

LOVE'S LANDSCAPES



Don't Read in the Closet 2014

LOVE THE LITTLE GUYS

M.E. Sanford

Table of Contents

Love’s Landscapes.....	3
Love the Little Guys – Information	5
Love the Little Guys	6
Chapter One	7
Chapter Two.....	11
Chapter Three.....	15
Author Bio	22

Love's Landscapes

An M/M Romance series

LOVE THE LITTLE GUYS

By M.E. Sanford

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.

Love the Little Guys, Copyright © 2014 M.E. Sanford

Cover Design by Goodreads M/M Romance Group

Photographs from Public Domain Pictures.net

[Arizona sunrise](#), [Yellow sunset with boats](#)

[Poollicht](#), [Perfect white beach](#)

[Sunset in Prague](#), [Purple mountain sunset](#)

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

LOVE THE LITTLE GUYS

By M.E. Sanford

Photo Description

A beautiful, feminine-looking young man faces the camera with a slight smile on his face. He has feather clips on the lashes of both eyes, which are also heavily lined with mascara. Studs in his lips, upswept blond hair, and an utterly peaceful aura complete his look. He seems like he's not afraid of what he likes, and he is willing to let people see that side of him, that openness of his quirks and what he enjoys, without feeling guilty.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

Please help me find a love of my own. I'd like a cute, pixie-faced little bottom-boy to love, but my type of guy always want a manly-man top, and not little femme me. I know I'm small, guys always assume I'm a bottom, then are surprised when they realise I'm a top. I can't tell you how many times I've been rejected...

I've got a big heart, but no one to give it to.

Sincerely,

Maddox

PS. I'd really like some plot to go with the sexy-times, if possible.

No historical, no war, if possible no PWP

Thank you.

Story Info

Genre: contemporary

Tags: Native American, yoga, twinks, flamboyant characters, effeminate top, HFN

Word Count: 5,435

LOVE THE LITTLE GUYS

By M.E. Sanford

Chapter One

Joel stared at the picture of his ex-boyfriend with a painful longing in his heart. Travis didn't mean to hurt Joel so badly; he wasn't a cruel guy. But Joel was a twink in every sense of the stereotype, save one.

Joel was a total top. There's nothing wrong with that; often men who participated in intercourse with other guys had a preference should they ever engage in anal. But Joel lacked the Adonis frame that he was expected to possess. Sometimes, his almost lovers would scoff or laugh while dressing to leave after discovering that Joel wasn't a closet power bottom.

Small and lithe, built like a slim dancer, Joel was the epitome of a beautiful man. But, when it came to how he performed in bed, he surprised his lovers.

The music blared in the nightclub while Joel looked down from the upper floor balcony at the inebriated dancers. He was sipping his mimosa when a person knocked him into the banister, and the drink slipped from his grasp.

Almost as if falling in slow motion, Joel watched as the glass landed atop a dancer's head with a painful sounding *thud* and covered him with the beverage. Joel screamed along with the dancer, as the red in the glass simulated blood.

He sprinted downstairs to help the man but saw him being escorted away, holding his hand over his head.

"Is he all right?" Joel inquired as he neared the office of the bar. "I'm so sorry."

Two guys stared at him in disgust, and Joel cowered.

"Please tell me. Is he hurt?"

"That was your drink?" a man asked, with an intense lisp. The lights overhead swayed when a tall man left the office and faced Joel.

"It was my drink. I'm so sorry," Joel apologized with a bow and tried to maintain his composure. What if the man was hurt? What if he was cut by the glass? "It wasn't on purpose."

"That was my brother you hit with that glass," the tall man growled. He was enormous compared to Joel's modest height. And the man's bulk made Joel feel the urge to flee. He'd never stand a chance against a man that big.

Joel straightened his shoulders and looked up at the tall man. "I said I'm sorry. May I please apologize to him?" he asked. The man looked down at Joel, with an amused expression.

"You're a little guy. What's your name?" the man asked.

"Joel Grabin."

"Well, Joel Grabin, my brother is named Max. Go ahead and apologize. He's cleaning up in the bathroom."

