

LOVE Has NO Boundaries



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HARD AND FAST

Jack Greene

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See that guy in the tub, his naughty bits strategically covered with bubbles, pointing a gun? That's me. The guy in the other photo, with his perfect hard body and bubble butt? That's the fucker I'm about to shoot. And this is our story.

Love Has No Boundaries

An M/M Romance series

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Introduction

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

What Is Love Has No Boundaries?

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

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

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

Words of Caution

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

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

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Photo Description

PHOTO 1: The inside of a man's thighs bracket the view of a short-haired man with a perfectly sculpted body standing knee-deep in a tub. Strategically placed bubbles hide his groin and decorate his thighs. He holds a gun in a two-handed grip, pointing it straight at the viewer.

PHOTO 2: A naked man faces away from the viewer, silhouetted against a black background, displaying a muscled back, perfect ass and powerful thighs. His right arm is encased in a reinforced, elbow-length leather glove, he wears a fingerless leather glove on his left. He holds a large assault rifle across his shoulders and wears goggles of some kind as well. A belt crosses his waist in the back, supporting a thigh holster with a handgun.

Story Letter

“What the fuck are you doing in here!? You have ten seconds before I shoot your goddamn balls to Kingdom come.”

“Awww, come on now, love. Do you really want to do that?”

“You bet your mangy ass I do. This is a private bath. How the hell did you get in here?”

“Bitter much? You know me; I like to get into a lot of things. Don't you remember the first time we met?”

I'll never forget that incredible night after that Tango class.”

“FUCK YOU!”

“Oh yeah, you let me do that too. Your ass was so red with my hand prints and you begging for more over at the club. I.n.c.r.e.d.i.b.l.e. and sweeeet.”

Gunfire.

Dear Author,

See this guy? Yeah, that fucker. [PHOTO 2]

He’s the cause of my injury and why I was taken off duty, indefinitely. I’m just now getting all of my memory back. I first laid eyes on him at the dance hall. I had been taking tango lessons for a few months when he sauntered into the hall and turned every head in the joint. So suave, and not one damn hair out of place. His suit fit him like he was poured into it. I mean, look at him! I got hard just looking at him. He knew all the moves and danced with a couple of the ladies who jockeyed for position to be next in line. I wanted to be in that line. Shit! He’s looking right at me with a smirk on his face. Well god damn. - By the end of the class we were holed up in the Men’s room up against the tiles. Hot as fuck it was, and I wanted ALL of it.

He invited me over to RockUHard, the new BDSM club that recently opened. Jesus, I couldn’t pass that up. I really needed to get my kink on after an up-close-and-personal look at those bathroom tiles. Think he meets all the requirements? He’s the epitome of a Top, dammit. What, I don’t look like a bottom to you? Good, let’s keep it that way. We played and fucked into the wee hours of the morning at the club. We both need to get to work the next day. I was needed at the Agency for the next assignment, and he was starting a new job. A one-off, that was cool with the both of us.

As Fate would have it (that Bitch), that first encounter was to lead to many more. Who the fuck knew that his ‘new job’ was the same place where I WORKED? Why in Hell did the Boss put us on the same assignment? And how did that twink worm his ass into the equation? How and why did I screw up that last mission to be off the grid indefinitely? And why the fuck am I still jonesin’ on this fucker? God help me.

ETA *See that martini there? Can you just hear Frank Sinatra crooning in the background with “Just The Way You Look Tonight”, “Summer Wind”, “Fly Me To The Moon”? He’s really jonesin’ on that Fucker.*

Sincerely,

D

Story Info

Genre: contemporary

Tags: action/suspense/adventure, spies/secret agents, BDSM, assassins, first person

Word count: 7,970

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See that guy in the tub, his naughty bits strategically covered with bubbles, pointing a gun? That's me. The guy in the other photo, with his perfect hard body and bubble butt? That's the fucker I'm about to shoot. And this is our story.

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“Bitter much? You know me; I like to get into a lot of things. Don't you remember the first time we met? I'll never forget that incredible night after that Tango class.”

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“Oh yeah, you let me do that too. Your ass was so red with my handprints and you were begging for more over at the club. *I.n.c.r.e.d.i.b.l.e* and *sweeeet*.”

Gunfire.

And that's how I met the fucker.

