

A BREATHLESS PRESS

# TEMPTATION



# BREAK AND ENTER

CHRISTINA J. LOREN





# Break and Enter

*by Christina Jade Loren*

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Break and Enter  
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*To all those in need of a break and enter.*



The summer breeze rushed through the open window, the drapes billowing with each small gust. James lay in bed, wishing the breeze would cool down his heated body. The nights in Phoenix were just as scorching as the days. With nothing covering him but his silk boxers, he rolled onto his back and stared at the ceiling.

“Fuck, am I ever going to get to sleep?” he groaned. He glanced over at his alarm clock, and the bright red display etched the numbers into his eyes, midnight. He had a mere five hours until he had to be up for work. At least it was Friday; he conceded and rolled over onto his side. Only one more day before the weekend arrived.

James had almost dozed off when something like a knock sounded at the living room door. What the hell would anyone be doing here this late? He opened his eyes, eased onto his back, and listened closely for another noise.

Silence.

“Probably the wind,” he muttered. James ran his hand through his short hair and laid the other across his chest. *Another sleepless night,*

*another pot of coffee in the morning.* Out of the corner of his eye, he caught sight of a figure standing in his doorway.

"Shit." James's heart rate kicked into double time, and he jerked his head in the direction of the intruder. Before he could move, a masked figure in black raised his arm. In the glint of the moonlight, James realized with sickening clarity that a silver gun was aimed straight for his head.

"Don't move and everything will be over soon."

"I don't plan on moving with that thing pointed at me." James curled both hands into fists. What a fine damn time to get robbed when the only thing he had for a weapon were the boxer shorts covering his ass.

"Where's your wallet?"

"On the nightstand," James said, doing his best to keep the adrenalin shakes out of his voice. "Over here." He indicated the table beside his bed with a rock of his head.

"This is how we're going to do it," the robber began. "Reach over, real nice and slow, take hold of your wallet, and place it at the end of the bed. Any funny business and I *will* put a bullet between your eyes."

"All right, no need to get nasty."

James lifted his left hand, reached over, and grabbed his wallet. Slowly, he sat up, stretched to the end of the bed, and dropped the wallet. At his new proximity to the robber, James risked a better look at the man. The thief's mask completely covered his face and head. The only openings were the holes left for his mouth and eyes. Even with his face covered, James couldn't miss the way the guy devoured his half-naked body with his gaze. The intensity of it made him tremble, but it wasn't fear giving him the shakes. Instead of lowering back to the mattress, James continued on and rose to his knees, encouraged by the stranger's blatant stare. At the foot of the bed, James swallowed hard and took a chance. One he hoped might fulfill his most wicked hidden desire.

"I have an alternative," James murmured.

"Is that so?" The figure replied, the sound of his voice telling that he wore a smile.

"What would you say if I offered you the contents of my wallet in a different form? Say...a sexual payment?"

"I'm listening."

James reached out and gently massaged the other man's groin. "I'm thinking about what's behind this zipper and how it can be persuaded to do some good tonight."

The figure moaned then whispered, "Keep going."

James eased his robber's zipper down and then dipped his hand inside. He didn't encounter any resistance, so James proceeded with his exploration. The man's cock hardened as James wrapped his fingers around the thick shaft, then it bucked against his palm. James glanced up and flashed him a sly grin.

"How about you come over here and get comfortable."

"How about you shut up and be a good victim?" The man growled, and James's own cock twitched. *Fuck. Could this really be happening?*

"We could play that, if you wish?"

His masked robber froze, as if pondering his options for a moment, before lowering his gun along with pants and underwear to the floor. James's heart beat pounded in his ears with anticipation. But mystery man didn't keep him waiting long. He crawled on top of James, maneuvering him back to the head of the bed. Prowling over his outstretched body like a lion dominating his prey.

James was hard as a rock; all those sleepless nights of jacking off to the images of a forced seduction were finally coming true.

"What should I call you, sir?" James trailed his fingertips over the warm leather that wrapped the arms of the stranger suspended above him.

"Call me... Mark. It's not my real name, but it'll do."

"Okay, Mark, where do you want my tongue?"

"My, my, all the questions. Shut up and do as you're told. Now turn over." The firm demand in Mark's tone sent a shiver down James's spine. *Damn.* And James did as he was told.

Once he'd made it to his stomach, Mark grabbed James's hands and pulled them around to his lower back. The rough feel of braided rope circled his wrists, tying them together. James's skin alit with fire as Mark held him tight. Each brush of his hard body against James's bare skin felt like a thousand burning arrows working their way down to his cock. Mark moved down his legs and grabbed his ankles. He thrust his legs apart and bound each ankle to opposite ends of the bed frame. Another light breeze blew through the open window and over the sweat that had beaded on James's ass, sending a chill skating across his body.

With Mark's thighs braced on either side of James's hips, he edged forward, and Mark's thick shaft landed in James's waiting hands. *Holy Shit!* Mark began to rock, and his cock slid back and forth across his palm; a perfect fit. James tightened his grip, and Mark groaned, increasing his pace. *Shit yeah, he bet he liked it that way.*

Without warning, Mark pulled away, leaving an emptiness in James's hands. Mark's weight shifted, and suddenly a hard cock dipped between his damp cheeks. James gasped. The head of Mark's swollen member pressed at James's waiting entrance.

"This may hurt," Mark muttered, and the wide head of his cock surged against his tight ring, demanding entry.

"Mark!"

The stretch burned to accommodate Mark's shaft. James let out a small moan and jammed his face into the pillow, biting it. Once Mark was fully in, the heat transformed into a flame of need, and James's member pulsed with excitement. He couldn't wait to feel him move.

