



# SUGAR & sawdust

Debbie McGowan

**Table of Contents**

Love’s Landscapes.....3

Sugar and Sawdust - Information .....5

Acknowledgements.....6

Sugar and Sawdust.....7

Chapter One .....8

Chapter Two.....11

Chapter Three.....14

Chapter Four .....18

Chapter Five.....22

Chapter Six.....27

Chapter Seven .....31

Chapter Eight .....36

Chapter Nine .....40

Author Bio .....46

# Love's Landscapes

*An M/M Romance series*

## SUGAR AND SAWDUST

**By Debbie McGowan**

### Introduction

The story you are about to read celebrates love, sex and romance between men. It is a product of the *Love's Landscapes* promotion sponsored by the *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* and is published as a gift to you.

### What Is Love's Landscapes?

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 these authors 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's Landscapes*.

No matter if you are a long-time devotee to M/M Romance, just new to the genre or fall somewhere in between, 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.

All rights reserved worldwide.

This eBook may be distributed freely in its entirety courtesy of the Goodreads M/M Romance Group. This eBook may not be sold, manipulated or reproduced in any format without the express written permission of the author.

Sugar and Sawdust, Copyright © 2014 Debbie McGowan

Cover Design by Goodreads M/M Romance Group

Cover Art by Debbie McGowan, with much inspiration from  
Shayla Mist

Background Image by Petr Kratochvil – [Wooden Heart](#)

This ebook is published by the *M/M Romance Group* and is not directly endorsed by or affiliated with Goodreads Inc.

# SUGAR AND SAWDUST

By Debbie McGowan

## Photo Description

Photo 1: Guy in his mid-thirties, short blonde hair, displaying defined muscly torso, his thumbs hooked inside his skimpy black briefs. His eyes are hooded, his expression tough and dangerous.

Photo 2: Guy in early twenties, dark complexion, open jacket, slim and well-toned, attractive, pouty, with dark, unkempt hair swept over his smouldering features.

## Story Letter

*Dear Author,*

*I adore my baby brother and I try not to meddle in his life but since our parents are halfway 'round the world', looking out for him is up to me and he is so unlucky in love, I can't help it. Guys are always taking advantage of his kindness and generosity (okay, gullibility). Yesterday, I saw him in a restaurant with this man, and I'm beside myself. Shall I send champagne or a walker? What's a big sis to do? Yeah, this guy doesn't look like he'll take his money but what about his heart?*

*Note: brother is twenty-something, just very youthful-looking.*

*Fingers crossed,*

*Sincerely,*

*Kym*

*P.S. I'd like a sexy, more light-hearted than angsty story.*

## Story Info

**Genre:** contemporary

**Tags:** humorous, age gap, pornography, models, gifted

**Content Warnings:** sexual language

**Word Count:** 12,970

*Acknowledgements*

Thank you to Shayla Mist, for a very thorough beta-read, edit and re-read, and to Kym for a great prompt and photo choice—it was fun! Thanks also to the LL team (mods, fellow authors and prompters) for the encouragement and camaraderie. Finally, huge thanks to the real Jorje, for sharing his fashion expertise (I guess I owe you after ribbing you mercilessly for the last eight months), and also to Matt, whose similarity to Photo #2 guy unknowingly made him muse for the weekend.

# **SUGAR AND SAWDUST**

**By Debbie McGowan**

## Chapter One

Jorje stirred from somewhere under the muddled, muffled mass of duvet, trying to fight his way to the top of the bed before his phone stopped ringing. He made it. It stopped.

“Crap.”

As he lay there, puffing his bottom lip out to try and clear the sweaty strands of hair from his face, he realised three things. Number one: he had a massive hangover, which meant he'd also been massively drunk the night before. Number two: this wasn't his bed. It wasn't even his bedroom, or his apartment. Number three...

The blonde head approximately six inches to his right emitted a low grumble, something between a snore and a groan. In the distance, Jorje's phone started up again. Slowly, carefully, he turned on his side and sat on the edge of the bed, squinting and locating the painfully bright glow of the phone screen across the room. The ringing stopped. The screen dimmed once more. Hesitantly, he pulled the duvet away, amazed and relieved to find that he was still wearing his Cavalli briefs. He rose to his feet and peered under the duvet—blonde dude was still in his underwear too. Well, that was both good and bad. Good, because he had yet to remember anything about the night before. Bad, because it didn't look like it was worth remembering, and that, at least, would have compensated for feeling like death warmed up.

So. No idea where he was. Not a clue how he got there. Absolutely no memory of the dude in the bed. In fact, the last thing he could remember was being at Bella's night club with Ben and the gang, dropping shots like they were going out of fashion. And now he was here, and it was daylight, and his phone was ringing again. He made it across the room.

“Tay,” he mouthed soundlessly at the sight of his sister's profile pic on-screen. He absolutely did not want to talk to her right now. He dismissed the call, gingerly pirouetting to take in the sight of the room—the curtain-muted daylight, the rough woven rugs, like stepping stones, between the door just to his left and the king-sized bed with its king-sized occupant, back turned, still fast asleep. Jorje picked up his clothes, cracked the door open a few inches, and crept through the gap.

The light in the hallway was blinding, and he automatically screwed up his eyes, wincing in pain. At one end was a vast arched window, the sun streaming



through and replicating the arch in shadow form on the floor, fading where it collided with the white heat beaming from the skylight above. Light bounced off the plain white walls, starkly contrasting with the black wrought iron banisters that ran the length of the hall and swirled down around a spiral staircase. Jorje used the rail to steady himself, tugging on his Balmain biker jeans. The slim fit was a pain in the ass when sober, near impossible when hung-over (possibly still smashed), staggering with one leg in and one leg out. He almost toppled, but not quite, the slap of his bare feet against the wooden floors echoing loudly up into the rafters. He finally got the jeans on, zipped them, glancing along past the doorway from which he had just emerged, hoping to locate a bathroom. There were two other doors, both identical. Tentatively he opened the first, got lucky, dived in and unzipped his jeans again, the pleasure of that gush of piss utter bliss and loud enough to drown out the sound of someone else entering the room behind him.

“Good morning.”

Jorje jumped and stopped peeing. A deep, gentle laugh like distant rolling thunder rumbled behind him.

“Err... all right?” he greeted, quickly poking himself back into his jeans and tugging the clips closed. His hands were sweating, not so much with nerves—being a model he was used to people watching him dress, although generally not whilst in a stranger’s bathroom, and not whilst taking a piss. He turned around to find the guy standing in the doorway, leaning casually against the jamb, boxer shorts visible above the waistband of low-slung charcoal cargo pants. Jorje’s gaze travelled upwards to the guy’s navel, through the centre of a major six pack and broad pecs. He was older—much older, mid-thirties, maybe—and fit as fuck, Jorje decided, which was, he guessed, how he’d ended up here the previous night, apparently too drunk to do anything about it. Shame.

“How are you feeling?” the stranger asked.

“Err, fine?” Jorje replied, trying not to notice the immense bulge in those loose-fitting pants.

“Not hung-over?”

“Well, a little.”

The guy smiled. “You were out cold,” he said. “I had to carry you up the stairs.”

“Did I...?” Jorje swept his hair back from his face and held onto it—clung onto it, in fact, like his life depended on it. “Did we, err...?”

The stranger shook his head, seemingly intrigued by the insinuation. "I don't screw comatose guys. I don't screw guys."

Jorje nodded, felt a flush rise up his bare chest and neck, grateful that his dark complexion would mostly conceal the fact.

"Can I make you some breakfast?"

Now Jorje came to think about it, he was starving. "Yeah, that'd be good."

The guy nodded. "I just need to use the..." He nodded again in the direction of the toilet.

"Oh. Right. Sorry." Jorje stepped aside and around, attempting to avoid body contact. His still-unknown bathroom companion seemed to get the message. Jorje waited at the door, watching him unbutton and free himself, like unwinding a garden hose, evidently aware and uncaring of the fact he was being observed. He pissed long and steady, shook, fed his dick back into his pants, buttoned up, flushed and washed his hands. Turning to face Jorje again, he was smiling, amused by his audience. Jorje cleared his throat.

"Don't suppose you've got a spare toothbrush?" he asked.

