



Lust Bites

RESCUING THE LIBRARIAN

Serena Yates

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Rescuing the Librarian

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Warning: This book contains sexually explicit content which is only suitable for mature readers. This story has been rated *Total-e-burning*.

New Horizons

RESCUING THE LIBRARIAN

Serena Yates

Dedication

For those who dream about giving their life a new direction.

Chapter One

"What the fuck am I going to do now?" Anton Collins blew the shaggy hair out of his face, wishing he'd remembered his hairdresser appointment on Saturday. Now he'd have to wait for five more days. Not good in this late August heat. But he was far too busy to get it done sooner than the weekend. And that had been before the phone call that had interrupted, not just today's work, but his research plan for the whole week.

"Are you okay, boss?" Ben's soft voice came from the work tables outside the offices where he was sorting items for a new exhibition.

"Sure." Shit, he must have spoken loud enough for his colleague to overhear him. How embarrassing was that?

"You don't sound okay." Ben appeared in his office door, a frown on his cute pixie face as he rubbed his hands on his jean-clad legs.

"It's nothing. I just got a call from the management team in Jacksonville. They're sending someone over on Wednesday to evaluate next year's research proposals. You know how much I like making presentations." Anton sighed and slumped into his office chair.

For the first time since he'd started working for the Komlos Foundation two years ago, he wished for a different job. Maybe his parents were right after all and he should have stayed in physics rather than doing postgraduate work in library science. He liked his work for the group of museums well enough, but his current predicament made him wonder whether he was cut out for it.

"But you don't like giving presentations at all." Ben scratched his head. "What about the other two departments? Do they have to come up with one as well?"

"Yes. I'll be up against Political History and Literature, both of which have department heads better at presenting than I am." Anton groaned quietly.

That was the understatement of the century. They were as brilliant as he was useless.

"Surely the priority the Komlos Foundation has always given to scientific research will work to your advantage?" Ben could be so naive sometimes.

"I'm not sure this Gregory Montparnasse knows, or cares, about that. He's one of those management types, whose main concern is their next promotion. I'm not sure he'll even know what to look for." Anton forced himself not to get more upset.

“So what are you going to do?” Ben bounced on the balls of his feet as if he was excited.

Who knew? Maybe he was. It was sure to be a showdown. Mary Walter who headed Literature wasn't too much better than Anton, but Frederic Davenport who was in charge of Political History was a wonderful presenter.

“It's not like I have a choice. If I want my research into the history of astronomy to progress at all, I'll need to hire at least two more people. And without the grant money, I can't. So, I'd better make sure that my presentation is outstanding.” Not that he had the first clue about writing a presentation that wouldn't put his listeners to sleep.

“Okay. Let me know if I can help.” Ben's gaze lingered on him a little longer than necessary before he turned and went back to his work.

Anton wished, not for the first time, that Ben wasn't a colleague, never mind eight years his junior. It wasn't even the age difference that worried him. It was Ben's lack of maturity. Anton didn't have time for the drama involved with dating a younger man. He snorted. He didn't have time to date period.

Now – where had he put his reading glasses again? He had a presentation to prepare and not enough time to do it well.

He'd barely started making some progress when the sound of a heated discussion reached him.

“No, you can't just go in there. He's busy.” Ben's voice was higher than normal.

“Doesn't matter. You obviously can't help me, so I'll need to find someone who can.” The stranger's voice was deep and calm despite the apparent urgency.

“But I told you –” Ben stopped speaking at the same time as the stranger entered Anton's office.

He was quite a sight. Standing at least six-four, he had wide shoulders, a muscular chest and strong arms, shown to their best advantage by a short-sleeved, blue T-shirt that hugged his upper body like a lover. His long muscular legs were encased in sinfully tight black jeans that left nothing to the imagination. Black cowboy boots completed the picture of a bad boy come to life.

Tearing his gaze back up to eye level made Anton realise he was about to fall in lust with this hunk of a man. Piercing blue eyes the colour of cornflowers were framed by a square face with high cheekbones and a straight nose. He was clean-shaven and his sun-bleached blond hair was pulled back into a ponytail.

"May I help you?" Anton had to make an effort to stop himself from drooling. The gorgeous man probably had several women after him and even if he played on Anton's side of the fence, he certainly wouldn't be interested in an out-of-shape librarian. Anton had never regretted not going to the gym on a regular basis – until now.

"Oh yes, I think you'll do quite nicely." The stranger's voice travelled straight to Anton's cock, making it sit up and beg for attention. The heat in the other man's eyes almost made Anton whimper.

"Ex-excuse me?" *What the hell was going on here?*

"I'm sorry." The stranger shook his head as if to pull himself together. "My name is Scott Black. I'm an actor about to audition for a major role as a librarian turned adventurer. This branch of the Komlos Manuscript Library is the closest to Hollywood. I decided that spending a week here would be useful preparation, since I know next to nothing about libraries. I was hoping you could teach me."

"You want me to teach you?" The picture that evoked in Anton's brain involved naked skin and sweaty bodies, not books or libraries. He shook himself to return to reality.

"About manuscripts and being a librarian, yes." The twinkle in Scott's eyes made it seem as if he'd read Anton's mind. "To start with."

"Of course." Anton had a hard time keeping his mind out of the bedroom just looking at the man.

God, but he wanted to kiss and touch him. He was absolutely perfect and from the looks of it, he knew it too. That last sentence had almost sounded like he might be interested. What would be the harm? He was only going to be here for a week, he wasn't a colleague and he looked like he was about Anton's age.

"So?" Scott grinned. It made his whole face light up.

"Uhm, yes. Sorry, you were saying?" Anton definitely had to find a way to come out of this haze of overpowering sexual desire. What the hell was wrong with him? He'd never behaved this unprofessionally in his life. Then again, he'd never run into a gorgeous specimen like Scott before.

"I was talking about you teaching me about librarians. I'd really appreciate it." Scott held his breath. This role was crucial and he needed help.

"Sure. I mean, I don't know how much I can teach you in a week, but I'll give it a try." Anton, that was the name on the man's office door, looked adorably flustered.

He was probably five-eight or five-nine and weighed about a hundred and forty pounds. He had the slim build of a swimmer. His eyes were sky blue and his curly strawberry blond hair was slightly too long to be fashionable. It was exactly the right length for Scott to slide his fingers into while kissing, or to hold onto while doing other things.

Anton's lips were a deep red and stood out in perfect contrast to the pale skin in his fine-boned face. He even had freckles. The cute reading glasses sat precariously balanced on a perky nose. This was a man Scott could easily fall in love with. Intelligent and gorgeous was a combination he found hard to resist.

"I'd like that." Scott wanted much more than a week, but it was a start. Probably, it was all he was going to get anyway. It wasn't as if he was an interesting catch for a well-educated guy like Anton. Most men recoiled when Scott told them what he'd done for a living before attempting to switch to real acting. Did he dare hope Anton would be different?

"Okay." Anton took off his reading glasses, put them onto his desk and stood up. "I think I'll start by giving you a tour of the museum. It'll give you an idea of the types of manuscripts we keep here and the different methods of preservation we employ to keep them in the best possible condition."

"That sounds great." Scott wanted to listen to the man's voice forever.

* * * *

Several hours later, Scott's head was swimming with technical details and he had a hard time remembering everything. They'd seen every room in the building and he'd been shown more old manuscripts than he thought existed in the entire country. He still wasn't tired of listening to Anton's voice, though. In fact, he'd grown increasingly hungry for more than Anton's voice.

The shy sideways glances Anton had directed at him when the man had thought he wasn't looking gave him hope that the feeling was mutual. As they re-entered Anton's office, the rest of the building now deserted, Scott was ready to test his theory.

"I can't believe you let me talk the entire afternoon." Anton turned around to face him.

"I did come here to learn, and I really appreciate your help." Scott was ready to move on. "I'd like to thank you properly."

He took a step in Anton's direction. When the other man didn't move away, he took another one and ended up firmly inside Anton's personal space.

Scott looked down into Anton's widened eyes but didn't detect any fear or rejection. When the other man licked his lips with his small red tongue, Scott moaned and brought their faces closer together. Moving slowly enough to give Anton time to escape or stop him, he lifted his hands to hold Anton's face still for his kiss.

When their lips touched, Scott knew he'd found heaven. Soft and warm, the other man tasted of the coffee they'd had a while ago. With a small moan, Anton opened up for him and Scott dove in to explore the man's mouth. Their tongues met and tangled in slow strokes and caresses that quickly drove his arousal even higher.

Anton's arms came up around his middle and his hands moved up and down Anton's spine while the man kissed him senseless. Scott had been half hard all afternoon, but this close contact had him fully erect within moments. He was pleasantly surprised when Anton pressed closer, rubbing his equally hard cock against Scott's thigh. His own cock pressed up against Anton's abdomen and his need increased so quickly it made him dizzy.

