

A muscular man with short dark hair and a light beard is shown from the waist up, shirtless, looking off to the side. He is standing in a well-maintained suburban yard. In the background, there is a white house with a gabled roof, dark shutters, and a porch with a striped cushioned bench. A red and black lawnmower is parked on the grass. The scene is lit with warm, golden light, suggesting late afternoon or early morning. The overall aesthetic is clean and polished, typical of adult entertainment marketing.

# DIRTY BOYS

KYLE ADAMS

# Love Has No Boundaries

*An M/M Romance series*

## DIRTY BOYS

By Kyle Adams

### Introduction

The story you are about to read celebrates love, sex and romance between men. It is a product of the *Love Has No Boundaries* promotion sponsored by the *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* and is published as a free gift to you.

### What Is Love Has No Boundaries?

The *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* invited members to choose a photo and pen a letter asking for a short M/M romance story inspired by the image; authors from the group were encouraged to select a letter and write an original tale. The result was an outpouring of creativity that shone a spotlight on the special bond between M/M romance writers and the people who love what they do.

A written description of the image that inspired this story is provided along with the original request letter. If you'd like to view the photo, please feel free to join the [Goodreads M/M Romance Group](#) and visit the discussion section: *Love Has No Boundaries*.

Whether you are an avid M/M romance reader or new to the genre, you are in for a delicious treat.

### Words of Caution

This story may contain sexually explicit content and is **intended for adult readers**. It may contain content that is disagreeable or distressing to some readers. The *M/M Romance Group* strongly recommends that each reader review the General Information section before each story for story tags as well as for content warnings.

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# DIRTY BOYS

By Kyle Adams

## Photo Description

A young man is trimming his hedges wearing only a pair of dirty jeans showing off his muscular body.

## Story Letter

*Dear Author,*

*I saw this guy every Saturday last spring and summer during my routine trash pickup route in his neighborhood. I could never find the courage to speak to him. I feel like something keeps pulling me towards him. How can I approach him? What will he think of me... a garbage man?*

*Sincerely,*

*Gina*

## Story Info

**Genre:** contemporary

**Tags:** lust, mutual masturbation, striptease, light and fluffy, blue-collar

**Content warnings:** It's dirty.

**Word count:** 5,480

# **DIRTY BOYS**

**By Kyle Adams**

“You’ve got it bad, Devon,” Mark said, loud enough that I could hear him over the engine noise emitting from the garbage truck.

I shrugged off his comment and only responded with a casual, “Whatever.”

Mark is my best friend and coworker. We’re waste collectors, more commonly known as garbage men. We have been lucky enough to be on the same route for almost seven years now, since I started with the company at eighteen, right after graduating high school. Mark was a few years older than I, but we became fast friends. Working with Mark made the monotonous job almost enjoyable. It wasn’t all bad, but it would have been very repetitive without Mark’s companionship. I won’t lie, sometimes there are nasty surprises waiting inside the trashcans, but mostly it isn’t too bad. Dale, the driver for our route, wasn’t bad either, but I didn’t know him that well, as we didn’t have as many opportunities to talk like Mark and I did. Mark and I spent a lot of time hanging onto the back of the truck and chatting with each other, which helped distract us from the worst of the horrors lurking inside barrels with poorly-bagged garbage.

I finished returning the now-empty trashcan to the sidewalk in front of our current stop—Connor’s well-landscaped home. Connor is the most gorgeous man I’ve ever seen. I learned his name when he moved in last summer and the recycling container I delivered had his name on the paperwork.

I took my time, wanting to get one last glimpse of him. He was mowing his lawn and not paying attention to the people picking up his trash. Why would he? I couldn’t help but admire his taut ass as he pushed the mower in the opposite direction of me. His back muscles stretched the fabric of his red T-shirt. His jeans hugged every inch of his muscular legs all the way up to that stunning ass.

I’d give anything to bury my cock in his ass. I knew that one fuck would leave me wanting more, but I’d settle for just once. I was really looking for a

relationship, but I wasn't so delusional that I didn't realize it was less likely to happen than winning the lottery. I've never even spoken to him, and I knew I was dreaming when I thought about trying to start something with him. He lived in a nice house, in a nice quiet neighborhood. I was only the garbage man who lived in a small apartment too close to the train tracks. It was clean and affordable though, and while the trains were loud at first, I got used to the noise after a couple months.

