

Bourbon Bites

Jade Buchanan

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Jimmy winced at the glare the big man shot him. It wasn't his fault his friends were all being assholes but apparently the guy was going to treat them all as one. Pity. The man was buff. Vin Diesel bald, with bulging muscles and a gaze hot enough to burn.

Now, if only he could get his friends to stop acting like frat boys in Cancun, it would all be better. He wouldn't mind having buff dude look at him under other circumstances but he had a feeling the man was lumping him in with the rest of Jimmy's friends and that just wasn't very complimentary at the moment. They were all a little excited to head to New Orleans and a few of them had started the party early.

Not drinking, though, just acting like idiots.

"Trav, stop it!" Jimmy hissed, when his friend kicked the seat in front of him. The other three were laughing and yelling beside him and Jimmy wanted to wilt in embarrassment when buff dude sent another laser glare his way.

They finally announced they were ready to board, and Jimmy gratefully stood up. Grumpy buff dude made his way to the flight attendant, handing her his boarding pass. Jimmy stood back, waiting for his friends to stop horsing around and find their own tickets.

"I don't know where I put mine. Jimmy, did I give it to you?"

Turning back to Trav, Jimmy shook his head. "You had it when we went through security. Did you put it in your pocket?"

"Which one?"

"I don't know which one. Look for it." Jimmy paused, waiting for Trav to find his boarding pass. He couldn't just leave his friends standing here while he went to find his seat.

"Christ, Pete, help your boyfriend out, will ya?"

Pete, who'd been silent the entire time Trav and their three friends had been acting like idiots, finally moved forward and started to search Trav's pockets. Jimmy looked away. Shit, he wasn't sure he wanted to share a room with the two of them anymore. It'd been awhile since he'd had a boyfriend and just the way Pete was touching Trav was nearly enough to have him whimpering in envy.

Trav finally held his ticket aloft, crowing in glory. "Found it!"

Jimmy laughed, giving the guy a shove to get him moving. He handed his ticket over, moving down the ramp to the plane. Man, this was exciting. He hadn't been on a trip in close to forever and he just knew they were going to have a blast this week.

Hell, as long as one of them didn't come back with alcohol poisoning from partying on Bourbon Street, it would all be good.

Biting his lip, Jimmy made his way down the aisle of the plane, waiting for a man to put his bag in the overhead compartment before moving forward again. He counted off the rows, finally coming to 14. Great, which was aisle and which was window again? He was 14C. Looking up from his ticket, Jimmy made eye contact with big Vin himself. Shit.

Trying to act cool, and not give away how nervous the man made him, Jimmy slinked into the seat beside Vin. Their arms and thighs brushed against each other and Jimmy had to hold still or he was afraid he might whimper. Man, the guy was massive beside him. Oh, he was definitely hitting all his buttons. Too bad he didn't seem to reciprocate the attraction.

Not that Jimmy was too surprised at that. He wasn't all that. Not that he was hideous. Just not anywhere in Vin's category.

Trav punched his arm on the way past, laughing like a lunatic while Pete just grinned behind him. Jimmy chuckled, turning it into a cough when he felt Vin look at him.

"Relax kid. I don't bite."

Jimmy jumped, swiveling in his seat to look over at Vin. "What?"

"You feel like you're going to crack from holding yourself like that. Breathe." His voice was like smooth whiskey, the soft cajun accent musical to his ears.

Exhaling loudly, Jimmy couldn't help but laugh. "Sorry, nervous flyer." He told the lie smoothly.

Vin stared back at him with intense brown eyes. "Right."

“Uh... I'm Jimmy.”

“Damien.” He held out his hand.

Hoping he didn't have sweaty palms, Jimmy reached out to touch Vin. No, Damien.

A faint scent of lemons rose up between them before his hand was engulfed. Jimmy shivered.

A wicked grin spread across Damien's face. “I hope your trip brings you everything you desire.” He stroked his thumb along Jimmy's skin, raising goosebumps.

Guh. A shaft of heat hit Jimmy square in the stomach before spreading across his body, like he'd just downed a shot of Bourbon. Uh oh. His dick rose to the occasion, making him squirm again but this time to avoid the uncomfortable press of himself against his blasted zipper.

Damien chuckled, causing Jimmy to duck his head.

“Oh, yes. I think you are going to enjoy yourself, immensely.”