He pulled back and tried to catch his breath. Anton's scent—light sweat at the end of a working day mixed with that of old paper and dust—had just become Scott's new favourite aphrodisiac.

"I want you." Anton's eyes were hooded with lust and the man hadn't stopped grinding his lower body against Scott's leg.

"God, you're amazing." Who would've thought a prim and proper librarian could become this passionate within a few minutes?

"You're not so bad, yourself." Humour made Anton's eyes twinkle and provided a much-needed distraction from Scott's rising arousal.

Scott looked around the small room. The desk was the only flat surface other than the floor. He'd done office scenes often enough in his past career but he wasn't sure Anton would be up for it.

"Not here, though." Scott wanted to take his time and was hoping he was going to get a chance to make it to a bed later that evening.

"Shit, you get me all excited, then you tell me I have to wait?" Anton looked desperate. "I don't think I can last that long."

"I won't make you wait, baby." Scott took Anton back into his arms and buried his nose in the curly locks. "But I don't want our first time to be on a desk."

"Oh." Anton hugged him back. "I guess that makes sense."

It might have been the only thing that made sense. Scott's urgent need to be close to this man certainly didn't. He'd only met him a few hours ago and already felt like he never wanted to let go of him.

When Anton lifted his face for another kiss, Scott was more than happy to oblige. His tongue slid into the other man's mouth as if they'd done this a thousand times. It felt right, as if he'd finally found his home. None of the many men Scott had been physically intimate with had ever felt like they belonged in his arms. Anton did.

That was the last conscious thought Scott had for a while. Feeling Anton's body against his, smelling the man's rising arousal and listening to his moans and whimpers became Scott's entire world. He slid a hand between their bodies to open the other man's pants. When he grabbed the engorged cock and started jacking it off, Anton quickly lost it. Hips bucking wildly, he fucked Scott's fist until he came with a lustful scream that almost made Scott lose it then and there.

When the last aftershock was over, Anton kissed Scott on the lips, bent to his left and pulled a small towel from his top desk drawer. While Scott cleaned his hand, Anton fumbled Scott's button and zipper open to finally free his throbbing cock. Making a tight tunnel with his hands, Anton started stroking his length with just the right amount of pressure to make Scott see stars.

"Ah, fuck." Scott's hips moved of their own accord and he started coming within seconds. His balls tingled as they emptied over Anton's hands in spurts of relief and ecstasy he never wanted to end.

When he was done, Anton wiped his hands on the towel before dropping it next to his briefcase. After they'd both refastened their pants, Anton slid back into Scott's arms, hugging him tightly and laying his head against Scott's chest without speaking.

Scott grinned and slid his arms into place. One hand held the back of Anton's head, the other rested on the tight little ass. This was definitely promising.

Anton couldn't believe what he'd just done. He'd never acted this unrestrained before, but Scott brought it out in him. Spending the afternoon showing Scott the museum had made him so horny he'd apparently switched off his brain. Now he stood in Scott's arms, taking in the man's woodsy scent, and wished they'd never have to move. He felt wanted for the first time in over a year.

Finally Scott's stomach growled, making Anton laugh.

"Sorry." Scott pulled back, a rueful grin on his face.

"No problem, I'm kind of hungry, too." Anton wanted to spend time with Scott, but would the gorgeous hunk want to be seen with a boring, academic type like him?

"In that case, and since I don't know Santa Barbara at all, how about I invite you to dinner and you provide the restaurant?" Scott hadn't let him go and Anton enjoyed the close contact.

"Sure, I can do that." Anton was hard pressed not to show his enthusiasm. "Do you like Indian food?"

"Love it." Scott grinned. "Those hot spices always make me feel alive."

They made it out of the office and to the restaurant in record time. It was just outside of the busy downtown area and had a nice authentic Indian flair. Anton had suggested they take his car since he knew his way around. He was hoping they'd end up at his apartment. The depth of his need to spend more time with Scott shocked him. He should be working on the presentation, not lusting after a stranger.

By the time they'd settled at their table, Anton was ready to forget everything even remotely work related. Scott had touched him during the entire drive to the restaurant. He'd stroked Anton's thigh in the car, they'd held hands as they'd walked into the restaurant, and now Scott had slipped out of his loafers under the table and was using his sock-clad foot to caress the insides of Anton's thighs. If he kept that up, Anton was going to come right there in the restaurant.

"Why don't you order for us?" Scott's voice added another layer of sensation. "You know this place better than I do."

"Sure." A strong man who was willing to let another lead? What was sexier than that?
"Medium spicy okay?"

"Yeah. I'm always careful with a new place." Scott smiled as he closed his menu and leant back in his chair. "You never know what their definition of spicy is until you've tried a few dishes."

"I've been a few times," Anton shrugged. "It's pretty spicy here, so I tend to stick with medium."

They ordered assorted appetisers for two, one lamb and one chicken curry, some vegetable dishes and two types of *tandoori* bread. That dealt with, Anton sat back and tried to relax. It wasn't easy. Scott's smouldering gaze made him so hot, he wanted to kiss the other man senseless. He needed a distraction.

"So, tell me what kind of movies you've done." Anton smiled. "I don't go to the cinema a lot, so I've probably missed them."

Scott turned as pale as a sheet. He stopped his under-the-table caresses and closed his eyes for a moment. When he opened them again, they showed a mixture of pain and resignation. He shook his head but didn't speak.

"Scott?" Anton thought he'd asked a perfectly reasonable question, but Scott looked as if he'd been punched in the solar plexus. "What's wrong?"

"I—nothing is wrong." Scott shrugged. "I guess I was hoping you wouldn't ask that question or that I'd be able to lie about it. But I can't."

"Huh? Aren't you proud about the movies you've made?" Anton was confused about Scott's reaction, but the man clearly wasn't happy with what he'd done.

They were interrupted when the waiter brought their food, explained what each dish was, and checked their drinks. Anton was impatient to find out more about Scott. That initial reaction had Anton wondering. They started eating, and after a while, he couldn't stop himself.

"I'm sorry if my question upset you, but I really am curious about your movies." Anton sat back and sipped his *lassi*, hoping Scott wouldn't rebuff him. This was about getting to know each other, wasn't it?

"It's not just about whether I'm proud about my movies. Hell, some people don't even recognise what I did as acting." Scott dry-washed his face, looking dejected. "Okay, I'm just going to say it. I used to be a gay porn star. I'm trying to become a serious actor now. That's why this upcoming audition is so important."

"You're a gay porn star?" Anton swallowed. It made him hard just thinking about Scott in one of those movies. He couldn't have stopped his smile if he'd tried. Unfortunately, it meant that Scott was way ahead of him in terms of experience and might get bored with him really fast.

"I was." Scott had dropped his gaze when Anton smiled. Was he ashamed of what he'd done?

"But that's so hot." Anton couldn't imagine doing anything like that. He wasn't good looking enough and was way too shy. But Scott had a gorgeous body and knew what to do with it. "I bet you were a very good actor."

"Is that what you think?" Scott's head flew up, his eyes wide. "Most people don't even think it's 'real acting.'"

"Well, yeah, of course a big part of it is having an amazing body like yours. But then it probably takes a lot of dedication and hard work to make everything look good. Just like any acting job, really. I mean, it can't exactly be exciting to be, you know, intimate with other men in front of a camera team and everything?" Babbling, oh God, he was babbling. The thought of Scott naked and fucking had melted his brain.

"You're right. There's a lot more involved than most people think." Scott reached out and took Anton's hand. "Thank you for being so accepting and for looking under the surface."

"I always look under the surface." Anton twined their fingers so Scott wouldn't draw back. Anton loved touching him, feeling his soft skin against his own. Eating one-handed was a challenge he'd gladly face to have the contact he was beginning to crave. "It may be an occupational hazard, being a research librarian, you know?"

"You're probably naturally curious or you wouldn't have gone into research in the first place." Scott looked more relaxed now.

"True. My parents wanted me to become a scientist, but I was much more interested in what was around and behind the science." Anton sighed. His parents hadn't spoken to him since. They were such intellectual snobs.

"So, you're more like a historian?" Scott finished his meal and sat back in his chair, letting Anton's hand go.

"That's very observant of you. Even though I've got a masters in library science and most of my day-to-day work is related to that, special projects are much more related to

history.” Anton felt the loss of touch from Scott’s hand acutely. He wanted it back as soon as possible. But what if Scott wasn’t interested anymore now that he knew how boring Anton’s job was?

Chapter Two

"What exactly are you working on?" *Shit, Anton was clever.* Scott was probably way out of his league, but he'd hang on as long as he could.

"I'm researching the history of astronomy." Anton shrugged as if it was nothing.

