

## *Cry Wolf* by Jay Ellison published by Courtesan Press

### Chapter One

The hot, longhaired man at the end of the bar was watching him again.

Kevin Sullivan finished mixing the dirty martini for the middle-aged out-of-towner in the blue business suit and slid it down to him on a paper napkin before making his way down the bar to the stud with the long hair. Kevin smiled because that was the way he did things in his job as barkeep at the Barracuda, one of the more popular gay clubs in downtown Brooklyn, but it was a guarded smile, as always.

The man watching him was tall and slender, a sleek body in a tailored black suit. He had chiseled, vaguely Euro-fine features, and long, straight black hair to his waist that he kept back in a tight ponytail. His snug Brioni tux made Kevin think of a younger version of James Bond. It was pretty obvious that he was moneyed and from out of town like so many of the men who frequented the club.

He certainly was a tall, cool drink of water, Kevin thought. And he smelled sweet and slightly wild. But Kevin told himself he wasn't in the market to pick up anyone tonight. Not tonight of all nights. It was the first warm night of the year, and the moon was gravid and clear. It was his night to run. "What can I get you?" he said, wiping his hands on the bar mop he kept tucked in the waistband of his dark uniform trousers. "Martini? Shaken, not stirred?"

The man looked momentarily confused, then smiled, showing strong white teeth and incisors that were a hair too long. My, Grandma, what big teeth you have. "Manhattan."

"I haven't had an order for one of those in a dog's age."

The man smirked in a playful, sexy and perhaps slightly dangerous way. "I'm a bit old fashioned, I'm afraid." He spoke in a soft, lilting British voice. "What does the young crowd drink these days?"

"Julius Orange, the Latte, Odyssey Number Ten. I can make you anything you want."

"What if what I want isn't on the menu?"

Is he flirting with me? Kevin wondered. "Try me."

The man with the ponytail gave him a sly look. "I might just do that, young man. But for now a Manhattan will do."