

LEO TOPS ARIES

Signs of Love #1.5

ANYTA SUNDAY

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This book contains sexual content.



Leo Tops Aries is a short, erotic follow up to Leo Loves Aries (Signs of Love, #1). Can be read as a standalone.

Happy holidays!



Overcoming your obstinacy is a tricky matter this week, Leo, but you won't rest unless you do. Look toward compromise and tackle your stubbornness into submission. If you don't, you're in for some sleepless nights.

WAS IT HIM, OR WERE HIS HOROSCOPES BECOMING unnervingly accurate?

Theo closed the mail his mom had sent and tossed his phone on the gray pleated comforter he'd pulled over his naked lap.

He rested against the cool headrest and took in Mr. Jamie Cooper's childhood bedroom: The rug Theo's palms and knees ached to become intimately familiar with; the dresser Theo imagined pressing Jamie against as he sank to his knees; the framed, smartass posters THE COMMA and THE APOSTROPHE Theo wanted to rattle...

He fished his hand under the blanket and palmed his arousal. Three days without sex with Jamie was killing him.

Why did he ever bet that a Leo could outwait an Aries?

Jamie walked into the bedroom, towel from his shower slung low over his hips. He hadn't bothered to dry himself and water

dripped from his sandy hair and trailed over the planes of his chest.

Jamie stretched and his gently muscled stomach flexed. He dropped a hand to his treasure trail and played his fingers through it, dipping his fingertips under the towel into the fringe of his pubic hair. Theo's breath caught in his chest.

Jamie spoke, voice low, controlled. "Sure you can outlast me, Theo?"

Theo snapped his drooling mouth shut and looked up at Jamie's amused expression.

Plastering on his best bored smile, Theo shrugged. "You'll ask for it first, Mr. Jamie Cooper."

"We'll see," Jamie said nonchalantly. He unwrapped his towel and used it to scrub his hair and dry his chest. His cock swelled and stabbed the air toward Theo.

Theo's dick punched the comforter. Torturously, Theo ignored it and laced his fingers behind his head. "Say I win, Aries, and you can fuck me any way you want."

The heat in Jamie's gaze sent goosebumps racing over Theo's chest, perking his nipples; he clenched his fingers together to keep from tweaking them.

The towel slapped against the floor and Jamie climbed on top of him, a warm and satisfying weight. Leaning forward, Jamie bumped their noses. Amused gray eyes made Theo shiver.

The barest swivel of Theo's hips had Jamie pressing his thick length against his. They'd be touching it if weren't for the damn comforter! He swallowed a moan and grinned at Jamie.

Jamie's mouth curved and he whispered a kiss against the bow of Theo's mouth. "Tempting, Leo. But very little could top watching you squirm."

Jamie rolled off him onto his side of the bed, leaving Theo hot and bothered and hornier than hell. Overcome his obstinacy? With Jamie so blatantly pushing all his buttons? Never.

Theo punched his pillow, switched off the side lamp, and

wriggled under the covers. Barely five minutes of glaring at the dark ceiling had passed when little bursts of air seeped under the blanket. The mattress quivered. Jamie's breathing came out strangled.

Jesus. This man would be the death of him.

Theo curled onto his side and pressed his nose against the nape of Jamie's neck, breathing in his old wood and dark vanilla scent. "Need a hand, Jamie?"

Jamie groaned and the quivering grew more violent. He rolled onto his back, stroking himself long and slow and then short and fast. Theo's dick throbbed. "I'm handling myself fine, Theo. But feel free to touch me if you can't resist."

"I can resist." Barely.

"Suit yourself." Jamie quickened his pace and groaned as he shot over his lower belly. He lay there, boneless, breathing a little choked. He winked at Theo and dragged himself to the bathroom.

Theo immediately shot his hand under the blankets and gripped his dick.

With a knowing grin, Jamie came back. He crawled over Theo and kissed the top of the arm that Theo had under the blanket. Theo stopped stroking.

"Don't stop. Clearly you need to jerk off."

Theo let go of his aching hard dick and put both hands once more behind his head. "Nah, I'm good." *Whhhhhhy?*

Jamie shook his head, lips twitching. "Change your mind any time."

"I can handle it." Shoot him. Shoot him now.

Looked like this stubborn Leo was in for a sleepless night.



