

# Stripping Conventions

## Jade Buchanan

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James nervously smoothed a palm down his chest, peering out through the split in the curtain. He hadn't exactly wanted to come here, but he didn't have much of a choice. It was his and his sister's twenty-fifth birthday, and she was bound and determined that they spend it together.

Sure, like going to the male strippers with his twin sister was going to be a ton of fun. He'd rather claw his eyes out. Well, technically, he'd rather be here by himself without his sister, but beggars couldn't be choosers.

Unfortunately, no one had thought to tell her that men weren't allowed in the main room. So instead of being down with his sister and all her girlfriends, James was stuck up here. In a room full of cranky men. Great. He bet none of these guys were gay. Wasn't it just his luck?

At least the rest of the night had been fun. He'd never really hung out with Cynthia and her friends before, at least not since elementary school. They just had different tastes. James preferred sports so he'd hung out with the jocks in school. Cynthia was really more into arts. She'd played clarinet in the marching band all through high school and the majority of her friends were band geeks. Not that he'd ever say that to her, though. She'd try to beat the hell out of him if he even hinted the word geek.

Hell, at least she'd gone to all his football games in high school. If she hadn't been forced to be there in order to play at halftime, she'd never have gone.

By the time they reached university, they didn't exactly fit in with each other's groups. James was getting his Kinesiology degree, and Cynthia had gone into Economics. Once again, they just gravitated to different areas. James had his own group of friends and Cyn had hers.

They were closer than most siblings he knew, and they did end up doing things together, but this was the first time in a very long time that he'd spent an evening with Cyn's friends. They were actually kinda cool.

Except for the wacko who'd gotten her a blow-up pink chair with a fucking dildo in the middle. He

had no idea who'd done that, she'd opened the package without saying who it was from. They'd all laughed though, encouraging her while she blew it up.

He'd sat in the corner of the room while her friends gave Cyn the rest of her presents, blushing when half of them turned out to be sex related. Must be the difference between men and women. Hell, his friends would never give him a sex toy for his birthday. Come to think of it, his friends hadn't given him anything for his birthday.

The only gifts he'd received this year had been from his parents. Even Cyn hadn't given him anything. Although, to be fair, she did say his present was coming later. Something he'd enjoy immensely. He'd have to see. They didn't share the same tastes. If he didn't know they were twins he would have questioned their relationship. It was like they were from two completely different families.

The music started, drawing him out of his musings. He glanced at the stage, trying to find Cyn and her friends in the crowd. There. They'd gotten a table close to the stage, and the women looked like they were well on their way to being piss-assed drunk. They were screaming and waving their hands in the air.

Good lord, maybe it was a good thing he was stuck up here and not down there with them.

“So you got dragged here tonight or you picking up women?”

James looked up at the voice, spying the greased-up thin guy beside him. He shook his head, not wanting to get into a conversation here.

“Trust me, once the show's over, those girls just go wild. I always come here on ladies night, you wouldn't believe how many so-called ladies are dying to give it up after watching guys take their clothes off.” He snickered, and James had to fight the urge to curl his lip.

“Hmmm.” He turned back to the stage, peering through the split in the curtain. They were sitting in some sort of mezzanine, and he actually had a great view of everything going on downstairs. They'd put up a privacy curtain so the men didn't have to watch the strippers, but he noticed there were more than a few guys peeking. Probably making sure their honeys didn't get too touchy-feely with the naked men.

Not that the men were completely naked. He thought Cyn said something about them keeping on their g-strings. He couldn't wait. Really. A bunch of oiled up male strippers? Yeah, this might be fun after all.

The first dancer appeared on stage. Although, calling him a dancer was being way too generous. He bumped and grinded just fine, but he had absolutely no rhythm. He wasn't even close to being in time

with the music. Didn't seem to matter too much to the ladies, though. They went absolutely wild. When the dancer came close to the tables, the women practically attacked him, running their hands down his body and sticking bills in his tiny excuse of a g-string.

Good lord, at this rate, he was never going to stop blushing. Was that his sister trying to lick the guy's chest? James groaned.

"Yeah, buddy, told you. The girls just go wild."

James sighed, turning so his back was to Mr. Grease Monkey. He had absolutely no interest in the jerk. He made a mental note to warn his sister and her friends away from the guy, just in case.

