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"I can't believe it's been seven years," Skye said. "I can't believe you didn't come."

Drew refused to acknowledge the reason for the rift between them. He picked up the drill and turned it on, testing the speed. It buzzed loudly in the gallery, too loud. Drew recognized the stubborn line of Skye's mouth. Drew ignored that too.

The deafening noise bounced off the walls but Drew kept his concentration on boring holes into the counter to inset the glass top. He pushed aside the churning in his stomach.

Maybe Skye would go away, and maybe pigs would fly.

The drill sputtered a dying croak. Silence spilled over the room.

Drew snarled, waving the drill in his hand. "Hey, what did you do that for. Plug it back in."

The cord swung to and fro over Skye's arm. "Are you going to ignore what happened between us?"

"I don't have time for—"

"Don't be an ass." Skye's mouth pressed tight, bringing out the cleft in his chin. "You know what I'm referring to."

"There's nothing to discuss."

"I'm the one that should be pissed. I waited for you, for hours. You gave me no choice but to board that fucking train and leave you behind."

Drew clenched his jaw, his voice granite. "We were friends. Best friends, and you had to ruin it."

The strain around Skye's mouth softened. "It was one night. Besides, we weren't very good." He grinned. "I'm so much better now."

"We were drunk and you took advantage."

"Funny how my recollection is vastly different. I remember you withering under my hand, coming several times."

Heat seared through Drew at the mention of *that* night. He'd spent years carefully building a wall around his perfect world. He'd be damned if he let this man tear it down.

He grabbed the edge of the counter, his knuckles bone-white. "I'm nothing like you."

Skye tossed the cord while approaching the counter in rapid strides. He rounded the counter so swiftly Drew couldn't escape. He snatched the drill from Drew's hand, dropping it on the floor.

Skye's anger railed in his voice. "Oh yeah, what about you and Carl? Has he got into your pants yet?"

*What a child.*

Anger radiated off Skye's body making Drew dizzy. He did what he knew how to do best. He lashed out. "He's my client, and you have no right to ask about my personal business."

Skye stood mere inches from Drew. "I've known Carl for years. He prefers men like you. Blond, beautiful, bisexual."

"Screw you."

"Carl and I like the same type. Pretty, slender... we have a game we play, a competition of sorts. We pick out a guy at a party, and both try for him. You'd be a hell of a target."

"You're a slut."

"I didn't say I took my winnings to bed."

Skye's lazy grin insulted Drew. The slut enjoyed teasing him, taunting him, testing him.

"Get out."

Skye grasped Drew's wrists and pulled him in. Their chests collided. Full length bodies of hard muscle in heated contact.

Skye's hands tangled into Drew's hair, his voice muffled. "Damn you. Why didn't you come with me? I missed you."

So warm, so inviting, so simple, these three words.

Drew let out a repressed breath. Skye was too close. Almost the same height, their eyes met straight on. Lust burned in Skye's eyes. It was an intoxicating feeling to have Skye's attention focused on him. His anger morphed into something else. Something he refused to name.