



Loose Id

SPARKLERS

FIREWORKS

an erotic interlude with the characters of *The Assignment*

EVANGELINE ANDERSON

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THE ASSIGNMENT

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Fireworks

Evangeline Anderson

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“Nope. No way am I wearin’ that. No way in hell.” Detective Sean O’Brian looked at the pile of black leather laying on the side of his big brass bed and shook his head.

“You have to.” Detective Nick Valenti, his partner, best friend, and as of a year and a half ago, lover, ran a hand through his thick black hair and frowned. He’d brought the outfit over to O’Brian’s place and one like it for himself. Although Valenti had put on the tight black leather pants and the black leather vest and motorcycle boots that went with them, his partner refused to touch his own costume.

“Why do I have to? Hell, Valenti, today is the Fourth of July, not Halloween. Besides, why are we dealin’ with this now? I thought we were gonna go down to the park and catch the fireworks -- it’s our tradition.”

“We’ll have plenty of time for fireworks later. For right now, just put on the clothes,” Valenti told him.

“Why?” O’Brian narrowed his sea-green eyes at his partner in frustration. He had just come back from a trip to visit his parents and he didn’t seem to be in a very good mood. He’d even refused to give Valenti a hug. It had been a long two weeks since they had seen each other, and Valenti had missed him like hell and had been longing to feel his partner’s hard body pressed against his own. So when O’Brian had brushed him off, it hurt. Hurt a lot. Had

his partner not missed him as much as he had missed O'Brian? Or did O'Brian just need to lighten up? Something was obviously bothering him but he wasn't ready to talk about it yet. He sighed and decided to get back to the subject at hand.

"I told you," he said, trying to be patient. "We're going to do a surveillance gig at The Castle -- Captain Harris got word of a pretty heavy drug deal that's supposed to go down. If we don't wear this stuff, we'll stick out like a couple of sore thumbs."

"The Castle? The kinkiest damn leather club in the city?"

"That's the one," Valenti said dryly.

"Damn, partner, thanks for askin' me before you took on such a prime assignment." O'Brian's voice dripped sarcasm. Still grumbling, he began picking through the pile of leather clothes carefully, as though he felt if he touched any of it for too long he might get burned.

"I didn't think you'd mind, considering what we went through at the RamJack," Valenti said, crossing his arms over his chest. The RamJack was a gay resort that glittered on the surface and seethed with corruption under its rich façade. Ever since going undercover there as two gay men to bust drug kingpin Vincent Conrad, Valenti and O'Brian had been lovers as well as best friends and partners. Circumstances had forced them to admit their true feelings for each other -- feelings that had come as a complete surprise since neither man had ever had a same-sex attraction before in their lives. The relationship they shared stemmed not just from the unquenchable lust that sparked between them when they touched but from a loyalty and trust so deep it was inherent to both men. So it was about time, Valenti thought wryly, that O'Brian showed him a little of that trust and put on the damn clothes.

"Oh yeah, the RamJack." O'Brian's eyes lit up as he picked up a pair of leather chaps and began looking for a way to put them on. "So are we gonna be playin' the same parts we did there?"

"Well, kind of but not exactly." Valenti smiled at O'Brian's eagerness. He couldn't help remembering that before their time at the RamJack his partner had been angry that he had to

play the more submissive role of the “boy” to Valenti’s “Daddy.” But there was no getting around the fact that with his diminutive height, blondish-red hair and clear, sea-green eyes, Sean O’Brian looked the part. Valenti’s muscular six foot two frame, his black hair and serious brown eyes, along with his more up-tight attitude ruled him out of the submissive role.

“Whaddaya mean, ‘not exactly?’” O’Brian asked suspiciously, wriggling out of his skin-tight jeans and kicking off his shoes.

Valenti tried hard not to stare as O’Brian stripped off his shirt as well and began strapping on the chaps. The two weeks O’Brian had been away visiting his folks had felt more like two months to him, and just the sight of his partner’s muscular, compact body was enough to make Valenti’s mouth water. There had been a time, of course, when the idea of looking at another man’s body and becoming aroused by what he saw would have seemed like a foreign concept. But that was before he’d given in to the feelings he’d kept hidden for so long and let himself love O’Brian as more than just a best friend and partner.

