



Episode 8

by Ellis Carrington

The lights of Danzare pulsed and played over crowded dance floor in time to a filthy, electronic bass beat. That song about doing it like animals on the Discovery channel. Rider's muscles eased as soon as Sam nudged him through the door. His father had still been up when they left, pouring over paperwork for the resort or some shit. Getting ghost without an earful had been a relief.

He leaned over to his buddy, who had backed against the bar and was scanning the room. Casual, but alert. "Love this song, man. Makes me think of fucking."

Sam barked a laugh. "Baby. Everything makes you think of fucking." Sam licked

along Rider's ear. "So this is the place, eh?"

Rider pushed his hair out of his face, trying to watch Sam and all the hot grinding on the dance floor all at the same time. "Most popular club in town. Even on a night like tonight it's packed. You wanna move product, this is the place." He puffed his chest and pushed out the words with authority that impressed even him. Hell, freaking yeah. His dad and his brother had blown him off long ago as an idiot, no-good moron. Sam, though. Sam treated him like an equal. Rider was lucky to have Sam, and he was gonna pay him back for everything.

Make him proud.

Rider scanned the club. Usual suspects tonight. Handful of tourists. "Gonna wanna be careful though, Sam. We haven't seen a ton of shit moving through this area that I know of. Be easy to trace it back to you, wouldn't it?"

Sam's eyes were dark, intense points as his friend's stare roved the room. Light played off the man's swarthy skin and wet, pursed lips. "You leave all that to me," Sam said.

Maybe it was that the song changed to a much faster one. Darude's "Sandstorm," which was one of Rider's favorites. Maybe it was the jungle-cat fluidity of Sam's movements, the sharpness of his stare, and the fact that everything about him spelled out one hundred percent certain-fucking-assuredness. Whatever it was, Rider's stomach clenched and his heartbeat broke out in double-time. Fuck him, but for all his cocky assholeishness he didn't have that..."it" factor that Sam had. He wanted that. Bad.

Adam Parish walked in the door with that cock-sucking douchebag buddy of his.

Rider licked his lips and swallowed, thirsty all of a sudden for something that could make him blissful and buzzy and courageous like Sam was. Even if he wouldn't be quite so sharp. His hand went up to signal the bartender. "So what's the plan for tonight?"

Sam scratched at the stubble on his chin. "Tonight we're only checking out the scene." He jerked his head toward the door. "See something you like?" The blond, shaggy-headed bartender appeared and Sam sent him away with a terse order of two bottles of water.

"Water? Fuck, Sam, I wanted a *drink*."

"Baby, I got a way better plan for you tonight."

How could there be a better plan than a Bombay Sapphire dirty martini? "What do you —"

"Shh." Sam pulled Rider close, gripping his butt cheek so hard it probably bruised a little. Hot breath, smelling of the leftover curry they'd shared on the way out, puffed invitingly in Rider's face. "Now." Sam gestured pointedly to Adam Parish. "He's the one you told me about, right?" Long, strong fingers groped a handful of Rider's ass on the other side now, and Sam's jean-clad pelvis pushed in just enough to make a point.

Enough to rev Rider up again, even though they'd only fucked a few hours ago.

It was a stupid thing to be pissed over some skinny, pasty, nobody fry cook who

wouldn't give Rider the time of day. Still. Pissed Rider was. Who the *fuck* was Adam Parish to say Rider wasn't good enough? He got enough of *that* shit at home. He kept his stare trained on Adam, even as he ground back against Sam. "That's him."

"Bathroom's that way?" Sam pointed. "Ah, I see that it is. Come on."

"What're we — " Whoa. Like he'd blasted off at Space Mountain, Rider shot across the dance floor in Sam's wake, nothing to do but hold on while they pushed past the bump and grind of sweaty bodies. The men's was empty when they got inside.

Before he knew it, Rider's T-shirt was pushed up and his back was against the cool metal of a stall wall, his buckle being undone — goddamn, Sam had nimble fingers — and his pants and boxer briefs were down to his knees, with Sam's dark lips stretched over his cock like they belonged there. Fucking perfect fit. But okay, so maybe Rider was a little unclear on the plan. Something to do with Adam, right?

Whatever, he was getting his dick sucked.

