



BROKEN

BY
AJ HARDCOURT

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Broken

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Broken

The clock ticked, a hollow echo in the vacant halls of his mind. He couldn't think. He'd stopped feeling. That was the only way to survive the crushing desolation. Machines chirped, trying to remind him that others still clung to hope. Yeah, he hadn't felt hope in a long time. Not after nine years on the job. He saw too much suffering, too much death, too much self-imposed misery.

Sometimes life fucking sucked.

Hospital personnel bustled about the stark brightly lit corridor. Fluorescent lights hummed. Glass double doors swooshed as people came and others departed. Chattering nurses droned on about patients, breaks, and how many hours were left on their shifts. Through it all, the stench of death hung in the air.

Steve Pax bowed his head, bracing his forehead on his fingertips and digging small circles into his pinched skin. Tension coiled in his gut and tears burned behind his eyes. Such a fucking waste. Twenty-two and invincible. Yeah, explain that to the dead kid's parents – right, that was his fucking job.

"Officer Pax?"

He glanced up. A nurse with a sympathetic smile handed him a cup of coffee. "Thanks." He took the cup from her hands and rolled his shoulders.

"The family has arrived. They're ready to speak with you."

He nodded, hating this part of his job. With the burn of acid in his mouth and a heavy weight on his chest, he stood. He set the coffee on the small table between the hospital chairs then crossed the room. Down the hall, the hospital reserved a private area for grieving family members. Too often, like tonight, families had to try to make sense of a senseless death.

Steve stepped into the room and silence descended. "I'm Officer Pax," he said. "I was first officer on the scene."

A woman broke into sobs. "Mario," she wailed. A man stepped in close behind her and placed a comforting hand on her shoulder. Tears continued to stream down her cheeks.

"We know there was nothing you could do," he said. His mouth held a grim line. "But thank you for being there as he passed."

Emotion welled in Steve's throat. He didn't want to remember the rank smell of gas and burned rubber. The crunch of metal and the pop of shattered glass as the car teetered upside down, pinning Mario within the steel trap. No, there hadn't been anything he could do but watch the life fade from Mario's eyes as he gurgled on his own blood.

"How...how did it happen?" the man said.

Steve hadn't stuck around as the investigation continued into exactly how the accident had occurred. But there was no mistaking where the blame lay. Mario had taken his life

in his hands and risked others when he'd climbed behind the wheel. Toxicology reports would determine just how fucked up he was when he careened his vehicle into construction k-rails at a high rate of speed and rolled into oncoming traffic. Fucking miracle no one else was involved.

"I can't be certain, but Mario was under the influence." The pungent odor of alcohol had been nauseating. The level of intoxication would eventually be determined. Steve wouldn't know those details. He couldn't care, couldn't become invested, because tomorrow he'd be on another scene, talking to another family and Mario and his family would be more faces in a long career of faces.

As the family assimilated the information, Steve slipped out of the room. Striding down the corridor, he headed toward the exit, the glowing green sign like a beacon calling to him. On the way home, he'd grab something to eat. Then it would be a beer, the couch, and the end of a day from hell. Steve stopped at the nurse's station. "You need me, you know where to find me."

"Thanks. There is something you can do." She pointed to a guy. He was young, dressed in stressed-denim jeans riding low on his hips, a T-shirt and combat boots. A few days worth of scruff covered his chiseled cheeks and angular jaw. Dark shadows under his eyes said he'd had as good a day as Steve had. A sling backpack draped over his shoulder. He was tall and thin. "He's been asking about Mario Rubino." She shook her head. "The Rubino's gave specific instructions that no information be given to anyone but family. They know he's here but refused to talk to him. He's been standing against the wall ever since. I feel bad for him, but I can't have him hanging around."

Steve nodded. "I'll talk to him." And determine what the man—although barely a man—wanted. He couldn't be any older than Mario. Probably friends. If so, maybe Steve could give him just enough information to pacify him.

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.

"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."