Well, not exactly. That's how we met professionally, though I'm pretty sure us both being naked doesn't count as professional. We met at a tango class—well we did more than meet. Best damn sex of my life.

But I'm getting ahead of myself.

The fucker—his name is Nicholas Stevens, if you must know, though I prefer to call him “the fucker”—was the hottest thing I'd seen in a long time. He strolled into that tango class like he owned the joint, poured into an Armani

suit that clung to every luscious inch of him. You could smell the hormones as all the ladies in the place took notice—and half the men; I think it was just envy, though you never know. He had dark brown hair and ice blue eyes and the body of a Greek god, though I had to find that out later.

See, ahead of myself again. My name's Paul Brock, by the way. Nice to meet you.

The fucker was sex on legs and he damn well knew it. Then he started talking and you could hear the panties hitting the floor. He's British, with a perfect clipped accent—not too posh, not too common, you'd be amazed how many types of British accents there are—and damn if it didn't make him even hotter.

We switch partners around in dance class, and if the fucker had had a dance card it would have been full. The ladies were all over him, waiting their turn.

That was the other thing—he needed dance lessons like he needed a third nipple. The fucker knew all the moves, danced like a pro, smooth and oh so flexible. What he was doing there was a mystery, though I wasn't complaining. I was just enjoying the eye candy. Unfortunately, the place wasn't progressive enough for me to dance with him—who would lead, after all?—so I just got to watch.

I was taking a break, sipping at some brown sludge they laughingly call coffee when our eyes met across the room. Now you hear about that shit in stories, an electric connection in a glance, and I thought it was bullshit—until I locked eyes with this fucker. A bolt of lust went from my brain right to my crotch as he smirked at me. I'd been caught staring, admiring that gorgeous bubble butt of his and he was on to me. That smirk told me all I needed to know—he knew I was watching, knew I wanted him, knew he could have me. Boy, could he.

Until that moment I hadn't been sure about him—did he bat for my team? I was pretty sure, something about the way he moved, but I wouldn't have put

money on it. Now, though, after that look, I would have bet my vintage E-Type that I'd have his cock down my throat soon.

I wasn't wrong.

After that sizzling eye contact, I had to hit the men's room to adjust my package. I walked into a stall and before I had a chance to shut the door, I heard the outside door slam open against the tiles. I knew without looking that it was him. I didn't look, though, just lowered my zipper and he appeared like magic.

Framed in the open door of the bathroom stall, up close he was a walking wet dream. I'd been at half-mast but now my cock stood up and saluted. He knew it, too, knew I was his for the taking, and in short order he had me up against the tiles.

Not a word was necessary as he tried to climb down my throat. He kissed like a force of nature, and his hands mapped my body. Now I don't look like a bottom, hell I don't even look gay unless I try, apparently, but this fucker could read me like a book. He pulled back from the kiss, whipped me around and slammed me face first into the cold green ceramic. I knew it was coming so I didn't get my nose broken, but he was anything but gentle as he ground his hard-on against my ass.

Now I'm a big guy and I spend serious time in the gym. Got to, in my line of work. But this fucker was *built*. Like the proverbial shithouse. He held me tight against that wall, rubbing against me, grunting in my ear. Not that I wanted to be anywhere else—I sure as hell wasn't struggling. His hand snuck around, shoving down the front of my trousers. He gripped me, and I thrust against his hand, and I should have been embarrassed but I knew I could come in minutes from this.

Which was when he stepped back.

I spun around, cursing in every language I knew. He just stood there, grinning at me, like he didn't have a hard-on just as steely as mine. And with still not a hair out of place. Fuck.

Then he stepped close, reached around and squeezed my ass with his big hand and laughed as he whispered in my ear, “See you after.”

Then he turned and was gone, leaving me with an aching cock. All I knew was he damn well better be as good as he looked.

I was wrong. He was better.

Secured firmly to the X-cross, there was nothing I could do but wait for what the fucker wanted to give me. He’d tied me with my back to the cross, so I knew he wasn’t going to whip me, not that I would have minded one bit. He looked in his element here in the BDSM club—charmingly named RockUHard—and the way he handled himself told me he knew exactly what he was doing. He’d asked for my safeword and hard limits and then ordered me to strip.

When I’d undressed a little too slowly, testing him, he backhanded me just hard enough to make my cock twitch. Oh yeah. This was gonna be good. I could feel his gaze on me, and by the time I was naked I was fully hard, my cock pointing straight at him like it knew what it wanted.

