

Two Way Mirror

The beauty of the inner self can at times be eclipsed by the beauty of the outer self. In “Two Way Mirror”, the passionate love of two men cannot eclipse the companionate love which emerges as each discovers the inner and outer beauty of the other, culminating in a love for which neither had been prepared.

~B.K. Wright~



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One last brief glance at Sutton Place and the upscale life he was leaving by choice, the only life he had known, and he was on his way. He was on his way to a new life, a life he had dreamed about for a very long time, a life that would now be realized. A taxi was taking him speedily to John F. Kennedy International Airport, an unfamiliar site to the residents of New York's prestigious Sutton Place, who were much more accustomed to limousines coming and going from their picture perfect lives. He smiled and almost laughed. A cross country flight would find him in a seemingly entirely different world from the one he had been planning in great detail to leave for the past three years. It seemed only minutes away until he would be secure in his window seat of the Boeing 747 that would deliver him from his life of emptiness and solitude amidst the very large extended family he had acquired over the years. From his window seat he could see the vast, seemingly endless pool of water that was the Atlantic Ocean. As the plane made its turn to begin its long journey to the west coast, he watched the gentle waves spreading out below him and thought of how it was the perfect metaphor for his life thus far, a continual sea of sameness for as long as he could remember.

The younger of two boys, Pierce was unlike his older brother, Brian, who had perfected the facsimile of a meaningful and successful life. Brian had graduated from Brown University with the expectation of entering medical school, only to fall more than just a little short of the required admittance requirements. Instead, he had had to settle for the career of a physician's assistant, although was pompous enough to convince himself, as well as some others, that his status equaled that of a physician. As long as Brian worked for the dear sweet unassuming physician who cared for the elderly as if each was his own parent, he was free to strut around as a true physician as much as he chose. The mistake the old physician had made was giving Brian too long a leash by allowing him to serve in his stead, a role of which Brian took full advantage. Brian began his day not one minute before 9:00 a.m. and was on the golf course by noon. He cared little for the elderly, and took full advantage of his boss' trust in him. Oh well, thought Pierce. I can't change Brian, but I certainly don't have to be like him either. Their father, likewise, considered Brian a physician. In fact, he had convinced himself that Brian had

completed medical school, unwilling to admit that Brian had screwed up during his undergraduate days, and also unwilling to admit that his power and position weren't enough to buy Brian a place in Brown's medical school. The college would not compromise its standards by which it had become known the world over, although its president had mysteriously died of food poisoning just six months following Brian's denied admittance. Pierce's father hadn't even attended the funeral though he, too, was a Brown alum, and a wealthy one at that.

Pierce's father was an entrepreneur who had built a Fortune 500 company in a very short time after having graduated from his prestigious alma mater, Brown University. Pierce Bristow had enjoyed a very privileged childhood because of his father, had attended the best schools from his preschool days until he too had graduated summa cum laude from Brown University, the only university befitting the future magnate of Bristow Enterprises. Pierce could have gone to medical school on his own attributes, but his heart was not in it. He wanted no part of the greed he had known growing up a Bristow. He had wanted to paint. He loved the arts, and had painted some in college, caricatures mostly, of people he had found annoying. He and his roommate would laugh about them together late at night. His roommate, Jeff, had encouraged Pierce to paint, although they both knew that Pierce's future had been predetermined, as had Jeff's.

Until now Pierce had done what was expected of him by his father. Knowing how ruthless his father could be, Pierce was too afraid to cross him. Pierce was also a very empathetic young man, and could never hurt anyone, not even his father who had hurt so many without feeling any remorse. Pierce had married a fellow Brown student, a woman his father had chosen for him, to be his trophy wife and attend all the social events. This would allow Pierce to readily climb the social ladder of New York society, just as Pierce's father would ensure Pierce's status in New York finance. Pierce's life appeared the idyllic one that so many of his fellow classmates would have done anything and everything legal and illegal to achieve, certain that the realization of such a life would bring them ultimate happiness.

After ten years of marriage to a woman whose thirst for the material was never quenched, and having worked eighty hour

weeks under his father's watchful eyes, not to mention attending every social event his father had arranged in an effort to introduce Pierce to New York's elite, Pierce knew that he either had to leave without looking back, or kill himself. For Pierce's father, as well as Pierce's wife, the past ten years had been ideal. They had both gotten what they had wanted; his father the model of the perfect son, and his wife the model of the perfect husband. For Pierce, however, the past ten years had been nothing short of pure hell. Pleasing his father had nearly driven him to a nervous breakdown. He was exhausted all the time and had resorted to taking amphetamines just to keep pace, and the few times he and his wife had had sex left him with an emptiness he didn't think possible. Fortunately for Pierce, she wasn't all that interested in sex, so he didn't have to pretend to enjoy it very often. He blamed his lack of interest in sex with his wife on his working so much, but the truth was he didn't enjoy sex with her, and in fact dreaded the few times she had come to bed in what she thought was a sexy negligee, knowing her intentions. To save himself from a deep depression, or worse, he had planned a fake business trip to the west coast, though being the sensitive son he hated lying, and knowing that he was never going back made his guilt even greater. But he was amazed at how relaxed he had begun to feel as the distance between his old life and his new one became greater, as the plane made its way steadily westward.

As the plane descended, the view from Pierce's window was a familiar one, yet so very different. He felt a sense of freedom, yet anticipation, as he watched the water of the Pacific Ocean spread out before him like a ribbon of hope beckoning him to come ashore and enjoy all that his new life was anxiously waiting to offer him, and to leave his all too regimented past behind. A month earlier he had secretly purchased a small cottage that had been refurbished as a bed-and-breakfast on Bainbridge Island in Puget Sound, Washington, where he planned to rebuild his life the way he had wanted it to be. He would run his bed-and-breakfast, and in his spare time would paint whatever sparked his imagination. Painting was the one thing he knew he was good at, the one thing he enjoyed. He had no interest in the moneyed world of his father. His was a simpler view of life. This was his

opportunity to build the life that he had wanted, and not the life of his father.

From the airport in Seattle, he took a taxi to the ferry that traversed the water several times a day to and from Bainbridge Island. He loved the majestic view from the ferry, and felt a part of nature, connecting with it in an intimate, emotional way, the way he had felt during those few family vacations that included the beauty of nature untarnished by the greed of man whose goal was to own at least a part of it. The view from the ferry was magnificent, and Pierce could see the majesty that was the tip of the snow capped Olympic Mountains rising in the distance. The last time Pierce had been here was two months ago to sign the final papers giving him sole ownership of the ten bedroom cottage that he was so eager to share with its visitors. Pierce had hired his staff, sparing no expense with regard to salaries. He also planned to share with each staff member a generous share of the profits. He would never mistreat his employees as his father had his. Human beings were to be cherished, not used. Pierce had hired a decorator and had given him free reign to decorate as he chose. All he had asked was that the entire cottage have an old fashioned country feel, with handmade quilts on the beds, and homemade jams and jellies, and any other wonderful goodies made at the picturesque shops of this beautiful island city.

Pierce loved the little cottage, from the wooden beams on the ceiling to the large rooms which held big round beds in a loving embrace. The beds were round like the world so that all who visited could feel what Pierce had felt the first time he had walked through the doors, that the possibilities for their lives were limitless. Within each bedroom was a large master bath which was set apart from the room by a revolving wooden door. "I love it," he said aloud, when he first visited. Pierce thought it truly unique to have a revolving door in a house, and especially one in a bedroom. Once inside the bath, Pierce stopped dead in his tracks as he realized how massive the entire room was, as it contained a king sized wooden hot tub with water heated and bubbling, and looking very inviting. The entire cottage had a down home country feel to it, and Pierce loved that. He could live here forever. He planned to live here forever. Pierce had toured the

entire island-city of Bainbridge before choosing this little cottage that simply needed a little tender loving care (TLC).

As a bedroom community of Seattle, Bainbridge Island citizens were very concerned with preserving its green space and keeping a tight control over development, both residential and commercial, and were also concerned with maintaining the island's open spaces. Pierce was fascinated by every aspect of Bainbridge. The island was rich in history, culture, and natural beauty. His mind was racing with the possibilities for his paintings. He planned to paint everything on this island. Pierce thought Bainbridge offered the best of both worlds; it was a small town that offered big things. There were acres of parks, a variety of trailheads, fascinating historical sites, and dozens of attractions and annual events. The people were friendly, the island was beautiful, and its proximity to Seattle drew new residents and visitors all year long. There was a sense of community throughout the island, with the residents extremely sensitive to the island's natural beauty, and generously supported its open spaces through local taxes and private resources. Bainbridge Island's charm, rural character, and central location in the heart of Puget Sound made it a great place to live, work, and play, for a lifetime. Each room in Pierce's bed-and-breakfast offered a view of the island's majesty; the Cascade Mountains, Puget Sound; the Olympic Mountains, or Mount Rainier, depending upon where the room was located.

The inn was located within an easy walk of the unique downtown shops. Pierce had never seen such an array of little shops. Cute was the only word to describe them. There were antique shops, craft stores from which Pierce had already bought supplies for his paintings, bookstores, and specialty stores, each with its very own unique gifts. Pierce had yet to taste the many ethnic cuisines offered by the restaurants, but was planning to try each one. The cuisines of Japan, China, Mexico, India, Thailand, Vietnam, France, and Italy were all very well represented in the downtown core of this very special island.

Pierce had yet to name his new cottage. A name would come in time. He had decided to wait and see, and allow the name of the little cottage to be supplied by its interesting visitors and the unique stories of each.

Pierce opened his cottage inn for the very first time on the first day of October, in time for visitors to experience the beauty of autumn on the island. They were already booked for the entire month, largely due to the Pumpkin Harvest with its many activities celebrated throughout the month. The residents of Bainbridge were very proud of the open green areas of the island, and each did his or her part to maintain its beauty and keep it clean. Pierce couldn't wait for the weekend's first visitors. He wanted to spend time with his guests, discover why they came to Bainbridge, what their interests were, and what their plans were for their stay. He had offered extra income to his staff members if they wanted to spend a little of their spare time serving as tour guides, which many were excited to do, to show off their island. Most of his staff had lived their entire lives here in Bainbridge, and were thrilled to share its rich history with anyone who cared to listen.

The ferry brought visitors to Bainbridge from Seattle several times each day, and with every docking Pierce couldn't wait for his guests to check in to their vacation getaway. Pierce had spent too many years stuck behind a desk in a high stressed, politically motivated, wealth driven corporation not to appreciate the slower paced down-to-earth existence that was now his. The first visitors were as diverse as Bainbridge itself. There was a young couple on their honeymoon, a not-so-young couple on their honeymoon, a family with two young children, same-sex couples, as well as singles who had booked a room every weekend to escape the fast paced city life of Seattle. Pierce talked with every one, and he and his staff provided them the relaxing experience they deserved. Pierce wanted them to leave feeling that they couldn't have enjoyed a more pleasant experience anywhere else in the world than here at Bainbridge. "Welcome, welcome", Pierce loved saying to his visitors. "We are here to serve you." And serve them he did. His staff was more surprised than the guests were with how hard Pierce worked. He was one of them now. He dressed as they did, and did the same work they did, from escorting tourists to antique shops, Eagle Harbor Books, one of the last independent bookstores in the Northwest, to the various arts and crafts shops with which Pierce was very familiar now, or anyplace his guests wished to go. He had impressed his first family guests by introducing them to the Mora Iced Creamery, home to the best

homemade ice cream in Puget Sound, and had shown them to the many parks where there was always something for the entire family. The couples enjoyed the nightlife of the island, with its performing arts and fine dining experiences. Of greatest interest to Pierce were the singles. Some had come in hopes of meeting that special someone, while others spent the entire time in their rooms, seeking peace and quiet.

Pierce loved sitting in the cozy area he had had built as a kind of sunroom, but had a coffeehouse ambience. Some of the best coffee shops in the world were right here on the island, and Pierce had the best delivered to the inn every day. I guess there are some things from my former life that I can't escape from, Pierce thought. I do want the best, but I want it for others, not to keep for myself.

Pierce spent much of the evenings alone in his room painting. His room was spacious, with very little furniture, and nothing on the walls, as these were reserved for his paintings. He painted every night, and his muses were the beauty of the island, as well as the people who visited his cottage inn. On occasion one of the guests who had come alone would knock on his door in the evening, wishing to spend time with him. They weren't shy about telling Pierce of their attraction to him, especially after they had come back from one of the many wine shops and feeling very uninhibited. Pierce wasn't interested, for the most part. He had never been one for one night stands. He had only been with one woman, his money hungry wife, and was not interested in doing that again. There was one other relationship he had had in college, but had never spoken of since. He had had a sexual relationship with his roommate, Jeff. They hadn't really thought of it as a relationship. They considered it a welcome release to the unsatisfying, no-sex relationships they each were expected to endure with the frigid bitches they had had no choice in marrying. Pierce's and Jeff's marriages were "arranged" from their births. Business mergers, not marriages, best described their marriages and their lives.

Upon escorting an inebriated guest from his room, he often thought of Jeff. Throughout his ten years of marriage, Pierce had had plenty of time to think about what they had shared. They became friends soon after becoming roommates, and by their

second year had become what they considered “fun” lovers. It happened by chance one night. Following a very dry and dull double date with their to-be wives, they shared a bottle of the sweetest wine they could find, and had removed their jeans to allow their aching hard-ons room to breathe. They sat on Pierce’s bed, drinking and laughing about how they must look, wearing only their shirts, with their dicks standing straight up. They laughed as they thought about their girlfriends and what they would think if they saw them. Then in fun Jeff had said to Pierce one night, “Now this is how we should be treated”, and sitting facing Pierce, leaned down and took Pierce’s hard dick slowly and seductively into his mouth and let it slide back out. Pierce no longer was laughing. What Jeff had just done felt good, damn good. Jeff looked at Pierce. Pierce had leaned back on his arms with his legs spread wide, and his eyes closed. Jeff leaned down and repeated what he had just done several more times. Pierce began to moan. Jeff cared a lot about his friend, and knew the constraints that had been placed upon him, as he had the same. He sat cross legged and pulled Pierce to him by his buttocks, forcing Pierce down onto the bed. He sucked and sucked, harder and harder, all the while squeezing Pierce’s balls and massaging that most sensitive place beneath. He knew what Pierce wanted, as he wanted the same. Pierce was soon moaning and writhing with ecstasy, and Jeff soon discovered that he liked sucking Pierce’s dick, loved it in fact, and swirled his tongue around it, never letting his mouth leave until Pierce suddenly pulled away just as he ejaculated spontaneously as he wrapped his hands around his dick well lubricated by Jeff, who truly cared about him and his physical desires. As soon as he could catch his breath again, Pierce returned the pleasure to his friend. From then on, he and Jeff had kept their secret friendship from everyone. This was theirs and theirs alone.

As he painted, Pierce thought of Jeff. He hadn’t heard from him since his wedding ten years ago. I wonder what he’s doing now. I don’t even know where he is. There were nights that Pierce would fall asleep thinking of Jeff.

Pierce loved the morning at the inn. His room boasted an east wall that was all one window. From this window he could watch the sun rise over the mountains like a big bright smile

encouraging him to leave yesterday in the past and greet the new day with open arms, and an open mind to its yet to be realized possibilities. Pierce would lie in bed and watch this magnificence, and would then begin the day by ensuring everything was in order for the current guests as well as for those who would be new to the island that day.

The coffee was always ready in the sitting room, with its regular, lattes, and cappuccinos laid out in perfect order. He had no idea when it was delivered, but new that it was always before he was up. This morning, however, the complimentary array was being set up as Pierce walked into the room. “Oh, hi, I’m Pierce. You make the best coffee I’ve ever tasted.” The man turned and looked at Pierce. “Thanks. I’m Mitch. I own a coffee shop which doubles as a wine shop. It’s good to finally meet you.” Pierce shook his hand. “Likewise. Can you join me for my first cup of the day?” Mitch agreed, and poured them both a steaming cup of regular. Mitch couldn’t take his eyes off of Pierce. His body was perfect, not too thin, not too thick, and his face was also perfect, with patrician features, jet black hair, and the bluest eyes Mitch had ever seen. So beautiful, and so nice, he thought. Mitch was in awe of this unassuming man. Does he not know how good looking he is? Has he not seen his reflection? “You make great coffee for us. The guests love your brews.” Pierce said this as he smiled at Mitch. Mitch, very self-assured, could not help but be a little intimidated by the striking physical beauty of Pierce. “Thanks. I opened my coffee house and wine shop on the island a couple of years ago.” Mitch relaxed. He never felt intimidated for long.

Pierce enjoyed talking to Mitch. Mitch didn’t seem uncomfortable talking with him, as so many others seemed to be, though Pierce didn’t know why. He thought that maybe he had lost some of his ability to make small talk having spent so many years inside a cold, stuffy office building in downtown Manhattan. He was trying very hard to be as personable here as he could, and so far it had paid off. The downtown shop owners loved Pierce. He always had something nice to say about their goods, and had offered them a free night’s stay at the inn.