"COFFEE," THEO MURMURED TO JAMIE'S MOM AS HE schlepped into the kitchen. "Please. *Coffee.*"

He jumped as fresh-faced Jamie appeared from behind the open fridge, chuckling. “Morning, kitten.”

Theo scowled at him. This bone-weary, aching tiredness was all Jamie’s fault. Damn him for being nigh irresistible.

Jamie hummed to the song trickling out the radio and spooned natural yoghurt into bowls.

“Coffee,” Theo pleaded.

“Out of coffee, I’m afraid,” Mrs. Cooper said, drying her hands on her apron. “All we have is tea.”

Theo rubbed his eyes and rested his forehead against the cupboard. In his peripheral vision, Jamie plucked a banana from the fruit bowl and peeled it slowly, smirking.

Theo slammed his eyes shut.

“You seem tense today, Theo,” Mrs. Cooper said.

“That he is,” Jamie said flatly. “Really pent up.”

The cheek! Theo composed himself and calmly opened the cupboard for a mug. Just for that, he’d hear Jamie beg before the day was out. “Tea sounds perfect.”

The phone rang and Mrs. Cooper left the kitchen to answer it. Theo flicked on the kettle and planted a tea bag into a mug on the bench.

Opposite him, Jamie sliced banana into the bowls, running a languid gaze over Theo’s rumpled hair and favorite red JLM shirt. He took in the jeans Theo had slipped into. “Couldn’t find pants of your own?”

Theo hooked a thumb into a belt loop, casually pulling it enough to reveal what little else he wore. Banana half cut, Jamie paused and murmured heavenward, baring the smooth column of his throat.

Theo wanted to leap over the island, shove him against the wall of family photos and suck his neck until debauched moans tickled his ear.

He spun for the kettle and poured water into his mug.

“Sean rang this morning,” Jamie said. “We’re meeting him and Leone around ten.”

“Meeting for what?” In the snippets of sleep Theo got last night, he’d pictured spending the day rolling around with Jamie in bed.

“Cherry picking.”

“The whole day?” Theo smoothed out his whine, and shrugged. “Super.”

Jamie finished cutting the banana, a knowing twinkle in his eye. “Don’t worry, Theo. When mom leaves, we have the house to ourselves for an hour beforehand.” He lifted his brows. “Was there anything... particular you wanted to do?”

Theo dunked his tea bag into the water. Jamie’s eye followed the motion; the dart of his tongue over his lower lip had Theo pausing.

He dazzled Jamie with his dimples and slowly, ever so slowly, dunked the teabag again. “I can think of something.”

“What’s that?”

“Crack open my laptop and touch up some web design work.”

Theo couldn’t be sure, but he thought he heard Jamie growl. Actually growl. His dimples deepened as he dunked that tea bag again.

Jamie reached over and grabbed a couple of apricots from the fruit bowl. He rolled them in the palm of his hand, eyes trained on Theo’s mug. “Excellent. I’ve got work to plough through as well.”

Theo gently squeezed the teabag. “We can do it side by side. What do you think?”

Jamie’s gray eyes darkened. He pressed his fingers into the apricots, lips pressed in a tight line.

With a smirk, Theo lifted the teabag to his lips and sucked out the remaining tea.

“That was your sister, Jamie dear,” Mrs. Cooper said.

Theo slapped a hand over the teabag he was debasing. The knee-jerk reaction shoved the teabag into his mouth just as Jamie's mom re-entered the room. Heat washed up his neck and bitter fruit grains seeped onto his tongue.

"She'll be home tonight. Would you and Theo make dinner while I pick her up?"

"We'd love to. Isn't that right?"

Theo's eyes watered. But that might have been the thought of cooking dinner.

Shaking his head, Jamie took pity on Theo, setting his apricots down and sidling around the kitchen island. "Doorbell rang, Mom. Might want to check."

"That bell is far too quiet from here..." Mrs. Cooper left again.

"Oh, Theo," Jamie said as he pinched the edge of the paper tab stuck on Theo's bottom lip. He tugged out the teabag and set it on the banana peel. Bracing a hand on Theo's hip under the edge of the T-shirt, he leaned in. His breath fanned warmly over Theo's nose before he sucked the beads of raspberry tea off his lips. "You have no idea."

"No idea?" Theo asked. "Of how much you want to jump me?"

