



K.A. MERIKAN

BIRTHDAY
BURGLAR

Birthday Burglar

by K.A. Merikan

Acerbi&Villani ltd

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A massive THANK YOU to all the people who have been supporting us and reading our stories up till now. It has been an amazing journey with our Polish-speaking readers and we are incredibly excited to be now venturing into publishing in English.

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Kat and Agnes Merikan
(K.A. Merikan)

WARNING: *Contains graphic m/m sex scenes, failed role play and a chocolate orgasm.*

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Jamie parked his car in front of a large pet store. He glanced into the rear-view mirror to make sure his hair looked every bit as good as when he was leaving his flat. Each morning he devoted at least ten minutes to making it look fashionably nonchalant, but to keep up the illusion he had to check on it every now and then. Longish, blond, a bit rustled up, all-American celebrity hair, that's what he was going for. There was a thin line between careless and sloppy he wasn't willing to cross.

Once he made sure the mess on his head was perfect, Jamie opened the door of his Chevy and got out of the car. Even for a short outing like this one, he tried to dress immaculate. Being an Abercrombie in-store model had its responsibilities after all! There was the advantage of getting free clothes now and then, but he felt it was his duty to do them justice and show off even after work. He secretly hoped it would get him noticed and land a photo shoot gig with the company. It was yet to happen, but he was willing to be patient.

He swiftly made his way toward the massive pet store, trying to shift his focus away from himself to the reason he was here in the first place. Neil. Neil's birthday. Jamie was already hyped up by what he had planned. His boyfriend had been lately complaining that their life wasn't as spontaneous as it used to be. Jamie thought it hardly surprising, since they have been a couple for three years now, living together and both studying at NYU. The last thing he wanted was to see Neil unhappy so he thought long and hard to come up with the perfect birthday surprise. The obvious thing was a cake, which he kept hidden in their fridge, in a box that previously contained frozen chicken nuggets. He doubted Neil would touch it, taking into account his new detox regime. All his boyfriend seemed to eat in the recent weeks were dressing-less salads and soups. And worst of all, he tried to force them onto Jamie!

Not that he needed to be on a diet. Neil had always been slim and energetic. When they first met in high school, right after Neil's transfer, all Jamie could see in him was a goth freak. With his platform boots, makeup and bright purple hair, he was nothing like the guys Jamie normally hung out with. It was the fact that he was openly gay that got Jamie interested at first but once they got to know each other, Neil turned out to have a heart a lot bigger than the crazy hair-do's he used to have back then. He also had more ideas and hobbies than anyone Jamie knew and was as stubborn as the fiercest quarterback. Neil might not look like the fighting type, but he'd rather have his legs broken than back away from a confrontation.

Jamie would be lying though if he said he didn't appreciate Neil having toned his image down a bit - his hair still purple but shorter and neater, clothes still alternative but not as freaky as they used to be. Though it might have had something to do with Neil's attempts to be taken seriously at job interviews rather than an actual change of heart.

His mind dozed off to the mental image of Neil taking off his clothes, but bumping into a cage full of rabbits quickly got Jamie focused again. Puppies. He needed a puppy. Everyone loved puppies so he considered one to be a great addition to the planned celebration. Standing in front of the customer helpdesk, he scratched his chin and looked around the massive pet store. He could hear birds screeching, but the rows of racks and tall shelving units confused him. He wasn't sure where to start.

"Can I help you, sir?"

Jamie looked down at the blonde sales girl and instantly knew they would click. She was cute as a button, probably not even eighteen. "Yes! I'm looking for puppies." He grinned at her.

She smiled back, nodding. "Come this way," she said and led Jamie past the fishing section, between two rows of racks filled with dog and cat food. "A gift for your girlfriend?" she asked, giving him a long, languid once-over.

"No, for my boyfriend." Jamie winked at her. He used to be so deep in the closet that now, being out, he wanted to show off his gay pride any time he got the chance.

Disappointment briefly flashed over the girl's pretty face, but it soon disappeared, replaced by a contented smile. "That's so cute! What kind of dog would he like?"

