

LOVE Has NO Boundaries



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DAVIN'S GUARD

Mandy Beyers

Love Has No Boundaries

An M/M Romance series

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By Mandy Beyers

Introduction

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

What Is Love Has No Boundaries?

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

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

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

Words of Caution

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

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:

Two naked men kiss on a tan couch. Both are toned and muscular, as is shown by the arm strength holding most of the Caucasian man's upper body above the cushions while the darker-skinned man holds his lower body up with an arm wrapped around him.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

In the five years since turning pro, I've become the best quarterback in the league, so when I start receiving death threats, my team insists on hiring a bodyguard who's with me twenty-four seven. They think the threats are racially motivated, but I know better. How can I keep my past and my desires secret, when my protector is so hot? And what happens when the man behind the threats finally makes his move?

This is the first time I tried posting a picture, so I hope I did it right. For some reason this one made me want an m/m romantic thriller. My only other request is please no BDSM.

Sincerely,

Liz

Story Info

Genre: contemporary, romantic suspense

Tags: athlete, bodyguard, homophobia, in the closet, multicultural, sports, two alpha males

Word Count: 5,763

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By Mandy Beyers

Another Monday morning, another boring team meeting. I was fine as long as Coach was the one speaking, but as soon as one of the team owners started pontificating about how to increase ticket sales I found myself tuning out. I hadn't slept my best the previous night and hearing more of the same old, same old wasn't helping me stay awake at all. An elbow to the side from my teammate changed that, though.

"Rochester, man, are you listening? Lerner just said something about hiring you a bodyguard!" Al's whisper was not near as quiet as he thought it was, and all eyes were turned toward us when I looked up.

"Sorry, I missed that..." I let my voice trail away as I waited for someone to fill me on what I had missed in my dozing.

"We've had two more confirmed death threats against you, Rochester, and the team has decided to hire a bodyguard to make sure no one gets to you before the police find this nutcase." Lerner looked like he'd rather suck a lemon than loosen his purse strings for unexpected expenses, but the possible price of losing the best-performing quarterback in the league must have weighed heavily in his cost analysis.

"I wasn't aware that the team was taking the threats seriously—I thought y'all said that it wasn't a problem when the first one came?" The first note came directly to me, just a hate-filled letter spewing nastiness about how I shouldn't be allowed to play football at all, much less be a starting quarterback. After that, all my mail had been forwarded through the team office. It had been three months, and I had forgotten about the problem to be honest.

"These letters have turned out to look more like a serious stalker than just a random threat. There have been pictures in them, which ups the threat level significantly." I turned at the sound of an unfamiliar voice and tried not to

swallow my tongue at the first sight of the man I assumed was the bodyguard Lerner mentioned.

Coach intervened with introductions. “Davin Rochester, Jamison Nichols. Rochester, Jamison here is the nephew of a good friend of mine and has been highly recommended for this type of assignment. The team will be picking up Jamison’s salary, but until the police catch the person behind these letters, the two of you will be together twenty-four seven.”

The look on Coach’s face and the fact that the team was spending the money meant that they were truly serious about this. How was I going to keep my secret when the best-looking man I had seen in a long time was going to be spending all his time with me? This was not good; this was not good at all. I felt panicky, but kept my breathing even and focused. “Can I see the letters?” It seemed like I should at least know what I was facing if I was losing my privacy over it.

Coach’s frown deepened as he pulled a folder out of his briefcase. There were more pages there than I expected to see, and as I scanned them, I saw racial slurs and nasty comments that made me want to scour my brain, but no real clue as to why this person was so pissed off at me. Nichols reached over as I started to turn to the last letter and suggested I wait until my teammates weren’t around to look at it.

“That letter is the one that convinced your team to take this seriously. I don’t think you want anyone seeing it that hasn’t already.” By this point the team meeting had mostly ended, so I took Nichols’ advice and waited to turn the final page until everyone else had left the conference room.

