

The Days In Between

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Out of suffering have emerged the strongest souls;
the most massive characters are seared with scars

- Khalil Gibran

To P.K.K.

CHAPTER ONE

Sam shot upright in his bed. *Great*, he thought as he swung his legs over the side of the bed. *Another night without sleep. Fucking dreams.*

As a detective, Sam had had his fair share of dreams. Bloodied bodies, dismembered bodies, unrecognizable bodies. And he'd learned how to deal with them. But these dreams? These didn't make any sense. He massaged his forehead and stood.

He padded out to the kitchen leaned against the counter, opened the tap and shoved a glass under the water once it was good and cold. He drank slowly, trying to calm his mind.

If only the fucking things were about murders and guns, he thought, *I could deal with that. But this shit?* He put the glass in the sink and took a few deep breaths. He looked out of his kitchen window, up at the stars and felt that familiar longing to be somewhere else. Like he belonged somewhere else.

This dream had been different, just all of the dreams of late had been different. Tonight's had been particularly poignant, even more so than any of the others. He was alone, in a

field of battle, wearing his leather sandals and breast plate, cutting down the barbarians as he tried to arrive back at Antoninus's side, to save his childhood friend. But he was too late. Sam fell to his knees, cradling the lifeless body of his friend, completely undone by the loss. Sam awoke from the dream, drenched in sweat and overcome with grief and sadness for someone he'd never met and for a life that was not his. But still he craved to feel something that deep for another man.

He pushed away from the sink and consoled himself with the knowledge that tomorrow was Friday. He could come home, work out and then fall straight into bed. If he was lucky, he's spend the entire weekend sleeping.

Once he was back in bed, he pushed the covers aside and lay there, deciding whether or not he should relieve some tension and jerk off. It had been a while. Four days, to be exact. And even longer since he'd had the good fortune to find a man who was attracted enough to him to even consider sleeping with him. The problem wasn't that Sam was ugly, or ungainly or self-conscious. The problem was that he was all those things and many more.

He grasped one of the problems and pulled on

it, the cool night air in the house feeling good as he spread his legs. Sam had inherited everything from his father. He was almost seven feet tall, hairy all over and had what he'd heard referred to many times as a *monster cock*. He'd never really thought about it until he'd first started noticing other boys in the change room at school. Up until then, he'd only ever seen his father's, when they would be changing after swimming or showering in those open stalls at campgrounds or at the local pool down the street.

Sam had managed to find a salon, run by a very kind woman, who'd taken care of the hair on his back, but he'd never been able to find a solution to the problem that was beginning to awaken in his hand. He'd never heard of a penis reduction, and didn't know if it was even something he'd want to try--even if it did exist.

He scratched at his stubble as he tried to decide whether he was actually in the mood. He put a forearm behind his bald head and sighed. And there were two other gifts from his father he'd never really wanted: more than enough testosterone to support a very healthy libido *and* set him on the road to baldness at a young

age, *and* his constant five-o'clock shadow. Sure, some men liked big dicks and hairy chests, but Sam wasn't meeting too many of them.

Sam thought of his last dalliance. Twenty-something blond with big lips and a hole so tight, he'd had to think of dirty gym socks and women to keep him from shooting too soon. He closed his eyes and thought of that moment, that incredible first moment of pushing into that tight ass. Couldn't remember the kid's name, but he would always remember that body.

The kid had kept calling him *daddy*. Sam had found it hot at first, but then it got old pretty quick. He wasn't looking for anything but a partner. And preferably someone tall. Sam was sick of being a full foot, or more, taller than his bedmates. Couldn't kiss them and fuck them at the same time, especially when he's pumping away inside them and their heads don't reach past his shoulders.

He'd been relieved when the kid didn't want to stay. So relieved, in fact, that he'd driven the kid back to the club where they'd met. The kid just got out. He didn't offer a phone number and Sam didn't ask for one.

Impossible, Sam thought as he decided he wasn't really horny after all. *I'm always*

looking for the impossible. Live in a city of almost one million people, but can't find a tall, dark-haired man who can see past the acne scars and the big body.

Joe, his fellow detective and partner, had always warned him about working out too much, about getting too big, but Sam liked being big. It scared the shit out of most people. And in their line of work, being big and scary was a definite asset. Sam couldn't remember too many of the assholes he'd come across trying to take a swing at him, or even trying to run. When most of them saw Sam coming, they just rolled their eyes and seemed to give up on the spot.

Sam closed his eyes and rubbed his chest. He was most proud of that. He'd converted the bedroom next door into a gym more than ten years ago and was in there every day. He took pride in his body, even though he smoked more than he should. He was keeping it to four or five a day and figured that would do until some other motivation convinced him to quit altogether. He thought wistfully about finding the right man. They would find each other and Sam's world would suddenly become what he'd always dreamed of, what he'd seen his parents have for so many years. The only problem was that Sam wasn't

very good at putting himself out there.

It was the one thing he usually didn't have to ask his fuckmates to do for him. He loved the men that made the first move. It didn't matter if they grabbed his crotch to see what he had to offer or if they ran their hands all over his muscled body. If they made the first move, he knew that they would be touching him all night long. And if he was really lucky, Sam would sometimes find a man who would touch him, love his monster dick and stay until the morning. He'd not had a guy like that in his house for almost a year.

Sam closed his eyes, still stroking his chest, but opened them again right away.

"Fuck," he spat into the empty room. He rubbed both hands over his scalp and remembered Joe's party. He'd promised to be at this one. And if he reneged with some stupid excuse, Joe would never let him forget it.

Sighing resignedly, Sam rolled over on the king size bed, his skin touching the cool side of the bed. He closed his eyes and tried to think of nothing. A blank screen. He focused on his breathing and eventually his body went slack.

He opened his eyes and took in the devastation all around him. Sam was once again wearing the breast plate and holding the sword. Except they were covered in blood. *He* was covered in blood. His breathing was labored, painful almost. His eyes couldn't seem to focus on any one thing. He could never remember feeling such rage.

He was cradling the limp and lifeless body of Antoninus in his arms. His eyes stung from the tears that fell freely onto the handsome face. They had known each other since childhood, had played together, become legionnaires together, served all across the empire together.

But now he would have to try to live without his beloved.

He woke up bathed in sweat. *Another dream*, he reassured himself when he saw his familiar surroundings. He looked over at the clock. He had another two hours before the alarm went off. *No, I'm done*. He untangled his legs from the sheets and shuffled out to the kitchen, reaching into the junk drawer for cigarettes. He found one and lit it, inhaling deeply.

"Fucking hell," he said, the smoke billowing out of his mouth and nostrils. He decided he would not count this one. Exigent circumstances.

"Who the hell is Antoninus? And is that what a broken heart feels like?" He looked at the cigarette between his knuckles and walked to the bathroom. He took another quick drag and then threw it in the toilet. He flushed and then decided to go for a run. He had two hours to kill, after all.

He put on his black shorts and his long-sleeved shirt that wicks away his excess sweat. He sat on the end of the bed and pulled on a pair of socks and then his running shoes. He thought of getting his little MP3 player, but decided he could use the time to clear his head, think about things. Like what the hell these dreams could mean.

After setting the timer on the coffee maker, Sam grabbed the house key from his key chain, stepped outside and locked the door. He stuffed the key in his shoe and took off at a slow pace. Another five minutes and he'd be at a retaining wall in front of the house that always had its Christmas decorations up long before everyone else. He'd even helped the elderly gentleman a time or two.

Like many of the other longtime residents, Sam knew most of his neighbors and they relied on each other, looked out for each other. And if

Sam wasn't doling out policeman-type advice, then he was the one they called when they couldn't reach something or needed someone with especially long arms.

He reached the retaining wall and went through his usual nine or ten stretches. He was not what anyone would consider flexible, but he wasn't planning on taking up yoga any time soon. As long as his fuckmates didn't expect gymnastics in bed, Sam would do just fine.

Sam looked around at his surroundings as he ran, setting a reasonable but brisk pace. Nothing around here even remotely resembled what he'd seen in the dream.

And why am I practically naked? With only chest armor and a sword?

How would I know all those things about being a soldier in the Roman army? I hated history when I was in school.

He thought about that handsome face. It had been so beautiful, so completely spellbinding. But even now, as he ran, he could not see it in his mind's eye; it was gone. All Sam could recall was the overwhelming sense of loss and grief.

Am I so fucking horny now that I'm dreaming up

gay couples? Who are naked, with swords, and who are taken from each other?

Sam headed west, keeping the same pace, trying to avoid the potholes that city crews still hadn't gotten to yet this summer.

Maybe Joe is right, Sam thought as he took a sudden turn north. Maybe I should talk to someone.

By the time he was back on the main road, he'd abandoned that idea, again. *It'll all figure itself out. Dreams are like water: they'll seek their own level and disappear.*

At least that's what Sam hoped.

He was heading west, past the shopping mall. He made a mental note to stop off there and get something for Joe and Anna's party tonight. A couple of cases of beer and Joe would forgive him for ducking out early. Again. With any luck, he'd slip away within the first half-hour and be home and asleep before ten o'clock.

Sam passed the railway tracks and slowed down. He came to a stop by an empty field and bent over, bracing his hands on his knees. He remembered the days when he could party all night, fuck his brains out and still show up for work full of energy. Not anymore.

He was closer to fifty than he was thirty five and was starting to feel it. At around thirty, Sam had started seriously thinking about finding a man he could spend the rest of his life with. He didn't necessarily have to be *in love* with the man, but if the guy was kind and decent and loved a good fucking every now and then, then Sam would have been happier than a pig in shit.

He stood up, braced his hands at his lower back and bent backward, relieving some of the strain on his back. The only part of the job he hated were the hours spent sitting. At a desk, in a car, in meetings, in interview rooms. Didn't matter where, Sam would rather stand.

Sam took one final deep breath and then started back the way he'd come. He'd be home in time for a nice shower, a cup of coffee and maybe he'd take off early and go to that little diner down the street from the precinct. The one with the beat cops just getting off the graveyard shift.

Who knows, he thought as he picked up his pace, *maybe I'll see that cute probie, the one who filled out his uniform very nicely*. He growled and ran faster still, thinking about how that man's ass looked in those snug pants. *Maybe a bit young for me, but as long as he's*

over twenty-one, what the fuck do I care? One night sliding in and out of that sweet ass? Maybe two if I'm lucky? No harm, no foul.

By the time he reached the mall, he was sprinting. He focused on keeping his strides regular and even. He turned on to his street and waved to Mrs. Erlichman, from across the street, heading out to her job as a nurse.

He reached his driveway just as the sun started to peak over the horizon. He bent over, retrieved his key from his shoe and headed inside. He stripped, threw his sweaty clothes in the bedroom and headed for the shower.

Following his usual efficient routine, he was shaved and washed in five minutes flat. He dried himself off, pulled on a pair of sweatpants and poured a big mug of coffee. Sam pulled the rope in the ceiling of the hallway and pulled out the stairs to the attic. He climbed the stairs and walked along the sheets of plywood to the dormer window.

After opening it, Sam stepped through and sat on the low-sloping roof, bracing his feet against the board he fastened for this purpose two summers ago. He took the mug off the window ledge and stared out at the sunrise.

By the time the sun was warming his cool skin, he wasn't really worried about not having deciphered the dreams. He'd be busy at work all day, spend a few minutes at Joe's party tonight and be home and asleep before nine. He'd figure out the dreams during the weekend.

And if he couldn't, there were always pills to knock him out so he could catch up on his sleep.

CHAPTER TWO

Sam was whistling along with the song that was barely reaching the outside deck and scanned the crowd, wondering what he was doing there. He hated staff parties, hated them more than he hated regular parties. *What the hell am I doing here?* He thought as he snubbed out his fifth cigarette into the ashtray. He was so concentrated on not enjoying himself that when he turned to tell Joe that he was leaving, he didn't see the man who'd come to stand beside him.

"Fuck, sorry," Sam said, putting his hands on a flat belly and a solid back, to keep from knocking the attractive stranger over. He was looking the man up and down. *Not too sorry,* Sam thought as he took in the long legs, the flat belly and the most incredibly round ass he'd ever seen.

"No problem. I was enjoying your whistling." the man said. *That voice,* Sam thought. *So melodic and beautiful.* "Kai." The man held out a big hand with long, slender fingers. The veins were visible on the back of Kai's hand.

"Detective Salter." Sam said, closing his eyes and shaking his head. "Sorry. Force of habit. Call me Sam"

Kai laughed and Sam blushed. "No problem, Detective." Kai looked around the backyard and then returned his bright blue eyes to study Sam, up and down.

"So, how do you know Joe and Anna?"

"Anna's sister is married to my brother," Kai explained. "Anna seems to have made it her mission in life to take charge of my dating life."

"Well," Sam said, looking around him. "Plenty of lovely ladies here to choose from."

"There certainly are," Kai agreed and then fixed Sam with a playful stare. "If only it were as simple as that."

Sam furrowed his brow, wondering what Kai meant, precisely, but said nothing in return.

"And you work with Joe?"

"Yes," Sam said, taking another cigarette out of the pack and lighting it. He held the package out for Kai. Kai took one and Sam lit his as well. The both inhaled deeply and then blew the smoke away from each other. "For almost eighteen years now."

"Eighteen years? You must have been very young when you started with the force."

Sam looked at Kai, finding the compliment rather odd for one man to say to another. He studied the expressive blue eyes and it finally dawned on him. Kai wasn't interested in any of the women here. At all. Or any woman. Kai was one of the rarest subspecies of all gay males: Those rare few in a million that actually wanted Detective Sam Salter. *He's flirting with me.*

"Sorry," Kai said, taking a drag on his cigarette and stubbing it into the old coffee can filled with sand.

"For what?" Sam said, looking down at Kai's empty wine glass. He took it from him. "Don't go anywhere. Please?"

Kai nodded and Sam took off to refill the glass. He ignored the usual jibes about him still being at the party more than ten minutes after arriving; he had a reason to stay this time. But hopefully he'd be leaving soon, and not alone.

Kai was where he left him, turned slightly away from him now. Sam took the opportunity to memorize everything about that magnificent ass. He wondered what it would be like to bury his face in it, how long it would be before he ever got the chance.

Sam was feeling bold, wanting to try a little experiment he'd started using just after he started shaving his head, the parts that still had hair anyway. There were plenty of young things who saw how tall he was, how muscular he was, but Sam had an odd face and he was, he figured sometimes, probably too tall.

He crept up behind Kai, pressing his crotch against the small of the man's back. He held out the wine glass.

"Here you go, Kai," Sam said near his ear, closing his eyes when he felt Kai press back into him, his free hand, hidden from view, coming behind to squeeze Sam's right leg. *Fucking A*, Sam thought. *The perfect response. Man, the things I'm gonna do to that ass.* Sam was looking forward to the day he'd hear Kai's lyric baritone voice call out his name over and over again.

"Thank you, Detective," Kai said, his cheeks flushed and his smile sincere.

"Sam, please," Sam said. He looked around for his beer bottle, but didn't see it.

"Shall I return the favor?" Kai asked, pointing to the kitchen.

"Plenty of wine and beer at my place," Sam

said with a sincere smile and a tremendous amount of hope. He wasn't usually this forward with men who showed interest in him, but he'd been relying on his hand and his Fleshjack for months now and he was feeling emboldened by Kai's responses thus far.

"Good," Kai said, walking up to stand in front of Sam. "Plenty to drink after," he whispered as he put his hand at Sam's waistband.

Sam looked at Kai's hand moving down, inch by agonizing inch. Sam was getting hard and knew he would run out of room very quickly in his slacks.

"My car or you want to follow me?" Sam took hold of Kai's hand and removed it from his boxers, then squeezed it and then rubbed his thumb along the ridge of knuckles.

"I walked," Kai said. "Do we need to stop for anything?"

"Fuck no," Sam said, putting a hand on Kai's back and ushering him out to the street where his sedan was parked. "Got everything we'll need."

Sam opened the passenger door and held it for Kai, watching the long legs fold into the small space. He adjusted himself as he ran around,

past the trunk, to the driver's side. He could not stop thinking about what those legs would feel like wrapped around his neck.

He got in and started the car. He was about to put the car in gear, but Kai put a hand on his forearm. The man leaned over the console and kissed Sam. The long slender fingers were on either side of his face as a tongue invaded his mouth. Sam growled. *Thank fuck*, he thought. *I've got a live one.*

"Sorry," Kai said, licking his own lips. "Wanted a taste."

"Don't be sorry," Sam said, leaning toward Kai. "Just do it again." Sam grabbed Kai's hand and pushed it against the monster erection waking up in his slacks. He pulled away briefly as Kai fondled and groped him. "You've got the sexiest voice I've ever heard, Kai."

The twenty-minute drive was excruciating for Sam. His slacks were out of room and he just prayed that there wouldn't be a wet stain when he got out of the car. He was also wondering if Kai was up for the kind of evening Sam had planned. He checked his watch: not even nine in the evening yet. If Kai was up for it, that would give them twelve hours of fucking their brains out. Sam knew he'd probably make quick

work of the first session, but with some time to recover, he would be ready for at least two or three more.

He pulled the car into his driveway and waited for Kai to get out of the car, prepared to take him home if he'd changed his mind.

"Something wrong?" Kai looked over at him after opening his door.

"No," Sam said. "Just wanted to be sure you're still interested."

"Get out of the car and I'll show just how interested." Kai smiled and got out of the car.

Fuck me, Sam thought as he followed Kai to the side door, *I should buy a lottery ticket*. He made quick work of the lock and stood aside to let Kai enter. His house wasn't anything special, but it was all his, paid for, and it was his sanctuary after facing the kind of crimes he saw every day.

"Very clean," Kai said, surveying his surroundings. "You have a very nice house, Detective."

"Sam, please," he said as he closed the door and turned to find Kai directly in front of him.

Kai reached out with both hands and smoothed

them over Sam's shirt. "Fuck, you're built," Kai said, looking up at Sam and grinning. "Hard as granite."

Sam took one of Kai's hands and pushed it down to his cock. Kai grasped it, his grin growing wider.

"Anything regular sized on you?"

"No," Sam said, pulling Kai's shirt tails out of his jeans. "Is that a problem?" Sam was kind of sensitive about his size. At six feet ten inches, he'd heard all the jokes and had grown tired of them, more tired, in fact, than the hours he spent at Big and Tall shops searching for the most normal piece of clothing. And his shoes? Those were always custom-made.

"Not if you take your time getting me good and ready for it." Kai pushed gently against Sam's chest until he was leaning against the door.

"Thought about this since I first saw you standing on that deck, looking miserable. Trying to hide it by whistling that golden oldie." Kai was on his knees, his fingers making short work of the belt and pants. Kai pushed a hand through the opening of Sam's boxers and pulled out his rigid cock.

"Been a while," Sam panted. "I'll warn you

when I'm close."

Kai said nothing, just looked up into Sam's eyes as he opened his mouth and pushed out his long tongue.

Kai licked away the pre-cum and Sam tried to find somewhere to brace his arms. "Fuck," he hissed. "Do that again." Kai obliged, several times, and then swallowed the entire length without any hesitation or gagging. Sam's eyes fluttered closed as he relaxed a little and allowed himself to get lost in the sensations he hadn't felt in a while. He'd only ever been with a few men who could take his length and girth all the way down.

Kai stayed there, pushing his nose against Sam's thick bush, until he needed air. He pulled off slowly and then licked his lips, glancing up coyly. He licked the huge mushroom head and tongued the slit, smiling at Sam's reaction. Kai reached up and began to unbutton Sam's shirt. He smoothed his hands over the flat belly and six-pack abs before pinching both of Sam's nipples.

"Should I keep going or do you want to fuck me first?"

Sam shuddered at the thought of getting to be

inside that ass far sooner than he'd ever thought. He bent over and put his hands under Kai's arms, pulling him to his feet. "Down the hall, second door on the right," Sam commanded. He pulled up his pants as he followed, whistling low as he watched that ass in motion.

Kai was undressing himself as Sam entered his bedroom. "Stop. I'll do that." Sam said, tearing off his own shirt and then discarding the rest of his clothing. Kai waited, fully clothed still. He stood there, naked, Kai's eyes traveling up and down his giant frame.

"May I?" Kai asked as he reached out a hand and caressed Sam's tattoos, one at a time. "When you're done with me, will you tell me about them?"

Sam nodded. The question was oddly provocative, touching almost, as if Kai saw himself as nothing more than a good fuck for one evening. Sam was willing to admit that this was why they were both here, but he knew he'd not said anything to imply that Kai would be used and discarded.

Kai continued to caress Sam's skin. "So much power in one body," Kai whispered as he brought his hands up to rest on Sam's biceps. "Flex for me," Kai said and took a step back. Sam did as

he was told and watched the look of admiration grow on the handsome face. Kai stepped forward again and reached down to touch Sam's thighs. "You must have been quite a sight to watch on the football field."

"How did you--"

"Intuition," Kai said, kissing Sam's right deltoid and then his left. "You remind me of a boy I once knew. He enjoyed football."

"And you like to kiss," Sam said, trying to touch as much skin as possible.

Kai pushed himself against the thick torso and touched his lips, briefly, to Sam's. Sam was mesmerized by the blue eyes staring into his. Kai's hands traveled slowly to Sam's naked ass, staying there as Kai pressed their lips together.

Sam wrapped his arms around the taut torso, feeling the heat through the shirt, before guiding one hand down the squeeze the closest ass cheek. Sam heard the impatience his own voice. "Want you, Kai."

Kai pulled away and held his arms out to the side, allowing Sam to make quick work of the shirt and jeans. He pressed himself against the naked body, Kai's cock leaving pre-cum kisses

all over Sam's thigh. As they kissed again, their tongues flicked and tasted each other. Kai was trying to work his hand in between their bodies so he could take hold of Sam's cock, but Sam didn't want to come yet.

He put his hands on Kai's shoulders and moved him gently back to the bed. Kai sat and then lay back. Sam got down on his knees and took off the white socks, throwing them to the growing pile that was a mix of his own clothing and Kai's.

"You have incredible skin. It's like silk." Sam said, looking across Kai's erection to his flushed face. Sam moved his hands slowly over whatever skin he could reach. He could see some white lines criss-crossing the almost-flawless skin. He studied every inch of the man, moving his hands up and down, over and over again, his eyes always returning to see Kai's. "When you're done with me, will you tell me about these?" Sam touched a few of the scars. Kai nodded.

Sam stood up and flipped Kai over onto his stomach, pulling at his hips until that amazing ass was on full display. He stopped and went to the nightstand and retrieved the lube and condoms, so he wouldn't have to do it later. He

returned and kneeled down again, Kai's amazing hole at the perfect height.

"Let me know when you're fully prepared. Otherwise, I could be down here for hours," Sam said before burying his face in between the most perfect cheeks he'd ever been with. Sam fisted himself every now and then when Kai would moan loudly or call out his name. "Fuck," Sam said over and over as he licked and laved and probed. "Finest hole I've ever eaten."

"Now. I'm ready now." Kai was pushing his ass against Sam's face, looking for release.

"You let me know if I'm going too fast or too hard," Sam said as he stood and slicked himself. He put the condom on and then lined himself up at Kai's hole. "You still want it, baby?"

"Fuck me, Detective."

Sam ignored the title and pushed in, slowly. He'd had enough lovers over the years to recognize that most men couldn't take him all in at once. And by the time they could, the attraction had usually fizzled out or they'd been unable to cope with a detective's schedule and lifestyle.

Sam closed his eyes and let his head fall back. "Like a fucking vice, baby."

Interspersed with words of encouragement, Sam could hear Kai telling him how good it felt to have something so big and someone so gentle at the same time.

"You'll make me come just from fucking me," Kai said, looking around to see Sam thrust slowly. "Faster, please."

Sam obliged and pushed in, balls deep, pulled out and then pushed in again, harder and harder each time. Kai kept calling out his name, asking for more. Harder. Faster. Until Sam felt the familiar feeling of his balls pulling up. He pulled out slowly and tried to control his breathing.

"Get on your back," Sam commanded. "Lift your legs."

Kai did as he was told and Sam got on the bed, moving in between the spread legs. He lined up his cock at Kai's twitching hole and pushed in. He braced his arms on either side of Kai's head and stared at the man underneath him.

"Like that, baby?"

"Oh, God," Kai was moving his head from side to side, his fists clenching and unclenching the duvet. "So big. So strong."

Sam lowered his head a little and told Kai to kiss him. Kai obliged immediately, their tongues playing together outside of their mouths. Sam wondered if the man was psychic; *How does he know exactly what to do to get me to the edge so fucking fast?*

"Where do you want me to come, baby?"

"Face," Kai panted. "Come on my face."

Sam pulled out, tore off the condom and made his way quickly to Kai's face. He was on one knee, the other leg bent, jerking and grunting while he watched Kai's mouth open. He was so close. He thought about that ass, that mouth, that tongue coated in his jizz. So close. And then Kai reached up and cupped his balls with one hand while the other pressed against his asshole.

"Ah," Sam grunted, screwing his eyes shut. "Yeah, fuck, fuck, fuck," he spat, pumping harder and harder until, at last, the fire spread out across his sweat-soaked skin and he fell forward, bracing himself on one arm. He hissed out more profanity when Kai took the head into his mouth and licked and sucked.

Sam emptied himself into Kai's mouth. Every muscle in his body was screaming out for relief.

"God," Sam wheezed as he sat down near Kai's head. "Fucking hell, baby. That was fucking amazing." He reached for Kai and pulled his back against his torso, using his own legs to hold Kai firm. Sam leaned back slightly and took hold of Kai's cock, pumping slowly while using his tongue on the man's ears and neck.

"Make me come, Detective," Kai whispered as his head fell to one side. "Make me come." Kai put his right hand over Sam's a few seconds before his entire body went rigid.

"Come for me, baby. I got you. Let me see all these pretty muscles working. That's right." Sam pushed his tongue in Kai's ear and whispered some more encouragement. "Best fuck of my entire life, Kai," Sam said as the man collapsed against him.

Kai was stroking Sam's arms, the two of them lying there, Kai's back still pressed against Sam's back. Sam reached to the nightstand and pulled out a few tissues. He wiped Kai's belly clean. He went slowly, tenderly. Sam was stroking up and down Kai's taut chest and belly. "You must have played some sports," Sam said, his hands moving slowly across each muscle group.

"Hockey," Kai said, still breathing heavily.

"Soccer."

"Knew it," Sam said. "Amazing fucking body."

"Not," Kai said, freeing himself so he could turn around and crawl up to kiss Sam. "As amazing as yours."

"Mutual admiration society, huh?" Sam reached out and pulled Kai toward him so that he was sitting right in front of him. Sam pulled him even closer. He touched his lips to Kai's. There was no hurry this time. Sam was just enjoying the taste. And the intimacy.

"You got this body just from football?" Kai's hands skimmed slowly up Sam's lat muscles, making him shiver.

"Room next door is full of weights," Sam said, taking another taste. "That and training."

"For?" Kai's hands were now petting his belly.

"Boxing."

"I'd hate to be on the wrong side of the law when you're around, Detective."

"Sam," he said. "Please call me Sam."

"Okay," Kai said, initiating the kiss this time. Kai leaned back on his hands, exposing

his upper body to Sam's intense scrutiny.

Sam ran his hands up and down the defined torso. He leaned back against the headboard and brought his hands to caress the long legs that were on top of his own.

"Will you share the story of your tattoos with me, Sam?"

Sam smiled as Kai leaned forward to touch the two tattoos, one over each pectoral muscle. "The number was my father's badge number and the other is the Sanskrit symbol meaning 'son'."

"They're beautifully done," Kai said, tracing the numbers with his finger. Sam looked down, watching him. "I'm sorry about your father."

He looked up and met Kai's eyes, the question probably written on his face.

"Intuition," Kai said with a shrug. "Are you a good detective?"

"Try to be," Sam said, trying not to remember that night so long when a sixteen-year old boy learned that he'd never again see his father.

"He's very proud of you, I'm sure." Kai leaned back on his hands and smiled, his blue eyes shining compassion.

"Thank you," Sam said, his voice a little

shaky.

"It's difficult, I know," Kai said, tenderly caressing Sam's shoulders. "I've lost many good people over the years."

"I'm sorry," Sam said, taking hold of Kai's right hand. He looked at the handsome, flawless face, and wondered how it was that this man was getting information out of him that took all the others months to pull out of him. "Will you tell me about these?" Sam caressed one of the larger scars.

"They're just scars from everyday battles. You know, sports, playground fights, having a sister that scratches." Kai laughed and Sam's heart skipped a beat. *Jesus, that voice.*

"They look good on you," Sam said, feeling feeble and so out of this man's league.

"Thank you," Kai said, rolling onto his back and twisting himself to the edge of the bed. He held out his hand. "Shall we get something to drink?"

"Oh, sorry," Sam said, taking Kai's hand and getting off the bed. "Are you cold? My clothes are too big for you, but they'll keep you warm."

"That would be nice," Kai said, following Sam

to the closet. He took the t-shirt and sweatpants that were offered and slipped them on.

Sam took only a pair of sweatpants and pulled them on. He told himself that he didn't need a t-shirt because it wasn't chilly, but he didn't want one because of how Kai kept looking at his body with that irresistible mix of admiration and lust.

"You said it had been a while," Kai said as he sat at the kitchen table. "How can that be?"

Sam furrowed his brow. "Oh, you mean since the last time I'd..." Sam shrugged as he took a beer for himself and reached for the bottle of wine for Kai.

"Actually, I'd like a beer if that's okay."

"Of course, sure," Sam said, returning the wine and taking another beer with him to the table. "I'm almost seven feet tall, bald, broken nose, pock marks from acne. I'm not exactly the kind of fella that most gays are looking for, I guess."

Kai just offered a smile. He took the beer from Sam and twisted off the cap. He held it up in front of Sam. "To their stupidity and my good fortune."

Sam chuckled and touched his bottle to Kai's. "You like them tall and beat up, do you?"

Kai took a swig of his beer and swallowed. "Only if they're as sweet and nervous as you."

Sam laughed and leaned his elbows on the table. He tilted his head to one side and furrowed his brow. "Who are you?"

"My name is Kai."

"I mean..." Sam shook his head and rubbed his chin. He sighed and leaned forward again. "What's your last name? Where do you come from? What do you do for a living? Why me?"

"Reeves," Kai said, lifting himself out of the chair. "I was born and raised in the city," he added, walking over to Sam. "I'm an assistant, but have taken some time off." He straddled Sam's hips and sat down, putting his hands on the shaved scalp. "Because I think you're the most incredible man I've seen in a very, very long time."

Sam stared into the blue eyes, trying to find the telltale signs of a lie or a con, or even just someone who wanted to fuck an ugly giant, but he found nothing but sincerity. He put one hand at the back of Kai's neck and pulled, slowly. Their lips came together, then their

tongues. Sam put his free hand under Kai's ass and leaned forward, pushing himself to his feet. Their teeth connected, but Kai ignored it, so Sam did as well.

With Kai in his arms, Sam walked back to the bedroom, using one finger to explore where he'd already been once tonight. Kai was making sweet noises, his nimble fingers stroking and caressing Sam's bald pate. He kept walking until his knees hit the bed. He stayed there, suspending Kai over the mattress, until his arm began to quiver.

"How long can you stay?" Sam let go of Kai's ass as he set the man on the mattress. Their torsos were still glued together, Sam ending up on top of Kai whose legs spread willing so Sam could lie in between them.

"As long as you want me," Kai said against Sam's ear.

Sam stopped kissing him long enough to look into his eyes. "I don't have anywhere to be until Sunday afternoon," he said. He felt foolish because he sounded like he was begging.

"Then I guess we'll say goodbye Sunday afternoon."

Sam beamed and pushed himself off the bed. He

pulled Kai up in one quick motion and pulled off the sweatshirt and sweatpants. Kai put a hand on his chest and bent over to free his feet. Sam started breathing a little more rapidly when he saw that Kai was hard again too.

Kai straightened himself only to fall to his knees, trailing his hands down to the waistband of Sam's sweatpants. He hooked a few fingers in the elastic material and pulled, slowly. After an agonizing wait, Sam lifted each foot when Kai told him to, watching every movement, wanting to memorize everything about this man. Just in case it was all a dream.

"You may want to sit down," Kai said, smirking.

Sam chuckled and remained on his feet. He didn't seem to be able to move. The sight of those red, swollen lips spreading over the giant mushroom head on their way to the base was nothing like Sam had ever experienced. Even the few porn sites he visited online couldn't compare to what he was seeing. And feeling.

Kai's nose was pressed into Sam's dark bush, again. Sam wouldn't interrupt him this time, no matter how many times he asked to be fucked. He would burn this image into his head and play it over and over again during those dry spells. He

closed his eyes, his head falling back, as Kai started to swallow, again and again. It was the most incredible sensation. Sam thought he'd died and gone to heaven.

But when Kai began to stroke the insides of his thighs, Sam took the advice and sat down on the edge of the bed. Kai pulled off, briefly, to kiss Sam's belly and then ask for a kiss. Sam appreciated that he didn't say *Told you so*, but just returned his mouth to the fat cock and did that throat thing for what felt like hours.

Kai's mouth and throat were working wonders, and in combination with the stroking the inner thighs, Sam's usual alarm bells about an impending orgasm must have been short-circuited. One second he was thinking about having Kai ride his cock and the next he was trying to pull Kai's head free. But Kai wouldn't move.

Sam called out Kai's name over and over as he fell back on the bed and fisted the duvet cover, wave after wave of heat and light pulsing through his body. With every muscle contraction, Sam felt as if he were some sort of superhero. Unassailable and more powerful than he'd ever felt before.

He felt Kai pull off again, the cold air replacing the warm lips and mouth. Kai crawled

onto the bed and up Sam's body.

"Jesus, fuck," Sam huffed, breathless from his release. "Who the hell are you?"

"My name is--"

"Kai Reeves," Sam said, pulling him down so that he was lying on top. "You told me already." Sam stole a kiss and sighed. "Well, Kai Reeves, who's from the city, is an assistant on sabbatical and thinks I'm incredible, I need a cigarette."

"May I join you?" Kai asked, falling off to Sam's side.

Sam twisted his body so that he was half on top of Kai. He kissed him roughly, passionately for a couple of minutes. "I'd be disappointed if you didn't. But you don't have to smoke if you're not a smoker."

Sam pushed himself off the bed and bent over to riffle through his slacks. He took two out of the package and popped both into his mouth, lighting them and then handing one to Kai.

"Thank you, Sam."

"My pleasure, Kai."

Sam guided Kai to the bed and got on first, his back to the headboard. He spread his leg

and patted the space in between, putting a protective arm around Kai as soon as his back hit his chest.

He reached to the nightstand and pulled the ashtray a little closer. He was stroking Kai's chest and arms absent-mindedly, his mind adrift with all of the possibilities for the next thirty-six hours. Neither of them spoke and Sam found it odd that the silence wasn't bothering him. Usually, when he'd run out of questions or topics to discuss--which with most gay men he knew happened pretty quickly--he'd get the flop sweats, feeling uncomfortable and exposed. But not with Kai.

He leaned forward and kissed Kai's neck. Then his ear.

"What do you do on Sunday afternoon?" Kai stubbed his cigarette into the ashtray. He spun his body around, put his legs over Sam's and began touching whatever skin he could reach.

"Boxing," Sam said, taking one last drag. He stubbed out his own cigarette and found some of Kai's skin to caress.

"It must be frightening for your opponents," Kai said, leaning forward to kiss Sam's shoulder. "Very frightening."

"It's not really competing," Sam said, fixing his hands against the small of Kai's back and pulling him closer. "I volunteer with the gym, teaching the sport to underprivileged kids."

"How wonderful," Kai said, his smile bright and blinding. His reaction made Sam smile too. "I'm sure those boys idolize you."

"What about you?" Sam ran his hand over the taut belly again and again. His hand traced the spot where Kai had come on himself an hour ago, the spot that Sam had wiped clean just after.

"Nothing so noble, I'm afraid," Kai said, caressing Sam's biceps. "Just some groups in the community."

"That's the same thing," Sam said, wondering why Kai was minimizing his contribution. "I run into a lot of people all day who need every bit of help they can get."

"So, you like to take care of the people of your city," Kai said, petting Sam's forearms. "You are their champion."

Sam opened his mouth to argue some more, but he closed it and offered a smile. "Well, thank you, Kai Reeves."

"You're welcome," Kai said, returning the

smile.

"Are you tired? Would you like to get some sleep?" Sam pushed down the duvet on the other side of the king size bed, then looked at Kai.

"Not at all, but if you'd like to..." Kai's hand traveled quickly from Sam's knee to his groin. Kai left it there, mere inches from Sam's awakening dick.

Sam grinned and pulled the duvet back up, protecting the sheets from even more cum stains. "Baby, any man who would want sleep over you is probably dead."

