



STRANGERS
WITH *Candy*

G.A. HAUSER

*Strangers
with Candy*
G.A. Hauser

STRANGERS WITH CANDY
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Cover art by Amanda Kelsey
First Edited by Barbara Perfetti

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ISBN

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Second printing: The G.A. Hauser Collection LLC
publication:
January 2017

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On a boring Saturday, Urie walked the streets of LA feeling like an alien. And he was. Not in a UFO sense, but he had been in the States for only a few months. Everyone said if you wanted to make a success of yourself, you must go to America. *Well? I am here.*

It was February so it wasn't too warm. Since his arrival in November there wasn't a flake of snow. Urie didn't know if he missed it. He missed something. He was certain of that.

"I miss sex," he said to himself, looking around to make sure no one overheard him. He had been alone so long he had forgotten what being close to someone was like.

Walking past the bars on the Sunset Strip, Urie was tempted to enter one and meet a man, but never did.

Maybe his thick accent would turn men off. Maybe the way he dressed, his dark black hair and full lips would repulse these hairless young boys. That's what they all looked like to him. Hairless young boys. He felt obscene looking at them. But he did. He peeked as he strolled by. *They show so much of themselves.* It made Urie blush.

Mixed with the off shore breeze was the scent of coffee. A ubiquitous Starbucks appeared mid-block. Urie looked inside the large plate glass window. A line had formed at the counter and several people sat alone with laptop computers as companions. The interior of the store was decorations for the coming romantic holiday of the year. Valentine's Day.

The tradition made Urie feel even more isolated. He gave in to the desire for a cup of coffee, his stomach grumbling after wandering around all morning. *Am I only*

one who hates weekends? I do better working all day and going to class at night.

He unbuttoned his black wool jacket and felt as if everyone in the café had turned to stare at him. When he found the courage to see if his thoughts were correct, he realized no one was paying any attention to him at all. He didn't know what was worse. Being studied because he was a foreigner or ignored because he was ugly.

As he advanced in the line, he investigated the sweet desserts behind a glass as well as an assortment of croissants and bagels. His stomach growled so loudly the woman in line in front of him turned to look at him. She didn't smile. Neither did he.

The odd stares made him even more paranoid. *I am stranger in strange land.*

He had left his immediate family behind to work in his cousin's butcher shop. Urie did the dirty, grunt-work, sending his parents as much money as he could spare while taking a night class in college with the dream of getting a degree.

America complains of immigrants but who do they get to clean up cow's blood? Me and cousin Boris.

"Can I take your order?" the woman behind the cash register asked.

"Yes. I would like coffee."

"What kind of coffee?"

"The black kind." Urie felt his cheeks grow warm.

"Just plain black coffee?"

"Yes. I put milk in myself."

"What size?"

"Size?" Urie looked at the sample cups. "Small size."

"For here or to go?"

So many questions! "I drink here."

“Anything to eat?”

“I would like one of these, yes?” He pointed to a bagel.

“Do you want anything on it?”

“You have cream cheese?”

“Yes. Would you like it toasted?”

“Toasted. Yes.” Urie wondered if the people behind him were getting impatient. No one had patience in California.

“What is your name?”

“Is Urie.”

She rang it up. “Ten dollars and thirty-five cents, please.”

Ten dollar for a coffee and bread. Why I come here? I can get a week of grocery for that.

She gave him change for a twenty. He waited, and she asked the person on line behind him, “Can I help you?”

Urie stepped aside quickly and spun around. A man smiled sweetly at him. The kindness was so unexpected Urie didn’t smile back. He just turned away and waited near the end of the counter as someone called out names and handed off drinks.

While Urie waited, he heard the fair-haired man place his order.

“Tall mocha with caramel and whipped cream.”

The man glanced at Urie. Urie tried to look away but the man’s eyes were so hypnotic he didn’t.

“For here or to go?” the woman asked.

Again the blond glanced his way. “For here.”

Urie began to feel very warm, like the room was closing in on him. He took off his heavy wool coat and hung it on his arm.

“Urie?”

Slightly startled at hearing his name, Urie noticed a man putting a cup of coffee and his toasted bagel on the top of the counter. He breathed out in relief and took both items, looking for an available seat. One table was hidden away by the restroom. Urie set the food and coffee down, hung his coat over a chair back and headed to the service counter to put milk into his cup. When he returned the blond young man was waiting for his order, but he held something out to Urie.

“What is this?” Urie asked suspiciously.

“You looked like you could use something nice.”

Urie inspected the red box wrapped in plastic. “You no need give me nothing.”

“I know I don’t. I want to.”

“You just buy now?”

“Yes. Please. Take it with my Valentine’s wishes.”

“Gareth?” the man behind the counter called out, putting a cardboard cup on the top.

“That’s me.” Gareth set the box down on the table near Urie and headed to pick up his drink.

Urie didn’t know what to do. He placed his cup and saucer down and stood awkwardly watching Gareth.

Gareth used the stir stick to taste the whipped cream. When he licked his lips, Urie felt his body ignite with passion. A sensual fire smoldered in Gareth’s blue eyes.

“I was told as boy by my mother, never accept candy from a stranger.”

“Gareth Witherspoon.” He held out his hand to shake.

Urie felt obligated to take it. The café was filling up, and so were the available chairs. “You need sit?”

“Do you mind?”

“How I mind when you just bought candy?” Urie sat down in the chair that he had placed his coat on. He caught

Gareth inspecting his groin area before he did. He drew the food closer to him and used a knife to cut the bagel in half. “Here, you eat.”