“Shit!” The letter writer had apparently lost his skill with the English language and replaced it with defaced pictures of me—at my kitchen table, a local café, walking onto the practice field, and in my car. Black X’s covered my eyes and mouth and red letters shouting “DIE!” were scrawled over the whole page.

Nichols sat quietly beside me for a few moments as the shock set in, then wore off just as fast. “The police think this is someone who knows you, maybe

someone from your past who is angry with you. Do you know anyone that fits that description? An angry ex, a girlfriend's spouse, anyone like that?"

I looked away, not wanting the thoughts in my eyes to be visible to Nichols. "No one. I haven't been on a date since college. Football has been my whole life for the five years I've been pro."

"What about college? Is there someone that could have held a grudge? I know the first letters had racial comments, but they seem faked. These last few seem personal in a way that goes beyond skin color."

My thoughts went back to college, to the last time I had really been myself, and I wondered. Was it possible that my past was catching up to me? I couldn't help but remember Jeffrey, the way that he shuddered underneath me whenever we would make love, and the terror he felt when his parents found out we were together. His father was rabidly anti-gay, and the hate that spewed from that man's mouth terrified anyone found on the wrong side of an issue from him. The fact that I never heard from Jeff again after graduation proved to me that hate was stronger than love, and rather than risk another scene like that ever again, I buried myself in the game I loved and gave up on dating. My team didn't even know I was gay, and I planned to keep it that way as long as possible.

The silence stretched out as I thought about the past until Nichols nudged me. "I can tell you are remembering something. Why don't you tell me as we walk? We're going to take my car and get a hotel. We can run by your place to pack a bag, but you cannot stay there. This sicko obviously knows where you live."

I tried to decide which part of my college memory to tell him—certainly not about my relationship with Jeff, he wouldn't understand that, I thought. I glanced at his hand, wondering if he had a wife or girlfriend that would be missing him while he guarded me. Finally, I broke the silence that had built around us. "My college roommate's father was full of hate and venom. He's the only person I've ever known to hate me, but I don't know why he would be threatening me now. I haven't seen him *or* my former roommate since we

graduated.” That much seemed safe to share, and it was certainly the truth if not the whole truth.

“Why don’t you give me his name and any other information you can remember and let the police check him out? At least then you’ll know one way or the other if he is behind this.” I agreed and gave Nichols what I remembered, Jeff’s last name and the city he called his hometown when we were in school.

After quickly throwing a week’s worth of clothing in a duffle bag and grabbing my toothbrush and other essentials from the bathroom, I rejoined Nichols in the living room. He seemed to take his time looking over my apartment; I wondered what he saw as he looked at it. I knew the truth about how sterile my life had become; there were a few pictures on the desk, bills that needed to be paid, and my flat-screen television on the wall. Other than that, the furniture came with the apartment when I originally moved in and I never replaced any of it. I spent more time at the gym or on the practice field than at my apartment anyway. I didn’t bother trying to make a home out of it. As Nichols turned to face me again, his quizzical look faded to an emotion I couldn’t quantify. “The only way someone could have taken that picture of you at the kitchen table is from another apartment in your complex.” I realized he was correct; the kitchen window looked out onto an interior courtyard and the angle meant it was taken from above. “I think getting you out of here for a while is definitely the right move. Are you ready to go?”

I grabbed my laptop and unpaid bills and walked out the door, fuming that I was being driven out of my apartment by this freak. Really, what could anyone have to gain by this campaign? As I asked Nichols that question, he glanced at me from behind the wheel of his SUV. “Most stalkers are logical only to themselves, not to normal people. His or her motivation may not be truly clear until we catch them.” As he drove I continued to rack my brain, worrying and trying to remember if anyone in my past could truly hate me so much, but I kept coming up empty-handed.

