



Changeling Press

SUGAR
PLUM
#5

Just Wink

BRYL R. TYNE

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Sugarplum: Just Wink

Bryl R. Tyne

How hard could donning a Christmassy green Speedo and pretending for thirty seconds to savor a giant candy cane be, anyway? Granted, Parker abhors candy canes and his co-actor is a lecherous Santa wannabe with grubby paws, but can't the man just call the commercial a rap, take his money, and go home to his husband for the holidays?

Is that too much to ask?

Is it too much to ask Parker to be home on time when it's his night to cook? Never fear, his husband Jeremy's got the solution. A new bedroom technique designed to encourage creativity may bring about the visualization skills Parker needs to save his acting career and his marriage.

"What haven't I made clear? Desire. Ecstasy. Satisfaction. In that order!"

Chapter One

So sweet and so juicy and... mmm, so long...

Oh. My. God.

I shifted to the brink of Santa's lap, balanced on his knee, all while throwing the bearded fat man a go-to-hell look. The prop I held fast in my grip did nothing to ease the tension.

I abhorred candy canes.

At least, if I didn't after today, I'd personally check myself into the Patrick H. psyche ward.

"Cut -- Cut -- Cut!" The director stomped over to us, scissoring his hands again and again, bellowing for the hundredth-plus time. Could've been the thousandth time -- I'd lost track hours ago.

The giant candy cane fell to my lap, rolled off and onto the set floor as I reached for it, shattering into hundreds of bite size pieces. I hung my head. My eyes slid shut from exhaustion. What desperate Christmas candy company hired an unscreened Santa for lap sitting or settled for a face as worn-out as mine?

Despite needing the money, with the holidays around the corner, I'd be happy just to land a couple fast-paying gigs. But at twenty-eight, my choices were limited. This was ridiculous. I was ridiculous to keep up the quest. Seeking spot after spot, whether I was interested in the product or not, and for what? Pocket change? Lately, that's all my efforts had afforded. If I didn't land something soon, I'd promised to hit the help-wanted section for a nine-to-five or a three-to-eleven. Hell, I'd concede and work third

shift if I must. Jeremy had been forced to accept a pay cut. I could no longer afford to be choosy.

Our money problems weren't Jeremy's fault, though, don't get me wrong. Over the last couple of years, most companies handed their employees two choices: we downsize your salary or we downsize you. Period. Jeremy opted for the former. He's a smart man. That's one reason I married him... before the Prop8 bullshit. I so didn't need to go there. Just thinking about irrational mob mentality got me --

Santa jiggled me on his knee, awakening me to the present and to the director's yelling.

"What in the hell's wrong this time? It's a thirty-second spot, for Chrissake. Desire. Ecstasy. Satisfaction. In that order! What haven't I made clear?"

Hal. Cal. Oh, hell, I couldn't for the life of me remember his name. I'd titled him Stubby. Short fingers never did do the trick for me. He glanced at his watch. His eyes widened -- he jerked his wrist closer to his face. "You've got to be fucking kidding me."

I heard the words, no matter how silent he thought he'd kept them. Maybe his exasperation showed in the furrow of his brow, the crude scrunch to one side of his nose caused by one side of his upper lip arching into a snarl, while the other side remained pencil-thin. I didn't know for sure, and right now, I was too tired to give a shit.

He threw his arms high in the air -- as high as he could reach -- accompanied by a huff.

I jumped to my feet, fumbling for papers that'd slipped from his down turned clipboard and, gathering them together without inflicting too many crinkles, pushed them his way. "I think I have it. Just one more --"

"No. No more takes. Not today." He rubbed an open hand over his face as he shook his head... and a second later, he peered out at me from between spread fingers. "What?" He lowered his hand. "What? If you got something to say, Parker, spit it out. If not, go home and get some fucking rest. We'll pick this up tomorrow. Ten sharp."

Belaying any argument, he turned and waddle-marched away.

Ten minutes later, washed and changed, I headed for home. The perv-wannabe-Santa chuckled behind me as I walked toward the exit dragging my bag and my sorry ass.

No biggy. Stubby had a point. The director's always right; a rule I'd learned far too late in my career, obviously. I did need rest, though. I was beat; seven hours of takes and retakes on a horndog's lap for thirty seconds of me pretending to thoroughly enjoy candy I detested was at least six hours too fucking long in my book.

In anyone's book, now that I thought about it. Why these idiots chose to waste their time on an actor with a rating so low it might as well be non-existent, no recommendation, and obviously, no further career in sight, I didn't know. I did know I was going nowhere much too fast.