“I can’t take your lunch.”

“You can give me? But I can’t give you?”

“Okay.” Gareth picked up the bagel and bit it. “Thank you. I was hungry.” He chewed and swallowed. “Where are you from?”

“Ukraine.”

“My parents are Danish. They don’t speak very good English.”

“I speak okay?” Urie felt slightly more at ease knowing Gareth’s family also immigrated to the United States.

“You speak perfect.” Gareth took another bite.

“I know I no speak perfect.” Urie found Gareth staring at his mouth. He looked around the busy, loud room, but no one seemed to take notice of them. “Why you give me this? Real reason.” Urie touched the red box.

“Did you ever just see a person and feel a bond with them?”

“What is bond?”

Gareth shrugged. “I guess I got the sense you felt uncomfortable like I often do too. I feel like a fish out of water sometimes. My parents kept me pretty sheltered. What can I say?”

“You? Why? You look and sound like everyone.”

Gareth glanced around and whispered, “I’m gay. I always feel like everyone knows and stares at me.”

“You are gay?”

Gareth waved his hands to hush Urie. “You don’t have to announce it.”

Urie stopped eating and stared at Gareth. Though he had never been with a man before simply because he was

terrified to expose his sexual identity to his family, he felt an instant kindred spirit to Gareth. They were the same ilk, strangers in a very strange land.

“Do I make you sick?” Gareth used the heel of his hand to pile the crumbs neatly on the table. “Do you want to get away from me now?”

“No.” Urie leaned closer to say, “I too am gay.”

“What?” Gareth choked, blinking his eyes. “I knew it. I mean, I just knew there was something amazing about you.”

“Amazing? No.” Urie ate the last bite of his food. “Terrified yes.”

“Me too. Honestly, Urie. I can’t go to gay bars. I just work and go home.”

“You been with many men?”

Gareth sipped his drink and again checked to see if anyone was listening. “I’m a virgin.”

It was Urie’s turn to choke and blink in surprise. “You have women?”

“Once. In high school. You?”

“I must while in home country. No more.”

“We’re like soul mates, Urie. I swear, I have goose bumps. Look.” He raised his shirt up his arm. “I have no idea why I came into Starbucks today. I never do. The coffees are too expensive and way too many calories.”

Urie felt the hair rise on the back of his neck. “I never come either. I don’t know why I come today.”

“So I could give you a box of Valentine’s chocolates.” Gareth smiled sweetly.

Urie finished sipping his coffee, putting the cup and saucer on top of the bagel plate, and sliding it aside. “This holiday is sad to me.”

“Me too. It shows me how alone I am.”

“Right. All couples. I cannot watch television. All I see is happy pairs two by two. They buy jewelry together, go to dance. I sit home. No one to kiss.”

“You’re describing me.”

“Why? You so like everyone here. Why you no make love?”

“I’m really shy. I can’t believe I found the courage to buy you candy and tell you I was gay. I really am not like that. Seriously. You won’t believe me but it’s true.”

“You need to rush?” Urie wanted to spend time with him. Gareth was the first man, *gay man*, to approach him and not be intimidated by him. Who wanted to date a Ukrainian butcher who spoke broken English? No one.

“No. Do you need to go?”

“No. But is so loud, I feel I am shouting.”

“It’s the espresso machine.”

“Yes.”

“I...uh...I live close by.”

Urie noticed Gareth’s cheeks go red.

Gareth said, “I mean, we could just hang out.”

“Will you eat candy with me?” Urie was delighted to have a friend.

“Sure.” Gareth stood, throwing away his cup and busing the table for Urie.

Urie put his coat on, picking up the box of chocolates and finally not feeling so alone. He nodded to Gareth he was ready. They walked to the exit and Urie asked, “What direction we go?”

“That way.” Gareth zipped up his leather jacket and wrapped a scarf around his neck. “It’s cold.”

Urie smiled. “Is no cold to me.”

“I bet. How long have you been here in LA?”

“Only few months. I stay because I have family here.”

“Your mom and dad?”

“No. Cousins. Mother and Father still in Ukraine.”

They walked in silence for a block and then Gareth asked, “Do your cousins know you’re gay?”

“No. No one knows.” Urie held the chocolates in his fist, squeezing the box tightly as bitterness washed over him. He knew what would happen if he revealed his secret to his family. He’d be an outcast.

“It’s okay.”

When Gareth rubbed Urie’s back affectionately, Urie didn’t realize how much he missed physical contact until he was touched. He missed it badly. Maybe Gareth was right, and they were kindred spirits.

“I live in an apartment back here. It’s not very big, but the rents in this area are really high.”

“I know. If no for my cousin I no could afford it.”

Gareth took out his key. He smiled at Urie and unlocked the door.

~

The apartment seemed very plain to Gareth. He didn’t bring anyone around, so he didn’t judge it until Urie walked through the door. One bedroom, one bath, a tiny galley kitchen, and table and chairs in the ‘dining’ room that was merely an extension of the living room. He took off his coat. “Sorry. I know it’s not very nice.”

“No. Is nice. You no say bad things.”

“You can just toss your coat over the chair over there.” Gareth watched Urie move. The man appeared so powerful and masculine, he was in awe he took the chance approaching him. Never before had Gareth felt so bold. He actually bought this man candy? Was he insane? Yes. But something about Urie...the sadness in his eyes. Gareth

knew Urie felt the same loneliness he did, and this time of year? The dreaded February fourteenth? It was unbearable.

