



WITHOUT
A VIEW

A LOVE IS AN OPEN ROAD STORY

PENNY BRANDON

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Love is an Open Road

An M/M Romance series

WITHOUT A VIEW

By Penny Brandon

Introduction

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

What Is Love is an Open Road?

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 is an Open Road*.

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.

Each year, a dedicated group of Volunteers from the M/M Romance Group work hard behind the scenes to bring these stories to you. Our Editors, Formatters, Proofreaders, and those working on Quality Assurance, spend many long hours over a course of several months so that each Event is a success. As

each and every author also gives freely of their time and talent, it was decided that all edits suggested may be accepted or rejected by the author at any given time. For this reason, some stories will appear to be more tightly edited than others, depending on the choice of the author.

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

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WITHOUT A VIEW

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Photo Description

The photo is of a dark room, with just enough light to see a naked man lying on his stomach in a pile of straw. He's looking around him, and appears confused.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

The first thing he noticed as he slowly came awake was the tickle at his nose. The second was the noise... or rather the lack thereof. The ubiquitous drone of big city life (that was always there but usually went unnoticed) was just... gone.

*Raising his head he slowly cracked an eye open. The light was dim but still allowed him to see—what? Straw? Where the f*ck was he? And buck-ass-naked too!*

He shut his eyes quickly, took a deep, calming breath and opened his eyes once again...

Dear Author, how did he get here? He was out with his co-workers last night. A quick get-acquainted drink at the neighbourhood pub to celebrate his new job, in a new city, before heading home.

Maybe he shouldn't have taken that shortcut through the park after all...

Sincerely,

Bookbee

Story Info

Genre: contemporary

Tags: law enforcement, abduction, voyeurism, captivity, suspense

Content Warnings: necessitated consent, no HFN/HEA (to be continued)

Word Count: 8,007

WITHOUT A VIEW

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The first thing he noticed as he slowly came awake was the itchy straw beneath his nose. The second was the dry, dusty smell and the complete lack of sound. The third was being naked.

Thinking some of his senses weren't working properly, and that he was really lying on his soft mattress and not some lumpy, prickly pile of straw, Ray blinked a couple of times and slowly lifted his head. A soft glow over to his right gave him enough light to figure out he most definitely wasn't at home, but that was all it showed him.

“Hello?”

His dry and scratchy voice was lost in the gloom. No one answered him, but Ray wasn't sure if that was a good thing or not. He pushed up onto his elbows, conscious about his lack of clothes, but worried more about why he couldn't remember where he was or how he'd gotten there.

He remembered the pub he'd gone to and the few drinks he'd had. He even remembered a guy trying to pick him up, which had been a nice surprise, but after that... Searching his memory, the only other recollection was of taking a shortcut through the park, and then nothing. Until now.

The room felt dank and cool enough to have Ray shivering, but he ignored it, twisting into a sitting position so he could have a better look around. From what he could see, the room appeared small, about eighteen feet square, and from corner to corner it was filled with straw. The glow he'd first spotted came from a tiny lamp high up in the corner. Not bright enough to be a regular light, it must have been some sort of night light, like the type parents plugged into their children's bedrooms so they wouldn't be afraid of the dark.

Feeling exactly like that child, Ray cautiously stood. The room swayed, and a brutal roll of nausea curdled his stomach, forcing him to take in a deep breath. After a minute of silent cursing, he checked his body, thankful to see no cuts or bruises, though he did notice his shoulders were sore, and there was an ache around his chest. Other than that and him being buck-ass naked, there were no signs he'd been mistreated, but that knowledge didn't bring him any relief because he still didn't know where he was or why he was here.

Shivering again, this time not from the cold, Ray moved toward the light, hoping to find something that would show him a way out. With his ankles buried in a thick layer of straw, he took each step slowly. Even so, he nearly tripped and fell as his foot hit something hard and unyielding, except it wasn't that hard or unyielding. It moaned and reached out, grabbing his foot and toppling him onto his back. For a few frantic heartbeats Ray lay stunned, then instinct kicked in and he lashed out, trying to break free.

“Stop struggling.”

Ray barely heard the growled words. He twisted, fighting hard, but the iron grip around his ankle tightened to the point of pain, and then, as if his efforts were nothing more than a nuisance, Ray felt himself being dragged along the floor and pinned by a thick forearm across his chest.

“I said stop struggling.” The deep voice close to his ear possessed a menacing edge, and the force with which the arm held him down increased. “I won't harm you if you stop.”

“Okay. Okay, but get off me.” Ray tried to sound reasonable, but panic bubbled deep in his veins, and with each passing second he found it harder to breathe.