The two men sat in silence for a minute, and then Pierce spoke. “Any time you like, Mitch, you can stay at the inn free, you know, to be pampered like you pamper the rest the island.” Mitch

didn't know what to say, except "thank you, I'll do that." "Great. I look forward to it." Pierce did look forward to it. There was something about this man that Pierce found exciting. He wanted to spend more time with him. Then it hit him. "I'm attracted to Mitch. For the first time in ten years, I'm physically attracted to someone," he thought. So lost in his own thoughts, Pierce didn't realize that Mitch was talking to him. "I'm sorry, Mitch. What did you say?" Mitch just chuckled. "I said I would be calling you real soon to take you up on your offer, you can count on that." "I look forward to it, Mitch." Mitch shook his hand, and they stared into each other's eyes for what seemed a long time before Mitch snapped them both back to reality by saying that he had better get going. "Today is going to be a busy one." Pierce opened the door for him, and watched as he walked to his car.

True to his word, Mitch called that very day and reserved a room for the entire upcoming weekend, just two days away. Pierce found himself thinking of Mitch most of the day, as well as the following day. Even when he painted in the evenings Pierce was distracted by thoughts of the short talk he and Mitch had shared over coffee. He hadn't felt that genuinely comfortable with anyone since Jeff, not with his family nor anyone he had worked with at his father's firm. Mitch was real. There wasn't anything fake about him, and if there was one thing Pierce could sense, it was insincerity.

On Friday, Pierce and his staff were busy, as they were every Friday, preparing for the weekend guests. This Friday was especially important to Pierce. Mitch would be checking in tonight, and Pierce was looking forward to his arrival. He enjoyed talking to him, but there was something else. Am I attracted to him like I was Jeff? He wondered. Mitch arrived at 7:00 p.m. "Hey, stranger. Good to see you again." Pierce loved Mitch's forwardness. He looked Pierce directly in the eyes, rather than lowering his eyes during the conversation. Mitch's eyes were sweet, with a sincerity that was clearly visible. It has been said that the eyes are the window to the soul, and if that were true, then Mitch had a beautiful soul. That much Pierce was sure of. "Come on in, to the inn," Pierce said with a chuckle. Pierce laughed too, a warm funny laugh. Pierce felt as if he could be himself with Mitch, and that Mitch was definitely being himself, with no

pretense, as there was no need. “Let me show you to your room, Mitch. It’s upstairs at the far end, so you’ll get two views, you’ll love it.” Mitch smiled and followed Pierce to the coziest little place he had ever seen. It was a cozy little country haven, yet with all the amenities of a modern hotel. “I love it. You’ve really done a lot to the place, Pierce. No wonder I hear nothing but great things about your inn.” Pierce smiled, but was absolutely beaming inside. He wanted his guests to have a positive experience here. He wanted them to feel warm and cozy while they were here. By giving this to others, Pierce felt that he was in some way experiencing the feeling too, the feeling of warmth and coziness that he hadn’t felt as a child in his cold, sterile bedroom. “Well, make yourself at home. Room service is available on demand. Feel free to come downstairs to our old fashioned ice cream shop, which serves all kinds of delicious treats, but from my first spoonful of Mora’s iced cream I knew I had to invite them to be a part of the inn. It’s a big hit.” Pierce knew he was babbling, but couldn’t seem to stop. Mitch was studying Pierce. Vanity was completely missing from this beautiful man. He was totally unaware of his powerful looks. “Maybe that’s why I’m attracted to him, because he is unassuming, and I definitely am attracted to him,” Mitch said inside his head. Mitch was openly gay, but didn’t know about Pierce. He knew that Pierce was the sole owner of the inn. He had done his research on that. “We should probably continue the conversation we started over coffee, don’t you think?” Mitch boldly asked. “Sure. If you like amateur painting, I can definitely supply that. I paint a little each evening. You can give me your critique.” Mitch smiled, and said, “Let me unpack and clean up, and I’ll be down.” Pierce nodded, and left the room.

Half an hour later Mitch was at the front desk. “I see the artist, now show me the art.” Pierce smiled that model-esque smile that was so sexy and yet so endearing to Mitch. “It’s very amateur art, if it can be called art. Come on in.” Pierce led Mitch into his room, and closed the door behind them. Mitch looked around. Pierce’s room was sparse, with only a bed, and nothing on the walls. Pierce noticed Mitch’s questioning look. “I thought I would put my own paintings on the wall, but I’m not sure they would look that good,” he said. “Of course they would, it would be your taste. It’s your room.” Mitch obviously didn’t have the

inner turmoil that Pierce did. Pierce had been raised to believe that if something wasn't perfect, it wasn't worthy of display. "Why not just paint the walls, like a mural?" Mitch offered. "Why limit yourself to the confines of a canvass?" Mitch walked to the window where even in the dark the mountains were beautiful. "Come here, Pierce. Look out there. There are no constraints to nature's canvass. It's continuous." Pierce walked to the window. Mitch was right. Mitch had the ability to see outside of himself. He wasn't afraid to speak his mind, either. "It's beautiful," Pierce responded. "Paint the walls, Pierce. Make a mural of your past, present and hoped-for future." Whoa, Mitch did it again. Insight must be his forte, thought Pierce. Pierce just smiled, and walked to the bed. Mitch followed, and sat beside him. He reached for the bottle of wine he had brought from his shop. "You've had the best iced cream, how about trying the island's best wine," Mitch asked, as he popped the cork and poured two glasses. "I brought my personal favorite. It's a sweet wine, a dessert wine." Wine was one thing Pierce knew a lot about. Wine was the drink of the upper crust of society, he had always been told by his father. They always had lots of wine in the house when Pierce was growing up. Mitch handed Pierce a glass, and one sip told him that this was without a doubt the best of the best. He drank half the glass rather quickly. "Mm, this is the best, Mitch." "It's easy to drink too much, too," Mitch warned. Pierce drank the rest of his glass, and Mitch did the same, and then placed them both on the nightstand. "Now, let me see your artwork," Mitch commanded. Pierce went to the closet to get his sketches, while saying, "Well, I would hardly call it artwork, at least not yet." Mitch thought that Pierce was undoubtedly being humble. He didn't give himself enough credit. "Well, here they are," Pierce announced as he presented his two sketches. Mitch took them from him and studied them closely. After awhile, he looked up. "Pierce, these are absolutely wonderful. I mean it, you've captured the mountains beautifully, and this painting of a single coffee cup is exquisite. You're a natural." Pierce thought he was just being nice. "Oh, come on, they're not that good." "I mean it," Mitch was serious now. "I'll take you to some of the art galleries here on the island, and you'll see. Your work would fit right in with the best of them." Pierce felt his cheeks grow hot, and he turned away. He couldn't believe

he was blushing. Mitch went over to him and placed his arm around Pierce. "I didn't mean to embarrass you. I guess sometimes I'm a little too blunt. But I did mean it." Pierce stiffened when he felt Mitch's touch. He hadn't been touched in a long time, and the feeling of Mitch's strong arm holding him stiff was almost overpowering. Pierce folded his arms. He didn't know what else to do with them. He liked this feeling, and he liked the heat of Mitch's breath sweetened with wine as he said these words. Mitch broke his hold on Pierce and motioned for him to come and sit on the bed. Mitch stacked pillows behind each of them. "So, tell me, Pierce, do you have any fond college stories?" Pierce froze at this question, and his eyes were wide. The fondest stories were of his roommate, Jeff, but didn't think Mitch wanted to hear about that. Mitch wondered what Pierce was hiding. He seemed troubled somehow. Mitch offered his own story. "As for me, I went to the University of Washington in Seattle, and after eight years finally graduated with a B.S. in management." Mitch laughed when he made the comment about eight years, and Pierce couldn't help but smile. Mitch was so easy to talk to. What you saw was exactly what you got. Pierce wasn't used to this. In his former world, the spoken word could rarely be trusted. "I hope you're not offended, Pierce, but I'm pretty direct." "Oh, no, Mitch, it's a welcome change." Pierce thought he shouldn't say anymore, at least not yet. "Well, tell me about college, Pierce." Pierce felt he could tell Mitch anything, and the wine was helping too. "How about another glass of wine first," Pierce said as he reached out his hand. Mitch reluctantly agreed, and poured two more glasses of the sweet substance. Pierce took a big drink, and began his story. "I went to Brown University, degree in finance as expected in order to join the Bristow firm of enterprising men," Pierce spoke in a mocking tone. "Brown, huh? Anyone special at Brown?" Pierce spoke softly and sadly as he told of his expected life, and then he was either brave enough or had had just enough to drink to not care what he said and he went on to tell Mitch all about Jeff. "I guess our friendship went a little too far, huh?" He looked at Mitch for signs of disapproval, but saw only understanding on his face. Pierce continued. "We had so much fun, Jeff and I, perhaps because we knew we were living on borrowed time." "Or perhaps, you truly loved each other." Mitch

took Pierce's hand and held it in his as he said this. Then he took Pierce's empty glass and set both back on the nightstand. He leaned over Pierce and held his face in his hands. Pierce closed his eyes, and offered his mouth to Mitch. Mitch gently touched his lips to Pierce's and kissed him softly, opening Pierce's mouth with his own. Then he kissed the side of Pierce's mouth, then Pierce's cheek, kissing his neck down to Pierce's shirt collar, and gently pushing it open to kiss his shoulder. Then he looked at Pierce. His eyes were still shut, and his head was leaned back into the comfort of the pillows. Mitch placed one hand on Pierce's neck and with the other one he held Pierce's hand. "Did Jeff kiss you like that, Pierce?" Pierce opened his eyes. He was at a loss for words. His heart was beating faster and with the touch of Mitch's lips on his, he had begun to feel again. Mitch didn't need an answer. He kissed Pierce again, this time lingering a little longer, and this time holding him in a loving embrace. Pierce placed his arms around Mitch somewhat hesitantly at first, but then holding him tightly. It had been a very long time since Pierce had felt this way. Mitch moved closer to Pierce until their chests were touching. Each could feel the pounding of the other's heart. The gentleness of Mitch's kisses was arousing to Pierce. He could feel his jeans tighten in a way he hadn't felt in a very long time. He had begun to think he might be impotent. His hard-on was pushing against his zipper so hard now that it was beginning to hurt. He shifted to try to adjust for this burgeoning entity refusing to be ignored. Mitch broke his kiss, afraid he had gone too far. "You okay, buddy?" Then he realized why Pierce was squirming. Mitch slowly guided the zipper of Pierce's jeans downward, with his hand outlining what was eagerly awaiting its release as he went. Oh, that felt better. Mitch looked at Pierce all the time he did this, and Pierce looked at Mitch. He saw kindness in Mitch's eyes, a kindness he hadn't seen in quite some time. Pierce continued to study Mitch's face, looking for signs of what, he did not know. Mitch reached his hand inside Pierce's jeans but kept it outside of his shorts as he gently cupped his balls and squeezed them lovingly. Pierce closed his eyes tight and then opened them again. Oh, this felt good. How could he stop now? Mitch outlined Pierce's erection again as he moved his hand upward. He never took his eyes off of Pierce's. He saw a deep hurt in those eyes, and

also a great capacity for love. Keeping his hand around Pierce's penis, Mitch leaned up and kissed him gently on the lips. They felt so soft, and tasted like sweet wine. Then he kissed Pierce's cheek, and spoke softly into his ear. "Will you let me suck you, Pierce? I want to bring you to the orgasm you deserve." Pierce couldn't speak. He could barely utter the word, "yes."

Pierce's eyes were closed and his head back as Mitch kissed him again softly on his lips. Then he slowly pulled Pierce downward on the bed until he was almost lying flat. He slowly removed Pierce's jeans and pushed them onto the floor. Mitch stared for a few minutes at Pierce's body, naked from the waist down. He was beautiful. His legs were gorgeous, and in between were the most delicious looking balls that Mitch had ever seen. He spread Pierce's legs apart and stared at the well formed orbs that were just a small sampling of the rest of his perfectly shaped body. And right before him was even more perfection. Pierce's erection was throbbing, begging for Mitch's eagerly awaiting mouth. Kneeling between Pierce's legs, Mitch placed his hands underneath Pierce's shirt and rested his fingers on his hardened nipples. As Mitch placed his tongue at the base of Pierce's erection and slid it upward, Pierce moaned, and for an instant thought of Jeff. Mitch was just as loving, and the feelings that had until now been repressed came rushing back. As Mitch's mouth encircled the head of Pierce's erection and engulfed it in its entirety, Pierce moaned even louder. Mitch continued a slow and steady pace, and as he did he squeezed Pierce's balls and massaged underneath, applying just the right amount of pressure to cause Pierce to gasp and spread his legs as far apart as he could. All three sensations quickly became one huge one, and Pierce exclaimed, "Oh, Mitch", over and over, louder and louder, until this one huge sensation culminated in one huge exploding orgasm. Mitch continued until Pierce's erection had become completely flaccid inside his mouth. Then he let it slip slowly out of his mouth. He moved onto his side and held Pierce, kissed him on the cheek, and lay next to him. He gently turned Pierce's cheek toward him and smiled. Pierce opened his eyes, and not knowing what to say, simply smiled back at Mitch.

Pierce dozed for a few minutes, and Mitch looked as his perfect face. Pierce's features were as if they had been chiseled to

perfection, and Mitch wondered what kind of person could bring harm or even discomfort to such perfection. Pierce not only seemed a perfect physical specimen, but had a soul to match. His kindness and gentleness were unlike any man's Mitch had ever known. Mitch couldn't help but feel protective of him. Pierce was like a little bird that had broken its wings. "You'll fly again, little bird. You'll fly again." These words were heard only by Mitch. Pierce had fallen asleep.

Mitch hadn't planned to stay the entire night, but couldn't leave this sleeping Pierce. He liked his new friend, and wanted to know him better, much better. Sleepy himself, Mitch pulled the covers up over them both, and he too was soon sleeping soundly.

Pierce awoke when the sun came streaming in the east window as it made its slow climb up and over Mount Olympus. He stretched, and looked over at Mitch still sleeping. Then the memories of last night quickly came to him when he realized he was naked from the waist down. Mitch sure did know how to give a blow job. Pierce felt great. He felt exhilarated, just as he had after he and Jeff had given each other that welcome release following a night of pretense with their predetermined wives-to-be. He hadn't felt sexually aroused since Jeff, until last night with Mitch. Although he hadn't known Mitch very long, it seemed as if they had been friends for a long time. They had hit it off from the start, just as he and Jeff had hit it off so many years ago.

Pierce stretched, and the movement of the bed caused Mitch to stir. Pierce wished he could grab his pants. He felt very exposed even underneath the covers. He moved a little more, purposefully trying to awaken Mitch. Mitch's eyes opened. "Oh, hey, good morning, buddy." Pierce smiled when he saw the generosity in Mitch's eyes. "How do you feel, Pierce? You're not hung over from the wine?" "No, I'm fine." He did have a slight headache, but no way was he going to tell Mitch. Mitch had given him what he had been needing for a very long time, and he had given it good, with no holding back.

Pierce had the weekend off, and wanted to spend it with Mitch. Mitch had checked in for two days, so obviously had some free time this weekend. He looked over to find Mitch looking at him. "What's on your mind, buddy?" Embarrassed that he was being watched, Pierce stammered a bit, before admitting to what he

had been thinking, or at least a part of it. “Oh, I was just thinking about what to do with my weekend. I haven’t had time to myself since the inn opened.” Mitch, continuing to look at him, said, “Hmm, we’ll have to think of something then, won’t we?” Mitch rolled onto his back. “You’ve got to see my little coffee and wine shop, and my country house. It’s a little ways out, but it’s a very peaceful retreat. I love talking with the visitors and regulars that come to my shop for coffee or wine or both, but I do enjoy going home at night.” Pierce blinked a couple of times when Mitch mentioned home. He really hadn’t had one, and now he was starting over. He was excited and frightened at the same time. “What’s wrong, buddy? Did I say something to offend you?” Mitch was always careful not to hurt others. He had been blessed with two great parents who had been very careful to show him how to treat others, not just tell him. “Oh, no. I’d love to see your business, and your home.” Pierce was guarded as he answered, as he had been taught to be by his parents. “Great. Let’s get going.” Mitch excused himself and escaped into the bathroom, so that Pierce could retrieve his jeans from the floor without being embarrassed. Pierce was waiting when Mitch returned.

Mitch drove them in his jeep to the coffee shop where every morning the delicious blends were brewed that he delivered personally to Pierce’s inn. “Here we are,” Mitch announced proudly as he opened the door and motioned for Pierce to enter. It was a very busy place, as it always was, but especially so on weekend mornings. Everyone knew Mitch, and loved to stop and talk with him. He introduced Pierce to everyone, and made a shameless plug for the inn. Mitch trusted his staff, and wanted them to trust him, so he showed Pierce around, and then quickly excused them so that his staff wouldn’t think he was checking on them. Back in the jeep, Mitch asked unashamedly, “Well, what did you think, honestly?” Pierce looked at him. “I loved it. It’s beautifully decorated, but not too showy. I would call it understated elegance.” Mitch was impressed by Pierce’s observation. “The walls are a bit bare, but perhaps an artist would be willing to paint a mural or two.” This obvious referral to Pierce’s so-called artwork was a huge boost to his ego. “I’m a novice, Mitch. I’m not an artist.” “Don’t sell yourself short,

you've got raw talent, Pierce." Pierce just smiled and looked out at the scenery.

Changing the subject, Pierce commented on the natural beauty of Bainbridge Island. It had charm, and now that they were away from town Pierce could see the miles and miles of green as it spread before them like a beautiful silk tapestry, surrounding them entirely the farther out they went. Along the way were strawberry fields which gave the island a Christmas-like appearance, with the redness of the berries interspersed with the green of the stems. "Now I know why preservation is so important to the people here. You've definitely something worth preserving," Pierce commented, not taking his eyes off the landscape. Mitch smiled to himself. He planned to show Pierce everything on the island.