After checking into a nice hotel (“Nicer places have their own security which increases your safety,” Nichols explained when I objected to the cost), I discovered that the team was picking up the cost of a suite for us to share. Although the view out the windows was probably fantastic due to the height of the building, Nichols insisted that the curtains stay drawn. He was taking no chances and we settled in to wait out the evening with room service and pay-per-view. Once we settled on a suitably distracting action-adventure neither of us had watched yet, I finally managed to push the whole situation to the back of my mind.

Unfortunately, I had a new concern to take its place—my growing attraction to Nichols. From what little I had gleaned so far, we liked the same foods and movies, so spending time with him should be no problem if I could convince my cock to stop getting its hopes up. I had absolutely no business acting on any desires I felt, especially when those desires were for my (probably straight) bodyguard. But every time he laughed, I smiled, and when he kicked back on the couch and put his feet on the table I fought myself not to lean closer and join him. When the movie finished I set a land-speed record getting myself out of the room and behind closed doors where I quickly and silently relieved the pressure that had built up behind my zipper during the evening. And if the vision in my mind had Jamison Nichols' face and body, that was my problem and no one else's.

Practice for the next three days was ordinary, and the upcoming game was against the last-ranked team in our division, so there was little to no press hanging around and even fewer distractions from my two problems. Sharing space with Nichols was making me crazy—every time I turned around he was right there, within my personal boundaries, practically breathing down my neck whenever we left the hotel suite. But even worse was the time we spent together in the suite every night, filled with movies we both enjoyed and Nichols' funny stories about his very close family and growing up on a farm. I liked him a lot—he had a sense of humor and a protective streak a mile wide, not to mention his gorgeous ass. However, I still feared my secret escaping, so

I tried to keep my hands to myself. That battle was finally lost on the fourth night in our hotel room, though.

Tired from hours of drills and running, passing the ball and taking hits, I fell asleep on the couch as we waited for room service to deliver our nightly meal. Sound asleep, I let my guard down so completely that when Nichols leaned over to wake me up, I thought I was still dreaming and grabbed that ass that was haunting my sleep. "Shit! Sorry, Nichols, I was..."

He cut off my stammering with a grin. "Don't you think it's about time you call me Jamie?" he asked. "After all, if we're on close enough terms for you to grab my ass, I think we are past the last-names stage of our relationship. Don't you, Davin?"

I'm sure my mouth was gaping open. I'm not sure what I expected, a punch, maybe? Or at the very least an order not to do that again, but instead he shoved my feet over and joined me on the couch with our dinners. Rather than taxing my tired brain with figuring out what had just happened, I shoveled my dinner into my mouth like a starving man and waited him out. A ringing phone ended my introspection and the look on Jamie's face as he listened to the caller on the other end made me glad I was done eating.

"Your apartment complex reported a break-in to the police," Jamie said as he returned to his seat next to me. "One of the empty apartments on the fourth floor opposite your unit has apparently been hosting a squatter for at least a couple of weeks, according to the detective I just spoke to." His face looked serious and drawn, not at all his usual light expression. "There were quite a few more pictures of you and some nasty weapons as well, but the apartment was empty when the police arrived. They said he must be still in town, though, because there were newspapers from this morning open to the sports page with details about tomorrow's game."

I swallowed, hard, then asked him the first question that came to my mind. "Do the police think he will target me at the game?"

"They do. They want you to keep your eyes open for anyone out of place or that looks familiar whenever you aren't actually on the field. They said the

escalation is such that they expect this case to break this weekend. They don't think that with his mental state he can stay hidden any longer."

"That's good, right? The police will catch him, and we can both go back to our normal lives. I'm sure someone is waiting at home for you..." My babbling trailed off as Jamie's face continued to look serious, worried... and sad?

"Someone like this, an obsessed stalker, is often mentally disturbed. Capturing them without anyone getting injured is extremely difficult. I'm concerned that you'll get hurt in the process. I cannot protect you once we get to the stadium and you leave the locker room. That's a lot of time in the public eye." Jamie looked down at his fingers, as if he couldn't stand to look me in the eye as he continued to speak. "And although I will be thrilled to know you are safe once we catch this fucker, I don't want to leave you."