“Who are you?” In the darkness of the room, it was difficult to make out the features of the man who held him down, but it was pretty easy to see he was just as bewildered by what was going on as Ray was.

“My name's Ray. Now get off me, please.” He tried to push away, but was instantly seized around his arms.

“Where are we?”

“I don't know. I just woke up. Same as you.”

For a few seconds, Ray wasn't sure what the guy was going to do, but then with a low mutter and a single curse, he let Ray go and sat up. The relief of no longer being pinned down overrode Ray's fear, and instead of scrambling to his feet, he pushed himself into a sitting position and drew his legs up. The man shifted, putting a few inches between them, and in the overhead light Ray saw him run his hands through his dark hair.

“What's the last thing you remember?”

The question wasn't all that much of a surprise, and despite the other guy's initial explosive reaction, it eased some of Ray's concerns knowing he wasn't

the only one here. But he disliked feeling at a disadvantage, and offering up all the information definitely put him in that category.

“Why don’t you tell me your name first?” he asked, needing to know who he was dealing with.

The guy looked at him and then slowly got to his feet. He towered over Ray, but he would have done that even if Ray were standing. His sheer size wasn’t a complete surprise, considering the strength and ease with which he’d held Ray down, but Ray still stared as the guy took a deep breath and filled out his chest before lifting his arms and stretching them over his head.

Strict protocol told him to keep his gaze on the man’s pecs or at least no lower than his hard, ripped stomach, but he couldn’t help it. They were right there, in front of him, and if Ray was on his knees, they would be at perfect face level. So he looked. It was only a quick glance, but it was enough to take in the dark patch of curly hair, the thick, long cock, and the pair of large, hairy, heavy, swinging balls.

Savoring the image, Ray prided himself on not drooling or whimpering, or in any way reducing his self-respect by reaching out and fondling them. God they looked so ripe, so full, so fucking delicious, it was hard not to want to run his tongue over them, to have them in his mouth, tasting them, sucking on them, ravishing them.

“It’s Greg.”

“Pardon?” Ray looked up to see the man staring at him, and even in the darkness it was obvious he wasn’t happy about Ray ogling him.

“My name is Greg.”

Feeling a little like a pervert, Ray got up and sheepishly brushed away some of the straw clinging to his legs. He was half inclined to say sorry, but decided that would only make things more awkward. “The last thing I remember is being in the park,” he offered instead.

Greg nodded, as if Ray’s answer was as he expected. He shifted to the right, toward the corner of the room, checking the integrity of the wall as he moved. “What time?”

Ray followed, keeping him in sight. “I don’t know. It wasn’t too late, around ten I guess.”

“You didn’t see anyone, talk to anyone?” At the corner Greg started down the side wall. It was darker along there so Ray hung back, keeping closer to the light.

“Only at the pub. I was supposed to meet some friends from work, but when they realized it was full of gay men, they left early.”

Greg stopped and looked over his shoulder. In the shadows it was hard to see his expression. “Why didn’t you leave?”

“Because it was full of gay men.” Ray lifted his chin as he said that. He’d never hidden who he was, and he had no intention of starting. Not even when confronted by a guy with an attitude and the physical capability of flattening him. Pride may be a bitch, but he’d earned it, and he wasn’t giving it up easily. However, when Greg started back toward him, Ray almost wished he’d kept his mouth shut.

“Were you propositioned? Did anyone buy you a drink or offer to go home with you?”

What was this, an interrogation or something? “Does it matter? That’s not going to help us find a way out of here.”

“We’re not going to find a way out of here.”

“What do you mean?”

“We won’t find our way out because none of the other men did.”

A piece of ice slid slowly down the length of Ray’s spine and ended up somewhere in his balls. He felt them shriveling to the size of acorns, and he had to fight the instinct to feel if they were still hanging.

“What other men?”

Greg shook his head. “Just tell me what you remember. Did anyone buy you a drink?”

“What the hell is going on, Greg? You know where we are, don’t you? And you also know why we’re here.”

Linking both hands behind his neck, Greg paced toward the far wall before coming back. His face was grim, and from what Ray could see, all of Greg’s muscles were tense. “No. I don’t know where we are, but yes, I do know why we’re here. Or at least I thought I did. From what we know they’ve never taken two men before—only one—but this changes things, and I don’t like it one bit.”

With every word Greg uttered, Ray had a feeling he'd fallen into some rabbit hole. Since waking up, he'd tried hard not to think about why he'd been abducted and imprisoned, he'd tried even harder not to freak out, to totally lose control, and he thought he'd managed it, but now he could feel himself coming apart, inch by slow inch.

