



I M P R E S S I O N S



Reckless Behaviour

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A Total-E-Bound Publication



www.total-e-bound.com

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ISBN # 978-0-85715-552-8

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Edited by Rebecca Hill

Total-E-Bound Publishing

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Published in 2011 by Total-E-Bound Publishing, Think Tank, Ruston Way, Lincoln, LN6 7FL, United Kingdom.

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

Impressions

RECKLESS BEHAVIOUR

Talia Carmichael

Dedication

To my family, who have believed in me from the very beginning. Thanks for your support.
To my friends and my crit partner, who listen to my ideas and give their unbiased opinions.
I appreciate all you do for me.

Chapter One

"I'm getting too old for this shit!" Aidan Vaughn yelled the words over the pounding music.

For a moment, it seemed as if the man beside him wasn't even listening.

"Well, 'too old for this shit', want to get a drink?" Kincaid Vaughn, his brother, retorted before turning to fully face Aidan.

Aidan pushed against Kincaid's shoulder while looking around the club. As usual, the club was filled. He turned to face the bar, then glanced down it. The owner of the club, their buddy Teague Buchanan, was at the other end of the bar working. Teague was the only one he trusted to make him a Vaughn Special, the drink he and his family preferred. Aidan looked back at his brother.

"At least I admit that I'm too old to be playing around."

Kincaid's features tightened in irritation. "Speak for yourself. I don't *'play'*. This is all serious." A wicked grin spread across his face.

"Oh boy. You already have a conquest picked out."

Kincaid shook his head. "There are too many young, pretty boys filling the place tonight. I'm looking for something a little more seasoned."

"Very true. There seem to be lots of younger men in here tonight. More than usual," Aidan said as he turned around and looked over the club again.

Kincaid grinned at him before facing the crowd. "Doesn't matter. I don't plan on going home alone."

"Like that's a surprise." Aidan made a rude noise as he stared out into the many faces that filled Teague's—one of California's most popular gay clubs.

Men travelled from all over to Teague's in Hollisville. Not only did the club offer great food and music, but they also had a very popular house band and periodic guest bands.

The floor was filled to the brim with men. A flash of colour caught his gaze. Aidan gulped, then stared at the young man dancing in the centre of the group across the room. Long, black hair cascaded to the middle of his back, flowing and moving with every gyrating hip thrust as he rocked to the beat. The slim, defined arms were lifted high and swayed in

time with the music. Aidan's cock hardened. The way the man moved should be deemed a sin—a sin that he was so ready to pay penance for. He would kneel at the altar of the man moving like a wet dream and offer up his mouth...heck, any body part...as an offering. The man turned around and said something to those surrounding him. It was a little dark for Aidan to make out his features, but they seemed to be sharp angles.

"Yum."

Aidan glanced at Kincaid. His brother wasn't looking at him. His gaze was on the group of men in the middle of the dance floor. "Which one?"

"Blond with the short cut. Like you have to ask. I only go for blonds," Kincaid responded before turning to face Aidan. He gave Aidan a smug smile. "See ya tomorrow, bro."

Aidan nodded his head in agreement. Kincaid strode off towards the man he wanted. The men in his way moved out of it, quickly. With Kincaid's height, and his arms covered in tattoos, it was no surprise. Kincaid reached the man he'd picked, moved up to him and started to dance. Aidan shook his head. Kincaid was always so damn graceful. Too bad he couldn't claim the same.

Aidan looked over at the man who had captured his attention before. The young man was still lost in the music. He moved in a loose-limbed way.

How flexible would he be in bed? Aidan's mouth went dry.

He shifted as his erection pressed more insistently against the zipper of his slacks. He turned away. Young and limber was not his type, although he was good to look at. Noticing Teague was closer, Aidan lifted his hand to signal to him. Teague acknowledged him, then started to make his drink.

Voices were raised in irritation, and someone jostled him. Aidan turned to the side, ready to tell the guy to watch his step. His eyes widened in surprise. His lips parted. With a ruthless grip on his control, Aidan closed his mouth before his jaw dropped.

"It's you," he muttered, as he stared into a pair of golden eyes that belonged to the young man he'd been watching earlier.

Loose and Limber lifted both eyebrows in astonishment and moved a little closer to him. The heat from his body was so intense Aidan couldn't help wondering how it would feel against his naked flesh.

"Have we met before?" the golden-eyed man asked.

His voice was surprisingly deep and rough. Aidan imagined how that voice would sound talking dirty. The voice was also accented. Spanish, he guessed.

"No," Aidan said, as he shook his head to emphasise his response.

The corners of his eyes crinkled, and laughter shone in his gaze as he smiled at Aidan. His lush lips parted to say something, but before he could, a hand clamped on to his shoulder. The man's eyes went cold and his face blanked. Aidan felt a shiver of unease go through him at the sight. The man might be a walking poster for wicked sex, but, judging from the glimpse Aidan had just received, the young man was not to be pushed. The man turned to face the intruder. Unable to help himself, Aidan checked to see who it was.

"Get a hint, *vete para el carajo*. I already told you, I'm not interested."

"Just one dance, *hombre*. You won't regret it." The words were slurry and thick.

"Again, go to hell. *Not. Interested.*" This time he said it in an angrier tone.

The other man blinked slowly and staggered for a moment before refocusing. "What? You think you're too good for me?" he growled.

At the threat of violence in his tone, Aidan wrapped his arms around the golden-eyed man's waist and pulled him close. A sharp pang of lust shot through his gut and pooled in his lower abdomen. He ignored it. "My *leannán* said no. Buzz off."

"What?" the guy muttered.

Aidan ran his hands up the young man's stomach. "He's taken."

The drunk glared at him and took a step.

"Hey, fucker. Don't make me throw you out." The deep bassy growl came from behind him.

The drunk looked past Aidan. His eyes widened.

"I'm leaving," he muttered, then walked away.

"You fucking do that," came the sarcastic reply.

Aidan glanced at Teague, who had spoken. Teague's bulging arms were braced on the bar. His chiselled face was in a harsh frown, looking after the departing man. Teague glanced at Aidan, then at the man he had his arms around. He grinned, then winked and put Aidan's drink on the bar before walking away.

Aidan looked back at the man in his arms. The golden eyes watched him with lust. Aidan removed his arms and shrugged.

"I could say I'm sorry, but I'm not." He ran a finger down the younger man's hard stomach. He smiled at his shudder. Aidan looked back at the golden eyes, then shrugged again and turned to the bar. "That happen a lot?"

The man stepped closer. "Enough," he said with a shrug. "What does *leannán* mean?" he asked, his voice husky.

"Lover."

"I agree."

Aidan turned to look at the man. There was a bold, daring look on his face.

"To what?"

"Being your *amante*—lover."

"I don't do boys."

"Since I'm all man, then it's all good." The man's smile was a wicked smirk.

The look, coupled with the smirk, sent a blast of heat through Aidan's body. His cock wanted to take the man up on everything his face seemed to offer. Loose and Limber really should come with a warning sign. At the thought, Aidan remembered that he didn't know the young man's name. He held out his hand.

"I'm Aidan," he said.

"Enrique," he replied as he put his hand into Aidan's.

The feel of that warm skin moving against his sent a shaft of heat up Aidan's arm and through his body. Enrique's gaze was steady and sure. He stepped closer to Aidan, almost touching, but not quite. Aidan didn't know if he should give in to this attraction that couldn't go anywhere. And it couldn't.

Enrique crowded him against the bar and reached behind him. When his hand came forward, he was holding the drink Teague had made. Keeping his eyes on Aidan, Enrique took a long swallow.

He lowered the glass and licked his lips. "Ummm...coconut, pineapple and something else."

Aidan took the glass, raised it and took a drink. He hissed at the taste. He put the glass on the bar, then lowered his head swiftly and kissed Enrique. Enrique gasped and opened

up. Aidan swept his tongue along Enrique's, taking in the taste of pineapple, coconut, hint of vanilla and rum. The kiss was hot and hard, their tongues clashing. After a bit, Aidan pulled back.

"It's Cruzan Rum."

Enrique opened his eyes. The glassy look and the small, wicked smile on his lips made Aidan want to take him somewhere and fuck him. Aidan reached for the glass. He took another drink. Enrique watched him swallow. Aidan could feel the other man's eyes on him, and it made his skin tingle. He could swear he let out a soft moan. He shifted to relieve the pressure in his pants.

"I saw you watching me earlier," Enrique said softly.

"You know how to move. Can you do it everywhere?"

Enrique's smile said it all.

Aidan spoke again. "You had everyone's attention. You were sexy, Loose and Limber."

"Loose and Limber!" Enrique leant forwards and licked along his neck. "You don't know the half of it."

Aidan threw his head back, letting him have access. Enrique nibbled up along his jaw. Aidan went to kiss him...Enrique withdrew. Enrique watched him thoughtfully, then moved closer. Aidan stifled a groan as Enrique's heat tantalised him. A moan came from Enrique, tickling Aidan's cheek.

"I was watching you watch me. And all I wanted was for you to come over and join me. Since you didn't, I came to you," Enrique purred against the side of his face.

Aidan shuddered at the wicked promise in his tone. He raised a hand and cupped Enrique's cheek. He couldn't believe this young man was coming on to him so strongly. Usually, he was the one who made the advances, and never to guys like Enrique. Yet he found this change thrilling. Enrique's hand covered his. The other held a piece of paper up between two slim fingers. Enrique's face was so close their lips almost touched. He spoke, his breath ghosting over Aidan's lips.

"Here's my cell number. I want to get to know you better, Aidan. Much better."

Enrique tucked the paper into the front pocket of Aidan's slacks, his hand brushing against the head of his leaking cock. Enrique rubbed his fingers against the aching erection. Twice.

Aidan locked his knees as they went weak with need. Enrique chuckled sensually before stepping back. Aidan almost asked him to stay close, but stopped himself in time. Enrique took his glass, raised it to his full, lush lips and drank. He ran his tongue across the rim of the glass. Aidan's cock filled even more. Enrique set the glass back on the bar, then raised a hand, palm up.

"Come dance with your Loose and Limber." He stepped back, rolling his hips.

If only him being his was true, Aidan thought. He took Enrique's hand.

Enrique led him to a dark corner of the dance floor. He turned, then started moving to the beat. Aidan stood watching him hungrily. Enrique beckoned. Starting, Aidan realised he should be moving instead of ogling. He gyrated his hips and smiled as Enrique's eyes dropped, taking in his movements. Enrique licked his lips. Aidan moaned and his cock hardened to full-mast. Enrique closed the space between them, his own erection rubbing against Aidan's. They both whimpered. Aidan's eyes locked with heated gold as their lips brushed.

The kiss before had been tame compared to this one. The hungry claim Enrique laid made Aidan want more. Stepping closer, he hissed as the friction between their rolling hips increased. His eyes closed in bliss as Enrique wrapped his strong arms around him, pulling him tighter as the kiss deepened. Enrique's tongue licked across the seam of Aidan's lips, seeking entrance. He willingly opened to Enrique's insistent tongue. Enrique stroked his tongue inside, demanding and aggressive. Moaning, Aidan held him. Enrique licked all the parts of his mouth, then suckled his tongue. He gasped at the sting of a bite on the tip. Enrique drew away from their kiss slowly. Aidan lifted his heavy lids and groaned at the wanton need in Enrique's slumberous golden eyes.

"I want to fuck you." Enrique's deep bass of a voice was guttural.

Although he had promised himself he wasn't doing any more random hook-ups, Aidan found himself saying, "Yes."

If he was only going to have this one hot night of sex with a virile young man—and it could only be one night—he was going to take it. Aidan rocked against Enrique, letting him feel how hard he was. Enrique growled and held his hips, then slid his hands to cup Aidan's ass, pulling him harder against his erection. They moved against each other. The pleasure

built fast in Aidan, his cock throbbing for release. He almost whimpered as Enrique stopped the delicious friction.

"No. I don't want to come in some club. I want to be inside you, fucking you deep and hard. Then I'll do it again." Enrique's expression became serious. "I do want to get to know more about you. Tonight is only the beginning. A friend has a place that isn't too far from here. Let's go."

Glad Enrique hadn't waited for his response, Aidan followed him towards the door. He wasn't sure what his response would have been to Enrique's comment about wanting to know him better. The way he was talking about possibly spending more time together than tonight threw Aidan for a loop. He wasn't sure how to take what Enrique had said. As far as he was concerned, their connection could only be purely physical. On the way out of the club, Aidan spotted Kincaid, who raised an eyebrow as he looked at them. Then he went back to whispering in the blond's ear.

They exited the club and turned left. Enrique linked hands with him and they walked rapidly towards the apartment. Aidan didn't pay any attention to the building they entered. Without a word being spoken, they went inside, into the elevator, then got off at Enrique's friend's floor. As Enrique opened the apartment door, Aidan shifted anxiously from foot to foot. Enrique pulled him inside, slamming the door then pushing Aidan up against it. He kissed him hard.

Aidan sank his hands into Enrique's long, black hair. He moaned at the softness tickling his palms. Enrique crowded him against the door, grinding against his cock. Aidan moaned, and Enrique suckled his tongue. Enrique wrenched away and started to strip him of his clothing. Aidan gasped when Enrique's fingers brushed his chest as he divested him of his shirt. Enrique's long, tapered fingers made quick work of the button of Aidan's pants and his zipper. He slid his hand inside and pushed them down. They fell from Aidan's hips. Enrique's hot hand rubbed against the front of Aidan's boxers, stroking his shaft firmly.

Aidan leaned his head back, hitting it against the door. Moaning, he closed his eyes. Warm hands touched his waist, then went into the waistband of his boxers, pushing them off.

"Nice," Enrique whispered.

Opening his eyes, Aidan looked at him. Enrique's attention was on his erection. He looked down. Enrique's hand gripped his cock. He moaned and shivered at the touch and sight of it. In fast movements, Enrique jerked back and forth, his thumb pressing against the head of Aidan's erection. Aidan moaned and moved his hips in a countermotion. Pressure started to build in his balls. He arched into the hands pulling on his shaft. His sac went tight. Aidan braced his legs, preparing for his release. Enrique's hand slid down and tightened around the base of his cock, stopping the impending orgasm.

"Bloody hell," Aidan groaned.

"I want to be inside you when you come," Enrique said, kissing him fiercely.

Cursing him, Aidan kissed him back, nipping his lip. Enrique pulled back, chuckling, and held him so he couldn't come.

"Can you hold it?" he asked. The look in his eyes silently told Aidan to find the strength to hold back his orgasm.

"Give me a few." Aidan took some deep breaths.

After a few moments, the feeling passed.

"I'm good now," he said.

Enrique nodded, then released Aidan's cock. He stepped back and quickly removed his clothing. As his skin came into sight, Aidan reached out to touch him. He ran his hand down the centre of Enrique's chest, tracing all the ridges of muscle, then continued down across his stomach and straight to his impressive erection. Aidan stroked along the top of Enrique's cock. He ran his finger down the weeping slit, pressing hard. Enrique shuddered uncontrollably. Aidan chuckled and did it again. Enrique grabbed his hand, stopping him.

"Uh-uh. I want in," Enrique said hoarsely.

Enrique led him to the bed. He let go of Aidan's hand, then went to the bedside table, opening it. Taking out the lube, he tossed it to Aidan.

"I'd love to get you ready, but I don't have the control for it. Get yourself ready for me to fuck you."

Aidan caught the lube and opened it. Quickly, he stretched himself. Enrique put on a condom and used some lube to slick himself up. He watched Aidan as he got ready. Turning, Aidan bent over, letting him see. Enrique growled as he watched Aidan push three fingers in

and out of his stretched hole. Aidan jerked as he felt warm hands grip his cheeks, holding them apart.

“More.” Enrique’s voice was rumbling.

Aidan removed his hand and wet it with more lube, then reached behind him and sank his fingers in. He hissed at the feel of it, then whimpered as Enrique’s fingers joined his. Arching back onto his fingers, Aidan gasped. The feeling of fullness was delicious. He moaned as Enrique pushed his fingers in and out in a fast, thrusting motion. He hummed at the sensation. He gasped at the nip of Enrique’s teeth, then relaxed, enjoying the feeling.

Enrique licked the bite he’d placed on Aidan’s butt. He stood up and bit his lip at the sight of his finger going in and out of Aidan’s rosette. It was tight, wet, and hot. When he had seen the sexy older man watching him from across the club, he had known he wanted him. The lights in the club added the illusion of strength and brawn. After seeing Aidan, he was glad his friends had dragged him to the club to unwind before the new semester started. As the night wore on and the man hadn’t approached, Enrique had been disappointed, but determined to meet him. He’d continued to watch the dark-haired, distinguished man as he talked to what he’d hoped was his friend and not his lover.

When he couldn’t take it any more, he’d decided to take the initiative. He had almost creamed his jeans when the man had touched his stomach to ward off that idiot who had tried to pick him up. Aidan not apologising had been as sexy as hell. Not wanting the opportunity to pass, Enrique had made his move. He had spoken the absolute truth. Yes, his instinctive reaction was to fuck him. His other reaction of wanting to get to know him was kind of confusing, but now wasn’t the time to question it.

He was about to show this man how accurate his “Loose and Limber” comment was. Fingering Aidan’s hole, Enrique ran a hand down his back. Aidan arched into his touch, pushing back on his fingers. Enrique kissed the small of his back. Aidan moaned and shivered. Enrique liked the expressive way Aidan responded to him. He liked everything about him, from the short, messy dark hair, muscular yet lean build, to his expressive, pale grey eyes. It was Aidan’s eyes that had made Enrique kiss him. The hunger mixed with confidence had got to him. He wanted the hunger. Aidan was an attractive man and he wanted him.

Pushing in and out once more, he removed his fingers from Aidan's clutching pucker. He ran his finger around the now loose opening, and it contracted. Aidan moaned loudly. Enrique rubbed his hand along his butt, and Aidan spread wider.

"On your back," Enrique commanded.

