

Lucky Boy
by Summer Michaels

Free Short Fiction

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"To us!" Adam yelled over the roar of Saturday night's crowd at Club Amber.

"To us," I toasted back. After the clicking of our glasses, we downed our shots of Triple J. Adam leaned over and kissed me on the cheek.

Adam Fourier and I were celebrating our graduation from Arizona State. Adam now had a degree in culinary arts, and mine was a bachelor's degree in business. The two of us had been best friends and neighbors since the ripe old age of seven. That casual kiss on my cheek would have meant nothing up until recently, I realized I was in love with him. Not that, 'I love you, man,' type of love. Nope. I was ass over teacup in love with my best friend. The 'let's get married and grow old together' type of love.

Casual kiss my ass. I wanted to pull Adam off that bar stool and into my arms. Which was something your straight best friend wouldn't do. I had to get out of here. I needed to breathe. Not so easy to do with a bar this packed. This had to be the largest crowd since opening night.

"I'm going to hit the head," I said as I straightened my blue button-up shirt over my erection.

"JT," Adam yelled, "If you see Brody, will you let him know where I am?"

"Sure," I said. What I really wanted to say was, can't we ditch this fucker for one night? I wasn't jealous of Brody and Adam's relationship. I just didn't know how to tell Adam that I wanted him without risking our friendship. I would rather have him as my friend and him still love me, than have something go wrong and Adam hate me forever.

Club Amber was the newest gay club to open in Tempe. I had been here a few times with Adam and Brody, so finding the restroom wasn't that hard, even with a crowd this large.

The bathroom door shut, and the noise of lousy techno music now mixed with the

sounds of sex. I chuckled and headed to the urinal to do my business. By the time I went to wash my hands, someone had reached his climax and shouted.

Glancing in the mirror as the happy couple came out of the stall, I froze. The water had become too hot, but I didn't know how to move.

Brody.

He saw me and had the same reaction. The bald, bear of a man behind him, bumped into him and misreading the reaction between Brody and myself, let out a bark of laughter. "Honey, he just shot his wad all over the stall door. He has a sweet ass, but I am not sure anyone has *that* kind of stamina." The bear exited the restroom in amusement. I faintly heard the door open and close again, but I didn't care who walked in.

I turned the water off and faced Brody. "Oh, I want his ass alright, but only to kick it," I said.

"Let me explain, JT." Brody threw his arms wide open. His blond hair was lying limp and stuck to his face from sweat.

"I don't need an explanation of how a dick landed in your ass. The only thing you need to explain to me is how you could do this to Adam. How could you throw his love out the window like that?"

I wanted to shout that I would do anything to have Adam like that, but now wasn't the time.

"Oh, come off it, JT. With me out of the picture, you can have Adam for yourself. You have to be thrilled to catch me like this. I see the way you look at him. We all see it. Everyone but you two."

"I would have him with or without you in the picture, Brody. He's my best friend."

"The best friend who doesn't want you like you want him. Is that why you hated me? Because I was fucking him, and that's something you only wish you could do?"

"Does everything always have to come back to you and your dick?"

"Well, I sure as hell won't be." Adam stood by the door. He must have been the one to come in when the bear exited.

Which meant Adam heard...everything.

"Adam, baby." Brody walked toward Adam, trying to put his hands to Adam's face. He shoved Brody away from him and toward the door, stepping further in the bathroom.

"Were you safe?" Adam asked quietly.

My heart dropped. I never thought about Brody using protection. Never thought how Brody could hurt Adam any other way but emotionally.

I started to run at Brody, but Adam stepped in front of me and placed his hands on my chest. My six foot three frame towered over his five eleven, but I let Adam hold me there. Brody made a quick exit. I felt Adam sag and lean into me. I pulled Adam closer and he buried his face into my chest and cried.

I petted Adam's dark hair and said it would all be okay, over and over. I marveled at the skin his tears fell over, the dark tone a gift from his Mediterranean mother. His strong stubborn face came from his French father. The result was absolutely breathtaking and having him in my arms only made it harder to look away.

After a while, Adam pulled back, his piercing green eyes staring up at me. "Will you go with me to the clinic tomorrow? I don't think I can do it alone." Adam's voice started strong but trailed off as he went on. "You don't even need to ask, of course," I said. "When we're done there, we need to start packing your stuff up, as well."

Adam's brows knitted in confusion. "What do you mean, pack my stuff? I didn't keep anything at Brody's."

