

Meet me @ The Hookup?

A well-deserved celebration is in order for attorney Easton Elliott. Everything is going as planned until a tempting glimpse of the past sidebars the handsome attorney's party.

An unexpected invitation has linguist Grant Holt excited about the spur-of-the-moment rendezvous. But words are futile when he arrives to find there's been a mix up.

A text, a celebration, and a misunderstanding all lead to...The Hookup

The Hookup

By Kindle Alexander

The Hookup
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WARNING

This book contains material that may be offensive to some: graphic language, adult situations.

Dedication

Kindle, you're forever in our hearts.

Perry, you're missed every day.

Chapter 1

Driving much faster than was safe, Grant Holt yanked the wheel of his truck and pressed the brakes to slow his speed as he almost missed the turn leading into the parking lot of The Hookup Brewpub. He should slow his ass down, but he was in a rush. It had been a long time since he'd been out like this, and excitement bubbled in his belly as he scanned the lot, looking for a place to park. He'd spent a lot of nights in this place. At least in the bar area, and he'd always had a really good time. He smiled to himself as a few of those encounters played through his head. Some of the best.

Grant scanned the lot for the perfect spot. The smile still lingered on his lips as he whipped into the closest space and shifted into park. Man, he liked the way his new truck handled. He checked the distance to the lamppost, hoping the glow of the nearby security light would be enough to deter any would-be thieves and his new baby would remain untouched until he was able to pick it up in the morning. Grant inhaled a deep breath. Maybe he was getting ahead of himself. Hopefully, if history repeated itself, he'd be Ubering home tonight.

Tilting his head, he lifted his gaze to the small rearview mirror and checked his appearance. He pushed a few strands of his unruly auburn hair back in place before taking a good look at his face. His eyes were puffy, probably because he'd been drinking a lot lately. Unemployment would do that to a guy... And just like that, the insecurity was back.

As hard as he tried to fight it, the feelings of inadequacy kept creeping right back into his brain. Shoving the thought away, he took one last look at himself then grabbed the handle and pushed open the truck door.

He'd worn his naval service dress white uniform tonight, which seemed to protest as he reached for his cap. He'd thought his pants had fit a little more snugly over his thighs when he'd pulled them on but hadn't had time to dwell on the fit in his rush to get to the bar. Surely, they would stretch. Grant sighed, tucking the cap under his arm, and turned toward the front doors of the bar.

Not a lot had changed over the last ten years since he'd been a regular customer here. The smell of steaks cooking on the grill caused his stomach to rumble. The food at this place used to be really good. He might order an appetizer tonight; he wasn't sure. The only thing he was certain of was that he would be drinking. He sure needed something to calm his nerves.

The soft rustle of leaves from the nearby trees took his mind off his anxious somersaulting stomach. The heat of summer had hopefully come to an end, fall had made an early appearance, making the weather very pleasant, especially for this time of year in Texas. The evening was cool, almost brisk, the welcome nip in the breeze felt wonderful against his skin, ramping up the level of his nervous excitement bubbling inside him.

He pressed the button on the small black key fob until the security system on his new truck chirped, then continued walking toward the door. The melancholy he'd been living under for the past few weeks kept nudging at his consciousness, creeping along behind him like an annoying reminder ready to pounce—these days, insecurity plagued him, lingering right underneath the surface. He needed to take a closer look at that, but not tonight. Tonight, he was here to have fun.

As he reached for the front door, the binding tug at his thighs drew his attention again. Grant looked down as he opened the door, staring at the material stretched across the upper half of his leg. Seriously, had he gained weight? The thought had him bending closer to inspect the uniform pants. Everything fit the same except for in the thighs. Had the material shrunk?

“Excuse me, buddy.”

Grant startled back into the world. Shit! He was in the way. His southern manners instinctively kicked in as he opened the door wider to allow the couple standing behind him to enter ahead of him, muttering a quick apology as they passed. Grant followed them inside, sidestepping the host stand and going straight for the large bar in the middle of the open room.

The place was near empty this early in the evening, but that wouldn't last. The workday was coming to an end and the after-work happy-hour crowd would fill the room—they loved this place. He had too back in the day. A smile ghosted his lips and he shook his head at the sudden rush of memories. There were many. Funny how things seemed the same on the exterior. He couldn't say the same for himself. Time had changed so much in his life since then.

Grant found the first empty seat at the bar, the seating arrangement put his back to the entrance and the other half of the room. Not something he liked, always preferring his back to a wall... or a hard chest. He smirked at the thought. In tonight's case, a hard chest and body were exactly what he needed to drive away his funky mood.

As Grant settled in on a cushioned stool, the tight stretch of material binding at his thighs once again caught his full attention. He lowered his gaze to where the seams of his uniform were getting a workout, and he absently tossed his cap on the polished bar top. Yeah, something didn't feel quite right with the slacks. He pushed back on the barstool and shifted his ass, trying to get comfortable in a pair of pants he hadn't worn in a while, but had hoped would get him laid.

“What can I get you?”

Grant lifted his eyes, but not his head, his gaze landing on the bartender standing on the other side of the bar. He remembered this guy; the bartender had worked at The Hookup years ago when he used to be a regular.

“I'll have a whiskey smash, no sugar.”

The bartender gave him a curt nod as he placed a cocktail napkin on the bar in front of Grant. Next came a small bowl of nuts. Grant ignored the lure of the salty nuts, a treat he would have normally dug into, but not tonight. The constriction around his thighs made the decision easier. Grant sighed. He worked out every day, especially now that he didn't have a job. He tried to stick to a strict diet but had been honestly failing lately. The guy he lived with always had cake around their kitchen—and he nibbled at it, couldn't seem to help himself. He had also been drinking more, like every day from about four in the afternoon until bedtime.