Now I was helpless, watching him watch me, and fuck it was hot. It had been a while since I’d played this kind of game, and if I’d had any idea he was taking me to a kink club I would have hauled him out of that damn dance studio immediately. As it was, the class had dragged on forever, and every time I so much as looked his direction I got hard again. Eventually I gave up and had a seat on the sidelines.

I focused as he approached, looking me over like the piece of meat I was right then. I tugged at my restraints, just to feel them, so I didn’t notice what he was doing until I felt the sting of the crop against my bare thighs.

“Pay attention to me,” he warned, giving me another good smack, this time closer to my balls. I gasped involuntarily, though it didn’t really hurt that much yet—high pain tolerance, a damn good thing in my line of work. “I’m your entire world right now.”

He was right, and I wanted it bad. Wanted him to own me, tease me, hurt me and fuck me. Not necessarily in that order.

He started with the crop, crisscrossing my thighs expertly, never giving me too much in one place. Then he moved to my stomach, making my abs flutter with every perfectly placed blow. Then I guess he got bored of the crop, and I moaned out loud when he came back with a wicked looking black leather flogger.

He worked me over with that flogger until I was coming apart. My cock was practically dripping and I was covered in sweat, biting back the begging I knew he wanted. Through it all he looked calm and cool, like he was at a business meeting instead of making me ache for his cock. My only consolation was that I could see his cock straining at the front of his trousers.

“Please,” I finally choked out, and he grinned.

“Please what?”

I didn’t answer, and he laughed. “You don’t want it that bad. Yet.”

Unstrapping me from the X, he dragged me to the spanking bench. He made me kneel while he adjusted it and then ordered me to get on. The cool vinyl soothed my reddened skin, but I knew it would be chafing soon. Though I was hoping I wouldn’t notice by then.

“I don’t need to tell you to hold still.” Unlike the X, I wasn’t strapped to this, just expected to hold on and take it.

He made me wait, and this time I couldn’t see him, my ass up in the air, presented for his pleasure. My cock bobbed free, aching for some stimulation, but there was nothing to rub against. It was torture, and it was perfect.

When the first blow came, though, I wasn’t ready. I rocked forward, tightening my hands on the frame. Damn, but he could hit hard! A small grunt left my lips as he did it again. He got into a rhythm, and I got into the zone. I can’t help it; spanking is one of my favorite things, and it gets me worked up like nothing else. His hands on my ass, so close to where I wanted his cock;

spanking is incredibly intimate. My ass throbbed with each blow, but I ached even more inside. I wanted him deep in my ass and I wanted it now.

Finally I could stand it no more. Not the pain, the need to be fucked. “Please,” I ground out, panting.

He didn’t even bother to stop, the fucker. He knew how bad I wanted it—no one could miss my stiff cock bouncing around—but he took his damn time.

“You want something?” he asked finally, between thwacks.

“Yeah. Fuck me. Please. Sir.” Speaking wasn’t easy but I knew what he wanted to hear.

“Do you think you’ve earned it?” His voice dripped sex, his precise accent biting off each word.

“Yes sir,” I dared to say. It might have been the wrong thing to say but my brain was switched off.

It earned me another sharp slap and a low chuckle. “We’ll see.” He walked in front of me, unbuttoning his crisp white dress shirt. He let me watch him strip, which was a torture in and of itself. He was built just how I’d guessed from the way he filled out his suit. Like a fucking god. I swear the man had a twelve-pack.

Wide shoulders, narrow hips, perfect obliques, massive thighs. The only words going through my head were “perfect” and “fuck me”.

When he got naked, I could see his cock was as gorgeous as the rest of him. Uncut, long, and thick, it hung heavy and hard right in front of my eyes. My mouth watered. He saw where I was looking and smirked. Yeah, the fucker has a beautiful cock and he knows it.

He walked forward, until his cock waved an inch or two in front of my mouth. “Suck me and make it good, or you don’t get to come.”

I didn’t need to be told twice. I reached out and wrapped my hand around his stiff length, urging him closer so I could suck him in.

I used every trick I knew and even made up some new ones, I was so motivated to please this man. He'd worked me over good and now I wanted a hard fuck to top it all off. I'm a greedy bottom, what can I say?