“Well,” he said, then cleared his throat and tried to think how to put it. “It’s more of a Dominant/submissive thing. I’m going to be the Dom and you’re going to be the sub.”

“Meaning?” O’Brian arched an eyebrow at him as he fought with the chaps.

Valenti cleared his throat uncomfortably. “Meaning I’ll be playing your, uh, Master and you’ll be my slave.”

“What, like a sex slave or somethin’?” O’Brian dropped suddenly to his knees and put his hands on Valenti’s thighs. “What am I s’posed to do?” he asked in a low, husky voice. “Want me to beg to suck your cock...*Master?*”

Valenti’s shaft, which was already half hard from seeing his partner naked except for the black chaps, went from half mast to full in a second. “Since you’re asking,” he began, but before he could finish, O’Brian was on his feet again and examining the chaps he was wearing.

“Ya think this is the way these go?” he asked, looking down at the black leather that framed his round, muscular ass and thick cock. “Is there somethin’ else I’m supposed to wear with them? I mean, I can’t just go out like this, can I? You’d have to arrest me for indecent exposure before we even got to The Castle.”

Valenti cleared his throat, his heart pounding in his chest. “As a matter of fact, there *is* something else you’re supposed to wear, partner.” He walked over to the bed and picked up a black leather instrument with a thick handle and a lot of long leather tassels hanging from it. “This.”

“What’s that?” O’Brian asked flatly, walking over to examine it. “Damn,” he said, looking at the handle curiously. “That thing is nearly as big as your cock, Valenti.”

“That’s right, it is.” With a sudden move his partner never saw coming, Valenti pounced on the smaller man and pulled him onto the bed. Then, without missing a beat he grabbed his cuffs and bound O’Brian’s hands behind his back, forcing him into a submissive kneeling position in the middle of the mattress.

“Hey! What the hell?” O’Brian protested, looking up at his partner in confusion. “What’s this for, Valenti?”

“This is to teach you what our roles at The Castle are going to be. Namely that I’m the Master and what I say goes,” Valenti growled. “And also to teach you a lesson, *partner*.”

“A lesson? What lesson? Let me out of these cuffs, Valenti, or I’m gonna teach you a lesson about bein’ sorry!” O’Brian snarled.

“I don’t think so.” Valenti shook his head. “Sean, do you remember what happened last Christmas on our one-year anniversary?”

O’Brian began to look uneasy. “Well, yeah,” he admitted after a long pause. “I, uh...you were bein’ unreasonable about that stupid rookie partner I had for a while so I had to, uh...”

"You had to kidnap me from a charity event, tie me to the bed -- this same bed right here." Valenti patted the thick mattress of O' Brian's big brass bed for emphasis. "And then you had to fuck me senseless. Is that what you *had* to do, *partner*?"

O'Brian shifted around on his knees, his sea-green eyes uncertain. "Well, yeah, but we both enjoyed that, Valenti. I mean, didn't we?"

"We did." Valenti gave his partner a slow smile. "But that doesn't mean I haven't been looking for just the right time to pay you back. And you know what they say, O'Brian -- payback's a bitch. Didn't I tell you I wouldn't forget being tied up and fucked like a helpless girl?"

"Damn." O'Brian frowned at him, his eyes filled with both fear and desire. "Had no idea you could be so...so *dominant*, babe."

"Surprise." Valenti ran one large hand from the nape of his partner's neck down to the muscular curve of his naked ass. "You're not the only one who's good with handcuffs."

"Guess not." O'Brian shivered under his touch, then lifted his chin defiantly. "So now that you got me cuffed and helpless, what's next on the agenda?"

"Now I'm going to put the rest of your costume on you. Or should I say *in* you?" Valenti mused, picking up the black leather device from where it had fallen on the floor when he cuffed O'Brian.

"What? What the hell is that thing, anyway?" O'Brien looked the leather phallus with its long black tassels uneasily.

Valenti looked his partner directly in the eyes and smiled slowly as he removed a tube of lube from the tight front pocket of his leather pants. "It's a tail."

