rasped against Nate's flesh. "But I'm interested."

Oh, damn, Graham's touch was determined and his lips persuasive. Moist air caressed Nate's flesh, then Graham licked him, an elusive flick of the tongue, but the effect set Nate on fire. His cock raged and his balls tightened. Every nerve tingled, and his mind dizzied with the possibility of sex with Graham.

"I won't believe you if you tell me you can't." Graham gripped Nate's hips and anchored him hard against his groin. Their cocks ground together. "Your cock is hard, and as you stated...you like sex."

"I won't do casual," Nate said, letting his head loll to the side. Graham gently bit the tender flesh of Nate's neck. "Not with you." Nate snapped his head back and clasped Graham's face in his hands. He stared hard into Graham's eyes. "Where is this is coming from?"

Graham tugged on Nate's tie until it loosened. "You're wondering if I want to improve my position with the company?" He slowly pulled on the tie and dropped it to the floor.

"You'll have to fuck Joe now if you're looking to get ahead." The words turned acrid on his tongue.

Pressure tightened his chest when he imagined Graham with anyone else.

"I wouldn't do Joe with someone else's dick, and I'm not looking to get ahead. But I wouldn't mind getting head." He wagged his brows.

Nate laughed, and the heat of jealousy burned into the heat of simmering passion. "I guess I should have been more discriminating." He fumbled with Graham's belt, unable to resist what he'd coveted for so long. Graham worked the top button of Nate's dress shirt undone. "It was just sex."

Graham paused. His smile softened, and his lashes lowered over his eyes. When he glanced at Nate again, Nate couldn't bank the emotion swirling in his eyes. "I know. And it tore me up...to see you giving to him what I wanted for myself."

Nate cupped his cheek, leaned forward, and brushed his lips against Graham's. "I couldn't risk our friendship."

"And now? Is friendship enough for you?"

"I don't want to stop." He rested his forehead against Graham's. "If you're wondering, yes. Yes, I want you. Always have. But I wasn't sure you were interested in me. You're my best friend, Graham, my confidant, and I just never wanted our relationship to become awkward."

"So you decided to have sex with everyone besides me?"

"Not *everyone*."

Now Graham chuckled. "I think it *is* time for you to take on a new position." He leaned in and kissed Nate, a meeting of lips, then tasting the seam of Graham's mouth. As Graham worked more buttons open, he bumped and rubbed their cocks together through their clothing.

"Yeah?" Heat unfurled in Nate's chest and seeped into every part of his body. He burned for Graham. He burned to be *in* Graham. "Seeing how

art director has slipped out of my grasp, perhaps you could suggest something else I can get my hands on.” Nate wedged his hand between them and slipped the belt leather through the buckle.

“Yes, please touch me.” Graham kissed him and passion between them exploded. Graham’s mouth opened, his tongue invaded, and soft and sweet sips led to a longer, more erotic tangle of tongues. Wild and needy. Nate fumbled with the slide closure and zipper of Graham’s slacks. A quick jerk and the fabric parted. With trembling fingers, Nate slid his palm against the silk-covered ridge of Graham’s hot and hard shaft.

Graham groaned. Nate palmed more of Graham’s length, curling his fingers around the thick girth and tracing the stalk from root to tip beneath the fabric of Graham’s black boxers.

Nate smiled and broke the kiss, yet his lips still lingered against Graham’s. More than a few times, Nate had sat behind his desk and fucked his fist. The fantasy was always Graham. Now here he was, willing to take a chance. “God, I’m glad you’re braver than I am.”

“Not brave—desperate.” He pushed Nate’s shirt from his shoulders.

“You’re here with me now, and that’s all that matters.” With a slip of the last buttons on his cuffs, Nate shrugged off his shirt. Graham drew in a deep inhale. He grazed a thumb over Nate’s tight nipple. Nate hissed and his abdominals quivered. Graham traced the dips and edges of Nate’s pectorals. Leaning into Nate, he wrapped his fingers around Nate’s nape and pulled him into a hard, demanding kiss. Teeth clinked and mouths meshed. Graham’s tongue curled around Nate’s.

The kiss was more than Nate imagined. The heat of Graham’s mouth spiraled him into a maelstrom of emotions. They had years of

friendship...and years of wanting. Fear and need warred for dominance in his thoughts. Once they crossed the line—

Yes. He was ready to cross the line. He couldn't keep wondering, couldn't continue to hide his feelings.

