

Excerpt from Friday Night Jamie by Bren Christopher. Published by Loose Id in ©2010.

I took the subway down to the club just off Broadway. Not a bad commute from the West Side apartment, it didn't take long to get there. The warmth of an early fall in New York made a jacket unnecessary.

Good-looking guys on the hunt filled the club wall to wall. Ladies too, gay and straight, everyone just out for a good time. The bass thumped through my chest, and colored lights strobed from the dance floor. Everyone knew the gay clubs had the best dance music.

I met up with Art and Jen at the bar, and we started on the drinks. A few other friends were there, staff from the restaurant and some acquaintances from the club.

I knew Art from college. He worked as a manager at an uptown restaurant, and he liked to party as much as I did. He worked most Saturdays and some Fridays, switching off with his assistant manager. I would hate the irregular schedule, but he would hate my desk job. He was a thin, active guy, his light brown hair combed neatly while at work but spiked straight up when we went out. I thought it looked kind of hedgehog, but I didn't want to be the one to tell him that.

We were never lovers, just good buddies, sharing our disappointments and accomplishments, talking about our life goals and dreams--nah, that's bullshit. We just liked to party and didn't want to do it alone. But he was fun, and being in the restaurant business, he always seemed to know about the latest great restaurant or club before it got so popular that we couldn't get in.

Jen worked with Art at the restaurant. I had to grin at her. "Love the hair, Jenny. Do you dye the hair to match your boots, or do you hunt for boots to match your hair?"

This week, both her hair and her go-go boots were neon pink; last week, a shocking yellow. I always looked forward to seeing the variation.

She laughed. "You'll never know, sweetie, and sadly you'll never know whether I've dyed *all* my hair the same color."

"Oh, yuck!" Art and I yelled it in unison. "We don't want to know."

The bass pounded with a vibration I could feel in the pit of my stomach. After the second rum and Coke, I was ready to hit the dance floor.

I was dancing with Art and Jen when the dark-haired man came right up and cut in front of me. I had to look up a bit--he stood just a little taller than my own average height. I liked that. Definitely more buff than me, filling out a simple black T-shirt and jeans. I liked that too. He moved like he was no stranger to the dance floor, athletic and graceful.

I raised my eyebrows at the way he just moved in, blocking me off from my group. I felt like a deer that had been cut out of the herd by a wolf.

"You're not with anyone," he said. "I've been watching you since you came in. He's not your boyfriend?" Nodding at Art.

"No, just a friend. What's it to you? And what do you mean, you've *been watching* me? You some kind of stalker?" He was hot, maybe not my usual type, but I wasn't looking for a long-term relationship here. I had very strict ideas regarding the kind of man I needed to share my carefully ordered life, and I knew I wouldn't find him by picking up some guy in a bar. On the other hand, that ideal man was nowhere in sight, and I needed... I just needed to know that someone wanted me, even if only for a little while. Even if only for one thing...

He seemed amused at my challenging tone--he knew I was interested. And a bit drunk. He put his hands on my hips, and we moved together. I could feel the strength and warmth of his hands right through the fabric of my jeans, and it started a slow burn in my lower belly.

"I think you don't mind guys looking at you. You must be used to it. And something about the way you're shaking that sweet ass in those tight jeans tells me you might be interested in more than just looking." His hand stroked up my abdomen, then back down to slide under my shirt. His hands felt rough, calloused, the wrists thick with muscle. He smiled when he felt the little ring in my right nipple. "Nice. I'd like to take a closer look at that." He rubbed it with his thumb, tugged on it lightly. "Taste it too."

The warmth in my belly flared into a full-blown fire. He could see it in my eyes, because he put his hands back on my hips and pulled me in tight.

His face closer to mine now, I could see his eyes were a dark, warm brown, the irises flecked with gold and framed by long lashes the same dark brown as the wavy hair flowing to his shoulders. I felt his breath, whiskey and warmth, as he brushed his lips lightly against my earlobe and down to that sensitive spot just under my ear. I shivered involuntarily, and he smiled. It annoyed me that he looked so smug. "Pretty sure of yourself, aren't you?"

