

A photograph of a shirtless man with dark hair and a light beard, lying in bed. He is propped up on his left arm, resting his head on his hand, looking down. He is wearing a ring on his finger. The bed has white linens. The text "AJ Hardcourt" is overlaid in the top right, and "In His Bed" is overlaid at the bottom.

AJ Hardcourt

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By
AJ Hardcourt

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In His Bed

Turbulence jerked the plane. Like his gut, the plane swooped. Tension tightened his shoulders and pressure built behind his eyes. He rubbed small circles into his temples then checked his watch again. Almost home.

The flight was jarring but his turbulent thoughts added to his anxiety. The cabin creaked and groaned. The wings shifted and the plane dropped again. Jude Park's stomach pitched and rolled and it had nothing to do with the plane's descent into Salt Lake International Airport. He was going home, going against his lucrative career prospects, and going against his mom's wishes. He could ask himself why, but he knew it was because he couldn't move on with his life without taking a chance that there was something more for him in Salt Lake City. Maybe he was chasing a dream—a wet dream—but he had to see Rob Aspen.

With his degree came the realization that he had the world by the balls and it wasn't what he wanted. Postgraduate school completed, he could begin his career, but he felt adrift. Everything he'd done up until this point in his adult life, he'd done for the wrong reasons. Or maybe somewhere in his warped thinking he'd been trying to please one man. One man who'd been his friend, his confident, and the object of his obsession. Until last year, Rob had never given the slightest inclination that he'd be interested in anything more than friendship with Jude. Perhaps Jude was reading more into the tone of Rob's emails. Were they flirtatious or was Jude just wishful thinking?

Jude was determined to find out.

“Prepare for landing,” the detached voice of the captain said and Jude’s heart rate spiked.

A flight attendant cruised up the aisle looking for garbage and instructing passengers to adjust their seats and tray tables. Jude leaned his head back and sighed. Twenty-four years old, a degree in accounting, no job and no place to live. He’d stay with his mom in the short term, just until he could find his own place.

The plane dipped again. Jude glanced out the small thick-paned window. Bottomless black inked the terrain to the west. Butted up against the Great Salt Lake, a million pinpricks of colored lights dotted the city nestled in the valley of the Wasatch Mountains. *Home*.

A few moments later, the engines roared and the wheels touched the runway. The plane taxied to the terminal, rumbled, and rolled to a stop. People popped their seatbelts and scrambled to get their carry-on luggage. Jude had only one small bag. Most of his possessions were on a moving van that would arrive in SLC sometime between ten days and two weeks. Enough time for him to acquire a permanent address of his own. If not, his stuff would go into storage until he was ready.

He grabbed his duffel from the overhead, exited the plane and made his way out of the airport with the rest of the masses. Glancing at a large clock in the center of the terminal, he groaned. Two hours delayed. Mom didn’t drive well at night and he was damn tired. He entered the passenger pick-up area and slung the duffel higher on his shoulder.

“Let me take it.” That voice. A deep voice, a voice that seeped into him as a dark caress. An aural aphrodisiac that had an instant response on his pulse and muddled his ability to think.

“Rob. I got it.” He couldn’t hide the edge of hunger in his voice. Just speaking his name had heat curling in Jude’s gut and sinking into his balls. The man was fucking hot. Jude’s gaze traveled over Rob’s broad shoulders, trim waist and sculpted pectorals. Tight beaded nipples teased from behind the cotton T-shirt molding Rob’s torso like a second skin. Jude paused for a moment—for a heartbeat—on the bulge of Rob’s cock behind faded denim before continuing the visual journey down his long jean-clad legs.

“How was your flight?”

“Long. Tiring. I wasn’t expecting you.” He glanced behind Rob’s shoulder. “Where’s Mom?” There was a slight problem with his attraction to Rob—his mother had found him first. Not that anything remotely romantic had ever happened between them, at least nothing Jude was aware of. Rob was gay. But Rob was also his mom’s best friend.

“She’s fine.” He indicated the direction of the car and started walking. “The Terminator is on the rampage. Only he sends Karen to do his dirty work. She’ll be gone until Friday cleaning house in the Phoenix office.” Rob unlocked the doors to his vehicle with his remote and then popped the trunk. “You can toss your bag in here.” He pushed his golf clubs to the side.

Jude swallowed the lump in his throat. He’d expected to arrive home, find an opportunity and set out for seduction. He dropped his bag in the trunk. “Until Friday, huh?” Almost an entire week to get his hands on Rob—that is if Rob was interested. “Will you be around this week? We should play,” he said, indicating the clubs.

"Sure." Rob's smile heated the air between them. "We can play anytime." Rob yawned and climbed behind the wheel as Jude sat in the passenger seat. "But not tomorrow. I'm going to sleep all day." He keyed the ignition and pulled away from the curb. "We'll have to work around my schedule a bit. I'm on call for the next three days." Rob was a paramedic and more than six feet of hard as steel muscle. A cap of nearly black hair was a bit long in back, covering his nape and the sides curled over his ears. Rob raked his fingers through his bangs, pushing them out of his eyes. "But I won't crowd your space. I'm sure you'll want to hook up with friends." He turned to Jude and winked. "Party a bit."

"Actually, hanging out at home holds the most appeal."

