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# KLT23

***GOT 10 MINUTES?***



# MISSY WELSH

# Table of Contents

[KLT 23](#)

[copyright](#)

[Story](#)

[About the Author](#)

[MLR Press Authors](#)

[GLBT Resources](#)





KLT 23

MISSY WELSH

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I seriously loved my job, despite it consisting of me sitting like veal in a booth all day long. What I loved was the part where I got to watch the man of my dreams on that monitor and through the glass window in front of me. Every day, all day long.

Except now, I was seriously not looking forward to having to watch the man of my dreams fuck some woman even though the brass thought it would save his life.

He had been genetically engineered to be the perfect man and perfect soldier. He was their twenty-third try and the one that looked like he was going to make it. The others hadn't made it to this stage, having never achieved consciousness after they came out of the incubators. This one, KLT23, had been exceeding expectations from the very beginning. Until he'd gotten this illness they couldn't identify and couldn't cure. Until Dr. Miles came up with the theory that KLT23 needed to get laid like Spock had in that Star Trek episode. Fuck or die. And in came the women.

I called him Kelty in my head, and I was growing to enjoy his method of telling these bastards he very

much did not want yet another naked woman brought into his domain. This last one had walked in stark naked, gone straight for his bed, laid down and spread her damn legs. In the air! I'd held my breath in horror as he'd gone over there, but he'd grabbed her by her hair and encouraged her to get the hell out.

She'd just left, sobbing, and I watched him stalk back over to his bed and flop down. His gorgeous dick rested against his abs and he stroked it almost absently, closing his fevered blue eyes with a loud sigh. My dick grew that much harder as I watched him. He'd been walking around naked and hard as a rock for three days now. Three fucking days! And I got to watch him for every hour of my shift. It was like some kind of superhero porn channel. Except... I sighed yet again, staring and feeling that niggles of worry swim around in my gut. They said his brain wouldn't be able to take much more of the fever. If they didn't figure this out, he would die and it would be horrible. The most amazing man I'd ever known and I might have to sit out here and watch him die.

It wasn't just that KLT23 was a physical embodiment of everything masculine and drool-

worthy. He was smart as all hell, a really quick learner, had a huge stubborn streak, and a wiseass sense of humor that always cracked me up.

He'd picked up six languages already and got a kick out of having a Russian day or a Farsi day where he'd only speak that language regardless of how much they yelled at him to knock it off. He read the military biographies they gave him so fast that I was having trouble keeping up with reading the same books at home in my off hours. I didn't know why I bothered since they'd never actually let me talk to him about them. Well, I guess I just wanted something to connect us more than me staring at him for eight hours a day. More than him occasionally staring back.

Like now. He watched me, sweat on his brow and cheeks pink, looking so alone. I wanted to go in there and give those amazing lips a reason to smile. He kept making me want to take care of him like I'd never wanted to with anyone else. And we'd never said a word to each other, so that was just...pathetic.

I sighed and tried to refocus on the conversation happening beside me.

"This isn't working," General Derringer said, rubbing the bridge of his nose under his glasses. "Why the hell isn't this working?"

"I think I have a theory," Miles said, and I couldn't help leaning a little closer to hear. I loved how that little nerd's brain worked.

"Well?" Dr. Rudolph asked impatiently, his face flushed like a wino at Christmas.

"I don't think he likes women."

I nearly fell off my fucking chair.

Rudolph, apparently, couldn't believe it either. "Why wouldn't he like women? He's perfect!"

"Just think about it for a minute," Miles went on, warming to his subject. "He's not rebelling against orders here like he did early on when he was testing limits. The only thing he's rebelling against here is the women. Bring one in, tell him what he's supposed to do, and he goes ballistic. They aren't what he wants. I think, yes, he is perfect and, therefore, he's attracted to similar perfection."

Well, I'll be damned. That made all kinds of sense.

Sort of. Made me happy, anyway. Guess Kelty and I might have something to connect us after all.

"So we send in some equally impressive man," Derringer said like he was tired as hell, "and he'll be all over him?"

I shivered, getting a 'you okay?' look from my fellow guard, Private Andre Washington. If I got any more okay, I might shoot in my pants.

Miles said, "It's worth a try."

Rudolph snorted. "So what? We just send in one of these soldiers with an order to be gay for a few minutes?"

I turned my laugh into a cough, but I don't think they noticed.

"I think," Miles said, "to be most effective, we should send in a gay man."

The general snorted. "And where are we supposed to find a gay soldier?"

The words popped out of my mouth before I'd fully formed the thought.

"Right here, sir."

