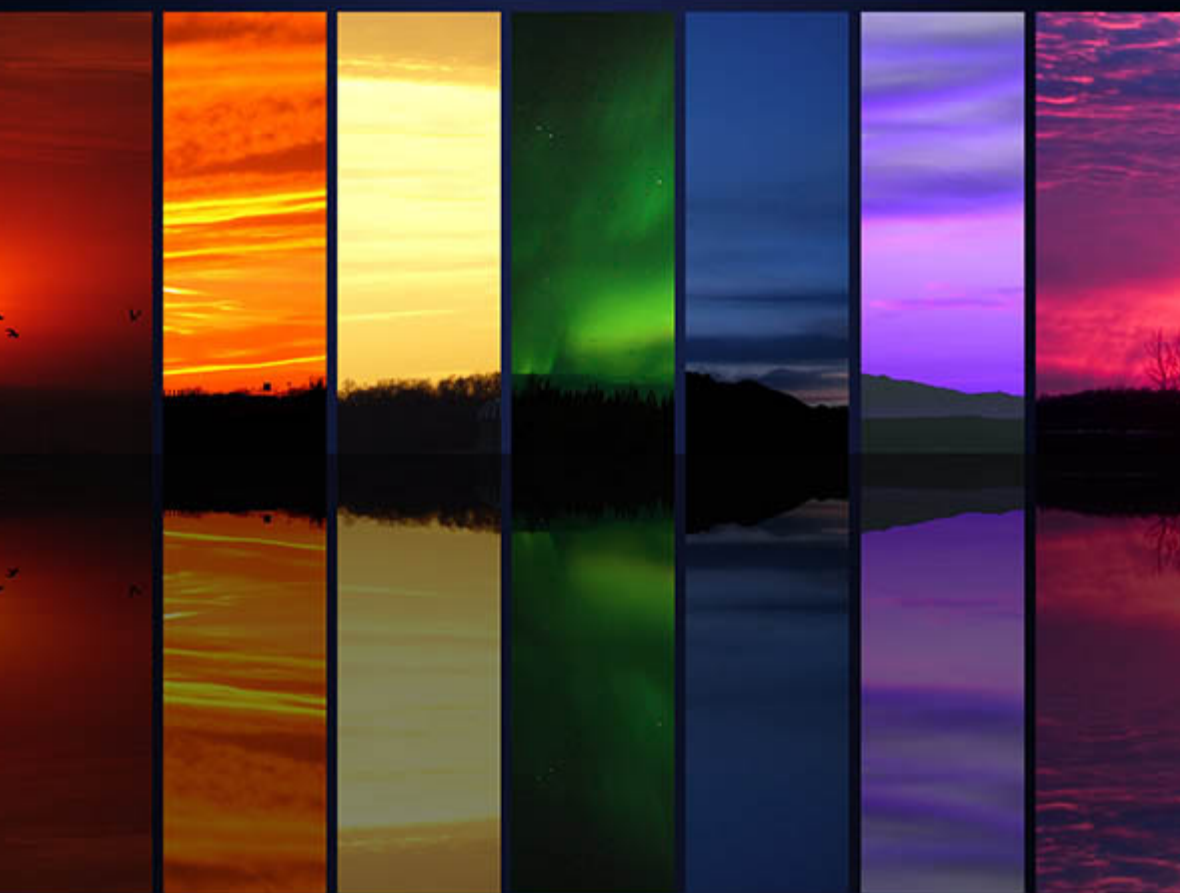


# LOVE'S LANDSCAPES



Don't Read in the Closet 2014

## IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED

K.C. Faelan

## **IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED**

Take one clueless, newbie Dom, and his chatty, bratty bottom, and you have a recipe for disaster. Evan Marshall and his boyfriend, Julien Bouvet, are madly in love and have decided to spice up their sex life with kink. Unfortunately, it's not going quite as planned. Will they survive their kinky adventures? And will someone come along who can help guide them on their journey?

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# Love's Landscapes

*An M/M Romance series*

## IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED

By **K.C. Faelan**

### Introduction

The story you are about to read celebrates love, sex and romance between men. It is a product of the *Love's Landscapes* promotion sponsored by the *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* and is published as a gift to you.

### What Is Love's Landscapes?

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 these authors 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's Landscapes*.

No matter if you are a long-time devotee to M/M Romance, just new to the genre or fall somewhere in between, 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.

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

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## Photo Description

A tall, dark-haired, young man has pulled down his leather pants in a bathroom and is frantically splashing water over his legs. The image is a gif of Ross from the show *Friends*.

## Story Letter

*Dear Author,*

*My boyfriend and I have always played it safe, but recently we've tried to experiment with some of the more extreme aspects of the sexual realm. Well, extreme for us. Unfortunately, things haven't always gone our way. We're both a little awkward and geeky, but we like to flirt with "danger" (as long as it's safe). For instance, our scene with chains turned into a giggle-fest because they were too cold. And don't even get me started on what happened when we tried exhibitionism.*

*Now, here I am trying to get into my brand new leather pants because I'm supposed to be playing the role of Dom, while my boyfriend is all tied up in the bedroom. I can't exactly go out there like this.*

*Please help us find our way in this brave new world, but make sure we have fun along the way.*

*\*\*\*I envision this story describing some interesting scenes where these two figure out what "does" work for them. However, I'm pretty open for anything. You can make this as wild or tame as you like as long as it keeps a certain level of comedic charm. These two are in love and trust each other, so I don't have any issues if they want to try a threesome (or more) or other playfulness. But mostly, you can just take this in any direction you want. Have fun!*

*Sincerely,*

*Lisa T*

## Story Info

**Genre:** contemporary

**Tags:** chef, firemen, geeks/nerds, humorous, hurt/comfort, injury, cross-dressing, spanking, BDSM

**Content Warnings:** one chatty brat, topping from the bottom

**Word Count:** 20,548

### Acknowledgements

I'd like to thank a few people who made this story possible. First, LisaT, for thinking up this great prompt. I knew it was meant for me as soon as I read it. Thanks Lisa, I hope you enjoy Evan and Julien as much as I enjoyed writing them. To Michelle, my friend and beta who's edited my fics, offered ideas and support since I first started down this road of writing. To Debbie McGowan, Alicia Nordwell, and Gillian St. Kevern who gave IAFYDS a thorough going-over and helped make it a better story. To my friend, Jeanine, for giving IAFYDS a final read through to make sure everything sounded A-Okay.

Thanks to the members of the Love's Landscapes Authors Support Group, who answered questions and gave encouragement when my muse decided to take a temporary hiatus. A huge thank you goes to the mods and volunteers of Love's Landscapes for creating and organizing such an awesome event that has captured so many readers' and writers' imaginations. To all you readers, who will read this story, thank you for taking the time to do so.

Finally, the last thank you goes to my Muse. For without her inspiration, this story would have never been written.

**Brand Names Used:** Amazon.com, Star Wars Franchise, YouTube, Zinfandel



# **IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED**

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## Sunday

Evan stood stark naked in the middle of their well-lit bathroom holding up a pair of sleek, black leather pants. He examined the backside closely, then flipped the pants around to check out the front with its zipper and snap. Julien had great taste when it came to picking out Evan's clothes and this time was no exception. But how the hell was he supposed to get into these? He was already rock-hard, and he doubted very much the zipper would close over his swollen cock.

"I left some baby powder for you on the counter," Julien called from where Evan had left him tied spread eagle to their wrought iron bed. "Don't forget to put that over everything and the pants should slip on easily enough. At least that's what the clerk told me," he assured Evan with a complete lack of believability.

Something about Julien's tone suggested that Julien didn't believe what the clerk said any more than Evan did, but he may as well check it out anyway. Padding over to the counter, he reached for the deceptively innocent pink and white baby powder container. Twisting the lid, he aligned the holes then lifted the bottle to his nose, and sniffed. Tiny particles of powder flew up his nasal passage, tickling the insides and promptly making him sneeze. Wrinkling his nose, he set the container back down. Julien could think again about him putting that all over his prick. He was *not* going to end up smelling like a baby's bottom. Besides, Julien wouldn't enjoy sucking his cock if it was coated in the stuff, especially not with his exceptional sense of taste. There must be something else he could use, something that wasn't so... perfumey. Draping the leather pants over his arm, Evan walked out of the bathroom. Crossing the hall to the bedroom, he stopped in the doorway. "I'll be back in a minute."

Julien lifted his bleached-blond head from the pillow. "Where you going?"

"To the kitchen." Evan turned away. "Hang on."

"Like I'm going anywhere," came Julien's muttered reply.

A short hallway led to the living room of their two-bedroom apartment, and from there Evan made his way to their small but tidy kitchen near the front door. The kitchen was Julien's territory, and Evan happily stayed out of his way. It contained just about everything Julien needed to practice his cooking skills and to create amazing meals for the both of them. When they were apartment hunting, Julien had squealed in delight at seeing the kitchen

furnished in the fifties style he loved so much, right down to the O'Keefe and Merritt gas stove. He'd insisted they weren't looking any further and they *must* rent this apartment.

The kitchen was usually kept in pristine condition with everything in its place. But Julien was in shelf-paper-changing mode, and their dinnerware and cooking supplies from the pantry were sitting on the tile counter, abandoned where they lay when Evan grabbed Julien and hauled him off to the bedroom for some surprise rope bondage.

Julien had been dropping hints over the past couple weeks that he wanted to be tied up and ravished by a leather-clad Dom. A couple days ago, he'd presented Evan with the leather pants, and Evan was more than happy to grant Julien's wish. Now, he just needed to figure out a way to get into them that didn't involve smelling like a baby.

Turning his attention back to the kitchen, Evan continued to scan over the items. Then he saw it, just what he needed, the dark green bottle of olive oil sitting next to the sink. There was more than enough for his purposes. He cleared aside some of the dishes on the counter and set down the leather pants.

Pouring the oil in his palm, he liberally coated his legs front and back. It was cool at first when it contacted his skin, but warmed up as he spread it around. The dark hairs on his legs plastered down, moving in whichever direction he stroked his leg with the oil. He wanted to make sure the pants slid on easily, so he coated both legs a second time. Saving the best for last, Evan drizzled a line of oil along his thick shaft and gripped his cock, twisting his palm to cover every bit of skin. God that felt good. Pouring more oil into his palm, he reached down and cupped his balls, massaging the oil in well. A low groan left his throat and his eyelids slid shut. Why had he never thought of using olive oil? He pumped his cock with long smooth strokes and gave a quick twist over the head.

"Hurry up, I'm getting bored," called Julien. "What's taking you so long?"

Evan snapped open his eyes. "Just a minute," he shouted.

Adding more oil to his palm, Evan rushed to finish slathering oil on his ass and behind his balls. Setting down the bottle, he screwed the lid back on and washed his hands. Now, it was time to see if his idea worked. Braced against the kitchen counter, Evan lifted his left leg and pointed his foot, sliding it into the leg opening. Once he had the left pant leg pulled up to his knee and his foot had appeared out the bottom, he inserted his right foot into the other leg and pulled. So far, so good.

The leather gripped Evan's well-oiled legs as he shimmied, wiggled, and pulled. Reaching the bottom of his ass, Evan vigorously tugged at the back waistband and jumped in place. He rocked one hip and yanked the waistband and repeated the move on the other side. Evan let his breath out in relief. He finally had the pants drawn on all the way. Peering down, he saw his stiff cock and heavy balls escaping out the zippered opening and smiled. Julien would love to play with them like that, but first he needed to get them inside. Pulling out the front of the pants with one hand he cautiously pushed his balls in with the other and winced. It was going to be a tight fit, but it'd be worth it. He sucked in his gut and drew the top snap together, clicking it closed. Cradling his cock with his palm, he gently maneuvered it inside. He washed his once again oily hands, then, with infinite care, zipped up the front. He gave a quick glance at his reflection in the microwave door and ran his fingers through his dark hair, smoothed it down, and left the kitchen.

Heading back to the bedroom, Evan couldn't wait to see Julien's expression when he walked into the room. Evan knew he wasn't a muscleman, but he was proud of his body, with a toned six-pack and sculpted arms. He was sure Julien would drool when he saw how the leather hugged Evan's muscular legs and firm ass.

Evan stopped at the open bedroom door. He must have been gone longer than he thought because Julien lay fast asleep, his always unruly blond bangs once again falling in his eyes. His full lips were parted and his chest rose gently as he breathed. The rope stretched Julien's arms tautly over his head exposing his light brown pit hair, and his long, pale legs were stretched far apart. Toned thighs framed Julien's vulnerable, shaved balls. Evan's eyes rested on the nipples he loved to bite, wringing cries from his boyfriend. Julien didn't have a defined six-pack, but he didn't carry any extra weight either, thanks to his fast metabolism and a light workout routine. Evan's eyes wandered over Julien's narrow hips and trailed down to his cock, which, despite Julien falling asleep, lay hard against his belly, the foreskin pulled back and exposing the very lickable head.

