

## Colm     A Free Read

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NYC

*Lucky's Bar*

Colm Ferguson leaned on the bar and dried a glass with a cloth, daydreaming about Zane. The feisty Asian costume designer turned Colm inside out every time he came to the bar to pick up or deliver the outfits for the strippers. Colm never had trouble picking up guys before, but around Zane, Colm turned into a mass of quaking nerves and stuttering uncertainty.

Zane dodged and weaved and zigged and zagged around Colm like a bee on crack and the buzzing drove Colm insane. Every time Zane flounced into the bar, long black braid swinging, his dark charcoal-lined eyes melted Colm where he stood. Colm's dick would harden at the mere sight of Zane, but his tongue would stick to the roof of his mouth and all he could get out were grunts.

He'd spent the last few months jerking off to fantasies of fucking the sexy designer in the dressing room of the bar so often it played like a porno in his head.

Zane was coming in today. Colm decided he'd speak to Zane and make a play for him. For once he'd just go balls to the wall and take what he wanted, no asking, no prelude, no foreplay.

Just push Zane against the wall, wrap his hand in that gorgeous long black braid of hair, and devour the man.

Colm put the glass down and picked up another one from the filled dish rack.

"About time you finished that one. Is this one going to take that long or do you plan on doing this all night?"

Colm frowned at his best friend and roommate, Ivan.

"Shut the fuck up." Colm made short work of it and moved to the next glass.

"Hey, don't piss on me just 'cause you haven't been laid in months." His roommate grinned at him, the smirk putting dimples in Ivan's face. They softened the big Russian's

appearance, making him appear less like a Russian mobster than the liquor distributor he was in reality.

"It's not that." Colm snapped his towel at his best friend and Ivan leaned back, hands up and out in defense.

"Must be Zane. Man, he's got you hard and confused. I can't blame you, he's hot as hell. I'd fuck him in a heartbeat." Ivan ducked as Colm threw the towel at his head. "So just get on with it. Ask him out. Fuck him. Just do it! But for God's sake, stop moping about it."

"I'm planning on it. Today." Colm gave Ivan a hard stare.

"Need help?" Ivan wiggled his pale blond eyebrows and tossed back the dishrag.

"No." No way would Colm let Ivan near Zane. Zane would have to shoot him down first, and only then would he step aside and let Ivan make a play for the designer.

Even then, it would hurt like hell.

Colm finished the glasses and moved them to rack under the bar's counter. Then he started working on the fruit set-ups. The ladies who came to watch Lucky's Charms dance and strip loved their fruity drinks.

Ivan leaned back against the bar and sipped his beer as Colm worked, but didn't talk. Colm liked that about Ivan. He knew when to shut up. They'd become fast friends since Ivan moved into the second bedroom at Colm's apartment.

Colm watched as a parade of men came and went from Ivan's bedroom. He should have installed a revolving door. In the meantime, cobwebs grew on Colm's door.

No one had made it past the front door of the apartment, much less his bedroom, not since he'd first laid eyes on Zane. He couldn't get his interest or his dick up for it.

And now, he couldn't even pull himself together to ask the guy out. What the hell was wrong with him? This never happened. Ever.

But Zane made Colm want to fall to his knees and do whatever the man wanted him to do. Anything, as long as Zane commanded him.

And Colm never took orders from anyone.

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Zane leaned back in the cab and checked out his face in the mirror. Eyeliner looking good? Check. Pale lip gloss? Check. Bangs just right? Check.

He had to look perfect today. Not that he didn't always look his best when he went out, but when he went to Lucky's he wanted to look extra tasty.

For Colm.

Damn that man was fine. And he didn't even know it. The man didn't have a clue how hot he was, all tall and lanky and with those strong arms of his. When he wore a pair of blue jeans it was as if they'd been cut and sewn just for him, but Zane knew Colm didn't have a tailor. He couldn't afford it on a bartender's salary. Not in NYC.

Zane would dress him from head to toe if Colm would let him. Colm could model easily. He often pictured Colm on the runway, strutting down the catwalk, wearing some of Zane's skimpiest designs.