The silence stretched out between us as I tried to fit his words into a framework my brain could understand. Finally, I reached out and placed my hand on his cheek, turning him to face me. "What are you saying, Jamie?"

"I'm saying I want you." No longer was there any confusion as to what I saw in his eyes. Lust and desire shone in them as he looked me over, slowly, letting me see how he felt. He was no longer hiding from me. My shock only lasted a few seconds as he continued. "I've wanted you since we met, but I was never sure which team you played for, if you know what I mean. You do a great job of acting asexual and not interested in anyone at all, but when you grabbed me earlier I saw a glimpse of the real you. I don't want to chance something terrible happening tomorrow without telling you how I feel." He leaned toward me slowly, giving me plenty of time to back away. Instead I met him in the middle, crushing his mouth with my own, letting go of all my inhibitions for this one beautiful moment, suspended in time. No more words were needed as we devoured each other in long, glorious kisses, twining tongues and learning each other's mouths.

When we broke away for necessary breaths, I moved closer on the couch, reaching for Jamie's hands with mine. "It's been a long time since I dared to touch another man... not since college..."

“Will you tell me what happened? What made you so skittish and made you hide yourself away from the world?”

As my thoughts went back to that time, I shivered a little, but began my story. “His name was Jeffrey and he was my roommate through four years of college. He was the experienced one, and after about three weeks of living together, one night we got drunk and I let him seduce me. At first I was just one of many for him; he was a partier and I was satisfied with studying, football, and Jeffrey. After our second year of school, though, he settled down some, and after a while we were exclusive.

“We had planned to move away together to wherever I played football, but the week of graduation, everything changed. His father came into town, and I don't think Jeffrey thought he would even come to the ceremony—much less show up at our apartment—but he somehow talked himself into the building and got into our room. I guess the super let him in—he paid Jeff's bills, so his name was on the lease as well—but, well, he walked in on us.

“He blew a gasket, spewing filth like I never heard before. Most of it was aimed at me, but plenty of shit went Jeff's way, too. He apparently didn't like gays, blacks, scholarship recipients, football players, or anything else he thought he could label me as, while Jeffrey was the victim of my terrible wiles one moment and an evil changeling the next. Because of course, his *perfect* son couldn't be fucking the poor black kid.

“The whole time we scrambled into clothing he kept getting louder and closer until he was literally spitting in my face with every word. I finally stiff-armed him off me but he continued to rant until Jeff pulled him into the other room and, I guess, talked him down. I didn't see his father after that, but two days later, Jeff walked off the stage after graduation and I never saw or heard from him again. His things were gone when I reached our apartment, his cell was disconnected, and his mail came back *address unknown*. I just chose to throw myself into playing football and stay away from people as much as I could; it seemed safer.”

“Lord, Davin, I can't imagine how difficult that all was, and for him to then disappear without a word... no wonder you've been so closed off to other

chances. Was he your first?" I nodded and Jamie went on, lightly running his fingers over my skull and down my neck to my shoulders. "Come here, then, and let me love on you a while. I think you could use some human touch." He massaged my shoulders for a few minutes, then slid his hands under my shirt and lifted it over my head. After maneuvering me until I was lying flat, face down on the couch, he continued to rub my shoulders and upper back. "Hold that thought," he said as he walked into his room, returning after a few minutes with a towel and a bottle of oil. After massaging me into a limp puddle, he tugged at the waistband of my sweats. "Lift your hips and let me do your lower half, too."

"Is that your subtle way of getting me to strip?" I was so relaxed my words slurred, but his laugh let me know that Jamie understood me.

"Of course," he said, as he stretched out over me, chest to back, skin to skin, and whispered in my ear. "All I've wanted since we met is to get my hands on all those lovely muscles."