Rob nodded and merged into light airport traffic. Then he glanced across the darkened space of car's interior. Awareness prickled along Jude's flesh. The man had bedroom eyes, smoky hot, and Jude melted under the intensity of his stare. Glow from the dashboard reflected in his hazel eyes. Shadow covered his angular jaw and his mouth, a mouth Jude had fantasized about since he'd seen his first gay porn and realized he wanted on the receiving end of his mother's best friend.

"Do you plan to go back for graduation?"

"No. I'm home." Jude finished his degree a semester early. He could return for the pomp and circumstance, but he was ready to get on with his life. He'd made some good friends. He'd keep up with them on Facebook. He'd dated but hadn't fucked around much. He glanced at Rob. Because he hadn't been able to get one man out of his head.

They drove a few miles in silence. "Are you seeing anyone?"

Rob's gaze jerked to Jude's. Then he smiled and laughed. "Where'd that come from?"

Jude's palms began to sweat. He wiped them on his thighs. "Just breaking the silence."

Rob's shoulders relaxed. One hand lightly gripped the steering wheel. Jude shifted and bumped against Rob's other arm, resting casually on the console. His heart tripped at the innocent contact. Only nothing about what Jude envisioned with Rob was innocent. He was aware of every shift in Rob's posture, his breathing and even his rugged male scent blending with the hint of leather. Sexual pheromones to Jude.

"Then you haven't been talking to Karen about my love life?"

It was Jude's turn to chuckle. "I've avoided my mom for the last two months. She's not happy about my decision to come home. She wanted me to take that job in New York."

"Yeah, I think she'll come around."

Jude shifted on the seat, turning more toward Rob. "I'm not so sure. But I've been making decisions on my own for quite some time and I know what I want." Oh god, just looking at what he wanted had his cock thickening and his balls tightening.

"I agree." Rob cast him a quick glance. "But you'll always be her only child. She'll always mother you." Rob exited the freeway. "So why didn't you want to take the job in New York?"

What should he say? Words poised on the tip of his tongue, words he wasn't ready to say, not after a few minutes in a car. But soon—his heart skipped a beat—maybe tonight. His cock kicked then swelled against the fly of his jeans. "I'm hoping for better prospects around here." Any fatigue from the flight burned away with the heat of his

thoughts. "I know exactly what I want," he went on to say. "I could settle for money, prestige and a corner office with a view."

Rob laughed. "Hell of a settlement if you ask me."

"Yes, but I want what I can't get in New York."

"And what would that be?"

You. "Everything I want is here." He chanced a look at Rob. More than hunger for Rob coiled in his stomach. A shiver thrilled up his spine. At the moment, lust was monopolizing his thoughts. But Rob was more than a hard body. Jude wanted to discover the rest in intimate detail.

Each minute closer to home increased Jude's anxiety. What was he supposed to say? *Want to fuck because I've been imagining your dick in my ass every day for the last eight years.* When Jude was sixteen, knowing he'd rather play with cocks than pussies, he'd fantasized about his mom's hot friend. Wishing Rob was into boys rather than girls, not realizing then that Rob wasn't into boys or girls, but rather men.

Jude wasn't a boy anymore.

Rob turned into the driveway. "Home sweet home." The porch light was on, but the interior was dark.

Jude stepped out of the car and walked around to the trunk. He stared at the two-story brick house where he'd spent his formative years. Years he'd watched his mom move up the corporate ladder, dating men but never remarrying. He'd wondered if she'd held out hope for Rob. Jude knew she loved Rob, but was it a passionate love? If he and Rob

became involved, would she feel betrayed? He didn't want to hurt her but he'd fallen in love with Rob, too.

Rob stood next to him at the trunk. He was taller by a few inches, rugged in a sexy, need-to-climb-between-the-sheets kind of way. Jude didn't just *want* between the sheets. He'd been through enough men to know he *needed* Rob. And what if his interest in Rob was reciprocated? Jude had to know if the sexual innuendos played off as jokes, the hungry glances when no one was looking, and the flirtatious emails were just figments of his imagination.

Jude grabbed the duffel and Rob closed the trunk. "Are you coming in?" Jude asked.

"Yeah, thought I'd crash on the couch. I'm beat."

Warmth bloomed in Jude's belly. "Rob, you could stay the entire week if you wanted." He didn't wait for a reaction or a reply. He started toward the front door.

Rob crowded in next to him. Jude didn't move aside, rather anticipated the rush of Rob's skin on his. In the glow of the porch light, Jude noted the way dark hair swirled against Rob's tanned forearm. Veins threaded the taut muscle. Strong hands, with thick blunt fingers held the keys. Jude nearly groaned, envisioning Rob's grip around his cock.

"If I don't get called in," the lock popped and he turned to Jude, "I just might." Rob opened the door. "Then we could play."

More veiled innuendo. Jude's tamped down the flair of arousal. Damn, but he wanted to play.

Jude followed him in.

"Are you hungry?" Rob asked, flipping on the light. After toeing off his shoes, he headed for the kitchen. He tossed his keys and cell on the hall table. "Or a drink? I need a drink." He opened the refrigerator and grabbed a beer. "Then I'm off to bed."

"Sounds good." Jude let his own veiled invitation resonate between them. He stepped in close and grabbed a beer for himself.