He sighed. He'd longed for the man for months, but had played it cool, trying to figure out the kind of man Colm was behind those big brown eyes, strong chin, and shy smile. Zane didn't jump into bed with just anyone. Not for a long time. In his line of work, sex was everywhere, and he'd gotten over the casual stuff soon enough and had concentrated on his career.

Now that he was sewing and selling to some of the best strip clubs in NYC, he'd made a name for himself with his sexy, understated work. But the guys at Lucky's, they were a handful. He'd been working with them for the last few months, trying to move them out of the typical stripper gear and into some edgier stuff. Like wearing just ropes, boy cut briefs instead of g-strings, or black silk jock straps like the one he wore now under his black kilt.

He fussed with the clothing bag filled with the new outfits sitting on the seat next to him. His orders had increased throughout NYC's strip clubs as the guys tried out his designs and got feedback from the ladies or men in the audience.

Zane knew what the women liked—a little more refinement than the gay audiences. The women wanted to feel naughty but not trashy. The gay audiences just wanted to see as much as possible, more raunchy, more flashy. The ladies were a little less bold, unless they got a bunch of drinks in them, then...

Part of his job was to repair the torn garments. The last time he worked on a

"banana sling," it had been ripped off one of the guys. He'd had to rebuild the poor thing.

The cab turned the corner and pulled in front of Lucky's. Zane took a deep breath, paid the driver, who didn't even blink at his outfit of black kilt, red leather cincher, half-calf Doc Martins, and a white, skin-tight, long-sleeved T-shirt. You had to love that about New York. Not much shocked people here, not like the small town Zane came from in Mississippi. He'd practically run away from home as soon as he turned eighteen and headed straight for the big lights of NYC, leaving his shocked, but relieved family behind.

He exited the cab, pulled his garment bag out of the back seat before the vehicle sped away. He turned around only to barely avoiding a collision with a bike courier. Zane swore as he danced out of the way. "Get off the fucking curb!"

The biker just waved a finger at him and continued on, scattering pedestrians right and left. Okay, maybe New York City wasn't the friendliest place, but it beat the hell out of Biloxi and its small mindedness. Being gay and having Zane's fashion sense could get a guy killed in Mississippi. In New York, he was one of a crowd.

He straightened his kilt and adjusted his cincher, making sure it was perfect.

"Stop stalling. He's just a guy like all the others," he mumbled and headed for the door to the bar. It was mid-afternoon and the bar wasn't really open, but he knew the door would be unlocked for deliveries.

He entered with a sway and a strut as if he owned the place, coming to a stop halfway to the bar. With one hand on his hip and one holding the garment bag over his shoulder, he stopped and struck a pose.

"Hello, boys," he drawled. His southern accent came in handy sometimes.

"How's it hanging?"

Colm looked up from cutting fruit and dropped his knife as a strangled squeak escaped his open mouth. Ivan, Colm's roomie, gave a low whistle. "Damn, you fine, boy!"

Zane just winked. "Oh, Ivan, you noticed. How sweet of you." He glared at Colm.

What was wrong with him? Hadn't he ever seen a man in a kilt before?

Colm just stood there as if he'd been pole-axed. Maybe Zane had gone too far with his outfit this time.

"A k-k-kilt?" Colm got out.

"Like it?" Zane did a quick twirl on his heels, knowing the kilt would flash a bit of his smooth legs and a glimpse of ass cheek, hopefully driving Colm wild with lust.

Zane wanted wild so much, especially with Colm.

But Colm wasn't saying a word, he just scrambled for the knife he'd dropped, knocking it off the counter. He lunged for it, disappearing below. God knew what he was doing down there besides not looking at Zane.

"Hot as hell!" Ivan got off the barstool and sauntered his way. "If Colm doesn't wake up, I can think of some things to do with you in that kilt."

Zane looked up into the big guy's face. "And if Colm doesn't wake up and pay attention to me after all the trouble I went to, I'll take you up on that," he said in a voice Colm was sure to hear, even behind the solid wood bar.

Colm popped up, knife in hand, growling. "Stay away from him, Ivan."