"A cute one," Jamie said as they walked closer to 'Puppy-land'. "One that likes to play and cuddle and doesn't bark a lot."

"We have a golden retriever." The girl looked at him, stopping by a bunch of adorable baby dogs in glass cages. Some were kept alone, but most pens contained up to three puppies. Two of the little balls of fur were playing, completely absorbed by their harmless combat.

"Oh my God! They're adorable!" exclaimed Jamie, pressing the palms of his hands against the glass. "How do people choose just one...?" he added in amazement.

"Well, you could take more if you want, although they might be a little too much," said the girl, smiling at the playing puppies. One of them looked like a golden retriever, though its fur was more beige than yellow. It knocked the other puppy over, trying to bite its ear with a loud yelp.

Jamie let out a sigh. It was true; two of those would be too much. Maybe they could get another one later in life. "This one is so fierce." He laughed, pointing at the puppy.

"That's one of the dogs I was telling you about," said the girl, moving closer to Jamie to avoid being knocked over by two small boys chasing each other through the store, much like the puppies. "His siblings are already gone."

"Oh, no! He's the only one left?" Jamie sighed, looking into the dog's eyes. He noticed a nice golden tint at the tips of its ears.

"Yup." The shop assistant smiled at the puppy. "He's really sweet, and this breed works well with most people."

Jamie scooted down to be at the puppy's eye-level. "I think Neil will love this one," he said with a wide grin and tapped on the glass with his fingertips, which caught the attention of both the dogs. The smaller black puppy backed away, looking at him with caution, but the golden retriever jumped up, standing on its hind legs with the front paws pressed against the glass. His tail was wagging like a windshield wiper.

"Isn't it adorable?" laughed the girl.

"Is it a girl or a boy?" asked Jamie.

"Ah, well, it has all the necessary bits," came the flat reply. She was right about that.

Jamie laughed and scooted down to take a closer look. "He does! I'll take him!"

*

Jamie strode into the bright bedroom decorated with a large photograph of him and his boyfriend hanging above the bed. There were also several large candles and a bunch of dried flowers on the windowsill. Neil's exercise bike was standing in the corner, and next to it were a few boxes containing stuff they couldn't fit anywhere else.

Jamie rushed, trying to put his balaclava on as fast as possible. He was already behind on the schedule he'd made for himself that morning. It was all because of the dog! The poor thing got sick all over the car, and Jamie's attempts to clean the upholstery went horribly wrong. He had spilled the water in the parking lot and didn't have any time to spare, so he decided to take care of the car later. He'd left the puppy in the little storage room in the corridor just so that it wouldn't ruin Neil's birthday surprise. Neil was due home any minute now and if Jamie didn't hurry, his plan would be ruined.

They both loved sex role-play. Usually, they had it all planned, but not this time. If more spontaneity was what Neil wanted, that's what he would get. What could be better than a birthday burglar? Jamie took the time to buy a pair of new black jeans and a turtleneck to look the part. Once he heard the door being unlocked, he quickly donned the balaclava, ran into the bedroom and hid in the wardrobe just in time. Their apartment was small, so he had to be

quiet. Through the small gap Jamie left, he could hear Neil moving about in the corridor. He was muttering something beneath his breath, and Jamie's pulse quickened when he saw his partner's form reflected in a large mirror on the other side of the room. He felt like a real predator waiting to jump his prey and smiled at the thought.

It took a few more minutes, but Neil finally walked into the bedroom taking off his shirt. As soon as he dropped it on the bed, he bent down to pick up some socks off the floor. "Oh for fucks' sake, Jamie," he muttered with a long sigh.

Jamie felt a pang of guilt at the disorder he'd left but he wouldn't let that stop him! Slowly, he crept out of the wardrobe, rope ready in his hand, and took a few more seconds admiring Neil's pale skin and slender body. The blinds cast a stripy shadow on Neil's back as he knelt on the carpeted floor, gathering the scattered clothes with obvious annoyance. His spine flexed sensuously, as he reached to his far side, for another garment.