They turned onto a long lane lined with trees on either side and when they emerged, in the clearing stood Mitch's home. Pierce's eyes were wide. This was not the humble abode that Pierce had expected given Mitch's description. This was a chateau-like home, much like the ones in France that Pierce had seen on his trips abroad. "Mitch, this is beautiful." "Thanks, buddy. It's been in the family for years. It's a hand-me-down." Mitch just smiled. He loved this old place. His great-grandfather had built it by hand. "My family believed in self-reliance, and were hard workers. They planted thousands of strawberry fields by hand, and in later years my parents sold the business but kept some of the strawberry fields. Mom makes strawberry jam and provides it complimentary to many of the eateries on the island. She says it's her little way of giving back to this island she loves so much." Mitch looked over at Pierce. "But, honestly, we aren't at all a pretentious people, just hard working." Pierce was amazed at Mitch's humility. Pierce's father would have stripped this poor island of every strawberry it had if he could have made a profit from doing so.

They walked inside, and once again Pierce was amazed. He was amazed at the lack of ostentation. It was decorated in much the same way as Pierce had decorated the inn. Country décor throughout, Mitch's house felt like a home. It was stuffed with lots of oversized furniture, giving it a cozy feel. It was very bright and cheery, with many ceiling-to-floor windows welcoming the natural light just as Mitch had welcomed Pierce into his home

and into his life. Mitch showed Pierce the entire house, saving his bedroom for last. He led Mitch to the second floor and said, “Okay, prepare yourself.” Mitch opened the door to his bedroom, and Pierce just smiled. “It’s sweet, Mitch.” Then he laughed, and then Mitch laughed. The walls had been hand painted by his mother a very long time ago, and as far as the eye could see, on every wall, there were strawberries of every size. “I just left it that way. But, the rest of it is all me.” Mitch had a computer, flat screen TV, and furniture that better reflected his own taste.

They went back downstairs and Mitch offered to make Pierce pancakes with his grandmother’s famous recipe and, of course, his mother’s strawberry jam and syrup. “That sounds delicious.” Pierce was starving. Mitch loved to cook, a love he shared with his mother. Pierce stared out of the large kitchen window at the beautiful lawn sprinkled with flowers. The lawn was as beautiful as Mitch, and the house as comforting as Mitch’s spirit. Pierce wondered what it must have been like growing up here in paradise. He imagined it had probably been much more peaceful than his childhood in a concrete jungle. “Here we are, hotcakes and hot coffee,” announced Mitch. Pierce snapped back into reality, and ate several of the delicious delights. “Your culinary talents match your brewing talent, Mitch. This is scrumptious.” “Mm, mm hmm,” Mitch replied. He was too busy stuffing hotcakes into his mouth to talk.

They finished their coffee, and Mitch led Pierce into the back yard. “Let me show you the grounds. The walk will do me good.” Mitch patted his stomach as he said this. He was tall, like Pierce, but thicker through. Unlike Pierce’s runner type frame, Mitch had more of a wrestler’s build. Mitch showed Pierce all around the grounds, the strawberry shaped flower garden, the hedges his mother had had trimmed in the shape of strawberries, and when they passed through the gate that enclosed the pool, Pierce couldn’t help but laugh. “Oh, Mitch, this is too much.” Mitch just smiled. “I know, I know.” Inside the gate was a strawberry shaped pool. “Mom loves her strawberries, that’s for sure.” Mitch laughed just as loud. It had been a long time since he had had someone to laugh with. “Where is she, your mom?” Pierce was afraid she might have died, but felt comfortable in asking. “Oh, Mom lives in town now, in a much smaller house.

She still makes her jams and syrups and delivers them to the eateries, but someone else picks the strawberries.” “Oh, I was afraid that ...” Mitch felt pretty sure what Pierce was thinking. “Mom’s fine, just got tired of keeping up such a big place. I’ll take you there real soon, to her house. You’ll like her.” Pierce was sure that he would.

It was mid afternoon by the time they returned to the house. Mitch loved it here, and hoped that Pierce would spend the night. He liked sleeping next to him last night. “Well, Pierce, what can I show you now?” “I don’t think anything can top this. This is a virtual paradise, Mitch.” Mitch just smiled. Shy he was not, but he didn’t want to risk coming on too strong. “How about staying here tonight, buddy. You’ll love waking up here.” Mitch hoped that didn’t sound like begging. Feeling his cheeks getting warm, Pierce said a quick “sure”, and then looked away. Mitch was so sure of himself, yet extremely humble. Pierce didn’t want to admit it, but he liked waking up with Mitch’s arm around him and wanted to do it again here in Mitch’s cozy home which seemed to ooze love throughout.

After the long walk, Mitch admitted he wasn’t in the mood to cook anything. “You’ve seen downtown, so how about a trip to the water’s edge for dinner. One of my favorite restaurants is a secluded little place that’s very quiet.” Pierce just wasn’t up to more travel. He wanted to stay right here and enjoy this cozy feeling, but he didn’t want to offend Mitch. “Whatever you like, sure,” he tried to respond with an upbeat tone. He didn’t fool Mitch, not for a second. He walked closer to Pierce and placed his arm around him. Pierce’s back was turned, so he was surprised by Mitch’s action. “Look, buddy, you don’t ever have to agree with me for fear of hurting my feelings. Don’t be afraid to speak your mind ever, and definitely not with me, okay?” Pierce kept his eyes down as Mitch spoke, and nodded his head. Mitch continued. “Let’s have something delivered. I like to help the young kids make some spending money. It’s a long drive, so I tip them well, both with money, as well as with several jars of Mom’s strawberry jam.” He smiled at Pierce which seemed to cheer him up. “That sounds great, Mitch,” Pierce smiled back, and made himself comfortable in one of the oversized sofas. Mitch made the delivery call, and then sat down beside him. Seated next to Pierce,

Mitch took his hand in his. “So, tell me more about Jeff, if you don’t mind, that is.” “No, I don’t mind,” Pierce responded, and he didn’t mind at all. Mitch noticed immediately that Pierce’s mood brightened as he spoke of Jeff. “We were roommates for four years, and I guess the physical part began our sophomore year, when we both had to begin our predestined dating.” “So, you were young and in love,” Mitch stated rather than asked. “No, we didn’t love our future wives.” “No, no, Pierce, I meant you and Jeff were in love with each other.” Pierce felt a stabbing feeling go through his very soul. He hadn’t thought about it like that, but Mitch’s perceptiveness he could not ignore. They sat in silence for awhile, until Pierce broke the silence. “I guess so.” Mitch held Pierce’s hand tightly. “That’s good, Pierce, it’s good to love.” Then why do I wish the floor would swallow me right now and I could disappear, he thought.

Selfishly, Mitch was happy that Pierce had once loved a man, and not a woman. If he loved a man once, then he could love a man again. He wanted to tell Pierce about his past “loves”, but wasn’t proud of the fact that since his father had died six years earlier he had taken the ferry to Seattle almost every weekend for a quick lay, but had remained emotionally detached. Mitch knew that emotional detachment wasn’t an option with Pierce. Mitch was already attached to this wonderful human being who had entered his life at just the right time. One day Mitch would tell him about his past, one day.

Both deep in their thoughts, the doorbell rang twice before either heard it. Mitch returned to the present and hurried to the door. “Oh, I guess dinner’s here. Let’s eat.” Pierce smiled that gorgeous smile of his, and Mitch led him into the kitchen.

Pierce was feeling a lot better, maybe because of the food, or maybe because of the delicious strawberry wine, but probably because of admitting to Mitch that he and Jeff had truly loved each other, which Pierce had never admitted until now, not even to himself.

The wine was good and it was hard for Pierce to stop drinking it, but Mitch stopped them after one glass. “Let’s save the rest for later. How about taking a swim in a strawberry shaped pool.” Mitch could always make Pierce feel alive. “I’d love it,” Pierce exclaimed without reservation. “Oh, I didn’t bring any

swim gear.” “That would spoil all the fun if you had,” Mitch said laughingly. “It’s dark, the water’s warm, and the feel of the water swirling around your naked body is exhilarating beyond belief. Care to try it?” Mitch took Pierce’s hand and raised his eyebrows seductively. Pierce laughed. He liked Mitch, he liked Mitch a lot. “Let’s go,” was Pierce’s response.

The pool was beautiful in the moonlight. With darkness all around, it shared the spotlight with nothing. It was a star in its own right. Mitch stripped off his clothes and was in the pool in no time. Pierce didn’t feel as comfortable with open nudity as Mitch. Although it was dark, there was enough light from the pool lights, as well as from the moon, to allow Mitch the pleasure of seeing Pierce completely naked. Pierce would have much rather preferred to be in a completely dark area than here in the light of the moon. “I’ve just got to do a couple laps to loosen up. I like to swim underwater, so see you in a bit,” Mitch said hurriedly. It was true that he liked to swim underwater, but he also could sense Pierce’s discomfort with stripping with someone watching.

While Mitch was doing laps, Pierce quickly took his clothes off and allowed the warmth of the water to swirl around him as he slowly made his way in to where it reached him mid chest. The feel of the water was exhilarating, Mitch was right about that. The swirling water combined with the sweet wine he had had were also very arousing. He could see Mitch’s silhouette as he swam from one end of the pool to the other, and what Pierce saw he liked. Mitch’s nakedness was a definite turn-on for Pierce. The roundness of his supple ass as it just barely reached the water’s surface before disappearing beneath again and again made Pierce dizzy with desire. He liked Mitch’s body. He had some meat on his bones, and wasn’t caught up in his looks as so many in Pierce’s former world had been.

With the warm water swirling about him and lost in his own thoughts, Pierce didn’t notice Mitch swimming toward him. He popped up out of the water and pulled Pierce to him, kissing him as the water dripped onto Pierce’s face. Mitch’s hands moved to Pierce’s face allowing him to kiss Pierce with a full open mouth. Pierce’s heart was beating faster, and he held Mitch with as great a force as Mitch was him. Pierce was kissing him back, and wanted to feel Mitch’s supple ass that was half in and half out of the water.

He moved his hands down Mitch's back, and stopped just as he felt the top of that supple roundness he wanted so much. Mitch wanted it too. Pierce's touch was electrifying. He had never felt this way before. Mitch broke the kiss, and moved Pierce's hands down into the water and onto his ass aching to be touched. "Don't stop now, baby, your touch is what I've been aching for." With those words, Pierce's hands were all over those supple orbs just at the water's edge. Mitch raised himself up on tiptoes to allow a better hold by Pierce's searching hands. With his hands fully cupping Mitch's ass now, Pierce moved them all around, spreading Mitch's buttocks apart so that the water rushed into where Mitch wanted Pierce's erection to be. Oh, yes, that erection that was now anchored between Mitch's legs as he straddled Pierce's legs. His own erection was just as stiff and just as anchored between Pierce's legs. Mitch wanted Pierce right now, but wanted to make love slowly and in his bed so that he could hold him and wake up holding him. He knew he had to stop this now or he wouldn't be able to stop at all. I can make it, he thought. All I have to do is pry myself away from this gorgeous sexy man. He kissed Pierce one more full kiss, and then forced himself to stop. He backed up and held Pierce's face and spoke unashamedly. "I want you, Pierce. I've never wanted anyone as much as I want you. But not here, baby, not in the pool. I want you in my bed." Although Pierce was used to Mitch's directness by now, his words still made him feel a bit uneasy, but nonetheless extremely aroused. Pierce nodded in agreement. "C'mon," Mitch commanded, and led Pierce by the hand out of the water.

Eager for the other's touch, their wet bodies welcomed the warm wet caresses that each was giving the other. Mitch placed Pierce on his back on the bed and caressed his body beginning with Pierce's face. He gently touched Pierce's face and encircled Pierce's lips with his fingers. Pierce breathed heavily, parting his lips which begged for the touch of Mitch's. Mitch kissed Pierce's lips with a slow, lingering kiss, then slowly made his way down to Pierce's chest, stopping to taste the erect nipples on either side. Pierce raised his chest to welcome the touch of Mitch's lips. Pierce moaned, and urged Mitch to suck harder. Mitch gladly took the hint, and sucked harder and swirled his tongue around the mini erections as he sucked. Pierce moaned louder, and Mitch sucked

harder. He was just as aroused as Pierce was. He wanted Pierce to experience the greatest sexual pleasure that he ever had. Selfishly, Mitch wanted Pierce to enjoy sex with him more than he had with Jeff. Mitch wasn't the jealous type, but he would just die if he couldn't have Pierce to himself. Pierce wasn't thinking of anything at the moment. He was completely lost in his own ecstasy. Mitch abandoned these delicious mini erections for a much larger one that was now demanding attention. He kissed Pierce's navel and then slowly and seductively allowed Pierce's erection to enter his mouth and fill it completely as he swirled his tongue around it and downward. Then he slowly and seductively let the throbbing erection slide out of his mouth, and he moved down and spread Pierce's legs apart. He held Pierce's firm buttocks as he sucked each of Pierce's balls, taking his time moving from one to the other. Pierce's eyes were closed, and he was moaning continuously now. When Pierce felt Mitch's tongue massaging that erotic place beneath his balls, he thought he was going to explode. "Oh, Mitch, oh, Mitch", over and over he moaned aloud. He grabbed Mitch's hair. "Mitch, I have to taste you, let me suck you." Mitch was so turned on that he, too, thought he could explode. He took Pierce's dick inside his mouth again, and never allowing it to escape its new warm inviting home, Mitch rolled Pierce onto his side while Mitch lay on his own side, until Pierce had full access to Mitch's throbbing erection. "Mm", Pierce groaned with every new entry of Mitch's dick into his eagerly awaiting mouth. He squeezed Mitch's balls and spread Mitch's legs apart to enjoy that supple ass that he loved. He was kneading it like dough and pulling it to him as he took Mitch's dick in its entirety into his mouth. Oh, he loved this. He loved the feel of Mitch's dick as he sucked harder and harder, and could feel the urgency start to build indicating Mitch's imminent orgasm. He could feel his own orgasm building as Mitch's expert sucking claimed its own attention. They were both moaning and squeezing each other's balls, as they forced the other's dick deep into their mouth, pulling on the other's ass. "Mm, mm", were the only sounds in the room, until with a final squeeze of each other's balls and the hardest sucking that each could provide, they orgasmed simultaneously. They moaned and writhed as their own orgasms demanded their full attention. The moaning didn't cease until their

orgasms were complete, and their erections began to soften. Neither wanted to stop, and so continued sucking until both erections were completely flaccid, with not a drop of the delicious substance left from either one. They remained in this position, savoring their pleasing of each other, until they wanted to hold each other in a warm loving embrace as they slept in each other's arms.

Mitch pulled out of Pierce's mouth as Pierce fought to stop him, and then Mitch kissed Pierce's dick still in his mouth. He finally let it slip away, and turned around, kissed Pierce lightly on the cheek, and held him in the most loving embrace he had ever held anyone, or that Pierce had ever been held. "Oh, Mitch," he couldn't help saying. "Mm," was the reply, and they held each other tightly, neither wanting to ever let go of the other.

Waking up with Pierce's arms around him was the best feeling Mitch had ever felt, and he wanted this feeling to never end. He wanted a relationship with Pierce. He was tired of bringing men here or meeting them somewhere just for sex. Sure, it was always enjoyable but this, this was beyond enjoyable, this was love. But did Pierce feel the same way?

On the drive back, talk of the week ahead filled the jeep. Mitch and Pierce both loved their work so much that it didn't seem like work at all. Mitch dropped Pierce off at the inn, and then hurried downtown to open his coffee shop. It was early, and Mitch looked forward to his first cup of coffee more than usual. Pierce was so happy that he couldn't contain his exuberance. His staff definitely noticed their boss' happiness. He was always pleasant, but today he was almost ecstatic. "Looks like someone had a good weekend," one staff member commented. "The best," was Pierce's emphatic reply. The entire staff was happy for Pierce. He had been so good to them that they all hoped he would find happiness here. They knew that he had left the east coast for reasons other than geography.

When Mitch brought the coffee to the inn, Pierce and he sat and talked like usual about business. Despite their new love for each other, they were both business men and knew the importance of keeping their mind in the day-to-day operations in order to run a successful business.

Mitch and Pierce were both good bosses, and had no trouble finding people to take over for them on weekends. With their long hours, Mitch and Pierce rarely saw each other during the week, but the weekends were now reserved for the two of them to share undisturbed. Mitch had promised Pierce a surprise weekend following the long week apart save for the brief moments shared when Mitch brought his delicious brews to the inn each morning. Pierce had no idea what Mitch had planned, but knowing Mitch even for the short time that he had, he had no doubt that he had planned a weekend of fun, as well as sex such that Pierce had never experienced. Last weekend with Mitch had made Pierce realize the intimacy he had been missing since Jeff. He wondered if he would ever forget about Jeff. Perhaps forgetting wasn't expected.

