

# JAILHOUSE ROCK



L.C. CHASE ✦ XARA X. XANAKAS

Free Short Fiction

Distributed at [www.lcchase.com](http://www.lcchase.com) by L.C. Chase

Distributed at [www.xaraxanakas.com](http://www.xaraxanakas.com) by Xara X. Xanakas

This is a work of fiction. Characters, places, and incidents are products of the author's imaginations or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental and beyond the intent of either author.

Jailhouse Rock © 2011 L.C. Chase ~ Xara X. Xanakas.

All rights reserved worldwide. This eBook may be distributed freely in its entirety courtesy of the authors, L.C. Chase and Xara X. Xanakas. This work may not be sold, manipulated, or reproduced in any format without express written permission from the authors.

This work contains graphic language and implied sexual content between two men. Intended for adult audiences only. Not intended for anyone under the age of 18.

Cover Design © 2011 L.C. Chase

*For Thorny – A superman-sized ray of sunshine.*

## Jailhouse Rock

Trent leaned back against a tree, watching Cal dance around the ten-foot-high bonfire like the queen bee of the hive. Guys kept moving up to him, wrapping their arms around his trim waist. He'd let them grind against him for a minute, but as soon as their hands started traveling down over his black latex hot pants, he'd grab their wrists and step away, shaking his head with a cocky smile. The guy would leave, and the cycle would start over with another.

Trent chuckled and took a sip from the blue plastic cup he was holding.

It was always like that when his best friend was around. Cal always seemed to be the center of attention—a bright shiny magnet that drew everyone in, ever the life of the party. Well, tonight it was his party. His twenty-first birthday. And he was certainly enjoying the attention, even though his boyfriend couldn't be here to celebrate with him, since he was working the nightshift.

Cal with a boyfriend. Trent grinned and shook his head. That was a development he hadn't seen coming. It wasn't like he expected Cal to be there, waiting for him, while Trent traveled the country for a year before starting art school. But when Cal sent him an email saying he'd met someone, Trent felt his heart break just a little. Cal had been his safety net all through high school. He was just a freshman when they met, but the flamboyant junior took him under his wing. He knew they would never be more than besties, as Cal loved to say, but that never killed the tiny crush Trent had been carrying for five years. He had yet to meet Bear, Cal's boyfriend, but Trent knew the man had to be something special. Cal's outgoing personality, his out-ness in general, didn't make him a prime candidate to narrow the field down to one person.

Shouting drew Trent out of his thoughts. He looked around to see a tall, uniformed police officer making his way through the gyrating crowd of barely-clad young men and women. Even though Trent was only drinking soda, he instinctively hid the cup behind his back, as he watched the officer shine his flashlight into one face after another. He couldn't make out the face behind the light, but the body definitely had Trent Junior waking up and taking notice.

The officer held the flashlight up near one broad shoulder, a huge hand wrapped around the long barrel. Trent imagined that hand wrapped around something else, and Junior heartily agreed with that scenario. Then the spotlight was on him. He blushed as the disembodied light continued down his body and paused at his midsection. Behind the spots in his eyes, he could make out the officer's grin, and one dimple peeking out. He shifted under the scrutiny and cleared his throat.

"Can I help you, officer?" *Oh, God. Please say that didn't come off as slutty as it sounded in my head.*

The flashlight moved back up, and Trent suddenly found himself hoping the officer didn't think he was a freak, with his blue-streaked blond hair, grey eyeliner, and

blue nail polish. Trent heard the officer sigh, and caught movement as he shook his head, before moving on to another person.

*What the hell was that about?*

Trent watched the officer weave through the crowd to his best friend. Silver flakes from Cal's grey eye shadow glittered under the flashlight like little diamonds as he blinked up at the officer.

Trent couldn't hear what was being said between the two, but when Cal held his hands out in front of him—palms turned up, wrists together—Trent dropped his cup and hurried over.

"What's going on?" Trent demanded.

The officer ignored him, as he turned Cal around and told him to put his hands behind his back.

The man's voice washed over Trent's nerves, canceling out the actual words—and what he was about to say next. He barely processed the click of the handcuffs locking around Cal's wrists, or the hand reaching out to take Cal's bicep.

"Wait. What's going on?" Trent asked again. His hand wrapped itself around the officer's forearm of its own volition. He froze when the light swung back around on him.

Cal giggled and Trent shot him a warning glare.

"Sir," the officer said, with exaggerated patience. "Please remove your hand."

Trent jerked his hand back, but stepped forward. "Where are you taking him?"

"This doesn't concern you. Please step back."

"What's he done?"

"Look, kid—"

"I'm not a kid." Trent's body began to vibrate in anger, fists clenched. The officer just smiled at him and walked away, dragging Cal along—who was still giggling. *What the hell?*

He followed them away from the party to the officer's car. "We have rights, you know. You can't just take him away."

The officer stopped and put his hand up. "Look, you're going to have to step away."

"Just tell me what he's being arrested for."

The officer was silent for a moment, his eyes intense and calculating, sent an odd sensation racing through Trent's chest.

"Disorderly conduct," he said. And Trent could have sworn he saw the officer nod in agreement, like he'd just made it up and it sounded good enough.

"Disorderly conduct?" Trent repeated. "We're at a rave. Have you not noticed the crowd? And I'm pretty sure that's an illegal bonfire."

The officer opened his mouth, but Trent wasn't done just yet. "I want your name and badge number, 'cuz this is bullshit."

"Itchy..." Cal tsked, his voice light, using Trent's nickname like this was some kind of joke. "Don't worry about it, sweetie. Stay and enjoy the party. I'll meet you at your place in the morning."

"No way. If you're going to jail, I'm going too!" Trent yelled as he turned around, waving his arms in the air. "I'm more disorderly than he is!" He spun on his heel and over-compensated, nearly falling over in the process.

The officer reached out and put a steadying hand on the small of Trent's back. "Hey, kid. Calm down."

Trent felt the heated tingling through his shirt, all the way up his spine to the base of his neck. He froze, forgetting to breathe for a minute under the officer's touch. He turned to look the man in the face. The amused concern he saw pissed him off more than the arresting-his-best-friend-for-no-good-reason part. He shook off the hand and brushed past him, fully aware of the baton in the officer's pants as it slid against his hip. He yanked open the door and flopped down into the back seat.

"Well? Are we going?" he yelled out.

He saw the officer shrug and then help Cal into the back seat beside him.

"Get out of the car, Trent," Cal said, actually sounding serious.

"Shut up." Trent crossed his arms over his chest with a huff. "You go, I go."

The officer settled into the front seat and as he started the vehicle, said over his shoulder, "Officer Thompson. Badge number twenty-three-seventeen."



Cal remained silent as Trent stewed the entire ride to the police station. The twenty minutes it took to get there from the lake was nowhere near long enough for the anger still thrumming through Trent's veins to subside. Or to cool the lingering burn where Officer Thompson's hand had briefly rested on the small of his back.