Hmmm. Maybe the problem was his ass, not his thighs. He grabbed the material at the knee and tugged, adjusting himself in the chair to negotiate more room inside his snug slacks.

“Home from deployment?”

Grant froze at the words. The sexy rumble of the man’s voice oozed with promise. The raw invitation in those three words had Grant immediately interested as he considered the question. Slowly, not wanting to appear too eager, he lifted his gaze and turned his head toward the alluring voice. Grant’s reply tangled in his throat as he was met with the most beautiful amber eyes he’d ever seen. Mesmerizing in color and flaked with gold and full of heated intensity, they held him hostage far longer than he’d intended. The guy stood close, closer than most would deem appropriate for new acquaintances.

The man’s presence claimed all of Grant’s personal space and everything Grant had been stewing over was instantly forgotten. The exact reason he had liked this bar so much came back in a sudden rush of explosive lust. He opened his mouth to speak, but nothing came out.

“Here you go. You want something?” The bartender asked the man as he set Grant’s drink on the napkin. Thank God for the bartender’s interruption or Grant would have made an idiot of himself for sure. He tore his gaze from the sexy newcomer and reached for the alcohol—a little bit of liquid courage to help swallow the lump of words caught in his throat. He downed confidence-building gulps until the ice clanked against his teeth.

“Yeah. I’ll have what he’s having. Make it two. Looks like he needs another. I’ll start a tab. Add his drinks to mine.” With the credit card handed over and the bartender departed, the sexy man’s gaze moved back to him. Grant was again held captive by the intense stare as the man bent closer to him, so close the guy’s scent had him wanting to bury his face in the crook of his neck and draw more of the tantalizing aroma into his lungs. Grant’s heart sped up as the newcomer casually rested his forearm on the edge of the bar, angling his body toward Grant.

The man was beautiful in all his sandy blond good looks, smelling of refined elegance, expensive cologne and rich leather, things Grant liked, but rarely splurged on. But it was the man’s lips that made him instantly hard. Lips that plump and full made for long lingering kisses, vulgar words, and carnal activities. The image he conjured in his head had him excited for the prospect and shifting uncomfortably on his stool as the material of his slacks trapped his cock behind his zipper.

“Haven’t seen you in here for a while?” The man spoke again, his casual stance not able to hide the intensity of interest in his eyes.

The heated current that ran down Grant’s spine added another layer of anticipation to the smoldering sex-fueled haze he’d been in since laying eyes on the well-dressed man. That deep husky voice alone would be enough to have him agreeing to anything the amber-eyed man asked of him. Grant had to remind himself there was a game to be played. Rules had been put in place for a reason. He cleared his throat, straightened his spine, and willed himself to meet the stare of the man whose focus hadn’t wavered and whose naughty grin hinted at promised passion.



The bob of the sailor’s Adam’s apple along with the slight flush coloring his cheeks sped up Easton Elliott’s heartbeat and had his dick taking notice. Chemistry wouldn’t be an issue, because from what he could tell, they had that in droves.

Easton was here tonight to celebrate a sudden and unexpected ruling in his client's favor from a no-budge judge, ending a months' long legal battle. The ruling alone should have been enough to make his life complete—at least for today. But the temptation staring back at him was the cherry on top of a very outstanding day.

His staff had chosen this lively bar to meet for drinks to celebrate their victory. He was glad he'd agreed to join them instead of going home for dinner. A flash of white at the bar had caught his eye just as he'd lifted his phone to text his team, letting them know he'd reserved their tables. The commanding presence of the sexy naval officer sitting alone at the bar had his full attention. He grinned. And for the first time in a long stretch, he hoped he hadn't lost his touch.

The long legs and broad shoulders hidden beneath the white uniform pushed every button Easton had. The sailor was exactly his type: thick auburn hair, big strong build, and inviting green eyes that twinkled with amusement.

"I'm Easton Elliott." He stuck out his hand all in an effort to touch this muscled-up hottie who seemed to be out of his element...uncertain but interested. Easton really liked that vulnerability in a guy.

"Grant Holt," the other man said, his voice strong and assured, in direct contrast to the rosy hue coloring his cheeks.

"Hmmm." Easton inched closer and drew in a deep breath. Grant's cologne easily touched a deeper part of him, not to mention the interest the aroma piqued in his cock. His body was on a slow burn where this man was concerned. Reluctantly, he let go of the man's warm hand as the bartender placed drinks in front of them. Easton glanced over at Grant again as the handsome sailor picked up his glass and tilted it to his full lips.

Liquid courage. Easton almost chuckled at the way Grant downed the contents. Yeah, he'd have some of that too. He lifted his own glass for several swigs, keeping his gaze locked on the man as he swallowed down the liquor. The drink left a heady warmth spreading through his body as he set the cold glass on the polished wood. "You in town for a while?"

"Yeah, something like that," the handsome sailor replied, giving a humorless laugh before diverting his eyes and taking another sip.

"Hmmm. You staying around here?" Easton asked.

"Sort of. It's a little ways away." The guy clearly wasn't into talking, those long fingers slid down his leg and tugged at the material stretched across that thick thigh.

For no other reason than to have something to say, Easton mentioned the obvious. "You struggling with your pants?"

The color in Grant's cheeks deepened before he looked down to his lap. Easton's gaze followed, his mouth watered, and his dick twitched at the sight. The tight-fitting slacks outlined a very rigid and eager cock to perfection. Easton lifted his gaze to collide with Grant's as he reached for his cap, most likely to drop in his lap. In no way did Easton want that impressive cock covered, so he used his hand and stopped the move. Instead, he took the cap before pushing away from the bar, stretching to his full height.