Joel opened the door to the bathroom and paused at the sight of a beautiful man, bare chested and standing before the bathroom mirror. His deeply tanned skin was smooth and flawless over taut, toned muscles that looked like he participated in regular aerobics or yoga. There was a grace and elegance to the way he stood, his back straight and strong, while he pulled a brush through his damp, black hair. His hair ran down his back and shifted off his shoulders.

"Are you Max?" Joel inquired.

The man looked over at him slowly, even the motion of glancing over at Joel being smooth and graceful.

"I am," Max replied, without another word. He looked back to the mirror and continued combing his hair. "You are?"

"I'm Joel." He lurched forward. He wanted to comfort Max and hold the man still, so that he could help with the glass removal himself. "That was my drink that hit you. Are you all right?"

Max's eyes flickered over to Joel's reflection in the mirror, but he didn't turn toward him.

"I think I'm okay. But it really hurt."

"God, I'm so sorry. Can I help you?"

"No, I'm all right. Just a headache. I don't think any real damage was done." Max winced. "What happened?"

"The drink fell from my hand when my arm got bumped. It was an accident. I can't apologize enough."

Joel could see the red line running down Max's nape, down his back, and beginning to stain the line of his denim pants.

"Holy crap, you're bleeding," Joel gasped. He moved forward and wet a paper towel, quickly wiping the blood from Max's waist, moving up and

stroking over smooth, taught skin. He didn't even realize what he was doing when he took Max's long hair into his hand and brushed it to the side to expose a broad shoulder and lean torso.

The cut was tiny, but enough that it bled freely down Max's body. Guilt and shame flooded Joel's mind while he wiped it away and applied pressure to the wound.

"Thank you," Max whispered. Joel glanced at the man's face. A pair of dark-brown eyes met his gaze, and he noticed Max's high cheek bones and his strong brow.

Joel's hands shook at the sight of the man, and he cleared his throat.

"My pleasure," Joel breathed, as he leaned in, and their lips brushed.

Max pulled away but not far enough to break Joel's pressure on his head.

"I'm so sorry for that," Joel shivered. What was he thinking, kissing the man out of the blue? Was he that desperate?

"Don't worry about it. Just," Max paused, "go about your night. I think I'm done. It was nice to meet you, Joel."

Joel sprinted out of the bar with his head hanging. He had offered his card to Max's brother in an attempt at atonement for his carelessness. If he were to be sued for the injury, then he would accept any punishment.

When he got home, he stripped down and moved to the mirror. His makeup was still well-applied, something he did every time he went out. Though Travis never approved of his desire to perfect his complexion for the outside world, it always made Joel feel safe and secure.

Max was a very handsome man. Joel wondered about his nationality; Max looked Native American, or maybe Latino, Joel wasn't sure.

"What was I thinking, trying to kiss him?" Joel voiced. There was a fire when he was near Max that made his mind fog and his cock harden. He needed to get laid.

The screen flashed when he booted up his computer and instantly wandered to the hookup sites.

"Looking for masculine dude," Joel read. "Just a hung jock looking for same. Want a masculine man. No femmes."

He turned off the computer and went for his phone app.

“Masculine man looking for same. No femmes.”

Hanging his head, Joel took a shower and imagined the most beautiful pixie man that he could. Skinny, short, and totally ready for Joel to use his body the way he wanted. It was enough to make Joel hard, and he stroked himself off in the shower while he sighed.

Nobody wanted a man like Joel. He was too small and too pretty to be the top. He wanted to please a man, while allowing his lover to lose himself in what Joel was giving. That was what he wanted. But finding it was difficult.

His twenty-fourth birthday had come and gone, and he was fast approaching the middle of his third decade on earth. Three previous boyfriends had taught Joel that he needed to grow several inches, gain at least twenty pounds, or be the one to let the guys fuck him silly. But he hated bottoming!

It doesn't feel right, Joel reflected. Nothing was as fulfilling as having a lover moaning beneath him while he pleased them both.

Travis, Joel's ex, didn't seem to understand or desire that dynamic. Travis was small, just as Joel wanted, but he couldn't find pleasure in the shape and size of Joel's body.

“Fuck this,” Joel cursed. He checked his schedule for the next few days and realized the yoga classes he taught had filled quite a bit during the week and he was going to be busy. Maybe he could find a date in one of his classes? “How sad is that? I need to cruise my job to find a guy.”