All three of them and Washington turned to stare at me.

I stood, thinking maybe seeing how well I stacked up when compared to the perfection in the other room might help get things moving along. At six-three and one hundred eighty pounds of muscle, physically I was damn close to Kelty's six-six and two-ten of the same. He wasn't my usual hook up--I gravitated toward slender and pretty--but yeah, I'd do damn near anything to get in there with him and save his life, if I could.

And, yes, I'd just outed the hell out of myself, but I seriously doubted they were giving a damn about rules while in a secret bunker conducting super secret experiments in human genetics.

"You're...volunteering?" Derringer asked, his fuzzy white eyebrows merging with his fuzzy white hairline.

Damn straight! "Yes, sir."

Private Washington made a sound like helium escaping from a balloon. I looked down at his dark face to see him grinning with surprise and mirth. At



least it wasn't hostility.

"What's your name again?" the general asked, firing up his little computer.

"Sergeant Horatio Muir, sir."

They huddled around Derringer's screen, no doubt scrolling through my service record, background check, health records and whatever the hell else these people had gathered about me prior to and during my assignment here.

I glanced down at Washington again, now finding him frowning. He tapped at the monitor in front of him, and I frowned too.

Every single thing Kelty and I would do in there would be recorded in full Technicolor with stereo sound. I wasn't exactly shy about a public performance, but the fact that it would be viewed live left me a little cold. And Washington definitely didn't look like he was anticipating the show either.

"I have a condition, sirs."

All three looked over at me, spectacles reflecting the lights.

"I know you won't turn off the surveillance equipment, but if you could remove the human element while I'm in there, I'd appreciate it."

They blinked at me and Washington sighed. Their heads bent back together and a hum of whispered conversation took place. I just waited, letting anticipation skitter through me. If Miles' theory made enough sense to them, I'd be in that room with Kelty in the next few minutes. If Miles' theory proved correct, I'd be having sex with a god of a man a few minutes after that. And if that was the cure... God, let it be the cure.

Would he be rough? Would he be sweet?

I tried not to speculate why I hoped for the latter as my cock got heavier, balls tingling. And yeah, there'd be no way of hiding the fact I was most definitely interested now. My uniform wasn't loose enough to hide this much interest. Washington snickered at me, and I smiled back despite knowing I'd catch hell from him later for being so fucking eager. I adjusted myself and winked at him.

"All right," Derringer said, the group breaking from

their huddle. "We agree to your condition once it becomes apparent you're what he wants."

I didn't even try to stop my smile as I looked through the glass at Kelty still lying on his back in bed, heavy thighs splayed and one arm tucked under his head. Fuck, yeah! He looked curiously back at me, then his beautiful lips stretched in a tentative smile. I stepped around the rest of them, heading for the door.

Miles' question stopped me. "Do you have everything you need in there?"

My eyes went to the table they'd set up with different sex aids. Four kinds of lube waited amidst the condoms and other crap. Interesting that he hadn't knocked over that table during any of his tantrums.

"Yes, sir," I said, tearing my eyes away from man and lube. "Since my tests are all clear, I'd prefer not to use the condoms, if you agree."

All three of them shrugged, then the general said, "That's fine."

Spoken like a man who'd never had a hot, tight ass wrapped around his naked cock.

Still grinning, I turned to the door, confident they'd watch for as long as necessary before they'd get squeamish and run into the halls, Washington in the lead.

Kelty sat up when I walked inside and closed the door behind me. His smile was a little cautious, but I took it as a good sign. I didn't waste a moment explaining.

"Since you've kicked out all the chicks, they thought maybe I'd be more to your liking."

His smile didn't waiver as he stood up and hurried over, that beautiful, uncut, up-curved cock bobbing with each step. He stopped inches away, then leaned closer, poking my groin as he rested his hands on my shoulders. I expected a kiss, but got a nuzzle instead.

From my neck, he quietly rumbled, "I knew you'd smell good."

Looked like ol' Miles was right.

I chuckled and took hold of his slim hips to pull him that much closer until we were pressed together, his arms going around my shoulders while mine went around his waist. The heat of his body was like a

brand right through my uniform. Poor baby had a fever and I was the-- Yeah, cut the corny right there, Muir.

"Been watching me, huh?" I asked and could hear the relief in my voice. Let this work.

"Yes," he said a little breathlessly, pressing his dick into me and rubbing on mine. He leaned back just enough for me to watch his nostrils flare as he took a deep breath and those amazing blue eyes fluttered shut. He hummed as he exhaled, his head dipping down to rest on my shoulder.