"A fuckin' what? What the hell?" O'Brian's green eyes got impossibly wide. "Hey, there's no way you're puttin' that in me, Valenti. Just forget about it -- you know I don't go in for that kinda crap."

O'Brian had always been skittish about using any kind of sex toys in their lovemaking, Valenti suspected because he thought it would make them more "gay." Because gay wasn't how O'Brian thought of himself. As he had told Valenti before, he was just a straight guy who was in love with his partner who just happened to be another guy.

Gay or straight, hetero or homo -- Valenti had often thought the relationship they shared went beyond labels and transcended the homophobic thinking of their narrow-minded society. The love between him and O'Brian was a warrior bond -- a mutual feeling like what the ancient Greeks or Spartans had shared. In other words, they weren't just casual fuck buddies, their souls were entwined. But that didn't mean his shaft wasn't throbbing in his tight leather pants right now at the erotic sight of his partner cuffed and helpless on the bed with his cock and ass on display. The black leather chaps made a perfect frame for O'Brian's compact body and gave Valenti easy access to his partner's most vulnerable parts at the same time.

"I *am* going to put this in you, Sean," he said softly, moving closer to his partner. He stroked the black leather handle up and down O'Brian's trembling sides and the flat copper disks of his nipples, loving the way his partner hissed when the cool leather met his overheated flesh. "And then I'm going to *fuck* you with it," he continued. "Fuck you until I teach you a lesson."

"A...a lesson about what?" Despite his obvious fear O'Brian was nearly panting with desire. His chest and cheeks were flushed and he kept licking his full lips. Lips that Valenti wanted to claim as his own in a soul-stealing kiss.

"About manners, for one thing," he said, putting down the tail where O'Brian could see it. "It's been two weeks since I saw you, Sean, and I missed you like crazy. But you've been acting strange since you got in -- like you're not even happy to see me -- like you don't even want to touch me. That hurts."

O'Brian's eyes softened. "Aw, babe, of course I wanna touch you. That's what I thought about most of the way home. It's just...well, I can explain all about --"

“You can explain later.” Valenti cut him off. He squeezed some lube onto his fingertips and got behind his partner, kneeling O’Brian’s legs apart. “Right now it’s time to learn that lesson.”

He heard his partner gasp as he pressed first one and then two slick fingers into the tight entrance of O’Brian’s body. God, it felt good to be doing this, to be touching his partner again after so long. He’d missed O’Brian more than he could say and reconnecting with him felt so right it was like a piece of puzzle falling into place. And it didn’t hurt that his partner was moaning low in his throat and writhing as Valenti opened him, either. The deep, masculine groans seemed to go straight to his crotch, making his cock so hard it ached.

“God, babe, that feels so -- oh!” O’Brian couldn’t finish his sentence but Valenti got the general idea.

“Feels good, doesn’t it, partner?” he purred, removing his fingers at last and picking up the black leather tail. “Get ready -- it’s about to feel even better.”

O’Brian turned his head to look over his shoulder at Valenti and his eyes went wide again. “God, Nick, I don’t know...”

“You don’t have to know because you don’t have a choice.” Valenti made his voice deep and ruthless. “You can either spread your legs and open up for me on your own, or I can *make* you spread you legs. And if I have to do that, I promise you’re gonna get a very rough ride, Sean.” He held his partner’s gaze for a long, breathless moment, waiting to hear O’Brian’s answer to that. For a moment a flash of defiance appeared in the sea-green depths of O’Brian’s eyes but then he nodded slowly and bowed his head.

“All right, Nicky,” he muttered. “Do it. Do whatever you want with me -- I can’t fight it. I never could.” Slowly, submissively, he spread his legs. His hands were still cuffed behind his back but he lowered his face to the dark blue quilt that covered the mattress and sighed deeply. “Do it, Nicky,” he said softly, looking back at his partner. “Fuck me. I want you to.”

Valenti felt his heart catch in his throat at the beautifully submissive posture. It was the same pose, the same words, O'Brian had used the very first time they'd made love at the RamJack. The first time O'Brian had admitted that he wanted Valenti to take him, to claim him, to fuck him even though neither one of them had ever done anything remotely like that before with another man.

