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Heart Beats

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HEART BEATS

February fourteenth. One and a half months after Brian invited me to his place for the first time early Christmas morning. Big, blond, shy, and sexier than any man had a right to be, he'd opened his home to me—the rootless wanderer. He'd asked for nothing in return, my big gay Beef. He'd shown me more generosity and feeling in just a few hours than all the other men before. All's I'd done was introduce him to passion, and the ecstasy of having his ass filled beneath a cheap strand of Christmas lights.

I'd fallen in love with the bouncer the moment I laid eyes on him; he'd just been too naive to realize it. I knew he watched me with starving eyes, hungry for the guitar-playing, gritty-voiced singer. I made a tick in the lining of my guitar case every time he followed me while I busked for extra money.

He took me to his place, a welcome refuge after months of worry over my brother while he battled cancer, fed me, and brought me to bed with him on my favorite holiday of the year. I knew his soft kisses and his hard body would either be the beginning or the end of me.

It turned out to be the beginning...of us.

I'd had him every way imaginable. On his knees. Flat on his back with his thighs hiked to his chest. I'd fucked him, made love to him. I'd made a home with him here in Charleston, South Carolina, my first solid home in what felt like years. I'd traveled the rockabilly blues circuit through the southern states since the time I figured out how to strum a guitar and sing a soulful tune. I sent money back to Louisiana for my brother, enough he could enroll in college. And I only returned

when he got sick. Then I had to get more creative about how I earned a few bucks. I didn't regret my choices. I sang away the pain. And I'd been just fine, mighty damn fine until Brian 'Beef' Carroway slipped right into my heart and stole my damn breath away.

I wished he'd been my first though, as I'd been his. He was somethin' else, special as they came and rock solid too.

He still blushed every damn time I said *I love you*.

Saying all that, it wasn't always *les bons temps*. I came with baggage, the kind I'd ignored from my past. The kind stored in a unit back in N'awlins we drove to box up and bring back. Coming out to his family was another trip, one we made together to the Midwestern farmlands where he'd grown up. Papa Carroway hadn't been happy. His brothers and sister were just glad he'd found someone. The momma of this good Lutheran family met us at the airport before we flew out. She'd hugged me, loved some more on Brian, and told him to give his dad time. She'd handed him a box of homebaked strudel. Inside was a note:

Don't you take that man for granted, Brian. I could tell he loved you by the way he stood up to your father. It might not be an easy road, but it's yours. And you've got the Carroway starch in you.

My brother's slow recovery after the successful bone marrow transplant was more swampy terrain we had to slog through. I'd been torn—all the nights during Christmas week I'd stayed with him, bone-tired and wrung out from worry. Beef didn't want me shattered like that. It was a relief when Justin was released to our care. Fate did a little juju in our favor that week because the apartment

below became available. We stretched our income even more to settle him where we could keep a close eye, but having our own space was worth the dent in our wallets.

Besides, money didn't make much sense without love. I'd rather sing a tune and dance a two-step than count the pennies in my bank account.

Alone in our apartment, I waited for Beef to get home. I'd begged Jane for the night off. Jack Cottle and the Crazy Boys had better things to do than jam on stage at Mosh. At least, I did 'cause Valentine's Day was also Brian's birthday. I'd showered an hour ago, lightly stroking my shaft until my balls hummed with urgency. Edging it out, making my cock hard, the veins ropey, the skin hot, I could've busted my nut in an instant but I was saving it. I'd cleaned myself up, tidied and trimmed because Beef was gonna get his Valentine's treat, his birthday cake and cock, and he was gonna eat it too.

The door banged open. I barely finished stringing the red heart lights over our bed to replace the Christmas twinklies. I liked the holidays—Christmas, Halloween, Thanksgiving. They reminded me of a better time when momma and pop were still alive. Even though I'd lost them, I'd hung onto tradition. This time tradition came in the form of five-foot strands of bargain-priced, heart-shaped lights spreading a deep red glow over our bedroom.