Sam stood, and a groan burbled out of Rider's throat. "Sam, what the hell?" But then Sam spat in his hand and wrapped it around Rider's shaft, the motions long and slow. Working his balls, working his fingers back toward — "Ung. Shit, Sam."

Sam worked Rider's cock with his other hand. That one, long finger was joined by a second and curled and twisted, glancing off his sweet spot while they fucked in and out of him. "You like my plan, baby?"

Rider panted and bucked into Sam's hand. "Wait. What?" What. Ever. Didn't get what this had to with Adam, but he was beyond caring. Rider spread his knees as much

as he could and thrust forward. Sam knew how to work him right. How to squeeze, how to push and twist with those fingers in his ass. How Rider liked to kiss and have his nipples bitten.

Still a little sore and sensitive from earlier, Rider was amazed to find himself getting off as hard as he did, but his buddy Sam could always do that. Sometimes the pain even made it better. Or the filthy promises Sam whispered in Rider's ear. What he was gonna do to Rider later, how they were gonna get rich together. How Sam was going to get fucked by Rider over a pile of money.

He managed to splatter cum on his stomach and chest, he shot so hard. "Jesus, Sam."

Sam chuckled in his ear. "That feel good, baby?"

Rider shivered and breathed a laugh. He blinked at Sam as he reached for the toilet paper, grinning wide at his friend when the creak of the bathroom door and the silence that followed announced they'd had an audience after all. Rider liked an audience. "Real good. But how's jackin' me off in the bathroom part of your master plan?"

Sam pulled a dime bag from his pocket full of tiny yellow pills about the size of Aspirin. His fingers tangled in Rider's hair, pulling him in close for a kiss. "In a little while, you should feel reeal fuckin' good."

That sneaky motherfucker. "You stuck ecstasy up my ass while you were finger fucking me."

"New shipment," Sam murmured. "Get you loosened up, test out the product. Two birds with one stone."

Rider's chest tightened. He yanked his pants up so fast he almost fell sideways. "Jesus, Sam. You could at least tell me before you do something like that."

Sam's bristly cheek rubbed against his. "Baby. Don't you trust me?"

"Sure I do. But—" He panted heavily. This was Sam...

"That time you were sick with Dengue Fever, who was there for you?" Sam nipped along Rider's jaw, his earlobe. "I'd never hurt you."

Rider's head bumped against the metal of the stall when he shook it. Guilt over not trusting his friend warred with confusion and an unwanted shard of doubt. His ass clenched but he couldn't feel much of anything in there. "Never tried that before. Works as well as swallowing, this way?"

Sam's grin brightened the room. "Works even better. Might burn a little when the pill dissolves, but it's worth it. You'll never roll so hard in your life. Stick with me, baby. I'll never steer you wrong."

No, Sam wouldn't. Sam bit his lip and buckled Rider's pants for him. Sam was great like that.

"Now, come on. Let's get washed up and go say hello to your friend Adam. Bet I can get him to party with us. Maybe get a little threesome action going." Sam kissed Rider one more time before slipping one yellow tablet from the baggie straight onto his tongue, and backing out of the stall.

Rider noticed that Sam didn't actually *swallow* the pill.

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Night of surprises all around, huh, Oz? The little studio apartment was neat as a pin. Very few knickknacks and even less furniture except a neatly made bed with flannel sheets. Two vintage bar stools. No television. A few library books stacked on the breakfast bar and a selection of decent wines in a small counter-top holder. Quinn had cracked one of the bottles open after they got inside. The dimly-lit but pristine kitchen nook spoke of somebody who was proud but dead-broke, and asshole that Oz was, he'd have never set foot in a place like this even a day ago.

What a difference a day makes.

Oz rolled a bold Cabernet in his mouth. Underneath the hints of blackberry and vanilla, the bitterness of his own cum lingered. He locked gazes with a pair of intensely green eyes across a cheap Formica breakfast bar and swallowed very...slowly...

He'd committed to seeing this thing through. Oz Cotten didn't back down from anything. "Good wine," he managed. "Fruity."

Elliot Quinn simultaneously lifted one eyebrow and one corner of his perfect mouth and sipped from his glass. He leaned back against an ancient but impeccably kept gas stove. "Watch who yer callin' 'fruity' there, college boy."