"I'm not leaving you here to worry by yourself. Pack your bags and come with me to Australia. Mr. Medina sent an extra plane ticket and said I could bring someone

if I wanted. I was going to wait until later tonight to ask you. My interview won't last long, so come and keep me company. See where I will live, if I get the job."

Adam's face went from excitement to sadness with a snap of a finger. "My night has been bad enough. No more talk of you living halfway across the world and I'll go with you. Deal?"

"Deal," I said as we left the restroom.

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"Tie me kangaroo down, sport...tie me kangaroo down."

"I swear, Adam, if you don't stop singing that song, I will tie you down!" I said laughing.

We arrived in Australia on January twenty-sixth, Australia Day. It was like the largest pride rally I have ever seen. Aussie's were the most laid back sorts of people one could ever meet. Everyone yelled 'Happy Australia Day' at us. I almost forgot we weren't Australian. Everywhere I looked painted faces, flags draped over shoulders, packed beaches and parks, and tons of 'barbie'.

Adam and I stayed mostly at the beach in our budgie-smugglers swim gear. Those swim trunks left little to the imagination. No wonder the beach was so packed.

The food was out of this world. We ate lamb on the barbie, sausages, shrimp, and kangaroo burgers. The beer was simply addicting. We sampled different brands until we staggered to our hotel. I made a mental note to purchase some XXXX before leaving.

After a shower to wash off the sand and grit, Adam wrapped a towel around his hips and exited the bathroom. I watched Adam's amazing body as he sauntered toward the bed. The letters L,U, and Y of his 'Lucky Boy' tattoo were peeking out over the towel. I wanted to lick, suck, and nibble my way around that tattoo. I needed to look elsewhere before I made a fool of myself.

My gaze traveled higher up Adam's body and the sight of his dark nipples made my mouth water. This was worse than Chinese water torture. I stared at the floor for

fear I would embarrass myself. After what Brody did to Adam, I decided I wouldn't tell him how I felt about him. Not yet...but holding it in, was killing me. Especially when Adam was half-naked.

"What are you doing, JT? You look sad. Whatever it is you're worried about, stop it. This place is too beautiful for ugly thoughts. Trust me."

Easy for Adam to say. I'm sure he knew I was worried about the job interview, but I was working up the nerve to tell him I wanted him so badly, wanted to feel his lips against mine and hear him moan my name. He had been out of the closet since high school. I've watched the parade of boys and men come and go, all not good enough for him. I was terrified he would realize I wouldn't be good enough for him as well, if I told him how I felt.

It wasn't until Adam touched my cheek that I realized he had moved. He was crouched down in front of me with worry etched in his features as his, soft thumbs caressed my face. "Hey, I lost you there for a while. Are you sure you're okay?"

Just tell him already! I screamed at myself.

"Adam, there's something I want to tell you," I said. My voice cracked and was barely audible, even to my own ears. The pounding of my heart drowned out all other sounds. Stilling Adam's hands on my face by covering them with mine, I held Adam's gaze.

The tears burning my eyes begged to be set free. His hands gave my face a gentle squeeze. "Dammit, JT, just tell me. You're scaring the piss out of me."

Holding his gaze with mine, I leaned in and kissed his soft lips. At first, the kiss was one sided, but Adam opened up for me, deepening our kiss. He pulled my face closer to him as his tongue explored my mouth. I wasn't expecting this reaction, but it was all the encouragement I needed to melt into his hold and pull Adam closer to my body. We casually lowered to a lying position on the bed, our lips never losing contact.

My hands roamed Adam's beautiful body. I felt like an octopus, I needed the extra arms to touch all the places I longed for. I settled for his strong back. Slowly and lightly my hands traveled up and down his satiny skin. Adam arched his back and

gradually pulled away. Opening my eyes, I met his gaze as he stared down at me with a huge smile on his face.

Adam leaned forward and moved toward my face. I thought he was coming in for another kiss, but instead whispered in my ear, "Finally." I pulled his body to rest on mine, and held him there.

"I was worried you would push me away," I whispered, not trusting my voice at the moment.

As he pulled away from me, Adam looked like he was considering his words carefully. "I would never push you away JT, as long as this," he said, gesturing towards our chests, "is what you truly want. I don't want to be an experiment. It would hurt too damn much, but I've wanted you to kiss me and more than kiss me for years."

Adam's eyes were all over the room now, trying desperately not to look me in the face. He looked like a kid avoiding the teacher's gaze when she is looking for someone to answer a question. He had the 'don't notice me please' thing going on. I cupped his face and held him there until he finally looked me in the eye.