If only I could somehow find the nerve to approach him. All last summer I watched him work in his yard. It was the highlight of my Saturday mornings, seeing him tending his lawn, often only half-dressed. In the fall, I'd wait all week just to get a glimpse of him raking leaves or bundling sticks. And winter! Not only was it the worst season for a man in my business, weather-wise, but it was also the time when most people disappeared indoors. And stayed there. Unfortunately for me, Connor was no different. Those few occasions when I caught glimpses of him getting in his car over the long cold months were like rays of sunshine.

But, who was I kidding? If, by some miracle, he was even gay, he would most certainly never want the trash man. At least it was now spring again, and I'd get to see more of him. I'm not sure what it says about me that my attraction to him has lasted through all the seasons. I'm starting to think I'll never get over it.

"You have it even worse than I thought." I heard Mark speak, and it drew me back into the present. I turned away from Connor just as he was getting ready to loop around pushing his mower in my direction.

Looking up to meet Mark's eyes, I replied casually but loud enough to be heard, "I'm not sure what you mean."

"Please, you're totally smitten." I gave him my best "you're crazy" stare.

He was, of course, unfazed and continued with his explanation, "Look at the previous guy's can." Mark pointed towards the house whose trash we'd just emptied. "It's fucking rolling down the sidewalk and is almost in the street. While" —he stopped to point at Connor's waste bin—"Pretty boy's container, you've all but put it away for him."

I figured that if Connor saw Mark waving his hands, he would assume Mark was yelling at me about something. I was relieved that he wouldn't hear what was being said over the truck and his lawn mower.

I didn't look back at Connor's cans because I knew they were where they were supposed to be. "It's not my fault they," I waved my hand in the direction of the fallen container, "bought cheap trash cans that can't stay upright and roll easy," I said, as I hopped up onto the truck where Mark was already waiting. The truck took off, and it was conveniently too noisy to talk easily.

Unfortunately, at the next stop, Mark started the conversation back up right where he left off. "You should talk to him. Ask him out." He said it encouragingly, and not for the first time.

Yeah, like it was that easy. He was always telling me to at least wave or nod if I wouldn't say anything. Sometimes he'd even try coaching me in what to say: "Tell him you like his primed rosebuds." He winked at me. Ever since he heard rosebud was a synonym for asshole, he liked to say it as lewdly and as often as possible.

"I don't even know if he is gay," I muttered.

"He's gay." Mark sounded certain.

"How do you know?" I asked skeptically.

"I have excellent gaydar." Mark smiled smugly.

"You're not even gay," I pointed out.

"You don't have to be gay to have a solidly functioning gaydar detection system." Mark carelessly slung the can he was finished dumping back onto the sidewalk. "I've seen him looking at you too, the same way you look at him," Mark said, as we jumped back on the truck heading to the next house.

Jumping off the truck at the next stop, I asked Mark, "What look is that?"

"You know, the I-want-you-so-so-bad-but-I'm-too-chicken-shit-to-even-say-hi look."

That was the first time Mark had said that he'd seen Connor looking at me. I felt my heart falter as I allowed myself to feel that maybe Connor was



attracted to me too, if only for a brief moment. Doubtful, I thought. Mark must have been reading Connor wrong. I forced myself to finish the job at hand, returning the bin I'd just emptied to the sidewalk and jumping up on the truck. I knew Mark was right about me acting scared. I wasn't convinced Connor was giving me the same look, though. Either way, I didn't have anything else to say to Mark about it.

I pretended I didn't hear him when he again yelled across the truck. "Seriously, if you won't talk to him, I'm going to do it for you."

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*The next Saturday...*

Connor wasn't wearing a shirt today, just a pair of loose and really dirty jeans with a sleek black belt keeping them up on his waist. He was using a hedge trimmer that showed off his muscular arms as he held it up to the shrubs. He had a full pack of ab muscles and well-defined pecs with perfect small brown nipples. His light brown hair was a short buzz-cut that looked really good on him. Not for the first time, I imagined how our bodies would feel against each other. I was a little taller and a little wider than he was. My body was in good shape. I had strong arms and shoulders, but my stomach wasn't quite as ripped as Connor's killer six-pack.