Steve stormed from the hospital, pissed off with himself as much as he was with Finn. The kid was trouble, too young, too different, and too fucking tempting. Steve was about to tell him the worst possible news and Steve was inconsiderate enough to contemplate offering the kid some comfort—physical...sexual comfort.

Once in the parking lot, he stopped at his patrol car, turned and waited for Finn to join him. "Get in." He opened the passenger door.

"Are you fucking serious? You're arresting me?"

"You aren't in cuffs and I'm not shoving you into the back of my car." Even though the idea had potential. "So no, you aren't under arrest." But Steve could easily imagine the kid under *him*, taking cock in his sweet little ass. Steve released a breath and relaxed his shoulders. "We can't talk here. Please, get in the car." Before anyone saw, especially the Rubino's.

Finn hesitantly approached and slid into the vehicle.

"About fucking time," Steve grumbled and slammed the door. He stalked around the front, opened the driver's door and climbed behind the wheel. The interior was quiet with the exception of their breathing. Steve pivoted on the seat. "So tell me the story."

Finn lifted his face and stared at Steve. "It's bad, isn't it?"

"Yeah kid, it's bad. The worst. I'm sorry...he didn't make it."

Finn's head dropped. As emotions rolled through him, his shoulders shook and his hands clenched into fists at his side. "Stupid, mother fucking prick. What the fuck was he thinking? I told him. I fucking told him." Finn wasn't speaking to Steve, but lost in his own hell. People handled grief differently. Finn was feeling the anger first.

Steve keyed the ignition and Finn's head snapped up.

"Where are we going?"

"I'm hungry. Are you hungry? Let's get some breakfast." Steve's cock thickened. Watching Finn use his mouth for food, talking or anything else, would have Steve's dick hard and leaking. However, Finn didn't need to be alone right now. Steve didn't know what Mario had meant to Finn, but from the few things Finn had said and his physical responses, they'd been close. It didn't matter they'd been former lovers, Finn was going to be shut out by the Rubino family. Finn was right; that was bullshit.

Steve drove to a twenty-four hour diner not far from his house. He parked, killed the engine and leaned back in his seat. "A cup of coffee and a bite to eat isn't going to make tonight any easier to deal with. Time. That's the only thing that'll take away the hurt."

Finn's gaze raked over Steve, igniting a slow burn in his gut. Steve recognized interest...maybe even intent in those baby blues, but Finn would just be looking for a salve for his wounded heart. Steve didn't want to be anyone's comfort. A comfort fuck

maybe, but not knowing Finn and what sort of issues he might have, all Steve could offer was breakfast and conversation.

"Come on," Steve said popping open the door. "Let me buy you breakfast."

Finn exited the vehicle and followed Steve into the restaurant.

"Hi'ya Steve." Just like Steve, Sally was as regular fixture at Tolly's Diner. "Sit anywhere. I'll be right with ya." She bustled about behind the counter.

Steve wandered toward the back of the diner. He shrugged out of his police jacket and tossed it into the corner of the booth then slid onto the seat. He glanced to Finn. "Sit down. Look at a menu."

Finn visibly swallowed and slowly lowered onto the seat opposite Steve. "God, you're big."

Steve lowered the menu and stared across the table. "Strong, too." He couldn't help but smile. "Sit down, kid." In a tough cop tone, he said, "Or I'll make you."

"So you *can* crack a joke." Finn opened the menu.

Steve chuckled. "Yeah, I suppose I can." He set his menu aside. He was a creature of habit and even Sally knew he'd order an omelet and a side of sourdough toast. Sometimes he'd order coffee, but usually decaf since he'd head home and then straight to bed.

"I almost don't want to know the details," Finn said quietly. "But I can't stop thinking about what happened. I'm not sure if I'm imagining worse than it was."

Steve leaned his forearms on the table. "It was bad."

Sally approached with her pen and order tablet. "Looks like it's been a long night for you kids." Steve mentally chuckled. To Sally, everyone was young. He suddenly understood why Finn didn't want to be called kid.