Three more dancers took their turn on the stage, and James was beginning to get bored. They all danced the same. And they looked ridiculous with their army boots and tiny thongs. Seriously, was this what women found attractive? They were too muscular, too fake. He wasn't into this at all.

James turned, meeting the waitress' gaze. Raising his glass for a refill, he turned back to the curtain just as the music changed to signal the next act.

A man walked on stage, and instantly James was hooked. He was barely aware of his beer being replaced and his empty being taken away. The man started to sway in time to the music. He was wearing some kind of military uniform. It might be a cliché, but still... whoa, it worked for him.

He wasn't all that big, but it looked like he took care of himself. Hard to tell while he still had his clothes on, though. Thick brown hair covered his head, cut into a shaggy mop that touched his shoulders. His bangs partially covered his eyes. Damn, he wanted to know what colour they were. When he flicked his head, James could see his eyes were closed. He was obviously into it.

He shimmied and James moaned. Embarrassed, he turned to see if anyone was paying attention to him.

When the man took off his shirt, James just about swallowed his tongue. Lean muscles danced and moved, shiny with whatever oil he'd slathered on before coming out to the stage.

Leaning forward, James placed his hands on the balcony. Snarling slightly, he pushed the curtain open further, needing to see.

The man's pants were next, pulled off with one quick move. Wow, his legs were... wow. When he turned, James panted, wanting to run his tongue down that muscular back, over the round cheeks of his ass that were covered by tiny shorts. No, he wanted in that ass. Wanted to fuck it while the man shimmied and moaned underneath him.

He needed to get a grip. He was panting over a guy who took his clothes off for a living. And seeing as the guy was here showing off his goods in front of women, he didn't think the dancer would be interested in anything James had to offer.

The guy was making his rounds now, going out into the audience to collect his earnings. James wanted to snarl when a red-haired bitch ran her nails down the stripper's stomach, leaving behind a line of red marks. That skank needed to keep her hands to herself.

Moving back to the stage, James noticed a commotion near the corner where the steps were. There was his sister, the woman he was going to kill at the end of the night. She was waving what looked like a twenty at one of the bouncers. With a smirk, he took her money, and suddenly the dancer was there helping her onto the stage.

“What the fuck?”

“Woohoo, you don't get to see this much. I love when the ladies get to go up there. You're going to love this.” Grease Monkey was back.

No, James thought, he was going to hate this. His sister was running her hands down his man. Touching him, laughing with him. What the hell? This so wasn't fair. Cyn reached down, grabbing his tiny shorts and pulling them down his long legs. Jesus!

The man laughed at something Cyn said, placing a hand on her head. Oh, good lord, James wanted to be her. Wanted so badly to be the one taking his shorts off. Her mouth was so close to his cock, it wouldn't take much to just lean forward a tiny bit...

Cyn finally got the shorts off, waving them over her head like a fucking war prize. The man snatched them back, shimmying around in just his g-string now. Cyn gave him a kiss, walking back down the stairs to take her seat. She glanced up before she sat down, meeting James' gaze. Blowing him a kiss, Cyn giggled.

James shook his head, snorting when that only made her laugh harder.

Finally the man was done, waving to the crowd as he walked off stage. He hated to see him go, but James was hard enough to drill diamonds right now and if he saw the man dance for much longer he might just come in his pants. He needed a breather.

Skirting the men standing closer to the curtain, he practically ran down the stairs, nodding to the bouncer as he pushed his way outside. Breathing deeply, he tried to get his mind off the dancer. Christ, what was wrong with him?

“If you’re going back inside, might want to do it now. The stripper’s are finished and they’re opening the main floor up to the men.” The bouncer’s deep voice echoed in the alcove James was standing in.

Nodding his thanks, he went back into the stifling heat of the club. Might as well find Cyn and tell her he was going home. He wouldn’t be able to sit around and watch all the straights hook up tonight. As much as he wanted someone to go home with he wasn’t the type of person to try and pick up a guy in a bar. Besides, Cyn had told him many times his gaydar was dysfunctional. It practically took a guy taking his clothes off in front of James for him to realize he was being hit on.

He hadn’t been with too many guys. It’d been pretty hard when he was in high school and the three relationships he had in University were short and to the point. Now that he’d graduated and was out working he didn’t have that much time to try and find someone to have a relationship with.

It didn’t help that he spent all day, almost every day, touching men as part of his job. Muscular men, athletes... just like that stripper in there. Christ, he’d like to touch him.