Kai laughed and leaned back, making his way to the middle of the mattress. Sam got on all fours and followed him. Before working his way between those long legs, Sam took a minute to survey every inch of Kai's body. Memorizing a little bit more of it with each passing minute.

"What about straight men?" Kai asked, innocently, as Sam swallowed his cock.

"Mmm," Scott moaned and lifted off, feigning annoyance at being diverted from the task at hand. "If they say no to this, they're idiots."

"Tell me what you're going to do to me," Kai said, caressing the bald head.

Sam took an ankle in each hand and moved them to his left so that Kai was forced onto his side. Sam lay down behind and wrapped his left arm across Kai's chest. He spread his own legs, shifting until his rigid cock was pressing against the quivering hole. He took a breath and put his lips to the shell of Kai's left ear.

"I'm gonna tell because you asked so nicely," Sam whispered. He delighted in the shiver that passed through Kai's body. "But then the only sound I wanna hear out of that beautiful mouth of yours is moaning, maybe the occasional comment about how much you like being taken by the big ugly detective with a cock like a beer can. So, I'm gonna start by sucking that pretty dick of yours, maybe spend some time kissing and tasting this silky-smooth skin before I shove my tongue up your ass." Sam grinned when another shiver spread over Kai. He was rock hard and squeezed his ass, pushing the head of his cock against Kai's entrance. "And before we enjoy a well-earned night's rest, I'm gonna pump in and out of you until you beg me to let you come. And if you're lucky, if you ask me real nice, you might get to tell me where to come again." Sam kissed his ear, darting his tongue in and out a few times. Another series of shivers rocked Kai's body.

Sam was rock hard and ready to go, but held fast to Kai's body.

He nibbled on Kai's ear lobe. "That what you wanted to hear, baby?" He kissed Kai's ear one last time. "You gonna be a good boy and let me do all that to you?"

"Yes, Detective," Kai whimpered and rolled onto his back when Sam pushed himself to his knees.

"That's my boy," Sam said as he resumed his position between Kai's legs.

Sam did everything he'd described and then some. He'd had to work hard to stay in character as Kai played his part to perfection, moaning and telling Sam how big he was and how much he loved to get fucked by "the detective". It wasn't lost on Sam that Kai never used the word 'ugly'; Sam would be sure to thank him for that later. Maybe dinner tomorrow night. Or a movie night. He'd let Kai decide.

The sweat was pouring out of Sam like a fountain. It covered his arms, his back, his chest. He could even see some of it dripping off his face onto Kai's flawless chest. He took the occasional swipe, but he was more interested in completing everything on the list. Kai,

bless him, was doing his best to wipe it off his forehead, but with how Sam was going at him, it was a lost cause.

"Please, Detective," Kai called as he writhed under Sam's straining muscles. "May I come?"

"Yeah, boy," Sam said, so close he could feel another powerful orgasm building. "Come all over that pretty belly."

Kai took himself in hand and after a half-dozen quick pulls, he erupted like a geyser, his sphincter constricting and sending Sam over the edge. There hadn't been time to ask where Kai wanted it, so Sam emptied himself into the condom, falling in between the long legs and hooking his hands on Kai's shoulders. He thrust in, balls deep, again and again as his head rested in the crook of Kai's neck.

Sam could feel Kai's hands stroking his back, squeezing the back of his neck, muttering words of affection and satisfaction. The breaking waves of his orgasm were replaced by tiny ripples of pleasure, but he clung to Kai like some sort of life vest.

"Sam?" Kai's voice was soft by his ear.

"Yeah, baby," Sam said as he lifted his head.

Kai wiped his forehead and kissed him gently on the lips. "You're not ugly."

Sam chuckled and let his head fall back down, shaking it back and forth. He raised his head and kissed Kai's cheek, his mouth and then his nose. "Okay," he said, grinning down at the sated, flushed face of Kai Reeves. "Thank you, Kai."

Sam pushed himself back onto his knees and looked at the alarm clock. Ten minutes 'till midnight. The best day of his life, so far, was nearly over. He wondered what a Saturday with Kai was like.

CHAPTER THREE

"Fuck!"

Sam practically jumped out of bed, reaching for the drawer that held his gun, ready to go scare the shit out of whoever had made the mistake of breaking into his house. With the gun already in his hand, he stepped toward the door, heart almost beating out of his chest. He looked down and saw the pile of clothes, a few of a size that Sam hadn't been able to fit in since elementary school. *Kai*, the thought hit him. A smile crossed his lips.

He backed up, returned the gun to the drawer and sat on the edge of the bed, still smiling and rubbing his chin. It wasn't bad enough that he was a giant with a broken nose and acne scars, but he'd also been cursed with enough testosterone that required him to shave two times a day. *Of course*, he thought with a grin, thinking of last night with Kai, *it also endowed me with other gifts*. Sam remembered, during their shower together at around two in the morning, Kai had told him--bold as ever--that he'd never been with a man who had such stamina, such control and could fuck that many times in one evening.

Sam reached for his sweatpants and pulled them

on, not really caring that they did nothing to hide his thoughts about Kai. He padded out to the kitchen.

"Morning, baby," Sam said, his erection growing as it moved against the fleece on the inside of his sweats. "Sleep well?"

Kai was wearing Sam's oversized clothing, the same he'd worn last night during their break. "Morning, Sam. Yes, very well. I felt very safe sleeping next to you."

"Probably felt like you were in a volcano, I bet." Sam smiled and put his hands on his hips. "That's what I've been told."

"I enjoyed it immensely," Kai said. "I'm probably the one who should apologize for my cold feet."

Sam scratched at his bare chest and stomach. "Didn't really notice. Was sleeping like I've never slept before. Someone wore me out." *The dreams!* It took Sam hearing the words he'd just uttered to realize he'd not had the dream last night. He'd slept through the night. He found himself wondering for a brief moment if Kai was some sort of good luck charm or talisman to ward off evil spirits.

Kai blushed and returned to arranging items on

the counter. He opened a cupboard and took out salt and pepper which joined the eggs, butter, bread, cheese and green peppers beside the stove. Kai held up a frying pan.

"Can I interest you in an omelette?"

"Maybe later," Sam said, moving closer and reaching out to put his hands on Kai's waist. He hoisted Kai so the he was sitting on the counter. "Was hoping to have a repeat of last night's shower." He bent over enough so that he could kiss Kai's ear and neck, putting his arms around the man when he shivered. "Was hoping for a repeat of the entire evening."

"On one condition." Kai moved his head back slightly so he could find Sam's lips. He kissed Sam passionately.

"Anything," Sam murmured against Kai's parted lips.

"Take the full length mirror standing in the corner of your bedroom," Kai said. He kissed Sam again, moving his tongue slowly over his lips.

"And." Sam was breathless with anticipation. He closed his eyes and wondered if Kai would finish that sentence the way Sam was hoping.

"And put it in front of the window, across from the empty wall." Kai moved one hand to Sam's wide back and the other to squeeze one ass cheek.

"Why?" Sam worked his hands underneath the sweatshirt as he crushed his lips to Kai's.

"I want to see you from behind while you fuck me against the wall." Kai pushed his lips to Sam's ear.

"Fuck." Sam's voice was a mere whimper against Kai's shoulder. "Anything you want."

"I've never been with a man so powerfully built," Kai said, caressing Sam's trapezius and shoulders. "It's quite intoxicating. Almost addicting."

Sam pulled his head back and looked into those lustful blue eyes. He could die tomorrow and would have no problem with that. "Put your arms around my neck," he commanded. When Kai did as he was told, Sam put his arms under Kai's knees and lifted him off the counter. He carried him back to the bedroom, easing the man to the mattress before peeling off their clothing.

"Mirror," Kai said, his cheeks and torso flushing. He was squirming on the bed, looking at Sam's erection. "Have to see what you look

like."

Sam pushed himself off the bed, off Kai, and moved the mirror about three feet to the left. He walked to the nightstand and got the lube and a condom, glancing back at Kai's body, at his hypnotic blue eyes.

"Please," Kai whimpered as he got on all fours.

"Patience, baby," Sam grinned. "We got all day."

Kai offered a pout and raised himself on his knees as Sam opened the condom and lube and prepared himself.

"Hop on, baby," Sam said, holding out his arms.

Kai jumped onto Sam, his knees ending up draped over Sam's forearms. Kai pushed his tongue out and grunted, deep in his throat. Sam did the same, their tongues touching before they began kissing again.

Kai gasped as Sam pushed him against the wall.

"Sorry," Sam said, his eyes wide.

"I won't break," Kai said, breathless. "Fuck me so I'll never forget you."

Sam pushed in slowly, just the head at first.
"Can you see?"

"You're magnificent," Kai huffed as he began to bounce up and down as much as possible.
"Will never forget this."

Sam heard the words and figured they didn't make sense. *No one makes sense when they're fucking.* The thought made him want to laugh, but the sensations coursing through him, over him, were so powerful that all he could do was crave more of them.

"Deeper," Kai panted, putting his hands on either side of Sam's face and kissing him until they both had to pull away for more air. "Yes, Sam. Right there."

Sam pushed in, deeper, and began to thrust in earnest. He was getting close. "Squeeze me, baby." Kai did as he was told, constricting his sphincter muscles around Sam's cock. "Fuck, Kai. Goddamn it. You ready for it?"

"Down," Kai demanded. "I need to see."

Sam lowered his arms and Kai slipped slowly to the floor. Kai took off the condom and Sam put his hands against the wall, remembering what happened the last time he came with Kai's mouth wrapped around him.

Kai's tongue played along the slit while his two hands, wrapped around Sam's erection, pumped quickly. Sam let his head fall onto his shoulder. His legs began to feel weak, like rubber. His vision began to narrow and he thought he would pass out when Kai reached around, planted his hands on Sam's ass and pushed the entire length of Sam's dick into his mouth.

Sam could only manage a strangled grunt this time. He flexed and released his ass muscles over and over, the sensations of this orgasm even more powerful than the ones last night.

"Thank you God" he muttered over and over again. *Thank you for this obsession with keeping in shape.* Sam was quite certain that without it Kai would probably kill him.

Kai was licking and laving him clean, making sexy little noises as he glanced up every now and again. He was petting Sam's sweat-soaked thighs and belly.

"Come here," Sam said, picking Kai up and placing him on the bed.

Sam lay on his side, pulling Kai close to his body. He stared at him, both of them grinning, panting, touching. "I'll have to remember to

shave when you're here," Sam said, reaching up to touch Kai's chin and lips. "Beard burn," he said, leaning down to kiss the reddened flesh.

"It's okay," Kai said, caressing the bald head, then the scarred cheeks. "It'll go away soon enough."

Sam shook his head and chuckled. "I wish every guy I'd dated was as relaxed as you. And as talented."

Kai said nothing, only smiled and traced the numbers on Sam's chest.

"I have an idea," Sam said, pushing himself to his feet. "Today is all about you."

"What do you mean?" Kai sat up and frowned.

"I asked you back here last night. You came, no questions asked. I wanted to..." Sam looked at the handsome face and suddenly thought the word *fuck* was offensive when speaking about this man. "I wanted you, can't get enough of you, and you never once said you were tired or were sore." Sam shrugged and held his hand out for Kai. "I want to do something just for you. Whatever you want, for the rest of the day."

"Okay," Kai said, taking Sam's hand. "There's really only two things I like to do."

"Tell me," Sam said, not really caring that he sounded desperate. "Please."

"Do you like Ferris wheels?"

"Ferris... wheels," Sam stuttered, his eyes wide. He could see, in that innocent and hopeful expression, a young Kai giggling as he went around and around on a ferris wheel.

"I'm sorry. I shouldn't have asked."

"No, no," Sam yelled, taking Kai by the hand and leading him to the bathroom. "Ferris wheel. You got it. What's the second thing?"

"I know you may not like it, so I'll understand if you don't wish to participate--"

"What? Tell me."

"I would like to see a baseball game."

Sam started to laugh, the intensity growing until he noticed the expression on Kai's face. "I'm sorry, baby." Sam sighed and put his arms around Kai's shoulders. "I wasn't laughing at you. I was laughing at me."

"I don't understand." Kai was stroking his back.

"You're just this crazy paradox. Great body, quick wit, obviously smart and yet it's like

you've got a child's energy. So eager to try anything and everything." Sam pulled away and looked down at the smile on Kai's face. "You make me feel like I'm twenty years younger."

"Thank you," Kai said with a smirk. "And Ferris wheels are the best when it's dark."

"That'll work out then because we'll have to go see a baseball game this afternoon. That will leave the evening free to ride the ferris wheel as many times as you want."

Kai kissed the number on Sam's chest and traced the digits with his index finger.

"Time to get clean," Sam announced as he turned the taps. "And then I'm taking you out for breakfast. Do you need to go back to your place for some clothes?"

"Do you have a washing machine and a dryer?"

"Sure, but it would be just as easy to drive back to your place."

"No worries," Kai said, sauntering out of the bathroom. "I'll just pop them in the washing machine when we're done showering."

Sam, the detective, would be asking all sorts of questions right about now. *Why doesn't he want to go home? Lover? Parents? Wife? But*

that Sam was off-duty, not due to return until Monday, which, coincidentally enough, would also be when Kai disappeared from his life for good. Sam was pretty sure of that, if his record to this point provided any indication. The giant man with the enormous dick was a fascination that most men tired of pretty quickly.

But, he thought to himself as he stepped into the shower behind Kai, *this one'll be worth every agonizing memory.*

Sam shaved, they washed each other quickly and then spent the rest of the time, until the water started to cool, kissing and tasting each other. *Every agonizing memory.* They dried each other off, hands lingering to pet and stroke, lips still able to kiss and nibble.

"Do you have anything that needs washing?" Kai asked, heading back to the bedroom to put on Sam's sweatshirt and sweatpants.

"No, don't think so." Sam followed, pulling on his sweatpants, a tinge of disappointment washing over him when that tight body was covered once again. "But I'll do that if you want to make breakfast."

"Deal," Kai said and handed his boxers, socks, shirt and jeans to Sam. "Anything you don't

like in your omelette?"

"Shell," Sam said and slapped Kai's ass.

Kai laughed and headed back to the kitchen.

Sam argued with himself, all the way down the stairs to the basement, whether he should rifle through Kai's pockets. Sam had never cheated, had always prided himself on telling the truth, giving everyone the benefit of the doubt. Even some of the scum he arrested were innocent until proven guilty. But he wanted to know everything about this stranger.

He'd invited this man into his home, into his bedroom. He'd fucked this man silly, they'd had their mouths all over each other and Kai had swallowed his seed no fewer than four times in the last twelve hours.

Sam searched through the pockets, so nothing would go through the washer that shouldn't, but each pocket was empty. Nothing. No wallet, no keys, no buss pass. Nothing.

He rolled his eyes and reminded himself that he wasn't on duty. He loaded the clothing into the washer, poured in some detergent, hit a few buttons and then took the stairs back to the hallway two at a time.

"Should be good to go in another hour or so," Sam announced, coming up behind Kai. He smoothed his hands over the strong shoulders and leaned forward to kiss the back of the long, slender neck.

"Thank you," Kai said, turning and leaning up for a kiss. "I poured you some orange juice and a coffee."

"How did you know..." Sam looked at the table. The juice and coffee were there, at the spot where Sam put them every morning when he ate breakfast.

"Your fridge has orange juice in it, so I'm assuming you either drink it or give it to your plants. And since there are no plants... I've never known an officer who didn't drink coffee, and when we were out here last night you sat in that chair."

"Who's the detective here?" Sam said, blushing and feeling foolish.

Kai sauntered over, his face even more stunning in the morning sun filtering through the window by the table. He smiled and put a hand on Sam's jawline. "You are." Kai braced his hands on Sam's chest and stood on his toes looking for a kiss. "You're even more adorable

when you blush."

Sam was struck dumb. *Every agonizing memory*, he reminded himself as he followed Kai back into the kitchen. He wanted to ask what Kai saw that no one else had ever seen, but he despised needy and desperate questions like that. He was too tough, too proud, to seem needy.

"I can tell you don't believe me when I say things like that, Sam." Kai said without turning to look at him.

Sam opened his mouth, but he had no coherent thoughts to offer.

"When you look in the mirror, you see a broken nose or a few scars on your cheeks," Kai said, finally turning around and handing a plate with, what seemed like, a twelve-egg omelette to Sam. "But that doesn't mean everyone sees the same things."

"What do you see?" Sam stood there, unable to move. He was shaking. For some reason, he really wanted to believe whatever answer Kai was about to give.

Kai leaned against the kitchen counter and looked at Sam, hard. "I see a warrior. I see a man who has learned that life is not always fair, but that he also has a job to do. An

important job. A job that keeps him up at night, gives him more nightmares than dreams. I see a good, honest, decent man. And I'm sure the ever-growing line of people you've helped see the same thing." Kai pushed off the counter and went back to cracking eggs, preparing another omelette.

After he put the full plate on the peninsula, Sam walked over to Kai and kissed his temple. "Thank you," he whispered.

"You're welcome."

Sam took up his plate again and sat at the table. He stared through the living room window, at the rays of sunlight that were streaming in. Kai's words were running through his brain, slowly, and he smiled.

"Is it not good?" Kai asked, sitting down with his own, much smaller omelette.

"Huh," Sam said, pulled away from his thoughts. "Oh no... I mean, I don't know. I was waiting for you."

"I'm here now," Kai said, digging into his own omelette.

Yes, you are, Sam thought, the smiling disappearing as a question flitted through his

brain: *But for how long?* Sam used his fork to slice off a big chunk of eggs and bacon and green pepper and cheddar cheese and jammed it in his mouth. It was delicious. Although, with the things Kai had said about him, made him feel about himself, Sam was pretty sure the man could feed him shoe leather and he'd think it was the best thing he'd ever eaten.

"Is your coffee cold? Shall I get you another?"

Sam took a sip. Still hot. He shook his head. He took another mouthful of omelette, then felt the pressure of a foot resting on top of his own. He looked over at Kai and laughed. He was blushing again. He noticed that there was no coffee cup in front of Kai.

"You don't like coffee?"

Kai shook his head, chewing. "No, I do not."

"I think that puts you in a very small minority." Sam picked up his glass of juice and downed half of it. "Plenty of juice for you, though."

"But I do like coffee-flavored ice cream," Kai said, furrowing his brow.

"What's that expression about a riddle wrapped

in an enigma?" Sam shook his head and cut another huge piece of omelette. "That's you, baby." He brought the loaded fork up to his mouth and then stopped, hearing his words.

"Does that bother you?"

"You calling me *baby*?"

Sam nodded and cleaned off his fork.

"Not at all," Kai said, finishing his juice. "I especially enjoy it when we're fucking."

Sam almost choked, the laughter catching him by surprise. He coughed and regained his composure. "You're very uninhibited."

"I have boundaries," Kai said with a shrug. "But when I feel comfortable with a man, why should I play coy. Is it not better to ask him what I can do to please him and tell him what pleases me?"

Sam's grin became lopsided. *Can't argue with that logic*, he thought. "So, then, what's one thing we haven't done that you want me to do to you?"

"It may surprise you," Kai said, leaning back in his chair.

"I doubt that," Sam said in all seriousness before putting the final bit of omelette in his

mouth.

Kai leaned forward, as if they were in a library. "How many pairs of handcuffs do you have?"

Sam stopped chewing and looked at Kai. Sam had only ever been with one other man who liked to use his handcuffs. Sam held up two fingers.

"Well," Kai said, grinning, "I'll tell you what you can do and then you can think about it."

Sam nodded.

"I've only ever done this once, but I enjoyed it, a lot."

Sam was getting hard already.

"My hands are handcuffed behind my back. Yours to the headboard." Kai put his arms behind his back and began to move up and down, on and off the chair. "You're on your back while I ride you, neither of us using our hands. Just the feeling of you inside me and me wrapped around you. Then, when we've both come, I fall forward onto your chest and we kiss until you fall out of me."

Sam swallowed, thought for a moment and then took Kai's hand. He practically carried him to

the bedroom. He found the two pairs of handcuffs in his nightstand, threw them on the bed and then turned to Kai, stripping off the clothes in record time.

Kai was laughing, but Sam was deadly serious. He put the spare key for each pair on the nightstand, not really caring how, exactly, they'd free themselves. Worse case scenario? They'd be like that for hours, finding other fantasies to fulfill until they could free themselves.

With keys, condom and lube all ready to go, Sam returned to Kai's beautiful body. He bent his knees and put his hands on that incredible ass, lifting him off his feet, so their mouths were at the same height. He claimed Kai's mouth, his tongue tasting egg and orange juice. He remembered that Kai didn't like the taste of coffee, but he wasn't about to stop. He would apologize later.

"Get on the bed," Kai said against his lips.

Sam did not have to be told twice. He flopped on the bed and made his way to the centre, his head on the pillow and his arms held above him. Kai straddled his legs and slowly approached his chest, reaching for one pair of handcuffs. He put one cuff gently on Sam's left wrist,

threaded the remaining cuff through the metal spindles and attached it to the right wrist.

Kai then turned his attention to Sam's erection. He wrapped his lips around the mushroom head and then tongued the slit. Sam's mouth fell open as he watched. Kai wrapped a hand around Sam's cock, his finger tips barely meeting. He squeezed. Sam figured he was testing to see if he was at full salute.

Sam continued to watch as Kai took out the condom, pushed it on the monster cock and then slicked it with lube.

"Comfortable?" Kai asked. Sam nodded. Kai caressed his cheek and kissed him again, tenderly at first and then with a growing passion that had Sam whimpering. "My turn," he said as he took the second set of cuffs and attached them to his own wrists.

Sam watched as the muscled chest was pushed out, the chords of muscles visible under the skin. "So fucking beautiful, baby."

Kai straddled his hips, using one bound hand to guide Sam's cock to his entrance. Once aligned, Kai began to sink down, the expression on his face one of pure ecstasy. He took the entire length and then stayed there, his eyes

finally opening to look at Sam.

"Move, baby. Please. Fuck yourself on my dick."

Kai's head fell forward as he pulled off slightly. He sat back down, hard.

Sam gasped, his ass muscles flexing to push his cock as far in as possible.

"Sam," Kai sighed. "Feels like you're twice as big. So thick."

Sam's breathing was becoming more and more rapid. He wanted Kai to move, to bounce up and down on his cock, but Kai was enjoying going slowly for now. "Take your time, baby. Love watching your face when you're getting fucked."

Kai pulled off again, and slammed back down, hard. He repeated the same process, at the same tempo for what seemed like hours. Each time he did, he called out Sam's name. He was licking his lips, panting and grunting, trying to work Sam's cock as far up his tight ass as he could.

Sam kept flexing his ass muscles, shoving himself deep inside, as far as he could. He thrust up into the heat each time Kai impaled himself. Sam increased his speed as Kai increased his.

After only a few minutes, Sam was covered in sweat, the exertion of using his core and his ass more draining than he would have thought. Kai's body was shimmering, appearing almost ethereal. There was a faint sheen of sweat across the perfect chest and the taut belly.

Sam kept pace with Kai, calling out to him when he felt himself getting close.

Kai looked into Sam's eyes and began to contract his sphincter muscles. "Fuck me." Kai was repeating the two words, each word moaned when he impaled himself on Sam's dick.

"Yeah." Sam said each time he felt a contraction squeeze his dick. He was close. His toes were curling and the heat down his spine was surreal. "I'm ready," he gasped, trying to keep his eyes open so he could look at Kai.

"Inside me," Kai chanted over and over. His stare was just as intense as Sam's.

"Ffff," Sam hissed as Kai clenched. His orgasm was the most powerful yet, leaving him feeling as if his innards were on fire, as if his lungs were being pulled out of his body. He squeezed his ass cheeks together and arched his back, pushing himself as far into Kai's heat as

he could and then, once completely spent, collapsed back onto the bed.

"Come up here, baby," Sam panted. "Let me take care of you."

Kai fell forward so his head was on Sam's shoulder. "You fucked the come right out of me," Kai said, also out of breath. "Never happened to me before."

Sam grinned at the pleased expression on Kai's face. "Can't wait to hear your other fantasies."

"Next one we fulfill is one of yours," Kai said, licking Sam's chin.

Sam tilted his head down so that he could honor the last part of Kai's fantasy: Kissing until Sam softened and fell out of that spectacular ass. Their lips touched and their tongues played together until Kai whimpered. Sam had fallen out of his ass. At least, Sam hoped that was what the whimper had been for.

"Now the tricky part," Kai said, rolling onto his back. He reached the keys and then worked, for a few minutes, at freeing himself. He finally managed and then undid Sam's cuffs.

Sam took Kai's and pulled him on top of his

body. "I think I prefer touching." He felt the wetness of Kai's release on his belly. "You did come," he said, surprised.

"I never lie," Kai said as he grazed his lips against Sam's. "And neither do you." He kissed him again, more intensely this time.

"I don't know about that," Sam said, stretching his arms to Kai's hips and rolling him off and onto his back. "Stay," he commanded, pressing one forearm to Kai's chest and moving his head to lick at Kai's snow white come. When he finished, he licked at Kai's lips. He closed his eyes when his tongue was sucked into the hot mouth. He pulled his head away.

"My turn," Kai said, pushing Sam onto his back and putting a hand on his chest. He dipped his head to Sam's belly and licked his own seed. He returned to let Sam suck his tongue.

"Fuck," Sam whimpered as Kai climbed back on top of him.

Kai put his forearms on Sam's chest and propped his chin on them. He was smiling at Sam.

"What?"

"Do you have a fantasy that you've never fulfilled?"

"Baby," Sam said with a chuckle. "Ain't nothing I can think of that would top anything you've already done."

Kai's smile brightened even more and he pulled himself forward enough so that he could kiss Sam. "I'm a very sexual person."

"I guess it's a good thing I am too, huh?"

"Very good," Kai said. "Now, I want to hear your fantasy. I'm not moving until you tell me."

"You do realize I could just throw you off, right?"

"You could, but you won't."

Sam raised his eyebrows in protest, but he knew Kai was right. He took a deep breath and exhaled. "Well," he said after a few minutes. "Sometimes, not often, just sometimes, I'll arrest some good-looking guy who needs a lesson in manners and I just want to rip his clothes off and shove my face in his ass until he's begging me to fuck him." Sam looked down at Kai's face.

"Keep going."

Sam chuckled, not really sure why he was surprised that Kai was interested. "Anyway, I imagine making him squirm until he comes on his own. I spend hours playing with his naked body until I can't take it anymore. I strip off my own clothes and the guy looks at the size of my dick and begs even more. I slap him around until he agrees that he'll suck it first. I shove it so far into his throat that he makes these gagging sounds, so, of course, I keep doing it because, you know, he needs to learn his lesson."

"I want to do that with you," Kai said.
"Please?"

"I'm not going to slap you around," Sam said, the idea repugnant suddenly.

"You don't have to hit me as hard as you would the criminal," Kai argued. "Please?"

"Fucking hell," Sam sighed. "Can't get a date for months and then you show up in my life, out of nowhere, and think I'm handsome, call me a warrior, you can't get enough of me fucking you and as if that's not enough, you make the best fucking omelette I've ever tasted. Seriously, who the fuck are you?"

"Please?" Kai's voice was a whisper and his

lips were seconds away from the most adorable pout Sam would probably ever see.

"Okay," Sam said, shaking his head. "Do you want to know how it ends?"

Kai moved off to lay beside Sam. He pushed himself up, one hand cupping Sam's cheek. He kissed him, hard, and long, until they were both breathless.

"I'll take that as a yes," Sam said, mesmerized by the bright blue eyes. "Gagging sounds, needs to learn his lesson. And then, I shove my face in his ass again, telling him I'll leave the room if he stops begging. When I'm good and ready, I shove into him, rough and not caring if I hurt him. I fuck him so hard, all the while he's still begging for it, that he's got bruises where I've grabbed his hips. I flip him over on the table and bend over him, telling him to shut up long enough so that I can spit in his mouth and then kiss him, tell him he's mine now. I own him. He'll do this whenever I want him to, no questions asked."

"I can't wait," Kai said, caressing Sam's chest.

Sam saw the anticipation on Kai's face and just shook his head. "And then when I'm ready,

I tell him that I'm gonna come in his ass and that I'll keep fucking him using my jizz as lube. And if he's lucky, I might let him come." He looked down at Kai. The man's mouth was hanging open. "I know. I'm twisted."

"I want that. All of it. Every bit. Don't leave anything out."

"I'm not fucking you without a condom. And I'm not hitting you or fucking you harder than I already have." Sam got to his knees and turned to pull Kai under him. He worked his way between the long legs and then rested his torso on Kai's. "And pouting isn't gonna work."

"What will you do with me?"

"Whatever won't leave bruises," Sam said, kissing Kai's waiting lips. "Whatever will keep us both safe. Whatever won't scare you away." Sam looked at Kai's expression. He watched the smile grow. Sam's heart fluttered as he realized how much he'd miss seeing that smile.

"I can't imagine you doing anything to scare me away," Kai said as he stroked Sam's back.

"Good," Sam said before kissing Kai's neck and shoulders. "Because I wouldn't."

"I know," Kai said, grasping one hand with the

other and squeezing tight. "I feel very safe with you."

CHAPTER FOUR

Sam looked over at Kai, at the pure unadulterated pleasure on the man's face. They'd driven from Sam's bungalow and gotten only three blocks before Kai insisted they stop to watch a baseball game already in progress. It was two teams of children, no older than seven years old. And Kai seemed to be in Heaven.

When the short stop from the team wearing the blue jerseys ran the wrong way after hitting the ball on the third pitch, Kai was clapping and giggling, bouncing in his seat. He joined the other parents and spectators who were encouraging the little boy to run the other way.

"Did you see the determination on his face, even though he was going the wrong way?" Kai turned to Sam.

Sam nodded and put a hand on Kai's knee. He squeezed it and then pulled back his hand. Sam heard one of the parents explain that there would be only two hitters up to bat before the game would be over. Neither Sam nor Kai knew the score, but it didn't seem to matter.

"It's been an hour and half," Kai said, looking up at Sam. "Thank you for this."

"My pleasure," Sam said. He put his hand back on Kai's knee and left it there this time. "It really has been my pleasure."

"Would you like to go home?"

"No," Sam said, shaking his head and standing to his full height. "The Ferris wheel awaits."

"We don't have to go if you're tired."

Sam led the way off the end of the bleachers and turned to wait for Kai to catch up. "Are you kidding, I can't remember the last time I felt so good. And rested." Sam didn't mention that he'd probably slept so good because of Kai *and* not having been awakened by the dreams.

"Even though we didn't get much sleep?"

"It's not always quantity, you know. Quality counts for something too." Sam draped an arm over his shoulder as they headed back to his sedan. There were a few strange looks, but Sam was glaring, practically daring anyone to say something to him.

"I promise not to keep you up so late tonight," Kai said petting his belly. "You have your boxing tomorrow."

"Baby," Sam sighed. "You keep me up as late as you want." Sam pinched the key fob and

opened Kai's door for him. He waited until Kai was seated and then ran around to the driver's side. He got in and then turned to look at Kai. "Do you want a kiss as much as I do right now?"

Kai's face brightened even more and his blue eyes were sparkling. He leaned forward and rested an elbow on the centre console. It was all the answer Sam needed.

He looked at Kai and reached a hand to rest on Kai's thigh. He brushed his lips against Kai's, using his tongue to lick playfully at the full bottom lip.

"Are you sure you don't want to go home?" Kai's expression was playful, daring Sam to resist him.

"I'm sure," Sam whispered, kissing Kai's mouth one last time. "I promised this afternoon was all about what you want." Sam raised a hand and glanced at Kai's open mouth. "I know you want *that* as much as I do, but that will be our plan for the evening."

"Okay," Kai said, pouting. "I'll behave."

"Until tonight."

Kai reached over and kissed Sam's cheek, his right hand rubbing Sam's cock through the thick

denim material.

"That's behaving?"

"Starting now," Kai said.

Sam shook his head and started the engine. He checked his blind spot and then pulled onto the empty street. "May I ask you a personal question?"

"Of course," Kai said, shifting in his seat so he could see Sam better.

"How old are you?" Sam glanced over, wondering if his guess was accurate.

"I'm thirty-nine," Kai said. "And you?"

"Forty-five," Sam answered. He congratulated himself on guessing that Kai couldn't possibly be older than thirty-five. "You like older men?"

"Haven't we been through something like this already?" Kai reached out across the console that separated them and ran his fingertips along Sam's thigh. "The only preference I have is you."

"I don't know," Sam teased. "Something tells me you prefer old beat-up bald men." Kai stopped moving his fingers over Sam's thigh. *Fuck, he thought, shut your mouth already. The*

guy's giving you compliments and you're not even saying 'Thank you'. "I'm sorry. I was just teasing you. Thank you."

"You're welcome," Kai said and returned his fingers to Sam's thigh.

Sam decided to keep his mouth shut and let Kai lead the conversation from this point on, since Sam seemed to keep sticking his foot in his mouth. He glanced over at Kai during the long minutes that followed. He didn't seem insulted or upset. *Why isn't he saying anything?* He started to panic.

"Anything you want to ask me?"

"Do you have dreams often?"

"What?" Sam looked over, quickly returning his eyes to the road to stop at the red light.

"How do you know I have dreams?"

Kai looked over ahead and shrugged. "Last night," he said, lowering his head for a moment. He looked up and fixed Sam with those blue eyes. "You talk in your sleep. You struggled. I managed to calm you down without waking you."

A horn sounded behind them. Out of habit, Sam waved a hand and accelerated, not really sure how he should respond to that kind of question.

He let out a heavy sigh and decided on the truth. "See some pretty awful things doing my job. Part of the territory, I guess."

Kai stilled his hand on Sam's thigh and then moved to his forearm, pulling it away from the steering wheel. He interlaced their fingers. After Sam would separate their hands, after he needed it for driving, Kai would take it back and repeat the process as soon as possible.

Sam's heart beat slowed. He felt an overwhelming sense of peace. Of calm. He couldn't remember the last time he'd felt like everything would be okay.

"Humans can be horrid, awful people sometimes, can't they?"

Sam just nodded and tightened his grip on Kai's hand. There was silence for a few moments. Kai seemed content just to hold hands and wait patiently until they arrived at the pier.

At the next red light, Sam turned to Kai. "My father was a good man. Honest man. Took me to church every Sunday. As I got older I stopped wanting to go. It just didn't seem to make much sense to me. How could a God who was love allow all these things to happen to people? I just

didn't understand. Still don't." He shook his head and looked back at the traffic lights. The light changed to green and Sam accelerated slowly, still shaking his head.

"A great number of people struggle with that question."

"And you?"

"No," Kai said without hesitation. "I've never struggled with it."

"How come?" Sam took his hand back to pull into a parking lot. They would have to walk the rest of the way to the pier. He put the sedan in park and shut off the engine. "How can you have faith that there is some invisible deity up in the clouds who just decides one day that a baby will be beaten to death or that two women will be attacked, raped and cut to ribbons before being tossed in a dumpster like garbage? How?"

Kai's smile was patient, almost practiced. "I don't."

"But you just said--"

"That I've never struggled with the question of whether or not there's a God, as you described him."

"I don't understand," Sam said. He was really surprised at how important it was for him to understand Kai.

"God doesn't exist," Kai said, looking down and holding out his hand. Sam put his hand back in Kai's. "Not as you imagine him."

"So God's a woman?"

"No," Kai said with a chuckle. "God is a *them*."

Sam shook his head and Kai put his free hand on top of Sam's.

"Last night and this morning, how did it feel to be with me, to feel me, to touch me, to kiss me, to fuck me?"

Sam winced at the vulgar word used in relation to a beautiful memory he would never forget. "It was incredible," Sam whispered. "I felt like... Like I don't know what."

"And what were you thinking when you and I were together?"

Sam laughed, nervously, not really sure he wanted to share all of his thoughts.

"Were you thinking how pleasurable it was? How lucky you felt to be with someone so free and uninhibited? How you didn't want it to

end?"

Sam squinted and nodded, wondering how Kai could have guessed his thoughts, almost exactly.

"Did you think about the horrors you've seen as a detective? About the baby or the murdered women?"

"No," Sam whispered, almost inaudible.

"Would you like to know what I was thinking?"

Sam nodded again. He looked down at his hand, sandwiched in between Kai's.

"I could think of nothing else other than how you trusted me enough to bring me to your home, to share the most intimate part of who you are."

Sam wanted to tell Kai that he'd just been looking for a quick fuck, but even he knew that wasn't the truth. Even Sam knew that the quick fuck had very quickly become about something more.

"That's God," Kai said. "There is a piece of God in all of us, just like there is a piece of your mother and your father in you. And just like with your mother or father or grandmother and grandfather, you can choose to use those pieces to guide you, mould you. You chose to be like your father because he was a good man, an

honest man, a man whom you adored a great deal."