I could feel myself smile in a way that felt almost foreign, as if I'd worn a mask for so long that I had forgotten what my real expressions felt like. "I almost swallowed my tongue at the team meeting when I realized you were going to be spending all this time alone with me. I never imagined it would turn out like this, though."

"Tell me what you want," Jamie whispered, as his tongue delved into the shell of my ear and his breath made shivers run up my spine. "Anything you want, anything at all, if it is in my power I'll give it to you."

"Make love to me, make me forget, give me some good memories."

"Oh, I can do that." His growl in my ear doubled the gooseflesh on my torso and for a few seconds I doubted my decision, but as he covered me with kisses and little nips I stopped thinking and just let myself feel. The slickness of the oil between our bodies smoothed his way as he slid over me, sliding down until he reached my feet, then working his way back up, massaging every inch of skin in between. He paid special attention to my ass, kneading the globes and wedging his body between my legs as he slicked his fingers.

“One last chance to back out, no harm, no foul,” he offered, leaning over me to reach my lips. A biting kiss was my answer and he grinned as he tore open a condom and smoothed it on. Jamie took his time loosening me up with his fingers, slowly driving me crazy with his touch. When I was rocking back and forth between his hand and the couch cushions, he pulled back and lifted my hips, positioned his hard cock against my opening and pressed into me. Slowly, so slowly, but inexorably he gained ground, little by little until his hips were fitted against me.

“So full...” I murmured.

“So tight...” he whispered back.

“Move,” I demanded, and he laughed, lightening the mood and doing as I requested. As we found a rhythm that worked for us, he reached around and fisted my cock, stroking me hard and fast in time with his strokes. A few more pulls and I erupted in his hand, biting the pillow beneath me to muffle my sounds. Jamie thrust a few more times, and then stuttered to a stop. I craned my neck to watch his face as he came. His gorgeous green eyes were shut tight and his head thrown back in ecstasy; the most beautiful sight I had ever seen.

“Too sore?” he asked as he came down from his peak and pulled away, taking care of the condom and wiping up our mess with the towel.

“Just right,” I answered his sly grin with one of my own and we both laughed. That was another thing Jamie had brought into my life, it seemed. Even with the stalker threat hanging over my head, he found a way to amuse me.

“Good, 'cause I'm not done with you yet! I want you inside me this time.” And my cock immediately perked up at the thought of being inside Jamie. As we moved to Jamie's room, kissing and stumbling over furniture on the way, all I could wonder is how I got this lucky.

The next morning I could certainly feel the unexpected exercise in my normally unused muscles, but the soreness only made me grin. A shared shower and power breakfast later, Jamie and I were once again headed to the

stadium, this time for the pre-game meet and greet. Jamie's expression dimmed and he sat straighter and more alert as each mile passed and we came closer to the event. No longer the laughing lover, my bodyguard was again on high alert. The mood in the automobile was grim, as if we both felt a premonition of danger, yet could do nothing to change the outcome.

We left the underground parking garage slowly, Jamie checking each corridor before allowing me to proceed, but it turned out that the real danger was inside waiting for me. As I began circling the room, shaking hands with the ticket-holders that had been allowed inside, I heard a loud pop and a sudden shove took me to the floor. Jamie screamed, "Look out!" and people started yelling and running in all directions. Jamie covered me with his body, but I could tell something was wrong with his breathing. A ranting madman stood over us and I could see the gun in his hand.

"You killed my boy! It's your fault my Jeffrey is dead and now you will be, too! Stupid fag, making my Jeffrey sick and like you! No one like you should be allowed to live!" Variations on a theme kept pouring out of the mouth of the man standing above me. His eyes looked crazed and I hoped everyone else in the room had gotten out; he didn't seem to care if other people got hurt, not with the way he waved the gun around and randomly pulled the trigger. I heard sirens in the distance and wondered if an ambulance was coming for Jamie; he was completely still on top of me, but I could still feel his chest moving, so I hoped he was just passed out. I worried, though, that help wouldn't reach us in time as the crazy man began kicking at us. He was trying to get Jamie off me so that he could have a clear shot, I suppose, but his manic movements were not having much effect. I stayed still and quiet, hoping to hear the police entering the room soon, wanting to protect Jamie but knowing there was nothing I could do. As the police entered through all the available doors, the stalker whirled around, shooting wildly again and again until the gun started to click uselessly. At that moment, three policemen charged from various directions and took him to the floor. As I watched from my prone position, they cuffed him, checked for more weapons and hauled him away. A sigh of relief left my lips, quickly followed by a cry for help.