The officer pulled the patrol car into a parking spot in front of the nineteenth century brick building, killed the engine, and turned in his seat. He looked at Cal briefly, and then shifted his gaze to Trent for an extended, pointed moment. Trent's whole body clenched. He swallowed a flash of fear... or was that anticipation?

One side of Thompson's mouth lifted slightly. "Do I need to cuff you too?"

"I came willingly, didn't I?" Trent snapped.

Thompson's smile broadened, and that totally lickable dimple peeked out. Light flickered in his eyes. "That you did, Skippy."

He exited the vehicle, opened the back door and helped Cal out. With a hand on Cal's bicep, he motioned for Trent to slide across the seat and step out—but he didn't move back. When Trent stood, his body was mere inches from pressing against Thompson's broad, muscular chest. Close enough to feel heat radiating off the man. Trent looked up and felt his flush burn all the way to the tips of his ears. He prayed it was too dark for the officer to see the flames shooting out the top of his head.

"After you, kid."

Trent narrowed his eyes and pursed his lips before turning for the station's front steps, acutely aware of the officer watching his backside. He could kill Cal for convincing him to wear the too-short-and-too-tight for his comfort cutoffs. Even though they looked good, the last thing he wanted to think about was the show he was giving Thompson with every step up the stairs.

Behind him, Cal slurred in a teasing tone, "You're kind of cute, Officer Badge Number Twenty-Three-Seventeen."

*Oh my god, Cal.* Trent stumbled and missed the officer's response, but he heard the chuckle—a chuckle that sent a shiver racing down his spine.



Trent stepped inside and scanned the small police station, a jailhouse really, like something out of that old black and white TV show. The front office was just an open lobby with three chairs lined up against the wall, cordoned off by a hip-high slatted wall with a gate that delineated the public and non-public areas. Behind the gate, two paper-cluttered desks faced each other, a row of metal cabinets stood against the far wall. From where he stood in the lobby, Trent could see one holding cell clearly; the second was half obscured by a room he guessed was an interrogation room.

It was so 1960s, he half expected Deputy Barney to come bumbling around the corner, tripping on his shoelaces.

Thompson stepped past Trent and opened the gate, directing them into the non-voluntary visitor's section. He really didn't want to go to jail, but he couldn't let Cal go alone. Not when Cal had always been there for him.

"We haven't done anything you can arrest us for," Trent said.

"I'm not arresting *you*," Thompson said, and pointed to a chair at one of the desks. "Sit."

"Woof." *Holy hell! I did not just say that out loud!* Without looking at the officer, Trent ducked his head and promptly did as he was told. Just because he hadn't been arrested yet, didn't mean he still couldn't be.

"Got any drugs on you?" Officer Thompson asked as he began to quickly frisk Cal—who added a *wiggle* to his giggle!

"Oh honey, I'm liking your hands, but I don't think my boyfriend will quite appreciate it. He's a bit of a bear."

"This is ridiculous," Trent said. "Cal, you need to shut up, and Officer, his clothes are practically painted on, what there is of them. He doesn't even have pockets. All you're doing is feeling him up."

"Don't worry, kid," Thompson said, "You're next."

"Yeah, don't worry about it, Itchy," Cal tittered. "You're going to love his hands."

The officer turned a pointed look at Trent when he pulled Cal's driver's license, a condom and a packet of lube from inside the tops of Cal's knee-high spandex socks. He dropped the collection onto the desktop and turned back to Cal. "Your boyfriend going to appreciate you at a rave, without him, prepared?"

"I'm like a boy scout, honey. Always prepared," Cal said with a sly smile. And then he winked at the officer. Trent groaned.

Thompson shook his head, poorly suppressing a grin, and led Cal to the first cell, uncuffed him and closed the barred door.

"Up," the officer ordered when he returned. Trent rolled his head around on his shoulders and stood, half looking forward to those big hands on his skin, half terrified. Thompson stepped behind him and ran his hands down the sides of Trent's rib cage, slowly—and he damn near moaned out loud and sank back into the man.

"Let's see what you're hiding," Thompson whispered near his ear. Warm breath brushed across the shell of his ear and sent another shiver racing down his spine. Trent closed his eyes, willing his body not to respond.

Hands slid down to his hips, paused, and then moved over his cheeks, practically cupping his ass. The little devil on Trent's shoulder cried for more. Even the little angel

on his other shoulder sighed in appreciation. Trent clenched his fists, digging his nails into his palms in hopes it would counter the swelling bulge in his already too-tight shorts.

"You have pockets," Thompson's voice was a low rumble, as he slid his fingers inside and Trent's pulse spiked. "Let's see what you've got in there."

Thompson removed Trent's license and keys, putting the items on the desktop with one hand, while the other remained on Trent's butt cheek. Then he returned to his mission, sliding those warm, strong hands down Trent's bare legs and slipping long fingers inside the band of Trent's socks. Hot breath gusted across the backs of his knees. His whole body vibrated.

And that was it.

Trent Junior was at full attention, and there was no way to hide it in the no-need-for-imagination cutoffs. He could feel the blush rising over the back of his neck. Could the night get any worse? He hoped the sexy officer didn't notice the goose bumps breaking out over every inch of his skin.

The second Thompson stood up and stepped back, Trent walked straight for the cell door, waiting to be let in. He met Cal's mischievous gaze and glared daggers back at his friend, daring him to say a word. Wisely, Cal kept his mouth shut.

For all of a minute.

"It's horribly cold in here, honey," Cal complained to the officer. "It's not like latex and spandex offer much insulation."

"Poor baby. Not your night, huh?" the officer said, right behind Trent as he unlocked the cell. Trent's whole body trembled. The door was barely open before he raced inside and sat on the single cot, facing away from the officer.

"So, who's a man gotta blow to get a jacket around here?" Cal insisted.

"Shut. Up. Caleb," Trent hissed. He wanted to smack Cal for being such a smart ass and making things worse. But he had a more pressing matter to deal with at the moment—Junior, pressing painfully against his zipper.

Trent refused to look up at Thompson until he was fully in control of himself again, but he heard the officer's county-issue boots thud across the jailhouse, followed by the soft rustle of material. From the corner of his eye, he saw Cal's hands shoot out to catch a grey blazer, and then Thompson's voice startled him. All the officer said was his name, but Trent loved the way it sounded rolling off the man's tongue, the way it made heat flash out through his body. *Damn*. Why did he have to meet the seriously hot cop like this?

"Do you want a jacket?"

Trent shook his head.

"You're shivering. Take it."

Trent looked up as the officer thrust a leather bomber jacket at him. He took it and quickly bunched it up in his lap before Thompson noticed what he'd been trying to hide. He didn't bother telling Thompson—Officer J. Thompson, according to the badge that held Trent's attention—it wasn't the cold getting to him.

He cleared his throat and said, "You aren't really charging Cal with disorderly conduct, are you?"