"Fuck." Oz threw his head back and laughed. It wasn't that funny. It wasn't. *Shit.*

Nerves left behind by sobering night air and the comedown of a disturbingly hot orgasm and the uncomfortable knowledge of exactly what Oz was doing in this bartender's apartment made his hands unsteady and his movements erratic. He lifted his hand to run it over the top of his head but the hook of his pinkie finger caught the stem of his wine glass.

"Whoa there, college boy."

"Shit. Sorry."

Damned if that bartender wasn't Johnny on the spot with a dishrag. Oz had barely pushed the high-legged stool he sat on away from the counter before Quinn had moved in to swab up the excess Cabernet Sauvignon from the counter and floor.

Oz shivered despite the warmth in the immaculate studio apartment. The two men locked gazes from Quinn's position on the floor between his spread legs. The memory of those firm, practiced lips and how *alive* he'd been when they were wrapped around his cock rushed back full force.

"Doin' all right up there?" Quinn stood then, his lean hips sandwiched firmly between Oz's parted knees. A gentle ache started up in Oz's balls. Enough of one to tell him that what had happened out in the car hadn't satisfied his curiosity.

Oz couldn't pry his stare away from Elliot Quinn's parted lips and the gentle sweep of his tongue. Like the guy might be about to spit out the cure for cancer or something. It burned, but he needed to go ahead and drop "curious" from his vocabulary. Walking in on the Sheriff cuffed to his own bedpost had been the start of a

very slippery slope for Oz. Seeing the man get pounded and spanked like that in the alley had been equal parts disgusting and arousing. Right now Oz wanted to...what? He lifted a hand toward Quinn's face and stopped it in midair, vibrating with a foreign kid-in-a-candy-shop kind of uncertainty.

"I..." Oz licked his lips once, then twice. He didn't know what he didn't know. He wanted to touch this bantamweight bartender all over the place. Wanted to explore and taste and kiss more and – yeah, Quinn's promise to fuck him gave Oz a thrilling, terrifying, full-body zing every time the words ran through his head. Which was about every twenty seconds. He shook his head, overwhelmed. "Fine."

"That you are." Quinn pushed his wine glass over. "Here, rich boy. Both hands, maybe." The bright green of his eyes sparkled with humor in the dim light of the little apartment, but his voice had gotten low and serious. Where was all that plucky joisey attitude?

"What about you?"

That one fiery brow quirked again. A warm, rough palm slid up the exposed plane of Oz's stomach. Shit, he was down a shirt after the way the buttons had all gone flying in the car. Not like he could bring himself to care, the way that palm had a direct line of communication open with his balls.

"Seemed like once we got in the door and you saw the only furniture I had was a bed you sobered up a little too much for your own sanity." Quinn leaned close, wine-infused breath ghosting over Oz's face. "I don't need any wine to fuck ya, Oz Cotten."

Sweet Jesus, that voice. Oz's uncertainty vanished. His fingers dug hard into Elliot Quinn's lean biceps and pulled in for a hard kiss, greedily sucking off the lingering flavors of berry, and currant, and Oz's own cum. Oh, *hell* yes. His hands went under Quinn's shirt, fingers spanned across lean, toned abs. Impatiently, he pulled the long-sleeved T-shirt up and off. "Shit, you're gorgeous." he breathed. Dizziness hit him just then, and he bit hard on his tongue.

He hadn't meant to say it aloud, and saying it to another man tasted as strange in his mouth as his own cum still did.

Quinn opened his mouth and Oz kissed him again. Hard and fast, no tongue this time. Enough to derail whatever the guy might've said next. It was important even though Oz couldn't put his finger on why.

His fingers traced the tattoos on Quinn's arms and chest. For a moment, he was so fascinated he couldn't bring himself to blink. Since the age of fourteen he'd been banging chicks. The few times he'd sprung wood for guys, he'd shut it down. Until Vic. Until now. Hadn't been that long since he'd gotten blown out in the car, but the sight of all that lean muscle and those tattoos.... The gentle dusting of wiry hair under his fingers....The firm, wet lips and the promise in those bright, knowing eyes. Oz was aching, painfully hard in his Dockers.

"Like what you see, college boy." Not a question. Cocky son of a gun. Quinn's breath was heavy and deep. Firm, pale pectoral muscles rose and fell under Oz's hand.

He drew himself up to his full height. Surprisingly, Quinn was a good inch taller.