Friday morning when Mitch brought the morning's brew, he and Pierce talked of the long weekend ahead. Two days came and went so fast, but they reminded each other that it was quality, not quantity, that made their time together so special. Anyway, their feelings for each other didn't come and go with the weekend. They wanted each other all week long. "You always look so rested in the mornings, even after the long days and nights you put in. How do you do it?" Mitch was impressed, but also a little embarrassed at his own response. "Oh, I guess I should have told you. I stay with my mom at her house here in town during the week, and only drive out to the house on weekends." Pierce thought it was sweet. He could see that Mitch was uncomfortable, though. "That's nice, Mitch, it really is. You and your mom must have a good relationship." "We do, Pierce. She's been a good mom, and Dad was a good dad." Mitch sighed. "Even when I wasn't the easiest son to deal with, they stood by me. They've always accepted the fact that I'm gay, too. That means a lot." Pierce felt his entire body stiffen. There it was again, his reflection. He, too, was gay. If he weren't, he would have enjoyed having sex with his wife, and he wouldn't have wanted and desired Jeff back then, and now Mitch. "That's great, Mitch." Pierce didn't know what else to say. "Well, buddy, I'll be back later, around 7:00, for yours, and our, surprise weekend."

Pierce watched as Mitch walked out the door before getting back to work. He had to prepare the inn for the weekend which

was always the busiest time, other than holiday weekends. Later that morning a letter was delivered with a New York return address. Pierce did not want to open it. He knew he had to, though. He went into his room and closed the door. His hands were shaking as he struggled to open the tightly sealed envelope. Inside was a letter from his wife's attorney stating that she had filed for an emergency divorce because she was pregnant with another man's baby. Pierce felt dizzy, and struggled to make his feet move so that he could sit on the bed. She certainly never wanted my babies, he thought. Then he read further, and as he did his entire body broke out in a cold sweat. The man whose baby his wife was having was his father. Apparently they had been having an affair for three years. She really was a gold digger. When she realized she had taken everything of mine, that wasn't enough, so she went on to a bigger gold mine. She took so many years from me, and she didn't care. She was a bitch and a whore, and she deserves my father, and he definitely deserves her. I hope they destroy each other. Clutching the letter to his chest, Pierce lay on the bed waiting for the room to stop spinning. He closed his eyes, and wiped the beads of sweat from his face. He tried to focus his eyes on the words again, but they were blurred and out of focus. Had he read the words he thought he had?

Once the beads of sweat stopped coming and his heart stopped racing, Pierce closed his eyes. He felt as if he had just run ten miles in as many minutes. He didn't hear the knock on the door at 7:00 p.m. Mitch knocked again, but still no answer. He tried the door, but it was locked. Mitch went to the dining room where the staff were setting up for dinner and asked if anyone had seen Pierce. No one had for the last couple of hours. "Is he not at the front desk?" a concerned staff member asked. "No, and the door to his room is locked," Mitch answered in a somewhat frantic voice. The nice lady gave Mitch the master key, and spoke quietly to Mitch. "You go check on him for us please. If something is wrong, he will trust you." She, as well as the rest of the staff, felt certain that Mitch had been the reason for Pierce's newfound happiness.

Mitch took the key and practically ran to Pierce's door. Opening it slowly, he called Pierce's name, and tapped lightly on the door. When Pierce did not respond, Mitch stepped inside,

closing the door behind him. When he turned to find Pierce lying on the bed, his eyes closed, clutching the sheet of paper, Mitch locked the door of Pierce's room and went to his side. Sitting on the bed next to Pierce, Mitch lightly touched his cheek. "Pierce, wake up now. It's Mitch." Mitch struggled to control his wavering voice as he spoke. Whatever was contained in the letter Pierce was holding must have been very upsetting to his new love, and it hurt Mitch to see him like this. Mitch held Pierce's hand. It was cold and clammy. When Pierce opened his eyes and saw Mitch looking at him, he had no idea what had happened, and he had no idea how long he had been lying on the bed. Then he realized that he was still holding the piece of paper tightly against his chest, and guessed he must have passed out from shock. "Oh Mitch, is it time to go? I must have fallen asleep." They both knew that wasn't true, but Mitch wasn't going to pry, not just yet anyway, and Pierce wasn't ready to share what the letter contained. He was too afraid that he would lose Mitch, and he realized this week that he was beginning to care about him a great deal. He thought he was beginning to love him, and loving someone was the one thing that Pierce didn't know if he was capable of any longer. "I was worried, Pierce. Your door was locked and you didn't open it when I knocked. A staff member let me in." "Oh, I'll get ready," Pierce said as he rose from the bed and went into the bathroom. After closing the door behind him, Pierce leaned against the wall and read the letter again. It hit him just as hard as it had the first time. He shifted a little and hit a towel rack by accident. The noise worried Mitch, however, and he knocked on the bathroom door as he was opening it. "Pierce, you okay, buddy?" Happy to see that he was okay, Mitch grabbed Pierce's arm. "Come on out, buddy. You seem distracted. What gives?" "Oh, I just got some bad news, that's all," he lied. "Is everything okay, your family all right, is it Jeff?" Mitch hated asking this last part, but had to know. If it was about Jeff, and Pierce was troubled this much, Mitch didn't know what he would do. Did Pierce still love Jeff? "Oh, no Mitch, nothing's wrong." Pierce felt as if he had been stabbed with a knife as he lied to Mitch. He knew he had to tell Mitch the truth now. He couldn't have Mitch wondering if he still loved Jeff. If he thought that, he might not want him anymore. "Well, let's come out of the bathroom, okay?" Mitch

was stating, rather than asking, as he guided Pierce back into the bedroom by his arm. Pierce sat on the bed again, with Mitch right beside him. Pierce folded the letter and put it in his pocket.

“Would you hate me if I said I wasn’t up for a big weekend, and that I would much rather go back to your house in the country?” Mitch was relieved. He thought Pierce was going to not want to be with him at all this weekend. “Not at all. We can spend the whole weekend, just you and me, in the country. Fresh air will do us both good.”

Pierce packed a small bag, and locked the door of his bedroom on the way out. Once outside, in the sunlight Mitch noticed how pale Pierce was. That letter, he thought, what was in that letter? At least it was still with him, and maybe once they were alone Pierce would share its contents with him. Mitch knew how hard it was on a person to keep a secret. It ripped a hole in the soul.

They took the jeep again, and Pierce laid his head back and let the cool breeze of the evening kiss his cheeks with light airy kisses all the way to Mitch’s cozy home. Mitch parked the jeep in front, but before getting out he looked at Pierce, and said, “Hold out your hand.” Pierce did as he was told, and Mitch continued. He placed a key in Pierce’s hand, and said, “Keep this, baby. It’s a key to my house. If you ever want to come here, you know, to get away and be by yourself, you don’t even have to ask, just come on out.” Pierce didn’t know what to say to this kind offer. “Thanks, Mitch. You sure?” Mitch just winked and smiled at Pierce. He was sure.

They walked inside and Pierce felt that same cozy feeling he had felt last weekend. He could feel the stress of the last few hours begin to melt away. Mitch went into the kitchen and poured them some wine. He knew that he could sure use some. Pierce had given him quite a scare. Mitch gave Pierce a glass, and they went into the sunroom off the kitchen and stared out at the beautiful lawn. The strawberry shaped pool could be seen in the distance, bringing back memories of their first lovemaking. Mitch wanted to know what was in the letter, and Pierce wanted to drink enough wine to forget all about it. After Pierce poured himself a third glass, Mitch returned the bottle to the kitchen. “Don’t want to overdo it. Not sure if I’m up to carrying you up all those stairs

later.” Mitch said this in a joking manner, but was very serious. Attempting to drink problems away had never worked for Mitch, and Mitch doubted that drinking would solve Pierce’s problems either. Pierce was feeling good, and didn’t appreciate having the source of that good feeling taken away. “Aw, c’mon, party pooper, one more glass can’t hurt.” Mitch didn’t respond to this, but continued to stare out at the diminishing sunlight. It was dusk, and he was tired from the long week and from this latest scare from Pierce.

Mitch was feeling relaxed, but Pierce was feeling extremely relaxed, and horny. He finished his third glass, set it on the table between Mitch and him, stood in front of Mitch, and then straddling him, sat firmly on his upper thighs so that their pelvises were touching. Mitch set his glass down and placed his arms around Pierce. Pierce leaned in and placed his hands flat on the back of Mitch’s chair. “Do you want me, Mitch?” Pierce asked seductively, so close to Mitch’s mouth that he could almost taste the sweet wine on Pierce’s lips. “You know I do, baby, I’m sure you can feel how much I want you.” He could feel it, just as he could feel his own desire as it was begging to break free of the tight confines of his jeans. He ran his tongue along Mitch’s lips, gave him a light kiss on his closed mouth, and then leaned back and looked into his eyes. “Why, Mitch? Why do you want me, huh?” Mitch knew that part of this was a hurt Pierce, part was a Pierce who had had too much to drink, and part was reality Pierce. There really wasn’t much he could do for Pierce right now except to let him deal with things the way he felt he could, and if this made him feel good right now, then that was what Mitch would give him. “I want you because just thinking of you makes me horny, and this, well, I think you can feel how hard I am.” “Mm, yes I can, indeed I can.” Mitch wanted Pierce, to be sure, but he wasn’t willing to allow Pierce to compromise himself in ways he wasn’t ready to, and Mitch felt certain that he knew how far Pierce had gone with Jeff. Pierce was demanding with Mitch, but Mitch overlooked it, given how hurt Pierce was from whatever was contained in the letter. Pierce kissed Mitch hard on the mouth, forcing his tongue inside. Pierce’s heart was beating faster. He wanted Mitch to want him. Mitch had to want him. Somebody had to. Pierce craved love. Mitch pulled Pierce’s tongue inside his

mouth and sucked it vigorously. He held Pierce as close to him as he could. Pierce broke away from Mitch, although he didn't want to, but he had to have control of the situation. He unbuttoned Mitch's shirt, moaning as he did. "Mm, you have a nice, meaty chest. Pierce likes." Then he ran his hands all over Mitch's chest, stopping to suckle the nipples that had become erect from Pierce's stimulation. "Mm, hard here too." Pierce pressed his hard penis against Mitch's equally hard penis, and moved his pelvis up and down, causing friction which was definitely arousing to Mitch. "Mm, does this make you want me?" Pierce teased. "You know I do, and always will." Mitch leaned toward Pierce to kiss him a lover's kiss, but Pierce pushed away. "Sometimes we can't have what we want," Pierce laughingly teased. Mitch closed his eyes and laid his head back. He felt bad for Pierce and hoped that he was drunk enough not to remember this night. Pierce unzipped his jeans, and allowed his erect penis to taunt Mitch. "Open your eyes, baby, and look what I've got." Mitch looked at Pierce's hard dick, and desperately wanted it in his mouth. Pierce arched his back. "Wanna suck it?" While Pierce's back was arched and his eyes closed, Mitch leaned down and with one movement swallowed Pierce's dick, sucking it hard as he slowly let it back out again. Pierce was nearly knocked off balance by this unexpected action. He looked at Mitch, and Mitch looked back. If it weren't for Mitch's hands on his back, Pierce would have fallen backward onto the floor. "So that's it, one suck, you love me enough for one suck, huh?" Okay, buddy, this game has gone far enough. Mitch lifted Pierce up off of his legs and carried him to the sofa. Then with one movement, he had Pierce's jeans on the floor. Naked from the waist down, Pierce lay there too drunk to move, while Mitch seated himself between Pierce's legs spreading them apart, and began sucking his dick with hard long sucks. Pierce lay limp, moaning and trying to meet Mitch's sucks with pelvic thrusts but had little energy to do so. Mitch's hands cupped Pierce's buttocks and squeezed them as his mouth continued to suck even harder. Moaning continuously and enjoying the dizzy feeling along with the sexual feeling of Mitch's expert sucking, Pierce lost all inhibitions. "Oh, that's it, now squeeze my balls." Mitch did as he was commanded, hoping that Pierce did remember this part of the night. Pierce's body jerked when Mitch squeezed

his balls, while intensifying his sucking even more. “You still want me, Mitch?” In response, Mitch squeezed hard on Pierce’s balls, allowing a finger to stray to that erogenous place beneath, stopping just at the edge of that opening that one day Mitch would fill, fully consummating their love. Pierce flinched just enough that Mitch’s finger entered him slightly. This was a new feeling for Pierce which was electrifying. He gasped, and with a last hard expert suck from Mitch, Pierce’s orgasm came fast and hard, and Mitch once again cupped Pierce’s ass and continued sucking until Pierce’s erection had completely become flaccid in his mouth and all of its contents drained. Pierce was exhausted from the day’s trauma, and with one last low moan, fell into a deep sleep. Mitch carefully lifted him off the sofa and carried him up to his bed.

Pierce opened his eyes to a blinding stream of sunlight and a pounding headache. He fought the urge to vomit, with waves of nausea ebbing and flowing like the waves that ebbed and flowed off of Martha’s Vineyard during those forced summer vacations his wife made him endure in an effort to impress her fellow society ladies. Mitch was awake, and quickly got up and closed the drapes completely. Pierce was hurting enough without this hangover headache. Pierce looked at Mitch for a second, then quickly shut his eyes and held his head. He turned his back to Mitch. He was too embarrassed to face him. What had he done last night? Pierce could remember very little, other than the sex. Mitch really cared about him, he was certain of that. Mitch rolled onto his side and rubbed Pierce’s arm. “It’s okay, Pierce. No harm, no foul.” He continued to rub Pierce’s arm as he spoke. “I’ve got the perfect remedy for a hangover. It’s an old family recipe. Be right back.” Mitch walked across the room and began to dress. Pierce opened his eyes slightly. Mitch’s back was to him, and Pierce stared. He loved the view of Mitch’s supple ass staring back at him. Even more, he loved the feel of it in his hands, on his body, touching any part of him. Mitch zipped his jeans, and headed out of the room. Pierce closed his eyes and tried to sleep.

Mitch blended his famous “hangover smoothie” that worked every time. With the mix blending, Mitch went into the sunroom to straighten up from last night. He picked up Pierce’s jeans from the floor, and as he so the crumpled piece of paper that Pierce had guarded so tightly yesterday fell out of the pocket.

Mitch knew he shouldn't read it, but he loved Pierce too much not to. He wanted to help Pierce in any way he could. Plagued with guilt, he carefully unfolded the crumpled piece of paper and read every word. What kind of rejection was this? The worst kind. His father and his wife together, and having a baby. Mitch had to sit down to read it all. Pierce didn't deserve this. No wonder he had wanted to be loved last night. He deserved to be loved. How can I possibly give him love enough to deal with this? Pierce would have to first love himself before accepting love from anyone else, Mitch thought. He would have to accept himself, too, before he would be able to accept the actions of his father and his wife. Mitch held his head in his hands. He had no idea. Now he knew why Pierce had escaped. Well, I can at least provide him with that, an escape, Mitch thought. This was the best place to escape to. The blender stopped, and Mitch headed back upstairs with much needed help for Pierce's hangover.

Pierce was awake, but continued to keep his eyes closed. "Pierce, drink this, buddy. I promise it will help." Pierce slowly pulled himself up enough to drink the liquid that Mitch offered. It wasn't half bad. Pierce drank it all, and gave the glass back to Mitch. "What was in that? It works pretty fast." Mitch got back into bed beside Pierce and propped up the pillows behind them both. "Can you sit up?" Mitch asked. "I think so." Mitch helped him so that he was leaning against the pillows. "Oh, man, what a night. Tell me I didn't do anything too embarrassing." Mitch was glad that Pierce didn't remember everything, and hoped he never would. "Nope. You just had a little too much to drink." "I'm sorry I ruined your surprise weekend, Mitch. I just needed to think." Mitch turned onto his side next to Pierce. "You haven't ruined a thing, baby. Pierce looked at him. "Thanks, Mitch. That means a lot." Pierce reached underneath the comforter and realized his pants were off. He looked over the side of the bed. Mitch quickly said, "You left your pants downstairs. I'll go get them." "No, I'll get them," Pierce stated abruptly. He remembered now why he drank so much last night, and what was in the pocket of his jeans. He also remembered the blowjob. Mitch's blowjobs were something he could never forget. He was good. Mitch could see that Pierce was thinking. "It would just take me a second, Pierce. Let me go get them." "No, that's okay.

They can wait.” He looked somewhat panicked, and Mitch would have been confused, but he knew now what was contained in that pair of jeans. He was hoping that Pierce would tell him about it. “Suit yourself. I’m going to take a shower.” Mitch left him alone, giving him the opportunity to retrieve his jeans.

While Mitch showered, Pierce quietly went downstairs and retrieved his jeans, making certain that the letter was still in the back pocket. Relieved that it was, Pierce crept back up the stairs and back into bed. He was still a little light-headed, but not bad after the drink Mitch had brought him earlier. Mitch emerged from the shower with just a towel, and dressed right in front of Pierce. Pierce envied Mitch the comfort he had with his own body, and Pierce loved Mitch’s body. Mitch had a suppleness to his body that Pierce did not. He especially loved Mitch’s supple ass. “Well, I’ll go downstairs and let you rest or whatever you like, okay?” “I’m fine. I’ll take a quick shower and be right down.” Mitch left, and Pierce hurried with his shower. He liked being with Mitch, and didn’t want to waste the weekend.

Mitch was sitting in the sunroom eating breakfast when Pierce came downstairs. He quickly finished and poured some coffee for himself and offered Pierce a cup. He drank a little and was surprised he could keep it down. It wasn’t half bad. The hangover drink that Mitch had given him was very effective. Mitch had a packed bag by the door and Pierce wondered if he was planning to leave, or if maybe he was planning for Pierce to leave. “I want to show you the grounds, Pierce. I’ve packed lunch. Are you up for it, buddy?” “Sure.” Pierce was so relieved that they were still together that “sure” was all he could say. Mitch swung the backpack over his shoulder and held the door for Pierce. “Right this way.”