The officer just smiled and turned back to his desk.

"Hey! What about our phone call? I know our rights. You can't do this."



The officer turned back around and locked his eyes on Trent. One eyebrow raised in challenge as he pointedly tapped the silver badge on his chest. Then he sat down and promptly ignored them.

"I'm sorry, Itchy." Cal sat beside him on the cot. The metal bed frame squeaked in complaint and echoed ominously off the bare concrete walls. Cal threw an arm around his shoulders. "This is all my fault. You shouldn't be here."

"It's all right, Scratchy. He had no reason to haul you in, and I wasn't about to let you go alone." Trent sighed and glanced over at the broad shoulders and strong back flexing under thin, dark blue cotton. He slipped his arms into the coat. It was two or three sizes too big, but he couldn't resist wrapping it around himself, breathing in the scent of leather and Thompson's aftershave. "Officer Thompson seems like a decent enough cop. I'm sure he'll let us out soon. Just stop provoking the man, okay?"

"Actually, I think that's all you," Cal teased. "I'm just flirting with him."

Trent rolled his eyes. "Whatever. Just stop doing it. Okay?"

"Okay," Cal said, the tone in his voice rightfully chastised, but the gleam in his eye told another story. Trent just shook his head. Cal still had no concept of when to be serious.

They both jumped when the front door slammed shut. Trent watched warily as another officer entered the jailhouse. This man was huge, muscular, and didn't look at all happy. He glared briefly at them, taking their measure, and then he and Officer Thompson—who Trent decided was now officially the 'good cop'—conversed quietly for a moment. Thompson nodded and got up from his chair.

"You boys behave yourselves now," Thompson said. "The boss here is in charge, and he's not quite as nice as me." He shot a wink over his shoulder at Trent as he picked up his holster and left the building.

And Trent suddenly felt truly afraid for the first time that night.

Bad Cop approached the cell, and the closer he got, the bigger and more intimidating he grew. Trent swallowed hard; positive his gulp could be heard clear across the building.

The officer stopped just short of the bars and leveled a hard stare at Trent. Then he shifted his attention to Cal, and Trent could swear he saw a flicker of light in the man's deep blue eyes.

Cal sidled up to the bars, grabbed hold of the cold metal and pressed himself right up against it.

"Caleb..." Trent warned.

"Officer. A. Lachlann," Cal sing-songed as he read the big officer's badge, his voice slightly lilting. "What's the A stand for? Asshole?"

"Oh my fucking god," Trent spluttered as his head spun. There were completely and royally screwed.



Bad Cop narrowed his eyes, gaze locked on Cal. His jaw twitched a little before he exhaled and turned back to the cluttered desks. He sat at the one facing the cell and turned his chair toward them.

“Hey, big guy,” Cal called out to the huge blond cop. “Bet I can make your night more interesting.”

“Cal, stop it.”

“Why?” Cal glanced over his shoulder at Trent. The smile on his face was positively wicked. Trent knew that look too well. His best friend was in full on sparkle mode now, and nothing could tone him down. Trent just prayed they’d get out without more than Cal’s misdemeanor charge.

“Because he’ll get pissed and throw the book at us. That’s why.” Trent looked over at the officer, who gave him that evil eye again. He shuddered.

“Come on, officer.”

“Shut up, kid.” The officer’s voice was deeper than Trent thought it would be. And angrier.

“Caleb, please,” Trent hissed at him.

“Listen to your friend, kid.” Lachlann practically barked at them.

“Fine.” Cal flounced back on the bunk. Trent watched him as he closed his eyes and huffed. “I’m sorry. I promised you’d have fun tonight, and here you are stuck in jail. On your first night back in town.” He rolled onto his side, laid his head on his elbow and smiled at Trent. “You should have stayed at the party.”

“Yeah, but you should be out there having fun, too. Sorry Bear had to work tonight.”

Cal shrugged and looked at the officer again. “Well, just because he couldn’t get off, doesn’t mean *I* shouldn’t.” His voice was loud enough to be heard throughout the entire station. Trent winced, but Cal just licked his lips and winked at the big blond.

Lachlann growled and shifted in his desk chair, spreading his thighs wide. He reached down to adjust his crotch, his eyes locked on Cal. Trent inhaled, and the scent of leather and aftershave from Thompson’s jacket filled his senses—comforting, arousing. He closed his eyes and pictured Thompson sitting there, looking at him that way. He imagined the warm brown eyes, filled with desire, and that one sexy dimple as he smiled at him. He could almost see those huge hands rubbing over the bulge he’d felt in the tight uniform pants earlier.

“What do you think, Officer A. Lachlann?” Cal’s dulcet voice, and the squeak of metal when Cal got up from the narrow cot, startled Trent. He sat up quickly as Cal walked, with a swing in his hips, to the cell bars.

“About what?” Lachlann asked. One hand spread over a massive thigh. Trent stared as the big man smiled at Cal. His entire demeanor seemed to have changed. He appeared more relaxed, and Trent’s impression of him shifted from ‘big bad cop’ to ‘handsome cuddly bear’.

“It’s my birthday. Why should I have to suffer because my boyfriend had to work?”

“Are you that spoiled?”

“Yes.” Cal stamped his foot and pouted unapologetically. Trent tried not to laugh at him, but Cal seemed more petulant teenager than newly anointed adult. “It’s his fault. He spoiled me.”

“And you can’t go one night without it?” Lachlann chuckled.

“But it’s a special occasion,” Cal whined, crossing his arms over his chest.

“Cal, please. Just sit down.” Lachlann didn’t seem pissed anymore, but Trent didn’t want to take the chance of letting Cal set him off again. “Seriously, just drop it.”

“Oh, all right.” Cal sighed dramatically and plopped back down on the mattress next to Trent. Bed springs echoed off concrete walls. He shifted around a minute, trying to get comfortable. “It’s awful lonely in here,” Cal whined to the officer.

Lachlann snorted. “Looks like you got plenty company in there.”

“Oh, you’re right about that, honey.” Cal moved in close to Trent, who backed up on the bed to get out of Cal’s way. Cal just kept coming, pushing between Trent’s legs, crawling up his body until they were face to face. Trent’s head was near the bars, so the only thing he could see was his friend’s beautiful face—close enough to kiss.

“Cal,” Trent said warily. “What are you doing?”

Cal just smiled mischievously and licked his lips. He lowered his head and whispered against Trent’s neck. “Do you trust me?”

“Cal...”

“Trust me, Trent. Whatever happens, just trust me. All right?” When he pulled back, Trent stared at him for a minute. Finally he licked his lips and nodded.

Cal ground his hips against Trent’s thigh and moaned.

“Cal...” It came out more as a groan than a word. He drove his hips back up into Cal purely on impulse. He could feel his best friend’s smile against his neck. Cal ground down again, making Trent gasp. Trent arched his back and turned his head, allowing Cal better access. He knew he shouldn’t be enjoying this, that Cal was up to something, but it felt too good. His hands tightened on Cal’s hips to hold him steady. “Cal, what about Bear?”