Careful not to shake the bed, Evan leaned over and pursed his lips, blowing a soft stream of air over Julien's cock and balls. Focusing his eyes on Julien's face, Evan bent closer to Julien's cock to lick it, and that's when he saw it; Julien's mouth twitched. Evan drew upright and smacked his hand down hard on Julien's thigh, hard enough to leave behind a rosy glow on Julien's fair skin. "You're not asleep," Evan said, amusement coloring his voice.

Julien gasped and opened his eyes. He grinned gleefully. "Fooled you though, didn't I?"

Crawling onto the bed, Evan threw a leg over Julien's body and straddled his hips. He ground his groin into Julien's stiff prick. "So what happens to brats that pretend to be sleeping?" Evan asked. He ran his hands up Julien's abs to his chest and lightly brushed his fingers over and around Julien's nipples.

Julien arched into Evan's touch. "They get their nipples pinched," Julien said, his grin spreading.

Grabbing a nipple between the finger and thumb of each hand, Evan tweaked and pulled them until they were pointed peaks. "And what else?"

"They get used and fucked." Julien bucked his hips.

Leaning down, Evan planted a hard kiss on Julien's lips. A whimper escaped Julien, and he pressed his lips back eagerly in answer. Evan ran his tongue between them and Julien opened willingly, letting Evan explore every inch of his hungry mouth. Without letting go of Julien's nipples, Evan rocked his hips and pinched the already erect nipples tighter and tighter. He didn't stop until he drew from Julien's throat a long, loud whine that vibrated up into his own.

Evan broke the kiss and brought his lips to Julien's jaw. He nibbled his way along it, taking small sharp bites, and Julien squirmed and panted beneath him. He worked his way down Julien's neck to his collarbone and then back up, searching for the pulse point. The vein beat beneath Evan's lips, and he gave it a slow lick. Opening his mouth, he gently sucked over the spot, then without warning, sunk his teeth deep into the pale skin hard enough to leave a bruise. He gave a vicious twist to Julien's already sensitive nipples, and Julien arched his back. His loud cry rang past Evan's ear, making Evan groan and his dick grow harder.

Sitting up straight, Evan trailed his hands over Julien's chest where he admired his mark and the pink flush creeping up to Julien's neck. Rising to his knees, Evan said, "Now, you're going to suck my cock." His fingers found the top snap and popped it open. Julien's eyes tracked his fingers as he took the zipper's tab and pulled it down in a long drawn out tease. He'd barely gone half way when Julien screwed up his face and sniffed the air.

"Wait," Julien said, straining his neck towards Evan's crotch. "What's that smell?"

Evan's fingers paused. "What smell?"

Squinting his eyes, Julien stared up at Evan. "Take off your pants."

"Take off my pants?" Evan said, his eyebrows rising. "Shouldn't I be telling you what to do?"

Julien shook his head. "Something smells funny, just take them off."

Evan unzipped the front carefully, hooked his thumbs in the waistband and pushed the pants off his hips. "Is that good enough?"

"All the way off."

Evan swung his leg back over from Julien's body and crawled backward to the edge of the bed feeling for the floor with his foot. Skipping the strip tease, Evan stepped out of the legs and let the pants drop.

"Come here," Julien said, motioning with his head.

Evan climbed back up on the bed and kneeled, the mattress sinking under his weight.

"Closer."

Now they were getting somewhere. Evan brought his cock near Julien's face. He was so glad he hadn't used the baby powder.

Craning his neck toward Evan's groin, Julien took a long inhale and scrunched up his nose. "Oh my god, you reek!" Julien jerked back his head as far as possible. "I think I'm going to be sick."

Evan's stomach clenched. Ouch, that hurt. He'd showered, he couldn't possibly smell.

"What on earth did you use?" Julien asked, his brows a deep furrow, and his upper lip drawn back in what could only be described as a sneer.

"What? You mean to put the pants on?"

"Yes," Julien spat out.

Evan shrugged his shoulders. "Regular olive oil."

"Olive oil? Oh, please, don't tell me," Julien said sarcastically. "You don't mean the olive oil sitting on the counter next to the sink waiting to be thrown in the trash before I was kidnapped and tied to the bed. That olive oil?"

"Well, yeah. That's the only olive oil I saw." Evan thought back for the slightest clue he might have missed about the olive oil but came up blank. Now

his cock had given up all interest in whatever games the evening could possibly hold. "What's the big deal? It seemed okay to me."

Dropping his head back on the pillow, Julien stared at the ceiling and sighed. "Why didn't you use the baby powder?"

"Because I didn't want to go around smelling like a baby's bottom, and because I thought you wouldn't like the taste." Evan defensively crossed his arms over his chest.

Julien turned his head towards Evan and raised an eyebrow. "So you'd rather go around smelling like road kill?"

"What do you mean, road kill?" Evan waved his arms. "It's not bad, it's just olive oil."

"Bad? Bad?" Julien's voice rose. "It's worse than bad. No one valuing the contents of their stomach would use rancid olive oil, and you can certainly forget about me sucking on your rancid oil-coated cock."

If Evan's cock hadn't already lost interest during Julien's dramatic outburst, that statement was a death sentence.

Julien glared at Evan and jerked on the ropes restraining him to the headboard. "Untie me and go take a shower. I'm not getting near you until you remove all that... that... carrion-eater-attractant off your body. And be careful, I don't want any of it contaminating my skin."

Evan's shoulders dropped in disappointment, and he reached down to untie Julien's hands. He'd gotten excited when Julien mentioned he wanted Evan to play the Dom. But now, Julien had burst his balloon in more ways than one.

Once his arms were free, Julien pinched his nose, sat up, and shooed his other hand at Evan. "Go on, I can untie the rest," he said, his voice nasally. "Take the leather pants with you and you're going to have to change the sheets, I'm not touching them."

Shaking his head, Evan collected the pants from the floor and marched off to the bathroom. Spicing up their sex lives was not going to be as easy as he had thought.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Monday

The *Star Wars* theme played on Evan's phone. He absentmindedly patted around for it on his desk as he scanned the coding on his screen. He checked the message and read:

*Julien: Hey. I'm sorry about what I said yesterday about your cock. I love your cock, I love it a lot. It's thick and gorgeous, and I love the way my mouth feels wrapped around it. But it was the smell. I felt sick. I'm sorry.*

The corner of Evan's mouth quirked up. Julien was harder on himself than Evan could ever be.

*Evan: It's okay. I understand.*

*Julien: Do you forgive me?*

*Evan: Always, babe.*

*Julien: So, I've been thinking, since yesterday didn't work out so well, I had another idea. I can drop by your work, and we can take a quick trip to Leather Gods to find something we both like. What do you think?*

*Evan: Sounds good. I'll take a longer lunch since I got in early.*

*Julien: Sweet! \*smooches\* I'll see you in thirty. Love you, E. Bye!*

\*\*\*\*

A bell jingled lightly over Evan's head as he pushed in the door. Julien hurried in past him and halted. "Don't you just love the smell of leather," he said, taking a deep inhale. He turned to Evan, blue eyes bright with excitement.

"I'm going over there," Julien said, pointing at a wall display filled with rows of paddles and floggers in a multitude of different sizes and materials. He scurried off, weaving around the freestanding racks of leather cuffs, collars, gloves, and leashes. Evan watched him go, then strolled over to the opposite side of the store. He wanted to check out the items in the glass display case.

The man behind the counter could've been a walking advertisement for *Ink Magazine*. Every inch of the clerk's exposed skin was covered with tattoos,



except for his head which sported jet-black hair with a brilliant, blue streak, and his face, which contained numerous piercings.

“Hi.” The clerk gave Evan a friendly smile. “Welcome to Leather Gods. If you have any questions or want to look at anything, I can help. My name is Max, by the way.”

Evan gave Max a quick smile and a nod. Turning his attention to the case, he let his eyes wander over the contents. It contained all manner of leather and metal restraints and rings lying side by side. Evan had no clue where to begin. He ran a hand through his hair and down the nape of his neck. “Actually, I’m not quite sure what I’m looking for yet. I thought maybe something constraining or something that might cause pain.”

“Is it for a beginner or more experienced user? We have something like this here for those who are into pain.” Max reached under the counter and placed a large banded object on the countertop.

Evan picked it up. Numerous metal rings were linked together by a black leather strap along one side.

“It’s called the Gates of Hell,” Max informed him. “Some customers consider it a chastity device, but I’d say it’s more for the pain, because your orgasm would range from very uncomfortable to quite painful depending on the size you chose.”

Evan’s stomach clenched. Not exactly what he was looking for. He wanted to give Julien a little of the pain he desired, but not that much pain. “What do you have for beginners?” he asked, setting the item back down.

Max bent over again and gathered a few more items, placing them on the counter. He returned the Gates of Hell to its neighbors.

“This,” Max lifted a black leather ring with silver snaps, “is a simple cock ring. As you can see, it has snaps so you can tighten or loosen it as much as you want.” He placed it in Evan’s outstretched palm. “What’s nice is it can be worn for a fairly long period of time, since it’s adjustable.”

Evan nodded. He liked that idea and was sure Julien would to. “I like it. What’s next?”

“This here is what we call a beginner’s chastity device. It’s for those who aren’t quite sure they like the idea of being locked into a metal or silicone one but would like the feel of a device wrapped around their cock and balls.”

Evan took the leather chastity device from Max's hand and turned it this way and that. It had two rings, one larger, one smaller, both with snaps. The two were attached with another strip of leather that curved over the end of the smaller strap and fastened on the bottom of the smaller ring. A small d-ring was fastened to the tip.

Evan pointed at the d-ring. "Is this for attaching something?"

"Yes," Max nodded. "You can attach a leash or, if you flip the device over and fasten only the small ring around the balls, you can attach weights to it." Max reached back into the case and pulled out several black bags of differing sizes. "These are the weights. They're used for ball stretching or cock and ball torture when you get into the heavier weights. But you'd probably be better off with the lighter weights until you decide that ball stretching and CBT are something you enjoy, because that can get painful."

Evan hefted each weight in his hand. This might be something Julien could enjoy, and Evan would be able to control how much weight and pain Julien received.

He glanced back over his shoulder to find Julian bent over near the paddles, eyes closed with faint "ooh" and "ah" noises escaping his puckered lips as he spanked his own ass with a wooden paddle drilled with holes. He was drawing a few customers' attention, but then, Julien would enjoy that. Evan snorted and turned back around.

Putting the weights back on the counter, he said, "Could you hold the cock ring and weights for me for now?"

"Of course," Max answered, setting them on the back shelf. "Is there anything else you're interested in?"

Evan turned the beginner's chastity device over in his hand. "I'd like him to try this on to make sure it fits before I decide to purchase it. Can he do that?"

Max nodded. "Yes, it's fine."

Evan raised a skeptical brow. "But if we don't want it, it goes back on display..." He let his unspoken question dangle.

"We sanitize them with bleach before we put them back out."

"In that case, I'd like him to try on the leather chastity."

"No problem," said Max. He pointed at two dressing rooms with small louvered white doors at the back of the store.

"Thanks," Evan said, taking his find and heading over to Julien who was still engrossed with the impact items.

"Hey babe, how's it going?" Evan asked, running his hand down Julien's arm.

"Look what I found," Julien said, reverently. "It's made of elk hide." Stretched across his palms was a black and green flogger. The strips were about a half-inch wide and cut at an angle at the tips. Each of the strips had a semi-glossy side and a rough side. The handle was wrapped in the same color leather in a diamond pattern. Julien raised the flogger up to Evan's nose like an offering. "Doesn't it smell amazing?" he asked.

Evan leaned forward and inhaled the rich, spicy scent of the leather. Just the fragrance of it could calm his nerves if he was having a bad day. He ran his hand over the length of the strips, the smooth, cool texture gliding beneath his palm.

"What do you think?" Julien's eyes shone as he searched Evan's face.

Taking the flogger from Julien's hand, Evan reached around him and placed it back on its hook. He wasn't ready to try anything like that yet, no matter how much Julien wanted him to.

"I think," he said, putting his hands on Julien's shoulders and turning him away from the display, "that we'll try something I found."

"What is it?" Julien twisted his upper body around to peer behind Evan at the floggers again.

Evan steered him toward the back of the store. "You'll see once we get in the dressing room."

Julien's gaze jumped from the floggers to Evan's face, "Will it hurt?" he asked, his tone hopeful.

Evan nodded. "From what the clerk said, it sounds like it could get painful if I used the heavier weights."

Julien widened his eyes at Evan's words. "Ooooh," he breathed. He dipped out from under Evan's hands and rushed off toward the dressing rooms, pulling open one of the doors and letting it slam shut behind him.

Evan chuckled. Julien loved pain, but never pestered Evan over his reluctance to give it to him. Just thinking about hurting Julien, however, made Evan's stomach knot, even when Julien wanted it. But Evan was willing to

work on his hesitance, and hopefully when he built up his ability to control what was happening, he'd be able to make Julien happy in this way. In the meantime, he was going to take it slow.