“Who are *they*?”

“We don't know.” Greg let out a breath and then dropped his hands. As he did so, Ray noticed him wince, but Greg's sore shoulders weren't Ray's concern right then.

“Okay, here's an easier question. Who the fuck are *you*?”

Greg hesitated, as if he wasn't sure he should divulge that little bit of information, but then he capitulated, though his reluctance was obvious. “I'm a cop. Undercover.”

Was Greg for real? An undercover cop? “So it was your *intention* to get yourself captured and thrown in here?”

“Yes.”

“Why?”

Greg shrugged, the width of his shoulders emphasizing the movement. “Because it's my job, and these guys need to be stopped.”

“Doing what?” Ray pressed his back into the wall, its coldness exacerbating the chill filling his chest. “What's going to happen to us?”

“I don't know. The others...” Greg shifted, putting himself closer. “The others were asked to perform sexual acts before they were released.

“Sexual acts?” Ray felt his legs go weak, and right then was glad of the wall behind him. “Fuck!”

“Look, it's not that bad—”

“Not that bad! Are you kidding me? We've been put in here so some deviant can have his way with us! How can that not be bad?”

“You could have been brought here to be tortured.” The calm tone Greg used set Ray's teeth on edge. He pushed away from the wall and stormed up to the bigger guy.

“That's not fucking funny. You better find a way of getting me out of here because I'm not getting it on with you or anyone else.”

“There isn’t a way. I told you. No one has gotten out of here until they’ve complied with the captor’s instructions, which was to jack off. That’s all they had to do.”

Ray shook his head and straightened to his full height. He still came ridiculously short of Greg’s six foot odd inches, but he didn’t care. “But there are two of us. You said only one man at a time had been brought here before, right?”

“That we’re aware of, yes.”

“Then it makes sense to assume they’ve upped their game. They must have gotten bored with just one guy, and now they want to perv on two, and I doubt it’s to watch us jack off together.”

It didn’t take a genius to figure Greg had come to the same conclusion, and by the look on his face he wasn’t any happier with the idea than Ray was.

“I’m sorry, but there was no way we could have known they were going to change their tactic. My team has been watching the park for weeks, waiting for a chance to catch them taking off with someone. When nothing happened I set myself up as bait. We didn’t expect them to take anyone else, not when I was an obvious target.”

“If your team was watching you, then they should know where you are. Weren’t you carrying a tracking device?”

“Does it look like I’m carrying a tracking device?” Greg scowled, but Ray couldn’t tell if it was from being questioned or from the way Ray gave him a quick once-over.

“I meant before you were stripped.”

“No. We didn’t think we would need one. Each victim’s last recollection was of being in the park before they found themselves in here. Once they’d done what they were asked to do they were dumped back in the park, so that’s where we focused our attention.”

Something in Greg’s tone changed, and it triggered Ray’s suspicions. “What’s the last thing you remember?” he asked. It wasn’t that he suspected Greg was lying, but he was sure there was more Greg wasn’t saying.

Greg dropped his dark gaze and then reached up to rub the back of his neck. He winced once again and rolled his shoulder, reminding Ray of his own aching muscles.

“It wasn’t the park. I was supposed to meet up with my team outside, and we were going to set up the sting, but I was still a couple of streets away.”

“Did you stop to talk to anyone?”

The flash of amusement on Greg’s face caught Ray by surprise, and when he smiled, Ray almost smiled back. “What?”

“You’re very composed. Most guys I know would be freaking out by now.”

“I am. Trust me.”

Greg’s mouth turned up a little, but then he sighed. “I don’t remember talking to anyone. Everything after I hit Oxford Street is gone.”

“That’s where I was, at the Lion’s Den.”

“And you didn’t know it was a gay bar? Oxford Street is pretty much full of them.” This time Greg’s amusement was plain to see. His eyes lit up and there was a show of teeth, and even as Ray watched, Greg’s muscles visibly relaxed.

“I’ve only just moved to the area, and I’m not familiar with the city.”

“But these guys are, and they must have been watching you come from that direction.”

“So you think they’re deliberately targeting gay men?”

“Yeah, that’s why I volunteered.”

That admission said it all, and it pretty much alleviated Ray’s anxiety. However, something else Greg said bothered him. “But why were you snatched before you got to the park? These guys wouldn’t have changed their MO unless they had a good reason. So what made you special?”

“I don’t know, but it doesn’t matter. At the start I was prepared to do what they wanted, but that was before they brought you in. Now they can go fuck themselves.”

