

Fondue Party Jade Buchanan

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Garth rolled his eyes, turning his back on his overly amorous little brother and his boyfriend. Geez, they should just get a room. Of course, he was in Rory's house, so he really shouldn't complain, but they were spending way more time exploring each others tonsils than amusing their guests. Okay, again, he was the only guest at the moment, but he thought he counted for something. Garth reach forward, grabbing up a handful of nuts and popping a few into his mouth. When they were still locked together after he swallowed, he'd had enough.

"Hey, Kit, enough already!"

Kit pulled away, sticking his tongue out at Garth. "You're just jealous that I'm getting some and you aren't."

"Getting some?" Rory asked with a smirk.

Ignoring his boyfriend, Kit sidled closer, throwing himself down onto the couch beside Garth. "Seriously, I'm sure you'll find someone here tonight. Rory invited a whole bunch of people from his classes and they're all older."

"You think I need someone older?"

"Well, older than me, Garfield! All my friends are, like, 18. I can't set you up with one of them. You'd have them in tears in about twenty minutes."

Garth frowned. "I would not. Although, if you and Matt would stop trying to set me up we wouldn't have a problem. You pick the dumbest sacks of waste, I swear." Why was he cursed with two brothers who continuously tried to set him up with men he had no interest in?

"It's not my fault! You're just a bit..."

“What?”

The doorbell rang, causing Kit to sigh with relief.

“We’re not done here, Christopher. You’re going to answer that.”

“Of course I’m going to answer that. It must be one of our guests.” He bounded off for the front door as if the hounds of hell were after him, leaving Rory and Garth sitting in the living room.

Garth stared at Rory, who was unsuccessfully trying to hide his grin.

“Seriously, man. Does he not drive you crazy? He’s got more energy than the newborn kittens in the family.”

“I love my Kitten.”

“Well, I can’t argue with that, but do you think you can tire him out some more or something?”

“What would you suggest?” Rory raised and lowered his brows, grinning.

“Nevermind. You’re both pervs. If I suggested something you’d probably do it.”

“Oooh, that sounds like Rory’s going to have to get you drunk and corner you later tonight!” Kit said, from behind Garth.

He turned to snark at his brother again, but was caught by his first sight of the man beside him. Damn... pretty didn’t do him justice. Blond waves were pulled back at the nape of his neck, haphazard strands pulling free to give him an air of nonchalance. He has the brightest eyes, a sparkling tanzanite that made Garth want to get lost inside them. He didn’t think he’d ever seen quite that mix of blue and purple in real life before. But he could tell they weren’t contacts. His keener eyesight would be able to see the line of the disc even from here and there was definitely nothing to distract from those amazing gems.

Not to even mention the fact that he was the same height as Garth and that just made him want to jump for joy. Barely topping 5’5” he constantly felt like the shrimp at every event. He couldn’t even claim twink status the way Kitten could. On Kitten and Matt, the short look was cute, but Garth’s shoulders were just a bit too wide and his wrestling years had given him too much bulk to ever be considered attractive. At least,

he didn't think he was all that. Sure, he had the same black hair and amber eyes that Kit and Matt had been born with, but he felt more like that dwarf in the LoTR movies most days, unlike his younger brothers.

Rory took up the introductions. "Garfield, I want you to meet a friend of mine. This is Fonz. Fonz, meet Garth, Kitten's older brother."

Garth stood up, shaking the other man's hand. Damn. Just damn. His skin felt like silk. And if he was a friend of Rory's chances were he was closer to 25 than 18. Which made it less pervy for the close-to-thirty Garth to leer at him.

"Garfield?" Cupid bow lips smiled, but not with a smirk the way most people did when they heard the nickname.

"Kit couldn't pronounce Garth when he was a baby, so he used to call me Garf. It just kind of expanded over time."

"Ah, gotcha. I thought for a minute there that your parents might have been a little unfair with the name."

Garth shook his head, smiling. He sat back down, gesturing for Fonz to do the same. "So, Fonz..."

"Don't do it, I beg you not to do it."

Garth laughed, knowing exactly what Fonz was talking about. "You get that a lot?"

"Seriously, it's like everyone and their dog has watched Happy Days."

"Well, I'll just leave you two alone here. Looks like everything is well in hand."

Kit bounced in place, rubbing his hands together. "I need to get back to the preparations for the NAF."

Garth waited until Rory had herded Kit over to the kitchen before turning back to Fonz. "I'm really not related to him, I swear."

Fonz laughed, the sound just about freezing Garth in place. "I was going to ask you what the heck an NAF is. I've learned to expect anything since Kit came into Rory's life. The two of them are adorable together."

"Yeah, they really are."

They fell into a silence, but it wasn't uncomfortable. He definitely wanted to take advantage of this before someone else arrived to break the spell.

"So, what is an NAF?" Fonz asked, turning to sit sideways on the couch, one leg pulled up to his chest. He leaned forward, closer to Garth. Yep, the boy was definitely giving off interested vibes. Hot damn.

"Well, it's a fondue party, but for some reason Kitten has it in his head that he can't say the word fondue, so he's calling it a not-a-fondue party. NAF."

Fonz froze, backing away. "A what?"

"What, you don't like fondue? A lot of folks don't, and that's okay. Personally, I fricking love them. I could eat fondue every night and still want more."

Fonz blushed crimson.

Liking the reaction, Garth decided to see how far he could take this.

"Seriously, there's something about fondue, that just makes my mouth water just thinking about it. All that meat... the juices running down your chin after stuffing your mouth full. And don't even get me started on what happens when you add chocolate to the mix."

Eyes wide, Fonz looked like he was having a bit of trouble catching his breath.

"Yeah, fondue is definitely the best thing I've ever eaten."

"I should tell you something."

"Yeah?"

"It's just... well... you see. My parents are a little hippyish. They spent a large amount of time in the 80s a bit high."

Not sure exactly where Fonz was going with this, Garth lifted a questioning brow.

"They couldn't quite remember when I was actually born, but they were pretty sure they knew where I was conceived, so they just picked a day and christened me with a moniker to celebrate the happy occasion."

"What, they were watching Happy Days at the time? That's a little weird, but--"

“They were at a fondue party. My full name isn’t Fonz. It’s Fondue. That’s why Kit and Rory can’t call it a fondue party because they know I wouldn’t come. I hate fondue. Can’t stand it. Who names their son Fondue?”

Garth thought back to what he’d just said and grinned when he recalled Fonz’ reaction to his words. “So, can I call you-”

“Don’t you dare!”

Holding his hands up, leaning closer to Fonz, he smiled. “I bet I could change your mind.”

“I have to go.”

Concerned, Garth stood up with Fonz. “What? Why?”

“I seriously don’t want to sit there and watch everyone else eat fon... well, you know.”

“Ah, but you don’t want to see me savor the fondue? Let the meat sit in my mouth while I suck just a bit to get the oil out?”

Face flushed, Fonz leaned in toward Garth.

“Come on, I dare you. Stay.”

“Okay...”

“I promise I’ll make it worth your while. And later...”

“Yeah?”

“I’ll show you what I can do with a bottle of chocolate sauce.”

Fonz moaned, quickly covering his mouth with his hand when he realized the sound had emerged.

Laughing, Garth grabbed Fonz’ hand, pulling the other man toward the kitchen. Yep, he was definitely getting the chocolate sauce out. After he did sinful, sinful things with the hot oil and pound of meat he intended to eat. Yes sirree, he was going to enjoy himself tonight.

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