I had a feeling he was an absolute hedonist and it made perfect sense that he would be. His life was devoid of most everything. Even this room was white on white with white trim. They hadn't even let him outside yet.

And yeah, he was a sweetheart. Now anyway. I smiled, not resisting the urge to cuddle him a little tighter. He sort of purred there for a second, and my heart started pounding.

"Why didn't you just tell them what you wanted?" I let my hands stray up his back, feeling the strong

muscles under satin skin, even though I really wanted to go down and grab handfuls of that taut ass. Fast or slow, what would he want?

"I wasn't sure what you wanted." He rubbed his smooth cheek against mine.

Smiling, I grabbed that ass and squeezed hard. "You. You're what I want."

He groaned, hot breath washing my ear.

I got a grip on his longish blond hair and tugged so I could take his mouth. He moaned into me, leaning hard and opening right up. I gripped all that strength, massaging his ass and back, devouring his lips.

He'd never been kissed before, but I didn't let up. He was smart, a quick study. When he figured it out, it was my turn to moan and I found myself clinging to him. Never would've thought having the backs of my teeth licked would feel so goddamn good.

We parted enough to gasp for breath, holding tight to each other. Man, he looked like sex personified with his cheeks flushed and lips all red and swollen.

"How do you say this?" he asked, tapping my name

badge.

"Muir, but my--"

"Muir," he said and damn if he didn't manage to make it sound like a purr. "Muir," he said again, then hit me with the full impact of those big, blue eyes. "Please teach me about sex."

"Yeah," I wheezed, then cleared my throat. "You got it, man."

As he grinned, I looked behind me, satisfied to see they were gone. When I looked back, though, Kelty seemed a little nervous. "You okay?"

He nodded. "Never been alone before. I mean, you're in here, but..."

"I thought you'd appreciate it just being us for a while. I can ask them to come back if--"

"No! No, I want to be alone with you." He smiled shyly and blushed. "It's just different. And I don't get a lot of different."

All right, that was just adorable. I kissed one heated cheek, feeling kind of stupid with something seriously mushy going on inside. I chuckled at myself

and got us back on track with the impending fucking. This wasn't supposed to be anything more, but I did need that reminder. His smile made me feel like the best thing on earth. And I desperately wanted to make sure that beautiful expression got to stick around for a long time to come.

"Want to help me get undressed?"

He took a step back, holding onto my shoulders as he looked down my body and then back up. I gasped when he gave me a grin and dropped to his knees. But he was only unlacing my boots. Man...

Reigning in a little control, I went after buttons and belt, this and that, until things started hitting the floor. He watched me and played with my clothes, even putting my shirt on and chuckling when he couldn't make the buttons meet to close it down his chest. I smiled at him, then smiled some more when he started noticing the other differences between us.

I had my pants unbuttoned, but the zipper still up when he dropped my shirt and stepped over with a hand out toward my chest. He looked curious and hungry as his fingers delved into my black pelt of



chest hair. The little twinkles I usually fucked were fascinated by it too, and one had told me that, with a few days worth of beard, I looked like a pirate. I'd gone out and bought an eye-patch to wear for him.

"What do you think?" I couldn't help asking as I watched Kelty's face.

He flicked a glance to my eyes, gave me a grin, then both hands were smoothing through the hair like he was petting me.

"It's soft. I didn't realize... Will mine get like this?"

He had a blond treasure trail and a lovely thatch I couldn't wait to nibble on, but his chest was completely hairless.

"I don't think so, but I don't know." He was, after all, only eighteen months old. Who knew what his development would consist of going forward? Assuming this would cure him, of course. I resisted a sudden urge to hug him tight as a touch of fear at losing him made me frown. They said he could start having seizures, and that a heart attack wasn't out of the question. I had to reach for him then to wipe away the image in my mind of his face blank with death.

He moved into my arms, then he got a speculative look on his face and stepped closer. When he pressed his bare chest to mine, he chuckled in a naughty way and bit his full bottom lip before rubbing into me.

"Like that, huh?" I asked and got a nod. "Let me get the rest off and we'll see what else you like."

He stepped back, fisting and relaxing his hands as he waited and watched. The stark appreciation and anticipation coming from him was intoxicating. No coyness, just open interest. I was really loving that.

He'd tugged off my boots already, so pants and boxers went down together. Then I stripped off my socks and was naked. Man, look at this guy's smile.

"You're really..." He looked worried. "Is beautiful acceptable?"

I smiled and took his hand. "I think you're beautiful too."

Hell, he was turning me into a mushy girl again.

I grunted and jerked when he suddenly wrapped his hand around my cock.