"I bet that's fascinating." His parents would love Anton. They had a ton of old manuscripts and even a few handmade telescopes from the eighteenth century in the castle's library back in Scotland. "Is there a specific time period you're interested in?"

"I have to primarily work with the materials available in the Komlos Foundation's archives, since they're my employer. So far I've managed to catalogue their manuscripts, which are distributed among most of their twelve museum locations. Next, I'll have to make a decision about a specific topic for the research proposal and grant application." Anton frowned. "In fact, that's what I should be working on right now."

"Oh, no, the evening is for relaxing and having fun." If Scott could have his way, they'd be having it together. Soon.

"It is?" Anton's eyes twinkled.

"Oh, yes." Scott stroked Anton's calf with his foot. Then he went all the way up to the man's thighs, touching the already hard package at the top of his legs.

"Scott!" Anton's voice sounded surprised but he didn't pull away. No, the little minx pushed back against Scott's toes, trying to create additional pressure.

"Anton?" Scott tried to keep a straight face but failed miserably. His grin was as wide as his face. "You like that, huh?"

"Shit, yeah." Anton's voice was rough as he tried to whisper while pressing his groin against Scott's foot.

Scott slid a little lower in his seat to increase his reach. He curled his toes around the clearly outlined bulge of Anton's erection and started kneading it with his toes. Anton's eyes narrowed and his breathing sped up. It made Scott hard just to watch how the other man gave himself over to the sensations. They needed to get out of here before Scott embarrassed himself.

He signalled for the bill and paid, leaving a generous tip. When he withdrew his foot, Anton took a deep breath and shook himself. His cheeks were a deep pink and his eyes were bright. Time to get the man home.

"I don't have a hotel, yet." Scott opened the restaurant door and stepped aside to let Anton go first. Those adorable buns were a sight to behold as they moved under the fabric of his pants.

"What? I..." Anton blushed an even deeper shade of pink. "Do you want to stay at my place?"

"I'd like that." Scott put his arm around Anton's shoulders and walked them to the car. "Is it far from here?"

"No, about fifteen minutes." Anton opened the car and they got in. "Do you want to go by the museum to pick up your stuff?"

"Yeah, I guess we better." Scott didn't want to wait but he'd want fresh clothes to wear tomorrow. And he was pretty sure none of Anton's would fit. "But only if you let me kiss you first."

He leant over and slid his hand behind Anton's head, moving slowly to make sure Anton was with him. Anton's eyes closed when their lips touched. Scott felt a tingle move straight from his lips to his already straining cock when those soft lips parted for his tongue on a low moan. He slipped inside and explored the hot mouth, finding Anton's tongue to be a playful partner.

When Anton tried to straddle Scott's lap, he pulled back.

"God, you make me so hot." His vision was fuzzy and his heartbeat was up. "But I think we should wait until we're inside your apartment, yeah?"

"Apartment. Yes. Okay." Anton blinked, then pulled himself together and drove them back to the museum where Scott retrieved his small suitcase.

Minutes later, they'd made it up the two sets of stairs and Anton had opened the apartment door. Scott followed him inside, dropped his bag and pulled him into his arms. The kiss was hot and passionate, making both of them moan.

"Skin. Now." Scott pulled back enough to figure out where they were.

Kicking the apartment door closed with a foot, he pulled his T-shirt over his head. Anton started unbuttoning his shirt but his trembling fingers weren't doing a fast enough job. Scott reached out and helped, revealing Anton's hairless chest and the cutest pink

nipples he'd ever seen. He tore the shirt down Anton's arms and pushed him up against the wall. The innocent look on Anton's face and his scent of sweat and spices drove Scott's arousal into the stratosphere. They weren't going to make it to a bed this time.

Scott felt Anton's hands slide around his neck when he bent to place kisses along the other man's collarbone, then down his toned pecs until he reached a nipple. He licked it once, then latched on with his teeth, making Anton hiss. A quick glance upwards to make sure it wasn't a sound of pain revealed Anton's head pressed back against the wall, eyes tightly closed.

"More." Anton panted. "Don't stop."

Scott grinned and treated the other nipple the same way while tweaking the first between his thumb and index finger. Anton's hips started moving and Scott quickly opened belt, button and zipper before sliding down pants and underwear in one go. The hard cock that jumped up was leaking pre-cum and Scott couldn't resist a taste. The salty-sweet flavour almost overwhelmed his senses.

"I'm clean." Anton's voice was husky, barely audible. "Paperwork's in my bedroom."

"I believe you." Scott knew he was taking a slight risk but he couldn't get himself to care right now. "Same here, stuff's in my wallet."

That was as much talking as he could deal with. He went to his knees and held onto Anton's thighs as he bent forward and licked Anton's stiff cock from base to tip.

"Aahhh..." Anton fisted his hands and hit the wall behind him.

"You can move. Don't hold back." Scott loved giving head and nothing was better than seeing a partner lose control.

He gave the hard cock another lick, then took the tip inside his mouth and started sucking. Anton's hips bucked and his cock slipped farther into Scott's mouth, sliding across his tongue and making him moan in turn. He licked and sucked without letting Anton in farther until the man's legs started shaking and the little mewls drove him crazy.

Scott opened up completely and pushed forward until the head hit the back of his throat and his nose was buried in the neatly trimmed dark blond pubic hair. Deeply inhaling the manly scent, he held still for a few moments and swallowed around the swollen cock lodged in his throat.

"Fuck!" Anton banged his head against the wall and lost it.

His hips snapped forward and back in rapid succession and Scott let him fuck his mouth, revelling in the sensation of Anton in total abandon. Scott kept the suction up and used his tongue to increase the other man's sensations further. His own cock was so swollen, he knew he was about to come as well.

It didn't take long. With a raw shout, Anton's entire body stiffened and he shot his release down Scott's throat in strong pulses. Scott swallowed everything greedily until Anton was done. The taste of the other man's spunk added to his own arousal and pushed him over the edge. He pressed his aching erection against Anton's still shaking leg and let go. The pleasurable convulsions shook him to his core. He hadn't come that hard in years.

* * * *

Anton sat at his desk, staring at the pile of handwritten notes he'd produced over the past few hours. There were so many interesting facts, which had an impact on his proposal, so many issues to take into account. He sighed and leant back in his office chair. This always happened when he tried to write a presentation. He ended up with loads of important information that he knew from experience people wouldn't appreciate. He didn't understand why, but he'd put enough of them to sleep to know.

Only this time, he couldn't afford to run the risk. If he didn't get the grant, he wouldn't be able to continue with the interesting part of his job. But how the hell was he going to make a decision about which facts to include and which to leave out? Mr. Montparnasse was an unknown variable and Anton had no idea how to find out what the man was looking for.

It was almost lunchtime and he still hadn't made any progress. Surely he deserved a break. He should also check up on Scott's progress. He'd given the man a few publications to read to help Scott understand basic library organisation, and another few to explain the different types of jobs available.

It was very hard to stay away from Scott. All Anton wanted to do was grab the man and drag him off to his bedroom. *Shit, did that make him a caveman or what?* Anton grunted. Scott was just too hot to handle and he still couldn't believe that the handsome man had shown an interest in his bookish self.

More than an interest. Anton chuckled. Last night had been amazing. Scott had proven to be an interesting dinner companion with a lot more depth than Anton had expected from a

former gay porn star. He'd sounded truly interested when Anton told him about his job and had asked a lot of pertinent questions.

And once they'd made it home, he'd not only given Anton the best blow job of his life, but he'd been totally selfless about it. When Anton had recovered enough to trust his legs, he'd wanted to return the favour, but to his surprise, Scott had already come. Anton had offered to put his clothes in the washer and Scott had accepted. Anton would never forget the utterly sensuous striptease Scott had given him. He'd never again be able to do laundry without getting a hard on.

The man was too sexy for words. Once they were in bed, Scott had kissed him until he'd seen stars. He'd been harder than ever but the other man had made him wait until Scott was inside him. When Scott had finally bottomed out, Anton had begged him not to hold back. The pounding Anton had received had been the best of his life. They'd both come so hard that they hadn't been able to move for several minutes. God knew what the neighbours had thought about all the screaming. They were lucky nobody had called the police.

The best part had been the cuddling afterwards. Scott had turned out to be a world-class snuggler. It made Anton wish that the other man could stay forever. He'd make a much better boyfriend than the last loser Anton had dated over a year ago. He knew better than to expect anything like that, though. Scott was here to prepare for an audition and would be gone a few days from now.

All the more reason to refocus on the bloody presentation. It needed to be good or Anton would end up without a boyfriend and stuck in a boring job. Just maintaining the existing museum exhibits wasn't fascinating enough to hold his interest.