Leaner, but taller. Funny he hadn't noticed it before. *Like to think you're bigger than everybody, don't you, asshole?* The wool of Quinn's kilt bunched in Oz's hand and he ran a hand up one furry leg. Furry. Not smooth. Not waxed or shaved. Huh. Nice.

Oz's hand ran into a pair of boxers. "The fuck?" Blindly, he searched and tugged to get them down. Kid had too much clothing on. Oz's airway narrowed and he struggled to breathe. His body heated, and everything tingled and throbbed. Especially his fingers. Especially his cock. Jeez.

Quinn laughed and took a few steps back.

Oz's fingers clutched at empty air, and he groaned.

"Let me help you out there, Mr. Cotten." The redhead punched at a docked iPod and some kind of quiet techno music with high female vocals came out. Not what Oz would've expected the attitudinal joisey boy to listen to, but then the guy had surprised Oz plenty so far with the pristine apartment, the impeccable taste in wine –

– *clunk* –

The bartender's heavy belt, kilt, and boxers hit the floor. Oz took in the whole of that tight, hot, *hard* bartender and slugged the remains of Quinn's Mondavi Cabernet without tasting it. Fruity tones and spicy, bold notes be damned. Hell yeah, Elliot Quinn was full of surprises.

And in possession of one monster club of a cock.

Oz's gaze followed that long, fat, veined shaft while it bobbed in midair. No jaunty salute like Oz's hard-on would make had it been standing free, this fucker had to

battle gravity. Hardly seemed proportional to the size of the guy, that schlong. Then again, if dicks were attitudes, the cock matched the man perfectly.

God *damned* if drool didn't puddle in Oz's mouth at the sight of the thing. His knees hit the floor with a painful grunt before he even thought about it. Quinn had bent to unlace his black boots, and Oz smacked away the guy's hand, eager for more of the smooth, hard length that brushed his face when he lunged close. "Leave those on, would you?"

Quinn chuckled softly, and that heavy cock jumped against Oz's face again. "Whatever rubs yer Buddha, Mr. Cotten."

Oz rubbed the side of his face against that smooth, hard flesh. All up and down, from the mushroom tip that was flared and leaking to the base where the balls were low and swinging and covered with an inviting tangle of rust-colored fur. Every sensation made Oz's gut clench tighter. Painfully so. His own balls throbbed harder. The hips and ass under his hands were firm, and muscular, not lush and soft like he was used to. Oz had been with a lot of hot-ass women over the years. Literal fucking super models. They all blurred and faded in the back of his mind.

His entire world had narrowed down to finding out what that cock would taste like in his mouth.

Oz's tongue traced the length of that amazing length, and his chest swelled at the catch of Quinn's breath. The jerk of the guy's hips. He growled, "Oz. Call me Oz." His fingers wrapped around the base of the jumpy motherfucker to keep it still and he

licked again. This time a shiny thread of precum caught and stretched, the sweet and sour of it burst on his tongue, stronger than the notes of any cabernet.

Holy Jesus, I'm about to put a cock in my mouth. I want to. I want to so badly I can hardly breathe. Goddamn, that skin needed to be on his tongue again. *Needed* to be. But first, the punky asshole bartender needed to do him the courtesy of calling him by his name. No college boy, no rich boy, no Mr. Cotten. Oz hovered, lips begging to wrap around that shaft, thread of precum stretched between them like a strand of spiderweb. Quinn's low chuckle practically vibrated all the way to Oz's balls. Outside, rain pattered against the windows.

Still, Quinn didn't answer so Oz waited.

Sure fingers walked through Oz's hair, and Quinn pushed his hips forward, bumping his cock against Oz's parted lips. The string of precum broke. "Yanno, you get me keepin' the boots on it seems only fair I get to keep 'Mr. Cotten'."

Prick. "Seems like me sucking your dick should be enough of a trade, there." Every word was as precise as he could make it after all those drinks and the heady buzz of adrenaline that lit him up like a Christmas tree. Hopefully breathing on the guy's cock like that was teasing the shit out of him.

"Nah. You want that cock in your mouth pretty bad. 'Sides, what I really want is to pound your ass into that mattress over there." Snappy comeback aside, there was a smile in Quinn's eyes.