Well, that got his dander up. Zane smiled. "You heard the man. Back off."

Ivan laughed and stepped aside. "Hey, ignore me. I'll just keep an eye on the bar." Ivan winked, picked up Colm's dishrag, and wiped down the bar, moving farther away with each swipe.

"So, looks like you're free."

"Yes-s-s," Colm stuttered.

"Good." Zane headed toward the door leading to the back of the stage where the dressing rooms were located. He stopped just before he reached it and turned around.

"Guess I'll just have to hang these up all by myself. But the clothing rod is *so* high. I might need help reaching it." He pouted his lips a bit, the better to entice Colm to his side.

Colm swallowed, his gaze locked with Zane's. He put down the knife and wiped his hands on his apron, but he didn't move from behind the bar.

Zane sighed. Really, did the man need marching orders?

"Colm." Zane lowered his voice and narrowed his eyes, intent on sounding a warning he was not to be disobeyed.

"Yes?" Colm quivered, but waited, and suddenly it became clear to Zane that was exactly what Colm needed.

"I want you to hang these up for me. Now." He held the garment bag out.

Colm shot out from behind the counter and rushed to Zane. "Okay." He took the bag and slung it over his shoulder.

"Good. Follow me. There is something I want to show you."

"Sure."

Zane spun on his heels and headed for the door to the dressing area with Colm hot on his heels.

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Colm tagged after Zane, watching the swing of the kilt and the tight, round ass underneath. He hadn't missed the display of smooth pale skin when Zane had spun and the kilt had lifted.

Good God Almighty! He'd nearly come in his pants. The man knew he was sex on two legs and wasn't afraid to use it. Well, he'd captured Colm, for damn sure.

Colm's prick ached with a longing that only thrusting deep inside Zane could quench. And what Zane's voice did to him? He'd stood there, frozen, tongue-tied, until Zane had called him to his side, and like a puppy, eager to please his master, Colm had run to him.

Because Zane owned him. Colm wanted the slender man more than he'd wanted anyone in his life. A deep-seated need inside him, one he'd kept hidden and dormant, sparked and came to life the first time Zane entered the bar and Colm laid eyes on him.

Is this what he'd been waiting for? For Zane to call to him, ask him to join him at his side? To submit to Zane?

Zane reached the door to the dressing room and opened it. He stepped inside, held the door open and waited for Colm to enter.

"Hang up the bag over there." Zane pointed to the rack of clothing the men used for their shows. Colm had only been back here once or twice to bring the guys drinks. He crossed the room and hung it up, and then turned to face Zane.

"Excellent." Zane smiled, and a flush of pleasure washed over Colm. His cock stiffened and pressed against his jeans, begging for release, for the touch of Zane's hand or, God please, his mouth.

"Now, I have something I want to show you." Zane shut the door and turned the deadbolt, locking them in and anyone who might come into the bar out. He pushed his ass against it but leaned forward, pursing his lips.

"Do you like my outfit?" he asked.

Colm nodded. "It's hot."

"Guess what I'm wearing underneath." Zane gave him a naughty little grin.

"I don't know." But Colm knew what he wished. Nothing. Not a thing.

"Wrong answer." Zane shook his head. "Want to see?" He reached down and fingered the material of the kilt, playing with it as Colm watched, his gaze transfixed on those slender fingers and the way he played with the fabric.

"Yes. I want to see."

"I know you do. I can see it in your eyes, Colm. You want me, but you want more from me than anyone else. Isn't that right?" Zane raised the hem of the kilt a little higher.

Colm stared at Zane's smooth thigh. His heart beat in his ears and matched the throb in his cock. "Yes. I want you." Colm licked his lips. "Do you want me?"

Zane walked his fingers up his thigh, dragging the kilt with him, until Colm spotted the crease where thigh and hip met.

"I do. I've wanted you ever since I saw you behind the bar. Wanted your muscles, your large hands, and your huge cock." He reached under the kilt and stroked his dick, giving Colm a glimpse of black.

"What are you wearing?" Colm had to know. Something black and shiny.