"No. I want it like this," Aidan said.

Chapter Two

Aidan looked at Enrique over his shoulder, the need in his gaze plain. Enrique narrowed his eyes. This wasn't how he wanted to have him. He wanted to watch those expressive eyes shift with every pleasurable thrust. Aidan moved, putting one leg up on the bed and bracing the other on the floor.

"Come on, fuck me," he said, rolling his ass.

Unable to resist, Enrique moved behind him. *Next time*, he promised himself. Positioning his cock at Aidan's entrance, he thrust forwards. Aidan hissed as the head of Enrique's cock breached the first ring. Enrique groaned at the pressure of the tight heat surrounding the mushroom head of his erection.

How would he feel around me bare? He pushed the thought aside, knowing it wasn't possible. He never went bareback with anyone. He pushed forwards until seated fully inside. The tight heat that had embraced his finger was nothing compared to how it felt around his cock. Closing his eyes, Enrique fought for control. Aidan shifted, rolling his hips.

Enrique's control snapped. In fast movements, he rammed in and out. He held Aidan's hips still as he pounded into his ass. Aidan grunted in time with each thrust, pushing back. The slick heat of Aidan's hole gripped at Enrique's cock. Swivelling his hips, he changed his angle. He knew when he hit the prostate. Aidan's breath hitched and he shuddered.

"Right there...oh fuck...right there," Aidan wailed.

Moving forwards, Enrique reached around and gripped Aidan's cock. He smoothed the wetness on the tip around, pulling firmly. Aidan bucked against him. Growling, Enrique increased his thrusts, timing them with his jerking of Aidan's shaft. Aidan moaned continuously. The hard slap of flesh meeting flesh reached his ears. Aidan skidded forwards under the force of Enrique's thrusting, and then he braced himself.

"*This is how you want it.*" Enrique punctuated each word with a sharp thrust.

"Yes, more. Oh God, harder...Is that all you got? Bloody hell. Come on. Harder. Damn you...deeper," Aidan demanded.

Narrowing his eyes, Enrique leant forwards, blanketing Aidan with his body. He placed his hand over Aidan's on the bed, pinning it down. Wrapping his other hand around his

stomach, he pulled Aidan harder against him. He grunted, thrusting harder and harder. Aidan's incoherent babbling rose in accompaniment to their bodies' movements. Aidan stiffened and tightened against Enrique's cock. Shifting, Enrique moved his hand back and forth firmly on Aidan's heated erection. The hot spill of semen coated his hand. Aidan rolled his hips, then clenched his ass tighter around Enrique's cock. Enrique's balls tightened, then released. He roared as his own pleasure spurted from him. Shuddering, he held on to Aidan. Groaning, he shifted Aidan and collapsed on the foot of the huge bed.

Aidan was silent, his back to him. Enrique gathered his strength, then moved to the side of the bed. He disposed of the condom and reached for another. He rolled it onto his already revived erection and slicked it up. He tossed the lube onto the bedside table for easy reach. Enrique lay back on the bed and looked down at Aidan, who hadn't moved from where he lay. He was breathing harshly.

"Ride me." Enrique dropped his voice, deepening it.

Aidan raised his head. Startled, pale grey eyes met Enrique's, then dropped to the now hard cock standing straight up from his body. Aidan licked his lips, then got on all fours and crawled up the bed to him. He reached between Enrique's spread legs and cupped his sac. His finger pushed on the sensitive area right behind his balls. Enrique gasped, arching on the bed. Aidan chuckled wickedly, then went to turn his back to him to straddle him. Enrique put his hand on Aidan's hip, stopping him. Aidan looked at him askance.

"Facing me," Enrique said firmly.

Aidan's eyes widened. Enrique watched the battle going on in his expressive gaze as Aidan decided what to do. Patiently, he waited for Aidan to make a choice. They weren't a couple, and, from the position Aidan wanted to take, Enrique thought he was trying to keep emotional distance from him. Enrique had done it himself many times with anonymous fucks. He didn't want to be another anonymous one-night stand.

Everything he'd said in the club was true. Something about Aidan drew him. It wasn't his usual style. He was all for fun and lots of sex. Yet, with his first look at Aidan, he'd known he wasn't going to walk away with just one night of fucking. He was going to get to know Aidan better.

Aidan studied him, biting his lip. Enrique returned his look. He wanted to reach out and soothe his lip, but he didn't, waiting for Aidan's choice. Aidan took a breath and moved over him.

Enrique didn't let his triumph show as Aidan straddled him, facing forwards. From the wary look in the older man's eyes, he knew any false move, and Aidan would change his mind. Instead, he let his gaze fill with appreciation as he checked him out. Despite his lean frame, Aidan was well built. Sculptured muscles, flat stomach and long legs were put together in a pretty package. He reached for Aidan's semi-erect cock. His hand closed around the hot flesh, and he tugged. Aidan gasped, rocking into his hand.

"Yes," he hissed.

Aidan's cock filled his hand even more. Stroking with rough, hard strokes, Enrique purred as Aidan moaned and rocked. He watched those expressive eyes glaze with desire. Loosening his grip, he released Aidan's cock. Enrique put his hands behind his head and watched him. Bleary eyes met his.

"Ride me," he commanded.

Aidan moved his ass back, rubbing against Enrique's hard shaft. He hissed as his ass cheeks rode up and down Enrique's cock. Rolling his hips, Aidan thrust back and forward against his length. Arching his back, Enrique rubbed in countermotion. Aidan raised himself up and gripped Enrique's penis. He shifted back, and Enrique moaned as his cock filled Aidan's body. Aidan pushed down until he was fully seated. His eyes lowered to half-mast. Enrique gulped at the look in the eyes under those partially closed lids. It was a promise to drive him out of his mind.

He doubted he'd ever seen a more arousing man before.

Aidan moved forwards, then back, clenching his ass around Enrique's hard shaft. The dual sensation of Aidan taking him in and squeezing against his cock made Enrique's eyes roll in his head. Aidan picked up the pace, slamming up and down on his cock. Enrique moaned and raised his hands back over his head, searching for something to hold on to. His hand touched the brass rails of the bed. He gripped them, holding on as Aidan rode him hard and fast. The harsh look of lust on Aidan's face made Enrique whimper. A shiver racked him at the wanton gleam in Aidan's gaze. Aidan showed no mercy, clamping his hole around Enrique's cock, undulating and grinding against him.

Enrique cursed, gritting his teeth. His balls tightened. He didn't want it to be over so soon. The sight of Aidan riding him was one he could watch forever. Striving for control, he held off his pleasure. Aidan braced his hands on Enrique's chest, pushing back hard against his aching cock. Grunting, Enrique fought to slow down his breathing. Aidan leaned over into his face and kissed him. His tongue speared into Enrique's mouth, duelling with his. Aidan suckled, then bit on the tip. Enrique shuddered, the bite resonating right to his sac. Aidan lay more fully against his chest, moving against him. Sweat-slicked, they moved against one another, their nipples abrading each other. Aidan's moan filled Enrique's mouth, vibrating down his throat.

"Yes...right there...rig...th...more...har..." Aidan wrenched his mouth away, sitting back.

He sank against Enrique's cock. Aidan pinched his hardened nipples, rotating his hips. Enrique grunted, pushing up into him as hard as he could. Aidan moaned, then did a slow jerking movement, back and forth. The change from fast to slow threw Enrique. He held Aidan's ass, guiding him on his cock. A smile curved Aidan's lips, and his eyes went soft. Enrique's breath caught. Aidan's gaze went panicked, and then he closed his eyes. He undulated his hips, then squeezed his hole on Enrique's erection. Enrique released his ass, gripping the head rails again.

Aidan closed his eyes against the look of desire mixed with wanting more on Enrique's face. He hadn't wanted Enrique to see him—that was why he'd faced away for his first taking. The explosive connection they had was dangerous. It made him want to believe they could have more than this one night. It was a foolish thought. That kind of thought was better left alone.

You really are too old if a one-night stand has you thinking crazy things.

As he'd watched Enrique's golden gaze, he'd had a flash of breakfast in bed on Saturday morning, cuddling on the couch, and long walks. All those things were foolish thoughts. Jerking back and forth, Aidan felt the heat spread in the base of his back. He was almost ready. He increased his movement. Enrique's harsh groans filled the air. Aidan opened his eyes and met Enrique's. The golden gaze moved over him like a physical touch. His eyes were soft and hungry. Aidan knew it was a mistake to ride him in this position. It

was too intimate. There was nowhere to hide. The other man could see his every thought and feeling.

From past experience, he knew that when intimate moments were involved his eyes gave away all his feelings. He had no problems during his professional and other interactions. It was in the personal moments that he couldn't control his eyes. He had learnt to keep his gaze hidden. Yet, with one touch and a decadent demand, Enrique had stripped his defences bare.

He placed his hands against Enrique's chest and rose up and down faster on his massive erection. He hissed at the slide of Enrique's hardness filling him. The sweet burn of Enrique's cock against his inner walls made Aidan shudder. Enrique arched, his hands gripping the rails, the muscles in his arms bulging.

"Aidan."

At the sound of his name on Enrique's lips, Aidan rolled his ass, clenching down. Enrique roared and came.

I want to feel his cum in me. Aidan closed his eyes.

Another stupid, careless thought best left alone. He pushed back harder. Enrique's hand curled around his cock, tugging firmly. Enrique ran his thumb over the head of Aidan's cock, pressing into his slit. On a grunt, Aidan came, his semen gushing from him. Enrique continued to slide his hand up and down, prolonging Aidan's release. Spent, Aidan slumped forwards against Enrique's chest. The sound of Enrique's heart racing filled his ear. Enrique cupped the back of Aidan's head, stroking softly. Enrique shifted. He groaned as his cock came out of Aidan. He moved him to the side, then disposed of the condom. Cool air made Aidan shiver. Enrique came back, his heat warming Aidan. He pulled the covers over them, then tugged Aidan closer against his side. Aidan's head rested against Enrique's chest again. Enrique's hand smoothed against his hip, cupping his ass.

"We'll make some plans when we wake up," Enrique murmured.

He kissed Aidan's forehead and snuggled closer. Aidan held his breath, hoping he wasn't going to ask for a response. A soft snore came from Enrique, and Aidan relaxed. Settling into his warmth, he went to sleep.

Aidan jerked awake. A moan came from behind him. He stiffened, realising he was in bed with someone. Looking around the unfamiliar room, the night before flooded his

memory. Turning in the loose hold around him, he gazed at Enrique's sleeping face. He was even sexier than the night before. His black hair spread around him in disarray. Aidan reached up and cupped his cheek. Enrique murmured and nuzzled in, then turned away, releasing his hold on Aidan. A soft snore came from him. Aidan chuckled. He reached for him again, but stopped, clenching his fist.

Quietly, he got up from the bed and dressed. He stood beside the bed and watched Enrique for a moment, tempted to climb back in beside him. He resisted, turned, and went to the door. He opened it and closed it behind him. Aidan strode down the hall to the elevator. Pushing the button, he was grateful that it came quickly. He got in, and when it arrived in the lobby, he rapidly crossed the area and went out of the front door. Stepping outside, he glanced at the just-rising sun.

It's better as a clean break. He retraced his steps to the bar, then to his car. He got in and drove home. During his drive, he didn't think of the man he'd left behind in bed. He parked in the garage and went into his house through the kitchen door. Not turning on any lights, he went to his bedroom, then into the bathroom. He unbuttoned his slacks, frowning at the crinkling in his pocket. He pulled the piece of paper out and read the bold scrawl.

He closed his hand over Enrique's mobile number.

Carefully, he went back to his bedroom and placed the number on his dresser. With one last look at it, he returned to the bathroom. He took a quick shower, then strode naked back into his room. As he got into bed, he glanced through the semi-dark at the paper on his dresser. Lying down, he put his hands behind his head and stared at the ceiling. *Should I call him?* he wondered. Sighing, he turned on his side and watched the sun rise outside his window.

* * * *

Aidan threw his pencil down onto his desk and took off his reading glasses. He ran his thumb and forefinger down the bridge of his nose. As he lowered his hand, his gaze fell on the piece of paper. Without picking it up, he leant back in his chair and stared at it. It had been days, and he still hadn't made a decision on whether to contact Enrique. He had taken to carrying around the paper with his number like a lovesick schoolboy. Wherever he was, he

placed it so he could see it. He knew it was all in his imagination, but the paper seemed to mock him, taunting him to call. He reached for it, touching the edge of it with his finger.

"Why don't you call him already?" a voice said from the doorway.

He snatched his hand back and glared at Kincaid, who was leaning against the frame of his open office door.

"Why don't you mind your own fucking business?" he replied.

"Fine. Keep mooning over the number. You about ready to meet the students we'll be educating? Christ, I don't know how I let you talk me into this," Kincaid griped.

"Ah, shut up. Think of it as educating future entrepreneurs."

"I still think you should have got one of the others." Kincaid shrugged.

"We've been over this. I picked you because I want the students to see how they can take their passion, no matter what path, and make a success of it."

"You are so full of shit," Kincaid replied.

Aidan ignored him. Kincaid might act like he didn't care, but Aidan knew better. The whole Vaughn clan was proud of his success as one of the premier custom bike garages in the country. He restored, built and designed bikes that were in high demand. Each of the Vaughn extended family followed their own career path. Their parents, uncles and aunts let them and their cousins go their way. Success or failure, they knew they had family who would be there.

Noting the time, Aidan stood and shrugged into his jacket. He picked up his notes and books, then joined Kincaid, and they walked towards the lecture hall.

"I'm really looking forward to this," Kincaid said, rubbing his hands together.

"A minute ago you weren't. What changed?" Curious, he looked at him.

"I get to kick your ass. My team is going to win at the best business plan. Then we're going to work together to implement it." Kincaid laughed.

Aidan rolled his eyes. "We'll see about that." He paused and then continued. "To go over again how this works...for the first three weeks, we work on the business plan. Then there's a week to vote. Whoever's business plan gets the go ahead will have the rest of the semester after that to get the business up and running. The winning plan's team can use the other team wherever they need help. We'll both monitor and offer suggestions, no matter who wins. We'll each get a GTA – graduate teaching assistant – to help us with the students.

Mace was supposed to give me the names, but I couldn't get hold of him over the weekend. We'll meet them shortly."

Thinking about Mace Hutton, his friend and the head of the department, Aidan frowned. With his busy schedule, he had asked Mace to help him out this year by taking over the picking of the GTA who would be assisting them this year. It wasn't like Mace not to do something he'd said he would do. He made a note to contact him later. Kincaid's question caught his attention.

"So when are you going to call him?" Kincaid was so casual.

Aidan stopped and glared at him. Kincaid stopped too and raised an eyebrow, grinning. Aidan knew his glares were wasted on Kincaid.

"Leave it." He said the words softly.

Kincaid looked surprised. He knew to back off when Aidan used that tone. Kincaid shrugged and they started walking again. They reached the lecture hall. Kincaid went in and Aidan followed. He glanced up and stopped.

Chapter Three

Golden eyes locked with his from across the room. Aidan bit off a curse. With loose-limbed strides, Enrique came towards him.

"Well, well," Kincaid murmured.

Aidan glared at him. "Did you have something to do with this?"

"Nope." Kincaid strode away.

"Why didn't you call me?" Enrique demanded in that deep voice Aidan remembered so well.

"I...uh...I was..." He struggled to come up with an answer.

A nearby student turned and glanced at them. It was then that Aidan realised they were surrounded by people. In fact, a number of them were students he knew from his other classes, as well as other professors. Since this unique class was only offered from mid-May to the end of August, and took sixteen students, there tended to be lots of interest from faculty and other students who had applied but hadn't got in. Aidan took Enrique's arm and pulled him outside the lecture hall. He walked down the corridor and went into an empty classroom. Closing the door, he let Enrique go as he faced him.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded.

"What am I doing here?" Enrique repeated.

Although Enrique's voice was soft, his eyes were intense. The look was possessive and reminded Aidan of what they had shared.

"You have no idea, do you?"

Aidan stared at him. "No."

"What are you doing here?" Enrique asked instead of answering his initial question.

"I'm a professor," Aidan responded.

Enrique leaned against the wall. Aidan watched the way his perfect body moved, taking in everything. This close, he could see the outline of Enrique's cock pressing against the front of his jeans.

"Well, I'm pleased we'll be working together," Enrique said. "I'm your grad student for the class."

Aidan was speechless, but only for a moment. Then he found his voice. *"What? You're a student at UH?"*

"No. I'm only here for this class. I go to Collins University, which offers a better mathematics programme." Enrique smiled and stepped closer to him. "I'm looking forward to all those late-night lessons," he said, voice deep and intoxicating with the arousal that coloured his every word.

Aidan swallowed thickly. "That won't be happening."

Enrique shrugged and muttered something that sounded suspiciously like, "We'll see," before glancing at Aidan sharply. "You still haven't answered my question. Why didn't you call, Aidan?"

"It's moot now. You're working as my student teacher. We can't...that can never happen again," he whispered savagely, his gaze holding Enrique's.

Enrique might not be a student at the University of Hollisville but, with them working together, it would be reckless for Aidan to continue a relationship with him.

Enrique moved forwards and flashed him a brilliant smile. "We'll see."

"Huh. What—"

"I'm not going to worry about what happens with us. I'll just let what comes happen naturally." Enrique ran a hand along the front of his slacks.

Aidan pressed against him before catching himself and pulling back. "Not going to happen."

"That's what you think, Prof." Enrique stepped into him and kissed him.

His kiss was hungry and claiming. Aidan moaned into the wanton kiss. Enrique's arms came around him, holding him tightly. Aidan gripped his back, pulling closer to his body. Grinding his hard erection against him, Aidan moaned. Then, as suddenly as he'd grabbed him, Enrique let him go. He removed Aidan's arms gently from around him, then stepped back.

"We can be together if you just let it happen. The choice is up to you."