Scott was having a wonderful time. He hadn't expected to find the museum, or reading about library science and all its intricacies, so fascinating. It was probably all the exclusive education he'd received. He grinned. If his family could see him now they'd probably faint. Although Scott had always received passing grades, he'd never shown an interest in anything academic. It had been his way of rebelling against the stuffy aristocratic attitudes and expectations he'd been presented with. If he was honest with himself, it was also one of the main reasons he'd gone into porn. The shock value had been priceless. Only now it seemed that he was stuck with his past.

He sighed. He needed a break and to stretch his legs. There were other librarians in the museum and it might be good to talk to them to find out some more details about their jobs. He didn't want to interrupt Anton's preparation even though it was very hard to stay away from the man. He couldn't even imagine having to leave here a few days from now. Nobody had fascinated him like Anton did for a very long time. How was he supposed to walk away from that?

Shaking himself to return to the present, he got up and made his way to one of the other librarian's offices. Mary Walter was a few years older than Anton and much closer to his image of what a librarian looked like. Dressed in a navy pant suit, her dark brown hair pulled back into a tight bun and a single strand of pearls draped around her neck, she looked up from her desk with a scowl on her face when Scott knocked on her door.

"Yes?" Her voice sounded raw, probably from disuse. She didn't look like the type of woman who spent a lot of time in someone else's company.

"Excuse me for interrupting you, but I was wondering whether you could answer a few questions for me." Scott didn't even dare sit down. He already regretted having interrupted her.

"Why would I want to do that?" She frowned, looking even less welcoming.

What was her problem?

"Well, I was hoping you could help me understand your job a little better. I'm an actor and about to audition for a role as a librarian. I just thought it would be easier for me to give an authentic portrayal if I spent some time understanding the people who know most about it." Scott was quite happy with that little performance. Flattery usually worked.

"I'm sorry but I don't have any time to spend with someone who only plays at doing a real job." She sneered. "I find most of the movies coming out of Hollywood to be totally worthless. I don't want to support that sort of nonsense. Now, if you'd excuse me, I've got an important presentation to prepare."

"Certainly. I'm sorry I interrupted you." Scott retreated into the main hall before the woman could bite his head off. What a dragon! And poor Anton had to work with this person on a daily basis?

An idea began to form in Scott's head as he made his way to Anton's office to see if he could entice the man to have lunch with him. He'd have to check, but even if the grant came

through for Anton, this environment might not be the best place for the highly intelligent research scientist.

Scott had seen Anton flourish last night. Just a few hours of good dinner conversation and great sex had made him smile more. He hadn't seemed to take the presentation so seriously. What if he could permanently work in a supportive environment? The man might become even more devastatingly attractive.

Scott stopped short. It would mean him moving back to Scotland and living in close proximity to his family. Was he ready to do that?

* * * *

Anton had had enough. It was almost evening and he was ready to leave the office. The presentation was as short as humanly possible. Gregory Montparnasse was just going to have to like it.

He'd only had a short lunch break with Scott and it hadn't been enough to still his hunger for the other man. He wanted to spend as much time with him as possible.

He started to pack everything he'd need for tomorrow morning's presentation into his briefcase. The meeting had been set for ten a.m., so there'd be a little time for last-minute changes.

"Are you ready to go home?" Scott had appeared in his doorway without making a sound. Anton had rarely seen a more welcome sight.

"More than ready." Anton snapped his briefcase shut and walked towards the man he wanted to spend his evening with.

"That's good to hear. I was afraid I'd have to drag you away from here. Is your presentation all done?" Scott smiled and opened his arms. Anton put his briefcase on the floor and walked straight into the warm embrace.

"Pretty much. I don't think it'll get any better if I keep working on it. Anyway, I'd rather spend the evening with you." Anton put his head on Scott's chest. Surrounded by his strong arms and the thrilling scent that must have been his cologne, Anton relaxed for the first time since this morning.

"I like the sound of that." Scott kissed the top of his head. "So, where am I taking you tonight?"

"Do you really want to go out again?" Anton didn't want to spend much time in other people's company. But as soon as he'd spoken, he realised that he'd probably made a mistake. Scott seemed the sociable kind and might be bored by spending an evening at home.

"No, actually I don't." Scott chuckled. "Few of the people I work with understand the attraction of spending a quiet night in. Most actors usually want to be seen in the right places."

"And you don't?" Anton lifted his head so he could look at Scott's face.

"No, not really." Scott shrugged. "I guess I'm not cut out to be an actor after all."

"Actor or not, I'd love to spend the evening with you. We can always order in and pig out on pizza or something." Anton grinned when Scott's eyes lit up. Bingo.

An hour later they'd made it home, had settled in to watch a movie and were both too stuffed to continue eating. Anton had never been so happy with his big comfortable sofa. They were lying on their sides with Scott behind him, his hard cock pressing against the small of Anton's back. One strong arm was casually thrown across Anton's middle to hold him close. Like he was going to go anywhere!

Scott started nuzzling his neck, placing hot kisses along the back of his shoulders as far as the T-shirt he'd changed into would allow. When Scott added little licks and nibbles to the sensitive skin Anton moaned. He wanted more.

"You really want to watch this movie?" God, he hoped not. He'd much rather focus on what Scott was doing to him.

"No, not really." Scott laughed and drew him even closer to his warm body. "Why? Do you have another kind of entertainment in mind?"

"Mhm, I do." Anton wriggled back into the delicious hardness.

"Fuck, you're such a tease." Scott moaned and thrust his hips, the friction driving both of them crazy.

"Not a tease." Anton smiled, happy he could get the experienced man so hot. "I fully intend to put out."

"Fuck!" Scott moved his arm and placed his big hand over Anton's hardening bulge, making him groan with delight. "You're something else, baby. You make me want like nobody else ever has."

"Me?" Anton stilled his movements, trying to make himself believe that what he'd just heard wasn't a dream.

"Yeah, you!" Scott continued his squeezing massage of Anton's quickly lengthening cock. "I've never met anyone who's as unrestrained and responsive as you are. It drives me nuts."

"Is that a good thing?" Anton turned around. He had to see Scott's face, not that he didn't believe him—not exactly. But it was pretty incredible to hear the most gorgeous man he'd ever met say that the feeling of driving his partner crazy was mutual.

"Oh yeah, baby, that's a really good thing." Scott stopped moving and looked deep into his eyes. "What would you say if I want you to fuck me tonight?"

"Ugh..." Anton had to close his eyes to try and get back some sort of control. The pictures that sentence evoked behind his eyelids weren't very helpful in calming him down, though.

"Is that a yes?" Scott started covering his face in kisses. "I sure hope it is. I want you inside me really badly."

"Oh, God, you're going to make me come if you continue talking like this." Anton took a deep breath before he looked back up into the handsome face.

"I think that would only be fair. After all, you were so hot last night, you made me come in my pants." Scott grinned, turned Anton so that he had his back against the other man's chest and started rubbing Anton's painfully hard cock through the fabric of his pants.

"Oh, shit." Anton's hips moved as his body sought the friction it needed.

"Yeah, that's it. Take what you need, baby." Scott's voice was an octave lower than normal and had gone husky with need.

"I'm not going to be able to fuck you, if you make me come now." Anton was beginning to pant, his arousal not allowing him to stop moving. He needed to come so badly, he couldn't even get himself to care about messing up his pants.

"I'm sure you can get it up again." Scott slid his hand lower and started kneading Anton's balls before stroking back up along his throbbing cock.

"Fuck!" Anton didn't doubt that he would. With this kind of stimulation, both physical and mental, there was no way that one orgasm was going to do it for him.

"Come on, come for me, baby. Want you to feel it. Want you to lose control and let go." Scott licked along the back of his neck and increased the pressure on Anton's aching groin.

“Gonna!” Anton couldn’t hold on any longer and came, hips snapping uncontrollably. Pulses of ecstasy raced from his balls to his brain and made him dizzy. Spurt after spurt of hot semen filled his pants, but he didn’t care.

When his spent cock became too sensitive he pushed away from Scott’s hand and backed into the other man’s hard groin.

“Fuck!” Scott started trembling and pushed back against Anton’s ass as he came with a few hard thrusts.

When they’d regained their breath Anton started laughing.

“What?” Scott’s voice sounded amused.

“I’m sorry, I just had this picture pop up in my mind.” Anton turned around so they were front to front and he could get the kiss he craved. “It’s my washing machine breaking down because of too many loads of pants and underwear.”

Chapter Three

Scott was about to jump up to interrupt the proceedings. He sat in the corner Anton had assigned to him yesterday and pretended to read, but it was becoming more and more difficult not to say something. He wanted to shake Mr. Montparnasse when he started yawning during Anton's presentation.

It had all started out innocently enough. They'd arrived at the museum to find Mr. Montparnasse had already set up shop in the large workspace outside the librarians' offices. There was no conference room for larger meetings and since the museum was closed on Wednesday mornings, they wouldn't be interrupted.