“He’s not in here. You are,” Cal said as he sucked on Trent’s neck. Trent closed his eyes and opened his knees wider to give Cal more room. “Just remember: trust me,” Cal whispered. Trent nodded, his heart racing.

They both jumped a second later when a loud clanging echoed throughout the little jailhouse.

Trent tilted his head back to see Lachlann standing in front of the cell, nightstick in hand and back in full-on Bad Cop mode. He pushed Cal up and rushed to the other side of the cell, pressing his back against the wall. His heart was pounding against his ribcage as it tried to escape his chest, and his eyes felt huge as he stared at the officer in shock.

Lachlann slammed the nightstick against the bars again and growled at them.

“You boys want to put on a show?”

“No-no-no, sir,” Trent panted, trying to get his frantic pulse to slow down.

“You sure, boy?” Lachlann was almost snarling now.

“I-I-I’m s-s-sure, sir.” Trent nodded his head. His breathing coming in shaky breaths.

“Why, Officer Big-Bad-And-Handsome? Do you want to watch?” Cal asked as he writhed around on the tiny cot. Trent’s head snapped to his friend. Cal smiled over his shoulder at him, pushed up onto his hands and arched his back, letting the sheer tank top work up his ribs, exposing pale skin, as the blazer flipped up over his waist. His latex-sheathed hips were poised high in the air as he got his knees under him. Under other circumstances, Trent would have admired his friend’s playful attitude, but right now, he was trying to will Cal to behave.

“Is that it, Officer A. Lachlann? You want to watch the two twinkies your friend decided to lock up for the night? See how far we’d go to get out?”

“Caleb!” Trent shouted, and stared at him with wide eyes, imploring him to just shut the fuck up already. Cal’s smile broadened as he wiggled his ass at Trent. “Stop, please.”

“Trust me,” Cal mouthed to him, his eyes serious, before swinging his gaze back to the frightening cop staring him down. “What did you have in mind, Officer Handsome?”

Lachlann planted his feet wide on the floor and crossed his arms over his huge chest. He looked wider than the cell door standing like that, and Trent shuffled along the wall to the corner. The bars hit his thighs, and he hissed at the cold. Shivering, he pulled Thompson’s jacket tighter around himself, wishing the man himself were there, instead of this intimidating man-mountain. Lachlann turned toward him at the sound, a concerned look brushed across his face—almost too brief for Trent to be sure he’d seen it—before Bad Cop took over again. “Got something to say, kid?”

Trent took a deep breath to settle his nerves. “No, sir.”

Lachlann turned his sizzling gaze back to Cal. “What about you? Cat got your tongue all of a sudden?”

“Why? Did you want me to do something to you with it?” Cal stood up and moved close to the bars again, reaching through to run his hands over Lachlann’s beefy forearms.

“You sure have a big mouth.”

“That’s what my boyfriend tells me, honey.” Cal dragged his fingertips along the crossed arms and up the defined pecs, outlined by the snug shirt.

Lachlann’s hand shot out to grab Cal’s wrist and pull him against the bars before Trent even saw him move. They both held their breath when Lachlann trailed a finger along Cal’s bottom lip. His voice was low and hoarse when he finally spoke again. “It’s going to get you into trouble one of these days.”

Cal opened his mouth and licked the blunt fingertip. “He keeps telling me that, too.”

“Maybe that time has come.”

From where Trent stood, he thought Lachlann’s eyes were hot enough to melt Cal’s shorts.

“But you’ll have to let us out, first,” Cal purred.

Trent’s attention snapped back into focus when he realized what Cal was doing. “Cal, don’t.” He took a step forward.

“It’s okay, babe,” Cal said over his shoulder, never taking his eyes off the officer’s. “I’ll handle this. I got us into it; I’ll get us out.”

“But Cal—”

“Trust me. Right, Officer A. Lachlann?”

“Are you trying to negotiate an early release?” One corner of Lachlann’s mouth quirked up in a grin. He wrapped his hand around the back of Cal’s neck.

“Well,” Cal said with a sly smile and wink. “I hope it won’t be *too* early.”

Lachlann’s fingers tightened in Cal’s spiky dark hair. “Maybe something can be arranged.” His eyes flicked up to Trent. “What about your friend?”

“Caleb...” Trent couldn’t stop the tremble in his voice.

“No,” Cal said firmly. “Not part of the deal.”

Lachlann looked back at Cal with a smile. “Well, then you’d better be worth it.”

“My boyfriend says I am.”

Lachlann chuckled and let go of Cal, to open the cell door. He grabbed Cal by the scruff of his neck and pulled him out of the cell.

“Wait!” Trent’s heart shot into his throat. “You can’t do this. Cal, stop.”

He started to follow, but Lachlann turned, pinning him in place with his Bad Cop stare.

“You. Stay,” he growled.

“But—”

“I said stay!” Lachlann slammed the cell door shut and dragged Cal toward the interrogation room.

*What is it with the cops around here thinking I’m some kind of dog?*

Trent dropped down on the bunk as his knees gave out. He watched helplessly as they went into the room across from the cell. The door closed behind Lachlann’s wide back with a resounding click.

Trent pulled his knees up to his chest and wrapped Thompson’s jacket around his legs. Then the shaking really began. He dropped his forehead to his knees and tried to keep from hyperventilating. The only thing he could hear was his own ragged, erratic breathing, and pulse pounding like a drum fest in his ears.



“Hey, kid? Are you all right?” Thompson’s voice called out across the jailhouse, giving Trent a start. He shook his head but didn’t look up.

“What’s wrong?”

Trent just kept his head down. He had some sense of relief that Thompson was there, but his nerves were too on edge to let him trust it. He didn’t know what to think. He felt like he had let Cal down. How could he just sit there and allow the big, intimidating officer to take Cal away? He should have stopped them. Stepped in somehow.

“Trent?” Thompson reached through the bars and put his hand on Trent’s shoulder. “What happened?”

“He took Cal away,” Trent whispered. His voice rose as he continued in a rush. “I should have tried harder, but Cal just wouldn’t stop. And when he kissed me, he got really pissed, and then he took him.”

“Who took Caleb?”

Trent lifted his head and turned to Thompson. He knew he probably looked like a scared kid, but fuck it. He felt like one, sitting there alone in a jail cell while his best friend was... “Officer Lachlann. Cal started flirting with him, and he took Cal up on his offer.” He dropped his head back on his knees and began to rock.

The warm hand disappeared from Trent’s shoulder, leaving him with a shiver. He heard footsteps, and then jangling keys. Thompson opened the cell, came inside and sat down next to Trent. He pulled Trent into his arms and scooted back to lean against the concrete wall.