He pushed his way through the over-excited women, trying to find Cyn. Finally he made it to their table, grabbing her around the neck the minute he came up to them.

“You didn’t tell me there was touching, Pest.”

She laughed, high-pitched and joyous. “Wasn’t that a blast? When Mark told me he was here tonight I just knew we had to come.”

“Mark? Who the hell is Mark?”

“That guy I went on stage with. Isn’t he absolutely gorgeous?”

James nodded, realizing he couldn’t say anything else. He was too afraid of what would come out of his mouth if he tried to talk. Yeah, the man was gorgeous. Just his luck, the guy he lusted after was straight and apparently had something going with his twin sister.

Life sucked.

“Hey, babe. Thanks for coming!”

James turned to see the now-completely-dressed stripper grab his sister in a full body hug. They kissed each other on the cheek, grinning madly. God, he was even cuter up close. His eyes fucking sparkled, the blue so deep James felt like he could get lost in it.

Cyn turned toward him. “Mark, you have to meet James.”

“The brother! Glad you came.” Mark grinned, showcasing his dimples.

James’ dick perked up, definitely interested. “Hey.” He nodded, unable to think of something else to say.

Mark was staring at him, a slight smirk twisting his red, full lips. James turned to look at Cynthia, unable to meet Mark’s gaze without giving something away. If this was who Cyn wanted to be with, he was happy for her. Really. Now he should leave before he got struck by lightning.

“Hey, you guys want to get out of here?” Cyn bounced in place.

James frowned. “I thought you wanted to stay, party it up?”

Mark and Cyn shared a secret smile. “Nah, I want to get home. Hey, I know! Let’s go back to my place and play a few games. Mark, you just have to see this chair I got. It’s pink and plastic and has this massive pink dildo sticking up from the middle.”

Mark raised a brow. James hated when people did that. It was so sexy and he couldn’t do it to save his life. It should be outlawed. Although, damn it was sexy when Mark did it. “What exactly are you planning on doing with that chair?”

“How about we play toss the hooker on the chair? Mandy got me a blow up doll. We can take turns throwing the doll onto the chair. Closest one wins a prize.”

“For your information, I’m a stripper, not a hooker. Although that blowing part sounds real good, sugar.”

James blushed crimson, gaping at the younger man. “Are you serio--”

Mark grinned, lifting his hand to place it over James’ mouth. “I was joking.”

“Right, of course. Yeah.”

“He’s cute when he’s flustered, Cyn.”

Cyn – the traitor – laughed uproariously. James smacked her arm, hissing at her to shut up. It was bad enough he was stiff over his sister’s apparent boyfriend. He didn’t need them to make fun of him for it.

Mark took pity on him, turning to Cynthia. “Tell me again why Mandy got you a blow up doll? Male

or female?”

“Female, and wouldn’t you know she’s the ugliest thing I’ve ever seen.” They started laughing again and James couldn’t take another second.

“I need some air, Cyn.”

She frowned, concerned. “You okay, Jamie?”

“Fine, I just need some air.”

Nodding, Cynthia turned to her friends. “Hey, everyone, we’re leaving now. If you’re not outside in five, I’m leaving you behind.”

James didn’t wait around to hear their replies. Pushing his way outside, he nodded to the bouncer again. Walking to the nearest cab, he bent down to look through the passenger window, resting his hands on the open window frame.

A low heated groan sounded behind him. James figured it was some guy getting sick, and he had to stop himself from turning around. He hated it when people got sick in front of him. He hurled in sympathy every time.

“How many will you let in?” he asked the cabby.

“Small?”

“Yeah, fairly. Bunch of skinny girls and two guys. It’s my sister’s birthday. We’re not far, maybe fifteen minutes at the most.”

“I’ll fit five, but you’ll be squished. No more than that or I’ll get in trouble.”

James smiled, turning back to see Mark standing alone behind him. He couldn’t tell in this light, but it kind of looked like Mark was staring at his ass. “Good news, we can fit five together. It’ll be tight, but should be okay.”

“I’ll just bet it’ll be tight,” Mark murmured.

“What?”

“Nothing. I’ll go see what’s keeping Cyn.”

James shook his head, getting into the front seat beside the driver. “Thanks, man. Really appreciate it.”

Mark was back outside in less than a minute. James frowned when he realized the man was alone. Tapping on the door, Mark bent down. “Why don’t you sit back here with me? Cyn’s still rounding up ladies, so she said we should go ahead by ourselves.”