Ray burrowed deeper into the straw, curling up into a ball before wrapping his arms around his shoulders in an attempt to preserve some warmth. Tired, hungry, and shivering so hard his bones were aching, Ray wasn’t sure how much longer he could last. In the unrelenting darkness he’d lost track of time, but he was convinced they’d spent close to two days stuck in this godforsaken hole, and that was two days too many. He wasn’t blaming Greg—just the opposite—but there had to be a limit to their suffering, didn’t there?

“Are you okay?”

Greg’s voice drifted across the width of the room along with the sound of rustling straw as he moved.

“No. I’m fucking freezing. I can’t believe it’s so cold.”

“It’s not that cold, but why don’t you come over here and I’ll keep you warm.” Greg’s invitation had Ray’s body twitching. He could almost feel his skin breaking out in goose bumps at the thought—unless that was the cold sticking him with ice-like needles.

“I’m fine.”

“You just said you weren’t. Come on. We can share body heat.”

Ray tightened his jaw, mainly to stop his teeth from breaking apart from the constant chattering, but also to hold back on a soft moan. Sharing body heat with Greg meant plastering himself against all that skin, and Ray didn’t think he had the ability to do that without his body betraying him.

He couldn’t have known such circumstances as these would inspire friendship, but during their long conversations to distract themselves, he’d started to like Greg. The man was determined and smart, but most of all he’d encouraged Ray to keep his spirits high. The problem was, Ray had also found himself attracted to Greg. At one point he thought he’d accidentally let on how he was feeling, but Greg hadn’t shown any signs of noticing. However, there would be no chance of hiding it once he was cuddled up in Greg’s arms.

“Ray. Are you coming over here, or do I have to come and get you?”

“I..” Torn between what could be an embarrassing moment or lying there and freezing to death, Ray reluctantly forced his limbs to move and pushed aside the thin layer covering him.

The glacial concrete floor beneath his feet barely registered as he skirted around the small drain they’d found in the middle, though what it was used for Ray didn’t know, considering they hadn’t found any running water, or anything else of value in here for that matter. There was only the straw and the small box of supplies Ray was trying not to think about.

As he reached where Greg lay he heard him shifting again, and then in the low light he saw a glimpse of Greg’s smile. He hesitated, just for a second, and then dropped to his knees and crawled into a literal body of warmth.

“God, you’re hot,” he murmured, wishing he’d had the nerve to do this earlier.

“Thanks. I think you’re kind of hot too.”

Ray almost groaned as he realized Greg had taken his statement the wrong way. “No, I mean you feel hot,” he stammered.

Greg’s chuckle whispered across Ray’s ear, eliciting a tiny spark of flame. “I know what you meant. Now come here.”

Enfolded within Greg’s arms, Ray practically melted, and as he’d guessed, it wasn’t the heat Greg generated that caused his body to instantly defrost. Ray knew being pressed up against Greg was going to affect him but he hadn’t realized how much. He felt a little light-headed, and he was sure a part of his brain had shut down because all he could think about was getting closer.

“Better?”

Ray nodded, though conflict rippled through every fiber. All Greg was doing was trying to help him, and all Ray was trying to do was sneak a free feel. “Yes, thanks.”

“You should have said something.” Greg tightened his arms and rested his chin on Ray’s shoulder. The rasp of stubble against Ray’s cheek reminded him of how long they’d been imprisoned, but he certainly didn’t mind that Greg felt comfortable enough to get so familiar.

“And make you think I was a wuss?” He hated the idea of appearing so weak, so he’d been careful not to show it. However, he was beginning to fail, and fast.

“Hey, I don’t think that. You’ve been incredibly resilient. What we’re going through would have caused most men to cave.”

“You haven’t.”

Greg was silent a moment, and then Ray felt a subtle change in his breathing. “That’s because the choice isn’t mine.”

“What do you mean?” Ray turned his head a little and could have sworn Greg pressed firm lips against his jaw before sighing.

“I made a mistake. They’ve never kept anyone this long before, and with no food or water I don’t think waiting them out is going to be an option.”

“So you want to give in?” Holy shit. Did that mean Greg wanted to make love to him? No, of course he didn’t. It wouldn’t be making love; there couldn’t

be anything tender or personal about it. It was simply a way of getting out of here: a possibility Ray had deliberately tried not to think about.

“It’s not a case of giving in, but I can’t force you to stay here indefinitely.”

“You’re not forcing me.” Actually, being locked up the last few days had been far less of an ordeal than Ray expected, mainly because Greg had been there to reassure him. He’d never met a man more considerate and compassionate, well, certainly not one who was also gorgeous.