I emptied Connor's can and returned it to the curb as slowly and quietly as I could, trying not to draw attention to my actions. I wanted all the time I could get to admire Connor's perfect body, but didn't want to be caught doing it. Connor in action was something I would never forget. When I finally turned around to hop back on the truck, I came face to face with Mark.

Rubbing his shoulder and neck, Mark said, "Switch sides with me." He started slowly rolling his shoulder up and down. "My left side feels tight, and I need to hold on with my right."

I nodded my agreement and started to step past Mark to get to the other side. I looked back over at Connor, and saw he had turned off the hedge cutter and was setting it on the ground. When he looked up, our eyes connected. I felt a moment of panic being caught looking, but it quickly faded as my foot

suddenly caught on something and I nose-dived into the pavement. At that point, all I felt was sheer humiliation. I wasn't sure if Mark had tripped me or if I stumbled over my own feet. I didn't really care at the moment. I just wanted to get up before Connor noticed that I fell like a clumsy fool. I groaned, remembering that we had been looking at each other when I fell, so there was no way Connor hadn't noticed. *Fucking fantastic.*

Laughing, Mark said, "Watch where you're walking there, buddy." He followed it up with more laughter.

I started to push myself up, when a firm hand gripped my arm and helped pull me to my feet.

"Are you okay?" Connor asked, keeping a hold of my arm as if he was worried I might fall again.

I opened my mouth to say something, though I wasn't quite sure what, but Connor didn't give me the chance to speak. "Maybe you should sit down until we're sure you're okay."

"You're right," Mark chimed in, appearing on my other side and feigning concern before Connor could try to make me sit down. I glared at him, not sure what he was up to. "We can't wait for Devon though, we have got to go empty the truck, and it'll take at least ninety minutes. Can you stay with him, and we'll come back and pick him up after dumping this load and refueling?" Mark phrased it as a question, but his tone didn't leave any room for refusal.

My glare deepened, and I knew I was probably looking at Mark like I wanted to kill him. Before I could say I was okay and that the truck wasn't full or needing gas, Connor responded, "Of course, I'll make sure he's taken care of."

"Thank you," Mark told Connor before leaning into my ear and whispering, "You'll thank me for this later."

The last time he said those words to me, I ended up being robbed when he and his wife had taken me out to my first gay bar for my twenty-first birthday. Yadda yadda, I woke up to find my shit, which I had cleverly hidden in the

oven, gone. It was not a fun experience, and I still blamed Mark for that disaster to this day.

“I’m Connor, by the way,” he said, as the truck pulled away, leaving us standing in the street.

Even though he wasn’t looking at me, I smiled and said “Devon. Nice to meet you.”

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When Connor then spoke the words, “Let’s get you inside and cleaned up,” I had a feeling Mark was right. Connor led me toward his house, and as I glanced back at the truck fading into the distance, I thought I might end up actually owing Mark for this one. I might even have to forgive him a little for the birthday disaster. Maybe.

As much as I wanted to go inside with Connor, I felt bad for troubling him. He hadn’t sounded put out or inconvenienced when he spoke earlier, but just in case, I offered him an out. “I’ll be okay if you’re busy. You don’t have to stop your work to help me.”

Connor’s pale blue eyes met mine. “I was already done with trimming the bushes, and I’m not just going to leave you out here waiting for them to come back.”

He pulled my arm towards his house. I glanced down at his hand, realizing that before, so much was happening that I really didn’t notice how warm his hand was, or how good it felt against my arm. I was so distracted thinking about how that hand would feel wrapped around a different part of my body that I wasn’t paying attention to the fact that I was letting him guide me. Unfortunately, I failed to see the curb and stumbled forward. I would have fallen again, but Connor had quick reflexes. He brought his free hand up to my chest and kept me from completely losing my balance.

“You okay?” His voice showed his worry. He left his hand on my chest, and I was afraid he could feel my heart pounding like a jackhammer.

I felt my face flush, and I wasn't sure if it was more from embarrassment or a reaction to the intimate contact. My cock was more than half-hard, so I must not have been too embarrassed.