Scott's hackles went up when he saw Mary Walter smiling and flirting with Mr. Montparnasse. She could have convinced Scott that she was an actress the way she was playing to the Foundation's Evaluator. Her entire demeanour had changed from yesterday's, including the way she'd dressed. A tight skirt and a somewhat revealing blouse had replaced the suit, her hair was loose and she'd even put make-up on. Anton's open-mouthed stare confirmed this wasn't normal.

Mr. Montparnasse sat at the head of the table. He was in his mid-forties, his hair a little thin and his belly a little obvious. He was clearly lapping up all the attention she lavished on him. When he started referring to the wonderful get-to-know-you dinner they'd apparently shared last night, Scott almost lost it. The little snake had covered all her bases and intended to win the grant no matter what.

The other man at the table was up first, introducing himself as Frederic Davenport in charge of Political History. He proposed an analysis of methodologies used to determine the size of electoral districts. He was in his late fifties with greying hair and a very distinguished look. His presentation was short and even funny in the right places. Scott watched Anton's face sink and wished he could go over and comfort him. Mr. Davenport would be difficult to beat, but Anton had expected as much.

Anton was up next, clearly nervous. Scott loved the little details and anecdotes Anton had added to his proposal. His suggestion was to examine the impact of theoretical and practical advances that allowed astronomers of the eighteenth century to solve most of the

outstanding problems raised by Newton's theory of gravity. Mr. Montparnasse yawned about halfway through and was about to fall asleep when Anton finished. What was wrong with that man? Wasn't he supposed to be paying attention?

Mary Walter wore a nasty smile when she got up to ramble on about the impact of nineteenth-century poets on today's fan fiction available on the Internet. *Huh?* How had she come up with that nonsense?

One look at Mr. Montparnasse's reaction and Scott almost rolled his eyes. The man was lapping it all up, his eyes riveted on the woman's admittedly graceful body. He even applauded when she was done.

"That was wonderful, my dear. Simply wonderful." Mr. Montparnasse smiled and leant back in his chair. "Normally I take some time to consider all of the proposals before making a final decision. However, in this case I don't think that's necessary. Ms. Walter's thoughtful presentation and relevance to today's events was clearly the best one. My recommendation to the main board will therefore be to award next year's grant to the department of Literature."

"Oh, how delightful!" Mary Walter batted her eyelashes and smiled triumphantly. "I'm very grateful to you, Gregory."

"Brilliance needs to be rewarded. I'm sure that Penelope Komlos, who specialises in literature, will be equally impressed with your proposal." Mr. Montparnasse looked at Anton and Mr. Davenport. "Thank you for your presentations, gentlemen. I'm sure they were very good. I just didn't see their relevance to what the Komlos Foundation is trying to achieve. But don't worry, you'll have another chance next year."

With that, Mr. Montparnasse got up, took his briefcase and nodded at Mary Walter one last time before leaving the museum. What an utter fool. If his bosses thought that the idiotic Literature proposal was the best out of the three, the Komlos Foundation didn't deserve men of Anton's and Mr. Davenport's calibre working for them. Scott's idea of having Anton look at his parents' manuscripts, instead, was becoming more relevant by the minute.

The only question was how and when he was going to bring it up? From the look on Anton's face, the other man needed some support and consolation. He'd turned away from the large workspace and was heading towards his office. Scott didn't hesitate to follow and closed the door behind him for a little more privacy.

"I knew this wouldn't work." Anton slumped into his chair. "I've never been good at giving presentations and today was no exception."

"I don't agree. I'm not a specialist but I loved your presentation. It was full of interesting little facts and details. If Mr. Montparnasse had a brain in his head, he would've seen that." Scott stepped behind Anton's chair and put his hands on the man's shoulders.

"You liked my presentation?" Anton turned his head and looked up.

"Yeah...I sure did. It might not have been as funny as Mr. Davenport's, but you gave us more relevant background than he did. It certainly made me understand better why you suggested what you did." Scott started massaging the tense neck and shoulder muscles under his hands.

"I can't believe it! Most people hate my details, say they put them to sleep. You really didn't mind?" Anton closed his eyes and relaxed into Scott's touch.

"Well, most people clearly don't appreciate your brilliance." Scott was relieved to see a small smile on Anton's face. That was so much better. "Anyway, I don't think the reason that you didn't get the grant had anything to do with your presentation."

"You don't?" Anton was about to turn around. Scott could feel it in his hands. Slight pressure in the right places made Anton reconsider and the other man sank back into his chair with a small moan. "God, you're a good masseur. Don't stop doing that for a while, please, it's just what I need."

Scott could do that. He loved feeling Anton relax under his hands. The little sighs and moans the man was making slowly began to arouse him. Was there anything Anton did that didn't have that effect on him? The man was too adorable for words.

"Uhm, anyway, you were going to explain why you don't think my presentation was the reason for my failure." Anton's eyes opened but he didn't move this time.

"Didn't you notice how Mary Walter was using everything in her arsenal to convince Mr. Montparnasse of her brilliance—except her brain?" Scott had to force himself not to tighten his grip on Anton's shoulders in anger.

"She did?" Anton shrugged. "I thought her clothes were a little unusual today and she's never worn make-up before. But surely that wouldn't be why Mr. Montparnasse liked her presentation. I mean, that would be utterly unprofessional, wouldn't it?"

"Unprofessional and then some." Scott stopped his massage and stepped around Anton's chair to lean on his desk. The visitor chair was too far away. He wanted to stay close to Anton. "I think she deliberately set out to charm Mr. Montparnasse into picking her proposal."

"Really?" Anton blinked. "You think it wasn't just her trying to look nice for the presentation?"

"I can detect bad acting a mile off." Scott snorted. "That woman was playing Mr. Montparnasse all the way."

"I can't believe she did that." Anton rubbed his temples, trying to dispel the headache that was trying to take over. "Actually, I find it hard to believe that he fell for her act."

"I think it was more than an act. You may not have heard this, but they were talking about a 'get-to-know dinner' they'd had last night. That makes it look pretty premeditated to me." Scott frowned. "Why else would he have promised to support her grant application? Her proposal certainly didn't make any sense that I could detect."

"I'm not a literature specialist, but I thought it was pretty far-fetched as well. Not to mention the horrible presentation. It didn't have any structure at all. There were no supporting facts for her hypothesis, not even a hint at where she was going to find those facts, either." Anton was so tired of this. Politics and manipulation seemed to get people so much further in life than honesty and hard work. Was all this aggravation even worth it?

"I couldn't agree more. So, what are you going to do about it?" Scott looked at him expectantly.

"Do about it? There's nothing much I can do. My presentation wasn't exactly brilliant, either." Maybe he should just go back to Syracuse University and become a professor there. All this fighting for grant money wasn't any fun. It certainly wasn't helping him focus on the work he really wanted to do.

"I don't agree! Your presentation was really good. You shouldn't have to accept some idiot's judgement about what's going to be done with next year's money. Your proposed research is a lot more important than that woman's harebrained ideas about poetry and fan fiction." Scott's hands were fisted and he looked angry. "Isn't there anything you can do to try and reverse that man's decision?"

"What do you want me to do? The decision's been made. There's nothing I can do or say that'll change it." Anton didn't want to think about it anymore. Not right now, anyway.

"Can we just forget this from the moment? I think I need to recover my senses before I can consider the next step."

"Okay, I can see that you need a break. But I'm not dropping this subject. I promise you that we'll get back to it." Scott's blazing light blue eyes made Anton believe that he was serious. How wonderful was that? An almost total stranger was concerned about what happened to him. Too bad the man was going to leave in a few day's time.

Anton spent the rest of the day pretending that nothing had happened. He prepared next month's circulation of materials, feeling sorry that some of his favourite manuscripts were going to be moved to the Chicago branch. He never had enough time to do any detailed work, since the monthly rotation of exhibits always seemed to happen before he was ready for it.

Knowing that Scott sat outside in the main room, continuing with his reading and taking copious notes, had him distracted all afternoon. He made a lot more trips to 'check up' on the materials in the museum's main rooms than normal. Any excuse to watch Scott sit and read was welcome.

He even decided it was okay to leave early for once, and since it was still light out, he suggested they take a walk along the beach before heading for dinner.

"That's a wonderful idea! I'm not used to sitting inside all day." Scott grinned. "I think the fresh air will do us both good."

"Great. I'll show you my favourite spots. The ones with fewer tourists." It would take them a little longer to drive there but it would be worth it. He really didn't want to share Scott with everyone else.

"That sounds very promising." Scott waggled his eyebrows, making Anton laugh. "There's lots of interesting things we can do at the beach, as long as there aren't too many people."

"I do like the way you think." Anton barely stopped himself from giggling he was so excited. Scott definitely wasn't thinking with his big head, not that he minded in the least.

