

Make Your Move © 2012 Avril Ashton

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events or locales or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

<http://avrilashton.webs.com>

Author Warning: Contains material offensive to some. Mainly men humping. Which I'm sure you approve of since you're here. Not judging...jes sayin' ;-)

Make Your Move

Marc Romanski ducked into the office after a quick glance around. He locked the door then stood with his back against it, gazing at the man seated at the desk.

Ian hadn't noticed his approach and remained engrossed in the paper he was reading, the glasses on his nose sliding lower. Ian pushed the glasses back up with an absent-minded gesture and Marc grinned. It didn't matter how many times he told Ian to change his glasses, the older man always refused, claiming sentimental ties.

To a pair of glasses, for God's sake.

He cleared his throat and took a step forward.

Ian's head jerked up sharply and the glasses dropped onto the desk. "Oh."

"Hello, professor." He approached Ian slowly.

"Marc!" Ian snatched up his glasses and placed them back on. His pale green eyes were wide, color infused his cheek even as he shook his head. "No, Marc. You know you can't be here."

"Relax. No one saw me come in." He rested a hip against the desk and watched Ian with a raised eyebrow.

“That’s not—” Ian gulped and clutched the paper in his hand. “That’s not the, uh, point.” His nostrils flared when he finally met Marc’s eyes. “We almost got caught the last time.”

Marc held up a finger. “But we didn’t.” He bent over the length of the desk and brushed his lips against Ian’s. The other man’s breath hitched. “Besides, you can’t eye-fuck me in class and not expect me to call you on it.” His groin throbbed. That Psychology class was torture, watching Ian teach was the sexiest sight ever. Being unable to touch the man, unable to do what he wanted to Ian was hell, but he’d sat there and planned payback.

“Stand up, Ian.”

Ian’s Adam’s apple bobbed and a moan escaped his parted lips, but he shook his head. “M-Marc, I-I…” His words trailed off when Marc touched the pad of his right index to the hollow in Ian’s throat.

“I sat in that class and watched you,” Marc said hoarsely. “You felt my eyes on you, didn’t you? Did you wish I could’ve bent you over that cluttered desk? Hmm?”

Ian’s shaky breath burned Marc’s face. He grinned and kissed Ian, taking his mouth, thrusting his tongue between his parted lips. So good. That unique flavor of the man he couldn’t get out of his head fogged his brain and reverberated in his throbbing groin.

Ian made small sounds in his throat, whimpers, as he held Marc’s shoulders and deepened their kiss. Desperation and need arched between them. Marc pulled away and straightened.

Ian stared at him with wet swollen lips, eyes wild and lost, chest heaving.

“Did you want me to take you in there, Ian?” Marc yanked off his belt and unbuttoned his jeans. “Fuck you while everyone watched, perhaps?”

“I-I…” Ian’s tongue flicked out to wet his bottom lip. “Yes,” he whispered. “I wanted you to take me.”

Oh hell.

Marc pulled his jeans down off his hips and palmed his erection. “Naughty boy, aren’t you, professor? Fantasizing about one of your students fucking you?”

He could feel Ian vibrating.

“Yes.” The other man’s words shook.

“Did I take you hard and fast in your fantasy?” Marc swiped his thumb over his wet slit and Ian’s gaze followed the movement. Marc swelled more under that openly hungry perusal.

“Or maybe I prolonged the pleasure, took you nice and slow?”

“Hard and fast.” Ian swallowed audibly. “I need-I need hard and fast.”

Marc stroked himself faster.

Ian groaned.

Marc smiled. “Hungry, are you?”

“Yes.”

“Stand up.”

Ian shot out of his chair and tore away at the buttons on his black slacks. Marc walked over and nuzzled the side of his neck, flicking out his tongue to taste the salted musk of his lover’s skin. Ian eased his pants down over his ass then stood and waited.

Marc stepped away from him and smiled. “No underwear, professor? How...intriguing.”

“Marc, please.” Ian trembled. His closed fists hung at his sides and the need to move radiated off him, but he didn’t.