"Sorry," he said and let go.

"No, no," I said, waving him back. "Just surprised me. Come here."

He stepped close, shy again, stopping millimeters from our cocks touching. I took his hand and wrapped it around me with a little less force.

I sighed for the warm grip as he whispered, "It's like mine, but different again."

Taking hold of his the same way, figuring he hadn't done this before, I showed him how to stroke. He shivered and moaned, stepping closer even as his hand imitated mine. Maybe a mutual jerk-off would be a good way to kick this off because, fuck me, that felt real damn fine.

But then he gently took my hand off him and put it on his shoulder. "Can't think," he explained. "And I want to pay attention to you."

I nodded and leaned into him, making him change the way he stroked me as he cuddled me into his side. God, that was nice. It'd been too long if a simple hand job and a hug were going to get me off in the next few minutes. I smiled, knowing I'd be getting off all over him.

"Kelty," I said on a moan, moving my hips with his strokes.

"What?" He paused.

Oh, no. No pausing. I smacked at his hand to get it moving again as I explained.

"K.L.T. 2-3 is--ungh!--what they call you. Jesus! Uh, I-I strung the letters together and-- Oh, do that again! Oh, fuck, yeah. I call you Kelty. All the letters. Kelty."

He blinked at me, then smiled with the happiness of a child. Suddenly, he was devouring my mouth very much not like a child. He broke off and smiled again.

"You gave me a name," he whispered, adding another delicious squeeze and a swipe of his thumb that had me twitching. "Thank you, Muir."

"Thank me later, Kelty," I managed around more groaning, holding on to his shoulders now to keep from hitting the floor. "Oh, God!"

"They told me about orgasms," he said quietly, his breath on my shoulder as he looked down to watch his hand stroking my cock. "They told me to do this

to myself and get one, but I didn't want to do it myself. I wanted you to do it, Muir."

I trailed my hand down his chest, perfectly willing to give him that, but he stopped me again.

"You first," he whispered.

Oh, hell, that got me good. I grunted and thrust into his hand, coming hard and watching my spunk shoot all over his hip. I'd had a lot saved up, so I coated him a mind-numbing six times. Kelty slowed and gentled his touch, making me moan and twitch against him. When I swayed into him, he caught me close and hugged me. I looked up at him, smiling as best I could while I panted.

"That was messy," he said with a grin.

I chuckled and pressed into him, feeling the slickness on my skin as his hard length was trapped between us. I didn't want the feelings to end, so I rubbed slowly into him, moaning from the sensitivity and the way he clutched at me.

"Help me do it too?" he whispered in my ear.

I nodded, feeling steadier, and walked him over to

the bed. He sat, and I grabbed some pillows to prop his head and shoulders up. I loved to watch a guy suck me off and bet he would too. I dropped to my knees. This man's first orgasm was going to happen in my mouth.

"Just relax and let me take care of you," I told him, angling that long, curving cock.

"Oh," he said on an exhale, his eyes going wide as he recognized my intention.

I gave him a grin and watched his face as I licked the underside of his cockhead. He gasped, flinching, and reached down for my other hand. Yeah, he was a sweetheart, this one. I was seriously going to enjoy getting him off in every possible way for as long as they'd let me be with him. I threaded our fingers together, holding on tight.

Licking around for a while, I watched his face and every twitch of his body. My first blowjob hadn't been from someone at all experienced and the kid had cried when I came all over his face. What had his name been? Whatever. Nobody knew shit when they were fifteen, but ol' Kelty here was benefitting from

thirteen years of training.

"Muir," he kept saying. "Oh, Muir!"

I could see his toes curling, thigh muscles tight and bulging. I let go of his cock, bobbing my head and sucking, so I could stroke those muscles, feel how hard they were. When I took him deep, nearly getting all of him, his legs jumped up and he cried out. His hand ground the bones in mine, making me groan.

I went back to bobbing; reveling in the taste and heat of him and the fact I was the first to ever get to know it. This was me making this perfect man whimper and writhe.

"Muir?" he asked, looking down at me with wide eyes. "I don't-- Oh, God! I don't know what-- Please!"

I popped off and used my free hand to stroke him. "It's okay," I said, keeping up the pressure that was going to make him come as my fist slid fast through the spit I'd left behind. "Let it happen, honey. You're okay."

He nodded, panting. Look at him trusting me. I wanted that trust. I liked the way it felt to know I had it from him. That he really saw me and needed me.

Crying out, his body arched and hips snapped up. Five times his bright red cock spat across his abs and chest, roping those taut muscles in white. I stroked him through each one, loving the sight of it all and his agonized expression. He'd nearly squeezed my hand numb by the time he finished coming.