Before Aidan could think of something to say in response, Enrique turned and walked out into the hall. Aidan slumped against the wall. He took a few deep breaths. Being with Enrique was out of the question. He couldn't...no...*shouldn't* even entertain the idea of taking it past their one night of pleasure. No matter what Enrique might say, he was still a student.

Aidan wasn't about to take advantage of his position of being his teacher — and ultimately his boss, as Enrique was his graduate teaching assistant.

Is that the real reason or are you using it as an excuse?

Thoughts of another young man filled his mind. He could still remember Taylor's devil-may-care attitude. His scent and the feel of his skin under his fingers as they touched — which they had, often. Taylor hadn't been a student but he had been young. He had believed the world was his to have, and that he could have anything he wanted — including Aidan. In that, he had been right. Aidan had been his. Everything he had to give, he gave to Taylor. They had been happy together for a long time until reality had intruded and Taylor had left him. He'd begged him to stay, but that one thing he had wanted from Taylor, Taylor could not do.

Aidan clenched his fist as that familiar pain filled him. He rubbed his hand over his heart. Although physically Enrique looked nothing like Taylor, he had the same take-charge and go-after-what-he-wanted attitude. Aidan shifted as his cock filled. That attitude made Enrique very appealing. Aidan shook his head. No he could not go there with Enrique. He would keep Enrique at a distance, for both their sakes.

For your sake, you mean. You just don't want give someone else the chance to hurt you. Aidan flattened his hands against the wall behind him to still the shaking. He took a few breaths, straightened and went back to the class. Entering, he went to the front of the room. He ignored Enrique's heated gaze as he got started with the lesson.

* * * *

"Here you go." Enrique put the papers down on Aidan's desk and put his hand on his shoulder.

Aidan shuddered. Enrique stifled a chuckle but kept his face blank. He was enjoying putting Aidan on edge. Aidan might claim they weren't going to get involved beyond a professional capacity, but he was going to do everything possible to change his mind. Studying Aidan during the last week, he'd already figured out that being aggressive wasn't going to convince him. It would take a more subtle approach — waiting him out and just making sure he knew that Enrique was there and interested.

Aidan had been looking at him when he thought he wasn't aware. Each time the look of confusion and longing came over that handsome face, Enrique wanted to grab him, kiss him and drag him somewhere to screw him. It was taking all the control he had to resist.

Patience will get you the prize. Enrique slowly drew his hand down Aidan's shoulder, then down his arm. Aidan's whimper was gratifying to hear. He took his hand away, moving subtly closer as he placed it close to Aidan's hand, which was resting on the desk. Aidan cleared his throat and shifted away. He raised his head. Those pale grey eyes narrowed. Enrique smiled innocently.

"Professor Vaughn, I'm done with the forms," a voice said.

Enrique moved back letting the student step in. Absently he looked around. He met the gaze of Gregory Morris, the other grad student. They had become fast friends, even though they were working with different teams, but the sound of Aidan's voice made Enrique turn back to him.

"Enrique?" Aidan paused, picking up the papers he had placed on his desk and those the student had collected. He raised his head. "Take these to the committee chair. You can go home after that."

Enrique opened his mouth to argue, since there were still almost two more hours of class to go. He changed his mind and took the papers, then went to get his things. After getting his backpack, he glanced at Aidan. He was still talking to the student, but Enrique was too far away to make out what they were saying. Pursing his lips, he waved at the rest of the people in class as he went out of the door. He walked rapidly down the hall.

"Enrique, wait up!" Gregory called.

He turned and watched as Gregory jogged up to him.

"I have to take our initial info to the chair, too." Gregory showed him the papers he held.

"Okay. Let's go then," Enrique replied.

He and Gregory walked the rest of the way down the hall, then out of the building. As they walked across the lawn, they were silent.

"So, when are you going to make a move on Professor Vaughn?" Gregory's question was asked so calmly.

Enrique stopped. Gregory stopped, too, then turned to face him. The mischievous look in his indigo eyes and smile on his full lips contrasted with his tone. Enrique studied the big, rugged-looking man. When he'd first met Gregory, he'd registered that he was handsome. Gregory was at least a couple of inches above his own six feet. From what he could see, he was muscular without being too much so. They had a lot in common, and Gregory could keep up with Enrique's sometimes weird ramblings. They had discussed everything from what they were each studying, and the differences between their schools, to chaos theory, and any number of other things. The topic of Enrique's sexuality hadn't come up.

"Who says I'm going to do that?"

"I have no idea." Gregory snorted in disbelief. "Maybe it's the way you touch him every chance you get, or the way you look at him like you want to strip him bare and fuck him."

Enrique hadn't realised anyone had noticed. He didn't know what the rules about fraternisation were on this campus. He wanted Aidan, but he didn't want to create trouble for him. Enrique didn't say anything.

"Am I wrong? I mean, about your being gay?" Gregory raised an eyebrow.

"Nope. I'm gay. But I don't know what you're talking about with the professor."

Gregory laughed, a booming sound that filled the area. He continued to chuckle as he walked away. Enrique followed him, catching up.

"That's not going to be a problem, is it?" Enrique asked.

"What do I care if you go after Professor Vaughn? Gregory glanced at him.

"Again, there's nothing going on between me and him. I wasn't talking about that. I meant about my being gay," Enrique said.

Gregory shrugged. "Doesn't matter to me."

"Are you gay, too?"

"Nope. I like girls. The more built the better." Gregory shook his head.

Enrique thought about that for a minute, then said, "No offence, but most guys, when they find out, get kinda weirded out at first, or at least have to think about it some. You seem real comfortable with it."

Gregory stopped again and faced him. Enrique stopped, too.

"Who am I to judge?" Gregory had a small smile as he continued. "Professor Vaughn is a cool man. When I first came here to school, so much younger than the others, he went out of his way to make me feel comfortable. Even made sure I knew he was there if I needed to talk. Actually, both he and Professor Hutton sort of took me under their wings when I first started. Since my major and doctorate studies didn't overlap much with their department, I didn't get many classes with them. But they still keep tabs on me, and when I need something, I can go to one of them." He paused and then continued. "Even with that, I had to apply and go through the process to be one of the graduate teaching assistants for the class. I've tried for it every year since I hit grad school. The competition is tough. I'm glad I got it now before I graduate in August."

"The process to be the GTA for this class is real intense," Enrique agreed. "All that information, recommendations and so on. It was crazy. Professor Hutton put me at ease with my interview, but I wasn't sure how I did until I got the call. I'm surprised I haven't seen Professor Hutton at all. I thought he would be around."

"He had a family emergency," Gregory said. "I don't know when he'll be back. I'm worried about what's happening with him."

"Sorry to hear that," Enrique replied.

"Yeah. He and Professor Vaughn are really close. They're both good men. They made me feel like I belonged when I felt out of place."

Enrique nodded in understanding about feeling out of place. He'd gone through the same thing when he started school all those years ago. Thankfully, he had his buddies Niall Hilton and Braden Charles.

"I know what you mean," Enrique said. "I'm thankful I met Niall and Braden at freshman orientation. We've been friends ever since."

"You guys are the shit. You've been turning physics on its ear. I couldn't believe when I heard you were the one who was the other GTA. I've been following you, Niall and Braden for years."

"And we've been checking you out." Enrique smiled.

"As you should." Gregory smiled arrogantly.

"Since we started the same year you did and we started to hear about what you were doing, we've been impressed. You've been doing some things in physics that make us wonder, too. And what you do with computers even makes Niall jealous." Enrique laughed.

"Good to know." Gregory grinned and rocked back on his heels.

"So, what are you doing after graduation?" Enrique asked.

"Professor Vaughn and Professor Hutton helped me with my application and gave me recommendations for a position here at the university. I can't believe that by the end of summer, I'll be getting my doctorate. It feels like I just started school." He shrugged.

Enrique snorted. "Master of understatement. I thought you were getting two doctorates."

Gregory chuckled. "Nothing big about that, Mr Five Doctorate Man. "What are you doing after graduation?"

Enrique laughed. "What can I say? I like studying. I'll be doing something with Niall and Braden. We're still working out the details of what we're doing after graduation in August." He glanced at Gregory. "So you're going to be a professor?"

"They offered me a spot. But I haven't decided yet if I'm going to accept."

Enrique studied him contemplatively.

"What?" Gregory asked.

"Nothing. Hey, you have to come and meet the guys. We'll set something up soon."

"Sure. Let me know." Gregory nodded.

He started walking again, and Enrique went with him. As they neared their destination, Gregory stopped him with a hand on his arm.

"About you and Professor Vaughn." He put up his hand to cut off Enrique's protest. "Yeah, I know, there's nothing between you two. But he's really a cool man. So if you did decide to make something happen between you, treat him well. Or..." Gregory trailed off.

"Is this you threatening me to be good to him or else?" Enrique asked. "I'm sure if that was needed, Kincaid would have more than enough fun scaring the hell out of me."

"True. But Kincaid wouldn't be the only one. Professor Vaughn has lots of family, and they're close. If you mess with him...all I can say is, don't. They are crazy protective of each other. And some are even scarier than Kincaid." Gregory laughed.

Enrique didn't know if he could believe that. He had only glimpsed the man he now knew was Kincaid, Aidan's brother, with Aidan at the club. From afar, Kincaid had been intimidating as hell. Up close, Kincaid Vaughn exuded power and confidence. From their brief interactions and what he had seen, Kincaid was what Enrique had first assumed—blunt, didn't take crap from others, and confident. Yet he had been surprised to also note that Kincaid had a very keen business sense and strong attention to detail. Enrique knew that, for Aidan's team to win, they would have to work their butts off. Kincaid was competitive and pushing his team.

Gregory's voice recaptured his attention. "If you and Professor Vaughn did get together, I wouldn't say anything," Gregory promised.

Enrique was silent as he turned and walked away. He could hear Gregory behind him. Gregory saying he wouldn't say anything didn't appease his concerns about Aidan and his position as a professor. Gregory might not say anything, but Enrique wasn't so sure about others if they found out. After turning in the papers, he waved bye to Gregory and went to his SUV. The drive home was a blur. Entering the house, he stopped as he noticed that Niall and Braden were in the living room. He went in and flopped down on the couch next to Niall. Niall swore and held his laptop.

"Hey, be careful." Niall reached over and smacked him on the arm.

"Sorry," Enrique replied.

Braden and Niall exchanged looks. His friends knew him too well. He stood to leave, not wanting to talk. Niall caught him, pulling him back down onto the couch.

"Uh-uh. For the last week, all you could talk about was Aidan. Usually something about him is the first thing out of your mouth. Now today, you come in and you're all silent. What's up?"

"Nothing," Enrique said.

'Dude, don't make us beat you." Braden grinned.

"You can try." Enrique flipped him off.

Niall put his computer on the side table. Enrique watched him warily, then jumped up. Niall was behind him in a second. Enrique grunted as he bumped into Braden. He cursed as he and Braden grappled. Niall caught his legs and pulled him down. Braden pushed, and he was flat on his back. Enrique bucked. Niall and Braden each straddled one of his legs and

laid half their bodies on his. They chuckled as he continued to fight. Enrique grunted, then sighed, giving up.

"Now tell Doctor Hilton and Doctor Charles all about it." Niall smirked.

"You haven't even gotten your degrees yet. And you're not medical doctors." Enrique glared.

"So? You know you're going to tell us anyway. Just get on with it so we can figure out what to do," Braden said.

Enrique knew they would, too. They worked whatever problems and issues they had out together. Usually.

"Get off me, you doofuses," Enrique grumbled.

"Not until you tell us," Niall countered.

"Did he hurt you?" Braden demanded.

Niall and Braden looked at each other. They got up abruptly and headed for the door. Enrique scrambled up behind them. He ran to them and around them, standing in front of the door.

"No!" Enrique said.

The two of them stopped and looked at him. Enrique explained his concerns quickly, knowing that if he didn't, they would be out of the door, hunting for Aidan. He would do the same if it were either of them. Niall and Braden looked at each other and rolled their eyes. They turned and went back to the living room. Enrique followed them. They were sitting as they had been when Enrique had come in earlier. Niall was already back at work on his computer, while Braden was playing his video games. Enrique sat by Niall again.

"So what do I do?" Enrique asked.

"Since walking away from Aidan isn't an option, let's just see what the rules are," Niall said.

"Why is walking away not an option?" Enrique asked.

Niall and Braden looked at him like he was nuts.

"Okay. It isn't." Enrique narrowed his eyes and sighed. "But you don't have to act like you know everything."

"Well, since there isn't a way for anyone to know everything, your statement is improbable. Then again, if there's a formula to figure it out, there would be infinite probabilities. Hmm..." Braden started muttering figures, codes and other things.

Niall threw a pillow at him. "Focus, Braden. Are you with us again?"

Braden frowned, then nodded sheepishly. "Sorry, yes. Now back to Enrique. We know you. And once you set your sights on something, you figure out all the theories, angles and ways to get it, no matter what."

"And there is nothing in their rules that covers it. In the complaints they've had in the past, there's been a fifty-fifty split on which way to rule on disciplinary actions against the professor," Niall said.

Enrique looked at him, seeing he was typing really fast and reading on the computer.

"Niall, you have to stop hacking into other people's databases. You're going to get in trouble," Enrique said, as he had a million times before.

"They'll never know I was there," Niall snorted.

Enrique sighed. Braden laughed and went back to his game.

"Oh, yeah. I have something for you," Niall said. He took a pile of papers from the drawer in the end table.

"What's this?" Enrique took them as he asked.

"Aidan Vaughn's life," Niall said calmly.

Enrique blinked, then handed the papers back to him. "What? Why would you do that?"

Niall took the papers and closed his laptop, putting the papers on top. He tapped his finger on them.

"You're very taken with him. Yet you didn't try to find out anything about him. So I took care of it for you. All you need to know about him is right here." His tone was calm, as if this was perfectly rational.

Enrique blew out a breath. He should have expected this. Niall was quieter than him or Braden, more intense and also more overprotective. He might not say much, but he used his skills to show he cared. In this case, finding out everything he could about Aidan Vaughn, since Enrique was interested in him. Well, actually more than interested, which Niall must

have picked up on. Niall hadn't ever looked up any of the other men Enrique had been involved with.

"Niall, I appreciate that you did this, but you shouldn't have," Enrique said. "I want to find out about Aidan on my own, not through some file." Enrique squeezed Niall's shoulder. "And you'll get to know him, too. Get rid of that."

Niall was silent for a while, then stood, taking the papers with him. A few moments later he returned without them. He took his seat again.

"So, what are you going to do?" Braden asked.

"I don't know yet," Enrique replied.

Braden nodded. Niall went back to working on his computer. Enrique picked up the science journal he had been reading.

"Oh, I mentioned to Gregory that he should come over to meet you all."

"Make sure to tell him to bring his laptop." Niall smiled faintly.

"Don't scare him away. You're both good, but he's better," Enrique said.

"We'll see." Niall made a rude noise.

"I was thinking we need to discuss our plans for after graduation soon," Enrique said.

Niall and Braden nodded.

"Yeah, you took the GTA position to help with that. Yet we haven't heard anything on what you've learned. You've been too busy with Aidan," Niall said.

Enrique refused to feel guilty. "True. But I've been getting valuable information. I just haven't told you yet. So this is what I learned..."

Niall and Braden listened as he filled them in. They asked questions, then discussed all they had planned. Later, as he went to bed, Enrique's thoughts went to Aidan, as they did a lot lately. He knew he wanted Aidan badly. Yet he wasn't sure how to go about it without affecting his position at the university. He didn't want to be the one who caused Aidan to lose the job he so obviously loved.

What am I going to do?

* * * *

Days later, Enrique still had no clue what to do. Absently, he took notes as the class discussed their business plans.

“Enrique.” Aidan’s voice made him raise his head. “The papers are ready from the community chair. Please go get them.”

Enrique nodded and rose without a word. He went out of the door and headed down the hall. The sound of footsteps behind him made him turn. A hand grabbed his arm, pulling him into a lecture hall.

“What the hell are you trying to pull?”

Chapter Four

Furious pale grey eyes stared at him. Aidan crowded him until his back hit the wall. His scent filled him. Enrique tried to process what he'd said.

"What?"

"Don't act innocent. You've been all over me and then, all of a sudden, you stop." Aidan leaned his face close. "What are you trying to pull?"

Enrique narrowed his eyes. "I'm trying to protect your job."

"Huh?" Aidan looked baffled.

"I don't want to jeopardise your job." He pushed against Aidan's chest.

Aidan didn't move, just blinked at him. He growled, then pushed against Enrique's hands.

"What are you, a girl? All worried about his man?" Aidan leant down until his lips were close to Enrique's. "If there's a problem, I'll handle it. Not you. All you should be concerned about is how you have me on edge. Made me want you, then ba—" Aidan stopped, and his eyes widened.

Cursing, he stepped back and walked to the door. Enrique grabbed his arm, pulling him back. He closed the classroom door and turned Aidan around.

"Oh, no. You're going to finish what you were saying," Enrique stated.

Aidan shrugged him off and stepped back. Enrique stepped close and backed him against the closed door. Aidan glared and stayed stubbornly silent.

"My being concerned about your job doesn't make me a girl. It means I give a damn." He stepped forwards until his erection was pressed against Aidan's. "I'm no girl, as you can attest from our night together. All you have to do is say yes to giving us a shot, Aidan. One little word." He was whispering against Aidan's lips.

Aidan wouldn't look at him and refused to speak. Enrique smiled. Now that he knew he was getting to Aidan, he would wait to hear the words. It would go against his usual way of going full throttle for what he wanted, but he wanted Aidan to say it, because once he did, he was not letting him go.

"I'm going to enjoy hearing you say yes, Aidan," Enrique whispered, still against Aidan's lips. "Until then."

Enrique leaned in and kissed him. It was hungry, rough and encompassing. Aidan whimpered and grabbed his head. Enrique hissed as Aidan sucked hungrily on his tongue. Aidan's fingers clenched in Enrique's hair, loosening it from its bindings. Enrique leaned against Aidan, rubbing against his hard erection. Aidan made hungry sounds in the back of his throat. Using his tenuous control, Enrique pulled away.

