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Measure Up
A Cheating Chance Short

By
James Buchanan

The barest hint of a breeze limped through the open sliding glass doors and the sound track from some old buddy flick droned through the TV speakers. One of those Indian Summer days that could stretch on for months in Southern California. Nick lazed on Brandon's leather couch and debated whether to get his butt in gear and suggest something to do, or just take a nap. So far, nap was edging out being even half-assed productive.

Brandon shifted, disturbing Nick's slow glide into unconsciousness. That's what he got for trying to share the couch and doze at the same time. He growled and swung his legs off Brandon's lap. Unsteady with the vestiges of a nap disturbed, Nick sat up, yawned and snapped the edge of the magazine in Brandon's hand with the tips of his fingers. "Anything interesting?" Then he grabbed the remote and clicked off the TV. Nobody was watching the damn thing anyway.

With a shrug, Brandon muttered, "I guess." He scowled at the pages then twisted the glossy magazine in his hands and flashed a picture for Nick's inspection. "See this new hottie on the porn circuit." A slightly too thin, but muscled model hooked his fingers into his briefs giving readers a teasing glimpse of his half hard cock, caught Nick's attention. "He's too twink for me, but he's supposed to have a ten inch schlong."

Laughing through another drowsy yawn, Nick grabbed the magazine out of Brandon's hand. He did a quick scan of the guy's movie history and alleged statistics. "Those stats are so out of whack." The next page showcased the obligatory butt shot. Too much of a tan line and not enough meat for a good grip, Nick had seen better asses. Brandon's came to mind: firm and hard, with divots. "Those guys are nowhere near that big." He shifted; his pants suddenly very tight. What the glossy mags hadn't managed, a one second flash on a bare tattooed back and firm ass bent over the coffee table had.

Brandon messed with the rings in his ear. “You don’t think he’s ten.”

“No.” Flipping through the pictures, Nick wasn’t overly impressed. The guy was cute in a clean cut, college kid way. Nick had never liked clean cut college guys, even when he was in college. Brandon was much more his *type*. Dark, edgy, and rough on the corners, he set Nick’s insides spinning from the moment they met. “Even porn stars are not that big.”

Brandon slung his boots up on the coffee table. Arms pillowed his head with his long legs strung between the couch and table, Nick figured that was how his cop relaxed. Heel marks bitten into the surface supported that guess.

“Well,” Brandon purred, “you’re pretty spectacular. Have you ever measured?” Brandon’s jeans were tight enough that Nick could see interest building. It boded well for where the conversation was taking them. He’d play along for that.

“Of course I have.” Nick shrugged and tossed the magazine onto the table. “Everyone does that sooner or later.”

A sly look slid from those baby-blues and Brandon’s deep voice went all rich and mellow. “And?”

That voice was almost enough to get Nick off. “And what?” He purred back.

Brandon toyed with the iron-cross studded leather watchband circling his wrist. “What did the ruler say?” He was obviously trying to act nonchalant. Brandon was not good at nonchalant. At least not when it came to sex. He’d have had to been good at it other times or he’d never have made detective.

Nick shrugged. “Does it matter?” It was so fun to tease him like this.

“No, I mean,” Brandon looked at the ceiling, out the window and at his cuticles... everywhere except Nick’s eyes. “Why would it matter?”

It so mattered to Brandon. Still, Nick wanted him to admit it. “It matters to you.”

“No. It doesn’t matter.” Now he glared like he was trying to back up his lie with bravado.

“Yeah, I can tell it does.” Nick slunk across the couch to tug on Brandon’s earrings. “You’re a size queen.”

Brandon jerked his head away. "I am not a queen, size or otherwise."

Leaning in close, Nick breathed in his ear. "But you really want to know." Brandon's shudder wicked through Nick's frame.

With a swallow, he kept denying it. "I don't have to know."