"I can try to fix your slacks. If that's something you're interested in, meet me in the bathroom." He winked, giving a knowing nod toward Grant's lap. Easton saw the interest flare in Grant's eyes. Yeah, this brought back memories. Hopefully, the sailor agreed. The amount of adrenaline rushing through his veins made it hard to catch a breath, but Easton managed. He

wanted Grant. Wanted to undress him, to taste Grant's pleasure on his tongue. Drive the insecurity from his eyes with every claiming touch.

Easton kept hold of the cap, ensuring the sexy sailor would follow if for nothing more than to get his cap back. And if that were the case, he'd do his best to leave Grant with a lasting impression of how much he truly wanted him. Easton lifted a hand, drawing the bartender's attention. "We'll be back."

Grant had spun the stool around but hadn't risen yet. Easton leaned in so close he could hear the other man's shallow breaths. He watched Grant's Adam's apple dip as he swallowed, and in that moment, he wanted nothing more than to drag his tongue across all the tempting flesh before sucking a mark on the man, claiming him. Instead, he repeated his invitation. "Don't overthink it. Give me a minute. All you need to do is come."

Easton flashed his sexiest grin before turning away. He kept his back straight, resisting the urge to look behind him to see if Grant was staring at his ass. Hopefully the guy would take the bait. Easton kept up his illusion of cool by tossing the cap back and forth between his hands, acting as if he didn't have any doubt the sailor would follow.

Chapter 2

A few steps away, Easton hard-core second-guessed himself. Why had he walked away from the redhead like he had? He communicated for a living. As an attorney, it was his job to convince people to think the way he wanted them to think, and dammit, he was way past the point of denying how much he loved the chase. So why in the world had he left the bar area without Grant Holt in tow?

Easton knew better than most, guys who blushed the way Grant had, needed a gentle guiding hand to coerce them into being a bit naughty. He should have toyed with Grant longer, built a better sense of anticipation between them. Let their undeniable sexual tension build. Sadly, tonight there wasn't time. People were wanting to celebrate the office's big win. Damn, he wished he had more time. Grant's shy reserve was just the kind of thing that did it for him. That never got old and apparently maturity hadn't helped, a little color in the cheeks and a shy downward cast of the eyes still vanquished all his carefully honed logic.

What was done was done. He had to assume Grant would follow. Easton pulled two twenties from his almost empty money clip and folded the bills, cradling them in the palm of his hand. He didn't carry cash like he used to, replaced by plastic these days. He kept his stride self-assured, refusing to let Grant see his uncertainty—if the sailor had even bothered to watch him walk away.

On his way to the outer hall, he passed by an old high school buddy, Tom McShane, who also happened to be the general manager. Easton reached out, easily clasping the guy's already extended hand. Easton's grin spread into something a little more telling when recognition of the cash and what that meant registered on Tom's face. It had been a while, but his buddy was quick on the uptake and started to protest.

"Easton, seriously..." Tom's grin faded, and he started shaking his head and held up a hand.

"Come on. I'm feeling nostalgic," he teased without slowing his course to the bathrooms while reaching for his cell phone to text his assistant, Dana.

"Forty dollars. That's it?" Tom called out behind him. Easton couldn't help the chuckle as he typed a quick message to Dana telling her that he'd reserved tables and they'd be waiting.

As for Tom and the forty dollars...well, Easton wasn't quite the baller he used to be. He hadn't planned for this opportunity to fall into his lap this evening. Sailor Grant was an unexpected treat indeed. Tonight, Easton had several credit cards, two twenties with a handful of one-dollar bills, and a peppermint in his pocket. Correction, Tom now possessed the twenties.

Maybe he should have tossed in the candy to help sweeten the bribe. He chuckled at the thought even as the butterflies in his stomach fluttered nervously. He hadn't done this in a while, and he wasn't as smooth as he'd once been. Hopefully the sexy sailor wouldn't mind.

He pushed through the first single use co-ed bathroom door he came to and looked around. This was perfect. There were two bathrooms available on this end of the building. If Grant followed, he could lock the door from the inside and they would be completely alone—albeit, they'd have to be quick. Easton lived for these exhilarating moments of heated intensity. Sure, he'd have to speed things along or Tom would have his ass for taking one whole bathroom away from a bar full of drinkers, but he was certain he was up for the task.

Easton shrugged off his suit coat, hung it on a hook. Grant's cap followed then he rolled up his dress shirt sleeves, just like old times. A smile tugged at his lips. Sometimes he missed the good old days. Why he'd ever stopped doing things like this was beyond him. The anticipation and excitement had him praying the sexy guy would be stepping through the door any second.



Why did it feel like every eye in the room focused only on him? And why did he care? What the hell was wrong with him? Grant squared his shoulders and lifted his head, tired of the dark cloud trailing after him everywhere he went. He'd come here tonight in hopes of chasing away the heaviness that had settled over him.

Even with the internal man-up effort, Grant knew where this latest round of hesitation came from. The innate give and take going on inside his brain that always had him overanalyzing every decision he made. Tonight, the struggle came from the very reasonable understanding that having sex in a public bathroom was probably a crime in every state and most likely punishable by jail time. The knowledge didn't slow his steps toward the bathrooms though. No, this kind of excitement was exactly the reason he was here tonight. He'd be quick. Gratuitous sex never took too long anyway.

Pausing at the closest restroom door, Grant laid his palm flat on the cold wood and took a deep centering breath before he added enough pressure to push the door open. Easton was waiting, and Grant's heart triple-timed at the image standing in front of him. The guy didn't waste any time though, striking before Grant had time to close the door. So much for small talk.

Easton's hand clenched around the front of his jacket and drew him forward. Their eyes locked, and Grant's world settled in that instant. Hesitation evaporated and he reached out for Easton, clasping him by the hips, forcing their bodies together. Where Grant's slacks were too tight to hide his very pronounced desire, the loose fit of Easton's dress slacks had hidden his erection well enough...until now. Grant canted his hips, instinctively grinding himself against the hard as steel, rigid length trapped there just for him.