But even as his heart squeezed in his chest, Valenti's cock throbbed in his pants and he knew he wanted to see the long black leather handle buried in his partner's willing ass. Wanted to see O'Brian submit to his touch and open to take all he could give, all he *needed* to give.

"Get ready, Sean," he said in a voice that was hoarse with emotion. "Because I'm gonna fuck you hard tonight."

O'Brian moaned softly, not saying a word. When Valenti pressed the thick end of the black leather handle into his tight entrance he shivered like a nervous animal but didn't try to get away. Instead, he spread his thighs even wider and pressed back to meet the tail as it slid into him inch by inch.

"That's right, Sean," Valenti murmured, rubbing his partner's trembling back and buttocks gently. "That's right. Take it all. Just spread your legs and take it all for me." He had never felt so in control of a situation since the first time they had fucked. And he had never felt so hot either. Back at the RamJack though O'Brian had offered himself to Valenti, there was still a deep undercurrent of guilt, a feeling that he shouldn't be doing this to his partner, to the man he loved most in the world, because it would ruin their friendship forever. Now that they were firmly established as lovers instead of just friends and partners, Valenti felt all of the power and none of the shame. He wondered if O'Brian had felt the same way when he chained Valenti to the bed that Christmas and fucked him senseless.

"God, babe -- in me so deep!" O'Brian groaned, breaking his train of thought. "So...so fuckin' *deep*."

"Gonna get deeper," Valenti growled and pressed the final two inches of the thick leather tail home. At last it was buried to the hilt in O'Brian's tight, round ass, the long leather tassels brushing the insides of his thighs as he gasped for breath and fought to hold still under Valenti's assault.

"God," he murmured. "Can't believe...God..."

"How does it feel?" Valenti demanded, pulling the leather tail out a few inches and thrusting it back in, loving the way O'Brian groaned when he did. He thought he had never seen anything so erotic as his tough, hard-nosed partner facedown on the bed with his hands cuffed behind his back and the black leather tail buried to the hilt inside him. Just looking at the scene was making his cock leak precum inside his tight leather pants and he could tell from looking between O'Brian's legs that he was in the same situation -- hard as a rock and leaking like a fountain. "How does it feel to have that so deep inside you, partner? Filling you up?" he asked again.

"Feels...feels Goddamn intense," O'Brian panted. "Feels *incredible*." He looked up at Valenti, his eyes filled with need. "But it's not enough, babe. It's never enough with you. Want...I want..."

"What?" Valenti came around so he was kneeling in front of O'Brian, leaving the tail in place. "What do you want, Sean?" he asked softly.

"Wanna suck your cock, babe," O'Brian murmured. "Wanna taste your cum."

The admission made Valenti's cock throb even harder in his pants. Reaching down, he cupped O'Brian's face in his palm. "Of course you can suck me, Sean," he murmured. "Love to feel your mouth around me -- you always suck me so good."

"No." O'Brian lifted his shoulders off the bed and shook his head. "No, you don't get it, Nick. I want...want you to *make* me suck your cock. *Make* me -- okay?"

"Make you, huh?" Valenti frowned, then sudden understanding filled him. "You want me to treat you like the slave you are, don't you?" he growled. Running a possessive hand

through his partner's hair, he gripped a handful and tugged roughly. "Want me to make you suck your Master's cock?"

"Yeah...yeah, I do." Shame and desire filled O'Brian's face and Valenti realized that it wasn't easy for his partner to admit that he was actually turned on by this, turned on by being dominated. At the same time, he was actually a little shocked by how much he was getting off on being the Dom to O'Brian's sub. But he was so hot by now he didn't have time to analyze the situation. He just wanted to feel O'Brian's hot mouth wrapped around his pulsing shaft.

"Do it then," he snarled, dragging his partner's head forward and thrusting O'Brian's face between his own leather-clad thighs. "Take out my cock and suck me, Sean." He gave his partner a slow, lazy smile. "And don't bother to ask me to uncuff you either. I want you to use your teeth. Here, I'll get you started." Valenti popped the silver button at the top of his tight black leather pants and then leaned back, giving O'Brian room to work.