"Sure." The guy opened the mirrored cabinet and handed over an unopened packet. He took a second toothbrush, squirted a length of toothpaste onto the bristles and tossed the tube in Jorje's direction. Jorje fumbled it, watching helplessly as it bounced across the tiled floor. He stooped to retrieve it, taking a moment to study the guy from the feet up—well pedicured, lightly tanned skin, smooth and taut over tendons, disappearing under the grey canvas pants, loose but for a little tightness around the upper thighs and that tremendous package. The sound of running water snapped him out of it, followed by a spurt of foamy spit hitting the back plate of the sink. Jorje swallowed hard.

"All yours, Sweetness," the guy said, passing Jorje in the doorway, close enough for his scent to register—a mix of mint, morning sweat and last night's cologne—but not so close as to be in each other's space. Jorje watched him casually swagger his way to the top of the stairs, where he paused, smiled briefly and slowly descended out of sight.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Chapter Two

By the time Jorje was done in the bathroom, there were four more missed calls on his phone: one from Matt at the agency, and three from his sister. He hit “return call”. It didn’t even ring once before Taylor answered.

“Where the hell are you? I’ve been calling you for almost an hour!”

“I was, err, busy.”

“Yes, well, I don’t really think I want to know about that. So whose place did you end up at this time? How old is he? Do you even know his name? Please tell me you haven’t...”

Jorje held his phone away from his ear, listening to the continuing barrage of questions. He totally got that Tay worried about him, but he was twenty-two and could look after himself. OK, maybe that was overstating things slightly, given that his lack of answer was down to not having one. He didn’t even know *where* he was, let alone the guy’s name. However, the aroma of bacon drifting up the stairs was alluring enough to warrant trying to find out.

“Look, Tay. I’ll call you later, OK?” He quickly pressed “end call”, tugged on his T-shirt and followed the smell to its source. Pausing on the stairs, he took in the view of the open-plan lounge and kitchen. And there was mystery guy, just finishing up loading bacon onto thick wholemeal toast—one-handed, because the other hand was occupied. Jorje watched in a daze, wondering if the dude was aware he was there on the stairs, or if he even cared. The guy put down the tongs, wandering back across the room, still jerking off, slow as anything, his fist sliding the full length of his erection. He was huge. Enormous. He stopped by the fridge, eyes trained on his hand for a moment, glanced up, saw Jorje and turned away to put his dick back in his pants. He turned back and smiled.

“Juice?” he asked.

“Yeah, thanks,” Jorje accepted, trying to act as if everything was completely normal, whilst also freaking out ever so slightly. He descended the rest of the way and took a seat on one of the high stools set along the counter joining the kitchen and lounge.

“There you go.” A glass was set down next to the plate. Jorje took a large gulp of the deliciously cold apple juice, followed up with a hungry bite of bacon and toast. He sat back, chewing self-consciously.

"Thanks," he acknowledged. He swallowed, still watching the guy carefully for any sign of embarrassment about getting caught jacking off. He didn't seem in the slightest bit perturbed, but was still watching Jorje, so he had to say something.

"I know this is gonna sound really rude, but, err... Well... see, the thing is I can't actually..."

The guy held out his hand. "Alec," he introduced. "Alec Evans."

Jorje shook the offered hand—the one that less than a minute ago had been wrapped around that massive dick—noting the calluses on the wide palm. Too much rough self-pleasuring?

"And you're Jorje," Alec said.

"Yeah," he confirmed, so preoccupied with running his fingers over the hardened bumps of skin he didn't realise he was still holding on. He let go. Alec continued to study him, no trace of the earlier smiles, which made him seem altogether more sinister. Scary, even.

"How much of last night do you recall?" he asked, aggressively tearing at the toast with his teeth and chomping, open-mouthed, eyeing Jorje with a hunger that made him feel even more uneasy—if that were remotely possible.

"Nothing," Jorje admitted.

Alec nodded slowly, ripped off another hunk. "You were spiked."

"What?"

"Well," Alec shrugged, "that's my guess. One minute you were chatting away, coming on to me, the next..." He slammed his palm hard against the counter, making Jorje jump and, once again, setting off the hangover bang in his head. Even so, he managed a laugh of disbelief.

*"I was coming on to you?"*

Alec sneered. Jorje back-pedalled.

"Sorry. I didn't mean it like that."

His brain was fuzzed, making it hard to say what he actually did mean, but the truth was, as much as he could be a bit of a flirt, he never made the first move, certainly not with guys like Alec—rough, tough and more than likely straight. Having said that, they always took a shine to him, which was why Tay had been nagging him on the phone. A string of older men, each and every one after a bit of pretty young ass, no commitment—use, abuse, dispose.

Not that he'd always dated older guys, but the younger ones were worse—gold diggers attracted to his job, thinking he must be minted. He worked as a model for one of the top international agencies, and he was doing OK. Better than OK, in fact, for a twenty-two year old. But it was a career with a very short shelf life, and, after the first couple of times he got ripped off by user boyfriends, his parents insisted he put away all except basic living expenses in an account he couldn't touch without his sister's counter-signature. For both his own sake and that of peace and quiet, he'd agreed to it, which meant Taylor had far more control over him than he'd have preferred. However, she also stepped in to rescue him often enough that he was more grateful, than begrudging, of her interference.

He knew, or hoped at any rate, that not all men were like that. He just kept choosing the wrong ones, or they kept choosing him. Whichever, it made him instantly suspicious of Alec, who really didn't look the safe, nurturing sort. And yet the first thing he'd done was reassure Jorje they hadn't fucked. A quick squeeze of his rectal muscles seemed to confirm this was so. He glugged at the apple juice and ate some more of the toast. His phone started ringing again. Matt from the agency—it dawned on him why.

“Shit!” Jorje dismissed the call and slid off the stool. “I need to go. I'm supposed to be working.” He ran upstairs, grabbed his shoes, and came back down again, pausing to put them on.

“Can I give you a lift somewhere?” Alec offered.

Given that he was already more than half an hour late for the shoot, Jorje couldn't really refuse.

“That'd be great, thanks.”

“No problem. Let me go grab a T-shirt.”

Alec left, returning a few seconds later in a white, tight muscle top. Jorje eyed him over, appreciating the tautness of the fabric across defined chest and abs, whilst also thinking how amazing he'd look in a black Armani.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Chapter Three

“Ready?” Alec prompted. Jorje nodded. Before he got any further, his phone started up again. He answered it.

“Hey, Matt. Sorry. I overslept... Oh. Yeah, that’s... Cool. Sure... Yeah, later. Bye.” He hung up and shrugged. “They cancelled the job.”

Alec nodded in partial understanding and set his keys down on the counter. “I’m going for a shower,” he said.

Jorje watched him all the way up the stairs, wondering if he was expected to follow. The movement in his Cavallis told him he wanted to, but he was kind of afraid—of not knowing where he was, of Alec, and incredibly, that massive dick. But Alec had said he didn’t screw guys. So maybe the lack of self-consciousness over the hand job was a jock thing, although sharing a bed with another guy was way off base if he was straight, and Jorje’s gaydar sucked when he was pissed. It sucked when he was sober, too, not that it ever mattered. Guys came on to him, straight or gay. He was pretty enough for the “straight” ones to treat him as a sandbox. Maybe that’s all Alec had intended, and realised he couldn’t get it up after all? Whatever, the sound of running water told him that if he didn’t act now he’d miss his chance. He decided to let it go, instead taking the opportunity to try and figure out where he was.

Like the hallway upstairs, the downstairs walls were entirely white, other than two vast abstract prints, both around six feet by four and mostly blood-red, hanging at opposite ends of the room. The floor was dark, solid wood, the reclaimed stuff with holes and knots, yet smooth underfoot. A bay window extended to the ceiling on his right, a red-cushioned seat inlaid into it. Jorje wandered over and peered outside, discovering that he was below ground level, which made the upstairs storey ground and this the basement. More iron steps ascended diagonally across a knobbly external wall, above which he could just make out a white pick-up truck, the cab door bearing black lettering: “AE Joinery and Carpentry,” along with a mobile number and a landline with a local code. That was something, he supposed. At least he hadn’t become the victim of a prankster and been carted halfway across the country while unconscious. He wandered back to the counter, finishing his apple juice in one go. Still thirsty, he went to the fridge for a refill, hoping Alec wouldn’t mind.