Jamie's gray eyes smoldered and Theo's insides plummeted to his toes. Jamie fisted the JLM letters on Theo's shirt and pushed him against the hard lip of the island counter. Their thighs and lower stomachs pressed together. Theo grabbed Jamie's ass, fingers skating over the soft slacks he wore, dipping into his crease. Jamie was as hard as he was.

He grinned.

A hard squeeze came to the back of Theo's neck and Jamie dropped a single, feather-light kiss on his lips. "Let's eat." At Theo's last-ditch effort at turning that dirty, Jamie rolled his eyes and added, "*Breakfast.*"



SLOUCHED IN AN ARMCHAIR WITH HIS FEET PROPPED UP ON THE coffee table, Theo pretended to work. Halfway across the room, Jamie sat at the round dining table, fingers flying over his laptop.

Theo admired. *Nothing* phased Jamie when he was in the zone. All his concentration laser-beamed to the work at hand. He was so in control. So God-damned beautiful.

Theo opened a chat in his inbox and pinged Jamie.

Theo: That fruit salad tasted amazing, by the way. Particularly the apricots...

Jamie: Give in, Leo, and I'll give you another helping.

Theo: Give in? Have you met me?

Jamie: Go jerk off then.

Theo: I can hold out until you crack.

Jamie: We'll see.

Theo shifted his laptop, brushing over his hard on. A small groan wheezed out of him. Jamie plugged away at whatever the hell he was working on without a single glance Theo's way.

Jesus, it itched under Theo's skin to ruffle a few feathers.

To: Jamie Cooper

From: Theo Wallace

Subject: Give in and...

Straddle my face. Shove your hard dick into my hot, wet mouth and pound into my throat. When you're close, pull out and slide your throbbing head through my right dimple. Feel my hammering pulse in your balls as they rub my throat.

Groan my name and I'll smirk for you, Jamie. That dimple will deepen and you can fuck my smile until you come over my face.

Jamie's phone dinged with the incoming mail, and Theo surreptitiously watched as his guy stopped typing and clicked the touchpad.

Jamie's eyes scanned his screen. He blinked, hands pausing over the keyboard. Then he went back to typing.

What the hell was his guy made of?

Theo was one wrong twitch away from creaming his pants and Jamie had the clarity to keep working?

A new mail popped into his inbox.

To: Theo Wallace

From: Jamie Cooper

Subject: Give in and...

Wrap your hands in my hair as I kneel in front of you. I'll suck your balls into my mouth while I finger you until your legs are shaking. Then I'll massage your prostate until you've forgotten your name, and I swallow you down as you helplessly shoot your load.

Holy shit! Theo thought he was hard when Jamie resisted his efforts. Jamie joining the fight? Blue balls had never been so blue.

Ding!

Jamie: Top that, Theo.

Theo: How about I top you!

Jamie didn't reply, and his expression gave nothing away.

Theo wished he could crawl into cyberspace and retract the message. Sure he'd wondered what it might be like to sink into Jamie, how tight he'd feel; what sounds he would make as Theo plunged into him over and over. But Jamie had, quite matter of fact, said he only topped.

Theo *loved* Jamie breaching him and fucking his ass; loved the sweet, pleasurable burn and rub of his prostate; loved the intensity of the orgasm it gave him.

He also wanted to bury himself as deep into Jamie as he could. Wanted him to unravel on every level possible.

Theo sank back into the armchair and looked up at Jamie just in time to see the guy averting his eyes.

Jamie: You look good when you blush like that.

Theo: I'm sure I look better when I come.

Jamie: You are hands down the most stubborn person I know.

Theo: Is that you giving in, Aries?

Jamie shut his laptop and crossed the rug separating them. It was Theo's turn to keep his gaze rooted to his screen. Theo threw out a yawn for the hell of it.

A deep chuckle. Jamie rounded the back of his armchair and slipped his hands to Theo's shoulders. He squeezed and snaked his fingers over Theo's chest, then down over his stomach. Theo exploded in goosebumps; it took all his self-control not to curse

with pleasure. He tilted his head back and looked at his lip-twitching Jamie.

Jamie dipped his head and pressed a kiss to Theo's forehead. He skimmed his mouth to the top of Theo's ear.