It was clear his partner was eager to obey Valenti's orders. O'Brian leaned over at once and grasped the tongue of the silver zipper between his even white teeth. With one long, slow, sensual motion he pulled it down, parting the sides of Valenti's tight black leather pants and allowing his long cock to spring free.

Valenti groaned as O'Brian engulfed his shaft eagerly, sucking and lapping as though he couldn't get enough of the warm, salty taste. It had always been like this between them from the moment they finally acknowledged their mutual attraction -- like neither man could get enough of the other. But Valenti had to admit that O'Brian was especially good at blowjobs. Right from the start he'd taken to it and now he was a Goddamned expert.

"God, that feels so *good!*" Valenti moaned, burying his hands in his partner's hair and fucking deeper into the hot, willing mouth. "Suck me deep, Sean. Take it all!" He pumped his hips hard, letting himself be rough, knowing his partner could take it, knowing that this was what O'Brian wanted. To be mastered. To be fucked.

Valenti could feel the orgasm building in his balls but suddenly he didn't want to come like this. He'd spent two long weeks without his partner and when he came, he didn't want to shoot down O'Brian's throat, no matter how hot that might be. No, he wanted to come deep in his partner's willing ass, wanted to fill O'Brian with himself completely to make their reunion complete.

O'Brian was working him hard, sucking and swirling his tongue around the head of Valenti's cock until he thought he was going to go blind with pleasure. It was hard as hell to pull out of that warm, wet mouth but somehow Valenti managed it.

"What...?" O'Brian looked up in disappointment as Valenti finally pulled away. "Where you goin', babe?" he asked, his voice hoarse with desire. "Love suckin' you. Can't get enough of your cock."

The hot words enflamed Valenti even more. "I know you can't, which is why I'm gonna give you more of it in just a minute," he promised. Shifting around so that he was behind O'Brian again, he took a moment to admire the thick leather tail still buried in his partner's tight ass. It was an erotic sight but what he wanted to see even more was his own thick cock sinking deep into O'Brian's unresisting body, fucking him hard and deep and long while he moaned and gasped and begged.

"What...what're you doin'?" O'Brian asked, turning his head so that he could see over his shoulder.

Valenti smiled and grasped the base of the thick leather tail. "As pretty as this is, partner, I can think of something I'd rather see buried inside you -- my cock. I'm going to fuck you, just like I promised."

"God, babe, yes!" O'Brian moaned as the black leather tail slid free. "God, I want you in me so bad. Need to feel you fucking me. Coming in me."

"Then spread your legs and let me in," Valenti commanded.

Groaning, O'Brian did as he was told. Spreading his legs even wider, he lowered his head and shoulders to the bed again, putting himself in the submissive position Valenti found so arousing. Despite his partner's diminutive stature, Valenti had seen O'Brian chase down felons and intimidate much larger men than he was every day when they worked the streets. The fact that a tough, independent cop like O'Brian was willing to give himself so totally to Valenti made him hard as a rock. As he positioned himself at O'Brian's entrance, he promised himself he was going to give his partner a fucking he would never forget.

"God!" O'Brian moaned again as Valenti pressed the head of his cock to his partner's tight rosebud. "God, please, Nicky, *please!*"

Valenti's instincts were screaming at him to press forward and enter his partner hard. To thrust deep into the beautiful ass in front of him and make O'Brian moan. But that was obviously exactly what his partner was expecting. So instead, he pulled back a little and then pressed just the head of his cock deep into O'Brian's unresisting body.

"Is this what you want?" he taunted. "Is this what you need, Sean?"

"God, yes, but more of it. More of *you*," O'Brian moaned. "C'mon, babe, can't you see I'm goin' crazy for you here?"

"Oh, I can see it, all right." Valenti sank another thick inch of his cock into his partner's tight ass, admiring the erotic sight of his shaft piercing O'Brian's vulnerable body. "But I'm going to give it to you on my terms," he continued.

"Can't stand it!" O'Brian surged backward, attempting to ram Valenti's long cock home inside him but Valenti caught his trim, muscular hips and held him still, not allowing it.