Jamie took a deep breath and slouched to grab Neil's arms and pull him up. Neil's face shot up. Their eyes met in the square mirror on the wall behind their bed. He drew in a frightened breath and made a move to turn toward Jamie, who stopped him, grabbing his arms in a vice-like grip. He managed to grasp both of Neil's wrists with one hand and instantly put the other on his mouth. His boyfriend's moves became frantic as he struggled to get free. He screamed into Jamie's hand before attempting to bite him. That distracted Jamie long enough for Neil to deliver a strong kick to his knee.

Jamie let out a muffled cry through the balaclava and stumbled backward, trying to keep his balance while still clinging onto Neil.

"Help!" Neil screamed, attempting to punch his face. Jamie managed to block his hand, but then Neil's knee delivered a blow to the inner side of his thigh, dangerously close to his groin, and things got a bit too real for Jamie.

"God! No! It's me!" he screamed in panic. He didn't want that knee any closer to his balls!

Neil blinked, and it took a whole five seconds for the information to sink in.

"What the fuck... Jamie!" he finally hissed, pushing him away. His face tensed in a mix of shock and anger. "Are you nuts?"

"No! I... uhm... I wanted to surprise you," Jamie uttered, rubbing his knee. Neil yanked the balaclava off his head and sent it straight into the wall.

"How could you do this? What's wrong with you?" he screamed and took two steps back, his body tense, as if still ready to put up a fight against the attacker who turned out to be his boyfriend.

"Birthday burglar?" said Jamie in a weak voice, spreading his arms to the sides. It wasn't exactly the reaction he had been hoping for.

Neil's face slacked, and he groaned, holding his head as if he were afraid it would fall off. "Birthday burglar..." He trailed off in a flat voice. "Jesus, Jamie."

"But you like that sort of stuff!" Jamie felt the need to defend his idea. "I wanted to be spontaneous."

Neil shook his head, effectively shutting him up with a scowl of disappointment. His shoulders slouched as he placed his hands on his hips. "That wasn't spontaneous! It was plain scary!"

"Oh, now I'm the bad guy." Jamie folded his arms across his chest, shooting his partner a disheartened look. He tried so hard to make this day special and exciting, and all he got in return were complaints. "I even bought a turtleneck to be more realistic."

Neil looked at him as if he had just declared his love for Cradle of Filth, and then suddenly let out a loud laugh, covering his face with both hands.

“Is that funny?” Jamie mewed. “You wouldn’t be laughing if your head felt as hot as mine.” He would always remember not to wear a balaclava in the middle of summer again. Even if just for role-plays.

Neil looked up at him, the bottom part of his face still obscured by his long, pale fingers, but his eyes were teared up from laughter.

Jamie was not impressed. “Well... someone’s spoiling the mood.”

Neil wiped the wetness away with the side of his palm, and then pressed closer to him with a sigh of relief.

“You keep surprising me,” he murmured, embracing Jamie’s neck.

“Oh, I’ve got more in store for you.” Jamie’s enthusiasm returned just as quick as it was gone. “But it’s a secret for now.”

“What, you got me a vegan cake?” Neil laughed, hugging him. Jamie now had a perfect view of his delicious neck. Neil smelled as good as always, but before Jamie could act on his impulse, he felt Neil’s nose and tongue caressing his own skin.

“You wish! I got the most fattening nut and chocolate and caramel and cream cake ever!” He finally hugged Neil back and gently caressed his nape.

His partner laughed, stroking his back in slow, gentle moves. “You read my mind. I already had a huge California burger for lunch,” he said in a whiny tone.

“Ah, come on, It’s your birthday. You can have whatever you want.” Jamie grinned, stroking a hand through his lover’s fine hair.

“That’s what I thought!” Neil beamed and kissed him, a smile still on his lips. “And now, I’m gonna be even naughtier,” he breathed, before giving Jamie’s chest a firm push.

“You will?” Jamie laughed, as he fell on the bed. “You want a taste of the burglar after all?” He raised his eyebrows, his focus instantly sharp again.