At the end of it all, I felt him trembling just before he whined and looked down at me with a sweetly stunned look on his handsome face. He gasped and groaned when I gently sucked on the head of him to get a proper taste, and I smiled up at him. His cum tasted fucking sweet!

"Oh, Muir, that was...just the best thing ever!"

I laughed, moving up and onto the bed to lie beside him. "I'm glad you liked it." I combed back the sweaty golden hair at his temple.

He turned into me, snuggling, so I gathered him close. I gave him little kisses on his mouth and cheeks as he closed his eyes and sighed a few times. He was really beautiful all spent and sleepy like this. I was really...loving it.

Did he feel cooler? I cupped the back of his head,



trying to check.

His eyes suddenly popped open and he gripped my arm. "We can do that again, right?"

I chuckled, rubbing reassuringly on his back. "Oh, yeah, don't worry about that. There's all kinds of things we can do that'll have the same great result."

He relaxed again, grinning. "Like what?"

"Well, you could suck on me while I suck on you again." I slid my hand down to his ass and rhythmically squeezed that firm globe. "If you're feeling really adventurous, we could try fucking."

He frowned. "Some of the women told me to fuck off when I kicked them out."

I laughed. "Yeah, I heard them."

"It didn't sound like a good thing."

"Oh, well, there's two definitions for it, I guess. They didn't mean something good. What I mean, though, is all about feeling what you just did," I grinned, "only better."

His eyes widened. "Better?"

"Yep." I slid a finger between his cheeks and made him gasp when I pressed against his hole. "Deep in here is a gland that'll make you feel like screaming every time I touch it."

"The good screaming? Like at the end there?"

I nodded, smiling at him. God, he was just so cute.

"You just use your finger?" he asked, mimicking my hold on him. I had kind of a bubble butt, so there was a lot for him to hold onto.

"Fingers are great to start with, yeah, but you'll get to wanting more soon enough. Stretched open and filled up." I tapped my finger lightly against Kelty's asshole, making him give a little gasp and twitch at the new sensation.

"More?" I could see him trying to work it out, then he gasped and said, "Oh, you mean like your penis goes in there?"

I chuckled at his expression of disbelief. "Exactly." I nipped at the tip of his nose. "If you want to try that, I want to get inside you something fierce."

"Can't I be inside you?" he asked, feathering his

fingers along the crack of my ass.

Oh, hey now. Hadn't done that since I was a kid.

"Well," I began, planning to explain that I didn't catch anymore, but the words died on my tongue. He was seriously working those blue eyes and pouty lips. Damn him. "Sure. Okay."

Beautiful, beautiful smile, then a quick peck on the lips. "Tell me what to do," he said, sounding so eager, I didn't mind being so thoroughly played. Not really.

His finger found my hole and teased me. "Feels really small."

I rubbed into his touch. "That's why fingers are great to start with."

"Oh," he said, drawing out the sound and nodding. So cute!

I had a sudden realization.

If we were going to do this, I was going to get one of the fantasies I'd never told anyone. Since I usually went after short, pretty bottoms, it was next to impossible to ask for anything resembling domination. Kelty, though, could give me a chance to see what

that was like. I wanted to find out how it felt to have a big man hold me against a wall and fuck me hard like I didn't have a choice but to let him.

Could this kitten play tiger for a while?

"Will you do something for me?"

"Of course."

I gave him a kiss for not even hesitating.

"I'd like to have us standing against the wall when you do this to me."

"Okay."

I cleared my throat and felt myself blushing. "I want you to...make me."

He frowned a little like he didn't understand, then it dawned on him and he grinned. A second later, I found myself flattened under him on my back with my wrists pinned over my head. He chuckled darkly as I shivered.

"Yeah," I whispered, getting hard all over again. So, okay, getting manhandled was pretty fucking hot, thank you very much.

He discovered and indulged in the joys of friction for a few minutes, rubbing our cocks together while he ate at my mouth and held me down. He got me so worked up; I was spread-eagle on the bed, legs just wide open and slutty as I rubbed up into him and sucked on his tongue. I couldn't stop moaning.

I actually cried out when he lunged up off the bed and pulled me with him. "Lube," I said, pointing at the table as we passed it, him shuffling me toward the wall. He grabbed a bottle of the good stuff and kept walking.

Then I was pressed chest to knees into the wall, just like I'd asked. My heart pounded and I couldn't catch my breath, but it wasn't any kind of fear or worry. This was just such total excitement I was leaking against the wall.

"I'm sorry, but... What should I do?"