Stepping inside the room Julien had entered, Evan locked the door. It wasn't a large room, big enough for no more than three people, and minimally furnished. One side had a narrow full-length mirror, and a wooden bench stretched across the length of the opposite wall. The doors were short and could easily be looked over if someone happened to walk by. He supposed that was on purpose, considering what kind of shop it was.

Julien stood in front of the mirror watching him. "What'd you get me?" he asked licking his lips.

Evan took a seat on the bench in front of Julien and pointed at Julien's *Star Wars* board shorts. "Pull down your pants."

Julien broke out in a grin and yanked down his pants, his cock already standing at attention as it popped free.

Grinning, Evan flicked his finger hard against the head, the thud of contact sending a pleasant vibration through his finger. A yelp and sharp intake of breath greeted his ears.

"Ready for action, huh?" he asked.

"Yup, ready when you are." Julien contracted his muscles so his cock jumped up and down.

Evan chuckled. "You're too hard. I don't think I can get this on you. You'll have to go down."

"And how am I supposed to do that?" Julian cocked an eyebrow at Evan. "I'm in a dressing room, in a leather shop with my lover, and he's going to be wrapping his hot hands around my cock to fasten on a leather toy. How can I not be excited?"

"I suppose we could talk about other subjects," Evan offered.

"Oh, like what, exactly?"

"Well..." Evan thought, then a grin split his face. "How about we talk about your mother?"

Julien scrunched up his nose and stuck out his tongue. "Ew! Just ew! That is so inappropriate. I think I'm going to be sick, and I just had the most delicious lunch."

“Yeah, what?” Evan slid his hands slowly up Julien’s sides, lifting his black, Millennium Falcon T-shirt.

“Butternut squash soup.”

Lowering his head, Evan licked a slow trail upwards from the top of Julien’s pubes to his belly button. “Is that all you had?” he asked, running his tongue in long strokes over Julien’s smooth skin.

Soft panting filled the dressing room.

“I, um... oh, god,” Julien whispered.

Evan grinned to himself. He swept a final strip over Julien’s stomach, and stopped at Julien’s belly button. Evan ever so slowly tongue fucked Julien’s navel and Julien shuddered beneath his hands. Evan pulled back. “I asked, is that all you had for lunch?”

Julien stared at Evan, his pupils dilated, his face flushed. He took a few deep breaths. “I, uh... a portabello sandwich, I had one of those too.” He wet his lips, watching Evan closely.

“I hope you left some for me.” Evan ran his hands up and down Julien’s warm thighs.

“Of course,” Julien replied, quickly regaining his composure. “Can I try on my toy now?”

“You still haven’t gone down.”

Julien thrust his hips back and forth, his cock swinging up and down. “Try it on anyway.”

Evan laughed. Picking up the leather chastity device from the bench, he handed it over to Julien.

“What is it?” Julien asked, turning it over in his hands.

“It’s a leather chastity device that also functions as a ball stretcher.” Evan answered. “The clerk said it can go on two ways. I think I have a pretty good idea how to get it on.”

“You *think* you have a pretty good idea?” Julien’s eyebrows rose. “I hope you have *better* than a pretty good idea. I value my bits highly, you know.”

“And I value them just as highly.” Evan grabbed hold of Julien’s cock and yanked him closer.

Julien gave a startled yelp.

“You’re still hard,” he said squeezing Julien’s warm cock firmly in his fist.

Evan kept a close eye on Julien’s face and slowly pumped his cock. The telltale pink flush appeared, climbing up Julien’s neck and into his face. Evan’s prick hardened as he watched Julien’s soft lips part and his eyelids flutter. He tightened his grip on Julien’s cock, and Julien rocked faster into Evan’s grip.

“I’m serious, you need to go down, or else I can’t get this on,” Evan repeated, his thumb circling over the satiny, leaking head.

Eyes sliding shut, Julien swallowed. “That doesn’t help you know,” his said, voice low. “You could blow me while you’re down there. I’m sure that would do the trick.” He gave Evan a weak grin, too busy caught up in sensation.

Releasing Julien’s cock, Evan gave it a quick slap. “No, don’t think I will.”

Julien gasped and opened his eyes.

Evan smirked. He loved teasing Julien. “Okay, hold still. I’m going to put it on.”

Unsnapping the rings on the chastity toy, Evan draped the largest one over the top of Julien’s cock and balls near the base. There was no way he was going to be able to attach the leather strip that would run over the head of Julien’s cock, so he wasn’t going to even try.

Well, this certainly wasn’t going to be easy, the snaps were on the bottom. He bent closer to Julien’s leaking cock, twisting his head almost upside down in order to see what he was doing.

Julien snickered and swayed his hips, slapping Evan in the cheek with his prick.

Squinting up at Julien, Evan growled and wiped away the pre-cum. “Ha ha, very funny. Now hold still.”

Evan tried again, yanking hard on the ends until one of the snaps slid over far enough and he clicked it closed. He held Julien’s cock out of the way, running his fingers over Julien’s nuts and the device, checking for fit.

“Do that again,” Julien said, grinning down at him.

“Hold on, one of your balls isn’t caught. I’m going to try and poke it through,” Evan said, concentrating on his plan. Sticking his fingers through the

loop, Evan felt for the escaping ball and grabbed for it. Using his other hand, he pushed from behind. But the ball shifted in its sack and all Evan pulled... was skin.

"Ow! Be careful!" Julien warned. "I don't know what you're doing down there, but it isn't a tug of war."

"I'm trying to be careful, but I'm having a hard time getting this around everything." Evan unfastened the ring to try again. He wasn't going to let a simple little device defeat him. He was determined to fasten the snaps snugly around Julien's balls. Maybe he could get them closed if he tried securing the snaps on top and then twisted them to the bottom after he joined it. That way, he wouldn't get a kink in his neck either.

Wrapping the band around the bottom first, Evan brought the ends up around the top and pulled it tighter and tighter until finally, two snaps closed.

"Well, shit." Evan stared at his handiwork. Julien's balls weren't in the ring again. Evan stuck his fingers through the loop, feeling for the balls, only he couldn't get a grip on them. Julien's nuts were having none of it and had fled the scene.

Evan sat back and scratched his head, his lips twisting in thought.

"What's wrong?" asked Julien.

"Sorry, babe," Evan said, "but I can't seem to find your balls. I think they've disappeared."

"What?" Julien squeaked, his eyes widening in disbelief. Shoving his hands down to his groin, he grabbed for his sack. "They're gone," he whispered. "Oh. My. God. You scared them so bad they've fled in fear." His fingers rolled and tugged at his sack in an attempt to get his balls to descend. A small whimper escaped his throat.

"I can't feel them; they've pulled up so high I've turned into a eunuch." He shot Evan a panicked look before continuing his search.

Laughter burst from Evan's chest at Julien's expression. He grabbed Julien's hips and dropped his head onto his stomach unable to control his laughter. Evan's shoulders shook uncontrollably, tears threatening to roll down his cheeks.

"Oh, boy," Evan said, wiping at his eye with the back of a finger as he straightened back up. "I've heard you say some crazy shit, Julien, but that..."

that has got to be at the top of the list.” Evan paused as another wave of laughter shook his body. “Trust me, you’re not a eunuch. You still have your balls, they just aren’t down.”

“Stop laughing,” Julien said, his voice growing louder. “It’s not funny. How would you like if your balls fled in fear? My balls haven’t been this frightened since I dove into the icy water at the Polar Bear Plunge my first year of high school.”

Loud giggles sounded from the shop floor.

Julien craned his neck over the dressing room door. “It’s not funny. One day something like this will happen to you, and you’ll remember the time you laughed at the helpless customer who had his balls traumatized with the threat of castration.”

He was greeted by a further round of laughter from the customers and clerk.

Evan pinched his lips tightly together to keep from laughing, but he couldn’t stop the warm tears from rolling down his cheeks. “Oh, god,” he said, wiping away at the tears with both palms.

Julien turned his head away. “Go ahead, have a laugh at my expense,” he muttered, his mouth turned down at the corners, his arms folded across his chest.

Evan sighed and pushed himself up from the bench. He gathered Julien in his arms and held on tight as Julien half-heartedly attempted to pull away. Evan gently stroked Julien’s hair with one hand. “You’ll be fine, babe.” He rested his chin on Julien’s head. “Start walking around and your precious jewels will drop again.” Letting go, he cupped Julien’s face in his hands and placed a gentle kiss on his lips. “Now, give me the device and pull up your pants. I’ve got to get back to work, and I want to purchase these, then we can go.”

Julien took off the toy and slapped it into Evan’s hand. “You aren’t seriously going to buy that, are you?”

“Sure I am, and I’ll buy some of those weights, too. I think these are great, and I want to try these on you again at home, where we can take our time.”

Julien gave Evan the evil eye. “You buy those and you’re not trying them on me until you can get them on yourself without a problem. I’m not subjecting my family jewels to strangulation again.”

His erection long since gone, Julien yanked up his shorts, slid open the door latch, and left the dressing room. Faint chuckles followed his passage as he



stalked off to the front of the store. He pulled out his cell phone, pointedly ignoring everyone's looks.

Evan made his way to the register, and Max rang up his purchase.

"You seem to have your hands full there," said Max, looking over at Julien and grinning.

"Yeah, I do. But I'm never at a loss for entertainment." Evan gave Max a wink as he gathered up his merchandise and headed for the door.

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## Tuesday

Evan stared at the paper in front of him. He couldn't imagine anything more monotonous and repetitive than a fix sheet. No wonder Julien quit the software field. Evan removed his glasses, gave his tired eyes a good rub, then settled the glasses back on his face. He was ready to go over the sheet one more time when his phone rang.

"I just had the most awesome idea," Julien said, his excitement palpable.

Evan stretched an arm up over his head and leaned back in his chair. "Oh, what's that?" he asked, stifling a yawn.

"Sexy time video camming. We can do it while you're at work."

Evan frowned. Where did Julien get his crazy ideas? "No, I don't think so."

"Please Evan, it'll be hot," Julien pleaded. "I'm not asking you to go naked, just me."

Evan stood, scanned the area around his cubicle, then dove back down into his chair.

"Do you remember what happened the last time we tried something like this?" he whispered.

"We've never tried to cam at your work before."

"No, I mean the time in the park."

"Oh."

Evan winced at the hysterical laughter erupting from the phone. He frowned. "You wouldn't think it was funny if it had happened to you."

"That was so funny," Julien choked out when he caught his breath. "You screamed like a girl."

Evan remembered that day all too well. He had Julien "I have a cunning plan" Bouvet pressed hard up against a tree as he reamed his ass in a very secluded area of the park. Julien was loud—he was always loud—and Evan warned him several times to keep it down. When he didn't, Evan slowed his thrusts just enough so that it drove Julien crazy. Julien had whined, pushed back his ass and begged Evan to take him harder.

Evan could feel his prick swell at the memory. He loved it when Julien begged.

He remembered how his fingers dug into Julien's hips, so deep they left bruises. Lost in the tight heat of Julien's ass, he'd been oblivious to everything around him. That's when something so cold that he thought it an ice cube, was shoved up his ass. He let out a high-pitched yell (not a girly scream, no matter what Julien said), and fell forward onto Julien, slamming them into the tree trunk. Once Julien got over the shock of Evan's cock being unceremoniously yanked out, he broke into laughter. Evan turned and searched for the origin of the cold object. A soft sneeze near the ground reached his ears, and he looked down. Dark eyes peered up at him from a furred face. A long pink tongue lolled out the side of a salt and pepper muzzle, and at the other end of the large black body, a long tail wagged a greeting.

A dog. A dog that wanted to find out what they were up to. Which meant its owner wasn't far behind. Evan had frantically searched for any signs of the owner. Then, he saw them. An elderly couple soon came into view calling out, "Buster." Even from far away, Evan could see their smiles fall when they noticed who Buster had made friends with. The surprised couple quickly called their dog, and then high-tailed it in another direction.

Evan couldn't shove his flaccid cock back into his pants fast enough. He'd grabbed Julien and tried to shove his cock back in too, but it was impossible when Julien was doubled over with laughter. Tears streamed down Julien's face, and his body shook so hard he gasped for air.

Julien snickered, his laughter winding down. "You have to admit it was pretty funny."

Evan's cock deflated. "No."

Julien sobered. "Come on, Evan, that was weeks ago."

"Two weeks, to be precise," Evan corrected, his voice tight.

"Don't be such a prude. You know you like playing these sex games as much as I do. You won't have to do a thing except tell me what to do. I'll do all the work."

Evan was tempted, very tempted. He *did* like to experiment and, even more, he loved ordering Julien around. The idea of doing it over cam *was* hot. He just hated the embarrassment when things inevitably went ass up and not in the good way.

"What about at lunch, when everyone is out? That way you won't need to worry as much. I promise I'll make it worth your while," Julien said in a sing-song voice.

Hesitating a little while longer, Evan finally gave in. "All right. I'll text you when it's lunch."

"Yay!" Julien said happily. "Don't forget! Bye!"

Evan stared at the phone in his hand. He was so going to regret this.

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Evan: *It's playtime, babe.*

He added a winky face at the end of the message for good measure and turned on the vid cam.