"One of my own designs. A black silk jock strap." Zane pushed the fabric out of the way and exposed himself to Colm.

Zane's cock strained the limits of the jockstrap, the head escaping at the top as it stood erect. Beautiful, it took Colm's breath away. He'd never dreamed it would be as lovely, as pale and slender, with a marvelous rose red head.

Something strangled and animal came out of Colm's throat, a sound he didn't recognize as his voice.

"I'm all yours." Zane crooked a finger at him, urging him closer.

Colm fell to his knees as he reached for the thin fabric. Hooking a finger on each side, he pulled it down, letting Zane's prick spring free. It bobbed, then slapped against the tautness of Zane's belly.

Zane's balls were shaved, and his black pubes neatly trimmed.

"Oh, God." Colm leaned in, opened his mouth, and licked from the base up to the tip, circled it, and then slid back down, savoring the taste of this man. The flavor danced over his tongue, burst on his palate, and he knew he'd never forget it or tire of it.

"You're delicious," he murmured into Zane's crotch, nuzzling against the man's junk. Warm to the touch and musky in scent, Zane drove Colm's arousal higher.

"Then take me in your mouth. Make me come and get a taste." Zane buried his fingers in Colm's short hair, guiding him back to his shaft. "I ache for you, Colm."

Request or command, Colm didn't care, only that Zane asked it of him and all he wanted to do right now was please Zane.

Colm opened his mouth and took Zane's cock in, closing his lips around it and wrapping one hand around the base and the other around Zane's thigh. Colm's cock throbbed, still tight in his jeans, and he couldn't tell the difference between pain and ecstasy. No matter which one, it felt so damn good.

"That's it, suck me. Take me deep." Zane rubbed Colm's head and thrust into his mouth. Nothing Colm couldn't handle. He'd sucked guys off before, to pay them back for letting him fuck them, but he'd never enjoyed it like this.

And he'd never *needed* someone to fuck him. He *never* needed it before.

Part of him felt guilty for the pleasure of it, whispering something vague about being a man, about being the top, not the bottom, about not letting someone fuck him.

The bigger part howled like a needy animal for Zane to take him, fuck him senseless, and order him to bend over the dressing table so he could take it in the ass as he watched in the mirror.

"Fuck!" Colm pulled off with a pop. "I need to touch myself." He panted as he looked up into Zane's face.

"What else do you need?" Zane caressed his shaft, still holding his kilt up and out of the way.

"What do you want?" Colm licked his lips.

"To fuck you, but you knew that." He chuckled. "Bet you don't let that happen too often, do you?"

"No." Colm shook his head. "I mean, I do want you to fuck me, and I don't let it happen. Ever. But you...Fuck, Zane. You do something to me, make me soft. Not here," he pointed to his crotch, "but here." He pointed to his chest. "I *need*. When I 'm with you, I need and I've never felt that before."

Zane smiled. "Oh." He dropped the kilt, covering his cock, and stepped to the side. "Where should we...?"

Colm's gaze darted over the room and then lingered on the dressing table.

"There? You want me to fuck you from behind. So you can watch yourself in the mirror? That it?" Zane grinned. "Damn. That'll be hot as hell, babe." He pushed some of the things on the table to the side. A few fell over the edge and hit the floor.

Colm unbuckled his belt, unsnapped his jeans, and took down the zipper. He pushed them down to below his knees.



"Stop there. That's sexy." Zane cooed as he rubbed his hand over Colm's ass cheek. "Fine, too." He grabbed Colm's shirt, pulled it over his head, and then ran his fingers over Colm's nipples. Zane peeked from behind him, looking at Colm in the mirror.

Colm shivered. Such a fire burned inside him, reducing his reserve to ashes.

"Hands on the table," Zane ordered.

Colm bent over and grabbed the edge of the table with his hands. He looked at their reflections and then locked gazes with Zane, still behind him.

"We need lube and a condom." Zane frowned. He moved away and rifled through the drawers of the other tables. "Got it! Guess someone was a Boy Scout!" He returned to Colm and held up his finds.