"I'm not usually so clumsy," I said weakly. I really didn't want Connor thinking I was a total klutz, but it was probably a little too late for that.

"I'm sure, but you did just fall down. Are you dizzy or anything?" Connor asked, sounding concerned, though he didn't falter at all leading me towards his house. I made sure to look where I was walking as we continued on toward his porch.

"Seriously, Connor, I'm fine."

"You're not actually. You have a cut above your eye."

It must have been the adrenaline rush, or my near panic and embarrassment, because I had not realized that I had cut myself. It couldn't have been very deep or I would have felt it bleeding.

"Thank you again for helping me; sorry my friend just *dumped* me on you," I said, trying to make a little joke.

"That's okay, I love a good dump," Connor said automatically.

I couldn't help but stop walking and laugh. I looked at him and his cheeks turned a little red, so I tried to stop laughing.

"That didn't come out right. I meant that to sound a little flirty, not gross."

I didn't know what to make of Connor's revelation. Did he really want to flirt with me, or had he just said that as an excuse? If he *had* been flirting, then maybe if I played my cards right, he would end up doing more than just flirt.

When we reached the steps leading up to his front door, he paused. As I looked at him, he was nervously biting his bottom lip.

"Seriously, I can walk up the stairs by myself. I'm fine, really," I said, saving him from having to ask whatever he was biting his lip to avoid. To demonstrate, I casually shrugged out of his grip and walked up the two steps without stumbling once. Smiling triumphantly, I raised both hands and said, "See?"

“I’m sorry. I’m overreacting. Seeing you fall just freaked me out I guess.” Connor walked past me to open the front door.

Stepping inside, I toed off my boots, peeled the gloves off my hands, and took off my bright reflective vest, leaving it all just inside his front door. I followed him inside, looking around at the clean house. I surreptitiously sniffed myself. Thankfully, I didn’t smell. At least I didn’t think I did. I said a word of thanks that there hadn’t been any accidents or broken bags this morning. Thank God, it wasn’t one of those days where I was hit with some unidentifiable substance shooting out of the crusher.

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Connor led me through his comfortably decorated living room and into the kitchen. He pulled one of the chairs out from his round, wooden table and turned it to face the room. “Go ahead and sit here while I run and grab some supplies,” he said, as he walked out of the room.

I took the opportunity to wash my hands in the sink, as I hadn’t realized they’d gotten so sweaty. I imagine that had more to do with being so close to Connor than because of the gloves. They were used to the gloves.

I was sitting in the high-back chair by the time Connor returned. At first, he looked relieved that I was still there, like I would actually leave. But then his face shifted into a smile sweet enough to make my insides melt. The fluttering in my stomach had nothing to do with the embarrassment I’d felt earlier and everything to do with the way Connor was currently looking at me. I really liked how eager he was to take care of me, even if I wasn’t really hurt.

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He set his first aid kit on the table, pulling out what he needed. Turning to face me, he opened an antiseptic pad. I was already looking up at him, but he still put his hand under my chin to tilt my head further back. I could feel the warmth of his hand all the way to my toes. His grip was firm but gentle, and although it wasn’t sexual, his touch made my cock even harder in my jeans. “This might sting,” he warned.

“It’s okay, I’m a big boy,” I said playfully, looking him in the eyes.

He licked his lips and said in a low voice I almost didn't hear, "I just bet you are." He pressed the pad to my forehead above my left eyebrow, and I flinched and closed my eyes. It wasn't too painful, just burned a little.

A few minutes later, after he finished cleaning and then putting a bandage over the scratch, he asked, "Were you hurt anywhere else?" He let his gaze travel down my body, and I knew he saw my hard-on when his eyes widened a little.

I realized I was holding my breath as I watched him swallow. I had trouble taking my eyes off his throat, but eventually our gazes met. He'd already seen my obviously-aroused cock, but my desire and willingness must have been readable in my expression because his smile spread sensually across his face.

It must have been all he needed to know, as seconds later he was dropping down between my spread legs, resting his hands on my lower thighs. Looking back up at me, he said, "Did you scrape your knees or anything?"

I gently shook my head, letting him know my knees were fine, if you didn't count the anxious shaking he undoubtedly felt. "So, there is nothing else I can help you take care of?" he practically purred, letting his eyes drift down to the bulge of my hard cock pressing against my jeans.