The fridge contained very little—a half litre of milk, around a dozen cartons of orange and apple juice, an eggbox, a pack of bacon. On second glance, there

was next to nothing in the kitchen, either. Jorje opened a couple of cabinets, discovering crockery, pans, a blender—all the usual kitchen stuff, all hidden away. The guy was a neat freak. He was also back from his shower.

“So you’re a carpenter?” Jorje asked without looking his way. It was a question with an obvious answer, which was why he opted for it.

“Yep.”

Alec sauntered past, topless again and still in low-riding cargos, but blue ones now. He grabbed a carton of juice from the fridge, offering it up to Jorje. He was seriously dehydrated, so accepted.

“How about you?”

“I, err...” Jorje paused, wondering which lie he should use this time. He’d been a student, a trainee nurse, worked in a fast food joint—anything these days to avoid telling guys what he really did. “I’m a fashion model,” he said, surprised by his accidental honesty.

“Right.” Alec’s eyes wandered from Jorje’s face, taking in the DSquared T-shirt and Balmain biker jeans. “I wondered about the designer gear.”

Jorje laughed. “Yeah, I was always into it anyway, and a mate suggested it would be a good career for me.”

It had been excellent advice, too. At school they had pushed him towards doing something physical, because he wasn’t mega-clever, although he wasn’t stupid. His parents were set on him going to university, like Taylor, but there was nothing he was that interested in. However, everyone told him he was pretty in a kind of pouty, boyish way, six-one and like a “streak of piss”, his dad always said, so he got a portfolio together and was picked up by the first agency to which he applied.

“So, are you in any rush to go anywhere today?” Alec asked.

“Not now, no. I should’ve had a photo shoot this morning, but they cancelled. I’m gonna be in the shit. It’s the second one I’ve missed.”

“Get spiked a lot?”

Jorje glanced up and made brief eye contact, unable to decide if Alec was kidding. The smirk suggested so. He found himself smiling in response. Alec tipped the carton of juice to his mouth, glugging thirstily and making his Adam’s apple bob up and down. He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and belched, which Jorje took as conclusive evidence that he was indeed straight.

"Be right back," Alec said. "Just need to sort out the van for a job." He slid his feet into black Crocs and disappeared from view, leaving Jorje wondering how someone so damned sexy could have so little dress sense, and also who he should call to find out about the night before.

He'd started the evening with his mates in a club they always went to, and it wasn't the kind of place he'd expect to meet people like Alec—precisely why they'd gone there and not somewhere else. None of this explained how he'd ended up back at the guy's house, with no recollection of anything but his first couple of drinks.

Jorje sat in the bay window, peering up at the pick-up truck, listening to the noise of metal clanging against metal—tools of the trade, he guessed—unable to see Alec for the time being. He heard one side of a conversation: Alec's voice, a pause, that deep rolling laugh, another pause, the flip flop of feet, click of alarm, visual contact, legs, naked torso, muscles straining under the weight of a large metal toolbox. Jorje's dick instantly stood to attention. Dolefully, he shook his head at his crotch.

"Down, boy. The dude's straight."

His dick ignored him and twitched optimistically. The door opened and Alec stepped through, frowning, neck muscles bulging. He dumped the toolbox and stretched his shoulders, the resultant lift of his pecs enough for Jorje to have to look away. Straight, yes, and appalling taste in clothes, but still fit as fuck.

"I'll head home soon," Jorje talked into his T-shirt to avoid eye contact.

"No rush," Alec assured him. "I'm working today, but not till later this afternoon."

"Yeah, but you need your place to yourself."

Alec shrugged. "Not really." He mooched over to the far side of the room, where there was a three-seater white leather sofa positioned in front of a picture window. Beyond that was a walled-off patio with a couple of terracotta pots and not much else. Alec flopped onto the sofa with a leg underneath him, arms extended across the back cushions, eyes on Jorje. That sneer again. *Come-to-bed eyes*.

It was an expression Jorje had heard older people say. His mum used it once to describe one of the other guys in his agency who always looked stoned. Eyes half-closed, hooded by dark lids—Jorje thought it was a ridiculous description,



until now, looking at Alec—the heavy brow shadowing deep-set eye sockets, lids drooping almost shut, yet open enough for his piercing blue glare to burn into Jorje's. They were definitely come-to-bed eyes, and Jorje was confused. He let his gaze drop to Alec's crotch, observing that the monster was awake, the strong, thick elastic waistband the only thing keeping it from poking out the top of Alec's boxers. Jorje finally tore his eyes away, discovering that Alec had his closed and seemed to be... what? Fighting something. Maybe it was just best to go.

"I, err..." Jorje began. Alec opened his eyes again, his mouth also slightly open, lips full and red. He let out a low growl of frustration and shook his head.

"I really want to fuck you," he said.

\*\*\*\*

## Chapter Four

“So you do screw guys, then?”

Without answering, Alec got up and strode across the room, stopping right in front of Jorje and cupping his cheek with his palm. He sighed heavily and released him. Running his hands over his short blonde hair, he took a step back.

“Why did you say you didn’t?” Jorje asked.

Alec hooked his thumbs through the belt loops of his pants, pushing them down further still, revealing curly blonde pubic hair. Jorje didn’t hide that he was looking. Alec laughed dryly.

“OK,” he said. “Promise not to judge me?”

Jorje shrugged his consent, even though he had no idea where this was going. Was the guy straight and just after a try-out? Did he have some kind of disease that meant he couldn’t have sex? What the hell was the jerking off about earlier?

“Thing is,” Alec began, “my job?”

“Carpentry?”

He laughed again, this time more amused than sarcastic.

“My other job.” He put his head down and peered at Jorje through his eyelashes. “I’m a model too,” he admitted.

“You’re a...” Jorje didn’t know what else to say. He’d worked with a few older models, but they were the same kind of build as him. Alec was pure muscle—more body builder than body beautiful. Actually, Alec was hot, and fashion models were not that beautiful—stick-thin, kind of sickly looking—which was why Jorje was struggling to believe him. Although there were other kinds of models—the calendar guys, for instance, or male fitness models...

“What they call a glamour model?” Alec explained.

Jorje nodded, frowning, still not sure what that meant.

“I’m a porn actor,” Alec confessed finally.

“Oh!” Jorje said. He felt himself blushing. “Because you’ve—”

“Got a massive knob? Yeah.”

Jorje started to laugh and Alec joined in for a while, but then became serious, and very intense.

“Thing is, Sweetness, I’ve not had sex—real sex—in two years. I shoot my load even once off set and I can’t get the job done.”

“Which is what the slow hand job was about before,” Jorje thought aloud. “Can’t you take Viagra, or something?”

Alec shook his head. “I get high blood pressure, and anyway it doesn’t hold this fella up for long.” He pointed at his closed, though heavily strained pants. Jorje chewed his lip thoughtfully.

“Can I... err... Can I see it?” he asked. His skin was burning hot, but he was completely into Alec. Still terrified of the conger he kept in his pants, but into him nonetheless. Alec dutifully obliged, carefully unzipping and wriggling his boxers down over his hips, then lifting the front to set it free.

“Fuck, that’s huge!” Jorje said, which, of course, he already knew, as he’d seen it on display in the kitchen, but up close it was even bigger than he’d realised—around a foot in length and about two inches in diameter. He bent down to take a closer look, frowning in concentration, as if inspecting some kind of mystery object. Alec backed off.

“I’m so tempted to just shove it in your mouth,” he said. Jorje moved away, completely understanding. Well, not completely, but he figured it was like an extreme version of how he felt when he wanted to go on a chocolate binge, but couldn’t because there was a show coming up. Two years, though. That was insane!

“This job you’ve got this afternoon?” Jorje asked.

“Yeah. We’re filming a couple of scenes. A three-way, followed by a blow job and cum shot.”

“OK. So, technically you do get to have sex.”

Alec nodded. “With female porn stars. Every man’s dream, huh?” he said sardonically.

“That really sucks,” Jorje said, blushing some more when he registered what he’d said.

“Yeah,” Alec agreed. “So a fuck’s out of the question. Sorry.”

Jorje smiled. “It’s OK.”