"Ah-ah, Sean," he warned breathlessly. "Be good now or you won't get any at all. Just relax and let me in real slow."

"You go any slower and I'm gonna be up for retirement before I come," O'Brian grumbled, but there was a breathless tone in his voice that said he was loving what Valenti was doing. Loving it and wanting more. Valenti was happy to oblige him.

Slowly, inch by agonizing inch, he entered his partner, sliding his shaft deeper and deeper into O'Brian's pliant flesh. He could tell when he bumped over the sweet spot just above his partner's prostate because O'Brian gasped and squeezed his eyes shut for a moment as the slow penetration continued.

At last he was all the way in with his cock buried to the hilt in his partner's willing ass. For a moment, Valenti had to squeeze his own eyes shut and take some deep breaths. God, O'Brian was tight -- his inner muscles clenched around Valenti like a slick velvet fist. It was all he could do not to come right here and now, not to fill his partner's body with a flood of hot cum as O'Brian lay panting and impaled beneath him. But he had promised to give his partner the ride of his life and he didn't intend to back down now.

"Feel that?" he asked roughly, grinding his hips into O'Brian's ass to get even deeper. "Feel me filling you up, Sean? Fucking you? Owning you?"

"God, yes!" O'Brian had been writhing beneath him, whimpering quietly to himself as Valenti fucked slowly into him but now he came to life. "Course I can feel you, babe," he moaned. "You're so deep in me I could almost come just from feeling you fillin' me up this way. So why don't you fuck me already?"

"Oh, I'm going to fuck you, all right," Valenti promised. "But you're not going to come until I say so. Until I let you." Reaching around his partner's body he took a firm grip on O'Brian's shaft and stroked it hard, just once, from base to crown.

"Nicky! Babe!" O'Brian gasped and his hips bucked convulsively as he fucked into Valenti's fist.

"None of that." Valenti drew back and gave him a short, hard thrust to let his partner know who was in charge. "I told you, you're not coming until I say so. So settled down and let me fuck you. Understand?"

"Uh-huh." O'Brian nodded as well as he could with the side of his face pressed against the mattress and then Valenti couldn't wait any longer. Pulling out until only the head of his

cock remained buried in his partner's body, he thrust forward hard, claiming O'Brian completely.

"God, Nicky!" O'Brian was nearly crying with need but he held still obediently as Valenti pumped his partner's cock in time with the deep, long thrusts into his tight entrance. Valenti could tell he was dying to fuck back, that every instinct in his body was telling him to move, to meet his partner thrust for thrust and pump for pump. But somehow O'Brian held back even though his hands, still cuffed behind his back, were clenched into fists of tension and his bottom lip was caught between his white teeth.

"Good, that's good," Valenti chanted as he pressed deep into his partner's body and stroked O'Brian's aching cock. "Just open up and take it, Sean. Just spread wide and let me fuck you."

"Harder!" O'Brian gasped, his entire body trembling with the harsh strokes of Valenti's cock inside him. "Use me harder, Nicky! Fuck my ass!"

"Love to fuck your sweet ass," Valenti told him, increasing his tempo and making damn sure he rubbed over his partner's sweet spot with every deep thrust. "Love to fill you up with my cum and make you mine."

"I've always been yours," O'Brian confessed in a hoarse, breathless voice. "From the minute we met at the Academy, Valenti. "Just didn't...didn't know it until you pounded my ass that first time at the RamJack."

Just the mention of their first time together was enough to set loose the first tingles of orgasm at the base of Valenti's spine. "Remember how I fucked you then?" he demanded, stroking O'Brian's cock long and hard. "Remember the way you rolled over and offered me your ass—told me you wanted me to fuck you even though neither one of us had ever fucked another guy before?"

“Couldn’t forget if I tried, babe,” O’Brian panted. “Was the best and scariest moment of my life the first time you put that thick cock inside me and rode me. Just like you’re ridin’ me now.”

“Gonna ride you even harder. Ride you until I shoot you full of my cum,” Valenti promised him. He could feel the warm tide of orgasm surging up from deep in his balls, threatening to drown him in pleasure and he wanted his partner to come with him.