There was nothing about Joel that screamed power and masculinity. It broke his heart that so many men wanted a big guy in their bed.

Having only shame in his heart, Joel went to sleep.

Chapter Two

“Are you sure that you’re going to need somebody soon?” Joel wanted to decline the work opportunity, but his recent clubbing binge had drained his wallet dry.

“I can’t go tonight, Joel. I really messed up my knee, I mean seriously messed it up. I can barely bend my leg,” Micah complained through the receiver.

“All right, I’ll take your class.”

“Thank you very much. It will only be for about a week. I promise, the moment I can, I will return.”

With that conversation out of the way Joel sighed and sat down on the couch. He looked at his watch and huffed.

No time for a shower, he thought.

Grabbing his bag for work, he went out and drove off down the street. Joel hated the lights and the way they curled into the streets. They reminded him of giant claws. When he saw an accident a few years ago, a man sat trapped in his car while the light poles collapsed over his doors and pinned him inside. Joel shivered at the memory. He hated being trapped.

It was a fear that he’d realized during his teenage years. After being caught in an avalanche one horrible day, he could no longer stand being in enclosed spaces. He wasn’t sure if that meant he was claustrophobic, but it wouldn’t surprise him.

The gym was bright as he pulled up.

“Hey, Joel.” The hot guy at the desk smiled. Joel never really looked at him, save to return the greeting. He had trouble keeping his eyes off the man’s incredible chest and bulging arms. He wasn’t his kind of guy, but he was feeling very horny as of late.

His students were preparing for class when he entered and moved to place his mat down.

“Where’s Micah?” a woman inquired. Joel smiled at her.

“He hurt his knee pretty badly,” Joel replied. The students groaned, while Joel readied his mat. “I’ll be back in a few.”

Joel wandered to the gym locker room and moved through the crowd of buff men and naked old guys who waltzed through the area. He hated the locker room—there was too much sweat, and he felt that he was inhaling a lot of dead skin.

When he pulled down his pants, he noticed that the locker to his bottom right was free—a miracle for that time of night. So, Joel knelt down and placed his clothing in the small area. A shadow fell over him, and he froze.

“Excuse me. I’m just reaching over you for a moment,” a voice spoke. Joel let his eyes move to the side while he tried to stretch his gaze. Deeply tanned feet and finely haired legs were in his sight. A scent of sweat filled Joel’s nose, but he wasn’t as repulsed as usual.

The shadow pulled back, and Joel stood up to see Max watching him. His dark eyes widened.

“Oh wow, Joel.” Max smiled at him widely. “What are you doing here?”

Joel blushed. “I’m teaching the yoga class for the next week,” he admitted.

“That’s funny.”

“Why?”

“I’m taking that class. I have been for the past several months, in fact,” Max chuckled.

“Ok, great. I’ll see you in there, then.”

Joel turned away and decided not to worry about changing his shirt. There was no way he felt comfortable exposing his torso to Max while the man was so damned gorgeous himself. Only when Joel was sure Max was too busy dressing himself, did he turn to view the man again.

Max was small, shorter than Joel with a petite build. But even with that bone structure, it didn’t take away from the raw masculine appeal that Max possessed.

Joel blinked, and Max was gone. He cursed and ran to the yoga room.

Joel began his class with a meditative stretch—legs crossed, and hands together. He focused on guiding white healing light through all the chakras and

producing a kind energy of love and peace, before he felt ready to begin the session.

His class was not for amateurs. Each of them knew every move Joel instructed, and Joel was pleased that, not once, did he need to assist with pose or form. It was a luxury in his world, as at almost every other class, somebody needed help. He often didn't get to enjoy his own sessions, for that reason.

"Downward dog," Joel stage whispered. He watched his students move into position, and when they held it, he allowed himself a moment to look at Max's extended body. His long, black hair was pulled back in a tie, and it fell to the floor, obscuring his face.

Joel shifted and moved into a lotus form before ending the class. He guided them in a meditation, and while they sat in silence, he kept his eyes on Max.

Good god, I want that man, Joel sighed internally. He loved small guys. Their petite bodies and fine, lean frames were so damned beautiful.

Class was over, and Joel escorted the students out with a friendly word. Max was the last to fold up his mat and undo the tie of his hair.