Nate shifted his head and took the kiss deeper. He tasted the hot dark treasure of Graham's mouth. He claimed Graham's lips, his body, and God, but he was ready for more. The soft linen of Graham's shirt rasped against his stiff nipples, but Graham's warm hands roamed over Nate's back, the cut muscles of his ribs, then up to his bunched shoulders. "You're wearing too many clothes. I want to feel your skin against mine." Wanted to feel Graham's heart beating, feel his chest rise and fall with passionate breaths, feel his cock pulse between them.

Graham ripped open his shirt. Buttons pinged off Nate's desk and rolled onto the floor. "Tell me this is different. But don't lie to me either."

Graham's eyes pleaded for the words. He was so determined and confident, but Nate's past casual encounters cast a shadow over them. He'd never held much value in relationships...only because he'd never been with Graham.

Nate nipped his lips. "Let me show you."

Nate slid both palms into the waistband of Graham's pants. As Nate dropped to his knees, he peeled them and the boxers over Graham's trim hips, down strong, toned thighs, until they gathered around his ankles.

Graham's cock stretched long and thick from a thatch of dark, tightly curled hair. Pearly essence glistened on the blunt, plum-colored head. Graham banded his fingers around the base. Smooth, hot skin slid over the steely length. Dark veins threaded the shaft and swelled in high relief against the velvety texture.

Nate leaned forward and slowly dragged his tongue from Graham's tightened balls, up the pulsing length, and then dipped into the deep slit. The musky scent of Graham's flesh made the taste of his cream sweeter. Nate was drunk with lust. The intoxicating combination had Nate's cock throbbing and cum boiling in his balls.

Nate glanced up and Graham stared down. "We're different," Nate said. "This isn't casual." He opened wide and closed his lips around the head, pillowing the glans against his tongue. Slippery fluid melted in his mouth. He moaned and sucked more of Graham's cock.

Graham's fingers gripped Nate's skull. "Oh, God, that feels good." Graham's knees bent, and his hips took on a slow gyrating rhythm, screwing his cock in and out of Nate's mouth. Saliva glistened on the shaft. Nate wound his fingers around the base and pumped in rhythm with his sucking. Hot and hard, yet wet and smooth. He rolled his tongue over the soft flesh. Wetter. Faster. Nate relaxed his throat and swallowed more of Graham's dick.

Graham grunted, thrust his hips, and fucked Nate's mouth. Fast and furious plunges. Sloppy and hot as hell. Graham pounded toward release.

"Fuck. Fuck. Fuck." Each passionate expletive matched a hard drive into Nate's mouth. Tears welled in Nate's eyes as he struggled to breathe but refused to release the delicious hold he had on Graham's cock.

Yes. Nate wanted it all. Using the spit clinging to Graham's sac, Nate lubricated his middle finger, traced the tender skin of Graham's perineum, and circled Graham's puckered opening. Graham's cock hardened further, spearing between Nate's lips. His hands gripped hard to Nate's head.

Graham's rippled abdominal tensed. Heavy breaths racked his torso, and he trembled, surging

toward release. A low growl rolled from his chest, and his jaw clenched.

Nate stabbed his finger deep into Graham's ass.

Graham cried out, and his body convulsed. A hot spray of cum bathed Nate's tongue. Continued pulses filled his mouth. He swallowed but could feel the creamy essence seeping from between his lips.

As the final spasms ebbed, Graham sighed and leaned forward, clutching Nate's head. Nate continued to feed his finger, then a second, into Graham's hole. He sawed in and out. Out and in.

Graham arched his back and widened his legs as far as his slacks would allow. "More."

Nate swallowed and inched his mouth off Graham, sucking his cock clean. He licked the crown, earning another pleasure-filled rumble from Graham. Graham kissed the top of his Nate's head.

"How much more?" Nate wanted to fuck Graham, needed to thrust hard and fast. God, but he ached with need. He pulled his fingers from Graham then shifted, sliding behind Graham.

Graham braced his outstretched arms against Nate's desk and bent over. "Fuck me, dammit. I need your cock."

The pleading tone of Graham's voice sent a wave of longing just as intense over Nate. As much as Graham needed to be possessed, Nate needed to possess him. Fire licked his skin. He was hot yet shivering. This was special, and Nate wanted Graham to know this wasn't just another office encounter.