“Maybe not, but I knew what I was getting into, so if we do anything, it’s your call.”

“Mine?”

“Of course. I would never make you do anything you don’t want to.”

Though grateful for the chance to make that decision, Ray wanted to take into account Greg’s sentiment. It wasn’t as if they could pretend it was a simple hookup; or maybe that was exactly what they had to do.

“Won’t it bother you, being with someone you don’t know?” he asked.

“What makes you think I don’t know you? For the past few days we’ve done nothing but talk. I know a lot about you, and I like you.”

Greg liked him? Ray smiled because it was more than he’d anticipated.

“I like you too.”

“Good, then it shouldn’t be so bad if we end up doing the dirty.”

Ray couldn’t help the laugh that bubbled up from somewhere deep, and despite the awkward situation, he felt himself relax. That was until Greg pulled him close again and then placed a light kiss on his shoulder.

It was impossible to think it was anything other than a kiss because Ray knew the difference between an accidental touch and a deliberate act, but why would Greg kiss him? Unless...

“Um, I haven’t made my mind up yet.”

“I know. I’m sure you’ll let me know when you do.”

“So you’re not making advances right now?”

“Oh, sorry. I didn’t mean... Well, I did mean, but not the way you think.”

Ray twisted in Greg’s arms until he was facing him. It wasn’t as if he could see his expression, but he had a feeling Greg thought he was upset, and Ray

wanted Greg to know he most definitely wasn't. He held back saying so though, not sure how Greg would take it if he suddenly started kissing him back.

"Then the kiss was because..."

Greg rested his forehead on Ray's, and his light breaths ghosted across Ray's cheek. "Because I wanted to. I've been wanting to for the past couple of days, but under the circumstances it didn't seem appropriate, however..."

"However what?" Something in Ray's chest hiccupped, and he found it hard to concentrate. Was Greg really saying what he thought he was saying?

"Now that I've got you in my arms, I can't help it. You feel so good, and you tempt me far more than any man has done for quite a while, but if you don't like it—"

"Oh, no, I liked it." Realizing he sounded a little overeager, Ray winced. He didn't want Greg thinking he was too brazen when in reality he was generally reserved, especially around men who were seriously sexy, like Greg.

"Good, but I'm not kissing you as a means to try and push you into anything. That decision is still yours."

"I know, and I appreciate that." Ray flattened his palms against Greg's chest, not at all surprised when hard muscles flexed beneath his touch. "Not many men would be so honorable."

"I don't feel honorable. I want to kiss you again, but this time not just on your shoulder."

Instantly visualizing several different places Greg could kiss him, Ray only just managed to stop a small whimper. He hadn't expected Greg to want him, not like this, but as Greg continued to hold him, Ray started to wonder what it would be like have Greg's hard body holding him down, of yielding to Greg's intense pounding, of crying out as an orgasm shook him to his core.

"What if I said yes?" he asked, his voice whisper quiet in the stillness of the room.

"Then I'd ask if you were sure because—"

"I am, okay. I know the consequences, I know there's a chance what we do will be uploaded onto the net. You've warned me, but I honestly don't care."

"You should care. I don't want you to regret anything, and I don't just mean us being plastered all over a gay sex site."

Regret? The way Ray was feeling right then, the only thing he'd regret was not getting the opportunity to find out if Greg was as good as Ray imagined.

"I won't."

Greg's breathing changed then, and the beat of his heart increased. "Then I think you should be the one to make the first move."

Ray didn't have to think twice, not when offered such an enticing proposition. He leaned in, lifted his chin, and found Greg's lips with his own. They were warm, firm, open, and inviting. Ray moaned, pushing closer, dipping his tongue inside, taking what he'd been dreaming of for days. The soft glide of Greg's tongue on his was like silk, igniting parts of him that had lain dormant for too long. He moaned again and slid his leg between Greg's, seeking both heat and confirmation Greg wanted this just as much as he did.

He wasn't disappointed. Greg's cock pressed hard and heavy into his hip, while Greg's balls rested softly against the top of his thigh. Ray shivered and then pushed his hand between them, caught up in a need he could no longer deny.

"Full, so full."

"Jesus, Ray. A little less squeeze."

"Sorry." But he wasn't, and there was no way he was letting go, not when he could feel them subtly retract and drop with each beat of Greg's pulse. It was like holding something living in his hand, something animated.

"So balls are your thing?" Greg asked, amusement lacing his voice as he subtly shifted to allow Ray more room.

Ray nodded, feeling a little weird because he'd never actually admitted his obsession to anyone before, but the way Greg seemed okay with it gave him a little confidence. "I love licking them, and having them in my mouth," he murmured, feeling his face flame even as he said it.