Excitement sang through me when Brian called out, "Jack?"

Oh yeah, I was Jack be nimble, Jack be quick. I spread out on the bed. I had my scuffed cowboy boots on, my battered Stetson angled over my eyes. I

wore nothing else except a wicked grin. I liked to watch my man stumble and flush when he stared at my black hair, my chest, my throbbing dick.

My tongue felt heavy, my cock was hard. "Bedroom, *cher*."

His boots sounded loud on the wood floors. I imagined him throwing his leather jacket aside, loosening the button on his pants. He'd smell like smoke, beer. He hated it, but I loved the way the club clung to him. It was sweat and man and so goddamn hot.

He appeared in the doorway.

I crooked an eyebrow. My Hagstrom acoustic was slung across my groin. I strummed it.

"Holy shit." Beef dragged a hand across his mouth. "You're beautiful, baby."

"Get naked for me, birthday boy."

I played the guitar and sang under my breath, watching his eyes take me in. I liked to tease him that he'd 'beefed' me up since I'd moved in. My chest had filled in, my lanky frame a little more tough. My stomach covered by slabs of muscle he liked to suck before he licked the black treasure trail that led to the base of my cock.

"What you waitin' for, *beb*?"

"What?"

I lifted the guitar enough to give him a peek at my balls beneath. "Clothes. Gone. Now."

Beef jerked off his boots. He skimmed the skin tight fuck-hot leathers down his legs. Commando beneath, his cock thwacked his belly, the sound shimmering through me. Goddamn that body of his. He was hot as hell. Poetry in the making. Powerful muscles and so fuckin' big everywhere, so gentle in his spirit. When we made love, it seemed like he strived to get into my soul. And he did, every damn time, leaving me filled with his purity even while I spent myself inside him.

"Let me guess. You've got a cake hidden under there." A dimple played on his cheek while he threw his shirt aside.

"Not a cake. My cock." I strummed a few chords. The reverb hit my balls, tightening them. "Wanna see me come for you?"

His chest heaved. Rivulets of sweat tracked down his abdomen, wetting the golden hairs that fanned around the base of his rigid red cock.

"Yeah." Brian sat in the chair beside the bed. His breaths knocked hard against his chest. The slit of his cockhead spit out a diamond of clear fluid and he worked it in with his palm.

The sight made my nuts boil.

I licked my lips and played another few chords, humming the verse of his song, *Sunlight*.

It never failed to get him hot.

He widened his thighs. Downy with sun-spun hair, his plum-sized sac hid the secret of his taint. The hidden star I liked to tease for hours on end until he begged me to fuck him.

“Whatever you want. It’s your birthday.” I laid the guitar aside.

Teasing my rod with a light touch of fingertips, I watched Brian struggle to breathe. I splayed one hand on my abs, the other lifting the thick length off my stomach. I pointed my cock at his face as he sat across from me.

“Or maybe you want cake.”

So dark with desire they looked black, his eyes locked onto mine. “You baked?”

I gathered a palmful of pre-come and slithered it down my shaft. Brian’s gaze followed. Planting my heels on the edge of the bed, I showed him my balls, the underside of my dick. My cock pulsed in my hand when he leaned forward to breathe across my hole. His fingers gripped my ass but I pushed him back to the chair. Heat made his cheeks redder than ever.

“I baked, *beb*.” I uncovered a dish that sat at my side. The imperfect cupcakes were messy, heavy with melting chocolate frosting. Taking one in my hand, I smeared the thick, dark icing all over my cock.

“Oh, God.” He licked his lips.

The decadent rush and his reaction zinged through me. I could smell him, the scent of man mingling with chocolate. The frosting my lube, I stroked, twisting my fist. Heels on the bed I was totally open for Brian.

His dick got even harder. His hand fell to it.

“Uh uh, *cher*. That’s mine.”

Face taut with need, he growled at me. That just made me widen my legs more. I pushed my pulsing cock toward him.

“I thought it was my birthday.” Ragged breaths made his voice low and husky. “Where’s my present?”