Easton had skills, no doubt about it. As the door slowly closed behind him, Grant was shoved backward. The force of his back hitting the wood helped seal them inside the small room a little faster.

Maybe somewhere in the far reaches of his mind, Grant thought he heard the twist of a lock, closing them in, or maybe he didn't, because honestly who could care with Easton's insistent lips claiming his.

He didn't make Easton work for entry. Why waste time when the room was this charged with high voltage attraction and sexual chemistry. Grant froze momentarily, stunned at the

immediate connection burning deep in his soul. He opened, thrusting his tongue forward as his heart slammed repeatedly against his rib cage.

Easton's allure, his intoxicating scent, all the emotion...just everything seemed to reach a deeper part of Grant, and he was greedy for more.

A little rougher than necessary, Grant locked an arm around Easton's waist, tugging him against his body so they connected head to toe. His need to feel all that hard muscle flexing against him had him acting on instinct. He slid his other hand through those silky blond strands then palmed the back of Easton's head, angling him just the way he wanted.

From the first tangle of their tongues, he was lost all over again. Grant opened wider, allowing Easton's tongue to fuck his mouth. He pushed against the hard body and ate at that sexy mouth like a starving man. Easton's muffled groan slid across his balls and made his toes curl in his highly polished oxford dress shoes.

Time was ticking, but the kiss bordered on incendiary even before Easton's body pushed against his. The sexy blond's hard cock grinded and rolled against his own as Easton took charge, dominating his mouth and rutting wildly against him. The move was hot and sexy, just like the man in his arms.

He wanted this man, needed this man. Grant couldn't help the predatory growl that rumbled in his chest at the thought any more than he could control the burst of unbridled need skyrocketing through him.

In a matter of seconds, Easton's talented tongue drove Grant next-level needy. Yeah, this wasn't going to take long at all.

Easton's palms hit the wooden door on either side of Grant's head with a demanding thud. The other man pushed against the door as if he were trying to escape the tight restraint of Grant's strong hold. Even then, Grant only let Easton go so far. He was so addicted to the taste of Easton's kiss; the man was all heat and passion. He wasn't sure who deepened the kiss, but it made the blood boil in his veins. They each tested the other's limits, in a heated exchange. Easton tore from the kiss, his lips ghosting so close to Grant's the air from their breathless pants mingled.

"Fuck, you're sexy." The puff of Easton's warm breath caressed Grant's sensitive skin, sending his every nerve ending into a frantic tizzy. His gaze dropped to Easton's wet and kiss swollen lips, his heart drummed so loudly he could barely hear his own words.

"I really like that crass mouth of yours."

"Oh, yeah?" Warm lips slid along his. "Then you're gonna fuckin' love this next move." Easton snaked his hands between their bodies, wiggled their way under his jacket, and found his belt. Working with a well-practiced skill, he undid the belt, fumbling only briefly with the buttons before releasing Grant from his trousers. It might have been the only thing in the world to make Grant let Easton out of the vise-like hold he had on the man. Within seconds, Easton's palm had wrapped around his dick, and his slacks were pushed down his legs. "I hate being rushed. I know we don't have time and I shouldn't take the time. I shouldn't, but dammit, I want a taste."

Easton dropped to his knees, his lips parted, and he sucked Grant into that warm mouth until his leaking cock pressed against the back of his throat. His brain short-circuited somewhere between that and the three or four rough tugs along with the toe-curling suction. Grant's eyes locked on where his dick pushed in and out of this gorgeous man's mouth. He

palmed Easton's neck, holding him steady as he carefully rocked his hips to the magic Easton created. He swiped the pad of his thumb along the faint stubble on Easton's cheek as he thrust a little harder, encouraging the gorgeous blond to take him deeper.

Their gazes locked, the air around them electrified as he stared, completely entranced with the golden flecks in the other man's eyes. A shiver raced up Grant's spine, the orgasm building so fast he had to will himself to do anything other than finish inside Easton's warm, wet mouth. Easton's gaze lifted to his, that sinful tongue curled around his engorged head before taking him to the back of that snug, accommodating throat.

It was too much, the heat moved from his spine up to the base of his skull, his vision filled with starburst, liquid heat rolled through him at lightning speed, making him dizzy from the force of it all. The back of Grant's head hit the door with a thud as his eyes rolled to the back in their sockets. All reason left him, along with his oxygen. His body took over, running on instinct. Whatever happened, happened, and he reached down to tease his sac, knowing that was all it would take to fall over the edge of sanity.

Easton knocked his hand away and gripped his balls with a callous-roughened palm. This classy man clearly didn't shy away from manual labor—that knowledge turned him on just as much as the dominant way Easton handled him. Which added the perfect amount of pressure to have his legs spreading wider.

"Take me deeper down your throat..." Grant gasped, his eyes screwed tight as he thrust his hips forward, hitting the back of Easton's throat at the same time someone knocked at the locked door. The daze he was trapped in kept him somewhat confused. He dropped his chin to his chest and opened his eyes. Easton seemed oblivious to their potential intruder. The other man's jaw relaxed, and Grant slid deeper into that snug, hot throat. Holy hell, he liked that move. "I need to come."

His fingers curled into Easton's thick hair, holding his head in place as he began the final push—good God he loved fucking this throat, but Easton didn't allow it, chuckling as he pulled away.

"Please!" Grant's husky growl revealed his desperation for relief. Easton squeezed the base of his dick and chuckled harder. The warm breath hitting his sensitive cock sent shockwaves vibrating throughout his body.