Theo shivered. His voice came out husky. "Something you want to say to me, Jamie?"

"Yes."

Theo's balls tightened.

Jamie reached for the laptop and shut it. "Time to pluck some cherries."



THE CHERRY ORCHARD WAS A TWENTY-MINUTE DRIVE — OR A five-minute row — across the lake. A few months ago, crossing the deep body of water in a dingy would have been impossible for Theo. After a few swimming lessons with Jamie, he knew he was in confident hands. Still, a rush of nerves swept through him as he clutched Jamie's hand and climbed into the rocking dingy.

Jamie tugged him onto his lap, cocooning him. "I've got you, gorgeous."

Teeth softly scraped the curve of his shoulder, sending butterflies to fight his nerves. Theo wriggled closer, reveling in Jamie's responding hiss.

"If this is your way of distracting me, Mr. Jamie Cooper, it's working."

Jamie dragged his lips up Theo's neck and kissed him under the ear. "Good."

Stomach muscles shifted against Theo's back as Jamie dipped the oars into the water and pulled. Rowing was awkward and slow with Theo nestled between his legs.

"Should I sit on the other bench?" Theo said, cursing himself for the shake of his voice.

Jamie squeezed his thighs around Theo's. "You feel very good right where you are."

Theo looked over his shoulder into Jamie's steady gray eyes. Surrounded by his worst fear, water rippling with breezes, Theo had never felt so safe. The warmth of that feeling almost stopped his breath.

He couldn't give in first. Couldn't. Not after making such a fuss. Not after Jamie had upped the ante.

Theo winked. "If you get off rubbing that impressively hard length against my ass—it counts as a win for Leo."

Jamie snorted. "You forget, I've had much practice being patient around you."

Theo hid a sheepish grin and shifted on the bench.

Jamie lost the rhythm of his rowing, his breath hitching softly. The left oar dragged against the surface of the water, pulling the dingy to one side.

Theo pressed this sudden advantage. "What if I bend over that bench and let you take me in the middle of the lake? You can pump into me and I'll spoil the bottom of your boat."

"You'll do anything to get a rise out of me, won't you?"

"I'm thinking of one rise in particular."

"Fuck, Theo."

"That's the idea, Jamie."

Jamie's laugh rumbled through him making Theo's heart stutter. Jesus. He wanted to touch. Wanted to be touched so damn much.

They rowed the last couple of minutes across the lake and Jamie helped him onto solid ground. After knotting the dingy to a tree, Jamie led Theo into the cherry orchard. They grabbed a tin bucket and ventured deep into the trees. Hand in hand, they plodded through thick grass, passing old step stools, forgotten buckets, and trod-on cherries.

At the end of a narrow aisle, Jamie pulled Theo up against a tree trunk. His back hit the rough bark and Jamie pressed

himself tight, one leg coozing at Theo's crotch. Their fingers untangled and Theo lifted his hands to either side of Jamie's face, greedily taking the kiss slanting over his lips.

A surge of sensation had Theo spinning them around, shoving Jamie up against the tree. He cocked his hips and swallowed Jamie's low moan.

He slipped his hands into the top of Jamie's pants and dropped to his knees on the carpet of overripe cherries. He pressed his nose against Jamie's hard dick and breathed heavily through the cotton. "Gonna say it, Jamie?"

Theo rubbed his chin against Jamie's shaft and watched the man's gray eyes darken, pupils widening in heady lust.

Theo popped open Jamie's buttons—

"Whoa!" came a startled male voice to their side.

Sean, leading Leone by the hand, had rounded into their narrow aisle of cherry trees. Theo scrambled to his feet while Jamie thumped his head back against the trunk and did up his pants.

Sean bounced his gaze between them, amusement and mortification warring for dominance. He began to step forward as if to curtain Leone from the sight and rocked back again. "I've never been so glad your sister's blind."

Leone arched an eyebrow. "Oh dear God. Thank you, Sean, for that wonderful imagery."

"Imagery? I didn't give you any. For good reason!"

"What *else* am I supposed to picture when you get all high-pitched like that? When I know your best friend and my brother are involved?"

Theo shoved his hands in his pockets and grinned. "Sorry, sis," he said. "Sean caught Aries finally giving in to Leo."

A light smack hit Theo's ass as Jamie passed him and moved to Leone's side.