"Don't hide from me, Adam Fourier. If we're going to talk about this, we are going to do it like adults. No more running, no more hiding. From either of us." The pads of my fingers gently stroked his face.

The corner of his mouth lifted in amusement. "Fine, no more hiding. So tell me, when did you realize there was something more between us?"

Damn.

Moving to my side, Adam propped his head in his hand and left one leg draped over me. "Smug bastard," I joked as I leaned over to kiss him. "You know the man I'm interviewing with tomorrow? Well, he bought the island after he lost his spouse. He wanted to own the place where they met. When I heard about that, it made me think. I knew there was more to us when I realized I would save every penny I had just to keep you close to me, even if it was just a memory." I could feel my cheeks redden as I gazed at Adam's jade green eyes. I knew this was right between us, for us.

"This resort where you are interviewing...Is it for couples?"

"Not just couples. Same sex couples and families. It's a place where people can come and have a vacation and not have to worry about expressing how they feel. Mr. Medina wants to expand the resort. When Mom told him about my degree and the way I help run my father's business, he asked me to come over for an interview."

Taking everything in, Adam moved to straddle my hips. He tossed the towel he'd worn to the floor, leaving every inch of him open to my view. He was absolutely the most beautiful person I'd ever laid eyes on. He placed his hands on my sides and leaned forward, rubbing the two of us together. The friction he created caused to me harden. He moaned softly in my ear.

"Brody was wrong. I knew, JT Barrett, that I loved you when I compared every man to you. There has never been anyone else in here," Adam tapped his heart, "the way that you have. I prayed for the day that you would pick me, and love me, the way that I love you." Adam captured my lips with such greed my tongue fought him for a taste of his sweet mouth. I pushed my hips up, pressing my length to his, begging for his touch. This moment was everything I ever wanted, which was simply, Adam.

I used my strength to overpower Adam onto his back. I was dying to taste his caramel colored skin, to feel him under me, to pleasure him the way he pleased me, just by looking at me.

"I want to touch you Adam. I want all of you, but I have never done this before. With another guy I mean. I just don't want it to be bad for you," I confessed.

"Just do what feels right to you JT. No pressure. Just you and me, nothing else matters."

I started at Adam's neck, licking and sucking every inch of him. He smelled like soap and the light musky scent that was him alone. Licking my way down his chest, I circled Adam's nipple with my tongue, then sucked it hard, teasing another moan out of him. I then slid my attention over to the other wanting nipple, adding a bit of teeth to nip at the sensitive flesh. He grabbed the bed sheet and said, "God, JT! You'll will make me cum like that."

"We can't have that now! There is so much for me to explore," I chuckled, moving lower down Adam's writhing body. When I got to the Lucky Boy tattoo, I traced each letter with my tongue then blew on the slippery skin. Goose bumps covered his flesh and he gave a slight shiver. "I am a lucky boy indeed," I said caressing his thigh.

I sat back and examined Adam's puckered-tip cock. His French father had refused to have his son cut, so I was in foreskin heaven. The heavy covering pulled back enough to allow his pre-cum to drizzle down his shaft. I slipped my finger under the foreskin and around the head, as far as the skin would allow. Adam moaned and bucked his hips higher, "Yes! More JT, please," I leaned down to sample the taste of Adam, when he jumped off the bed, ripping himself away from me and yelled, "Brody!"

Talk about your mood killer.

Adam stood beside our bed, holding his hands out with a look of horror on his face. I couldn't say anything. While my lips were on him, he was thinking of that asshole? Sensing my confusion, Adam quickly got to the point.

"The clinic hasn't called yet with my results. I couldn't stand the thought of you getting hurt like that, JT." He caught his breath before beginning again. "As much as I want you to continue, I would rather we wait until we know. Please understand," he begged.

Feeling like a jerk, I hung my head in shame. He was thinking of me, and I jumped to the wrong conclusion.

"I'm sorry, Adam. I thought.... I thought..." When I couldn't go on, I looked up at Adam. He tackled hugged me, pinning my arms to my side as he held me there, cuddling me like I was the one who'd been betrayed.

Looking me square in the eye, he said, "It's okay. I know what you thought, and it *is* okay. I love you, JT. We are going to be fine."

I rested my head on his shoulder.

"Come to bed and hold me JT. No more worries, or thoughts, just you and me.