I fell back on my elbows. My head craned aside. My hips snapped, my ass flexed and my thighs tightened. “Right here. Right here,” I groaned. With three long pumps through my fist, I erupted.

I captured my come in my palm, aching and moaning as each shot spurted out. I spread it all over my dick, finally offering it to Beef. Diving between my legs, he attacked me. He cleaned up the come and the chocolate, slurping his lips up and down my shaft. Lips messy, he filled his mouth with me, making me hard all over again. I could come all night with my man.

Every last drop licked up, Beef crawled over my body. He opened his lips to mine, savoring my taste, sharing it with me.

The hard, thick jut of his cock thrust against my stomach. I pushed him off of me, onto his knees before me. That cock was enormous, pulsating, the most beautiful I’d ever seen. Slick from pre-come dripping from the slit, the shaft shined. I deep throated him. The crown burst into my throat and I swallowed. Kneading his ass cheeks first, I moved my fingers to the crease of his thighs, teasing the damp blond hair. His spit covered hot length withdrew from my swollen lips.

His hips pumped, his dick danced along the side of my face. He kept his hands clasped behind my neck but he never face-fucked me. He seemed as entranced as I was by the way I tried to capture his cock without moving my head.

A groan rippled out of him when I glanced up. “What’d I tell you I was g’ on give your for your birthday?”

His fists balled in my hair when I licked and sucked and wetted his sacs. He tried to lift me higher but I was as stubborn as he was.

“Tell me. Or it ain’t gonna happen, *cher*.”

“Jack jizz, you said I could get Jack jizz.”

“You already done had that. So where do you wanna come?” I snuck my tongue to the damn behind his balls, adding pressure to his prostate.

“In your ass.” His hands flexed open on my head and he pushed me back.

I rolled over. “*Bien*. S’what I want too.” He’d only ever topped me once. Now I wanted him inside me, thrusting. I wanted to clamp down in him so hard his eyes spun. I wanted Brian to pour his seed into me. I rolled onto all-fours, giving myself to him.

“Jesus Christ. You prepped for me?” A rash of color spread up his chest when I looked behind me. Sweat popped out on his forehead and his arms clenched in stark relief as he grasped my ass to open me up.

I’d oiled my hole, fingered it, played with myself all night. Getting ready. Beef was big, and I wanted to take him good. One day I’d have his fist inside, in my deepest reaches, filling me to bursting.

With a sinful smile, I clasped my cheeks, slapping them. “*Oui*. But don’t worry, it’s cherry flavor, your favorite.”

“Your ass is my favorite.”

I started to laugh but sucked in a hiss when his stubble rasped my cleft and his tongue darted inside. “*Bien!* Yes!”

He groaned, digging in deep. Wet, smacking, sucking sounds came from behind me. I grabbed the headboard and shuddered all the way down my body. Riding his tongue, I arched. I had to choke my cock. I wanted to come with him inside me but the slippery lunges were so good. My pucker was so open, I practically begged for his cock to shoot off inside me.

Panting, I was dazed with need when Beef lowered me to the bed and turned me around. His hands moved slowly up my thighs. His gaze never left mine. I heard the squelch of lube he spurted over his cock. I stroked him, our fingers twining over the meaty shaft soon to be in me.

He poised at my entrance, thick head slick and ready. “Are you sure?”

“Oh wait!”

He hovered with the broad, red tip of his cock at my entrance. His arms strained and his chest heaved.

“I bought chocolates too.”

“I don’t want goddamn chocolates, I just want you.” His lips crashed into mine.

His dick aimed and arrowed. The head popped in. My ring stretched, accepting him. Everything was wet from our cocks to our chests to our hands gripping and gliding.

I wrapped my legs around his hips and sped his ingress. Fully seated, he stilled, waiting, watching. Kissing my lips, biting my shoulder, skimming fingers across my stomach until I shivered and opened.

“Oh yeah,” Brian breathed.