Julien's excited face appeared on screen, and he waved. He was already shirtless and leaning against some pillows on their bed, his PC resting on his lap.

"This is going to be so fun. I can't wait to get started. See what I put on?" Julien leaned toward the cam and adjusted the screen so Evan could see.

Pinching Julien's nipples tightly was a set of black nipple clamps sporting a long silver chain between them.

Julien tugged on the chain. "It feels so good, E. Wish you were here. I brought some toys out." He held up a purple butt plug and the dildo he loved to use if Evan wasn't around. "What do you want me to use first?"

"Strip, if you haven't already," Evan said.

Julien set the laptop on the bed and leaned back, lifting his legs. He slid his R2D2 boxer shorts off, and his cock popped free, slapping against his stomach. The video wobbled with every shift Julien made on the bed, but Evan still got a good view of Julien's ass when he lifted it off the bed to remove his shorts.

"Stroke your cock, and I want to see your face when you do it."

Julien picked up the laptop and moved it next to his side. "Is that good?" he asked.

"Yeah, perfect," Evan replied, his prick growing hard.

"Should I start?"

"Yes, start now."

Julien closed his eyes and without using lube, gripped his cock.

Evan moved closer to the screen, shifting in his seat as Julien lightly teased his shaft.

“Hold the chain in your mouth,” Evan ordered.

Julien bent his neck down and slipped the chain between his teeth.

“Tug hard, I want to hear you.”

Julien straightened his neck and pulled, his nipples stretched to taut peaks between the clamps. Whimpers escaped his throat.

“Yeah, like that. Stroke yourself faster. Rougher.”

Julien stroked his cock faster and rougher. Clear beads of pre-cum appeared from the tip of his cock and then vanished on the upstroke.

“That’s it, babe, keep going.” If Evan could have jumped through the screen and licked those beads off, he would have. He craved the salty taste and would’ve tongue fucked Julien’s slit to capture the pre-cum before it even made its way to the surface.

“Stop, Julien. Drop the chain,” Evan ordered.

The chain dropped from between Julien’s teeth and Julien opened his eyes. “Did you like that, E?” he asked.

“Loved it, babe, want to lick your cock and suck it. Take it deep down my throat, swallow you all the way.”

Julien’s smile was dazzling.

Evan reached down and adjusted the large tent that had sprung up in his trousers.

“Now, take off the clamps and when you do, I want you to pinch your nipples until I tell you to stop.”

Julien squeezed his eyes tightly shut, released one of the clips and hissed in a breath through his teeth. He did the same to the next one and cried out. He hung his head and took deep breaths.

“You okay?”

Julien gave a nod.

“If you’re ready, I want you to pinch them, twist them hard.”

Julien nodded again. He took one between the fingers of each hand and pinched. Small whimpers escaped his throat.

“Harder.”

His head falling back, Julien twisted and pulled, and the whine grew louder as it tried to escape his closed lips.

“That’s it, babe, you’re making me so hard. Imagine me biting them. Do it.”

Julien’s hands strained to squeeze his nipples harder, his brows making deep furrows between his eyes, his hands shaking. The whine grew and expanded, filling Julien’s throat until it broke free and exploded from his lips in a piercing wail.

“You’re so beautiful, babe, love you so much.” Evan said, his voice low and rough. “Now, let go.”

Julien relaxed, and he let his hands flop to the bed. Soft whines still sounded from Julien’s throat as he bit his bottom lip.

“You okay?”

Julien nodded. “I’m okay,” he whispered. “What do you want me to do next?”

“Show me your ass. Get yourself ready for me.”

The smile Julien shot Evan was brilliant. Offering himself up to Evan was one of Julien’s favorite things, and Evan loved it when he did.

Julien moved the laptop toward the foot of the bed and flipped over to his hands and knees. He put one leg on each side of the keyboard. “Can you see my ass okay?”

“Yes, perfectly,” Evan answered.

The snap of the lube bottle sounded, and Julien squirted some onto his fingers. He reached back and smeared some into his crack, circling his pink hole.

“Do you like how I look, with my ass in the air? I’m so empty. Need your cock.”

Evan shifted to relieve the growing pressure in his pants.

“You’re so hot, babe. Now, stick your fingers up your ass. Show me how much you want it. I want to hear you. Beg for it.”

Julien slid his fingers up and down his crack and then carefully slid one inside. “Oh god, that feels so good, but I need more.” Julien quickly moved up to two, then three fingers. His breath came in short gasps. “Wish you were here.

I'm throbbing and need your cock. Want you to pound me until you cum and feel your hot jizz run out my ass and down my legs."

Evan groaned. Julien had such a dirty mouth.

A few light raps sounded on Evan's cubicle wall.

"Evan, have you got a minute?"

Evan's heart slammed into his ribs, and he froze at the sound of his supervisor's voice. The cubicle suddenly grew stifflingly hot. Prickles of heat stabbed Evan's back, his armpits and his chest, rushing up his neck and into his face. Evan closed his eyes and swallowed. Why, oh why?

He couldn't let her see Julien, not like this. Think. Think. Think. He needed to shut the cam off, that's right. He needed to shut it off. He moved closer to block the screen and, in what he hoped was a casual manner, clicked a few keys.

He swung his chair around to face his supervisor, Diane, and forced a smile. "Sure, what do you want me to do?" he asked.

"I need you to drop everything and work..."

*"Oooh it feels so good. Can you see? Do you like my fingers up my ass fucking myself? Do you like my ass in the air waiting for your cock?"*

Evan swallowed a loud choke. Fuck. He didn't turn off the sound, only the video.

Diane's eyebrows climbed high under her bangs.

*"I need your cock in me. I love your cock filling me and pounding my ass until I scream."*

Evan's heart hammered a harsh staccato beat, and the blood roared in his ears. He struggled to breathe around the vise-like grip that trapped his chest. The only part of him that moved was his eyes, eyes that searched his supervisor's face for any sign of judgment or condemnation.

*"Ah, ah, ah. Please E, can I cum? Please?"*

A silent scream lodged in Evan's throat.

"Get this back to me by the end of the day tomorrow." Diane held out the folder, and waited for Evan to take it.

Evan watched his hand extend toward the offered folder like an entity unconnected to his body. He saw, but didn't feel, his fingers clasp the folder and draw it back to drop it onto his lap.

*“Please, I need to cum.”*

A subtle twitch tugged at the corner of Diane's mouth, and she nodded toward the computer. “You'd better get back to Julien, he sounds rather desperate.” With that, she turned and left the cubicle.

Evan swiveled his chair back around to his desk, the manila folder forgotten in his lap. He dropped his head to the desk with a loud thud. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

*“E, what's going on? Why can't I see you? Did you shut off the video?”*

Thud, thud, thud...

*“Evan? What's that noise? Evan?”*

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## Wednesday

Soft pillows propped behind his back on the bed, Evan strained his ears to follow the sound of kitchen drawers sliding open and closed.

“Are you ready?” Julien called. “I’m not going to bring the surprise in unless you’re ready.”

“Yeah, I’m ready,” Evan answered, as all Julien had asked of him was to clean up, grab a towel from the bathroom, and get in bed. Curious about what Julien wanted to keep secret, Evan watched the door closely.

To his astonishment, in walked Julien—backwards—and next to naked. His white bubble butt led the way until he was just inside the door, where he stopped.

“Tada!” Julien twirled around. “What do you think? Don’t you love it?”

Julien’s front was covered with an apron that came almost to his knees, and on it, was a photo image of Michelangelo’s “*David*,” with the bits dangling at just the right height and location.

“That’s pretty cool. Where’d you get it?”

“Mother,” Julien said. “Remember she went to Italy? Well, she stopped by today and dropped this off. She said she’d immediately thought of us when she saw it.”

“Is that the surprise?” Evan asked, a little let down. He was sure Julien wanted sex when Julien told him to get cleaned up.

“Nope! However, *this* is!” Julien waved the small blue bowl that Evan hadn’t noticed he was carrying, towards Evan.

Evan sat up on the bed and sniffed in the direction of the bowl. “What’s in it?”

“Something I created. Something that is so heavenly it melts in your mouth. It’ll make you dream of warm tropical breezes and the sun caressing your skin. This here,” Julien pointed to the bowl, “contains my tantalizingly rapturous Tropical Fruit Mousse.”

Evan stared at Julien and the dessert in his hand. He could smell the sweet tang of the mousse drifting from the bowl, and he licked his lips, his mouth

watering. Fixing his eyes on the bowl, Evan scooted to the edge of the bed and swung a leg over the side.

“Ah, ah, ah!” Julien wagged his finger at Evan. “None of that.”

“Why not? Just a taste.” Evan set his foot on the floor. Zeroing in on his target, he tensed his muscles.

“Evan, no, please,” Julien pleaded, taking a step back.

A wicked grin spread across Evan's face, and he sprang.

“Noooo!” Julien wailed, his blue eyes growing wide. He spun and stuck out his ass, just as Evan pounced. The bowl wobbled in his grip, and he fought to keep it out of Evan's reach. “Don't make me drop this,” he warned.

Evan grappled with Julien for the bowl for a second then wrapped his arms around Julien's waist. Dragging him back hard against his body, Evan kept a tight grip around Julien. He dropped his face into Julien's neck and growled. A shudder ran through Julien, and Evan smiled. “As long as you promise I can have some after you get done with whatever you have planned,” Evan whispered, nipping down Julien's neck to the soft curve at the bottom. Snaking his hands up underneath the apron, he found Julian's nipples and gave them a rough tweak.

Julien cried out. “No. Please. That's not fair. You're trying to distract me.”

“Is it working?” Evan ran his hands up and down Julien's taut abs.

“Please, Evan, please,” Julien begged.

“*Please*, meaning you want me to continue, or you want me to stop?” Evan teased.

“You're evil,” Julien whined, at the same time rubbing his pert butt across Evan's hard dick.

Evan chuckled, reached down, and slapped Julien on the ass.

Julien craned his head around to get a better look at Evan. “You know, if you'd rather spank me, I can go for that.”

Evan grinned and let go. He flopped backwards onto the bed and crossed his arms behind his head. “That depends on how good you are with your plan.”

Julien placed the bowl on the dresser and removed the apron, revealing his ready and eager prick. He then picked up the bowl and headed for the bed. “Oh, I'm very, very good,” Julien replied, a seductive swing to his hips making his

stiff cock sway with each step as he approached the bed. Holding the bowl in his left hand, Julien knelt on the bed and maneuvered to settle between Evan's spread legs.

Remembering the cold chains they'd experimented with a while back, Evan asked, "Is it cold?"

"Unfortunately, yes. So you're just going to have to suck it up, buttercup. But, once I get done licking off all this delicious mousse with my hot mouth, you'll be nice and warm." An impish grin played across his face. Julien slapped Evan's thigh. "Lift your legs and spread them."

Evan drew his legs to his chest and wrapped his hands over his knees, pulling them in tighter and apart. He peered between his legs and watched as Julien dipped his fingers into the mousse and scooped some up in his hand.

"Ready?" Julien asked his hand poised over Evan's groin.

"Ready as I'll ever be, I guess."

Julien lowered his hand, and Evan inhaled sharply as the cold mousse came in contact with his balls. If his ball-sack could have gasped, it would have. Instead, it shriveled at the change in the weather and his nuts flew to a warmer climate.

Evan's voice rose to a falsetto, and a grin tugged at his lips. "I think I've turned into a eunuch."

"Ha, ha. Karma's a bitch, isn't she?" Julien said, his eyes crinkling at the corners.

Tilting his hips, Evan pressed his groin into Julien's hand as he massaged on the mousse. Evan closed his eyes, concentrating on the smooth glide of Julien's skillful fingers rolling and playing with his sack. A light tug made Evan's breath hitch, and he let out a faint moan. He spread his legs wider, silently begging for more. Julien worked his way back to Evan's hole, slowly circling the entrance with his finger. Evan threw back his head and whined. Fuck, he loved having his hole played with. He turned into a quivering whore every time.

"Put your feet on the bed," Julien directed. "I need to work on your cock."

Julien took another handful of mousse and worked it over Evan's dick. He didn't glomp it on; he used it as he would a lube, a cold, slick lube that smelled as amazing as Julien had described. Evan rocked his hips, his cock growing

heavier, his breath growing short and quick. His attention bounced between the coolness of the mousse and Julien's warm hand that slid with infinite slowness over his shaft, only to give a quick twist over the head. Evan thrust his heavy prick up into Julien's fist.

"Oh yeah, do it again, tighter." Evan sighed. He pumped his hips faster.

Julien laughed and let go. "Nope, there's still too much fun to be had. That was just the warm up."

Evan growled in frustration and, for a few seconds, fucked empty air. He lifted his head and watched Julien finish coating his cock with a thick layer of the mousse, taking his time to cover every bit of his skin, especially the head.

Setting aside the bowl, Julien wiped his hands on the towel. "You know, I should take a picture," he said, his eyes twinkling.

Evan scowled. "Don't even think about it."

"Spoilsport," Julien said, with a teasing smile. He splayed his hands on Evan's inner thighs and pressed down.