"Looked like Leo was about to do the giving if you ask me," Sean said, and then cursed himself.

Leone laughed, and Jamie spun her into a hug, looking over her shoulder at Theo with an amused glint in his eye. “Let’s get on with it.”



AFTER HOURS PICKING AND EATING CHERRIES, SEAN AND Leone left to help prepare dinner at Sean’s.

Theo and Jamie sent the cherries they’d collected with them and made a slow round through the orchard, passing families and couples. Theo rounded a sprawling-limbed cherry tree and almost smacked into someone. “Sorry—”

Theo looked up and froze. It felt like the wind had been punched out of him. Seriously? Of all the people to bang into, it had to be Jamie’s ex?

Charlie stood in a shaft of late afternoon sunlight that made the copper in his hair pop and his eyes sparkle. He hugged a small bucket of cherries, took Jamie in from head to toe, and smiled.

Theo’s stomach clenched tightly.

Charlie gave Theo a cursory glance, and focused on Jamie. “Home for the summer, then.”

“Until next week,” Jamie said.

Theo almost jumped when Jamie’s thumb brushed the back of his hand. He glanced down, surprised to see he was white-knuckling Jamie’s fingers.

“You should come to my party this weekend.” Charlie glanced between them. “Both of you, of course.”

A small growl slipped out of Theo’s throat and Jamie’s lip quirked.

“We might pass, Charlie. Thank you.”

How *on earth* did Jamie stay so level-headed around this fuckwit?

Jamie gently tugged Theo closer, thumb moving in calming circles against the side of his hand.

Charlie's eyes dipped to their linked hands and settled on Theo. "So you were head over heels for him?"

Jesus. Theo had never wanted so badly to punch the grin off someone's face. He hated, *hated* the thought that Jamie had once laughed with this guy; kissed this guy; held him tight and maybe rubbed soothing circles on the back of his hand...

When Theo choked on an answer, Charlie continued, addressing Jamie. "Did you climb to the tops of the trees for the sweetest cherries?"

Theo blurted, "We haven't finished picking yet." They had. "I'll definitely get the top-most, sweetest cherry."

"Excuse us." Jamie swiftly shuttled Theo towards the boat.

Halfway across the water, Jamie sighed against Theo's hair. "The top-most, sweetest cherry, Theo?"

Theo palmed his head and groaned.



AT HOME, MRS. COOPER WAYLAID JAMIE IN THE KITCHEN, AND Theo trudged upstairs.

He flung himself somewhat dramatically onto Jamie's bed and evil-eyed the ceiling, picturing stupid Charlie's face.

Barely a minute later, Theo heard Jamie's familiar, steady gait along the hall. The door opened and clicked shut with a whoosh of air. Jamie rested against his dresser, studying him quietly.

Theo groaned, grabbed a pillow and tossed it at Jamie's amused, frustrated face. "Stop it."

Jamie sidestepped the puffy missile. "Stop what?"

"Looking at me like I need tutoring."

"You do."

Theo snatched the pillow from under his head and sent that flying too.

Jamie caught it and chuckled gently. “You wear your emotions on your sleeve.”

“And you wear yours in your boxers!” At Jamie’s raised eyebrow, Theo palmed his forehead. “Because, you know, under all the layers?”

“I should do something about that then.” Jamie unstrapped his watch and set it on the dresser.

Theo watched, transfixed, as Jamie stripped. He pulled his boxers off his semi-hard dick and draped them on his other clothes. Neatly, of course. Then he crawled onto the bed and straddled his hot, naked weight over Theo.

“Talk to me,” Jamie said, slipping the pillow back under Theo’s head, “and I’ll make it clear how I feel.”

“Fine. I don’t like that everything we’re doing, you did with Charlie too. It makes me see various shades of green. None of them pretty.”

Jamie crooked a finger under Theo’s chin, held him with a sincere gaze, and then kissed him. “You *really* have no idea.”

Theo’s brows furrowed. “No idea?”

Their next kiss felt a lot like their very first. Surprising and impassioned and like Jamie was trying to make a point. Jamie drew back and the tickle of his breath had every inch of Theo burning with goosebumps.

“Oh.”

Jamie’s eyes crinkled. “There we go.”

Theo crushed their lips together and rolled them over, Jamie warm and solid under him. Theo’s hard dick ached to be freed, but he focused on Jamie, wrapping a hand around his cock and stroking him slowly.