"I didn't know my mother as well as my father, so..."

"But still," Kai said, his patient smile waning. "You could have ignored your father and chosen to be like your football coach, or your favorite teacher, or even the lost souls who became criminals and drug dealers. Those people you now spend your days trying to stop."

Sam knew what Kai was saying was the truth. He could remember the precise day when he and his father had argued about how Sam would go to college and become a lawyer. Sam could still picture the disappointment on his father's face when he did not go but applied to the police academy instead.

"You and I, together last night and this morning," Kai continued. "We fucked, yes, but we also shared more than just our bodies with each other."

"Stop using that word," Sam shouted, shutting his eyes. He took a deep breath. "I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't mean to yell."

"Okay," Kai said, petting Sam's hand some more. "But it's a good word, a powerful word. It doesn't have to be a vulgar word. If we

choose to, we can use that word to represent whatever we want, good or bad." Kai leaned over and kissed Sam. "For me, the word *fuck* will always mean getting and receiving pleasure. You fucking me makes me think of kissing and tongues and touching and sharing. That's not vulgar. That's not dirty or something to be ashamed of."

"So, then, all these bad things that happen in the world are our fault?"

"Yes," Kai said. "We can choose to stop it all any time we want, but we choose not to. Why? Some people have lost their way. They are miserable and want everyone else to feel their pain and their fear. For some people, they do that by being mean or sullen. For others, they do that by beating and killing."

"Then I guess there's no hope for this world, huh?" Sam offered a sardonic two-note chuckle.

"There is always hope. Hope is an idea," Kai said. He brought up Sam's hand and kissed it softly. "Ideas can never be destroyed." Kai released Sam's hand and reached for the door handle. "Thank you for the Ferris wheel," Kai said, opening his door and exiting the vehicle.

Sam caught up to him about five feet from the car. "Thank you for sharing that with me. You

made me feel a little better. In fact, you've been doing that all weekend."

Kai just smiled and reached into his back pocket.

Sam was stunned to see a wallet in Kai's hand. There'd been nothing in the man's jeans last night. *Hmm*, Sam thought as they approached the entrance to the Ferris wheel. *Must have hidden it somewhere, I guess*. He wasn't necessarily convinced by that thought, but there really didn't seem to be any other explanation. Unless Sam wanted to believe that it just appeared out of thin air.

"My treat," Kai said, pulling out a twenty dollar bill. "I love Ferris wheels. I love flying. Love feeling like I'm floating across the sky. Love it!"

The man took Kai's money and they stepped up and sat down, the man eyeing Sam's size with a little bit of apprehension.

"I'll hang on tight," he said to the worried expression, his words dripping with sarcasm.

"He's worried about you," Kai said. He snuggled a little closer to Sam's side; that made Sam smile.

"More like worried about his insurance," Sam said, putting a hand across Kai's shoulders. "Is this okay?"

"Of course," Kai said. "And what did we just talk about? You automatically assume he's worried about insurance when he could very well be worried about your safety."

Sam opened his mouth and realized he had no possible way of winning this argument. He closed his mouth and just decided to enjoy the feeling of floating.

They stopped every minute or so, more or less, so that each carriage could get a nice view at the top of the path. Kai was practically vibrating he was so excited. He looked down at Kai, and on impulse, kissed the top of his head. He smelled shampoo, something that Sam had not bothered to use in years. But he kept it in the bathroom for those occasional overnight guests. Kind of like how some people kept coffee in their pantry even though they never drank it.

"Are you cold?" Sam pulled Kai a little closer.

"No," Kai said, looking at Sam and then all around them as they approached the top. "This is my favorite part."

The gears ground to a halt and the two of them were suspended, high above the pier. If they looked left, they saw the bright lights of the city growing stronger in the dusk. And if they turned right, they saw the lights of the scattered boats in the harbor. Sam took a deep breath and put his right hand under Kai's chin.

"Do you like to kiss when you're flying?"

"I love kissing, all the time."

Sam brought their lips together. It was like their first kiss: tentative but incredibly erotic. He pulled their lips apart and opened his mouth a little, repeating the procedure until Kai was the first to deepen the kiss and use his tongue. Sam closed his eyes and shifted his right hand so that it was around Kai's neck. He could feel the quickening pulse on his fingers and thumb, could almost hear the blood pounding through the man's veins.

The carriage lurched forward a little and they began their descent. Sam's teeth hit Kai's and the two of them laughed.

"Sorry about that," Sam said, as he put one final, tender, kiss to the full lips.

"Shall we go home now?"

"Not just yet," Sam said, suddenly thinking of one other thing Kai had told him. "One stop to make."

"Okay," Kai said as they made their way to the bottom.

The carriage stopped and the young man reached across to unhook the crossbar. Sam thought of Kai's warning earlier and looked at the man and said *Thank you*, offering a smile. The young man just nodded and pressed his lips together in a reasonable facsimile of a smile. *Close enough*, Sam thought as he stepped down and turned to take Kai's elbow.

"What is it you have to do?" Kai asked as they approached the car. "Will I be in the way?"

"Not at all, baby," Sam said, putting his arm to Kai's waist and pulling their bodies together. He half-expected some of the bolder idiots on the pier to start yelling names or throwing things, but he heard nothing. Saw nothing. "In fact, it'll be a surprise for you."

"For me?"

"Of course," Sam chuckled, kissing Kai's temple. "Our last night together, so have to do

something that will make you want to come back."

Kai stopped walking, about ten feet from the car. "I will come back as many times as you invite me." He reached out and rested his hands on Sam's chest. "I never lie, Sam. I have enjoyed being with you. I will always enjoy it."

Sam didn't notice the weird phrasing at first. It wasn't until he was kissing Kai, jamming his tongue down the man's throat, so overcome with relief, that he wondered. *I will always enjoy it.* Sam's elation was quickly overturned by the realization that Kai would be just like every other man and leave him for something much more 'normal'. Sam wanted to ask the man to stay for good, but that was impossible. Despite Kai's encouraging words since they'd met, Sam knew that he was not the kind of man that attracted men like Kai. *Every agonizing memory,* he reminded himself. Sam planned on repeating the phrase often enough and hoped that one day it would be more comforting than it was at that moment.

He got them to the car and didn't want to let go. He sat on the hood and spread his legs. "Come here for a minute," Sam said and pulled Kai to him. "Always wanted to do this out in

public."

"Another fantasy?" Kai was grinning.

He's teasing me, Sam thought and reached down to smack Kai's ass. "No, just thought I'd take advantage of the opportunity to kiss a man silly out in public. A man who thinks I'm handsome."

Kai closed his eyes and leaned forward. Sam did the same. Their lips connected, their tongues not wasting any time at all in finding each other. Sam put one hand at the small of Kai's back and the other at the base of his neck. Kai's hands were alternately kneading and caressing Sam's biceps and shoulders. The kiss lasted for as long as the two could manage, but then Sam had to come up for air.

"Let's go," Sam said and wrapped his arms around Kai's shoulders, walking him backward to the passenger-side door. "Need to get you home. Now." Sam's jeans were very snug and he was already leaking pre-cum. He'd have to hold a basket in front of his crotch when he was at the supermarket.

He stuffed himself into the driver's seat, started the engine and pulled out of the parking lot, stopping at the supermarket for Kai's impromptu gift and then they were on their way

home.

"Shall we eat it now?" Kai was turning the pint-sized container of coffee-flavored ice cream in his hand.

Sam took the ice cream and pulled open the freezer, tossing the container inside. He turned to Kai.

"Thank you for my present," Kai said, moving toward Sam. "You're a very thoughtful man, Detective."

Sam pulled him in for a rough hug, biting playfully at Kai's ear and kissing a trail from collar bone to lips. "Been thinking about what you said about *fuck* and *fucking*."

"And?"

"I'll get there eventually," Sam admitted, whispering against Kai's skin. "But I don't like to think of you as just someone I fuck."

"We don't just fuck," Kai said and looked at Sam. "I told you that I'll be here whenever you want me to be here. We don't have to fuck, although I'd be disappointed if we didn't."

"Careful," Sam said, feeling playful. "With words like that I might just have to lock you up and never let you leave." He laughed, but Kai

wasn't smiling. "I'm kidding, Kai. I would never--"

"Why would you need to lock me up?" Kai's expression was so serious, so earnest. "If you want me to stay, I'll stay. For as long as you want."

Sam didn't know what to say. His mind was whizzing from one thought to the next. He couldn't seem to settle his nerves or his brain. "Okay," he said, finally, testing the waters. "Will you stay here, wait for me, while I'm at the gym tomorrow?"

"Yes," Kai said without hesitation. "Would you like me to come with you?"

"If you'd like," Sam said, somewhat stunned.

"What would you like?" Kai was unbuttoning his shirt and Sam thought they were back to the topic of sex.

"Uh, whatever you'd like to do. Mirror's still in place," Sam said. His mind had made the quick leap back to thoughts of fucking this man silly.

"I meant the gym," Kai said, undoing the last button and pushing his hands underneath the soft fabric.

"Uh, I don't know," Sam said, derailed. He looked at the intense concentration as Kai traced the digits with his finger. "Yes, I do. I want you to come with me to the gym."

"Then I want that too." Kai leaned forward and kissed the Sanskrit symbol and then looked up, smiling. "I'll sit and watch so I won't be in the way."

"'Kay," Sam muttered, mesmerized by the blue eyes. "Might be embarrassing for me though. I mean, with you there, and with those gym shorts so flimsy and clingy..." Sam waggled his eyebrows and Kai erupted in laughter.

"I can help with that *before* we leave for the gym."

"Deal," Sam said, quite convinced that it wouldn't help at all. Sam was resigning himself to the fact that he'd have to wear a cup or something. Anything to keep himself contained.

"Now," Kai said, grasping the button on Sam's jeans. "What would you like to do to me this evening?"

Sam chuckled and led Kai to the bedroom. "Been thinking about this since you mentioned the mirror." Sam stripped Kai naked and then positioned the mirror near the edge of the bed.

"Wanna see you when I fuck you doggy-style."

Kai hopped onto the bed and positioned himself on all fours, about a foot away from the mirror. He watched, licking his lips, as Sam shed his clothes and retrieved another condom and the lube. "May I suck you first?"

"Fuck, yeah," Sam said. "Here, turn to the side so I can watch in the mirror." Sam was hard in a matter of seconds when he thought of watching Kai's throat expand as he took in the monster cock.

Kai was on his knees, licking and stroking. "We need to do this more often *before* you have a shower. Love your smell."

Sam closed his eyes and let his head fall back.

"Aren't you going to watch?" Kai asked, looking up with those hopeful blue eyes.

"Sorry, baby," Sam muttered and looked in the mirror. "Shit," he sighed as he watched Kai take the entire length into his mouth and throat. He didn't gag or cough once. He stayed there with his nose against Sam's bush. Kai's hands began to roam and Sam was powerless to look away. He flexed his abs when Kai touched them, moved his hands behind him when Kai wanted

to touch his chest and hips.

Kai began to move, on and off his dick. Sam studied the scene in the mirror. He watched how his body responded to this man's touch. The small movements, the contraction of muscles, the look of absolute rapture on his own face. It was as if he was watching the most erotic and intense porno he'd ever seen.

Sam watched as Kai pulled off for a brief moment. After taking a deep breath, Kai had his mouth all over Sam again. He went slowly this time, for Sam's benefit. Sam's mouth was hanging open as he watched his dick disappear inch by inch.

"Kai," Sam sighed as the man began to squeeze and massage his balls. "Don't want to come like this."

He watched Kai pull off and then get on all fours on the bed, as he'd been before. Sam put on a condom, slathered lube over it and then got on the bed, behind Kai's beautiful ass. "I'm enjoying this idea," Kai said, grinning at Sam in the mirror.

"Every now and then I get a good one," Sam said, winking at Kai. "Ready, baby?"

"Always for you, Sam."

Sam stroked himself a few times, delighting in how Kai was beginning to push back with his hips. "It's coming, baby. It's coming." Sam positioned himself at Kai's entrance and then steadied the man's hips with his big hands. He looked up as he pushed in and watched Kai's eyes roll back in his head. "Like that, baby?"

Kai could only groan and let his head drop forward.

Sam watched his powerful chest and abdomen flex with each slow thrust. He was already starting to sweat, the tattoos glistening in the muted light from the lamps. Sam pulled out all the way and then, without warning, slammed his hips forward, burying himself balls deep. Kai let out a squeal, his head coming up into full view in the mirror. His eyes were wide and his mouth open.

"Shit," Sam said. "Did I hurt you?"

"Fuck no," Kai grunted. "Do that again!" Kai's head fell forward again. "And again and again and again."

Sam shook his head and did as Kai requested. He did it over and over until he could feel himself ready to explode.

"Where, baby?"

"Lean forward, grab my shoulders," Kai panted. "Push in all the way, far as you can each time."

"Fuck," Sam sighed. Those words were enough to push him over the edge. He leaned forward and used his grip of Kai's shoulders as leverage. He let himself go, emptying himself into the condom. He squeezed his buttocks with each thrust, burying himself as far as he could. "Kai," he gasped. "Jesus, Kai."

"Sam," Kai yelled as Sam thrusting one last time and stayed there, moving his hips from side to side. "Feels so good."

Sam stayed on top of Kai for a moment, until his muscles had stopped trembling. He let go of the shoulders and wrapped his arms around Kai's torso. He sat back on his heels, pulling Kai with him.

Kai gasped as Sam's dick shifted inside him.

"You okay?" Sam whispered against Kai's back.

"Never better," Kai said and put his hands over Sam's.

Sam's body was one big throbbing nerve, but he held on as tight as he could. He began kissing Kai's back, spine, shoulders, whatever he could reach. There was only one coherent thought in

his head: *He wants to stay with me.*

As he softened, Kai pushed himself upward. Sam fell out and was about to reach for the condom when Kai pushed his hand away. "My favorite part," Kai said. He pulled off the condom and kissed along the length of Sam's cock. He took just the head into his mouth and created suction.

"Oh, Jesus, baby," Sam hissed. The sensations were overwhelming. He'd never really considered himself as sensitive right after sex, but the way Kai touched him and tasted him was so intense that his field of vision would narrow and all he could think about was not falling off the bed. "Okay, baby." Sam pulled Kai's head up and kissed him soundly.

"Are you okay?" Kai appeared disappointed at the interruption.

"Just need to make sure I don't fall off the bed," Sam said. He moved to lie down on his side of the bed, his head on the pillow, his hands behind his head.

Kai resumed his ministrations, adding a hand between Sam's legs. He cupped and fondled Sam's balls, his touch light but intoxicating. Kai was making little sounds deep in his throat as

he licked and cleaned Sam. He licked his way up the center of Sam's muscled torso and stopped at the neck. He kissed and licked for a moment and then lay down beside him. "Your beard is back," Kai said, his left hand resting lightly on Sam's chest.

"Thanks to my father," Sam said, rolling his eyes playfully. "Man was even hairier than me. Permanent five o'clock shadow."

"Was he big, like you?"

"Yeah," Sam said. "Six six, maybe six seven."

"What's your favorite memory of him?"

Sam chuckled. "Can hardly wait to figure out how your mind works. Never get questions like these on dates." He freed his left arm and used it to pull Kai closer. "My favorite memory of my father?" He sighed and freed his other arm, bringing it down to rest on top of the one Kai was using to stroke his chest. "There are a few, but I guess the one I'll always remember is the one where he won his first commendation for saving some young kids who were trapped inside a car. I was ten at the time and he came home and told me about it. He was always a hero to me, but I just remember sitting in the front row and hearing the applause as he accepted his plaque.

I ran around for weeks telling everyone that my dad was a hero. Even had a picture of him and me in the paper."

"I like that story," Kai said, kissing Sam's shoulder. "Thank you for telling me."

"What about you?" Sam asked, turning his head so he could kiss Kai's forehead. "What's your favorite memory?"

"That's not difficult," Kai said as he raised himself on one elbow. "My very first love. He was very tall and strong. I loved him and he loved me. We were soul mates, I guess you could say."

"Were?" Sam didn't like where this was headed.

"He was taken from me," Kai said.

"Oh, baby, I'm sorry. I didn't know."

"It's okay. We'll be together again someday. Until then, there are just the days in between."

"I'd like to hear about him, if you feel like it."

"Always," Kai said with a smile. "He was called Michael. He was a soldier, kind of like you. Tall and strong and fit. He liked to tease me, make me laugh. I always felt so safe

when I was with him."

"How did you meet?"

"In some ways, I think we'd always known each other."

Sam found the answer odd, but didn't want to push. He wasn't about to go prying into Kai's life, especially since he wasn't really ready to share all the details of his own. "I'm sorry, baby. I don't mean to bring back any bad memories."

Kai leaned over and kissed him. He freed his hand from under Sam's and moved it over Sam's chest and belly. As he pulled away from the kiss, he grasped Sam's semi-hard cock. Kai laid it across Sam's belly; it almost reached his navel. "You bring back some of the best memories."

"Michael was, uh... endowed."

Kai nodded and leaned down for another kiss.

"How long ago did he... "

"Seems like forever sometimes."

Another odd answer that Sam chose to ignore. "Okay," Sam said, wanting to cheer Kai up. "I think I've kept you from your surprise long enough." Sam threw his legs over the side of

the bed and stood. He held out a hand for Kai. "Come on. We'll put some clothes on and you can pig out on ice cream."

"You don't want any?"

"I might have a little," Sam said. He turned to the chair and handed the sweatpants and sweatshirt to Kai. He watched as Kai covered himself completely. "Sugar's not a good idea for me right now, though. Get me all energized and then we'll never get any sleep."

Kai smiled and walked to the closet. "Would you do something for me?"

"Anything, baby." Sam stepped quickly into his own sweatpants, then walked over to where Kai stood.

Kai pulled an old faded red t-shirt from the closet. "Would you wear this?"

"Tired of me showing off already, huh?"

Kai said nothing and just watched Sam pull the tight t-shirt over his head and down to cover his chest and stomach.

Sam held his hands out to the side, looking down and seeing the two-inch gap between the bottom of the t-shirt and the waistband of the pants.

"Never get tired of you," Kai said as he set his hands on Sam's shoulders. He let them slide down the front of the t-shirt. "Don't you find it incredibly exciting to see someone covered in clothing and yet you know what is hidden beneath?"

Sam furrowed his brow. "Honestly, I never thought about that." Sam looked at Kai and pictured the tight muscles, the long legs, the beautiful ass and cock that lay underneath, completely hidden by the oversized clothes. "But now that you mention it," Sam said as he studied Kai. "Yeah, it's... erotic even."

Kai was lost in thought, moving his hands over every inch of Sam's torso. "Okay," he said, taking Kai's hands in his own. "I promised you ice cream and here you are tempting me again. You're gonna make me break my promise."

Kai pouted, but Sam did not relent.

"Now," Sam ordered as he pointed to the hallway. "Or I'll throw you over my shoulder if I have to."

Kai grinned, mischievously, and raised his arms in the air.

Sam guffawed and shrugged. "Okay," he said, bending his knees and putting his shoulder

against Kai's midsection. "Of course, now I can administer some discipline." Kai fell over his shoulder and Sam stood up. He patted Kai's ass a couple of times, finishing with a playfully hard *whack*.

He made his way to the living room and set Kai down in front of the love seat. "Stay. Please." Sam leaned over and kissed Kai's temple. He went to the freezer and pulled out the ice cream container, pulled off the lid and took one spoon out of the draining rack beside the sink. On his way back to the love seat, he grabbed the dishtowel that he kept threaded through the handle of the fridge.

"Enjoy," Sam said, sitting beside Kai and offering the container. Sam was too big to sit cross-legged like Kai was so he sat perpendicular to the man.

"Wait," Kai said as he put up his hand. He uncrossed his legs and got off the love seat. He pushed the coffee table away and then took hold of Sam's legs, behind the knees. He pulled and Sam lowered himself to the floor. Kai spread Sam's legs and then sat in between them, just as they'd done in bed last night. "I like this much better."

Sam chuckled and shook his head. "Whatever

you want, then."

Kai pushed the spoon through the frozen dessert and put it to Sam's lips. Sam opened his mouth and watched the concentration on Kai's face as the spoon was guided inside. He closed his mouth and Kai pulled the spoon out slowly. "Love watching you eat."

"Okay, now I know you're screwing with me. Nobody likes to watch someone else eat!"

Kai didn't utter a word. He reached down and took Sam's right hand, choosing the middle finger. He pushed it into and across the ice cream and then brought the mocha-covered finger to his lips. He licked first and then pushed the finger into his mouth.

Sam's mouth fell open. He watched, completely spellbound, as Kai licked and sucked all of the chocolate off his finger. Kai held the finger out to inspect it and then pushed it back into his mouth one more time. Kai's eyes were closed, his mouth hot and wet. Sam's eyes fluttered closed when Kai began to create suction; it reminded him of a few moments ago when the man had done the same thing to the head of his dick.

The heat and moisture disappeared and Sam was

left only with the cool air caressing his finger. Kai kissed it once and then let go.

"I, uh," Sam's voice was hoarse. "I stand corrected."

Kai grinned and leaned forward. He licked at the corner of Sam's mouth.

"But that was cheating," Sam said as he watched Kai dig the spoon in again.

Kai brought the spoon to his mouth and licked the little drop that was on the stem. He pushed the spoon into his mouth and then pulled it out, using his tongue to lick anything that was left. He licked his lips and grinned.

"Fuck," Sam whimpered. "Okay, I give. Not cheating."

The sound of Kai's laughter filled the living room. Sam couldn't really remember the last time he'd laughed so much in his own house.

CHAPTER FIVE

Sam woke up to the smell of bacon. He looked at the clock. Just after ten in the morning. He stretched, sending his feet far beyond the end of his king size bed. His morning erection was at full mast. He threw the sheet and duvet off his body and pulled his knees up, taking hold of his cock and pumping up and down a few times, thinking about the man who was making him breakfast. And what they'd done until almost three in the morning.

He thought of Kai's skin, his ass, his lips and his mouth. There wasn't anything on the man that didn't make him want to spend the rest of his life making love to him. All day, every day. The man was uninhibited about everything. Nothing was off-limits.

As he remembered Kai rimming him last night, he began to thrust his hips upward. He closed his eyes, picturing Kai between his legs. His hand tightened as he experienced the sensations all over again. He'd never been rimmed before. He couldn't really explain why, but he figured it probably had to do with the fact that the men who approached him, or agreed to be in his bed, were only after one thing: to be fucked senseless by a cop with a ripped bod, muscles in

all the right places and a dick that filled whatever need they had at that moment.

He'd not meant to jerk off like this, but he was beyond the point of no return. He pictured Kai's mouth on his cock, the memory so vivid that he could actually feel it. A hand was on top of his, something licking at his slit. He opened his eyes and saw Kai.

"Oh, yeah," he sighed as Kai took over.

Sam put his hands behind his head and thrust up into that amazing, sweet mouth. Kai's tongue was working its usual magic and his hand was pumping up and down along the shaft. And then Kai did that thing with his fingertips, lightly raking them along Sam's inner thighs. As his orgasm built up inside of him, Sam spread his legs even further and contracted his abs. His head came off the pillow and he opened his eyes, studying the scene before him.

He was only capable of grunts as he bucked and emptied himself into that waiting mouth. He thrust his hips up, over and over, pushing his dick as far into that throat as he could. He saw some of his jizz flow down the shaft, but Kai wasn't finished yet. When Sam went still, his head still held off the pillow so he wouldn't miss a thing, Kai licked and cleaned

him, catching every last drop on his tongue.

Kai crawled up to him and kissed him, mouth closed. "Morning, Detective."

Sam took hold of Kai's head and crushed their mouths together, probing Kai's with his tongue. He tasted himself in Kai's mouth and heard a strangled cry escape his own throat. He sucked on Kai's tongue for a moment and then let go of the man's head. He put his head back on the pillow and draped an arm over his eyes. "Jesus, Kai."

"I've made breakfast for you," Kai said, kissing the Sanskrit symbol. "Would you like it in bed?"

"Jesus," Sam said, again. "No," he said, opening his eyes and pushed Kai onto his back. Sam crawled on top and gazed into his eyes. "Best wake up call I've ever had." He kissed Kai soundly and then pushed himself to his hands and knees. His semi-hard dick was rubbing Kai's crotch. He looked down and saw the wet stain on the front of Kai's sweats.

"I came in to get you for breakfast. I was going to watch you come on your own, but the sight of you was so overpowering that I had to be a part of it."

"Fuck," Sam said, dropping his head to Kai's chest. Kai's hands went to caress his neck and scalp. "Never made anyone come without fucking them before." He lifted his head and looked into Kai's blue eyes. "I have another pair of sweats you can wear."

Kai smiled and ran his hands over Sam's scalp.

Sam ducked his head so that Kai could reach every inch of it. "Feels amazing."

"You have a perfectly shaped head," Kai said, pulling it down to kiss Sam's forehead.

"Dad, again," Sam said as he pushed himself to his knees and then got off the bed. "He was lucky. He had most of his hair until he was thirty. I started losing mine just after my twenty-first birthday."

"It's just an adornment," Kai said, sitting on the side of the bed.

"Says the man with a stunning head of hair," Sam said, pushing Kai onto his back and then reaching down to pull off the stained sweats. Sam fell to his knees and took Kai's slightly curved cock into his mouth. He licked and cleaned and then pulled off. "I'm starting to see why you like doing this." Sam licked all of the stains and smears that dotted the area

around Kai's cock. When he finished, he took Kai into his mouth again, all the way to the base, pushing his nose into Kai's bush. He growled at the smells and sensations and swallowed. Kai bucked a little, so Sam put a hand on his chest to hold him down. He growled again and then pulled off so he could tongue the slit, trying not to laugh at Kai's reaction. "Later on tonight, I'm going to see if I can make you come just by using my tongue."

Sam swallowed the silky flesh again and hummed as he pushed it to the back of his throat. His fingers found a nipple and began to rub and pinch. He brought his other hand to between Kai's legs. He pushed the long legs apart and then used his middle finger, the one Kai had used as a spoon last night, to push against his entrance. When he used his thumb to push against the perineum, he heard a whimper.

"I'm going to come, Sam."

Again! Sam kept his mouth and hands where they were, turned on by how he could please this man. He increased the intensity of his attention and was soon rewarded with a mouthful of Kai's seed. *I'll be damned.*

"Fucking hell, baby," Sam said as he watched Kai's body twitch and saw the pretty muscles

tense and release. "I thought I had a good recovery time."

Kai's body relaxed. Sam put his arms under the long legs, planted his hands on the man's back and lifted him off the bed. Kai wrapped his arms around Sam's neck and pressed his forehead to Sam's. Sam turned and sat on the bed, putting Kai onto his lap and then freeing his arms.

"Two days," Sam sighed. He closed his eyes as Kai moved his head slightly to the right, bringing their cheeks together. "I've know you for just two days." Sam whispered into Kai's ear.

"Sometimes two days is more than enough."

"For what?" Sam leaned back and searched Kai's content expression. *Is he feeling it too? Is Kai going the one I'll spend the rest of my life with?*

Kai leaned forward and kissed him, slowly. It was tender and intimate, like Kai was telling him something, answering him somehow. But Sam needed to hear it, out loud.

"For what?" He repeated. His heart was racing. He was breathing heavily, and not just from physical exertion.

"For this," Kai said. "For what you're feeling. What I'm feeling."

"And what are you feeling?"

"I want to stay as much as you want me to."

Sam wanted to hear the words and Kai had just said them. And he wanted to believe them, but he'd heard these sweet words before, only from men who then grew tired of him, his job, the danger. He'd had his heart broken before. "And you never lie, right?"

Kai shook his head and caressed Sam's scarred cheek. "No, never," Kai said, softly.

Sam felt panic course through him, like he did when he was with Joe and they were in a rough part of town, searching for some reprobate. But that fear was rational; this wasn't. He tried to analyze it all, like he'd been taught. Where was the panic coming from? Was it because he'd grown so comfortable with the life he'd built? The life that meant the scarred, bald giant had to be alone for the rest of his life, pining away for something he could never have? Or was it that he was faced with a choice he thought he'd never have to make?

"I will never hurt you, Sam."

"Why would you say that?"

Kai ran his hands over Sam's bare shoulders and chest. "It's what you're afraid of, isn't it?"

Sam's immediate thought was to deny it. But he couldn't, because he couldn't find any of the usual tells that he knew too well. He believed Kai was telling the truth. *Jesus, fuck,* he thought as Kai studied him. It felt like Kai was looking right into his soul. *I can't do this. I need more time.*

"I'm sorry," Kai said, pushing himself off Sam's lap. "I can't always control my mouth." Kai pulled off his sweatshirt and walked, slowly, to retrieve his clothes from the chair.

"What are you doing? Are you leaving?"

"Only until you've made your decision." Kai pulled on his boxers and socks, then his pants and shirt.

Sam felt more panic. The adrenaline was making it almost impossible for him to think straight.

"I hope you don't mind, but I put my phone number in your phone. I didn't snoop or anything."

"I know," Sam said, pushing himself off the bed. He wanted to strip off Kai's clothes and put the sweats back on him. "I know you'd never do that."

"Will you call me when you've decided?"

"I've decided," Sam said, willing himself to move. "Please, stay?"

Kai showed that patient smile again and shook his head. "You need to be sure," Kai said, so forlornly that it made Sam want to cry. "For us. For everything."

"At least eat breakfast with me. Please?"

Kai walked up to where Sam stood, naked, and put his hands over the tattoos. He stood on his tiptoes and kissed Sam on the cheek. "I'll be waiting."

Sam wanted to grab hold of him and make him stay, lock him in the bedroom, but he knew Kai was right. Sam would have to deal with these feelings. He owed it to Kai to be sure that he wasn't going to be doubting everything he felt or heard.

Kai turned and walked out of the bedroom. Sam followed. Kai opened the back door and turned around as he exited. He looked at Sam. "Come

home safe."

Sam watched the door close. He ran to the window and watched as Kai walked down the street.

"What the fuck am I doing standing here?" Sam muttered to himself.

He kept watching until Kai was at the end of the street. He looked around to see where his phone was. It was on the table. He turned back, but Kai was gone.

"Fuck," he yelled. He slapped his hands on top of his head and rushed over to his phone. He touched the screen and searched under "K". Nothing. He searched under "R". He sank to the chair when he saw Kai's number. "Fuck, fuck, fuck," he screamed into the empty house. "How did I fuck this up?"

He sagged against the table, the motion causing a noise. He looked over and noticed, for the first time, two plates. One was turned upside down, keeping a plateful of bacon and eggs warm for him.

Sam got out of the chair and went back to his bedroom. He wasn't hungry. He was getting dressed and then going out to find Kai. He didn't need to think about this. *He can tell me*

he loves me already and that he wants to get married if he wants. He pulled on his jeans and pushed his bare feet into a pair of running shoes. He grabbed the first hoodie he saw and pulled in on, zipping it up as he ran for the back door. Fuck, I'll tell him that if he wants me to. It's not like I don't feel anything for him.

He was outside and running down the street, expecting to catch Kai within minutes. A beautiful man comes on to you, does anything you want him to in the bedroom, even offers to get smacked around so you can fulfill a fantasy and you wonder what he's feeling for you?

There was no one at the end of the street. He looked left and right. Nothing. He even looked straight ahead, despite the fact that straight ahead was an six-lane thoroughfare that no one in their right mind would try to cross. If you've fucked this up, you deserve to be alone.

Sam pulled out his phone and punched Kai's name and then hit the green button that would dial the number.

"Hello?"

"Kai," Sam said, more relieved than he thought possible. "Come back. Please?"

"Have you decided?"

"Yes," Sam said, heading back to his house.

"I'm sorry. I shouldn't have doubted you."

Kai said nothing. Sam could hear traffic now. *There wasn't traffic a second ago.*

"I *do* feel something for you, but I... It's just that... I guess it's easier for me to believe what all the other men told me."

Still nothing.

"It's why I hate parties. People only looking at me because I'm a freak with no hair and bad skin."

"Sam," Kai said, softly. "You can either look at yourself with other people's eyes or you can look with your own."

"Easier said than done," Sam said, reaching his driveway and plopping himself on the back of his sedan.

"Only until you stop saying it and do it."

Sam said nothing. *Of course he's right, you idiot. How many times did your father tell you you're special. You used to believe him. What the hell happened to you?*

He snapped back to attention, wondering if Kai

had taken his silence as a rebuff. "Kai?"

"Yes, Sam."

"Will you come back? Please?"

"Close your eyes and count to twenty," Kai said. "Out loud."

Sam laughed, but was not going to question anything anymore. *This man has given you everything for two days, so shut your fucking eyes and count to twenty, out loud.*

"One. Two. Three." Sam kept his eyes screwed shut and counted. "Fifteen. Sixteen. Seven--"

He felt the familiar lips on his. Again. He opened his eyes. Kai was kissing him.

Sam reached out to make sure he wasn't just dreaming. Those muscles. Those lips. Kai was real. He placed one hand at Kai's lower back and the other behind his neck. And he kissed him like he'd never kissed anyone before in his entire life, until they both needed air.

"I'm so sorry," Sam said, still touching Kai's arms and belly and shoulders. "Where were you? I ran down the street but I didn't see you anywhere?"

"You look in the mirror and don't see what I

see either."

"Touché," Sam said with a slight bow. "Will you stay? Please?"

"Of course," Kai said and took hold of Sam's hand. "Your breakfast is getting cold."

Sam practically floated to the back door. "Did you eat yours already?"

"No," Kai said, passing Sam to enter the house. "I made yours first."

"Thank you, baby," Sam said, gathering Kai into his arms and kissing him. "But I want to take you out, somewhere nice."

"If you'd like."

"I'd like." Sam ran into his bedroom, yelling as he went. "And we'll stop off at your place so you can get some fresh clothes." He took off his jeans and put on a pair of slacks and a pressed button down. He jammed the shirt tails under the waistband and then ran to the dresser to pull on a pair of socks. He checked his beard in the mirror. *Not too bad*, he thought. He pulled on his work shoes and headed back out to the kitchen. Kai was covering the plate with tinfoil.

This, Sam thought as he watched Kai walk to

the fridge. *This is what I want. I want someone I can take care of, someone who will take care of me. I want this.* The thought didn't panic him. It surprised him. It was as if he'd finally recognized the truth, or like one of those damned word problems in middle school. If he stared at it long enough and thought about it enough, he would finally recognize the answer. Of course, the test was usually over by then, but at least he'd gotten a little bit faster at it over the years.

He shook his head and walked to the fridge, grinning from ear to ear. "Ready?" He asked as he pulled Kai's head to his chest. "Sorry, just give me a minute."

Kai chuckled, the sound waves cascading across Sam's flesh and giving him goosebumps. "We have enough time before your coaching?"

"Absolutely," Sam said, reassuringly. "Even have enough time to go to your place so you can fill a bag, or two."

"Shall we do that first?"

"If you'd like," Sam said, letting go and stepping aside.

"If you try to molest me while I'm changing, I will, of course, allow it."

"I'll be good," Sam promised and crossed his heart.

"You forgot to point to the sky," Kai said as he walked to the sedan's passenger door.

"Huh?"

"When you do that gesture, it is to be finished by pointing a finger to God."

"But I don't believe in God," Sam opened Kai's door and then ran around to the driver's side. He slipped in and started the engine.

"When did you stop?"

Sam looked over and remembered his promise to tell Kai the truth, even if it wasn't what Kai wanted to hear. He looked ahead and saw his father's smiling face, heard his booming bass laugh. "I guess when my father was killed."

Kai attached his seat belt and then put his hand on Sam's thigh, just like he'd done last night.

"Where to?" Sam said, patting Kai's hand.
"Lead the way."

Sam followed all of Kai's instructions, resisting the urge to let the man know that there was a much shorter route between their homes. Shorter by about twenty minutes. Sam

whistled when he saw Kai's apartment building.

"Fancy digs," Sam said, getting out of the car. He waited at the curb for Kai. Kai met him, pulling keys out of his pocket. *Wallet, money, cell phone and now keys. Where the hell had he stashed these at my place?*

Kai let them both in the front door and then walked across the lobby to the bank of elevators.

"Floor?"

"Twenty."

"Nice view?"

Kai stepped a little closer. "Not as nice as the one in your bedroom."

Sam could feel himself turning bright red. He looked around, but saw no one. "I'm not wearing underwear, so comments like that could lead to a few problems."

"We'll just have to find a secluded spot and I can take care of them for you."

"Stop it," Sam whispered. "I'm not taking you out and embarrassing you like that."

"Won't embarrass me," Kai said as the elevator doors opened. "I'll be the one standing beside

you and telling everyone that you're mine."

They stepped inside and Sam had Kai pushed up against the wall within seconds. Sam bent his legs so that he was closer to eye level with the shorter man. "I am. Yours. All yours."