Something had to give.

But I'd be damned if I gave the topic my attention. I hoisted my bag over my shoulder. I couldn't afford to let things bring me down. Five years ago, I'd been there, done that... didn't buy the bullshit T-shirt. Of all things, who in his right mind would want a vestige of that? I trudged to my car.

Besides, it was my night to cook. I paused to check the time before zipping off the lot. "Fuck. I'm late."

Again.

* * *

I'd be damned if I let Jeremy know about today; the man worked too hard for his money to be troubled with my -- Well, I just wouldn't mention my day. Truly, what was there to tell? I'm a total wash-up; I couldn't get a thirty-second spot down in seven hours? What he didn't know wouldn't hurt him. As long as I pulled it off tomorrow, I'd still bring home the money.

I stumbled in through the front door, two grease-soaked paper sacks from the nearest Chinese takeout under one arm, my one-page script between my lips, and struggling to shove my keys back inside my pocket. What few lingering shards of life

I'd managed to reserve for the journey home left me as soon as I kicked the door shut and fell against it. "Jere?"

"In the kitchen."

Fuck. I laid my script on the table by the door, kicked off my shoes, and crossed the living room, flipping off the ceiling fan switch and clicking off lamps on my way toward my final shot at dignity. Even with the load I carried, I was able to wrestle the remote from the sofa cushions and cut the power to the TV and the satellite.

Jeremy met me in the kitchen doorway. "You all right, baby?"

"Here." I thrust the Chinese takeout at him. At least, it felt as though I'd thrust those two bags. At that point, exasperation ruled, as a heavenly aroma from Jeremy's making wafted past him and around me, wrapping me in its warmth -- and shooting my remaining dignity to hell.

He gave me that head cock, the one Jeremy inflicted often along with one of his mother-knows-best speeches. "Come here, baby."

Cold Chinese and dishtowel deposited on the kitchen island, he drew me into his arms. My head found his shoulder, and despite knowing I'd regret my next actions, I melted into his touch, wrapped my arms around him, and exhaled my last ounce of pride, which I was certain was a myth, if not fast becoming so, anyway.

"I brought Chinese..." Mind-numbed rambling left my mouth as he strengthened his embrace. Not fighting the hug or the continual pats inflicted on my back, I let him set a tempo of mindless swaying. My self-confidence be damned. Jeremy was good to me and good for me... and my ego. I'd never admit that last part; it didn't need voicing.

Jeremy knew me. He'd known me for ten years -- well, it'd be ten years, come March -- and he loved me, *for me*. At least, he used those words. Even when he knew he wasn't wired like I was. He never mentioned that part, though. That knowledge gurgled up from somewhere deep inside me, the same part of me that hurt like hell whenever I was afraid. No, Jeremy loved me, and he had brains; thinking, discerning,

smarts that I'd realized long ago I admired even if a part of me would remain forever envious.

"Don't think, baby..."

His whisper soothed the burning in the pit of my stomach, but at the same time, made my mind race faster. Surest way to get me to do anything was to tell me not to do it, always had been. "Sorry." Seemed appropriate to say now.

And in that moment, Jeremy moved his hands lower, taking in every inch of me as he went, pulling me closer, his sway slowing to a more definitive grind of just his hips.

I recognized the second my body disengaged from my head; I did, even when I tried to deny it. Every great feeling in the world existed under the man's touch. Maybe because he cared -- maybe because I didn't, not as much. I didn't know, but I raised my head from his shoulder, pulled away enough to meet his gaze, and managed one of my thoughts into a complete sentence. "It was my turn to cook."

When Jeremy looked at me, I knew he was accessing the reason behind my remark. I looked away. For God's sake, bad enough my words happened to come with a whine tonight. He didn't have to stare at me as if hell had indeed frozen over.

"*What?* So, I'm a little disappointed. So what?"

"Jimmy..."

I closed my eyes and shook my head as he tugged me back into his arms. "You just need to relax."

"Relax? Don't start in on that again!" I wrestled free of his hold and stepped around him and to the fridge.

He seemed a bit startled. Maybe I'd stormed around him; I didn't know. I sure as hell didn't care as I yanked open the fridge and grabbed...

... an apple.

Yeah, I'd eat an apple for dinner. Fuck shrimp egg rolls or beef and broccoli or fried dumplings or whatever the hell he'd thrown together. I tried not to say anything

further, but the harder I tried... "Slacking off isn't going to pay the fucking bills and you know it."