Of course, he had to be the strong silent type, and I had to work for every grunt and moan. Just when my jaw was beginning to ache, he pulled out of my mouth and grabbed a condom. I tried not to look too eager but I was on all fours on a spanking bench with my cock dripping precome. I was the poster child for eager.

Luckily he didn't waste time; he moved behind me and I barely had time to brace myself before he slammed balls deep into me. An inhuman yowl came from my throat and tears burned in my eyes as I struggled to keep breathing. I love a rough entry as much as the next sub, but this was ridiculous. He didn't give me any time to adjust, either, but started pumping in and out immediately. I was just his fucktoy, a body to be used. So of course I loved it.

The fucker was strong, and he used every bit of his strength to abuse my ass. I held on for dear life as he pounded me. Pain and pleasure mixed so that even I couldn't tell the difference. I don't know how I kept from coming except that I knew I'd displease him if I did.

My whole world narrowed to his cock and my ass, and when he finally grabbed my erection, stroked it and growled, "Come," I almost had forgotten where I was. My body didn't care, though, and I came so hard I saw stars. He grunted and stopped thrusting, deep inside me, and I knew he'd found his finish as well.

My legs were jelly as he helped me off the bench. I couldn't remember how I got to the bed, or even that we'd moved to another room, but after we caught our breath we jumped right into the next round.

He fucked me like no one had ever fucked me before. By the time I staggered out of there just before dawn, I felt like a wrung-out dishrag, drained of every drop of come, and I couldn't have been happier.

"I'd buy you breakfast but I'm starting a new job today, can't be late—"

I waved my hand. “It’s cool, I gotta get to the office too.” I hobbled to my car, and he walked the other way, and I thought I’d never see him again. Sure, it would have been nice to get fucked like that again, but maybe we’d run into each other again sometime. That was the way things went in my world. No names, no commitments. A one-off, but oh what a one-off. I’d be good for a while, and I could focus on my next assignment.

Did I mention I’m an assassin? No, probably not, doesn’t tend to come up in casual conversation. And yes, we most certainly do exist outside of movies. I kill people for a living, but sometimes I spy on them a little first. They’re usually not very nice guys. And it’s most always for a pretty good reason, to stop a war from starting. I don’t ask why.

I don’t work for the government. Politicians like to keep their hands clean, and even the CIA is accountable to the President. I work for a private agency, charmingly called the Agency, and governments contract out their dirty work to us. That way if things go south, they can claim plausible deniability.

I’d had a few days off between assignments, and I like to learn new things that might come in handy, thus the dance classes. You never know when you might need to fit into a black tie event.

So a few days later, I’m on my next assignment. As assignments go, it was a cushy one—my target was a member of one of those private clubs, you know the ones where you pay lots of money and they provide the entertainment? Entertainment that’s perhaps not strictly legal?

Which is why I was sitting in a bubbling Jacuzzi, sipping at a perfect martini—stirred or shaken, you can’t tell the fucking difference—casing the joint. I was a little annoyed—I always work alone, but this time my boss had told me I would have a partner, nonnegotiable. I argued, of course, but if I wanted the assignment I’d have to work with someone. This elusive someone hadn’t shown his—or her, we’re equal opportunity—face and I was getting impatient. Because of the nature of the assignment nothing could be planned ahead of time. I had the target’s name and picture and nothing else. In this club, on a small island off the Turks and Caicos, we were essentially on our

own. I didn't know my partner's name, but he or she knew what I looked like. Nothing more.

That was when *he* walked in.

Wrapped in a towel that barely covered him and bulged dangerously, looking like a fucking wet dream, was Mr. One-off. I jumped to my feet, gun pointed straight at him, and all he could do was smirk.

“What the fuck are you doing in here!? You have ten seconds before I shoot your goddamn balls to Kingdom come.”

“Awww, come on now, love. Do you really want to do that?” He was unarmed, but didn't look worried in the least.

“You bet your mangy ass I do. This is a private bath. How the hell did you get in here?”

“Bitter much? You know me; I like to get into a lot of things. Don't you remember the first time we met? I'll never forget that incredible night after tango class.”

“FUCK YOU!” He definitely had me rattled. If anyone walked in now, my cover was blown.

“Oh yeah, you let me do that too. Your ass was so red with my handprints and you were begging for more over at the club. Incredible and *sweeeet*.”