"And I am yours," Kai whispered back.

"Jesus, Kai," Sam kissed his neck and ears. "No," he said, pushing himself away. "I promised you breakfast. I have to learn self-control around you."

Kai said nothing, just moved a little closer and reached into Sam's pocket. He pulled out Sam's phone and held it beside the growing erection. "Not even close, I'm afraid." Kai returned the phone to the pocket. "Maybe I have something you can hold in front of it."

"Very funny," Sam said as the elevator slowed. The doors opened and an elderly couple stepped aside to let them off. They got on the elevator with their poodle and stepped to the back. Sam nodded and then followed Kai down the hall to the left.

"Make yourself at home," Kai said and disappeared into a hallway.

Sam looked around. *The man has exquisite*

taste, Sam thought as he looked at all the antique furniture. At least, Sam was assuming it was all exquisite antiques. Sam knew as much about antiques as he did about fashion or pop culture. He hated having to stop a DVD and look up some stupid piece of dialogue that he didn't get right away.

"Help yourself to whatever's in the fridge."

"It's okay. I can wait."

"Wait's over," Kai said, returning to the kitchen, bag in hand.

Sam whistled, high and long. "Jesus Christ almighty," he said, looking Kai over from head to toe. He was wearing a pair of dress slacks, grey, a light blue dress shirt and a quarter length black jacket with red and green plaid lining. "Can you teach me how to dress like that? Every time I need new clothes, I'm at the mercy of the sales people."

"There's nothing to teach," Kai said, stepping up and stealing a kiss. "Wear what you think looks good."

"Yeah," Sam said, shaking his head. "No, that doesn't work. I'll show you the high school photos."

Kai laughed and opened the door.

Sam took the bag and headed out first. He turned and waited for Kai. When Kai was near he headed for the elevator. "I like how you look in dress pants." Kai was still behind him, when Sam felt a hand caress his ass. "Especially your ass."

"If you don't stop, we'll have to find that secluded place."

"Sorry," Kai said, removing his hand.

"Gonna be the quickest breakfast ever," Sam said, switching the bag to his left hand and pushing the button.

"We could get take out and come back here."

Sam looked at him, studied him for a few seconds. "Done," Sam said. "But tonight, after coaching, I'm taking you out for dinner. I'll shave and put on a jacket."

"Okay," Kai said, smirking.

The elevator arrived and then got on. Kai pressed the button for the lobby and turned to face Sam. "What time do you have to be up for work in the morning?"

Sam shrugged. "I'm usually up by half past seven, eight latest."

"So it will have to be an early night," Kai said, nodding. "That will be difficult."

"Only until I get home at five. Then we'll have seven or eight hours."

Kai grinned and turned when the elevator slowed. A young man got on and nodded. Kai backed up to stand beside Sam, reaching out his hand and caressing Sam through his slacks. Sam tried to turn away, but Kai gripped his cock and held him firm.

Sam sighed and brought the bag up to conceal their illicit activity. Kai released him as the elevator chimed again. The three of them stepped into the lobby. The young man headed left while Kai and Sam headed for the front doors, the bag still held in front of Sam's erection.

"I'm going to end up on the front page of the paper," Sam said as they approached the car. "'Detective arrested for indecency'."

Kai smirked and waited by the passenger door. "I couldn't resist," he said, kissing Sam's shoulder.

Sam got in the driver's seat and started the engine. "Okay. I hope this place is close."

"Two blocks down and turn left," Kai said, still smirking.

Sam was flaccid by the time they were standing in front of the counter awaiting their turn. He looked around, somewhat impressed at how clean and busy this little shop was. They offered a variety of eggs, sides, muffins, even pancakes. There was also a lunch menu beside the breakfast list. But no evening menu.

Kai ordered for both of them and pulled money out of his pocket. They waited for no more than ten minutes before the gentleman called them back. Kai paid, pocketed his change and then they were on their way back to the apartment.

Once they were through the door, Sam stood aside, giving Kai enough time to place the bags on the counter. He bent over, pushed his shoulder against Kai's belly and hoisted him over his shoulder.

"Which way?"

Kai giggled. "Second door on the left."

Sam sailed into the room and dumped Kai on the bed. Sam began to take off his clothes, but Kai stopped him. "May I?"

"Anything you want, baby," Sam said and held

his arms out to the side. "You have what we need?"

Kai nodded as he undid buttons, a zipper and then got down on his knees to help Sam out of his shoes and socks. Kai stood back up and took a few steps back. "Magnificent," he said. "Will you flex for me?"

Sam did as he was told, feeling foolish and aroused all at the same time. "Turn around," Sam instructed. Kai did so. Sam peeled off the jacket, reached around and undid the shirt and pants and pulled Kai against his shoulder so he could remove his socks and shoes. When Kai was naked, Sam backed him up and guided him to the side of the bed. "Bend over the bed," Sam said. Before Kai could get into position, Sam's hands were stroking his hairless ass cheeks. He ran a thumb down the crack and then pushed it against Kai's entrance.

Kai gasped and looked over his shoulder. Sam did it again and watched as Kai closed his eyes and dropped his head. "Top drawer," Kai grunted.

Sam reached for the drawer and opened it. He pulled out a condom and a brand new tube of slick. "Brace yourself, baby." Sam pulled his ass cheeks apart and buried his face in between

them. His darted out his tongue, listening for those gasps that were such an incredible turn on. "Fuck, yeah, that's what I want to hear," Sam grunted when Kai called out his name.

"Sam," Kai said again.

"Tell me what you want, baby."

"Fuck me," Kai whimpered. "I'm ready."

Sam stayed there for a few more minutes, partly because he didn't want to hurt Kai and partly because he couldn't get enough of this man's ass.

"Please," Kai said again and again, pressing his ass back against Sam's tongue.

"You got it, Kai." Sam tore open the condom wrapper, pulled it out and rolled it on. He slicked himself with lube and then sat down beside Kai. "Got a surprise for you, baby."

Kai stood up and turned around, sitting down, impaling himself on Sam's cock. Sam secured his hands under Kai's knees and then leaned forward slightly so he could stand up. He walked into the bathroom and faced the mirror. "Oh, fuck, yeah," Kai said as their eyes met in the mirror. "Can't move."

"I know," Sam said. "Jack yourself." Kai

tried to put his feet on the surface of the counter, but Sam took a step back.

"Sam, please. Please move."

"I will," Sam said, looking up and down Kai's body. "Get yourself hard."

Kai wrapped his hand around his cock and played with it until it was glistening with copious amounts of pre-cum. "Now? Please?"

Sam pushed against the back of Kai's knees and pulled out until there was only his head left inside. He looked in the mirror, watching Kai's face, and pushed in slowly.

"Oh, yes. Thank you."

"Feel good, baby. Feel as good as when you came without me inside you?"

"Yes, yes," Kai said, squirming as Sam pulled out and pushed back in again, more forcefully this time.

"You ready, Kai?"

"Fuck me, fuck me," Kai panted, letting his head fall on Sam's shoulder.

Sam looked down at his girth sliding in and out of Kai's magnificent ass. He pulled out, tightened his grip on Kai's legs and pushed in,

squeezing his ass muscles so that his dick moved side to side, front to back. He ground his hips as he watched Kai reach behind him and touch Sam's scalp. "Fucking hot as hell."

"Yes, right there," Kai yelled as Sam was halfway out.

"That your sweet spot, baby?"

Kai was going crazy and Sam's arms were starting to burn. He ignored the pain and continued to thrust in, grind his hips in all directions and then pull out, only to do the same thing over and over again.

"Come for me, Kai. Come for me. All over that sweet belly." Sam saw Kai's fist pick up a much faster pace. He turned his head to the side and stuck his tongue in Kai's ear, then kissed it over and over. Kai began to stiffen and Sam turned to look in the mirror. He kept thrusting and grinding.

Kai was making gasping noises, like he was about to sneeze.

Sam kept watching, until finally, Kai grunted and then called out Sam's name over and over. "Oh ho, yeah, sweet fucking release," Sam hissed beside Kai's ear. He kissed it again and kept his lips close. "Love to watch my baby come,"

Sam said. He licked Kai's ear. "Make my dick feel so good when you come on it. So fucking tight," he growled into Kai's ear. "Can't get enough of this tight little hole." Sam's arms were still burning, but he was close. He took Kai's ear into his mouth and licked and breathed hot and heavy, feeling Kai shiver. "You want it in your mouth, baby?"

"Yes," Kai said, squirming to be released.

"Beg me," Sam grunted. "Beg me to come in your mouth."

"Please, Sam. Please come in my mouth. I want it. Please."

"Okay," Sam said, pulling out of Kai as he lowered the man to the bathroom tiles. "On the floor, in front of the sink," Sam said, bracing his hands on the counter. Kai was there in an instant, removing the condom and devouring Sam's cock. He pushed forward until his nose was pressing against Sam's belly. "Stroke my thighs," he ordered, bending his knees slightly. He held on to the counter, his arms weak and trembling. "Fuck me, baby," Sam gasped. "Here it comes. Open up your throat some more." Kai did and Sam thrust one last time. "Jesus, fuck, Kai. Oh, man. Fucking sweet."

Sam squeezed his ass muscles just as Kai put his hands on them. Kai pulled Sam toward him, as he'd done so many times before. He emptied himself into Kai's eager mouth, his entire body feeling as if it were on fire.

"Fucking shit, Kai," he panted, looking down. The man was licking him clean, still stroking his inner thighs. "Come here," Sam said, reaching for Kai. Sam walked beside him to the bed. He lay down and pulled Kai down beside him. "Jesus, Kai," Sam gasped as he cradled the man in his arms.

"I liked that," Kai said. "Seeing you sliding in and out of me like that. Very sensual the way you move."

"Better than my ass in dress pants?"

"Much," Kai said with a smirk. "Any part of you without clothing is better than your ass in dress pants."

Sam turned on his side and put a hand under the back of Kai's head. He pressed his lips to Kai's, at first just lips meeting and exploring. Then Kai started caressing any skin he could reach, squeezing and pinching playfully. Sam deepened the kiss, feeling as if he'd managed to get his tongue as far as his dick had been a few

moments ago.

Kai pushed against his chest. "You must be starving by now."

"Starving," Sam said as he sat up, still feeling the burn in his arms. "Not gonna be able to do any boxing this afternoon."

Kai got to his knees and straddled Sam's hips, pushing him back down onto the duvet. "Allow me," Kai said as he stroked and massaged Sam's biceps. "I guess I am a little heavier than a set of barbells."

"Not by much," Sam said, looking up into the flushed face. "I like your workouts better anyway."

Kai leaned forward and held his head a few inches from Sam's mouth. "I haven't been very conscientious in feeding you, tough, have I?"

"Won't hear me complaining," Sam said, smoothing his hands over the chest and belly. "I love this body."

"And I love yours." Kai traced the digits of Sam's tattoo. "Tell me, please. Tell me what you like about my body," Kai said. He stole a kiss and then sat back upright. His hands were still on Sam's biceps, moving them back and

forth, up and down.

"Everything," Sam said, feeling uncomfortable.

"No," Kai laughed, shaking his head. "That's cheating." Kai took Sam's hands and put them on his chest. "As punishment, you must now touch the parts you like and tell me why you like them."

Sam smiled. "Okay," Sam said, accepting the challenge. He put his hands on either side of Kai's waist and flipped him onto his back. He moved in between Kai's legs and put his hands back on the smooth, muscled chest. "I love your chest because it's firm and smooth, not hairy like mine." Sam pinched Kai's nipples. "I love your nipples because when I lick them or kiss them or pinch them, your eyes roll back in your head and you call my name." Sam moved his hands to rest on Kai's belly, petting it tenderly. "I love your belly because it's taut and flat and when I pet you just like this, you can't get enough." Sam reached beside him and took one of Kai's legs in both hands. "I love your legs because they're long and lean, like a race horse." He ran his hands from ankle to groin. "And I love how they feel wrapped around me when I'm fucking you." He put down Kai's leg and moved his hands to Kai's cock and balls. "I

love your dick because it's thick but not too long. And sucking it or stroking it gives you so much pleasure." Sam looked at Kai, spread before him, listening to every word. He dipped his hand further down and pressed his knuckles against Kai's hole. "This is my second favorite," he said, grinning as Kai began to twist and squirm. "I love your asshole because of the way you use it to give me so much pleasure." He cupped his hands over Kai's ass cheeks and squeezed. "And I love these because they are, together, the most intoxicating site that I have ever seen in my life. They're smooth and round and can get me hotter than I've ever been in my entire life." Sam bent at the waist and pressed their torsos together. He ran his hands through Kai's hair. "I love your hair because it's soft and just touching it settles my mind." He pressed his lips to Kai's. "And these. Your lips feel amazing when we kiss. Your tongue is mind bendingly talented." He put both of his hands under Kai's head and just held them there, staring deep into Kai's eyes. "I love your eyes because of how they see the world." Sam smiled. "And this is my favorite," Sam said with a sigh, pressing his hands against Kai's skull. "I love the way you think, the things you say, the way you go out of your way

to make me feel better. I love that your thoughts can put me at ease, make me think, take me out of my head for a while." Sam kissed Kai, passionately, pressing his flaccid cock against Kai's ass. He pulled his mouth free and then looked down into the blue eyes. "Dare I ask what you love about mine?"

Kai responded by putting his hand at the back of Sam's neck and pulling their lips back together. After a few minutes with no oxygen, Sam pulled away again. "If you don't answer, is that cheating too?"

"Remind me later," Kai said, bringing their mouths together again. Sam groaned and Kai whimpered. To Sam, it seemed like an hour-long kiss, but it lasted only five minutes.

"Okay," Sam said, holding out his hand. "Time for food," he said, nodding toward the hallway.

"Shall we dress?" Kai said, taking hold of Sam's hand.

"No way," Sam said, pulling Kai to his feet. He glanced at the clock on the wall and pointed to it. "Don't have to be at the gym for another two hours, so no sense putting your clothes back on when I'll just have to take them off again when we're done breakfast."

Kai shrugged and padded down the hallway to the kitchen. "Let me reheat all of this for you," he said, lining up the bags and opening them.

Sam put a hand on Kai's ass cheek and moved it up and down, slowly. He made noises of appreciation and then turned to the dining room. He sat down and leaned back in his chair. He wondered about Kai's previous boyfriends, if they had received this kind of treatment. They couldn't have, he finally decided, because if they had, they were fools to ever let Kai get away.

CHAPTER SIX

"Not so good when it's reheated, huh?" Sam said, intending it as an admission of guilt for not having been able to control himself earlier when they'd arrived back at the apartment.

"I'm sorry," Kai said.

"What?" Sam sputtered, bits of egg flying out of his mouth. "No, Jesus, I didn't mean it that way. I was talking about *me* not being able to control myself."

"Oh," Kai said. He shrugged his shoulders and grinned. "I do enjoy being naked with you."

"Don't forget you owe me an explanation, with touching." Sam scooped the rest of his scrambled eggs in his mouth and winked.

"I won't forget." Kai nibbled at a piece of bacon, alternately licking his lips and his fingers.

"Good," Sam said. He got up and put his plate on the counter and then came back to sit down. Instead of taking his previous seat, he sat across from Kai, smirking.

"Is something wrong with the furniture?"

"Nope," Sam said, hatching his plan.

There was silence for a few moments while Kai nibbled the last of his bacon and then finished his orange juice. Sam was studying Kai's features. Intently. Although the man had made it clear he would stay as long as Sam wanted him, there was still that part of his brain that reminded him that Kai would probably be the first to grow bored and restless. Kai was educated, smart, funny and articulate-- everything he wasn't. Sam had managed to silence that part when Kai had walked away, but it was still there, still expressing unwanted opinions.

"May I ask you another personal question?"

"Anything, baby," Sam reached across and took one of Kai's hands, bringing the first finger and thumb up so he could lick off some forgotten bacon grease.

"Do you enjoy being a detective?"

Sam stopped licking and looked into Kai's blue eyes. He thought for a moment. "Uh," he said, hesitating. "Well, I guess, honestly? Yes and no. I mean, there are some things that suck about any job, but overall, I enjoy it."

"Good," Kai said, offering a pleased smile. "And you enjoy helping the children learn to

box?"

"Oh," Sam huffed, nodding his head vehemently. "Now that," he said, putting a finger to his temple. "That's what keeps me from going absolutely bonkers. It's a blessing, really, to be able to see these scared little boys become men. And even more satisfying to see these tricked out little punks learn that they're not as tough as they think they are, that their brain will get them much more than a gun or a gang ever could."

"I forgot something," Kai said as he put his knife and fork on his plate.

"What, baby, I'll get it for you." Sam was out of his chair in a second, waiting for instructions.

"Lean forward a little," Kai asked, softly. "I promised you a list with touching."

Sam leaned forward and Kai skimmed his thumb over his parted lips.

"I love your smile," Kai said and then looked from Sam's lips to his eyes. "Because it makes me want to kiss you. And I miss kissing the most."

Sam blushed and looked down Kai's thumb, which

was still touching his lips. "Do I get the rest of the list now, or do I have to wait?"

Kai stood up and walked to the bedroom, slowly, looking over his shoulder to see if Sam was looking.

Sam whistled as he watched that perfect ass disappear into the bedroom. He followed and saw Kai sitting on the opposite side of the bed. He patted the free space beside him. Sam laid down and looked up as Kai put a hand on his chest.

"I love your chest because it's strong and muscled. And because you're keeping your father close to your heart. You're honoring his memory and what he meant to you." Kai moved his hand to rest between the pectoral muscles and then slid it down to the bottom of Sam's rib cage. "I love this thick thatch of hair. It feels good against my skin and I like the way it glistens when you work up a sweat." Kai's hand was now on his lower belly. "I love your belly because it's almost as hairy and because it bounces when you laugh." Kai touched Sam's thigh, skimming it up and down, as far as he could reach. "Your legs are the hairiest I've ever seen and your inner thighs are so sensitive and responsive. It's how I can tell you're ready to come. The veins and arteries become

huge. So very sexy."

Sam waited for Kai to continue, but he remained quiet. "Don't stop," Sam said, suddenly hoarse.

"Later," Kai said. "After boxing. Perhaps in the shower where I can reach everything."

Sam looked over at the clock. He had an hour to get to the gym. "Fuck," he muttered as he got off the bed and started collecting his clothes. "Ever wonder who invented clothes?"

"That would be us," Kai said, helping Sam on with his shirt. "Unless you count the fig leaves in the Garden of Eden. In that case, it was God."

"Well, whoever it was," Sam said, watching Kai zip up his pants and buckle his belt. "I wanna kick his ass."

Kai laughed and began to tuck in Sam's shirt. He let his hand linger in certain areas and Sam couldn't control the smirk on his face as he realized that Kai would be there, in the gym, watching him. His muscles would be gleaming with sweat, his chest heaving and his arteries and veins getting huge. But what he was looking forward to the most was when they were back at his house, naked in the bedroom; Sam would hear

the rest of the list.

"Almost ready," Sam said as he sat on the edge of the bed and pulled on his socks and shoes. He looked up to see Kai in a simple mustard t-shirt, no emblem, and a pair of faded Levi's jeans, button fly. He whistled and stood up. "I'm appreciating what you said before, about clothing being even sexier once you've experienced what's under them."

Kai pulled on a pair of white sneakers and pulled a hoodie out of the closet. He stood there and looked at Sam.

"Three more hours and we'll be back home," Sam said. He realized a little too late what he'd said, how he'd made it all sound and cringed. He didn't know what to do: *Should I go back and correct myself or should I just leave it. If I correct myself, he may find it insulting or think I'm giving him a clear message? Fuck it,* he thought as he stopped at the kitchen to collect Kai's bag. *I'm so tired of overanalyzing every goddamn thought and word and action.* He wasn't like that at work, so perhaps he should do without it in his personal life as well.

They were in the elevator and then back in the car with plenty of time to spare.

"Do you have your equipment at the gym?" Kai asked as Sam pulled up to their first red light.

"Yes, sir," Sam said, tapping his fingers on the steering wheel to music that only he was hearing. "Although I should probably bring it home today. Probably needs a good wash."

Kai snickered at the observation.

"Do you actually box with these young ones or do you just teach them technique?"

"No actual boxing, other than what we might do during sparring. But the kids wear headgear and I only use the punch mitts. We go through offensive moves and then I'll swing, not full force mind you, to teach them to watch the other guy's hands. You know, I might feign a cross to see if they duck. That kind of thing."

Sam accelerated the green when the light changed.

"Did you ever compete?"

"When I was younger, sure." Sam checked his blind spot and then hit his blinker before moving into the left lane. "But it wasn't really for me. Didn't really like the competition aspect. Just wanted to learn technique and box for fun."

"And stress relief," Kai added, raising a finger.

Sam nodded.

"And eventually to help the young ones."

"I gotta say I'm kinda surprised you wanted to come," Sam said, holding his right hand out, palm up, on Kai's thigh. "Didn't figure you for the blood sport kind."

"Oh, I'm not," Kai said, turning to look at Sam, and then putting his left hand on Sam's. "But you said it wouldn't be like that, so I thought it might be nice to watch you move some more."

"Fair enough," Sam chuckled. "There are books on boxing lying around there, books of all kinds, really. And magazines. So if you get bored."

"Can't imagine that happening," Kai said.

Sam squeezed Kai's hand and got into the left turn lane. "Almost there." He pulled into the intersection and turned as soon as there was enough space. "I'll introduce you to Ted and Rue, the owners. You can chat with them while I'm getting changed. They've been married for 45 years. Ted's a former champ and Rue was his

manager. They'll probably ask you all sorts of questions about us, but you tell them whatever you want."

"I don't lie," Kai said.

"Yeah," Sam said, nodding. "I'm talking about little white lies, you know. I mean if they ask you if we're together, you know, a couple, tell them whatever you want."

"Do you not want them to know that you and I have been intimate?"

"Hell no," Sam said. "They know about me. And if you want to tell them what we've been up to or how long we've known each other, you go right ahead." Sam turned the car into the small parking lot and stopped. He put the car in park and turned to look at Kai. "Quite frankly, you'd be doing me a favor. What Anna does for your personal life, Rue does for mine. I wouldn't have any dates at all if it weren't for her." Sam leaned over and stole a kiss. "But I'll warn you. She's like a blood hound; she'll badger you until she finds out what she wants to know."

"She cares about you," Kai said, undoing his seat belt and exiting the car.

"They're both really good people. Done a lot

for the community."

"Then they deserve the truth."

Sam threw up his hands in surrender. "Your call. Don't say I didn't warn you."

They entered the one-storey building and Sam's mind settled a little bit when the familiar sights and sounds and smells assaulted him. "Welcome to Fritz's," Sam said as he stood looking around, letting his eyes adjust to the dim light. "Fritz is their last name." Sam searched for Ted or Rue but did not see them. He was about to turn around and head for the office when he felt a mighty whack on his ass.

"Thought you were supposed to be a detective?"

Sam laughed and turned to glance at Kai, who was grinning already. They both looked at the short woman, hair completely grey, dressed in a pink track suit. Sam opened his mouth to introduce Kai to Rue, but she wasn't finished with her greeting.

"You don't check your six when you walk into a building? Amazed you're still with us."

"You realize you just assaulted a detective, right?"

Rue put her arms out in front of her. "Arrest

me. And don't skip the strip search."

Kai laughed out loud and looked between the two of them.

"Gross," Sam said, still thinking about Rue's comment. "Rue, this is a very special friend of mine." Sam put his arm around the strong shoulders. "Kai Reeves?" Sam then pointed to the woman. "Meet Rue Fritz."

Kai extended his hand, but Rue ignored it. She stepped closer and put her hands on Kai's elbows and pulled him towards her. She wrapped her arms around him and patted his back, the noise almost as loud as when she'd smacked Sam's ass.

"Very special friend?"

"Yes," Kai said. "I'm very pleased to meet you. Sam has told me such wonderful things about you and your husband and what you do for the community."

"Thank God," Rue said, patting Kai on the cheek. She stepped in front of Sam and pounded on his chest. "You got a talker this time. Finally." She looked back at Kai and rolled her eyes. "Keep telling him he won't find the right man until he finds the one who'll get him talking."

Kai glanced at Sam's fiery red complexion and stepped closer to him, his hand brushing Sam's. "He's not quiet with me."

Rue turned back to Sam and feigned a punch to his gut. "Told you," she said before turning and walking back to the office. She was muttering something on her way. To Sam, it sounded like, "But does he ever listen to me? Of course not."

"Sorry about that," Sam said. In the distance, Sam heard Rue calling for Ted. Sam rubbed at his forehead.

"She's lovely," Kai said, touching Sam's forearm. Sam laughed, thinking that Kai was kidding or being sarcastic. "No, seriously. She really does care about you, and she shows you all the time."

Sam reached around and rubbed his throbbing buttock. "I'm black and blue from her caring."

"Big baby," Kai said. "Shall I rub it for you?"

"Later," Sam said before he kissed Kai on the head as Ted walked out.

"Ted," Sam began, then stopped when the elderly man held up his hand.

"Came to see who was finally worth introducing us to," Ted said as he held out his hand to Kai. "What's the lucky man's name?"

"My name is Kai Reeves, sir." Kai shook Ted's hand.

"You just cost me fifty bucks, Kai." Ted said, letting go of his hand and folding his arms over his chest.

"Oh, I'm sorry," Kai said, looking to Sam with a mix of confusion and panic.

"Don't worry about it," Sam said, waving his hand at Ted. "These two old timers have had a bet with each other for years about... me." Sam couldn't finish the sentence with the actual bet. Telling Kai that the bet hinged on whether or not Sam would ever 'settle down' would probably cause even more confusion and panic on Kai's face. Or cause him to run out the door, forever.

Ted offered a smile to Kai, but lost it when he turned to Sam. "You waiting for your valet or something?"

"No, sir," Sam said. "I'll be right back," he said to Kai as he backed up slowly. He wasn't really worried about leaving Kai with either Ted or Rue. But the two of them together might be a

little more than Kai would be comfortable handling on his own.

"Known that boy for thirty years," Ted was saying. Sam continued walking and turned to see Kai smiling at him. "You box?" That was the last thing Sam heard as he pushed through the doors to the change room.

He stripped down to his birthday suit and pulled on his shorts and socks. He sat down on the bench by his locker and pushed his feet into his Diablo boxing shoes, trying to calm his nerves. He'd been volunteering here for almost fifteen years and had watched as most of his charges grew up to be hard-working, decent, self-respecting men. Some of them had even started to bring their wives and children by to visit and catch up.

Sam recognized the feelings in the pit of his stomach. He'd had them only one time before. With Mark. Mark had been another teenager who'd started coming here just shortly after Sam and his father. And after years of sparring with Mark, their friendship had led to something much more intimate. Sam had been nineteen and Mark, twenty.

For Sam it had been love. Or so he thought anyway. He'd spent weeks working up the courage

to tell Mark. And the time arrived. His father would be working the late shift. Mark agreed to come over for a few hours. So, as they lay in Sam's bed, both of them breathless and sweaty, Sam had used that 'L' word, the one that Mark loathed so much. Ten minutes later, Sam was alone on his bed and had not seen Mark since. And if it had been just that, Sam probably would have been fine, eventually.

As he gathered his clothes and put them on, practically running for the door, Mark had become enraged, insisting that he wasn't a queer or a fag and that what Sam was feeling for him was sick and unnatural. And as painful as that was, Sam could have dealt with that, as well. What had sent Sam on a decades-long roller coaster of uncertainty and anxiety was Mark's parting comment: "You're a freak. Who the hell would choose to love a freak?"

Mark didn't exactly put much detail into his analysis that night, but Sam spent the next innumerable sleepless hours examining everything from the way he spoke to the way he looked. And as with most teenagers, Sam came to the conclusion that what made him a freak was his height, his bad skin and his preference for boys.

As Sam pulled on his t-shirt, he smiled forlornly, remembering that a few months later his father had finally forced Sam to explain the sudden interest in beefing up, in adopting a rather non-talkative and sullen demeanor and in spending hours in his bedroom, alone.

Of course, Sam had been petrified to tell his father what had happened with Mark, what he had discovered about his sexual preference and that he was spending so much time alone because he was afraid he was a freak, just as Mark had said. But his father had been persistent and Sam finally broke down and cried while he told him everything.

Sam headed for the door to the change room, his father's words still echoing in his ears. "I'm disappointed that you'll never get married or have children. And I'm disappointed that Mark broke your heart, especially considering how you felt about him. Disappointed you were worried that I wouldn't react well. But I'm proud of you. You're my son, my only child. And I know I raised a good man, an honest man. A man the Marks in this world would be foolish to dismiss so easily." Sam had cried even harder when his father told him all that.

After that night, there would only be another

two years with his father. Neither of them could have known, but now that Sam was a detective, he finally realized why his father made every day count, why he never let a chance go by without telling Sam whatever he needed to hear.

The next three hours of sparring and coaching should have been exhausting. Sam was used to arriving home completely drained, taking a shower and then falling into bed. But today was different. He had energy to spare and there was someone he had to impress.

He took every opportunity to flex his muscles, to show off his body and to sneak furtive glances at Kai. During water breaks, he would go and sit beside the man who was cheering on the boys and mimicking their moves, as if he were working some sort of video controller. If he moved and jerked hard enough, the boys would have the same thought by telepathy.

It didn't work. Sam made his usual comments to the boys about keeping their gloves up to protect their faces, following through with the left hook and telegraphing their uppercuts. Or the stance. How many times was he going to have to knock some of these kids off their feet before they remember the correct stance.

With the last of the boys heading to the change room, Sam exited the ring and took a seat beside Kai again. He pulled off the punch mitts and slumped down in the chair.

"You're amazing with those boys," Kai said, his expression full of admiration.

"They're all pretty special. Bad homes, no homes, bad parents, absentee parents. Sometimes, I hate the world."

"Me too," Kai said, nodding.

"I saw Ted and Rue over here a few times, but I couldn't hear what they were saying," Sam said as he threw the mitts onto the apron of the ring. "Anything I should know about."

"They were just telling me about you," Kai said smiling.

"Anything humiliating?"

"There may have been one or two stories about a broken nose or a split lip or how long it took you to master something called the 'slip'."

Sam chuckled and brought his hand up, moving it slowly past the side of Kai's face. "Imagine I'm going to punch and you move your head to the side to avoid it," Sam said, pulling his arm back and holding his hands out, like a magician

after a trick. "That's a slip."

"And the couple of young men who came to chat with you? They were nice to you?"

"Oh, yes," Kai said, turning in his chair. "Rue apparently told them all I was your fella. You're very well respected here."

"She did, did she?"

"Yes," Kai said, blushing slightly.

"You want me to shower here or at home?"

"What do you want?"

"I want to get you naked as soon as possible."

"I don't think we should do that here," Kai said, looking over Sam's shoulder.

Sam laughed and squeezed Kai's knee. "Wait here. I'll be right out." He walked to the change room and stripped out of his sweaty, smelly workout gear. He pulled on his pants, socks and shoes and put his shirt on, leaving most of the buttons undone. He took the sports bag off the floor of the locker and stuffed all his gear inside.

He exited the change room and called for Kai to come and meet him at the doors to the gym.

"Ted! Rue! I'm taking off now."

"Drive carefully," Rue called as she appeared at the office door. "Kai?"

"Yes, ma'am," Kai said as he stood beside Sam.

"Ted and I agree that Sam will never do any better."

"Oh, geez," Sam muttered and turned toward the door. "Bye Rue. Bye Ted." Sam called one last time and then walked to the door, his face burning.

"Thank you, Rue. Bye Ted," Kai called before catching up to Sam.

"I can't apologize enough," Sam was saying as he unlocked the passenger door and then ran to his side. He opened the door and threw his bag in the backseat. He got into the driver's seat, shaking his head.

"There's no need. I think they're charming." Kai attached his seatbelt. "And it's flattering that they think we're perfect for each other."

"Did they say that?"

Kai nodded. "Yes, Rue did and Ted agreed with her."

"They're just regular little chatterboxes, aren't they?"

"Are you upset by what they said?"

"No. Not at all," Sam said, a little too vehemently. "I do think you're perfect for me."

"And I think you're perfect for me," Kai said, leaning over as far as he could. He puckered his lips and waited for a kiss. "So, we agree."

"Yes, we do," Sam said, starting the car, shaking his head for a completely different reason. *Jesus*, he thought to himself as he put the vehicle in reverse, *I think I'm falling in love*. There was, of course, the voice that told him it was impossible to fall in love so quickly. *Shut the fuck up, I'm happy*. He directed the thought to that voice and pulled into traffic.

They drove in silence for most of the way home, until Kai interrupted Sam's thoughts.

"The song you were just whistling," Kai said. "That was the song you were whistling when I saw you at the party."

Sam glanced at Kai, unaware that he'd been whistling at all.

"My Only Lonely," Kai said, not waiting for a response. "It's a favorite of mine."

"You're Only Lonely," Sam said, correcting

him. "Remember my dad having the forty-five. He loved that song."

"You would have been ten years old then," Kai said, stating a fact.

"And you would have been four," Sam said, double checking his math. "Yup, four."

"May I ask a favor?"

"Of course," Sam said, glancing over. "You'd rather stay at your place?"

"No," Kai said. "I like your home."

"You're sore? Tired? You want me to cool it for a few hours?"

"No," Kai said, laughing. "No, I love that you are very sexual."

"Then what?"

"Do you have photos of you and your father?"

Sam stopped at a red light and turned toward Kai. "There's a couple of albums somewhere." Sam knew exactly where they were. He didn't know why he'd just lied.

"I'd like to see a picture of him."

"Sure," Sam said, looking up to see the light turn green. He crossed the intersection and signaled before pulling into the right lane. He

drove three blocks and then turned right, heading toward his street.

Neither of them spoke until they arrived at Sam's house and were again alone, inside the bungalow.

"Would you like some dinner?" Kai asked, tossing that morning's breakfast and placing the dishes in the sink.

"I was thinking we should order in," Sam said as he walked over to the bookshelf and pulled out the photo albums.

"If you'd prefer," Kai said with a shrug.

"I don't care, really," Sam said, putting the albums on the table. "I just thought you might like a break from cooking for me."

"I enjoy cooking," Kai said and sat down at the table, beside Sam. Kai opened the first photo album and pointed to the first picture. "Your father is very handsome." Kai moved his finger to the fourth picture. "Your mother is quite stunning, isn't she?"

"Yes," Sam said, looking at a picture he'd long ago memorized. "Dad never remarried after she died. "He always called her his soulmate."

"Very romantic," Kai said and flipped the

page. "Oh my," he said, pointing to the first picture on the page. "I love babies. So innocent, so full of possibilities."

"I was full of something, that's for sure. My father never let me forget the number of times he'd have to change my diaper."

Kai laughed and bumped his shoulder against Sam's. "Such big brown eyes."

"Whenever I tried to lie to my father, he would tell me that I was so full of shit that my eyes were brown." Sam smiled at the memory of his father's strange sense of humor. "It always broke the tension and made me laugh. Telling the truth didn't seem so hard then."

Kai closed the album and leaned against Sam.

"I knew you'd be bored," Sam said, collecting the albums.

"No, please," Kai said. "I'm not bored, but I promised you dinner."

Sam kissed him, softly, on the lips and put the albums back on the table.

"Why don't you go shower and I'll get everything started."

"Okay," Sam said, narrowing his eyes. "But there's only about half an hour of hot water, so

don't take too long. Otherwise I'll have to come looking for you."

"I promise," Kai said as he stood up and walked into the kitchen. "Do you have any preferences?"

"Nope," Sam said as he stripped off his shirt and headed to the bathroom. He was whistling again, the sound amplified in the small room filled with metal and porcelain. He threw his shirt over his shoulder and started the water.

Sam walked to the master bedroom and stood by the bed, He removed his wallet, cell phone and keys from the pockets and then stripped naked. He collected each item of clothing and threw everything into the hamper beside the closet. He reminded himself about his gear in the gym bag that he'd left in the back seat of the car and then headed for the shower.

He stepped inside and stood under the large square shower head coming out of the ceiling. One of the main reasons he'd bought this older house was the height of the ceilings. No more bending over walking through doors and no more five minute showers hunched over. He could stay in here for thirty minutes before the water cooled. It took almost forty-five for the water to turn completely, unbearably, cold.

Sam ran his hands over his chest and belly, remembering Kai doing the same in the apartment and telling him how sexy Sam's body was. *He even thinks I'm handsome*, Sam thought as he took hold of himself and gave his cock a few pumps. *The man could have anyone he wants and he chooses me.*

As the hot water pelted his bald head, Sam reached for the soap. Sam stepped back, out from under the stream of water. He worked up a lather by pushing the bar back and forth through his chest hair and then through his thick bush of public hair. He smoothed the soap over everything, including his scalp, and began to wash himself in earnest. Sam was hoping Kai would join him and he didn't want to conserve as much time for sucking and fucking.