Spreading Graham's cheeks with his palms, Nate exposed Graham's pink entrance. Nate licked Graham, then poked his tongue into the hot trap of his hole. Nate hissed a breath.

"Don't tease me," Graham pleaded. "I've waited to have your cock in my ass for three years. I think that's enough foreplay."

Nate slipped three fingers into Graham's ass and stretched him open. "Three years? Why didn't you say something?" Nate pushed in deeper, twisting and turning his fingers.

"Oh, yes." Graham panted and backed into Nate's fingers. "For the same reason you didn't." Graham's hands clenched into fists and his thighs quaked.

Nate pulled open his desk drawer and guilt wiggled into his thoughts. Condoms. What sort of man kept condoms at work—a *man who has sex indiscriminately but still wants to be safe*. Joe had only been his latest partner. He'd slept with Steve, a personal assistant from the top floor. Unlike Joe, Nate hadn't been jockeying for a better position. There were others. Because Graham had hated Richard from Human Resources, Nate's involvement with him hadn't lasted long. Nothing meant more than his friendship with Graham. If they could have more...

He paused with his fingertips on the condom. "I don't want to do this." Emotion welled in his throat, and his stomach rolled. Graham wasn't an office fling. He deserved better than what Nate had been doing with men like Joe.

Graham straightened and pivoted around. "Nathan?"

Nate smiled. Not many called him by his given name. Nate dropped the condom back in the drawer and closed it. "This is different...you're different. You mean too much to me," he said. "And I don't want to be with you here."

Graham jerked open the drawer and snatched the condom. "Fuck that." He flung off his shirt, toed off his shoes, and kicked off his pants. "I'm naked on your desk," he said, sliding his ass onto the top of Nate's desk. Pens, paper and clutter scattered across the surface and onto the floor. "I'm begging for your

dick.” He stared at Nate as he leaned back on his left elbow and with his right hand, caressed his torso, circled his pectorals then pinched his nipples. “Fuck me, Nate.”

Nate groaned. “Jeezus.” He glanced to his office door. He doubted Graham locked it when he came in. He strode around the desk and crossed the room.

“Are you leaving?”

Nate glanced over his shoulder. “Of course not.” He twisted the lock. “Spread your legs because you’re about to be fucked.” Nate unzipped and slid his hand into the front of his pants. His rigid cock unfurled, easing the pressure in the shaft. Wetness slicked over his trembling fingers. His gut clenched. He fisted his cock and squeezed. Breathing fast, he fought for control. Being a good lover wouldn’t be enough. He needed Graham to feel more than his cock in his ass. He wanted Graham to feel the emotions—the passion.

Nate stalked back across the room. “There’s no going back.” He paused in front of Graham, parted the fly of his trousers, and stroked his cock. “I can’t have sex with you and walk away.”

“I’m not going anywhere, Nate. I’m finally right where I want to be.” Graham grabbed his thighs, rolled his hips, and offered his body. He fingered his hole and pushed inside. His head fell back and his eyes closed. Hard again, Graham’s cock rested against his pelvis, curving toward his navel.

Nate shed the rest of his clothing. Once naked, he grasped the condom, tore it open, and slipped the rubber ring over the leaking head of his cock. The thin latex stretched, squeezing his shaft as he rolled it down the length. Then he opened the drawer for lube.

Graham laughed. “Patience isn’t one of my virtues. Hurry up.” He pulled his legs back.

“I’m not used to your demanding side,” Nate

said as he slicked his shaft with clear gel. Hard and aching, his cock grew heavy in his palm. "I like it." He squirted more gel onto his fingers. "I like you telling me what to do." He liked the look of Graham on his desk, waiting for dick. "As long as you're telling me to fuck you." He slid his fingers into Graham and Graham whimpered.

"Fuck me!" Graham said, his voice strained and his body tense. Graham's cock was thick and ruddy against his groin.

"Say it again." Nate grasped Graham's hips and jerked him to the edge of the desk.

"Fuck me," he whispered, the dark tone sending a shiver over Nate.

"Fist your cock. Imagine you're shoving your cock into me."

Graham's tongue slicked his bottom lip as he stared at Nate, reached between his legs, and closed his fingers around his cock.