“*Say* it, Jamie.”

“You’re clueless.”

“The other thing.”

“You really don’t give up, do you?” Jamie said softly. Fondly.

He drew in a deep breath. This was the moment Jamie would fold and give in.

Theo grappled with a thin tendril of triumph but it slipped out of his reach, leaving behind an uneasy prickle.

“Aries—”

Theo covered Jamie’s lips in a deep, silencing kiss. No sooner their mouths connected the prickle disappeared and butterflies took its place. He drew back, yanked his shirt over his head, and dipped down for another kiss, teasing Jamie’s lower lip between his teeth.

“*Leo* can’t wait.” Their bare chests met with a warm smack as they both lunged into another tongue-knotting kiss. “*Leo* has been on the cusp of folding all day.”

A happy growl rumbled through Jamie and Theo felt it to his toes.

“I need you so badly it aches, Aries.”

A whimper this time.

Theo rolled off Jamie and tugged off his pants and socks, flinging them on the floor, “If you fuck me right now, it still won’t be soon enough.”

Jamie reached to the drawer at the side of the bed and pulled out lube and condoms. “I want to do *everything* with you.”

Ha! That email had worked some magic, then. “You wanna fuck my smile?”

“I’m going to have at that tongue-’n-cheek, all right.”

Jamie pulled Theo back against him. His arms wrapped around Theo’s chest and his cock nestled between Theo’s thighs, rubbing his balls. Theo dropped his head back, cheek grazing Jamie’s.

Jamie lightly nibbled his throat, rocking gently. “But right now? I want something else.”

Theo clenched his thighs around Jamie’s shaft. “Anything.”

The request brushed the shell of his ear. “I want you inside me.”

With quick-fire speed, Theo rolled onto the bedspread, cock sliding against the cool comforter. He pushed up on his elbows and grinned. “You sure, Mr. Jamie Cooper?”

Jamie stroked himself. “I haven’t stopped thinking about it all day.”

“Why didn’t you reply then?”

Jamie lifted off the pillow, kissed Theo’s cheek and licked his dimple. “Any more talk of you being inside me, and I’d have bent over the table and begged you for it.”

“Damn. You’ve quite the poker face.”

“How about you poker me right now,” Jamie said wryly, and twisted onto his stomach.

Theo snickered. “You make me all warm inside, Jamie.” He settled himself against Jamie’s warm back and tucked his chin over Jamie’s shoulder. He breathed in, darting his tongue over Jamie’s jaw. He tasted of cherry. “I love you.”

The creases at Jamie’s eye deepened, his cheek bunched and his lips curled. “I know.”

Theo lightly bit Jamie’s shoulder and down his arm as he slid down. The slide of his dick over Jamie’s crack made them both moan. Settled between Jamie’s thighs, Theo massaged the back of his knees and nipped the delicious curve of his ass.

Jamie’s cheeks lifted toward those kisses and Theo reached for the supplies.

Lube trickled over his finger and Theo pressed it slowly into Jamie, drawing a pleased moan. “It feels amazing when you’re inside me. I want that for you too.”

Theo licked the dimple of Jamie’s ass as he curled his finger, searching for the button to make his man tremble. When Jamie rolled his face into his pillow and groaned, Theo tasted the second dimple and added another finger.

Jamie writhed under his ministrations and Theo tugged on his balls to stop from coming. Theo added more lube and continued playing.

“My patience only goes so far, Theo,” Jamie ground out.

With a smirk, Theo rolled on a condom and lubed that up too. He positioned himself and slowly pushed in. Jamie hissed as Theo’s head moved past his rim.

Theo stilled: a feat of epic proportions since his entire body screamed to sink into Jamie. But he was a Leo. He could handle it.

“Keep going,” Jamie instructed in the same tone he used when tutoring. A little less dry and a little more pinched.

Theo pushed forward, and stopped again, giving Jamie time to adjust. Jesus, he was tight. It took all his effort not to immediately draw back and plunge in again. A thought came to him and he bent forward and kissed the spot between Jamie’s shoulder blades.

“Think I found the top-most, sweetest cherry, after all.”

Jamie laughed, relaxing under him.