Nothing else matters, but you and me." His pleading tone broke my heart. He was the one waiting to hear back from the doctors, and he was worried about me. I needed to reassure him, and if cuddling while we slept fixed even a small portion of his hurt, then I would hold him forever.

I pulled back, breaking his hold on me. I stepped out of my clothing and pulled Adam to bed. I would keep him safe tonight. My skin against his, my arms around him, and my heart loving him.

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The yacht was absolutely beautiful: the finest linens, china, and a sophisticated air. It was the Ritz on water. "Did you notice the name of the yacht?" I asked. Adam shook his head. "On a Lark. No wonder the ship is in such amazing shape and no detail goes unnoticed. Mr. Medina named the yacht after his former husband Lark." "I think it's beautiful, not only the ship, but the sentiment behind it," Adam said, rubbing the top of my hand. We headed to the main dining area, prepared for dinner of the elite kind. A young attractive man greeted us as we sat at our table.

"G'Day gentlemen, I am Ethan and will be your waiter this evening." You could tell by looking at him, Ethan was trouble with a capital T. The young waiter smiled brightly as he looked between Adam and myself. His eyes lingered on Adam, a little too long for my liking. Under all of Ethan's blond unruly hair, his mischievous grin would have been contagious, if it wasn't trying to lure in Adam. He obviously enjoyed his job, not only for the money, but for the man candy he got to see all day because his smile was flirting.

"Hello Ethan. I'm Adam and this is my boyfriend, JT." My heart leapt for joy. He called me his boyfriend. Adam's grin suggested he knew the effect the word had on me. I tried to remain calm, while I was doing the Snoopy dance on the inside.

Ethan gave a slight nod. "Tonight we are having Moreton Bay bug with white bean puree, capsicum coulis and rosella chutney. We are offering a red wine, Rockford's Black Shiraz. Your meal will be out momentarily." Without another word, Ethan was gone.

Chuckling, Adam said, "That boy is bad news."

I nodded my head in agreement. "There are several men around here to assist with his explorations." I gestured around the room. The ship had 10 cabins, one for each couple. There seemed to be only one man without a partner. He was a tall man, even while sitting. The broad shouldered loner studied the room, his eyes carefully evaluating everything and everyone.

Ethan set our dinner plates on the table and took interest in the tall stranger across the room. "He likes to get into ya knickers and then thump ya one," he said.

"What the hell does that mean?" asked Adam.

"He enjoys a little pain with his sex," Ethan said, eyes twinkling.

"You mean, tall, dark, and shoulders over there is into BDSM?" I said.

"Yes, isn't it exciting?" Ethan didn't wait for our reply. "He's taking an extended vacation on the island alone. I haven't gotten his name yet, but I hope to before the ship docks on the island. As a rule, we can't sleep with members of the island unless single. He's the first single man to come along in a while. The whole crew is after him."

"That boy is trouble," Adam said again as we laughed. Our laughter was cut short, by the sound of Adam's cell phone ringing. He looked at the screen and then looked back at me. "The doctor." He stated before getting up to leave.

I sat at the table, barely tasting my food, and drank my glass of wine in one large gulp. I was a nervous wreck. I couldn't imagine how Adam felt. The doctor rushed the HIV and STD results as a personal favor to Adam. No matter what the test results, I wouldn't let it interfere with our relationship. I didn't care if we had to be more careful from here on out. Hell, I was just called his boyfriend for the first time, and I wanted more with Adam.

After a few minutes of waiting for Adam to return, I couldn't sit in that chair any longer so I made my way to the top deck of the yacht. I found Adam standing by the rail, looking out onto the dark waters. I stepped up from behind him and pulled his back to my chest and held him tightly until he was ready to tell me the results.

He turned in my arms and faced me. "I need to know, JT, that you still want me.

You still want to be with me. I need to know that last night wasn't because you thought it was what I needed. Maybe you got caught up seeing Brody like that and you thought you felt something for me that isn't truly there. I don't know. What I do know, is you have stepped up and gone beyond the call of friendship. What I am telling you is, we can go back to being just JT and Adam."

"Beyond the call of friendship? What the hell Adam?" I yelled. I was feeling a flood of different emotions. I held my hand up to Adam, to halt whatever was next to come out of his mouth. "No, forget that. What did the doctor say? One problem at a time."

"My results came back negative. I am fine. We are fine JT," Adam said, taking the hand still held out in front of me.