I smiled. "You're doing fine, honey."

He smiled back and kissed my cheek, then said, "Oh," and looked down when he discovered he could rub his dick into the crack of my ass.

"Ah, fuck," I said and groaned, humping with him.

"Need... Need you to get lube on a finger and work me open, Kelty. Right now."

"Right." Snap and squirt, then a firm digit was rubbing a glob around before pressing in. "Wow. You're all tight, but...kind of soft inside."

My sigh had a touch of whine to it as I pushed out and he came right on in. He had long, thick fingers with knobby knuckles. This one finger made me groan to have it going deep all at once like that. And Kelty wasn't stupid because he figured out right away that in and out was the motion to make. I went right into fucking myself on his hand and panting against the wall. So, yeah, bottoming was kind of like riding a bike. Once learned and all that.

He leaned on me, seeming to remember he was supposed to be making me take this, and the sensations amped up because of that. His arm was across my shoulders and his thigh pressed against mine, pinning me in place. I groaned, tipping my ass up since that was the only move I could now make.

"Nother finger," I mumbled. I'd barely finished saying it when number two eased in beside number

one and made me shudder with that sweet burn.

God, but I'd really missed that feeling. Hadn't realized it until now. And to have it be this man, my Kelty... I desperately didn't want to lose him.

"You're loosening up," he said, surprised. "I might fit in a minute."

"Not minute. Now. More lube and fuck me, Kelty."

He moved around, but left the arm across my shoulders. Bless him for his focus. I widened my legs and tipped up as his fingers left and I heard more lube coming out. There was the unmistakable sound of a dick getting coated in slick, then that familiar blunt firmness pressed up to my hole.

"Oh, sweet God!"

"Muir?"

"Push in, baby. Make me yours."

"Mine? Fuck, yeah, I want that."

I grinned against the wall at him using his new vocabulary word before grunting right along with him

as he pushed inside me.

Holy fuck, he was thick!

"Slowly!"

"I am. I am." He moaned. "You're so tight."

I whined. Couldn't help it. Gaspd too. He was long and thick and splitting me so exactly perfect it felt like the first time all over again. Bless him again for taking his time about it too. The man had amazing control.

When he was finally seated inside me, I let out a groan and rested my head on the wall. He threaded his fingers with mine, our hands beside my head, and leaned into me. His feet were up against the insides of mine, thighs pressed tight to the backs of mine, and he wiggled a little against my ass like he was seeking just a quarter inch more depth inside me. I moaned for the wiggling and tilted my ass up, giving it to him.

He actually chuckled as he rocked against me. "I've never felt so good."

I smiled, moving that tiny bit with him now. "Me neither, Kelty."



"Yeah? Maybe you can do this to me later then."  
That made me shiver from head to toe. He groaned a little, no doubt feeling it too, then he chuckled again.  
"I take it that's a yes?"

I peeked back at him. "Oh, yeah. First chance I get, your ass is mine."

"It already was, Muir." He kissed my cheek.

I smiled at his soft words, that warm, gooey whatever-it-was I felt for him returning again. Then words didn't matter anymore as he started seriously pulling back before pressing in. He took his time, and I was grateful for that still. Felt like a two-by-four was up my ass even with the lube. But then I heard him get more lube and I felt more wetness back there.

"How's that?"

"Oh, yeah." I groaned as the extra slick made it go from slightly uncomfortable to fucking awesome.  
"Faster, baby. Fuck me faster."

And he did, those slim hips suddenly jack-hammering my ass like he was tearing up concrete. I locked my knees but that didn't stop me from banging into the wall. Then his big hands were there, one on

my hip to steady me and the other wrapping thick fingers around my dick.

Jesus, God, and beautiful twink everywhere! I'd just switched. This was it! I was a big ol' bottoming queen from here on out so long as this man was inside me.

"Yes! Kelty! Oh, God, yes!"

He moaned and sucked at my shoulder and neck, nibbling on muscle and setting his teeth on me like he might take a bite. I welcomed whatever he wanted to do as his hand stroked my dick and his dick plundered my ass.

I babbled and praised the Lord and begged. I, Horatio Muir, begged to be fucked faster and harder as I went on and on about how amazing Kelty was. I couldn't shut up. Never in my life had I ever made so much noise while fucking.

Lightning suddenly shot through me when he changed his stance, and that changed his angle and that had him pegging my prostate with every damn stroke. Words turned into animalistic noises of supreme pleasure and, within seconds, I was coming

all over his hand and screaming into the wall.

