

Ryan's Harbor excerpt, Viki Lyn, copyright 2010, published by Aspen Mountain Press

From his rear view mirror, he watched Martin pause, look up at the sky and then back down, before resuming his walk. He was surprised when Martin stopped suddenly and turned. He came around to Ryan's side of the car and tapped on the window.

Ryan rolled down the window and Martin peered in, his eyes glittering green and catlike in the dark. "I forgot. I need your input on the final details of the atrium. Let's meet in a couple of days at my office. There are some issues we need to consider."

Ryan couldn't help but stare into those feral eyes. They seemed to hypnotize him. "Ah, sure. The atrium, right."

"Are you okay?"

He forced a smile. "Yeah, just tired."

Martin tilted up Ryan's chin and stared down with all seriousness. "Christ, I'm a fool."

Without apology, Martin took Ryan's mouth prisoner with a hot, earthy kiss full of fire. Ryan's heart drummed in his chest; he was too stunned to react. He let Martin's tongue explore freely, expertly drawing out their breaths. The moist tip of Martin's tongue licked across his lip, his teeth nipping and sucking, teasing the seam of his mouth. Strong hands gripped his hair and held him steady as the crafty tongue invaded his mouth. Their tongues met and a bitter taste of beer hit the back of his throat.

*Fuck, the man can kiss!*

This brought up images of what else Martin was capable of doing with that experienced mouth. This is what he'd wanted since Martin had stepped foot into Fantasy Arts.

Ryan's world blurred around him. He circled his arms around the warm neck and kissed back. He reached for Martin's firm shoulders but didn't push him away. Unable to reason why, he parted his mouth for more.

Ryan's cock swelled in his jeans, making it uncomfortable to stay still. What was Martin trying to do to him? All his senses were firing on red alert. His groin burned, his dick was rock hard. And then reality crashed over him. He was kissing a gay man who expected more.

*Much more.*

He pulled back and disengaged from those strong arms, straightened his shoulders and tried for a sense of decorum. He had no right to be angry, not when he'd fantasized about kissing Martin all night.

Martin stumbled back and held up his hands. "Sorry...man, sorry...it won't happen again. Too much beer...it meant nothing...forget it."

Ryan stared back, not sure what to say or do. Forget it? He didn't think so. It meant something. Before he could answer, Martin jumped into his Jeep and peeled out of the parking lot. Trying to catch his breath, Ryan watched as the tail lights faded out.

Wound too tightly for any kind of logical thought, he remained in his Porsche and tried to unscramble his brain.