He stood under the spray again and rinsed himself off. As he turned to ensure he rinsed out his ass crack, he saw Kai standing just inside the door, completely naked. He slid the door back and waited for Kai to join him under the hot water.

Kai closed the bathroom door and leaned against it. He spread his legs and took himself in hand, calling for Sam to do the same. Sam obliged him.

They studied each other while they jerked and stroked together, but ten feet apart.

Sam had hoped that when he'd invited Kai into the shower that he'd understood it was for looking *and* touching. After a few minutes, Kai took pity on him and joined him under the spry of hot water.

"I have to flip the chicken in ten minutes," Kai said as he kneeled in front of Sam.

"Flip," Sam said as he kept Kai standing and turned him around. "Good idea." Sam pushed him up against the side wall, still under the spray of water. He got down on one knee and spread Kai's cheeks wide. He pushed his face in to lick at his hole. Kai reached around with one hand and scrambled for purchase on Sam's slick scalp. Sam took hold of the hand and held it tight. "Only got ten minutes," Sam said. "Gonna take care of you first this time."

"Sam," Kai sighed and pushed back into the pleasure.

Sam closed his eyes and delved in and out with his tongue, fucking Kai's twitching hole. He was so hard that it was becoming painful. "Yeah," he yelled, pulling out after a few minutes. He took hold of Kai by the waist and

turned him around. He put Kai's left leg over his shoulder, took his cock in all the way and then inserted two fingers into Kai's ready and waiting ass.

Kai was whimpering. Sam pushed against the taut belly with his right hand so that Kai would be safer, leaning up against the wall. He held him there, firm. He inserted three fingers, slowly at first, but then Kai screamed his name.

"Two or three?" Sam asked, looking up over the wet flesh of Kai's torso.

"Three," Kai panted, his hands caressing and massaging Sam's bald head. "Three. Three."

Sam smiled and took Kai's cock in his mouth again, creating suction. He pushed his three fingers in again, slowly at first, and then increased the speed. He separated them slightly as he continued to suck and lick. Kai was trying to dislodge his leg, but it was trapped on Sam's shoulder. Kai started to squirm, his touch on Sam's head becoming almost frantic.

Sam took the entire length in his mouth one final time and removed only one finger. With the other two, he found Kai's prostate and tapped it, stroked it.

"I'm gonna come," Kai yelled, pushing against

Sam's head. Sam held firm. He played with Kai's prostate for a few more seconds before Kai grunted. Sam felt the flesh under his hand go completely rigid, rock hard. He felt the hot liquid hit the back of his throat. He growled, like an animal, as how primitive and basic his need for this man was becoming.

"Fuck," Sam said. "Oh, sweet, sweet man," Sam said, petting Kai's belly and chest as he gently released Kai's leg. He stood up and pressed himself against the trembling body. "That should be about ten minutes, give or take." He grinned and kissed Kai's eager mouth. He nibbled on his tongue for a moment. "Okay," he said, pulling Kai off the wall. "Time to flip the chicken." He patted Kai's ass. "I'll be right out."

"But you... I didn't--"

"This wasn't about me," Sam said and winked. "We got all night, baby."

Kai dried himself quickly with a towel while Sam wondered if he should just take care of himself. He decided not to and lathered up his chest.

"Ten minutes," Kai said as he hung up the towel.

"Be there in five," Sam said, working up lather to wash his arms.

Kai disappeared out the door, still naked, and Sam washed his dick, in between his legs and everything else. He made sure to get everything. Sam was looking forward to Kai doing that rimming thing again. He was rinsed off and dried within minutes. He headed out of the bathroom, the aromas and sounds stopping him in his tracks.

A long-lost memory. His mother and father, laughing in the kitchen, as the smell of roasted chicken and potatoes. He had been out playing when his father had called him in for dinner. He was in the foyer, oblivious at the time as most young children are, that his life was about to change. He toed off his sneakers and walked into the kitchen, looking over and smiling. His father had her in his arms and they were dancing, and laughing.

Wash up, his father had called to him. He'd lingered, watching them for a few more moments.

I'd completely forgotten about that, he thought as he moved to the bedroom and slipped on Kai's favorite t-shirt of and a pair of sweatpants. *I wonder if Kai likes dancing,* he thought as he grinned and decided to find out.

Sam walked into the kitchen and saw Kai, now clothed in Sam's oversized sweatshirt and sweatpants, bent over in front of the oven. He resisted the urge to molest the man and turned on the Bose unit that was sitting on top of the fridge. He flicked to track number 8.

Kai looked up and smiled. "Baby potatoes and chicken almost done."

Sam began to whistle along to "You're Only Lonely" and held out his hand. Kai took it and Sam pulled him close. Kai was giggling. Sam had always hated being tall, but at that moment, with Kai in his arms, with both of them happy, he felt ten-feet tall and was loving every second. He studied Kai's face, wanting to memorize everything about this evening.

"You're very light on your feet," Kai said, moving effortlessly along with Sam's lead.

"Thank you," Sam said and tightened his grip around Kai's waist. "It's nice that you're tall."

Kai moved his hand from Sam's shoulder to caress his pectoral muscle. "Thank you for sharing your day with me." Kai lifted his eyes.

Sam stared into the blue eyes and felt as if he was actually floating. "Share all of them

with you if you'd like," he whispered as his movement slowed.

Kai smiled and leaned forward, kissing Sam's chest through the t-shirt. He rested his head in that spot.

That's it, Sam thought. This is what love must be like. He closed his eyes and held on. I don't want to go back to my old life, the one before Kai. I want to come home and see him, touch him, taste him. We can sit around watching movies, making love, go on vacations together, finish our lives together. Fuck, Sam thought, I'll take up gardening if he wants.

"May I ask you a question?" Sam whispered it against Kai's soft, damp hair.

Kai nodded.

"Are you happy? Here, with me, I mean?"

Kai looked up without hesitating. "Yes, very much."

"And you never lie."

"No," Kai said putting his head back against Sam's chest. "Never."

Sam shook his head and rested his cheek on the top of Kai's head. "Do you like gardens?"

Kai chuckled and looked up again. "Who doesn't?"

"A lieutenant I work with swears by it. Says it's saved his life more than once. You know from the stress and... Everything."

"I can teach you a little, if you'd like."

Sam smiled, broadly, just as the timer on the oven sounded.

"Will you save another for me after dinner?"

Sam furrowed his brow and then realized Kai was referring to dancing. "I'll have to check, but--" Kai slapped him on the chest. "Ouch!"

"Will you set the table, please? I was about to do it, but a very handsome man asked me to dance with him."

Sam winked and did as he was told.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Sam made Kai sit, while he brought everything to the table.

"This looks amazing," Sam said, followed by an appreciative whistle. "Where did you learn to cook like this?"

"I've been on my own for a long time, and the allure of pizza and potato chips wears thin pretty quickly."

Sam chuckled and put his hand over Kai's. He bowed his head and said a quick prayer of thanks. *Haven't done that for a long time*, he thought as he caught Kai smiling at him.

"Sorry," Sam said. "Mom and Dad and I used to do that. Haven't for a long time now. Not sure why I did it just now." Sam felt his cheeks flush.

"Traditions are important," Kai said as he picked up his fork. "They're a part of you. One you should always keep close."

Sam watched as he stabbed a little potato and blew on it, finally popping it into his mouth.

"Does anything ever upset you?" Sam leaned back in his chair and shook his head. He was sure that weird expression was on his face. The

expression he made all the time at work when he was hearing something that was so far-fetched that it was probably true. "I mean, I meet this beautiful stranger at a party where he sees that I'm miserable. But he wants to come over and cheer me up. Within minutes, he makes it clear to me that he wants me. And then there are two days of him being..." Sam waved his hand in Kai's direction. He had no idea how to explain what having Kai with him for the past two days had meant to him.

"And some of the best fucking of my entire life," Kai said, stabbing another potato.

Sam burst out laughing and leaned forward. He took the fork out of Kai's hand and pulled it to his mouth, kissing the palm, over and over. "Mine too," he said when he'd regained his composure.

"There's a beautiful quote I once heard: 'I think I could love anything that appeared to wish it so.'" Kai took his fork again and continued eating his potatoes.

Did he just tell me he loves me? Should I say it to him? Is that what he wants?

"Love is not complicated," Kai said, returning his fork to the plate. "I feel love for many

people I've only known for a few minutes. The old woman on the street who sits and wonders why her children do not visit more often. The young boy who watches his friend's father and wonders why his left. The ignorant and uninformed who allow their actions to create poverty and disease."

"But that's pity, that's empathy," Sam said, finally cutting into his chicken and taking a bite.

"And what is pity? What is empathy? Do you not want to make all those people feel better? Do you not wish them a better life? Once you know they're stories, would you just shrug and walk away and remind yourself that it's not your problem?"

Sam opened his mouth to answer, but Kai continued.

"I know you wouldn't because you've spent your life trying to show people that someone cares. Love isn't always accompanied by a thunderclap or a lightning strike. Sometimes, love is putting a coin into the homeless man's cup. Or helping the little boy who's had a very difficult childhood learn how to box?"

Sam looked over and nodded. "You're right,"

he said.

"Those boys you helped today don't come there *just* for boxing. They come there because you're the closest thing to a father they have."

Sam nodded again and looked down at his plate. "This is really good, baby."

"Thank you," Kai said reaching out a hand and resting on Sam's. "I can get a little preachy sometimes."

"Are you fucking kidding me?" Sam dropped his fork and sandwiched Kai's hand between his own. "I'm enjoying this. Seriously. Beats the conversations with Joe about... Ah," he said, screwing up his face. "Never mind." He leaned over and pulled Kai's hand to his lips. He kissed it twice and then let go. "And you're right, of course. Love can be however simple or however complicated we make it."

"Exactly," Kai said. He started eating again, as did Sam.

They ate in silence, Kai getting up to fetch the milk so he could refill Sam's glass. Sam glanced over a few times, only to catch Kai looking at him.

"May I ask you another question?"

Sam nodded and kept chewing his food.

"Do you have the dreams often?"

Sam stopped chewing. He swallowed and took a mouthful of milk. He took a deep breath and sighed. "I don't talk about what I see at work. I'm not going to be responsible for that shit being in your head."

"I understand," Kai said and finished the last potato on his plate.

Sam put the last bit of chicken in his mouth and closed his eyes. He chewed quickly and swallowed, almost gagging. He took another mouthful of milk and coughed a few times into his hand. Kai seemed hurt, rejected. "I'm not trying to exclude you. I'm trying to spare you."

"I know," Kai said. He was smiling. He wrapped his arms around himself, hugging himself.

"Then why do you look like I just asked you to leave?"

"I'm not hurt. Not really."

"Disappointed, then?"

"No," Kai said, unfolding his arms and reaching for one of Sam's hands. "Not that

even. More... I guess I'd use the word 'worried'."

Sam moved his hand to cup Kai's soft cheek. "No need, baby. I don't take risks. Unless they look like you." Sam winked.

Kai kissed his hand and smiled for him.

"I am stuffed," Sam said.

"You sure? There's some ice cream left, if you'd like?"

Sam thought about what happened the last time the ice cream was out and then shook his head. "Have another idea," he said, picking up both plates and walking over to the sink. He put them in and rinsed them off before putting them in the dishwasher. Kai brought the glasses and serving platter. Sam put those in as well and then popped in one blue and green detergent capsule. He closed the machine and hit the button to start it. He took Kai's hand and walked into the living room, pushing the coffee table out of the way and bringing the oversized ottoman to sit in front of the sofa. Sam sat down, stretched out his legs across the ottoman and then held out his arm, the one closest to Kai.

Kai sat down beside him and put his head on

Sam's shoulder. Sam wrapped an arm around him and sighed.

"Thank you for dinner," Sam said, kissing Kai's forehead.

"You're welcome, Detective."

Sam sighed and took Kai's right hand in his, interlacing their fingers. "Anything you'd like to watch on television?"

"No," Kai said without hesitating.

"I have some movies we could watch." Sam was stroking Kai's shoulder while their fingers wiggled against each other.

"This is nice. I like this," Kai said, pushing his arm underneath Sam's back. He caressed it slowly.

"I agree," Sam said, turning his head to inhale Kai's scent.

"You still owe me a dance. Don't forget."

"No chance of that happening," Sam said. "Of me forgetting, I mean."

"I know what you meant," Kai said with a lilt to his voice. He freed his hand and began moving it slowly over Sam's belly.

"It's a little rounder than normal," Sam said,

looking down, mesmerized by Kai's touch.

"Someone fed me half a chicken."

"I was just imagining you with a little belly," Kai said, finally looking up. "Sexy."

"So, old bald busted up detectives with some extra fat on their bellies," Sam said and then chuckled. "That's your type, huh?"

"I don't have a type," Kai said.

"I know," Sam whispered against Kai's hair. "I was just teasing you."

Kai continued to stroke up and down Sam's belly, not bothering to lift his hand. Sam's eyes closed and wondered if he'd manage to stay awake long enough to make love to Kai before they had to sleep. He forced his eyes back open.

"This may be the milk talking," Sam said, trapping Kai's hand and interlacing their fingers again. "But I'm kind of hoping that I'll see you tomorrow after work."

"There are enough clothes in my bag for a week," Kai said, pulling his hand away from Sam's back and propping himself up. They were eye-to-eye. "I'm here as long as you want me."

"In that case, we're gonna have to go back to

your place for more clothes."

"Okay," Kai said. He kissed Sam's cheek and then lay back down beside Sam.

Sam closed his eyes again. He would have to come up with some life when he returned to work tomorrow. If he walked around all day with this stupid grin on his face, some of his colleagues would wonder what was going on. And wouldn't leave him alone until they found out.

"Sam?"

Sam opened his eyes and looked into Kai's blue eyes. "Sorry, baby. Did I fall asleep?"

Kai gave that patient smile and nodded.

"How long?"

"About twenty minutes or so," Kai said, patting his belly. "Come on. Let's get ready for bed."

"You take the bathroom first," Sam said, accepting the hand that Kai held out for him. "I'll get the bed ready."

Kai walked to the bathroom and Sam, to the bedroom. He stripped naked and then pulled back the covers. He thought about it for a moment and then pulled the duvet off completely. *It's covered with so many bodily fluids*, Sam thought.

Have to wash it tomorrow.

He replaced it with a thick blanket and sat down on the cool sheets.

"Okay," Kai said, coming into the bedroom, face scrubbed and shining.

"Be right back, baby," Sam said as he padded to the bathroom. He brushed his teeth and washed his face, trying to wake himself up a little more. He was not going to fall asleep on Kai. He'd been looking forward to this all day. He did the tour of the house, making sure that all doors and windows were locked tight. He extinguished lights as he went and then returned to the bedroom, closing the door.

The first thing he saw when he turned was Kai, naked, lying on his side. Sam turned off the light and walked over to the bed, sitting on the edge, and leaning over to kiss Kai. Sam was immediately struck by how there was no urgency, no animal need to fuck him. Sam wanted to take his time now. He wanted to *experience* what it was like to go slowly. An hour of foreplay instead of five or ten minutes. Moving slowly in and out of him, reaching all of the spots that made Kai grab hold of his back, caress his arms and shoulders. And, of course, hours of kissing.

Sam reached into the drawer and took out the lube and a condom. He turned back to Kai. "Lie back, baby," he said, his voice throaty and slightly raspy.

Kai did as he was told and watched Sam reposition himself on the mattress. He lay on his side and put one hand under Kai's head. He used the other to touch, to explore, all the while watching Kai's expressive eyes. There were no words, just little sighs and gasps as Sam learned what pleased the man.

He discovered that Kai liked having his chest stroked side to side, but his belly up and down. He learned that when he kissed Kai gently and deliberately while doing either, the usual response was a few short sighs punctuated with Sam's name.

Sam discovered that it was possible to make Kai hot without ever touching the beautiful dick. He learned that Kai didn't like to be touched without touching back. Kai seemed especially fond of stroking Sam's bald head. It was a newly discovered turn on for Sam as well.

He reached down and put a hand under Kai's right leg, lifting it gently and pressing it to Kai's abdomen, neither of them breaking the extended kiss that had them both breathing

heavily. He smoothed a hand over Kai's ass cheek and then pressed his thumb against Kai's hole. He didn't push in right away. And that's when he learned just how sensitive Kai's asshole was. Sam would push, exert a little pressure and Kai's belly would tense. And if he pushed his thumb in, Kai would gasp and his hands would become more insistent on the bald scalp.

"Pull your legs up, baby," Sam whispered against Kai's swollen lips. "Need to get you ready."

Kai closed his eyes and brought his other leg toward his chest. Sam let go for a moment and rolled over, retrieving the condom and lube and putting it on the opposite nightstand. He put the lube on Kai's chest.

"Open it. Need to get my fingers nice and slippery."

Kai opened the lube and squirted a quarter-sized amount onto his chest.

"Yeah," Sam said, his voice low and deep. He slicked two fingers and then lowered them to Kai's hole, passing between his legs. He ran his fingers around the muscles, dipping inside the heat each time Kai's hole twitched.

"Beautiful man," Sam said as he pushed the two

fingers in, slowly. "Beautiful blue eyes," he said, separating his fingers. He put his head down and kissed Kai, again, before moving his lips to Kai's ear. "Squeeze my fingers, baby."

"Sam," Kai whispered, his hands still moving over Sam's scalp.

"Sam's got you, baby," Sam said, kissing and licking Kai's lips and neck and ear. "Sam's here." Sam pushed his fingers in a little further, moving them around, finding Kai's prostate. "Oh," Sam said as Kai lifted his chest and ground his head back into the pillow. "There we go." Sam put his lips over Kai's right ear. He breathed out, licking the shell. "I've got you. Sam's gonna take real good care of you." He whispered, so softly, into Kai's ear, delighted by how responsive Kai's body was.

"Don't wanna come," Kai called, his voice strangled.

"Don't have to," Sam said, pulling out his fingers. "What do you want, baby?"

Sam felt the grip on his cock. Kai pulled on it a few times and then opened his eyes. They were both breathing heavily, still. "Need you. Please, Sam. Fuck me?"

Sam got to his knees and ripped open the

condom wrapper. He made quick work of rolling it on and then moved between Kai's legs. He leaned forward and swiped his palm through the rest of the lube on Kai's chest. He wrapped his hand around his dick and spread the lube around the circumference. He took hold of Kai's legs and put them on his shoulders. Sam had not even lined up yet and Kai was already panting and writhing and fisting the sheets.

Kai gasped as Sam pushed the tip against the ready hole. He reached out and touched whatever skin he could find, stroking the ridges of Sam's abdomen before moving his hands down to grab at Sam's hips.

Sam pushed in, slowly, making the process last as long as he could manage. He leaned forward again, his hands moving to brace themselves beside Kai's head. Sam spread his legs and then positioned his body as if he were going to perform push-ups. "You ready, baby?"

"Fuck me, Sam."

Kai gasped as Sam slid the rest of his length into the intoxicating heat of Kai's ass. Sam watched Kai's expression. That angelic face and blue eyes stared up at him with such trust and such... *What is it that he sees when he looks at me like that?* Sam didn't have an answer but

he never wanted to see any other look on the man's face.

Kai began grunting, keeping time with Sam's thrusts in and out. Kai couldn't seem to form any coherent words. Kai seemed only capable of grunting his approval.

"Gonna pull out for a couple of seconds." Sam put his knees back on the mattress and pulled out. He repositioned his body so that his knees were alongside Kai's hips. He fell forward, pressing their bodies together. Kai kissed him, immediately, hungrily, as he squirmed his ass from side to side trying to find Sam's cock. "It's okay, baby. Here you go," Sam said as he pushed back into Kai's ass. "Touch me," Sam said, softly. "Touch my chest and my arms."

"Big," Kai panted, his eyes rolling back in his head. "Strong."

"All yours, baby," Sam said as he pushed in and out. He wasn't interested in *fucking* Kai right then. He was going to make love to him. Sam pushed in and out, going slowly on purpose. "Look at me, Kai."

Kai opened his eyes, his eyes seeming unable to register anything around him.

"Pretty eyes," Sam said as he sped up his

movements. "Are you ready to come for me? Can I see you cover your belly with come?"

"Yes," Kai wheezed. "Ear," Kai panted.

"Okay," Sam whispered, moving his mouth to Kai's left ear. He put his lips to the shell. "You like it when I kiss your ears? When I lick them?"

Sam was mid-thrust when he felt that familiar tightening. He heard the soft, almost inaudible sigh and then felt the hot jizz flowing between them. Kai's head whipped from side to side, his fingers pressing into Sam's triceps.

"Fuck, yeah, baby," Sam said, kissing his ear. "Let go." Sam put his head next to Kai's neck and began to thrust again, in earnest. He pushed in and out, continuing his comments about Kai's eyes and heat.

Kai's intense stroking and kneading were soon replaced by long, soft petting all over Sam's arms, shoulders and back. He kept whispering Sam's name. It was Kai's turn to lick and kiss Sam's ear. "I'm here, baby," Kai said against his ear, holding on tight to the strong back when Sam began to tremble.

"Kai," Sam called out as he thrust his hips forward, over and over. Kai squeezed and

released, several times, heightening the pleasure for Sam. "Kai," Sam said again. It was the only word that he could think of.

Sam held on, still trembling from the physical exertion and the emotional drain. He tried to control his breathing as he clung to Kai. He softened and fell out of Kai, bringing his knees farther forward so he could get closer. His hands were stroking the silky hair.

Kai was embracing him, petting his back.

Sam could feel his hear beat, hear him breathing.

"You're still trembling," Kai whispered into his neck.

Sam chuckled, the sound coming out more like a strangled cry and pushed up on his elbows. He looked down, into Kai's eyes, and had no words. It was the most incredible, freeing, unique, transcendent experience he'd ever had with another man in bed. He didn't have as impressive a list as other men, but it was still long enough to recognize the anomaly among them. So, either he and all those men had been doing it wrong or there was some reason why sex with Kai was unlike any other physical connection he'd had with men he'd thought worth pursuing.

"I know," Kai said and kissed Sam's left bicep. "I know." Kai kissed the right. "Shall we have another shower?"

Sam brushed his lips against Kai's and moved, slowly, to the edge of the bed. "Should probably change the sheets first," Sam said, wondering what his next water bill would look like.

"Where are they?" Kai stood there, hands on hips, looking saucy and naughty.

"Hall closet. Middle shelf," Kai said, stripping the blanket and sheets off the bed. Kai moved to the hallway.

"Any preference?"

Sam smiled and shook his head. *Even with the sheets, he's concerned about everyone getting what they want.* "No, baby. You pick." Sam heard the closet door close.

"I kind of like these ones," Kai said, walking back into the room with a set of white satin sheets.

"Very nice," Sam said, taking the fitted sheet from Kai. "Other side," he ordered and threw the billowy fabric across the mattress once Kai got there.

They made short work of the flat sheet and then ran into a problem. The blanket that Sam had chosen earlier wouldn't stay on the satin; it kept sliding off. The duvet probably would to.

"Is this why you never use them?" Kai stood, thumb nail between his teeth, pondering.

"Sort of," Sam said, not wanting to tell him that he'd bought them to impress some twenty-something that had turned out to be just as slippery and not nearly as clean as the sheets.

"I may have an idea," Kai said, lifting his end of the mattress and tucking the blanket in. "Be sure to get as much of the blanket up the side, as well." Kai was done his side. "It may still come off, but we'll be warm for part of the night."

"Furnace, right here, remember?"

"Oh," Kai said, pointing to the blanket. "Should we take it off?"

"Come on," Sam said, laughing at the sincerity of Kai's questions. "We're gonna have a nice, long, lazy shower. I'm gonna dry you off and then I'm gonna keep kissing you until I can't stay awake anymore." Sam nudged Kai in front of him and into the bathroom. "Those sheets are

going to feel so cool and soft." Sam started the taps while Kai got the towels ready on the hooks beside the shower. "I should warn you about something, though."

"What's that? I've already slept with you two different nights."

"Those were on dark sheets, though. So, don't be horrified if you wake up and see tons of dark hair on the sheets. I shed like a Collie."

Kai laughed and hugged himself to Sam's torso. "That's all? There are worse things you could shed."

"Says the guy with zero body hair and hair for days up top."

"Would you find me as attractive if I'd shed my values, morals, ethics or compassion?"

"Touché. I mean," Sam said as he guided Kai into the shower and then got in himself. "I always knew that I'd lose it one day, but I still miss it." Sam tilted Kai's head back and wet his hair, taking the opportunity to kiss him. He reached for the shampoo and moved Kai toward him so he could get a good lather going. "I miss having a head of hair to play around with, you know."

"You do have a head of hair to play with," Kai said, his eyes squeezed shut. "It's just mine and not yours."

"I'm starting to really appreciate the way you see things." Sam said, making little horns out of Sam's shampoo-filled hair. He turned Kai around and told him to open his eyes. Kai looked at himself in the little shaving mirror. "Should have been a hairdresser, right?"

"You're funny," Kai said, turning back to face Sam.

Sam did another sculpture--a mohawk--and turned Kai to see himself. Sam tried another two or three, each one getting an appreciative laugh from Kai.

They finally washed and rinsed, dried themselves off and were in between the cool satin sheets within fifteen minutes.

Sam was lying on his back, one of Kai's legs between his. He was smelling the damp hair, kissing it every so often. It tickled his nose if Kai shifted his head. Kai was busy admiring his tattoos, tracing them with his finger.

"Would you like me to drive you anywhere tomorrow when I leave for work?"

"No," Kai said. "I get around pretty well on the bus."

"You don't own a car?"

"No."

"Too personal for me to ask why?"

"Not at all," Kai said shifting his head again. Sam brought up a hand to smooth the hair away from his mouth. "They scare me, is all."

"Bad accident as a child or something?" Sam heard the flip tone of the question and censured himself. "I'm sorry, Kai. Please forgive me. I didn't mean to be rude like that."

Kai propped himself up and kissed Sam's chest and then his mouth. "I wasn't offended. No, the truth is that big machines scare me. So many things can go wrong. If the tire blows, one, two or ten people could have their lives changed forever." Kai returned his head to Sam's chest.

"I don't mean to be a prick here, but couldn't you say the same for a bus?"

"The only thing that scares me about busses is being hit by something larger than the bus. If a car hits it, there won't be too much that will happen to me." Kai said, lifting his head up

once more. "I rode with you today. It's not that I *won't* ride in cars, it's that I don't want to be driving one and be responsible for an accident."

"Or the victim of one, like a drunk driver,"

"Very perceptive, Detective."

"You know," Sam said, shifting his head on the pillow to get a better look at Kai's eyes.

"When you first did that, the first night we were together, I hated it."

"And now?"

"It's kinda sexy, actually." Sam pushed some damp hair off Kai's forehead. "So many times a day I hear people say that, like it's an insult or something. But you... you use it in a nice way. A sexy way."

Kai leaned over and kissed Sam, slowly, with no tongue.

"I promised you hours of kissing, didn't I?"

Kai waggled his eyebrows. "Looks like we both have outstanding commitments."

Sam furrowed his brow and watched as Kai took hold of his flaccid cock. Sam felt it stirring almost immediately.

"I love your cock not *only* because of its size, but because it's the least impressive part of you and you don't see that yet."

Sam was dumb struck for a moment. He was trying to decipher the message in his head.

"It's big and fat and very impressive. And you use it to give me an incredible amount of pleasure." Kai let go of his cock and skimmed his hand over Sam's bald head. "This is the most impressive part of you."

"My bald head?"

"No, silly. Your brain. Your thoughts. I love that you keep trying to make me feel special, but you never have those same thoughts for yourself. You don't seem to know who you really are."

"I don't understand," Sam said, wondering if he was being insulted.

Kai caressed Sam's chest for a moment.

"You're a good man, Sam. An important man. A man so filled with love that you tattooed his badge number on your chest so he'd always be with you. And a man so confounded by life that you live the same day, the same life, over and over again worrying about other people but never yourself."

"It's my responsibility," Sam said, relieved that Kai wasn't actually insulting him.

"But you also have a responsibility to yourself. There's nothing wrong with being selfish every once in a while. And I'm not talking about dismissing the victim of a crime because you're tired or frustrated. I'm talking about leaning on someone, asking for what you want."

"Isn't that what I did to you all weekend?"

"In a manner of speaking," Kai said, moving his hand to Sam's neck and jawline.

Sam wasn't really following, wasn't really understanding what he'd done wrong. Or, at least, not done right. Then it dawned on him, slowly. "You're talking about the dreams?"

Kai nodded.

"I told you I don't talk about work--"

"I'm not asking you to tell me every detail."

"So what are you asking?" Sam said, pushing himself up on his elbows. "You want to hear about how I wake up screaming sometimes because they're so bad? Or you want to hear about how I'll go without sleep for days because I'm afraid to fall asleep?"

Kai did the strangest thing. Sam was getting upset, but Kai just leaned over and kissed him, softly, gently. He pulled away and ran his thumb over Sam's lower lip. "That would be a beginning, yes."

Sam lowered himself back to the cool sheets, feeling a little dazed.

"If you tell me you're investigating a murder, I can safely assume that there was blood and pain and fear and all the other things that go along with such a tragedy," Kai said, still propped up on an elbow and still caressing Sam's neck and chest. "And everyone has to find his own way of dealing with that kind of knowledge. Keeping it inside, not allowing anyone to see those thoughts is what keeps you awake. That's what gives you the dreams."

Another thought came to Sam as he listened to Kai. "I didn't have one last night," he said looking over at Kai. "At least, I don't remember waking up. Did I have one?"

"No, Sam. You didn't."

"I've had other nights when I don't remember them, but that's usually because I'm drunk."

"That's not so much sleeping as losing consciousness," Kai said with a smirk.

"So," Sam began, taking hold of Kai's hand. "You just want me to tell you about *having* dreams, not necessarily what's in them?"

"It doesn't have to be me," Kai said. "I'm just worried. You scared me the other night."

"I wasn't thinking," Sam said, feeling awful that he'd been so engrossed in getting laid and having Kai over that he'd never even dreamed that the man wouldn't take off like some of the others. "I met you and you touched my slacks and it had been so long for me, by myself..." He kissed Kai's hand, taking a moment to inhale the smell of soap. "I was selfish. I'm sorry you had to see that."

"I'm not," Kai said. "Now, *maybe*, you can start to feel more like yourself."

Sam nodded, finding that last comment odd. *He's only known me for three days. How would he know which me is the real one? Is there more than one me?* As Sam lay there thinking, Kai put his head back down and started tracing the tattoos again. Sam like it when he did that; it was hypnotic, comforting.

"Why do you think I didn't have the dreams the second night?"

"Perhaps you were feeling more like yourself?"

"I don't understand what you mean by that."

"Why wouldn't you act out your fantasy with me?"

"The one where I slap you around and fuck you with just spit because you're a thug?"

"Yes, that one."

"I told you that I wasn't going to slap you or hurt you."

"We could have taken precautions to avoid any serious harm. You could slap me. I won't break."

Sam shook his head in disgust.

"It's a fantasy that you've probably thought about while you jacked off, right?"

"Yeah."

"But yet you didn't want to realize it. Could it be because you wouldn't be able to bring yourself to treat someone that way?"

Sam didn't answer. Kai was right, but Sam figured he already knew he was right.

"So, there's the you in the fantasy that would have no problems fucking a thug with only spit, slapping him around and treating him like he's there only for your gratification. And then

there's the you who's spent three days fucking me, making love to me, taking me to a baseball game and a Ferris wheel and even buying me ice cream because I said I enjoyed those things." Kai wrapped his arm across Sam's chest. "One of those Sams is feeling lost, alone and thinks there's nothing wrong with him." Kai raised his face, a serious expression on his face. "And the other one won't lose a moment of sleep after raping and beating a thug for his own sexual pleasure." Kai kissed him on the mouth, leaving his lips there for a heart beat or two. He pulled away and set his head down for the last time.

That last little bit of what Kai had said was a bit of a slap in the face to Sam. He'd never thought of himself as lost or alone. Lonely? Sure, sometimes, but lost? He pulled Kai closer and listened as the man's breathing deepened. He put his hand over the hand Kai had on his chest. And he thought. For a while.

Not really where I thought we would end up tonight. But Kai wasn't really wrong, about anything that he'd said.

Sam had figured that the dreams were part of the job. He still enjoyed the job, so he would just have to put up with the dreams. But it

alarmed him that he'd not thought about the dreams before convincing Kai to stay with him. He wasn't sloppy like that. Sam took pride in his efficiency, in his ability to think ahead and analyze. These were the things that made him a good detective.

Maybe Kai was right. Maybe he did need to talk about this, to let some of it out. Kai never said this, but maybe Sam was getting sloppy because of the dreams. And if started to get sloppy out on the street, he could end up saying goodbye to everything he'd worked for for so many years. Or worse, he could get someone else killed.

He pulled Kai even closer, he thought about the man in his arms: *If he feels for me only a quarter of what I've been feeling for him, I can't take the risk of going out there and never coming home.*

Sam knew what that felt like to know that the person you loved more than anything, the person you'd said goodbye to one morning after he made your lunch, would never get home from work. He wouldn't do that to Kai.

He couldn't prevent every possibility, but he certainly wasn't going to add more because he foolishly thought he could handle the dreams on

his own.

Sam closed his eyes and felt a little better.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Sam's eyes opened. The sun was shining down on him, warming him. He stretched, the cool sheets sliding easily over his warm skin. He turned on his side to say good morning to Kai, but when he reached out for him, all he found was sword. He lifted his head and looked around. He wasn't in his bedroom. He wasn't in his house, even. He was outside. And there was snow. Sam sat up and winced slightly. He brought his hands to his chest.

He brought up a hand to wipe at the moisture on the back of his head. He pulled it away as soon as felt something he hadn't for many years. Hair. *I have hair*, Sam thought. He pulled on it but it didn't move. He grabbed a handful and looked at it. It was soft and thick and as shiny as gold.

What the fuck is happening here?

He pushed himself to his knees in the snow. He looked down and saw the heavy sword beside where he'd been laying in the snow. He glanced out beyond the wharf and remembered last night. He'd refused to go back inside after saying goodbye to Ulrich, his chief and friend, the only person he'd ever loved, the man he'd spent a lifetime protecting.

There was no way for anyone to have known that what had taken Ulrich would eventually take many more of their village, no way for them to know that while plundering those far-away lands they'd brought back much more than the gold and jewels from the monastery.

He'd stood for hours last night as the ship was set adrift in the harbor and then set alight. He'd watched it burn for hours until it sank slowly beneath the calm and glassy waters. Ulrich was gone, but not in battle as he'd always wanted. The thought made him cry.

He'd cried for what felt like hours, consumed with grief and an overwhelming desire to fall on his sword, to join his friend in Valhalla. But Ulrich would not have approved of his most trusted protector taking his own life.

Instead, this most trusted protector had held a one-man vigil on the shores of the fjord until he'd become so tired that he could no longer stand, until the need for sleep had overtaken him and he'd fallen where he'd stood the night before.

As he stared out at Ulrich's final resting place, the mix of thoughts - of trying to be brave against the unbearable sadness and loss - knocked him to the ground once more. And he

stayed there, crying for one more moment with Ulrich.

Sam came awake, sputtering and coughing. He called Ulrich's name. He sat up and bent over the side of the bed, feeling like he was going to vomit. When he could take another breath without coughing, there was a hand on his back.

"Sam?"

He looked over and saw Kai, his face a study in concern and worry. He reached out and wrapped his arms around him, hugging him tightly.

"Another bad dream?"

"No," Sam said, falling back onto the mattress. "Yes," he stammered. "I don't know. It wasn't like the others. I don't know if it was good or bad."

"Shall I get you some water? Something stronger?"

"No," Sam whispered against Kai's hair. "Just hold me. Don't let go."

Kai rolled Sam a little so he could get one hand underneath his neck and then brought the other hand around to meet it. They didn't quite touch since Sam's back was too broad, but Sam

appreciated the effort.

"Was it about work?"

"No," Sam said, finally letting go and seeing what a ridiculous position Kai's body was in. "Sorry," he said, his laugh nervous and jittery. "Here," Sam said as rolled onto his back and pulled Kai to him. "Will you rub my chest?"

"Of course," Kai said, snuggling up and resting his head on Sam's shoulder. He put a hand on Sam's chest, moving the long fingers first together and then apart. He caressed the warm skin. Sam started to feel better immediately.

"Reminds me of my mom rubbing that stuff all over my chest when I was a kid and had a cold." Sam closed his eyes and felt a little better. "Always made me feel better."

Kai didn't say anything in response, just kept stroking that hand across Sam's chest.

"Strange dream. I was a Viking. Ulrich was dead."

"Who is Ulrich?" Kai lifted his head and looked at Sam with surprise.