"Don't take that tone with me," he said, propped against the counter, arms crossed in front of his chest.

He may have moved toward me even, but I ignored everything except the heat surging through my head that screamed, *How dare he!*

"Whatever." I took a huge bite of my dinner and left the kitchen.

If he thought for one second I was going to sit idly by and listen to his bullshit-disguised-as-encouragement again, he -- I'd plopped into my favorite chair, before I realized -- Jeremy was neither an idiot nor a part of my anatomy I chose rarely to speak of.

Tucked in the far corner of the living room next to the den was a tree no taller than my chest. A scant dusting of lights blinked, reflections sparkling off a handful of keepsake ornaments hanging here and there. I had trouble swallowing my one bite of apple.

Getting up and out of that chair took an exorbitant amount of effort. Energy my body seemed unable to conjure, for from the back of my neck to the tips of my hands and feet, I felt numb. Asleep? Sick? Somewhere in the back of my mind, I think I registered Jeremy's footsteps behind me before I felt his touch on my arm.

"I don't want to fight," was all he said as he pulled me against him. "Tough day? Hmm?"

Strange, how resting his chin atop my shoulder as he smothered me with another body hug didn't feel like any weight at all. I struggled not to let his words egg on the part of me that itched to fight. Take me anywhere but back to today, and I wouldn't have a problem.

"If you don't --"

"I don't." I closed my eyes and let myself relax into his touch, sure I'd have as much trouble talking about today as I had thinking about it. Jeremy smelled good; he

felt good pressed against my back. His lips worked magic along one side of my neck. I didn't want to think about jobs or money or -- his stomach rumbled -- or dinner...

"Ignore that." He breathed the words against my skin.

"I brought Chinese..."

His chuckle tickled my neck. "Follow me," he said, removing the half-eaten apple from my hand and setting it on the end table.

Chapter Two

As he led me through the living room and into our bedroom, I started to think. Actually, I wasn't sure what to think. I mean, we hadn't eaten dinner yet. Anybody who knew Jeremy knew also that the man never retired on an empty stomach. "Jere?"

He turned with one finger to his lips, the universal sign for "be quiet" or "shut the fuck up" depending on how you took things. Either way, I got the hint. He released my hand but stood there hesitant, maybe pensive, apparently waiting for me to show my compliance. When I nodded, he stepped past me.

I glanced over my shoulder at the sound of the closing door. He shook his head and, with a wave of his hand, motioned for me to turn and face the bed. My heart pounded in my ears, but I did as instructed.

"We're going to try something new." His whisper echoed inside our room, or maybe only inside my head did his words sound like a shout.

In the ten years we'd been together, I thought we'd tried it all and wasn't sure what "something new" Jeremy had in mind. He leaned over my shoulder as he wrapped his arms around my waist from behind. I turned to meet his gaze. He shook his head. "No talking. No sounds."

I know I looked surprised because Jeremy hurried and pressed his face into my shoulder, stifling a laugh.

"But I --"

In a flash, his hand covered my mouth and my words. "Deal with it --" He motioned toward the closet with his head. "-- or else."

I shook my head a definite no. He nodded a definite yes.

No way in hell did I want the gag. One time was one time too many with that thing. At least for me. From my one experience, I'd determined I did not like nor did I want to be held down, tied up, or controlled in any way. Only reason I'd agreed to keeping that damned thing in our home was because Jeremy loved wearing it. I swiped at a trickle of sweat beside my ear as I studied Jeremy's face. He winked.

Fuck. I knew what that meant...

Jeremy's winks came laced with secrecy, a certain code between the two of us that we'd tested and perfected over the years. Nobody without insider intel would understand. But I knew. His one simple movement meant he was dead serious about our little game tonight.

No problem. I liked games. One thing I could say about our relationship, I've never been bored. But not to be able to express myself vocally? Worse yet, Jeremy wouldn't make a sound, either. How in the hell was I supposed to know how he felt if he didn't grunt my name or cry out to let me know I was doing it right?

Breaking into my thoughts, Jeremy's fingers moved anxiously to unfasten my jeans. Blood surged through my veins, rushing south, and I moaned -- I stopped myself from moaning, as I pressed back and writhed against him. Fuck, he was hard. He expected the impossible tonight.

I brought my hands up and behind his head and laced my fingers behind his neck as he scrunched my shirt to my chest and tugged my open jeans to just past my ass. He lifted my balls carefully in one of his hands and shoved my boxers out of the way with the other. No way could I watch *that* and not comment. I closed my eyes...