"It's always long on the night shift." He winked at her. "You know that."

"Yep, I do." She poised her pen on the paper. "So what are you hankering for?"

Steve didn't want to acknowledge what he wanted wasn't on the menu but sitting across from him. "Texas Omelet, a side of sourdough toast and coffee." He handed her his menu. "Regular." A shot of caffeine in case the kid—Finn—needed more than a thirty-minute meal. Fuck, nothing more than food.

Finn handed over his menu. "I'll have the same. Thanks."

She took the menus and hurried back to the kitchen, leaving them alone again in the nearly empty diner.

"Finn," Steve said, intentionally not calling him kid again. Finn wasn't a kid and Steve was having a hard time—hard being the current state of his dick—not envisioning him on his knees, hands cuffed behind his back and sucking cock. Steve shifted on the seat but his police issued trousers didn't offer slack in the crotch. His cock curved along the zipper, hot and hard against his groin and the leaking head was making his boxers wet.

Both were quiet as Sally filled their coffee cups.

Once she stepped away, Finn asked, "Why are you doing this?" He narrowed his eyes and cocked his head to the side. "My ex died tonight, but what does that have to do with you?"

Steve leaned forward. "Not a fucking thing," he said sternly. "I'm here because I'm hungry." He sat back. "You're here because you need a friend." And he needed to talk. Feeling powerless could be a mental fuck. Perhaps that was why Steve had become a cop. He didn't like the feeling. He had to be in control. And if his instincts were good—and they were—Finn needed to be told what to do. Tonight, that was to eat and to talk. And that was all tonight would be about. "You want the facts?"

Finn nodded.

"I was first officer on the scene. Won't know exactly how fast Mario was driving, but he had to be pushing ninety."

"Mario fucking 'Andretti' Rubino."

"You obviously cared about Mario."

"I did." Finn bowed his head.

"There were no skid marks. He never hit the breaks." Steve lowered his voice. "Without a doubt, he was under the influence."

"Mario was a mess, had been for a while."

"When was the last time you saw him?" Steve wasn't fishing for details on Finn's relationship with Mario. Rather he was more concerned with discovering how much

Finn knew about Mario's actions. Was he aware that Mario was driving under the influence tonight?

"About a week. But the relationship has been over for months."

That information shouldn't have sent heat surging through Steve's body. He wiped his palms on his thighs and tamped down the flair of lust threatening to make him do something they'd both regret. At least Finn might regret once he wasn't grieving. At much as he wanted to, Steve wouldn't initiate anything with Finn. He wasn't that big of an ass.

"We pretended for a while, but we'd been destined to fail before we ever began."

Sally brought their food, setting the plates on the table and warming up their coffee. Steam rose off the omelet and butter melted into the golden brown toast.

"We started a band together, you know." Finn folded and unfolded a napkin. "We'd been playing gigs about six months when we hooked up. A month later we were living together and his family wasn't speaking to him." He shrugged. "It was hard on Mario. Big family. Religious." He chuckled without humor. "Momma Rubino told her son if he wasn't going to marry a woman, he should've married God and joined the priesthood."

"Not everyone has open, accepting parents. Doesn't give anyone the right to endanger others."

Finn chewed a piece of toast, his gaze focused intently on Steve. "So how'd your parents take it?" Finn raised an eyebrow. "You talk like you know from experience."

Steve grinned. "My mom died when I was young and my pop thinks I just haven't met the right woman."

"My parents divorced when I was young. Dad bailed and disappeared. Mom worked, doing the best she could. She's always been there. Supportive, you know. Came to watch me and the guys jam. She liked Mario until she finally saw what he couldn't hide anymore."

"The drinking?"

"And drugs." Finn shrugged. "I couldn't be with someone I couldn't trust anymore. So I left. Maybe if I had stayed —"

"No." Steve reached across the table and covered Finn's hand. "You still wouldn't have been able to save him." Steve snatched his hand back, realizing the intimacy of the moment.