Gunfire.

The sounds came from the corridor, near as I could tell, and I could tell from the look on his face he wasn't expecting it any more than I was.

“Semi-automatic, sounds like a Walther P99, haven't seen one of those in ages.”

I snapped my head around to look at him. “How do you—” It was then I noticed he did have a gun, a Walther PPK just like my own. His looked bigger, though. Where he'd had it hidden was beyond me.

He edged toward the door and I stepped out of the tub. He glanced over his shoulder and said, “I guess I should introduce myself. I’m your new partner. Nicholas Stevens. Though you can call me Nic, considering.”

I resisted the urge to roll my eyes. “You fucker! Did you know who I was?”

His smirk turned evil. “You mean when I fucked your brains out? No, that was just a lovely coincidence. I found out when I got the assignment, later that day.”

We’d reached the door and we both listened for more gunshots. “How do I know you’re not lying?”

He sighed and spouted the control codes for the assignment, coded for the day and time. He was legit all right. Fucker.

The hallway seemed quiet, so I judged it safe to go out. Yes, I was naked, but this club saw things a lot weirder than a naked armed man—and one in a towel—on a regular basis.

“Have you seen our mark?” he asked, all business for the moment.

“No, not yet. Have you?”

“No, but I can bet he’s somehow involved in this.”

Another series of shots rang out, and we flattened ourselves along the wall.

“Sounds like it’s coming from around the corner,” Nic whispered, and I agreed. “I’ll take point.”

We moved down the corridor, using any and all cover, which wasn’t much. When we got to the corner, he threw himself down and rolled, losing his towel but not his gun—I love a man with priorities—and ended up across the hall as another shot narrowly missed him.

“Cover me!” he yelled as he darted out again, and I laid down covering fire as he ran down the hall. I admired his bubble butt as he ran—multitasking is one of my talents—and followed him down the hallway. I had to admit we worked well together.

A man dressed all in black popped out, and before he could fire the gun he held, both Nic and I shot him. He fell to the floor and Nic kicked his gun away. “He came out of there!” he yelled as he kicked open a door.

We both moved to the side but no more shots were fired.

“Help me, please!” a frightened voice rang out, and we stepped into the room.

I took in the scene in an instant. Our mark, naked and dead on the floor, bleeding from a head and a chest wound. Tied to the bed was a slender blond man that barely looked old enough to drink. He was naked as well—this was quite the nudist party!—but very much alive.

Our job had been done for us.

Debriefing—separately, then together with my new partner—took hours. We got shouted at by the boss, who threatened to dock our pay since we didn’t actually do the job ourselves. I pointed out that the mark was dead, and also his assassin, so that wrapped things up pretty nicely. However, my opinion wasn’t well received.

In the end, we weren’t docked, or even formally chastised. I think the boss just wanted to rant at us.

Pausing outside the boss’s office, the fucker looked over at me. “That went well.”

He was dressed again, in yet another perfectly tailored suit and I was hard pressed—pun intended—to decide whether he looked better in clothes or naked. Further study was required. Too bad he was so infuriatingly smug. “He’s in a good mood today.” I tried not to ogle him, but I could still feel the aches and pains he’d given me.

“I could be in a better mood,” Nic offered, suggestion written all over his handsome face.

“Not a chance,” I hissed, walking away. I wanted the fucker bad, but no way was I giving him the satisfaction. Literally.

I sensed movement behind me, and as I turned, he slammed me into the dark paneled wall. Next to me, a no doubt expensive painting fell to the carpet.

“What the fuck!” I’m a trained agent, and I’m six two. Unfortunately, the fucker had me by three inches and thirty pounds of muscle. He held me against the wall as I struggled.

“I said,” he growled, right in my ear, “I could be in a better mood. If I was balls deep in your tight little ass.”

“Fuck you,” I groaned, and fuck if my damn cock wasn’t hard as a rock.

“No, I’m gonna fuck *you*,” he smirked, and ground his hips against me. My eyes rolled back in my head.

I was lost and I knew it. But I wasn’t giving in without a fight. I managed to get a hand free and braced against the wall with one foot as I shoved him hard, right in the stomach. It was like hitting a brick wall, but he moved just enough for me to slip free. I kicked him in the back of the knee and he went down, but not before he grabbed my leg and brought me down on top of him.