"It's going to bug you. I can tell." Nick replaced his fingers with his tongue, tugging each little silver ring into his mouth as he edged up the margin. When he got to the last, Nick blew down the rim. Brandon sucked in his breath. "Okay, if you want to know, get the ruler out of your desk then get undressed, and get on your knees."

"Why can't you just tell me?" Brandon panted. His neck flushed and his skin grew hot under Nick's hand. He tasted like sweat and lust, one heck of a potent combo.

"Because," Nick teased, "it's more fun this way." He started counting silently, slowly. On one, Brandon's eyes went wide. The cop swallowed on two. Three saw him lick his lips. Nick had just started to think *four* when Brandon shot off the couch, almost tripping over the coffee table on his way to the desk stuck in the corner of the bedroom.

Nick leaned over the arm of the couch so he could watch Brandon scrounge through the drawers. By about the second one, his movements got a little frantic. Brandon dropped to his knees, pawing through the junk in the last drawer. Someday, he and Brandon were going to have a little talk about organization, but since Brandon came up holding a ruler, Nick figured now wasn't the time.

Slapping the ruler against his palm and sporting a leer that made Nick all hot and bothered inside, Brandon swaggered back through the arch into the living area. "Found it!" He announced as he licked his lips.

"Great," Nick smirked, "I said get undressed."

"What about you?" Brandon tossed the ruler on the table. Metal banged against the surface hard enough they both jumped a little. Twelve inches of some kind of coppery metal...the thing was thick and heavy enough to qualify as a lethal weapon. Probably designed more as an engineers' paperweight than as an actual ruler. It'd leave really nice welts on someone's butt. Nick would have to remember where Brandon kept it.

"Not yet. You want to know... you have to play by my rules, baby." Nick leaned forward, resting his elbows on his knees and teased out the order, "Clothes off slow and easy."

Brandon stretched lacing his hands together above his head. He pulled left then right. Muscles danced under his tight t-shirt. When he let go, he rolled his shoulders...all of it flexing and posing for Nick. Yeah, Brandon could put on a show when he wanted too. Luckily for Nick, he usually wanted to. Brandon reached behind his head, grabbed the neck of his t-shirt and slowly pulled it up. Those tight abs came into view and Nick hissed. Goddamn, Brandon was sexy: all bad boy and hard edged.

As his shirt came off over his head, Brandon flexed again. The tribal tats rolled along the skin of his upper arms. He dropped the shirt on the floor and smiled all wicked. He toyed with the buckle on his belt for a bit then popped the double tongue buckle. Just as slowly, Brandon unbuttoned his jeans and slid the zipper down.

“You are so sexy.” Nick could almost get off on the sound of metal teeth grinding through the slide. “You know that, right?”

Brandon hooked his fingers in the waist band of his jeans, pushing them down until they dropped to pool around his boots. His prick tented up his white boxer-briefs so nicely. Brandon slid his thumbs into the band, pulling the front out and down. That thick cock, the head all red and swollen, bobbed against the fabric for a moment. After teasing Nick with flashes of his dick, Brandon finally shoved the shorts down as well.

Wow. Dark hair cut so severe along the sides of his skull but kept longer and mussed across the top...it fit so well with the hard lines of Brandon’s jaw. His eyes were so blue and so wicked right then. He smirked at Nick, rolling his neck, just waiting as Nick’s eyes roamed down a cut chest, six pack abs and coming to rest on the sight of one hell of a cock.

“Okay, baby,” Brandon growled out, like he knew Nick savored the image of him standing there, boot tops visible over the mess of denim and cotton briefs, “naked enough for you?”

That deep, sensual voice, dripped down Nick’s spine. “Yeah, that’s nice.” He swallowed then adjusted his prick in his pants to where the seams didn’t pinch as much. “Now on your knees.”

Grinning like mad, Brandon eased himself onto his knees. They both enjoyed these games. He licked his lips and ran his palm over his cock a few times. Well, Nick hadn’t told him not to touch himself. It was too hot, too muggy, too much of a lazy afternoon to get that deep into a power play.