“But, I’d...” Alec moved closer, his actions finishing the rest of the sentence, as his lips closed in on Jorje’s, planting a tentative first peck, followed by another, and another. Their mouths opened, tongues coming into play, darting in and out, making up for the loss of action elsewhere. They kissed for many minutes, Alec returning his star attraction to his pants just in case they got carried away. He desperately wanted to get carried away. How cruel it was, to be here with this gorgeous young guy and know this was all they could ever have. One kiss. And then he would leave, and Alec wouldn’t blame him for that. He had nothing to offer someone like Jorje.

Slowly, reluctantly, Alec moved away. Jorje opened his eyes and took sharp little breaths in and out, his arousal making him shudder. Alec looked so dejected. It hurt to see him like that, big muscly guy that he was. He was just like a little boy lost at the mall.

“Would you like a lift home?” Alec asked.

“Do you want me to go?”

“Hell, not at all!”

“Then no. Thanks. I’ll stick around a while longer.”

Alec leaned back against the counter, legs apart, dick still hard and throbbing like a bitch. He studied Jorje’s face.

“Why?” he asked.

“Because I like you?”

“If you’re thinking I’m some kind of valiant knight who saved your ass and didn’t take advantage of you...”

Jorje shrugged. “You are.”

“I just told you. However much I want to fuck you, I can’t.”

“Yeah, but what did you say first? ‘I don’t screw comatose guys.’ If you weren’t a porn star, would you have screwed me last night?”

“Of course not. It’d be like date rape, not that I was the one who spiked your drink. That’s fucking low.”

Jorje spread his hands in an expression of presenting the obvious. “There you go. You’re a good guy, Alec. And for the record? I’d totally love you to fuck me.”

“You would?”

“Well, kind of,” Jorje said. By “fuck” what he meant was he’d like to get into some serious playing around, but thought he’d probably die of internal bleeding if Alec tried to fuck him. Alec knew exactly what he was thinking and laughed.

“OK. We’ve got a few hours to kill before I need to be at the studio. You want to play a video game or something?”

“Sure.”

“And then...” Alec watched Jorje intently as he spoke. “I’d like to take you to dinner this evening.”

Jorje nodded. “I’d like that too.”

\*\*\*\*\*

## Chapter Five

They met outside an Italian restaurant in the city centre, where Alec had booked a table in advance—a secluded booth right at the back. Granted, it wasn't his face that most of his "fans" recognised, and his other features were all well concealed under a pair of loose-fitting jeans, and a long shirt over a T-shirt. Jorje looked him up and down.

"You'd look even fitter in Armani," he remarked.

"Even fitter?" Alec asked.

"Yeah."

"So you think I'm fit?"

"As fuck," Jorje said.

Alec nodded very seriously. He wasn't dismissing the compliment, just that it complicated things, got in the way of his "professionalism", if that was the word for it. And he knew he was in good shape. He worked out a lot to keep his physique. In his job, he couldn't afford to carry any weight or lose definition, and figured it was the same for Jorje. Maybe pasta wasn't the best idea after all, but Jorje didn't seem to mind.

The waiter seated them and brought the wine list. Jorje left the decision with Alec, and he ordered a bottle of Chardonnay, going through the motions of tasting it, even though he visited the restaurant often enough to know exactly what the wine was like. He was still thinking how good it was to have someone to share it with when their starters arrived.

"How did this afternoon go?" Jorje asked.

"OK, other than nearly fucking up the, err, final shot."

"Is that possible? I mean, she does you-know-what, and you just..."

"Yeah," Alec laughed. "Easy as pie!" He leaned close and spoke quietly. "I was thinking about your sweet little ass."

Jorje smiled coyly. Alec sat back again, thighs spread wide, one arm slung over the back of his chair.

"That did it for me," he said earnestly. He was doing that come-to-bed eyes thing again, chewing on a crust of focaccia, his tongue rolling seductively

across his lips. Jorje's cock sprang to life and his mind wandered. How much would it hurt, really? It wasn't a lot more to accommodate. Who was he trying to kid? He could see the beast rising from here—could probably lift the table off the floor with that thing.

Alec picked up his wine and sluiced his mouth clean, one elbow now on the table. He ran his thumb over the corner of his mouth, staring deep into Jorje's eyes the whole while. "You're thinking about it," he stated. Jorje swallowed hard. Alec sucked his teeth regretfully. "Not gonna happen, Sweetness."

\*\*\*\*\*

"What about this place?"

Taylor and her boyfriend, Dan, stopped in front of the menu board outside the restaurant, both taking a moment to ponder. Dan glanced inside. It was mid-evening and quiet, with a few tables free.

"What do you think?" he prompted.

"Fine by me," Taylor agreed. They stepped inside, immediately being greeted by a smart Italian waiter in blacks and whites.

"Table for two?" he asked.

"Please," Dan confirmed.

\*\*\*\*\*

Main course arrived; Jorje's appetite was voracious, which he put down to not eating since breakfast, and the after-effects of whatever his drink had been spiked with the night before. After Alec had dropped him home earlier, he'd called Ben in an attempt to fill in the massive gap between the vodka shots and waking up in Alec's place. Unfortunately, all Ben could tell him was that they went looking for him around one a.m. to tell him they were moving on, and assumed he'd had a better offer.

Alec, on the other hand, was struggling to eat at all. Out on his first date in years, he wasn't sure how to behave. He'd never been much of a charmer, mostly shacking up for one nighters with guys who thought they wanted to run the gauntlet with his obvious gift, but soon realised that it really wasn't all it was cracked up to be. For Alec, the porn industry had been his saviour—the only good thing to come out of having an abnormally large "manhood", as they liked to call it. Otherwise it was a nuisance, requiring the wearing of tight briefs under boxers for his day job and trips to the gym, waking him up in the night

because he'd roll over and pinch it under his leg. Going for a "number two" required clever balancing tricks, or risk dangling it in the water. As for gratifying relationships? None, but at least he got regular orgasms and he got paid for the privilege. Sometimes, though very, very rarely, he got sucked off by a guy and even got to fuck one once, on-camera. But most of the films were straight, or threesomes with girl-on-girl action, none of which turned him on in the slightest, and meant he was hard for hours—perfect for his line of work—shit for having a sex life, or any kind of life at all.

"Would you like to see the dessert menu?" the waiter interjected into Alec's miserable reverie. He looked to his date to see what he thought. Jorje nodded enthusiastically—and not just for dessert. He didn't want the evening to end. Weird, but Alec was the first guy he'd felt any real connection with, and whilst they'd been eating in silence, he'd been thinking—not deliberately—about how they'd work around the whole big dick thing. He really wanted to give it a try, not because he was turned on by it, or not just because he was turned on by it. So he ordered tiramisu, and Alec had a coffee, watching Jorje's face contort with delight at his dessert, without him being aware of it for quite some time. When he realised, he blushed and smiled.

"I have a major sweet tooth," he explained. Alec nodded.

"I noticed." He reached across and lifted a dribble of the alcohol-laced mascarpone off Jorje's chin. Jorje grabbed Alec's hand and sucked his finger clean. "Really, don't do that," Alec warned.

"Why not?"

"Because it can't happen."

Jorje put his spoon down. "When are you next filming?"

"Wednesday."

"Right. So, let's say we go back to your place tonight. You've already done the deed this afternoon. It'll still be Saturday—"

"You don't get it, do you?"

"What is there to get?"

Alec sighed in exasperation. "I'm dysfunctional."

"No you're not. It works perfectly well."

"And what the fuck do you think we're gonna do with it?"



Jorje shrugged. "I don't know, but I'm seriously up for working it out."

"You could be out with guys your own age—"

"Who leave my drink unattended when I go to... ah!" A flash of memory. "I went to the toilet," Jorje said, the pieces starting to fall into place. "I remember there was this guy. Oh, what was his name? Sam, or Simon, or... whatever. He came and sat with me. Said he'd seen me in a magazine spread."

"You're saying that's who spiked your drink?"

"I can't be sure, but who else could it be? He was the only one I didn't know."

"Where was that?"

"Bella's."

"You want to do anything about it?"

"No."

Alec was still watching him.

"I've never seen him before. He's not a regular."

Still watching.

"And what can I do anyway? I'm just a skinny pretty boy."