He swallowed hard. "Oz. Call me Oz, or I walk the fuck out of here and I go the

fuck home." He was sober enough. Fuck, if he had to he could call a cab. Shit, he could admit it. Part of him – the part that still hated his father and thought his brother was a deviant – was clamoring for an excuse to go. But it wasn't about that. Not really. It was a stupid, proud insistence but he was about to give in to something he swore he never would.

Quinn could call him by his name.

Those fingers massaged gently at the back of Oz's head. Quinn's gaze flicked to the window when lighting flashed and the rain fell harder. "Aight then. Can't have you driving home late at night in this weather. Can we, Oz?"

Oz's jaw unhinged and his eyes lost focus. Before he knew it Quinn's cock was hitting the inside of his cheek. He readjusted to get his teeth away – he knew *that* much at least – and oh, hell, he wanted to swallow the thing whole. It was heavy, and solid, and *perfect* in his mouth.

Up above, Quinn shifted and a bar stool rocked like the guy was leaning his weight on it. "Shit, Oz –"

Sure. Yeah. Fucking. He responded with an "mmm-hmm" and put some suction into it, working his hand to spread the excess saliva around and challenging himself to get the head as far toward his throat as he could. Quinn seemed to have the courtesy to stay still and Oz was gratified by appreciative moans and groans and fingers clutching and the back of his head.

–BAM!–

"Holy – " Oz looked to the window where the noise had come from. He pulled away with his blood rushing in his ears. Swiped a hand over his mouth. *Shit. Shit! What if pictures of this get splashed around? This is the sort of stupid impulsive thinking-with-your-dick move your brother would make, Oz, for God's sake.*

Quinn cocked his head and took a step forward, gaze trained on the window. "S'okay, Oz." There's a tree close to the building. Branch hits the window sometimes if it's real windy." He laughed. "Probably gonna crash through the glass one of these days."

Oz didn't realize how much tension that bump on the window had injected into his muscles until the redhead's easy smile and explanation made it all leak back out again. Tree. Wind. Right. Jeez. Quinn stepped forward and Oz rubbed that hipbone that fascinated him so, and next thing he knew Quinn's dick was back to making friends with his tonsils. This time it wasn't fear jacking up his pulse.

The song on the player changed. "Breathe" from Telepopmusik. He remembered that one because some car commercial used to play it all the time. Oz matched rhythm with the gentle snaps and cymbal sounds of the down tempo song. Funny what you remembered at times like these. Like the time he'd stumbled upon a "Secrets to Deep Throat" porn video. Hadn't there been something about sticking out your tongue like you were saying "Ah" and pushing the head back?

Oz went for it...and gagged so hard his wine and Grey Goose almost came back to greet him. He pulled away. At least he meant to. Oz Cotten never did anything half-

assed, no away. He'd had bad blow jobs, and he refused to *give* a bad blow job. But when he started to pull off, to apologize, to try another technique – the thing in his mouth impossibly got fatter and harder to hold onto, and Quinn who had until then been pretty easy going tightened his grip and thrust forward. Fucking his mouth fast and hard. So Oz held still, held on, tried to keep his teeth out of the way.

The pulsing sensation on his tongue. That sour flavor. Oz squeezed his eyes shut and swallowed. *God, he's coming in my mouth.* He swallowed and Quinn jerked and shuddered, already a little softer. Oz moaned without even meaning to. He delighted in the shivers and twitches that came every time he moved his lips and tongue.

Quinn pulled his arm and then they were standing. Quinn, naked but for his boots. Oz, still wearing his jeans. Tongues slid effortlessly against each other as they stood there in the small kitchen nook. The skin of chest against chest was...satisfyingly warm.

"I thought the plan was for me to fuck your ass, college boy."

"I thought the plan was for you to call me Oz." They were both a little sweaty. His hand glided down the smooth expanse of Quinn's back. Even muscular woman felt different. Curvier. Oz almost would've called Quinn bony except...nah...he ran his gaze up and down the flushed body, and landed on Quinn's crooked smile. No, he looked good this way.

"Aight," Quinn said. He backed across the beige carpet to the double bed. He plucked at the laces of his boots and yanked them off, setting them carefully by the foot

of the bed. After removing the socks he wore and rolling them into a ball, he tossed them into a nearby clothing hamper and flopped unceremoniously onto the bed. "So what's it gonna be, Oz. You wanna bail on getting that virgin ass pounded, this here's yer chance. You wanna hang for awhile 'till I can recharge, that's cool too."