"Is that yes, Aidan?" he asked hoarsely.

"No." Aidan gulped, breathing hard.

Enrique growled, then kissed him thoroughly again before stepping away. Aidan sagged, then caught himself. Enrique stepped back, watching him. He put his thumbs in the loops at the waist of his jeans. He placed his hands fingers-down, framing his erection.

"When you do say yes, then this is all yours. Until then, I'll keep touching you, since you like it so much," Enrique promised.

"I...didn't say that. Just wondering why you had backed off. But you were right to, since we can't," Aidan replied.

"We will," Enrique vowed.

He studied Aidan, with his glistening lips, laboured breathing and the straining erection in his black slacks. Aidan raised shaking hands and pushed back his short, messy dark hair. Whistling, Enrique turned and swaggered to the other door and out of the classroom.

As Enrique went out, Aidan leaned against the closed door and took a few deep breaths. After a while, his heart calmed.

What have you done? Aidan pounded his head back against the door a few times. He had been enjoying Enrique's seemingly accidental touches a little too much. It was reckless when they were in class, but something about the way Enrique looked at him made him want to take the risk—despite him knowing it was better to keep Enrique at a distance. When the touches had suddenly stopped, Aidan had tried to convince himself it was for the best. Yet, as days had turned into a week, he'd been unable to take it. Even as he sent Enrique for the papers, he'd known he was going to go after him, even though his mind had screamed it

was a mistake. Demanding to know what Enrique was doing, and hearing him admit he was protecting Aidan, had made him feel good, as well as pissing him off.

He didn't need protecting. Although he wasn't sure of the university's policy on being involved with a graduate student, if anything were to happen he would handle it. Admitting such a thing to Enrique had been his next mistake—a pleasurable one, since Enrique had kissed him senseless. Aidan licked his lips. He stifled a moan at the taste of Enrique on his lips.

"Snap out of it. You can't do this." Aidan straightened from the door.

He was grateful that his erection had subsided. Decisively, he opened the door and returned to the class. Stepping inside, he locked gazes with gold. Ignoring Enrique's smug grin, Aidan walked around the table, checking on the students. When Enrique came to him, he quickly went towards the back of the lecture hall. He walked over to Kincaid and leaned against the wall next to his brother. Aidan studied Kincaid's team as they worked on their proposal.

"When are you going to just give in? Go for it, Aidan," Kincaid said quietly.

"He's too young."

Kincaid snorted. "That's just an excuse. You're scared."

"I'm not," Aidan defended.

"Finding someone can be a scary thing. But if you go with it, it can be a wild and fulfilling ride," Kincaid said.

"Like you would know," Aidan countered.

"Just because no one is worthy of me doesn't mean I wouldn't go with it if I found someone I thought would be." Kincaid shrugged.

"*Worthy of you*. Really? You're an arrogant ass."

"It's a gift." Kincaid's tone was smug.

"More like ego."

"That too," Kincaid replied, then slapped him on the shoulder. "Now stop hiding out over here and go back to your group. And your hot Spanish stud."

"He's not mine."

"Yet," Kincaid countered.

"Never," Aidan responded.

"Never can come real soon. Hope you're prepared." Kincaid shoved him. "Now go and do some work. Stop spying on the winning team."

Aidan snorted. "You wish."

"I know." Kincaid sounded very sure.

Aidan grunted and went back to his side of the lecture hall. He avoided Enrique as they continued to work. Later, after the class was dismissed, Aidan watched as the last student left. Kincaid came over with Gregory, and Enrique walked over to join them.

"Another productive week," Aidan said.

"Yep. The kids have some great ideas. We're going to wipe the floor with you." Kincaid sounded pleased.

"This isn't about us. This is about the students."

"Yeah, I know. But my fun will be when I can tell you what to do."

"So this is just a getting-to-boss-big-brother-around thing."

"Hell, yeah. Maybe we should get the other two older brothers in on this next time. I'd love to beat all of you, then dictate what I want." Kincaid rubbed his hands together.

"So not happening, little bro. Besides, remember you're a big bro to two others who would love to live out their bossing-around-big-brother fantasies, too. Not to mention, we all would love to beat you, since you're such a pain in the ass."

"We all need to be good at something." Kincaid pumped his hands over his head.

Gregory and Enrique laughed.

"So there are six of you?" Enrique asked curiously.

"Yeah, all boys. If you ask Ma and Da, they had an adventure raising us," Kincaid replied.

"Adventure? That's not what I remember them saying," Aidan countered.

"Shh...we don't want them to know you're crazy."

Aidan looked at him in disbelief. Kincaid laughed and clapped him on the shoulder.

"Let's go to Teague's for a drink or few. Greg and Enrique, I can fill you in on all of the Vaughns', especially Aidan's, misspent youth."

Enrique and Gregory laughed and nodded. Kincaid looked at Aidan askance.

"I've got some paperwork I need to do. I'll meet up with you," Aidan replied.

"Let's go." Kincaid walked quickly to the door and out of the class.

Gregory followed. Enrique looked at them as they left. When they were out of sight, he turned to Aidan. He stepped close to him and inhaled.

"I like when you smell like us." He licked the side of Aidan's face.

Aidan shuddered. Enrique chuckled and walked to the door. He looked back.

"I'm looking forward to a dance." Enrique winked, then left.

Aidan breathed out, then picked up his briefcase and strode out of the lecture hall. He glanced to his left in time to see Kincaid, Gregory and Enrique going through the door to the outside. Aidan went to the right. He paused in the open doorway a few doors away from his.

"Hey! I didn't know you were back."

Mace Hutton glanced up from his desk. "Aidan, I just got back. Needed to check a few things before the morning."

Mace's British accent was more pronounced than usual. He rubbed his forehead with blunt fingers. Aidan wandered closer and put his briefcase down, taking a seat in a chair facing the desk.

"How's your mom?"

"Mum is settling okay. Her hip will take a while to heal."

Aidan nodded. Mace had been trying to convince his mother to move to Hollisville for a while. He had even built an in-law suite as part of his home so she would have all the privacy and space she wanted. She had flatly refused, saying she wasn't some old biddy who needed looking after. Having met Mace's sprightly mother, Aidan knew that was true. Mace hadn't built it for that reason, though. He wanted his mother to be nearer to him. They were close, and with her living in England and him in the United States they didn't get to see each other as often as they would have liked.

"Although it sucks that it happened under these circumstances, at least she finally agreed to move here."

"Breaking her hip had nothing to do with her agreement." Mace smiled grimly.

"What did?"

"The — to quote Mum — 'boorish lout' moving out convinced her."

"Who's the lout?"

"Lance." Mace's response was clipped.

Aidan didn't say anything. He hadn't liked Mace's boyfriend. And it seemed as if his mother hadn't either.

"I know you didn't like him either. You can say it." Mace smiled.

"Fine. He was an ass. Your taste in men sucks."

"Yeah, yeah. I hear it all the time." Mace made a motion with his hand.

"You need to find a good man."

"Is there any such thing out there? A good man," Mace said derisively.

Enrique flashed into Aidan's thoughts. Aidan pushed the thoughts away, focusing on the conversation.

"I'm sure there is. You'll find one."

"Enough about me. Did you call the man you met at Teague's a few weeks ago?" Mace narrowed his eyes.

Aidan shifted and asked, "Why did you pick Enrique for the class?"

"I know we don't usually go outside UH for the graduate teacher assistant, but his credentials were impressive. Even more so than Gregory's." Mace replied.

Aidan frowned. He had known Gregory from the time he was a freshman. He and Mace had taken on a sort of mentoring role with the young man. Now he was getting ready to graduate with two doctorates. They were both so proud of all he had accomplished.

"How is he more impressive than Gregory?" Aidan asked.

Mace blinked and sat forward. "You haven't read his application and file. Didn't my secretary give them to you as I asked?"

"She did." He had got the file but hadn't read it.

"Why haven't you read it?" Mace watched him carefully.

Aidan didn't even try to justify why. Mace knew him too well for him to bullshit. Aidan filled him in on Enrique and all that had been going on. When he had finished, Mace sat back in his chair, and a wide grin filled his face.

"So he's the same man. Only you would be that lucky, you old sod."

"That isn't luck."

"Why?" Mace frowned.

"He's a graduate student working for me. That could create issues."

"Technically, he doesn't go to school here. And I don't know if he would actually be considered a student." Mace shook his head.

"What do you mean? He's a grad student."

"He's graduating in August, but..." He paused. "You really need to read his file. Enrique is a very unique case."

Aidan frowned. Mace continued drawing his attention.

"I considered him because his credentials were so impressive. I just wanted to meet him. But when I did..." Mace smiled. "The interview is what made me decide to let him have the job, even though he doesn't attend here." Mace slapped his hand on the desk. "So, since it shouldn't be an issue that he's your grad student, what's holding you back?"

"He's too young."

Mace made a rude noise. "Sure, he's twenty-four, but —"

"*Twenty-four?* He's twenty-four?" Aidan sat back in his chair.

"What the hell have you been doing that you didn't even know his age? You know...I don't even want to know." Mace chuckled.

Aidan couldn't believe Enrique was only twenty-four. He had known he was younger than him, but had thought maybe he was at least in his late twenties. Not fourteen years his junior. Enrique was the same age as Gregory.

"Stop, Aidan. You're just coming up with excuses because of fear." Mace's words were almost identical to what Kincaid had said.

Aidan glared. Mace smiled and steeped his hands under his chin.

"Give up the excuses, Aidan. Just give it a try. Be happy."

"It's not that easy." Aidan stood, picking up his briefcase.

"It is, if you would stop being too scared to open yourself."

"I've done that before. And look wh —" Aidan broke off. The sympathy on Mace's face was too much for him to take. Aidan turned to leave.

"Aidan, I —," Mace started.

Aidan cut him off. "Everyone is always sorry. That doesn't help things. Leave it, Mace." He rubbed his hand over his hair. "I've got to do some work. Let me know if you need anything. Tell your mom I said hi."

"I will. As for Mum, you can call her yourself. Or better yet, go by for a visit. She was asking about you and your brothers. 'Those black-haired Irish men', she calls you. I think she likes you more than she likes me."

Aidan laughed at Mace's put-out tone. He glanced back at his friend.

"No one can take the place of her baby boy." He smiled to let Mace know he was okay.

Mace studied him silently. Aidan went out of the door and to his office. Closing the door, he walked to his desk. He dropped his briefcase on top and sat in his chair. He sighed and rubbed his fingers through his hair. Mace and Kincaid could tell him to let go and be happy, but that was easy for them to say.

Opening his desk drawer, he pulled out Enrique's file. He started to read. After a while he sat back, stupefied. From the contents of the file, he'd learned Enrique's full name was Enrique Carlos Matthews. The file went on and listed all his credentials. He could now see why Mace had wanted to meet him. Enrique was literally a genius. But that wasn't what had made Aidan pause. He was used to genius, since Gregory was one in his own right.

It was all Enrique had already accomplished for someone of only twenty-four years old that was the marvel. His field of study was physics. And not just one type. In August, he would be graduating with five doctorates in various branches of physics. He had also graduated with other degrees prior to this—one in computer sciences and one in business. He'd also taught some courses at Collins, although he wasn't officially considered a professor there. The number of awards he had got was awe-inspiring. Aidan noticed that the names Niall Hilton and Braden Charles were also mentioned often with Enrique's. Those two names and Enrique's appeared on a number of papers and items they'd developed.

Aidan tried to reconcile what he had read with the man who had got under his skin. He closed the file and put his head back against the chair rest. It didn't matter if Enrique got to him. He couldn't—no, he *wouldn't*—let himself be vulnerable like that again.

It's already too late. Aidan ignored the thought and sat up.

"I can resist him. It's just a few months. Focus and be strong." He picked up his pen and got to work.

* * * *

Aidan threw down his pen. He looked at the calendar on the desk. It seemed to mock him. It was already another two weeks into the class. Two weeks of sensual torment from Enrique. All the touches and whispered comments had him on edge. Those hungry, wicked looks in Enrique's eyes made him want to open his jeans and suck him off. He knew he could handle the sex, but, from Enrique's comments, he knew the younger man wanted more. More than Aidan was able to give.

"Still daydreaming, I see," a languid voice said.

"Still lurking around," Aidan replied, looking up and grinning at Kincaid.

"Seems like the only way I can see you these days," Kincaid said, coming in and sitting on the edge of the desk.

"We've both been busy working to get our teams ready to present the best business plan." Aidan glared at him.

Kincaid grinned. "Come on and say it."

"Shut up. You won. No need to gloat."

"Hey, it was an impartial vote. Our concept was just better. It will be fun seeing it get done. And bossing you around." Kincaid rubbed his hands together.

"This year we had more donations, so it will be good to see what we can do with such a big budget. And you can *try* bossing me around. Don't know how much it'll work." Aidan smiled.

"Your persuasive skills at work. You should be pleased. So what has you sitting here all morose instead of with that man who wants to eat you alive?"

"You're wrong."

Kincaid grinned and cupped his palm, studying his fingertips. It was a classic Kincaid move when he was trying to make you talk. Aidan knew him too well to fall for it. He leant back in his desk chair to wait him out.

"I heard from Ryker earlier," Kincaid said conversationally.

"Really? Is he going to make it home by the end of July, in time for Ma's birthday?" Aidan asked.

"Nah. He's in the Congo, shooting the rainforest," Kincaid replied.

Aidan nodded. Ryker, one of their brothers, was a well-known photo-journalist. He had shows all over the world. Aidan knew Kincaid was only making idle conversation until he got to what he wanted to say or know. He indulged him.

"Too bad. Ma will be disappointed." Aidan picked up his pen, twirling it between his fingers.

"Yeah. He's pissed off he'll miss all the family hoopla," Kincaid said, crossing his arms over his chest.

Aidan made a humming noise and continued to look at his twirling pen.

"It's a good look on you," Kincaid said softly.

"Huh?" Aidan gave him his attention.

"Anticipation. Deny it all you want, but Enrique is good for you. You worked well together. He knows how to push your buttons, get you out of your comfort zone. I'm glad you found someone to care about."

Aidan's eyes widened and his heart raced. He shook his head in denial. Kincaid reached out and put his hand over Aidan's.

"It's okay to allow yourself to c—"

"No. Enrique wants more than I think I can give."

"Try, Aidan. Give it a try. Hell, do something spontaneous. Have a merry fucking time. Literally. Think of him as a gift to unwrap," Kincaid said. "The kind that keeps giving and giving," Kincaid said.

"Not to mention coming and coming," a sensual voice stated.

Aidan gulped. Kincaid chuckled, stood and walked to Enrique. He gave Enrique's shoulder a slight squeeze before striding out of the room, closing the door behind him.

"Tell me yes, Aidan. It's your choice," Enrique said with no inflection in his tone.

Enrique put down his backpack by the door. Aidan watched him and couldn't figure out what to say. Within moments, he knew he could only do one thing. He stood, going around the desk to stand closer to him.

Enrique's patience was almost gone. The last few weeks spent in Aidan's company had only confirmed what he'd felt that one night. The connection between them had been instant, arousing and emotional. It was also frightening. Scary because he'd never felt that close to

another person before, after so little time. He was used to keeping his emotions in check, never letting them cloud his mind so that he wasn't able to see the score. He was always aware that a one-night stand lasted only one evening. Yet, this time, he wanted more nights—nights of fucking Aidan and days of getting to know him.

He wanted it all with this man who clouded all his senses, who challenged him in a way nothing and no one else ever had. Learning came easily to him. Finding someone to get off with wasn't that difficult. But this, not knowing where he stood with Aidan, was getting to him. After their little discussion, when Aidan had pushed him on why he wasn't touching him anymore, he had started again. Yet, in contradiction to what Aidan had said, it was as if a wall had come up. Aidan had withdrawn into an impenetrable fortress. Each time Enrique touched him or whispered a sexy comment, Aidan hadn't responded at all.

But all that was about to change.

"Yes. Fuck me, Enrique."

A sharp thrill went through Enrique at Aidan's words. He moved just a little closer to Aidan so their bodies were almost pressing together. "You're too special for me to forget. I don't think I've ever come so hard in my life as I did with you," he whispered against the shell of Aidan's right ear.

Aidan's lips parted, and his head tipped to the side, allowing Enrique's gaze to trail down the tempting column of his neck. A harsh breath escaped Aidan. *At least I know he's not immune to me*, Enrique thought.

He pressed just a little closer. "I already had one night. I don't want just one other night, Aidan. Yes, I want to fuck you until you're so sore you can't sit without the memory of me inside you. But I also want us to get to know each other...real well... so we can build a possible future...together."

Aidan's tongue flicked out and licked his bottom lip. Enrique followed it with his own tongue. He wanted to fuck him so badly, but they needed to clear this up first. Aidan turned slowly to look at him. His lips parted, but nothing came out. Enrique lowered his head and kissed him hard. Everything that he was feeling was in the kiss, all the hunger, the need, the emotions he couldn't voice. He put them all into the kiss, commanding Aidan's mouth until he felt like he was consuming him. He pulled away to press his mouth against his neck, to suckle his ear lobe.

"Are you up for that, *querido*?"

Aidan was silent for so long, Enrique lost hope that he would get what he wanted – Aidan spread out for his pleasure.

"This is so unlike my usual behaviour." Aidan closed his eyes, then opened them. "Yes, *leannán*. I want to spend time getting to know you. For as long as you want me."

"Then that will be forever, *querido*. I'm not going to let you go any time soon." Enrique closed the space between them and kissed Aidan hard.

Aidan moaned and held him tight. Impatient, Enrique stripped Aidan, then himself.

"Lube and condoms?"

"The side table by the couch," Aidan moaned.