Trent let himself be dragged along until he was leaning against the broad chest. He sighed, thinking the aftershave was even better on warm man than on cool leather. He closed his eyes and let himself relax. Just for a minute, he allowed himself to forget everything that had happened that night—the rave, the arrest, what was happening to Cal. The arms holding him felt so right, and Thompson smelled so good. He would have worked his way out of the jacket to get those hands on his bare skin again, but he didn't want to move. He burrowed deeper into Thompson's embrace.

"It's okay. Don't worry about anything." Thompson's deep voice a soothing balm to his frayed nerves.

Trent felt movement above him, and he opened his eyes to see Thompson drop the clip-on tie he'd been wearing on the cot by his legs. Trent's gaze followed those big hands as they worked the top two buttons of the uniform shirt open. Despite everything going on, he really wanted to take over and get that shirt off Officer J. Thompson. Before getting rid of those awful polyester pants, too. His cutoffs tightened uncomfortably at that thought, living up to their name by cutting off his circulation. He bit his lower lip and looked back up into Thompson's handsome face, his dark eyes warm and assuring.

Thompson smiled and reached out to cup Trent's face. Trent leaned into the touch, the calloused palm hot against his cheek. The hand was so big it nearly covered half his head. Gentle fingers massaged his scalp.

"Look, Artie's a good guy. He's a good cop, and a good friend. He would never cross the line like that."

"But—"

"I promise he's not going to do anything to Caleb that Caleb doesn't want."

"That's just it. Cal thinks he needs to do this to get us out of here."

Thompson moved those magic fingers down Trent's neck and shook his head. "No, he doesn't. He's doing exactly what he wants. I've watched those two around each other, around town."

"What about Bear, his boyfriend? Cal wouldn't cheat on him." Trent tried to hold onto some sense of seriousness of their situation, but every circle Thompson's fingers made on his shoulders, made it that much harder.

Along with Trent Junior.

"Can you trust me?" Thompson asked, rubbing the back of Trent's neck with both hands.

Trent melted into the massage. Maybe it was Thompson's fingers kneading him into a sense of safety, or maybe it was something more. Trent didn't know, but at that moment, he knew he could trust his life to Thompson. He closed his eyes and nodded.

"Yes," he whispered.

"Do you trust Caleb?"

"Yes."

"Then believe me. I guarantee nobody's going to get hurt." He leaned forward and looked into Trent's eyes. He opened his mouth but decided against whatever he was going to say, letting his lips close into a smile. That dimple popped out to drive Trent crazy again. "Trust me."

"All right."

Thompson stopped the impromptu massage and cradled Trent's head for another moment. It took every ounce of Trent's self control, and then some, not to climb on top of

the man and lick every inch of him before shoving his tongue into the gorgeous cop's mouth. Thompson gave him a little wink before sliding away and standing to leave.

"Wait. Your jacket." Trent jumped up and began reluctantly sliding out of the sleeves.

"Keep it. Just leave it on the desk when you go."

"What if he doesn't let us go?" Trent got a little nervous at the thought of Cal doing God knows what, and Lachlann locking him back up.

"If you're still here in the morning, I'll let you out. And buy you breakfast to make it up to you, all right?"

"Make it up?"

"Yeah. I told you I wasn't bringing *you* in for anything. And you sure won't leave now, will you?"

Trent shook his head. "Not without Cal. I couldn't leave anyway. My car is still at the lake." Trent sat back down, wondering whom he could call. A jingling caught his attention. He looked over to see Thompson holding his keys.

"I had a friend take me out there to pick up your car. It's cute, by the way. The Beetle suits you. But get the brakes checked. They pulled a little."

"Yes, sir, officer." Trent threw his shoulders back, giving Thompson a mock salute, and laughed.

Thompson smiled and shook his head. "Now, I need to lock you back up, okay?"

The thought of Lachlann coming out to find him free, or worse—gone, made Trent shudder. "Okay."

The bars clanged shut and Trent grabbed them. Thompson reached through the bars and gave Trent's shoulder a gentle squeeze. "Trust me, Skippy. It'll be fine." He gave Trent one last dimpled smile before he turned and left.

Trent watched him disappear outside into the night, the leather jacket weighing heavy on his shoulders. He imagined it was Thompson's arms still wrapped around him. He slipped it off and lay down on the bunk. The station was quiet with Cal and Lachlann in the other room and no one else in the building. The fluorescent lights flickered as he rolled onto his side, snuggling into the bomber. Trent closed his eyes and inhaled deeply, calmed by the smell of leather and Thompson. The weight of the jacket felt good pressing down on him, and he wondered what it would be like to have Thompson laying on top of him, pinning him in place, running those big, magic hands all over his body.

Well, he already knew how *that* felt. The pat down earlier felt more like a feel-up, but damn if it bothered him. Actually, it had bothered him. It got him hot and bothered. Very hot, very bothered, and very hard. Just thinking about it made him hard all over again. He rolled onto his back and arranged the jacket like a blanket. It covered most of him, from his shoulders nearly to his knees.

A muffled moan from the room Lachlann had taken Cal into drifted through the jailhouse. Trent wondered what it would be like if Thompson took him in there? Would Thompson cuff his hands in front, just as efficiently as he had done to Cal at the party? Trent imagined he could almost feel the cold metal against his wrists as Thompson ran his hands down his hips, along his ribs. He heard another moan, but he wasn't sure it hadn't come from him.

Thompson would grab the short chain between the cuffs and pull him into the room. The door would slam shut behind Thompson's strong frame. Trent licked his lips,



seeing the officer standing in front of him, the look in Thompson's dark, dancing eyes practically burning him.

He opened his mouth to ask what he should do, when those hands were on him again, roughly turning him around and bending him over the table. Pressing one of his hands into the middle of Trent's back, Thompson held him in place as he clipped the cuffs to a hook, set into the center of the table. Trent's short T-shirt rode up his torso as his arms stretched out, and the cool surface of the table against his belly tempered the rising heat of his bare skin.

"That's better," Thompson whispered in his ear. He draped his body over Trent and put his hands on top of Trent's. "Do you know why I brought you in here?"

Another moan, followed by a deep grunt answered for him. Thompson chuckled. Trent turned his head and saw that dimple peeking out to tease him. He leaned forward to lick it, just like he'd been dying to all night. Thompson pulled away and Trent tried to follow, tugging hard on the restraints.

"Easy there, Skippy." Thompson squeezed one of his hands. "We've got all night."

He threaded a hand into Trent's hair and kissed him, running his tongue along Trent's bottom lip. Trent opened his mouth and leaned into it, but Thompson pulled away again, giving him a little nip.

"Thompson..." Trent moaned in complaint.

He ran his hands down Trent's sides, over his hips, and along his thighs. One booted foot pushed against Trent's, making him spread his legs wide. Thompson stood behind him, his hands cupping Trent's ass through the short, tight cutoffs. Then he ran one hand around to the front and cupped Trent's dick. This time, the moan definitely came from Trent.