Marc rewarded him with a kiss on the nape. “Please what, professor? Take you? Fuck you?”

“Yes.” The harsh word broadcasted Ian’s need loud and clear.

Hovering near the edge of orgasm himself, Marc decided to end the torture. He sat in the chair Ian vacated and opened the drawer on the upper right side of the desk. Pulling out the tube of lube, he motioned with his hand. “Sit on the edge of the desk, Ian.” He pushed the chair away from the desk to give Ian more room. The other man kicked off his pants and did as told, still wearing his shoes and socks.

Marc pulled back in closer to the desk. “Spread.”

Ian spread his legs wide, hooking them over the arms of the chair and exposing his tiny back entrance to Marc. The professor’s dark red cock dripped pre-cum on his lower belly. He palmed it and jerked off roughly.

Marc’s mouth went dry with want. His shaft pulsed and throbbed. Damn. He removed Ian’s glasses and dropped them onto the desk. “Freaking gorgeous, baby. So gorgeous.” He squeezed some lube onto his index and middle fingers before easing them into Ian.

“Oh. Yes.” Ian’s tight muscles eased for him to sink into all that heat. “God, Marc.”

“Right here, baby.” Marc quickly covered himself with a condom he’d removed from his wallet and lubed up. He dropped the lube to the floor then hauled Ian onto his lap. “Ride me.”

Ian kissed him hard as he sank down and down, taking Marc until he bottomed out.

“Jesus!” Marc’s eyes stung.

Ian hung on to his shoulders and rode him hard, plunging up and down. Marc gritted his teeth and remembered to breathe. Too damn good. He could die happy from the tight grip Ian’s body had around his dick.

Ian kissed his neck and shoulders, panting, whimpering.

Marc loved the sounds Ian made when they came together like this. He loved watching his professor come undone, knowing only he could do that. Only he had that type of power. A power he’d fought hard to claim. Winning Ian Ainsworth’s heart wasn’t easy, not when his professor put up all those barriers.

Their fourteen-year age difference.

The fact that Ian was Marc’s professor.

Six months after wearing Ian down, they remained a secret to everyone, friends and family alike, but Marc wouldn’t change a thing. He had Ian.

“I love you.” He tugged on Ian’s short, dark hair until his lover met his gaze with heavy-lidded eyes. “I love you, professor.”

Ian smiled and clenched around him. “I love you, too.” He eased off Marc then plunged down with a low cry. “Oh God, Marc. Love you, too.”

“Then come for me.” Marc sank his teeth into Ian’s bottom lip and stroked Ian’s shaft trapped between them. “Come for me.”

Ian threw his head back. “Marc!” He fountained over Marc’s fingers with a gasp.

The ripples in Ian’s body vibrated through Marc and ripped the orgasm from his balls. He buried his face in Ian’s neck to muffle his shout and pounded into his lover until he couldn’t move.

“Hmm.” Ian squeezed him tight then dropped a kiss on his nose. “Thank you, babe. That was…”

“Yeah.” Marc grinned.

“But I have another class in seven minutes.” Ian sighed. “Time to get back to the real world.” He lifted off Marc’s lap with a wince and pulled a box of tissues from a drawer that he used to wipe Marc and himself off.

Marc got to his feet as well. He disposed off the condom, throwing it into the waste basket near the desk before he tugged on his jeans then buttoned up. “Speaking of the real world, you forgot to put the garbage out. Again.” He laughed when his lover cursed.

“Shit.” Ian fixed his pants and checked his watch. “Sorry, I’ll make it up you. I promise.”

“I know you will.” Marc kissed him swiftly then glanced down at himself to make sure his clothes were tight before walking over to the door. He stopped with his hand on the knob. “See you at dinner.”

“I might be late.” Ian straightened the papers on his desk and ran a hand through his hair which only served to disturb it more.

Marc opened the door, peeked out into the empty hallway then spoke over his shoulder. “I’ll be waiting up for you, professor.” He closed the door behind him and shoved his hands in his pockets as he walked away.

He’d always wait.

END