They walked to the pool which brought back fond memories of their first night in Mitch’s room. Pierce stared at the sparkling blue water which seemed to dance a dance of freedom. He felt free here, free from the confines of his former conformed existence. It had been just that, an existence, not a life. He had not really felt alive until he had moved here. Even with Jeff, he had known that their time together was very short, and they would never be more than good friends, not in their world. Mitch had taken Pierce’s hand, and noticed the far away look in his eyes.

“Doing okay?” Pierce hadn’t noticed that Mitch had taken his hand until then, and instinctively tried to withdraw it but Mitch held it tighter. He smiled at Pierce, and Pierce instantly calmed. Mitch had that effect on him. It was as if Mitch could see him as he was, but could also see what he could not see himself. Mitch pointed out the strawberry fields that stretched as far as the eye could see, and from the top of the hills the fields appeared like giant pieces of bread covered entirely with strawberry jam. There was a gentle breeze that made the fields appear as gentle waves that created this appearance. “It’s beautiful here, Mitch. It’s no wonder you love it.” Mitch did love it here. Now he knew the only thing that had been missing, and that was Pierce.

In the distance was a small cottage. “What’s that?” Pierce inquired. “That, my friend, is my refuge. That is where I discovered myself, as it were, after spending many hours with my own thoughts.” He winked at Pierce in an effort to lighten the mood. He hadn’t meant to be so serious. This was a day for loving. “That’s where I want us to have lunch.” They walked hand in hand to the little cottage, and Mitch unlocked the door. Pierce hadn’t expected it to be so immaculate, but that was Mitch. It was beautifully decorated, and oh, so cozy. “It’s perfect, Mitch.” Mitch set the backpack down and turned to face Pierce. Then he held him and kissed him lightly on the lips. He wanted this to be their place.

He led Pierce to the bed at the far end of the cottage. Without saying a word, Mitch picked him up and placed him on the bed. Mitch climbed onto the bed and straddled Pierce’s legs. He leaned forward and kissed Pierce slowly and seductively, while unbuttoning his shirt. He kissed each of Pierce’s erect nipples which he knew would give Pierce an erection. Pierce closed his eyes and arched his back. He moaned. The longer Mitch sucked and licked, the hornier Pierce became. “Suck harder, Mitch.” Mitch was so turned on that his jeans were becoming so tight he would soon need to remove them. As he sucked Pierce’s nipples, pulling them upward as he did, Mitch undid Pierce’s jeans and slid them down and off, freeing Pierce’s visibly engorged penis begging to be free. Completely naked now, Pierce spread his legs wide, anticipating Mitch’s mouth on his dick. Pierce raised his arms over his head. Mitch kissed Pierce lightly on the lips as he

cupped Pierce's balls and slid his hand along Pierce's dick. Pierce's mouth opened in anticipation, and Mitch searched for and found Pierce's tongue and drew it into his mouth, sucking it in and pushing it out with his own tongue, over and over. Pierce was overwhelmed with the combination of arousing touches. Mitch broke the kiss just long enough to quickly remove his own clothes. Pierce opened his eyes to see Mitch leaning over him, his supple body hovering above his own slight one, and his erection lying next to his own. Mitch took one of Pierce's balls into his mouth, and then the other one, letting his tongue enjoy the taste and feel of each. He then leaned in to kiss Pierce's open mouth, Pierce meeting him as he leaned up to kiss Mitch. Pierce was falling for Mitch, and he was falling fast.

Mitch had already fallen. He was in deep, and he knew it. After years of one night stands and not wanting a relationship, he was ready, and hoped that Pierce was too. He also wanted to make love to Pierce in the most intimate way, but knew that Pierce had never gone that far. When he thought about being Pierce's first, he swore he could feel his dick become larger. While kissing Pierce, Mitch also cupped his balls and massaged his perineum, causing Pierce to gasp. Mitch intensified his kissing, as well as the massage, and reached his hand further to spread Pierce's buttocks apart. He slid his fingers between them several times and then stopped to insert a finger into that opening that he would fill for the first time. With the massaging and kissing, Pierce welcomed the extra stimulation, and wanted even more. He wanted Mitch inside him. He tried to speak, but could barely get out the words. When he finally did, he spoke breathily. "Over", was all that came out. Mitch was confused. Pierce pushed him gently off him, and Mitch wished he could turn back time. If I've offended my new love, I will just die, he thought. He lay on his side and waited for Pierce's next move. Pierce lay face down, and pulled his legs up under him, resting his buttocks on top of them. He leaned down to spread his buttocks as far apart as far as he could, and motioned for Mitch to take him. He looked at Mitch with definite love in his eyes, and Mitch knew it. "Oh, baby, are you sure?" "Yes, Mitch, yes. You're the one I've waited for." His eyes told Mitch what he already knew, and those same eyes made his heart beat wildly. Mitch was horny as hell, but also nervous. He was hoping for this,

planning for this, and had brought his very own heated oil which almost made him orgasm as he dipped his throbbing erection into it. He held Pierce's buttocks, one in each hand, and lifted them to his face. He squeezed Pierce's balls and heard him moan. Mitch wanted Pierce more than he had wanted any other man, and as he squeezed Pierce's balls he inserted his tongue deep inside Pierce, burying his face between Pierce's buttocks. Not expecting this, Pierce gasped, and felt his legs go weak. He couldn't feel them any longer. The only thing he could feel was the pleasure that Mitch was supplying. Mitch stroked Pierce's erection and squeezed his balls while he probed with his tongue, wanting Pierce to experience an orgasm like he had never experienced. Mitch was stroking Pierce's dick with the hot oil that was so arousing Pierce was gasping for air. He wanted more than Mitch's tongue inside him. He couldn't wait. "Fuck me, Mitch. I want it all." Mitch had to steady himself at this erotic command. As Mitch's throbbing penis entered him, Pierce moaned and gasped with pleasure. Mitch filled him completely. Mitch had to steady himself for a second each time he entered Pierce. This was definitely Pierce's first time. Mitch had to fight to keep from climaxing too soon. With Pierce's moans of pleasure and the tightness of his ass, Mitch knew his own orgasm was going to be explosive. As Mitch went deeper and deeper, Pierce's moans and gasps became louder and louder until with his deepest thrust yet, Pierce raised up on his hands and pushed hard against Mitch. "Oh my God, Mitch. That's it. Do it there." Mitch's head was swimming. He must have found Pierce's ultimate pleasure point. Pierce moved his ass in a circular motion enjoying the greatest pleasure he had ever felt, and pushed against Mitch hoping for even greater penetration. Mitch spread Pierce's buttocks apart as wide as he could and held them there while he forced the very last of his hardness into Pierce. He grabbed Pierce's upper thigh and pulled him against his pelvis as hard as he could, knocking Pierce down on his chest. Pierce screamed as the pleasure intensified. Mitch withdrew just a little before pulling Pierce toward him again and again as he penetrated Pierce as deeply as he possibly could. How Mitch was controlling his own orgasm, he had no idea. Pierce moaned louder with every thrust until he had been fully satisfied. He wanted to feel Mitch's explosion deep inside him.

“Do it, Mitch, give me what you’re holding back.” Pierce barely got the words out when his wish was granted. Mitch held onto Pierce’s bobbing erection as he exploded deep within Pierce. “Oh, Mitch, give it all to me, all of it.” Mitch was doing just that. He couldn’t believe how long it lasted. He was barely breathing. Mitch started to pull out, when Pierce commanded, “No, not yet, not until it’s completely gone.” These words from Pierce meant more to Mitch than Pierce could possibly know. He would do anything for Pierce, anything. Mitch and Pierce remained in this position, Mitch on his knees with Pierce against him with his legs spread apart as wide as they could be spread, until Mitch’s penis was completely flaccid. Mitch let his very satisfied dick slide out of Pierce’s welcoming tightness, and then with one motion he rolled Pierce onto his back and began massaging his erection with the very erotic oil that could turn ordinary arousal into a climax which was almost too much to bear. He sucked on Pierce’s balls, as he held Pierce’s legs apart with his knees. The moans began again as Mitch applied greater pressure with his mouth and his hands. Mitch knew that Pierce had never been inside a man before, but he knew that once in, he would experience a completely different orgasm than he had when he had been sucked off. And, oh, Mitch wanted Pierce inside him. He had wanted Pierce inside him since he had first seen him. “Mm, what shall we do with this?” Mitch asked, while seductively and slowly masturbating Pierce. Pierce opened his eyes slightly, and Mitch saw love and lust in those eyes. Mitch moved his body forward on Pierce’s body until he was positioned over Pierce’s erection. He slid Pierce’s erection between his spread buttocks, dying to feel Pierce enter him fully. Mitch let Pierce enter him just slightly, and once again looked at Pierce. Pierce moaned, and licked his lips. Then he squeezed Mitch’s supple ass and tried to force it downward so that his erect penis could enter Mitch. Mitch was ecstatic. He didn’t need encouragement. He slid down onto Pierce’s dick and caressed Pierce’s erect nipples, causing Pierce to scream out, as before. “Oh, Mitch, you feel so good,” he moaned over and over. Mitch was too lost in the feeling of Pierce deep inside him to speak. Mitch and Pierce were moaning and gasping to the pleasure each was providing. Mitch knew how to position himself for his own maximal pleasure. He squeezed Pierce’s dick

hard as he enjoyed his own orgasmic pleasure. Moving wildly and moaning, Mitch reached orgasm just as Pierce came deep inside him. Pierce gasped at this new feeling, and continued upward thrusts until his orgasm was complete.

Mitch lay on top of Pierce, their lovemaking fully complete, their love fully consummated. He kissed Pierce on the lips, and rolled onto his side facing Pierce, as Pierce's flaccid penis slipped slowly out. They lay holding each other, not talking, for almost an hour.

Not realizing they had dozed for awhile, Mitch opened his eyes and looked at Pierce. Pierce could barely open his eyes, but when he did and saw Mitch looking at him, in those eyes he saw love, not just lust. Mitch knew how to please a man, that's for sure, thought Pierce. Then his entire body broke out in a cold sweat, which didn't go unnoticed by Mitch. He threw the cover over them both. Pierce's eyes were wide. Mitch was confused and concerned. "What is it, baby?" Mitch stroked Pierce's arm. "Talk to me." Pierce felt embarrassed, but he had to know. Mitch had to have been with lots of men. How did he know he hadn't "caught" something? "Oh, um, I was just thinking about how experienced you are, and how inept I am." "You're far from inept, Pierce, and yes, I have had experience." Mitch knew that it was his experience that was Pierce's real concern, and not so much Pierce's perceived ineptitude. Mitch could see right through him on this one. Pierce propped himself up on the pillows and Mitch did the same. Mitch reached over the bed and pulled the papers out of his jeans pocket. "Look at me, Pierce. I felt lost for a long time after Dad died. Everything changed. I was only twenty at the time, and felt an emptiness inside me for several years. Mom moved into town, and I was alone. I tried to fill the void with one night stands and brief flings in Seattle. It didn't work, of course. It only made me feel lonelier. I didn't care what happened to me then. It wasn't until about three years ago that I took control of my life and, yes, at the time I was extremely concerned about AIDS. As a part of taking control and assuming responsibility for my actions, I was tested, and luckily and very thankfully, I was negative. I've been tested every six months since then, even though I haven't been with anyone until you, just to be sure, and every test has come back negative. Let me show you." He opened the papers and showed

them to Pierce. “Oh, no, I trust you.” Pierce attempted to push the papers away. “Well, you shouldn’t have, and I shouldn’t have taken things this far without letting you know. I just wanted you so much, wanted to make you happy, and wanted you to love me as I do you.” Pierce looked at the papers, and then looked at Mitch. Mitch looked frightened. “Thank you, Mitch.” Mitch looked confused. “Why are you thanking me? I certainly don’t deserve it.” “I’m thanking you because it’s obvious that you wouldn’t have gone this far had you not known that you were okay, and because you chose me to give yourself to again. You must have wanted me.” Pierce looked away as he said these last words. Mitch gently turned Pierce’s head back toward him. “Yes, I wanted you, and still want you. I love you, Pierce.” Pierce wasn’t accustomed to this openness, and tried again to turn away, though Mitch wouldn’t let him. Mitch kissed Pierce on the cheek. “Okay?” Pierce nodded. “You can ask me anything about my past, Pierce, at any time.” With these words, Pierce once again broke out in a cold sweat. Mitch thought he knew why, but waited for Pierce to speak. Pierce closed his eyes for a second, and when he opened them again they were wet. Fighting back tears, Pierce told Mitch everything that was in the letter he had brought with him. He told him about his unhappy marriage, and his demanding father. Mitch listened intently, subconsciously feeling the pain that had been inflicted upon his new love. “I was so unhappy, Mitch, and my wife didn’t want me. All my father did was use me as a pawn in his corporate game. I had to either leave, or kill myself.” Mitch knew what it was like to feel that low, and spoke softly, “I’m glad you made the choice that you did, and not the latter.” Pierce looked at Mitch. Expecting judgment for leaving his wife, instead he received compassion. Mitch understood. It was if he could see him from two sides at the same time. “How did your wife and father find you here, Pierce?” “Who knows? With my dad’s connections, I knew he would. But I was in no way prepared for the contents of the letter. I thought my wife was cheating, but had no idea it was with him. I’m ashamed of myself for letting the news get to me like it did.” Pierce looked away, and this time Mitch didn’t try to stop him. “You felt betrayed, Pierce, by the two people in your life who should have been most loyal to you. You may not have loved them, but somewhere deep inside you did

expect a certain loyalty. You needn't be ashamed for feeling betrayed. You needn't be ashamed of any of your feelings, baby. You own your own feelings." There he goes again, thought Pierce. He can see right through me.

Continuing to look away, Pierce asked, "Mitch, does your mother know?" Mitch continued to look at Pierce. "She knows I'm gay, Pierce, but she doesn't know about the one night stands, and she doesn't know how lost I felt. Looking back, I think we both would have been better off turning to each other. But Mom has her friends, and she's fine. She would like you, Pierce."

Nothing was said for several minutes, each lost in his own thoughts. Pierce rolled onto his stomach, and faced Mitch. "I just need to sleep for awhile, Mitch. I'm sorry." "No problem, baby, I'm bushed." He rolled onto his back, and was soon asleep beside the sleeping Pierce.

Pierce woke first. He must have had a bad dream because his heart was beating fast and he was sweating. There was no light in the room. It was entirely dark, and he couldn't see a thing. He sat up and yelled as loud as he could, "Mitch." Mitch was awoken immediately from a deep sleep, and sat straight up. He put his arm around Pierce's shaking body. "It's okay, baby. It's okay. It's dark out. We must have slept longer than I thought we would." Keeping his arm around Pierce, Mitch reached over to the nightstand and turned on the light. "How's that? Let's lie back down for awhile, okay?" Pierce lay back and closed his eyes. He took a deep breath, and realized he had been dreaming. Mitch looked at his watch. It was past 8:00. They had been in bed most of the day. He liked the sound of that. "Unless you really want to go back, I suggest we stay out here tonight, Pierce. It's a long walk back in the dark, and I didn't pack a flashlight today." "Sounds good. I'm comfortable right where I am." Mitch left the lamp on, and rolled over with his arm across Pierce. Pierce turned toward Mitch, and pressed his body against his. Mitch held him close, and they slept until morning.

The sun streaming in through the east window woke Mitch and then Pierce. Pierce looked around. He couldn't remember when he had slept this good. "Sleep good?" Mitch asked. "Never better." Mitch knew that Pierce meant it. "We'd probably better head back to the house, buddy. We didn't eat much yesterday, and

I'm starved." Mitch was always hungry, and not shy about eating. Pierce loved this about him. Mitch's body was supple and meaty, and he didn't try to conform to any preconceived societal notions about being thin. Pierce thought this comfortableness with himself made him a better lover, too. They dressed, and headed outside into the beautiful day. "Is the weather always perfect here?" Pierce asked with incredulity. "Almost always." Mitch placed his arm around Pierce's waist and kissed his cheek. Pierce returned the affection, and they walked back to the house in silence, enjoying the touch of each other.

Mitch immediately began making his usual hearty breakfast of pancakes with strawberry syrup, of course. Pierce sat and watched. He was definitely not a chef, and Mitch loved to cook. "You're going to make me fat, you know that," Pierce said with a chuckle as he took the plate from Mitch. "I'll love you fat or thin, you know that," was the comforting reply. Pierce did know that, more than he had known anything before. Mitch sat down beside him with his heaping plate of pancakes drenched with strawberry syrup. "I do have other types of syrup, Pierce, if you'd prefer." "No, I'm growing quite fond of strawberry." He laughed as he said this. He especially loved the taste of strawberry wine on Mitch's lips. "I'm still planning a special weekend for us. Next weekend good?" Pierce nodded in agreement. He felt much better having something in his stomach. He was hungrier than he had thought. "You ready to head back into town, buddy? I'd better check on the restaurant. Can you spend the day, or do you need to get back to the inn?" "No, most of my day is free. I'd probably better get back before the dinner crowd, though. I feel like I've been gone a long time." Mitch smiled. He wanted Pierce to be happy, and Pierce was happy running the inn.