"You know what I like?" Greg asked while pushing Ray onto his back and leaning in close to his ear. "I love rimming."

"Rimming?" Ray almost had an orgasmic meltdown, his hole fluttering as if Greg's tongue was already pressed against it. "Seriously?"

"Why not?"

"Well, I've never met anyone who... I mean I've never... Never mind."

Greg's low chuckle stopped Ray's babbling, but he moaned when Greg pressed warm lips against his throat. Butterflies shot through his stomach, and as Greg slid his hands around Ray's hips and dragged him so he lay completely under Greg's hard body, Ray just about floated.

"When we get out of here, when neither of us are hungry, and we don't have to think about being videoed, maybe we can try something more with each other."

"Yeah." That was about as much as Ray got out before Greg pushed his thighs apart and moved between them. He lost his hold on Greg's balls, but he could feel them herded up against his own. "Yeah," he repeated, not really caring what he was agreeing to.

"For now though, stay here. Don't move, okay?"

Ray nodded, but then made a sound of protest as he felt Greg pull away. "Where are you going?"

"For the supplies."

Damn, he'd almost forgotten the little box they'd found in one of the corners. It contained a bottle of lube and a condom, along with a note suggesting that in order to be released one of them needed to get his ass fucked. That note had pretty much been the nail in the coffin, even if they hadn't come to the same conclusion. Holding out hadn't gained them anything, but while Ray waited for Greg to come back, he wondered if complying would be any better. What if they were never let go?

He heard Greg returning and welcomed the presence of Greg's body as the other man crawled in beside him.

"Miss me?" Greg asked, snuggling up close.

Ray instantly pulled him into his arms and pressed his face into Greg's warm neck. "Yes, I did," he mumbled, feeling more than a little insecure right then and needing Greg to take that away from him.

"Hey, what's wrong?" Greg put Ray onto his back and lifted his chin. In the shadows it was impossible to see what Greg was thinking, but from his tone he sounded worried.

"Nothing. I just..." He shrugged, not sure how to explain how he was feeling. "I want you, but I'm not sure I should."

“Oh, you most definitely should. In case I haven’t made it clear, I want you too, Ray. And just so you know, having your ass is only a part of it.”

Puzzled, Ray shook his head. “What do you mean?”

“I told you I liked you, and I do. This may not have been the ideal circumstance in which to meet, but after this is over I’d like to see you properly, for a date, and I was hoping you’d feel the same way.”

“Me?”

“Yes, you.” Amusement once again threaded through Greg’s voice, but Ray couldn’t see what was so funny. Did Greg seriously want to go out with him?

“I don’t think—”

“You don’t have to. Not right now. We can talk about it when we’re safely out of here. Until then, can I make love to you, please?”

The way Greg put it, the way he cradled Ray in his arms, it was impossible to deny him, not that Ray had any intention of doing so. He linked his arms around Greg’s neck, pulling him down until their lips were almost touching.

“Okay.”

Greg’s response was to slowly bridge that final distance and tease open Ray’s mouth with his tongue. Ray let him in, relishing the gentle pressure, the soft insistence, and Greg’s unique tenderness. He’d shown it in everything he’d done the past few days—the way he’d treated him, encouraged him, spoke to him—and it was something Ray really appreciated now. Trusting Greg, Ray spread his thighs, and Greg lightly settled between them.

Ray’s stomach did a flip, and a shot of electricity zapped down his spine. Focusing on the sensation, he moaned, totally absorbed in the feel of Greg’s skin on his, and the tightly bound strength that layered beneath it.

“I love the way you moan,” Greg murmured as he stroked down the length of Ray’s hip. “It sounds so sweet and sexy.”

“Maybe you should make me moan more then,” Ray whispered back.

Greg stilled. “Is that a challenge?”

Ray smiled while tightening his hold around Greg’s neck. “Nope, it’s a request.”

When Greg started placing little kisses along his neck, it sent another shock of pleasure rushing over Ray’s skin. He moaned, and Greg did that soft chuckle

Ray was beginning to adore. Instinct had him tilting his head to the side to give Greg more access, and Greg took full advantage, dipping his tongue into the hollow between Ray's neck and his shoulder until Ray whimpered.

"God, the sounds you fucking make. I can't wait until I can spend some proper alone time getting to know every inch of your body. I bet I'll be able to make you scream."

Sucking in a deep breath, Ray nodded. "Probably. You've already got me wound up so tight I feel like I'm going to explode."