"Well, if you're not interested..." He took those warm hands off my hips, and I missed them immediately. He started to back away, and I grabbed his arm.

"Bastard tease! I didn't say that!"

He grinned, came back, and slipped his hands around my waist. Then he tucked them into my back pockets and pulled me close again, close enough to brush against the bulge in the front of my jeans. I was getting harder by the second, and now I could tell that he was too.

"What's your name?" He had to put his mouth right next to my ear so I could hear him over the noise and the beat.

"James," I answered. "Jamie."

"I'm Matt. I always feel it's polite to get a guy's name before I fuck him silly. Don't you agree? Maybe even buy him a drink. You want something from the bar?"

I stared at him. I wondered if I had heard what he said correctly over the thumping music. I decided to let it pass. If I said anything smart-ass, he might decide *not* to fuck me silly, and the heat in my groin told me that just wasn't acceptable at this point in the evening. "Um, okay. Probably don't need another one, but what the hell? It's been a long week."

His hand slipped down into mine, and our fingers entwined. It was a surprisingly intimate gesture, unexpected. He pulled me toward the bar. Art and his buddies watched me go with smirks on their faces and exhortations to "use protection!" I rolled my eyes at them.

We found one seat left at the end of the bar, where at least it was a little quieter. I sat down while Matt stood in front of me and edged a knee between my legs, pushing them apart. One hand rested on my thigh while he sipped his beer. The hand on my thigh worked its way back to rest on my hip again. It seemed to think it belonged there.

He set his beer down and ran his hand around the back of my head, leaned close, and licked my lower lip. "You had some Coke there," he murmured. The lips were warm, like his hands and his eyes. I could feel my breath getting faster. His mouth brushed mine again, a light kiss that left me wanting more.

I licked my own lips, tasting him, watching him watch my mouth. "Matt," I said. "That's short for Matthew, right?" He nodded. "I haven't seen you in here before, Matt, and I'm here most Friday nights." I was sure I would have noticed him.

He shrugged and took a swig of his beer. "I don't go out much, but it's my friend Susie's twenty-first birthday, and she wanted to go dancing, so here I am. I'm supposed to be keeping an eye on her and her friends."

I raised my eyebrows and looked around.

He grinned. "I know; I'm not doing a very good job, am I? I got a little sidetracked, but whose fault is that?"

I snorted. "Don't blame me if you're easily distracted." I slowly let my hand wander up under his shirt, feeling those firm abs jump a little under my touch.

His hand slid from my hip to brush lightly between my legs, feeling the hardness there for a moment and making me shiver at the touch. Moving his hand up to thread his fingers through my hair, he pulled me in to meet his full, firm lips. There was nothing rushed about the kiss, just a long, leisurely, but very thorough exploration of my mouth, tongue sliding in deep with no hesitation. By the time we came up for air, my face was flushed, and my heart was racing.

I tried to catch my breath. "Damn, you can kiss, can't you?"

"Been wanting to do that since I saw you walk in the door. You have a sweet mouth, Jamie, and I've been thinking about all the things we could do with that mouth." He was flushed too, and

desire made his eyes even darker. He spoke in my ear, "Come home with me, please. Let's go. Now."

"No."

He pulled back, looking surprised. It was evident that I wanted him as much as he wanted me. "Then we'll go to your place. That's fine with me."

"No."

I looked away quickly to hide the jolt of nervousness that shot through me at his casual suggestion. The thought of taking a complete stranger to my apartment--my safe haven--filled me with anxiety. I would never allow anyone I didn't really know into my home if I could help it; my place was too important to me.

He must have caught a glimpse of my sudden uneasiness, because his hand lingered on my cheek, and then he reached up to push a few short blond curls out of my eyes. "Come on, babe. I know you're interested. Did I say something wrong? Tell me what you want."

Just then the music changed to a mellow song that I liked. It had a good, steady beat, perfect for a slow grind. I grabbed his hand, relieved to find an excuse to end that awkward moment. "I want to dance some more." I pulled him toward the music. He followed a little reluctantly, looking as if he wanted to ask me again if he'd said something wrong. Determined to cover up that brief moment of vulnerability, I gave him my brightest, sexiest smile. I don't think I fooled him--those lovely dark eyes were too sharp--but he let it drop.