Evan let his legs drop open, giving Julien better access.

Wrapping his fingers around the base of Evan's swollen cock, Julien flicked his tongue over the head. He sucked the tip into his warm, wet mouth and swirled his tongue around and around the satiny head.

Evan lifted his hips to drive further into Julien's mouth, but Julien pulled away with a pop.

Julien moaned and ran his tongue over his lips, catching the mousse coating it. "Mmm, so good," he murmured, his heated gaze locked onto Evan's face.

Evan panted as Julien slowly descended, mouth wide open so he barely made contact over Evan's aching prick. Growling in frustration, Evan thrust up his hips, only to have Julien withdraw. Julien could be such a tease. "Go on, suck my cock," Evan ordered.

With a grin, Julien plunged his mouth over Evan's cock as far as he could go and bobbed his head enthusiastically. He backed off and stuck out his tongue, smacking the head roughly against it, the impact sending little shocks through Evan's shaft. Evan closed his eyes and arched his hips. "Yeah, like that," he moaned.

Having licked off most of the mousse, Julien sloppily slathered on more and dropped down to take Evan's balls in his mouth.

Julien was right, the mousse didn't seem as cold now. Maybe it was because of all the friction from the sucking and licking in contrast to the cold mousse, because Evan's cock and balls seemed warmer. A scratchy spot behind Evan's balls drew his attention away from Julien's tongue. "Behind my balls, lick there," Evan urged.

Julien pushed up Evan's thighs and lowered his head further. All Evan saw was the top of Julien's blond head and the feel of his moist tongue flicking over his taint.

"More. Harder. Yeah, right there." Evan said, the licks temporarily easing the itch. "Use your teeth. Yeah, that's better."

Evan knew a lot of guys didn't like teeth used on them. Until he met Julien and his magic mouth, he'd been one of them. Julien had a way of biting over his prick and behind his balls, right up to the point of discomfort that drove Evan crazy. There was something primal about the roughness of it all, and he ended up with mind-blowing orgasms. Even though his cock felt like ground meat, afterwards.

Julien's teeth nibbled behind Evan's balls, soothing the odd scratchiness that was growing there. Evan wiggled his hips, signaling to Julien to drop lower and attack the itch that had intensified on and around his hole.

"My hole. Lick my hole," Evan said urgently, canting his hips so Julien had better access.

Julien pushed Evan's legs up higher, until he was almost bent in half, and licked a trail down to his hole. Spreading Evan's cheeks apart, Julien circled his tongue energetically over the pucker and then stabbed at the hole with the tip, pushing in deeper each time. The itch was soothed at first, but it came back with a vengeance, and Evan dug his fingers into the sheets, holding his breath as Julien's tongue thrust past the tight ring of muscle. He loved it when Julien rimmed him, but this time he couldn't get away fast enough and jerked his hips left and right to avoid Julien's determined tongue.

"Stop wiggling." Julien brought Evan's legs back to the mattress and pressed down hard on his thighs. He returned his mouth to Evan's cock.

"What did you put in the mousse?" Evan asked, staring up at the ceiling and blinking back the tears that threatened to form. He wasn't a masochist, so how could he possibly be hard? Every flick of Julien's tongue made Evan want to jerk his hips away, and he had to fight back a cry when Julien sucked in a ball and rolled it around in his mouth with his tongue.

Julien peered up between Evan's thighs. He wiped his finger over his lips and sucked the mousse suggestively from it. "Pureed bananas, mangoes, kiwi, sugar, gelatin, lemon juice and whipped crème." Giving a grin, Julien closed his eyes and dove back down. With one long stroke, he licked a strip over Evan's balls to the tip of his cock. He pulled back and swept another long strip with his tongue, beside it.

"No, really what did you use?" Evan demanded, unable to stop the desperate urge to squirm and escape Julien's mouth. Every lap of Julien's tongue was now sandpaper, leaving a trail of fire behind it as he went. Reaching down, Evan grabbed a fistful of Julien's hair and yanked him roughly off his cock.

"Ow, stop that, you're ruining the moment." Julien glared at Evan and batted his hand away. "I told you what I put in it."

"Take it off, just take it off," Evan ordered. He grabbed the towel and viciously swiped at the mousse covering his groin. He had never felt anything like it before. Not even when he'd fallen asleep on the beach. When he woke his back radiated heat like an oven; he couldn't sleep on it for days. But not even that compared to the raging fire and violent need to scratch now tormenting his most sensitive parts.

"It itches so fucking bad, my skin's on fire," he yelled, clawing at his skin.

Julien frowned. "Wait, just wait." He grasped Evan's wrists and pulled them away from his groin. "Lie still, and let me see what's happening." Picking up the towel, Julien gently wiped away the mousse.

Evan closed his eyes and took slow, deep breaths, concentrating on keeping his hands from reaching down and tearing the towel out of Julien's hands. Even the smooth fabric scrapped stinging needles over his bits.

"Oh. My. God," Julien whispered.

"What? What is it?" Evan asked, panicked, shooting up into a sitting position. He bent over as far as he could. "No. No, no, no, no, no." This couldn't be happening.

Huge welts covered his swollen cock and balls and everything was an angry, vicious red. His cock looked like some giant dying sea slug that had washed up on shore. And his balls resembled overripe mushy fruit rotting under a tree. He didn't even want to see what his hole looked like.

Evan scrambled from the bed knocking over the bowl and barely missing kicking Julien in the head.

“I’m sorry. I’m so sorry,” Julien called after him, as Evan rushed for the bathroom and slammed the door behind him.

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## Thursday

“Whatever it is, it better not be food,” Evan said into the phone, reaching down to scratch his crotch. Since last night, he’d taken so many showers and antihistamines he’d lost count. That helped with the swelling and almost all of the itching, but now he could barely keep his eyes open. The only thing that was saving him from a face-plant onto his keyboard was an unending string of strong black coffees.

“I didn’t know you had an allergy to those fruits on your junk,” Julien said, his voice small. “You’ve eaten all of them before and never had a reaction.”

Evan could practically see Julien chewing on his fingernails as he spoke. He only did that when he was very upset, and right at that moment he didn’t sound like the bright, outgoing Julien that Evan knew.

“Look, babe, it’s over and done with, and I’m feeling much better. We just won’t do that again.”

“What if I tried a different recipe?” Julien asked tentatively. “I’ll skip the fruit and use something more ordinary, like an Irish Coffee mousse. How does that sound?”

Evan smiled and shook his head. That sounded more like his Julien, nothing could keep him down for long. “Sure, I’m okay with that, but just make sure you test it on a small area first.”

“I love you,” Julien said, a slight quaver in his voice.

“I love you, too, always.”

Not wanting Julien to dwell any longer on something he couldn’t change, Evan switched the topic. “So what’s this new idea you have?”

“It’s hard to explain over the phone so I’ll tell you about it when you get home tonight. I ordered the items off Amazon, and they arrived today. I want to try it out, if you aren’t too tired.”

“Sounds good. Today’s slow, so I might be able to head out a bit early.”

“Yay! Since I only have one class this afternoon, I’ll be home in time to cook dinner. Anything special you want? I can stop by the store on my way back.”



“How about some of that clam and pasta dish I like, with garlic bread and a Caesar salad? Will that take too long?”

“The linguini and clams with the garlic, lemon, butter and basil? Nope, it's easy peasy. What do you want for dessert?”

“You, of course,” Evan smiled.

Julien laughed. “I'm always on the menu, but other than me, what else?”

“What about those little round pastry things with the chocolate and crème? Pity-something or other.”

“*Profiteroles al Cioccolato*. I can make the cream puffs before I leave for class and the rest when I get back. I'd better get started then.”

“Okay. See you tonight.”

“Love you, E.”

“Love you too, babe.”

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Evan lay on the bed, contemplating his current situation. After another amazing dinner, Julien had shown him what he had bought from Amazon and told him what he wanted to do with it. Evan could honestly say that he'd never been wrapped up in pallet wrap with duct tape before, so he was willing to give it a shot.

Now, he was bound from his shoulders to his ankles in the wrap with strips of black tape running around his body. He wasn't uncomfortable, at least not yet. It reminded him of being in a very tight cocoon sleeping bag, but he failed to see how it could be in the least bit erotic. Julien assured him that he'd done his research and even bought the safety shears to cut Evan out. Now all Evan had to do was enjoy what Julien planned to do to him.

Julien lifted the scissors, a mischievous grin on his face. He aimed them at Evan's groin and stopped. His smile disappeared and his brows furrowed. He turned his head toward the door and sniffed the air.

“Do you smell that?” He shot Evan a worried glance.

Evan inhaled, not that he could actually smell whatever it was Julien got a whiff of. His sense of smell wasn't as good on Julien's.

“No. What is it?”

“Hang on, I'm going to check.”

Placing the scissors on the bed, Julien left the room. Evan heard the patio sliding glass door open and after a moment, slam shut.

Julien rushed back into the room, his face tense, his mouth pulled in a tight line. "I've got to get you out of this." He picked up the scissors.

"What is it?"

"There's smoke coming out of the next building's second story window."

Fuck! A fire.

And that's when they heard the scream of sirens grow to a deafening wail, as a fire truck pulled up outside the apartment complex.

Julien fumbled with the scissors. "Oh, god, I have to get you out."

Shouts and the slamming of doors filled the outside hall. Footsteps echoed down the stairs.

Loud pounding rattled their door.

Evan's head jerked in the direction of the sound.

"This is Firefighter Garrett of the Santa Clara fire department. We need to evacuate everyone, now!"

"I can't get you out," Julien said, biting his lip. His hands shook, and the safety shears slipped from his fingers onto the bed. He picked them up and tried again.

Evan needed to get Julien's attention. "Julien. Julien, babe. Stop. Look at me."

Julien's eyes were as wide as saucers.

Pounding rattled the door again. "This is Firefighter Garrett of the Santa Clara fire department. Is anyone inside?"

"Go answer the door," Evan ordered, keeping his voice calm.

Julien shook his head. "But I need to get you out." He blinked his eyes rapidly, his voice tremulous.

"Julien. No buts. Do it. Now."

Dropping the safety scissors, Julien ran for the door.

Evan could hear a man with a deep voice speaking. "We need to evacuate the building. Do you need help? Is there anyone here that needs assistance in getting out?"

“My boyfriend. He’s in the bedroom.”

“I’ll get your boyfriend. You need to leave.”

“No. I’m coming with you. I’m not leaving him.”

“You can’t stay. Go.”

Heavy footsteps followed by lighter ones grew louder as they approached the bedroom.

Evan kept his eyes on the door.

The room seemed to shrink as the firefighter filled the doorway like an avenging angel, except dressed in bright yellow firefighter’s gear and minus the wings. The firefighter quickly stifled a smile when he laid eyes on the sight before him and rapidly strode to the bed.

Julien hurried in after the firefighter and picked up the scissors he’d dropped on the mattress. “I’m trying to cut him out.”

Evan frowned. “What are you doing here, Julien? You heard what he said—go on, get out!” Evan jerked his head in the direction of the door.

“No. Not without you,” Julien said, hair flying about his face.

“There’s no time to cut him out, both of you need to get out, now.” Large hands drew Evan closer to the edge of the bed.

Whoa, whoa. This couldn’t be happening. The guy wasn’t going to carry him out like this, was he? Shit, going naked was better than people seeing what he and Julien got up to. Evan was suddenly too hot, his heart slamming against his ribs.

“Hold on. Wait. Stop. You can’t take me out like this,” he frantically said, trying to catch the firefighter’s eye.

The firefighter snaked one arm under Evan’s upper torso and one under where his knees would have bent—if they could have bent. “I’m sorry sir, but everyone must leave the premises immediately.”

Without another word, the mattress disappeared from under Evan, and he was hoisted into the air like he weighed nothing at all. The firefighter gripped Evan high and tight against his broad chest with his strong arms.

Fuck. This couldn’t be happening. And what’s with the “sir”? The guy couldn’t be that much older than he was, from what Evan could see around all

the gear the guy was wearing. But damn he was strong. Evan knew he weighed at least one-eighty and carrying him like this had to be difficult.

The firefighter skillfully maneuvered Evan through the doorways, without once hitting Evan's head or feet.

Shit, where was Julien? "Babe?" Evan yelled, and craned his neck around to try and find Julien. He heard the patter of footsteps behind the firefighter.

"I'm here!"

Brilliant amber, red, and blue flashing lights lit the street and buildings. From his position, Evan could see the thick black smoke curling from the second story of the neighboring apartment. He coughed at the smell. As Evan was carried out, he caught a glimpse of some of the residents, and heard their alarmed voices.

"Hi, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Jacobs," Julien called.

Oh, great. Their two nosiest neighbors now had gossip fodder for years.

Turning his head to the side, Evan saw they had reached the sidewalk and were headed for the ambulance. An EMT rushed over and helped lay Evan on a gurney that had a *very* hard board with black straps attached to it. Evan strained his neck and watched as the EMT fastened the straps. The first two crossed diagonally over his chest, and Evan inhaled sharply as the EMT secured them down, the constriction over his chest made him feel claustrophobic. Evan wiggled his body trying to move, but he was bound down tight. Next, the EMT worked his way downward and fastened the straps over his hips, his knees, and finally over his ankles. Evan wasn't panicked, but the loss of control he was now experiencing far eclipsed his embarrassment at being carried out in the wrap.