They drove into town, enjoying the beauty all around them. It was mostly sunny which made the dew kissed green all around them glisten. Mitch opened the door to his coffee shop to find the employees busily serving customers and telling them how much they would enjoy their time here on the island. Mitch loved his staff, and rewarded their customer service generously. They seemed to Pierce to be a lot like his own staff, very warm, and friendly. Mitch poured him a cup of his favorite morning brew, and Pierce sat at the counter and watched Mitch take care of the

day's business. Pierce drank another cup, and finally felt fully awake.

With things under control, Mitch was able to enjoy the rest of the day with Pierce. "Would you like to meet Mom, Pierce? She'll love you, I promise." Pierce just nodded. He hoped she liked him, or least didn't hate him. Mitch's mom had a very spacious little house, with large rooms and a very welcome feel. She welcomed Mitch with a hug, and then, to Pierce's surprise, hugged him as well. She was so warm and welcoming, just like the little house here in town and the house in the country. She didn't bombard Pierce with questions of his past, but instead asked them what their plans were for the day. She knew that Pierce had come to the island alone, but didn't think it was her place to ask why. She was one of those kinds of people who just wanted others to be happy. Her Mitch was happy, and if Pierce was the reason for his happiness, that was all she needed to know. They said goodbye and once again she hugged them both. Mitch reminded her that he would be back much later, after he closed the store, just as he always did.

Pierce and Mitch decided that they would spend the afternoon at the various downtown shops. Neither had much time away from their own business to visit their neighbors. Pierce loved the arts and crafts shops, but didn't want to force them on Mitch. "Let's go in," Mitch offered, as he watched Pierce look through the windows of the shops. "Okay," Pierce agreed. He thought that Mitch had only offered in order to please him, but then realized that Mitch's words were genuine. Pierce found that Mitch had a genuine love of art, even though he wasn't artistic himself. He offered advice on colors, but was never pushy about telling Pierce exactly what he thought he should paint. Pierce had become so accustomed to others mapping his entire life for him that at first he mistook Mitch's seeming aloofness for a lack of caring. It was a continual struggle for Pierce to realize that Mitch was supportive of everything he did, but was not going to be overbearing like Pierce's father had been. I guess I have to relearn the meaning of love, Pierce thought. Before returning to the inn, Mitch and Pierce stopped for some of the delicious iced cream that many of Pierce's patrons raved about.

They reached the inn just as Pierce's guests were finishing dinner. Mitch helped him in with his newly bought paint supplies and closed the door behind him. His room looked small compared to the spaciousness that had surrounded him over the weekend. Still, he didn't mind. This was his, and he loved it. Though he had to admit, Mitch's spacious home had a coziness all its own, despite its spaciousness. Mitch's lips on his snapped Pierce out of his daydream. He kissed him back hungrily, wanting him even more than he had yesterday. Mitch held him close, caressing his back. "Mm, would you have a room available at your inn Wednesday night?" Mitch inquired, with a wink. "I think I might," teased Pierce. "Will you be bringing anyone special?" Pierce kept up the charade. "Very!" Mitch stated looking deeply into Pierce's lust filled eyes.

Mitch let himself out, and Pierce went over the books from the weekend, but his mind wandered back to the time he and Mitch had spent together. Mitch was perfect for him. He loved with his entire being, both in bed and out. Pierce finished what he had to do, and then did what he wanted to do. He painted. He painted a perfect likeness of Mitch's house, as well as the lush greens and strawberry fields that completed the property, the strawberry shaped pool, and the little cottage where they had made love completely for the first time. Pierce was horny just thinking about it. He couldn't wait until Wednesday.

Wednesday night was the one night during the week that Mitch left his business in the hands of his very capable staff. This was usually the night when he drove out of the city to the cozy refuge of his country home. He would take a swim, make himself a home cooked meal, and sit and read a book in the sunroom, alone, always alone. He didn't mind the aloneness, until now. Now that he had Pierce, he never wanted to be alone again, and he never wanted to be without Pierce.

Just as planned, Mitch drove up to the inn promptly at 7:00 p.m., to find an eagerly awaiting Pierce. They didn't hide that fact that Pierce was staying in Mitch's room. There were so many visitors to Bainbridge, gay and straight, that the staff was quite accustomed to seeing same-sex couples. Anyway, it was a well known fact that Mitch was gay. He never tried to hide it.

Pierce had reserved one of the suites facing east so that Mitch could watch the sunrise, just as he liked. As soon as the door closed behind them, Mitch lifted Pierce up by his buttocks until he was straddling his waist, his fingers firmly in the warm inviting space between Pierce's buttocks. Pierce's arms were around him in an instant, and their lips sought out the other's, kissing each other hungrily, fighting each other for the chance to pull the other's tongue into his mouth. With repeated "mm" coming from each, Mitch carried Pierce to the bed, never allowing his mouth to leave Pierce's, and only intensifying his hold on Pierce's buttocks, pressing his erection against his own. He laid Pierce on the bed, and continued to maintain the same position as he placed his body on top of Pierce's. He moved his fingers in between Pierce's buttocks and pressed deeply when he reached his perineum. Even with his jeans on Pierce was aroused by the intensity of this feeling. He stopped kissing, but his mouth remained open as his concentration was solely on the feeling that Mitch was providing down below. Mitch continued the deep massage, and with his lips he sucked Pierce's tongue until it was deep within his mouth. Pierce couldn't move, he couldn't breathe, and from his mouth came only small gasping sounds. Pierce's knees lay apart, and Mitch cupped his balls still inside his jeans, and Pierce broke the hold that Mitch had on his tongue in a reflex action and let out an audible gasp. Mitch loved that he could put Pierce in such a state of ecstatic abandon, and it made Mitch hornier every time it happened. He quickly undid Pierce's jeans, as Pierce was squirming to free himself of their confine. Naked from the waist down now, Pierce's erection was hard and full, begging for a good sucking and fucking. Mitch stripped off his own clothes and flung them on the floor. He couldn't wait to feel Pierce's naked body against his own. Mitch squeezed Pierce's tight perfectly shaped ass while he massaged his perineum now free of once confining jeans, and sucked each ball, as Pierce's full erection pulsated with each stroke and each suck. Pierce had his own shirt undone and was stroking his nipples that further strengthened his own arousal. He couldn't speak, but could only moan as Mitch continued with his expert lovemaking. When Mitch felt that Pierce's balls had received their share of attention, he expertly slid his tongue upward along the shaft of Pierce's

erection, allowing his mouth to wrap around it as he went. As he intensified the perineal massage, Mitch continued to squeeze Pierce's perfect ass and found that space in between that had brought him such pleasure just a few nights ago. He couldn't wait to fill that space again and feel it squeeze his dick until he was delirious with ecstasy. Pierce bent his knees, and tried to force Mitch's fingers deep inside him. Mitch let them linger just at the opening. Moaning over and over, Pierce thought he would explode. He reached for Mitch to get him to turn around so that he could feel the suppleness of Mitch's round ass as his mouth enjoyed the suppleness of Mitch's erection which he could now feel against his balls. Mitch needed little encouragement. He turned so that he was straddling Pierce's chest, his throbbing erection teasing Mitch's awaiting mouth as it just barely touched his lips. Pierce squeezed Mitch's round buttocks and pulled them to him in one quick motion forcing Mitch to fall flat against Pierce's body, and slowly and seductively sucked Mitch's hard dick into his mouth. Mitch was taken off guard by the suddenness of Pierce's movements, and heard himself gasp as he lost control over the situation. This made Mitch even hornier than he already was, and when he regained his senses, he once again took Pierce's erection deep into his mouth and pulled Pierce's balls toward his body as he reached underneath to continue his massage. As he massaged, he opened Pierce's buttocks fully and teased the opening between as he allowed a finger to barely enter. Pierce sucked harder on Mitch's dick, and lightly outlined the inner space between Mitch's supple round buttocks. Mitch found himself gasping once again, not expecting Pierce's boldness. Pierce was now causing Mitch to experience the same delirious ecstasy that Mitch had caused Pierce, and Mitch found himself gasping just as Pierce had. Mitch not only was gasping, but had to hold onto Pierce's ass just to steady himself as Pierce's expert sucking was almost too much to bear. "Ohh," he heard from his own lips as Pierce swallowed him whole, and squeezed his balls hard. The "Ohh" was followed by two short gasps as Pierce found that erogenous place beneath Mitch's balls and without warning squeezed his buttocks apart and eased two fingers very slowly inward. Mitch almost came. He had to use all the control he had, which wasn't much at the moment, to keep from exploding. As

Pierce squeezed Mitch's dick hard with his mouth, and entered him with greater force, Mitch couldn't concentrate. He could barely think. He held onto Pierce's buttocks, and held Pierce's hardness in his mouth, and enjoyed the intense feelings that Pierce was providing. The intensity of Pierce's sucking and expert tongue action made Mitch unable to have any control. Pierce had full control of Mitch's erection and impending orgasm, and what he was doing with his fingers made Mitch want Pierce to enter him with his full erection even more. Mitch was able to resume his sucking of Pierce's dick, if only to want it to replace Pierce's fingers to claim its rightful home. He had only resumed sucking for a few seconds when Pierce intensified his sucking even more and was filling him as much as he could between Mitch's widely spread buttocks. Mitch gave up all control to Pierce. His body went limp as Pierce continued to bring him closer and closer to orgasm. Pierce felt Mitch's body go limp, and felt his own erection harden even more as he realized that he could bring Mitch as much pleasure as Mitch had him. He loved Mitch and wanted to see him happy. Mitch deserved happiness. Pierce had a feeling that he had not only been alone, but had been lonely as well. Pierce was enjoying what he was doing so much that he hadn't noticed Mitch's moans and gasps that were clear signs of his nearing orgasm. Pierce sucked as hard as he could, and entered Mitch with equally hard thrusts. Mitch felt Pierce's erection leave his mouth, as he arched his back and held tightly to Pierce's spread buttocks. He breathed in as he came deep inside Pierce's mouth. Pierce continued the intensity of his sucking until he felt Mitch's erection go completely flaccid.

Mitch fell flat on top of Pierce and held onto Pierce's erection. "Oh, Pierce, baby, I wasn't expecting all that," he said in between small gasps. "Mm, yummy," Pierce responded. With his fingers still deep inside Mitch, Pierce eased himself out from under a lifeless Mitch, and while Mitch was still trying to catch his breath, Pierce positioned Mitch's legs underneath his supple buttocks and entered him with such force that Mitch hollered out. Not expecting this either, Mitch was once again in a state of ecstasy. He had wanted Pierce inside him, and now he was. He was more inside him than he thought possible. Pierce plunged deeply inside Mitch, reaching the ultimate point of ecstasy that

made Mitch grab the bed to steady himself. He started to scream Pierce's name, but no sound came out. Pierce was pulling Mitch's body to him by his thighs, entering him deeper and deeper, until Mitch felt like he had been hit with a bolt of lightning. Mitch once again felt his body go limp as he lay on the bed, his ass high, so that Pierce could have full access to Mitch's inner space so deserving of fulfillment. As Pierce entered him again and again, Mitch surrendered full control to him. Mitch was completely lost in the feeling. So soon after his explosive orgasm, Mitch was about to have another one. "Pierce," the word came out this time. That was the only word to leave Mitch's lips, because with two more pounding thrusts Pierce came with a force that pushed him backward as he forced Mitch's supple buttocks against him. Pierce closed his eyes as his own orgasm forced all of his inner contents deep inside Mitch. Mitch gasped and moaned once again, along with Pierce. Mitch was too weak to move, and Pierce wasn't about to let his penis leave its favorite home until it had become completely lifeless.

When Mitch had finally summoned the strength to sit up, he first leaned up on his arms and turned and looked at Pierce. Pierce leaned up, his almost flaccid penis still in its cocoon, and looked at Mitch. "Mm," he said, running his hands over Mitch's well rounded ass, "yummy." He kissed both sides, and let his flaccid penis slip out, and he lay on his stomach beside Mitch. Mitch turned onto his side and pulled Pierce up next to him. "I've missed you, baby. I want you more each time I see you. I've never wanted anybody as much as I do you." Mitch kissed Pierce on the mouth before turning him onto his back and lying on top of him. He stretched his legs out and straddled Pierce so that their now flaccid penises were next to each other. Mitch ran his fingers through Pierce's thick black hair, and looked into his beautiful bright blue eyes. "You know I love you, don't you, Pierce?" Pierce nodded, a little embarrassed. He was so unaccustomed to words of love and praise that it was hard for him to believe them when they were spoken. "I mean I really love you, Pierce, more than I've loved anyone." Pierce closed his eyes, and then opened them to find Mitch's eyes still upon him. In those eyes Pierce did see love. He saw love for the first time in his life. He now knew the look of love, the words of love, the touch of love, and what it

meant to be in love, for the very first time. He placed his arms around Mitch and held him tight. “Yes, Mitch, I know you love me.” Mitch laid his head on the bed beside Pierce’s. With his head turned away from Pierce, Mitch heard him say quietly, “I love you too, Mitch.” Mitch said nothing, but hugged Pierce a little more tightly. They lay together for what became a few hours.

When they awoke it was dark outside. Mitch turned and kissed Pierce on the cheek. “Baby, it’s midnight. We must have fallen asleep.” Pierce yawned. “Hmm. I sleep so much better when sleeping with you than when sleeping alone.” Mitch kissed him again, this time a long lover’s kiss. Pierce could feel his erection beginning to build again, and Mitch felt it too as he moved off of Pierce and wrapped his hand around Pierce’s penis. “Mm, sleep has been kind to you, very kind indeed.” Pierce blushed. Then Mitch took Pierce’s hand and placed it on his own now erect penis. “I think it’s been good for both of us.” Pierce grinned, and Mitch kissed him on the nose. “C’mon. Let’s have some fun.”

Mitch led him to the bathroom and to the large whirlpool tub that Pierce had had installed in every room. It was big, with multiple jets to ease aching muscles and stimulate other parts of the body. The warm water felt good as they stepped in and sat on the bottom. The water came to Pierce’s nipples, teasing them to their full hardness as the jets forced the water to form waves as it flowed across his chest. Mitch submerged his entire body, and emerged again in front of Pierce and kissed each of those hardened entities before kissing Pierce firmly on the mouth. Pierce had had his eyes closed and the unexpected kisses quickened his pulse. He was holding himself up with his arms on the edge of the whirlpool, letting his legs be held apart just under the water’s surface. Mitch cupped Pierce’s balls just underneath the water and squeezed them, as he intensified his kissing. Backed against the side of the whirlpool, Pierce had no means of escape or the desire to escape. He loved the feel of Mitch’s probing hands as they squeezed his buttocks together, and when pulled apart the intensity of one of the jets hitting in between made him gasp. When the jet would hit, Mitch allowed his probing fingers to join the water on its journey to Pierce’s inner core. With Pierce’s mouth opened from a gasp, Mitch seized the opportunity to draw Pierce’s tongue into his mouth in a teasing simulation of the ecstasy to come down below.

Mitch squeezed Pierce's balls again, forcing his erection underneath the water and then letting it spring up again. He ran his hand along the shaft of Pierce's penis, which made Pierce want Mitch to return to what he had been doing. Pierce took Mitch's hand and placed it firmly where it had been, trying to force Mitch's fingers deep inside him. Mitch gave Pierce what he wanted and more. He lifted Pierce up onto his lap and with one swift movement spread his buttocks wide and entered him slowly so that the warm water entered too and made a sloshing sound underneath the water. Pierce had never experienced such a sensation. His arms were limp as they hung over Mitch's shoulders. Mitch held Pierce's buttocks apart as he entered him again and again, filling Pierce completely. With every thrust, all Pierce could utter was "uh" over and over. Mitch had always loved doing it in water, but knowing that he was the first to share this extreme pleasure with Pierce made him hornier than usual. He was nearing his release and wanted to slow down so that it would last, but could not. It felt too good. Instead, he thrust upward even harder, which forced even louder "uh" utterances from Pierce. Holding on now to Mitch, Pierce was at the height of pleasure as Mitch joined him with his own release. Holding tightly to each other, they once again experienced passion that only two people in love could know. When Mitch had regained some strength in his legs, with his slowly diminishing erection still tucked inside its very snug home, he lifted Pierce up and out of the water onto the side of the hot tub. Pierce was still breathing hard when Mitch leaned over and took Pierce's throbbing erection into his mouth until he had engulfed it entirely. Pierce let out a loud noise. The warmth of the water combined with the warmth of Mitch's mouth was almost too much to bear. Bringing Pierce this much pleasure revived Mitch's erection. Mitch wasted no time in beginning his thrusting movements again as he continued to increase his sucking. As this incredible pleasure intensified, Pierce massaged his own nipples. Pierce could feel his own climax very near, and as Mitch increased the intensity of his sucking and the intensity of his thrusting, Pierce came fast and hard, as did Mitch for the second time and held onto Pierce to steady himself. He climbed out of the tub and lay on top of Pierce just long enough to turn over, with Pierce ending up on top of him. Pierce was like a rag doll as Mitch pulled him up on

him so he could hold him by his buttocks. He kissed the top of Pierce's head. "I love you, baby." Pierce didn't have the strength to say it, but he loved Mitch too, and Mitch knew that he did.