I managed to elbow him across the face before he rolled us. He expertly kept me from getting a knee up to his groin and before I knew it, I was pinned down but good. No one had ever been able to do that to me. I told myself it was because I was aroused and distracted. Right.

I didn’t give him the satisfaction of struggling this time, but he knew damn well he had me. “We gonna end this charade and find a room now?”

And for the life of me, as much as I wanted to wipe that smirk off his face, I couldn’t resist him.

“Yeah.”

We looked up to see we had an audience. Half the support staff had gathered to observe, and probably lay bets.

We made it outside to the alley behind headquarters before he had me up against the wall again. The fucker seems to have a thing for walls. I wasn’t complaining. His tongue down my throat, my hand in his pants—CNN could have been filming but we didn’t fucking care.

Fuck, no one's ever made me so hot so fast. He rutted against me like an animal and I could only pant for more. I found his stiff cock and rubbed at it as best I could. He pulled back and we unzipped, a mutual jerk-off in a dirty alley. It was the best damn thing in the world.

Hot, fast, frantic—when we came he swallowed my moans with his mouth. Either he was the best damn lay I ever had, or I had it bad.

So it started. We fucked like kinky rabbits every chance we got. My place, his place, the beach, an elevator—whenever and wherever we could. I was bruised all over and I loved it.

We had a couple of assignments, which was fine because it gave us new places to fuck. We got the job done and then went back to the hotel. We broke a bed once. Well, just the headboard. They don't make those like they used to.

I knew I had a problem when I started thinking of him when we were apart. Damn it, I didn't need complications. We'd never talked commitment, we never talked about what we were doing at all. We were too busy doing it. It wasn't like I had time to see anyone else, though. We were either working, working out, or fucking, not necessarily in that order. I just kind of assumed he wasn't seeing anyone else either.

But then you know what they say about assuming.

We'd got back from an assignment the day before, fucked at my place and then he went home. He usually stayed over but he said he had some errands to run in the morning. Nothing unusual.

I went by the next morning after I hit the gym, needing to ask him about something. I let myself in—we had the key codes to each other's apartments, made it easier—and heard noises in the kitchen. I sauntered in, expecting to see him making coffee, and stopped dead in my tracks.

Someone was making coffee, but it wasn't him. Bleached blond hair showing dark roots, sticking up everywhere, tiny little hips, pale porcelain

skin, bee-stung lips—it was the fucking twink from our botched assignment. Standing in the fucker’s kitchen, stark naked.

He turned to face me as I entered, and a sly smile broke across his pretty face. “Hi there,” he drawled, in a Deep-South accent that sounded straight out of *Gone With the Wind*. I was pretty sure it was as fake as his hair.

Before I could speak, the fucker himself walked in, took one look at me and said, “Hey, Paul, you remember Joey?”

He didn’t even have the grace to look abashed. “What the fuck, Nic?”

“What’s wrong?” The fucker knew exactly what I was pissed about.

“Want some coffee, honey?” the twink said with his smug little smile.

“Never mind.” I turned on my heel and walked out. I wasn’t about to get involved in a domestic.

I made it to the front door before he caught up with me. “What’s the problem? Is it Joey?” I didn’t bother to answer, so he went on. “What? We never discussed being exclusive. I assumed you had other guys too.”

Well, no, we hadn’t discussed it. I had just figured with all the earthshattering sex we were having, he didn’t have need of anyone else. I know *I* didn’t. “Have you been fucking him all along?”

The fucker shrugged. “I ran into him during debriefing, he gave me his number—”

That answered my question. “You could have told me.”

He leaned against the doorframe. “Didn’t think I had to.”

I returned his shrug. “No, I guess not. Well, see you around.” I walked out the door then, and didn’t look back.

I don’t know why I was so upset. Well, I do, but I wasn’t admitting it to myself just yet. I thought we’d had something special. I know I’d never had sex like that before. Maybe he did all the time. And yeah, the twink was hot, if you like that sort of thing. I don’t, personally. I like my men big, strong, and tough. I couldn’t see the twink taking the rough treatment I could.

Fuck. I was jealous. I'd never been jealous of anyone before, and I wasn't enjoying it. I couldn't have feelings for the fucker, could I? Feelings deeper than lust? This was bad news.

I ended up that night in a jazz club, trying to drown my sorrows in martinis and sad songs. It didn't work.