“Uh-huh, it’s revenge time,” said Neil, tracing his fingers over his smooth, hard belly. Jamie could already see the upper part of Neil’s tattoo emerging from underneath the jeans.

“Is it?” Jamie bit his lip, unsure of what Neil meant, and distracted by what he was seeing. Neil unbuttoned his trousers and pushed them lower, uncovering the familiar design of roses and thorns.

“Weren’t you hot?” Neil asked, sliding the remaining clothes off and letting them fall to the floor. His body was slim but nicely toned. Neil had been the first guy Jamie ever slept with, and he was still aroused each time he saw his bare body. The way the muscles on his belly flexed underneath the creamy skin made him ache to kiss it.

“I still am.” Jamie laughed and quickly took off his turtleneck. Neil shook his head, supporting his weight on one knee as he leaned in to unbuckle Jamie’s belt. “Oh! So I’m the one getting a present?” Jamie felt his smile widen.

“No, I’m getting mine,” Neil said, bowing down to trace Jamie’s belly with a warm tongue. The touch made Jamie break out in goosebumps and he arched his hips up, toward Neil.

“Go on! Unwrap it already,” he laughed hoarsely. He couldn’t wait to feel those lips a little lower.

“You’re always leaving all the work to me.” Neil snorted, pulling his pants down. “But I’m not touching your socks anymore.”

“Oh, come on! I was in a hurry this morning.” Jamie smiled, brushing his fingers through Neil’s purple hair. “I think you’ll like the work you’re gonna be doing.” He quickly pushed the pants and socks off, leaving on just a pair of white jocks. He chose them, knowing how much his partner loved to see him in this type of underwear.

Neil’s eyes darkened with lust as he dropped Jamie’s trousers to the floor and followed by throwing his own clothes on top of the pile. He ran warm hands up Jamie’s torso as he showered sloppy kisses over the hard stomach below. He tousled the blond dusting of hair

with his tongue, trailing down from Jamie's navel and into his underwear, hot breath caressing sensitive skin.

"Oh yeah," sighed Jamie, already imagining his boyfriend's lips around his cock. With this kind of treatment, he wouldn't mind every day to be Neil's birthday.

As soon as that thought crossed his mind, the hot, eager mouth closed over his balls, sucking them through the thin, cotton fabric of his jockstrap. Neil's fingers ran up and down his thighs, kneading them almost roughly. Jamie got painfully hard within seconds.

"You wanna see it already?" he breathed, pushing his thumbs under the waistband.

Neil moaned, his back arching like a cat's. "Yeah."

"No," Jamie laughed, unable to stop himself from touching him. "Turn around and show me your ass first." He loved Neil's body, so different from his own and yet just as masculine.

Neil grinned at him. "How about you show me yours, Mr. Burglar?" he suggested, playing with the waistband of Jamie's jockstrap.

Jamie sighed theatrically, looking into his lover's eyes before slowly turning around to show off his tanned, round buttocks. He worked out a lot because he loved to feel desired. With Neil he always did.

None of them had a strong preference for topping or bottoming, so there was always anticipation about who would get their way each time. Apparently, the big, bad burglar would have to be on his hands and knees today.

Neil exhaled and spooned him from behind, his hard cock lining up with the crack of Jamie's ass. "That's more like it," he whispered running his fingers down Jamie's sides. His hips ground against him with a low sigh.

"Oh, God," groaned Jamie, pushing his forehead into the pillow. That wasn't his plan for the evening. The original idea included tying Neil up, spanking him, and fucking him on the floor, but this seemed just as good. The muscles in his buttocks tensed, and he arched his back to show off his wide shoulders. Beneath Neil, he felt like a tamed bull, ready to be ridden but dangerous nonetheless.

"What was that?" Neil teased him, sliding his hot hands over Jamie's thighs. He licked a trail along his shoulder blades, then suddenly bit into the flesh, rubbing his body over his lover's buttocks and back.