He drove them to Mesa Beach near Hope Ranch. It was one of his favourite places because of a lack of parking and facilities on the beach meant that it was usually deserted. It was a bit of a walk from where he'd parked but neither of them minded. As soon as they started their descent to the beach, Scott took his hand. The other man's fingers twined with his and Anton marvelled at the feeling of warmth that spread through his entire body.

They walked quietly for a while, only encountering a few people and their dogs. The closer it got to sunset, the fewer people were around. Scott seemed to realise the same thing because he started pulling him towards a few low trees and bushes at the bottom of the small rise to the street level above.

"Come on, nobody will see us." Scott winked and pulled him farther into the bushes, taking him into his arms as soon as they were concealed behind the dense leaves.

"Scott?" Anton looked up at the larger man to encounter eyes burning with desire. "Are you serious?"

"Very serious. You've been driving me crazy all day and I've wanted to do this ever since we entered the museum this morning." Scott slid one big hand around Anton's middle and down until it covered his ass.

"Well, then the feeling is mutual." Anton closed the last few inches between their bodies.

Scott bent his head and touched Anton's lips almost tenderly. How did Scott always know what to do? This was just what Anton needed. He angled his head into Scott's other hand, which had come up behind his neck and opened his mouth to Scott's invading tongue.

The slip and slide of their wet kisses made Anton hard enough to start grinding his aching erection against the other man's.

"Shit, you do it for me every time." Scott had withdrawn from the kiss. His eyes were dazed and his slightly swollen lips were begging for more attention.

"Same here." Anton was finding it hard to get enough oxygen. "But can we please at least open our pants this time?"

"Sure." Scott laughed out loud.

He had Anton's slacks, then his own jeans open and pulled down in record time, quickly followed by their shirts. He looked around and steered them towards a soft looking patch of grass, where he lay on his back, pulling Anton down on top of his well-muscled body. Anton groaned, loving the feeling of Scott's hard abs against his stomach. He dove back into their kiss with a vengeance and was soon humping Scott's thigh in a desperate attempt to get more friction.

Scott met him move for move. Anton felt his balls draw up and the rush of his orgasm made him scream his release into Scott's mouth. Seconds later the other man followed him into bliss and more heat splashed between their bodies. Anton collapsed and hid his face

between Scott's neck and shoulder, taking deep breaths of the other man's sweaty scent. God, but he was going to miss this once Scott was gone.

"That was certainly different." Scott grinned when Anton's response was a soft mumble. "What was that, baby?"

"I can't believe we did this." Anton lifted his head, looking down at Scott with an adorable frown on his forehead.

"Why not? It's not like we haven't had sex in some unusual places." Scott lifted one hand away from Anton's ass and slid it into his mussed up hair.

"But on a beach? In daylight?" Anton grinned. "The things you make me do."

"I make *you* do? I haven't had this much fun in so many different places in a long time. No, make that ever." Scott pulled Anton's head down for a short kiss. He wasn't going to get them excited all over again before they made it to a location with better cleaning facilities.

"Ever?" Anton's eyes widened.

"Yes, ever. Life as a porn star isn't as exciting as you might think. It's just work, but with you, it's about the two of us. I'm beginning to like that." Scott gave Anton's ass one last squeeze before rolling them both onto their sides.

Anton smiled and reached for his slacks to pull out a handkerchief. He used it to clean Scott, then himself.

"You're amazing." If anyone carried a handkerchief these days it would be Anton. "You're prepared for pretty much anything, aren't you?"

"I try." Anton giggled. "You're a challenge, though."

"Good. I wouldn't want to bore you." Scott rose and got dressed, watching Anton cover his lithe body with clothing a piece at a time. Pity they couldn't stay naked.

They made their way back to the car and when Anton suggested they have dinner at a Chinese restaurant, Scott gladly agreed. It would be a good opportunity to discuss what Anton was going to do. Scott intended to bring up his idea of exploring the Blacks' family library.

Once they'd taken a seat and ordered their food, Scott cleared his throat.

"Do you think you've had enough of a break?" He wanted to discuss his idea, but he wasn't going to push Anton if the other man wasn't ready.

"You're not going to drop this, are you?" Anton looked resigned.

"No, I think you owe it to yourself to think about what you're going to do next." Scott took a deep breath. "Accepting this decision and going on as you have, doesn't strike me as something you'd enjoy. Am I right?"

"Yeah, you are. It's a job that pays the bills and I do get a look at some pretty amazing manuscripts. But it isn't exactly an intellectual challenge to guard what there is. I'd much rather work on understanding more about a document's background." Anton shrugged. "I guess I'm too curious to just accept what is. I always want to understand the 'why' behind things, you know?"

"I get that." Scott nodded. "So, it looks to me as if you have two basic options. There's also a third alternative, which I'd like to discuss with you."

"I can see the two basic options." Anton sat back in his chair. "The first is to accept the decision, continue to do my current job and reapply for the research grant next year. The second is to challenge Mr. Montparnasse by going to see the main board to let them know what's happened and to ask them for a re-evaluation."

"I think you're more likely to go with the second one." Scott hoped that Anton was a fighter.

"You've got that right." Anton's eyes lit up. "I was a little despondent earlier, but the more I think about it, the more I realise that I can't let Mary Walter get away with this. And if the main board doesn't agree it means that the Komlos Foundation isn't the right place for me to work, anyway."

"So, you're going to challenge them?" Scott took a sip of his water to try and relax.

How would Anton take his offer? Shit, he hadn't even spoken to his parents about it, so his idea was just pie in the sky right now. Never mind, he had to go for it. Getting Anton out of this non-challenging situation was becoming increasingly important to him. The more he got to know the man, the more he wanted to help make sure Anton got what he needed.

"Yes, I've decided to fly out to Jacksonville as soon as I can get a meeting with one of the members of the main board. Ideally, one with Penelope Komlos, since she's in charge of Finance." Anton leant forward in his chair. "So much for the first two options. You mentioned a third?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, at the moment it's more an idea than an option." Scott wasn't going to lie about this. "It's a thought I had the very first time you mentioned that you were researching the history of astronomy. You see, my parents, back in Scotland, have a

library full of old manuscripts. Most of them are from the mid-nineteenth century, I think. They've never been properly assessed, but there's a ton of them, so I'm sure they'd keep you busy for quite a while."

"Your parents live in Scotland? They have a library? Full of manuscripts?" Anton's eyes were as big as saucers.

"Hm, well, yes." They'd never talked about this so it had probably come as a bit of a surprise.

"Man, you sure don't pack your punches." Anton leant back and rubbed his temples. "Okay, let's take this step-by-step. We've never talked about family or anything, haven't really had the time during the last few days."

"No, it didn't seem to be a priority, did it?" Scott swallowed. "And it isn't something I talk about very often. My family is fairly traditional and my parents expected me to complete some sort of *serious* education. But I was never one to conform, so when I ran off and went into gay porn, they were very disappointed. We didn't speak for a few years but when my eldest brother got back in touch with me a couple of years ago—well, let's just say that they've been very understanding."

"Even about the gay porn thing?" Anton looked a bit dazed.

"They weren't exactly happy, but they're not condemning it. I don't know, I haven't been back, so I guess I'll know for sure when I see them in person." Scott was a bit apprehensive about the whole thing but his brother Logan had insisted that all they wanted was for him to come back.

"That's amazing. So how big of a library is it?" Anton looked reassuringly interested.

Maybe this would work?

"It's big. There's some handmade telescopes from the same era, as well." Scott didn't know how to measure a library's size. "I think it has the potential to keep you busy for years. The family has never employed a librarian but we've talked about it often enough."

"It sounds interesting, but I'd have to find out a lot more details before I could make a decision. I think I'll go and meet Penelope Komlos, see what she has to say, first." Anton smiled. "But thank you for offering."

Scott couldn't speak. He was more disappointed than he could say. He hadn't expected Anton to jump up and down, but he'd hoped for a little more enthusiasm. Maybe the man didn't believe him? Or he just wasn't interested?

* * * *

Anton sat in the stuffy reception area of the Komlos Foundation's head office, staring at the beige walls, which had expensive looking art mounted on them. The floor was covered in plush carpet and there were several antique vases distributed around the large room. The receptionist hadn't even smiled in greeting, probably thinking it would be a sign of weakness. He just thought it was snobbish and arrogant of her.

He'd managed to get a Friday morning meeting with Penelope Komlos after he'd explained the situation to her over the phone. She'd asked him to send her the presentations, which he'd kept a copy of, and had promised to have a look at them before their meeting.

He'd flown out to Jacksonville on Thursday afternoon. Almost ten hours of total travel time later he was ready to give up. He'd had to change planes twice and all of the security checks had driven him crazy. He knew they were necessary, but did those security people have to make him feel like a criminal?