"You're not 'just' anything. You're fucking beautiful."

Jorje busied himself with scraping the rest of the tiramisu onto his spoon. He was used to being told he looked good, but it was all fake, parading in fake clothes, striking stupid poses while cameras click-clicked away. One of the photographers even sounded like Austin Powers—"Yeah, that's it, baby. Oh yeah." All the models thought he was bloody hilarious, but what did those compliments mean? A couple of years down the line he'd still be skinny, because that's the way he was, and he'd be too old to carry it off. And no one ever had told him he was beautiful. Fucking beautiful.

"Hey," Alec said, "just say if you change your mind about finding this guy Sam, Simon—I'll gladly have a word with him."

"Thanks."

Jorje meant it too. He was overwhelmed by how protective Alec was being, and a bit pissed off by it, if he was honest. Threatening to do over the guy who spiked him was one thing. Trying to protect him from the trouser conger was

just downright unnecessary. He was an adult and sick of people trying to protect him. By people, of course, he meant Taylor, *and* his parents, *and* his agent, all of whom would take one look at Alec and decide he was bad news, because he looked like bad news. God, he even sounded like bad news—porn star with a twelve-inch dick, self-employed, spoiling for a fight. A bad boy. And still goddamn fit as fuck.

With the tiramisu finished, there were no further ways to delay the end of their date. Alec led the way, weaving between the tables towards the door. Jorje followed, so fixated on Alec's swaggering hips that he didn't see Taylor and Dan, but Taylor saw him. Her brother and a man—a much older man, rough looking, with short blonde hair, muscly, kind of familiar.

\*\*\*\*

## Chapter Six

On the walk back to his apartment, Jorje tried to convince Alec to give things a go, so sure that he wanted it too, and was just being defeatist. Every attempt he made at bringing it up, Alec changed the subject, or stopped talking completely. Now they were outside the building. The end was here. Jorje really didn't want this to be the end.

"Coffee?" he offered.

"You don't mean that."

"No. I mean, I'll make you coffee, but..." He sighed heavily. "Please. Just give it a try?"

"Look—"

"We could just be friends?"

"But we wouldn't be just friends, would we? I'm thirteen years older than you. In five years, I turn forty. I've got high blood pressure, and... *him*." He nodded meaningfully at his lower body.

"And I don't care. Please?"

"Why are you so damned stubborn?"

"Determined," Jorje corrected. "Not stubborn."

"That what they tell you at the agency?"

Jorje grinned and didn't answer. The agency, and his sister, and his parents, all said the same thing: he was stubborn as a mule, to which he always argued back that it was determination, not stubbornness. Once Jorje set his sights on something...

Alec closed his eyes and nodded, against his better judgment. "OK. Coffee."

Jorje kissed him. "You won't regret it. I make amazing coffee."

"Don't you dare try getting me drunk."

"Spike your coffee?" Jorje said lightly. Alec looked deeply offended. "Hey, you said it!"

Alec let it go and followed Jorje up the steps to his second floor apartment—small and cosy, with one bedroom, compact lounge and

kitchenette. It was all he needed, and was part of the financial management his parents had enforced. Taylor paid all the bills on Jorje's behalf, ordered his weekly shopping, and deposited spending money in his bank account. Alec looked around the place, nodding approvingly.

"Great little place."

"Nothing like yours," Jorje said.

"Would you want somewhere like that?"

"Yeah. It's fabulous. I especially love the spiral staircase, and those pictures."

"They're awesome, huh? My brother painted them. He's a bit crazy, but a brilliant artist. They're called 'She Calls' and 'He Falls'—no idea which is which, but I just love the colours."

"They kind of look like someone bled to death on a canvas," Jorje remarked. Alec laughed.

"I think that's the idea, to be honest. You'll really like Gareth. He's not much older than..." He realised the implication of what he'd just said—you *will*—and quickly changed the subject. "You could afford a place like that though, surely?"

"Yeah, but I don't have access to my money."

Alec frowned, awaiting an explanation. Jorje filled the kettle and talked as he prepared two mugs.

"Basically, I've been ripped off by so many guys that my sister ratted me out to my parents, and between them they came up with a scheme. I get an allowance, and Tay—my sister—takes care of everything else for me."

"A wise move," Alec agreed.

"Whose side are you on?"

"Yours, believe it or not."

"Uh, OK. I'm not that gullible."

"Uh, well, Mister 'I got my drink spiked and went home with a porn star', that's not how it looks to me."

"She wouldn't approve."

"Of?"

“You.”

“Understandable. I’m not good boyfriend material.”

Jorje ignored that and finished making the coffee, gesturing to Alec to follow him through to the lounge. They had no choice but to sit next to each other, as there was only a sofa. Jorje turned on his music system—a Bang and Olufsen BeoLab set-up. Alec sat back and closed his eyes, head bobbing gently in time to the rhythm.

“Sounds phenomenal,” he said. “I was going to get a Bang and Olufsen, but I don’t listen to music much. It’s too... emotional.”

“I know what you mean. Some songs bring back memories, don’t they?”

“Yeah, that. And just the whole way music taps into your brain, makes you feel things.”

Jorje turned and sat cross-legged, facing Alec.

“Are you frightened of feeling things?” he asked.

“Not frightened. It’s just easier not to. I can’t have a relationship with anyone, so I work and go home, chill out with a video game, kill a few baddies. I’m doing OK.”

“Aren’t you lonely?”

“Sometimes, but...” Alec glanced sideways. “Yes.” He nodded. “Today I realised how lonely I am.”

Jorje shuffled closer. Alec’s heart rate doubled. Jorje took his coffee from him, set it on the floor and straddled him, wrapping his arms around his neck. Slowly feeling himself rise up, riding the trouser conger, he smiled. Alec put his arms around Jorje’s back.

“You really are determined to do this, aren’t you?”

In response, Jorje leaned forward, their lips almost touching. His phone buzzed against his thigh. “Shit. One second.” He leaned back, pulled his phone from his pocket and answered it. At the same time, he used his other hand to massage Alec’s very hard cock through his pants, maintaining eye contact as he spoke into the phone. “Hi, Tay.”

“Jorje. Where are you?”

“At home. Why?”

“I just saw you in Bernetti’s with—”

"A guy?"

"Who is he, Jorje? Another loser who's going to screw you and break your heart?"

"Tay—"

"Why can't you just find someone nice who'll look after you? I know you think I'm a boring nag, but I worry about you, honey."

"Tay—"

"You can do better. You know that, don't you?"

"Tay! Shut up a minute!"

She took a loud breath in, but didn't say anything else.

"F-Y-I, his name is Alec, and he's right here with me now. We're having a coffee. He bought me dinner. And last night, my drink got spiked—"

"He spiked your drink?"

"No! He took care of me."

"How d'you know it wasn't—"

"It wasn't him. Anyway, enough spying on me! Seriously, what were you doing watching me?"

"I wasn't. We just happened to end up in Bernetti's too, and you were so besotted, as usual, you walked right past and didn't even see us."

"Oh. Well, I'm fine. I'm safe. OK?"

"You'd best not be lying, Jorje."

"Would I lie to you, Sis?"

She sighed. "Fine. I'll call by in the morning."

"Why?"

"You're my baby brother, and I love you. Is that a crime?"

"I guess not. I'll see you tomorrow."

"Be safe."

"I will. Love you." Jorje hung up and put his phone down next to the coffees. "Now, where were we?"

\*\*\*\*\*

## Chapter Seven

Jorje's arms snaked around Alec's neck, pulling him close, their mouths coming together, tongues twirling, jousting. Jorje moved closer still, pressing his chest against Alec, trying not to gyrate or thrust, sensing how uneasy he was. Alec's erection was painful, crushed under Jorje's leg, because it was trapped inside tight briefs. Jorje pulled Alec's jeans open, easing some of the pressure. He reached inside, tugging at the top of the briefs. Alec's dick sprang free, and Jorje let it be for now, focusing on giving the best kiss he could. It went on and on, gently mashing their lips together, occasional clashes of teeth that made them smile, tasting each other, appreciating the intimacy with no requirement to do more than this. When their jaws started to ache, Jorje eased away, his own erection jammed against the inside of his too-tight jeans. Alec glanced down.