"Damn, that's hot." As Graham stroked his cock, Nate spread Graham's thighs and aligned his cockhead with Graham's entrance. Muscles tensed as Graham braced against the penetration. "Relax baby," Nate coaxed as he pushed in a little farther.

Graham's back bowed off the desk, and he held his cock in a viselike grip. Nate spread Graham's cheeks apart. Graham's hole stretched taut around Nate's cock. The exquisite pressure was nearly his undoing. With a deep breath, he eased out and slowly entered Graham again. Graham bore down and the pressure eased. Inner muscles softened and caressed Nate's cock as he slid the length of his shaft into Graham.

"Oh, damn." Graham moaned low and long, taking Nate deep.

A tidal wave of sensations washed over Nate. The room shifted as if he'd become weightless. Floating...adrift on intoxicating desire. But Graham

was with him, holding him within his body...making love to him. The intensity of the connection went beyond physical. Soft, hot tissues surrounded his cock and radiated warmth over his body. Melting together. Nate eased out, paused, then took the decadent slide back in.

Sounds of their heavy breathing filled the room. Their gazes locked and Nate smiled. Graham was beautiful. His face flushed, and his dark lashes lowered over passion-clouded eyes. Graham licked his lips, gripped the edge of the desk with one hand, and with his other, stroked his cock, a slow rhythm from root to tip, milking pleasure from his dick. He whimpered with every plunge of Nate's cock into his rectum.

Nate ran his hands over the hard muscle of Graham's flanks. He tingled from the top of his head to the tips of his toes. Energy coursed through his body. He had to move. Harder. Faster. He had to fuck, had to take as much pleasure as he could give. Each deep thrust into Graham jarred the desk. The few items remaining on top shifted to the floor.

Graham chuckled, but the sound was strained as he locked his jaw, and he rolled his hips higher. Nate growled and pounded into Graham's hole. The wet sounds of slapping bodies echoed in the room.

"Fuck. Fuck. Fuck."

Nate heard the harsh grunted words as a command. His fingertips dug into Graham's hips, and he bucked with a single determination. To make Graham come. "If you come, I will."

Graham stroked his cock faster. His internal muscles tightened and gloved to Nate's cock. Graham panted, taking the drilling and demanding more. "I don't want this to end."

Nate swiveled his hips. "Baby, this is just foreplay. We have forever for the rest." He wrapped his palms around Graham's thighs, leveraging him a

little higher. Nate plowed long and deep into Graham.

“Ah, Nate.” Graham cried out as his body jerked. His gut muscles rippled and clenched, and ropes of hot cum ejaculated from his cock, splattering his chest and dribbling over his fist.

Nate reveled in the rhythmic pulses of Graham’s rectum. He continued to thrust through Graham’s orgasm, knowing he couldn’t hold off his own. Euphoric delirium numbed his mind to everything except Graham. A guttural groan erupted from his chest as a shattering climax ripped the breath from his lungs. Violent spasms jerked his cock. He felt each hot pulse shooting into the latex sleeve covering his dick.

Any doubts Nate may have had about his connection to Graham faded in the aftershocks. His grip on Graham lightened. “Holy shit.” He smiled as his cock slipped from Graham’s core. He turned and removed the condom.

Graham sat up, and his legs dangled from the knees down. “Now I am pissed.”

Nate snapped his gaze to Graham. “What?”

“Yes, you ass,” he said and laughed. “That was amazing. Just so you know, you’re not allowed to fuck anyone else ever again.”

Nate released the breath he held and smiled. “Don’t scare me.” He grabbed the box of tissues off the floor, snagged a couple to wrap up the condom and handed the box to Graham. “And here I was thinking this had almost been a religious experience. I know I saw the light.”

Graham wiped semen from his chest and belly. “You have seen the light.” He winked at Nate. “You’re here with me.”

Nate closed the space between them. “Just so you know, you’re not allowed to be fucked by anyone else either.” He pressed his lips to Graham’s.

Graham's mouth opened, and Nate snaked his tongue along Graham's. Still filled with passion, but the desperation was gone. Now there was a comfortable closeness. Nate was where he belonged—with Graham. He sighed and sank deeper into the kiss. Then Graham nipped his bottom lip. "Hey."

He laughed. "Just because it felt fantastic for you to take my ass, doesn't mean I'm a bottom boy."