It was going to happen. He was going to let Zane fuck him. The last time for Colm had been years ago, and it hadn't been pleasant. His stomach knotted. What made him think it wouldn't hurt now? What had Zane done to him to make him agree to this?

"I don't do this, Zane. Never." Could he back out now? Sure, but he didn't want to, he just wanted reassurance. He'd wanted Zane for months. He wasn't going to back down now that he was so close to living the fantasy he'd dreamed of since Zane walked through the doors of the bar.

"I know. I'll be careful, babe." He ran his hand over Colm's rump, caressing it, warming it with the heat from his body. The *flick* of the tube's lid sounded like the report of a gun, and Colm flinched.

Zane used his finger, warm and wet with slick, running it down the crack, between the mounds of his cheeks and circled his pucker. Colm hissed. Zane moved in a slow circle, over and around his hole, setting every nerve in his body on fire.

Colm leaned back into the touch, shameless in his need, and wiggled a bit to get Zane to touch him where he wanted to be touched.

Zane chuckled, deep and throaty. Colm's dick went rigid.

"Soon?" He braced himself on the table, clenching his ass as Zane prodded his hole. Pushing. Tapping. Colm took a deep breath, blew it out, and Zane breached him.

"Oh, God." It was good. *So good*. He lowered his head and caught a glimpse of his erection, red and angry, straining up and out. A bead of pre-cum clung to the tip, proof his body enjoyed this, if he needed reassurance. He wanted this. Wanted Zane inside him. Wanted to please Zane anyway he could.

He looked into the mirror as Zane finger fucked him, working in and out, side to side, stretching him. He leaned back into it, closed his eyes and groaned with pleasure. It felt so fucking good. Why? Zane plunged deeper and hit a spot in him, shooting stars off behind his eyelids.

Colm howled. He opened his eyes. A wild creature stared back at him. Captured, eyes wide and hungry, muscles flexed, ready to either run or fight it out.

Colm wasn't running. And he wasn't fighting to get away.

He wanted more. Wanted to be handled and fucked.

Zane caught his gaze and held up the condom. He ripped it open with his teeth and pulled it out. "I always have safe sex."

"Often?" Colm needed to know Zane didn't do this with just anyone.

Zane smiled. "No. Been months since I've been with anyone, and even longer since someone let me inside him."

"I'll let you in. Just ask." The words were out before he knew what he'd said, then he hung his head, the burn of his blush racing up his face to the roots of his hair. That sounded so....

"I have a feeling I'll be asking for this often." Zane grinned. He pulled his finger out and placed the head of his cock against Colm's entrance. He pushed in, and Colm closed his eyes, squeezing them shut, preparing for...

Zane backed off. "Not yet. You're not ready, babe."

Colm groaned. He'd wanted it and now...

"Enough!" Colm cried out. "Do it. Now. I need you to fuck me now."

"So much need." Zane leaned over and kissed Colm's shoulder. "Babe, I want to give you what you need. Always. You and me. We fit."

"Yes." Colm nodded. "I want you to be my..." He swallowed, unable to say what he needed, even with Zane's cock at his back door, knocking, seeking to fill him.

Zane pushed in again. "Your man?" He leaned over again. "You want me to fuck you hard, don't you? To spank you?"

Colm bit his lip and nodded.

"You can say it, babe. It's just us. No one needs to know," Zane whispered. "Just you and I."

"Yes." Colm whimpered.

Zane slapped Colm's ass, stinging fire on his bare skin. The fire shot through him, straight to his balls. His cock bobbed and rose to touch his belly, smearing it with more pre-cum.

The sting had barely worn off, when Zane pushed again, and bullied his way past Colm's defenses, stretching him open. Colm tightened his grip on the table, pushed back and took Zane's dick, sliding in, lodging deeper still, until he thought he couldn't take any more.

Zane groaned. "I forgot how good this is. Babe. Oh. Fuck." He pulled out and eased back in as Colm rocked back.

Now they moved together, Zane in and out, and Colm meeting each thrust.

Pleasure poured through his body, lightning fast, building like a storm. He gazed at their reflections.

Zane rode him, hands on Colm's hips, eyes open and staring into the mirror.