"Wait. Stop," Evan said, trying to get the man's attention. "There's nothing wrong with me. Just cut me out."

The EMT pushed him inside the ambulance and climbed in after him.

Evan moved his head to follow what the man was doing, but the board pressing against the back of his skull made it hurt when he did. He wanted out.

He tried to keep the irritation from his voice. "I don't know what you think you'll find, but there's nothing wrong with me, and I'm not going to the hospital, so you may as well cut me out."

"I'll do that in a minute, sir," replied the EMT. "I need to ask you some questions first. Name?"

“Evan Marshall.”

“Age?”

“Twenty-five.”

“Are you on any medications, or have you taken any drugs?”

“No and no. I’m perfectly healthy, and I don’t use drugs.” Evan winced, and tried to shift his body to alleviate some of the pain from the backboard, but it was no use, the bonds held him tight. The wrap did nothing to cushion his vertebrae from pressing hard into the board. He wouldn’t be surprised if he’d have bruises up and down his spine when this was over.

To add to the pain from the board, waves of heat washed over Evan’s body, and beads of sweat broke out over his forehead. The wrap only served to trap in his body heat and sweat. It was like an infinite loop, the more heat, the more sweat. He wondered if this is what it felt like for a hot dog tossed on a barbeque. Ha. At least he still had his sense of humor.

Evan tried once again. “Look, I’m sweating like a pig here, and this board is killing my back. Just cut me out, because I’m not going to the hospital.”

“All right, Mr. Marshall, I’ll cut you out, but you must remain still. I’ll also need to check your vitals before I can release you.”

“Fine, that’s fine; just get me out of this stuff.”

The man took shears and cut up from his right foot to his shoulder. When he’d finished, he unbuckled the straps, peeling back the wrap and tape like opening a book.

A wave of cool, evening air hit Evan’s overheated flesh, and he inhaled sharply through his teeth.

A look of concern crossed the EMT’s face. “Are you hurt? Are you in pain?”

Evan pushed himself into a sitting position and rolled his shoulders. “Other than the pain from the board? Damn that thing’s fucking hard—no, it’s the air. I’m just cold now.”

“I’ll get you a blanket.”

While the EMT took his vitals, Evan peered out the back of the open door of the vehicle, watching the residents, and Julien, return to their apartments after the firemen’s all clear.

A short while later, Julien returned to the ambulance with a pair of Evan's cargo shorts and what looked like his "Sexy Nerd" sweatshirt. He saw Evan watching and came up to the door.

"Here, I brought you some clothes."

"Thanks, babe. You're a lifesaver."

Once the EMT had finished, he handed Evan his clothes. Turning his back to the door, Evan pulled on his shorts, zipped them up, and slipped into his sweat-shirt.

"I need you to sign this release form," said the EMT.

Evan reached for the board and pen. He glanced back, and saw Julien chatting with the firefighter who'd carried him out.

Now that the emergency was over, the guy had removed his helmet, and his dark hair was stuck to his head with dried sweat. It did nothing to detract from his attractiveness, however. The guy had to be taller than Evan, even without his helmet, at least six feet three inches. He had a kind face and ready smile for the residents. A few stragglers stopped to give their thanks.

"Are you finished, sir?" the EMT asked, recalling Evan's attention.

"Oh, yes. Here." Evan handed over the release form. He walked around the gurney and got out. Julien and the firefighter turned towards him as he stepped down. Evan walked over and wrapped his arm around Julien's shoulder, gave him a quick kiss on the head then turned to the firefighter, Garrett, if Evan remembered correctly.

"Thanks for carrying me out. That mustn't have been easy."

"No problem, that's my job." Garrett gave Evan a friendly smile. "How are you doing? Everything okay?" He looked at Evan closely.

The guy had the most interesting eye color Evan had ever seen. It was a green-blue with flecks of gold and a large ring of rust, not brown, circled his pupil. Evan felt himself lean forward to get a better look, and stopped.

"So, are you okay?" Garrett repeated.

"He's more than fine," Julien piped up. "He's just distracted."

Evan raised an eyebrow at Julien.

Garrett's gaze bounced between them.

“Yeah, I’m fine, thanks. Although, I don’t think I ever want to repeat that experience again.”

Garrett chuckled, glanced at the ground then shot Evan a grin. “I can’t chat long. Got to get back to work, but I want to talk to you both about something. I wouldn’t normally do this, but I think I should give you my number. I’m concerned that you and your boyfriend might do something...”

“Stupid?” Evan supplied.

Garrett’s stunning eyes pierced Evan. “No, *careless*. I have some experience in what I think you’re trying to do, and I can answer questions you might have if you plan to continue with this kind of play.”

Evan shook his head. “That’s really not neces—”

“Yes, please!” Julien handed over his phone eagerly and did a Tigger imitation on his toes.

“In case you change your mind.” Garrett punched his name and number into Julien’s cell and handed it back.

Julien couldn’t stop grinning and clasped the phone to his chest like it was the Holy Grail. “Thank you, Firefighter Garrett,” he said, his tone hushed.

Garrett pointed at Julien’s phone, but addressed Evan. “Whenever you’re ready to talk, let me know.”

Julien reached out and touched Garrett’s sleeve. “Can I ask you a question before you leave?”

Garrett nodded, “Sure, if you make it quick.”

“Do you wear glasses?”

Uh-oh, Evan should’ve seen it coming, Julien and his eyeglass fetish. “No, Julien, drop it,” he said.

“There’s no harm in asking,” Julien replied, ignoring Evan and smiling up at Garrett from underneath his lashes.

Garrett darted his eyes between the two, a polite smile plastered on his confused face.

Evan grabbed hold of Julien’s elbow and gave Garrett an apologetic smile. “Sorry about that. He can be a brat at times.” Evan tugged at Julien’s arm, attempting to steer him back to their apartment, but Julien stood his ground.

“Well, do you?” Julien repeated.

“Julien, that’s enough. He’s got to get back to work.”

“No, that’s all right, I don’t mind answering. Sometimes after a long day, my eyes are tired, and I’ll wear them to read. Why?”

Julien gave a soft squeal. “Oh, nothing. I was curious, that’s all.”

Evan shook his head and caught Garrett watching him intensely with those amazing eyes. Garrett ran his keen gaze over Evan’s lips and back up, searching Evan’s eyes closely for something—Evan didn’t know what—before breaking contact.

Garrett gave Evan a quick smile and pointed at the phone one more time. “Remember what I said.” He headed for the fire truck.

“Oh, I will, Mr. Fireman. Oh, I will,” Julien said softly.

Evan watched Garrett walk back to his crew. What was that all about? He shook his head and turned to find Julien staring at him, a Cheshire grin spread over his face.

“Oooh. That was some major eye sex going on there,” Julien cooed.

“What? What are you talking about?” Evan asked. Julien said some of the strangest things.

Julien’s grin grew even wider if that was possible. “He likes you. He really likes you.”

“You’re imagining things, babe. You’re thinking with your other head.”

“And you, as usual, are clueless,” Julien smirked, placing a kiss on Evan’s chin. He lifted his phone and waggled it in front of Evan’s face. “You should thank me. I just scored us a hot date with a very hunky fireman.”

“Is that where you disappeared to? You went to grab your phone?” Evan asked, waving his hands in exasperation. “Didn’t you hear him say we had to leave immediately? You could’ve waited until everyone was allowed back into their apartments.”

“One never knows when it will come in handy, like today,” Julien answered smugly. “Besides, I had no idea when they’d let us go back in.”

Evan couldn’t restrain himself and rolled his eyes.

“Don’t roll your eyes at me. I saw you checking him out just as much as I was.”



“Julien, you don’t even know if he bats for our team.”

“Oh, trust me, he does,” Julien nodded. “I have excellent gaydar. Besides, the way he looked at you just now, when you bent over to put on your shorts, I caught him checking out your ass. He turned the most delicious shade of red when he saw me watching him.”

“He was checking out my ass?” Evan asked, his eyebrows raising in question. He turned, watching Garrett handle the hoses.

“Ha! See? I knew you were interested,” Julien exclaimed triumphantly beside him.

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## Friday

Evan turned the key in the lock and pushed in the door.

Thank god for Fridays—because he felt like one of the walking dead. This week was turning out to be one of the strangest of his life. After last night's escapade with the fire, Evan was too wound up to fall asleep right away, and he needed to get up early for an international conference call. After the call, his supervisor had him drop everything to solve a critical customer problem. Now, he was behind with his work, and all he wanted to do was eat a good meal and veg out watching some totally mindless sitcom. He dropped his keys on the side table by the door, gave a big yawn, and stretched his arms up over his head.

“Welcome home, honey,” said a cheery voice.

Evan halted mid-stretch, turned and stared. He wasn't quite sure what he was looking at. It was Julien, but not Julien. His bleach-blond hair was brushed to the side in soft waves. Bright blue eyes gazed up at him from underneath long, fluttering eyelashes, and a faint dusting of blush warmed Julian's cheeks. Red lipstick graced Julien's normally pink lips. And that wasn't the end of it. Evan's eyes trailed slowly downward, taking in the string of pearls around his neck and the white, cherry-patterned dress. The V-neck bodice of the dress hugged Julien's chest, and the wide, pleated skirt that stopped below his knees made his trim waist appear even smaller. Pale stockings with bright-red seams, led down to a pair of bright-red high heeled shoes.

“I... oh, wow. I don't know what to say,” Evan stammered, lowering his arms to his sides.

“Do you like it?” Julien asked, twirling carefully in place. “Alec and I went shopping, and he helped me pick this out. And look,” Julien, his back to Evan, bent over and flipped the dress up over his waist, displaying a bright-red garter belt with matching bright-red lace panties—panties that stretched enticingly over his cute, wiggling bubble butt.

Evan gulped. Red lace panties. How did he know?

Julien straightened, turned, and smoothed down his skirt. As if reading his mind, Julien said, “Remember when Alec said his boyfriend went gaga over his sissy outfit, and Alec gave us a fashion show? I was watching you, and you just about came in your pants. It was great. So I thought I'd surprise you.” Julien grinned.

“Um, thanks, babe. I think? But if you knew I liked the panties and stockings, why are you dressed up in something my grandmother would wear?”

Julien's brows drew together, and his lips twisted. Jutting out a hip, he rested his hand on it. “This outfit is a tribute to Lucille Ball, comedic genius of the fifties, who just so happened to be way ahead of her time,” he emphasized with a lift of his chin. “She personified the mid-century household mentality. Besides, you don't think I would come up with a perfectly good idea and not go all out, do you?”

Still not knowing what to make of all this, Evan stuck his hands in his pockets and hunched up his shoulders. “Um, I guess not? Can I ask why?”

“You really don't remember?” Julien said, tapping his bright-red shoe on the floor. “Don't you know what day it is?”

Evan frantically searched his brain. It wasn't the day they met or moved in together, and it wasn't his or Julien's birthday. Fuck. His panic must have shown on his face.

“All right, I'll take pity on you,” Julien said, shifting his weight to his other foot. “It's the anniversary of the first time you told me ‘I love you.’ I wanted to cook us your favorite meal, you know, braised lamb shank in a sweet port wine sauce with rosemary, and mashed potatoes with roasted garlic, and French beans, and broccoli on the side.”

“Oh, I'm sorry, babe, I forgot.” Evan took a step forward, wrapping his arms around Julien and pulling him close. He was just about to kiss him when he drew back. “Uh, I'd kiss you, but you've got,” he pointed to Julien's lips and made a swirly motion, “all that on you.”

“That's okay.” Julien stood on tiptoes and placed a firm kiss on Evan's cheek with his bright-red lips. “You rarely remember dates.”

Evan swiped at his cheek, then reached down and swatted Julien's ass. “Brat. Remind me why I keep you?”

“Because you've never had anyone cook you such fantastic meals in your life, and you'll never find anyone as amazing as me again,” Julien replied with a smirk.

“Mmmm, you've got that right,” Evan cupped Julien's face between his hands and placed a kiss on his forehead. “Do you need me to help or anything?”

“Nope, just change, or watch TV. I'll call you when dinner's ready.”

“Whatever you say, Lucy,” Evan said with a grin.

Julien stuck out his tongue, turned away, and carefully made his way back to the kitchen.

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Evan had changed his clothes, watched some news, and now waited at the dinner table. The aromas wafting from the kitchen made his stomach grumble. He heard the creak of the oven door open, and a pan slide on the oven rack.

“Need any help?” asked Evan.

“No thanks, I’ve got it,” called Julien.

A moment later, Julien appeared from the kitchen, carrying two plates and making his way cautiously to the table. He gently set down the first plate in front of Evan and the second at his own place setting.

A large succulent lamb shank sat upright in the middle of a pile of garlic mashed potatoes. The sweet port wine sauce flowed over the potatoes and the vegetable medley.