“Oh, okay. Maybe I should just go talk to her.” James undid his seatbelt, getting out of the car.

“Nah, she said it was okay. Trust me.”

“I don’t --”

Cynthia stuck her head out of the door, waving to him. “Go ahead, I’ll be right behind you guys. Vicki’s in the bathroom.”

Reluctantly, James got into the backseat beside Mark. He gave the cabby the address, sitting silently while they pulled away from the curb.

“Your first time?”

James swivelled around, confused. “What?”

“Was that your first time at the strippers?”

“Male, yes.” He felt like a jerk, but he honestly couldn’t think of anything to say to Mark.

“Whoa, you’ve been to the female strippers? I thought you were gay?”

“How did... what are you... what?”

Mark blushed, turning to look out the other window. “Cyn mentioned it.”

“I see.” He clenched his teeth.

A slim hand landed on his thigh, grabbing his attention. “It wasn’t like that. I’ve been friends with Cyn for years. You probably don’t know who I am, but we went to high school together. Anyway, I think she mentioned it once, something about you going out on a date. We weren’t spreading gossip or anything. I promise.”

James turned to look at him again. “Have we met? I don’t remember you.”



“Yeah, you probably wouldn’t. I was a year behind you guys, but I knew Cynthia through band. I never went to your house or anything so I only really saw you in the halls. It wasn’t until we graduated that Cyn and I became closer. By then, you and Cyn weren’t really hanging out with the same people.”

James couldn’t believe he’d ever looked past this guy. He was absolutely gorgeous and was everything James would want in a boyfriend. At least, looks wise. He didn’t know anything about his personality.

“So, you and Cyn been together for long?”

Mark choked, coughing. Alarmed, James tried to pat him on the back but Mark pushed his hand away. He couldn’t figure out what to do for him.

“What did you just say?” Mark’s voice was hoarse.

“Uh, you and Cyn?”

“Hell, no! There’s no... I don’t... yeah, this is about as hard as she said it would be.”

The cabby interrupted, “Boys, here’s your stop.”

Mark got out quickly, standing on the curb. James paid the cab driver, getting out of the car more slowly. He couldn’t figure out why he didn’t insist on going home. He only lived a block away, Cyn and he had bought condos in the same neighbourhood so they could be close to each other. He couldn’t leave Mark though, not when Cyn wasn’t here. How rude would that be? Besides, he desperately wanted to know what Mark meant by that comment.

Unlocking Cyn’s door, he ushered Mark in front of him, turning on the lights as they went further inside.

Mark turned, crossing his arms. “Look, I’m just going to come right out and say this since Cyn said you can be a little dense sometimes.”

James scowled. “Yeah, and starting with that is really winning you points with me. FYI, most guys don’t like to be called dense.”

“Yeah, but I think it’s cute on you, and you’re going to forgive me for saying it.”

“Am I?”

“Hell, yes.”

Snorting, James went into the kitchen and grabbed a beer from the fridge. Turning, he noticed Mark had followed him in. When he waved the beer, the other man nodded, so he grabbed a second.

They wandered back into the living room, currently the showroom for a ton of really weird and embarrassing sex toys. Sure, when he first saw it, James may have looked twice at the size of the cock on that pink chair, but now he was absolutely mortified to be sitting here with Mark in front of that thing.

“Tell me again why I’m forgiving you?” He sprawled on the couch, waiting for Mark’s reply.

Mark stood in front of him, passing his beer from hand to hand. “You’re going to forgive me because I’m going to do something to make up for my comment.”

He waved his hand imperiously. “Go ahead, do something.”

Mark smirked, turning and walking directly to the stereo behind him. James sat up straight, confused. The music that came on was slow and sensual, with a rhythmic beat to it. He swallowed, studying the beer he held in his hands.

He was embarrassed to admit his hand was shaking when he raised the bottle to his lips.

Mark placed his untouched beer on the shelf, turning back to face James. He’d started to sway with the music, back and forth. “Tell me to stop.”

“What?”

“If you don’t want this, tell me to stop. Now.”

“Want what?”

The side of Mark’s mouth twitched, before a playful smile bloomed across his face. “Did you like seeing me dance? I bet you did, going by the size of that bulge in your jeans. Would you like a more... personal... show?”