He straightened and smiled at Rob. "I'm old enough now." He popped up onto the counter. "Do you remember the time you caught me drinking?"

Rob chuckled. "Yeah, a hard one to forget."

Jude recalled exactly what was hard that day. Rob had caught him with a six-pack of beer...and Jesse Martinez. With Rob's encouragement, that was the day he'd fessed up to his mother that he was gay. And that night he heard his mom arguing with Rob. Rob had come to his defense, reasoned with his mom and made her understand that she could be upset about underage drinking but not about his orientation. Jude was gay. And that night Jude discovered Rob was, too.

Rob tipped his beer to his lips and leaned against the counter. Light from the hall spilled into the kitchen casting long shadows along the wall. Jude stared at Rob. His heart pounded. His cock was hard. And he didn't want a beer. He wanted a long slow slip of Rob, wanted to drink until he was drunk on the man. And then he wanted Rob to fuck him. To rub his hands over Jude's ass, spread his cheeks, and drill his thick cock into Jude's hole. God, his rim burned with the thought and his inner muscles clenched, impatient for dick.

"You never answered my question earlier. Are you seeing anyone?"

"I'd have to have a social life to date."

Jude paused with the rim of the beer bottle an inch from his lips and smiled. "Maybe I can help you with that."

* * *

Rob laughed. "So you want to hook me up?" What in the hell was he doing? Sweat trickled along Rob's back and his nuts were pulsing beneath his swelling erection. Jude had changed from twink to hot college grad and Rob was more interested than he should be on just what Jude's education included.

Damn, he did know. He'd been dancing around an unwelcomed attraction. Karen had noticed Jude's crush a few years ago. Rob hadn't been concerned. Jude was just discovering and accepting his sexuality. Naturally, he'd gravitate toward a man secure in his orientation. Hell, Rob sort of got off on Jude. The kid had been Rob's shadow from the day he came out to Karen until he'd left for the university.

Jude wasn't a kid anymore...and Rob wasn't misreading the signals. Rob could see the maturity in Jude's confident posture and hot fucking body. Jude's sandy blond hair was cut close on the sides and left a bit longer on top. A faux hawk Rob wanted to fist his hands in as he ate Jude's luscious lips. However, teasing...wanting...even thinking thoughts of Jude was playing with fire. Temptation he couldn't touch, yet he hadn't heeded his own good sense. He'd cracked the door with emails and late night phone calls.

"Rob?"

“Yeah, sorry.” He shook his head, shaking off thoughts of hard, hungry-for-cock college boys—*Jude*—with tight asses and ripped bodies. “I don’t think any of your friends are going to be interested.”

Jude clamped his teeth into his bottom lip. His intense blue-eyed gaze raked down Rob, leaving a sizzling awareness in its wake. “That wasn’t what I meant.”

Heat simmered in Rob’s chest. In a slow stretch, his cock hardened and his balls tightened. But he couldn’t want this, couldn’t risk destroying the two people who meant the most to him. “I’m flattered—”

“I was thinking we could hit the bars.”

Rob nearly choked on his breath. “The bars?”

“Yeah, this week. I’m home, need to hookup with old friends, and wouldn’t mind meeting a few new ones.” He set his beer on the counter. “I don’t know about you, but I need to get laid. Celibacy is for religious and ugly people.” He started out of the kitchen, leaving Rob speechless. “So are you still set up in the spare bedroom or are you in my room?”

Every fucking word out of Jude’s mouth had his dick jumping and his heart racing. “Your room?” Rob nearly swallowed his tongue. “No, not your room. I’m across the hall in the spare.”

“Great, then I’ll know where to find you if I have an emergency.”

“Huh?” Rob’s brain had short-circuited with talk of Jude’s room. He couldn’t squash the image of Jude in his bed.

“Resuscitation,” Jude said as he grabbed his duffel. “If you head to bed, I’ll see you in the morning.” He started up the stairs to the bedrooms.

Rob raked his fingers through his hair. Shit. Shit. Shit. Bars, hook-ups, and getting laid? What the fuck had happened to Jude? They weren’t pals, and didn’t party together. They weren’t like that. Sure, some of the emails lately had changed in tone, become...stimulating. Now Jude had all but asked for mouth to mouth. Christ that thought had him hot and aching all over.

He glanced at the now vacant stairs. Jude had changed, but so had he. His feelings weren’t easy. They were complicated and intense and considering doing anything with Jude was impossible. Light spilled out from his open bedroom door. Rob kept the room across the hall. He lived an hour south and worked five minutes from Karen’s house. When he was on call, staying here was more convenient.

But not with Jude home. Not with the forbidden sensations rioting through his body. Rob could admit, deep down, where only he knew, he wanted Jude, wanted to top him, cramming him full of cock. Not always. There was a time when Jude was simply Karen’s boy and he’d been blessed to have a hand in watching him mature into an intelligent handsome young man. Then he’d gone away to school. When he returned on that first break, Rob’s saw the man—not the boy. Horrified, he’d buried his needs, swallowed the lust and focused on friendship. Not that it helped. He’d still wanted to fuck his best friend’s kid. He’d felt like a fucking perv. A growl rolled from his chest. Now, in a few hours, Jude had uncovered that dirty little secret. It was a game. And Jude was playing. Question was, would Rob?

