

James  
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NOEL

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*Much thanks to Reb, Syd, CB, Nicole and Shari who gave me inspiration  
even if I couldn't quite work in the snowmobile, stalker and nutcracker  
scenes.*

**Noel**  
*A homoerotic short*

By

James Buchanan

“What are you doing?” An irritated, but cultured voice came from behind Les. Backing it, the boisterous cheer of a holiday party cut the night. Part Christmas, part end of exams, and part wrap party for the local university’s production of *A Christmas Carol* throbbed full swing. Over indulgence hounded Les. Too much drinking with people he really didn’t care for. He needed the money, the college needed a sound tech... it was decent enough for a student job. And at least he didn’t have to pretend to be straight around theater geeks.

“Writing my name in the snow.” Les growled, glancing over his shoulder while trying not to get anything on his combat boots. Oh, Dear God, the questioner was wearing a Santa hat pushed back on his head. Blond curls poked out underneath. That was almost more Christmas cheer than Les could stomach.

Chad Mitchell stood staring at Les while Les had his own dick in his hand taking a piss. Dockers, button-down green, plaid shirt over a white t-shirt set off indignant blue eyes. “You could have used the bathroom inside.” Freckles dotted the bridge of his nose. His old style hunter’s coat couldn’t keep the frost from tinting sharp cheeks. Shit, Les cursed under his breath, accosted by an LL Bean catalog while taking a leak.

“Right.” Les tucked himself away and yanked up the fly of his black jeans. That done, he shoved his hands in the pockets for warmth and shouldered deeper into his army surplus Patton style jacket. “And stand in line with all those giggling girly things that can’t hold their beer? Much easier this way.”

For all of the bad taste, Les’ brain did a little stop-start routine when he turned full on. The first full-dress rehearsal, Les memorized each line and angle to Chad’s body. All and nothing was left to the imagination in the grey velvet and linen the costumers pulled together. Every time he saw Chad drift out to stage center in those tight Dickenson Era pants and cutaway coat, he had the same reaction. Chad was tall and not too bulky

under layers of winter clothes. The line costume indicated a nice butt and sculpted body lurked underneath. In the darkness of the sound booth, Les wanked himself off while just watching Chad move. Thank God there weren't many cues during Chad's scenes.

Tight and proud, full lips crawled into a near sneer. "You just have to be that way, huh. All angsty and self righteous?" The blond actor tucked his own hands under his armpits.

It was Goddamn freezing out behind the house. Snow flurries fluttered down. One landed on the ring in Les' nose and turned it to ice. He sneezed. Back, over a wool cloaked shoulder, fairy lights danced through an over wrought Christmas tree framed Currier and Ives style in the window. Fuck, Chad looked like a post card. Put a stamp on Chad and mail it to Les' bedroom. Muted strains of the little drummer boy drifted around them.

"Always." Les agreed. Cold seeped through waffle soles and Les hopped from one foot to the other trying to keep feeling in his toes. Blondie glared. "You theater jerks, so pompous. Man you guys suck." He laughed. "Scrooge... repent, turn back before it's too late." Throwing as much over emphasis as he could into the line, Les teased. He draped his right arm before his eyes and threw his head back, "Don't end up like me."

Indignant, Chad's lips went thin. "That's not my line."

Les waived it off. "Shit, you all take this college theater shit *way* to serious. *Les*," he drew out his own name with a starlet's falsetto, "my mic's not right. How am ever going to emote correctly with this crappy sound system."

Chad snorted. "I never said anything like that."

"No." It was Les' turn to glare. "You didn't even talk to me when I fitted you out for you wireless."

Glancing off towards the house, Chad seemed embarrassed. "You didn't seem like you wanted to talk with me during production."

Les' eyebrows crawled up. Running his tongue along the edge of his teeth, the little bar through the muscle clicked against enamel. "Why would you want to talk to someone like me when you're surrounded by all those *so cool* people? What would all your artsy buddies think? Oh, look at Chad, he's talking with the techie nerd."

"Maybe 'cause under all that black and attitude you're kinda cute." The look went from embarrassed to sly. "Even if you're a gothed out computer geek with a good knowledge of sound systems."

“Me?” Cute and Les rarely occurred in the same sentence.

“Yeah.” Chad looked back toward the house. A mix of desire and distaste flew across his face. Then he turned back to Les. “Wanna blow and grab some hot chocolate?”

“I don’t think they have any hot chocolate there.” Les shook a dusting of snow off his head. Crystals caught the light in Chad’s blue eyes.

“Neither do I.” Chad smiled. “But I know I have some at my place.”

Les laughed. Then he stepped in to Chad’s personal space. Suddenly all hard and tight and tense the other man almost drew away. Spicy cologne rose from his collar, wrapping Les’ senses in thoughts of mulled cider and fireplaces.

In his mind, he could see firelight tracing the edges of those sharp cheeks. Full lips responded to every kiss as Chad sighed and shuddered. So silken-hard and so demanding, Chad’s prick swelled in his hand. Both of them locked together as Les rammed into the tight, hot confines of Chad’s body. Frenzied, Chad rode him. Sweat sparkled across their skin... little jewels caught in the flames. They moaned. They called each other’s names. They drove each other until everything faded to two bodies trembling and shaking against each other.

Another laugh slipped past Les’ lips as he nipped Chad’s ear. “No you don’t, I drank it this morning.”

~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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