"You expect me to give it up?"

Graham ran his hands over Nate's torso. "Oh, yeah. I say we get the hell out of here, go to my place, and you give it up tonight."

"I might be persuaded."

Graham slid his fingers lower, over the hard planes of Nate's chest and firm grooves of his stomach. "How much persuasion do you think is required?"

Nate's cock warmed. "Apparently not much," he said as the shaft hardened. "Let's go." Nate handed Graham his pants, then tugged on his own.

"Do you want to pick up dinner on our way home?" When Nate didn't respond, Graham glanced up from buttoning the few buttons left on his shirt. "No?"

"Yes." He smiled. "I just like the sound of going home *with you*."

Graham slipped on his shoes. "Me, too. I'll grab food and meet you back at my place."

"Sounds good." Nate flipped up his collar and wrapped his tie around his neck.

Graham headed to the door. He paused with his hand on the knob. "Italian? After all, it's our first dinner date as lovers."

"I don't care if you grab a bag of chips and beer."

"So I'll need to get you drunk to get you in bed?"

"We already know our date will end with sex. You can fuck me wherever you want. I don't care if

it's in a bed."

"Good to know." Graham turned the handle.

"Wait." Nate rushed across the room. He slammed Graham against the wall and crashed his lips onto Graham's. The kiss was fast and furious and filled with heat. And then it was over. "I'll hurry."

Graham smiled and slipped out the door.

Nate spun toward the mess on the floor around his desk. Suddenly he didn't care about the job, the promotion, or the men. All he wanted just walked out the door to get them dinner. If the situation with Joe hadn't occurred, tonight might never have happened. Every thought slipping through his mind included Graham. He just wanted Graham...as his partner.

Starting tonight. Dropping to his hands and knees, he grabbed the pens and papers scattered on the floor. Damn. Having Graham on his desk had been sexy as hell. Nate might even enjoy coming to work remembering the way Graham had spread his thighs and fingered his hole. Nate couldn't stop smiling.

"I missed you at the party. I figured I'd come looking for you."

Nate glanced to the door, and his stomach rolled. "You found me."

"Yes, and I like seeing you on your knees—and smiling about it."

When Nate looked at Joe now, he saw him through Graham's eyes. God, he had been a slut. Those days were forever behind him. He smiled, again thinking about Graham. "You're killing my good mood. So get out of my office."

Joe tsked and stepped away from the door. "Is that any way to speak to me? I'm your boss now."

"Fuck off."

"I did that," Joe snapped. Then a sultry smile

curved his lips. "But now the situation is different." He slid onto Nate's desk and rubbed his hands down his thighs.

Nate stood and dropped the items he'd picked up off the floor onto his desk. "As far as you and I are concerned, nothing has changed for me. I'm still not interested."

"You should be. As of now, and I mean right now." He palmed his groin, easing the zipper down. "I'm in a position to make your job," he narrowed his eyes and said, "should we say...enjoyable. And fulfilling."

Nate leaned forward, and keeping a dangerous and determined tone to his words, whispered, "Fuck you."

Joe grabbed Nate's tie and tugged him closer. "I'd rather fuck you."

"Sorry to interrupt. I thought I left my cell phone."

Nate jerked away from Joe. Nausea churned in his gut. "Graham." Nate didn't need to guess Graham's thoughts. The pain and betrayal swam in his eyes. He blinked fast and his lips thinned. "Graham, wait."

"No, it's okay."

"Dammit, it's not okay." But Graham had already turned and walked away.

"Well, wasn't that interesting. Maybe I wasn't the only one fucking around. And here I'd almost felt guilty for getting screwed by Earl."

Joe's assumptions made Nate want to vomit. He couldn't do this. It wouldn't work. He couldn't see Joe every day, work with him—for him—and not hurt Graham. Graham might want to pretend he could handle the situation, but Nate imagined himself in the same position. Seeing Graham work with a "joe" from his past would tear Nate up.

"Don't feel guilty about screwing me over," he

said to Joe. "You gave me just the motivation I needed to go after what I really want."

"Graham, wait!" he hollered, storming toward the door. He cast one last glance at Joe. "You'll have my resignation in the morning." Someone would appreciate his talents—his talents outside the bedroom. As for his other talents, he only wanted one man—his man.