A few minutes later, Rob checked the doors, shut off the lights and headed upstairs. The door to Jude's room was ajar. Only a dim light filtered from within. He paused, wanting to turn away, but desperate for a glimpse. A shiver of apprehension crawled over his flesh. His breathing grew shallow. His bare feet froze to the floor.

In the reflection of the mirror, he watched Jude strip out of his shirt. Hard lines carved his corded abdominals. Saliva flooded Rob's mouth and his dick jerked. Simmering heat in his balls boiled over and his cock head began to leak within his jeans. Jude had filled out. Gone was the twenty-ish twink replaced by strong shoulders and a dusting of hair across the contoured planes of his pectorals. More slightly curled hair trailed down his flat tempting stomach and swirled around his navel. Rob would dampen those hairs with his kisses and dip the tip of his tongue into the small recesses as he tasted lower on course to Jude's cock. His belt was unbuckled and the black band of Jude's underwear peeked out from the undone button of his jeans.

Rob quietly shifted his stance, cupped his dick and pressed into his palm to ease the ache. But the heat in his groin smoldered. His hands trembled. Rampant beats of his heart droned out the voice in his head that should be telling him to turn away rather than feed into the fantasy. But lust controlled him, claimed him and his eyes slid closed.

Rob's mind filled with the image of Jude dropping to his knees and parting those full wide lips. Rob could almost feel the head of his cock pillowed against Jude's hot, wet tongue. A shudder ripped through him and his breathing grew heavy. Suddenly he realized he was stroking his shaft through the denim of his jeans. His eyes snapped open. His gaze darted into the room...and locked with Jude's.

"Fuck."

Rob spun around, crossed the hall in two steps and entered his room. He softly closed the door and leaned his back against it. Blood roared through his ears, his pulse a hollow thrumming. Without turning on the light, he strode to the window and jerked it open. Chilled night air and moonlight poured into the room. He sucked in a deep breath. He stripped off his shirt and wiped beads of perspiration from his forehead.

A cooling breeze hardened his nipples and shivers chased along his spine. Adrenaline flooded his veins knowing that Jude had seen him staring, seen him rubbing his cock. Even if Jude weren't brilliant, and he was, he'd know what Rob had on his mind.

A light knock sounded on his door.

Rob inhaled, willing Jude back to his room. The knock sounded again then the handle turned. "Go back to your room," he said as the door opened.

"No."

Rob glanced over his shoulder. Muted light behind Jude cast his face in shadow. He entered the room and shut the door. Muscles rippled beneath his young hot flesh. His abdominals quivered and his chest rose and fell with his breathing.

"I'm not going to pretend anymore." Jude took another step into the room. "I'd planned for seduction."

"Seduction, huh?" Rob turned to Jude and sat on the window's edge, bracing his hands at his sides to hide their trembling. "Am I a challenge for you?"

A naughty smile titled one corner of Jude's damn kissable lips. Full, pouty and Rob needed them wrapped around his cock. "Maybe," Jude said. "Yes. But one way or

another I'm going to find a way into your bed." He rubbed his pectorals, stimulating his nipples as he stared at Rob.

A hot torrent of need washed over Rob. He couldn't look away from Jude, his body, his face, his erection swelling out the open fly of his jeans. God, Jude was hard. Hard for Rob. Fabric molded to the thick girth and the dark blunt crown crested over the stretched waistband.

Jude took another step closer. His eyes darkened and a flush crept up his neck. He might be daring, but he was nervous. Good, Rob felt as if he were crawling out of his skin...to get into Jude's. "I'm not going to deny what you damn well know. But just because I want to fuck you, doesn't mean I'm going to."

"Why not? I want you. God, but I've wanted you for so long." He paused in front of Rob. He was close, too close. The subtle fragrance of his cologne tempted Rob to breathe in Jude. The glimmer in his blue eyes dared Rob to gaze deeply, to lose hold of his control. And the heady intoxicating scent of his arousal threatened his resolve.

Fuck, Rob couldn't fight this wanting. But... "I'm not a hook-up." He widened his thighs and Jude stepped between them. "I know you too well...and you know me." He couldn't resist touching him. Resting his hands on Jude's hips, he then slowly mapped the hard muscle of Jude's flanks. Jude's hands stayed at his sides but his ravenous gaze ate up the spans of Rob's chest. "You're in my life, but I need to know if you want more than in my bed." Rob circled his hands around to the seat of Jude's jeans and palmed his firm globes.

Jude lifted a hesitant hand and with a fluttering touch, smoothed his fingers over Rob's collarbone to the hollow at Rob's neck. "Christ, I'm scared as hell right now, telling you

how I feel and risking rejection. I know how much I...we have to lose if I fuck up everything by being here. Yet, I know I can't go on wondering."

"Don't fuck with me, Jude." Rob squeezed Jude's ass. "Damn, I want to fuck you but we aren't acquaintances. You mean the world to me, but so does Karen."

Jude chuckled. "Don't bring up my mother when your mouth is twelve inches away from my cock and I'm about to implode."

"Are you looking for a secret fuck?" Rob slid his fingers just inside the waistband of Jude's jeans and pushed them past his hips. "I'll suck your dick." He looked up and stared hard into Jude's eyes. "Take you to bed and fuck you tonight." He peeled the damp waistband of Jude's boxer briefs lower, enough to reveal the darkened head and first inch of Jude's rod. "But I don't play games. If that's all you want, tell me now." He leaned forward and rested his forehead against Jude's toned abdominals.