"You're so beautiful when you're fucking me," Colm whispered. "I can't believe it. I can't believe you want me."

"I'm beautiful? Fuck. Look at yourself. I love how you look, how your face looks when I'm inside you." He pounded into Colm. "I need you, babe."

"I need you."

Zane fucked him, rode him like he'd never dreamed until Zane came into his life and set his desires free.

Inside him, the need to come built, his balls swelling, his cock throbbing with his racing heartbeat. "Can I come?" He didn't know why, but he needed permission from his lover. He held the urge back, swallowed it down, waiting for the words to set him free.

"Not yet. We come together." Zane gritted his teeth, baring them like an animal.

His movements sped up, his grip punishing, his braid bounced over his shoulder, the kilt bunched up around his waist. God, he looked incredible. Gone was any hint of softness in his face. Fierce desire, lust, and pleasure took its place.

This man owned him. Colm knew it now. Knew part of him had been missing, hidden, until Zane set it free.

"Please. Let me come!" he begged. The tone of his voice excited him, hearing his own need and wanting turned him on even more. "Please, Zane."

And Zane smiled at him in the mirror. "Yes, babe, come for me. Now. Let go. I want to feel you all around my dick." He leaned over, pressing into Colm's back. Their image morphed in

the glass, became a two-headed wild man, aching want in each pair of eyes, in each excited gaze. Locked together in their mating and lust.

Zane grasped Colm's dick, and Colm's world shrank to his genitals. Cock, balls, Zane's hand, the slap of Zane's balls on his ass, the heat between them, the sweat of their bodies. Merging into one just for this perfect moment.

"Zane!" Colm shouted and he flew, out and over the edge, spilling and shooting like a nova, imploding in on himself as Zane filled the condom, crying Colm's name into his ear.

They shuddered. Zane draped over his back. Colm holding them up, his arms trembling with the effort, when all he wanted to do was fall to the floor.

Zane pulled away. Pulled out. He kept his hands on Colm's back, soothing circles, rubbing and petting.

Colm arched into the touch. "Fuck. So good." He licked his lips, his mouth dry as cotton.

Zane kissed his back, small pecks trailing down between his shoulder blades to the small of his back.

"I don't know about you, but that was beyond...anything I've experienced," Zane confessed. A smile, almost shy, curved the corners of his full mouth upward to reach his eyes as the skin around them crinkled.

Heat burned Colm's face. "A guy like me isn't supposed to want what we did."

"Why not?" Zane snorted. "Just because you're big and strong and your muscles have muscles? You're less of a man because you want me to be in control? Fuck that. Or because I look like this?" He waved his hand down his length. "Because I have long hair and look like a girl? That makes me less of a man? I want to fuck as much as the next guy. I just like being fucked too."

"Can I...?"

"Next time." Zane laughed. "Next time I'll tell you just how I want you to fuck me. Okay?"

Colm turned and faced Zane. "So. There's going to be a next time?" He'd hoped, but with someone like Zane, someone so incredibly beautiful...

Zane put his hands on his hips and cocked his head to the side. "You're joking, right? If you think I'm going to let you loose after finding you, you're nuts." Then he frowned. "Unless this was a one-time thing for you?"

Fear flitted across Zane's face, tearing at something inside Colm.

"No! Not for me. I---I need you. I need to be your babe." He grinned and leaned forward, putting his nose against Zane's nose. "I want your control. To please you anyway I can." Odd, it didn't hurt to voice it at all. No pain, just relief, at admitting his deepest secret.

"Good." Zane exhaled. "Good. And I want to please you, too. As many times as you need."

They stared into each other's eyes. Colm's breathing eased, the lines in his forehead smoothed out. Happiness filled his chest, taking away the tightness. He hadn't been happy in a long while, he could admit it now. Wonder and awe raced inside him, shouting and dancing.

It was supposed to be just a hook-up. The prize after months of teasing and flirting.

He'd wanted Zane. Zane wanted him. Just to have the beautiful man once would have sustained him, had been all he'd expected.

How could he have known this was how it would end?

With a beginning?

**The End**