

Fondue for Two Jade Buchanan

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“Who’s my Daddy? Rory!”

“Son of a bitch!” Garth stepped back, slapping his hand to the door jamb, not at all amused by the loud and horny voice that had shouted that lovely exclamation from inside his little brother’s house.

Beside him peals of laughter let him know that at least someone was enjoying themselves. Garth glared over at the offender, momentarily distracted by the sight of the very pretty man beside him. Fonz lifted his hand, trying vainly to stop laughing, but it was way too late.

Covering his eyes, Garth stepped inside the entrance of the townhouse, stopping the minute he crossed the threshold. “Both of you better damn well have clothes on, and one of you better not be touching my baby brother!”

Why had he agreed to this? Why did he have to move in with Kit? Why, for all that was holy, had his brother decided to seduce his boyfriend here instead of next door where the fucking man lived? And he was absolutely not going to think of Rory and the word fucking, because it started to bring up very unwanted images of his little brother in the arms of his seven years older lov... shit... boyfriend.

Of course, he couldn’t really complain about Rory dating his younger brother when there was a wee bit of an age difference between the nearly thirty Garth and his teensy bit younger boyfriend, Fonz. It wasn’t the same thing at all. There were only six years between them, after all, not seven.

“Does it count if I’m the one not touching myself?” Kit’s too-amused voice sounded from the living room, a soft giggle followed by a few muttered curses letting

him know that he had nearly walked in on something that would have scarred him for life.

“Not funny, Kitten. Geez, doesn’t Rory have his own place next door? Why aren’t you over there?”

“Because he ran out of-”

“Uh, uh, uh! I don’t care what he ran out of. Don’t you dare say the words.”

A gentle hand touched the side of his face. “You going to live?” Fonz snickered.

Opening his eyes, Garth arched a brow at his own lovely boyfriend, meeting those purple-blue tanzanite eyes. “I’m disturbed that you find this so hilarious.” They’d only been together as a couple for a couple of weeks, but he’d loved every minute of it, even when Fonz was being his sarcastic self. Actually, that was part of what Garth liked so much about him.

Fonz grinned, brushing back his blond locks where they escaped his pony tail. “Seriously, you should have seen your face. Besides, I think I can make it up to you.”

“Hmph. I’m going to hold you to that, Fonz. Anything I want?” He wiggled both brows now.

“Why do I get the feeling you already have something planned?”

“Oh, I don’t know. I’m innocent.”

“He says with a straight face.”

Garth laughed, pulling Fonz closer to kiss those sweet lips of his, glad as always they were nearly the same height. Garth topped a whopping 5’5” and his lovely one was just an inch and a bit shorter.

“Okay, we’re decent,” Kit screamed from the other room.

Sighing, Garth pulled away, pressing a kiss to the side of Fonz’ neck. “I’m going to kill him one of these days.”

“How much longer are you staying with him?”

Garth shrugged, not sure of the answer. It wasn’t his fault that he had to bunk over at his brother’s house, even though it made him feel like an idiot. His apartment building had decided to go condo, so he’d had to leave. The place hadn’t been worth

switching his rent into mortgage payments and the prices in Calgary were still a little too high for him. His parents had offered to pitch in the way they had with Kit's place, but he wanted to do it himself. Instead, Kit had offered him a room while he looked. Which brought him to this morning, bringing his boyfriend home, only to interrupt his brother and his boyfriend.

Fonz lead the way into the living room, greeting Rory and chatting with the other man while Garth glared at Kitten.

"Oooh, Garfield, did you two have plans today?" Kit wiggled his brows, putting a little too much wiggle into his hips at the same time. Geez, his brother was a little too much like a curious kitten some days.

"Maybe."

"Did you have special plans today?"

Garth snorted, rolling his eyes.

"You did! You did! I know that sound. And that look. You're about to get lucky!"