Jude groaned, tucked his thumb into the front of his boxers and shoved them until his cock sprang free from the fabric trappings. His cock was solid and thick. Infused, pulsing veins threaded the steely length. "No secrets," Jude said on a breathy sigh.

"Yes, no secrets. I want to suck you." Rob curled his fingers around the base of Jude's shaft and licked the cream leaking from the slit in the wide velvety cock head. "Then I want to fuck you." He closed his mouth over the head.

"Oh fuck, no secrets." Jude braced his hands on the frame of the window and slowly thrust more of his cock between Rob's lips.

Jude was hard, hot and slick in Rob's mouth. Primal, salty, forbidden but so fucking good. He swirled his tongue around the defined ridge and tunneled into the weeping

slit. He slid his lips along the length and fucked him with fist and mouth. Taking Jude deep, he swallowed, forcing Jude's cock into his throat until he buried his nose in the thatch of dark blond curls surrounding Jude's cock. Rearing back, he left the stalk wet and slippery.

"God, you taste good." As he licked the head and savored Jude's pre-cum, Rob pushed Jude's jeans and boxers to his knees. He cupped his tightened sac. Then he sucked him into his mouth again. He wanted more...more than a one-night fuck, more than a fantasy. He'd ached for this. Maybe that's what had kept him so close to Karen in the last few years. Had he been waiting for Jude? Waiting for the difference in their ages, the ten years between them, not to matter?

Right now, nothing mattered but Jude. Nothing mattered but making love to Jude's cock with his mouth. Nothing mattered but making him come. Firmer strokes. Sucking. Pumping. Rob gripped Jude's shaft, sliding the taut skin from root to tip. Not enough. He wanted Jude's cum. Hungry for more, he used his spit and worked a finger beneath Jude's nuts, pressing against the soft sensitive tissues between his sac and his tight puckered entrance.

"You're going to make me come." Jeans kept Jude from spreading his legs.

"Good," Rob grunted, barely breaking his rhythm. He wanted to taste him, to drink him down. Jude's cock pulsed against his tongue. Faster strokes.

"Yes," Jude hissed. "Too good. But too soon. Oh, fuck. Oh, fuck. Not without you."

Rob groaned, wedging his finger between the hot trap of Jude's cheeks, pressed against his clenching star, and with a slow steady penetration, screwed his finger into Jude's

ass. He was tight and hot. Rob sawed in and out. Jude shifted, thrusting his cock into Rob's mouth and backing into Rob's finger.

"Fuck, yeah." Jude gasped for breath, gripped Rob's skull, rammed his solid shaft deep and shot into Rob's mouth. spurts of hot cream splashed Rob's tongue. He sucked and swallowed Jude's spunk and continued to finger fuck Jude's ass.

Rob slowly slid his lips the length, savoring the last of Jude's climax.

"No secrets," Jude whispered again. His voice sent a shiver of heated promise over Rob.

Rob's pulse thrummed a wild cadence. "You have something to say before this goes any further?" He wasn't sure he wanted to hear anything that would end their encounter, end the sweet torture of anticipation to slide his cock into Jude...of ending the chance to become lovers. Rob had come too far to stop. He waited for the words to spill from Jude's lips, taking them from this moment and the next. Hoping the next had them in bed, entwined, Rob's cock gloved in the delicious heat of Jude's ass.

"It's hard to be honest when I set out for manipulation." He ran his hands over Rob's shoulders. "I guess you could say I was desperate, not for sex, but for you."

"Take off your jeans. I want you naked."

"But I need to come clean."

"You have *come* now it's my turn." Rob grinned. "You can talk naked."

Jude stepped back, sat on the edge of the bed and stripped out of his jeans. Once naked he leaned back, bracing up on outstretched arms. Damn, Jude was beautiful. Thick

thighs tapered into carved calves. Like Rob, Jude had always been a runner. Looking back, they'd always had a lot in common, could talk, and enjoyed hanging out. But then he'd been Karen's kid. Guilt should have been seeping into Rob's conscious, but it wasn't. Jude was old enough to know what he was getting into, just as Rob realized what he risked. "Are you sure?" Rob unzipped his jeans as he took a step closer to Jude.

Jude sat up straighter. His stormy gaze heated the air between them. "Are you?" Jude leaned forward and kissed Rob's stomach. Muscles tightened and quivers rippled over his abdominals. "Stop thinking, Rob." His hot breath warmed Rob's cock through the fabric of his boxers. "Stop thinking of me as Karen's son." As he slowly stood, he flicked his tongue against Rob's flesh sending shivers of pleasure skittering along his spine. Jude closed his soft lips over Rob's nipple then gently nibbled him.

Kisses trailed over his sternum igniting a fire in Rob's groin, pooling heat in his balls. His cock throbbed. When their gazes locked, a wicked grin curled Jude's lips. "Believe me, I'm not going to think of you as my mother's best friend when you're fucking my ass." He slipped his palm into the front of Rob's jeans, banded his fingers around the shaft and stroked him upright.

"Christ."

"Feels good?"