“Come here, you.” Nick reached out and cocked one finger, beckoning Brandon over. It was kinda fun seeing Brandon try to keep up with the sexy image while scuttling over with ankles still wrapped up in his pants. Nick leaned back into the couch and spread his legs wide. “Unzip me, get it out.” He was stretched so hard it hurt, in that really good kinda hurting. Brandon settled between Nick’s knees as Nick tugged his own t-shirt off. Nick laced his hands behind his head and just watched as Brandon fought with the button and zipper on his jeans. He could have helped, but that would ruin all the fun of the power play. “Come on,” he egged Brandon on, “get it out.” Brandon’s fingers reached in his jeans, rubbing his cock as he tugged the hard dick out of Nick’s pants. “Okay, it needs to be really stiff, use your tongue.”

Brandon laughed. “You’re just using this as an excuse for a blow job.”

“Damn, fucking straight!” Nick joined in the amusement. He couldn’t deny what was obvious. “Suck me.”

With a deep breath, Brandon wrapped his lips over Nick’s head and went down until he gagged. Oh yeah, that type of aggression lit Nick up like nothing else. Brandon’s tongue moved over his prick, tracing veins, following the ridge where the crown flared out. The sensations pooled heat into Nick’s thighs. Brandon’s head bobbed in his lap, Nick’s hard cock disappearing into Brandon’s hungry mouth again and again. He ran his hand over Brandon’s skull, playing in the sweat damp hair, urging him on with his touch.

Nick, caught Brandon’s ear to stop him. If it went on much longer, he’d go over and the whole point would be ruined. “That’s good.” He panted out. “Get the ruler.” Giving Nick one last long lick as he pulled off, Brandon reached back and grabbed the ruler. His hand slid along Nick’s shaft. Then he laid the ruler along the top of Nick’s aching prick. Fuck the metal was a little cold. Nick shuddered. “You didn’t have a wooden ruler?” He choked out. At least with Brandon touching him, he didn’t lose any of his hard-on. “Okay,” Nick used an instructor’s tone as a mix of tease and rebuke, “slide it back to where it presses into the pubic bone.”

“I know how to do this.” Brandon grumbled. Gently, Brandon wedged the end of the ruler where it pressed against Nick’s groin. Then he wrapped his hand around Nick and the ruler, pulling them together. Nick grunted as the normal upward swing pressed flat. Brandon’s firm grip held him straight out. He had to admit, he had a decent looking

dick, firm, thick, and at that point throbbing. Heavy veins decorated the cinnamon brown length.

Brandon's was way nice too. The first time Nick laid eyes that cock he'd wanted to ride that biker-boy. Mouth wateringly plump, he'd take thick over long any day. Pale skin marbled by blue veins ended in a heavy, rosy mushroom tip. Nick could just catch a glimpse of it bouncing between the couch and Brandon's body.

Another shudder, far more pleasant this time swept through his body as Brandon slid his thumb over the very apex. "Verdict is?" Nick drew little circles with his finger against Brandon's temple. His cop's fingers still held him loose. Shifting his hips, Nick tried for a little more contact.

"I'm not sure it's right." Brandon adjusted the ruler and his finger.

Foreplay was one thing; this kind of play was beyond that. And they weren't doing anything but measuring his dick. "What does it say?" Nick hissed.

Rocking back on his heels, Brandon stared hard at the dick in his hand. "This can't be right." His thumb still pressed along the number, Brandon pulled the ruler away and held it for Nick's inspection. "Can it?"

Nick laughed at Brandon's tone, like he'd just found out Santa didn't exist. "Looks about what I expected." Bending down, Nick ran his index along the bridge of Brandon's nose. "You're probably off a little bit since I'm sitting down, but that's pretty accurate. Better than average...but no mutant dick."