"I was more upset about leaving the band than I was about leaving Mario. So what does that say about me?"

"That you were sick of the drugs and alcohol. I've seen enough addiction to know that users destroy everything good. In most cases, they need help to quit." Steve lowered his voice. "And they have to want to quit. You couldn't have done the work for him. He was broken, but you didn't break him and you couldn't have fixed him."

"I still feel like shit. Now his parents can pretend he was the perfect son they wanted."

Steve sipped his coffee. "No one is perfect."

"I would've settled for clean and faithful. Someone like you." Finn stuffed a bit of omelet into his mouth.

Steve slowly set his cup on the table. He waited for Finn to meet his gaze. "You don't know anything about me."

Finn snorted. "I know more than you think." He pushed his plate aside. "I'll tell you what I know. First you kick my ass out of the hospital to spare the Rubino's any more pain. But now you're sitting here with me so it shows you have compassion. You're a cop. And if you didn't know, you're fucking hot. You couldn't look the way you do if you didn't take care of your body. I may not look like your typical psychologists, but I have the fucking degree. I'm just not ready to be a stiff."

Steve wasn't sure he agreed with Finn. Nowhere in his assessment did he hit on the lust simmering in Steve's gut. He pushed his plate away. "You ready to go?"

Finn wiped his mouth. "Yeah." He tossed the napkin on the plate. "Thanks for breakfast."

Steve took care of the bill and left a tip for Sally on the table. Finn walked beside him as they left the diner. Fingers of dawn clawed at the horizon. The air was crisp and clean. Finn approached the patrol car and leaned against the passenger door. Steve stopped beside him to unlock the door, but Finn didn't move.

Dropping his hand to his side, Steve stared into those damn blue eyes. "I just brought you breakfast, Finn. What else do you want?" Adrenaline hit Steve's heart and his pulse pounded. His fingers gripped his keys in a tight fist.

"You're the cop. Think you can figure it out?"

Steve took a step closer, pinning Finn between the car and his chest. "Understanding and a little compassion." The sweet scent of Finn's warm breath puffed against Steve's face. "That's all I've got for you, *kid*."

"It's Finn. Don't call me kid." A slow smile curled his lips. "Not when you want to fuck me."

Maybe the kid did have him figured out.

Finn's gaze dropped from Steve's face to his groin. "And there's no use denying it. Your balls are tight and your cock is ready to commit a felony." His head snapped up. "A break and enter."

Steve growled, spun Finn around, twisted his arm, pinning Finn to the vehicle. "Still think I'm a nice guy."

Finn gasped for breath. "Yeah, well, until this moment I did. Although you're turning into an asshole." Finn's back arched as Steve tightened his hold. "I still say you want to fuck me. Your cock is trapped against my ass."

Steve ground his dick into the cleft of Finn's buttocks. "I am a nice guy." Steve loosened his hold and slid his hand over Finn's hip and onto his groin. He rested his forehead against Finn's skull and released a shuddering exhale. Fuck he shouldn't be doing this, shouldn't take advantage. But with a low moan from Finn, Steve surrendered to temptation and traced the rigid length of Finn's erection. Anyone witnessing the caress would assume Finn was getting a pat down.

Finn rocked his pelvis, thrusting his cock into Steve's palm. "I'm sure you can come up with some infraction to arrest me for." Finn pivoted until they stood face to face.

Steve braced his hands on the patrol car. "Propositioning a police officer?"

"How about indecent exposure?" He cupped Steve's cock. "And I mean you." Still controlled within the circumference of Steve's arms, Finn slid open the zipper of Steve's trousers. "I want to commit a lewd act in public." He slid his fingers into the opening of Steve's boxer briefs.

Steve groaned and closed his eyes. Finn's fingertips danced over the hot pulsing length. Steve's balls tightened and precum oozed from the slit. He didn't think he'd ever been harder or wanted to commit a crime more. He grasped Finn at the wrist but hesitated pulling him away. He just wanted to draw out the anticipation a bit more, the heady intoxication of lust.