Strangely enough, the words made Jimmy feel both protected and inflamed. Shit, they hadn't even left home yet and he was already having the best vacation of his life. It could only get better, right?

Jimmy groaned, rolling over in bed. His mouth felt like something had died inside and his head was aching. Oh, not good. Not good at all.

“Jimmy!”

Grabbing his head before it careened right off his shoulders and splatted on the floor, Jimmy let out a heartfelt moan. Oh man, something smelt good. Coffee. Where was the coffee?

“Jimmy boy, where'd you go last night? You dead?”

No, he just felt like he was. Finally squinting his eyes open, Jimmy stared up into the bright blue eyes of his friend, Trav. “Wha happen'd?”

“You bailed on us. We figured you were still alive since we found you when we came back to the hotel but you're an ass for leaving. Where'd you go?”

Where'd he go? He was with his friends the whole night. Wasn't he? Trying to rack his brain, Jimmy kept coming up with a blank. What the hell? Surely he wasn't stupid enough to go wandering off alone on Bourbon Street. How'd he get back to the hotel? He couldn't remember a dang thing.

Gingerly sitting up, Jimmy accepted the cup of liquid gold from Pete. The man wisely stayed silent, letting Trav talk. Of course, Pete looked a little worse for wear himself. "What time'd you guys get in last night?" He sipped the coffee, groaning as it went straight to his aching head.

"I don't know, it was after midnight. Early night for us. Even earlier night for you, buddy," Trav said.

"I left?"

"You don't remember?" Pete asked.

"Man, I have no idea what happened. I remember drinking three hurricanes at Pat O's, then we had the rum and coke."

"Then the cherry bombs."

"Right. Cherry bombs. Shit, Everclear is not my friend." He placed the mug carefully on the bedside table and grabbed his head again. "There was something else after that, wasn't there?"

"I remember shots, but the rest is a bit fuzzy. I got tanked. Can't even remember what places we went into. Everclear is noone's friend, man." Trav threw himself down on the other bed in the room. "There was something about a lifeguard, wasn't there? Did I miss the lifeguard?"

A flash of dark eyes. Jimmy remembered dark eyes. A soothing cajun accent.

"The lifeguards were at that beach bar, remember Trav? Well, you couldn't have been too drunk, Jim. I think someone got laid last night." Pete said, dropping down to the ground. "You're lucky Trav and I are sharing a bed. You were bare assed nekkid when we got home last night. Sheet barely around your waist."

What. The. Hell?

Naked? He was naked? Snatching the sheet up, he glanced down at his very naked body. Okay then. Laid? Had he gotten laid? Moving gingerly, he realized he was definitely

feeling the effects of something. "Why'd you think I was with someone and not just... you know?"

"Having a little party with Mr. Fist? Well, we found this and I know it ain't yours." Trav held up a black silky looking handkerchief, balling it up and pitching it at Jimmy.

A sweet scent drifted up from the handkerchief. Lemons? Mixed with a deep smoky cigar? A scene popped into his head, him stumbling along and being caught in hard arms before he could faceplant on the ground. Bodies moving together beneath the scratchy hotel sheets. Being held down by a much stronger man but feeling so incredibly safe. Teeth. He remembered teeth. Scraping along his body, nibbling his toes, sucking marks along his cock.

Holy shit. He'd brought a stranger back to the hotel? Nah. Couldn't be. Jimmy swung his legs off the bed, careful to keep the sheet bunched around his waist. His ass was a tiny bit tender, making him think something really had happened last night. Not sore, really, just a twinge to let him know he'd had a good time and would be thinking about it all day. He really wished his memory wasn't so fuzzy, though.

"Huh, what happened to your foot?" Pete bent over, squinting.

Jimmy glanced down, frowning at the sight of two perfectly round scrapes spaced neatly apart on the top of his right foot, in front of his toes. Well, that was weird. He wiggled his toes, suddenly getting a picture of the dark eyed man. He'd never met someone with a foot fetish before. But, what was up with the scrapes?

"So, who's up for going out again tonight? Only a few more days left in NOLA, boys." Trav moved into the bathroom, his voice drowned out by running water. "It'll take us half the day to recover but we should be fine tonight to start all over again."

Wiggling his toes again and feeling an echo of teeth biting into his skin, Jimmy nodded. "Yeah. I think that's a good idea. Maybe let's steer clear of alcohol, though." He wondered who his mystery man was. If he'd see him again.

Only one way to find out.