“Do you work out?” Gareth gestured for Urie to sit on the sofa with him.

Urie put the box of chocolates on the coffee table and relaxed on the soft cushions. “Work out? You mean exercise? No.”

“Then how do you stay in shape?” Gareth wanted to touch Urie’s arms, feel the tensile strength of his muscles.

“Is my work.”

“What do you do?”

Urie appeared hesitant. “I work for butcher.”

“Ahh! I get it. Yes, that would keep you strong.”

“You no get upset?”

“Upset?” Gareth began to think this meeting was fate pushing them together. Gareth thought his work upset people as well, and never told anyone. “Why would I be upset? I eat meat.”

“Meat in big market so far away from cow. No one think it actually come from animal.”

“True.”

“What do you do?”

Gareth cringed.

“You no have to tell me. I know is hard if it is not regular.”

“I work for the IRS.”

“IRS?”

“Taxes. Internal Revenue Service.”

“Oh. Yes. I see why you would not tell. Worst than butcher. yes?”

Gareth sunk, figuring the news would be a turn off. When he felt Urie touching his cheek, Gareth glanced up to see him.

“Is okay.”

Gareth felt his lip quiver. He figured he’d taken a huge risk with this stranger up until now, and he had nothing to lose. “I want you.”

“Want me?”

“Yes.”

It seemed like Urie was taking time to understand, translate. So Gareth rested his hand on Urie large thigh.

The light appeared to turn on in Urie’s head. Instead of a verbal reply, Urie gripped Gareth on the nape of the neck and drew him to his mouth.

The first touch of Urie’s lips sent Gareth’s head spinning. He responded instantly, closing in on Urie, holding his coarse jaw.

Urie opened his mouth, allowing Gareth to poke his tongue in and explore. He felt Urie shift on the sofa.

Gareth touched Urie’s chest, amazed at the size of him, craving this kind of love for too long. Half of him was scared to death, the other half was filled with hope. He felt as if he knew this man forever. How that was possible, Gareth couldn’t explain. But something brought them together, and he knew sometimes life gave you one chance to find a partner who needed you as much as you needed them.

As the kissing grew more intense, Gareth touched the hair that grew on Urie’s chest. He was so dark and mysterious, Gareth imagined him covered in delicious dark fur. Opposites attract, or so Gareth always believed. And there was nothing as different as Urie’s black hair and eyes, compared to his Viking blood.

~

When Urie had awakened on his cousin's sofa bed that morning and left to take a walk to stretch his legs, he never imagined he'd be kissing a handsome blue-eyed man. He was afraid he may scare Gareth off, so he allowed this tender fellow to show him the way.

Urie heard Gareth whimper against his lips. Urie grew hard in his trousers and wished he knew how far he could go. The last thing he wanted was to upset Gareth.

Feeling Gareth unbutton the top two buttons of his shirt, Urie parted from their kiss to look. He brushed his hand over his own chest. "Dark hair. Is too much?"

"No. I love it."

Urie felt confused. Most of the men in magazine ads and in the go-go bars had no body hair. "You love this?" He rubbed his hand up and down the triangle of fur on his sternum.

"Yes." Gareth got to his knees, licking his lips hungrily. "I have the urge to squirm all over you naked."

Urie nearly choked in shock. Gareth appeared mortified, as if he let something slip. "You want to be naked with me?"

Biting his lip, Gareth nodded.

"You live alone?" Urie worried someone may come home and he would get into trouble.

"Yes." Gareth lowered his eyes. "If you don't think I'm attractive, I understand."

It was the furthest thing from the truth. Urie wanted Gareth closer. So close they were inside each other. For years Urie had cowered away from the light, hiding his feelings from his family and the world, and this angel whose family sailed on a ship to come to these shores had opened a door.

"You are most beautiful man in the world."

Gareth's expression lit up, his eyes shining in the sun coming through the window glass on a February day. He stood and reached out his hand.

Urie took it, and followed him.

The tiny room with a bed, nightstand and dresser appeared cozy to Urie. He wished he had time to admire the details and read the titles on the bookshelf. But Gareth had other plans in mind.

Years of being worried about how to perform, his inexperience in sex, and the fear his family would discover the truth almost dampened the sheer willpower Urie felt Gareth was emitting. But Urie didn't give in to his fear. He stood beside the bed and removed his flannel shirt, placing it on the foot.

Gareth knelt upright and smoothed both his hands over Urie's pectoral muscles. Urie watched Gareth's hands make circles over his nipples, exciting them. Their skin colors contrasted as much as their hair and eyes. Urie was dark while Gareth was nearly white.

After a brief glance for reassurance, Gareth took one of Urie's nipples into his mouth. It was simply one of the most erotic experiences Urie had ever encountered.

He did nothing but feel Gareth's mouth sucking like a baby on a teat. It was gentle, yet the stimulation was making Urie's cock throb. Once he'd given his attention to both nipples, Gareth cupped Urie's jaw and kissed him. Urie felt Gareth leaning back on the bed, taking him with him. They lay crossways holding each other, exploring their mouths delicately. Urie was so new to sharing love with a man, he was delirious with it.

A moment passed and Urie leaned on his elbows, trying to touch Gareth's skin under his shirt. As shy as Urie was to expose his dark chest hair, Gareth appeared nervous to shed his shirt as well. But he did. He shrugged out of it and nudged it to the bottom of the bed, near Urie's.