"I don't know," Sam said, petting Kai's shoulder.

"Dreams don't always have to make sense, Sam."

"He was someone very important to me. That's all I could figure out," Sam said, suddenly remembering the overwhelming sense of loss.

"I don't understand," Kai said, as flummoxed as Sam.

"Neither do I," Sam sighed and pulled Kai closer. "Okay, enough. Go back to sleep, baby. I'm sorry I scared you again." Sam shook his head at his life. *Meet a beautiful man who's willing to hang around, who loves sex and is kind and sweet and even-tempered, but I'll manage to scare him away with these fucking... whatever the hell they are.* The sensations over Sam's chest, from Kai's soft hands, were lulling him back to sleep. *If I see him after work tomorrow, after his first opportunity to escape, I'm going to ask him to marry me.* The thought made Sam laugh.

Sam heard a noise and opened his eyes. Kai was still beside him, still stroking his chest. The noise seemed to be coming from the living room, or maybe the kitchen. He moved Kai's hand, causing the man to roll over. Sam swung his legs over the side of the bed, planted his feet on the cool floor and reached for his gun. But it wasn't there. Neither was his badge.

I've kept them there for twenty years, Sam thought as he pushed himself off the bed and ran to check his pants. Nothing.

He pulled on a pair of sweatpants and opened the door, very carefully, being sure to make even the smallest noise. He tiptoed down the hall and peered around the corner.

The noise of a bell, loud and clear, startled Sam. He looked behind him and then back into where the living room had been a moment ago. There was the courtyard of a monastery, littered with monks standing around a grave. A fresh grave, the earth still piled beside it.

There was chanting and words, in latin probably, before each of the twenty monks or so took a handful of dirt and cast it into the open pit.

He approached and watched as his own hand revealed itself from under the rough brown cloth of a monk's habit. The hand took hold of some of the dirt. He stood, alone, at the side of the grave and looked down at the small wooden box that held the only friend he'd ever known.

He imagined Peter all alone in that small box, in the cold unfriendly ground, and sank to his knees. He could not bring himself to throw the

handful of dirt on top of the coffin. He could not do much of anything other than cry and wonder why God had been so cruel and heartless to take Peter away so soon.

Who would care for the children now? Who would tend the garden so lovingly? How will I ever get through another night without Peter to talk to?

He looked toward the heavens and tried, so hard, not to hate the Creator. But it was no use. He had never felt such anger and rage for anyone before this moment, before Peter had been taken from him.

You spare liars and thieves and murderers, but not Peter? Not the one person who believed in you with all of his heart? Not the one person who's lovely voice sang your praises every day?

He shook his head, his eyes filling with tears as the harsh sun beat down where he kneeled beside the open grave.

I shall never forget this. Never. I will hate You for all eternity.

"Sam? Sam, wake up. It's okay. Wake up."

He jackknifed so that he was sitting on the bed. He looked over and saw Kai. Sweet,

beautiful Kai.

"I'm sorry," Sam said, breathless, reaching out for him. "Did I hurt you?"

"No," Kai said, stroking Sam's chest and then his back. "But you were really frightened about something."

"I was a monk this time," Sam said, shaking himself.

"A monk?"

Sam nodded, but didn't bother to repeat himself. He noticed the time on the alarm clock.

"Are you sure you want to go to work today?"

Sam waved a hand dismissively. "Yeah, I'm okay." He kissed Kai on the lips. "Good morning, baby." He caressed a flushed cheek. "I'll be okay."

"Okay," Kai said sweetly and kissed Sam's temple.

"I'll make it up to you. I promise."

"My curiosity is piqued," Kai said, crawling over Sam to get to the edge of the bed and then the floor. "But that's not necessary." He held out a hand.

"I promise," Sam repeated, taking Kai's hand.

They walked to the bathroom. Sam leaned over the sink and splashed cold water on his face before brushing his teeth. He lathered up his face and dragged a razor across it. He was about to do the same to his head.

"May I?" Kai asked. He held out his hand for the razor.

"You want to shave my head for me."

Kai raised his eyebrows. Sam could see that the idea excited Kai.

"Okay," Sam said. He shrugged, handed the razor to Kai and sat on the toilet.

Kai approached him slowly. He stood in front of Sam, reaching to the side and putting the razor on the counter. Sam was staring right at Kai's erection. He smiled. *Go figure. Who would have thought that shaving a man's head would get some people horny.*

"First," Kai said as he put both hands on Sam's head. "I need to feel the direction of hair growth. I don't want you walking out of here with cuts on this perfect skin."

Sam reached out and put his hands on Kai's thighs, gliding up and down, very slowly. "You

have the most incredible legs."

"Thank you," Kai said as he was shaking the bottle of shaving foam.

Sam heard the whoosh of the can and then felt the cool emulsion being spread seductively all over the parts of his head with stubble. He closed his eyes and concentrated on what was underneath his own hands as well as Kai's. He owed Kai another apology: this was turning out to be incredibly erotic.

"I may be late for work this morning," Sam whispered, moving his hands up to Kai's belly. He leaned forward and kissed Kai's navel.

"That tickles," Kai said, pushing his head gently back into place. "Don't move," Kai warned. "Once we're done, you can do whatever you'd like to me, Detective."

"Whatever I'd like, huh?"

"Yes sir."

"Shall I tell you what I'd like?"

"Yes sir. Please."

"When we're done here, I'm going to take you into the shower. We'll have twenty minutes before the water gets cold." Sam put his hands back on Kai's thighs. He was stroking them just

as slowly as before. "The first fifteen will be me on my back with that glorious hole right above my tongue. And when your legs are tired and you can't stand it anymore, I'll hold you up against that wall, your legs draped over my elbows..." Sam moved his hands around to cup Kai's ass.

"And?" Kai was moving the razor methodically, not rushing.

"I'll push into that sweet, tight heat of yours. Slowly, very, very slowly I'm going to tap the big head of my dick against your sweet spot until you come all over both of us. Your pretty ass will tighten around me, making me come only the way you can, and then I'll pull out, pull off the condom and come just the way you like it."

"On my face?"

"Yeah, baby. On your face." Sam laughed as Kai lifted the razor and shuddered a little.

"Almost done," Kai was finishing his slow process of shaving a strip of scalp and then rinsing.

While the razor was off his head, Sam took advantage of the moment and held Kai's hips. He leaned forward and licked the droplet of pre-cum

that had been in front of him the whole time he'd been explaining what he would do to Kai in the shower.

Kai sighed and pushed Sam's head back.

"And later on tonight, we're going to try something I've never done before."

"What?" Kai's voice was throaty and sexy.

"I'm going to spend an hour or two worshipping this body. You're going to lie on your side, with me behind you and I'm going to enter you from behind, my big arms wrapped around this pretty chest and belly."

"Sam," Kai whimpered. "I think I'm done."

Sam wasn't sure what he meant, but he just looked up and saw Kai's flustered expression. He brought his hands up and caressed his own head. Not one little bit of stubble left. He growled and took Kai by the hips, pushing him toward the shower.

"Stand over here," Sam ordered, putting Kai toward the back of the shower. He turned and started the taps, then lay down on his back when the floor seemed warm enough. "Sit down, baby," Sam said, using his hands to guide Kai to the right position. He kissed Kai's hole and

cheeks. Kai gripped him; it was like a vice. "No, no," Sam said. "That'll be for later."

Sam spread Kai's cheeks with his thumbs and then began in earnest. He poked and licked and then repeated the whole process, over and over, until Kai was barely able to keep himself upright.

"Sam," Kai gasped after only a few minutes. "Now."

Sam pushed a finger inside. Kai squeezed it tight, reaching for a condom and tearing the foil wrapping. He leaned forward, his hole twitching and squeezing and wrapped Sam's cock in the latex. He grabbed the water-soluble lube and applied it liberally, throwing the tube in the corner, his need obvious. Sam was more turned on than he could remember, and that was saying a lot.

"Fuck," Sam hissed. "Definitely the best way to start the day." He pushed his hands against that perfect ass and Kai stood up. He was gripping the wall and shower door for support. "Come here," Sam said as he leaned down in front of Kai. Kai surprised him and jumped up, spreading his legs. Sam caught them on his forearms. Kai's arms went around his neck, their mouths and tongues devouring each other.

"Hungry, baby?"

"Sam," Kai gasped against his lips. "Fuck me."

"Might be cold," Sam said as he pressed Kai's back against the tiles.

"Just fuck me," Kai huffed. He was pushing down with his ass, trying to find Sam's cock, trying to find some relief.

Sam kissed him hard and shoved inside of him just as hard.

Kai's eyes rolled back and he howled. He called Sam's name over and over as Sam pounded into him. Sam pulled out all the way and then slammed back in again. Four or five quick thrusts once inside and then he would pull out again.

"Like that, baby?"

Kai didn't answer. His head was rolling side to side as random sounds escaped his mouth.

"Make yourself come," Sam ordered, looking intently at the flushed face.

Kai let go with one hand and Sam leaned back slightly so he could watch. Kai gripped his own cock and pulled two or three times before his fingers dug into the thick muscles of Sam's

trapezius muscle.

"Yeah," Sam growled as he watched Kai's release. "That what I do to you?" Sam leaned forward and pressed his mouth to Kai's ear. "That what having this giant cock pounding in and out of your sweet hole do to you?"

"Yes," Kai wheezed. His head fell back against the tiles.

"Let me taste," Sam said.

Kai brought up his hand and pressed it against Sam's awaiting tongue.

Sam licked everything he could find and kept it on his tongue. He leaned forward and pressed his mouth to Kai's, pushing his tongue inside right away. Kai was making little whimpering noises.

"Close baby," Sam said, wincing against the pain in his arms and legs.

"Let me down, please," Kai said, his eyes growing wider in anticipation.

"Fuck, yeah," Sam huffed. "You gonna swallow it again. Swallow me while I shoot in your mouth?"

"Yes, yes, yes," Kai said, squirming to be released.

Sam put him down slowly and Kai immediately got on his knees. He pulled the condom off and threw it in the corner.

"Oh, Kai, baby," Sam said as his cock was enveloped by the eager heat of Kai's mouth. Sam put his hands out in front of him, on the tiles, above the spot where he'd Kai seconds before. He thrust, trying to do it gently, but not really succeeding.

Kai was running his hands along Sam's ass and thighs. He moved them to the inner thighs and began stroking, just like before. Sam looked down and saw his entire cock inside that sweet mouth. He closed his eyes and let his head fall onto his left shoulder. The mere sight of his cock inside Kai's mouth was enough to send him over the edge.

"Ffff..." Sam clenched his ass muscles, thrust into the heat and then held it for a few seconds, feeling the sharp jabs of exquisite pleasure. He pulled back and thrust again, several times, in rapid succession. He was grunting, his eyes squeezed shut from the sheer force of the orgasms that Kai could bring out of him.

The quakes subsided and he looked down again to see Kai licking him clean. He bent over at

the waist and hooked his hands under Kai's arms. He pulled the man to his feet and pressed him against the tiles again. He kissed him, savagely, claiming him, a primitive impulse to claim what he wanted to be his.

"Kai," Sam whispered, tenderly. "My sweet Kai."

"All yours," Kai whispered back. He reached out with those long fingers and caressed Sam's scalp. "If you want."

"I want," Sam said, his heart beating out of his chest. "I've never wanted anything so much in my entire life."

"And you're mine?" Kai ran his thumb along Sam's lower lip.

"For as long as you'll have me." Sam pressed their foreheads together.

They kissed for a few more minutes, each of them breathing more normally. Sam reached for the soap and pressed it into Kai's hands. "Get some lather going," he said standing up straight and presenting his chest.

Kai did as he was told and soon they were a jumble of hands and body parts covered in soap bubbles.

"Come here," Sam said, guiding Kai under the hot spray. He wet his hair, took some shampoo in the palm of his hand. Sam washed Kai's hair, keeping constant contact between their two bodies.

"It's been a wonderful weekend," Kai said as Sam massaged his head.

"I don't think I'd use the word *wonderful*," Sam said, moving Kai back under the spray.

Kai pushed the hair out of his eyes and looked at Sam. "No?"

"No," Sam said, unable to hide the mischievous grin. He stepped forward and helped the water remove all of the shampoo. "I'd say life-altering, magical, once-in-a-lifetime."

"That's quite a few words," Kai said, finally understanding.

"I know," Sam said, wrapping his arms Kai's torso and kissing him again. Small, quick pecks on the swollen lips for a minute as the water began to cool. He shut off the water without releasing Kai. He pulled back slightly and studied Kai's blue eyes. *So this is what love feels like*, Sam thought as he put a hand at the back of Kai's head and took a much longer, deeper kiss.

Kai shivered--although Sam wasn't sure if it was from the kiss or from the cool air on their skin--and released him. They dried off and Sam went to the bedroom to get dressed. Kai stood, naked in the doorway, and watched him.

"You really are an amazing man," Kai said, his hips canted to one side, his hands clasped behind his back. "You move like no other man I've ever met."

Sam pulled on his socks and then a pair of briefs.

"I prefer you in briefs," Kai said, pushing away from the door jamb and moving to sit on the end of the bed.

"Why's that?"

"There's this," Kai said as he caressed Sam's ass through the thin cotton material. "I can still picture it in the mirror as you were fucking me. You have so little body fat that I can actually see the chords of muscle rippling as you squeeze your ass muscles, pushing inside me."

Sam's reaction was predictable. He tried to think of dirty socks or something that would discourage another erection, but he was failing.

"And then there's this," Kai said, reaching out to try and caress Sam's dick.

"No, no," Sam said as he bent over and backed away. "Have to go to work, baby."

"Okay," Kai said, disappointed. "Can I at least tell you about it."

"About my own dick?"

Kai nodded and leaned back on his elbows. He was on full display.

"I already know what you like about it," Sam said, feeling embarrassed to be having a conversation about his own dick when he wasn't naked or fucking someone. He pulled a pair of navy dress pants off a hanger.

"I mean when it's in your briefs," Kai said, spreading his legs slightly.

Sam could see that Kai's cock was filling with blood.

"Some men pull their dicks up and away, but yours is so big and so heavy that you have to let it hang there," Kai said, repositioning himself so that he was lying on his stomach.

Sam noticed the perfect ass squeezing slightly, giving Kai some friction against the blanket. His mouth was hanging open. His mouth

was too dry to speak. He stood there, listening and watching, his dress pants hanging in his hands.

"Your ass is so round and so muscular that it pulls the fabric at the front," Kai said, his ass pushing against the blanket on the bed.

"The fabric is pulled so tight that I can see the outline of that beautiful cock." Kai reached out and Sam seemed unable to stop himself from moving toward the bed. Kai's hand made contact with Sam's dick, starting at the base and then moving slowly along the length.

Sam looked down and was amazed he wasn't hard again.

Kai's motions were increasing in intensity and frequency. He cupped his hand so he could hold Sam's cock. He pushed up, watching the organ move and bend. "My favorite part is that little line down here where I can see the head." Kai ran a finger along the head, licking his lips. "But the best thing of all is looking at it confined like this, and also knowing what it's like when it's free. Knowing how it feels inside me. Knowing how it looks, how you look when you're inside me."

Sam watched as Kai whimpered, closed his eyes and came. Again. Sam couldn't move. He'd just

witnessed the most erotic, most sensual thing he was sure he would ever see in his lifetime.

Kai rolled over onto his back and Sam's gaze went back and forth between the stain Kai had just made and the look of complete satisfaction on the handsome face.

Sam swallowed hard. "Uh," he croaked. "Will you be here at lunchtime?"

"If you want," Kai said, grinning.

"I want," Sam said. He finally managed to pull his eyes away. He pulled on his slacks and then his shirt, his hands still a little shaky after what he'd just witnessed. He pulled on his shoes, somewhat afraid to turn around.

"Do you have a vibrator or butt plug?"

Sam closed his eyes and turned away from the closet. "Top drawer. Your side."

"I'll make sure I'm good and ready for you," Kai whispered.

"Jesus," Sam said as he pulled his suit jacket off the hanger and shrugged into it. He walked over to the end of the bed and got down on one knee, his head suspended above Kai's. "I'll be here right at noon. Come hell or high water."

"Are you sure you don't want to stay home,

just for the morning?"

Sam thought about it, seriously, for a few seconds and then realized what this show had been about. "Oh, no," Sam said, leaning over and kissing Kai's lips and forehead. "I'm on to you now."

Kai made an exaggerated frown and got to his hands and knees.

"Nice try, but I have to go to work."

"Okay," Kai said and crawled to the end of the bed. "See you at noon."

"You bet, baby," Sam said as he got down on one knee and kissed Kai's pout away. "But I'll be filing that little show away. We'll have an extended version real soon."

Kai smirked and caressed Sam's cheek. "Be careful."

"Always," Sam said and got up. He headed out of the bedroom. "Call me if you need anything."

He was still shaking his head, feeling ridiculous for not having recognized what Kai's little porn show had been about. The upside, however, was that it had filled Sam's head with all sorts of ideas. He was in his car and on his way, surprised that he wouldn't be as late

as he'd feared.

Sam arrived at the precinct, a few minutes late, to a few whistles and catcalls. It was the usual ribbing about leaving the party early, accompanied by a few hushed comments from Joe. *How was it?* Joe asked after announcing that a witness they'd waited to interview was now well enough to answer questions. They were heading to the hospital.

"Nice guy, isn't he?" Joe said as he folded himself into Sam's sedan.

"Yeah," Sam said, shrugging. He started the engine and pulled out of the parking lot.

"Anna was telling me he's single."

"Okay," Sam said, checking both ways before pulling into morning traffic.

"Handsome guy," Joe said, obviously fishing for some information

"Yup."

"So," Joe said, letting his voice trail off. When Sam said nothing, Joe continued. "You gonna see him again?"

Sam remained silent.

"Oh, come on. That's all I get?"

"That's all," Sam said, turning and offering a sincere smirk.

"Well," Joe said, his smile becoming more and more self-satisfied. "He really got to you, huh?"

"Hell does that mean?"

"In all the years we've been working together, every time I ask you about a date or some fella you're sweet on, you shake your head and tell me to mind my own business."

"Haven't done a very good of training you, then, have I? 'Cause you still keep asking me."

"But this time," Joe said, wagging a finger. "This time, you're different. No shaking your head, no telling me to mind my own business--"

"Thought I just did," Sam said, refusing to look over at him.

"And what the hell were you doing when you came to work this morning?"

"Traffic," Sam shrugged, thinking that Joe was referring to his being in after nine instead of beating everyone else there.

"Traffic made you come to work whistling this morning?"

"Wasn't whistling," Sam said, feeling his cheeks begin to burn.

"Were fucking so," Joe said. He shook his head and slapped Sam's midsection. "It's okay, partner. I'm happy for you."

Sam cleared his throat, but made no reply.

When they reached the hospital, Sam parked the car and turned off the engine. Joe was checking his notes for something. Sam grabbed his door handle.

"Joe?" Sam said, looking sideways at his partner.

"Yeah?"

"Thanks," Sam said, his voice hushed.

"No prob," Joe said, flipping his notebook closed. He opened his own door and then shouldered the door open.

The rest of Sam's morning was like any other. Witnesses, files to read, leads to follow, reports to write. It was a never-ending assembly line of questions, few answers and reams of paper. Except this day was a little different. There was a face, a pair of blue eyes, popping into his head every few minutes. Each time that happened, Sam had the urge to

smile. And whistle.

He bid goodbye to Joe, telling him he'd be back after a late lunch. Joe just smirked and waved.

Sam arrived home just after noon, his pants already growing snug as he started to undo his tie in the driveway. By the time he reached the kitchen, his jacket was off, his tie stuffed in one of the pockets and his shirt almost off.

"Kai?" Sam practically ran for the bedroom.

He stopped at the closed bedroom door. He heard moaning. Sam recognized those sounds. They were the sounds that Kai had been making all weekend long. A strange feeling of jealousy overtook him. *Is he fucking some other guy in my bed?*

Sam pushed his hand against the door and saw Kai, alone, writhing on the bed. Kai was naked. His head was thrown back, his legs akimbo, toes pointed as he worked the vibrator in and out of himself. Sam reached for the door and closed, making enough noise for Kai to hear him.

"Don't stop," Sam said when their eyes met.
"Please, don't stop."

Kai pushed the vibrator all the way in and

flicked the switch to the highest setting. Sam was rock hard in a moment, mesmerized by the sight and the sounds. Kai was calling his name, over and over again.

Sam undressed himself, throwing his shirt and pants on the nearest chair. He stood back against the wall opposite the bed and stroked his cock. It was so much better than any porn he'd ever watched, because he would eventually be able to participate, to touch, to taste, to fuck the gorgeous man who was usually looking into a camera. But Kai's eyes were focused only on him.

"Show me," Sam said, moving slowly to the end of the bed. "Show me. Pull your legs back."

Kai did so, and Sam studied the quivering hole, the ten-inch vibrator pushed in to the hilt. Kai's free hand was holding his knee, the other controlling the vibrator. He wasn't jacking off. Yet.

Sam kneeled on the bed and leaned forward, pressing a thumb against the vibrator and then against Kai's perineum. Kai's skin was covered in a thin sheen of perspiration.

"How long?" Sam looked into Kai's lust-filled eyes. "Are you close?"

"Yes," Kai panted, using both hands to pinch his nipples and caress his pink skin. "You watching me," Kai groaned. "Need to touch you."

Sam moved to Kai's side and was immediately pulled forward so that Kai could devour his cock. "Turn on your side," Sam said. Kai rolled onto his side and Sam let go of the vibrator. "Don't touch it. Wanna try something." He got a condom and lube, getting himself ready, listening to the buzz and whine of the vibrator. He couldn't take his eyes off Kai. "Gonna make you feel so good, baby."

"Sam," Kai gasped, reaching out for the monster cock again.

"Patience, baby," Sam cautioned. "Wasn't expecting this. You've got me halfway there already. Need to take my time."

He spread himself out behind Kai. He took the left leg and held it up so that Kai's hole and the vibrator were on full view.

"Take out the vibrator. Slowly."

Kai responded with the appropriate action.

"Keep it handy," Sam said as he slid into the tight hole. Kai's muscles immediately clamped down on it.

Sam thrust in and out, carefully at first and then with a little more force. Kai was leaning back against his chest. Sam was stroking and petting any skin he could reach, their mouths claiming each other at odd angles. He sensed the usual signs that he was ready to come and slowed down again. Kai whimpered his disapproval.

"Okay," Sam said. "Here you go, baby." Sam reached out a hand. "Grab your leg. Give me the vibrator."

Kai handed it over and then went back to holding his own leg. His head was still turned toward Sam. Kai was beyond frenzied. He was licking and nipping and kissing Sam's lips and tongue every chance he got.

"Ready?"

"Yes," Kai sighed.

Sam claimed his lips just as he pressed the vibrator against Kai's filled hole.

Kai pushed his ass down, trying to take in the vibrator as well as Sam. Sam teased just the tip of the vibrator inside, calling out as the sensations proved to be almost too much for him. He pulled the vibrator out and then slowly pushed it back in again.

Sam smiled to himself as Kai reached around and grabbed his forearm. Sam dialled the vibrator to its lowest setting, a mere shiver along the shaft of his cock. He leaned over to see that Kai was actually biting the pillow to keep himself from screaming.

"Let me hear you, baby," Sam whispered against his neck.

Kai started moving his ass from side to side, as much as he could. "More," Kai gasped. "Please, Sam. Move."

Sam held the vibrator firm, where it was, and began to push in with more force. He pulled out and then push back in, craving the sensation of the vibrator on one side of his dick and Kai's trembling muscle on the other.

Kai leaned back onto his chest, his top arm scrabbling for contact. Sam leaned forward and kissed his ear.

"Make me come," Kai panted, pulling Sam's lips against his ear.

Sam knew what Kai wanted. The man's ears were incredibly sensitive. He wanted Sam to breathe or say something into his ear. Sam slowed down his thrusts out of fear that just that one thought would send him over the edge.

"My beautiful angel," Sam said into Kai's ear. "Come for me, baby. Let me see you. Taste you."

Kai's body went rigid. Sam stopped moving and just kept the vibrator moving slowly, in and out.

Sam peered across the belly and saw Kai spilling himself onto the sheet. "That's my baby," Sam said against Kai's ear. There was another shudder and then Kai's body went slack. "You okay? Is it too much now?" Sam was pulling the vibrator out of Kai, but a hand stopped him.

"No," Kai was still panting. "Leave it in."

"You got it," Sam said and went back to thrusting. Kai was caressing his head, his face. He teased Kai by putting the vibrator on high for a few seconds and then back to low. He repeated the change in speed a few more times and then he let go of the vibrator and wrapped his arms around Kai as tightly as he could. He bucked into the heat, again and again, emptying himself into the condom.

The vibrator rubbed against his balls. It was almost painful. He reached down and pulled it out slowly before pushing in one last time.

"My beautiful warrior," Kai said, turning his head for a kiss.

Sam obliged without releasing his grip on Kai's torso.

They lay there, connected, for another few minutes before Kai pulled away. He turned around and sat on his knees. "Lie on your stomach," Kai said. Sam did as he was asked and watched as Kai moved to sit on the backs of his legs. "How long do we have?"

Sam lifted his head and looked at the alarm clock. "Another hour or so," he said, letting his head fall back on the pillow.

"Good," Kai said as he began to touch and feel his way over Sam's ass, his lower back and finally his massive, thick back. "Love touching you."

"Love it when you do," Sam mumbled against the pillow, out of the side of his mouth.

"Where did you get this scar?" Kai asked as he traced the diagonal scar from Sam's left scapula to about four inches above his right buttock.

It was on Sam's back, so he'd never really given it much thought over the years. Some

people who saw it figured Sam was in some sort of a brawl and got cut while others wondered if Sam had been whipped or scratched. It was just a very thin, white line as if somebody had taken a ruler and joined two dots on his back.

"I don't know," Sam said, shrugging as best he could.

"I noticed it the other day when you put the mirror over by the window so I could watch you from behind."

"Dad used to tell me that I got it crawling under a chain link fence when I was younger, but I don't remember it."

"Is it sensitive?"

"No, not at all." Sam moved the pillow out of the way and propped his head on his forearms. "Feels nice."

"Your skin is so soft, minus this one long scar."

"My back was spared the acne," Sam said as he lifted up onto his elbows and turned over. Kai got up into a squat and then sat back down on Sam's thighs. He kept himself up on his elbows. "Just my ugly mug that got those scars."

"You're not ugly," Kai said. He kissed his

way up Sam's torso. He traced the digits of the badge number with his finger.

"Why do you trace the tattoo like that?"

Kai shrugged. "It's important to you. The badge number, I mean. I like that you honored him this way."

Sam said nothing as Kai skimmed his hands over his chest and neck. "He was my hero."

Kai smiled as he continued to caress Sam's upper arms. "I'm glad," Kai said, seeming a little melancholy. "Father's are very important. Especially those who raise warriors."

Sam thought the comment was a little cryptic. "Did you not have a good childhood?"

"It was wonderful," Kai said, moving up slightly so that he could kiss Sam and then lay his head on the thick chest. "Why?"

"I don't know. You seem a little sad, that's all."

"No, not sad," Kai said. The little wisps of breath were hot and moist against Sam's skin.

"Did you have a good morning?"

"It was wonderful as well," Kai said. He

looked up and smiled. "I went to the grocery store and bought us some wonderful things for dinner."

"I wanted to take you out," Sam said, feeling disappointed.

"I know," Kai said, still stroking and caressing Sam's body. "But I thought we could go and find a picnic table somewhere. Just the two of us. Maybe somewhere with a nice view to watch the sunset." Kai looked up and their eyes met. "I'm sorry, but I don't really like restaurants. They're noisy--"

Sam wrapped his arms around Kai and rolled over so that Kai was on the bottom.

"What? I said I was sorry."

Sam kissed him, passionately. *Thank fuck*, Sam thought. *He dislikes being out in public as much as I do.* "You're making it very hard to ever let you leave this house again." Sam didn't let him answer, just pressed their lips together one more time. After a few minutes, they both needed oxygen. "A secluded picnic it is."

"Are you sure?"

"Absolutely," Sam said, smiling. "I hate

being out in public too."

CHAPTER NINE

Sam showered again, alone this time, and was dressed and ready to leave thirty minutes later. He was leaning against the kitchen door, Kai, wearing only sweatpants, was in between his legs. Sam couldn't seem to stop kissing him. He would declare a kiss the last and then take another, and another.

"Okay, baby," Sam said, finally finding the resolve to nudge Kai away. "I'll be home before five."

"'Kay," Kai said, trying that same pouty routine he'd tried this morning. "Be safe."

"Always, baby," Sam said and opened the door. He walked through it, and turned to look at his house once he was by his car. He was delighted to see Kai standing in the window, waving.

Sam got in his car and was surprised that Kai didn't turn away from the window. Sam lost sight of him first. By the time he got through traffic and reached the precinct, he was still shaking his head.

His afternoon was more of the same. Joe was still pumping him for information, the other detectives were ribbing him, still, about having made it through fifteen whole minutes of the

most recent party. And through it all, Sam thought of Kai.

Kai had yet to divulge too much information about himself. Sam knew only that he was an assistant of some kind of assistant, one who's taking some time off, and that he liked the way Sam moved--something that Sam had never really thought about.

From the way Kai spoke about the badge number tattoo, and was always tracing it, the detective in Sam wondered if there was some sad, tragic story there. Perhaps Kai had lost his own father in a shooting, or maybe his father had been a policeman as well. Sam shook his head at that thought; *surely, he would have said something?* But then, they really hadn't done much talking.

As soon as Sam had hit puberty, and realized that he was much bigger than most other boys in the locker room, he'd become almost obsessed with sex. After the few clumsy attempts with the boys who were willing, Sam realized that he not only loved sex, but more importantly that he loved the sensuality of it all. The skin-on-skin contact, the heavy breathing, the quivering and writhing bodies and the kissing. Sam loved that Kai was just as into kissing as he was.

Fierce and rough or soft and tender, Kai loved it all.

He looked at his computer screen, then his keyboard. He'd made the mistake once before of using the precinct's resources to research a man he thought he was falling for. He'd not found anything on the guy, nor had he ever been caught doing it, but the guilt and the shame of abusing his authority like that had taught him a lesson. He knew, deep down, that his father would have been ashamed of him.

Sam made the decision to see how much Kai would share with him tonight, during their picnic, just as the doors to the precinct burst open and a screaming mass of teenagers and parents stormed into the squad room. Sam sighed and realized that it would be all hands on deck for another couple of hours. *But*, he thought to himself and he stood to his full height and wandered into the fray, *by then, it'll be time to go home. To Kai.*

He wasn't making any progress on his own case and the melee of teenagers, parents--and eventually lawyers--had calmed down to the point that Sam needed to act as crowd control, so he decided to head out a little early. He was driving toward home when he was stopped at a red

light. To his immediate right was the shopping mall. He had an idea.

It took him less than twenty minutes to park, find the sports store, purchase the gift and be back in his car. It was a silly idea, but one that he was sure Kai would appreciate. The sales guy had looked at Sam kind of funny when he'd requested a size that certainly wouldn't fit him. But Sam just shrugged and told him it was a gift. Sam left him to wonder if the large size meant he likes curvy women or something else entirely.

Sam pulled into his driveway, cut the engine and took the bag from the sports store off the passenger seat. He came in through the door and immediately saw the picnic basket and the huge array of sandwiches and Tupperware on the counter. He grinned when he realized that Kai must have not only gone shopping for most of this food, but that he'd then spent the better part of the afternoon preparing it all.

He opened his mouth to call out to Kai, but then saw the curve of thigh and ass just beyond the pile of sandwiches. Kai was asleep on the sofa, his hands curled up underneath his chin.

Sam put the bag on the counter, pocketed his keys so they wouldn't make any noise hitting the

counter and toed off his shoes. He walked over, hoping that Kai wouldn't wake up. He reached the sleeping body and sat, cross-legged, in front of Kai's handsome face. He reached out and pushed a forelock of hair off the warm forehead. He let his hand linger, cupping the back of Kai's head.

Just looking at the man made Sam feel giddy, as if he were looking at a bunch of kittens that were just learning how to walk. He leaned forward and kissed the back of Kai's hand. Once. Twice. *Poor baby*, he thought as he pulled himself back just so he could study the man, *completely tuckered out from all that hard work*. He looked over at the sandwiches and Tupperware containers again.

When he looked back, Kai's eyes were open.

"Hi, Sam," Kai said, his blue eyes smiling. He started to push himself up, but Sam stopped him.

"No, no," Sam said, putting a hand on his shoulder. "Stay there. I didn't mean to wake you."

"You're early," Kai sighed and blinked slowly.

"Couldn't stop thinking about you," Sam said, reaching out to cup Kai's head again. "I was

kind of useless at work."

"Doubt that," Kai said, turning his head to kiss Sam's palm.

"Busy afternoon, huh?" Sam asked, nodding toward the counter.

"I love picnics," Kai said, finally pushing himself up and sitting in front of Sam. Kai leaned forward and took Sam's face in both hands. He kissed him gently, letting his lips just rest against Sam's. "Tastes like coffee," Kai said when he pulled away.

"Sorry," Sam said, pushing himself to his feet. "Should have brushed my teeth or something." He sat down beside Kai and stretched his arm along the back of the sofa.

"Silly," Kai said, leaning against him, resting his head on the large bicep, his eyes studying the ceiling. He let his head flop to the side. He was looking at Sam. "No need to do that."

Sam looked at the flushed cheeks, the left one with a small imprint from the pillow. He reached up and ran his thumb over the small indentations. His thoughts from earlier in the afternoon came rushing back to him. He wanted to know everything about this man. Initially,

Sam had just been lucky to find someone who wasn't turned off by his size or his face. He would have been happy just to fuck the guy as much as possible and call it a night. But Kai was still here. In his arms. It wasn't often that Sam got the opportunity to grow attached enough to want to know more. And when it happened, he usually screwed it up somehow.

"I bought you something," Sam said, leaning over to pet Kai's tight belly. "You don't have to wear it or anything when we're out--"

"Of course I'll wear it," Kai said, rolling over so he could undo two of Sam's buttons. "Unless it's something that can only be worn inside."

Sam laughed and pulled Kai a little closer. "I may be a sex hound, but it's not all I think about."

"What else do you think about?"

"Right now? Just you." Sam kissed his forehead. "So you wanna open it or what?"

"Of course," Kai said.

"Stay here," Sam said as he pushed himself off the sofa. He retrieved that bag from the sports store and walked back to the sofa. This time,

he sat on the coffee table, opposite Kai.

Kai took the bag and reached inside. He pulled out a gold and blue jersey. The logo was facing Sam.

"Other side," Sam said, suddenly feeling foolish for such a dumb idea.

Kai read the back, saw the logo, and his hands dropped. He snickered and then started laughing. Sam was relieved.

"It's a basketball team in San Francisco," Sam explained.

"I know," Kai said, holding up the jersey and studying it. "The Warriors," Kai said, shaking his head. He placed the jersey on his lap, logo facing up, and leaned forward. "Such a sweet man. Sweet warrior," Kai said, stealing a kiss. "Who now has his very first cheerleader."

Sam laughed at that, rubbing his hands together while he watched the blue eyes dancing. "I'm glad you like it," he said, rubbing his sweaty palms over his slacks.

Kai handed the jersey to Sam, stood up, and stripped off his sweatshirt. Sam felt the familiar stirrings in his body as he watched the abs flex and release, that pretty chest. Kai

pulled the jersey over his head. He held his arms out to the side and sat back down.

"It's nothing compared to you naked and wet, but it's a close second," Sam said.

Kai put his hands on Sam's knees and leaned forward. "Thank you," Kai said. "I shall wear it for our picnic." Kai took another quick kiss and then sat back on the edge of the sofa, hands still on Sam's knees.

"And thank you for going to all that trouble," Sam said. "Let me know how much I owe you."

"For what?" Kai was rolling up the sleeves of his jersey.

"For dinner," Sam said, pushing himself to his feet. "It was supposed to be my treat."

Kai stood up and began unfastening the rest of Sam's buttons. "You," Kai said, firmly, "have already given enough. I've stayed here for the past three days, ate your food, used your water, even your clothes."

Sam didn't know what to say. "But--"

Kai shut him up by wrapping his arms around his torso and demanding another kiss. Sam obliged, happily. The fabric of the jersey was soft against his chest and belly. He hugged

Kai, his hands running over the stiff logo. He was glad it was on the back.

"When shall we go?" Kai asked, still holding Sam.

"Let me shower first and then we'll find the perfect spot," Sam said, kissing Kai's forehead.

"Shall I join you?"

"No," Sam said, suddenly feeling awkward. "I'll just be a few minutes. We'll save that for later on tonight."

"Okay," Kai said, not really seeming bothered by the refusal.