Brandon jerked back and swatted at Nick's hand. "But you're bigger than that." Brandon tossed the ruler on the table where it banged on the top again. At least this time Nick was prepared for the sound.

"Oh, come on." Nick snorted, laying back on the couch. "Kris Lord was only about eight inches." He stretched and flexed as he ran his hand over his prick a few times.

"I thought he was supposed to be like twelve." Brandon's hand joined his own.

"And you believe the porno marketing?" Nick traced the line of Brandon's face with the fingers of his free hand. "I didn't think so. Look," he smiled, "do you like the way my dick fits in your mouth?"

"Well, yeah." By the lust pouring through Brandon's voice, he liked it just fine.

Nick danced his touch down Brandon's neck to follow the lines of the tattoos where they spread over Brandon's shoulder. "Does it feel good when I fuck you?"

Brandon swallowed. "Yeah."

"Then what else matters, babe?" He purred out the question.

"With you?"

"Yeah," Nick licked his lips, "with me."

Brandon leaned in, his eyes intense. "Not a damn thing."

"That's what I thought." Nick tugged at Brandon's arms. "Let's finish this. Get up here." Brandon crawled up onto the couch with him.

They shifted a bit, Nick pushing his jeans down for better access, Brandon trying to get his knees on either side of Nick's legs. Then they were perfect. Brandon's prick slid against his own. Nick pulled Brandon down into a deep, heady kiss. Both of them humped it, rubbing and sliding in each other's pre-come. After all the lead up, it didn't take long. Nick shuddered first, the spunk boiling out of his balls and up his dick. It coated his stomach and Brandon's dick. Brandon thrust against him, spreading the spunk between them. The smell of heat and sweat and Nick's own come was delicious. Nick licked Brandon's jaw, stubble running hard against his tongue. When he blew in Brandon's ear, Brandon trembled and shot off.

Still wracked with shudders, Brandon collapsed onto Nick's chest. They lay like that for a while, Nick almost dozing again, sweat and spunk cooling on their skin. So perfect, Nick could stay this way for a few hours.

Brandon let out a deep, satisfied sigh. He rolled his head to nuzzle against Nick's neck. "It doesn't bother you though?"

"What?" Nick pulled himself out of the semi-comatose state he was fast slipping into.

"That I'm not..." Brandon hesitated, "packing?"

Nick chuckled. Yeah, his cop was a size queen. "So you're not an ankle slapper." Kissing Brandon's temple, he laughed. "This," Nick reached between them, wriggling his fingers against velvet skin, "is beautiful and thick. I'll take thick any day. And you got better qualities."

Brandon propped himself up enough to look down into Nick's eyes. "Like what?"

Goddamn, Brandon was one sexy son-of-a-bitch, especially when he stared at Nick like that. They were both exhausted, done, and

yet that look said *I want you*. “When you blow,” Nick brushed the strands of hair falling over Brandon’s forehead, “you stay hard for so long after, you can keep going for a second round.” In fact, Brandon’s prick hadn’t flagged half as much as Nick’s. It was still hard enough to be noticed. “Not many guys can do that.”

Brandon rolled his eyes as he moved to kiss Nick’s fingers. “That used to annoy the shit outa my ex-wife.”

“Baby,” playfully, Nick smacked the side of Brandon’s jaw, “in what way am I at all like your ex-wife?” Instead of giving Brandon the opportunity to answer, he pulled him down into another deep kiss. Round two was starting to sound damn good.

~end~

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

James Buchanan is a multi-published author of homoerotic romance. James grew up in a small Southwestern town, hours away from any other small Southwestern towns. A stint at the State University, where he ostensibly majored in English, garnered him a degree useful for being someone's secretary. The absolute lack of employment opportunities led James to Southern California. After a stint in County Mental Health (administration, not client) he ran screaming into the field of Law. James has been practicing for nine years and someday he might even get it right.

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