Mark pulled out, and then pushed in again, driving a guttural moan from James's throat.

"Oh... God. More," James managed to utter in between breaths. "Fuck. You feel so good."

"I've just begun," Mark replied.

Mark pulled all the way out until only the feel of the thick rim of his cock's head remained inside. Suddenly, Mark plunged deep. James cried out and clamped his teeth onto his bottom lip. The metallic taste of blood seeped over his tongue. Mark continued his barrage on James's ass, pounding him over and over, as if he were determined to rob him of him everything, including his soul.

Each time Mark pushed deeper, James rubbed his tied hands along Mark's torso. Mark was as built as James, maybe better. His abs felt as though they could have been cast like a bronze Greek statue. So smooth.

With each thrust, drops of moisture trickled down James's back. A moment later, Mark's jacket hit the floor with a *thud* beside James's head. In the shadows of the room, the flutter of his shirt followed over the side of the bed. *Did he take off his mask?* James craned his neck to see if he could get a glimpse of Mark's face. Failing, he let out a moan as Mark plunged his cock deep again.

Mark's fingers bit into James's shoulders. He cried out as Mark's new position allowed his shaft to embed further, causing a tingling to wash over him.

With each of Mark's down-strokes, James's cock rubbed against the sheet, the friction making him even hotter. Mark's hands left his shoulders and gripped James's hips, yanking them up and freeing him from the bed while never ceasing with his assault on his ass. Exactly how James liked it.

A few more thrusts and Mark slowed. He shifted behind him, and then a large, rough hand surrounded the base of James's cock.

"Oh God..." James shuddered, and then Mark began to stroke.

"I don't want to be the only one to cum," Mark said.

"Shit. Yes," he groaned. *So damn good.* Especially when Mark mimicked each stroke with a rocking thrust of his hips. All he could do was moan as Mark fucked him and slid his hand over his cock in perfect time.

James sucked in a lung full of air and squeezed down on Mark's cock. He was getting closer with every stroke. Fuck, he didn't want this to end. But he was too far gone. As if sensing he was on the edge, Mark pulled out.

"Christ!" The sudden loss sent James's head spinning.

The continued ragged breaths and jerking motion from behind, told him that Mark pumped his own cock while never relenting on James's. The constant stimulation drew James back to earth and honed him in on the pleasure building like a wave against a fucking high-pressure dam inside his balls.

Mark stilled, then groaned, right before hot strings of cum hit his sweat beaded back. James couldn't resist the urge any longer. The dam cracked, and his orgasm shot from the end of his cock, soaking the sheets beneath him.

Mark collapsed beside him, jolting the bed. James followed, plopping back down in exhaustion onto his stomach. For several minutes, the sound of heavy breathing was the only thing that moved between them.

"Do you do this with every break and enter?" James asked, breaking the silence.

"Not every, but I could get used to breaking into your place to enter you," Nudging James with his elbow.

"Is that a fact?" he laughed. "I'm James by the way." He turned his head and faced his anonymous lover.

The bed dipped, and Mark stood. The rustle of clothing and the sound of a zipper said Mark was leaving. His stomach sank. Why the hell did that bother him? It was a onetime fuck. He knew that. What, was he really expecting a relationship from a burglar? Or even want one? *Yes—No.* James glanced back and found him standing in the doorway.

"See you around James," Mark said, and disappeared as mysteriously as he'd arrived.

“What the fuck? Who the hell is going to untie me?” James shouted.

James rocked back and forth, but with his ankles still restrained, he couldn’t turn onto his back. He was stuck. With no other options, James closed his eyes and replayed the night’s events in his mind. His cock warmed, flexed, and grew. Again.

“Oh, shit,” he groaned.

The blaring sound of an alarm clock yanked James awake. He reached for his clock, and that’s when it hit him. *My hands are free.* He moved his legs. He was untied, but still on his stomach with the sheet wrapped around him. His dick was harder than a slab of granite with the undeniable evidence of dried spunk beneath him.

“Damn, it was all just a dream...” James uttered in disappointment. His head swarmed with images, memories of sensations, willing the vacant feeling to pass. James rolled onto his back and palmed his cock, thoughts of his midnight robber filling his mind. He sighed. With any luck, Mark would pay him another visit in his dreams tonight.

# Biography

Originally from North Carolina, Christina Jade Loren traveled around most of the United States. Her father was in the military, so her household was always well organized and put together. When her family moved to California, she fell in love with the countryside, beaches, and the people. After her 23rd birthday, she moved out onto her own in Los Angeles.

Living on her own proved harder than initially thought. Her newly formed friends were there to guide her through the rough patches and see through the smog. Living in Los Angeles has proven one of her best decisions. She has met countless wonderful people and learned to rollerblade. On sunny afternoons, she can be found on beach paths or lost in a book on the beach.

Some of her favorite things include sunsets at the beach, listening to the waves breaking on shore, cats, and most of all girls night.

Christina loves to write stories. Most times, they only appear as a few paragraphs and nothing more. However, those small gems that grow into something larger is where her passion can be seen. She draws from her mind and her best friend, who happens to be gay. They pass around ideas and thoughts for stories; what would work, terminology, language.

She has been writing for almost a decade and finally had the urge to send some to a publisher. Her very first contract was for Break and Enter. And her second was for a running series, the first story called Turned. Check out her Books page for more details on those.

Visit her at [ChristinaLoren.com](http://ChristinaLoren.com)

# Other Books by Christina Jade Loren

Break and Enter

Turned

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