"God, you have no idea how badly I want to continue this at home, in bed." Slowly he pulled Finn's fingers from his pants, reality dawning with the morning sun. "But this isn't the right time."

As much as he wanted to take Finn, take him hard, deep and often until they were both too spent to move, he couldn't. Today, tomorrow...eventually Finn would realize tonight he was lost and confused. The cop who offered him friendship wasn't going to be the one to take advantage of him. Taking a step back, he zipped up.

"Steve."

Steve melted at the low, husky tone of Finn's voice as he spoke his name. "Yeah?"

“Mario was broken.” He paused for a heartbeat. “I’m not. I’m not pining for a love I’ll never have again, but for a friend who fucked up and lost his life. I’ll miss him.”

“I’m sorry.”

“I know.” He wedged his fingers into the waistband of Steve’s trousers.

Steve’s abdominals quivered and tightened. With every touch, every word, his resolve weakened. His cock throbbed, determined to override his good intentions.

“But I met you and I want to thank you for getting me out of the hospital, for breakfast, for listening.”

“You don’t have to thank me. It’s all part of my job.” Not really, but he was losing the battle with his head. He wanted to take everything Finn offered – then demand more.

“Bullshit.” Finn flipped his bangs from his face with a toss of his head. “This has nothing to do with your job.” He tugged on Steve’s trousers, and Steve took a half step closer.

Steve glanced around the parking lot. “So you’re not usually turned on by cops?”

“I never wanted to be frisked before tonight. I’ve been hard since I followed you out of the hospital. When you asked me to breakfast I knew I’d do what I had to get you naked.”

Fuck, Steve could only resist for so long. Apparently, five minutes was his limit. He crushed his torso to Finn’s. Finn was thin but solid. Lean muscle and raw sex appeal. Part rocker, part surfer, Steve wanted him.

“Kiss me,” Finn pleaded.

Without pause, Steve slammed his lips to Finn’s. With a firm thrust of his tongue, he opened Finn’s mouth and plunged inside. Wild, hot and wet. Tongue rubbed tongue. Finn tasted of coffee and man. Steve clutched Finn’s hips and ground their cocks together.

The friction and heat nearly made him come in his trousers. He had to get Finn home, get him undressed, and get inside him. He ripped his lips away, released Finn and gasped for breath. “Get in the car.” He shoved Finn out of the way and jerked open the door.

Finn slid into the passenger seat. Steve walked around the vehicle and climbed behind the wheel. Every nerve sizzled. His mind dizzied with lust. He glanced at Finn. Damn, Steve wanted to fuck him. But he couldn’t promise more than a night. “Where?” Steve keyed the ignition.

“I was ready to drop to my knees in the parking lot.”

“Then I really would have to bust your ass.”

Finn laughed. “He cracks another joke. But I’d rather you bust my ass in private.”

Christ, his dick jumped. “Good thing I live close by.” Steve drove toward home.

The End

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If you enjoyed **Broken by AJ Hardcourt**, we suggest:

Pumping Iron

by
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Ren Vale had watched him for weeks, noted the hour he arrived at the gym, how long he stayed and what he drove when he left. Ren had even scheduled his workouts so that he could be a voyeur from across the room. He had to have his fix of sweat, flesh, muscle and man.

Did that make him a stalker?

Ren wasn't a threat. They weren't even in the same class of athletes. The man of his obsession was power, raw and primal. Ren was strong, cut and driven, but didn't lift weights as the walking wet dream did. Cycling, swimming and running kept Ren primed for the next triathlon. Ren couldn't come close to benching two-fifty or squatting four-hundred, but he could run twenty-six miles and just be reaching his stride.

But bodybuilders were his weakness. His compulsion. His obsession. Bulging biceps, rippled backs, thick and heavy thighs and corded abdominals weakened his knees and hardened his cock. The object of his attention laughed with his training partner. A wide

smile broke his face and Ren melted. Ren tried to look away, but the draw was too great, the need to feed his lust too intense.