Enrique pulled Aidan with him to the couch and retrieved the items. He pushed Aidan onto the couch, and Aidan put his leg over the back. Enrique groaned and sheathed his erection in the condom, lubed it up and went to him. Kneeling between his legs, he couldn't resist taking a suck of the bobbing penis. Aidan bucked and moaned. His salty taste played on Enrique's tongue. Enrique suckled harder, wanting more of his taste.

"More...please...Enrique..." Aidan begged. "Come on, Enrique. Don't tease. I want you," he whimpered.

Enrique sank one lubed finger into Aidan's hole. Aidan undulated around his finger, and Enrique growled. He quickly stretched Aidan, then positioned himself against his crease. He put his hand next to Aidan's shoulder, bracing himself as he pushed into him. Aidan clenched, then relaxed around his cock, letting him in. Enrique moaned at the tight clutch of Aidan's grasping canal. Aidan shifted his hips, taking more of him in.

Aidan leant forwards and kissed him hungrily. Enrique stroked in and out in fast, pistoning movements. Aidan's body bowed up and his head went back.

"Fuck me, baby. Fuck me harder."

Enrique was only too glad to oblige. He pounded into Aidan, the slick heat sliding on his cock. Aidan started jerking his own erection in time with Enrique's thrusts, and Enrique moaned at the sexy movements.

"So fucking sexy. So hot. Pull it harder, honey." He grunted as he ploughed into Aidan.

"I want us to get tested so you can fuck me bare," Aidan moaned, then kissed him.

Enrique roared and came, moaning into his kiss. Wet heat splashed on his stomach as Aidan's cum coated him. Purring, Enrique collapsed onto his lover. Aidan wrapped his legs around him, cradling him. His fingers petted Enrique's hair. Mustering up some energy, Enrique lifted his head, searching for Aidan's lips. Aidan kissed him, slowly and lazily.

"We'll do it again in a bit," he mumbled, burrowing his head against Aidan's chest.

"Sure, baby. Rest and we'll do it again," Aidan said.

Aidan's fingers and the sound of his heartbeat lulled Enrique to sleep. A kiss woke him. He met it eagerly, then leaned in to Aidan.

"No more running," Enrique said against the side of his face.

"No more running," Aidan replied. "Let's go to my house, *leannán*."

Blearily, Enrique looked up at the clock and saw it was after six o' clock. He turned his head. "Okay, *mi querido*."

Chapter Five

Aidan smoothed out Enrique's collar and kissed the back of his neck. He shivered, and Aidan chuckled.

Enrique picked up his backpack, swinging it over his shoulder. Aidan closed and locked the door. As they started down the hallway, Aidan held Enrique's hand, lacing their fingers together. Enrique pulled back his hand as he noticed someone coming down the hall. Aidan held him, refusing to let go. Startled, he looked up at Aidan. They hadn't discussed if they could be seen together.

"Hello, Gregory. Have you made any progress on the list of articles I sent you?" Aidan greeted the young man while squeezing Enrique's fingers.

Gregory's gaze darted to their clasped hands, then back to Aidan's face. A small smile curled his lips as he glanced at Enrique before looking back at Aidan.

"Oh yes, Professor Vaughn. I've read most of them. I will definitely have them all completely read to make suggestions. I've already written down some ideas."

"Good. Have a nice evening," Aidan replied.

"Hey, Greg. See you tomorrow," Enrique said, a smile on his face.

"Tomorrow." Greg winked, his blue eyes twinkling.

Enrique stifled a laugh. He knew he was in for lots of ribbing about him and Aidan, not only from Greg, but also from his roommates and friends from Collins University. He had spoken of Aidan so much, they were all curious about the man who had captured his attention. Now that he had Aidan, Enrique would handle it. Aidan was worth the ribbing he would get. Gregory passed him.

"Lucky dog," Greg said.

They continued on and went through the door. When Aidan asked if he had driven, Enrique shook his head. They strolled to Aidan's car, laughing as they got inside.

"He's wrong, you know. I'm the lucky dog," Aidan said.

Enrique kissed him, then resettled in his seat. Aidan started the car and drove to his house, not too far from the university. Aidan pulled into his driveway and got out, opening

his door. He took the backpack out of the back seat, closed and locked the car, then put his hand around Enrique's waist and turned him towards the house.

"Welcome to my humble abode," Aidan said, almost formally.

"Thanks for having me," Enrique replied, equally formal.

He knew this was a turning point for them. Studying Aidan's bungalow-type house, Enrique was enchanted. Aidan led him inside, putting down the backpack next to the couch, and Enrique looked around. The main floor was open with lots of space and a doorway leading to the kitchen and dining area. The main room, where they stood, had vaulted ceilings and was tastefully decorated. It was warm and inviting. Enrique glanced towards the stairs.

"My bedroom, office, entertainment room, and a few guest rooms are upstairs. Let me show you around down here first, and then we can go up," Aidan said.

"Let's start with your bedroom," Enrique said, turning to him.

Enrique kissed Aidan hard. Aidan moaned and held him tight. He let him go, then led him upstairs. When they arrived in the bedroom, Enrique impatiently stripped Aidan of his clothes, and Aidan returned the favour. When they were both naked, Enrique dropped back onto the bed. Aidan covered him and kissed him. Enrique moaned, rolled over and proceeded to have his way with Aidan.

* * * *

Aidan watched Enrique as he read over the paper. He looked back at his own work, but found that he couldn't concentrate. Again, he looked up at Enrique.

"If you keep looking at me, I'll never get these papers finished," Enrique said.

"Sorry." Aidan chuckled.

"You're so not." Enrique snorted.

He set aside the paper on the pile, then stretched. Aidan noticed the stretch of bare skin between his T-shirt and jeans. He reached out and ran his finger along the skin. Enrique moaned, and Aidan leaned in and kissed him.

"Can't. Have to get this done," Enrique murmured.

"Okay." Aidan groaned and flounced back onto his seat.

Enrique sighed. He picked up another paper. As he continued to mark them, Aidan continued to watch him. Enrique frowned in concentration.

"You'd make a good professor," Aidan said.

"Nope. I couldn't do what you all do," Enrique replied.

"Why? You've been doing well since you took over the class for the professor at Collins who had the emergency – even that one day I came to see you teach. You're very good at it. You engaged the students," Aidan stated.

"Sure, I have fun doing it. But it isn't my passion. It takes a special person to be a teacher. And I don't have what it needs."

Aidan disagreed, but he let it go. Instead, he asked, "What are you planning to do after graduation?"

Enrique finished marking the last test paper before he answered. He sat sideways, putting his knee up on the couch.

"Niall, Braden and I are going into business for ourselves. We're opening a research and development firm with Alistair James."

Aidan frowned, and then he gawked. "*The* Alistair James? The billionaire? Kincaid is close friends with his sister, although none of us has met Alistair."

Enrique nodded. "Yep, that's him. His sister Jolie is lots of fun. We went riding at their ranch on the other side of Hollisville. It's a big place. A real working ranch, too. Alistair is putting up an equal share of the funds to start the firm, as well as other people who can help. We're picking our staff and others who will work there. We're thinking of asking Gregory to come on as an equal partner."

"Greg applied to be a professor."

"I know. But with what he can do, I think we can convince him." Enrique sounded so excited.

"You can ask. Don't know if he would, though. He likes teaching."

"Well, he would be teaching those working for us, in a way."

Aidan shrugged. He thought of all Enrique had said.

"An equal share. This sounds like it will be expensive. How are you all coming up with your share?"

Enrique got up, putting away his things. Aidan grabbed his hand and pulled him back down. He kept his gaze steady. Enrique sighed, then pulled his braid to the front over his shoulder. He played with the edge. Aidan had noticed he did that whenever he was nervous.

"We each have some money." Enrique pursed his lips. "Invented some things that netted us some funds. No big deal."

Aidan stared at him. "To start up a firm like that would take millions of dollars, Enrique. No way you all have that kind of money."

"Well, we sort of do. Niall, Braden and myself are geeks. And savvy, business-minded ones. I have a business degree, and so do Niall and Braden. We knew that, with our knowledge, we could do a lot of things. So when we met in freshman year, we made plans on what we wanted to do by the time we graduated. We used what we had to make money and do what we love. No big deal."

Aidan stifled a sigh. Enrique didn't just have a degree. He had a doctorate in finance as well as computer science. Now Aidan was learning he was, to all intents and purposes, rich. Aidan started to laugh.

"Is it so hard to believe?" Enrique scooted closer to him.

"If I didn't know you're academics and how smart you are, maybe. But since I do know, not so much." Aidan's eyes narrowed. "But I'll still have Nickols, my cousin who's a cop, check out Alistair James. I only know about him through what his sister says, and what I've heard in the news. Nickols will be able to dig deeper to make sure he's on the up and up."

"Unless your cousin can find out more than Niall, it's not necessary." Enrique looked amused.

"A standard Internet search on him isn't enough," Aidan said. He knew from what Enrique had mentioned that Niall was good with computers.

Enrique laughed outright. "Niall knows everything about Alistair there is to know. He doesn't do simple searches. He hacks into places. I think he even went into those secret databases the government keeps."

Aidan groaned. "He didn't."

Enrique continued to chuckle and nodded his head.

"I did not hear that," Aidan said.

Enrique leaned against him as he laughed. "Okay. But if it makes you feel better, call your cousin to check Alistair out."

"Are you humouring me?" Aidan watched him narrowly.

Enrique smirked. "Yes."

"You could have at least pretended to say no," Aidan grumbled.

"Okay. No," Enrique said.

Aidan shook his head. "Too late." He glanced at Enrique. "Are you done grading those papers?"

Enrique leaned away from him and stood. "Yep. But I've got to go to my house to get some stuff." He picked up the keys from the side table, jingling them. "Come with me."

Aidan shook his head, groaning. "No. I'm comfortable here."

"I'll make it worth your while later if you do." Enrique smiled and leaned over him.

He kissed him. Aidan groaned. Enrique pulled back and stood.

"Come on," Enrique said.

Aidan stood, going to him. "Fine. But you owe me."

Enrique wiggled his hips. "You know it."

Aidan laughed and put on his shoes. When they walked out of the door, he locked his house and they went to Enrique's SUV. Enrique gave him the keys, and Aidan got into the driver's seat. He backed out of his driveway, and they were on their way.

"I need to make a stop first," Enrique said.

Aidan grunted in agreement. Enrique gave him directions, and, fifteen minutes later, he pulled up in front of a house not too far from his own. Aidan looked at the regal-looking house before him. It was charming, with a lawn with lots of flowers and a wrap-around porch. It reminded him a little of his parents' house. He glanced back at Enrique.

"Come in with me for a sec." Enrique unbuckled his seat belt.

Aidan shrugged and got out with him. Enrique put his hand in Aidan's. Aidan squeezed it, and they walked up the path to the steps, then up and across the porch to the front door. He frowned as Enrique pulled out a key and opened the door. He thought he had said they were making a stop before going to his house. Enrique tugged and Aidan followed him inside.

"Hello! We're here!" Enrique called.

He pulled Aidan through the hall and back towards an open doorway. Enrique stepped inside what turned out to be a kitchen. Aidan glanced around curiously. A figure stepped from behind a door that seemed to lead to a pantry. Aidan stiffened as golden eyes met his.

"Mami, this is Aidan Vaughn." Enrique sounded proud.

Aidan glared at Enrique. Enrique smiled slyly. Aidan turned back to the woman, who looked a lot like Enrique. Enrique's mother came to him, holding out her hand. Aidan took it, shaking it.

"Nice to meet you, Mrs Matthews."

"It would be Miss, but call me Margo." Margo glanced at her son. *"Although, from the look you gave my son, he didn't tell you he was bringing you to meet me."*

"No, he didn't," Aidan admitted.

Margo laughed, then gestured to Enrique. *"Get the iced tea and meet us on the deck."*

Margo glanced at Aidan, who stifled a smile and offered his arm. Margo took it, and they walked towards the glass doorway. They went outside and settled on the deck. Enrique brought out the iced tea and served them. He sat next to Aidan, pulling his chair close, and put his hand on Aidan's knee. Aidan glanced at him, then at his mother. Margo was watching them with a slight smile on her face.

"Drink up, Mister Vaughn."

"Call me Aidan," he said.

Margo nodded. Aidan answered questions about his job and family. After a bit, Enrique rose and returned inside. Margo had a smile on her face that made Aidan uneasy.

"I don't know if you're good enough for my son, Aidan."

Aidan lowered his tea to the table between them. Slowly, he sat back. From how Enrique talked about his mom, he knew they were close, as close as he was to his own family. He also knew she was blunt.

"I can't change my age. Enrique is y —"

Margo started to laugh, cutting him off, and then she sobered. *"Your age isn't an issue, Aidan."*

He raised his eyebrow at that one.

"I can see you don't believe me." Margo leaned her arms on the table. *"Aidan, you could be his age, and I wouldn't know if you were good enough for him. When people see*

Enrique, and find out who he is, all they see is this genius. Or, in the case of most men, this pretty face they want to get in bed.”

Aidan choked. Margo laughed again.

“My son is a sexy man, Aidan, as I’m sure you’re aware.” She sat back. “When I see Enrique, I see the little boy who used to drive me nuts taking apart my household appliances. When I asked him why, he would get this sly look on his face, saying he wanted to see how it worked.” She laughed again, then continued. “I see the boy who didn’t know why he knew as much as he did so young. Others tormented him for being different, yet he didn’t let it colour who he was. He has a great empathy for people. Wanting to fix things. Now, I’m not saying he’s naive. He has a nasty temper. He takes after me with that.”

She took a sip of her drink. Leaning back, she watched Aidan.

“He bought me this house when he was nineteen. Used the money he got with his first sale to get it. I was overwhelmed, and pissed he had done it instead of using it for something for himself. And you know what he said that made me not so mad?” She smiled again. “‘I wouldn’t be me without you, *Mami*. This is my frivolous. Making sure you want for nothing.’ He made me quit my job that day.” She narrowed her eyes. “Although, I only agreed if I could work to help him, Niall and Braden with their business dealings. I’m their secretary – or dragon lady – who weeds out people. I’m telling you all this because people only see the genius or the pretty face. Not the heart of the man Enrique is. Are you any different, Aidan?”

Aidan watched Enrique’s mother as she calmly sipped her tea and waited for his answer. He could say so many things to try to convince her, give so many words. But that wasn’t him.

“He’s just Enrique.” Aidan shrugged.

Margo lowered her glass and stared at him. A wide smile curled her lips. She put her hand on the table, palm up. Aidan put his on hers. Margo squeezed his hand, then sat back.

“Now, Aidan. You need to get over this age hang-up. It isn’t the real reason you feel you can’t give yourself completely to Enrique.” Margo watched him narrowly.

Aidan refused to shift. Her look was the same as his ma’s when she was trying to get him to admit something.

“Fine. Keep your secrets. But hurt my boy and I will chop you up into little pieces.” Margo smiled serenely.

Aidan blinked at the threat. Margo laughed again. She glanced towards the door.

"Ahh...here comes Enrique. Don't freak. Just go along with it."

Aidan wasn't sure what she meant. Enrique came out on to the deck. Margo flew up out of her chair, knocking it down as she stood. She stalked over to Enrique.

"How dare you bring this man here?" She pointed at Aidan.

Enrique looked wide-eyed. Margo turned so her back was to Enrique and winked at Aidan. She turned back to Enrique and smacked him on the chest.

"This man who is robbing my baby of his innocence." She made a sobbing noise.

"Not funny, *Mami*." Enrique glared at his mom.

"That's for springing meeting me on your man." Margo laughed and patted him on his cheek. She walked back to Aidan and raised her hand. Aidan high-fived with her, laughing at Enrique's look. Enrique rolled his eyes and walked over to sit next to him.

Margo, Enrique and Aidan chatted a bit more before they took their leave. As they left, Margo hugged Aidan and kissed his cheek.

"Come with Enrique the next time we meet for dinner. We usually try to get together once a month."

"Okay." Aidan nodded, kissed her cheek and squeezed her hand.

They went to the car, waving as they left. Aidan drove down the street.

"Aid—" Enrique started.

"It's okay, Enrique," Aidan said, then gave him a sideways look, "although, I am so going to plan revenge for that. Now, are we still going to your house?"

"Yeah." Enrique gave him directions.

Aidan turned on the radio. He smiled at the song playing. Enrique glanced at him.

"You like this music?"

Aidan nodded. "Yep. I have all of Roarke's music. We grew up together."

"You know Roarke? Wow. He's like a mega rock superstar."

"Don't let Roarke hear you say that, ever."

"Okay. I love his music, but I can't keep any of his albums. Oh, by the way, don't ever bring any of his music into my house. Niall has some issues with it." Enrique laughed.

"Issues?" Aidan asked as he made a turn.

"Let's just say, if you value your copies of his music, don't let Niall see them or know about them." Enrique shook his head. "Park here," he said.

Aidan glanced at where Enrique had pointed and pulled into the parking space. He looked at the house, which was similar to Enrique's mom's place, only slightly larger. Enrique got out and Aidan joined him. They walked down the path to the steps, then up to the front porch. Enrique opened the door. He gestured Aidan in. Aidan went in and waited as Enrique closed the door. He laced his fingers with Enrique's, and they walked to the living room. They stopped in the doorway.

Aidan studied the men sitting in the living room. They looked nothing like he'd expected. He dubbed one as a fashion plate and the other as a surfer dude. Surfer dude had wildly curling hair in various shades of blond that touched his shoulders. The fashion plate had auburn-coloured hair that was pulled back in a tightly woven braid that rested against his shoulder and fell to about mid-chest. Aidan pegged the surfer dude as Niall, the hacker, and the fashion plate as Braden.

"Guys, this is Aidan Vaughn," Enrique said.

The surfer dude turned to him, his jade-green eyes friendly. He stood and ambled over. "Hi, Aidan. Nice to meet you. I'm Braden."

"Nice to meet you, Braden." Aidan shook his hand, surprised he was wrong.