The tight-fisted hold Easton had on his dick did its job. The orgasm ebbed as Easton rose to his feet. He didn't release Grant, the hand cupping his balls continued massaging and teasing Grant with purpose. Easton was the conductor, Grant's body his orchestra, and nothing was going to end until his handsome lover decided so.

"You'll come when I tell you to come, sailor. Now, free me from my slacks. I'm not finished with you."

Chapter 3

With the salty taste of Grant's pre-come still lingering on his lips, Easton kept his gaze on the other man. Grant was gorgeous with his skin flushed from their activities, so sexy and depraved, and all Easton wanted to do was defile him even more. The sailor followed his command without even a hint of resistance. Grant hastily released his belt then unfastened his slacks. Easton stood spellbound like a voyeur peering inside one hell of an erotic peep show.

Easton forced his gaze up. Ready to beg his eager lover when Grant's practiced hand curled around his cock and stroked.

The request was lost on his lips as he stared into striking green eyes—familiar green eyes he knew better than his own. How had ten years passed and he still had this kind of visceral reaction to this man?

Easton sucked his bottom lip between his teeth and leaned forward, breathing in his exquisite lover's intoxicating scent. The deep emotional chemistry coursing through him made sex with Grant an act of love every single time they came together. He would never get enough of this amazing man.

He wanted to be there for his lover and offer his support, to be everything he needed. Easton wondered if he could help as he stared at the weariness swirling in the depths of Grant's eyes. He swore he'd take the time to figure that out, make Grant tell him what was going on, but not right now—later tonight, at home. He had far more pressing goals on his mind at the moment.

"Taste yourself on me." The air around them flamed with scorching intensity in the moment. Easton's tongue shoved hungrily past Grant's sweet lips, crushing their mouths together.

He crowded Grant against the tiled wall, thrusting his tongue deep—fucking Grant's mouth like he intended to fuck his ass. So turned on, his dick strained, and his body vibrated as Grant's hands mapped his body. Easton absently worked to unbutton his dress shirt. He wanted nothing in the way of feeling Grant's hot skin against his when he entered his lover's sweet ass.

Grant threatened to devour Easton with the heat of his palms. Easton clasped the material of Grant's military uniform, tugging and pushing until his fingertips touched bare skin. His hands traveled the familiar path, then dropped to massage and knead the perfect globes of Grant's ass.

Easton hurriedly broke from the fevered kiss, lifted his hand, and sucked two fingers into his mouth to get them nice and wet. He slid those digits down Grant's crack, taking his lover's mouth as he slipped between those taut ass cheeks.

Easton groaned a needy little sound, unable to help the shameless movement of his hips as he teased the heated skin before pushing a finger directly into Grant's warm, inviting hole.

Grant's quick intake of breath broke the kiss and told Easton he was doing everything just right as he slowly worked Grant to relax him open. God, he wished he had time to get his mouth on Grant again. He'd have the man quivering and begging for hours.

"Get the condom, babe." Easton cocked his head to the two packets he'd laid on the counter inches away from them. He wished he could take his time, but he didn't have much left. He leaned away from Grant's chest an inch or two while adding a second finger to Grant's ass. He didn't say a word as Grant skillfully rolled the condom over his broad head then down the shaft of his cock. The act made his head spin with want. His mister finally shoved the lube packet into his free palm and spun around.

"Not too much. I need to feel you."

Easton always tried to be tender with Grant. He'd never hurt his man in any way, but Grant liked it hard and fast when they played like this. Easton tore open the packet of lube and fought his urge to continue to relax Grant open. He drizzled the slick straight on his cock then used the rest on his fingers and coat Grant's hole.

Within seconds, Easton lifted Grant's shirt out of the way, lined himself up, and pushed forward, almost losing his mind as he sank into the gripping heat of that perfect ass. Grant's body bowed and quivered at the invasion; Easton's body followed as his hips locked them together. His sailor let out a slow breath as Easton resisted the urge to pound into his lover's heat. Grant felt good, so very good, and he wrapped both arms around Grant's broad chest, inhaling long and deep as he nosed Grant's neck. God, he was still so head over heels with this man.

"I love you," Easton whispered, all breathy, his voice thick with lust as he nosed into the soft skin right below Grant's ear, holding on to Grant as if his life depended on this connection.

"Move, Easton. Fuck me," Grant demanded, all raspy and crude.

"Say it back," he countered. Easton didn't need the words. He knew where they stood. He just wanted to be the one making demands.

Fighting against every one of his urges to stay buried balls deep inside Grant's enticing channel, he slowly pulled out a couple of inches only to thrust forward again. Grant's greedy ass took every inch of him, enveloping him in a vise-like hold. "...feels so fucking good..."

Easton ran his palms under Grant's service jacket, his fingers tracing every inch of the hard muscled-up chest hidden underneath while his hips moved in desperate thrusts. An unstoppable heat kindled in his balls before building in intensity, threatening to incinerate him on the spot.

He wouldn't last, and that was all right. He just had to make sure Grant was right there with him when he came. Rocking back and forth, he aimed for Grant's sweet spot—executing all the right moves to drive his man over the edge.

Grant's fair complexion had flushed with color, and Easton pressed his lips to Grant's heated skin right above the edge of his collar. His mister's head dropped forward, his forehead hitting the door with a thump, a low moan filled the tight space, telling Easton he was doing everything just right. Easton grinned and screwed his eyes shut as he immersed himself in everything Grant. His hips thrust on their own accord. He could so easily let himself go.

Easton reached around Grant's body, searching for Grant's sure-to-be-stroking hand. He desperately wanted to be the one to help his guy to climax.

Instead of Grant's hand, he found a half-hard cock. Even then, Easton was so lost, so close to completion it took a second for the realization to kick in. His need for Grant had overwhelmed him, and it was all he could do to slow his rocking hips.