When he traced my arms to my hands, removed them from around his neck, and backed away, I opened my eyes, realizing I'd been holding my breath.

What the fuck? I whirled around, eager to ask him just that question, too. He shook his finger at me like a mother telling her kid, "No-no-no." If I hadn't been half-naked, half-hard, and fully ready to go, I would've left with a slam of the door and a "Fuck off" as my farewell.

Of course, I didn't. Not when I saw his hands unsnapping his pants and my brain registered his hips moving apparently to a beat only he could hear. When he ran his tongue under that wisp of a mustache he'd been trying to fill in since forever, I lost the battle I'd never really put my heart into in the first place. My dick hardened accordingly, as if the damned thing mindlessly honed in on that sweeping movement of Jeremy's tongue. He grinned and repeated the motion, languidly... gliding toward me, his eyes holding such purpose -- his mouth, such promise.

Our gazes locked. I wrapped my hand around my dick and gave myself a quick pump. *Can you see how bad I want you?*

Pants pooled at his feet, he broke his rhythm only to shake free of the offensive material. I looked at that heavy cock as it bobbed in the air. *Commando, eh?* Fine by me, different for Jeremy, but... just... fine. I let my eyes close, my hand slide back and forth along my dick, my thoughts on nothing but his mouth, anticipating the feel of his lips around me. "Fuck, yeah --"

Jeremy's kiss swallowed my words. He nudged my hand away from my dick and maneuvered me backward as he continued to devour my mouth. When the bed met the back of my legs and he pulled away, I gasped for air.

"Don't make a sound," he said, making quick work of whipping his shirt off over his head. "No words."

He proceeded to remove my T-shirt.

"No pleas for more."

His next kiss guided me willingly to the mattress.

"Nor grunts," he said, breaking away long enough to follow me onto the bed, settle between my legs, and lift them up and over his shoulders, removing my socks as he went. "Nothing louder than a gasp."

"But --"

His mouth a hairsbreadth away from my left calf, Jeremy hesitated.

So did I.

The seriousness in his eyes advertised his desire. Yet his chastising had done nothing but conjure one hell of a twisted *The Night Before Christmas* rendition in my head.

"You'll like tonight's *specialty*. Don't worry." He rested on his heels, tossing me a wink.

I worried.

Seconds later, he tongued a wet trail to just inside my foot.

Fuck. Again, I closed my eyes, only to snap them open at his command.

"Watch," he said, licking across the ball of my foot to my big toe.

Ecstasy. That's what I felt and what I recognized in Jeremy's face as he progressed to sucking on each toe in turn. In rapid response, my dick went bone stiff. My pulse drummed in my ears. I gripped the sheets beneath me, trying my best to keep from shouting as my chest pumped, in and out, faster than an accordion at a polka. With me on the verge of deciding to fuck it all and let the rumble threatening to burst forth have its way, Jeremy finished his journey with his wet lips lingering at the base of my big toe and that wicked tongue of his giving my toe one hot bath.

I'd died and gone to hell; there was no doubt in my mind.

Who in his right mind agreed to such nonsense? Jeremy flicked his tongue under my toe, and I jumped. He must've assumed I was about to speak. Maybe he was right. I didn't dwell, for he dropped my foot like the damned thing had burned him or something.

"What?" I pushed up on my elbows, compelled to ask as he moved from what I considered a rather cozy position.

One knee between my legs and one foot on the floor, he hesitated, turned... met my gaze. The crease in his forehead seemed to follow his shrug. "What, what? A simple fucking request. That's all I asked. What?" His weight shifted to the leg already off the bed as he shook his head, pushed to stand. "I can't even expect --"

"Oh, hell, no." In a combination move, I had him around the waist and his back planted firmly on the mattress. I scrambled over top of him, stopping only when I'd

straddled his legs and had his arms secured at his sides. "I've gotta have sound. Damn it. You know that, Jere."

His Adam's apple dipped as he stared up at me. "It's your crutch," he said without as much as blinking.

My wh-? "A crutch!"

He attempted another shrug. I tightened my hold on his wrists. He glared. "Either let me up or agree to do this my way tonight," he said from his position. On bottom. Right.

I pressed against him, trying to nudge him to life. "Come on, Jere. See how fucking turned on you got me?"