Nate rushed toward the elevators, hoping he could catch Graham before he left. "Shit." Graham was probably heading out of the building by now. Nate pressed his thumb on the down arrow and glanced at the numbers above the sliding steel doors.

Nerves sizzled and fear clawed at his heart. He had to get to Graham and explain. The elevator dinged and the doors slid open.

"Hi." Graham stood in front of him.

"Don't walk away...please."

"Going down?" Graham smiled, and the tension began to uncoil within Nate.

"Graham," he pleaded, the fight going out of him. He wanted to beg Graham to believe him, to trust in him. "I'm going wherever you're going." He stepped into the elevator, and the doors closed. "I'm not letting you walk away."

"I'm sorry," Graham said.

"No. I'm not sorry, and you shouldn't be either. We aren't going to be sorry about anything to do with us." Nate was determined to get through to him. "I promise, what you saw, what you heard, whatever you believe happened with Joe, didn't. Like you, I wouldn't do him now, not even with someone else's dick."

"Nate, listen. I know. About the twentieth floor, I knew I had misjudged the situation." He stepped closer to Nate. "I can't help being jealous, and I didn't like seeing you with Joe. But I do trust you."

"Really?"

“Yes,” he whispered. “But I can’t help feeling possessive over what’s mine.”

“Good. Because a man that loves someone wouldn’t cheat on them. He wouldn’t kiss their lips.” Nate banded his fingers around Graham’s nape and pulled him into a sweet kiss. “He wouldn’t use his tongue to taste his lover’s cock and then use it to lie.” He backed Graham into the wall of the elevator. “He wouldn’t fuck the man he loves on his desk.” Nate paused, feeling Graham’s warm breath against his lips. “Then quit his job.”

Graham shoved him back. “What?”

“Joe’s too big of a dick to work for. And no, I’m not actually referring to the size of his cock.”

“Nate, are you sure?”

“Yes, I can freelance until something else comes along. In the meantime...” Nate leaned in and pressed a kiss to Graham’s neck. “This man...this man who loves you...” Nate rocked his pelvis, grinding his shaft into Graham’s. “Wants to get up close and personal with you.”

“Good.” Graham gripped Nate’s hips. “Because I love you, too.”

About the Author

Multi-published author, KyAnn Waters lives in Utah with her husband, two children, and two dogs. She spends her days writing and her evenings with her family. She enjoys sporting events on the television, thrillers on the big screen, and hot scenes between the pages of her books..

Visit KyAnn Waters at
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Also Available

Mercy Of The Dragon

by

KyAnn Waters

Ja'darien, slayer of Dracs, will stop at nothing to banish his deviant desire for the dragons. He won't rest until he rids the world of the beasts. On the edge of a ravine, he waits for his prey.

Kerkira, a winged dragon, hunts the slayer. Yet, when given the chance, he can't kill his enemy. The man is his mate. However, because of Ja'darien's sins against the Dracs, Kerkira vows the slayer's submission will not be pleasant.

The bond of mating is more intense than either is prepared for. Will Kerkira forgive him because Ja'darien is at the mercy of the dragon?

Mercy Of The Dragon

Fear stabbed at Ja'darien with the sound of the dragon man's voice. Deep, rich and seductive. A sexual assault on his senses. Only Kerkira wasn't just a man. He was more. Something more dangerous dwelled within Kerkira. More alluring. More menacing to Ja'darien's psyche.

The dragon's eyes glared from the shadows. Lust simmered in the swirling amber depths. Lust Ja'darien reciprocated. Thick pearly cream leaked from Kerkira's thick and solid cock. And between his legs, his tail—yes, the tail of a dragon—rolled and teased his succulent sac. Skin, more like the flesh of a human but hairless, carried the markings of the Drac from the ridge. Not only had he lost the battle with the beast, he was now the Drac's captive—at his mercy.

"Release me." Either physically or by death, but he couldn't fight the images boiling in his mind. Visual fantasies of submitting to the dragon, of being a sexual servant and letting the beast ravage his body.

"Never." The Drac approached the pallet. "You can no longer deny our connection."

Ja'darien shook his head. Shivers broke over his flesh. "No. We are *not* connected."

"Do *not* deny what you are!" Kerkira's gaze roamed over Ja'darien. Bound to the pallet he was defenseless. Yet the vulnerability heightened his awareness of the Drac's sweet breath. The dragon man's aroused body was carved of hard muscle and was the deep color of copper.