"Would you like to go out sometime?" Joel spewed as Max neared. The man's eyes went wide in surprise, but he smiled.

"Go out? Like a date?" Max inquired.

"Um, yeah, like a date. I mean, if that's not your thing, forget it. I could have read you wrong. If so, I'm really sorry. I mean there are lots of—"

"It's all right. Yeah, we can go out. Are you free tomorrow night?"

"Yeah, I don't have class tomorrow. Here's my number." Joel handed Max his business card, and their fingers brushed lightly.

Max stood before Joel for a long time shifting from foot to foot as though he had something to say. The light sheen of sweat glistened off Max's deeply tanned skin and ran in erotic rivulets down his long throat. The sleeveless shirt he wore stuck to his lithe body nicely, and Joel could feel the start of an unfortunate erection in his pants.

Without another word, Max pulled away slowly, his eyes locked onto Joel with an unreadable expression. He then turned away and made his way to the locker room.

“Fuck,” Joel cursed. There was a fire in his heart, a determination that spurred him to do the things he wanted. He wanted Max, wanted him badly. Joel could only hope that Max felt the same intensity.

Joel loved makeup, chick flicks, yoga, and cosmopolitans. He loved manicures, tiny men, and beautiful bottoms. Nobody wants a tiny top; that's why his exes never lasted.

“I'm not going to let that happen again. I'm going to make him want me as a top,” Joel promised himself.

Tossing his wet towel to his mat, he sprinted into the locker room and found the area where Max had been standing earlier. But he wasn't anywhere to be found now, so he wandered around, searching for him.

Chapter Three

Joel ran outside in hopes that Max was in sight. Sure enough, his long, black hair was barely visible further down the lot, almost as far as the edge of the forest.

Springing forward with all his strength, Joel bounded across the lot and got to Max just as he had reached for his door handle.

“Max,” Joel announced. Max started, and turned to face Joel.

“What’s wrong?” Max asked, while Joel put a hand on his cheek.

Joel leaned in and brought his face close to Max’s.

“Stop me if you want,” Joel whispered, as he closed his eyes. He kissed Max softly on the lips, finding the man’s to be soft and warm. He pulled back and kissed him again.

Max responded to the second kiss and pushed back, kissing in return. Their hands groped at each other’s backs, exploring the muscles around their spines, while their lips pushed closer.

With his face heated, Joel pulled away and could see Max’s throat muscles were taut.

“Would you like to come back to my place?” Max invited shakily. The man looked rigid and nervous, his fingers dug into the base of his sleeveless shirt.

“I’d love to,” Joel replied. “Just let me grab my things.”

Joel rode with Max in the little Mini Cooper, all the while watching the muscles in Max’s strong jawline flex as he drove. His arms were long and toned with firm muscles, but also slender and fine.

“You’re beautiful, you know?” Joel complimented.

“Thank you for saying that. I feel out of place in this city. There aren’t many of my race in this area,” Max responded with a weak smile.

“You’re not straight are you?” Joel joked.

Max guffawed heartily and wiped his eyes when he was finished. “No, I’m gay. I mean Native American people. I moved away from a reservation a few years back.”

“I was trying to figure out your ethnicity.”

“Is that all right?”

Joel looked at Max. “What do you mean?”

“That I’m Native American. Is that all right?”

“Absolutely! Why would that be a problem?”

“It’s just that lots of guys turn me down because of my heritage. They think I’m poor by birth. At least that’s what people say to me.”

“You’re joking. People don’t say that.”

“They do.”

Joel sat back in the passenger seat and stared ahead. He pondered Max’s words carefully. If he were honest with himself, Joel had no idea what it was like to be Native American in such a big city. He thought about his own life, sometimes being rejected by guys because of his small frame. It must be difficult for Max.

“I don’t really care. I get rejected all the time for my body,” Joel announced, while turning back to face Max.

“Why would you get rejected? You’re gorgeous.” Max smiled.

“I’m small. People think I’m a bottom. But I’m actually a total top.”

Max was silent for a very long time. Joel started to feel nervous and played with the hem of his shirt while he watched the man driving.

“So, you’re a top,” Max finally choked.

“Yes. I’m sorry. I should have said something.”

“We’re at my place. Come inside with me, please?”