"May I?" he asked. Jorje nodded eagerly. Alec unfastened the Hermès buckle, his hands shaking as he tugged at the waistband of Jorje's jeans, struggling to open the zip. Jorje lifted so that his thighs were vertical, which made it a little easier. Alec eased his jeans down, along with his underpants. Jorje's perfectly proportioned dick was now just a couple of inches from Alec's mouth, a bead of precum glistening on the tip. Alec dipped his head and collected it with his tongue, taking his time, rolling it against his soft palate, savouring the taste, the wonder of being with someone. He slid down a little between Jorje's legs and tentatively kissed his cockhead. Jorje's hips started to move back and forth, driven by that primal instinct for release. With each forward thrust, Alec opened his lips a little wider, letting Jorje control things, so that at first only the head entered Alec's mouth. He circled it with his tongue, remaining completely still and waiting for it to be withdrawn, then returned once more. Over the course of a minute or so, Jorje pushed no more than half his length into Alec's mouth, but at the next thrust forward, Alec grabbed Jorje's buttocks and pulled him right in, sucking hard.

"Uh," Jorje sounded, his hips now moving at speed. Alec's mouth felt so good around him. Warm and soft, yet the pressure of the sucking was overwhelming. He moved away, feeling the skin tingle as the blood drew to the surface, and rammed back in. A couple more of those and he'd be coming, which he didn't want yet. He ran his fingers through Alec's hair, twisting the short curls to try and get something to hold on to. Instead he grabbed Alec's

head and held it steady as he made short, sharp movements, sliding in and out, in and out. Alec's teeth dragged along Jorje's length, the lubricating effect of the spit leaving him hypersensitive and teetering on the edge. He withdrew.

They returned to kissing, pausing to remove their shirts and T-shirts, naked skin making contact, both hot and sticky. Jorje reluctantly moved away so he could get out of his jeans, nodding at Alec to prompt him to do likewise. He shook his head.

"Fine," Jorje said, grabbing Alec's waistband and dragging it underneath him until he had no choice but to lift up and let Jorje remove his jeans. Jorje stepped back to admire the man before him. He loved those rippling muscles, so well defined—the calves, thighs, abs—and in between that huge dick, standing tall and proud, yet so desperately neglected, just begging to be loved. He knelt on the floor in front of Alec and bowed his head, taking the first couple of inches in his mouth, one hand wrapped around the base, the other lifting Alec's balls and fondling them. A bit more length into his mouth, and a little more, his gagging reflex already fighting against what he was asking of it, but he would do this. After all, sword swallows did it, didn't they? Jorje took a big, deep breath and held it, descending until his throat refused to go any further—on this occasion. Practice. That's all he needed. He eased back, pushed down again until he heard Alec groan and felt him lift his hips. Jorje glanced up into those come-to-bed eyes. He stopped sucking, kept his hand in place and rose to his feet.

"Come to bed," he said, tugging on Alec's dick to lead him. Alec followed, not entirely willing, yet unable to resist.

Jorje flicked on the light and pulled Alec into the room, crushing their lips together in a bruisingly hard kiss that took Alec's breath away. Jorje's hand clenched tight around his dick, tugging firmly, and for all of the self-control Alec exhibited in front of the camera, a few short seconds in Jorje's capable clutches was going to send him over the edge. He grasped the fingers to stop them and withdrew from the kiss.

"I'm going to shoot if you keep doing that."

Jorje smiled. "Isn't that the idea?"

"For someone so young, you sure as hell know what you're doing."

"Well yeah. Like I said, I've been with a few guys. Most are happy to let me do this for them. Aren't you?"



“No.”

Dejected, Jorje pulled away. Alec pulled him close again, kissing him on the forehead and lifting his face.

“Don’t get me wrong. I’m enjoying what you’re doing, but those other guys were using you. I might be lots of things, but I’m not a user. This is supposed to work for both of us.”

Jorje studied Alec’s face. No doubt about it, he was being honest in saying he wanted to make this good for Jorje too. But something didn’t fit. Specifically, that massive cock didn’t fit—not just physically—into any part of a relationship.

“Have you ever had a boyfriend?” Jorje asked.

Alec shook his head.

“You’re a virgin?”

Alec blinked slowly and smirked. “What do you think, Sweetness?”

“I dunno. You’re acting like one.” He nipped Alec’s chin and heard the sigh escape. “Don’t you want this?” he asked, flicking his tongue against Alec’s lips. Jorje trailed down and across his chest, repeating the tongue-flicking against a nipple. Alec moaned in pleasure.

“Yeah, I want it.” He closed his eyes, revelling in the contact, the sensation of someone caressing, teasing, attending to his needs.

“Then let me do this for you,” Jorje beseeched.

Alec surrendered, allowing himself to be steered to the bed—not by his dick this time. Jorje pushed him back against the pillows and continued the trail of kisses and bites, restraining himself so that he didn’t leave any marks. Each hip received the delicate attention of his tongue. He painted Alec’s abdomen with saliva—invisible, glistening bikini briefs in the tungsten light, framing that magnificent yet much commodified cock that lay flat against taut abs. Alec remained completely still, eyes closed, little shivers of pleasure rippling from each spot Jorje touched. Jorje slid further down the bed, taking Alec’s balls in his mouth, one at a time, sucking them gently, massaging them with his tongue. His palms skimmed over bulky thighs, up over hips, following the concave dip and up the ramp of ribs. He paused a moment, waiting for Alec to open his eyes.

“Why aren’t you watching?”

“I don’t want to. I just want to feel it.”

Jorje shrugged in acceptance, and lowered his face, aligning his lips to the base of Alec’s dick, alternating kissing and licking, moving from side to side so that he covered every square millimetre. Alec’s entire length throbbed gently to his rapid pulse. Jorje wrapped his fingers around the top and squeezed, tugging back the foreskin and licking around the exposed glans, at the same time bringing his fist upwards and delivering that precious pearl of precum. Now on his knees, he crawled up the bed and turned around so that he could take as much of Alec as possible, giving his throat time to adjust and accommodate. He managed an extra couple of inches on his previous attempt, but there was still so much more to go. He had excellent control over his gagging reflex—he’d had to deal with a good many cocks being shoved down his throat, and roughly. Despite that, he could no longer breathe, not even through his nose. Slowly he eased back, successfully fought the urge to cough, and settled into a rhythmic sucking. Alec started to writhe beneath him.

“Move over a little,” he muttered, pushing against Jorje’s hip to indicate where he wanted him. Jorje obliged, lifting his leg so that he was now straddling Alec’s shoulders, the air cool against the moistness of his crack, the heat of that tongue immediately recognisable as the tip probed his hole. He resumed sucking, his rhythm matching that of the tongue fuck, rocking down onto Alec’s dick, aware that both of them were grunting. He felt fingers wrap around his own dick, knew they were building and felt his stomach clench in anticipation. Alec’s tongue probed deeper, opening him wider, his grip tightening, the speed increasing. Jorje too, sucked faster, harder, squeezing his lips as tight as was possible, revelling in the pulsing against his tongue, the sudden shift of Alec’s hips as his cockhead rammed hard against the back of Jorje’s throat. And then the most immense stream of come, filling his throat and mouth, too much to swallow. Still it kept coming. How much he wanted Alec to fuck him right now! He no longer gave a shit if it hurt. He wanted him inside, filling him until he could take no more. Frantically, he ground back on Alec’s tongue, felt fingers dig hard into his buttocks and then he was coming too, and shouting out.

“Oh, fuck, yes! Yes. Fuck!”

His own come hit him in the face, merging with what was already there. Still in the high of the orgasm, he rooted helplessly on Alec’s deflating erection, riding out the final waves and then collapsing, utterly spent.

He remained there for several minutes, struggling to swallow, his throat raw, lips bruised and swollen. Alec’s soft dick lay beneath him, like one of

those travel pillows, almost comfortable enough for him to sleep right where he was.

“You OK down there?” Alec murmured. Jorje groaned. “I didn’t drown you?”

“Not quite,” Jorje said, smiling and slowly dragging himself to one side. He got to his knees, his jism beard dripping down his neck and chest. “Going to shower,” he explained, scooping his sticky hair out of the mess.

Alec watched Jorje stagger from the room and settled back, hands behind his head, eyes closed, content for the first time in years, possibly ever.