The bite sent shivers straight from Jamie's shoulder blade to his hard cock, his whole body pulsing in a furious rhythm. He barely held back another moan. "You know what..." He ground his hips against Neil, and then rubbed his groin against the bed covers. He felt hot all over with Neil's cock sliding against his opening, their bodies grinding against each other on top of the bed. Jamie let out a low moan when his lover's hand slid over his crotch. He was going out of his mind.

"Oh, Neil," he whispered and turned his head for a kiss. His lover laughed and pressed his luscious lips to Jamie's. He slapped Jamie's backside, and then slid his fingers between the buttocks, the movement making Jamie feel lightheaded.

"Ready for dessert?"

"Yes," Jamie said softly, making rounded, eager movements with his hips. Neil breathed hard, sucking on his tongue, and patted Jamie's bottom several times before strolling over to the bedside table. Jamie smiled, spreading his legs even further as he pushed the front of his jockstrap aside and grabbed his own hard prick.

"Ah, just a minute," groaned Neil. "We forgot to replace the lube." He said before running out of the room.

Jamie sighed, all excited and ready. He moved his hips in the air, slowly pumping his hard cock with a spit-slicked hand. He didn't want to wait any longer. But then he remembered something. The puppy! The fucking puppy!

Jamie got straight to his feet and ran after Neil, pushing his hard-on back into the jockstrap. "No! Neil! I'll get it!" he screamed down the corridor, but as soon as he saw his lover again, he knew it was a lost cause. Neil stood in front of their tiny storage room, already holding the puppy close to his bare chest. The dog was making needy, squeaking noises as it thrashed in Neil's arms, licking the underside of his jaw. A greater part of the large, purple bow Jamie tied around the puppy's neck was now tattered by the animal's sharp baby teeth.

Jamie gulped and forced a smile, his heart hammering. "Happy birthday?"

"A puppy," Neil said in a flat voice.

"Everyone loves them, right?" Jamie let out a nervous laugh. "Can we actually get the lube, and get back to the dog later, I'm kinda... you know?" he trailed off, shooting a meaningful glance to his hard-on.

Neil's mouth fell open, and he shook his head. "You're crazy."

"The good kind, right?" Jamie nodded, his smile widening with hope. "Like when someone walks into a fountain with their clothes on, and it's lots of fun?"

"Jamie... we both work!" whined Neil, but he grabbed a new tube of lube from the shelf and made his way toward Jamie, with the mewling puppy still in his arms. He didn't look like he was still in the mood.

"But just look at him!" tried Jamie, a bit deflated. "It'll be a bit like being knocked up. You're stressed at first, but then it all works out perfectly."

Neil stopped and scowled at him. "So, you're saying that I got knocked up with a dog? On my birthday?" he mumbled, exhaling loudly through his nose. The puppy yawned, peeking at Jamie from between Neil's fingers.

"Uhm... what? Where did that come from?" Jamie swallowed. The last thing he wanted now was an argument. He wanted to get off! And make Neil happy. It was his birthday after all.

Neil shook his head in disbelief, but came closer. "Exactly, where did that come from? We'll talk later, daddy." He snorted, shaking his head.

"But... leave him for now," Jamie whispered, hypnotized by the puppy's wagging tail. "I don't want him to watch," he complained, knowing how embarrassing it would feel.

"What?" Neil rolled his eyes. "He's scared and in a new place," he reasoned, strolling back into their bedroom. "Besides, it's just a puppy."

"Exactly!" whined Jamie. "It's like, you know, a baby dog. Baby dog. It's gonna get all traumatized and stuff."

"Grow up, dog mommy." Neil put the dog down on the floor, exposing his buttocks in the process.

"Daddy!" Jamie corrected him through his teeth. "What's he gonna think of me?" he moaned, not sure how to make Neil understand. A puppy would still surely understand what was going on. Plus, it would be weird to do it with someone watching.

"Whatever, Jamie. Just come over," groaned Neil, getting onto the bed, his gaze trailing to the dog every now and then.

Jamie sighed, finally giving up. There was no use fighting Neil when he got like this. He sat on the bed, still feeling uncertain about the whole thing. What if the dog became gay after watching them? Then again, it'd be fun if they had a gay dog to complete their little family.