"No, we are not fine, but I can't do this right now. I came out here to comfort my boyfriend. Only to have him question my love. I can't listen to this," I stormed off. Not many places to go on a yacht, but any amount of distances between Adam and myself was for the best at the moment

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I didn't see Adam again until we left the ship. I couldn't bring myself to say anything to him. I was hurt and afraid if I did speak, my tongue would leave scars on both of us.

A lit path from the pier led us to Summer's Pointe. Even in the dark, I could make out Ethan and Shoulders from the ship heading off away from the group.

The resort was encased in trees. Each balcony faced the ocean offering a stunning view to wake up to each morning. The beauty of the yacht failed to compare to the resort's accommodations. Gleaming hardwood floors greeted us as we entered the foyer of the resort. The group ooh'd and ah'd. I was left completely speechless.

A well dressed woman stood in front of the reception desk. As we approached, she smiled and greeted our group. "G'day all and welcome to Summer's Pointe Resort. My name is Sue and I am here to assist you in any way I can. All of your luggage has been taken to your rooms. Breakfast will be in the garden at eight am. There each of you will be able to meet Xavier Medina. Please step up and get your room

keys. Let me know if you need anything. And enjoy your stay at Summer's Pointe."

Each couple stepped up to receive their keys. A man joined Sue behind the desk. The silver fox was stunning. His demeanor said business man while his attire said the opposite. Wearing a wife beater and low riding blue jeans, he resembled more of a maintenance man. He handed Sue a letter, kissed her on her cheek and departed without a word.

When it was our turn to retrieve our keys, Sue's face lit up as she recognized my name. "Oh, Mr. Barrett, I've been waiting for you. It is so nice to finally have you here," she said.

"Thank you, Ma'am. I have an interview tomorrow with Mr. Medina. Can you please let him know that I've arrived and will be glad to meet with him anytime?" I tried to straighten my windblown brown hair.

"I do believe everything you require is in this envelope. Havi has been buzzing around all day with excitement to meet you. "

"Havi, Ma'am?"

"Oh, I am sorry, Xavier or Havi as the islanders call him." Sue gathered our keys and handed them both to Adam. "Have a pleasant evening, gentlemen." She wasted no time getting on to the next couple. The couples were all men except for one female couple with their daughter.

Our room was everything I expected and more. Each suite had the same glorious hardwood flooring as the lobby and a soft color palette on the walls and linens. The living room area had a couch and love seat with a flat screen TV hung on the wall. Off the living room was a small kitchen with a stocked bar. The bathroom offered two sinks and, the stone-tiled shower was large enough for several people. A king sized canopy bed with two side tables sat in the middle of the only bedroom. The hardwood ended at the balcony doors, where sheer drapes blew in the wind. The same exquisite stone flooring of the shower, tiled the balcony as well. The best feature of the balcony, besides the hot tub, had to be the fact that you couldn't see the other guests. It was like our own private cove. How the hell did people ever leave this place?

Adam found me standing by the hot tub. I didn't hear him come out. To be honest, I forgot all about being angry with him. His posture was slumped and his features were bleak. "I'm sorry I hurt you, JT," he said quietly. "I know I was out of line." He stood in front of me. I wanted nothing more than to take him in my arms and enjoy this radiant night, but our relationship was currently tainted with black smut.

"You did hurt me. I'm not going to lie. I was the happiest man in the world when you called me your boyfriend. Not even an hour later, you made my love for you feel cheap and unreal," I spit out.

I walked off the balcony and into the kitchen. I needed a drink. I found a shot glass and the Bourbon. I had two drinks before Adam rejoined me. "Let me explain, please." He said, not bothering to come too close.

"I meant what I said last night, JT," he said with heat.

"Did you mean, you only wanted me when your dick was hard? I thought last night was the best night of my life. The second you get the news that you have a clean bill of health, you're ready to drop me for the next fuck. Well, fuck you, Adam!" I screamed. Too angry and hurt to look at him. I walked over to the kitchen island and placed my hands on the counter, giving my back to Adam.

I went on, my voice barely above a whisper, "I got a smile and a wink. You might as well have just slapped me on the ass and said, 'good game'. Who does that to someone they claim to love? It would have been easier, if you would have just said no last night. Hell, we didn't even fuck."

"I...I thought you needed time to make sure, this is what you want," he replied, voice careful.

"To be sure? Christ, Adam! Some guys fall in love with the girl next door. I fell in love with the boy next door the moment you asked me to play Transformers. You didn't have my interest at heart."