Pierce awoke in the bed, and turned to find Mitch lying next to him. "Last thing I knew we were by the side of the hot tub, Mitch." "I didn't want to wake you, Pierce, but my back was killing me. You were definitely asleep, because as I stood up your sweet ass got dunked back into the water." Pierce blushed at the "sweet ass" remark, and Mitch chuckled. "Can you believe it's 5:30 a.m. already? We had a very productive night, wouldn't you say?" Mitch rolled over and kissed Pierce on the mouth. "Now that's what I call a good night at the inn," Mitch teased. Pierce blushed, but wasn't as embarrassed as he had been at Mitch's endearments. "I've made plans for our weekend getaway beginning Friday evening, if that's okay with you," Mitch said as a hopefully welcome surprise. "Definitely, yes," Pierce emphatically stated. He always had fun with Mitch, no matter what they did or where they did it. "But now I've got to get going, and so do you." Pierce knew it was true. Pierce dressed and left Mitch to shower and dress alone. They agreed that showering together would have delayed them indefinitely.

Pierce showered in his own room and then took just fifteen minutes for himself, to paint. He painted the room he and Mitch had shared last night. His painting, which had just a few weeks ago been an outlet for his pain, had now become an outlet for his joy.

Mitch arrived with the day's morning brew, just as he had every day, and shared the first day's cup with Pierce, just as he had every day. They were both exhausted, but both very happy, as they discussed their respective businesses and the upcoming events that would bring even more visitors to the island.

A Democratic stronghold, Bainbridge Island was hosting a mini convention to support this year's Democratic nominee for president who was from their very own state of Washington. Pierce hadn't met him yet, but the island natives were very fond of him. He was a young upstart who had come to Seattle with his family about ten years prior, and had proved to be very supportive of the liberal causes of the country. Mitch filled Pierce in on what he knew about the man. He told Pierce that their nominee had

come to Bainbridge several times with his family, and had loved the strawberry wine that Mitch served at his establishment. “He sounds nice,” Pierce said. “He is. He has two young girls. His wife stayed in Seattle, though. I’ve never met her.” Mitch went on. “Invite his family to stay here, if you like. You’ll like him, I promise.” Pierce agreed that it would be good from a business aspect, so he got the man’s address and sent him a personalized invitation. He received call from the man’s personal assistant stating that he would be happy to accept the invitation, and was planning to visit the island this weekend. The convention was two months away, but the assistant said that the Democratic hopeful had wanted to get away for the weekend to do some fishing. This weekend Mitch had made plans just for them. Now Pierce felt that he had to be here since he had personally invited the man. Mitch understood, as Mitch always did, and changed his plans to the following weekend. “Send him over when he gets here, and you come to. We’ll fill him with wine and the best of everything Bainbridge.” Pierce smiled, and wondered how he had gotten so lucky to have Mitch in his life.

On Friday afternoon, just as promised, the young democratic hopeful arrived at the inn. Registered as Matthew James, he checked in and a staff member went to get Pierce. Pierce came to the front, all smiles, and held his hand out to the man. When they shook hands, however, and looked at each other, a look of shock covered both of their faces. It was Jeff, Jeff from college. Pierce was sure of it. But why had he changed his name? The man looked at Pierce, and knew it was him. Pierce, with his brilliant blue eyes, could not be mistaken. Pierce didn’t want to make a scene in front of the other guests, so invited the man to see his paintings. He followed Pierce into his room. “Jeff?” “Pierce?” Neither could believe his eyes. They hugged a usual “guy hug” and stepped back and looked at each other. “I wondered what happened to you, Pierce. Thought you were working for your dad.” These words cut deep, but Pierce tried not to let it show. “I was, but my wife went for my dad and now she’s knocked up with his kid.” Pierce laughed, but Jeff could tell he was hurting. “I came here to paint and run this inn. I like it here.” “Bainbridge is great, Pierce. I’m glad you’re happy.” Pierce was happy, and he couldn’t let the past pull him back. “But look at

you, Jeff. You're a big presidential hopeful, huh?" "Yes, I am. My wife thought we should move up. Always the attention seeker, she is." Pierce could see the stress in Jeff's face, and realized that he was looking at himself just a few months ago. They didn't know what to say anymore, so Pierce suggested they go to Mitch's for some wine. "He said you liked his strawberry wine. I do too."

Jeff followed him out and Pierce drove them to Mitch's. Jeff remembered Mitch and his strawberry wine. "Hey, Matthew, good to see you again." Mitch shook his hand, and Jeff smiled, and then looked at Pierce. He wished he had told Pierce why he had changed his name, and hoped that Pierce would keep his secret. "Pierce get you all tucked in?" Pierce and Jeff froze at these words. They brought back college memories, and their times together after their "dates." "He's got a nice inn, fixed it up perfectly." The three of them sat and downed a bottle of wine. Pierce and Jeff needed it more than Mitch did tonight, that was for sure. Mitch told Jeff of some of the best new fishing places on the island. "I'm planning to fish all day tomorrow, then head back to Seattle late," Jeff added. Mitch noticed that Jeff and Pierce were well into a second bottle of wine by themselves before the food had arrived. He also noticed that Pierce seemed quiet, maybe even a little frightened. But of what? Mitch was having trouble figuring this one out. The three of them ate the mouth watering fish that Mitch had cooked especially for them, and made small talk the rest of the evening. They stayed and talked with Mitch until late in the evening, until Jeff said he was tired and needed to get some sleep. "Well, I may see you tomorrow morning when I bring the morning's brew over to the inn," Mitch said as he shook Jeff's hand. Jeff headed toward the door. Mitch rubbed Pierce's back and winked at him. "I'll see you tomorrow, bright and early." Pierce couldn't hide the pained expression on his face when he smiled back at Mitch. Mitch watched them leave, still confused about why Pierce seemed so different tonight.

Pierce and Jeff drove back to the inn in silence. They were both more than a little buzzed from the wine. "Show me to my room, okay Pierce?" "Sure." Pierce took him to one of the best suites in the inn, and Mitch was impressed. "This is beautiful, Pierce. You always did have the best taste." Being alone in the room together brought back old memories and old feelings. Jeff

took off his clothes down to his shorts, and climbed into bed. “It sure feels good to get out of that suit and tie. The wife has me dressed up like some Adonis or something.” “Come sit with me. Let’s talk.” He patted the bed. Pierce sat on the edge of the bed. Jeff had had way too much to drink, and Pierce was afraid that he had too. Jeff reached out and held Pierce’s hand. Then he placed Pierce’s hand on the hard entity just beneath the thin cotton. “You’ve still got it, Pierce. Just looking at you made me hard.” Then he took off his shorts and threw them on the floor. “Look at this thing. You’d think the wife would want some of this, wouldn’t you?” Jeff stroked his hard penis. Pierce felt sorry for Jeff. He knew what he was talking about. Pierce was definitely feeling the wine now. He was horny. “Let me see it, Pierce.” Jeff reached out and unzipped Pierce’s jeans before he could protest, and Pierce was taking his off too, and was soon undressed sitting in front of Jeff, just like old times. “Mm, not bad, not bad at all,” Jeff said as he stroked Pierce’s dick. He placed Pierce’s hand around his erection and with his eyes begged for Pierce’s approval. Jeff stretched his legs and spread them wide, and pulled Pierce to him, spreading his legs too so that their dicks were almost touching. Jeff leaned down and took Pierce’s erection into his mouth entirely, and cupped his balls. Pierce had to steady himself by holding onto Jeff’s arms. After awhile he stopped, and with pleading eyes looked at Pierce. “Please, Pierce. She doesn’t want me.” Pierce knew who “she” was, and felt bad for his old friend. He sucked Jeff, and as he did Jeff leaned back and moaned over and over. Pierce always had liked this, and was so buzzed he had forgotten it was Jeff and not Mitch that he was sucking. Pierce’s expert tongue and mouth was just what Jeff needed, and as he neared climax he reached out and masturbated Pierce. He kissed Pierce on the top of his head, and stroked the thick black hair that he remembered so well. So absorbed was Pierce in his own pleasure that he didn’t notice anything else. The wine was well into his head and the feeling of what he thought was Mitch’s hardness was in his mouth. He wanted who he thought was Mitch to be fully satisfied, so didn’t stop until the flaccid penis wouldn’t stay entrapped. He came at the same time as Jeff, and waited for the feel of Mitch’s body to cover him as it did after their lovemaking. But the feeling didn’t come. He looked up through

dazed eyes to find a man he barely knew leaning back and basking in the feeling of his own sexual release. What have I done? Pierce felt like he could puke. He quickly dressed and was out the door, as Jeff slowly drifted off to sleep.

Pierce looked at the clock on the wall of his room. It was past 2:00 a.m. He couldn't be here when Jeff awoke. Where could he go? He was suddenly very sober. He got in his car and drove and drove. He had no idea where he was going. He just needed to drive. He had all the car windows down, allowing the cool breeze to further sober him. When he drove up in front of Mitch's country home, he couldn't remember how he had gotten there. At least I know where I am, he thought. He unlocked the door with the key that Mitch had entrusted him with. Entrusted him, that was a joke. What kind of person did this? He wasn't worthy of a man like Mitch. He had to tell him. But he couldn't lose him. He wouldn't want him now, now that he wasn't perfect in his eyes. When perfection wore off, that was when they were through with you.

He stepped inside the house, and once again felt the familiar coziness that he loved about this place. This was a home, not just a house, not just real estate. He sat on the couch and realized that he wasn't as sober as he thought he was. He took off his shoes and lay down. He felt cold. He got up and somehow managed to climb the stairs. He looked at Mitch's bed. He climbed under the covers and held tightly to Mitch's pillow. It smelled like Mitch. "I'm sorry, Mitch, I'm so sorry," he said into the pillow. Holding onto the pillow as if it were Mitch, Pierce finally fell asleep.

It was 5:00 a.m. When Mitch arrived at the inn to deliver the morning's brew, Pierce wasn't there awaiting that first cup as he usually was. He looked around. He's probably sleeping off the wine, he thought. He knocked on Pierce's door. No answer. "Pierce, you okay?" Still no answer. He turned the knob and finding it unlocked, slowly opened it. The bed hadn't been slept in. He asked some of the staff, and no one had seen Pierce since yesterday afternoon. Mitch went outside and looked around for Pierce's car. It was gone too. Now he was worried. He tried calling him but there was no answer. He certainly wasn't in any shape to drive very far when I last saw him, Mitch thought. He

wouldn't have driven out to the house in the dark, would he? Mitch then remembered the troubled look on Pierce's face when he left. Did he receive more hurtful news from his wife or father? I should have asked Pierce what was wrong. I should have excused us from Matthew and taken Pierce into the office and asked him. How thoughtless I've been, and Pierce has been through so much. The sun was just coming up. Mitch tried calling his house in the country, but there was no answer. He tried again, and let the phone ring and ring and ring.

At the house, Pierce stirred. The noise was deafening. Where was it coming from? It's the phone. He could barely make his arm move to pick it up. He knocked the receiver off and it fell on the bed. On the other end, Mitch was calling, "Pierce, are you there? Pierce, is that you?" Mitch was calling to him, but from where? "Mitch?" Mitch could barely hear him. "Pierce, is that you?" "Mitch, I'm so sorry." Mitch still could just barely hear him. What was he sorry for?

Mitch didn't waste any time. He hung up the phone, and drove as fast as he could out to the house. Pierce's car was in front of the house. He opened the door and called out. "Pierce, Pierce." No answer. He wasn't in the kitchen or anywhere else. He hadn't gone outside. All the doors were still locked. Then he ran up the stairs and into his bedroom. The phone was beeping when he placed the receiver back. He climbed into bed beside Pierce who was still clutching the pillow. He eased the pillow out of his hands, and held him close. He kissed his tear stained face, and spoke softly over his shoulder. "Baby, it's Mitch. I'm here, baby." "Mitch," Pierce barely spoke. "Yes, baby, I'm here." "Help me, Mitch." "I will, baby, I will." Mitch held him closer and rubbed his back. "Mitch, it's you." "Yes, Pierce, it's me. You're okay, now. I'm here." Pierce felt cold. Mitch held him as close as he could and massaged his back, hoping to warm him up. He reached over Pierce and turned the heated mattress pad on underneath him. Pierce soon relaxed and fell asleep in Mitch's arms. Mitch had no idea what had frightened Pierce so much that he drove so far in the darkness. Was it something about Matthew James? Did he have connections with Pierce's father?

Mitch lay there for quite awhile, and then snuck away just long enough to make some of his famous hangover drink. He had

a feeling that Pierce was going to need it when he woke up. Mitch wasn't tired, but didn't want to leave Pierce alone for too long. He went into the library and chose a book to read. He headed back up the stairs and into the bedroom. Pierce was mumbling something and thrashing about when Mitch walked in. He put the book down and got into bed. He pulled Pierce to him and placed half of his body on top of Pierce's to quiet him. "Pierce, wake up now. You're having a bad dream. Let me see those pretty blue eyes." Pierce was barely able to open his eyes. He opened them just a little, and then closed them again. Then he opened them once more and tried hard to focus. "Mitch?" "Yes, baby, it's Mitch. Are you awake?" Pierce tried to sit up, but Mitch held him down. "Let's stay here for awhile. Do you remember driving here last night?" Pierce tried to think. Then it hit him. His face went white. He couldn't tell Mitch what happened last night. It made him sick just thinking about it. If Mitch found out, he would kick him out, and Pierce didn't think he could drive right now. Mitch noticed Pierce's body stiffen, and he also noticed that same frightened look he had seen last night was back in Pierce's eyes. "What happened, Pierce? Why did you come here so late? I'm not upset. I'm glad you came here. You're always welcome here. That's why I gave you the key." You wouldn't feel that way if you knew what I did, thought Pierce. What was he going to do? "You feel cold, baby. Talk to me." Mitch's body was on top of Pierce's now, his legs straddling Pierce's, trying to keep him warm. Mitch had pulled the covers up over his head so that it was dark in the room, as he leaned up on his forearms with his hands under Pierce's head. He kissed Pierce's cheek, still tear stained from last night. "Tell me about these tear stains." Mitch was so direct, and Pierce loved this about him, but now he was afraid. He was afraid to tell Mitch what happened. What would happen to him? "I, um," Pierce stopped. "It can't be that bad, baby. Trust me, I've heard it all. Is it about your dad? Did he upset you? You seemed different last night. You seemed frightened somehow? Did something frighten you, Pierce? Is that why you came here?" Mitch pushed back the hair from Pierce's forehead, and waited for him to speak. Pierce opened his eyes which had filled with tears that he was now fighting hard to keep from being noticed. Mitch noticed. He kissed Pierce's nose. "Talk to me. I won't let you

make yourself sick by keeping things inside.” Pierce closed his eyes, and one by one the tears slid from the corners of his eyes to land on the bed. Keeping his eyes closed, Pierce spoke softly. “I messed up, Mitch. I messed up real bad.” Mitch kissed a tear from the side of Pierce’s left eye. “Somehow I doubt that, Pierce. Why do you think that?” “I messed us up, Mitch, you and me.” “Hmm, if you mentioned to Matthew that I’m gay, it’s okay baby. I’m not ashamed. It’s who I am.” Pierce wished that was all there was to it. “No, that’s not it. I did something and you will leave me, I’m sure of it.” “You did, huh? Look at me, Pierce.” Pierce opened his eyes, and looked at Mitch’s eyes as Mitch continued to wipe the tears as they fell down Pierce’s cheeks. “I love you, Pierce. Nothing can change that.” Pierce was so tired. He tried to roll onto his side to avoid Mitch’s eyes, but Mitch held him still. “No running away, baby. It never helps.” Mitch could feel Pierce’s heart begin to race. “Really, baby, it’s okay. Tell me.” It tore him up inside to see Pierce like this. His body was definitely reacting to something. “I messed up bad, Mitch. You’ll want me to leave and I drank too much last night, and I can’t drive myself home right now.” He said this fast so that he would make sure he got it out. “Whoa. I’m not going to ask you to leave, ever. I’m worried about you, baby, really worried.” “Mitch, I was really drunk last night, and I usually don’t drink that much. That man, Mitchell James, that’s not his real name.” Mitch was intrigued, but still didn’t know what this had to do with Pierce. He stroked Pierce’s cheeks and kissed his nose. “Tell me, baby. What’s wrong?” Pierce felt sick. How was he going to explain this? Pierce exhaled with short quick breaths. “He’s Jeff.” Pierce said this so quietly that Mitch barely heard. “Jeff from college?” Pierce nodded. “Did he not recognize you, Pierce? Is that what upset you?” “He knew me, Mitch. I don’t know why he changed his name. I didn’t ask.” Mitch kissed him on the lips for encouragement, and continued to stroke his cheeks. Pierce thought that might be the last kiss that Mitch placed on his lips, the lips that loved Mitch’s kisses and couldn’t wait for the next one. “We drank too much, Mitch. You saw that.” “Yes, I did. I also saw pain in your eyes.” “The pain you saw then was from the memories that seeing him brought back. It seemed like I was back there, in college, but now I knew the horrible fate that awaited me,