Smiling smugly, Theo rocked gently. The intense grip of Jamie’s ass on his dick was close to overwhelming. “How do you feel?”

“Stunningly full. Now make love to me.”

Theo groaned and increased his thrusts, sliding a hand over the planes of Jamie’s back and squeezing his nape. Jamie gave a surprised groan, and Theo reveled in a surge of triumph, pumping against that sweet spot.

Theo pulled out and urged Jamie onto his back. The guy was flushed, eyes dark with lust, and Theo couldn’t enter him again fast enough. Their gazes hooked as Jamie grabbed his dick and began stroking in time to Theo’s thrusts.

Theo dropped down and kissed him, a small whimper escaping from their lips as he thrust deep. Jamie felt so good. Theo grabbed the back of Jamie’s knees and doubled his speed. The headboard banged against the wall and the posters above them rattled.

Jamie pumped himself faster, grunting, raw with passion.

Seeing him made Theo's balls tighten. Jamie bowed off the bed, chin thrown back, Adam's apple jutting. He came over Theo's chest, his hole pulsing around Theo's dick. Theo thrust forward, suddenly coming hard too.

Jamie lay spent under him, eyes sated slits, lips wet from their kisses, chest rising and falling as he caught his breath.

Theo pulled out, making quick work of the condom, and dived on Jamie for another breathless kiss.

Jamie wrapped his arms tightly around Theo, his laugh sending goosebumps all over his sensitive skin. "You felt good in me."

"You felt amazing around me." Theo rolled off onto his back. "So spent. I'm going to sleep like a log."

"Now that you've overcome your obstinacy?"

At Jamie's follow-up snort, Theo twisted onto his elbow. "You read the horoscope Mom sent?"

"Particularly apt, that one."

Theo huffed, playing his fingers through the come trickling down his sides. "If Mom's sending you my horoscopes, I'm getting her to send me yours."

Jamie leaped off the bed and ducked out of the room. He came back with a warm washcloth.

Hands tucked under his head, Theo waggled his brows. Jamie wiped his stomach, then set the cloth on the side table. A small smile played at his lips.

"What's that smile for?" Theo asked.

The smile widened. "For how clueless you are."

"I am not clueless." He totally was.

"You totally are."

"What didn't I realize this time, then?"

Jamie lay down and tucked Theo into his side. "You held out four days. Four painful days—"

"You have steel balls, to resist all this."

A loud smack of Jamie's lips hit Theo's cheek. "If you'd refused to kiss me. I'd have given up in ten seconds flat."

Theo turned his head and looked into Jamie's deep gray eyes. "I might thank you for the leverage. But without kissing I'd have caved in five."

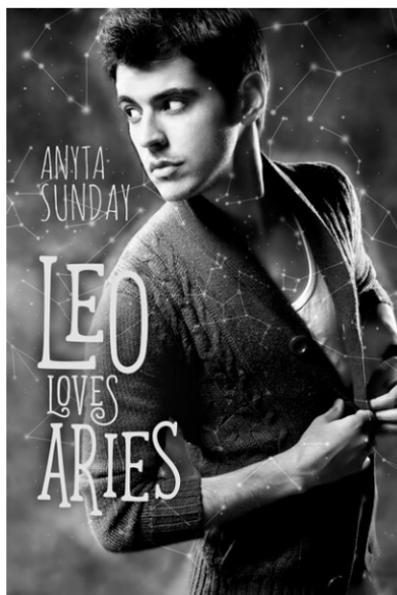
Jamie's chest filled out as he breathed in sharply. "God, I love you."

Theo flashed his dimples and stole the last word. "I know."

ALSO AVAILABLE

Leo Loves Aries

Want to know how Theo and Jamie got together? Then check out "Leo Loves Aries" - a sweet, slow burn, M/M romance with HEA. This New Adult, college, GFY, friends-to-lovers novel can be read as a standalone.



A new person will enter your life in the early year, Leo. Look past any moments of frustration they might bring and laugh—this could be the start of a thriving friendship.

Theo Wallace usually laughs at the horoscopes his mom sends. Still hung up on his ex-girlfriend and practically friendless,

Also available: Leo Loves Aries

this one begs him to reconsider. Because a friendship that stuck,
that *thrived*...

Well, that would be a reason to leave past pains behind and look
to the Bright Future.