Neil swept him up in a warm embrace. "I still want the other half of my present," he whispered and trailed his tongue around the shell of his partner's ear.

"The cake?" Jamie pouted, raising his eyebrows, though he didn't hesitate to nuzzle Neil's neck.

"No, I meant my handsome burglar." Neil stroked Jamie's forearm and led Jamie's hand to his own cock. His hoarse voice rang in Jamie's ear and sent a wave of heat straight to his groin.

“Okay, I don’t think he’s looking this way now,” he said when he saw the puppy sniffing the curtains. Jamie leaned back on the bed with Neil’s slender body on top of him. He breathed with excitement, his hand starting a slow, pumping rhythm on his partner’s cock.

“Ah, yes!” Neil leaned over, giving him a gentle kiss. Jamie opened up, feeling his lover’s tongue tracing his lips and pressing them for entrance. It didn’t take long for him to give in as he arched against Neil.

“Get the lube,” he breathed hoarsely.

“I have it right here,” murmured Neil, gently biting his lip. “Lie on your stomach,” he asked, pressing his own hot body against Jamie.

“Neil, he’s looking at us again!” Jamie whined as the puppy’s gaze met his from under the window, but he still turned onto his hands and knees, lifting his hips to expose his ass.

“You’re spoiling the mood,” Neil groaned, cupping Jamie’s rear and trailing kisses along his spine.

“It’s not my fault!” he sighed, trying to forget the dog and focus on the caressing touch instead.

“Quiet,” Neil whispered, nuzzling his shoulder blade and leaning in to kiss him again. He pressed two lubricated fingers against Jamie’s anus, massaging it in gentle circles. That definitely made Jamie forget the dog. He moaned, his whole body arching up. He loved how tender Neil’s touch was. He was slowly kissing Jamie’s back as his fingers teased the tight opening. The touch sent shivers up Jamie’s spine and made his cock throb.

“Oh yeah... slide them in,” gasped Jamie. He closed his eyes, slowly rubbing his dick against the bed.

Neil slid the tips of his fingers in, moving them around gently. It made Jamie’s insides flutter, and he drew in a sharp breath, impatiently taking hold of his cock. He ground his hips into Neil’s hand, driving the fingers in deeper, longing for that sweet fullness. “You do it so well...” Jamie sighed but frowned when he heard squeaking noises from the floor. The puppy was too small to jump on the bed, but it looked up at them, tail wagging as if its life depended on it. Neil chose this moment to drive his fingers in deep.

Jamie gave a high-pitched moan, his face hot as he shot a glance at the dog, full of guilt. The thrust felt so good though. He needed more even if it cost the puppy its innocence.

“For God’s sake, Jamie, just close your eyes,” said Neil with an impatient groan, gently massaging the sensitive nub inside him.

“Okay, okay!” Jamie’s breathing grew deeper as he pushed back against the fingers. Neil knew exactly how to get him going. He thrust the fingers in, letting them linger for a moment each time to circle Jamie’s sweet spot, drawing out a long moan. Neil pressed his body against him, rubbing his own hard cock on the side of his thigh.

“Oh yeah,” sighed Jamie, his attention focused only on his partner. He smiled to himself, imagining the slippery tip of the penis that was now touching his thigh. He eagerly arched his ass up.

“Want you now,” murmured Neil, gently biting Jamie’s arm and playing with the white rubber band of the jockstrap. Jamie mewled as he felt the slim fingers retreating out of his tight hole.

“Bring it!” He laughed and buried a wide smile in the pillow, drunk with excitement. He couldn’t wait to feel Neil inside. There has always been a special connection between them when they were having sex. Even if it was just a quick blowjob, there was at least a spark. Sex with Neil felt familiar and special at the same time. Each time.

“You bet!” His boyfriend laughed, kneeling right behind him. The touch of a blunt cock-head sliding over his anus sent Jamie’s body into havoc.