Even though he was bone tired by the time he'd made it to his hotel, he hadn't been able to sleep. The bed was comfortable enough but the fact that he couldn't even open a window to get some fresh air made him feel on edge. He'd tossed and turned most of the night trying to decide what he should do.

Staying with the Komlos Foundation was the easy, safe solution. Even without the research grant this year, he'd find ways of making his work interesting. Staying in his current job and obtaining the research grant, if he succeeded in changing Penelope's mind, would be what he'd always wanted.

So why did his thoughts keep returning to the tempting idea of moving to Scotland and exploring a totally unknown library? He'd tried to tell himself that it was the attraction of the unknown, the slight risk of it going up in smoke. After all, he didn't have a clue whether those manuscripts were worth anything. Or how big this library of Scott's family really was. Even Scott hadn't been sure whether his parents would go for the idea of hiring a librarian.

As the night had slowly turned into dawn, he'd realised that the real reason he was so tempted wasn't just his curiosity and hunger to explore the unknown. It was the prospect of spending more time with Scott that had gotten to him. He'd grown to really like the man over the last few days and thought there were more interesting personality quirks to

discover. Not to mention the man's gorgeous body and his ability to drive Anton crazy with desire, sometimes with nothing more than a look.

Was he going to make a decision about his professional future based on personal attraction? An attraction to a man he'd only known for a grand total of four days and three admittedly hot nights. It wasn't what he'd been taught to do, nor was it particularly rational. So why did it feel so right?

By the time he got called into the meeting, he still hadn't made up his mind. No decision he'd ever made had been this difficult.

"I'm very glad that you brought this to my attention." Penelope was an attractive woman in her late thirties. She wore a dark purple pantsuit, her blonde hair falling loosely over her shoulders. She held out her hand for Anton to shake and pointed at the leather sofa and matching chairs in the corner of her office.

"You are?" Anton took a seat across from her and accepted the coffee she offered.

"I've been suspecting that Mr. Montparnasse wasn't doing a very good job for a while now." She took a careful sip of the hot drink and put it back down onto the low table. "We've never had any complaints, before, but the proposals he's approved have been less interesting than we'd hoped for. They were definitely not as promising as the proposals our second Evaluator tended to come back with."

"Oh, I'm sorry." Anton sipped his coffee, glad he had something inside him to calm his nerves.

"It's not your fault." Penelope waved her hand as if to wipe the thought away. "The thing is that on top of everything else, he's been making some very unwanted personal advances towards several female employees across the country. In combination with his mediocre job performance, not to mention this latest glaring mistake, this has led me to make a decision."

"It has?" Anton could have kicked himself. He sounded like a first grader, but the whole situation had him so flabbergasted that he didn't know what to say.

"I've looked into your research proposal, as well as Mr. Davenport's, and they both have far more merit than Ms. Walter's. On top of its basic soundness, you've demonstrated an understanding for historical context that we would like to make better use of." Penelope smiled and leant back. "I'm happy to be able to offer you a promotion to the position of Evaluator, essentially replacing Mr. Montparnasse. You'll need to move to Jacksonville, since

the job is based out of this office. However, I'm sure you realise that the job involves lots of travel around the country on a regular basis."

"A promotion." Anton blinked. He'd expected a range of possible responses, but this hadn't been one of them.

"Does that surprise you?" Penelope smiled.

"Yes, actually it does." What was he going to say now?

He just wanted to be able to do his research with a little more support than he'd had so far. All he needed was for her to approve his proposal. And she was offering him a promotion? That would mean more contact with people, talking and politics than he thought he could stand.

"I'd never even considered that position. I don't think I have the skills needed to do a good job for you in that area." There, he could be diplomatic if needed.

"Nonsense! Don't underestimate your talents." Penelope straightened her back. "You've demonstrated a wonderful understanding of history, the socio-economic context of different time periods and a good grasp of political trends. All of those will serve you well in your job."

"I'm flattered you think so."

She may have been right about him having an understanding of all of those things. But he was comfortable with the theoretical application of it, not the practical handling of people in a day-to-day context. And what would it mean for him, personally, if he accepted this job? He'd have to move to Florida, a climate that was far too humid for his liking. He'd have to spend most of his time in this stuffy head office, the rest of his time travelling around the country. Yesterday's flight and last night's difficulty sleeping had shown him just how much of a success that would be.

Yes, it would be a promotion, but was that what he really wanted? Was the additional money worth all he'd be giving up? The freedom to do research into an area that fascinated him. Working with primary research material, such as original documents, and finding corroborating sources to put them into context. Presenting his findings so that scientists and regular people alike could understand and appreciate them.

Was he ready to turn his life upside-down and start marching into a totally unexpected direction?

Chapter Four

Scott had never been this nervous. Not even his first scene on camera as a bottom compared. Anton had called to say that he'd be taking an earlier flight since everything had gone so well. He'd given him the new flight number and arrival time and Scott had confirmed that he'd pick him up. Anton had hung up before Scott could ask any detailed questions.

Everything had gone well. Anton had probably got his research grant. It should have made him happy for the other man, but he couldn't quite get there. He'd done a lot of thinking. Returning home to Scotland and spending more time with Anton had become more and more attractive. A Hollywood career was suddenly far less important than building a relationship and mending fences with his family.

He was glad he didn't bite his fingernails or he'd have none left by now. The soles of his shoes and the luggage area's floor were another matter. Both might be worn to nothing from his pacing if Anton didn't turn up soon. He was already getting suspicious stares from other arriving passengers and the security guard.

"Hey, Scott." Anton's voice shocked him, the man suddenly right in front of him. "Are you okay?"

"Sure." He wasn't anything close to all right, but why make Anton feel bad about it?

"I'm not sure I can believe you. But this isn't the place to get to the bottom of it." Anton smiled and took his hand. "We need to talk."

"Okay." If there were four words in the English language that held more of a threat, Scott didn't want to know. "Your apartment?"

Anton nodded. They made their way to the car where Anton put his suit jacket next to his carryon on the back seat. Once they'd arrived, Anton got his stuff and they went upstairs and into the apartment in record time. As soon as the door was closed behind them, Anton dropped his things and pushed him against the wall. Pressing his lips to Scott's, he kissed him with a desperation that made Scott stagger. Anton's hard cock against his groin encouraged Scott to open up and kiss back. His increasing arousal made him breathless and he finally eased away.

"I thought we needed to talk." He was dizzy from breathing in the other man's scent. Holding Anton in his arms again was heavenly. He'd never survive a separation.

"I know we do. But I needed to do this more. I've missed you." Anton's eyes were bright with emotion. He took Scott's hand and pulled him towards the sofa.

"I've missed you, too." Scott sat down next to Anton, trying to keep his hands from shaking. "I'm dying to find out what happened."

"Like I said on the phone, it went really well." Anton smiled and twined their fingers. "I'd told Penelope Komlos the basics when I made the appointment. She'd read all the documentation overnight and was really friendly when she greeted me. You'll never guess what she suggested."

"No, I won't." Would this torture never end?

"You're giving up too quickly." Anton squeezed his fingers. "She was glad I'd brought the matter to her attention. She wasn't happy about Mr. Montparnasse's job performance. Add the unwanted advances he'd made towards female employees and my complaint, and it was enough for her to fire Mr. Montparnasse."

"Good, he didn't deserve to be in that position." Scott drew in a sharp breath. *Shit, that could only mean one thing.*

"The next thing she told me was a total surprise." Anton grinned. "Can you believe that she offered me a promotion to the position of Evaluator, replacing Mr. Montparnasse? Effective immediately and requiring I move to Jacksonville."

"Oh." He'd been right. This was the end. They'd never survive a long distance relationship. They didn't know each other well enough. It would never work.

"Oh?" Anton raised his eyebrows. "Is that all you're going to say?"

"Uhm, no." He tried to swallow past the lump in his throat. "I'm really happy for you. It's good to see that they recognise your value to them."

"But that's where you're wrong." Anton let go of his hand and jumped up to start pacing. "It's the same mistake they made, so you're in good company."

"What?" Mistake sounded good, as if Anton wasn't going to accept the promotion. Scott's heart hesitantly started beating again. "How is it a mistake to recognise your talent and offer you a promotion?"

"That's the problem." Anton stopped pacing and stood in front of Scott, his eyes blazing. "My talent isn't going around the country to evaluate other people's proposals. Well,

it may be, but it isn't something I'd enjoy doing. And all the office politics that are bound to come with that job are definitely not my cup of tea."

"What are you saying?" Hope blazed in Scott's heart.

"I'm saying that what I really want to do is to work with original manuscripts, examine old handmade telescopes even." Anton kneeled between Scott's legs and took both his hands. "Research into the history of astronomy is my professional passion. It's what I want to do."

"It is?" Scott's heart was about to burst. "Does that mean..."