Urie rolled to his side to be able to admire Gareth. His skin was pale and his nipples like two rosebuds. He was lithe and smooth, no heavy rippling muscles or cut abdominals. Gareth was naturally thin and had skin like silk.

Urie closed his eyes for a moment to calm himself. A man as handsome as Gareth could easily turn him into an animal.

“No good?”

“What?” Urie blinked to see Gareth trying to cover his chest modestly.

“Do you think I have an ugly body?”

“No!” Urie shook his head. “You have me so excited I try and calm down.”

Gareth laughed nervously. “Don’t calm down.”

“I try and I can’t.” Urie clenched his fists as the urge to devour Gareth overwhelmed him.

“Do you want me?”

“I want you.” Urie opened his fist and hovered over Gareth’s chest, yearning to touch him.

Gareth grabbed Urie’s hand in both of his and brought it to his heart. “Take me.”

“What this mean? ‘Take’?” Urie’s pulse rate began to rocket.

“Make love to me.”

“Make love?” Urie’s blood rushed to his groin. “You want Urie to make love to you?”

“Yes.”

“You think hard of this?”

“Yes. There’s no one else I want to touch. I feel an unbelievable bond with you.”

“Why me? What I do?”

“I can’t explain it. But when you look into my eyes...”

Urie stared at Gareth, his dilated irises and the ring of blue surrounding them. He too felt something he could not explain, nor deny. "I am holding you as if forever."

"Yes. I feel that way too. But I don't understand it. And I don't care if I ever do."

Urie scooted closer, resting his leg over Gareth's body. They kissed again. The touch of their mouths seemed the key to unlocking their hesitation. Urie caressed Gareth's torso, from his neck to the waistband of his jeans. The texture of Gareth's skin was so fine, Urie imagined it was velvet.

With guidance, Urie's hand was drawn downwards. Gareth pressed his fingers into his erection. Instead of reacting the way he would have done previously, pulling away in anxiety, Urie gripped it through the denim, squeezing tight. Gareth gasped and pressed his hand into Urie's hold.

Gareth ran his hands all over Urie's shoulders, neck, back and hair until Urie's urge to penetrate became desperate. He parted mouths and caught his breath. "You say make love. You want?"

"Yes."

"First time. First time me, first time you?"

"It looks like it."

"I no hurt you. I be very kind."

"I know." Gareth smiled and used his knuckle to run over Urie's dark five o'clock shadow. "Take off your pants."

~

Gareth leaned up on his elbows and watched.

Urie dragged down his gray slacks and boxer briefs, taking them completely off with his socks and shoes.

The sight of Urie's thick engorged cock and jet black hair set Gareth's teeth on edge. He shimmied out of his bottom half of clothing and rotated so he was vertical on the bed. Before he grew lost in the sight of Urie's imposing cock and muscular, hair covered chest and arms, he reached into the nightstand for a brand new box of condoms and a tube of lube. He had bought them over a year ago in hopes of popping his cherry at a New Year's Eve ball, but that never happened.

His hands were shaking but he tried to hide it. It wasn't fear, it was excitement. He couldn't wait to make love. And having a man like Urie was too much like his fantasy-life. In the past Gareth had envisioned a football player, or maybe a trucker. Someone big and dark, just like Urie. But no one gave him the sensation that this was something meant to be. Gareth could sense a presence in the room with them, a force he could not ignore.

He patted the bed beside him.

Urie crawled to meet him, lying next to him. Without speaking a word, they both appeared to have the same thoughts. Exploration. Gareth ran his hand over the soft hair on Urie's body, brushing it the way it grew, down Urie's middle to his treasure trail and thick bush. He dug his fingers into the curls and couldn't help but hold the base of his cock. As he righted it, it pulsated and a bead of pre-cum shimmered at the tip.

"Now you know I am Jewish." Urie did not smile. "Is okay?"

"Yes. It's more than okay." Gareth ran his thumb over the drop, massaging it into Urie's skin. When Urie touched Gareth's cock, Gareth tried not to flinch. He wanted someone to touch it. It had just been an eternity. His long narrow length seemed dwarfed by Urie's vein-filled width. He too was cut, circumcised at birth at the insistence of his strict Catholic mother. He had seen uncut men, but never been with one.

“Can I suck it?”

“Yes!” Urie nodded enthusiastically.

Pecking Urie on the lips first, Gareth inched down, kissing Urie’s body as he did. Urie rolled to his back and parted his muscular legs. Gareth enjoyed touching the hair on his thighs and pubis first, admiring the dark reddish purple of his cock. More juices emerged from the tip.

Gareth inhaled his musky scent. It made his mouth water. He ran both hands from Urie’s knees to his balls and cupped them, holding his cock high so he could taste it. He gave the head a lick.

“I have not ever had man do this. I will no last. You okay if I no last?”

Gareth wanted him to last. He wanted to see what it would feel like to have this fabulous dick inside him. “I won’t make you come.”

“How you stop?” Urie laughed.

“I’ll go slow.”

“Okay. I try no to finish.”

We can always go for round two. But Gareth didn’t want to be too forward. So he kept his thoughts to himself.

His focus back on this amazing organ, Gareth experimented, using the tip of his tongue to give the underside of Urie’s cock little tickles. Urie’s chest rumbled with thunder as if he were purring. His hands held the bedding underneath.