"Babe, what's wrong?" His voice was uncertain and filled with concern.

"Just keep going," Grant said and pushed back on him to grind against him. The power-bottom move would have been perfect, but the edge in Grant's voice was all wrong. Exactly the thing that caused Easton concern in the first place. Something wasn't right; his mister wasn't into it. Easton forced himself to carefully withdraw from Grant's perfect ass. "Easton, don't stop. Keep going."

"Not without you," he said with more accusation than he'd intended. "What's going on?"

Grant glanced over his shoulder, his eyes not quite meeting Easton's. As quickly as the tangled slacks around Grant's legs would allow, Easton turned his lover by the shoulder. All the hurt and uncertainty he'd been sensing was there in the way Grant held his body and hid his face. Easton pressed closer, running his finger under Grant's chin, wanting him to lift his eyes so he could better read what was truly going on with his man.

With a heavy exhale, Easton angled Grant's head until Grant was forced to look him in the eyes. The pain Grant had been shielding from him was right there, finally floating to the surface, making it easy for him to see. This explained all the extra drinking Grant had been doing lately. "Tell me."

Grant had never been particularly easy to get information from. When Grant started to shake his head, Easton pushed his chest to the center of Grant's, knocking him back against the door. "'Fess up. I tell you everything. We're in this together. I took our vows seriously. Let me be there for you."

Those pale eyes pinned Easton as Grant opened his mouth to speak. But nothing came out. There was frustration crinkling that handsome brow as he closed his lips tight, and his jaw ticced from how hard he ground his teeth. Easton waited, not giving his mister a break, he needed for him to spill it right here and now so they could work together to solve whatever problem Grant had. Seconds passed before Grant drew in a deep breath then averted his gaze and spoke low, the telling tone proving the depth of truth in Grant's words.

"I don't really know. I feel inadequate as hell. I can't keep going like this. Every day is getting harder and harder. I think I gotta go back to work."

Blindsided. Those words came out of nowhere. He hadn't seen that coming—it was a total shock. Easton eased off Grant's chest, leaning a couple inches backward, feeling as if the rug had been ripped out from underneath him. "Why? We don't need the money. I love you being home when I come home. The dogs are thriving. They love you being home too. I thought you didn't like all the long hours and traveling you had to do."

The bathroom sex was all but forgotten as Easton tried to understand where all this uncertainty stemmed from. He, for one, sure as hell hadn't liked all the long work hours Grant put in for his company. They used Grant's good nature and incredible linguistic skills, sending him all over the world at a moment's notice with not even a thank-you or decent holiday bonus.

"Not making my own way's messing with me." The sound of decisions already made drew instant regret from Easton. This last six weeks had been heaven as far as he'd been concerned. Of course, he'd support Grant in whatever decision he came to. He'd meant every word of the

vows he'd taken, but Easton loved coming home to his man and their two little female Boston Terriers, Millie and Mae-Mae. They were a family.

He even found himself leaving his office early most days, leaving work unfinished just to get home to his waiting family. Grant recently started cooking, so he had dinner and a cocktail ready for Easton when he walked through the door. Grant's kind nature had him always stopping whatever he was doing to give Easton a special welcome home kiss. He loved their life.

"My division called me today. My old boss's leaving the company. They invited me to apply for his job." Grant's gaze lowered probably due to the look etched on Easton's face. Easton kept his hands in a tight fist to keep from pulling Grant's gaze back up.

He wanted to insist his lover at least stare him in the eye as he broke his heart. His mind raced, trying to find any possible way to solve this problem. He was proud of Grant, but Easton hated all the lonely nights and holidays the position cheated him out of.

He could only speak from the heart, devastated at the idea of losing Grant again for weeks at a time when he would have to travel for work. "I love the dinners you make us. You have a real culinary talent that's just getting better and better. I love our casual evenings together. I love sitting out on the patio, holding you in my arms, watching the stars come out as Millie and Mae play. I love just being with you. If you need something to do, come to my office. I'm certain there's something we need your help with." Easton frantically thought about the possibility of foreign legal briefs. His firm had been dabbling in international law, perhaps Grant could interpret...

"I thought about that, but then we'd be together twenty-four seven. You'd get sick of me."

Grant was so freaking wrong about that. Easton pushed his forehead against Grant's, making sure he was all Grant saw when he said, "That's one thing that'll never happen. I love you. We'll work this out without you having to give all your time to a job that never fully appreciated you. You shouldn't have kept this all bottled up. You should've talked to me. I know I don't tell you as often as I should, but you give me meaning. You make our house a home. Your worth is invaluable to me. Don't worry. We'll figure this out together."

The intense gaze they shared had him holding his breath. It took a second for Grant to respond, but when he did, he nodded, a small smile followed, erasing Easton's panic from the last few minutes.

"I'm mental. You know that."



"No, you're not. You're my life. Your happiness is my happiness. I need to say those exact words to you more often. Just talk to me, babe. Don't make me have to guess when something's not right." Easton's words always had a way of soothing his anxiety and helped him find clarity.

His palms lifted to cradle Easton's cheeks. He stared, mesmerized by the golden flakes in Easton's eye as weeks of self-doubt melted away. Anticipation of the life Easton had laid out in front of him filled his heart with hope. How he had gotten so lucky to share a life with this stunning man. Hell, he'd never know, but thank God he had. "Thank you."

“Mmm. Kiss me. We’re taking too long for a quickie in a public restroom.” In direct contrast with the urgency of his words, Easton broke the hold and placed a simple chaste kiss on his lips then leaned farther in, brushing his cheek across Grant’s. His heart tripped at the sincerity of such a loving gesture.