He opened his eyes to see bare cell walls, pulling him from his fantasy. Louder moaning echoed in the small jailhouse.

Trent closed his eyes again and shoved his hands into his pockets—where Thompson's had been earlier—but Trent Junior pressed insistently against the thin denim, looking for escape. Trent pulled his hands free and spread his fingers over his hard-on. He pictured Thompson sitting in the chair Lachlann had been in earlier, watching him stroke himself.

In his mind, Thompson took off the tie and opened those top two buttons again, but he didn't stop there. He undid all the buttons and opened the shirt. A nipple ring flashed brightly against his tanned skin. Trent wondered if Thompson's chest would be smooth, with deeply lined muscles.

No, he'd be hairy, Trent decided. Not sweater-vest hairy, but more bear than twink. Just thick enough so that when Trent ran his fingers through it, his palms would be left with that tingling sensation. And he would tickle Trent with it when his chest brushed against Trent's bare back.

He rewound the image of Thompson unbuttoning his shirt and played it over, this time exposing a little more dark hair with every button. When he pulled the shirt open, the nipple ring stood out even more in the light. Six-pack abs were outlined with downy hair, and a straight line ran from his belly button past his waistband, leading Trent's eyes to the treasure outlined beneath the dark blue pants.

Trent pushed his palm against his cock because the cutoffs were becoming unbearably tight. Moaning, he brought his knees together, trying to alleviate the pressure, but it seemed impossible. He squeezed his eyes tight, trying to will himself back under control, but that just made the image of Thompson clearer. Those big hands unzipping his uniform pants, freeing his erect cock, and stroking himself as he watched Trent on the narrow cot, touching himself.

The image was almost too much. Trent nearly came in his shorts, the heavy leather coat making the image smell and feel that much more real. Trent unbuttoned the cutoffs, and reached for the zipper pull.

Just then, the door of the interrogation room banged open and slammed against the wall. Trent jumped and landed on the cold, concrete floor with a yelp, Thompson's jacket crumpled around him.

Lachlann stepped out of the room, his uniform barely wrinkled, a smug look on his face.

Cal, on the other hand, looked well fucked. His eyes were glassy, hair messed up, and a stupid grin stretched across his lips—lips that were red and swollen, from sucking the big cop off, Trent presumed. His eye shadow was smudged on his cheek. Lachlann held him up by the collar of the borrowed blazer.

Trent squirmed under the officer's hard gaze and scooted along the floor toward the back of the cell.

"You." Lachlann nodded at him. "Out."

"Wh-what?" Trent asked, barely processing what was going on.

"Now," Lachlann snapped as he pinned Cal against the bars, while he dug out his keys and unlocked the cell door.

Trent stayed where he was. Frozen. He didn't know what Lachlann had in mind, but he was sure that he didn't want his first time to be here, with the huge, terrifying officer. Why couldn't Thompson have stayed? He'd be more comfortable with the Good Cop. Instead, he was here with Bad Cop, who was going to expect him to do...what, he didn't know. He stared back at the officer, wide-eyed, and shook his head.

"Get up, get out, and get home. Now," Lachlann said, stepping away from the open cell door. "And take this with you." He shoved Cal toward Trent.

Trent hopped up to grab his friend before he collapsed in a sated heap on the cold, hard floor of the small cell. He was a little surprised to find Lachlann's hold on Cal just firm enough to keep him from falling, and his thumb rubbing gently on Cal's bicep.

"What about—"

"Just go. Before I change my mind and find something to charge you with."

Trent grabbed Cal by the arm and dragged out of the cell. He stopped at the desk and snatched up his license and keys, and ran for the front door, his arm wrapped around his friend's waist.

"And kid?" Lachlann's voice rang out behind them. "Thank your friend for this."



Trent sat down on the couch with a relieved, drawn out sigh, his heart finally beginning to settle into a steady rhythm. He couldn't remember anything about the drive

home—just the frantic need to hurry up and get there, without getting pulled over for speeding. He'd had enough dealings with police officers for one night.

But now he was home, exhausted and grateful his parents had converted the garage into a self-contained apartment, so he didn't have to worry about dealing with them until he was ready. Maybe tomorrow night. Once he'd figured out just what to tell them.

Cal followed suit, and dropped down beside him with his own long sigh. Only Cal's was one of sated contentment. Trent stared at his friend, who'd closed his eyes and sunk back into the couch, and Trent narrowed his eyes.

"I cannot believe you did that."

"Me either," Cal responded without lifting his lids. A big grin stretched across his face. "But it was amazing!"

"Amazing? You cheated on your boyfriend, Caleb."

"Not really."

"Not really?" Trent shook his head. "Is that like women saying they're only a *little* pregnant? You are or you aren't. You did or you didn't. And *you did*."

Cal just kept grinning, the sparkling flecks of glitter dust from the last of his eye shadow catching the light; body completely relaxed. The prick. "I had to get us out of there."

"No you didn't. Not like that," Trent snapped, guilt and anger took up the battle cry in his mind, and the war began. "That was a totally trumped up charge and we both know it. And I hadn't even been charged with anything. We should have just waited them out."

"But big-bad-handsome Officer A. Lachlann could have charged you with something. Probably would've too."

"Which would have been even more bullshit than the whole situation already was."

Cal just shrugged his shoulders. That stupid satisfied grin still stretched across his face, lips still swollen and flush. Trent couldn't sit still any longer. He got up and started pacing around the tiny living area.

"We need to report them. File a complaint with someone. The mayor, or the feds maybe?"

"No!" Cal's eyes finally snapped open and he sat up. "I mean, we can't tell anyone about what happened. Those cops will probably come back for us if any rumors get started. They do have our names and addresses. And who would believe us anyway? No one would take the word of a couple of punks in makeup, picked up at a rave. Over the word of two police officers? Think about it, Trent."

*Shit.* Trent crossed his arms. Leather creaked softly in the silence. He looked down and realized he was still wearing Officer Thompson's bomber. And Cal still had the blazer on. *Double shit.* How were they going to return them without running into the officers again? It wasn't like they could sneak into the police station to drop them off while no one was around.

Trent roughly shimmied out of the jacket, goose bumps immediately sprung up from the sudden loss of heat. He was about to drop it in a heap on the floor, but thought better of it at the last minute. He folded in half and held it up to his face. Did he *really*

want to return that one tangible memory of the heart-stopping officer, and the way he smelled? He carefully hung it in the closet.

He turned around and Cal tsked, his gaze resting on Trent's crotch.

"And what were you doing while I was getting... interrogated?" Cal asked slyly.

"What?" Trent followed the direction of Cal's interest, and heat shot up his neck. He hadn't buttoned his shorts back up in the mad panic to get out of the jailhouse as fast as humanly possible.

"Looks like I'm not the only one with a hot-man-in-uniform fantasy."

"Shut up," Trent said without force. He sat back down on the couch and stared up at the ceiling. "Officer Thompson was all kinds of holy gorgeous though."