Oz worked his jaw back and forth for a moment. Across the room, Quinn's chest rose and fell slowly but he couldn't be asleep yet. Oz bent to the floor and picked up his discarded shirt with fingers he could barely feel, and he ran a hand over his head. The iPod shuffled and an acoustic Jackson Browne song came on.

You could walk out and pretend nothing happened.

Oz's gaze flicked to the window again, then he took a step forward.

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Vic slammed his hand on the steering wheel and his head against the back of the car seat. "What the *fuck* are you gonna do with yourself, Vic?"

The compulsion was creeping back again. Every time he swore to himself he'd get his shit together, he went and fucked up worse than before. Same old pattern. Something had to give.

"Shit, it's really coming down out there." Damn that asshole for taking a shot at him and making him do paperwork. He'd have been home in bed by now and not driving in this miserable downpour. Good thing at least it was the middle of the night

and the roads were pretty clear. Vic, for his part, was finally off duty.

"What the — " The breaks squealed when he slammed them and pulled to the side of the road, one block down from a cheap set of rental apartments. What the hell was Oz Cotten's car doing in front of that place?

It wasn't any of his business. There was no reason for him to stop. Vic kept right on telling himself that as he headed back up the block and around to the back of the building on foot. He'd busted a small-time drug dealer here some months back, the windows on that side were larger. "Garden view," they called it. Ha.

He hit pay dirt on the second ground floor unit. "Hoh-lee, shit." Oz Cotten, naked as the day he was born and hot as fucking hell in bed with the redhead who'd done Vic but good and left him handcuffed that one night. Well. Wasn't that interesting?

Vic had been at the grand opening of the resort, had seen the look of horror on Oz's face when Daddy Cotten arrived with Trip Whitlock on his arm. The disgust when his brother Rider started hitting on the male help. Hell, Vic's own forays into flirting with Oz seemed to have been met with little more than blank confusion.

Then there was that shit back in the alley...

Vic shuddered, both from the memory and the from chill of the rain soaking his clothes. Freezing and wet as he was, stupid as it was, the scene inside was hot. Yeah, he'd just given himself that pep talk. The two in that bed were so into each other though. "No one'll know I was here," he whispered.

He pulled impatiently — angrily — at his pants. "Fucking French fly." He hated cop

pants. He milked his wet cock there in the rain, while inside Oz Cotten soul-kissed Quinn the bartender in a way that confirmed that asshole was about as straight as a Slinky toy.

A movement in the bushes brought Vic's head around. Fuck. He stuffed himself back in his pants and waited. Nothing. Probably just the wind. Or an animal. Still, it was an important reminder. His murderer had likely skipped down, but there were no guarantees. No solid clues yet, about that wizard shit on the dead body. And if Vic got caught with his pants down and a psycho on the loose, he risked making an entire town vulnerable.

Worthless and stupid like Daddy always said, Vic.

He looked through the window again. "Shit," Vic whispered. "But they're fucking gorgeous together."

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Quinn would never admit it to a soul, but he'd woken up more content than he had in a long time. Oz Cotten was kissing him slow and gentle, while thunder rolled overhead and Springsteen's "Human Touch" played in the kitchen.

Normally Quinn didn't go for slumber parties. He'd kind of figured on fooling around until he could get it up again, but Oz had gone comatose 'bout as soon as he'd hit the bed. Quinn had settled in and flipped over the options. Would it be the scared

rabbit or the rich asshole that greeted him when he woke up? Or would Oz be a distant memory?

Sometimes surprises were nice.

Oz's eyes rolled toward the ceiling. "Storm's really kicked up out there."

"Guess it's a good thing you're not out there." The corner of Quinn's mouth pulled up. Oz's pebbled nipples and fuzzy chest hair rubbed against Quinn. Nice.

Quinn had to hand it to the guy, Oz was one fan-fucking-tabulous kisser. Their tongues probed while Oz sloppily divested himself of his spiffy Ralph Lauren boxers. Their hips jerked, their cocks collided.... Oz clearly needed to explore, and Quinn's body buzzed as a hot palm rubbed over his skin, slicked by gathering sweat.

Fucking thermostat never working right in this busted pop-stand.

