

***Getting Gabe* by Amber Kell published by AKell**

“Marry me.”

“Hell no!” Gabe looked horrified at his best friend Faith Jerrod. She was sitting on his kitchen counter eating ice cream out of a coffee cup because, as usual, all his bowls were dirty. She had swept her dark hair up in a ponytail, and her brown eyes danced with humor.

“Aw, come on, Gabe, you’re the perfect guy. You cook, you clean, and you even pick up your own underwear.” She counted off his good qualities on her fingers.

“I fuck guys,” Gabe reminded her.

Faith shrugged as if the matter were inconsequential. “So you have one minor flaw.”

Gabe laughed as he scraped the last of the ice cream out of the carton and dumped it into a cup for himself. “It might put a damper on your sex life.”

After tossing the container, he took a bite of chocolate fudge chunky ice cream. He closed his eyes with bliss as the creamy flavor filled his mouth. Faith’s voice broke into his momentary obsession of chasing the little brownie bits around with his tongue.

“Not with the guys I’ve been dating lately, and seriously, are all the architects at our firm gay or what?” Faith asked.

“That would be a statistical improbability. Besides, it would be discriminatory to hire someone based on sexual preference, whether they are gay or straight,” Gabe pointed out.

“Yeah, but if they never ask, they can’t be prosecuted,” Faith counted, jabbed her spoon at Gabe to emphasize her point.

Gabe did a quick mental review of all the architects in the firm.

“Now that you mention it, I do think a majority of them are gay, but you know, I’ve never had a very good sense about those things. A guy practically has to write he’s interested in glowing letters on his ass before I know he wants to date.”

“True,” Faith giggled. “Very true. Remember Nicky? He sent you flowers for a week in order to get your attention.”

“Yeah, he was really romantic,” Gabe sighed. “But bad in bed. No chemistry whatsoever.”