

Red Lights

Jade Buchanan

All rights reserved.
Copyright ©2007 Jade Buchanan

Warning: This e-book file contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language which some may find offensive and which is not appropriate for a young audience. Changeling Press E-Books are for sale to adults, only, as defined by the laws of the country in which you made your purchase. Please store your files wisely, where they cannot be accessed by under-aged readers.

“Jesus Christ, you drive like my Grandma,” Mikey shouted, his words barely audible over the pounding beat from the speakers. The big black car in front of him slowed, red taillights flashing. “You’ve got to be shitting me. It’s a yellow, Man!”

Mikey swerved to the left, pulling around the other car neatly, giving the driver a one-fingered salute on the way. Nipping through the intersection, he laughed, rocking back and forth.

With a throaty purr, the big car rocketed through the intersection behind Mikey, just making it before the light turned red.

Mikey laughed again, pushing his foot down harder on the pedal. So this fucker wanted to play games? Who gave a shit if the big car dwarfed his little rust bucket? No one out drove Mikey, especially not some guy who couldn’t even drive the speed limit.

After a few miles, he was beginning to regret his initial glee. “What the hell are you following me for, Stalker? Christ, just go on about your business and leave me alone.” He tapped his fingers on the steering wheel, trying to think about what lay ahead on the route.

There wasn’t much out this way. They’d left the city limits behind a few minutes ago. And, yes, he was a retard for continuing on to his house instead of staying in the city. This weirdo could be a serial killer for all he knew. At first, Mikey had ignored the presence of the big car, assuming they were just headed in the same direction. But when the car followed him out past that last turn, he started getting suspicious. Who was this

guy? Was he pissed about the finger? Everyone gave the finger nowadays! At least Mikey hadn't laid on the horn like he wanted to.

The car came up behind him, tailing him closely. The man flashed his brights, blinding Mikey when he looked in the rear-view mirror. "What do you want? I'm not stopping, fuckwit, so you might as well keep driving."

Mikey tried to remember how long it would take to get to the first crossroad. He could turn around there, maybe surprise the guy enough to pull a u-ey and get back to the main roads before the guy realized what was happening. He'd turn around on the road, except his car didn't exactly have the smoothest turning. The guy could be out of his car and busting down Mikey's door in the time it took him to turn the car around.

He drummed his fingers on the steering wheel.

Ah, there it is. He spied the small turnoff up ahead. Pressing his foot on the gas pedal, he sped up. Without signalling his intent, Mikey spun the wheel to the right. With a whoop of glee, he turned on to the crossroad. "Shit..."

The black car pulled in behind him, neatly cutting him off when he tried to spin his car around. Mikey stayed in the car, peering over at the other driver. The windows were tinted, he couldn't quite make out the other figure. "Come on, man, get out of the car and stop playing with me. What do you want?" He switched off his radio, nervously tapping his fingers on the dash.

The driver's door of the other car opened. A whipcord lean man stepped out, his short black locks ruffling in the breeze. He had on a pair of wrap-around shades set high on his aquiline nose. His mouth was full, his cheekbones pronounced.

Christ, the guy was giving him a woody. He was gorgeous.

His body was encased in dark denim jeans and a long sleeved black tee. The clothes weren't tight but they still showed off his body. The man stepped forward, stalking to Mikey's door. Leaning down, he tapped on the window with his knuckles. "Open the door."

The words came through loud and clear in the silence of the car. Mikey really didn't want to get out. That guy looked dangerous. Rolling down the window, he

nervously wiped his fingers on his jeans. "Look, man, I'm sorry bout all that. I was in a hurry, yeah? Didn't mean no disrespect."

"You knew exactly what you were doing. Now, open the door."

"Look, asshole, you can't tell me what to do. I'll have you--"

The man reached in through the window, popping the lock in one smooth move. Yanking open the door, the man reached in and pulled Mikey out, manhandling him until he stood in the opening. "You do know you're supposed to wear a seatbelt right? You could have been killed, you idiot."

Mikey bristled at the low tone. Who the hell did this guy think he was? He angled to the side, desperate to keep his erection from the guys view. He didn't know why that obnoxious voice was getting to him, but he damn well wasn't going to let the guy know about it.

"Hmm... what's this?" The man pulled down his shades, blinking copper eyes at Mikey. Copper? No way! God, they were beautiful.

Mikey was so distracted by the eyes that he didn't at first notice where the man was gesturing with his other hand. The glancing touch across his hard-on made him jump.

"It does appear that you like this."

"Look, man. Just leave me alone."

"And why would I want to do that? I'd much rather play with this." The man grabbed Mikey's cock, palming it. Mikey groaned, arching into the touch. Wow, that was good.

"These need to go." Copper-eyes unsnapped his jeans, sliding down the zipper and pushing the baggy pants and his boxers down to pool on the ground. Cool fingers wrapped around his cock, slicking along the head and gathering up the pre-come that leaked out. "Someone seems a little desperate. Is this what you want, Boy?"

"God, please." Mikey tossed his head, thrusting his hips toward the other man. Copper-eyes chuckled, leaning forward to place his mouth on Mikey's shoulder. Brushing aside the cotton of his tee, the man sunk his teeth into Mikey's skin.

“Ah!” Mikey jerked his hips, brought to the edge by the feel of those teeth. They weren’t sharp, and he was pretty sure they hadn’t broken skin, but God, that was...

“Turn around.”

Mikey swung around, holding on to the roof of the car, wedged as he was between the door and the driver’s seat. Long fingers glanced down his crack, smoothing over his hole. Mikey groaned, pushing back into the touch. Christ, he needed it. The fingers went away, ignoring his pleas.

A small object dropped to the ground by his feet, followed by the foil of a condom wrapper. Copper-eyes must have been carrying lube on him cause his fingers came back wet. One finger went in to the knuckle, entering his ass in a single thrust. Mikey cried out, his cock throbbing. “Man, please, I need it now.”

Copper-eyes grunted, and Mikey heard the snap of his own buckle, the slide of his zipper. A hard, hot presence was suddenly bumping his hole. He angled his hips, wiggling to entice Copper-eyes to get on with it. He didn’t have all day.

The man’s cock slid against his hole, pushing in. The head breached him, bringing Mikey to his toes as pleasure zinged through his body. This was a greater high than any drug he knew of. That moment when you knew you were being taken... when you belonged to someone else.

The cock pressed forward, relentlessly tunnelling into him. Mikey groaned, echoed by the man. His body slumped on top of Mikey, pressing him into the car. Mikey locked his knees, terrified that he’d be thrown in through the open door if he wasn’t careful. He was so close he was practically dripping pre-come.

The man wasted no time, thrusting in to the hilt inside Mikey’s ass, pulling out and pressing in again. They were out in the open. Fuck, anyone driving by would be able to see them.

Sweat dripped down on the back of his neck, copper-eyes was thrusting in hard now, wasting no time to attain his release. Mikey cried out, bucking back into him.

The man bit down on the back of his neck again, and that was it. He arched, cum spewing from his dick, splattering on the seat of the car. The man groaned when Mikey clamped down on his cock, freezing and shooting his seed inside the condom.

Mikey huffed for breath, horrified when he whimpered. The man levered himself up, little aftershocks tearing through Mikey when copper-eyes pulled out of his ass. "Christ, I think you killed me, boy."

"I'm not a boy," he gasped.

"What's your name?"

"Mikey Grayson. You?"

"Malcolm Carey. Remember it, because you'll be screaming it later."

Mikey slumped, sliding to his knees beside the car. He had a feeling the guy was telling the truth. He couldn't wait.

<http://www.changelingpress.com/author.php?uid=90>