They were quiet for a moment, and then Trent asked quietly, "What was it like?"

Cal turned sideways on the couch, tucking one foot under his leg. He leaned forward and grabbed Trent's arm. "Oh my god. It was the hottest thing ever!"

"The wrongest thing ever."

"Yeah, wrong," Cal placated for his benefit only, Trent thought, and continued; the excitement in his dulcet voice palpable. "But it was really fucking hot. I've fantasized about getting fucked by Officer A. Lachlann in the interrogation room for almost a year. And it was even better than I could have imagined. Mind blowing. You wouldn't think it by looking at him, but for such a big man, he was so incredibly gentle with me. Made sure I was comfortable and felt safe."

"How could you feel safe in a situation like that?"

Cal just shrugged and leaned against the back of the couch, a ghost of a smile on his lips as he continued. "He cuffed my hands in front of me, bent me over the table with my arms stretched out. Then he ran his big hand up my spine and..."

Cal's voice drifted away as Trent began replaying his own fantasy with Thompson, taking him in that little room, cuffing him to the table, having his way with him. Those magic hands running over his body again, leaving hot trails in their wake.

A light smack on his arm brought him back to the present. He looked over at Cal, who was grinning back like he knew exactly what was going on in Trent's mind.

"What?"

"Uh-huh."

"Uh-huh' what?"

Cal just shook his head and yawned. "Mind if I crash here tonight? He wore me out, and I really don't want to go home yet. Bear won't be off work for a few more hours." Cal turned toward Trent. "And you don't look any better off right now, either."

Trent sighed. "Yeah, no problem, Scratchy."

"Thanks, Itchy. You're the bestest bestie ever."

"Shut up."

"Love you too."

Trent couldn't help the little chuckle that bubbled up his throat. He could never be mad at Cal for long. He dropped his hand onto Cal's knee and gave it a squeeze before standing.



Thompson's hand splayed out over Trent's chest—the touch gentle, the weight comforting and arousing. Hot breath breezed over the wet spot behind his ear, where Thompson had just nipped at him, and sent a shiver of delight racing through his body. A throaty moan escaped when the strong tongue licked at his neck, followed by a clever mouth clamping down on his sensitive skin and sucking. Hard. The large hand began to slide downward in a slow, lazy S pattern, raising goose bumps where it traveled—over his ribs, his belly button, along the waistband of his boxers, and then under.

Shivering, he turned his head and Thompson met him. Their lips connected in a velvet slide, so right and so perfect, that he knew this was it. This was the man. *His* man.

"Oh God, Trent..." Thompson whispered against his lips. Trent rocked his hips up, into the firm grip of that warm, strong hand.

"Trent..."

"Trent!"

Cal? What the hell was Cal doing there? "Answer the damn phone!"

Trent opened his eyes. He was at home. In bed. Alone.

And hard as a rock.

He groaned and crawled out of bed as the phone, and Cal, continued to screech down the hall. He padded barefoot on plush carpet into the kitchen and snatched up the insistent piece of plastic and wire, glaring at Cal, who was nestled inside a thick sleeping bag on the couch. Eight-fucking-feet away.

His head was still dream-muzzy when he answered, until the voice on the other end of the phone snapped him to sharp attention.

"Hey, Trent. This is Bear." The voice was a deep baritone that sent a spike of fear through Trent's chest, as the night before came crashing into his mind's eye on super-speed rewind. "Is Cal handy?"

*Oh God.* "Yeah. One sec," Trent managed to squeak out. He threw the phone across the room, aiming for Cal's head. *Bullseye!*

"Ow!" Cal's muffled voice drifted from the sleeping bag. "Bitch."

A pale-skinned hand snaked out of the bag to grab the phone, and disappeared back inside. Trent couldn't make out what Cal was saying, only the playful, happy tone of his voice. Didn't sound like his best friend was suffering any pangs of guilt. Of course, he didn't sound very awake yet, either. But then, Cal never did sound very guilty after his exploits, either.

The hand reappeared, and dropped the phone to the floor beside the couch.

"Bear will be here in half an hour to pick me up," Cal said, peeking his head out of the sleeping bag. "Cool with you, Itchy?"

Trent ran a shaky hand through his hair and exhaled a long breath. *No.* "Yeah."

How was he supposed to play off being cool around Cal's boyfriend, knowing that Cal cheated on him to help his best friend get a 'get of jail free' card?

Trent groaned and made his way to the bathroom for a shower.

Twenty minutes later, Trent had just pulled on a pair of comfortable board shorts when there was a heavy knock at the door. His heart stuttered. He did not want to meet Bear today. Maybe never, after what Cal had done. But Cal was still in the shower, so he had no choice. He grabbed the first T-shirt his hand landed on and tugged it down over his head as he walked reluctantly to the door.

He swung the door wide and froze. Nothing but statue.

Then he blinked. Twice.

Standing right there in his doorway, large as life, were Officers Lachlann and Thompson.

Lachlann was still in uniform. Thompson was wearing running shorts and a tank top that showed off some kind of tribal tattoo snaking over his left shoulder and down his bicep into sharp points.

Trent promptly forgot there were two police officers at his door, officers he should be afraid of, and his mouth began to water. All he could see was the bare skin and muscular frame of Thompson. He saw himself sticking out his tongue and slowly licking every inch of that tattoo. Tracing every curve for hours on end. What would the skin it marked taste like? What would the muscle it stretched across feel like under his lips? The points of the tattoo were at just the right height; all he had to do was step forward and open his mouth.

And maybe there were more, less publicly visible, tattoos to explore...

"Can we come in?" Thompson asked, breaking Trent's flash fantasy.

He blushed and caught his tongue between his teeth before it acted on its own and did exactly what he'd been imagining.

Without even bothering to attempt speech, Trent stepped back.

As Thompson brushed by, close enough for Trent to catch that amazing scent again, he winked and said, "Thanks, Superman."

Thompson's gaze lowered to Trent's chest and returned to meet his eyes with an amused gleam.

Trent looked down and mentally kicked himself. He'd thrown on his favorite, long-sleeved T-shirt, so well worn it was practically transparent in places and the big red S cracked like the Mojave Desert. Thompson was going to think he was nothing but an irresponsible party boy. And then he kicked himself again for caring. Thompson had told him not to worry, to trust him, that Officer Lachlann would never cross the line. But he did. And Thompson probably knew all along.

And now they were here. In his house. Why? What else could they want?

Trent narrowed his eyes and squared his shoulders.

"I'm looking for Caleb Masters," Lachlann said in his deep, authoritative Bad Cop voice. His expression guarded, blue eyes hard on Trent.

"Why?"

"That's none of your concern."

"It damn well is my concern." Trent took a step closer to Lachlann, crossing his arms over his chest and widening his stance, for all the good it did against the giant man-wall in front of him. "You got what you wanted last night. And now you're back from more? That's police harassment."