Fucker.

He called me a couple of times that day, but I didn't pick up. Then, a text.

u ok?

I answered after a moment.

Yes

A pause, then another.

we ok?

I pondered this one a while longer. I finally settled for:

Sure.

We had to work together, after all. We were both adults. I could do this.

He came back with:

wanna cum over?

I snorted out loud. Was he twelve? I wondered if he had spelled it that way deliberately. Before I could answer, he texted again.

im alone

I resisted the urge to give him a snarky reply. I didn't even have the right to be upset. We weren't exclusive. We weren't anything to each other besides partners. The only mistake had been not calling first. He had no obligation to tell me who else he was seeing. I thought about telling him I wasn't alone, but that would just be bitchy. And he was fucking hot. I was horny. What the fuck.

On my way

Yeah, I'm a slut. Sue me. Just look at him.

I didn't mention the twink again, and neither did he. I didn't want to know. I made sure to text before I came over, and I never ran into the little bitch again. I sound kinda bitter, don't I? If he'd offered a threesome I would have kicked him in the nuts. He didn't.

Anyway, here's where things get a little fuzzy. We got a new assignment—can't get into details as usual, but a really bad dude needed taking out of the equation and we were just the guys to do it. The dude was surrounded 24/7 by an elite security detail. We're not talking rent-a-cops here, these men were the real deal, trained the same as I was. They had all the high tech surveillance equipment dirty money could buy, and there were a lot of them. There were just two of us, but we had the element of surprise. We hoped.

We reconned the dude's house for a while, getting the lay of the land and observing the security team. They were good, I had to hand it to them. There wasn't a predictable pattern to their patrols, but I knew there had to be one.

We finally decided to go in through the basement. There were fewer cameras there, and the line of sight was obstructed. We planned to go in with a couple of flashbangs and then split up. We couldn't communicate once we'd split up, so we had to agree on a plan. Unfortunately, things don't always go according to plan. In fact, most of the time they don't.

Case in point: my flashbang didn't flash. Or bang. In fact, it just lay there like a dog turd. I heard the other one go off, listened as feet pounded toward the source of the commotion. Well, I figured I might as well use that as a distraction anyway. I crept up the steps, quiet as the proverbial mouse, and luckily encountered no one. That was suspicious in itself; despite the commotion, trained guards wouldn't leave their posts. I made it into the main part of the house, still without encountering anyone, and I knew something was wrong. There was no turning back now, though, so I went ahead with Plan B. Find the dude. Kill the dude.

We'd figured the dude would be in his bedroom this time of night, so that was my goal. I heard faint shouting, but no gunshots, so I kept going. Another long dark hallway—not dark enough for night vision specs but still hard to see—and then I stood outside the dude's bedroom. I knew it was too easy. But what could I do?

I stood outside the door, listening for movement from inside. I heard a faint murmuring, like the television or maybe two people talking quietly. I reached slowly for the doorknob, about to touch it when—

“You lose somethin’, darlin’?”

I knew that honeyed drawl! I spun around to see the twink himself, one hand on his hip, the other one tossing something at me—I didn't go to catch it, because suddenly I knew what it was. It didn't matter, though. Just an instant later, my dud M84 went off in all its magnesium-fueled pyrotechnic glory, about a foot from my face.

The effects of a stun grenade at close range are temporary blindness, deafness, disorientation and, in the case of very close detonation, unconsciousness. Which explained why the next thing I remember is waking up in the hospital with the worst headache known to man.

I opened my eyes—big mistake. The light felt like a supernova to my optic nerve, and I shut them again immediately. There was an afterimage on my retina—someone was sitting in the chair next to the bed. A big someone. I forced my eyes open again, and yep, I was right—it was the fucker, big as life and twice as sexy, playing Florence Nightingale.

Well, except he was fast asleep.

As my eyes adjusted, I stared at him in wonderment. What the fuck had happened? Why was he here? He looked like shit, to be honest—his stubble had long since passed the fashionable stage and was veering into homeless—and his clothes looked like he'd slept in them. Which he was currently doing. He looked in dire need of a shower. He was still the hottest thing I'd seen.

As I stared at him, he shifted in his sleep, moaning a little, and I looked down at his crotch automatically. Yep, his jeans were tented magnificently, and despite myself I licked my lips. The fucker has a gorgeous cock, what can I say.