I clutched his back. He lifted me off the bed. The hair on his belly scoured the head of my erection until the exquisite pain of almost coming made me yell. Every time he withdrew, I gasped. With each thrust, I swore. Long and slow he glided in and out until I was at breaking point, begging to shoot my load.

“Look at me when we come,” he said.

The sheets slipped against my back. His huge body tightened above me. My neck strained but I didn't shut my eyes. Pound-pound-pound, he drove into me. Then he fisted my cock between us. The animal sounds, the primal scents, the thump of his dick inside of me made me howl. I came like never before, a hot spike shoved right through my cock as come shot across both our chests. My ass tightened on him. He was so steely hard I felt every lustful throb as he twisted above me, beating inside me. Filling me, overflowing me.

The entire bed was one big wet stain. I laughed when he sank down beside me, flinching when he landed in what appeared to be the splash zone. Lying on our sides, we cooled down. I kissed him and he smiled. He threw a leg across mine to draw me closer. His hands settled on my ass, mine on his back.

“I got you something too, Jack.”

“Oh I know you did. It's warm and dripping from my ass right now.”

He blushed, and I loved that. I ran my fingers down his chest to his thigh, playing along relaxed muscle.

“Not just that.” Pulling my hand up, he kissed my palm.

“Nothin’ wrong with that, just so you know.” I crossed my arms behind my head when he stood from the bed. *Goddamn*. The wide V-cut of his shoulders to waist, his incredibly tight ass, his sturdy thighs made my mouth dry.

He retrieved something from the inside pocket of his leather jacket. Rattling the pastel-colored box, he grinned.

“Candy hearts?” My voice was guttural from having him so far down my throat.

Brian slipped under the covers beside me. He didn’t say a word as he kissed my shoulder and opened the box. It was corny, silly, friggin’ perfect for me.

He held up one of the candies before sliding it into my mouth. *Be Mine*.

I curled my tongue around his fingertips, sucking them along with the powdery treat. His eyes dilated before he shut them. A groan rumbled through his chest.

I reached for the box and he shook one onto my palm. *Puppy Love*. I nipped his earlobe, growling. Taking it in his mouth, he grimaced while he crunched. I chuckled, popping a few more in my mouth.

I dug through the box and made him eat another. *I Love U*.

Sliding onto his lap, I kissed the confectionary pink stain from his lips. Our cocks rose between us. My hands in his hair and his on my hips, I pushed my balls against his until the moist smack of male flesh made his eyes roll.

“Want me to ride you with my candy ass, *cher*?”

“Not yet.” Tense, horned up, Brian moved me off of him. “Ah, fuck this.” He shook a fistful of candy hearts into his hand and bent over them. Tossing a few aside, he mumbled under his breath. “I know it’s in here, dammit. I watched them put it in.”

“Whatcha lookin’ for?” I reached for his wrist but he jerked away from me. “C’mon, lemme have a look.”

He finally held a candy heart up between two fingers, but it was turned around so I couldn’t see the wording. A rosy flush brightened his cheeks, his throat, his chest. “This is the one.”

“Is it?” I made a grab for it but he raised his hand higher.

He looped an arm around my waist and dragged me across him. Stroking my face, he kissed me with lips red and swollen from lust. “*You’re the one.*”

The deep color in his eyes, the hammering of his heart against me made me nuzzle his mouth. “Am I?”

He turned the heart around. *Marry Me.*

I thought my damn fool heart would crash out of my chest. Tears swam before my eyes so fast I was blinded. I swiped them clear and shook the rest of the little love candies onto the bed.

“What are you looking for?” Brian sounded hoarse.

“Ain’t there one that says *Yes?*”

“Get over here, baby.” He chewed his bottom lip.

I fell across him, scattering the remaining hearts all over the bed and onto the floor. But that didn’t matter because Brain gave me his heart, and it was all mine.

“Is that a yes?”

I moved my mouth with deliberate slowness until my sweet breath melted against his lips. He gasped, giving me the perfect opening to kiss him until he whimpered and groaned. But first, “Yes, *cher.*”

The End

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