“Please, someone check on Jamie!” I helplessly waited as an ambulance crew pulled him off me, onto a gurney, and away from the room. As the police detective asked me questions, my mind was on Jamie’s fate, wondering if his injuries were fatal or if he would soon be guarding another would-be victim.

The detective confirmed what the ranting man had said. My former roommate was deceased. Three years earlier he was found in a Chicago cruising spot, overdosed on heroin, and after the autopsy, found to be HIV positive. Apparently, Jeffrey went back to his old partying ways after school and ended up dead. Why his father fixated on me as the cause I might never know, but he decided that it was certainly my fault and that I needed to pay for his son’s death.

Certain that any secrets I had would be coming out in the newspapers or in a future court case, I took a proactive stance and went to Coach first. I explained my relationship with Jeffrey and now with Jamie, and let him talk to the team owners as I went to the hospital to see Jamie. There would not be a game today, not after a shooting at the stadium.

All the way to the hospital I worried. Would Jamie be all right? Would he want to see me now? I hoped last night hadn’t been a one-off. If my secrets were coming out anyway, at least I would have a chance to be honest about what I wanted. In a way, my stalker had done me a favor. Without this whole screwed-up situation, I never would have found the courage to go for what I truly needed and I never would have met Jamie. I could feel a hole open up inside me at the thought of losing him. I needed Jamie more than ever now. I needed him by my side as I came clean with the fans and my teammates.

The receptionist at the information desk was kind and told me how to slip through a back hall to Jamie’s room. She told me that visiting hours would be over soon, but to feel free to stay until asked to leave. With my heart in my throat, I slipped around the press downstairs and knocked on his door. The strength of Jamie’s voice as he gave permission for me to enter gave me hope. The first words out of his mouth confirmed it. “I’m fine, just a flesh wound and a headache.”

“Thank God! I was terrified that you were badly hurt.” The first deep breath I’d taken in hours, it seemed filled my lungs. I sat down next to Jamie’s bedside and grasped his hand. His mischievous smile and twinkling eyes told me more than his words; he was glad to see me, too.

“Beware! We will soon be invaded by my family—the hospital called them when I was admitted and the horde will soon be here, I’m sure. If you want to escape the inquisition, you probably shouldn’t stay.” His concern for me was sweet but unnecessary.

“Oh, no. I’m not leaving you alone. I told Coach and left it up to him to fill in the team, but by this time tomorrow I expect “Pro Athlete – GAY!” will fill the headlines. The press was all over the place as the police dragged Jeffrey’s father away and I’m sure they are frantically filing stories as we speak. I don’t think I have anything left to hide.” I leaned over and kissed an unbandaged spot on his head. “As close as we both were to the end of life today, I think I’ll take my chances with your family if it means I’m with you.”

Jamie’s sweet smile was all the answer I needed as he dozed off. I had no idea what tomorrow would bring, but for now, I was content. With Jamie by my side, I could face the world.

THE END

Author Bio

I am a thirty-five-year-old stay-at-home mother that homeschools four children, so is there any wonder that I live in my head so much of the time? The characters in there are so much more interesting! Occasionally a few of them insist on leaving my end and being put down on paper, so others can meet them, too. I am grateful to the Goodreads M/M Romance Group for giving their stories a place to be told. You can find me reading frequently and on Goodreads all the time (I'm a reading challenge addict!) or contact me at the email below.

Contact & Media Info

[Email](#)