When his sister Leone challenges him to find her the perfect date
for a spring wedding, Theo uses it as a chance to make new
friends. Theo's ex economics tutor and newest roommate Mr.
Jamie Cooper seems to be a possible and convenient match. Real
convenient. Like written in the stars, convenient.

All he has to do is make sure this Jamie is good enough. Could
really be The One for her, and the friend for him.

But watch out, Leo, the stars have a surprise in store...

ALSO AVAILABLE

Scorpio Hates Virgo
Signs of Love #2



This year is all about healing the heart, Scorpio. It's time to leave negative attitudes and stoic facades at the door and let others see the real, more vulnerable you.

Percy Freedman is not grieving. Absolutely not, take that back at once. No, he's entirely sure that selling his dead aunt's home and leaving the neighbors he's known for years is the sane thing to do. Who in their right mind would keep the house that smells like all the hugs he'll never have again?

Also available: Scorpio Hates Virgo

Nobody, that's who.

Well, except his cul-de-sac neighbors. They all seem to think some paint and new furniture will clean the emotional slate. They all want him to stay.

Even his nemesis, Callaghan Glover.

Especially his nemesis, Callaghan Glover.

Lured into a game of Sherlock Gnomes, Percy finds himself hanging out with his neighbors more than might be considered healthy. Along with juggling new and surprising verbal grenades from Cal, and his burgeoning friendship with Gnomber9, Percy is starting to wonder if selling might have been the grief talking after all . . .

That's right, Scorpio. With a little patience, heartbreak might be a thing of the past . . .

* ~* ~* ~*

*"Scorpio Hates Virgo" contains sarcasm, sexual content, a slightly sappy HEA, and an unhealthy obsession with dinosaurs.
It can be read as a standalone.*

*Themes: friends-to-lovers, slow burn
Genre: New Adult, light-hearted contemporary gay romance*

If you've enjoyed "Leo Loves Aries", you can look forward to a slow burn, will-they-or-won't-they romance, full of sarcastic banter and a delicious slice of unresolved sexual tension.

ALSO AVAILABLE

LIAM DAVIS & THE RAVEN



Liam Davis is a serious journalist, and he's good at it.

Or at least, he *was*. Until the chief of *Scribe*, the campus magazine, makes him give up his politics column to write for the party page—the party page that is problematic for two reasons: One, it threatens Liam's chance of getting the traineeship with his apathetic father at his prestigious newspaper company, and two, he has no idea what it means to party, let alone how to capture this new audience's attention!

But Liam Davis is no quitter. He's determined to prove to his father, the chief, and above all himself that he can do it—and do it *well*.

Life doesn't make it easy. Not when Freddy Krueger comes stalking out

of the shadows to attack him. Luckily the Raven, the campus vigilante —the vigilante getting hate mail sent to *Scribe's* opinions page—comes to his rescue.

Now, between finding the perfect angle for his party page columns and making friends (and perhaps something more?), Liam needs to find this mysterious Raven — not only to thank him, but to warn him to watch his back.

Liam Davis & the Raven is a slow-burn, New Adult, gay romance set in college. This enemies/roommates to lovers story follows the quirky, socially awkward Liam to his HEA.

ALSO AVAILABLE IN THE “TRUE LOVE” SERIES

TRUE COLORS



Oskar used to be Marco's best friend. His everything. His sunshine yellow.

But that was before. Before Marco stopped being a hot jock. Before he learned to live with scars and pain. And before Oskar tore their friendship apart.

Now the boy next door has returned home, determined to rekindle his friendship with Marco, and Marco's more afraid than ever. Afraid of getting hurt. Afraid of being humiliated.

Afraid of falling in love.

Can Oskar find a way through Marco's fear, back into his heart?

“True Colors” is an enemies to lovers, boy next door, first time, slow burn M/M romance with a generous helping of UST. This no-cliffhanger, HEA book can be read as a standalone.

Other books similar to "Leo Tops Aries" by Anyta
Sunday

Gay Romance

(Signs of Love Series)

Leo Loves Aries

Scorpio Hates Virgo

*

(Enemies to Lovers Series)

Shane & Trey

St-st-stuffed

William

The F-Words

*

Taboo For You

Liam Davis & The Raven

Novellas

Briefs (Gay Romance Collection)

DJ Dangerfield

500 Kisses

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