"Yeah?" Greg pulled back a little, as if he were searching Ray's face.

"I've been thinking about you touching me, holding me like this. I've been imagining how your skin would feel, how soft it would be, and I've not stopped wondering what it would be like to have you buried deep inside me." With every word uttered, Ray felt his muscles tense and his heart race. It was as if he were getting ready to jump off a cliff: frightening and exhilarating at the same time. He'd never experienced such a heady rush, but he instinctively knew Greg was the cause. He squirmed beneath the weight of Greg's body, impatient, needy. "Please, Greg. I want you now."

"You've got me," Greg told him. "I just hope I've got you." The last was murmured low enough that Ray wasn't quite sure if he'd heard it correctly, but before he had chance to ask, Greg reached back to grab the small bottle of lube that had been left for them, and Ray's concentration focused solely on what was going to happen next.

As Greg flicked open the lid, Ray held his breath, and then let it out on a gasp when a cold glob of liquid hit his ass.

"Sorry. I should have warmed it up first."

"It's okay. Just spread it around quickly."

"And here I was thinking you liked it slow." Greg's voice held both tenderness and humor, something Ray had already learned was part of Greg's nature. He grinned, and for the first time truly relaxed, knowing that not only was Greg going to treat him with the utmost care, but also with a level of indulgence.

"I do normally, but right now I want it hard and fast," Ray replied, beginning to lose himself in the sensation of Greg's finger slowly circling his hole.

"Whatever you want, babe. This is all about you."

True to his word, Greg pushed his finger in deep, spreading the lube before adding a second finger and stretching Ray in earnest. Ray lifted his hips, encouraging Greg to open him further, offering himself so Greg would know this wasn't just about him, but about both of them.

"I'm ready," he said, need making him impatient.

Greg didn't argue, and within seconds Ray heard the foil of a condom packet being torn open. Cursing the darkness that prevented him from seeing Greg fully, Ray reached out and was greeted with a very hard cock covered in skin as soft as silk. He tracked up the long length, catching a drop of moisture from its tip. Impulse had him bringing the drop to his mouth, and he moaned in appreciation as the flavor burst on his tongue.

"Fuck." Greg sounded breathless, which brought a smile to Ray's lips. He sat up a little, and as Greg started to roll the condom on, Ray palmed the heavy balls he simply couldn't keep away from.

"You're going to make me come if you keep doing that," Greg protested.

"At any other time, I'd love to try. Now though, I want you in me."

The dark shadow looming above him moved, and Ray lay back down.

"Like this?" Greg asked, spreading Ray's legs and pushing them back so Ray was completely exposed and vulnerable. Yet he didn't feel that way, he felt safe and protected and wanted. Greg shifted closer and then slowly pressed the thick head of his cock past the tight ring of Ray's hole. Ray hissed at the slight burn, but welcomed the intrusion, loving the feel of Greg's solid length filling him, owning him.

"Okay?" Greg held himself still, giving Ray a chance to adjust, and that was just one more way Ray found Greg's level of concern completely endearing.

"Yeah, I'm fine. More than fine actually." He raised his hand to stroke along Greg's cheek, and as he did so, Greg turned his head and kissed Ray's inner wrist. Ray's heart skipped a beat at the simple gesture, recognizing the intent behind it.

"Ready for me to move?"

"If you don't, I'm going to."

Greg's reply was lost as he pulled back slightly before thrusting back in. Ray gasped and then moaned, urging Greg to do it again. He raised his hips a little to allow Greg to slide deeper, and on the next thrust, Greg's swollen cock

hit that perfect spot inside, and Ray saw fireworks. Greg must have known because he continued at the same angle, increasing his speed until Ray couldn't think straight.

He forgot about the discomfort of the straw beneath him, of where they were and why they were there. All he could grasp was the sensation of Greg's hard body above him, of the gentle, soft words Greg uttered, and the fearsome potential he felt in Greg's arms.

"Shit, Ray. I'm coming." Greg started to slow, but Ray quickly wrapped his legs around Greg's waist and desperately held him in place.

"Don't stop. Don't you dare fucking stop." He clung tighter to Greg, whimpering as his body rushed toward a pinnacle of pleasure he hadn't expected. He could feel it in the insistent tingle down his spine, in the hard knot in the pit of his stomach, in the tightening of his balls, and in the unrelenting pins and needles pricking every inch of his skin.

"Greg." It was a warning and a plea, and as Greg responded to it with a combination of intensity and tenderness, Ray fell headlong into an orgasm more potent than he'd ever thought possible. He cried out, caught up in the wonder and beauty and the incredible knowledge that Greg was right there with him.