Sam opened his mouth to explain more, but he wasn't really sure he understood his own feelings. He kissed Kai one more time and then went to the bathroom. He left the door open, stripped out of his clothes and showered as quickly as possible. The cool air on his skin felt good, so he decided not to dry off with a towel. He walked back to the bedroom with his work clothes in hand and dropped them onto the chair.

He stood in front of the closet, staring at clothes but thinking about Kai. Or more specifically, his feelings for Kai. *Beautiful,*

tall, legs for days, sweet, kind, giving, selfless, even, he thought as he tried to focus on what clothes to put on. *And maybe I'll even start talking about the dreams.* He finally pulled out a pair of jeans and a T-shirt. He would bring a sweatshirt along, just in case it cooled significantly.

Dad used to say that he knew he loved Mom when just thinking about her would make him smile, he remembered. 'When you find the fella that makes you glad to be alive, makes you feel like you can do anything, Sammy. That's the one you love. The one who gives you so much that you feel like you could never possibly give enough back.'

That's Kai, Sam realized as he slipped on his jeans. *But it's only been three days.* Sam sat on the end of the bed and pulled on a pair of white socks. He stood up and pushed his feet into his sneakers. *How can you fall in love with someone in three days? Impossible,* he decided and pulled a sweatshirt off the closet shelf. He headed back out to the kitchen.

"All set?" Kai was putting the sandwiches and containers and utensils inside the picnic basket. "I found this basket in the basement. I hope that's okay."

"Of course," Sam said, leaning against the counter. "Is there anything else we need?"

"Blanket?"

"On it," Sam said, walking to the hall closet. He chose the largest one he could find, just in case they were going to lie down. "Okay," Sam announced. He took hold of the basket and reached the door. "Shit, keys. They're in my pants pocket."

"I'll get them," Kai said, heading off with a smile. He returned with the keys, they exited and Kai locked the door.

Sam stowed everything in the back seat of the car and then they were off.

"I did a little research online today," Kai said as Sam pulled onto the street. "There is a beautiful little park about ten miles from here with a man-made lake full of swans."

"Grayson," Sam said, nodding. "I know it. Even have a little fountain that shoots water up into the air every five minutes."

Kai nodded and then turned to look through the windshield. They fell silent, Sam alone with his thoughts and Kai with his.

"Do you need to go back to your place for

anything?"

"No," Kai said without hesitation.

"If you'd like to spend some time there, I don't mind, you know."

"I know," Kai said, putting a hand on Sam's thigh. "I like your house. It's a beautiful house."

"Your apartment is quite beautiful too," Sam said.

"I know, but it doesn't remind me of you."

Sam's heart quickened. *He's not afraid to say things like that after three days, he told himself, so maybe I'll just keep feeling what I'm feeling and let him say it first. That is, if he's feeling what I'm feeling.* Sam shook the thoughts out of his head and focused on spending an entire evening, outdoors, with Kai.

"I know you have to work in the morning, but it'll be dark in a couple of hours and then we can see the stars."

"Grayson Park's not really the place you want to be once it gets dark," Sam said, glancing over at Kai. He could see the disappointment.

"Oh," Kai sighed. "What a shame."

Stopped at a red light, Sam tried to think of a park in the city that *could* be safe after the sun set. Nothing. Then he had another idea. "How about we eat, feed the swans, enjoy the setting sun and then just come home and use the backyard?" He looked over with hope.

Kai's eyes widened and his grip on Sam's leg tightened somewhat. "Oh, perfect."

Sam smiled and saw the light change. The smile stayed on his face until he parked the car at the perimeter of the park. He got out of the car and reached into the backseat for the picnic basket and blanket.

"Look," Kai said, pointing to the sign for the walking path.

"Won't the food spoil?"

"I think it'll be okay for twenty minutes or so," Kai said, coming up beside Sam. "Put it in the trunk while we take nice stroll."

Sam shrugged and then offered a smile. He collected the items and stowed them in the trunk. He pocketed his keys and then set off for the walking path with Kai beside him.

"May I ask you another personal question?" Kai had his hands in his pockets.

"Of course."

"Have you ever spoken with anyone about your dreams?"

"You mean like a shrink?"

"Or Joe or a psychologist or even a grief counsellor at work."

Sam shrugged and moved a little closer to Kai. Their arms were touching. Sam felt the silky smooth fabric of the jersey against his skin. "No, not really into all that keep a diary or journal crap."

"Even if it might help you?"

"No guarantee it will."

"Well," Kai said, clearly amused by something. "If it's a guarantee you want, I think the only one to be found will be that if you do nothing you're guaranteed to gain nothing."

Sam chuckled and pushed Kai with his shoulder. "I guess I'll deal with it all when it becomes a problem."

"Okay," Kai said with a frown.

They walked for a few more minutes, neither of them speaking. The breeze was picking up a little, carrying the scent of autumn with it.

Sam could smell the rich earthy soil all around them, could hear the crunch of the withered leaves under their feet as they settled back down after being caught in one little tornado after another. This time of year always reminded Sam of playing touch football, or soccer, or baseball, with his father. Out in the yard, they'd play until Mom called them in for dinner.

"May I ask you a personal question?"

"Of course." Kai smiled up at him.

"Well, maybe it's not so much a question as an invitation for an information dump, if you will."

"Go ahead," Kai was still smiling.

"You don't seem to like talking much about yourself."

"I know me," Kai said, laughing. He reached and caressed Sam's forearm, briefly but slowly. Sam could feel the goosebumps rising on his arm, but wasn't sure if it was the fresh wind or Kai's touch. "Believe me when I say you're much more interesting."

"Parents?"

"Jill and Dominic. Mom is a teacher. Dad is

a doctor. I grew up in the city. Well, the suburb of Setter. Youngest of three. Only boy. I have a Master's in Business Administration. I work at Metro-Alliance Bank as an assistant director. I'm currently on a one-year sabbatical just to take some time and re-evaluate. I've had two serious relationships in my life. Unfortunately, they were both boys despite each being older than I. I ended both relationships, the first after three years, the other after five. You're my third one-night stand, ever. I was incredibly nervous making the first move the night we met, but I'm very glad I did."

Sam put a hand around Kai's waist and stopped. He bent his knees and stooped to kiss Kai's cool lips. A chaste kiss. He pulled away, still holding Kai. "I am too."

Kai smiled and caressed his chest. "Anything I left out?"

Sam got them walking again and looked up the sky. "Well, let me see." Sam reviewed all of the information that Kai had already provided. "Favorite color?"

"Blue."

"Music?"

"Various. Pop. Classical. Oldies."

"Reader?"

"Voracious."

"Video games?"

"No coordination for them."

"Smoking?"

"Never."

"Drinking?"

"Beer mostly. Spirits on special occasions."

"Arrested?"

"Once."

Sam stopped again and looked at him. Kai was smiling.

"I was arrested during a demonstration against the big oil refinery that was eventually built anyway just north of town."

"Charges?"

"Dropped."

Sam started walking again, bringing Kai with him. "Public displays of affection?"

"Depends."

"On?"

"Will it get you in trouble?"

"No," Sam said, reaching for Kai's hand. "The only people we need to worry about are the people who see us here in the park."

"I'll take my chances. Besides, you're sixteen and I'm six-four, so..."

"I guessed wrong," Sam said, squeezing Kai's hand a little tighter. "I was thinking six-three."

"I guess from up there, we all look the same to you, huh?"

Sam laughed and let go of Kai's hand in favor of draping an arm over his shoulders. "Okay. Back to the third degree."

"Yessir," Kai said with a salute.

"Why me?"

It was Kai's turn to stop. It wasn't anger that Sam saw on the handsome face, but more a mix of confusion and impatience.

"Why *not* you?"

"I just meant--"

"I understood the question, Sam." Kai started walking again, but Sam wasn't sure if he should return his arm to the shoulders. He put his

hand back in his pocket.

"I didn't mean to upset--"

"I know, Sam. And I know the terrible stuff we get spit at us when we're younger tends to stay with us. But you're not some freak because of your height. You're not some freak because of a few acne scars or because you lost some hair. And you're not some freak because you're built like some cartoon character."

"But you agree I'm a freak?" Sam glanced sideways, grinning mischievously.

Kai's head swiveled, his brows knit together and his mouth already open so he could protest some more. But he saw the playful expression on Sam's face and relaxed. He smiled, despite himself, and just shook his head.

"Well, if you're a freak then I'm a freak."

"How are you a freak? You're the best-looking man I've ever met."

Kai turned toward Sam, grabbed his arm and guided back up to his shoulders. "And to some others, I'm average, or even ugly. That's my point."

"I know," Sam said, pulling Kai a little closer. "Beauty is in the eye and all that."

"Exactly," Kai said, wrapping an arm around Sam's waist. "Now, your next question is going to be, 'What do you see when you look at me?'"

"No," Sam sighed as he spotted his car in the distance. "Actually, I was wondering if we can eat now."

Kai shook his head again and helped Sam get the items out of the trunk. They returned along the path for about thirty yards. Sam had noticed a nice little spot very near the edge of the man-made lake. Kai set out the blanket. Sam put down the basket and sat cross-legged, watching as Kai laid out everything he'd prepared.

"Okay," Kai said, as he pointed to various sandwiches. "There is corned beef on rye with mustard, ham and cheese on whole wheat and marinated grilled chicken and spinach cream sauce on focaccia." Kai moved his hand over the Tupperware containers. "This one is potato salad. And this one is cole slaw."

"And you made all of it." It wasn't a question. Sam just sat there shaking his head.

"Well, I didn't bake the bread or grill the chicken or kill the cow," Kai joked. "But I did make the potato salad and the cole slaw."

"Jesus," Sam said followed by a low whistle. "All that chopping and dicing?"

Kai started laughing, shaking his head. He peeled off the lid of the potato salad and then the cole slaw.

"What? What's so funny?"

"Do you ever look in your kitchen cupboards?"

"Yeah. Well, some of them."

"You have a KitchenAid food processor," Kai said, spooning out some potato salad onto a plate. "All this chopping and dicing took me exactly three minutes."

Sam shrugged and felt himself flush. "Oh."

Kai pushed himself forward and kissed Sam on the lips. "May I answer my own question now?" He sat back and began to unwrap one of each type of sandwich.

Sam's brow furrowed.

"What I see," Kai began, stacking the three sandwiches on Sam's plate. "When I look at you is a sweet, gentle giant of a man." Kai smiled, sweetly, and took a deep breath. "I wasn't sure what to expect from you, to be honest. I just had this overwhelming urge to be near you, like something was literally pushing me toward you."

Kai scooped some potato salad onto his own plate and then unwrapped a grilled chicken sandwich. "I was fully prepared to leave that first night, thinking that a gorgeous, muscle-bound man like you must get hit on all the time." Kai set his plate down. "And then, by morning..." Kai shrugged and took a bite of his sandwich.

Sam's plate was untouched. He'd been watching Kai during that explanation. Sam had become pretty good at recognizing the liars, the con artists, the people who gained whatever they'd gotten in life by less-than-honest means. Kai wasn't one of those, he was certain of that now.

"Thank you for that," Sam said, finally. "To tell you the truth, by morning, all I could think about was how to get you to stay even longer." Sam waved his hand in the air, realizing how Kai could interpret that. "Not just for the sex, I mean. And I don't mean it wasn't good. It was *fucking* amazing, but..." Sam stopped talking and rubbed at his forehead. "What I mean is that I felt this overwhelming sense that I knew you. You know?"

Kai nodded and took another bite of his sandwich.

"I thought about you leaving and it was like, I don't know. It was like there was this little

voice in my head telling me that I'd be an idiot if I let you walk away too soon."

Kai nodded again. He reached for the bottles of water and passed one to Sam. "You asked me how long I could stay. Do you remember?"

Sam nodded, cringing at how desperate he must have seemed. "And you said you'd stay as long as I wanted you."

"And then you explained to me what your tattoos meant." Kai took a long drink of the cool water. "It was one of the most touching things I've ever seen."

Sam blushed and chugged his water. Kai just sat there, smiling and alternating bites of his sandwich and potato salad.

"I feel a little better about asking my next question then," Sam said.

"Yes," Kai said without hesitation.

"I haven't even asked it yet," Sam said, feeling a little flustered.

"If I guess the question correctly, what will you give me?"

"Whatever you want."

"You were going to ask if I would stay for the

whole week," Kai said, smiling and obviously feeling very sure of himself.

"Actually, no," Sam said, trying to hide his amusement at the look of confusion on Kai's face. "I was going to ask you if you wanted to spend the week at your place."

"Same thing," Kai said, suddenly laughing and throwing his fork at Sam.

"Hey," Sam protested. "Careful. You could hurt somebody with that." Sam put the fork back on Kai's plate and looked at him, his smile fading a little. "I guess that's close enough for a win." Sam shrugged and looked into Kai's blue eyes. "So, you get whatever you want."

"Good," Kai said, leaning forward again for another kiss. He pulled away slightly and kept his lips close to Sam's. "Because I would like to stay until you kick me out or get sick of me."

Sam wasn't sure he'd heard correctly. He raised his eyebrows, a silent question to Kai. Kai nodded. Sam grinned and grasped Kai's head, one hand by each ear, and pulled him in for a scorching kiss, this time with plenty of tongue.

They finished their picnic, throwing bits of bread to the swans. There had been a lengthy

debate about whether the swans would enjoy some corned beef, but Sam had to defer to Kai's superior knowledge and accept that swans are herbivores. Sam had been foolish enough to enter into Kai's wager and had lost. Kai's monstrous demand was for Sam to give him a massage later on tonight.

With at least half of the food still uneaten, they packed it back into the basket, collected the blanket and were back in the car, holding hands over the center console as they headed back to Sam's home.

"Have you noticed," Kai asked as Sam pulled into the driveway, "that you haven't had a cigarette since our first night together?"

Sam cringed and pulled up the lid of the center console. He pulled out a pack of cigarettes. He lifted them up slightly to reveal a half-consumed pack of nicotine gum.

"Disappointed?" Sam asked, frowning.

Kai chuckled and pulled out the cigarettes and opened his car door. "Of course not," he said as he got out.

"I've only been smoking at work," Sam said, exiting the vehicle and reaching to get the picnic basket and blanket. Kai came around

behind the vehicle and took the basket from Sam. "I know you had one that first night, but a smoker can recognize a non-smoker who's just doing it to be polite."

Kai took a cigarette out of the pack and put it between his lips. "Lighter?"

Sam reached into his jeans pocket and pulled out his Zippo. He handed it to Kai, who lit the cigarette, took a long drag and then put the cigarette between Sam's lips.

"I may not be a consistent smoker, but I refuse to be one of those people who lectures others on what they can and cannot do." Kai pulled the cigarette out from between Sam's lips long enough to kiss him and then returned it. "This is your house. You want a cigarette, I'm not going to stop you."

Sam chuckled to himself, shrugged and took another long pull, drawing the smoke deep into his lungs. He took the cigarette between his fingers and turned to watch Kai walk up to the back door. *God, that man can move*, he thought as he looked at the cigarette again. He dropped it on his driveway, crushed it under his sneaker and headed for the door.

"I have a surprise for you," Sam said, helping

Kai stow the food in the fridge and rinsing the plates and cutlery. "And after that, it'll be time for a shower and bed."

"Can't wait," Kai said, pressing himself against Sam's body. "Wait, what surprise?"

"You'll see," Sam said, kissing Kai on the nose.

"Can you give me a hint?"

"It's slightly safer than Grayson Park at night," Sam said, swaying side to side with Kai in his arms. Kai was frowning from concentrating so hard.

"It's not out in public, is it?"

"Not really," Sam said, smiling at the expression on Kai's face.

"What do you mean *not really*?"

"No more hints," Sam said, walking backward to the sofa without releasing Kai. "We've got an hour or so," he said, kissing Kai as he went. "And we're going to spend it on the sofa." He reached the sofa and sat down at one end, patting his chest. "Your head goes right here."

"No," Kai said, sitting at the opposite end of the sofa. "Your head goes right here," he said, patting his thighs.

Sam grinned and spun himself around so that he was lying on his back, head in Kai's lap, and staring up into Kai's happy blue eyes. Kai reached out immediately and began caressing his scalp. Sam closed his eyes and sighed.

Neither of them spoke. Kai was looking down at him each time he opened his eyes. And Sam was enjoying the head massage. He pulled the hand off of his head for a moment, kissed it and then put it back, smiling at the chuckle Kai gave. Sam closed his eyes again and groped for Kai's other hand, placing it on his chest. He left his hand on top of Kai's.

"These two boys you were dating," Sam said, leaving his eyes closed for a little bit of added courage. "What did they do, for a living I mean?" Sam opened his eyes, hoping Kai wouldn't see him blushing.

"Darren was a doctor and Liam was a lawyer."

"Wow," Sam said, looking up at the ceiling. "What did they do that they couldn't make it work with you?"

"You really want to talk about my failed relationships?"

"Not if you don't want to, no."

Kai squeezed his hand. "Darren was incredibly beautiful on the outside, but ugly as sin on the inside. He liked to talk down to people far too often. I was young, I thought I could change him, blah blah blah. Liam was a very nice man, somewhat stable, but he had a severe gambling problem. I stayed with him for support, for two years, encouraging him, driving him to meetings, working with him on twelve-step programs..."

"But?"

"I bought two tickets for a cruise that he'd suggested for our anniversary, the tickets disappeared one day..." Kai's voice trailed off, but Sam did not push. "He'd sold them. I'm still not sure how you do that, honestly, but there it is."

Sam squeezed the hand on his chest and brought it up to his lips. "I'm sorry," he said. "Thank you for telling me."

Kai just shrugged, his eyes still shining down on Sam.

"You'll be happy to know that I don't have a gambling problem. Nor do I talk down to people. In fact, most people have to talk down to me since--"

"Enough," Kai said, softly, before leaning

over and putting his lips against Sam's.

"Sorry," Sam mumbled.

"And what about your past relationships?"

"Quite a few," Sam admitted, turning his eyes back to the ceiling. "If you can count relationships in weeks or days."

"Was it your job?" Kai was stroking Sam's head, looking off to his left, out the window. "I mean, I must admit when you introduced yourself as a detective..." Kai didn't finish his thought. Sam knew what he was going to say.

"Maybe," Sam said, returning his eyes to Kai's. "I don't think any of them stayed long enough for it to become an issue." Sam sat up, suddenly, and moved to the center of the sofa. "Your turn," he said, patting his chest and then placing his arms across the back of the sofa. Kai huffed a tiny laugh and moved over to rest his head of Sam's shoulder.

"If it had come up as an issue, what would you have told them?"

Sam took hold of Sam's right hand and put it on his chest and then kissed the top of his head. "Not much I can say other than I'm careful, I don't take unnecessary risks and, as

unfair as it seems, there are no guarantees."

"Good answer," Kai said. He turned his head to the side, lips puckered.

Sam obliged him.

"It's getting dark," Kai said, softly.

"Not yet," Sam said. He pulled his arm in so that Kai's head was pushed onto his chest. "I'm watching. It'll be perfect. You'll see."

"I trust you," Kai said. "Are you cold?"

"No," Sam said, huffing a laugh. "Told you, I'm a furnace." Sam realized that maybe Kai was. "Sorry, are you? I can get a sweatshirt or something."

"No," Kai said as he pushed himself off of Sam. "I was wanting to do this." Kai reached for the hem of Sam's t-shirt and started pulling it off over Sam's head. Sam leaned forward a little and then resumed his position. "That's better." Kai snuggled back into Sam's arm, his fingers tracing the badge number again.

Sam snorted a laugh and just shook his head. He leaned a cheek against Kai's hair.

"You really do have a magnificent body."
Kai's hand was skimming over the other tattoo before he began combing his fingers through the

chest hair. "I stood there, at that party, for a good fifteen minutes just watching your biceps strain against that dress shirt. Or the way you'd bend over slightly to flick ash into the ashtray and your back would just open like an accordion or something. And I'd think of my own body and get discouraged."

"Now it's my turn to say *enough*," Sam said. He moved Kai's head aside and stood up, holding out a hand for Kai. When they were both standing, Sam took the hem of the jersey and pulled it over Kai's head. "This is an incredible body." He ran his hands from Kai's chest to the six-pack abs and the tiniest amount of hair leading below the waistband of Kai's jeans. "Size isn't everything, you know."

Kai raised his eyebrows and glanced down to Sam's crotch.

"Very funny," Sam said, putting his hands on Kai's shoulders and spinning him around. He slapped the round ass with his hands, on on each cheek. "Time to dress for your surprise."

"Dress?" Kai turned around without stopping his progress to the bedroom. "We'd better be naked at some point this evening or I'm gonna be pissed."

Sam grabbed him from behind, planted one hand on Kai's chest and the other on his belly and walked him to the bedroom at a much quicker pace. "I think we both know that's a given."

"Okay. Just sayin'."

"Here," Sam said as he pulled out a thick fleece zippered hoodie and handed it to Kai. "Warmest thing I've got."

Kai put it on and Sam started laughing. "Makes me look like I'm twelve."

Sam ignored him and pulled up the zipper, then spun him around and directed him to the hallway. "Stay there," he ordered and reached up to the ceiling. He pulled down the ladder to the attic and made the *after you* gesture.

Kai climbed the stairs first. "Ah, you're not going to murder me with an axe or anything, right?"

"No, of course not," Sam said, placing his hands on those perfectly formed buttocks. "Too messy. I'll use a carving knife in the bathtub."

"Ha ha," Kai said without actually laughing. "No seriously, what are we doing up here?"

Sam walked over to the dormer window and

opened it. "You'll see. Come on," he said, squeezing his large frame through the window first. He held his hand out for Kai, who took it and made his way out onto the low-sloping roof. "Careful," Sam said. He pointed a yard down the roof. "There's a two by four right there where you can put your feet, in case you feel like you're slipping or something."

"This is beautiful," Kai said, looking up into the twilight sky. "Do you come out here often?"

"Sometimes, yeah. Usually in the summer if I'm having trouble sleeping."

Kai and Sam sat down beside each other. Each of them wedged their feet against the board, brought their knees up to their chests and then wrapped their arms around them.

"Wasn't a good idea to stay in Grayson Park when it's getting dark, so I thought this might do instead." Sam pointed in front of them, where Kai was already looking.

Kai looked at the sky and then back at Sam. He tilted his head and smiled, then moved even closer to Sam and threaded one arm under Sam's and wrapped it around his leg. Kai leaned up for a kiss. Sam held it for a few seconds and then pulled away.

"Won't last for too long," he said, pointing at the setting sun. "My favorite part is watching all the stars come out, like somebody just turned on the switch or something."

"Best surprise I've had in a long time," Kai said, petting Sam's leg. "Well, except of course, the surprise of finding you at that party."

Sam didn't trust himself to say anything, so he just leaned to his right and took another quick kiss from Kai.

They both turned to look back at the sun, almost below the horizon. Sam pointed up to the sky, at the innumerable white dots he could see slowly blinking to life. Sam took his right arm and brought it rest on Kai's shoulders, hugging him close.

"If you look at them long enough, it's easy to understand how all those ancient civilizations could become mystified and so full of awe."

Kai looked at him, studying him. "Thank you for my surprise."

"You're welcome, baby," Sam said, stealing a slow, sweet kiss. Sam leaned back, taking Kai with him, leaving his arm to be used as a pillow. He bent the other and put it under his

own head.

They lay there, on the roof, for what seemed like hours. Sam was thinking about how great it had been to come home to someone who had been waiting just for him. Somebody who was kind and generous and patient. Somebody who didn't look at him and see scars. Someone who was as sensual and sexual as he was.

As the air got fresher and Kai's hands started to lose some of their warmth, Sam ushered them back inside, to the bedroom, more convinced than ever that he was falling in love.

CHAPTER TEN

There was no rush in the shower, as there had been that morning. Sam didn't really care if there was anything other than holding and kissing. It was as if the switch that had turned on all the stars had turned off his overwhelming libido. He still wanted Kai, still wanted to be inside him, to touch him. He still wanted to make the man yell his name, to pant with anticipation and desire. Sam still found the mere idea of watching the man come overwhelmingly arousing. But there was something missing tonight. Sam didn't know what it was.

Neither of them climaxed during their shower, both of them seeming to prefer fifteen minutes of soothing hot water and caressing each other's soapy bodies. It seemed to Sam that they both realized that the sex would always be there, the desire burning as brightly as it had for the past seventy-two hours, but that they were both acknowledging a need for intimacy.

Once they were both dried off, they brushed their teeth, and then headed to the bedroom. Sam turned around, having forgotten to check the doors and windows. When he returned a few minutes later, Kai was lying in between the

sheets.

Sam slipped in beside him. He was immediately drawn over to Kai, as if he was a magnet and Sam was a hunk of iron. As he made his way, he noticed that the silky sheets were gone. They'd been replaced by a set of crisp white cotton sheets. Even the duvet had been cleaned. Sam took it all in and then looked at Kai.

"While I was preparing the picnic," Kai said, reaching out to touch Sam's arms.

Sam shook his head and sighed. "Did you do this kind of stuff for those two idiots?"

Kai nodded and shrugged. "They're just not as perceptive as some people, I guess."

"No, they're idiots," Sam said, pushing himself against Kai's side and setting his hand on the silky skin. He propped his head on his hand and leaned in for a kiss. "I forgot to shave again," Sam said, tracing the red skin on Kai's chin. "I'll go do it now."

"No," Kai said, wrapping his arms around one of Sam's biceps. "You will not. I'll use lotion later on." Sam settled back down where he had been and resumed petting. "No one is leaving this bed right now."

"Yessir," Sam said and stole another kiss. He was looking into Kai's eyes again. "You know that expression about the eyes being the windows to the soul?"

Kai nodded. He was caressing Sam's chest again.

"If that's true then your soul must be as uncluttered as a cloudless summer sky."

Kai kissed the Sanskrit tattoo. "What does that mean for your dark brown eyes?"

Sam shrugged. "My soul's mired in a lot of shit?" Sam winked.

"Stop it," Kai said, punching Sam in the chest.

"Ouch," Sam said as he rubbed the spot.

"That didn't hurt," Kai said mockingly.

"You're a lot stronger than you think, you know." Sam put an arm under Kai's head and then put his own head down on the pillow. "This is nice," he said as he kissed Kai's ear. "Both of us are clean, smelling like soap and shampoo, in between clean sheets. As much warm skin as I want on this tall, strapping man."

"Can't think of any other place I'd rather be than right here with you," Kai said, trapping

Sam's roaming hand in his own and holding onto it.

"Well," Sam said, lifting his head again. "There's only one place I can think of that I'd rather be."

"Really?" Kai lifted his head, that confused and worried expression on his face again. "Where?"

"Here," Sam said as he pushed himself up and moved in between Kai's legs. He aligned their growing erections and let his torso hover an inch or so above Kai's.

Kai punched him again, but lacking the necessary distance to get up to a decent speed, the punch was more like a weak thump.

The blue eyes held Sam's stare for a long time. Sam raked his fingers through the soft, dark hair. Kai was moving slightly beneath him, but the urgency was gone, from both of them. Sam knew what he wanted to do, eventually. But at that moment, he just wanted to taste and touch and smell.

"Have I thanked you for an unforgettable evening?" Kai was slowly skimming his hands over trapezius and ears and scalp and cheeks.

"Yes," Sam whispered. He kissed Kai, slowly, gently. "Have I thanked you for making it so unforgettable?"

Kai said nothing, just pulled Sam's head down for a long, lingering kiss. After almost a minute, Kai pressed his tongue, lightly, against Sam's lips and he opened up and let him in. The friction between their tongues was electric. Sam could feel the pre-cum from each of them on his belly. He pressed down slightly and Kai gasped.

Reluctantly, Sam pulled away to get a condom and the lube. He returned, kneeling between Kai's legs. Neither of them said a word. Kai reached out to touch him, grasp him firmly with both hands, then released him to touch his hips and belly and any other skin he could reach.

Sam rolled on the condom and then opened the tube of lube. Kai took it from him and put a liberal amount on Sam's cock and then lowered his slick fingers to his own hole. As he pushed two fingers into himself, Sam just watched, his mouth open and his tongue darting out to touch his upper lip. He moved his hand to Kai's hole, the two of them probing and touching. Kai removed his, leaving Sam to work three fingers inside and move them slowly.

"Sam," Kai gasped, his eyes rolling to the back of his head. He continued to work his fingers in and out, up and down and from side to side. He pushed his fingers a little farther and watched, mesmerized, when Kai's abdominals flexed. He rubbed and tapped Kai's prostate, watching the man writhe and grasp the sheets on either side. Sam wasn't sure he wouldn't come just by watching.

He swiped his fingers over Kai's chest and belly and then positioned himself. He wanted to take this very slowly. He bent over, their bodies barely touching. He teased Kai for a few minutes, pushing against the hole and then pulling back. When he felt Kai's fingers digging into his shoulders and back, he pushed in, but just the head. No matter how many times Kai asked him to move, Sam would just kiss him senseless.

Kai was using his feet to pull against his ass, but Sam had a plan. He wanted to make this experience different from the others. He wanted to go slowly, to show what he was starting to feel for Kai. And nothing was going to make him go any faster.

"Just breathe, baby," Sam said as Kai became more and more aroused. "Wanna take my time

tonight. Make you feel everything."

Kai was breathing heavily and Sam could already feel little beads of sweat on his own skin. Sam could feel Kai lifting, pressing against his belly looking for his release, but Sam didn't want it to end. He kept pushing in and out, slowly, until finally he pushed in all the way and just stayed there, buried inside Kai.

Sam ducked his head and began kissing Kai's neck and ears and mouth. "Never felt anything like this, Kai."

Kai could only grunt, trying to breathe in and out. His hands alternated between digging into Sam's back and bracing themselves against the headboard. His cheeks were flushed a deep crimson and he was licking his lips any time that Sam wasn't kissing them.

Sam hooked his arms under Kai's body and over his shoulders. He kissed Kai's ear one last time and then licked the ear lobe over and over as he increased his speed. In and out, snapping his hips, burying himself balls deep each time.

Kai yelled out and he wrapped his arms around Sam's neck. The unbelievable pressure on Sam's cock told him that Kai had come without touching

himself again. The mere thought, as it had done before, that Kai was so turned on that he could come hands-free sent Sam over the edge. He closed his eyes, picturing the look on Kai's face as he came, tightened his grip on the man's shoulders and called out Kai's name. He pushed himself inside again and waited for the tremors to subside.

He opened his eyes and saw stars, could hear the blood pounding in his ears. He stayed where he was. He didn't dare make any attempt to move. Sam stayed where he was, enjoying the sensation of being inside Kai as the two of them recovered.

The gentle movement of hands on his back and arms slowed. He lifted his head and looked at Kai.

"You okay? Did I hurt you?"

"No," Kai said, wiping perspiration off Sam's forehead.

Sam could feel himself slipping out of Kai. He pushed up onto his hands and reached between their bodies. He pulled off the condom and tossed it toward the garbage can by his side of the bed.

He lay beside Kai, his head on the pillow.

Kai turned on his side and looked at Sam. Neither of them spoke for a few moments, each of them content to lie there and caress and touch and smile.

"That was... intense," Kai said, blushing. He was stroking Sam's arm and chest.

"Meant it to be," Sam whispered, his own cheeks flushing deep crimson.

"I think you might be a bit of a romantic, Detective."

"Guilty," Sam said, relieved that Kai understood his motivation. "What's my punishment?"

"Well," Kai said, running a hand along Sam's hairy forearm. "In addition to the massage you already owe me--"

"Fuck," Sam said and sat up. "I completely forgot. How the hell could I forget something like that?"

Kai was laughing and pulling him back down to the bed. "I'm not going anywhere. Plenty of time."

"Dammit," Sam cursed again and rolled back to face Kai. "Okay, in addition to that?"

"In addition to the massage you already owe

me, you owe me another dance."

"A dance?" Sam said, trying to keep a straight face. "Just one?"

"The court tries to be lenient," Kai said with a wink.

"Fuck the court," Sam said, pulling their bodies together. "We can spend tomorrow evening doing nothing but dancing."

"Slow," Kai said, working his hand over Sam's right lat muscle. "With kissing."

"Tongue?" Sam asked with a smirk.

"Of course," Kai said. "And maybe something for me to stand on, so you won't get a kink in your neck."

"Never danced with someone my height before."

"You'd need the NBA for that, I guess."

Sam reached out and took Kai's hands in his. He kissed one and then the other. "I would love to *take* you dancing sometime. But I'll let you decide when. Or even *if*."

"You'd do that? Even though you don't like being in public places either?"

"Baby," Sam said, crossing his heart with their joined hands. "I don't have to worry

about that anymore."

"What do you mean?"

"If I'm dancing with you, ain't nobody gonna be looking at me."

"Oh, Sam," Kai sighed and leaned in for a kiss. "Why couldn't I have met you fifteen years ago?"

"Oh, no, not then," Sam said, pulling a face.

"Why not then?"

"I was a *huge* mess back then," Sam explained. "I was trying desperately to hang on to what little hair I had left. I'd started messing around with steroids to get even bigger, but Joe threatened to turn me in if I didn't stop, and well, I was a bit of an asshole."

"You? Seriously?"

"'Fraid so," Sam said, shrugging as best he could.

"I don't believe it for a minute."

Sam just nodded and kissed Kai's hands again.

"What do you mean by *asshole*, exactly? You weren't a rogue cop or anything, were you?"

"No, God no. Nothing like that," Sam said, rolling onto his back and pulling Kai with him.

He put one arm under Kai's head and used the other to keep Kai's left hand on his chest. "I was just really angry all the time. I'd lose my patience with whatever poor rookie that was assigned to ride with me. I was always getting into arguments even though I knew I was wrong. I'm surprised I wasn't fired, to tell you the truth."

"What pulled you through?"

"Joe," Sam said, clearing his throat, not really enjoying this particular trip down memory lane. "Last partner I ever had and the only one who stood up to me and told me to get my shit together or he'd rat me out to the captain."

"And you're still friends and partners?"

"He saved my life, I guess."

Kai turned onto his stomach and propped his chin on Sam's Sanskrit tattoo. "I'll have to thank him for that."

Sam kissed him and ran a hand over Kai's hair. "He keeps asking about you. Well, us, actually."

"What did you tell him?"

"Nothing."

"You can tell him. I don't mind. I'm out to

everyone. Nothing to hide."

"I will tell him, eventually," Sam said, stroking Kai's back. "And Joe knows I'm gay, so there are no secrets between him and me." Sam glanced down at Kai and then stared at the ceiling. "This is kinda nice, you know. Having you all to myself for a while. Before everyone else starts sticking their noses into it."

"I know," Kai said as he started to move.

"Hang on," Sam said, looking down the length of Kai's body. "Don't move."

Sam sat up and leaned over the small of Kai's back, planting his elbow by the slim waist. His weight held Kai in place while he used his other hand to caress and fondle the perfect ass.

"It's really perfect, isn't it?" Sam continued touching and skimming his hand over the smooth, silky skin.

"The idiots told me it was why they first wanted to go out with me."

"Yeah, well, we already know they're idiots."

"Hang on," Kai said, feigning indignation. "Didn't you say the same thing?"

"No," Sam said, shaking his head. "Eyes. Definitely the eyes."

"Okay," Kai said wearily. "But I know you've mentioned my ass a few times."

"Well, I'm not blind, you know," Sam said, returning to lie down on his back. "And besides, I spend more time staring at your eyes than your ass."

"True," Kai conceded and rested his head on Sam's chest.

Sam looked at the ceiling, his hand lost in Kai's hair. "Any ideas what you'd like to do tomorrow night?"

"As long as there's a massage and at least one dance, I don't care."

"How 'bout a movie in?" Sam was playing with Kai's ear lobe. "You won't need to cook, that's for sure. We're gonna be eating sandwiches for days."

"I guess I did overdo it," Kai said sheepishly. "Wasn't really sure of your appetite."

Sam laughed and Kai's head bounced off his chest. Sam reached for it and put it back. Kai shifted and returned to lying on his side, his head on Sam's deltoid. "Truth is, I guess, I don't really eat much more per meal. Usually

just eat more meals in a day."

"Duly noted," Kai said and patted Sam's belly. "So, just half a cow from now on?"

Sam laughed and pulled Kai on top of him, delighting in the fake, token, show of resistance. "You're teasing me now, huh? You think that's wise? Antagonize the detective?"

"I'm sorry, Detective," Kai said, trying to keep a straight face. "Please don't send me to jail."

Sam took hold of Kai's hands and interlaced their fingers, reaching over their heads as far as Kai's arms would let him. He pulled just enough and Kai wiggled just enough so that their mouths were perfectly aligned. He released Kai's hands and wrapped his arms around the warm body.