"Geez, Kitten. Indoor voice, please!" He glanced over, spying both Rory and Fonz trying not to laugh and realized it was a little too late to try and keep Kit quiet. Well, not as if Fonz didn't know what he was planning on doing, and Rory wouldn't care anyway.

"Fine, Garfield. We're leaving. Rory's place is just as nice as this one, and we now have that..." Kitten paused, snickering when Garth aimed a death glare at him. "That stuff that will go nameless."

"Hmph."

Kit stood up, picking up something from the floor and handing it to Garth. "Here, you might need this." With a cheeky grin, he sauntered out of the room, his rueful boyfriend following silently behind him.

Fonz paced over, glancing down at his hands. "What'd he give you?"

Turning the bottle over, Garth grinned when he spied the chocolate body paint. "Hmm... looks like I get to claim my prize. You did say anything, right?"

"I thought you already had something in mind."

“Yeah, but plans change. Heck, I’m a cat, I pretty much do whatever I want anyway.” Garth grinned.

He still couldn’t believe Fonz had taken the news the same way that Rory had... they both were thoroughly unfazed by the news that Garth, Kit and their brother Matt turned a little furry on occasion. It helped that both men were studying cultural anthropology, Rory focusing on supernatural beliefs in industrial societies and Fonz focusing his masters on the growth of supernatural elements within literature. Hell, Garth had heard them debate myth minutia enough times that he was starting to think his family were the normal ones.

He wasn’t going to complain, though, since Rory was the one who introduced Fonz and Garth, so they could talk about whatever they wanted until the cows came home.

He’d never felt this way about anyone. He wasn’t sure where their relationship was going, but in the meantime Garth was certainly enjoying himself. And yes, he was more than ready to move to the next level.

“So... now that we’re all alone... you planning on using that?”

“You know, I never did get to have my chocolate Fondue.”

“Oh, no... we are not doing that. You know how I hate that!” Fonz backed up, throwing his hands out.

Unable to keep his laughter in, Garth advanced on the other man, holding the body paint in front of him. “Come on, chocolate Fondue is the absolute best, it just melts in your mouth, all ooey and gooey and lovely and mmmm... oh yeah.” His voice deepened, a low growl making it’s way out of his chest. Right at that moment, Garth sounded more like a big jungle cat than the housecat he shifted into.

Freezing, Fonz gasped.

“Oh yeah, get your delectable ass over here, babe. I’m in the mood for dessert.”

Not giving Fonz a chance, Garth whipped out his arm, catching the other man and pulling him in close. He nuzzled the swanlike neck, brushing aside the silky strands

escaping from Fonz' pony tail. God, the man tasted clean, fresh, a hint of citrus bursting on his tongue.

Garth licked along the trembling tendon, moaning as the unique taste of Fonz filled his senses. He inhaled the scent of citrus and basil, letting Fonz fill him up, grateful for his enhanced senses like never before. Tightening his hold, Garth purred, his chest vibrating with the sawing sound.

Fonz whimpered, pressing closer, undulating his body, rubbing it against Garth. Running his palms down the other man, he was barely aware of the clank of the bottle hitting the ground, only wanting to touch more, needing to feel skin under his hands.

Rucking up Fonz' shirt, Garth heard a seam tear and ignored it, unable to slow down now that his head was filled to bursting with the memory of sparkling tanzanite. Moving away just far enough to drag Fonz' shirt up and over his head, Garth let the fabric fall to the ground. He ran his palms down bare skin, purring at the sight and feel of blond fur covering the pale skin. What could he say... he liked his men with a bit of texture and Fonz' body definitely provided him with a playground of delights.

Needing to see the other man's eyes, Garth lifted his head, glorying in the sight of Fonz with his head tipped back, eyes closed. Nosing his cheek, Garth inhaled deeply, letting that fresh scent fill him again. He rubbed along Fonz' face, memorizing each curve and dip, scent marking the other man. Mine, he thought, rumbling deeply.

He let out a throaty purr, lifting Fonz and slowly lowering him to the floor. Fonz gasped, tilting his head back submissively, baring his throat.

