

The Ideal Side of Life

By Blak Rayne

'Imperfect, but inescapably a love worth saving.'

Self-made entrepreneur Stephen Pritchard was given a second chance at life and love when he met Carson. However, as of late, their marriage has been anything, but ideal. Aside from the usual occupational hazards and Carson's inability to communicate emotionally, Stephen's learned marriage to a police officer, especially an attractive one, comes at a price.

While shopping in the city, Stephen and Carson unexpectedly run into Stephen's former college buddy Dudley Kramer. During the conversation, Dudley insists they attend an upcoming party at the art gallery he owns. Believing the invitation to be harmless, Stephen convinces Carson to go. But part way through the evening, he realizes Dudley's developed an unhealthy liking for his husband and the party isn't as it appears. Illegal drugs and partner swapping isn't something Stephen bargained for, and neither is the chain of events that follow. Disenchantment over the past, arguments, and a near fatal car accident suddenly puts his life into perspective.

Excerpt: (adult)

Later that night, subsequent to the consumption of a homemade seafood dinner that consisted of stuffed cannelloni and a Caesar salad, we decided to hit the hay early. We'd both had a long day.

Carson stripped, tossed his clothes in the hamper, and flopped out on his stomach, bunching a pillow between his head and arms. After the mattress stopped bouncing and he'd found his comfort zone, he muttered drowsily, "Can you cover me with the sheet?"

"Sure." Ogling his ass, I removed my tie; no matter the temperature, he always slept in the nude. As for my preference, I was a pussy; anything below sixty-five degrees and I wore pajamas. Grabbing a corner of the blanket, I separated the gray linen sheet from underneath and draped it over him.

"Thanks, baby." He yawned, hugging the pillow tighter.

"You're welcome." Removing my shirt, I dropped it on the chair. Then I kicked off my shoes and unclasped my belt buckle. I couldn't wait another second—the smooth, muscular curve of his ass under the thin sheet and the way he lay with his legs spread; he was begging to be molested. Crouching like a tiger, I moved in silence toward my target and the edge of the bed, preparing to pounce.

"If you're going to fuck me, do it quick before I fall asleep."

"Oh *come on!*" I exclaimed loudly, throwing both hands up. "How did you know? What—do you have eyes in the back of your head?"

"I didn't know," he murmured, shooting a weary glance over his shoulder. "Other than you're taking too long to undress."

"You know you're a frustrating man. Every time I try to be sneaky, you ruin it."

Snuggling the pillow again, his chuckling was muffled. "That's because you couldn't sneak if someone paid you. You're too obvious."

"I'm not obvious."

"You are. The whole point of sneaking around is to avoid getting caught."

"Why thank you for that useless tidbit of information." Sitting down hard on the bed, I pulled off a pant leg and caught the other on my heel. "Now I know I'd be a lousy jewel thief." I frowned in disgust, tossing my pants with the intention they'd land on the chair, but they hit it instead and slid to carpet. A dreary sigh seeped from my lips. I was too damned lazy to pick them up.

"Don't get upset."

"I'm not."

The bed shifted and when I looked, he'd switched around to lie on his back. The sheet did little to hide his thick erection that lay slightly bent against his left thigh. The image triggered a glorious memory of Greece...and the beach. God, we needed to fuck – no romance, just a good old-fashioned fuck.

"I ruined your fun, I'm sorry. How about I pretend you're not here?" He bent an arm over his eyes, sliding toward the end of the bed, and sank into the bedding, getting more comfortable. "How about something like this?"

When he'd moved, the top sheet had fallen away completely and his muscular torso blanketed in soft, dirty-blond hair appeared. Taking a moment to admire his body, I didn't readily answer. My cock started to swell.

"Baby, are you still there...?" he asked, the apprehension lingering in his words.

Pressing my hand into the bed, I got down low and put the head of his cock in my mouth and sucked, the tangy mix of perspiration and urine sharp on my tongue. He grunted, rutting his hips, and I dug the tip into his slit. He grunted louder, and I suckled then mouthed his balls, one after the other. Working my tongue farther down, I pried his buttocks apart, digging my chin in while moistening his perineum and rimming his hole to a sloppy wet. His reaction was instantaneous; he grinned and his cheeks flushed scarlet. Putting my other hand flat on the mattress to brace my upper torso, I inched a tad higher and kissed the trail of tapering, curly pubic hair to his belly button, his erection rubbing floppily under my chin. Letting the moisture from my lips caress his stomach to chest, his flesh became dappled in goose bumps and his nipples hardened to tiny pebbles. I flicked and nibbled on the right then switched to nip the left. When I'd finished revving him up to a satisfactory level of arousal, I reached in the nightstand drawer, felt around for the bottle of lube then shook it and squeezed a little onto my open palm.

After I'd made my cock slick, I slid two lubed fingers along the tightening crease of his sac to his hole, and carefully inserted them. His thighs spread wider

and he groaned. I played for a while, gentle then rough, ramming deep. When his groans transformed to harsh growls of uncontrolled pleasure, I knew he was teetering on the threshold. Kissing his throat, I removed my fingers, settled on top of him, touching his cock with mine.

“Just do me, baby,” he urged, slapping the right side of my ass, then squeezed. “I want to feel you.”

Rising above him for a split second, I glanced down to guide my shaft. Carson tensed somewhat, pinching his buttocks against the intrusion. But once I penetrated as deeply as possible, he relaxed, melting into a curve, and embraced me.

Normally, I was a great deal calmer, a regular Casanova, but that night I wanted straight ecstasy—to get off as fast as possible. Moving strongly, in and out, I breathed harder and faster. Our bare, sweat-coated skin slapped on contact. Minutes in, we both grunted and an extreme heat almost flash-burned my stomach. We’d both blown our loads simultaneously and his spunk had made a trail up my chest. Putting his hands to my back, he hugged my upper body and I fell onto the bed with him.

“I love you.” He kissed me everywhere excitedly, pushed me backward into the comforter, pinioned my wrists above my head, and lifted a dense, muscular leg to straddle my lap. “Now it’s my turn.”

“Huh,” I gasped, trying to catch my breath and wits. I was dazed, enjoying the fleeting tingle of euphoria.

While maintaining his vice like grip on my wrists, Carson snatched the tissue box from the nightstand. He fumbled with it, yanking out the white squares. “I’m going to make love to you,” he said, wiping us both clean with the massive wad. Then he stuffed the used tissues inside the empty box and tossed it over his shoulder.

The lust ended with Carson sleeping soundly while spooning me, and me thinking about what the notary had said. I have no idea why the living wills came to mind. After the jungle sex, I should’ve been exhausted and collapsed into a peaceful nothingness. But I couldn’t. I lay there for over an hour, staring into the dark, contemplating everything from our anniversary and Christmas, to what breed of dog I preferred, and whether I should purchase Carson a newer vehicle. Then I awoke to the alarm clock beeping.

While Carson was at work, I assembled the targets I’d bought for practice in the backyard. *Robin Hood. Eat your heart out!* Life was uneventful, for the most part. Then, something weird happened, causing a chain of events to unravel that put my fortitude to the test and altered our life together as a couple forever.

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