This time, he became the aggressor, cupping Easton’s neck, drawing his lover back to his lips. He didn’t rush the kiss. Instead, he took what he needed. Grant filled himself with everything Easton. His scent, the intoxicating way Easton’s velvety tongue moved over his, the deep connection they’d shared since first meeting inside this bar ten years ago. He’d given Easton his heart that very night, and his man had taken extraordinary care with it ever since. His cock was hard as hell and he needed Easton like he needed oxygen. This man was truly his life, his reason.

A quiet rap of the knuckles caught their attention. He turned toward the door to hear Easton’s buddy Tom say, “Wrap it up. You’ve been in there almost thirty minutes. Customers are reporting the door’s locked.”

Grant quickly glanced Easton’s direction, ready to throw in the towel on this attempt at their hook-up game. Easton clearly had other ideas.

“Not on your life, sailor. Turn around,” Easton growled.

His dick twitched at the command, and he did exactly as he’d been ordered. His lover crowded him as he widened his stance. The heat of Easton’s skin seared against his flesh. His guy grabbed the lube and hurriedly adjusted the condom. Grant was barely in place when Easton’s cockhead brushed down the crease of his ass and pushed at his hole.

“Let me in, baby.”

With a thrust of Easton’s hips, Grant was filled with searing heat, the confusing moments of doubt were long gone. He was caught up in the animalistic need consuming him, swallowing him whole. Easton rocked into him with a maddening rhythm that easily drove him to the edge. Easton’s strong palm between his shoulder blades held him in place while the other gripped his hip, those demanding fingers digging into his skin, marking him as Easton pounded him from behind. This was too much—Grant completely blissed out. His vision blurred as his hands fisted against the hard wood of the door. No way would he last with Easton hitting his gland on every single stroke. Crazy hot heat roiled through his balls and had his legs quivering and threatening to give under the pleasure crushing down on him.

Right as Grant decided to reach for his dick, ready to stroke himself to completion, Easton’s hot breath at his neck commanded, “Touch yourself.” God, they were so in sync.

The thick air around them crackled with desire. He and Easton were just too fluid together, and this stolen moment was just too damn decadent. With unguarded moans and grunts, Grant gripped his leaking cock at the same time Easton nailed his prostate. A tidal wave of pleasure crashed over Grant, and he was a goner. Spots danced behind his eyes. His lungs burned from trying to catch his breath and his body kept moving from pure instinct. He covered his cock, barely catching his release as darkness pressed against the edges of his vision.

Chapter 4

Easton stood at the mirror, trying in vain to adjust his unruly hair. Grant stood beside him, washing his hands. Their eyes locked in the mirror. His power bottom honey still wore that blissed-out look. The pride he held in the knowledge he'd put that look on Grant's handsome face was as heady as the orgasm that spilled deep inside Grant's perfect ass.

"You ready?" Easton asked, forgetting about the hair, resting a hip against the sink to stare straight at his mister.

"Yeah. I needed this." Grant reached for the paper towels, drying his hands as he bent to oblige the pucker Easton had formed with his lips.

"Me too." Easton threaded their fingers together then reached to unlock the door before pulling it open. His night had turned out better than he'd imagined, and he couldn't wait to get his sexy sailor home to continue their very own celebration. He took the lead, stepping out of the restroom first, catching a couple of women look his way as they waited outside the other restroom on this side of the building. He smiled sheepishly at the customers as he pulled at Grant's arm to get him moving.

Grant was oblivious to the women waiting across the hall. He stood in the threshold of the restroom, bent over, examining his slacks as the closing door hit him in the ass and nudged him forward.

"What's wrong?"

"They don't fit right, do they?" Grant released his hand to tug at his pants, wiggling his ass as he pulled the material on the knee of his snug uniform. "Be honest. Have I gained weight?"

"The waist fits, right?" he asked, dancing around his lover's question, hoping Grant would let his answer be enough.

"Excuse me," one of the women said, brushing past Grant. She didn't look at all happy with either of them.

Grant took a few steps toward Easton, refusing to drop the loaded subject. "Yeah, but that's it. I think I'm gaining weight."

Easton had to turn away to keep from rolling his eyes. He hadn't lied when he said Grant had exceptional skill in the kitchen. He prepared delicious gourmet meals that seemed packed with calories. Easton had noticed his own waistline expanding. At the entrance to the hallway, Easton turned back, waiting for Grant to catch up and stated the obvious, hoping to dodge the bullet. "You aren't the young man you were when we bought that costume."

"So, you're saying I'm overweight and old?" All of Grant's irritation was now focused straight on Easton.

He wasn't saying that at all and chuckled at his utter failure at redirecting this no-win conversation. "You're hot as hell, and I love every inch of that body. What made you dress up

tonight?” He lifted a hand to silence the argument he saw coming at the upward cock of Grant’s brow, certain he’d messed up again. He just wasn’t sure how. “Not that I didn’t love every minute, but it was a surprise to see my favorite sailor sitting at the bar when I walked in.”

“Because your text said not to worry with dinner. Come to The Hookup.” Grant came to stand directly in front of him. Easton must have looked as confused as he felt to make Grant continue explaining without being prodded. “It’s The Hookup. This is where we always came for role play nights. You always said they had the biggest and the cleanest bathrooms.”

Easton chuckled, and Grant’s brows dropped into a solid V. “Why didn’t you dress up?”

He turned the corner, entering the main pub area, and lifted a finger directing Grant’s attention to where his entire staff—all twenty of his employees—were gathered to celebrate their win. Lee and Stephen caught sight of them and started the cheering, causing the whole group to burst out with catcalls and kissy noises. Easton just shook his head. He swore he had a bunch of freaking juveniles working for him most of the time. Every one of them acted like they knew exactly what he and Grant had been up to—and they did know, they all knew them too well.

Easton cast a side-eye toward Grant. The blush that colored his face was enjoyable. He slid his arm around Grant’s waist, drawing him closer as they walked toward their table. He loved their life together.