\*\*\*\*

## Chapter Eight

Alec returned from his turn in the shower and slid into bed. Jorje shuffled across sleepily and put his head on Alec's chest.

"Tired?" Alec asked, planting a kiss in Jorje's still damp hair.

"Mmm," Jorje murmured, snuggling into the crook of Alec's neck. Strong arms wrapped around him, and he drifted off to sleep.

Three times during the night they awoke together. On the first of these, Jorje realised that if he intended to get any more of Alec, it would need to happen before daybreak officially delivered the end of Saturday, because Alec needed to save himself for Wednesday's filming. So, in spite of his sore lips, Jorje dived under the duvet and sucked Alec's soft dick. It quickly responded and Alec once again surrendered. This time, at the first sign that Alec was heading for climax, Jorje moved away, the resultant spurts landing on Alec's chest. Jorje cleaned up with a towel. Alec attempted to grab Jorje's dick.

"It's fine," Jorje said. They were still kissing as they fell asleep.

The next time they awoke, Alec immediately took the initiative and went down on Jorje, gently caressing his cock with lips and tongue, taking his time to bring Jorje to orgasm. It felt amazing, and different, and Jorje didn't want it to end. Wordlessly, they once again fell asleep.

The final time was cheating, as the room was already starting to fill with the warm orange of sunrise. However, it was now or Wednesday, and neither could wait that long. They slid together, gently thrusting, cocks brushing against each other as they kissed deeply.

"Got any condoms?" Alec asked.

"None that'll fit you," Jorje replied lightly. Alec smiled.

"I meant for you."

Jorje moved his face away and looked into those deep eyes, too dark to see the blueness of them, but he could imagine well enough.

"Make love to me," Alec whispered, clutching at Jorje's hand.

"I..."

"Or fuck me, whichever. I want you."

Jorje rolled away. "I've never done that before."

"Sorry. I didn't mean to put you under pressure."

"No. It's OK."

"If you don't want to, I'm good with that."

Jorje lay on his back, thinking. *Make love to me.* Alec's words. No one had ever said that to him before, not even the other way around—*I want to make love to you.* He'd heard, "I want to fuck you," often enough. Sometimes not even, "I want to," but, "I'm going to." Making love. It wasn't about the act itself, but the sharing of intimacy, closeness, trust. They didn't need penetration for that. They'd never need it.

"Why?" Jorje asked.

"Because I can't make love to you," Alec stated.

"But isn't that what we've been doing all night?"

Alec carefully rolled onto his side to face Jorje, repositioning his semi-erect dick so that he didn't trap it. He traced Jorje's lips with a fingertip.

"Is it too soon?"

"No." Jorje turned over to face Alec too. "No," he repeated. "Not too soon, just maybe not right for us?"

"Us?"

"Yeah. Us." Jorje moved closer, rubbing himself gently against Alec, bringing him back to life. "This is good for me. Isn't it good for you?"

"It is," Alec agreed. He put his arms around Jorje and pulled him on top, partly so he could control the speed and intensity of the motion, but also because gravity was less of an issue that way. They continued to move together, dicks side by side, sandwiched between them, size no longer a factor in this equation. One plus one. Jorje lifted onto his knees so he could run his hands over Alec's firm chest, waxed bare, because that was what porn fans demanded. It made him no less or no more than beautiful; a tough, sculptured shell around the gentlest, most vulnerable man Jorje had ever known. Yes, this was making love. He could feel it growing within him. His throat constricted with the realisation and he gasped.

"Already, Sweetness?" Alec asked teasingly. He pulled Jorje down again and increased his speed.

"No. Or it wasn't. Oh God..." The build-up started and he couldn't help but go with it, faster, thrusting harder, aware of that pole of steel against his belly, digging under his ribs. And then he was soaring, his mouth somehow finding Alec's in time to mute the cry of pleasure and relief. Alec grunted and pushed up against him, the hot jets shooting between them, and then it was done. Again.

"Wow!" Jorje said. He slid sideways. Alec kept hold of him. "I've never come three times in one night."

"I have," Alec grinned. Jorje laughed and kissed him again.

They lay there a while longer, breathing in each other's scent, ignoring the sticky coolness drying on their bodies for as long as they could.

"OK," Jorje said with a reluctant sigh. "I'm heading for the bathroom, and afterwards, I'll make us breakfast while you shower."

Alec kissed him on the nose and released him, snoozing until Jorje returned for his clothes. More designer gear, Alec observed, but casual, good for a lazy Sunday. Jorje became aware he was under scrutiny.

"I'm taking you shopping," he said.

"What for?"

"Everything?"

"I don't need—"

"No way is a boyfriend of mine wearing Crocs."

"Boyfriend?"

Jorje pouted, waited for Alec's expression to change from shock to acceptance, gave him the sweetest of smiles and left the room. Ten minutes later, freshly showered, Alec arrived in the kitchen, just as Jorje was trickling maple syrup over pancakes covered in sliced bananas and pecan nuts. Alec came up behind him and wrapped him in his arms, nuzzling into his neck.

"You really do have a sweet tooth, huh?"

Jorje wriggled against the tickle of stubble on his skin.

"Is this all right?" he asked.

"It's perfect," Alec assured him. He reached over and picked up a slice of banana, feeding it to Jorje, syrup running down his fingers. Jorje took the banana and sucked Alec's fingers clean. Before they got any further, there was the sound of a key turning in the lock.

"Hi." The voice called a split second's notice on Taylor's arrival. She stopped dead. Alec released Jorje.

"Hi, Tay," Jorje greeted his sister, but she wasn't listening. She was staring at Alec, an expression of horror on her now colourless face. Jorje ignored her reaction and pressed on with his intended introduction. "This is Alec," he said.

Taylor rallied slightly, her cheeks starting to pink up. She smiled artificially and extended a hand.

"Nice to meet you, Alec," she said.

"Err, likewise," Alec replied.

Jorje looked from one to the other and shrugged.

"You know each other," he stated, because it was obvious that they did. Alec coughed nervously and looked away. It wasn't his place to say. Jorje glared at his sister, awaiting an explanation. She smiled brightly and made a big deal of noticing the plate of pancakes.

"Enough for me?" she asked over-chirpily.

"Maybe," Jorje said. "If you tell me what's going on."

"What do you mean?" She was blushing crimson and still tried to cover it. "Have they got maple syrup on them?" She opened the cupboard to get a plate. Jorje kicked it shut and folded his arms.

"Taylor!" he hissed.

She glanced nervously at Alec.

"Have you told him?" she asked.

"Yeah," Alec confirmed.

Taylor took a deep breath and turned back to her younger brother. She'd always feared this moment would come. She was the eldest, the more sensible, responsible one. Or so thought their parents, who were halfway around the world and distantly benevolent. Jorje was scowling, waiting.

"The thing is, Jorje, I've..." She bit her lip nervously. "I've worked with Alec," she said quickly.

"You've worked with..." Jorje began to say, the rest falling in place. "Oh my God. You do porn?"

## Chapter Nine

"Glamour modelling," Taylor corrected.

"Oh shut up! Glamour modelling. What a ridiculous thing to call it!" Jorje was angry. "So what's your hidden talent? A clitoris that looks like the face of Jesus? A third tittie?" He was being a bitch and he knew it, and in being a bitch, he'd accidentally suggested he thought Alec was a freak, which wasn't true.

"Nothing like that," Taylor said quietly.

"What then?" Jorje pressed.

"I can take him." She nodded at Alec's crotch.

"Him? You mean Alec's cock?"

"Yeah."

"Take *him* where? In your slutty mouth, or up your—"

"For God's sake, Jorje!" Taylor yelled.

"Why didn't you recognise him last night?"

"I only saw his face," she said. She glanced at Alec and shrugged. "Sorry."

Jorje raised his hands. "You know what? I think I'm gonna just leave the two of you to get re-fucking-acquainted." He stormed out of the kitchen, calling back over his shoulder, "Lock up when you're done." The front door slammed shut. Taylor flinched. Alec sighed heavily and screwed up his eyes.

"I'm so sorry," Taylor repeated.