His hands very slowly slid up my thighs, and I watched as he licked his bottom lip. "I wouldn't be a very good nursemaid if I didn't make sure you were fully taken care of. And it looks like you have some swelling I could help alleviate."

"Okay," I said hoarsely. My brain was pretty much short-circuiting at this point. I may not have been formulating sentences, but I knew what Connor was offering, and no way would I say no.

He didn't waste any time getting my jeans undone and fishing my hard cock out of my boxers. "Beautiful," he said appreciatively, stroking my throbbing erection from base to tip in a tantalizingly slow movement. I bit the side of my thumb trying to distract myself from how embarrassingly close to coming I already was.

Thankfully, Connor didn't notice. He seemed to be in a trance, watching the head of my cock disappear and reemerge through his fist. A few slow jerks later and he looked up, giving me a devilish smile. "I *was* going to taste you." I moaned at the images his words sparked, and then he continued. "But I think I have a better idea." He finished his sentence by letting go of my cock and standing up. "It involves at least one of us getting naked."

"That" —I swallowed—"sounds like an amazing idea."

"Yeah?" he asked, slowly starting to roll his hips, tracing his hand across his denim-covered erection. "Since I'm already half way there," he purred, slowly unhooking his belt and unsnapping his jeans, "and you have to go back to work..." He lowered his zipper sinfully slow. "I figured it should be me."

"Even better," I said breathlessly, unable to take my eyes off him.

He grinned, but said nothing as he continued to shimmy his hips to the teasingly seductive rhythm he had set. Spinning around, he hooked both sides of his jeans with his thumbs and slowly lowered them over his firm, rounded cheeks. He had on pink boxer briefs that were tight enough for me to see his ass dimples. If he had been performing his strip tease any closer, I would have reached out and squeezed them, but for now, I had to be content with just looking.

"Come here," I quietly stated, trying to sound commanding but sounding more desperate instead. He just smiled and shook his head while continuing his erotic dance. "Please?" I practically begged, badly wanting to touch him.

Grinning over his shoulder, he said, "Not yet."

"Tease." I meant to say it playfully, but it came out a growl.

He let his pants drop and kicked them away before turning back towards me wearing just his underwear. I could see his cock was equally as hard as mine, and he had a nice wet spot spreading across the material. I licked my lips, wanting to suck my way to his luscious cock right through the thin cotton covering it.

I knew this was Connor's show, though. He was the one with the courage to initiate everything; I could wait and let him continue to do it his way. His

very slow, but extremely sexy, way. God, the sensual way he moved! I could watch him grind his hips all day.

I couldn't contain my low moan when he pulled his waistband forward, letting his dick snap up and smack his stomach just below his bellybutton. The string of pre-come connecting his cock head with the briefs snapped as he continued lowering his undies. When he revealed his low-hanging balls, my mouth watered. The man I'd been fantasizing about for almost a year was standing before me in all of his glory, and I wanted to touch and lick every amazing inch of him. Still, I managed to stay in my chair not moving, not even touching my own cock, waiting for Connor to decide when it was time to take this to the next level.

Dropping his underwear, he strode toward me with a comfortable confidence that showed he knew how badly I ached for him. "Lower your pants," he said.

Obediently, I lifted my butt off the chair and pulled my jeans and boxers down towards my knees. I was going to slip them completely off, but suddenly ended up with a lap full of Connor. He straddled my legs, positioning himself so our cocks could rub together. "Better get your shirt out of the way, too," he said, grabbing the bottom of my shirt and lifting it over my head, hooking it behind my neck. It was tight, but not restricting, and it did leave my stomach and chest exposed. "Mmm," he hummed appreciatively, thrusting his erection gently against mine while he started rubbing my nipples.

My hands instinctively grabbed his ass, squeezing and caressing. Finally being able to feel him satisfied a craving that had been building since the first time I saw him. He smiled down at me, looking into my eyes as he spit into his right hand, sliding his left hand up to rest on my shoulder. Wrapping his fingers around my shaft, he slowly stroked up and down, spreading his slick spit evenly. Keeping our gazes locked, I spit into my own hand and started rubbing his engorged member.