“So what do you think?” Julien asked.

“It looks... suggestive.” Evan turned the plate right and then left.

“Good. I was hoping you’d notice,” Julien said, with a grin. He set the pot holders aside and pulled out his chair to sit down.

Evan poured them each a glass of Zinfandel. “Here’s to us, babe.” He raised his glass in a toast toward Julien.

Julien touched his glass to Evan’s. “Here’s to us,” he said, and raised the glass to his lips.

Evan remembered the first time he’d talked about food with Julien. He remembered the appalled expression that had crossed Julien’s face when Evan told him he only cooked burgers, sausages, pork chops, and spaghetti, and sometimes pancakes on weekends for a treat. It was one of the few times Evan had ever seen Julien speechless. Soon after, Julien had taken it upon himself to bring lunch for both of them to work every day. The lunches would arrive in colorful paper bags peppered with the *Star Wars* characters that Julien loved so much, or if Julien was cooking Asian style, the meals arrived in bento boxes. Later, after Evan had confessed his love for Julien, he discovered that Julien had fallen madly, crazily in love with him at first sight. Julien was determined to win Evan’s heart, and food was his chosen method of seduction. Evan smiled

to himself. It had taken Julien a while to convince him that they were a good match, but he'd eventually succumbed to Julien's whirlwind personality and mad cooking skills. Now, he couldn't imagine life without his boyfriend.

The delicious aroma of the dinner wafted up from Evan's plate, and he took a deep inhale. He couldn't wait to get started. Digging his fork into his meal, he raised the succulent lamb to his mouth and glanced over at Julien across the table. He halted, staring.

Julien stared right back, his bright, ruby-red lips parted. He lifted a forkful of mashed potatoes dipped in the wine sauce to his mouth and wrapped his lips around it. He moaned, pulled the fork slowly from his mouth, and ran his tongue seductively over his red lips.

"Oh, fuck," Evan whispered, shifting in his chair.

"Delicious, isn't it?" Julien asked, blinking innocently.

"What?"

Julien smiled mischievously. "The dinner. It's good."

"Fuck, babe. How can I think of eating when you do that?" Evan reached down with his free hand and adjusted his cock in his pants.

Julien laughed. "Love you too, E." He pointed his fork at Evan's dinner. "Better eat before it gets cold."

"Oh, right." Taking a bite of his lamb, Evan let out a low appreciative hum. The sweet port sauce melded with the tender, moist lamb, blossoming over his tongue, fruity and smooth. God, he loved his boyfriend.

Elbows on the table, Julien peered over his clasped hands at Evan. "You know, it's destiny, kismet, that we were brought together."

Evan raised a forkful of garlicky mashed potatoes to his lips. "Why do you say that?"

"Isn't it obvious? Because I'm the Yin to your Yang," Julien said in all seriousness.

"Are you sure it's not the other way around?" Evan asked. "You're definitely more active and outgoing than I am."

"Oh, I'm sure," Julien nodded. "Mel Gibson would have to proclaim himself gay before I'd haul myself out of bed at dawn to hit the gym—and even then I couldn't be bright-eyed and bushy-tailed before noon."

Evan smiled. "Yeah, you do need your beauty sleep."

"You're damn straight I do."

"You know, I've never been straight."

"And thank god for that."

Evan finished his meal and reached for Julien's plate. The least he could do was clear the table and do the dishes.

"No, let me," Julien insisted, pushing back his chair and tottering over to Evan. Gathering the silverware and plates, he leaned over and laid a kiss on Evan's cheek. "Now, you go watch TV or play some games while I do the dishes."

"Are you sure you don't want any help? Or you could leave it until later," Evan suggested, pulling Julien toward him. He slid his hand up along the back of Julien's leg over the silky smooth stockings, and up under the skirt to Julien's ass, where he gave it a good squeeze. "We can do some celebrating," he said, waggling his eyebrows. He rubbed his hand in circles over the lace panties.

"Yes, I'm sure," Julien replied, a bit breathlessly. "No one can say that Julien Bouvet doesn't give his all in a role. Besides, you know how I can't stand a dirty kitchen. In the meantime, you can think of a suitable way to repay my slaving over a hot stove all evening while you're resting."

Evan laughed, and let Julien go. He watched as his boyfriend turned and sashayed his way into the kitchen. Knowing the lacy red panties were stretched over Julien's tight bubble butt under that dress made Evan rock hard. He couldn't wait to get his hands on that dress and strip it from Julien's body.

Pushing back his chair, Evan got up and headed to the living room. Grabbing the remote from the side table, he settled back onto their brown leather sofa and stretched his arm along the back. He turned on the big screen with a click and flicked through the stations.

*Click*, nope, news.

*Click*, infomercial, definitely no.

*Click*. Ha. Much better.

Evan must have missed this episode of *Friends* because it didn't look familiar. *Oh, hell, this was about leather pants.* Evan smiled. His grin grew

wider, and snickers bubbled up from his chest the further Ross got into trouble. When Ross added the cream, Evan's laughter burst out uncontrollably.

"What's so funny?" Julien called from the kitchen.

"Ross," answered Evan, wiping tears from his eyes. Thank god, he didn't take Julien's advice and use the baby powder.

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The scream ripped through the apartment. Evan's stomach dropped into a nosedive and his heart flew into overdrive. He shot to his feet, skirted the sofa, and rushed into the kitchen where he skidded to a halt.

Julien clung to the counter at an awkward angle, his lips caught between his teeth, his face contorted in pain. Whimpers escaped his throat.

Evan reached for Julien. "Babe, what happened?"

"My ankle. It's my ankle." Deep shuddering breaths shook Julien's frame, as he gripped Evan's forearms for balance.

Evan winced, as Julien's carefully-trimmed nails dug into his skin. Moving slowly, Evan disengaged his arms from Julien's grip and stepped close to wrap them around his body.

Julien shifted, and let out a yelp. He hopped against Evan, steadying himself.

Evan combed his fingers through Julien's hair. "Tell me what happened."

"It was the wine sauce."

Evan frowned. "The wine sauce?"

Julien nodded against Evan's chest.

"I wobbled and some dripped off the plate," Julien sniffled. "I was wiping the spot up but missed a different spot. When I turned to put the paper towel in the trash, I slipped on the other spot. I think I twisted my ankle." Julien gazed up at Evan; the pain had brought tears to his eyes.

Evan leaned over and peered down at Julien's raised right foot. It was already swollen and red. "We need to get you to the hospital."

"Not in this!" Julien drew back in horror.

"I'm sure they've seen more interesting outfits than what you're wearing," Evan said, stroking Julien's arm.

“Maybe at Halloween, but I’m not going in this.”

“Julien, we really shouldn’t be arguing about this right now,” Evan said, his voice firm.

“The panties are okay, but not the rest. Please,” Julien pleaded.

Evan brushed aside some blond strands of hair that had fallen in Julien’s eyes and laid a kiss on his forehead. “Okay, here’s what we’ll do. I’ll get one of the folding chairs, then something to wear, and help you off with the dress and other things. Next, I’ll bring the car around to the front and carry you out. How does that sound?”

Julien nodded, his attention focused on Evan and his every word.

“Now, stay here and don’t move.” Evan released his hold on Julien.

“Okay,” Julien answered in a small voice.

Evan made his way to the hall closet for the chair. The evening had started out so well. How was it possible that every kinky thing they tried ended up a disaster?

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## Saturday

Spending a Friday evening in urgent care was not Evan's idea of fun, and even less so for Julien. Why did most accidents happen on a Friday night? Urgent Care was already packed with families when they arrived at the hospital, and they had to wait for over an hour before they were able to see a doctor. From there, they had to go to X-ray just to have another long wait. The one good piece of news after all that, was Julien's ankle was only sprained and not broken. But, it was still bad enough that he'd have to keep his foot elevated as much as possible for the next two weeks.

It had barely been twelve hours, and Julien was stir-crazy; consequently he was driving Evan crazy.

Evan sat at the desk in the spare bedroom hunched over his PC and focused on the PowerPoint slide he was creating. The first three slides were completed, but the fourth slide was slow going. He hoped to finish the presentation this evening, once he got over this small hurdle. He detected motion from the corner of his eye and lifted his head. What the hell? Julien crawled in the door on his hands and knees, his right foot encased in a large black boot that contrasted deeply with his light skin, and his ass wiggling provocatively with every motion. Evan followed Julien's path as he made his way to the base of his chair.

Julien looked up and smiled. "Hi."

Evan stared at his boyfriend. "What are you doing?" Evan asked, somewhat afraid of the answer he was going to get.

"I'm bored, so I thought I'd come visit you." Julien shifted to a sitting position, his legs bent carefully to the side. "You've been working hard, and I think you need a break."

The smile on Julien's face was far from innocent.

Evan crooked an eyebrow. "Is that so?"

"Yes," Julien nodded. "And I know just the thing. We should have sex."

Evan leaned back in his chair and pinched the bridge of his nose. "Julien, give it a rest. We've tried something new every single day for the last week. I need a break. *We* need a break," he said, exasperation seeping into his voice.

“But I’m horny, and I’m bored,” Julien whined, gazing up at him from the floor with the expression he’d perfected to get what he wanted. Reaching up, Julien traced a finger down the front of Evan’s cargo shorts and ran his tongue over his lips.

Evan scowled. “Cut it out,” he said, pushing Julian’s hand away. “I need to get this new product feature presentation done for Monday.”

“Tomorrow’s Sunday, you can work on it then.”

“Yes. I’ll be working on it today *and* Sunday at this rate. Besides, you need to keep your foot elevated. Doctor’s orders.” Evan waved his hand at the door. “Go back and watch some TV, play games, or jerk off.”

“I’ve done all that, and I don’t want to jerk myself off.” Julien’s smile faded, then brightened. “I know. How about I stay here and keep you company? I won’t say a word.”

Evan ran his fingers through his hair, tugged at it, then dropped his hands. He sighed, and his shoulders dropped. “Fine, as long as you promise not to talk.”

“Okay,” Julien replied cheerfully.

Evan pushed back his desk chair. “Here, take my chair and I’ll get another.” He bent over and helped Julien up by the elbows, like the nurse had shown him. Once Julien was settled, he fetched himself a foldable chair from the hall closet.

“Remember, no talking,” Evan said, giving Julien a stern look.

Julien shook his head and drew a zipper across his lips with two fingers.

He should have known that Julien’s answer was far too cheerful and far too compliant. He should have also known he needed to be much more specific. Because next thing Evan knew, Julien had scooted his chair up to the back of his and rested his chin on Evan’s shoulder, peering over it.

Evan growled. “That’s enough, Julien.”

No answer.

“Julien, this isn’t working,” Evan said, his voice rising.

Julien didn’t move.

“I can’t concentrate with you acting like this. Go back to the living room.”

The only sound was the soft whisper of Julien’s breath in Evan’s ear.

Evan took a deep inhale and let it out slowly. He couldn't force Julien back into the living room but Julien wouldn't stop until he got what he wanted either. Evan stared at the screen. Maybe he needed to take a break anyway, since he was stuck on that one slide. He turned his head to look at Julien and found Julien watching him intently. Evan stared back into his clear, blue eyes.

So Julien wanted to play. Evan had had enough of Julien's ideas; they'd all been disasters. He didn't want to imagine what might go wrong again if they tried another one of Julien's "cunning plans," considering the way their luck was going.

"Fine," Evan finally said. "If you want to play, we'll play. But," he gave Julien a pointed look, "we'll do it *my* way."

"Yay," Julien said, removing his chin from Evan's shoulder and scooting his chair back. Julien looked like the cat that had just caught the proverbial canary.

Helping Julien into the living room, Evan sat him down on the sofa and peeled off Julien's clothes, being extra careful of his ankle, and then took a seat next to him. "Lay across my lap," Evan instructed.

Julien beamed, and he hurriedly wiggled his way into position over Evan's legs, his cock hard and ready on Evan's thigh.

"I'm going to give you twenty spanks. After each one you will count the number out loud and then say, 'I will not bother Evan while he's working.' Is that clear?"

Julien craned his neck around and looked up at Evan, a huge grin across his face.

Evan waited, eyebrow raised. His hand descended hard on Julien's ass. *Whack!* "I asked, is that clear?"

"Shit! That hurt." Julien scrambled at the sofa cushions to push himself up. "You've never spanked me that hard before."

Evan pressed on Julien's upper back with his forearm, forcing him down. *Smack!* "I said, is that clear?"

"Owww! I said that hurts." Julien wiggled to escape, but Evan grabbed him tightly around the waist and held Julien on his lap.

"I'm going to spank you as hard as I think you deserve to be spanked. You wanted this, but if you think it's too much, and you can't handle it, we can stop

right now, or we can continue. Which is it?" A long pause rested in the air. Evan shifted, and lifted Julien's legs to move out from under them.

"Continue," Julien said softly.

"Hmmm? What was that?"

"Continue," Julien answered, his voice louder.

Evan lowered Julien's legs back down. "If you say stop, I'll stop, and it'll be over. Understood?"