"It's fine." Alec didn't know what else to say. Last night he'd dared to hope, because this time was different. To Jorje, he was more than just a freakishly big dick on legs. Just his damned bad luck that he'd been paid to ram that freakishly big dick down Jorje's sister's throat. He felt utterly wretched, unsure what to do for the best. Should he leave? Wait and see if they could fix this? He absently poked at a pancake over-hanging the plate. The pancake flipped, splattering maple syrup across the counter.

"I need to go after him," he said.

"And say what?"

"I don't know. Get him to understand that it doesn't mean anything."



"He's not stupid, Alec. He knows porn's not like real life."

"He feels betrayed."

"By me, not by you. He's just hot-headed. Give it another five minutes—"

Alec shook his head. "No. I'm going after him."

\*\*\*\*

Jorje flopped onto the bench at the bus stop opposite his apartment building. In his fury, he'd completed a full circuit of the block. It hadn't helped much. He was still angry, although he wasn't sure who with. Himself? After all, he'd gone along with the whole scheme that put Taylor in charge of his life. He'd accepted without argument (well, *almost* without argument) that she was the more responsible one and had his best interests at heart.

So maybe that was part of it. People bossed him around, told him where he needed to be, how to spend his money, who he could and couldn't date. He just did as he was told, assuming they all knew what was best for him, because they were better than him. Now he wasn't so sure. However, even if Taylor's secret career meant she couldn't criticise him on this occasion, his parents were going to hit the roof when they found out about Alec.

If Alec still wanted anything to do with him.

Jorje quickly pushed the thought away, glad, at least, that it wasn't Alec who was making him angry. And yes, he was going to tell his parents about Alec—the being older part, not the porn part. It was about time he stood up for himself. He was going to take control of his life and stop being such an idiot with money. And men. *At least I don't get paid to suck them off.*

And that, really, was the thing that was pissing him off the most. It didn't matter that it was for the camera, or, more to the point, that Alec was gay. Childish and irrational as it was, Jorje was jealous of Taylor, because she'd had Alec first.

An older woman sat down on the bench, startling Jorje back to his senses.

"Morning," she said, with a grin.

"All right?" Jorje muttered in response.

"Lovely day," she remarked, peering meaningfully at the bright blue sky.

"Yeah," he agreed vaguely. He hadn't noticed. He caught movement in his peripheral vision. The door of his building opened, and Alec emerged, glancing

up and down the street. He spotted Jorje and started to jog over. Jorje quickly got up.

"Nice talking to you," the woman said.

"Err, yeah. You too."

Jorje intercepted Alec at the kerb. For a moment, they stared wordlessly into each other's eyes.

"I was just coming back," Jorje explained. Alec frowned. Jorje tilted his head slightly, in the direction of the woman at the bus stop. "I didn't want to take the chance that she'd recognise you too." He smiled innocently and fluttered his eyelashes, to make it clear he was teasing.

Alec laughed lightly. "I'm really sorry."

"Yeah, well. It's not your fault. Come on. Let's go and eat breakfast. I'm starving."

Jorje took Alec's hand and they crossed the road, heading back to the apartment, where Taylor had made fresh pancakes. She drizzled maple syrup over them and passed the plate to Jorje. He nodded in thanks and shoved an entire pancake in his mouth.

"Thank fuck I'm not straight," he mumbled around the mouthful of sticky-sweet food. "Imagine if I'd rented a porno and found you in it. I'd have been scarred for life!"

Taylor laughed, sensing he was over the initial shock and starting to calm down. "I wouldn't have risked it if you were straight, I promise you."

Jorje raised an eyebrow. "What if Dan—"

"He knows," Taylor interrupted.

"Or Dad?"

"OK. Don't go there." The thought had crossed her mind, but these were things best not dwelled upon. It was easier to assume that their dad was not the sort of man to watch porn films.

"Just in case," Jorje said, "are there any titles I should avoid? I mean, what witty thing did the pair of you 'star' in together?"

"Sawdust and Cream Cakes," they said in unison.

"Sounds... messy," Jorje remarked dryly. He glanced at Alec, who had his head down. He looked so ashamed. That made Jorje feel sad. He reached out and squeezed his hand. Alec attempted a smile.

"I'm going to quit," he said quietly.

Jorje didn't comment.

"I'll tell them tomorrow. No more Jonny Sawdust."

"Who?"

"The series is called *Jumbo Jonny Sawdust*. I'm a carpenter, just like in real life, except they don't have me doing woodwork for real. Or not that sort of woodwork, anyway."

Jorje giggled. "And you are?" he asked Taylor.

"Oh, I was only in the one episode. I was a prim little spinster running a bakery, and Jonny came..." She paused to rephrase. "I called on Jonny to fix my kitchen door. He offered to help me fill the cream horns."

"Oh, Jesus. That is appalling!" Jorje said. "There'd best not be any added ingredients in these pancakes." He grimaced and dropped the pancake in mock disgust. "Do people actually get off on that?"

Taylor shrugged. "I don't hear you complaining this morning."

"That's because Alec is more than a twelve-inch dong to me, babe." He made eye contact with Alec. "You know that, don't you?"

Alec nodded.

"And you don't have to quit, unless you want to."

"I think I do."

The look in Alec's eyes told Jorje everything he needed to know. He wanted to make a go of things. Jorje put his arms around him and kissed him lightly.

Taylor watched them smooch for a moment, and finished washing up. "Look, I'm gonna go. We'll catch up later, OK?"

"OK, Sis." Jorje released Alec so he could hug his sister.

"Promise you won't say anything," she implored.

"To who? Mum and Dad?" Jorje asked, somewhat disbelievingly. Taylor nodded. "Are you kidding me? Hey, Mum, Dad, this is Alec, my porn star boyfriend. He already knows Tay, of course..."

Taylor blushed.

"Not a word," Jorje assured her, then leaned closer and whispered, "but only if you teach me your sword swallowing trick." He moved away again and grinned. She slapped him playfully.

"Consider it done," she said.

"Good. Now get outta here!"

"See you, Alec," she called.

"Yeah. Take care," he replied, and he and Jorje watched as she left with a parting little wave of fingertips.

"I'm sorry," Jorje said, once the door had closed.

"Why are you sorry?"

"What I said earlier? I didn't mean to imply you were a freak."

Alec shrugged. "I am a freak."

"No. You're not." Jorje was completely sincere.

"You're the first guy who's seen me as more than just a twelve-inch dong."

"Yeah? Well you are so much more. You're handsome, and kind, and loving, and patient, and have dreadful fashion sense, but we can fix that."

Alec drew Jorje in and kissed him, softly and deeply. He tasted of maple syrup.

"Whatever makes you happy, Sweetness."

"Jonny Sawdust?"

"It's terrible, isn't it?"

"Oh, I don't know. I can see a whole new line—checked shirts over cupcake prints, carpenter jeans with pink polka dot patches... Oh my word! That's perfect!"

Jorje freed an arm so he could reach the pancakes and alternated feeding them to Alec and himself as he continued.

"We could open a boutique, with a design floor upstairs. And you could do all the fitting, make it hot and sexy, like your place. Can you imagine? My designs inside your designs. We're totally made for each other."

He paused to see what Alec thought, noting the smirk of amusement.

“You’re not taking this seriously, are you?”

Alec suppressed a laugh. “No, no. It’s an interesting idea,” he said. “And what’re we going to call this boutique of ours? Sugar and—”

“Sawdust,” Jorje finished. “Sweet and tough, just like us. Sugar and Sawdust.”

**The End**

## Author Bio

*Debbie McGowan is an author and publisher based in a semi-rural corner of Lancashire, England. She writes character-driven fiction, covering life, love, relationships—the whole shazam. A working class girl, she ‘ran away’ to London at 17, was homeless, unemployed and then homeless again, interspersed with animal rights activism (all legal, honest ;) ) and volunteer work as a mental health advocate. At 25, she went back to college to study social science—tough with two toddlers, but they had a ‘stay at home’ dad, so it worked itself out. These days, the toddlers are young women (much to their chagrin), and Debbie teaches undergraduate students, writes novels and runs an independent publishing company, occasionally grabbing an hour of sleep where she can!*

## Contact & Media Info

[Email](#) | [Twitter](#) | [Tumblr](#) | [LinkedIn](#)

[Facebook](#) | [Google+](#) | [Goodreads](#) | [Website](#)