“Why’s everyone here?” Grant asked as they made their way to the lively group.

“We won the Tillerson case. We’re celebrating tonight,” Easton said, raising his fingers in a signal to gain their waiter’s attention.

“No way. That’s fantastic. Congratulations.” Grant’s smile was brilliant, everything else seemingly forgotten as he eagerly took off to congratulate the members of the team with sincere handshakes and celebratory high-fives. He couldn’t keep up. His mister gave him whiplash with all that ricocheting emotion, which certainly kept Easton on his toes.

“I moved your bar ticket to the table. Do you want another whiskey smash?” the young waiter asked as he approached.

“Yes, two, and make ’em doubles.” A happy smile spread across his face as he looked back over at Grant, laughing and joking with the close-knit office. “We’re celebrating tonight.”

The End

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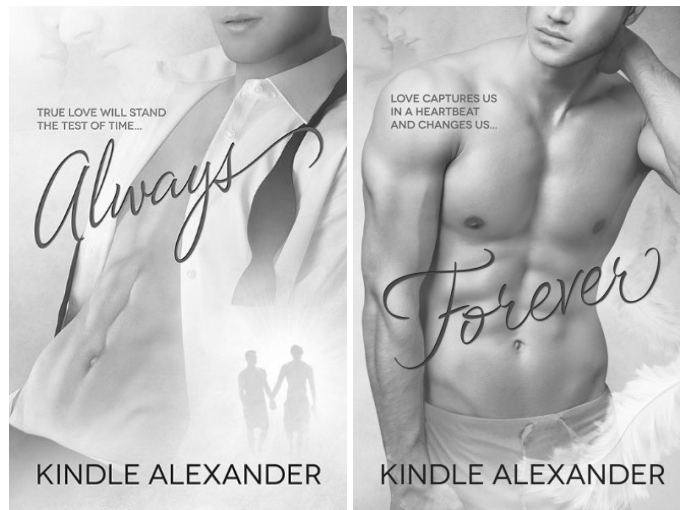
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Born to a prestigious political family, Avery Adams plays as hard as he works. The gorgeous, charismatic attorney is used to getting what he wants, even the frequent one-night stands that earn him his well-deserved playboy reputation. When some of the most prominent men in politics suggest he run for senate, Avery decides the time has come to follow in his grandfather's footsteps. With a strategy in place and the campaign wheels rolling, Avery is ready to jump on the legislative fast track, full steam ahead. But no amount of planning prepares him for the handsome, uptight restaurateur who might derail his political future.

Easy isn't even in the top thousand words to describe Kane Dalton's life after his father, a devout Southern Baptist minister, kicks him out of the family home for questioning his sexual orientation. Despite all the rotten tomatoes life throws his way, Kane makes something of himself. Between owning a thriving upscale Italian restaurant in the heart of downtown Minneapolis and managing his long-term boyfriend, his plate is full. He struggles to get past the teachings of his childhood to fully accept his sexuality and rid himself of the

doubts brought on by his religious upbringing. The last thing he needs is the yummy, sophisticated, blond-haired distraction sitting at table thirty-four.



Havoc

(Tattoos And Ties, Book 1)

Keyes Dixon's life is challenging enough as a full patch member of the Disciples of Havoc Motorcycle Club but being a gay biker leaves him traveling down one tough road. With an abusive past and his vow to the club cementing his future, he doesn't believe in love and steers clear of commitment. But a midnight ride leads to a chance meeting with a sexy distraction that has him going down quicker than a Harley on ice.

Cocky Assistant District Attorney Alec Pierce lives in the shadow of his politically connected family. A life of privilege doesn't equal a life of love, a fact made obvious at every family gathering. Driven yet lonely, Alec yields to his family's demands for his career path, hoping for the acceptance he craves. Until he meets a gorgeous biker who tips the scales in the favor of truth and he can no longer live a lie.

Can two men from completely different worlds...and sides of the law...find common ground, or will all their desires only wreak Havoc?

Painted On My Heart

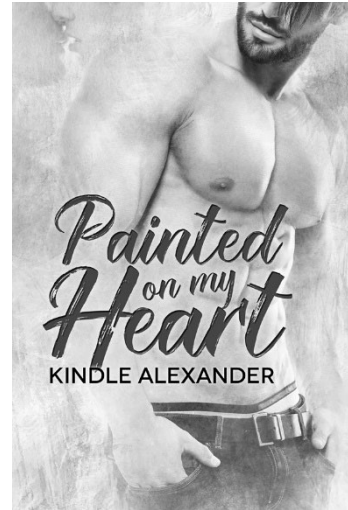
Artist Kellus Hardin let love and loyalty cloud his past decisions, a mistake he definitely won't make again. Now, lost and alone, he's left to pick up the shattered pieces of his broken heart while facing the truth of his reality.

Arik Layne exudes power, confidence, and determination. But when an encounter with the guarded artist shakes him to the core and alters all his future goals, he finds more than just his heart on the line.

For Kellus, opening himself to love isn't an option.

All Arik wants is to make the artist his.

Can love create a masterpiece when it's painted on your heart?



What readers are saying about Kindle Alexander books...

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~ Natasha is a Book Junkie

“This is a powerful story and truly one of Kindle Alexander’s best books.”
~ Beyond the Valley of the Books

“Secret tells the story of men who are mature enough to value integrity over pleasure and know that loving each other means caring about the others priorities.”
~Indie Bookshelf

Full Disclosure

“In the end... OMG the end... let’s just say Mitch and Cody have their happy, one that touched my heart.”
~Denise, Shh Mom’s Reading

“I give this story five+ perfectly delivered stars.”
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Double Full

“These two hunky men had me in tears, their love for one another is magical.”
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