"I turned down the promotion, yes." Anton grinned and Scott's heart leapt with joy. "I handed in my resignation on the spot, much to Penelope's surprise and disappointment. I can only hope that the position you mentioned to me will come through and that you and your parents will consider me for filling it."

Scott was speechless. He pulled one hand from Anton's grip and slid it behind his neck, pulling their faces closer for a kiss. Their lips mashed and melded together and Anton's surprised little yelp soon morphed into moans of pleasure. Scott tried to keep the kiss slow and tender to express the joy he felt, but it quickly grew more passionate as their tongues met and battled for dominance.

When they finally pulled back to get some much-needed air, Anton's eyes were glazed with lust.

"Good answer! God, I'm glad you didn't accept that promotion." Scott wasn't sure his heart would ever recover. "It's a good thing they don't appreciate your talents, that way my family will benefit from your professional expertise. Not to mention that I might benefit from your personal attention—if you'll have me."

"Have you for what?" Anton was still breathing hard.

"Have me as your lover, your boyfriend, whatever you want." Scott hoped he wasn't moving too quickly.

"You'll come with me?" Anton had hoped so after their discussion the other day. "What about your acting career?"

"Of course I'll come with you. Where else would I go? Unless you don't want me there?" Scott suddenly looked uncertain.

"Of course I want you to come with me." Anton kissed Scott on the cheek. "I just wasn't sure if you'd be ready to give up your acting."

"I've been thinking about that. I don't believe I'm cut out to be a Hollywood actor. Too many people know about my previous *career* and I don't think they're ready to give me a chance. I've never had another option before, and I didn't just want to quit." Scott cupped Anton's cheek and smiled tenderly. "Now I have a reason to move. As far as I know, they do have a few theatres in Edinburgh, so I might give that a try."

"Yeah?" Anton was more relieved than he could say.

"Yeah." Scott winked. "Now that we've agreed, can we please go celebrate?"

"That depends on what you have in mind. There's only one way I want to celebrate—and it's not a candlelit dinner." His cock was hardening in anticipation of what he hoped was going to be a memorable night.

"Good, I'm not hungry for food either." Scott stood up and pulled Anton towards the bedroom. "I'm in the mood for something special."

"The bedroom?" Anton loved Scott taking the lead. He'd never been one to follow without question, but with Scott it felt right. It made him harder than ever and they hadn't even started yet.

"Not special enough for you?" Scott stopped when they'd reached the bed.

"Plenty special, definitely for us." Anton couldn't stop a giggle from escaping. He was too happy to care.

"I thought so." Scott grinned and kissed his forehead before stepping away. "I want us to take our time for once. I'd like to explore and savour your gorgeous body, try and go slow, if we can."

Anton stared at the other man. Scott thought *he* had a gorgeous body? The sexiest man ever thought that about *him*? He looked down to check if he'd changed and missed it somehow. No, he was still the same—pretty average and slightly out of shape.

When he looked back up, Scott's eyes were burning with so much lust and desire that it took Anton's breath away.

"Yes, I mean you." Scott took another step back.

Anton raised his eyebrows. Why was Scott walking away if he thought that he was so irresistible?

"You're so adorable, I can barely stop myself from touching you." Scott lifted both hands in surrender. "But if I do, it'll all be over in no time. That's the only reason I'm trying to keep my distance."

"But how..." Anton's voice failed him, he was so aroused.

"Will you strip for me?" Scott lowered his hands. The growing bulge in his jeans proved he was as excited as Anton.

"I..." Anton wasn't sure how Scott would react to his little surprise. But if Scott thought he was gorgeous, he was going to give the man a striptease, despite his insecurities about how much better Scott would be at it, considering his previous career.

He started with his shirt, undoing it button by button to slowly reveal his chest. Scott's eyes stayed glued to his hands, following their slow progress down his torso. With the last button undone, he pulled his shirt from his trousers and turned his back to Scott. Looking over his shoulder to keep an eye on Scott's reactions, he slowly slid the fabric down his arms until he could take it off. He scrunched it into a ball, turned back around and threw it at Scott. The man's eyes widened but he caught the shirt and lifted it to his face, taking a deep breath.

"God, you smell so good." Scott closed his eyes and breathed some more until he finally dropped the shirt onto the floor.

Anton had used the time to take off his shoes and socks. He wriggled his toes in the carpet when he saw Scott staring at them.

"Even your toes are sexy." Scott smiled and looked back up into Anton's eyes.

Anton moaned. Scott was driving him crazy. His pants were now almost too tight to unzip without causing serious damage. He opened belt and button quickly, then slowly lowered the zipper. Scott's eyes almost bulged out of his head.

"You—you—commando?" Scott's voice was husky.

Anton grinned. He'd taken his underwear off on the plane, thinking to surprise his lover. It looked like he'd succeeded. He turned his back again as he pushed his pants down his thighs, making Scott gasp.

"That's it." Scott's voice was closer to a hiss than speech.

When Anton peeked over his shoulder to see what was going on, he was treated to a view of Scott tearing off his clothes in record time. The T-shirt flew one way, his shoes were kicked into a corner and pants and underwear were down and in another corner before

Anton could take his next breath. Scott tore off his socks and slunk towards Anton, like a big cat hunting its prey.

"Scott?" Anton retreated until the mattress touched the back of his knees.

"You drive me crazy!" Scott pulled open the nightstand drawer and retrieved lube, condoms and one of the small towels Anton kept there for after. "Here, get yourself ready."

He threw the lube at Anton and opened the condom before sheathing himself. There was no finesse in his movements, just urgent need. Anton revelled in the feeling that he'd done that. He was about to lie down on the bed when Scott grabbed the lube and pushed him softly in the chest. It wasn't a strong push, more a communication of what Scott wanted, and Anton happily complied.

He let himself fall onto his back and scooted up until he was able to bend his knees and put his feet onto the bed. He let his legs fall open to give Scott a better view. As expected, the other man moaned and followed him onto the bed, kneeling between his thighs.

"I'm sorry." Scott covered his fingers in lube and moved towards Anton's opening. "I wanted to go slow but you just make me lose all control."

"That's okay." Anton grabbed his thighs, lifting them for better access. "I need you inside me as badly as you want to be there. We'll have to practice this going slow thing another time."

Scott nodded as he slathered lube onto Anton's hole, circling and stoking the skin around it before pushing a finger inside.

"Yes!" Anton closed his eyes and pushed his head back, hoping for more.

Scott seemed to understand because he quickly inserted another finger, scissoring them to help stretch Anton. He needed Scott so badly that his hole opened of its own volition. Scott added a third finger and Anton lost it.

"Now, Scott." He clenched his muscles around the invading fingers. "Please. Need you."

Scott pulled out his fingers, wiped them on the towel and bent over Anton. When Scott pushed inside, Anton moaned. When Scott didn't stop pushing until he bottomed out, Anton was in heaven. He lifted his hands and pulled Scott down onto him, needing to be as close as possible.

"Now, Scott. Fuck me." Anton circled his hips in unmistakable encouragement.

"Shit!" Scott bit his lips. "Can't last if you do that."

"Don't want you to last." Anton was panting with need. "Want you to fuck me like you mean it."

With a loud howl Scott finally started to move, his thrusts hard and deep. He hit Anton's prostate on the first try and kept pegging it.

"Fuck! Scott!" Anton couldn't have stopped his orgasm if he'd tried.

His release sprayed across his chest and abdomen as his hole squeezed tighter around Scott. Two more thrusts and Scott's body stiffened as he groaned his completion into Anton's ear.

Scott collapsed, rolling them onto their sides and dealing with the condom and cleanup while Anton was still trying to catch his breath. When Scott opened his arms, Anton moved into them and held on for dear life. This was where he wanted to be for the rest of his life.

"You know, I don't think I've thanked you yet." Anton was still a little out of breath, pleasure coursing through his body in delicious little aftershocks.

"What for?" Scott tightened his embrace.

"For rescuing me from a boring life and a potentially mind-numbing promotion." He sighed and snuggled closer to Scott's magnificent body.

"You're welcome, baby." Scott chuckled and kissed the top of his head. "I'll rescue you anytime. Just say the word."

About the Author

I'm a night owl who starts writing when everyone else in my time zone is asleep. I've loved reading all my life and spent most of my childhood with my nose buried in a book. Although I always wanted to be a writer, financial independence came first. Twenty-some years and a successful business career later I took some online writing classes and never looked back.

Living and working in seven countries has taught me that there's more than one way to get things done. It has instilled tremendous respect for the many different cultures, beliefs, attitudes and preferences that exist on our planet.

I like exploring those differences in my stories, most of which happen to be romances. My characters have a tendency to want to do their own thing, so I often have to rein them back in. The one thing we all agree on is the desire for a happy ending.

I currently live in the United Kingdom, sharing my house with a vast collection of books. I like reading, travelling, spending time with my nieces and listening to classical music. I have a passion for science and learning new languages.

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