“C’mon! Pitch it already.” He moved his buttocks closer to Neil’s hips, rising to his knees. His heart was pounding fast in anticipation of what was to come. He felt Neil’s hand

pressing into the small of his back, letting him know who was in control, and then Neil filled him. "Oh God, Neil!" he uttered, his legs going weak. This was exactly what he was waiting for. "So good!" The cock felt just right, hot and thick. Neil didn't move for a moment, gently stroking Jamie's back with trembling fingers.

"I love your ass so much."

Jamie turned his face to the side, his expression somewhere between a smile and excitement. "Show me how much," he whispered, trying to ignore the puppy's whining.

"Yes!" Neil slowly withdrew, grabbing Jamie's hips in a firm grip, as if attempting to steady himself. He quickly pushed back in and after a few thrusts, he got into a well-known rhythm. A rhythm Jamie loved, even with the whining dog and an aching knee from the failed role-play. He made small sounds of satisfaction each time Neil's dick went in deep. It felt as if it was reaching Jamie's core. Jamie didn't touch his own cock in an attempt to make it last longer, but Neil seemed to have different ideas, and Jamie soon felt the familiar hand sliding underneath the front of his jockstrap to push the fabric aside for easier access.

"I'm close," he breathed into Jamie's back, his thrusts becoming frantic.

"Do me too," Jamie muttered with a smile and gripped the covers.

"Lean down, gimme some space," gasped Neil, pushing Jamie's back lower as he rode him with abandon.

Jamie felt like hugging the mattress, all flushed and ready to come. His cock was hard and pulsating, just like his ass. "Whatever you want."

Neil groaned, his movements quickening as he fucked Jamie hard, his breath ragged. It took just a few more moments for him to come and Jamie trembled along when he thought of the hot come that now filled his insides. After several more thrusts, Neil's body slouched on top of Jamie, his hand still pumping Jamie even as it slowed down.

"Faster!" he demanded, writhing beneath Neil. "I'm almost there!" Jamie's body was aching for completion.

"Sorry!" Neil was breathless but complied, his warm breath tingling Jamie's skin.

Just a few more pumps, and several kisses finally got Jamie to finish with a long wail. He arched his hips, lifting Neil up, but in the end he slumped down, satisfied as ever. They fell into the covers like a breathing heap of limbs.

"Oh God." Neil nuzzled his neck, drawing him closer. Jamie was certain there could be nothing better than this.

"You happy now about the birthday burglar?" Jamie laughed, having no strength to move anywhere. He could barely catch a breath.

"God, you're such an idiot!" Neil joined in as he kissed Jamie's nape. His warm body felt soothing, and Jamie smiled, at the firm heartbeat against his back.

"It's not my fault it went wrong," said Jamie, his gaze trailing toward the puppy, which was now coughing out threads of the ribbon it swallowed. "Oh no, not again," he whined but decided it wasn't worth moving for. Neil did.

"Did you give him water?" he asked, sitting up with a sigh.

"Come back." Jamie grabbed his hand lazily and tried to press him close against his own chest. "It's gonna be fine. Puppies do that all the time."

"Jamie! You didn't get him any water?" Neil hissed and gave him an outraged slap on the butt. "What about food?"

Jamie laughed it off. "I've got some in the car."

"Jesus, Jamie!" Neil picked up the dog. It moved impatiently but stopped thrashing around once Neil got the ribbon off its neck.

"I love you too," said Jamie, turning his head with a wide grin.

*

Neil's expression was priceless. He was standing with his back to the kitchen table, cornered by Jamie who fed him the extra fatty, sugary cake straight from his hand. Neil let out a long, pleased groan, chewing slowly and savoring every bit of creamy sweetness lingering on his tongue. With his eyes closed, face slack with pleasure, he looked the picture of decadence.

"Is that a chocolate orgasm?" Jamie asked, joining in on the dessert extravaganza. He didn't even mind the puppy licking his foot at the same time. Though it was persistent.

"Close," Neil confessed, slowly opening his eyes and looking at Jamie with a chocolate-stained smile. "That's a really naughty cake."