He closed the short distance between us and crushed his lips against mine. The kiss was sloppy and wet, tongues tangling in and out of each other's mouth. His hand jerking my cock sped up, and I increased my speed to match.



His passion and vigor was sensational, and too pleasurable for me to hold off climaxing. I pulled back from the kiss to grunt, "I'm coming." Moaning, I shot ropes of come on my chest and stomach. My hand stroking him faltered, but once I recovered from my release, I picked my pace back up.

I took my other hand off his backside and pressed my middle finger into Connor's mouth. He sucked gently, and after he got it nice and wet, I returned it to his ass, running my wet finger down his crack. I gently rubbed it against his opening a few times, before slowly pushing inside his tight body, while with my other hand I massaged the underside of his head with my thumb on each upward stroke. His loud moaning and mantra of, "Please don't stop, never stop, I'm almost there," along with his closed eyes and expression of total bliss, encouraged me to start thrusting into him, fucking him with my finger while simultaneously working his cock over the edge.

His release mixed with my own on my chest, but I didn't mind. I felt amazing, invigorated, and ready for another round in a few minutes. Connor, on the other hand, looked dreamily content and ready for a nap. He stretched and reached for something on the table behind me. Bringing a handful of paper towels back, he quickly wiped away the evidence of our orgasms and tossed the used towels towards his trashcan. I knew I'd be smiling and remembering this when I emptied that trash next week.

I was surprised when instead of jumping off my lap, he let his head fall onto the junction between my neck and shoulder. I felt his lips press gentle kisses against my skin. One hand I left caressing his ass; the other I rubbed along his back, just enjoying how his body felt as I held him close.

I wasn't sure how long we stayed like that, when it dawned on me that he probably had other things he needed to do, and I had no idea how soon Mark would be back. This also reminded me that I definitely needed to thank Mark for pushing us together. With my hand wrapped around Connor's lower back, I squeezed him once before murmuring, "You probably need to get back to your yard work."

"I have a confession to make." I felt him smile against my shoulder. "I hate yard work. I only do it so I can see you." His body felt good relaxed and

snuggled against me. I liked that he wanted to cuddle and wasn't in a rush to separate. "Looks like I might have drooled on your shirt a little." I was pleased when he didn't pull away from me like I expected him to.

"Really?" I asked with disbelief clear in my voice.

"Just a little, though you probably won't be able to tell it's wet."

"I meant, you really only do yard work to see me?"

"Are you kidding? You're so hot. I was frustrated that I couldn't find excuses to be outside during the winter. I even tried shoveling the sidewalks when it snowed, but the neighbor's kid always conned me into paying him to do it." He sounded exasperated, but there was affection in his voice when he talked about the boy from next door.

"Why didn't you ever say anything—if you were interested in me that is?" I asked with genuine curiosity.

"You always seemed busy, and I didn't know if you'd like me hitting on you while you were working. Why didn't *you* say anything?"

"You always seemed busy, too." I tried fibbing, though he *had* been busy. At his snort, I could tell he didn't quite believe me. So I was honest. "I didn't think you would be interested in a garbage man."

Connor smiled and gave me a quick kiss. "That never bothered me for a second. Besides, I bet I'll never have to worry about you forgetting to take out the trash."

I smiled back at him and gave a cheesy reply, "I promise I'll always take the trash out as long as you promise to always mow shirtless."

"It's a deal." He smiled and leaned down to gently press his lips to mine. I could feel his answering promise in his soft kiss.

**THE END**

## **Author Bio**

*Kyle Adams started out dabbling with writing gay romance stories for fun. He writes what makes him laugh and hopes anyone who reads his work laughs with him. Kyle had two books nominated in the Goodreads M/M Romance Group 2012 reader's choice awards. He was nominated in the categories for Best Free Story and Best Humorous Story.*

*Kyle has a hard time picking a favorite anything (color, book, music, quote, et cetera), so trying to write a decent bio was quite the challenge. He is a very quiet person and is used to keeping things to himself. If there is anything you want to know, just ask.*

## **Contact Info**

*Kyle loves hearing from readers. Always feel free to contact him or add on any of the following:*

[Email](#) | [Blog](#) | [Goodreads](#) | [Twitter](#) | [Facebook](#)