Niall stood. He brushed off his perfectly-creased slacks and shirt. There was a casual grace to his movements. He pushed up his glasses, then turned to face Aidan. Aidan blinked at the sight of his one brown and one hazel-green eyes, surrounded by thick lashes behind his gold frames. Aidan was so captivated by his eyes it took a moment for the chilly look to register. Niall walked towards him with the same casual grace he had shown when he stood. As he got closer, Aidan registered there was a faint star pattern in the hazel iris of his eye.

Niall raised an elegant hand to his. "Aidan."

His greeting was abrupt, and his handshake brief.

"Niall." Enrique's tone was a warning.

Niall gave him a look, then muttered, "I need a smoke." He walked past them, disappearing down the hall.

"Sorry. He's—" Enrique started.

"I'll go talk to him," Aidan cut him off.

He squeezed Enrique's hand, heading after Niall. He passed through a kitchen very similar to Enrique's mother's. He went to the glass door to the deck. Niall was leaning against the rail, looking out at the ocean beyond. Aidan walked over to join him. Niall blew a stream of smoke away from him. Silently, Aidan waited for him to say something. Niall didn't say a word. Aidan let out a long-drawn-out sigh. Niall glanced at him sideways.

"What's your problem with me?" Aidan asked.

Niall turned to face him, holding a cigarette between slim fingers. "I don't have a problem with you."

"So back there, that was your way of being welcoming?" Aidan made sure the disbelief was plain in his tone.

"It was. If I didn't want you here, you wouldn't have gotten past the front door," Niall said calmly.

Aidan could tell he was serious. He knew he shouldn't ask, but he did.

"How would you have kept me out?"

"Easy. There are many formulas that could change the scent of your body chemistry to make it unappealing to Enrique, thus making him want to have nothing to do with you. Or I could make it so the IRS would take a look at you, and you'd be up to your eyeballs and too busy to give him any thought."

Aidan looked at the man calmly smoking. He started to laugh. Niall smiled, a small curve of his lips.

Once he'd calmed down, Aidan asked, "Then why the cool reception?"

"I'm the introvert of the group. The others are more friendly." Niall shrugged. "Now, can I enjoy my last cigarette in peace?"

Aidan glanced at the full pack sitting by the ashtray and drink.

"You're quitting?" Aidan queried.

"Well, seeing as Enrique won our bet to get you to meet his mom and us by today, then yeah, I guess I am."

Aidan glanced at him narrowly. "So you're giving up cigarettes for a bet? What was Enrique supposed to give up?"

"He would have shaved his hair," Niall said.

Aidan thought of Enrique's beautiful hair and was glad he had won.

Niall continued, "I was going to quit after we graduated anyway. Enrique didn't know that. He and Braden have both wanted me to quit for a long time. So now I am."

"Quitting isn't that easy."

Niall shrugged. "I know." He grinned fiercely. "They'll have to put up with me being an even bigger bastard than I normally can be. Should be fun."

Aidan laughed. They stood silently as Niall smoked. Once he was done, he stubbed out his cigarette, then picked up his ashtray.

"Was Roarke McBride really your first?" Niall asked in a conversational tone.

Aidan stared at him, then asked, "How the hell do you know that?"

Niall shrugged, a lazy motion of his shoulder. "I'm good with computers. I know how to find info when I need it."

Aidan thought of what Enrique had mentioned about Niall's hacking skills.

"Since you seem to know so much about me, I don't even need to answer. I don't appreciate you looking into my life like that." He crossed his arms over his chest and raised an eyebrow.

Niall raised his eyebrow, too. "Too bad. When it comes to people I care about, I'll do what I deem necessary. If you're lucky and treat Enrique right, you might be included on that list."

Aidan couldn't decide if he liked Niall for standing up for what he believed, or disliked him for invading his privacy. Niall gave that small smile again. Aidan put out his hand. Niall shook it. They looked out at the ocean.

"So, Enrique mentioned you liked Roarke's music." Aidan bit off a smile.

"That hack wouldn't know music if it bit him in the ass." Niall made a sound at the back of his throat.

Aidan glanced at him. Niall's lips were curled in disgust.

"But he said you have all his music," Aidan said.

"That's true."

Aidan didn't think he would have, seeing as Enrique had mentioned Niall had issues with Roarke's music.

"Makes a great ashtray." Niall raised it.

Aidan glanced at the ashtray he had noticed. It was silver and, when he looked closer, he could see that Roarke's face was on the side. Niall turned it around for him to see. Various of Roarke's CD's were melted together to form the ashtray. Aidan barked out a laugh. Niall put down the ashtray, then picked up his drink, which was sitting on a silver coaster. He took a sip, then waited for Aidan to stop laughing. Once he had, Niall shook his drink and then smiled, a full-blown grin.

"They make great coasters, too."

Aidan looked down to see that the coaster was Roarke's latest album.

"I'm going to have to introduce you to Roarke." He laughed, leaning against the rail.

"See? And I thought you were trying to be my friend. Just when I started to like you a little," Niall said dryly.

"Glad to see you're getting along." Enrique's voice caused Aidan to look towards the door.

Enrique had his hands braced against the open doorway. "Gregory is here."

Niall nodded. Enrique winked and headed back inside. Niall finished his drink and went towards the door. Aidan walked with him. When they returned inside, he saw Greg was already in deep discussion with Enrique and Braden. Aidan waved to him and Gregory paused for long enough to say hi before returning to his conversation. Niall jumped in, talking about things Aidan didn't have a clue about. Aidan sat next to Enrique on the couch, and Enrique put his arm around Aidan's shoulder. He kissed the side of his cheek, then went back to talking. As their voices rose in excitement, Aidan listened absently. They were talking so fast in terms he knew nothing about that he began to feel drowsy. After some time, Aidan leaned against Enrique.

* * * *

A hand shook him. "What?" Aidan sat up, looking around.

The room was dark. Only a single light on the side table was on. Aidan glanced at Enrique.

"We got caught up talking. It's after midnight. Greg is spending the night in the guest room in the lab downstairs. The others have gone to bed. Come on. Let's go to my bed."

“Did you convince Gregory to join you all?” Aidan asked sleepily.

“Was there any doubt? We weren’t sure if he would have the funds to put up a full share, but he does. So he’ll be a full partner.” Enrique was smug.

Aidan chuckled wearily as he stood. He let Enrique lead him upstairs. As they entered Enrique’s side of the house, Aidan absently took in what seemed to be a full suite, complete with kitchen and living room. He glimpsed through an open doorway into what looked like an office before they reached the bedroom. He undressed and got into Enrique’s king-sized bed. He was half asleep when he heard Enrique leave the room, and the sound of the shower followed him to sleep.

Chapter Six

Aidan jerked awake, unsure where he was for a moment. He turned and spotted Enrique sprawled next to him. He glanced at the clock and noticed it was little after six in the morning. Quietly, he got out of bed and went to the bathroom. He appreciated the bathroom, which was decked out with all the amenities and some custom touches. After taking care of business, he took a quick shower. Refreshed, he towelled off and went back to the bed.

Enrique had thrown off the cover and was spread out in the centre of the bed. Aidan enjoyed the sight of his semi-hard member. Crawling up between his spread legs, he leaned in and inhaled. The scent he had come to equate with Enrique filled his nostrils. Leaning forwards, Aidan licked his cock from the balls to the tip. Enrique's cock went rock hard. A hand tangled in Aidan's hair. Aidan rolled his eyes up and met slumberous golden eyes. Enrique smiled and pulled at his head. Taking the silent cue, Aidan suckled the tip. Enrique's soft moan filled his ear. With a slow lick, Aidan played with the end, sticking the tip of his tongue into the slit. Enrique's legs clenched, then relaxed. A deep sound rumbled from his chest.

Aidan leant forwards and opened his mouth wide, sucking in Enrique's straining cock. He relaxed his throat and took him all the way in, then swallowed. Enrique's voice rose in a cacophony of moans. Aidan kept sucking him as he ran his hand along his sac. His fingers went behind it, then rolled his gaze up. Enrique tugged at his head and nodded. Groaning, Aidan continued to suck and move his fingers down until he felt Enrique's pucker. He touched it gently and Enrique's crease spasmed. Aidan stroked his finger along it and it winked. A tap on his head made him look up. He saw the lube and condom Enrique held out to him. Raising his hand, Aidan took them and dropped them within easy reach.

He sucked once more, then slowly came off Enrique's dick. He licked down the silken shaft, then nuzzled his balls. Scraping his teeth against the tender flesh, he revelled in the shudder that racked Enrique. He touched his legs, raising them slightly off the bed. Enrique moaned. Aidan glanced at him. The harsh lines of need on Enrique's face made him whimper. Aidan touched his now-visible hole, and Enrique made another wanton sound.

Dipping his head, Aidan licked along his pucker. Enrique bucked. Aidan put his hand on Enrique's stomach, holding him down. He shifted his hold, wrapping his arms underneath him, holding him open. Aidan licked again, suckling. The taste was delicious. He licked and suckled as Enrique shuddered and bucked. A mixture of English and Spanish words flowed from Enrique. Aidan pushed his tongue inside, opening him up. He sucked, licked and swirled for a while. Grinding his lower body against the bed, Aidan withdrew. He sat back, quickly sheathed himself and lubed up. He sank two fingers in Enrique, testing his readiness.

"I'm ready...fuck me now, *querido*," Enrique demanded.

"I'm in charge now. Lie back and wait," Aidan said.

Enrique leaned up and grabbed Aidan behind the head, pulling him down for a hungry kiss. It was as though he was touching every part inside Aidan's mouth. Then Enrique laid back and spread his legs wider.

"Get on with it, Mister *In Charge*," Enrique taunted.

"We'll see how long you can speak," Aidan cautioned.

He lined up his dick with Enrique's crease, then pushed in. He grunted as the wet heat engulfed the head of his cock. His head went past the first ring and sank deeper into the wet cavern. In slow, shallow motions, he moved in and out.

"Give it to me, *querido*. More," Enrique grunted.

Aidan pulled almost out, then stroked back in. He repeated it over and over again. Enrique moaned, whispering incoherently. Aidan shifted and pumped into him.

"Fuck...right there!" Enrique roared.

Aidan did it again and again, moving against the nerves. Enrique started pumping his dick in time with Aidan's thrusts. He bowed his head back, the tendons in his neck standing out starkly. Aidan leant forwards, biting on the side of his neck. Enrique roared as his wet seed pumped from his cock. Aidan thrust harder and harder as Enrique continued to buck and shudder with his release. Aidan grunted and spasmed as he came. He thrust again and again, then collapsed against a still-shivering Enrique. Moaning, Aidan withdrew and took care of the condom, then turned back to Enrique. He pulled Enrique's shaking frame into his arms. Enrique relaxed and made a sound that Aidan had come to recognise meant that he was going to sleep.

Holding Enrique, he absently ran his thumb along his shoulder. Discussing what Enrique had planned, then meeting his mom and friends, had only solidified what he had started to realise about Enrique. As he'd told Enrique's mom, he was just Enrique. So much more than a sexy younger man he had picked up in a bar. Aidan smiled thinking about it. Technically, Enrique had picked him up. The confident way Enrique had approached him still made him hard and ready to have him. Aidan shifted, trying not to give into his rapidly filling erection.

"Are you over your 'taking advantage of the younger impressionable man' thing?"

Enrique's voice startled him. He had thought he was asleep. When his question registered, Aidan frowned. Enrique glanced up at him.

"Was I that obvious?" Aidan chuckled.

"Although you gave me your body I could still see you had doubts."

"So...all this, introducing me to your family and friends, sharing with me about your plans...it was to alleviate my concerns?" Aidan asked.

"As I've stated from the beginning I want more than sex. Filling you in on things about me is getting to know me. I'd always planned on introducing you to the people in my life. I just made it sooner rather than later." Enrique shrugged.

He said it in such a matter-of-fact way, like it was a given that they would be together for a long time. Taylor had said the same thing, numerous times, but it had all proved false. Aidan pushed aside the thoughts of Taylor. He focussed on now, with Enrique.

It doesn't matter. You are just having a good time. It's not that serious. Just have fun getting to know him.

"Are you over it?"

Aidan knew he was referring to his original question. "Yeah, I'm good with it."

"Good. Now we can take care of this." Enrique's hot hand stroked his cock.

Aidan shuddered, pulling him up and kissing him.

Enrique suckled his tongue and palmed his cock. He felt the difference in Aidan's touch. It was if he had let out that part of him he had been holding back. It was in the way his hands clenched on his shoulder. The way he kissed him with such desperation.

Enrique moved until he was covering Aidan's body. Aligning their cocks, he rubbed against him. He swallowed his gasp. The heated slide of skin on skin made him shudder.

Pulling back from their kiss, Enrique watched Aidan's expressive face. His eyes were glazed and unfocussed. He arched, fingers digging into Enrique's ass. Enrique moaned at the bite of his hard grip. Aidan made a sound in the back of his throat and his breath hitched. Enrique ground against him and Aidan opened his mouth, letting out a harsh groan. The scent of him and warm splash of cum coated them. Enrique went over with him. His cock pulsed as he leaned in and kissed him fiercely.

Aidan slumped on the bed. Enrique held him as he slipped into sleep. He kissed the top of his forehead, then snuggled into his chest following him into slumber.

* * * *

Enrique watched as Aidan came down the stairs. Aidan picked up his keys and came over, giving him a kiss.

"I'll be back later. These monthly family dinners run really late. Don't wait up." Aidan kissed him again and straightened.

Enrique followed him to the door. Aidan glanced at him and winked as he went out, closing the door behind him. Enrique leaned against the wall facing the door. He crossed his arms over his chest, glaring at the door. Aidan hadn't even asked him to go with him to his family dinner. In the last few weeks, he had met some of Aidan's brothers and cousins at Teague's, but he had yet to meet his parents or the rest of the family. Having introduced him to his friends and his mom, he at least expected the same from Aidan.

He jumped as the doorbell rang. He went and opened it. The frown cleared from his face as he saw Niall and Braden.

"What are you doing here?"

"We need to discuss some things about the business. And, since you've practically moved in with Aidan, we don't see you, so we've come to you," Braden said, pushing past him.

"Where is Aidan hiding?" Niall followed behind him.

"He's not here. He went to family dinner," Enrique sneered.

Niall and Braden stopped and looked at him, then at each other.

"Why aren't you with him?" Niall asked.

"He didn't ask me to go," Enrique replied, going past them to the living room.

He flopped down on the couch. Niall and Braden came in and put their messenger bags down by the side table. They each took a seat on either side of him. They were silent.

Then Braden asked, "Did you ask him to go?"

"He shouldn't have to ask," Niall snorted.

Enrique nodded. Braden sighed and smacked him and Niall on the arm. They both let out an outraged, "Hey!"

"He's not a mind-reader. How could he know you wanted to go if you didn't say anything?" Braden said patiently.

"I introduced him to Mom and you guys. And *he* didn't have to ask." Enrique glared at Braden.

Braden rolled his eyes. "So? Not everyone thinks the same way. You should have just asked instead of sitting here being prissy."

Niall and Enrique looked at each other, then at Braden, and laughed. Braden smacked them again. They hit him back, then jumped on him. Enrique held his chin.

"Dude, prissy? Come on. What hell kind of word is that?"

"A good one, you ass. I could have said 'being an ass', but unlike you, I have some class," Braden said.

"Did he just diss us?" Niall asked.

"I think he did," Enrique said.

"You know what this calls for, don't you?" Niall asked.

"No." Braden bucked, trying to get away.

Enrique and Niall held him down. They tickled him mercilessly. Braden laughed and squirmed. He finally escaped, running to the other side of the room, and put up his hand.

"Okay, enough of that. I still think you should just ask him next time. Hell, mention it to him." He straightened his T-shirt.

Enrique leant back against the couch. He ignored what Braden said. Instead, he pushed his shoulder against Niall.

"What do you all need to talk about?"

Niall straightened and got his messenger bag, and Braden retrieved his. They pulled out some files and notes and their laptops. Enrique got his from where he had left it on the table. He set it on the floor in front of the coffee table. In moments, they were busy working.

Much later, the sound of the door caught Enrique's attention. He glanced up at Aidan in the doorway. Looking at the time, he winced.

"It's after two a.m., guys. Let's do more tomorrow morning. Can they spend the night, Aidan?" he asked.

Aidan nodded. Enrique stood and stretched, yawning. He scratched his stomach, then glanced at his friends.

"Come on. I'll show you the guest rooms."

"Make sure they're the ones furthest away from your bedroom," Braden said.

Enrique narrowed his eyes and swatted him upside the head. Braden danced out of the way behind Niall.

"Hey, I don't need to be hearing you all. You know you can be loud," Braden defended.

Enrique growled, reaching around Niall. Strong arms wrapped around Enrique's waist. He snuggled back against Aidan.

"Don't worry, *leannán*. I'll make sure your mouth is too busy to make too much noise."

Enrique turned and gaped at Aidan. Aidan winked and laughed.

"Ah...isn't it sweet, he calls him lover?" Niall said.

"You speak Gaelic?" Aidan asked.

"Among other things," Niall said.

"He speaks six languages," Enrique said.

"And got quite an earful when you all stayed at the house the other day," Niall smiled.

"Jealous," Enrique said.

"Trying to figure out if what you said was even anatomically possible," Niall countered.

Enrique didn't have a clue what he had said. And he knew better than to ask Niall.

"Shut up. Come on. Let me show you the guest rooms, or you'll have to sleep on the floor." He walked out of the living room with Aidan's arm around his waist.

They went up the stairs together. At the top, Aidan kissed him and went to the left, to his bedroom. Enrique watched that sexy ass walk away from him.

"Wipe the drool off your face and show us to our rooms," Niall said.

Enrique sighed and pushed his shoulder against Niall's. Niall pushed back, and they went down the hall trying to push each other into the walls. Braden ignored them. Enrique showed them to the guest rooms, which were thankfully made up and stocked. After he'd finished, he eagerly rushed down the hall to the bedroom. Entering, he stripped quickly and went to the bed. Aidan was sprawled on it, stroking his dick. Enrique's mouth watered. He crawled up the bed and kissed him.