Lust robbed Ja'darien of breath, of thoughts

other than of the Drac. He burned, ached for all he'd denied himself. He could no longer fight the forbidden. "Kill me, dragon."

"I have no intention of killing you, Ja'darien, slayer of Dracs." He dropped to the ground and sat on the edge of the pallet. His tail snaked around Ja'darien's calf, the node inching higher up Ja'darien's inner thigh, scoring a heated trail into his flesh. Ja'darien flinched with the touch, but his cock jumped and more cream trickled over the bulbous head. The binding kept Ja'darien's legs spread. Kerkira slithered his tail, teasing as he ventured closer to Ja'darien's center. Ja'darien would resist this torture. He was stronger than his desires. The tail curled around his shaft, squeezing with exquisite pressure. The node on the tip dipped into the slit of Ja'darien's cock and gathered slippery cream.

"What do you want from me?"

"Today...your body. Tomorrow...your submission...and then eternity."

To purchase *Mercy Of The Dragon* and other erotic titles, visit www.thewilderroses.com.

Available
March 25, 2011

Going Down Hard

by

KyAnn Waters

Love sucks. Relationships suck. But Hale Reston loved Jesse Whitfield anyway—until he left without saying goodbye and without an explanation. Hale was going down...*going down hard*. Braden Owens picked him up and showed him loving someone doesn't have to hurt. Just as Hale has convinced himself what he has with Braden is just sex, Jesse returns and Hale must accept that his emotions run deep, but not just for Braden. He's still in love with Jesse, too.

Excerpt from

Going Down Hard

“My leaving wasn’t about you. It was about me.”

“Bullshit.” Hale drew in a ragged breath, willing his nerves to calm and his pulse to slow. He was pissed and as much as he hated himself for it, aroused. His cock thickened behind the fly of his jeans and his balls were heavy. He faced Jesse and the moment stretched.

“Tell me.”

“Braden,” he finally said.

Jesse’s eyes narrowed and his brows furrowed. “Why am I not surprised?” He shook his head as if he didn’t want to believe the words. “I told you.” He jammed his hands into his pockets. “I told you he’d had his eyes on your ass for months.”

“Oh, he looked at yours just as much and we both thought about his. Back then I wasn’t interested.” But once Jesse had left, Hale had been fucked up. Braden had been a good friend. Not long after, there was more than friendship between them. Regardless of Hale’s jacked up feelings for Jesse, he wouldn’t give up Braden. “Guess you weren’t the only one who changed their mind about what they wanted.” Hale heaved a fresh bale of straw for the stall. “Or in my case, maybe I should say who I wanted.”

Jesse blocked Hale, filling the space in the stall. “I’m home, and I’m not leaving again.” Hale’s step faltered and his back pressed up against the wall. “You’re going to see me every day.”

Hale couldn’t turn away from the intensity in Jesse’s brown eyes. Those lashes and the dimples in his clean-shaven face. Sharp angles carved his square jaw. In the months he’d been gone, he’d

gotten his hair cut. Now short on the sides and longer on the top, Jesse had lost the rancher edge and taken on a city sophistication. Damn, but it looked good on him.

Jesse leaned in closer. "I'm not walking away from us."

The subtle scent of Jesse's cologne reminded Hale of the intimate moments he spent kissing Jesse, of touching him and rubbing against him until they'd both come in their jeans. The bittersweet memories were more than Hale wanted to remember. "You already did."

The barn door swung open flooding the area with bright sunlight. Cowboy hat, worn jeans hugging slim hips, long legs and cowboy boots. Hale swallowed hard. Braden always had the same affect on him. As beautiful as Jesse was, Braden was rough and rugged. Jesse carried the scent of fine cologne...Braden smelled like sweat and man. He was hard, lean and tough as nails. And he wanted Hale.

"Hey stranger," he said to Jesse as he came into the barn, his determined gate eating up the distance between them. His friendly smile stretched across his tanned face and his blue eyes sent heat into Hale's groin. These were the two men he wanted, but only one could he have. And he needed him.

"You can get out now," he said to Jesse.

Braden slapped Jesse on the shoulder. "You look good."

"Fuck you," he spat and stormed out of the barn.

To purchase *Going Down Hard* and other erotic titles, visit www.thewilderroses.com.