His voice, was raspy with emotion when he asked, "What do you want from me, JT?"

Without hesitating, I said, "Want me. Love me, Adam. Give us a chance before you

close the fucking door on me without asking what I want. You have one foot in the door and another foot ready to bolt."

Adam slowly made his way toward me.

Taking the final steps closer, he placed his shaking hands to my face. Rubbing the pad of his thumbs over both my cheeks, he held his face only inches from mine. Bodies lined up, wanting, begging to be touched, we just stared at one another.

"I swear to you, JT Barrett, I was only thinking of you. Baby, I swear to always want you, to always love you. Before last night, I had only dreamed of loving." He closed his eyes and inhaled deeply. When he opened his jade eyes, I sucked in my next breath as I saw passion filling them.

I let him finish before letting out the held breath.

"As long as I live, last night will always be the first day I truly felt alive and loved."

Yanking Adam to me, I dove for his lips. The taste of mint toothpaste teased my mouth. He held onto my face like he needed a life preserver, our tongues dancing, my hands groping. Adam pulled away first, panting heavily. He yanked my shirt over my head then squatted down, pulling my shorts down, and allowing me to step out of them.

"G'Day, mate, " he said to my prick in a horrible Australian accent.

I threw my head back and laughed. That laughter turned into a moan when Adam took all of my cock into his warm mouth. "Oh God, Adam!" His strong hands held onto my hips, as his mouth worked up and down my cock. Working his tongue around the head, he started to suck harder. Fighting back the urge to thrust and pull his head closer to me at the same time was hard.

"It's okay, JT."

I opened my eyes and met Adam's gaze. My dick was at the corner of his mouth. "It's okay if you fuck my mouth. I want you," Adam said. "I want to taste you. Just let go, I've got you." Adam took my dick in his mouth one more time, but didn't

move.

Fuck. How was I supposed to last with those eyes looking up at me?

Adam's dark hair laced around my fingers as I carded through the silky strands. Not wanting to hurt him with my first thrust, I slowly pulled him toward the base of my shaft. Those beautiful jade eyes watched my face as I picked up pace, pumping faster and thrusting harder. Adam closed his eyes and moaned. The sound made my knees weak. I was scared to fall. I released his hair to grab tight onto the kitchen counter. I was afraid if I let go, I would lose control and it would all be over too soon.

Never losing our pace, Adam's fingers dug into my hips. He cried out around my dick as his release created a hot, sticky puddle at my feet. Knowing I'd caused Adam to lose control sent me over the edge of desire. With a loud grunt, I shot my seed down his waiting throat. Adam sucked hard, as he drank the pleasure from my dick.

Panting, I pulled my prick from his mouth and slid to the floor, eye level to Adam. Stroking his swollen lips, I kissed him. I could taste my cum lingering in his mouth. Our tongues stroked one another softly. I pulled Adam toward me and collapsed onto the cold floor, letting out a soft 'oomph' as we landed.

"That...was fucking amazing, Adam. I can't wait to taste you in my mouth."

His groan vibrated my chest.

"Don't make me hard so soon, I don't think my body could handle it."

I stroked his back as he lay on my chest, rubbing small circles lightly on Adam's back. "I love you, Adam Fourier." I said.

"I love you too, JT Barrett," he murmured as he kissed my chest.

#####

The letter Sue had given me said I was to meet Mr. Medina at nine a.m. Adam left

to meet Beau, the scuba instructor at the same time. He laughed at me, when I asked him to wear a pair of longer swimwear than the budgie-smugglers we wore in Cairns. I didn't care if he would be in a wetsuit or not, that's my budgie he was smuggling, and I didn't want anyone getting any ideas about it.

There was something still bothering Adam, but I wasn't going to push it until he felt ready to tell me. I didn't want to jump to conclusions again.

I went to the lobby wearing black dress pants and a blue short-sleeve dress shirt and blue tie, and waited for Mr. Medina. Adam had to help me iron the shirt to make sure I looked presentable. I heard someone clear their throat behind me. Turning around, I was greeted by the maintenance man, only now he was wearing a double breasted suit.

"Hi, John Thomas," he started, sticking his arm out to shake my hand. "You look like your father, but with your mother's smile."

Shaking his strong hand, I couldn't help but be amazed by Mr. Medina. He had an easy presence about him that set me naturally at ease. He carried himself with a simple confidence, which he that was awe-inspiring.

"Hi, it's nice to meet you Mr. Medina. Please, call me, JT." I finally managed.