A weighted barbell rested on the floor in front of the man. Ren ran on a treadmill behind him, a perfect position to see the sculpted, masculine perfection of Mr. Olympia's face in the mirror and still ogle his ass. An ass Ren wanted. The hard curves of his rounded glutes were encased in tight black shorts. Saliva moistened Ren's mouth. That ass was so fucking fuckable. His cock tensed, like a slow stretch, swelling within his running shorts.

Always the same reaction. The same lust, but the fantasy changed with the days. Sometimes he imagined himself on the receiving end, held immobile by those bulging ripped muscles. His ass clenched with an unquenched ache. Oh yeah, he wanted to be held down and fucked.

Raking his gaze higher, he memorized every detail. A weight belt circled the man's thick, but solid muscled waist and a clingy sweat-soaked tank top hugged his torso. He bent forward, wrapped his gloved hands around the metal barbell – Ren nearly groaned at the way he rubbed the bar, stroking it, caressing as he might hold Ren's cock. Then he braced for the pressure of the dead lift.

With a growl that seeped straight into Ren's balls, the man heaved the weight to his chest and bent his knees into a deep squat. Ren nearly lost his balance on the treadmill. With super strength, the man stood with the weight. Veins bulged in high relief on his arms, legs, and his reddening forehead. Lips pulled back in a snarl and his jaw clenched.

And in the mirror's reflection, his eyes locked on Ren. Heat rushed into Ren's face and into his groin. Sweat dripped from his brow and stung his eyes. Yeah, he'd been

running hard, but the fire in his body had more to do with the fantasy playing out in his head.

Shit. For the second day in a row, Ren had been caught staring. Hell, his mouth was probably hanging open and drool dribbling from his chin. The man was sex, a fucking walking wet dream...and probably had Barbie blondes waiting on their knees.

I'm blond.

He shook off the fantasy. As much as Ren wanted to stay, finish his run, and continue to stare, he jumped to the side rails and shut down the treadmill. After a final glimpse of his dream man, he climbed off. Ren grabbed his towel and water bottle and headed for the showers.

Once he'd rinsed off he slipped into the sauna. This early in the afternoon, the small windowless room was usually empty. Wrapping a towel around his hips, he set the timer and entered the room. Steam billowed from the vents and filled the enclosed space with moist hot air. Ren sat on the slatted wooden bench, sighed, and closed his eyes. He rested his head against the wall and let the moist blanket of air surround him. With another sigh, he allowed his body to relax.

A moment later, the heavy door cracked open and a sliver of bright light slashed across the wood plank floor. Cool air swirled into the dimly lit room and Ren shivered. The door closed and Ren wasn't alone any longer. He swallowed, his mouth suddenly dry.

"Hey."

Holy fuck, the voice was as dark and decadent as the body promised.

~ Also available from Demanding Romance ~

The Best Man

By
Morgan Lee

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"So, where are we going?"

The engine roared to life and Rhys looked pointedly at Justin. "My place."

Justin's balls tingled but it had nothing to do with the vibration of the car. "I thought you wanted to get a drink."

Resting an elbow on the console between the seats, Rhys leaned toward Justin. His hand landed on Justin's chest as his mouth closed the distance between them. "Only drink I want is you."

Rhys's lips slanted over his, lightly at first then with more aggression. Rhys lapped at his lower lip, and Justin clasped the back of Rhys's neck, drawing him closer. Rhys groaned as he angled his head and slipped his tongue into Justin's mouth. The hand on his chest slid down his ribs, over his abs, and cupped his straining cock.

Air hissed from Justin's lungs as Rhys curled his fingers around his throbbing shaft and squeezed. He pulled back. "I've wanted to do that since last night." A sultry smile tugged at his lips. "Not the kind of thoughts one should be having in church."

Justin chuckled. "You don't even want to know what went through my mind while we were on our knees."

Lust flickered in those baby blues. He pressed a quick kiss to Justin's lips then let go of his cock, leaned back and threw the car into gear. "You can show me when we get home."

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