Julien nodded.

He grabbed a fistful of Julien's hair and pulled his head back.

Julien gasped, his mouth dropping open.

Lowering his voice, Evan leaned down and whispered into Julien's ear. "Do you understand?" And he brought his hand down hard on Julien's ass.

Julien yelped, and his eyelids slid closed.

Evan gave Julien's head a light shake. "I want to hear you say it."

"Yes, I understand," Julien said, his voice breathy.

"Now, we'll start."

*Whack!* The first spank joined the others on Julien's already heated ass, adding a deeper layer of pink on the once pale skin.

"One. I will not bother Evan while he's working."

Another sharp smack snapped down.

Julien's body jerked. "Two. I will not bother Evan while he's working."

Evan ran his palm lightly over the round cheeks, feeling the heat radiate from them. He grinned as he let his hand fall in another ass-flaming swat, and Julien let out a low whine.

"Three. I will not bother Evan while he's working."

Evan's focus narrowed to those sweet round cheeks. He wanted to make those cheeks burn and Julien to remember this spanking for days. Evan rained down one stinging blow after another, and Julien's body jerked and jumped across his lap. Hot tingling prickles ran through his palm from the strikes. The pink flush on Julien's ass spread to cover his cheeks, finally blossoming into a brilliant red.

Julien cried out, and he clutched at the sofa after each smarting blow. He pressed his hips down into Evan's lap, grinding his wet cock into Evan's thigh and slicking Evan's leg as he rocked against it.

Evan felt his cock twitch and pre-cum leak from its slit every time Julien cried out, wetting Evan's pants. The weight of Julien's hot body rubbed across his groin, and the friction teased Evan's trapped cock causing it to strain against his shorts in a bid for freedom.

Evan delivered the final swat on Julien's deeply-red ass. *Whack!* Evan bent low, straining to hear Julien speak.

"Twenty." Julien counted the last blow in a hushed voice. "I will not bother Evan while he's working." Julien trembled as he took deep, shuddering breaths.

Carefully, Evan lifted Julien's legs and slid out from under them, so he could stand. He rotated Julien into a sitting position and moved between his spread legs. Brushing back Julien's hair from his face, Evan took Julien's chin between his thumb and forefinger and tilted up his head. "Are you okay? Is your ankle okay?" Evan scanned Julien's flushed face.

Julien gazed back at him, his eyes moist with tears, and nodded. "Good," he said quietly and gave a faint smile.

Evan ran his hand down the side of Julien's cheek, gently caressing with his thumb, and Julien closed his eyes, pressing into Evan's palm. Withdrawing his hand, Evan unzipped his shorts and pulled them down, releasing his swollen prick and heavy balls. He touched the head of his aching prick to Julien's lips. "Suck my cock," he ordered.

Julien licked his lips and raised his shaking hands.

"Did I say you could use your hands?" Evan asked, his voice sharp.

"No," Julien whispered. He lowered his arms, his eyes searching Evan's face.

"Put them behind your back, hold onto your elbows, and keep your eyes on me. Is that clear?"

Julien nodded, and did as he was told, locking his eyes on Evan.

Placing a firm hand on the back of Julien's head, Evan pulled him back to his groin.

Julien parted his lips. Evan stared, riveted by Julien's mouth as he snuck his tongue out and tentatively lapped at the bead of clear fluid poised on the end of

Evan's prick, before backing off and waiting. Evan's breath hitched. Seeing Julien like this, so quiet and obedient, sent a jolt of lust to his cock, and it throbbed, delivering a further string of pre-cum from his slit. "Go on. Don't stop," Evan said, his fingers combing lightly through Julien's hair.

Encouraged, Julien leaned forward. He caught the long strand of pre-cum in his open mouth and followed it upwards, until he'd captured it all. Julien circled the sensitive head with his tongue and teased the slit, lapping up all of the escaping fluid. He sealed his lips tightly over Evan's cockhead, sucking strongly, while sweeping firmly over the sweet spot under the head. He pulled off and descended to Evan's balls, taking a long slow lick over the tight sack. He engulfed one, then the other, in his hot, wet mouth and sucked.

Evan moaned, and he canted his hips forward. Fuck, he loved having his balls sucked. Who was he kidding? He loved Julien's talented mouth all over his nuts and dick. But as much as he loved it, he wanted something else. He wanted his scent on Julien. Evan grabbed Julien's head between his hands and forced his cock against Julien's face. He ground and rolled his hips, rubbing Julien's face roughly against his groin. A shining strand of pre-cum dripped onto Julien's cheek, and he smeared it in with his prick. He let go and dug his fingers into the soft, blond hair, yanking Julien forward. "Suck it," he ordered.

Julien whimpered, and opened his mouth.

Moist heat enveloped Evan's cock, and Julien bobbed his head, his eyes fastened on Evan's face.

"Oh yeah, that's it," Evan said.

Julien whined and moaned as he devoured Evan's cock. He increased his tempo and energetically pulled and pushed his mouth over Evan's shaft, loud slurps emphasizing his actions.

"Faster. Work it, babe." Evan rocked his hips in tempo to Julien's motions. "You like that, don't you?" He pressed deeper.

Julien stiffened and gagged. He jerked his head back, choking.

Evan placed a finger under Julien's chin and tilted up his face. "You okay?"

Julien nodded.

"I want you to take me all the way this time. Do you think you can do that?"

"I think so," Julien said quietly, after catching his breath. "I've been practicing."

Evan nodded. "Good." He repositioned Julien's body lower and tilted his head up and back to create a straighter passage. Evan slipped his cock in and carefully pushed forward. The head hit the back of Julien's throat, and Julien let out a garbled choke and drew away. "Tilt your head back, stick out your tongue, and breathe out through your mouth as I go in," Evan instructed, gently guiding Julien back into position. "Do it again." Inch by careful inch, Evan pushed his way down Julian's throat. The tight throat muscles grabbed his prick, as he pressed forward. "That's it, babe. All the way."

Strangled, gagging sounds escaped Julian's throat. He blinked his eyes rapidly as tears welled and threatened to spill over.

Evan let out a loud groan as his cock slid all the way home. "Oh, yeah, that's it."

Julien's throat contracted around Evan's cock, and his body shook. He couldn't stop the tears this time, and they filled his eyes to overflowing.

"That's it. You're doing good," Evan reassured Julien, as he looked down into Julien's eyes, eyes that had turned red from tears. "Try not to move, but if you need to, pull off."

Julien strained to hold his position, his body shaking.

"So good, babe." Evan stroked Julien's hair, then carefully withdrew.

Julien gasped for air, his chest heaving, spittle flowing from his mouth. A guttural sob broke from his throat, but he looked up at Evan and attempted a faint smile.

Evan wiped at Julien's tears with his thumb, as Julien caught his breath. "Ready to try again?" he asked, after Julien's breathing had eased.

Julien nodded, and opened his mouth.

Swollen lips stretched over Evan's thick cock, and saliva ran out of Julien's mouth, dribbling over his chin. Tears filled Julien's eyes and rolled over his flushed cheeks.

His perfect Julien was brought to this incredibly dirty, sloppy, sexy, mess. But oh, he was so freaking hot. "God, babe, love your slutty mouth," Evan panted, thrusting with short quick strokes. He focused on Julien's neck, following the path of his cock as it pressed in, making Julien's neck bulge with its passing. Evan closed his eyes and immersed himself in the feel of his rock-hard cock's slick slide in and out, the strong throat rings gripping and

massaging his prick as he buried himself deep inside Julien's throat, only to withdraw it slowly.

So tight, so hot. Evan forced Julien's head to his groin and held it there, reveling in the grasping muscles around his straining cock. "Damn, that's good," Evan groaned. Grabbing Julien's head firmly between both hands, Evan fucked his mouth. Fast and harsh, he plundered, taking what Julien offered. Evan opened his eyes and looked down.

Julien gazed up at him. He'd long since stopped blinking back the tears, letting them stream down his cheeks to mix with the spittle running from his mouth. He no longer struggled at the invasion of Evan's cock. He gazed at Evan with adoration; he'd surrendered, his body relaxed.

Evan didn't think he could grow any harder, but the sight of Julien letting him do what he wanted, take what he wanted, sent a surge of blood rushing to Evan's groin. The strangled slurps and garbled sucking of his cock taken deep, heightened the pressure in Evan's balls. His heart hammering in his chest, Evan gripped Julien's head tighter and pounded faster. His loud, harsh breathing, and Julien's gagging rang in Evan's ears, and his movements grew erratic, his balls drawing up higher. Evan pulled out just enough to let Julien catch a gasping breath then plunged back in. "That's it, babe. Take my cock," he ordered. "You wanted this. Take it."

He couldn't last—the heat, the tightness, the sounds, Julien's total acquiescence—everything was too perfect. Evan took one last look into Julien's eyes and closed his own. Tightening his fingers on Julien's head, he drove deep into Julien's throat, increasing the speed of his thrusts. The pressure built in his balls, sending him spiraling higher and higher until he shot over the edge. His body stiffened, a primal scream climbing from his toes to his throat demanded escape. Trapped in his throat, it strained for release. Evan's hips jerked forward, and he spurted stream after stream of cum deep inside Julien's hot throat. Sparks of light ignited behind his closed eyelids, and blood roared in his ears. His hips bucked until he was drained, gradually slowing to a standstill. Evan gulped in lungfuls of air, his dick softening in Julien's mouth. "Fuck," he managed to gasp out. Evan looked down at Julien who was staring back at him.

Julien waited calmly. His lips, red from the ravishing, still wrapped around Evan's cock, his arms, still folded behind his back. Trails of drying tears marked Julien's flushed cheeks. At some point, Julien had cum—the telltale signs of spunk dripped down his chest and stomach to his groin. His flaccid cock rested on his balls between his spread legs.



Evan withdrew from Julien's mouth and tucked himself back in his shorts. He grabbed Julien's discarded shirt and gently wiped the tears and spittle from his face and the cum from his body. He fluffed up a sofa pillow and hooked his arm under Julien's knees, rotating them so that Julien now lay on his side. Evan settled down to lie beside him, drawing Julien in close. He turned Julien's face toward him. "You okay?"

"Yeah," Julien nodded, his voice hoarse, his eyes still red.

Evan planted a soft kiss on Julien's puffy lips. "You were amazing, babe."

Julien snuggled into the crook of Evan's shoulder and draped an arm and leg over him. "Thanks. I finally did it." A satisfied smile curled his lips.

"Yes, you did," Evan said. And so had he. He'd given Julien what he wanted, what he needed. Evan closed his eyes and ran his fingers lightly up and down Julien's arm, enjoying the feel of his soft skin. The presentation could wait until tomorrow. He'd started to drift off when Julien spoke.

"You know I didn't think you could do it."

"What?" Evan asked, pulling back to get a good look at Julien's face. "Did you plan this?"

Julien pinched his lips together, trying not to smile. "I only planned up to the part of annoying you. I didn't know what you'd do if I did, but I *had* to try something, because all my ideas sucked."

"Brat!" said Evan, and he smacked the part of Julien's ass he was able to reach.

"Ow!" Julien reached back to rub his butt. "I can't believe how hard you spanked me. I won't be able to sit for a week."

Evan didn't speak for a while. "But you liked it?" he asked quietly, gazing down at Julien.

"More than liked. It was awesome, better than awesome," Julien replied, nodding his head. Julien stretched, almost hitting Evan in the face, and yawned. He lowered his arm, draped it over Evan again, and closed his eyes. "I think I'm going to order us a flogger from Leather Gods. What do you think?"

Julien's enthusiasm was contagious, but they needed to slow down and figure out how to play safely. Evan wanted more of today's kind of play now that he'd finally let his dominant side out, and he definitely knew Julien wanted more of the same. What he didn't want, was another week like this past one

where so much had gone wrong. He certainly didn't want something worse to happen to Julien, or to himself, nor to see them turn into the latest YouTube sensation. They needed help, and he knew just the man.

"I think maybe we need to talk to Garrett before we go any further."

Julien looked up at Evan, his eyes wide. "Can we invite him to dinner?"

"That's probably a good idea."

"Yay!" Julien grinned, and he burrowed in closer to Evan's side. "Everything will turn out great, you'll see."

Evan listened to Julien's breathing slow as he fell asleep. He had to admit, Julien was probably right—everything *would* turn out great. And to think, it had all started with a pair of leather pants.

**The End**

## Author Bio

*Many moons ago, with the encouragement of a writer friend, K.C. Faelan wrote her first fanfic story. After a few years, her muse went into hiding, and then suddenly re-emerged, urging KC to write LisaT's story. It's KC's first time participating in the DRitC event. KC loves men, from the Alphas to the Omegas, and all the pretty boys in between. Intelligence and humor whet her appetite. Toss in a course of UST, a dash of angst, season with fluffiness, and she dives right in. Oh, and don't forget the extra-large side-helping of sex. For dessert, it's HEA all the way. Her favorite flower is the Iris, and her favorite season is Winter. She loves dark chocolate truffles, and food often plays a part in her stories, and in the ones she enjoys reading.*

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