Damn, but Jude's hand felt incredible crushed against his cock. Rob matched his mouth to Jude's, slicing the blade of his tongue along Jude's lips. Then Jude was sucking Rob's tongue into his mouth, tasting him, kissing him with fierce fiery thrusting. Tongue to tongue. Hot and wet. A low growl rumbled through Rob. Fuck this wanting...this needing. With pressure to Jude's chest, he pushed him onto the bed and followed him down.

Rob kissed him, made love with his mouth and hands. He dragged his fingertips in a feathering caress over Jude's chest as he angled his mouth and sank into another wet kiss. Deep in his chest, the uneasy worry of being with Jude warmed into acceptance. Having Jude beneath him felt too good, too right to be wrong. He curved his hand along Jude's side, along the grooved ridges of his ribs and lower to his hip. Jude's cock swelled between them. Rob rocked into the hard edge.

"So," Rob said. "This is probably a bad time to remember that I don't have a rubber." Never would Rob have brought a lover to Karen's place. And he and Karen would never have a need for condoms. Their relationship had always been clearly friendship. There was no gray area for Rob. He was gay.

"Don't move." Jude shifted and rolled to his side. Rob leaned up on his elbow and watched Jude's ass as he strutted across the room, opened the door and went into his bedroom.

Rob scooted off the bed, crossed to the window and raked his fingers through his hair. Tonight changed everything. He crossed his arms over his chest, leaned against the wall and stared down the deserted tree-lined street. If, after tonight, there was more between him and Jude – god, he hoped tonight was only the beginning – he wouldn't be fucking Jude in Karen's house.

"You moved."

Rob glanced to the door.

Jude tossed condoms and lube onto the bed on his way to Rob. "You've always been a thinker." He twined his arms around Rob's torso.

Rob held him close and drank in the scent of Jude's skin. His head lightened and his eyes slid closed. Gliding his palms lower, he cupped Jude's ass and pulled him flush to his groin. "In this case, thinking is good...very good. Every thought in my head is of you, of getting inside you."

Jude put space between them, dropped to his haunches and stripped Rob out of his jeans. Rob's cock stretched toward his navel, hot and aching. Jude licked the length from base to tip. He hummed as he sealed his lips over the head. "Oh, fuck." Rob jerked back. "On the bed." Jude had him strung too tight and he only held onto his control by a thin thread.

Jude positioned on his back in the center of the bed. Bracing a knee between Jude's thighs, Rob hovered above him, sipping his lips then plunging in for a breath-stealing kiss. Jude's hands bracketed Rob's hips as he rolled his pelvis and rocked his cock into Rob's. He shifted beneath Rob, trying to get Rob closer to his ass.

Rob chuckled.

"Do you usually laugh when someone is trying to get you to fuck them?"

"Oh, I'm going to fuck you." He kissed him again. "No secrets. I've wanted to fuck you for a long time."

"Then why are you waiting? I want your cock in my ass. I need your cock in me."

"I was trying to make it good for you, foreplay."

"Fuck the foreplay." Jude slid his hand over the mattress and grasped the condom. "Fuck me."

Rob leveraged up, knelt between Jude's thighs, tore open the condom and rolled the rubber down his dick. Just touching his own cock nearly had him coming. He inhaled a calming breath but his heart continued to pound. Sweat trickled down his spine and his buttocks clenched with desperate need to slam deep into Jude's ass. He grabbed the lube and drizzled a stream onto his ring and middle fingers. "Let me in."

Jude spread his legs, wrapped a hand under each thigh, rolled his hips and exposed his hole to Rob. Careful to stretch Jude slowly, Rob circled Jude's pucker then penetrated to the first knuckle. The muscles resisted. Rob slid his finger in again, deeper this time. Twisting and turning, he opened his lover.

Jude groaned and pulled his knees toward his ears. "Not enough, I need your cock."

Rob slicked Jude's hole, smearing the gel inside and out. "I don't want to hurt you." Rob hadn't been with a lover in...shit, he hadn't fucked anyone since before last Christmas. He paused. He hadn't taken a lover since he'd started emailing Jude regularly. Emotion choked him and his chest constricted. He stared down at Jude—*his lover*. This was more than sex, more than possibility. Over the last year, he'd fallen in love with Jude.

Aligning the head of his cock with Jude's opening, he gently eased in, slowly stretching Jude's hole. The tight rim resisted. Jude bore down, muscles relaxed and Rob fed the length of his shaft into Jude's body. Deeper. Hotter. Silken tissues caressed and squeezed his shaft as he filled Jude. Jude grabbed his balls, tugged them out of the way, giving Rob another inch of penetration. "Oh, yeah." He drilled in until his groin crushed flush against Jude's ass.

“Feel good?” Rob swiveled his hips.

Jude gasped and his back bowed off the bed. “So fucking good.”

Rob eased out then in, building momentum as he speared into Jude. Jude’s mewling whimpers were music to his motions. Soft grunts filled the air. His...Jude’s. He was driven, plunging again and again into Jude’s ass. His knees dug into the mattress and he pumped harder. Their sweat-slicked bodies slapped together and Jude’s cock pulsed between them. Pleasure reigned. Rob was breathless, yet surging with erotic energy.

Jude wrapped his legs around Rob’s hips and wedged his hand between them. He fisted his cock and squeezed.