Once on the floor, he put his hands back on my hips, and I leaned into him. My face fit perfectly into the juncture where neck met shoulder, and I bit him lightly, feeling him respond with a shiver. After nibbling my way up his neck, I sucked on his earlobe and heard a groan.

Our hard cocks brushed together as his hands slipped down to rest on my butt and pull me in. I worked my way around from his earlobe to those firm, sculpted lips, wanting another taste, another of those long kisses. He met me with a moan, the kiss not so leisurely this time, harder and more passionate.

"Jamie," he murmured into my ear, "you're driving me crazy here. Is that the plan? Tell me what you want before I come right here on the dance floor."

I nudged a knee between his legs. He was hard as steel. I even felt a spot of wetness on the front of his jeans. I decided he was ready to go with me without too much objection.

I took his hand and led him toward the back exit of the club. "Come on. Let's go for a walk."

"A walk? Now?" He sounded incredulous, but he followed along.

Exiting to the alley behind the club, I could hear that we were not alone. Heavy breathing and murmured encouragements from the shadows by the Dumpster prompted me to lead Matt farther into the alley until we came to an area deep in shadow. I put my back to the brick wall and pulled him to me. The alley might be a little sordid, but at least there were people around, and the possibility of a quick escape, if it should ever come to that. He came willingly enough, pressing the full length of that hard body against mine and giving me another long, searing kiss that practically knocked the breath out of me. His hands reached around to cup the cheeks of my butt, squeezing and kneading. He murmured into my ear, "You're sure this is what you want? We'd be a whole lot more comfortable in my bed."

I started to push him off. "Well, if you're not interested..."

He shoved me back against the wall, laughing. "Oh, so now you're the bastard tease."

He took my mouth again, licked my lips, and slowly moved in to deepen the kiss. His tongue slid in along mine, and I responded, back arching, my hands buried in his brown hair, pulling him closer as his mouth devoured mine.

He pushed against me, cock grinding against cock, and I let out a little gasp at the suddenness. Reaching down to stroke him through his jeans, I ran my hand up and down his rather impressive length as he pushed into me. He bit my earlobe, and I shivered again. He undid just the top button of my pants and slipped his hands inside, then around and down the back, rubbing and squeezing. "Nice," he murmured. "Love that ass."

My hands slid down the back of his jeans, and I pulled him close until we were grinding together again. "You've got a great ass too. How do you know I don't want to top? I do sometimes, you know."

He pulled back and looked at me intently. "I'm sure you do, but that's not what you want tonight."

"And why do you say that?" I asked in a teasing voice, my hands wandering along his length.

He backed off a little, putting some space between us. Then he leaned in, and his lips brushed that sensitive spot under my ear. I gasped and arched my head back, begging him without words to kiss my neck. He did slowly, lightly, making me shiver again. His hands finished unbuttoning my jeans, then slipped down the front and brushed my balls and the sensitive strip of skin between scrotum and hole. One finger moved back, rubbing the crease, then penetrating deeper and teasing my opening. I pushed back against him, wanting more. I let out a muffled moan as a second finger joined the first and pushed in deeper.

"Oh wait, you're not sure you want me to fuck you. I forgot." He started to back off, and I hooked my hand around his arm to stop him from pulling his hand away.

"You really are a bastard. You know that?" Desire made my voice low and thick. Despite my admittedly all too frequent visits to this alley, I hadn't felt this level of arousal in a long time. The

heat in his hands radiated straight to my cock every time he touched me. The feeling made me ache to be stretched and filled.

He brushed his lips against my ear and murmured, "Tell me what you want, baby. Tell me how you want it, right now."

He moved his other hand to my front, lightly rubbing my cockhead until I twisted with the sensations filling my hole, the light kisses on my neck, and the teasing of my cock; it was too much but not nearly enough. I gripped his waist, tried to pull him closer, but he pulled back again. "Tell me."

He was pissing me off. "Fuck me right through this wall." I practically hissed it.

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