He swallowed hard, desperately hoping this was what he thought it was. “Oh, please, yes...”

“That’s what I thought. Cyn told me you were slow, but I bet that comes in handy when you’re... having fun.”

James panted, his jeans suddenly more than a little tight. There was so much feeling loaded into those two words he almost couldn’t believe this was really happening to him.

Mark started to move, bringing his hands up to run them down his chest. He rocked his hips, peeling his tee shirt off, letting it drop to the ground beside him.

“Cyn wanted to wish you a happy birthday. She wanted me to help her pick something out.”

James was barely paying attention to Mark’s words. He was more concerned with the way Mark was playing with his zipper, running his fingers up and down the metal teeth. He was definitely interested; his cock was tenting the jeans until it looked like he might have trouble getting them off.

He wouldn’t have any trouble getting James off, though. Christ, he was so primed he could go any minute. Not a great testament to his lasting powers, but he’d never met anyone as appealing as Mark.

“Baby, you paying attention?”

He jerked, surprised to see Mark standing beside the pink chair. “Happy birthday from Cyn.”

“What?”

Mark dropped to his knees, touching the pink chair. “The chair’s yours. She bought it for you, although I admit I picked it out. You should have seen her face when I gave her the package. Anyway, she thought you might be embarrassed so she opened it up with all her friends there to see what your reaction would be. If you didn’t like it she wasn’t going to give it to you. And then she wanted to see what your reaction to me would be.”

“You?”

“Hell, yeah. She’s been trying to set us up for months. You didn’t know that?”

“Apparently I’m really dense. I’ve been a little preoccupied with work.”

“Hmm, you’re an athletic trainer, right? For the hockey team here?”

James nodded.

“So you like to touch naked men?” He laughed, wiggling his eyebrows.

James rolled his eyes, ignoring that comment. He licked his lips, trying to figure out how to get back to their original conversation. “If she wanted to set us up all she had to do was let me watch you dance.” He blushed at the confession, but he figured since Mark was being so honest it was time for him to return the favor.

“You liked?”

“I just about came in my pants. I also just about scratched the eyes out of that red-haired skank who scratched you.”

Mark beamed, looking wholly innocent for a moment. Then he caressed the pink dildo with the fingers of his left hand and ruined the whole image. Now he just looked sinful.

“Come here.”

James shook, standing up uneasily and moving closer to Mark. Mark pulled him down beside the chair, leaning in and caressing the sides of his face. James stared into those mesmerizing blue eyes, completely lost.

He didn't know who moved first, but the kiss was out of this world. He moaned into Mark's mouth, leaning into his touch. Wrapping his arms around Mark, he ran his palms up and down the muscular back he'd admired before. The man was simply amazing. Built perfectly, so much better than the bodies he saw every day at his job.

Mark released him, pulling back slightly. “I want you naked.”

James whimpered, pulling off his shirt without pausing. Mark grinned at him, touching the buckle on James' belt. “Now this. But stand up first.”

“I can't strip for you.”

“Why not? You got to see me strip. I'm not asking for anything fancy. Just take your pants off. And the underwear.”

James felt the blush heating his cheeks, but he was too turned on to think about what Mark was asking him. He may be an athletic trainer but there wasn't anything graceful about his body. He was all thumbs at the moment.

He managed to get his pants and underwear off without tripping, not meeting Mark's gaze. Standing in front of the other man, he shifted in place.

Hot breath wafted over his cock before warm lips closed around the head. James cried out, tossing his head back. He reached out, grasping the back of Mark's head, not holding him in place so much as holding himself up. His knees threatened to buckle.

“I won’t last if you do that.”

“You primed, then?”

“Christ, Mark, I’ve been primed since you walked out on that stage.” He looked down, meeting Mark’s heated gaze. The man stuck out his tongue, licking a drop of precome off the tip of his dick. James hissed, clenching his fist in Mark’s long hair.

“On your knees then.”

James would have been embarrassed at the speed at which he got to his knees, but he couldn’t care less right now. He wanted this too much. They were probably moving too fast, but he’d had to sit still and watch while other people touched Mark all evening. He needed this now, fast and hard. There was time to get to know each other later.

James frowned when Mark angled him so he was facing the chair.

“You’re going to pretend that’s me. I want you to suck it, eat it, make love to it. And while you’re doing that, I’m going to be a little busy down here.” He tapped a finger to James’ hole before rubbing up and down his crease.