"Open your eyes," Garth panted.

Blinking slowly, purple-blue gems gazed up at him, a wordless plea filled Fonz' eyes.

Letting a wicked smirk curve his lips, Garth held Fonz' gaze, reaching out and picking up the fallen body paint. He opened the lid, bittersweet chocolate mixing with the scent of Fonz, urging him on. Garth tipped the jar, letting smooth sweet goodness drip down onto the bare chest below him. He lowered his head, licking up the drops of chocolate, taking in Fonz' essence and loving it.

“Mmm... chocolate Fondue, my new favorite treat. Let’s see where else we can put this.”

He reached for the snap of Fonz’ jeans, quickly pulling the offending material off his man, baring him completely. “Naughty boy. Where’s your underwear?”

Fonz chuckled, the sound turning into a moan when Garth palmed his naked cock. “Can’t stand the stuff.”

“Yippee for me.” He smiled at the feel of the smooth velvety flesh that more than filled his hand. His man was definitely a big boy for his size. Again, yippee for Garth. Looked like someone definitely answered his prayers.

Fonz nudged the bottle of body paint, letting out a whimper.

“You want something, babe?”

“Please, Garfield.”

“Oh, not even funny, Fondue.”

Letting out a full body laugh, Fonz nudged the paint again. “Pretty please.”

“How can I say no to that?” Grinning, Garth tipped the jar again, letting it drip out onto the jutting proof of how much Fonz was enjoying himself. Without pausing, he again lowered his head, letting his tongue glide across Fonz’ cock, swiping over the glans, licking up the first drops of pre-come along with delectable chocolate.

Fonz shuddered, his back arching, hips shifting. Garth held him in place with one hand on Fonz’ hip, fingers digging in, unable to relax. He loved the taste of Fonz. His scent was stronger here, a hint of musk combining with the citrus and basil that made up his base scent, making Garth’s head spin. He could get drunk off Fonz, his synapses overloading. His very own version of catnip, drugging him in pleasure.

“Your turn,” Fonz whispered, lifting one hand to run it along Garth’s side.

Geez, he’d nearly forgotten about himself. Garth wasted no time in shucking his clothes, letting his nude body come down fully on top of Fonz. He moaned as that hair roughed chest rubbed against his own, glad again that they were nearly the same height when their cocks bumped each other with every slow, sensuous roll of Garth’s body. He couldn’t wait, he wanted to come just like this, filling his head with the scent of Fonz,

letting the sweet taste of him linger on his tongue. Feeling that body rub off against him, using Garth to find his release.

Fonz seemed to be in perfect agreement. They both gasped, lost to the pleasure of just moving against each other, hands sliding over sweat-slicked skin, their scents stronger now, more concentrated, mixing together until Garth was near to passing out from the pleasure they were exuding from their pores. Every drop of sweat from Fonz' skin was scented with his need, tangy citrus, cool basil, hot musk... oh, more. he needed more... needed Fonz, needed...

With a shuddering gasp, Garth let his release roll over him, spurting in pulsing jets between their bodies. The scent of his come filled the room, making him yearn for Fonz to follow him into relief. Within seconds he had his wish. Fonz cried out, shaking, his sweet cream jetting against Garth's skin, marking him.

Garth panted, smoothing his hands down Fonz' skin, soothing the other man. They were both trembling, breath ragged. He inhaled deeply, near head-drunk as the tang of Fonz' release filled his nostrils and burst along his senses.

"Who's my Daddy?" Fonz whispered, running his nails up Garth's hips.

"Okay, seriously, not funny. But... shit... don't stop."

Fonz chuckled, ducking his head and nibbling on Garth's shoulder. "You love it."

"Hmph." Maybe. He wasn't going to admit it, though. Never, never. Well, okay, unless Fonz kept touching him like this... then he might break down. Smiling, Garth closed his eyes, tightening his grip on Fonz just a bit more. He wasn't letting this one get away. Not a chance.

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