Does it really matter he didn't take me with him to his family dinner? It was his last thought before he started to drive Aidan out of his mind.

* * * *

A foot rubbed against his. Enrique lowered the textbook he was reading. He stifled a chuckle at Aidan's innocent expression. There was a frown of concentration on Aidan's face, as he read a book, even as his foot rubbed against Enrique's, then up his leg.

"You'd better stop that unless you're trying to start something, honey."

"I have no idea what you mean," Aidan replied in an innocent tone.

"So, it is your contention, Professor, that your foot is feeling me up all on its own? Your foot is the guilty party?" Enrique asked seriously.

Aidan faked a shocked look, then looked down at his foot, which was still rubbing against Enrique's leg.

"Oh, your honour, I'm innocent. My offending limb has a mind of its own. I will accept whatever punishment you deem fit." Aidan flashed Enrique a wicked look. "Make it good, *leannán*."

Enrique laughed, put his book down, and crawled over to cover Aidan. He kissed him. He found the playful side of Aidan enticing. It also made him horny.

Aidan held him close, kissing him hungrily. They rocked against each other, rubbing through their clothing. Enrique hummed and ran his hand down Aidan's chest. Aidan shivered and moaned. Enrique placed his hand against Aidan's erection. Aidan bucked, and the scent of semen filled the air. It was sweet, musky and all man. His man.

Enrique rocked harder. Aidan licked along his neck, then bit him. His balls tightened, then he arched and came. Aidan sucked his neck, murmuring. He shuddered and pressed closer to him. Turning his head, he kissed Aidan. Their tongues duelled lazily. After some time, Enrique sighed and pulled back.

"I need to finish my reading. Stop tempting me." He wagged his finger in Aidan's face.

"It's my limbs. They can't get enough of you." Aidan sucked Enrique's finger, then released it and winked.

Enrique laughed. Aidan cupped his face, then kissed him firmly.

"I'll let you get back to your reading. Since my limbs can't behave, I'll go make us lunch so they won't be tempted."

Enrique chuckled and went back to his end of the couch. Aidan groaned and stood.

"First, I need to change out of these shorts." Aidan quickly went upstairs to the loft.

Enrique admired the fine ass as it climbed the stairs. Aidan returned, gave him one more kiss, and went into the kitchen. Enrique looked until he couldn't see him anymore. He shifted, then grimaced at the wetness of his own shorts. He set aside his book and walked over to the stairs to the loft, pausing to glance into the kitchen. Aidan was singing softly and swivelling those hips. Enrique smiled and headed upstairs to change.

Aidan glanced up and saw Enrique's pert ass disappear up the stairs. His cock hardened.

"Down, boy. He's working. Later, he'll be all ours."

Aidan continued to sing softly and dance as he prepared lunch. His thoughts turned to the last few days. Besides going out to class and office hours, they had stayed in his house. They had loved each other, taken long walks around his neighbourhood, and even read the morning paper over tea for him and coffee for Enrique. It was idyllic. Everything he'd wanted. It amazed him that a few short weeks ago, he hadn't wanted even to imagine the hot younger man sharing those things with him. Now, not only were they real, but they had surpassed his imaginings.

Finished preparing the sandwich, he took it to Enrique, who was back on the couch. He put it in Enrique's face. Glazed eyes met his, then smiled.

"Oh, thanks honey." Enrique raised his face for a kiss.

Aidan kissed him softly and withdrew. He put a soda on the low centre table. Enrique took a bite of the sandwich and made a pleased noise. Aidan went back to the kitchen to get his own. He stood in the doorway and looked at Enrique. The look of concentration on his face was adorable. Leaning against the doorway of the kitchen, Aidan smiled.

I really love everything about him. Aidan straightened abruptly, almost dropping his plate and soda. *Oh my God. I love him.* He kept repeating it over and over in his head.

He gripped his plate and drink, stumbling to the table in his kitchen. He plunked down his food and shakily took a seat. Stunned, he processed what he was feeling. He was in love with Enrique. His mind raced over all that had happened these last few weeks. First trying to keep his distance, then taking the step of just having fun, as everyone had been saying. Enrique's unwavering surety of wanting him. His giving nature. Aidan ran his hand through his hair, closing his eyes. He hadn't wanted to face it, but he loved Enrique. He sat, fingers drumming the table, his head on the back of the chair. Warm fingers stroked across his brow. He opened his eyes and met concerned gold.

"You okay, honey?" Enrique asked.

Aidan forced a smile. "Yeah, baby. You done for the day?"

"Yeah, for today at least. Come sit with me," Enrique said.

Aidan stood. Enrique picked up his plate with his sandwich, and Aidan got the drink. They went back into the living room. Enrique sat, and Aidan joined him, cuddling close. Enrique took a piece of the sandwich and fed it to Aidan.

"You've got to eat, honey." Enrique smiled wickedly. "You need your strength."

Aidan laughed. "To keep up with you, baby."

"You've got all I need," Enrique murmured, leaning down and kissing him.

Aidan returned the kiss, clinging to him.

How could I have let this happen? I can't love him. It would destroy me if he left. Aidan fought not to get upset.

Enrique pulled away, warmth in his golden gaze. He fed Aidan another bite.

Aidan knew he couldn't tell Enrique he loved him. He would just enjoy what they had for now.

God, give me strength to get over loving him. He smiled sadly at Enrique and kissed him again.

* * * *

Aidan put down his pen and rubbed his hand over his eyes. He sighed.

"That's a heavy sound."

He glanced up as Kincaid strolled into his office. Aidan didn't respond.

"There's no reason to be looking so sad. You have a hot man to keep you company. Where is Enrique, anyway?"

"He's teaching at Collins today. We're supposed to meet at my house later tonight."

"Ah...so that's why you're all sad. He isn't close by for you to kissy-face on."

"Leave it alone."

Kincaid's eyes narrowed at his tone. "What's your problem?"

"Listening to you is why I'm in this mess," Aidan gritted out.

Kincaid studied him, then grinned. "Congrats."

"There is nothing worth celebrating about this. *I can't do this again. I can't.*"

"You choose not to. There is no 'can't' here. Just you pushing aw—"

"Don't go there, Kincaid," he warned.

"No. You need to let him go. Let Enrique in. Stop living in the past, damn it. It pains me—hell, the whole family—to see you so closed off."

"You think this has been easy for me? It's not. None of you understand. It ripped my heart out. I won't go through that again. *I won't!*"

Kincaid's look was sympathetic as he reached out and put his hand over Aidan's. "It's okay to allow yourself to l—"

"No. It can't be anything but sex. Just sex. Fun, wild sex. But that's all. Enrique will move on shortly, and then everything will go back to normal," Aidan stated firmly.

"Is that all I am to you? A quick fuck?" an angry voice said.

Chapter Seven

Aidan gulped. Kincaid stood and walked to the side. He met angry gold eyes. Aidan stood from behind his desk.

“Enrique, I—”

“No. Fuck that, Aidan. Fuck you.” Enrique closed his eyes and clenched his fists.

When he opened his eyes, Aidan gasped at the hurt in his gaze. Enrique’s smile was bitter.

“I guess the ‘no more running’ thing was a lie. Acting like you gave a fuck, besides sex.”

“Umm...I’ll go,” Kincaid interjected.

“No. Stay. It doesn’t matter anyway.” Enrique made a slicing movement with his hand.

He walked over to the desk and dropped the red roses Aidan hadn’t even seen him holding onto the desk.

“I guess this is the reason why you’ve been keeping everything in such neat compartments—me, work and your family and friends. Why you’ve been blowing hot and cold, loving one minute, then stand-offish the next. Stupid me for thinking it was because you were under stress, working on the final things for the class ending. Thought we could relieve some stress together.” He took something out of the inner pocket of his jacket. “No sense in these going to waste. Take Kincaid or one of your family. At least you won’t have to worry about acting like you give a damn, like I’m more than a fuck buddy,” Enrique said coldly.

Aidan flinched. Enrique dropped what he held on top of the roses. He turned and strode away.

“Enrique, I—”

“Forget it, Aidan. It’s nothing but sex. Right?” Enrique said flippantly.

Aidan clenched his fists, aching to go after him. The temper his mother had mentioned was in full force. Enrique glanced over his shoulder, anger mixed with sorrow on his face. He turned and went out of the door.

Aidan gripped the edge of the desk as his knees went weak. Shaking, he dropped his gaze. He spotted the tickets Enrique had thrown across the roses. He lifted them. Tears pricked his eyes.

"Aidan, go after him, you fool!" Kincaid commanded.

Remembering the hurt in Enrique's eyes, Aidan shook his head. "It's better this way. We'll end up hurting each other in the end."

"You think he'll end up hurting you? You mean...I never thought I would see you take the coward's way out."

"Fuck you, Kincaid! You don't know anything about what's between us."

"I know I've never seen you happier, never seen you fall for someone so fast."

"Shut up, Kincaid."

"You stubborn fuck. He brought you flowers and tickets to—"

"My favourite concerto," Aidan supplied.

"What?"

He gave the tickets to Kincaid. Kincaid read them and whistled. They were orchestra seats almost touching the stage. They cost a pretty penny. There was no way he could make it up to Enrique.

"The man must care for you. He even knows your varied taste in music."

Aidan remembered when he had mentioned his love of the classics. It had been after they had fucked again on the couch in his office about a week ago. His throat got tight, and he cleared it.

"You need to go to him, Aidan," Kincaid said again as he handed back the tickets.

"No. Leave it, Kincaid," he replied in the tone that warned he was through discussing it.

Kincaid made a frustrated noise and turned away. Aidan pocketed the tickets and picked up the roses. He walked around the desk and patted Kincaid on the shoulder.

"Come on. Buy your older brother a drink," Aidan said.

He couldn't face going home. Kincaid turned and studied him. He smiled sadly and clasped him around the shoulders.

"Come on then. But you're buying," Kincaid replied.

Kincaid let him go and went out of the door. Aidan followed. He glanced back at the couch where he and Enrique had been together a few times. He pushed away the ache he felt and closed the door.

It really is for the best, he reminded himself as he followed Kincaid to Teague's.

But if it was for the best, then why did his chest hurt so much?

Furious, Enrique stormed into the house and slammed the door. He ignored Niall and Braden calling out to him as he stomped up the stairs to his room. He went in and slammed that door, too. Enrique glanced around the room and cursed viciously. He and Aidan had screwed all over the room. He'd had fun tempting the professor to let his wild side out to play. Once Aidan got that wicked gleam in his eyes, Enrique would get rock hard. He slammed his hand on the table.

He sat on the couch and glanced at the time, surprised that less than ten minutes had passed since he'd gone from elated to devastated. It must have been a record. Enrique leant forwards with his hands between his legs. The sex had been hot, and he'd thought he had Aidan. All of him. They had talked more and more. Sharing more. He had thought Aidan was finally opening up. Too bad it wasn't true. Aidan had started acting weirdly a few days ago, keeping him at a distance except in bed. Enrique had been determined to help him relax, so he'd decided to take him on a date. The roses and tickets had been his stupid attempt at enticing Aidan to let the stress go and just have some fun.

"Stupid fucker. You're a stupid, fucking idiot, Enrique." He leaned his head back on the chair.

He had been under the assumption they'd had more. But Aidan hadn't been. He could still hear Aidan's voice, telling Kincaid it was only sex. It had hurt really badly. He hadn't known it could hurt that badly to be considered just a fuck buddy. Before, he might have believed it was karma that he wanted more from a man who was afraid to take what he wanted to give. But now he knew it wasn't that. He'd had his share of fuck buddies before, and they'd been upfront about it. It was ironic that he was interested in the one man who could rock his world, yet twist him in knots.

"It doesn't matter. It's over." At the words, pain filled him.

Stumbling from his chair, Enrique went into his bedroom and lay across the bed, pulling the covers over him. He curled around one of the pillows, and Aidan's scent wafted to him. Tears pricked his eyes. Enrique battled them, but they overflowed. He put his face into Aidan's pillow and cried. After some time, the tears slowed and he fell asleep.

A loud knocking on the door woke him. Groggily, Enrique looked around. He noted the time. It was already seven o' clock. He had been asleep for hours. The knocking came again. Enrique stood, rubbing his hand over his face then through his hair.

"I'm coming," he called.

He stretched as he walked out of his bedroom into his living area and to the door. The knocking came again. Enrique yanked open the door.

"Niall, Braden, I don't wa—" He trailed off at the sight of Aidan in the doorway.

Aidan's head was bent as he stood, hands braced against the doorframe. Enrique gulped, then stiffened. He leaned against the open door.

"What do you want?" Enrique demanded.

"You," Aidan replied.

Enrique's breath caught. He crossed his arms over his chest, refusing to believe the note of contrition he heard in Aidan's voice.

"I'm not in the mood for sex right now. Find some other fuck buddy," he replied flippantly.

"I don't want a fuck buddy. I want you, Enrique. This isn't about fucking," Aidan growled.

"Really? A few hours ago it was. What changed, all of a sudden?" Enrique snorted.

"I really stopped running and started to imagine the rest of my life without you." Aidan raised his head.

Enrique gasped at the raw emotion in his gaze, the caring and sorrow.

"Tell me it's not too late. I want to be with you," Aidan begged.

"I—" Enrique started.

Aidan cut him off. "Let me explain. Please."

Enrique walked away from the door, taking a seat on the couch. Aidan stood before him.

"I lost Taylor, the man I loved, about five years ago. He was sick before he died. I took care of him, kept the hope he would make it, but he didn't. He died of cancer one year, three months and six days after he was diagnosed. It was a rough time. I shut everyone out. Pushed my family away. They all kept telling me I'd get over it, that it would get better. At the time, all I wanted was to be left alone to grieve how I wanted." He took a shuddering breath. "I wanted to die like Taylor did. I wasn't eating or sleeping. I was slowly wasting away." He smiled, a rueful grin. "Until Kincaid, that stubborn bastard, came and refused to let me. He turned over his business to his manager and moved in with me. He told the rest of the family to back off, he would handle it. And that's what he did. He never left my side. When I screamed and threw food at him, cursed him and hit him, he refused to give up. He is immovable when he's set on something. And he had made up his mind I would live. Eventually, with his unwavering support, I decided living was what I wanted too."

Enrique listened, shocked that he hadn't even known about Taylor. Hearing how much Aidan had loved him hurt.

"I understand why you can't be with me. You still love Taylor." Enrique gulped. "I get it—"

"No, you don't." Aidan sat next to him on the couch. "I do still love Taylor, but this isn't about him. It's about you and me. Us. I want that Us."

"I can't let you hurt me again, Aidan." Enrique took a breath. He clenched his fists so he wouldn't reach for Aidan.

"I won't, *leannán*. I won't," Aidan promised.

"How do I believe you, Aidan?" Enrique asked, tears filling his eyes.

Aidan looked sad and reached for him, wiping away his tears.

"We'll both have to trust in each other. No more running—for real this time." Aidan's voice was soft, and he cupped Enrique's cheek. "I love you, Enrique."

Enrique gasped and watched the surety in Aidan's pale grey gaze.

"I love you, Aidan." Enrique caressed Aidan's cheek. "Trust. We'll have to give it a shot. So, you're hanging up your running shoes?" His breath hitched as he laughed.

Aidan chuckled. "We're only going to run together."

Aidan continued to stroke Enrique's cheek. Enrique looked into his sexy eyes and smiled.

"Together. I like the sound of that."

"Yeah, together has a nice ring to it. Oh, I have something for you." He got up and went back out of the door. He returned and came quickly to where Enrique sat. "These are for you." Aidan gave him the flowers he had in his hand.

Enrique studied the mixture of white and orange roses. From his trying to pick roses earlier, he knew white was for new beginnings and orange for desire. His heart softened, and he looked at the earnest expression on Aidan's face. He fisted his hand in Aidan's shirt, pulled him close and kissed him.

Aidan lay against him on the couch. He ground against Enrique. Their passion blazed, and Enrique moaned into his mouth. Aidan growled. After some intense tongue action, Aidan released him. Enrique tried to keep their mouths together. Aidan chuckled.

"Let's go to bed, *leannán*." Aidan stood.

Enrique rose and picked up the flowers, tossing them onto the table. He turned to Aidan and slapped him on the ass.

"This is mine," Enrique growled.

"All yours." Aidan pulled him into the bedroom.

Enrique stopped Aidan by the side of the bed and undressed him, touching along his neck as he unbuttoned his shirt. He feathered his fingertips along the ridges of Aidan's chest, making him moan and shudder. Enrique dug in his nails, gently scraping Aidan's sides. He put his hands under his shirt, pushing it off the shoulders. Kissing him, Enrique unbuckled Aidan's belt and then his slacks. Withdrawing from the kiss, he looked down at Aidan's open slacks. He placed his hand on his bulge, kneading it beneath the fabric before putting his hand inside, under his briefs. The brush of the silken cock against his fingers made Enrique growl in the back of his throat.

He shifted his hand and, using the other, he pushed Aidan's pants and briefs off. Aidan kicked off his shoes and stepped out of his slacks. He pressed against Enrique's fully clothed body. Enrique held him close, rubbing against him. Aidan moaned and reached for Enrique's clothing, taking off his shirt. Enrique put his face against the side of Aidan's neck and inhaled his scent. He grunted as Aidan took off his pants, then briefs. Aidan's heated hands touched his sensitised skin. Unable to wait another moment, Enrique walked Aidan

backwards until his knees touched the side of the bed. Aidan sat. Enrique kissed Aidan hungrily, and the older man scooted backwards as Enrique crawled with him.

Enrique rose, watching Aidan spread across his pillow for his pleasure. He reached for lube and condoms. Aidan touched his hand.

“As soon as we can, I want us to get tested so we can go bare,” Aidan said softly.