“Ride me, babe. Do it!” O’Brian begged. “But please, God, let me come soon. I’m dyin’ here!”

“You want to come?” Valenti stroked his partner’s cock ruthlessly. “You want to come for me, Sean? You sure about that?”

“Hell, yes, I’m sure!” O’Brian bucked back against him, losing his submissive nature in the deep need to let himself go. Valenti still had a stranglehold on his cock so there was no way he was coming until his partner said so. But Valenti was ready, *more* than ready. He felt like he’d been holding off forever as the pleasure from his partner’s tight grip on his cock grew and grew. He needed to come and he wanted to give O’Brian the same intense pleasure he was experiencing at the same time.

“Come on then,” Valenti told him, pressing deep and hard and long into his partner’s body. “Come for me, Sean. Want to feel you coming while I fill you up.” With one last stroke, he drove O’Brian to the edge of pleasure and pushed him over. As the hot cum spurted into his palm he felt himself losing it as well, allowing O’Brian’s orgasm to trigger his own as he spent himself deep in the body of his partner, his friend, his lover.

Love you so much, Sean, he thought as the waves of pleasure rushed over him and he collapsed on his partner’s back. *Love to do this with you, love to show you how much I feel, how much you mean to me*. Then for a long moment he couldn’t think of anything but getting his breath back.

"I love you too, Nicky." O'Brian's voice was muffled and Valenti realized he had spoken aloud. "But wouldja mind getting off me and takin' off these damn cuffs?" his partner continued. "I feel like my arms are gonna fall off."

"Sure, no problem." Valenti withdrew gently from his partner's body and dug around in the pocket of the tight leather pants for the key to the handcuffs. When he had freed O'Brian's hands he sat back on the bed, not certain how his partner would react now that he was free.

O'Brian winced as he settled himself on the bed and rubbed his wrists. "Man, that position is hard on the back!" he complained. His green eyes narrowed. "Not to mention hard on the ass."

Valenti looked at him uncertainly. "Yeah, well...I wanted to give you a welcome home you wouldn't forget," he said, hoping he didn't sound as lame as he felt. "I wouldn't have been so rough except, well..."

O'Brian waved a hand at him. "S okay, babe, I get it, you were payin' me back for last Christmas. And you were probably pissed off that I was actin' like a jerk when I first came in."

"Well, you didn't exactly seem happy to see me," Valenti admitted. "I know you like spending time with your folks but --"

"My folks are why I'm in such a lousy mood," O'Brian interrupted with a frown. "They're, ah..." He shook his head. "Oh hell, babe. I told them about us and they weren't exactly thrilled."

"You did?" Valenti finished adjusting his pants and scooted to sit beside his partner on the bed. "I have to say I'm kind of surprised you told them, Sean. I mean, I thought you wanted to keep what we have just between the two of us."

“Well, yeah, I did at first.” O’Brian ran a hand through his hair and sighed. “But if I’d found a girl I wanted to spend the rest of my life with, I woulda told them. So I figured it was fair to tell them about us. Unfortunately, they didn’t exactly break out the champagne.”

“I can imagine,” Valenti murmured, rubbing his partner’s back comfortingly. O’Brian’s parents were Irish Catholic, so their lack of enthusiasm wasn’t much of a surprise. Valenti’s own parents knew about him and O’Brian but didn’t care. Then again, they hadn’t cared about Valenti one way or another since he’d left home to be a lowly cop instead of becoming a successful lawyer or doctor.

“Guess I should have expected it.” O’Brian shrugged. “But I wanted to let the family know. Because what you and I have, Nicky, it’s not just a flash in the pan. This is it -- the real thing. I mean, this is what I want for the rest of my life. Ya know?”

Valenti felt his heart swell and he pulled O’Brian into a hard hug. “I feel the same way, partner,” he murmured against the side of O’Brian’s neck. “And I have to tell you, your parents might not have taken it very well but it means an awful lot to me that you cared enough to tell them.”

“Yeah, well.” O’Brian pressed a soft kiss to the side of his face. “Love you, babe. I’d shout it from the rooftops if I could but you know it wouldn’t go over very well at the PD.”