Kai initiated the first kiss. Sam closed his eyes, his head starting to get that spinning kind of feeling whenever Kai kissed him and caressed his scalp. He tightened his grip a little more, trying to put as much passion into the kiss without getting himself excited all over again. The last time he'd checked the clock it was almost eleven. He still had work in the morning.

"Did you want another shower?" Kai was gazing down at him, his blue eyes dark and stormy from desire.

"Whatever you want, baby."

"I'd like to keep doing this until we fall asleep," Kai said and grinned.

"Best decision I've heard all day," Sam said as he spanked Kai's ass.

It's what almost, literally, happened. The constant contact of skin, the languid, sultry kissing and the humming coming from both of their throats lulled both of them to sleep within another twenty minutes.

Kai had rolled off and pulled up the sheet and duvet to cover them both. They wished each sweet dreams, Sam crossed his fingers, and they fell asleep in each other's arms.

Sam wouldn't remember it that way, however. To him, it seemed as if he was kissing Kai one minute and then he was back in the snowy field the next. There was no armor, no Valhalla, no monk's habit. This time, there was just barbed wire and the overwhelming stench of unimaginable human suffering.

He stood at the entrance to his barracks, the

one he shared with Emil. They had been rounded up together over a year ago. Each of them wore the pink star on his threadbare uniform. He'd been a carpenter before the war, a skill that kept him relatively safe. But Emil had been a teacher, nothing special to anyone but him.

He watched as Emil was led away, naked and shivering in the frigid temperatures, to the brick building vomiting the acrid black smoke. He knew that he would not see Emil again. No one ever saw those who entered that building. It was where the sick and healthy alike were taken to die.

He just hoped it would not be too painfully. Emil turned to look at him one last time, pressing his cold fingers to his parched lips before stumbling over the threshold of the gas chamber.

The tears came before the anger took over completely. As Emil disappeared, he began his march to the brick building, intent on joining him. He no longer cared to live in this world. It had been years of struggling, watching everyone suffer and die agonizing deaths.

Convinced there was no relief in sight, he called out Emil's name and began to run. He was almost to the door when he heard the crack of a

rifle and then the searing pain of the bullet that ripped through his right calf muscle.

"Sam!"

He looked up and saw Kai's pained expression. Kai was kneeling beside him on the floor.

"Are you hurt?"

Sam shook his head, wondering how he ended up on the floor.

"Was it another dream?"

Sam nodded and accepted Kai's help. He got back on the bed to sit. Kai sat beside him, stroking his back for comfort.

"I was in a death camp," Sam said, feeling dazed and like he was in shock. He tried to remember Emil's face, but couldn't. "I watched as..." Sam wasn't really sure what he'd watched.

"Would you like some water? What can I do?"

"I'm okay," Sam said, pulling the sheet aside and putting a hand on Kai's chest. "Really. I'm sorry if I scared you again."

"Don't be silly," Kai said. "Are you sure there's nothing you need?"

"I'm sure," Sam said, waiting until Kai was

under the sheets before crawling in himself. "Just having you here is enough." He lay back and reached for Kai's hand, but it was already stroking his chest.

"It'll be okay, Sam. We'll figure it out."

Sam wasn't really sure he believed that. In fact, the only thing he was sure of at that moment was that he was probably going crazy, or had some sort of brain tumor.

The next time he woke up, Kai was kissing him and caressing his head.

"Morning, Sam."

"Morning, baby," Sam said, rolling over and pinning Kai to the mattress. "Sorry about last night."

"Stop apologizing," Kai said with a patient smile, like the one he'd dreamed on his father last night. "No one controls their dreams."

"I know, but just the same--"

"Just the same nothing," Kai said, pushing against Sam's chest. "I meant what I said last night. We'll figure this out."

"Okay," Sam said, not wanting to start the day with an argument, or with mentioning his self-diagnosis of a brain tumor or his inevitable

trip to the psych ward of some hospital.

"Hungry?" Kai said, smiling with his eyes this time.

"Always," Sam said and pushed the covers aside. He sat on the edge of the bed, watching Kai walk, naked, to the door. "And for food, too."

"I'll be happy to serve you both any time you'd like," Kai did a pert bow. "I'm going to brush my teeth and then make you breakfast."

"I'll be right there." Sam rubbed his head and pushed himself off the bed.

Kai was bent over the sink when Sam entered the bathroom. He stooped, cupped Kai's ass cheek and planted a lingering kiss on the smooth back. He grabbed his own toothbrush, squirted some paste on it and jumped into the shower.

"What?" He asked as Kai stared at him.
"Saves time."

"Can't wait to hear how that works," Kai said before spitting into the sink. He headed back out the door.

Sam brushed his teeth, stowed the brush on the little shelf that also held his razor and then lathered up his beard and head. With years of

practiced skill, he had both shaved and rinsed within three minutes. He scrubbed his face with some soap, washed his whole body and was dried and back in the bedroom within another three.

He dragged on a fresh pair of briefs, wondering if Kai would come in again and try to entice him into playing hooky. When it was clear that Kai would remain in the kitchen cooking breakfast, he finished dressing, left his tie, undone, hanging over his shoulders and headed out to the kitchen.

Kai was wearing his usual sweatpants, but he'd put the jersey on again. He sneaked up behind him at the sink and wrapped his arms around the tight torso.

"Morning, baby," he whispered into Kai's ear. He smiled to himself when Kai shivered.

Kai turned in Sam's arms and inhaled. "God, I love the way you smell."

"Just soap," Sam said with a shrug.

"Just fucking sexy is what it is," Kai said, reaching behind and planting his hands on Sam's ass. He groaned and leaned up for a strong, proper kiss. He pulled away and wiped Sam's lower lip with his thumb. "Okay," he said, swatting his ass. "Poached eggs on whole wheat

toast, bacon, coffee, orange juice and... Am I missing anything?" Sam couldn't even get his mouth open before Kai snapped his fingers and added, "Napkin." He opened the drawer beside the dishwasher and pulled out two cloth napkins.

Sam sat down, smirking and shaking his head, wondering if the napkins were his or not. "This is wonderful, baby. I'm gonna be four hundred pounds in no time."

"Please," Kai said, handing the napkin over and taking the seat across from Sam. "Like I believe that could happen."

"I don't know," Sam said, tucking the napkin into his shirt. "I haven't worked out since the afternoon of the party."

"So," Kai said, shrugging and talking around a mouthful of poached egg on toast. "Start working out again."

"You wouldn't mind?"

"Of course not," Kai said, taking a sip of orange juice. "Sweet talk me and I might even join you." Kai raised his eyebrows and put his foot on Sam's chair, pressing it against Sam's crotch. "Ever had sex in the gym?"

"No," Sam said, practically choking on his

eggs. "Have you?"

"No," Kai said, smirking. "That's why I'm asking."

Sam laughed and reached down to stroke Kai's ankle. "It's a good thing you're such a good cook, 'cause no sooner do you get the protein in me than you're sucking it back out again."

"I told you before that I'm very sensual. Very sexual."

"I'm not complaining," Sam said, holding up his hands in surrender.

"Okay, so I'm going out to get a movie for us later and what else?"

"I've got movies here," Sam said, nodding to the cabinet under the television.

"Have you watched them all?"

"Yeah," Sam said, shrugging his shoulders.

"Wouldn't you prefer to watch one you haven't yet?"

"Not if you're going to be with me, no. I won't be watching it anyway."

Kai tilted his head to the side. "I wish I was a quick thinker with the compliments like you."

"You do pretty well, baby. Pretty well, indeed."

"So what am I doing all day? You need anything to be done?"

Sam shook his head, chewing more eggs, toast and bacon.

"Okay, I'll maybe head back to my place and clean and then be back later."

"Can you be here for lunch?"

"Absolutely," Kai said and picked up a piece of bacon off his plate, licking the grease from his fingers. "So, should we work out before or after the movie?"

"Depends, I guess."

"On what?"

"Whether or not you really want to have sex during the workout."

"How about after, in the shower."

"Deal," Sam said, finishing his poached eggs. "So, then movie afterward." Sam lifted his arms and flexed his biceps, the thick muscles straining against the silky fabric of his dress shirt. "Your pillow will be a little harder, though."

Kai pressed his foot into Sam's crotch again. "Never hear me complaining about that."

Sam laughed and caressed Kai's ankle again. He took his first and only sip of coffee and stood up, reaching for his plate.

"I'll get that," Kai said. He stood up and walked over to stand in front of Sam, reaching for his tie. "Allow me."

"Thank you," Sam said, lifting his chin.

Kai made quick work of the tie, even tying a perfect Windsor knot. He pushed the knot up to Sam's open collar and then patted his chest. "My pleasure."

"Okay, babe," Sam said, leaning down and kissing Kai on the lips. "See you at lunch?"

"I'll be waiting."

"Just don't start without me," Sam said, pushing his finger through the wild hair.

"I'll try," Kai teased. "How about a proper kiss."

Sam chuckled and leaned down, again, this time for a kiss with tongue and heavy breathing. Kai pulled away, hanging on to Sam's tie.

"Be careful."

"Always am," Sam pinched Kai's chin. "Bye, baby."

"Bye."

Sam turned and walked to the door, looking back and wondering why the hell he wasn't taking a day or two off. He had more sick days and vacation time accumulated than anyone else in the department. *Have to give that some serious consideration*, he thought as he headed out to the car.

Kai was waiting in the window, just like yesterday. Sam blew him a kiss and slid into the driver's seat. *I could get used to this*. He started the engine and drove off, whistling through traffic that he didn't even notice was more congested than yesterday.

By the time he reached his desk, a few minutes ahead of Joe, he'd made up his mind. He was going to talk to Joe about Kai, about his feelings. He would find some time, in the car, between tracking down a few witnesses in the latest homicide they were investigating.

He said good morning to Joe, asked him if he was ready to hit the road, and they were off as soon as Joe refilled his travel mug with coffee.

"Need to speak to you about something," Sam

said on their way to their first potential witness.

"Finally," Joe said, slapping his thigh.

"It's only been a day," Sam protested.

"A day? You've been seeing him for almost five days!"

"Whatever," Sam said, glancing over at Joe with a smile.

"Shoot," Joe said, turning to look at Sam.

"When did you know that you were in love with Anna?"

"First time she touched my arm. I made her laugh, she touched my arm and it was like nothing I'd ever felt before."

"How long before you told her?"

"I don't know," Joe said, gulping a mouthful of coffee. "A month or so. Wait a minute. You think you might be in love with Kai?"

Sam shrugged. "Why I'm asking." Sam looked sideways to see if Joe was about to tease him. He wasn't. "I mean I can't stop thinking about him. We haven't been apart, except when I'm at work. And I can't stand to think of what we're doing as *fucking* anymore. I'm starting to hate

that word."

"Nothing wrong with the word *fucking*," Joe said. "Gets Anna real hot when--"

"Okay, don't need that in my head. Thank you."

"Listen," Joe said, in all seriousness. "You'll know it's right when you know."

"What the fuck does that mean?"

"It means you'll know when and how to tell him when you know what you're feeling for him."

"I think I already know," Sam said, just as confused as he was before he asked the question.

"So tell him," Joe said with a shrug.

"What if I scare him off?"

"Pardon my candor, but if he's still with you after watching you eat and seeing what you've got swinging between your legs, I don't think he's gonna be scared away by three little words."

"Nice," Sam said, shaking his head.

"Hey, you asked," Joe said. "And I remember seeing that thing in the shower and wondering how the hell anyone was ever gonna be able to take that in."

Sam didn't say anything. He was pulling up to the address.

"May I be indelicate?"

"Do you know any other way to be?"

"So, Kai can take the whole thing?"

Sam parked the car at the curb, put the police placard in the windshield and glared at Joe. He waggled his eyebrows and got out of the car.

"Jesus," Joe muttered as he got out of the passenger seat. "I mean in both--"

"Joe!"

"Okay," Joe said, opening his door again to stow his travel mug. He caught up to Sam at the door to the rundown apartment building. "You want my advice. Tell him right now. Actually, fuck that. Ask him to marry you the minute you get home."

Sam shook his head and rang the buzzer again. No one home, apparently.

They walked back to the car, both of them frustrated that this case was going nowhere, really quickly.

"So, you don't think he'll think I'm some sort of desperate weirdo?"

"You are a desperate weirdo." Joe said, before gulping some more coffee.

"Thanks a lot." Sam started the car.

"But you're a good detective, a good man, an honest man. You've made something out of yourself and if Kai's got an ounce of sense he's already realized that men like you don't come along but once in a lifetime."

Sam stared at his partner. "Wow," he said after a few seconds. "You okay? You need to lie down after that?"

"Fuck you," Joe said trying to hide his smile.

The second interview provided them with some new, important information. The third interview of the morning conflicted entirely with the information from the second interview. And the fourth and final interview seemed to be the most credible, which provided some new leads that they would work on in the afternoon.

Joe winked as he wished Sam a relaxing lunch, then laughed when Sam flipped him off.

Sam was home within twenty minutes, his tie, jacket and shoes off as soon as he entered the kitchen. He locked the door and walked to the bedroom. He pushed open the door and found Kai

fast asleep on the bed. He was holding the T-shirt that Sam had worn on their picnic date yesterday. *Maybe Joe's right*, he thought as he crept up to the bed. *Maybe he's in love with me too.*

He kneeled on one knee and kissed Kai's cheek. Sam watched as the eyes came open slowly. And then there they were, that brilliant blue.

"Hey, sleepy," Sam said, kissing Kai's flushed cheek again.

"Sorry," Kai said, stretching. "I fell asleep."

"Nothing to be sorry for," Sam said, petting Kai's belly as he stretched. "Stay there," he said as he crawled onto the bed behind the warm body. Kai sat up slightly, reaching for the hem of the sweatshirt. "No, no," Sam said, putting a hand on Kai's chest and gently pushing him back down to the mattress. "This is even better." Sam kissed Kai's temple and kept petting his belly.

"How is this better than sex?"

"It just is." Sam smoothed his hand over the indentations on Kai's other cheek. "It just is," he repeated and kissed Kai's slightly parted lips. "This is perfect."

Sam put his head down, next to Kai's and lay there, for twenty minutes, just watching Kai sleep. He felt guilty, wondering how many hours of sleep Kai had lost because of his dreams. *Poor thing,* Sam thought as he felt the pretty belly rise and fall beneath his hand. *I fall right back to sleep and he's probably still awake wondering what the hell he's gotten himself into.*

With about forty minutes left in his lunch, Sam heard Kai snuffle. He raised his head, and saw Kai turn on his side, toward him. An arm thumped over his waist and Kai's head made its way to wedge itself in between Sam's chest and the mattress. The intimacy made him smile.

Sam put a hand, tentatively, on Kai's back and caressed it, slowly.

"Sam," Kai whispered.

"Right here, baby."

"Baby," Kai said.

"My baby," Sam said.

"Not ugly."

Sam realized that Kai must be dreaming. He put his head down next to Kai's and waited for his lunch hour to run out, smiling like a fool

the entire time. *Best lunch hour I've ever had,* Sam whispered against Kai's hair, inhaling the scent of soap and shampoo.

He looked up at the clock. He had to go.

Sam pushed himself away, as carefully as he could, and checked his clothes in the mirror. Just his shirt that had a few extra wrinkles in it. He walked to Kai's side of the bed and leaned over for a gentle kiss on the temple.

He stood there, just watching, for another couple of minutes before he headed out of the house and back to the precinct.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

The additional lead provided by the credible fourth source had kept Sam and Joe busy all afternoon. The case was starting to come together. Sam could feel it in his gut, just like he'd felt every other time there was *the* break that would lead them down the right path.

A good day. It had been a good day. Actually, a fantastic day.

He would be home in another twenty minutes and he would have the entire evening to screw up the courage to tell Kai that he was falling in love with him. *Why am I so worried? The worst that can happen is that he won't say it back. I know he cares for me, and just because he doesn't love me already doesn't mean he won't soon.*

It was these thoughts that kept him from thinking that what he was going to do wouldn't end in the way he feared. He knew the worst thing that could happen was that Kai would disappear and they'd never see each other again, but Sam was willing to take the risk.

He arrived home to find Kai cleaning the shower.

"Hey, baby," Sam said, standing in the bathroom doorway, smile on his face.

"Sam," Kai said, struggling to his feet. He put the sponge in the sink, dried his hands on the towel and hugged Sam, tight. "I'm so sorry."

"About?"

"I know you were home at lunch and let me sleep."

"And? It was probably my fault anyway. Ridiculous dreams keeping you up all night."

"They're not ridiculous," Kai said, leaning up for a kiss. "And I'm sorry. I'll make it up to you. I promise."

"Come on," Sam said, leading him to the bedroom. "Let's get changed for our workout."

"I was going to call you, but then I realized I had no idea what to do. I mean, it's not like you could have rushed back home just for--"

"Baby," Sam said, cupping Kai's face in his hands. "I'd go through a lot worse for *that*."

"And you stayed the entire lunch hour?"

Sam nodded.

"And you didn't even have anything to eat."

"It's okay," Sam said, feeling guilty because Kai was feeling so guilty.

"No it's not."

"Okay," Sam said, wrapping his arms around Kai's shoulders and holding him tight. "You didn't do anything wrong. So, no more of this." He released him and slapped him lightly on the ass. "Come on. Get changed."

Sam managed to keep his hands off Kai long enough for him to change into a pair of shorts. Sam wore only a pair of shorts as well. They headed into the larger spare bedroom and Sam led them through a warm-up. Once they were done stretching, they worked out with each other, one spotting the other lifting. Once their reps and sets were complete, they moved on to the next muscle group of the day.

"I'm impressed," Sam said as he watched Kai complete his last set of tricep kickbacks with a weight Sam would have guessed to be too heavy. Sam ran his hand along the horseshoe shaped muscle. "Nice to see you do sweat sometimes. Okay, bench press."

"Still not nearly as impressive as you," Kai said as he took his place to spot Sam.

"Sounds like I need to remind you of what you tell me all the time," Sam said, winking.

"I know," Kai said. "I just feel so puny next

to you."

"You're not puny," Sam said as he laid down on the bench, planting his feet and gripping the bar. "For example, the view from this angle, your chest looks huge. Need to trim your nose hairs though." Sam tightened his abs as Kai leaned over the barbell to slap them.

Kai stood ready. Sam breathed in and out several times and lifted the bar. He had almost three hundred and fifty pounds on the bar. He breathed in, lowered the bar and then pushed up, breathing out. Kai was right there through every second, hands hovering nearby in case Sam needed help. He'd usually use a lower weight since he didn't have a spotter, but he figured he'd go big now that he had one. And, of course, if Kai liked his chest before, he couldn't wait to see the man's reaction when it was pumped and veiny.

They alternated back and forth, adjusting the weight each time. The entire workout took them just over ninety minutes. Sam figured that was about right since his usual daily workout took him about an hour. He'd cut back quite a bit over the years, not really being able to maintain his usual three or four hours at the gym. Sam had often questioned his decision, but

when he realized, while working out with Kai, that on Fridays--the day that he'd met Kai--he would have been at the gym instead of the party, he didn't really care anymore about whether he was right or wrong.

Sam stripped off his gloves and belt and looked down at Kai, who was still lying on the bench. He threw his gloves on the weight rack and leaned over to feel Kai's pectoral muscles. "Sweet chest, baby." Kai was still breathing heavy, so he took the opportunity to sit at the end of the bench, put Kai's legs over his and then pull the man up so that he was sitting in Sam's lap.

"I finally figured out who you remind me of," Sam said, keeping Kai close. He kissed his chin.

"Who?" Kai asked.

"Eugen Sandow," Sam said. He used one hand to run across the washboard abs. "His skin was like fuckin' marble too."

"Could he move his arms and legs?"

Sam laughed and hugged Kai to his body. "Don't worry. I've got some protein powder and I do owe you a massage, so you won't be too sore tomorrow."

Kai moved his arms slowly to hug Sam around the neck.

Sam was just enjoying the contact when he felt Kai's tongue on his neck. "Hmm," Kai said after licking him. "Always wanted to do that. Tastes like salt."

"Come on," Sam said, picking Kai up and setting him on his feet. "Recovery drink, nice hot shower, great massage and then another nice hot shower--"

"Water bill triple what it should be..."

"You let me worry about that," Sam said as he sat Kai on the toilet. He opened the taps and then took off Kai's sneakers and socks. He stood him up, Kai handing onto his shoulders and then pulled off his shorts. Kai stepped out of them and into the shower. He stood under the spray while Sam undressed.

"We're definitely doing that again," Sam said, smoothing a hand over Kai's ass. "Doing all those squats puts these deep dimples in your ass. Fucking hell."

"I have a confession to make," Kai said, spitting water out of his mouth. He leaned forward, out from under the spray. "I haven't worked out in almost a year."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Trying to impress you," Kai sighed. "I'm gonna be so sore tomorrow."

"Nope," Sam said, turning the water even hotter. "Leave it to me."

"I fucked up lunch, and now the rest of our evening--"

"You haven't done anything of the sort," Sam said, holding Kai's head under the spray to make sure it was good and wet. He grabbed the shampoo and washed the thick hair, smiling at the way Kai closed his eyes and trusted him completely. "Okay. Rinse, please."

Kai stepped under the spray again and stood there, the water doing a slow job in reviving him.

"Arms up," Sam said as he grabbed the soap. "Arms. Up."

"You mean they're not?"

Sam laughed out loud at the defeated expression on Kai's face. "We're gonna be here all night if you don't at least try."

Wincing against the fatigue, Kai raised his arms and Sam lathered up his entire body as quickly as he could, providing a mini-massage as

he worked over each limb.

"Sam, feels so good." Kai leaned forward and kissed him. "Thank you. Thank you."

"My pleasure, baby," Sam said as he put Kai under the spray one last time. "Okay, you go and get on the bed, face down, and I'll be there as soon as I'm done. Oh, and take a towel to lie on."

Kai moved beyond him but then turned and came back. He stood beside Sam, putting both hands on one bicep and trying to get his fingers to meet. He was about a half-inch short.

"Mother of God," Kai muttered and left the shower shaking his head.

Sam laughed and flexed a little, feeling that familiar rush from working out and the added bonus, that night, of knowing that there was someone who appreciated the effort.

He was clean and dry and kneeling on the bed, massage oil in hand, five minutes later.

"You ready, baby?"

"Yes, please."

Sam rubbed the massage oil between his palms and then set to work. He worked one muscle at a time, first with the grain and then cross-grain.

He did deep tissue rubs, Swedish and even Shiatsu, making sure to work all of the lactic acid out of the muscles. He left his favorite body part for last before he would ask Kai to flip over.

He stood on the floor for the next muscle group, pulling the towel a little closer to the end of the bed, leaned over and pushed his hands against that mouth-watering ass. He kneaded the muscles, used circular motions and even used his thumbs to press deeper into the muscle.

"Still with me, baby?"

When there was no answer, Sam figured Kai had fallen asleep. *Definitely not the day I had imagined*, he thought as he flipped Kai over himself. *We can just make an early night of it*, he decided as he worked his way up the leg muscles and ab muscles and then the pectoral muscles.

"You really do have a tight little body, don't you Kai?"

"Hmm?"

"It's okay," Sam said, rubbing his belly in a circular motion. "Go back to sleep."

When he finished, he walked to the kitchen and

prepared a protein drink for himself and gulped it down. He fixed another, in a separate glass, for Kai and made his way back to the bedroom.

"Baby?" Sam sat beside Kai's torso on the bed. "You need to drink this."

"What is it?" Kai opened his eyes. He looked at the beige colored liquid and frowned.

"Protein recovery," Sam said, trying to get Kai to sit up. "You need to drink this," he repeated. Nothing. Sam touched the bottom of the cold glass to Kai's chest. The man shot up a millisecond later. "Thought that might work. Drink this."

Kai took the glass and chugged the beige mixture.

"Good boy," Sam said, kissing Kai's lips and licking at the corners of his mouth. "Still feel like a movie?"

"Absolutely," Kai said.

Sam was skeptical, but appreciated the effort that Kai seemed to be willing to fake for his benefit. "Okay, come on. Back in the shower to rinse you off."

Kai pushed himself off the bed and managed to make it to the bathroom, unaided. Sam took the

towel with him and found Kai trying to work some of his muscles.

"Jesus," Kai said, fixing Sam in his gaze.
"You're good."

"We'll get to bed early and you should be a little tender but not too sore."

"Thank you, Sam." Kai hugged him tight.

Sam walked them both into the shower and started the water again. He took the time, without using any soap, to sluice the water over Kai's body, paying close attention to work each muscle group again. All the while, he was making a bet with himself that Kai would be fast asleep within fifteen minutes of the movie starting.

Once dried off and dressed in sweatpants and T-shirts, Sam and Kai were on the sofa, Sam with his arms draped across the back and Kai using Sam's bicep as a pillow. Sam stole glances often enough to see how long it would take Kai to fall asleep. But he never did. Kai managed to stay awake for the entire one hundred minutes.

"Just lost a bet with myself," Sam said as he leaned over and kissed Kai on the lips. He turned off the television and the DVD player.

"About?"

"How long before you'd be asleep." He tossed the remote controls on the coffee table.

"I'm so sorry about that, Sam."

"No, no, that's not why I mentioned it." Sam pulled Kai's legs on to his lap. "Please believe me that it was the best lunch hour I've ever had. It was nice. Sexy, even."

"Well, come on then," Kai said as he stood up and pulled Sam with him. "Time to make it up to you."

"Are you sure? We can wait until you're no so sore."

"I feel a lot better, actually. Thanks to you."

"Well, I'll still take it easy on you."

"Last night was very nice."

They walked to the bathroom, brushed their teeth and then headed into the bedroom. Sam stood in front of Kai.

"Here, let me help." Sam pulled off Kai's jersey and laid it on a chair. He kneeled down and slowly lowered the sweatpants, taking time to kiss whatever skin he could reach. Kai

stepped out of the sweats and then undressed Sam.

Kai pushed against Sam's shoulders, forcing him to sit down on the bed. "Stay there," he said as he walked over to the nightstand and retrieved a condom and the lube. He deposited the items beside Sam and then kneeled down in between the muscled legs.

Sam was already aroused, so it didn't take Kai's mouth and tongue very long to get him fully erect. Sam leaned back and braced himself on his hands. "Kai," Sam sighed, transfixed by the sight of Kai taking his entire length. "No idea what you do to me."

Kai pulled off for a moment and glanced up into Sam's eyes. Sam reached out and pulled Kai up to the bed. He planted his hands on the man's ass cheeks and pulled until Kai's hole was directly above his lips. Sam held Kai there, licking and tasting him, getting him ready. Kai's hands were moving urgently over his scalp, his heavy breathing interrupted by gasps and moans.

When Kai said he was ready, Sam moved him back so that he could sit up and put on the condom. He lubed himself and spent a few extra minutes preparing Kai's entrance. He was about to line

himself up for entry, when Kai reached around and took hold of his cock, putting it at his own hole and then slowly lowering himself.

"Lie back," Kai said, his voice husky with desire. Sam did so and was greeted by the most amazing view. Kai's pale, marble-like flesh loomed over him. "Don't move," Kai grunted as he impaled himself. To Sam, it was the most exquisite feeling. He just watched his cock disappear into Kai's body.

"Jesus," Sam hissed when Kai took the entire length.

Kai's head fell forward and then his body, his arms bracing themselves on Sam's chest. He began to contract and release his abs and ass, a scooping motion, squeezing and releasing for a few moments. Then he would stop and sink back down, taking Sam all the way in.

Sam closed his eyes. His arms were on Kai's upper arms, stroking and caressing. He moved them, slowly, to feel the movement in his shoulders and neck and forearms. "Need to move, baby," Sam said, opening his eyes.

Kai opened his eyes and leaned down to kiss Sam. He planted his hands on Sam's head and began to explore the familiar skin.

Sam planted his feet on the floor, then used his hands to pull Kai's cheeks apart. He pushed up very slowly, causing Kai to arch his back. He watched and studied the handsome face as he pushed in and pulled out, over and over again. Kai was moving his body, twisting and undulating and Sam figured out what he was looking for. Sam gripped Kai's hips and held him firm, pulling out slowly until the head of his cock brushed against Kai's prostate.

Kai arched his back again, and squeezed Sam's pectoral muscles until Sam winced.

"That's what you wanted, baby? Huh? Found your sweet spot again?" He adjusted his hands and repeated the process, staring slack-jawed at the intensity of Kai's reactions.

Kai was practically incoherent, calling his name and then biting at his bottom lip, over and over again.

"Come here, Kai," Sam said and pulled Kai down so their bodies were touching. "This'll make you feel good." Sam adjusted his feet, so that he was on his toes, doing his own scooping motion so that the thick head of his cock would create friction against Kai's gland with each motion, forward and back. Kai's mouth was devouring his.

"Gonna come," Kai whispered against Sam's lips.

"Look at me, Kai." Sam brought both hands to Kai's face and held it there. He found Kai's prostate again and made only slight movements, pushing and pulling the head of his cock across the gland.

Kai cried out and his eyes fluttered closed.

"Look at me, Kai." Sam held the head there, staring into the stunning turbulence happening in those blue eyes. "Look at me." Kai did so, his facial muscles contorting and relaxing as he came. Sam felt the hot jizz hit his chin and chest and belly. He continued to peg the same spot until Kai's body went slack.

"Sam," Kai huffed breathlessly against his neck. "My Sam."

"Your Sam, baby. All yours." Sam closed his eyes at the thought and began to thrust more forcefully, trying to work up enough friction. Kai contracted and released his sphincter muscles and that, combined with the friction, sent Sam over the edge. He pulled his hips up at the same time as he pushed Kai's hips down. He wondered what it would be like, eventually, to be inside Kai without a condom, just skin

against skin. He pulled out and then pushed back in a few more times, completely exhausted.

Kai lifted his head and looked at Sam with a sated smile. He kissed him, gently at first, and then with increasing passion. His hands were still caressing Sam's head.

Sam wrapped his arms around Kai's back, his hands kneading and playing with the tight muscles. He held on and waited for his breathing to return to normal, just staring at the ceiling.

"My second favorite part of being with you," Kai said, softly, against Sam's ear.

Sam tightened his hold and smiled. "What's your most favorite?"

"This," Kai said as he brought their lips together again. The kiss was slow and languid, neither of them in a hurry or in a frenzy anymore. "What's your favorite part?"

"Besides you?"

"Be serious," Kai said. He was smiling, his eyes darting between Sam's brown eyes and bald head.

"Not sure," Sam said, honestly. "If you'd asked me that Friday night, I would have said

your tight asshole. Sunday? Probably that you'd stayed. Right now? Just holding you, being with you."

Kai kissed him tenderly and then pushed himself up. "Time to get you in bed," he announced as he gently pulled Kai out. He got off of Sam and removed the condom, licking and washing Sam's cock before grabbing the lube. "Come on," Kai said, standing on Sam's side of the bed. "I'll tuck you in."

Sam laughed and shook his head. He got up and walked to where Kai stood. He smacked him on the ass and then crawled between the sheets. "Do I get a story too?"

"Sure," Kai said, jumping over top of him and getting between the sheets. "Let's see," he said as he settled beside Sam. "How about the story of the brave handsome detective and--"

"The drop-dead gorgeous banker?" Sam turned his head and looked at Kai's smiling eyes. "I'd like to know how that one ends."

"Who says it ends?"

"All stories have an ending."

"Do they?"

"Of course they do," Sam said, frowning.

"What kind of stories did you hear growing up?"

"Ah," Kai said. "I'll tell you my favorite."
Kai cleared his throat and Sam turned on his side.

Sam kissed him and then smiled, waiting.

"A long time ago, there was a strong, brave and handsome warrior who was also very wise and loved by everyone in the kingdom. He was brave because he fought for his people, showed them right from wrong and took great care of them. He was wise because he knew that he should listen to his people before rendering any kind of decision. And he was wise because he always took great pains to ensure he understood everything."

"What was his name?"

"Sam," Kai said with a wink.

"Of course."

"Don't interrupt," Kai said, poking Sam in the chest.

"Sorry."

"These are the reasons why his people loved him so. They loved him so much, in fact, that when the evil wizard, who only ever used his powers to bewitch and lead people astray, cast a

spell sending The Great Warrior Sam far away from the kingdom, these people rose up and struck down the wizard, killing him. The wizard would never return again to hurt the warrior or the people or the warrior's most beloved soldier.

But no matter how hard the people wished it, the warrior did not return. They feared he would be gone forever. But the warrior's most beloved soldier refused to believe that the warrior would never return. So the most beloved soldier--"

"Can we call him Kai?"

"What did I just say about interrupting?"

"Sorry."

"Anyway, so the warrior's most beloved soldier--"

"Kai."

"He struck out on a journey to search for his companion. And he would not give up. He looked everywhere, searched high and low, never once admitting defeat. He would find the warrior and bring him back to help his kingdom once again.

And then, one day, he entered this tiny village, far away, farther than anyone had ever

been. The soldier felt as if he were in a different world completely. He did not recognize anything. Their clothes were different, their instruments were different, even their language was different. He tried to understand them, tried to ask them about his beloved companion, but he knew it would take him a very long time. But he loved his warrior and knew that, if their fortunes had been reversed, The Great Warrior Sam would have never stopped searching for him."

"I like this story. Kai's my favorite so far." Sam delighted in the patient smile.

"So, there, in that strange village, on the other side of the world, the soldier stayed and learned. He had been lucky enough to meet a very kind man who taught him this strange new language, provided him with food and lodging. This kind man was the sheriff of the village and he was also beloved by his people. He was fair and kind and just, just as the soldier's beloved companion had been. This is how the soldier was able to recognize that this handsome and kind sheriff was actually his companion. The wizard had cast a spell that took the warrior's memory. The soldier knew those kind eyes and the gentle touch.

The soldier tried everything to help the sheriff remember who he truly was, but all of his efforts failed. He had thought, without any doubt, that his warrior-leader would recognize the love he'd once felt for his companion. But he did not.

And so, with tears in his eyes, the soldier explained that he could not stay. It was too difficult for him to have found his beloved leader only to be denied the love he'd enjoyed for so long. The soldier would need to leave the tiny village, and the handsome, generous sheriff. But before the sheriff would let him go, he explained that he had something to confess.

He kissed the soldier gently on the mouth and confessed that he had fallen in love with him. 'I know you love your companion,' the sheriff said with tears in his eyes, 'but if you cannot find him, I will always be here. I love you, with all my heart.'

But as his tender words of love drifted away on the wind, and before the soldier could explain that his search, his journey, were at an end, the sheriff felt a tremendous discomfort in his chest. He felt as if his heart would beat straight out of his chest. He fell to the

floor, wondering why the soldier was kneeling over him, tears in his eyes, and smiling.

'At last,' the soldier said. 'I thought I should die when you were taken from me.' The servant then bent down, placed his tear-stained lips to the sheriff's and kissed him. It was their love that broke the spell. It was the sheriff's declaration that had freed The Great Warrior Sam. It had awakened him.

The sheriff breathed his last as a blinding light erupted from inside him. The soldier gazed on, amazed, as there, before his very eyes, he recognized his journey was ended. The soldier reached out his trembling hand to touch the warm familiar cheek that he had not been able to caress for so many years. He cried from relief. He had not fallen in love with another. 'I missed you my warrior.'"

Sam looked into Kai's smiling eyes and reached out a hand to caress his cheek. *Did he just make up that whole thing for me? Am I the warrior that he's been searching for his whole life? Does he feel that familiarity, the way I do, that could explain why I've fallen in love with him so quickly?*

Sam studied Kai's beautiful face, his blue eyes, the slight part to those precious lips.

"I could listen to your voice forever," Sam whispered. "I want to say something, Kai. But I don't want to frighten you or scare you off."

"You won't," Kai said, tracing a thumb along Sam's lower lip.

Sam hesitated for a moment, then squeezed his eyes shut. *Now, you fucking coward. Tell him now!* He opened his eyes and found himself smiling.

"I don't know how to tell you what the last four days have meant to me." Sam felt his heart hammering in his chest. "You're so beautiful; takes my breath away sometimes to look at you and think you want me. And you're so kind and generous." Sam closed his eyes briefly and then opened them right away. "I love you, Kai."

Kai closed his eyes and whispered, "I love you too." Kai leaned forward and kissed Sam's lips. "Sam," Kai was whispering. "My beautiful, handsome warrior."

"Did you make that story up? Just for me?"

Kai nodded and took another kiss.

"Do you really love me?"

Kai put a finger against Sam's lower lip and moved it slowly, tracing the outline. "From the

moment you grabbed me to keep me from falling at that party, I've felt as if I'm finally home." Kai kissed him gently. "It's like you said the other day, about feeling as if you've known me for much longer than five days."

Sam smiled and closed his eyes.

"And yes," Kai said. "I do love you."

"And you never lie," Sam stated, opening his eyes slowly.

"Never," Kai whispered against his lips.

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