He stroked and fucked me right on through every violent jerk of my body, but his rhythm faltered and collapsed, and I was conscious enough to feel him come as he pressed up tight against my back.

Our gasping breaths and my own heartbeat were the only things I was aware of for who knew how long. He leaned on me and I leaned on the wall, the both of us desperate to come back down to earth after that holy God orgasm.

"Best ever," I mumbled.

He just hummed and rubbed his cheek on mine, hugging me.

We didn't move until he'd softened and slipped out of me, the both of us giggling at the sound of that. He had a hot tub in his bathroom, so we made good use of it both in soaking tired, sore muscles and in him perfecting his kissing skills. The man definitely loved learning, and I was a willing test subject for whatever he wanted to try. He seemed to like slow, passionate kisses best and I had to agree they were now my favorite too.

Deliciously exhausted, we hopped in the shower for a quick scrub at all the important bits before drying off and heading for his bed.

I lay on my back until he cuddled me half on top of him and sighed. Yeah, that was nice too. I'd underestimated the greatness of having a big guy like him to sleep with. Wouldn't be crushing him should I roll over in the night, and there was a nice hard pectoral to rest my head on.

But wait a minute there, Muir. I couldn't get attached. Could I? My assignment had been to come in here and bring his fever down. I could feel now that it had worked because, despite soaking and showering, his skin felt cooler than when I'd first walked in. I'd done my job. I probably ought to get up, get dressed, and go out there to tell the others it was a success.

I didn't want to leave him and, judging by how he held onto me, he didn't want me going anywhere either. So, despite how crazy it was to stay and want to keep on staying, I rested there against him, muscles relaxing and feeling like, well, like I'd come home.

He picked a remote up off the bedside table and turned on a stereo whose speakers were hidden in the walls. Some lazy classical piece that made me feel even more content for its quiet notes filled the room.

He kissed my forehead, then nudged with his chin, and I looked up. I smiled just before he kissed me slow and deep. Kelty liked kissing, man. Kissing and petting because his big hand was roaming my back and ass again.

"Can I tell you a secret?" he whispered.

I nodded, holding him closer.

He leaned in near my ear. "I can control my body like you wouldn't believe," he said, keeping his voice low. "Every function is mine from temperature to blood flow."

"Really? That's-- Wait. They don't know that?"

"They don't know. It's not like I do much with it, though." I felt him grin. "Except manifest unusual symptoms."

I pulled back with a gasp, getting where he was going with this.

"You faked an illness that had sex as a cure?" I stared into those amazing blue eyes and knew I'd never underestimate this man again. He'd worked this place like a master con artist and, though he'd worked me right along with everyone else, I kind of sort of loved him for his deviousness.

He grinned. "Worked like a charm, don't you think?"

"Uh, yeah," I laughed. Then I realized, "Hold on. You've had an erection for three days."

"Yeah, I know. That was not so much fun, but I knew they had to make the connection between illness and sex, so..."

"You made yourself erect for three fucking days?"

"Keep your voice down!"

I grabbed the back of his neck in both hands. "Do you know what this means, Kelty?"

"What?" he asked, looking so innocent.

"Man, you just told me you can have sex as often as you want for as long as you want. Do you seriously think I'm ever going to leave your side?"

He grinned and kissed me quick. "That's the plan."

Brilliant fucking bastard.

"So you'll go off on their missions, but what? Once a month you'll have this horrible sickness that can only be cured by sex with me?"

He pouted. "Only once a month?"

I laughed again, pulling him in for more sweet kisses. Yes, now that he'd "survived" they would continue with his training and eventually send him out into the field on actual missions that would put him in danger. Yes, that would worry the hell out of me. But maybe they would let me go with him to help, to observe, to do whatever I could. I'd been a soldier for ten years; I understood the risks of combat duty and accepted them. And with Kelty there beside me... Well, he was worth any risks.

He chuckled seductively into my ear and got a better grip on me. I didn't mind a bit when his big finger started working my ass again. I'd happily catch on a regular basis, if that's what he wanted.

For this man, anything.





## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

MISSY WELSH has been writing since she was twelve and has a Master of Arts in Writing Popular Fiction from Seton Hill University that was a gift she gave herself for making it through a Bachelor of Arts in English at her local university. The stories she writes vary, but romance has always been the main theme for me. She grew up watching John Wayne and Clint Eastwood movies with her dad and reading her mom's romance novels as soon as she turned her back long enough for Missy to grab one. And let's not forget Captain James T. Kirk, her first bad-boy and the man who taught her how to face danger and walk away grinning. So long as there are men being brave and falling love, she'll be writing about them. Visit her online at <http://missywelsh.com> (there are free stories and everything!).