Gareth stared at Urie’s balls as he grew bolder and put the head of Urie’s cock into his mouth. He kept his lips still so Urie wouldn’t spontaneously combust. The wrinkled sack fascinated him. He had never been this close to one before. Touching himself didn’t compare. Without a thought he took one of the soft testicles into his mouth and ran his tongue around it. It excited Gareth so much he

nearly came as he did it. Gareth sat upright and pinched the base of his dick to edge the climax.

“What you do to me,” Urie said, “is so wonderful. I cannot express.”

“I want to go crazy but we’re both going to come and we won’t get to make love.”

“We have just this time? No more?” Urie held up his index finger indicating one.

It was the same question Gareth had in his head, but didn’t ask. “Can we do this again?”

“I would like. But if you say no. No.”

“Yes. I say yes.”

“More today? Or more later?”

“More today and more later?” Gareth wondered how needy that sounded.

“I would like. So you would like me too?”

“Yes. I’m glad you would like. So?”

“So?” Urie smiled. When he did, dimples appeared. Gareth wondered if this was the first smile Urie had given him because he didn’t notice them before.

“So I can make you come, and then we can do it again?”

“I say is good. You say is good?”

“Very good!” Gareth stuck Urie’s cock into his mouth and sucked, holding the base. He felt Urie tense up under him and begin rocking into his mouth. Suddenly Gareth had to determine if he could swallow. As pre-cum began coming out of Urie in earnest, the decision became imminent. Gareth panicked and imagined spitting it out would be horribly insulting. He had no clue how much he could expect, and had only had a small taste of his own, once.

“Be careful!” Urie seemed to be warning Gareth. “I will no hold too long.”

Swallow. Don't swallow. Swallow. Don't swallow.

Oh, it's Valentine's Day! Swallow!

Nervous as hell he would gag and run to the bathroom to spit it out, Gareth inhaled through his nose and made the decision to take it like a man. He gripped Urie's cock at the base, fisting it in time with his mouth. He felt Urie's dick harden to stone and knew what was coming next. Urie was.

Urie convulsed as he came, his hips jerking upright and his hands clenching. Gareth closed his eyes and began swallowing. He had a feeling if he didn't get it down quick, he wouldn't be able to. Another blast hit Gareth's tongue and he sent that down as well. Having no idea if Urie was going to spurt even more, Gareth held his cock still in his mouth and waited. He heard Urie gasping for air and felt his body shaking.

Gareth sat up, seeing if the spunk would be rejected by his gut. He tasted it on his tongue and didn't think it was that bad. It was more the surprise of the first time, not the actual flavor or consistency.

~

Urie was in shock. Even the women he dated back in the Ukraine never did that to him. He always assumed if he wanted his cock sucked, he'd have to pay to get it done. The quality of the act and intensity of the orgasm shook him to the core. He felt his heart pounding against his ribs and the reverberations to his groin continued to wash over him.

He met Gareth's gaze. A mixture of pride and something he could not read was in those blue eyes. With his own emotions at a high, Urie had momentarily lost track of Gareth's feelings. He reached for him.

Gareth responded, cuddling on his chest. Urie held him, tears in his eyes he was so happy. "I can no put in words."

"Good. That means you liked it."

“I liked it so very much. Thank you.”

“My pleasure.” Gareth wriggled on him.

Urie said, “You must let me.”

“I must.” Gareth appeared to be growing in confidence, which Urie liked.

“I do my best. I do.” Urie touched Gareth’s shoulder in a signal for him to lie flat. Gareth did, parting his legs and seeming very excited.

Urie handled Gareth’s cock, enjoying its soft, smooth skin compared to the hardness underneath. His bush was a light brown mass of curling hair, but not a hair stood on Gareth’s chest. His leg hair was so fair Urie couldn’t see it, but could feel it if he brushed his fingers over him.

He had never had a man’s cock in his mouth, but spent plenty of time imagining he did. Using kisses to make his way down Gareth’s body, much like Gareth had done, Urie learned by Gareth’s techniques to do what he needed to do. He leaned on his elbows beside him and pointed his cock at his lips. The scent was masculine and an essence of soap mixed with it.

One check to see Gareth’s expression, which was dreamy and smiling, and Urie opened his mouth and tasted Gareth’s cock. He was delighted. It was slightly salty but better than he had thought it might be. It was strange kismet that they were doing this to one another. Both virgins? Both never sucked a cock? *Why do these unusual things happen at very odd times? Valentine’s Day? The day of love?*

Urie smiled as he held Gareth’s cock in his mouth. He felt it pulsate and Urie made a noise of approval. He released Gareth’s cock from his mouth and said, “You sucking on me, it felt so nice. I give it to you.”

“Can’t wait.” Gareth shifted anxiously.

Urie urged Gareth’s legs further apart. He cupped the delicate pouch and inspected the small rolling balls inside.

Leaning down, Urie enveloped one, sucking it into his mouth and spinning his tongue around it.

The reaction from Gareth was worth everything Urie owned. He inhaled a clean shower scent from him and grew bolder. Even as a young boy in the Ukraine, Urie had dreams of doing things to men. Playing soccer, wrestling – all this contact with men, and never the courage to ask, to touch, to try. There were severe consequences to actions back in his country. And the disappointment and expulsion from his family would be very swift.

He thought of nothing else now. Nothing but what he was doing and with whom. Each lick, each taste, was a new and wonderful experience. And this act was more than the touch and sense of pleasure from his physical body; it was the belief he was no longer alone.

Why he felt he and Gareth had a connection was unknown to him. But the more they explored each other's private areas, the more Urie knew Gareth may have found him for a reason.