An amused light, that Trent was certain he hadn't actually seen, flashed in Lachlann's eyes. The big man dropped a massive hand on his shoulder, and Trent froze. Fear shot through his heated veins, instantly dowsing his rising anger, but he didn't back down.

*Oh, shit.* He was next. And this time, there were two of them.

Then Lachlann gave him a gentle squeeze and said, "You're a good friend, kid."  
*What?*

Lachlann's gaze flicked up, over Trent's shoulder. And Trent never would have believed it if he hadn't seen it himself. That big, gruff, intimidating cop transformed right before his eyes, lighting up like a kid on Christmas morning. His features softened and the goofiest smile Trent had ever seen on a man changed Lachlann from Bad Cop to Teddy Bear, making him look five years younger.

"Bear!" Cal squealed from behind him. Trent startled and turned in time to see his best friend race across the living room, a towel wrapped around his hips, skin still wet from the shower, and launch himself at the officer.

Lachlann wrapped Cal up in his arms while Cal wrapped his legs around Lachlann's waist and began kissing every inch of the man's face. His towel slipped, mooning everyone in the room. Lachlann covered Cal's exposed ass with both hands, easily holding him up.

"Hey, baby," Lachlann, said between kisses and laughs, "How was your party?"

"Best. Birthday. Ever!"

*Bear? Birthday party?* Trent couldn't quite comprehend what was going on. Bad Cop was... "Bear?" he asked. "Bad Cop is Bear?"

"Oh my god, Bear!" Cal said, "That was so. Much. Fun!"

"Are you fucking kidding me?" Trent yelled. "Fun?"

Thompson reached out and placed a hand on Trent's arm. "Hey, its okay. It was Cal's birthday fantasy."

Trent shook him off and immediately regretted it. He wanted those hands on his body. All over. But they all played him. Even Thompson. "And no one saw fit to tell me? What the fuck, Caleb? I thought we were in serious trouble."

Three smiles fell from happy faces, but Trent would *not* feel guilty about that.

Cal slid down Bear's body to the floor, and Bear caught the towel, wrapping it back around Cal's waist, while Cal kept his arms around the man's broad torso. He rested his head against Bear's chest and turned toward Trent. "I'm so sorry, sweetie." Cal sounded genuinely, and rarely, apologetic. "I didn't expect you back in town until today. When you showed up early, I really wanted to party with you, but I also really wanted my fantasy birthday gift, and if I told you, told anyone, it would have lost that forbidden edge. You know what I mean? It had to be as real as possible."

"I get that, but—"

"Have you ever had a fantasy?" Thompson interrupted. "One you wanted to play out?"

*You mean, besides dragging you to my bedroom and licking your whole body? Starting with that tattoo? Right now?*

"What if you had the opportunity to do it? What would you do to fulfill it? To live your fantasy?"

*Don't fucking tempt me, Officer About-to-be-Ravaged...*

"Come on, Skippy. It was all in good fun and no one got hurt." Trent glared at him and Thompson quickly continued, running a soothing hand down Trent's arm. "I wanted to tell you so badly. I felt horrible seeing you so upset and having to leave you like that. I wouldn't have, but I promised Artie and Cal, and I'd only just met you."

When Trent didn't respond, Thompson reached out and lifted Trent's chin with one finger until their eyes met, "Can you forgive us?"



*Oh dammit! So not fair.* Those dark, mesmerizing eyes bore into him, and Trent knew he could forgive the man of anything. He nodded. "Fine."

Thompson smiled. "Name's Jared, by the way."

"Jared," Trent repeated, liking the way it sounded rolling off his tongue.

"Go put some clothes on so we can get out of here, baby," Lachlann, or Bear rather, said to Cal. He released Cal from his bear hug and playfully smacked his ass. "We have some unfinished celebrating to do," he called out as Cal ran off to dress—frigging giggling again.

"Real sorry about last night," Bear said to Trent, nothing but sincere kindness in those blue eyes now. "But I'd do anything for him. You get that, don't you?"

Trent nodded. Yeah, he got it. Cal had an uncanny way of wrapping everyone he met around his little finger. Trent included. He squeaked when Bear pulled him into a hug.

Bear released him and smiled. "It's nice to finally meet you. Cal never shuts up about you."

"Ready, baby," Cal sing-songed as he returned wearing a pair of Trent's shorts and a T-shirt. "Hope you don't mind, I borrowed some clothes, Itchy."

Trent shrugged, not really expecting anything different. "No worries, Scratchy."

Cal planted a quick kiss on Trent's cheek, and whispered in his ear, "Thanks for being a good sport." Then he leaned into his big boyfriend, who wrapped a meaty arm around his slender shoulders, and the two disappeared through the doorway with a nod goodbye, leaving Trent alone with Jared. A wave of shyness washed over him and he was suddenly at a loss as to what to do or say. He shifted on his feet, still looking at the empty doorway.

"Well, shall we?" Jared asked, breaking the silence.

"Shall we what?"

"I promised you breakfast to make up for last night. Remember?"

"Yeah, you did." Trent exhaled a cleansing breath and smiled. He had nothing to be nervous about with Jared. Other than trying to control Junior. And his impulse to throw the man down and use him as a plate.

"I like that," Jared said.

"What?"

"Your smile. It lights up the whole room."

Trent blushed, and then turned away to gather up his wallet and keys. As he locked the door and followed Jared out to his car, he thought that while Cal may have had the best party ever, it felt like he was the one who'd been given a present... a gorgeous, dimpled, tattooed man-present, now sitting next to him in a leather bucket seat. He couldn't wait to unwrap it.

And just maybe, for his birthday...

~ THE END ~

**About L.C. Chase**

Artist by day, author by night, L.C. Chase is a hopeless romantic and adventure seeker. The first time she left home, she traveled 1200 miles to California - to be a rock star - with two hundred dollars in her pocket. A four-year walkabout took her on a coast-to-coast back roads tour of the USA, across both of New Zealand's islands by bicycle, and a short road trip in NSW, Australia.

When not writing about beautiful men falling love, L.C. can be found reading, drawing, horseback riding, or running the trails with her goofy Australian Shepherd, who, if he were human, would be a stand up comedian.

Please visit [www.lcchase.com](http://www.lcchase.com) for more information on new releases, works in progress, and contact details.

**About Xara X. Xanakas**

In high school, Xara X. Xanakas shunned typing class assignments in favor of writing cliffhangers that would drive her friends nuts. She's been toying with writing ever since. More than twenty years later, she has finally found her inspiration. A wide cast of characters, including a menagerie of shapeshifters, keeps pressuring her to write their stories, telling her about themselves at some of the most inopportune times.

Her fine arts degree has been absolutely no help in the IT job she uses to pay the bills. She lives in Texas with her biggest fan and two cats.

Please visit [www.xaraxanakas.com](http://www.xaraxanakas.com) for more information on new releases, works in progress, and contact details.