I forced my eyes back up to his face, to see him awake and grinning at me. I was busted.

“Half dead and you’re still up for cock?” His gentle tone belied his words.

“Always,” I tried to say, but my throat was apparently the Sahara and it came out as more of a rasp.

To my shock, the fucker’s expression turned worried and he almost jumped off the chair.

“Shit, I’m sorry, they said you could have some ice chips when you woke up and your throat would be dry—”

I let him shake some ice chips into my mouth; they felt better than sex. Well, almost. The ice melted and trickled down my desiccated throat like manna from heaven. I might have gotten hard from it.

Once my ice-chip-induced euphoria wore off, I had time to consider the fucker’s uncharacteristic behavior. Had I been at death’s door or something? “What happened?”

The fucker settled back into the chair. “You want it from the beginning?”

“Usually the best place to start.”

He started.

So about the time he realized my flashbang didn’t go off, he was surrounded by bad guys. He knew instantly we were blown, and not in the good way. He thought I’d been taken out before I could even set off the grenade. So what does the fucker do? He doesn’t follow the plan. He comes after me. Never mind that there’s half a dozen armed guards between him and where he thought I was. That was a technicality to him, apparently.

So after he takes out the guards—I'd have liked to see it, mind you, just listening to the description got me all hot and bothered, 007's got nothing on the fucker—he goes to find me. He comes up the stairs just in time to see the twink lob the flashbang at me and dive for cover. He ducked and covered as well, so he was just a little deafened and not blinded. He popped up just in time to see the twink brain me with a nearby lamp, thus adding injury to injury. Oh, that's why my head hurt like a sonofabitch.

So then what happened?

"I shot him." The fucker said, cool as a cucumber.

"But you were fucking him—"

"He tried to kill you. He was clearly an enemy agent—"

"That twink? An agent?" The thought was laughable.

"He was, we have positive ID now. His talents weren't based on brawn."

I glared at the fucker and he had the grace to look ashamed. "So I gathered."

"I was fooled," he admitted. "But that boy had a mouth on him—"

"Don't wanna hear it."

"Sorry." He looked like he meant it.

"How long have I been out?"

"Two days. They were starting to talk about doing tests."

"Fuck," I groaned, sitting up. "Gotta report in—"

"Relax," he said, putting his big hand on my chest. "I told them everything, your debriefing can wait."

I sagged back onto the pillows. "I'm so getting written up for this."

He cut his eyes to the side in an expression I immediately knew was evasive. "What?"

"You're off active duty."

“Fuck! How long? I’ll be out of here soon.”

“Indefinitely. Something about letting an enemy sneak up on you.”

This just got better and better. “Fuck my life.”

“I’m suspended too, if it makes you feel any better,” he offered.

“Yeah? And why is that?” I suspected I knew, but I wanted to hear him say it.

“Something about fucking the enemy.”

I tried not to snicker. It wasn’t easy.

One year later...

“You missed a spot.”

“Fuck you, I did not.”

“You did. I can tell. You want me getting an uneven tan? Or skin cancer?”

I sighed and applied another coat of coconut-scented sunscreen on the fucker’s back. Truth be told, it wasn’t really a hardship to put my hands all over his gorgeous, hard body. A year later and I still couldn’t get enough of him. Luckily, he seemed to feel the same way.

We fucked every night, sometimes more than once, with or without toys, it didn’t seem to matter.

We’d been *together* together since they released me from the hospital, and by mutual decision we quit the Agency. We were both getting tired of killing. Through some connections we found a cushy gig guarding an eccentric gay billionaire on his very own tropical island. He liked his guards to be eye candy as well, so we wore very little in addition to our guns. He never touched us, though, and he didn’t care that we shacked up in our little beach hut.

It was our version of domestic bliss, and it worked for us.

I still call him fucker, though.

THE END

Author Bio

Jack Greene loathes author bios, thinking they ruin the mystery. But if you must, picture a handsome twenty-something insomniac: junior partner in a law firm by day, guitarist in a punk band by night. He roams the streets on his Ducati when he can't sleep, gathering material for his books, and watches the sun come up over West Hollywood as he types away at his laptop. Peace only comes when he writes the words "The End". Jack writes about men who fuck, and love, other men. Men who, like all men, sometimes don't behave like they should.

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