James twitched, bucking into the touch. “This isn’t --”

“What? Conventional? The way you normally do it. Let me tell you, I’m not one to follow conventions. I like to make up new rules. Is that okay with you? If you’re uncomfortable we can stop.”

Without a sound, James bent forward until he was resting against the chair. He grasped the pink dildo with his hand, squeezing the firm shaft. Behind him, Mark groaned, running both palms over his ass.

A soft touch against his crack had him jerking again, crying out. Mark licked him firmly before practically going to town on his ass. James whimpered, rubbing his cheek against the firm shaft he was holding. He wished it was Mark. He closed his eyes, seeing Mark in front of him. Wanting to please the man, he opened his mouth, sliding the head of the fake cock in deep. Backing off before he gagged, he started to bob up and down.

“That’s it, baby. Just like that. Get it nice and wet for me.” Mark punctuated his words with a stroke of his fingers along James’ ass. One long digit eased into his ass, pushing Mark’s saliva into him.

James heard the sound of Mark’s belt and then the crinkle of foil. He backed off enough to look behind him. Mark had his cock out, in the process of sliding a condom onto his thick shaft.

Hell, he hadn't thought it was that big. He couldn't tell when he was dancing, but now it was damned apparent Mark hadn't been aroused earlier tonight. If he had been he would have been poking out of the top of his tiny g-string. James felt a shaft of pleasure fill him at the thought that he could turn on Mark when all those scantily clad women hadn't been able to.

Oh, kill him now... Mark wasn't wearing any underwear. Mark looked up at his groan, smiling wickedly while he pumped his shaft.

He slid a sample packet of lube out of his jeans pocket, biting it open and coating his fingers with the slick stuff. Holding James' gaze, he reached forward, tracing his fingers along James' balls before shifting and sinking two fingers into his ass. James gasped, his eyes rolling back.

"Hold on for me, just a bit longer, baby. I want to be inside you when you come. Can you hold on for me?"

James nodded, moaning.

"Suck the cock, James."

He faced forward, sucking the head of the pink cock back into his mouth. Almost frantically, he got it nice and wet, his saliva running down the sides.

Mark pushed another finger in to join the first two, unerringly finding his gland. James closed his eyes, pulling off the fake cock so he could draw a breath. That felt too good. Oh, hell, he was going to die when Mark finally came inside him.

"This what you want?" Something a hell of a lot bigger than his fingers bumped against James' ass, sliding up and down along his crack. He pressed it into the back of James' balls, so firm they were practically inside him. Oh, he was close.

Mark must have realized that, probably by the whimpers escaping his throat. He bumped against James' ass again, but this time he began to sink in. James pushed out, but even then Mark was frickin massive inside him. He would definitely feel this tomorrow.

"Okay, baby?"

He nodded, arching his hips, silently asking for more.

Mark smoothed his palms across James' lower back, massaging the ache. "Almost there, just hold out for me a bit."

Finally, Mark's balls bounced against his own, and James shuddered at the feeling of being so damn full.

Mark paused, running his hands up and down James' back, squeezing his ass, before reaching around and grasping his cock. He began to withdraw, slowly pulling out before pushing back in.

He set up a punishing rhythm, the slapping sound of their skin meeting filling the room. James quivered, licking the fake cock in front of him. He was so close, so close...

He squeezed his eyes shut, screaming while Mark milked his cock of every bit of seed he had in his balls. Mark came seconds later, his own gasps of completion joining James'. Mark was a heavy presence against his back, but James couldn't be bothered to move. He was still gripping the fake cock in his hand and he had to practically pry his fingers off it.

A thought occurred to him. "Please tell me Cyn wasn't coming home tonight."

Mark snorted. "I don't think she knew what all was going to happen but I convinced her to stay at Vicki's. Just in case."

"Pretty confident, were you?"

"Hopeful. Not confident. Happy birthday, James." Mark pressed a kiss to his shoulder, manoeuvring them until he was lying on the floor with James sprawled over his chest.

James smiled sleepily. "Best present ever."

"What?" Mark started to laugh. "Actually that was just icing on the cake. Your birthday present is dinner. I wanted to take you out for dinner, on a date, you know."

James snickered. "Yeah, we can do that too."

Mark slapped his ass, the sound of their mutual laughter filling the condo. James smiled. Definitely his best birthday ever.

*Come Play with Jade...*

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