

Encounter: The Calm Before the Storm

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The Calm Before the Storm

"I'd ask why you're here but after your little success tonight it's not as if I have to. I saw it on the news."

The man who had spoken stood in the shadows, but Alex knew that voice. He also knew that silhouette. He'd seen it many times, in many dark rooms.

Alex grinned, aware of the way the broad stretching of his lips affected his face. People saw his grin and groaned... or moaned, depending on their relationship. His relationship with the man standing in front of him -- if he could call it such -- was one that produced numerous moans, all shattering the silence of the night.

It had been sometime since they'd seen each other, let alone had sex. Tonight was an indulgence, his reason for coming here simple. Alex wanted sex and he didn't much care who with. Fired up, his blood raging, he almost felt possessed and he wanted to pour himself into someone. Anyone. He just needed a willing orifice. Male or female, he didn't care which, not on this particular occasion, but picking someone up in a nightclub or bar always carried risks of the type that he really couldn't afford considering that he was doing so well career-wise right now.

His sexual preference wavered these days, but he wasn't particularly looking for a man to go with tonight. It just happened that Graham had as much to lose as he did,

so they had a mutual respect for one another's need for secrecy and privacy. In fact, Graham needed secrecy more than Alex did. He was a wealthy doctor with parents who would disinherit him in a heartbeat if they knew their son had certain... proclivities. That made him the perfect choice.

The other good thing about Graham was he never required chitchat. Closing the front door, Graham turned and walked down the hall to the stairs, took the stairs two at a time, and disappeared around the corner of the landing at the top, heading in the direction of his bedroom. Alex smartly followed, tugging his tie loose as he went. The hour was late and he was betting Graham wore nothing beneath his dressing gown.

Graham wasn't even wearing the dressing gown when Alex walked into the bedroom. The other man turned and began helping Alex off with his clothes. Graham was quiet, good-looking, uninhibited. The only thing he didn't show was a great deal of affection. Alex had grown used to the idea that Graham didn't like to kiss. That didn't mean he agreed with the man's choice. He considered it foolishness on Graham's part, as if the man believed kissing would be a final line drawn, actually make him gay. Still, he'd grown used to not kissing Graham, even preferred it. He'd rather kiss someone he desired on more than a "sink his cock and get his rocks off" kind of way. All Alex desired right now was to burrow in somewhere tight and hot.

Alex left his clothes in a heap by the door, knowing foreplay would consist of licking and sucking, scratching, lifting, squeezing. Sure enough, they fell into a familiar pattern, teeth and tongues rasping over hardening nipples, and fingers encircling and tugging on hardening pricks as Graham backed up. Although he'd led them into his bedroom, apparently he wasn't in the mood to roll around on the bed. He reached into a drawer of the dresser that conveniently stood between the door and the bed, extracting condoms and lube. As soon as they stood at the base of his bed, Graham lost no time. He went to his knees, condom in hand, and quickly extracted it, applying it to Alex's raging hard-on. Heat and pressure enclosed Alex's sensitive glans and he closed his eyes, losing himself in the moment.

Hands reached up, caressed his thighs, took hold of his heavy sac and squeezed hard enough to make him grunt. It wasn't a cry of pain that left his lips so, encouraged, his assailant pulled downwards until it felt as if Graham was testing the stretching capabilities of skin. Graham never went too far, though. He knew what Alex liked.

His nuts in a vice-like grip and the pull and push on his rock-hard erection increasing in speed, Alex dithered. He could interrupt the proceedings or let go. Eager to fulfill his need in a flood of semen and seed, he'd almost decided to let his body go where it willed when things came to an abrupt halt. Apparently, Graham wasn't about to let him get away with finishing too soon.

Standing, Graham peeled off the condom. They always replaced it with another in case Graham's teeth had torn the sheath. Maybe it seemed over cautious, but Graham was an eager bottom so long as he knew he was safe.

If there was one thing Alex didn't have to worry about with Graham, it was disease. The man took care of himself, including regular tests to the point of paranoia. They said doctors never made good patients and in Graham's case, it was true. The man was a borderline hypochondriac. He rolled an unused condom onto Alex and then turned towards the bed having handed him the lube.

Glancing down, Alex reached out. His fingertips told him every part of Graham's body was eager as the man bent over the baseboard at the foot of the bed, bracing his hands. Alex played, forcing a dry fingertip in, grinning when he drew a grunt of protest from Graham's lips. The man shivered as Alex upended the bottle and let cool lube flow free to drip in that welcoming crack. Alex couldn't tell whether Graham shivered from anticipation or the lube was just that cool.

Taking his cock in hand, Alex made Graham wait, running the tip up and down, over and around that eager orifice. When he heard what sounded like a hiss of complaint, Alex sunk home. One thing he had to admit, Graham was very accommodating. Buried to the hilt, he widened his stance and began the slow rock of his hips that was never enough for Graham. However, the man knew that to hurry him

would only delay things, because if he didn't let Alex have the slow build, Alex would stop, slow down, begin all over again. So, Graham had learned how to wait.

Even so, by the time Alex finally pounded into him, Graham was breathing hard. He was pulling on his own erection, muttering moans and curses in equal measure. Alex tuned him out. He focused on the sight of his cock sinking in, slamming home, repeatedly... and felt nothing except the oncoming tide of physical pleasure and release. When it happened, he closed his eyes.

Spent, he kept rocking for Graham's sake, the tight circle helping him maintain his hard girth just long enough. He didn't open his eyes until he heard Graham gasping, felt him slump forward. Then he pulled out, drew off the condom and carried it to the bathroom. There he threw the used rubber in the bin, wiped himself with tissue, peed in the toilet, flushed, and then washed his cock and thighs in the tub using a clean flannel from the cupboard. He tossed the flannel in the wash basket, used a clean towel, threw that in the basket to keep the flannel company, and then walked back to the bedroom. Graham lay naked, sprawled on the bed. Alex dressed, methodical, silent.

"You really don't give a fuck about me, do you?" Graham asked, but his voice sounded impartial, far from brimming with curiosity.

Straightening his tie, Alex spoke to the mirror from where he could see a reflection of the entire room. "Do you need me to?"

"What makes you think I feel nothing? What makes you think I don't love you?"

"You love my dick," Alex said, turning back. Graham guffawed, and then he shrugged. He couldn't deny it.

"Is there anyone you do give a fuck about?" Graham asked as Alex headed for the door.

He was tempted to say only himself but instead, Alex ignored the question and hurried down the stairs. Such a statement wouldn't have been true even if Graham believed it. Anyway, Alex didn't care what Graham believed. Of course there were

people Alex cared about, but they were far removed from what he'd just done and he liked it that way.

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