“Don’t hold back. Let go, baby.” Rob pistoned his hips, thrusting into Jude, hitting his prostate...and deeper.

A keening cry rent the air. Jude convulsed as his cock erupted ropes of cum between them. “Oh god, right there. Yes, fuck me. Fuck me.”

The pressure on Rob’s cock spun him toward release. Rushing heat surged through his body and his balls drew up. He was melting and shivering as his cock lengthened and hardened, ready to shoot. Almost there. Holding on for a moment more, not wanting the ecstasy to end. Like a jackhammer, he pounded into Jude. Muscles tensed...tighter...tighter...until he snapped. Euphoric waves washed over him. He powered through his orgasm, relishing each hot spurt of cum milked from his cock. Sweat beaded on his brow. His chest heaved and his body burned. He stared into Jude’s eyes, thrilling at the rapturous glimmer staring back.

Rob stilled, buried balls deep and closed his eyes. He basked in the sensation of being complete body and mind with his cock still twitching within Jude. Jude's hands massaged small circles into Rob's back as he held him both with arms and with legs.

A moment later, Jude lowered his legs and Rob's softening dick slipped from his ass. Dropping to his elbows, Rob rested his chest against Jude's. He sipped at Jude's lips as his fingertips sifted through damp hair at Jude's temples. "Be back in a minute." Rob slid from the bed and went to the bathroom to dispose of the condom. While there, he wet a soft cloth with warm water then returned to Jude.

"Ready to get some sleep?" Rob asked as he cleaned Jude's cum from his stomach. Jude's abdominals quivered.

"That depends," Jude said with a teasing tone. "Do you want me to go back to my room?"

"What do you think?" Rob pressed the washcloth to Jude's buttocks. He flinched. "Sore?"

"Yeah." He covered Rob's hand with his own. "Regrets?"

Did he regret kissing, touching...loving this man? "No." He tossed the washcloth to the floor and stretched out, facing Jude. "No regrets, but what about tomorrow?" He traced Jude's worried eyebrow with his finger. "Or rather next week. We can spend this week in bed, but we both know this won't be an option once Karen comes home."

Jude leaned in and brushed his lips against Rob's. The touch was soft and elusive, yet stirred the fire still simmering in Rob's core. "Take me home." Jude kissed him again. "We'll fuck at your place."

Rob chuckled. "If I take you home, I won't want you to leave."

"Sounds good to me." Jude burrowed closer.

"Jude, I'm serious."

"So am I." Jude wrapped his calf over Rob's. "I came home for you."

"For me?"

Jude's eyes were closed. He burrowed his nose into Rob's neck and breathed him in. "Not just for this. Well, yes for this." He rocked his pelvis into Rob. "I had to see if you cared," he said with a yawn.

Rob rolled to his back, keeping an arm around Jude and holding him. "I've always cared."

Jude draped an arm over Rob's chest. "But I want more than in your bed. Of course, I worry about what my mother is going to say." He shifted, leaning up on his elbow. "But I can't change how I feel."

"And how do you feel?" A flurry of sensations churned in Rob's gut. Jude spoke all that Rob would have been afraid to say, afraid because he'd rather have Jude's friendship than nothing at all. He hadn't been willing to risk for love and he would have missed this.

“I know how you feel,” Jude whispered as he fondled Rob’s hardening cock. “But in case my actions haven’t spoken loud enough—” Jude laved his tongue across Rob’s tit. “I’m in love with you.”

Rob groaned, fierce possessiveness crashing over him. In a single movement, he rolled Jude onto his back and pinned him to the bed. “I love you, too.” He kissed Jude, still not believing he had the man he wanted...the man he loved, in his life, in his heart and *in his bed*.

The End

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AJ HARDCOURT

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The man stiffened as Steve approached. The uniform could be intimidating because of the gun, handcuffs, and badge. The man shifted from one foot to the other, then ran his fingers through his long blond bangs and pushed his hair from his face. He lifted his chin and met Steve's stare. He had to give the kid credit for having balls. He also had incredibly blue piercing eyes, long feathery lashes and a straight nose. His full lips hardened into a tight line and a muscle ticked in his jaw. He obviously was digging in and prepared to argue. Steve didn't have any intention of increasing the stress on the Rubino family. That meant getting this kid out of the hospital.

"I'm Officer Steve Pax. Is there something I can help you with?"

"Not unless you can get me into Mario Rubino's room."

"Visiting hours are over." Steve paused directly in front of him.

"I'm aware of the time." He glanced away from Steve and stared down the corridor.

Steve stepped into his line of sight and crossed his arms over his chest. "You aren't going to find out anything tonight so you might as well head on home." He indicated the door with a tilt of his head.

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"I'm not leaving." The kid nodded toward the nurse's station. "They won't tell me shit."

"They can't." Damn, the kid's eyes glazed over. He stuffed his trembling hands into his pockets. Steve understood the frustration, but he wasn't at liberty to say much. "Come back tomorrow."

"Will I be able to see Mario?"

Fuck, he couldn't give him that sort of false hope. "No."

The kid shook his head. "It's fucking bullshit," he said under his breath. "The only reason they won't let me see him is because they can't stand that their son is gay. Doesn't matter that we lived together for over a year. Doesn't matter that we aren't seeing each other anymore. Nothing matters." He glared at Steve. "Nothing matters but seeing Mario."