The thin line of his pressed lips -- no, the flare of his nostrils as he exhaled loudly promised the same stubbornness I read in his eyes. Unstoppable force, meet immovable object... Goddamn him. I looked away first, gave up, and stretched out on my back beside him on the bed. "I'm --"

"Don't," Jeremy whispered, as he, with one finger to my chin, brought me to face him. "Trust me. That's all I'm asking."

Fuck. Was I so fixated on money and bills and work that I couldn't even relax? "I love you."

"I know you do." His kiss was soft and sweet...

Until he deepened it, carrying me to a new level of ecstasy. And I let him take me there, waiting, holding out until I could hold on no longer. I pulled back, gulped in air. He touched one finger to my lips before I could form a sound. "Shh..."

I offered understanding with my eyes. He returned it with a smile, tracing my lips and pressing the tip of his finger between them. I swirled my tongue around that finger wrapped tightly between my lips, sucked, and pulled it deeper inside. His eyes grew wide as I teased his flesh, tasted the salt, the... oregano? Yeah, that's what I'd smelled earlier. But had he made spaghetti or lasagna? Whichever, it had to be better than soggy Chinese. I met his gaze.

His voice came no louder than a whisper as he said, "I took it off the heat. Don't worry, baby." He kissed the tip of my nose, rolled onto one elbow, and stared down at me with a smile...

... while he trailed his fingers over my chest to my stomach.

And lower.

I sucked in a rush of air and held it, as Jeremy let his lips follow his fingers' tried and true path. My dick rallied the idea with a "Whoop," and a "Hell, yeah," as my head cried satisfaction.

He kissed his way back to my lips, and I tasted myself on his tongue. God, I loved this man. "What'd you learn?" he asked, pulling away. "Just now."

What did I learn? Was this a lesson? Are you my fucking professor now? I noted the smugness in Jeremy's face. *Confucius say, "I'm a fool for thinking you come with good intentions."*

Okay. I admit, I didn't say that, but I thought those exact words as I continued to stare, my voice lost in the hollowness of my gut. I shied away from the hard-on brushing my thigh while Jeremy's returned expression cemented the "cease and desist" on approach number two. He rolled away and faced the wall.

Our ceiling fan blades made twenty revolutions on low before I forced myself to say something. "I'd apologize," I said, "but I don't know what I'm supposed to be sorry for."

Jeremy exhaled. Loud. "I shouldn't have said anything." He rolled toward me.

Damned right, he shouldn't have -- "Maybe you should've followed your own rules." His gaze flicked to mine, and I could tell he worked hard not to grin. I slugged him in the arm -- "you prick" -- and then cupped his nut sac. "You knew I'd fall for it, didn't you?" With the tips of my fingers, I teased the soft skin just behind his balls.

Jeremy licked his lips, looking from my face to my hand and back again. I dipped my chin, smiled... took his hard dick in my hand and gave a tentative pull. He sucked air through his clenched teeth. He shook, attempting to let the breath out slowly. I licked my lips to wet them before attacking one of his nipples. He stiffened; his entire

body did and lifted from the bed in a mad rush to show my hand exactly how he wanted me to use it.

I let him go, pulled my hand away, and smiled bigger when his eyes widened.

“Shh...” I said, pressing a finger to his parted lips and shaking my head. I leaned in until our noses touched before sticking out my tongue enough to tease his upper lip between each word. “Don’t worry, baby.” I winked. “I think I got it.”

Chapter Three

At nine in the morning, Jeremy kissed me goodbye at the door. "Go, or you'll be late," he said, prying himself loose from my embrace.

I stumbled, a happy sort of stumble, backward down our step. "I love you, you know."

"I know," he said, matching my smile as he released my hand. "Now, go!"

I went. Even skipped to my car, crawled behind the wheel and fastened my seatbelt, fully aware I was headed to work. Key in the ignition, I turned over the engine. Last night was one for the books.

Meeting my eyes in my rearview mirror, I laughed. "Yeah, you," I said and couldn't help but wink before backing out of our driveway.

Admittedly, Jeremy had taught me many things last night, but like every other time, I'd never let him know it. My confidence soared, as I soared along the freeway. Not until I pulled into the studio lot did it register that I'd forgotten my script. I checked my watch and cursed unfolding from behind the wheel. "You can do this." In a voice that didn't sound all that encouraging, I spoke. It was one page. Three lines. No speaking...

How hard could it be? I closed my eyes long enough to visualize Jeremy's... face. His face, yes. I'd concentrate on his face. Jeremy's confidence in me boosting my own, I spun around to witness Stubby the director rushing across the lot toward me -- as fast as one who waddles can rush, I guess.