Jamie laughed out loud, moving closer to him and pointing at his tooth. "You've got something... yeah, over there." He navigated, as Neil trailed his teeth with his finger, staining them even more. "That's it, you've got it, the only clean bit," Jamie laughed.

"Bastard," chuckled Neil, looking down at the puppy, which now stood on its hind legs, moving awkwardly beneath their feet. "Did you get him at the circus or something?"

"He's so cute, right?" Jamie grinned, pulling Neil closer. "I saved him from a burning building."

Neil pouted. "That does sound like you." He kissed Jamie once again and picked up the puppy. Jamie already had to clean up after it, but he didn't complain, wanting Neil to enjoy their new family member. "What should we call him, oh noble savior?" he asked with obvious skepticism.

"Bull. After my football team! Look how strong he is. And he's gonna grow bigger." Jamie pushed the last piece of cake into his mouth and licked his fingers.

"Bull?" Neil laughed, playfully punching his chest. "What kind of name is that?" He kissed the dog's ear, successfully turning its attention from Jamie to himself.

"Strong name. Name of a fighter," he said, but the way the puppy looked like now was in stark contrast to the name.

Neil's eyes shot up. "Well, he won't grow up strong if we don't feed him." He looked as if there was something else he wanted to say, but the puppy turned its tiny head, licking at his chocolate-stained chin.

"Let's go, it looks as if it's gonna eat you." Jamie took the dog from his hands.

"Did you get a leash or something?" Neil asked, splashing his mouth by the sink. He would never leave the flat without looking presentable.

"It's a puppy. I'll carry it," said Jamie, holding the dog up in the air as if he were playing with a baby. It moved its head, trying to reach Jamie's nose with its long tongue.

"We need it for walking. You can't keep carrying him around like those crazy Chihuahua ladies." Neil laughed and moved toward the exit. "Did you smell him?"

"What do you mean?" Jamie frowned and smelled the dog, following Neil out of the apartment.

Neil looked at them with a smile. "Smells like milk."

"Do you? You do!" Jamie started baby-talking to the puppy as he played with its paw.

Neil laughed, entering the lift. As soon as it descended, he took the opportunity to hug Jamie. "Are you gonna play peek-a-boo with him next, daddy?" he laughed, stroking the puppy's head with the tips of his fingers.

"Maybe. In your wardrobe." Jamie smirked, anticipating Neil's reaction.

"Villain!" Neil laughed, exiting the lift as it opened into the underground parking lot. Jamie's red Chevy was parked only several meters from the entrance.

"Your secret arch nemesis," Jamie said in a low tone, giving Neil his most villainous look.

Neil rolled his eyes and stuck his hand into Jamie's pocket to retrieve the car keys. "Now I know who's been playing in my wardrobe all these years."

Jamie laughed out loud. "Oh, I've been out of the closet for a while now."

"Thank God." Neil snorted, opening the Chevy's back door. He quickly moved back with a gasp, as if something threatened to hit him.

And then Jamie remembered. He didn't clean the car after the puppy got sick. "Shit."

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About the Author:

K.A. Merikan is a joint project of Kat and Agnes Merikan who jokingly claim to share one mind. They finish each other's sentences and simultaneously come up with the same ideas.

In 2006 a mutual friend invited them over to a party and after a whole night of chatting and watching movies, the idea of writing a novel together came up. It marked the beginning of both a professional collaboration and lasting friendship of Kat and Agnes.

Kat Merikan is a freelance illustrator and fashion enthusiast whose favourite things include chili chips, stiletto shoes and cats.

Agnes Merikan aspires to become a sexologist. She loves chocolate, dogs and all things kitch.

It is easiest to find them in galleries, good restaurants and historical sites, always with a computer or notebook, because for Kat and Agnes, every day is writing day. Future plans include lots of travel and a villa on the coast of Italy or a flat in Paris where they could retire after yet another crazy venture, only to write more hot m/m romance.

Kat and Agnes enjoy writing various kinds of stories, from light-hearted romance to thrillers. They love creating characters that are not easy to classify as good or evil, and firmly believe that even villains deserve their happy endings.

K.A. MERIKAN



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