He barely felt the warm spatter of cum across his stomach and chest, but he swore he could feel himself being filled with Greg's heated release, even though he knew it was all being captured by the condom. Greg moaned, a low, subtle sound that Ray would have been happy to hear over and over, and as Greg slowly collapsed on top of him, he wanted to see if he could get Greg to moan like that again.

"Tell me that was good for you," Greg murmured, his breath choppy and uneven.

Ray grinned into the darkness and dropped his legs, fully sated yet itching for another opportunity to have Greg inside him, and soon. "It was amazing."

"Yeah, it was." Greg moved to take up some of his weight and then pulled out softly, removing the condom and discarding it before rolling onto his side and gathering Ray back into his arms. "So do you want to do it again?" he asked.

"God yes, but next time I..." Ray paused, realizing he was about to ask for something Greg may not be prepared to give. Greg may have said he liked him and that he wanted to see him outside these four walls, but that didn't mean he was thinking of anything more.

“Next time... what? Because whatever it is, I’ll give it to you.” Greg sounded so sincere, it was impossible not to believe him, but Greg had no idea what Ray was thinking.

Taking a chance, and hoping he wasn’t going to make a fool of himself, Ray opened up to what was in his heart. “When you said you wanted to date me, did you really mean it?”

“Of course I did, but I meant more than that.” Greg palmed the side of Ray’s jaw and then used his thumb to skim along Ray’s bottom lip. He hesitated a moment and then briefly pressed his lips to Ray’s. “You know when you meet someone for the first time, and you just know he’s the one? Well that happened to me. If I’d met you in the middle of a crowded bar or sitting alone on a beach, I would have known you were meant for me. Being here hasn’t changed that. In fact I think I would have told you sooner if we hadn’t been under so much pressure.”

Awed by Greg’s admission, Ray seriously had to give himself a couple of seconds to get his brain working. “But you don’t even know what I look like. Not really.”

“Doesn’t matter. I know who you are inside, and that’s what matters most.”

In the cocoon Greg created, it was hard to think beyond anything that might happen outside it, but Ray’s romantic soul refused to turn down a proposal like that. He nodded and then broke out into a smile. “I’ve got black hair and dark blue eyes. Just in case you’re interested.”

Greg’s light laugh held a note of relief in it, but the strength of his arms as he pulled Ray in tight spoke of confidence. “My eyes are brown, and so is my hair. Nothing special, but I don’t think that matters to you either, does it?”

“Nope. I like what’s in here.” Ray placed his hand over Greg’s heart and felt the strong, steady beat beneath his palm. He’d never felt so comfortable with anyone before, so at ease, but he honestly couldn’t wait until they were free of this room, free to get to know each other properly. He leaned in for a small kiss and then settled within the circle of Greg’s embrace.

“I guess when we wake up we’ll be out of here, right?”

“Yeah. That’s what happened to the other guys. None of them remembered anything between the time they fulfilled the abductors’ demands and regaining consciousness in the park. Obviously they weren’t happy about what had happened, however apart from that they all woke up safe and sound.”

“Then let’s hope we do too.”

“Don’t worry, we will. Just stay positive, like you’ve been.” The tiny squeeze of Greg’s hand on his was meant as encouragement, but for some reason Ray couldn’t shake the feeling this wasn’t going to go the way they hoped. He closed his eyes, shutting out the small light that had barely given them any illumination, and then listened to Greg’s even breathing, allowing it to calm his mounting nerves and slowly lull him to sleep.

Blinding light and a cacophony of noise pierced Ray’s senses. He winced and then quickly threw his arm over his eyes to shield them before realizing there shouldn’t be any light, and that the blaring horns and rumbling engines he could hear close by were not the soft, rhythmic breaths of the man he’d fallen asleep next to. Figuring out he was out of the dark, tomb-like room took all of two seconds, but as he carefully opened his eyes and glanced around the small alley he now found himself in, he figured out something else. Greg wasn’t with him.

To be continued...

Author Bio

Penny has been a lover of books since before she could read and a maker of stories before she knew how to talk properly, so it was only natural that she started writing when she could hold a pen. From fairytales to teenage romances to the hot, erotic stories she writes now, she's always held the same belief: to love what she puts down on paper. So that means she doesn't love cooking, cleaning or weeding the garden. She does, however, love to travel and has lived in England and Ireland and now resides in Australia, where she intends to stay and discover all that she can of this beautiful country.

Contact & Media Info

[Email](#) | [Blog](#) | [Goodreads](#) | [Facebook](#) | [Facebook Author Page](#) | [Twitter](#)