Oz's moan vibrated deep in Quinn's mouth. Long fingers trailed over his jaw. Dude didn't seem fazed he was running his hand over two-day old stubble. Or that his dick was bumping against another one in a most friendly manner.

Quinn's had been plenty a schmuck's gay training wheels. Seemed like if the first thing didn't get a reaction, the second one did. It hadn't escaped his notice that Oz Cotten was a different sort than most. What *had* though, was that Oz the one on top. No. It hadn't gotten passed him. He just hadn't minded, and wasn't that the damndest thing? Oz Cotten's heavy, stacked form covered Quinn's like a blanket and the weight was unbelievably gratifying.

Oz shifted and the head of his cock nudged under Quinn's balls.

Shit, he wanted it. From Oz Cotten. He could practically feel the guy's dick inside him. *Un-flipping-belivable*. Quinn's adrenaline spiked and his eyelids flew open wide. One leg hooked over one of Oz's and he slipped from under the hard body with a playful slap of that firm, lightly furred ass. That man took good fucking care of himself. He reached to a drawer for the stuff to slick and cover himself. "That wasn't the plan."

Oz's eyes crinkled a little around the corners and a pearly-white set of teeth flashed at Quinn. "No, it wasn't."

Whatever the urge, Quinn couldn't let the delicious chance to fuck Oz Cotten's ass just walk on by.

Lightning flashed through the window by the bed. In the near dark of the room it amped up the golden glow of Oz's skin. "Fuck, you're a fine looking specimen." Quinn bent to lick at the salty sweat on Oz's inner thigh, to nibble at the cut of his hip, and bypassed the man's dick to frustrate him on his way to suck first one and then the other nipple. He preened at the filthy curses and praises to God that dribbled out of Oz's pillow lips.

Oz hauled him in for another kiss. At the same time he bent his knees up, exposing himself to Quinn. Dude really did want to get fucked. *Hell yeah*. Oz's hand brushed over Quinn's stomach. "You're..." He licked his lips. "You too." Shit. Rich boy was blushing.

Quinn's toes scrunched up at that one.

He pulled back enough to stare Oz Cotten in the eye. "Look, so we're clear? I ain't

into second dates, and I ain't a fucking punching bag. You got issues in the light of day, those are all yours."

Oz's fingers were smooth and warm around his cock. He licked his lips. "What do I have to say to convince you?" He sucked in a deep breath. "I wanna know what that thing feels like in my ass."

"That'll work." Quinn grinned and squeezed the lube out too hard. It gushed all over his hand, and Oz's stomach. His heart tap danced erratically in his chest when Oz Cotten—*fucking Oz Cotten*—bore down on Quinn's middle finger and that tight heat swallowed it whole.

"Shit," Oz murmured.

Their stares held as Quinn fucked that digit in and out so...slowly...curling it to hit Oz's sweet spot and adding a second finger. He wrapped a hand around the base of Oz's cock, stroking gently and running his thumb over tight, hairy balls. "Feel okay?"

Oz's palm rubbed over Quinn's sensitive nips and it only made Quinn more desperate to bury himself in the man's ass.

"Oh God...God. Yeah...but..." Oz's voice was low and breathy. You don't need to do all that. I dated plenty of girls who— I never thought to do that. They took it, so can I. Right?"

For some reason, that made Quinn's stomach flutter. He lifted an eyebrow. "This ain't about doing penance," He said. He added a third finger and pushed in slow. Oz's eyes got squinty. Van Morrison crooned quietly from in the kitchen.

"Maybe I want it to hurt." Did Oz blush again? Maybe he and Sherriff Vic had a little something in common after all. Huh. Fine.

Fuck knew Quinn was about to shoot just *watching* this buttoned-up rich boy come undone and squirm while his fingers did the walking.

Quinn couldn't hold back the groan when the crown of his cock pushed into Oz's ass. Shit, the guy was tight, and hot, and so, so fucking responsive. Some guys, the first time, they clamped down. Or they cursed and whined a lot. Only sign of Oz's discomfort was a bare grimace as Quinn pushed past the greatest point of resistance. That and he wasn't totally hard anymore. Quinn could fix that.

Quinn shifted, lifting one of Oz's legs and stroking Oz's cock with a greasy hand. And then...Quinn was balls deep and Oz's breath wooshed out...there it was. The tension on Oz's face eased. "Better?"