He wiped his mouth on the back of his arm to dry the saliva off and met Gareth's eyes. The blueness was so pretty, it made Urie happy. Without announcing his intention, Urie leaned over and put Gareth's cock deeply into his mouth. He was lying between Gareth's straddled legs, resting his arms on his thighs.

He held the base and inspected the mushroom-like head before he placed it into his lips. *I will make you come. I will do what you do. I will swallow your seed.*

Urie began to move his hand quickly on Gareth's length. He kept Gareth's cock in his mouth but only the tip. As he squeezed and pulled on Gareth, Gareth began to moan and thrust his hips up. Urie knew he was on the right track.

“I'm going to come.”

Urie increased his hand speed.

Gareth waited, as if giving Urie options. Urie knew them. He chose to taste Gareth's cum.

Letting go, Gareth dropped his head heavily to the pillow and raised his hips as high as he could to get inside Urie's mouth.

The first load was a surprise to Urie, but he soon swallowed it before he thought too much about it. Gareth whimpered as he caught his breath while writhing on the bed.

Urie sat up, using two hands to wipe the dewy sweat from his face. When he looked at Gareth, he noticed him reaching out towards him with both arms. Urie moved higher on the bed and took Gareth into his embrace.

Instead of words, Gareth rested his head on Urie's chest and caressed him, running the tips of his fingers along his side and hip.

Urie felt content, enjoying the physical as well as the emotional companionship he so long had gone without.

~

Gareth stared at Urie's body as he touched it. He admired his broad chest and thick biceps. Dark black hair covered Urie's forearms, and Gareth liked petting it, like a cat. He sighed and snuggled closer, hearing Urie's heart beat which was slowing to a calm rate. He was so relaxed he felt as if he could drift off to sleep. "How do you feel?"

"I feel good. You?" Urie combed his fingers through Gareth's feather-fine hair.

"Wonderful. I'm not keeping you from anything, am I?"

"No, not keeping. You want I should go?"

"No." Gareth hugged him, feeling as if Urie was a big teddy bear. He scooted back a little just enough to see Urie's dark eyes and handsome face. It made him smile.

Urie smiled shyly back. “You look very handsome when you smile, Urie.”

“You make me blush.” Urie’s cheeks became rosy.

“Have you ever been in that Starbucks before?”

“No, never. First time.”

Gareth got butterflies in his stomach. He usually got his coffee from the bakery because it was slightly cheaper. But they didn’t have the assortment of fancy coffee flavors. “I just wanted to treat myself for Valentine’s Day,” Gareth said. “I don’t usually go in that one either.”

“Fate works in unusual ways.”

“Do you believe in fate?”

“Yes. I have to believe. It is why I am here in your country. I have opportunity to do something and help my family.”

Gareth tried to imagine Urie’s position in life. It wasn’t easy.

“I am in class at school at night,” Urie said, “I can get business degree. Make man out of myself.”

“You are a man, Urie.” Gareth rested his hand on the triangle of black hair on Urie’s chest.

“Better man.”

“I’m all for education. If I can help, let me know.”

A strange expression passed over Urie’s face. “You help me?”

“Yes. Of course.”

“Then I will ask you when time comes. Sometimes I get little confused.”

“It would be my pleasure.”

Urie appeared at a loss for words. He opened and closed his mouth a few times, and Gareth could see him struggle.

“What is it, Urie?”

Urie gripped Gareth’s shoulder. “How you come right when I need?”

“Fate.” Gareth smiled.

Warmth and movement pressed against Gareth’s thigh. He peeked down to see Urie was hard, his cock trapped between them. Gareth was glad, because he wanted to play more with Urie but didn’t want to ask. Some men liked to come and go. Or at least that was a rumor he had heard. He didn’t date enough to figure that out for himself.

To show he approved, Gareth reached down to straighten Urie’s cock, setting it upright. “I’d love for you to be my first.”

“First?” Urie blinked. “First lover inside?”

“Yes. Will you?”

“Yes!” Urie rolled on top of Gareth, his weight pinning Gareth to the bed.

“Wow. Hot and ready to go again. I can’t ask for better than that.”

“How you want me to do this?”

Gareth thought about it. “I guess I should lay face down for the first time.” He checked to see if the rubbers and lubrication were still on the bed where he had left them. They were.

“We go gently. Yes?” Urie tugged on his erection, firming it up.

“Yes, please.” Gareth handed him the gel and a condom, then rolled to his stomach. He dug his arms under the pillow and knew the first time would not feel very good, or so he had heard.

The sound of Urie preparing himself made Gareth’s skin tingle. He wanted to be loved by a man, but considered himself highly selective, and perhaps slightly introverted. The bond he felt with Urie was downright eerie.

It was insane. They were complete opposites in almost every way. Every way but in affairs of the heart. Then they were a perfect match.

When Urie's arm encircled Gareth's hips, raising him off the bed, Gareth almost reconsidered. He tried to imagine a man as well endowed as Urie being able to penetrate him.

Before he found out if it would hurt or not, Gareth felt Urie using his fingers to smear lubrication on his rim. His tightly wound body relaxed under the soothing sensation.

"You like?"

"I like." Gareth sighed heavily, rising to his knees to give Urie complete access while keeping his head on the pillow.

Urie took his time, using more and more slippery gel as he pushed one finger into Gareth's body.

"That feels incredible."

"You ever feel something like this before?"

