

Hainted by Jordan L. Hawk self published

“Leif!” The wand fell unheeded from his hand, and Dan stumbled through the swirl of disturbed leaves, reaching for the other man. *No, no, goddesses of the Underworld, please let him be all right.*

Leif struggled to his knees. “I’m fine,” he gasped. “It knocked the wind out of me, and I’ll have a pretty good bruise on my back tomorrow, but I’m fine.”

Relief shivered through Dan. Leif made it to his feet, leaning against the tree for support. “Thanks. I owe you one.”

Dan took a small sip of breath, meaning to say...he didn’t even know, exactly. The moonlight cut across Leif’s features, revealing every plane of his high cheekbones, the delicate sweep of his brow. His long, pale hair tumbled about his face, tousled and utterly mad, like some fey spirit from the very dawn of time.

Safe. Safe, and relatively unhurt, and yet Dan’s hands wouldn’t stop shaking. Heat and cold boiled in his chest, until he wasn’t even sure where fear ended and relief began. Gods, Leif could have died if he’d hit the tree wrong, and Dan needed to say how glad he was Leif was okay, but he couldn’t get the words out past the storm of emotion. He took a step forward, and another, until he could practically feel the heat of Leif’s body. Leif’s eyes widened slightly, pupils dilating. The tip of his tongue licked his lower lip.

The unconscious gesture snapped the hair-fine thread of Dan’s control. He pressed Leif back against the tree, needing to taste those lips just once, to feel Leif’s heartbeat, to know they were both warm and alive.

Leif’s mouth froze under his. He started to pull away, to apologize, to rebuild whatever his impulsive action might have torn down.

Leif’s hands closed on his shoulders, and he returned the kiss with desperation, like this was something he needed just as bad. His lips were firm and supple, and tasted like the moonshine they had drunk and something else, something unique and indisputably masculine. The silver hoop in his lower lip was warm from his heat.

Gods, it was good, just what Dan needed. He leaned in tighter, felt Leif’s body against his, hard and sinewy through the layers of their clothing. Leif’s hands threaded through Dan’s hair, tugging and gripping, and he drew away just far enough to nip at Dan’s lip with his teeth, before diving back into the kiss again.

Gods. This isn’t happening. But it was; he could feel not just his own heart pounding, but the shaking of Leif’s body against his; not just the tight urgency of his own erection, but the hard length of Leif’s cock pressed against his hip.

Leif rubbed him through the denim. He gasped and broke the kiss. “D-Don’t.”

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Leif stilled. His blue eyes had gone dark with desire, and his breathing was ragged. “I want to make you feel good.”

Dan fought for control against a body with absolutely no interest in it. “And I want you to. But it’s been a long time.”

Shame coursed through him, scalding hot. But Leif cocked his head, and his expression shifted from raw hunger to something more controlled. “How long?”

Dan swallowed. “Since I came back from college. Six years.”

Leif’s eyes widened, and Dan wryly reflected he’d managed to surprise his friend. “Ah.” Leif leaned his head against Dan’s, foreheads touching and breath mingling without their lips actually making contact. “Let’s not make you wait any longer.”