Once up the two flights of stairs, Joel stepped inside Max’s apartment and was immediately calmed by the presence of beautiful, intricate dream catchers hung along the walls. There were small candles sitting along the edge of a table and incredible Native American headdresses hanging over the edges of the tall cabinets at both ends of the room.

Towers of books sat in disarray on the shelves, looking as though they were read so often that Max never felt the drive to put them back neatly.

“Are you single?” Joel asked with a smile. He felt comfortable.

“I am. Are you single as well?” Max returned.

“Yeah. But back to before, is it all right that I’m a—” Joel couldn’t finish before Max lunged forward and grabbed Joel’s face for a deep, bruising kiss.

“I’m sorry. I just really need someone like you. I’ve been looking for you for so long,” Max stated with a soft smile.

Joel pulled Max’s shirt up and over his head before kissing him again.

“What do you mean?”

“I’ve been looking for someone beautiful and built like you, but still kind and inviting.”

Eyes burning with welling tears, Joel kissed Max and this time allowed his fingers to twine into his long, black hair. Max gasped as his head was pulled back, and he groaned as Joel kissed up and down his vulnerable throat.

Joel wanted to fuck Max. It was a desire he needed to sate, but he wasn’t able to bring himself to be so mindless with the small, gorgeous man.

“Do you have a condom?” Joel asked, while he lapped against the pulse at Max’s exposed neck before moving up towards Max’s jaw.

“Yes, and lube,” Max replied breathlessly.

“Take me to your bedroom.”

Inside Max’s bedroom, Joel didn’t bother to wait. He pushed Max onto the bed. Max landed with a grunt before leaning up on his elbows. Joel leaned forward and kissed the firm muscles on his stomach before grabbing Max’s pants.

“Are you sure?” Max asked, as Joel began to reveal delicate flesh and slim hips.

“I am,” Joel breathed, while he yanked the pants and underwear down off Max’s legs. He straightened and stared at the naked man on the bed. The deeply tanned skin was pulled tight over toned muscles in a lithe, athletic body. Jet-black hair was splayed all over the bed, while the beautiful man sighed and moved wantonly.

Max sat up and pulled on Joel’s hips, making him shift and fall onto the bed. Max nuzzled against Joel’s crotch, mouthing over his erection in his pants.

Joel stroked Max's hair while the man slowly pulled down his pants. When his cock fell free, he groaned as Max took his leaking head into his mouth and suckled softly.

It had been so long since he'd been touched that he could feel the ache in his body for pleasure and release.

Max sucked him deeply, taking his shaft to the back of his throat before Max stopped suddenly and leaned over Joel as Joel put his hands on the muscles and ribs of Max's beautiful body.

Joel grabbed Max's hips and turned him onto his stomach, his body laid out over the expanse of the bed.

Stripping the rest of his clothing, Joel placed himself over Max's body and felt him curve up against Joel's aching erection. He reached up and brushed Max's hair off his neck, licking and kissing the column up to his ear.

"What do you like?" Joel breathed, as he slipped his tongue into Max's ear. Max gasped and quaked beneath him, while Joel ground down against his firm ass.

"I like being penetrated while held down," Max replied.

"All right." Joel reached over and ripped open the condom but didn't put it on. Instead of readying himself, he lubed a finger and leaned forward so that his face was near Max's.

Max had his eyes closed and lips parted, while he breathed raggedly. He squeezed his eyes shut firmly and gasped as Joel inserted his finger into his body then he began to shift and smear the lube around Max's entrance.

"Oh god, that feels good," Max cooed as Joel worked him.

Joel moved two fingers inside Max and scissor-spread his fingers to stretch his entrance and ready him.

"Please, please," Max gasped.

"I'm going to fuck you now," Joel sighed into Max's ear. He readied the condom, covered his throbbing cock, and lubed himself.

Taking hold of Max's wrists, he held them down on the bed, while Max raised his ass to meet Joel's pelvis.

Joel kept his face against Max's nape, occasionally moving to kiss his shoulder or the nape of his long neck. He thrust forward.

When the head of his erection entered Max's body, the man grunted and gasped. Max turned his face into the bed and groaned, while Joel pressed in, watching Max carefully. Finally, Max's hot body pulled him in completely, and they were joined.