Muscles squeezed and massaged around Quinn's shaft.

Oz's chest lifted and fell, his breath coming faster now in sharp, shallow pants. "Shit. Shit." Oz clawed at the sheets. "Omygod. Feels amazing now that you're all the way in."

"Peachy." Quinn smiled slightly. He started slow, one arm wrapped around each of Oz's bent knees, speeding up by degrees. "Darkness on the Edge of Town" started in the kitchen. Nothing Quinn loved more than fucking when his favorite song was on. He fucked deep, matching pace with Springsteen while The Boss lamented about blood that never burned in some chick's veins.

Quinn's blood was burnin' pretty fuckin' hot right then.

Like before, Oz's hands wandered. They gripped and stroked Quinn's arms and rubbed his chest and tweaked his nips. Manicured nails raked Quinn's abs. Quinn's veins buzzed and the tight sheath of Oz's ass – well Quinn didn't want to be inconsiderate but it was getting hard to hold back the way that sucker was squeezing him.

Shaky breath and body trembles started up like Oz might be getting close. Quinn changed angle and picked up speed, stroking Oz's cock nice and firm, but the guy grunted and punched the mattress and cursed in frustration. Sweat dripped from his temple. Oz kept on gasping and shaking like he was riding the edge, needy for the right push to send him over. Like he couldn't quite let go.

Maybe the guy wasn't taking to this whole thing so easy after all.

"Something wrong?" Quinn slowed down and started to pull out.

Oz shook his head side to side, and nearly growled. "Feels so fucking good." He pushed forward, back onto Quinn's dick.

"Wait." Quinn pulled out carefully despite Oz's protest and flopped backward.

"C'mere. Ride me." Maybe if Oz was the one doing the driving, then he could let loose.

Quinn held the man's ass as best he could while Oz lowered down, and after some gasping and groaning and murmurs of "Jesus, that's intense," Oz got himself seated. Found a rhythm. Quinn couldn't believe how hard that guy was slamming himself down onto his stick once he got comfortable with it. Shit. Oz stroked himself while he worked up and down on Quinn's pole, sometimes wiggling a little to hit things

just right, and Quinn's fingers dug into the guy's hips as he thrust hard to meet him.

Fucking glorious that man looked, sitting on Quinn's cock like that.

"Shit, I'm gonna come."

"Thank. Fuck." Quinn thrust up hard and unloaded. Holy mother of pearl. His body shuddered. He came so fucking hard it exploded in his gut almost painfully, and Oz Cotten's blue eyes were so goddamned passionate right then.... Quinn's own eyes squeezed shut and he rolled his head to the side. He drew in a breath and opened them again as he started to come down, in time to see another flash of lightning outside the window...

And – Jesus – Vic Neale's soggy mug staring right at them from the other side of the glass.

Even the massive thunderclap outside couldn't drown out Oz Cotten's unholy orgasmic shout. Head thrown back, eyes shut tight, the man shot all over his own hand and stomach, and it was the hottest fucking thing Quinn had ever seen. Somehow...knowing the sheriff had been watching them...Quinn couldn't decide if that made it hotter or weird. He would've gone with hotter, but...

Seeing Oz like that...Quinn wanted it for himself.

Oz shook and groaned. Drops of cum landed on Quinn's stomach. A glance back at the window told Quinn the sheriff was gone now. Of course he was.

Oz Cotten had no clue.



- *Is Elliot "I don't do second dates" Quinn in danger of falling for Oz Cotten?*
 - *Was someone other than Vic lurking outside of Quinn's apartment, or was the wind making things go bump in the night?*
 - *Will Vic's sloppiness put the whole town in danger?*
 - *Will Rider get caught up in Sam's shady dealings, or realize he's being used before it's too late?*
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TUNE IN NEXT WEEK!

Boxer Falls: The bigger they are...

AUTHOR BIO

Ellis Carrington is a wild child who hates to color in the lines, but who lives and loves passionately. She can be found in and around the Washington D.C. area, swilling Starbucks and saying inappropriate things out loud in public. Her greatest loves are good friends, good music, and of course reading M/M romance. Find out more at:

- EllisCarrington.com
- [Goodreads](#)
- [Twitter](#)
- [Facebook](#)