"There you are!" He glanced at his watch before producing a hanky and dabbing the sweat at his temples. "Come on. Come on!" He grabbed me by an arm, teetered

around, and dragged me into the studio. "Five minutes. I want you stripped and on that set in four and a half."

The director's always right.

I recited the mental chant as I entered the broom closet of a dressing room; as I stripped out of my street wear and into my Speedo; and as I donned a pair of shades and pushed them up and into my hair. "*Keep them on. For character,*" Stubby had told me yesterday.

Whatever.

Running a finger around the edge of the suit under each cheek and then at my waist, I snapped it into place on my way out.

"Look."

I spun around to acknowledge the voice only to meet with a reflection of my torso. Not bad. Even at twenty-eight, I'd give any Twink a run for his money. The assistant held the mirror a little lower as I turned to view my Speedo-covered ass. Could've done without the Christmassy green, but the package filling it out was perfect if you wanted my opinion. For a brief second, making a living using my best bits crossed my mind, but I was rudely ushered to the side.

"Hold still."

The mirror disappeared and make-up took priority, nothing special, just enough to work with the lights. *Go. Go. Go.*

"Ho. Ho. Ho..."

I shuddered at the sound. Pervy Santa had arrived.

"Damn it. Hold still!"

Scolded for an involuntary reaction. So unfair.

"Here."

A fresh giant-sized candy cane was thrust into my hand, and two pairs of hands shoved me toward the set.

Santa took his position on the cloth-draped chair. I took mine on Santa's lap. Beneath his fake beard, that damned lecherous smirk leaked out as he placed his gloved

hand on my hip to help me get comfortable. With my Cherubim-painted face set in the brightest of smiles, I leaned and whispered. "Fuck with me today, and I'll shove this thing so far up your ass they'll haul you out of here on a stretcher."

Of course, my threat earned me nothing but a more mischievous grin.

I. Hate. You. I mouthed the words at Santa as Stubby hollered to take our places. Did he really think I was sitting here for fun?

Candy cane in position, I turned and gave the director a nod.

"Quite the cocky one this morning, Parker," he said, giving me a scrutinizing look from over his clipboard.

Not attempting to hide my smile, I rolled my shoulders. "I'm confident I come prepared today, sir." I was walking out of here with an eight hundred dollar check, come hell or high water.

"Let's see what you got, then."

My breath caught as the gloved fingers at my thigh did their best to relay Santa's agreement with the director.

Grin and bear it. I inhaled deep and closed my eyes for a moment of contemplation...

Jeremy's dick fit perfectly in my grasp. His gaze never left mine, and without a word, he showed me his desire.

Our breaths quickened; eyes widened. And as his head fell to the pillow and he arched from the bed, I took him to ecstasy.

I never took my eyes off the man as he ascended, soared higher, and with a violent quake, settled dazedly back to reality. Slowly, he met my gaze. Had I completed the journey to his satisfaction?

He smiled and --

"Cut!"

At once, aware Santa was begging for an elbow to the sternum -- the bridge of his nose if he didn't move his grubby hand back where it belonged -- I glared at the director.

"I had it that time!" Throwing Santa's hand off me, I jumped to my feet.

Stubby chuckled. "No. No, you did great, Parker. I'm impressed."

"Well, then what?"

"Do that last bit one more time." He motioned for me to resume my spot on Santa's lap.

Fuck. I positioned myself on the fat bastard's leg, wracking my brain. My best acting happened without me here. I was in character doing what he'd asked. What had I done? "Sir. Which part exactly did you want me to do again?"

"That thing where you --" He met my gaze, and from the crook of his brow, it was clear understanding had dawned. "You know, that --"

He pointed, laughing himself breathless, apparently at the look on my face. I'd done exactly as he'd requested. *Desire. Ecstasy. Satisfaction. In that order.* He'd thrown me off and out of character. My confusion must've been evident.

After he caught his breath, he smiled a warm, knowing kind of grin.

"Parker," he said, "just wink."

Bryl R. Tyne

Bryl R. Tyne is a wrangler by nature and a writer by choice. Balancing as many pronouns as hats, somewhere between the evil day job, editing, promoting authors, and helping a benevolent Sugar Daddy raise the last few of seven kids, Bryl writes. Homoerotic romance is a favorite, but many of Bryl's stories cross genres. Comedy, Fantasy, Mystery, Sci-fi, Horror, even Westerns, Bryl's tried them all.