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## THE TREVOR PROJECT

The Trevor Project operates the only nationwide, around-the-clock crisis and suicide prevention helpline for lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender and questioning youth. Every day, The Trevor Project saves lives through its free and confidential helpline, its website and its educational services. If you or a friend are feeling lost or alone call The Trevor Helpline. If you or a friend are feeling lost, alone, confused or in crisis, please call The Trevor Helpline. You'll be able to speak confidentially with a trained counselor 24/7.

The Trevor Helpline: 866-488-7386

On the Web: <http://www.thetrevorproject.org/>

## **THE GAY MEN'S DOMESTIC VIOLENCE PROJECT**

Founded in 1994, The Gay Men's Domestic Violence Project is a grassroots, non-profit organization founded by a gay male survivor of domestic violence and developed through the strength, contributions and participation of the community. The Gay Men's Domestic Violence Project supports victims and survivors through education, advocacy and direct

services. Understanding that the serious public health issue of domestic violence is not gender specific, we serve men in relationships with men, regardless of how they identify, and stand ready to assist them in navigating through abusive relationships.

GMDVP Helpline: 800.832.1901

On the Web: <http://gmdvp.org/>

**THE GAY & LESBIAN ALLIANCE AGAINST  
DEFAMATION/GLAAD EN ESPANOL**

The Gay & Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation (GLAAD) is dedicated to promoting and ensuring fair, accurate and inclusive representation of people and events in the media as a means of eliminating homophobia and discrimination based on gender identity and sexual orientation.

On the Web: <http://www.glaad.org/>

GLAAD en espanol:  
<http://www.glaad.org/espanol/bienvenido.php>

**SERVICEMEMBERS LEGAL DEFENSE  
NETWORK**

Servicemembers Legal Defense Network is a nonpartisan, nonprofit, legal services, watchdog and

policy organization dedicated to ending discrimination against and harassment of military personnel affected by "Don't Ask, Don't Tell" (DADT). The SLDN provides free, confidential legal services to all those impacted by DADT and related discrimination. Since 1993, its inhouse legal team has responded to more than 9,000 requests for assistance. In Congress, it leads the fight to repeal DADT and replace it with a law that ensures equal treatment for every servicemember, regardless of sexual orientation. In the courts, it works to challenge the constitutionality of DADT.

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## **THE GLBT NATIONAL HELP CENTER**

The GLBT National Help Center is a nonprofit, tax-exempt organization that is dedicated to meeting the needs of the gay, lesbian, bisexual and transgender community and those questioning their sexual orientation and gender identity. It is an outgrowth of the Gay & Lesbian National Hotline, which began in

1996 and now is a primary program of TheGLBT National Help Center. It offers several different programs including two national hotlines that help members of theGLBT community talk about the important issues that they are facing in their lives. It helps end the isolation that many people feel, by providing a safe environment on the phone or via the internet to discuss issues that people can't talk about anywhere else. The GLBT National Help Center also helps other organizations build the infrastructure they need to provide strong support to our community at the local level.

**National Hotline: 1-888-THE-GLNH (1-888-843-4564)**

**National Youth Talkline 1-800-246-PRIDE (1-800-246-7743)**

**On the Web: <http://www.glnh.org/>**

**e-mail: [info@glbtnationalhelpcenter.org](mailto:info@glbtnationalhelpcenter.org)**

If you're a GLBT and questioning student heading off to university, should know that there are resources on campus for you. Here's just a sample:

**US LOCAL GLBT COLLEGE CAMPUS  
ORGANIZATIONS**

<http://dv-8.com/resources/us/local/campus.html>

GLBT Scholarship Resources

<http://tinyurl.com/6fx9v6>

Syracuse University <http://lgbt.syr.edu/>

Texas A&M <http://glbt.tamu.edu/>

Tulane University

<http://www.oma.tulane.edu/LGBT/Default.htm>

University of Alaska <http://www.uaf.edu/agla/>

University of California, Davis

<http://lgbtrc.ucdavis.edu/>

University of California, San Francisco

<http://lgbt.ucsf.edu/>

University of Colorado

<http://www.colorado.edu/glbtrc/>

University of Florida

<http://www.dso.ufl.edu/multicultural/lgbt/>

University of Hawai'i, Manoa

<http://manoa.hawaii.edu/lgbt/>

University of Utah <http://www.sa.utah.edu/lgbt/>

University of Virginia

<http://www.virginia.edu/deanofstudents/lgbt/>

Vanderbilt

University

<http://www.vanderbilt.edu/lgbtqi/>