Shit. He knew the story well. Hell, he'd practically lived it. The kid deserved to know the truth. "Let's go for a walk."

"I told you I'm not leaving."

"Yes, you are." He grabbed him by the backpack and tugged him toward the door. "What's your name, kid?"

"Finn, and I'm old enough to make my own decisions, Officer. You want ID?" He fished his wallet from his back pocket. "Because I'm not going to let a bunch of homophobic fucks intimidate me." He cocked an eyebrow. "And yeah, that means you."

Steve closed the space between them. Finn's warm breath fanned against his face. His eyes sparked with fire and his determined leer sent a frisson of awareness streaking along Steve's spine...and into his groin. What the fuck! This was the last place he expected a flash of arousal. He tamped down the sensations unfurling in his loins and exerted control over his libido. Fuck, he was a cop because he excelled at control.

"I'm not asking," Steve said with a stern tone. He wasn't having a conversation with Finn in the middle of a hospital emergency waiting room. "Make a fucking scene and I'll bust your ass."

"Is that a gay joke?"

"No, I don't have a sense of humor and I don't tell jokes. That was an order."

~ Also available from Demanding Romance ~

Into the Flames

by
Morgan Lee

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The rig rocked to one side and four tired firemen braced for the last corner before their destination. Station 116 came into view and Captain John De Luca risked a glance across the rear of the cab. Gabe Moretti grinned from ear to ear, adrenaline still pumping through his veins as he leaned toward the others and shouted to be heard above the traffic and the roar of the engine. The high of saving a life took a while to wear off, sometimes days or weeks.

Gut churning, John turned away as Peterson swung Big Red into the station. John didn't wait for the truck to slow, but jumped off and headed for his office. He slammed the door and chucked his helmet on the couch where he'd spent most of his time sleeping since Gabe transferred from unit 211 three months ago.

He took two steps into the room, stopped then turned and wrenched the door opened again to bellow, "Moretti, get your ass in here."

Shucking his coat, John sent it the way of his helmet and waited on the other side of his desk. He'd take care of his equipment later, after the paperwork was done.

"You wanted to see me, Captain?" Gabe sauntered through the door and flopped into one of the two chairs opposite John as if he owned it and the rest of the world. The grin

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hadn't left Gabe's face, and the dimple in his left cheek made him look younger than his twenty-six years.

Taller than John by several inches, slender yet built with the strength of two men, Gabe had curly black hair and blacker eyes that held a perpetual twinkle of mischief. His skin, smooth and golden, glistened with the fine sheen of sweat that John wanted to lick. A black smudge streaked his cheek, and John's thumb itched to wipe the soot from Gabe's face. To trace the fullness of his lower lip. To dip his tongue past it and into Gabe's mouth for a taste.

But John had bigger problems than the lust he'd been denying. Would go on denying. Lust led to other feelings that John refused to feel. He settled into his chair and hardened himself against emotion. *I won't lose another man on my watch.*

He lifted his gaze to Gabe's. "I'm writing you up for failure to follow procedure."

The smile melted from Gabe's face and the sparkle in his eyes dulled. The leg draped over the arm of the chair dropped to the floor, and he sat up straight. "You're fucking kidding me, right?"

"You know better than to go charging into a three alarm fire without clearance."

Gabe shot out of his chair and planted both hands on the desktop, towering over John. "You bastard. I saved your fucking life."

"And you could have gotten yourself killed doing it. There are reasons for procedure and while you're in this unit, you'll damn well follow them." John slowly rose to his feet and leaned forward until he was nearly nose to nose with Gabe, close enough to smell his cologne under the acrid scent of smoke. John ignored the tightening of his

balls and the slow stretch of his cock. "Pull another bonehead rookie mistake like you did today and you're gone."

The tick in Gabe's jaw spoke of the barely contained control simmering inside him, and John wondered if the passion Gabe exhibited on the job and in his interaction with the other men spilled into his bed. His gaze fell to Gabe's mouth again. All he had to do was eliminate the few inches of space between them to find out.

John straightened and grabbed a folder from his inbox. "Now go get cleaned up."

Pushing off the desk, Gabe snorted. "Fine, write me up." He strode to the door and paused, his hand on the knob, eyes narrowed. "But just so you know. I'd do it again."

With that, he walked out and slammed the door behind him.

John slumped into his chair and rubbed his hands over his face. He felt like a total dickhead. Gabe had saved his life and he was reprimanding him for not following procedure. How fucked up was that?

Everyone had cleared the building but John. He'd been trapped on the third floor unable to get to a window or the door to the stairwell open. He'd radioed his position and the chief was putting together a squad, but Gabe had rushed in alone and without clearance. The whole thing happened so fast, no one knew he'd even entered the building until he cleared the blockage and pulled John out. Damn fool could have been killed en route and no one would have known he was even missing until it was too late.

John was grateful. Hell, he didn't want to die. But Gabe's actions were the same careless and irresponsible kind that had gotten Adam killed. Losing Adam had just about done

John in. They'd been friends since the academy and later lovers. But Adam was reckless, impulsive. He never thought before he plunged headfirst into danger.

In that regard, Gabe reminded John of Adam. Fuck. Why did he fall for the wannabe heroes?

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