"Call me Havi, please. Come on back to my office and let's get started,"

His mahogany desk was littered in papers. "Please excuse the mess, I am hoping I can transfer these papers to your desk as soon as possible," he said with a large smile on his face.

Once we were both comfortable, he began. "JT, I am looking for someone who can oversee the business aspects of the island. I would like to expand the resort to offer a nightclub, restaurant, a small island clinic, and more. I would like to use only same sex friendly businesses. I don't want any discomfort for our guests. This is a beautiful place, and I want my guest to feel safe here."

Havi paused and looked at the picture hanging on the wall. Lark. "I fell in love with my husband here. It brings great joy to my heart to think others could marry here as well. I would also like to set up a wedding chapel.

I know you would be moving your life half-way across the world. I would like to give you some land on the island to build a house. But I want you to stay here. Make this your home. I know Nancy and Albert will want to visit their son, I just ask that you let me know in advance.” He paused and smiled at himself, “Listen to me going on, please tell me what you are thinking.”

"Restaurant, huh? I happen to know of a great chef, looking for a job. And I have a lot of great ideas to make this stuff happen."

#####

My meeting with Havi lasted two hours. We were both like kids on Christmas, excitement exploding from our pores and into the island business prospects.

When I returned to our suite, I couldn't wait to share all my ideas with Adam. I ran from room to room, but came up empty. He wasn't back yet from his diving adventure. Havi had shown me the island, including where he said I could build my house. I sat down on a kitchen bar stool and started drawing up plans for the house. If all things went well, it would be our house. Adam's and mine.

By the time I finished, I was exhausted. I left the kitchen ideas up to Adam since he was the chef. I wanted him to have the kitchen of his dreams. I headed out to the balcony and lay down on the brown wicker couch. Pulling the cream colored cushion under my head, I soon fell fast asleep.

When I woke up later, I thought I was dreaming. Adam was across from me in the hot tub. He had just come up from the water, his hair pulled back out of his face. I could see his dazzling green eyes clearly. He didn't realize I was awake yet as he smoothed his dark hair again, leaving his arms behind his head a second before closing his eyes. He was so beautiful like that. I wished I had a camera to capture the moment. He was stunning.

He kept his eyes closed as one hand trailed down his strong, firm body. That hand snuck down his chest and into the water. From where I was sitting, I couldn't see that hand's journey but I could imagine, and I had to have a better view.

As quietly as I could, I walked over to the hot tub. Adam was completely naked,

stroking himself. Moaning, Adam picked up his speed.

"You are so beautiful." I whispered.

Adam's eyes flew open, but the smile on his face let me know he knew I was watching. "You need to lose your clothing and climb in, or I'll finish without you."

"You wouldn't dare."

He pumped his cock once, twice, "Oh, I would," he threatened and started counting.

My clothing was off before he got to five and I slid into the hot tub beside him. Adam lined our bodies up, kissing me lightly. He rubbed our dicks together under the water. My brain refused to function and communication was beyond me at the moment.

"I want us to try something," he said. "I know you haven't been with a man yet, so I don't want to rush you into the actual fucking part until you feel ready." I could only nod.

Standing in front of me, Adam pulled both of our dicks out of the water. The sight of his tan cock made me thrust into his hand. He chuckled. "Easy, baby," he kissed me again and looked me in the eye. "This isn't going to hurt me, so don't worry. Just wait until I say before you start thrusting, okay?" My head somehow nodded again.

Adam took my erection and lined it up in front of his. It looked like they were kissing. He tugged his foreskin over the head of my cock, locking them together in a lustful embrace. I fought not to thrust, but it wasn't easy. My dick was in Adam's body, covered in his cum slicked skin, slit to slit. I had masturbated to just the thought of being this close to him. He started to rub our combined cocks, fingers tickling over the heads, pressure growing. He didn't have to worry about me thrusting, I was too afraid to lose the sensation to move. I wanted this to last forever. Adam pumped us faster, his head thrown back, mouth open, stroking us.

It didn't take long for me to reach a climax, cum spilling from inside the foreskin that still encased the head of my dick. Adam followed shortly after, his heat feeling

like a fire against me, making me want to come again. We leaned into one another, panting. "Holy hell! What was that?" I finally managed.

"Cock docking," he explained. "You have no idea how amazing that makes me feel. My foreskin is extremely sensitive so the sensations are heightened." Adam kissed me, snaking his arms around my waist. "Only an uncut man can perform that sexual act, in case you are wondering."