Enrique stared at Aidan. He remembered Aidan mentioning it before but they’d never discussed it again. Enrique had never had that with anyone. He kissed him fiercely. Aidan moaned, hard arms tightening painfully around his shoulders. Enrique leant back and got Aidan ready. He pushed in. The warmth engulfed his cock. In steady thrusts, Enrique stroked in and out of Aidan. The whimpers and whispered exclamations rose with each thrust.

Watching Aidan’s face, Enrique saw the harsh tightening of it as pleasure racked him. His crease enfolded Enrique’s cock. He increased his thrusts. His balls tightened, signalling his pending release. Holding it off, he pumped into Aidan. Aidan moaned, his seed erupting from his cock. Shifting, Enrique swivelled his hips. Aidan moaned, a sound that let Enrique know he was rubbing on the nerve endings that would drive Aidan out of his mind. He pushed against his prostate again and again. Aidan moaned continuously. His cock kept gushing out seed as he orgasmed over and over again.

Enrique leant down and kissed Aidan, swallowing his sounds. Sliding his hands over his hips, he cupped Aidan’s ass and pulled him hard against him. Aidan’s grunt of surprised pleasure filled his mouth. Enrique drank down his cry, and groaned in return. Aidan shivered. His legs wrapped around Enrique. Pulling back from his delicious taste, Enrique looked at Aidan’s unfocussed, pale grey eyes. His eyelids fluttered with each thrust of his hips. Aidan’s hands came up, cupping the back of Enrique’s head. He shifted, fingers tangling in his hair. He tugged Enrique down, kissing him with lots of tongue. Aidan’s gaze focused on Enrique’s, and in his pale grey eyes Enrique saw not only carnal need. He saw love.

Aidan’s lips curled between their kiss. He sucked Enrique’s tongue into his mouth. Enrique jerked at the brief bite of sharp pain as Aidan bit his tongue, and then he growled. His sac tightened, then his cock pulsed. Orgasm ripped through him, driving the breath from his lungs. He tried to pull his lips away to groan. But Aidan held him, his fingers in Enrique’s

hair keeping his face still for his possession. Groaning anyway, Enrique let the sensations take him. He thrust his cock in and out as it pulsed, filling Aidan up. Aidan sucked on his tongue and bit him again. The pleasure tripled, making his heart race until it felt as if it would leap out of his chest. Aidan made a purring sound, making Enrique's mouth and his cock vibrate. Enrique moaned harshly as he sucked in the sounds.

Aidan murmured while bucking back and forth on Enrique's cock. Enrique's breath caught at the fierce look on Aidan's face. Aidan smiled, a fierce flash of teeth, then growled, a low, throaty sound. Enrique grunted as the pleasure pulsed out of his shaft. He sagged against Aidan. Aidan wrapped his arms around him, holding him close. Enrique's heart raced.

Breathing hard, Enrique said, "Damn, *querido*. You're trying to kill me."

Aidan chuckled. "What a way to go."

Laughing, Enrique settled himself against Aidan. He listened to his heart as he fell asleep.

Chapter Eight

"Come on, *leannán*."

Enrique glanced up from his papers at Aidan. He was dressed and had his keys. He was shifting impatiently.

"Are we going somewhere?" Enrique asked.

Aidan watched him. "Yeah. You have five minutes to get to the car."

Aidan turned and walked out. The sound of the closing front door came. Enrique sat up, his eyes narrowed. Aidan hadn't told him they were going anywhere. He sat with his arms crossed. Watching the clock, he waited for the five minutes to pass. The front door opened, then Aidan stomped back inside.

"Aren't you ready yet?" Aidan demanded.

"Ready for what? I wasn't even aware we were going somewhere." Enrique studied him.

"Don't you know what today is?" Aidan asked.

"I have no clue. Please enlighten me."

"Ma's birthday. Come on. We don't want to be late for the party," Aidan said.

Enrique sat up, shocked. "You want me to go with you to your family?"

Aidan sighed. "Boy, are you slow today. Come on! Five minutes."

He tapped his watch, then turned back out of the door. Enrique gaped. He got up off the couch and raced up to Aidan's bedroom. Quickly, he looked over the limited clothing he had and found something he thought would be appropriate. He grabbed his brush and a hair holder and took them with him. Rushing back down the stairs, he went out of the door to the car.

"You need to lock the door," Enrique told Aidan.

Aidan got out of the car muttering. Ignoring him, Enrique brushed his hair. Aidan got back in the car.

"That was longer than five minutes," Aidan griped.

"If you had told me I was going to meet your family, like normal people, I would have had time to dress," Enrique growled.

He finished his hair, then sat back. Aidan made a noise, continuing to drive.

"Here," Aidan said.

Enrique glanced at him, taking the key Aidan handed him.

"What's this?"

"A key to the house. Do you want us to go tomorrow to pick up your stuff from your place?" Aidan asked.

Enrique looked at the key, then back at Aidan's composed face. He stifled a smile.

"Is this your way of asking me to move in with you?" Enrique asked mildly.

"You're already living there. I thought you would like to have your clothing with you. Well, that and your stuff," Aidan mumbled.

"You are so full of shit." Enrique laughed loud and long.

Aidan glanced at him, and his lips twitched. He started to laugh. Enrique smacked him on the arm. Aidan made a wiggling movement with his eyebrow.

"I'll call the movers to get my stuff to your house," Enrique said.

"I can ask my family to help move you. And it's our house," Aidan said.

Enrique smiled "Our house. Has a nice ring to it. And that's okay. The movers are set up. I just have to change the address."

"What?" Aidan asked.

Enrique changed the subject. "You could have given me some warning about meeting your family. I don't even have anything that nice on."

"Like the notice I had meeting your *Mami*," Aidan said dryly.

Enrique watched him narrowly. "What was this? Some kind of revenge for that?"

"Nope. Revenge would be if I just conned you into going without telling you where we were headed. I'm still planning my revenge for your springing your mom on me." Aidan gave him a look.

"What can I do to make it up to you?" Enrique smiled wickedly.

Aidan's look was speculative. "Let me think about it and let you know."

"Whenever, *querido*." He put his hand on Aidan's firm thigh.

Aidan made a humming sound and continued driving. Arriving at their destination, Enrique felt nervous. He got out of the car and straightened his clothes.

"You look fine." Aidan rolled his eyes and grabbed him, pulling him down the walk, up the steps and to the front door of the house.

"Don't make me beat you." Enrique shrugged him off.

"That's really more than I need to know about my son's sex life," a gravelly voice said.

Enrique froze, then raised his head. Twinkling jade-green eyes met his. The face looked almost like Aidan's and the other brothers he had met. It was older, and the eyes were not the same, but the basic features were.

"Umm...excuse me, sir."

The man laughed, a booming sound. "Sir is for old stuffy folk. Call me Angus, or Da if you prefer. And you must be Enrique, the man my sons can't stop talking about. Are you really a genius?"

Enrique blinked, then grinned. "Whatever they said is all lies."

"My sons have been known to tell tall tales. So I believe you. Come on in, boy." The man laughed again, his eyes twinkling.

He patted Enrique on the shoulder. Enrique glanced at Aidan. There was a stunned look on his face.

"What's wrong?"

"Da usually doesn't say that much," Aidan admitted.

"Really?"

"That was chatty for him. I wonder why?" Aidan mused.

"Because he's happy that you're happy again, you dumbass," Kincaid said.

Enrique glanced at him just as he slapped Aidan across the back of the head. Aidan roared playfully. Kincaid took off down the front steps and Aidan chased him. Kincaid dodged. Aidan went sideways, then jumped. Kincaid moved back, but Aidan caught him around the waist. They went down in a crash of limbs.

"You fucking idiot!" Kincaid roared.

Aidan laughed. The sound of footsteps rushing to the door made Enrique shift out of the doorway. His eyes widened as the bodies charged past him down the steps. He knew

some of them were Aidan's brothers. The men jumped in, holding down Kincaid. There was loud laughter as Kincaid cursed.

"Hold him down, boys," Aidan said.

"Ma!" Kincaid yelled.

"You boys play nice," a stern voice said.

"Yes, Ma," and "Yes, Aunty," rang out from the men.

Enrique glanced at the willowy woman standing beside him. She looked at him and smiled. The pale grey of her gaze was that of her son.

"I'm Simone, or you can call me Ma. I'm the mother or aunt of those crazy people out there. Come in, Enrique. I can call you that, right?"

He nodded. Simone took his arm and led him inside. She waved at her various family members, but didn't slow her stride. Simone sat on the couch in the centre of the living room, pulling him down beside her. Someone brought her a drink, and she shooed them away.

"All this fawning over me because of my birthday is getting on my last nerve."

The people in the room laughed and screamed that she was loved. Simone said a word in Gaelic that made them laugh harder. She glared at the people, then looked at Enrique.

"Sorry. These folks are a little rambunctious." She leaned closer to him. "Now tell me all about how you met my son."

Enrique bit his lip. He couldn't very well tell Aidan's mom the truth. He told her a watered down version of their meeting. After he was done, Simone cocked her head to the side and studied him.

"Wow, that's such a load of shit, if ever I heard it," Simone said.

"Ma," Aidan said.

"*Aidan*." She mocked in the same tone Aidan had used. Simone glanced at her son. "I know you met at Teague's, and I know you, and from the looks of him, no way it went like that. All romantic and shit."

Aidan let out a sigh. "Da, please control your wife."

Simone snorted. "As if. I birthed you, boy. I have a right to embarrass you if I choose. It is a Ma's right. Don't you agree, Enrique?" She looked at him.

"Absolutely." He agreed with no hesitation.

Simone chuckled and patted him on the cheek. "See? I knew I would like you. Now go away, Aidan, while I get to know your young man." She made a shooping motion with her hand.

Aidan looked torn, as if he wanted to come over, but didn't want to displease his Ma. Simone raised an eyebrow and gave Aidan a look. Enrique chuckled. It was the same expression, down to the eyebrow, that Aidan used when he wanted you to get lost or be prepared for the consequences. Aidan left grudgingly, going across the room to sit by his father.

"Now, Enrique." She leaned in and whispered, "I don't want to know all the details of how you met. I just wanted to shake Aidan up a bit. My boys', especially Aidan's, temperament is more like Angus'. They act so stuffy sometimes that they drive me daft. So I do little things to...well...remove the stick out of their butt."

Enrique laughed. He leaned closer to Aidan's mother. "Like what? Give me some tips."

Simone smiled, a wicked grin. The gleam in her eyes was the same that Aidan got when he was up to trouble. Simone filled him in, and they laughed and chatted.

* * * *

As the names were called, Aidan's heartbeat sped up in anticipation. A hand grabbed his. He glanced to his left and met gold eyes.

"He's up next," Margo said.

Her voice was husky, and her eyes looked like she was about to cry.

"He wouldn't be here without you, *Mami*," Aidan said.

"You are not going to make me cry, Aidan." Margo released his hand and smacked his arm.

Aidan chuckled, lacing his fingers with hers.

"Enrique Matthews," a voice called, then proceeded to list his doctorates.

Aidan stood, and Margo with him. Enrique strode across the stage with the confident swagger Aidan loved.

"Damn it. I'm gonna cry." Margo's voice sounded like she already was.

He glanced at her as he took out his handkerchief and gave it to her. She took it, dabbing at her full eyes. Aidan heard another snuffle. He looked past her at his Ma, wiping her eyes with a handkerchief while swearing softly. He glanced at his Da at her side. His Da rolled his eyes. His Ma hit his Da in the stomach, glaring up at him. His Da put his arm around her and kissed the top of her head. Aidan smiled, then looked back at the stage. Enrique shook the man's hand and took the folder. He went across the stage, then off it.

* * * *

A while later they drove towards a graduation party for Enrique, Braden, Niall and Gregory, who'd had his ceremony a week earlier. When they pulled into their neighbourhood, Aidan asked, "Are we stopping at home first?"

Enrique turned the car into the drive, then turned to him. "Hmmm...get out of the car."

Enrique got out. Aidan got out and joined him by the driver's side door.

"Whatever you need to get, make it quick. I want to get there, and hopefully we can leave early so I can give you my gift." Aidan leered.

Enrique laughed. "Come on. Let's take a walk."

"What? Let's go to the party. This only delays things."

Enrique tugged him. Aidan went with him, grumbling. Enrique strolled down the sidewalk, his fingers laced with Aidan's. Aidan sighed loudly. Enrique chuckled. He stopped.

"Okay. We're here."

Aidan glanced at the cream-coloured antebellum mansion set a little back from the street. He had passed it many times. He looked at Enrique, who had a sly look on his face.

"Where?"

"The party."

"I thought the party was at your old house."

"Nope. It's at Niall's new home," Enrique replied.

Aidan asked slowly, "Niall bought a house a few doors down from ours?"

"Actually, we were looking at houses in this area. Having a private stretch of beach behind each house was a huge selling point. But Braden also worked out the logistics and

numbers between the different areas. The real estate market in this area is interesting, with the mix of older and newer architecture. Braden cross-referenced it with crime rate, market fluctuation, and so on. This was the perfect area for our needs. We knew after graduation we didn't want to live together anymore. But we wanted to still be close. It worked out well when you asked me to move in. I had a mover all set already."

Aidan tried to make sense of all Enrique had said. "So Niall is a neighbour." He sighed, then thought about what he had said. "And Braden?"

"His house is over there."

Aidan's gaze followed where Enrique pointed. He raised an eyebrow at the white antebellum mansion that was diagonally across the street from Niall's. He chuckled, then glanced at Enrique with a smile on his face.

"Which one did you think of buying, *leannán*?"

"I bought that one." Enrique pointed.

The bungalow-style town house was two doors over from Niall's. It was sort of regal and understated. Aidan glanced at the three houses, then back at Enrique.

"Braden and Niall have this thing about lots of space. I had already closed on the house when you asked me to move in. But luckily Gregory wants it. He's moved in already. It will be officially his as soon as we can get all the paperwork done." Enrique wrinkled his nose.

"Umm...*leannán*?"

"Yes, *querido*?"

He looked at the houses again, then back at Enrique. "How rich are you?"

"It fluctuates based on a number of factors. Braden is a whiz at the stock market and invested some of our money. But, with the way the economy is, he diversified the portfolio. We have loose capital and real estate. Like our old house. We're keeping it and renting it to college students. We'll take a loss, since most college kids don't have that much cash, but we figure it's a good way to give back. Hey! Maybe we can get Braden to invest for you. That way, I can become a kept man." Enrique smiled, a devilish twinkle in his eyes.

Aidan blinked at all the information. It was Enrique's way of making light of what he had. He did the same when anyone mentioned his academic accomplishments.

"Yeah, Braden can give it a shot. But *leannán*, I'm going to be the kept man." Aidan laughed.

"Oh...does that mean I get to have my way with you whenever I want?" Enrique asked.

"You get that now. Now let's go party." Aidan winked, smacking him on the butt.

Enrique laughed, and they went to the party. Enrique went right to dancing. Aidan stood a bit away and watched. Enrique danced between Margo and Simone. Aidan could hear the laughter. Enrique looked up and came over to Aidan, standing in front of him. Aidan put his arms around him as they watched people having fun. Time passed, and Enrique turned in his arms, looking at him.

"Come dance with me, *querido*."

Aidan started to follow him, but Kincaid walked up.

"Aidan, I brought over your CD book so we could have some variety in music, but where the hell are your Roarke CDs?"

Enrique looked at Aidan, and they said together, "Niall."

A sound like fireworks filled the air. Aidan strode over to the picnic table, where a colourful display was taking place. Pushing through the crowd, he saw the bucket-sized clear plastic that had silver glinting in the bottom. The various colours were shimmering out of the top. He raised his gaze. Niall smirked.

"You burnt all my Roarke CDs?" he roared.

Niall shrugged. "Yep. They look real pretty, too."

Aidan glanced at the people around the table. "You watched him as he burned my CDs?"

"Until he got started on the colours, chemicals and some other thing, I didn't think the boy could even speak," his Ma replied. "It was really fascinating listening to him. And he was right. It is pretty. Who knew Roarke's CDs could create such rainbow colours?"

She looked at Margo, and they leaned against each other and laughed. Aidan glared, then looked and gestured.

"Isn't fire dangerous like this?" he asked.

Zachary and Mattson, his older brothers, looked at each other, then at him.

"Technically, from the mumbo jumbo that Niall said, it isn't an actual fire, but a set of harmless chemicals that creates a great big bang," Zach replied.

"And it is downright pretty," Mattson added, suppressed laughter in his tone.

They looked at each other and started to laugh.

"Wow. They're right." Kincaid sounded amused. "When Niall meets Roarke, I want to be there."

"Me too," rang out around the table. Aidan ignored them and looked back at Niall. Niall grinned widely.

"You will replace my CDs," Aidan said quietly.

"Sure," Niall agreed.

"Good," Aidan said.

He glared at everyone around the table, turning away.

"With more appropriate music. Not this crap," Niall said.

The laughter started again. Aidan went to turn. Enrique grabbed him. Aidan let him pull him away from the table. Enrique led him to the floor and put his arms around him. They danced.

"When can we go home?" Aidan asked, rubbing his finger down Enrique's cheek.

Enrique's golden eyes got that wicked look. "Are you ready for us to get into some wild behaviour?"

"I was thinking more reckless behaviour," Aidan said against the side of his face.

Locking gazes with his, Enrique said in a deep, husky voice, "I love you, Aidan. Take me home."

Aidan cleared his throat before responding. "Love you, Enrique."

Aidan pulled Enrique behind him as they left the party.

About the Author

Talia Carmichael is a romantic who believes that family, no matter if it is by blood or those you choose as family, is integral to who you are. She is an author who writes sexy stories in a variety of genres. She believes in creating stories that encompass all that falling in love or lust entails, from the highs of that first blush of attraction to the lows of not knowing if you can make your coming together as a couple work, and then finally to the acceptance of the reality of making a life together. It's all about the journey.

Among her books you'll find contemporary, futuristic, fantasy, and paranormal settings with M/M and ménage themes that have a happily-ever-after. Her books are passionate, intense, and real...to fill the craving.

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