"No." Gareth rubbed his face into the pillowcase and hummed. "But I know it feels good because it's small. You, my Ukrainian friend, are not small."

"I no have to do it."

"I want it." Gareth looked over his shoulder. "You and I are special."

"Special? Are we not strangers?"

"Is that what you think?" Gareth felt a little crushed.

"No. I never do this with a stranger." Urie gave him a silly smile. "You must be very close to Urie. I know you forever."

"Exactly." Gareth exhaled and closed his eyes as Urie resumed his delightful rim rub.

"Is best I can do with ointment."

“Fire away.” Gareth gripped the pillow tightly. He felt the bed shift and Urie parting his ass cheeks. Gareth closed his eyes and had no idea what to expect.

The head of Urie’s cock pushed against his tight rim. Gareth resisted, nearly making it impossible for Urie to enter. But something in him let go. Urie was massaging his low back and bottom so lightly, it reminded him that this was what he wanted, had asked for. Not just for Valentine’s Day, but for life. A soul mate, a partner, and a lover.

The moment he thought about his own needs, his muscle tension dissolved and Urie was able to penetrate him. The care in which Urie took was both a relief and a pleasure to Gareth.

“You will tell me no, if no good.”

“Yes. But it’s good so far.”

Urie inched in deeper. Gareth imagined his body was made of clay and forced himself to unclench each group of muscles. Again the discomfort lessened. His cock was soft but he knew Urie was stiff as a board, obviously feeling pleasure. That was all Gareth needed to be happy.

When it seemed Urie had entered as far as he needed to go, Gareth felt him begin a slow rhythm of making love to him. With a hand on each of Gareth’s hips, Urie lovingly pulled and pushed Gareth enough to create warming friction.

“Is feeling good. And the look from behind of you is beautiful.”

Gareth blushed to the ears and was glad the pillows were hiding his cheeks. “I like it too.”

“First time Urie make love to a man.”

“First time Gareth let a man inside him!” Gareth chuckled at how Urie referred to himself in third person.

In silence Gareth felt the inside of his body being touched, the strangeness vanishing into a familiarity, like

when he had Urie's cock in his mouth. At first he felt anxiety, but soon that had left and pleasure replaced it.

The same thing was happening again. What felt uncomfortable, nearly painful, was morphing into something relaxing, even a little exciting.

Gareth knew why. It was Urie's kindness. If Gareth had let a selfish narcissist pop his cherry, he'd be in agony now and furious for months. Maybe that was why Gareth had been a single virgin for so long. He knew the types out there; the men into their own egos, out for what they could get. Men as reserved and quiet as Urie were rare.

Kindred spirits. That phrase kept popping into Gareth's head again and again. There was no other way to explain it.

"You wear out?"

"If you want to push harder, you know, so you can come, I can handle it."

"No. I cannot hurt you."

"It's okay. I mean, if you really went for it, you'd come, right?" Again Gareth felt Urie hesitate, as if deciding what he meant.

"Okay. I can come?"

"Yes."

"You say stop if stop."

"I will." Gareth braced himself.

Urie quickened the pace, but he did not thrust deeper. In Gareth's mind, he pictured only the head of Urie's cock inside him. How considerate was that?

But Urie was obviously getting all he needed. He began huffing and grunting. Gareth wished he could watch him. *A mirror would be perfect right now.*

A vision of Urie's expression in climax, his chest and shoulders thickening as he braced himself, and his sensual snarl as he came was taking over Gareth's mind. He heard

Urie moan, felt his cock pulsate in his ass, and immediately Urie pulled out and caressed Gareth's thighs and ass to comfort him. "Please say I no hurt you."

Gareth rolled over and met Urie's dark eyes. "You didn't hurt me. I think with practice, I could really like that." He looked at the spent cock on Urie. "Let me help you."

~

Urie watched as Gareth worked the condom off his cock.

"This way to the bathroom."

Urie was unsteady on his feet. He held the doorway as he passed into the hall. Seeing Gareth's lithe naked form leading the way, Urie wondered if this would be it. The first, and the last. He felt his heart ache slightly. He had no idea what his expectations should be.

Gareth threw out the condom and wrapper and handed Urie a washcloth, using one on himself as well.

Urie used warm soapy water and stood over the sink to wash his genitals. He caught Gareth watching him from the mirror's reflection. "You need me to leave? I stay too long?"

"I want you to stay. It's early. Unless you have to go. I mean, we could make this a Valentine's Day day."

"I would like. Yes." Urie took the towel Gareth handed him and dried his groin. "What can we do? We suck, we fuck...we talk?"

"In bed?" Gareth's eyes lit up like a child's.

Urie laughed. "Yes. In bed."

Gareth sped out of the bathroom, giggling.

Urie used the opportunity to empty his bladder and wash his face. He stared at his reflection and ran his hand through his thick black hair. He appeared worn out. Exhausted. Working full time at his cousin's butcher shop

and taking classes at night was very tiring. But he would do it.

He shut off the light and met Gareth in the bedroom. He had the pillows propped up against the headboard and a wicked smile on his face. When Urie drew closer he spotted the red candy box sitting beside him. He sat next to him on the bed, and laughed. "You want into my gift?"

"If you want to take it home, it's up to you."

"No. I share. Is only nice." Urie used his nail to open the plastic wrapper and immediately got a waft of chocolate aroma. He made himself comfortable beside Gareth and they leaned on each others' shoulders as Urie opened the lid. Perfect heart-shaped truffles were in a row in white ruffled cups. "Is very pretty."