“Yeah, I know.” Valenti drew back and sighed. “Speaking of the PD, there’s something you ought to know, O’Brian. I, uh, made up that story about us doing surveillance down at The Castle.”

“You *what?*” O’Brian looked at him incredulously. “Are you serious, Valenti?”

Valenti laughed. “Yeah. I wanted to see you in those black leather chaps,” he admitted. “And you have to admit, I really paid you back for last Christmas.”

“You sure as hell did. I think I’m gonna be sore for a month.” But O’Brian was grinning when he said it. “At any rate, I wasn’t plannin’ to wear that damn tail out in public anytime soon. Although I might be willing to do another private showing, so to speak.”

"It did look pretty damn hot," Valenti admitted. "Never thought you and I could really get into that kind of kinky S&M kind of thing but after you cuffed me to the bed at Christmas, I figured it was worth a shot."

"Definitely." O'Brian leaned in and gave him a lingering kiss. "Couldn't let myself go like that with anyone but you babe. Ya know?"

Valenti smiled. "Yeah, I know. I feel the same way." Then he looked at his watch. "Oh, damn!"

"What's wrong?" O'Brian frowned, concerned.

Valenti sighed. "Oh, it's just that we missed the fireworks this year."

"Don't worry about that, babe. It's not a big deal."

"I know, it's just...going to the park and watching the fireworks has been a tradition for us even before we, you know, got together." Valenti ran a hand through his hair and shook his head. "Even back when we were just rookies at the Academy together. I always looked forward to it. Just, well, I guess just spending time with you. Even back then."

"Well, I'd say we started a new tradition tonight," O'Brian told him. "And it's a damn good one. I'd a hell of a lot rather be lovin' you in a comfortable bed every Fourth than out in the park getting all bit up by mosquitoes."

"Well..." Valenti smiled and leaned closer to his partner to steal a kiss. "I guess you're right. Between the two of us I think we made enough fireworks in here to celebrate twenty Fourth of Julys."

"Damn straight I'm right," O'Brian said, returning the kiss hungrily. "And in just a minute I think I'm gonna be ready to make some more. Only this time, *you* get to wear the chaps and the cuffs, partner."

Valenti groaned but the lump in his black leather pants betrayed his true feelings. The truth was that there was no place on Earth he would rather be than in bed with O'Brian, making more fireworks.

 THE END 

Evangeline Anderson

Evangeline Anderson is a registered MRI tech who would rather be writing. She is thirty-something and lives in Florida with a husband, three cats and a college-age sister but no kids because enough is enough already. She had been writing dirty stories for her own gratification for a number of years before it occurred to her to try and get paid for it. To her delight, she found it was actually possible to get money for having a dirty mind and she has been writing steadily ever since.

Visit Evangeline on the Web at www.evangelineanderson.com.

To read more about the characters and their world, check out *The Assignment* by Evangeline Anderson:

Detective Nicholas Valenti, tall, dark and stoic, has been best friends with his partner, Sean O'Brian for six years. The two men have seen each other through divorce, disaster and danger and saved each other's asses more times than Valenti can count. Exactly when he started seeing his blond, intense partner in another light, Valenti isn't really sure. He only knows that he wants O'Brian in a way that had nothing to do with friendship and everything to do with possession. It is a desire he will have to hide forever because O'Brian is undeniably straight.

Just as Valenti is coming to grips with his new, unacceptable feelings for his partner their police Captain puts them on a new case that could blow Valenti's cover once and for all. He and O'Brian are going undercover at the country's largest and most infamous gay resort to bust a notorious drug lord and stop the shipments of poison cocaine that are flooding the gay bars all over the city.

Now Valenti will have to make a choice between friendship and desire. He and O'Brian will play the roles of gay men that will push the limits of their relationship to the breaking point. Will their time at the RamJack forge a new bond between them or destroy their partnership forever?

Publisher's Note: This book contains explicit sexual content, graphic language, and situations that some readers may find objectionable: homoerotic sex practices.

The Assignment is now available at Loose Id®

<http://www.loose-id.net/detail.aspx?ID=210>