the loveless marriage, the father who wanted to work me to death and take credit for all I did, the father who was fucking my wife.” He placed great emphasis on the word fucking, which surprised Mitch. “I know I didn’t love her and she didn’t love me, but I just still feel betrayed by my own father.” “Of course you do, Pierce. There’s no shame in that. Your feelings are your own.” Mitch always made sense. “Is that why you drove out here, Pierce, because you needed to be in the present?” Pierce wished that was all there was to it. “No, Mitch. There’s more. After we drove back to the inn, I helped him take his bags to his room and I showed him how I decorated each room perfectly. Then he asked me to sit with him. He started to talk about old times. He took his clothes off and he was hard, Mitch, really hard. He started stroking himself and asked if I could believe that his wife didn’t want any of it.” Mitch tried not to show his own fear. If Pierce was still in love with Jeff, he couldn’t bear to let him go. Pierce hated to go on. “Do you want to hear the rest, Mitch?” “Baby, I think you’ll feel better if you tell me, don’t you?” Pierce continued. “He asked if he could see mine. The wine was clearly in my head by then, Mitch. I swear I thought I was seeing you. I took my pants off, and he pulled me to him, with our legs outstretched, and our erections touching. Then he wanted me to suck him.” Now Mitch felt sick. How far had they gone? He had to know. “I did, Mitch, I gave him a blow job, but in my mind I was sucking you, I swear. Then he masturbated me. Jeff fell asleep after that, and when I looked at him and realized that it wasn’t you, I left. But I didn’t know what to do, or where to go. I just had to leave the inn.” Mitch could feel Pierce’s heart beating against his own, could see and feel Pierce’s heaving chest trying desperately to get air. “Baby, it’s okay. Really, it’s okay. I still love you. I still want you.” Pierce looked at Mitch’s understanding eyes. “How can you still love and want me after what I’ve done?” Pierce’s eyes were big now, trying to understand how Mitch could still want him after having fallen short of perfection. “Because I have the most important part of you, Pierce. I have your heart. You admitted that I was the one you thought you were with.” They looked at each other in silence. Mitch was searching Pierce’s face for signs of something more, though he didn’t know what. Pierce continued to look for approval and

forgiveness in Mitch's eyes, though it had always been present. "Pierce, do you want to be with Jeff in all the ways that we've been together? Do you want to know if old feelings might still be alive, just dormant?" "No, Mitch. I felt awful afterward. I've tried since then to go back in time in my mind and somehow make the night be with you and not Jeff. I can't. I knew I couldn't, but I felt so empty afterward. I wanted to find you, but it was 2:00 a.m. I don't know what I would have said, but I even hoped that when I opened the door to the house, you would be here." "Oh, Pierce, you can always come to me, no matter where, no matter when. You can tell me anything at any time. If I'm at work, just come in and pull me aside. I'll always be there for you, okay?" Pierce closed his eyes. How could he have been so blind? How could he have found such a good man? He opened his eyes to the feel of Mitch's lips on his. Mitch brushed Pierce's hair back, and stroked his cheeks. "You don't have to be perfect, Pierce, not for me. I love Pierce, not some preconceived notion of a perfect Pierce. I love the human, the artist, the man whose face lights up when guests arrive at his inn, the Pierce who loves to hear of their adventures, their stories, whatever they may be." He smiled his warm smile, and Pierce felt better. Mitch knew he couldn't erase Pierce's insecurities. What he could give him, though, was unconditional love, which was what Pierce hadn't been given, but what he definitely deserved to be given. Pierce's face felt warmer to Mitch now. His body felt warmer too. "You okay now, baby?" He managed a half smile at Mitch. Mitch hugged him with his entire body, and remained that way for several minutes. Then he looked at Pierce again. His eyes looked brighter. Mitch winked at Pierce, and kissed his neck. "Let's rest here awhile, okay?" Pierce wrapped his arms around Mitch, and they lay together until noon.

Mitch rolled onto his back and held Pierce's hand until he awoke. "You feel okay, buddy? Were you able to sleep it off?" "I think so. I'm just tired." Mitch turned to look at Pierce. "That's understandable. You went through a lot last night." "I suppose I should go back. After all, Jeff is representing us, and who knows what he's saying now." "No, call your staff. There's no need to put yourself through that again. Believe me, if he's running for office he's not going to say a thing." Mitch was right. Pierce called his staff and told them he wasn't feeling well. They told

him that Mr. James had checked out that morning, and had decided to postpone his fishing day. He had headed back to Seattle that morning. Pierce told Mitch what he had been told, and Mitch just winked at him. “I wish we hadn’t postponed your weekend surprise again, Mitch.” “Next weekend is all ours, baby, just you and me.” Mitch winked again, and Pierce knew that everything would be all right.

The next week Pierce received a thank-you note from Jeff for the hospitality, but it had said nothing more. He also received divorce papers to sign, which he did. It was Thursday evening, the day before his big weekend with Mitch, when he received both of these, and just as he had promised Mitch, Pierce drove to his café to share these documents, as receiving both of these did upset him a little. True to form, although it was one of the busiest nights of the week for Mitch, when Pierce touched him on the arm he was immediately available to him. Mitch could see fear or worry in Pierce’s eyes, and he immediately led Pierce into his office and closed the door. He put his arm around Pierce and led him to the small couch he kept in his office for much needed naps after twelve and fourteen hour days. Mitch kept his arm around Pierce, and asked, “What’s up, babe? You okay?” Pierce retrieved the two documents from his pocket and showed them to Mitch. Mitch read each word, and laid them in his lap. “This is good, Pierce. Looks like a one-way ticket straight to your future, with nothing holding you back.” Mitch always seemed to see things positively somehow. “I just wanted you to see them.” “I’m glad, Pierce. It’s not easy letting go of the past. I learned from my father’s death, though, just how short life really is, and too much time is spent on thinking about what might have been or how much time was wasted. No time is ever wasted, Pierce, except for the time we spend thinking about how we could have done things differently at some time in our lives. Since we can’t reverse time, thinking about changing time which has already passed is time wasted.” He held Pierce’s hands with both of his. “We have time before us, not behind us. I want the time before me to be spent with you. We’re going to have a great weekend, Pierce. It’s time for us, just us.” He rubbed Pierce’s back, and kissed his cheek. “Okay, buddy?” Pierce surprised Mitch by kissing him a lover’s kiss and squeezing his upper thigh. “Tomorrow night,” Pierce said. Pierce was

almost to the door of the office when Mitch regained his composure. “If I can wait that long,” he said, and Pierce went back to the inn.

Friday night was here at last, and Mitch picked Pierce up at the inn and they headed off for their surprise weekend. “Where are we going, Mitch?” “We’ll be there soon enough. I’m not going to spoil the surprise now.” Mitch reached out to hold Pierce’s hand who gave it freely. They soon came to an even more beautiful place than Mitch’s home in the country. They drove into an area of Bainbridge Island that Pierce didn’t know existed. They parked in the area reserved for vehicles, and loaded their bags onto a golf cart which was painted in the style of Japanese art. Mitch began to follow the path to their weekend hideaway, while Pierce looked around in awe. “What is this, Mitch?” “This is Heaven, Pierce. This is the Bloedel Reserve, a 150 acre forest garden which belonged to Prentice and Virginia Bloedel. Their wish was to capture the essence of the Japanese garden, the qualities of naturalness, subtlety, reverence, and tranquility, and construct a Western expression of it.” He couldn’t take his eyes off of Pierce. He wanted him to love this place as he did. “There is a traditional Japanese garden, though other than that the remainder of the property contrasts the look of the traditional Japanese garden. The property contains both natural and immaculately landscaped lakes, lawns, woods, and a rock and sand Zen garden. The couple’s original home, which was a French chateau style home, has been preserved as a visitor center, and still has many of its original furnishings. We’ll go there tomorrow.” Mitch drove on deep into the reserve until he stopped in front of one of the many secluded little cottages which held many memories of couples that visited Bainbridge Island. “We’re staying here? This is beautiful, Mitch.” “This is our home for the weekend, baby. Glad you like it.” Mitch got out and took the bags out, and he and Pierce walked to the door. All around them was beauty.

Mitch opened the door and they walked inside. It was a cozy little cottage, just as cozy as the cottage on Mitch’s property. “This is as cute as your cottage, Mitch.” “This reserve is where I came up with the idea, Pierce. Mom and Dad would stay here every year on their anniversary. I still bring Mom here to enjoy the Japanese garden. She wanted me to see the cottages here. I

immediately fell in love with the entire reserve.” Pierce wondered if Mitch had brought anyone special here, but was afraid to ask, and wasn’t sure he really wanted the answer. “I’ve never stayed here. I was waiting to share it with someone special, and now I have that special someone.” He walked over to Pierce and put his arms around him. Pierce did the same and they kissed each other as if they had the rest of their lives to enjoy each other. They kissed each other slowly at first, and then with full open mouth kisses, trying to satisfying a hunger that had yet to be satisfied.

When they eventually broke the kiss, they did so only to eat a light dinner and relax with a bottle of sweet strawberry wine that Mitch had brought. They spoke very little as they relaxed on the beautiful cushiony rug that adorned the floor of the little cottage and drank the wine. Mitch couldn’t take his eyes off of Pierce. It was as if he were seeing him for the very first time. When Pierce looked at Mitch, Mitch no longer saw the stress in Pierce’s face that had been present until now, nor did he see eyes searching for approval in his own. For the first time, Mitch saw in Pierce self acceptance, and a man wanting to love instead of a man doubting his worthiness of being given love.

Pierce and Mitch set down their empty glasses, and they lay on their side facing each other. They touched each other’s face, outlining each other’s lips with a single finger, and then tasting the sweet wine on the lips of the other. They unbuttoned each other’s shirt and laid them aside. They explored each other’s chest, watching as the rise and fall quickened with each gentle stroke. They encircled the nipples of the other, eagerly awaiting that moment when the nubs would reach their full erection and demand greater attention. They teased these erections until an even greater erection was yearning to make its debut, once freed from its tight confine inside zippered jeans. Pierce closed his eyes, and Mitch laid him back onto the floor. He licked those areas once teased, and then satisfied each erect nipple with a mouth eager to please. Pierce’s body was electrified at every touch that Mitch was providing. Mitch looked at Pierce’s serene face, with eyes closed, as he provided the release for Pierce’s erection that it demanded. As he relieved Pierce of all clothing, he looked at his body. Pierce was beautiful. Pierce’s inner beauty now shone through. Mitch stroked Pierce’s erection and leaned up to kiss him. “Mm,” he said

as he reached for Mitch's jeans. Mitch helped him relieve his own hardness, and they lay on their side once again, stroking each other, and kissing wine sweetened lips. They lay naked, exploring each other's body as if for the first time. Pierce looked into Mitch's eyes and saw love and acceptance, as he always had, and at that moment Pierce wanted to give him anything and everything he wanted. Pierce kissed him hungrily and with his own body eased him onto his back, as he forced Mitch's thighs apart to explore the wonders between them. With his chest on Mitch's, his lips on Mitch's lips opening Mitch's mouth, he stroked Mitch's inner thighs allowing his hand to lightly brush the very sensitive area between, until Mitch's body was begging for the touch of Pierce's hand. Pierce let his lips slowly leave Mitch's and gently touched his lips with a finger which Mitch drew into his mouth, holding it there with his hand. He looked at Pierce who was looking at him. Mitch continued to look into Pierce's eyes as he explored all that was for the taking between Mitch's thighs. He squeezed Mitch's balls, and massaged deeply beneath, stopping just at the opening that hadn't been filled for over a week, since that Wednesday night of lovemaking all night long. His body ached for Pierce, and as Pierce watched Mitch's face, he could see the passion and longing in his eyes. Mitch bent his knees and pulled another of Pierce's fingers into his mouth, sucking hard now. Pierce intensified his massage, and as Mitch moaned, he allowed a probing finger to enter him. Mitch opened his mouth and gasped. The very touch of Pierce was electrifying. He removed Pierce's fingers from his mouth, and gasped again, trying to say "Pierce", and barely getting the word out. Pierce kissed him on his full open mouth and continued his slow entry and exit between Mitch's supple thighs. Mitch was groping for Pierce's hardened entity to somehow replace it where Pierce's finger was probing. Pierce could feel that Mitch was definitely ready for him, and he was definitely ready to enter Mitch. He opened Mitch's bent legs wide, and slowly entered him. He slid his body upward along Mitch's until he had entered him completely. He seductively stroked Mitch's own hardness with his body as he slowly entered and withdrew several times before increasing the intensity. Writhing and moaning with pleasure, Mitch squeezed Pierce's erection every time it entered which made it very difficult for

Pierce to keep from climaxing. He wanted this to last, but the intensity of their passion was greater tonight than it ever had been. "Give it to me, Pierce." Mitch wanted to feel Pierce explode deep within him. With these words from Mitch, Pierce tried to hold on, but Mitch squeezed hard and when Pierce was fully inside him, he exploded with such force that he had to hold onto Mitch to steady himself. "That's it. You knew what I wanted." Every breathy utterance from Mitch was seducing Pierce to his very core. He had a lot to give, and Mitch wanted it all. He squeezed Pierce's erection over and over until the last drop had been surrendered. He could feel Pierce's heart beating under his own. As Pierce's once hard dick reached its flaccid state, Mitch lifted Pierce off of him and had him in the position he had wanted him for a long time, in just a few seconds.

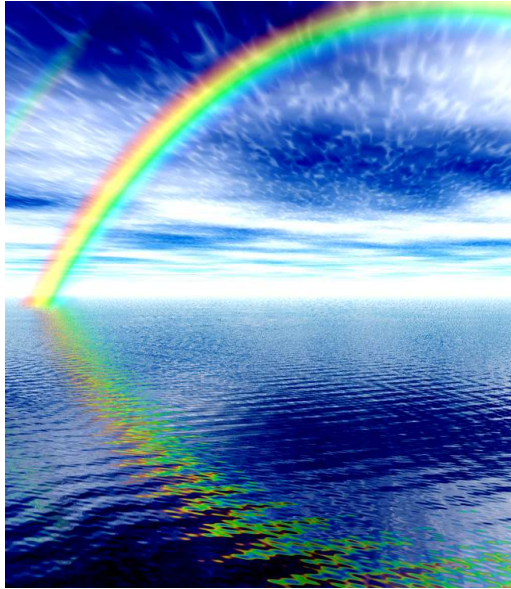
Mitch was behind Pierce, with Pierce's buttocks resting on his legs. Mitch lifted Pierce's ass up to his face and used his expert tongue to tease Pierce's special place that had only been entered by Mitch. The memories of Mitch deep inside him made Pierce want him again which Mitch could now feel with his tongue and then his fingers, as Pierce's body opened fully for Mitch to enter. Mitch surprised Pierce with a full erection stimulated with the warm oil that had brought him so much pleasure the first time. Pierce let out a loud noise that sounded like "Mitch", but Mitch couldn't be sure. He was too caught up in the pleasure that Pierce's body was giving him, and the feel of Pierce's buttocks in his hands, as he couldn't stop stroking them. Pierce was clawing at the rug as Mitch entered him again and again. Mitch's heart was beating fast as the tightness of Pierce was bringing him closer and closer to his own explosion. He wanted Pierce to know no greater pleasure than the feel of his hardness deep within him. Mitch turned Pierce onto his side and lifted Pierce's leg high, and entered him. Mitch could see Pierce's face with a look of orgasmic pleasure on it. "Look at me, baby." Pierce looked at him. "Do you like it?" Mitch never stopped his thrusts as he asked. All Pierce could do was gasp and moan as Mitch reached the inner place that made Pierce feel like a man. Mitch squeezed Pierce's ass, and then with the thrust that resulted in an explosive orgasm, held onto Pierce's leg as he filled Pierce's inner space with the love and desire for him that he had been waiting for this very night

to give. Pierce was breathing harder than he ever had as Mitch lay on his side and held him close. Mitch kissed Pierce's cheek, and they embraced each other until morning. That weekend at Bloedel Reserve brought Mitch and Pierce closer to each other than they had ever been.

The following week Mitch knew how he wanted to honor his mom and dad. He approached Pierce with the idea with a surprise visit to the inn at 4:30 a.m. Over an earlier than usual first cup of coffee, Mitch told Pierce that he wanted to turn his country home into a bed and breakfast. He wanted to decorate it like Pierce had decorated his inn, with Pierce's beautiful paintings adorning each room. He wanted to serve his mouthwatering pancakes with his homemade strawberry syrup to their guests each morning. "We'll make the property the perfect getaway for lovers, just as Bloedel had been for my parents year after year, and just as it had been for us over this past weekend. It will be a place where all who stay here can feel as if they are looking at themselves in a two way mirror; as they are, and as they would like to be." Pierce listened intently. "Sounds great, Mitch, sounds great." Pierce saw a new light in Mitch's eyes, and in those eyes Pierce could see his own two way mirror.

~B.K. Wright~

Two Way Mirror



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~**B.K. Wright**~

Beau t♂ Beau

“History is written by the victors. That which society does not want known is omitted. Such is the history of male love which has been revered and prevalent in societies from the earliest times of record. The fictional stories of male love by B.K. Wright convey the message that gay men are entitled to the love of a significant other with whom they can share friendship and intimacy to the fullest degree of their choosing.”

~B.K. Wright~

Male Love

“I am the Love that Dare not Speak its Name.”

“Two Loves”

~Lord Alfred Douglas~

Among the Greeks, male love did more than dare speak its name; it fairly shouted it from the rooftops. It was one of the fundamental traditions of Greek life, one practiced and enjoyed to the fullest. Indeed, it was a social must which no poet, no philosopher, no artist disdained to explore. It was discussed in public as a matter of course and included in the reflections of the greatest minds.

~The World History of Male Love~



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