"Let's try one."

Urie selected a candy and bit half. A gooey caramel center ran when he did. He fed Gareth the second half and wiped his chin. "That is wonderful."

"Mm! They're a mixture of flavors. Let's try that one."

"You take."

Gareth picked one out and sunk his teeth into it halfway. "Chocolate mousse! Wow." He fed Urie the other half.

"Is so rich. I can no eat too many." Urie put the box between them. "Thank you. Is candy that brought us here. Is right?"

"Maybe. But I think it's more than that."

Urie knew it was too. "How you explain two strangers who meet and this?" Urie gestured to the bedroom.

"I can't. But if it was going to happen, it was going to be today."

“So many years I was so sad. I no pay attention to other lovers. I go to work, like every day the same. So I do with all holidays. With New Years...same time I go to bed.”

“I guess me too. I do go to my mom’s for Christmas. But I had a boyfriend on my list for a long time.”

Urie stared at Gareth’s profile. “You want me as boyfriend?”

Gareth appeared mortified suddenly. “Did I say that?”

“You say boyfriend on list. Is list filled?” When Gareth didn’t answer, Urie used his finger to turn his jaw towards him to see into his eyes. “You tell Urie. You want this more?”

“This, like in, you? Like in making love to you? Seeing you?”

“Yes. This.” Urie gestured his hand in a circle.

“Is it what you want?”

“Is what fate wants?” Urie shrugged. “How else she put us in same café? Hm? How else she say ‘Gareth buy that man candy’?”

“But are you ready for something like that? I mean something sort of steady?”

“I can be as steady as I can be. With work at butcher, with school some nights. But I have weekend. I will be with you. I want be with you.”

“You do?” Gareth’s eyes widened and Urie loved the innocent quality to them.

“You look surprised. Why? You can have any man in LA. LA full of men look like you. No like me. Like you.”

“Uh uh. Not like me. They all look like movie stars.”

“You are beautiful, Gareth. In and out. I know. I know this because I can read inside you.”

“You can? Really?”

“Many men out walking streets.” Urie pointed to the window. “How many men have you meet with? How many you say, I am Gareth and reach out hand?”

“None. I’m usually scared to death. They all look down their noses at me like I’m...”

“Alien? I know. I look like a foreigner. And many Americans have very bad way of looking at foreigners.”

“I’m sorry. I think they forget their parents were immigrants too.”

“I know America is nation of immigrants. But now? Everyone ‘shoo, go away’.”

“I’m not like that.”

“You see? This I know.”

Gareth reached to cup Urie’s face and kissed him.

Urie gripped Gareth’s head and deepened the kiss. They whimpered and swirled their tongues, mashing lips for a few moments. When Urie parted he pointed at the chocolate box. “No more give candy to strangers.”

“Cross my heart.” Gareth drew an X on his chest, laughing.

“Only one person you can give to from now forward.”

“Yes, indeed!” Gareth spun to his side and leaned his head on Urie’s shoulder, smoothing his hand over his arm.

“I tell Mother. Is okay to take candy from stranger. So long as stranger is soul mate.” Urie smiled sweetly, knowing it was a silly joke.

Gareth’s smile dropped and he held Urie’s face in his hand. “Happy Valentine’s Day, lover.”

Urie’s skin rushed with delightful chills. “Happy Love Day to you too, Gareth.”

The End

About the author:

Author G.A. Hauser is from Fair Lawn, New Jersey, USA. She attended university at The Fashion Institute of Technology in NYC, and has a BA in Fine Art from William Paterson College in Wayne NJ where she graduated Cum Laude. As well as degrees in art, G.A. is a Graduate Gemologist from the Gemological Institute of America (GIA). In 1994 G.A. graduated the Washington State Police academy as a Peace Officer for the Seattle Police Department in Washington where she worked on the patrol division. She was awarded Officer of the Month in February 2000 for her work with recovering stolen vehicles and fingerprint matches to auto-theft and bank robbery suspects. After working for the Seattle Police, G.A. moved to Hertfordshire, England where she began to write full length gay romance novels. Now a full-time writer, G.A. has penned over 140 novels and short stories. Breaking into independent film, G. A. was the executive producer for her first feature film, CAPITAL GAMES which included TV star Shane Keough in its cast. CAPITAL GAMES had its Film Festival Premiere at Philly's Qfest, and its television premiere on OutTV. G.A. is the director and executive producer for her second film NAKED DRAGON, which is an interracial gay police/FBI drama filmed in Los Angeles with the outstanding cinematographer, Pete Borosh. (also the Cinematographer for Capital Games)

The cover photographs of G.A.'s novels have been selected from talented and prolific photographers such as Dennis Dean, Dan Skinner, Michael Stokes, Tuta Veloso, Hans Withoos, and CJC Photography, as well as graphic comic artist, Arlen Schumer. Her cover designs have featured actors Chris Salvatore, Jeffery Patrick Olson, Tom Wolfe, and models Brian James Bradley, Bryan Feiss, Jimmy Thomas, Andre Flagger, among many others.

Her advertisements have been printed in Attitude Magazine, LA Frontiers, and Gay Times.

G. A. has won awards from All Romance eBooks for Best Author 2009, Best Novel 2008, *Mile High*, Best Author 2008, Best Novel 2007, *Secrets and Misdemeanors*, and Best Author 2007.

G.A. was the guest speaker at the SLA conference in San Diego, in 2013, where she discussed women writing gay erotica and has attended numerous writers' conventions across the country.

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