

Midnight



James Buchanan

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## Midnight

*A homoerotic short*

By

James Buchanan

Tony stared out over the moonlit snow. The cold rail cut through layers of clothing. He'd dressed to impress, not to be warm. "This was such a rip." He bitched, to everyone and no one at once.

"No shit!" The only other occupant of the balcony took a drag of his cigarette. Red embers threw high boned cheeks into base relief. "One hundred indices of compatibility my ass."

"I know, forked out five-hundred for this weekend," Tony snorted, "and I ain't found the fucking chick listed on my compatibility match-up."

"You're telling me?" Dark eyes dropped half mast as the tall man growled out the rest. "One-twenty for the freaking profile. I hit the perfect match." His voice echoed with a deep rich tenor. A singing voice, Tony mused. He'd put down singing as a hobby himself. "All of twenty-five get together and the one my *soul mate* will be at is New Years in the Mountains and the fucking bitch doesn't show."

Tony raised his glass to the evening. Couples had already paired off behind them. Look for your identifying ID. Number codes spoke to everything: *We don't even need names* the advertisement promised. On the other side of the French doors a room held it's breath: expectant, hesitant, and thrilled. Fuck 'em all. "Here's to being dumped by another fucked up excuse for on-line dating."

His ersatz companion laughed. "Salude!" The dark haired, dark eyed, man tipped his glass toward Tony. "What's the rule about midnight and New Years? You're destined to spend the rest of the year repeating it?"

"God," Tony ran his thick fingers through his dirty blond hair. Green eyes mirrored in a glass of amber liquid, he mused. "Don't say that. I'm going to spend the rest of my year being dumped." The other's tumbler still waited expectant and Tony tapped it with his own. "What you drinking?"

“Glenfiddich.” The man laughed and knocked back a belt. “It’s the only scotch fit to drink.”

Tony laughed. “Damn straight!” Not many people understood that. For a time he stared out at the mountain. So strong and beautiful, capped with a crown of snow and backed by billowing clouds which held the moonlight to the ground. Why couldn’t he meet a girl who understood things like that? “All I wanted was a chance.” He sighed and swirled the last of the scotch in his glass. “Someone who liked old cars.”

“Me too.” The other man’s voice echoed wistful against the backdrop of revelry. “Someone who liked hiking in the Yukon as well as breakfast in bed.”

“Thick pancakes and then hiking in the glaciers.” Tony snorted, imagining heavy quilts and campfire coffee while preparing for a salmon fry off the deck of a cruise ship. The perfect mix of hedonistic luxury and outdoorsman-ship.

Dark eyes nodded. Damn, if he wasn’t a guy it would have been about perfect. Athletic, trim, black hair, large brown, almost almond eyes, and a slight olive cast to his skin all of it spoke to maybe Armenian decent. The man stood nearly eye to eye with Tony. All the girls he’d ever dated were shorter and that always bugged the pale, northern Italian descendant. A girl he could kiss without bending down... Tony had put that in his profile. At nearly six foot, it was a tall order. Now if this guy just liked Cuban cooking he would have been perfect, except for the lack of tits.

“I,” the man’s voice sounded so wistful and lonely, “was going to rent a snowmobile tomorrow. Go up into the peaks where things are quiet.”

Antonio sighed. “I reserved one yesterday... hope you know.” He held out his hand. “By the way, my name is Antonio.”

Shivering, the other man responded, “Nicholas.”

“Oh, that’s creepy.” Tony almost snorted his scotch.

“What?”

“The gal I’ve been corresponding with is Nikki.”

Nick laughed. “Yeah, well me and Toni have had some great sex chats.”

Everything froze. Finally, Tony swallowed. “Sex with showers?”

“Naked Ping-pong?”

“You,” Tony could barely breathe, “like having your ass licked?”

Nick looked into his empty glass. Chants of *Ten, Nine, Eight* echoed. Finally scared and large brown eyes slid up to stare deep into green. “128A54225ARRG?” When Tony’s face went slack, Nick swallowed and stepped in. “You’re Toni95? Oh Fuck!”

Almost a year of hopes and dreams and desires swirled around Antonio. All of it led to one person, one person he’d joked with. One person who always knew what to say. One person who teased and taunted, but always came through... Nikki22. “Shut up!” Antonio whispered as *three* sounded. “Kiss me now!”

“Why?” Nick’s face was only inches from his own. Warmth and longing seeped off his skin.

“Midnight!” Tony panted. “Fate!”

Two hitching breaths and Nick’s lip trembled. Then, to the sounding of *Auld Lang Syne* Nick’s mouth met his. Warm, demanding but giving and self assured... all the things Tony had asked for flowed from the kiss. Screams of horns blared. Noisemakers popped. People screamed with the turning of the ages. Tony didn’t give a shit. New Years drown sweet in the pounding of another man’s pulse.

~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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