"Joel," Max gasped as his body shifted, and he writhed below Joel's weight. His skin began to shine when he started to sweat, and Joel began to thrust. Max yelled when Joel pushed and then smiled. "Yes, fuck me. I need it."

Joel obliged the man. He ground into Max, feeling the heat of his body. He thrust down hard but realized that the man beneath him was far too beautiful to be kept on his stomach. He pulled out, and Max grunted at the escape.

Max was submissive as Joel pulled him over onto his back and moved back over him, sliding between his legs. Max wrapped his thighs around Joel's waist and grabbed his back while he kissed him.

Joel wiped the hair from Max's face, smiling as Max sighed and kissed his palm. He pushed his tongue into the man's mouth just as his cock entered Max again.

This time was different. He watched Max as he thrust into the small man. His face shifted to something between pain and pleasure. He winced, smiled, gasped, and grunted while Joel thrust.

Joel could feel each thrust as his cock struck Max's prostate, sending the man moaning and throwing back his head to reveal a long, soft throat. Joel suckled against the delicate skin below Max's jaw and realized after a while that his climax was approaching.

"I'm going to come," Joel announced mid-thrust. He groaned and buried his face into Max's throat, while his ejaculate filled his condom, and he thrust until nothing else came out and Joel felt like pudding.

Max gasped as Joel pulled out slowly, holding the oozing condom. Joel pulled it off and cleaned himself a bit before wiping Max's body clean.

The man was coated in sweat; his skin glistened, and his long hair stuck to his face as his breathing heaved.

Max began to sit up, but Joel pushed on his sternum.

"Did you really think I would stop this without helping you?" Joel murmured, while he stroked Max's lean chest.

Without asking, Joel grasped Max's long, vascular cock and pumped. He lubed his hand, coating Max's erection liberally.

Max breathed weakly as Joel pumped his dick and masturbated him. After only a few strong pulls, he arched up and yelled, while his come shot up and onto his stomach and chest. He shot hard and long and coated Joel's hand with the load.

After a few minutes of rest, giggling softly while their hands explored each other's bodies, the two men moved to the shower, washing each other while they softly kissed and readied themselves for separation.

Joel stood at the door of Max's apartment, resisting a strong urge to stay and not let the man out of his sight.

"I had a great time," Max stated with a smile. He had his hair spread across his back while it dried. He touched Joel's arm. "Thank you."

"Would you," Joel kicked at the floor a moment, "still like to go out sometime?"

Max guffawed and smiled. "I'd love to. Just don't drop any glass on me."

"I promise."

With a quick kiss, they parted. Joel walked down the hallway, feeling Max's eyes on his back until he was in the stairwell.

"Joel!" Max ran into the hallway, his shirt hung open and draped off his shoulders.

"Yes?" Joel paused and faced the stunning Native American man. He felt something special merely from the sight of his new lover.

"Would you like a ride?"

Joel laughed with Max at the question. Having just come from an intimate session, both of them seemed to be linked mentally and shared a somewhat obtuse humor that would otherwise be taken as crude. Both felt quite at home.

"I'm all right, thank you. I feel like walking," Joel replied with a smile.

Joel stopped and took a deep breath once he stepped outside. He'd never hooked up so fast. And he never would have thought somebody like Max would accept a petite top. The picture in Joel's wallet ended up in his hand, as he stared at his ex-boyfriend.

"Sorry, Travis. You were wrong. I am a perfectly sized top," Joel smiled at the picture before folding it and dropping it in the garbage. "And I am wanted."

Skipping happily down the road, Joel kept turning back to stare at Max's apartment building. He was excited, a sense of butterflies in his stomach. Could this be it? Did Joel finally find a man who wanted him, even with his tiny frame?

"I think I have," Joel voiced. "Life is good."

The End

Author Bio

A lifelong writer and storyteller, M.E. Sanford has always pursued creative careers. One of his passions is writing novels and other short stories.

Just recently he made a major move cross country to pursue a dream that includes publishing his stories that he's been working on the past several years. An entertainer at heart, M.E. follows the pull of his ambitions and turns his experiences into touching works of literature.

If just one person is touched by his stories he can consider himself a success.

Contact & Media Info

[Email](#) | [Website](#) | [Facebook](#) | [Twitter](#)