"I wasn't planning on running out and trying it on anyone else," I said, getting out of the hot tub.

"Well, this island is going to be full of different types of gay men, JT. It is best to be prepared."

My head whipped back to peg him with a hard stare. So that is what was bothering him. He thought I was simply going to put him back on a plane once we had finally told one another how we felt? Poor deluded, Adam.

"I guess you're right, Adam. There will be many men coming and going from this island. More cumming than going, I would think." I left Adam sitting in the hot tub fuming over that last remark. I wasn't quite ready to show him my surprise yet. I needed to pay Havi one last trip before I could reveal my plan.

#####

Adam was all set to leave today. He would take the plane the islanders used to get to the mainland and fly back to Arizona without me. I let him pack all of his things, not once letting on that he wasn't leaving, if I had anything to do with it.

We carried Adam's luggage down to the lobby. Sue greeted us with an all-knowing smile. "We are taking a quick walk around the island Sue. Can you watch his luggage please?"

"Absolutely, JT. Have a nice walk." She looked at the bulge in my pocket.

"She could be a little more sad about me leaving," Adam said as we rounded the corner of the resort. "I've been here for two weeks now."

"I'm sure she is taking the news very hard, Adam. Give her a break." I laughed.

"I know someone else who could be a little more depressed about my leaving as well, Mr. Barrett," he said.

I didn't reply to Adam's comment. Our relationship had grown over the time we spent on the island. We explored more of our sexual relationship as well. I told Adam last night that I was ready to go even further. Adam seemed to believe I wanted that one last act with him before leaving. If all went well, he would never be leaving.

We didn't speak until we came to the land Havi had given me. I stopped in front of the bulldozer. Havi had given the men the day off. When I told him of my plans, he nearly leapt for joy.

"What's this place going to be? It is set pretty far away from the resort for the guests to know it's here," Adam observed. I let Adam walk ahead of me.

"Havi gave me the land to build a house on it. This is where we are going to live." Adam slowly turned and faced me.

"You mean, when I come in to visit you, we can stay here?" Adam's face was a cloud of confusion.

"If you think I am going to let you get on that plane and leave me alone, then you're a damn fool, Adam. This is where we are going to live. You and I." I took Adam's hands and got down on one knee. The other item I had Havi set up, was a ring, so I could ask Adam properly to marry me.

"Adam, I love you with all of my heart. Stay. I swear I will love you without reservations. I swear to grow old with you, to respect you, laugh with you, love you for as long as our days on earth and longer." I pulled the blue ring box from my pocket and opened it. Inside were two wide, platinum bands.

Adam stood, crying, looking from the rings, to my face, and back again. I couldn't stand the silence. "I realized after the hot tub, that you thought you could just walk out of my life. I can't have that. I need you here with me, always. I asked Havi if he

knew where I could find two wedding bands. I knew it would take a few days to get them. My whole life's savings is in this box. Please Adam, you are killing me here."

Adam sank to the ground in front of me, taking my face in his hands. "Absolutely, without a doubt, I will marry you, John Thomas Barrett." He kissed my lips softly at first then pressed harder, deepening the kiss.

Suddenly Adam jerked back, "Oh shit," he said. "What am I going to go on this island? I mean job-wise? We can't live off your job alone. No we could, but we won't. I need a job or I can't stay."

"Calm down, I've already taken care of that. You have a job interview with Havi at two o'clock. One of the businesses Havi wants to open for the resort is a restaurant. You would have free rein in the kitchen. I even know of a certain troublesome waiter who would like to move to the island as well."

"You have thought of everything, haven't you?" Adam asked.

"Pretty much. Whatever else that comes our way, we can figure out together."

"You aren't the only one who knew we were coming to the woods today, Mr. Barrett." Adam teased. Pulling lube from his pocket, Adam lifted his shirt over his head, stretching himself out of the ground. The lucky boy tattoo begged me to taste it. "Make love to me, JT. Right here, right where our house is going to be."

"I am a very, very lucky boy indeed."

~*The End*~

About Summer Michaels

Summer Michaels wrote her first story in the second grade, about a car-stealing potato. Thankfully, men in love with other men keep her muse busy and satisfied now. With a belief that love should be shared no matter what the form, Summer enjoys telling stories of rowdy cowboys, reunited lovers, and steamy shifters. When Summer is not reading and writing, she enjoys camping, hiking, water rafting, and giving the old woman in a shoe a run for her money.

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