



Plan B
a Candyland Story
VJ Summers

The Christmas lights hadn't come down yet, but only the clear ones were lit. That, along with the spinning mirrored disco ball, gave Candyland a sort of trippy, psychedelic holiday glow. On the dance floor, at the bar, a veritable flock of sweet (and not so sweet) young (and some not so young) things fluttered and flirted, gyrated and ground to the music. Rio could always count on a healthy helping of eye candy and, more often than not, he was inclined to indulge his sweet tooth. So there was the atmosphere, and the view, and, of course, there was the music. There was always the music.

Sweet young things aside, the music was the main reason Rio kept coming back to Candyland. He could hook-up anywhere, but DJ DarqueMaster was an evil genius behind the turn table. At the moment he had something going with a heavy base and an almost celestial tenor weaving hypnotically through it.

If he was coming up with words like celestial, Rio needed a drink.

He was leaning back on the bar, a Coke in his hand— because, if he felt like he *needed* a drink, than a drink was the last thing he actually *did* need—when he spotted his Plan B.

The boy was pretty. Really, really pretty. Big, light colored eyes ringed with kohl, a lush mouth that was pink enough for Rio to suspect some cosmetic enhancement and a slim, lithe body that moved to the music in ways that had Rio imagining how he'd move in bed. A little more femme than he usually went for, but Rio'd been watching him off and on for almost a month, and something about the pretty boy had worked its way under Rio's skin.

Yeah, if he couldn't go with Plan A—A as in Absolute Vodka—Plan B was looking especially fine tonight.

Darque, God bless him, switched to something slinky over the thumpa-thumpa, and Rio took that as his cue to make his move. Weaving through the crowd on the dance floor was his warm up, literally and figuratively. The hot press of bodies ramped up the low hum already in his blood, and the bone-jarring base beat seemed to move his hips with no input from his brain. It was all good as far as he was concerned. It was getting him ready to match that pretty, pretty boy move for move.

He approached from behind, which gave him a stellar view of a small, round ass encased in vinyl pants. Oh, he wanted to do bad, bad things to that ass. He moved in close, letting the music and the dancers press him up against his prey.

Oh yeah.

Sleek muscle, harder than it looked and slick with sweat when he traced a finger over the elaborate tattoo on pretty boy's biceps. And he was just enough taller that his increasingly

interested cock nestled in the small of pretty boy's back, in the lickable curve where spine gave way to ass.

The boy turned in time to the music, and once Rio saw his face up close he figured he'd have to stop with the boy references. Pretty? Oh, hell yeah. Even prettier up close, if that was possible. But this was definitely a man. Pale eyes widened a bit in what Rio would swear was recognition, and those plump, pink lips quirked in a smile that was just plain wicked. Pretty boy, and fuck it Rio needed to find out his name, pushed closer and Rio felt the hard muscles of his chest through the damp layers of their shirts.

Rio went with it, lifted one hand and propped his arm on the boy...no, the *man's* shoulder. The pressure brought them closer and that candy-pink smile widened for just a second, then the little tease was turning again, and Rio's face was buried in a mop of streaky blond-ish hair and his dick, now in full-on let's-get-acquainted mode, was rubbing the top slope of that round, firm ass.

It was beyond natural to wrap his arm around his partner's surprisingly broad chest, and even more so for his free hand to settle on a slim hip just above the low waist of oil-slick black pants. When one sleek arm snaked up so the pretty boy's hand could hook around the back of his neck, Rio figured it was an invitation. After all, why stretch out that long, lean body if he didn't want it petted, right?

Rio was more than happy to oblige.

His hand was fascinatingly dark against the flimsy white material of pretty boy's shirt, which glowed in the club's intermittent black-light. He enjoyed the contrast for a moment, enjoyed the way pretty boy's stomach muscles tightened up under his hand even more, before going for the good stuff.

It only took a flick of his wrist to get his hand under the shirt and onto smooth, silky, sweaty skin. A quick, hitching breath, and then that ass was pressing closer. Long, strong fingers were tightening on the back of his neck, and he was dragging the boy closer, splaying his hand over his stomach and locking their bodies together in a clothed version of what he really wanted to be doing naked.

Time blurred into an endless cascade of sound and light and sensation. The crowd penned them in, pinned them together. The body against his moved with the hypnotic ease of a cobra, and Rio was happy to be mesmerized, to let the utter shit-tastic-ness of his week melt away under the slow burn of arousal.

The music shifted, and so did the boy...man... body in his arms, turning to face him again. Big, blown eyes, pale irises nearly swallowed up by the pupils in the uncertain, multi-hued lighting, searched his. Lush lips quirked, just a little, and a flickering tease of tongue rocked Rio's hips with no input from his brain. Pretty boy's smile grew. Even, white teeth dug into that pillowy bottom lip, and Rio drew in a sharp breath of sweat and make-up and hair product, and just let his cock swell.

Those long, surprisingly elegant fingers slid back into his hair, and Rio allowed his head to be tugged down, shuddering just a little at the damp heat of his partner's breath against his ear.

"Drink?"

He felt the word more than heard it over the pounding music, and it might as well have been in Swahili for as much sense as it made. His dick didn't hear *drink*. His dick heard *fuck*, and responded *oh, hells, yeah*.

He spread his palm against the small of his partner's back, and ground against him a little bit. Pretty boy ground back and laughed a little, sending jolts of electricity over Rio's neck with each puff of breath. Before he could get too into the moment, though, pretty boy was pulling back, grabbing Rio's hand and dragging him toward the bar.

Rio let himself be dragged, figuring another soda and five minutes with a little less physical contact might slow things down enough for them to both actually enjoy things when they inevitably progressed. Of course, making it to the bar involved rubbing up against any number of nubile young bodies, including pretty boy's when Rio reeled him back by the hand he still held, so there wasn't really any cooling off to speak of. Rio wasn't really complaining about it.

* * *

At the bar, they encountered their first roadblock.

The bartender spotted Rio and held up a sweating can of Coke with a raised brow. Rio nodded and held up two fingers. Pretty boy shook his head with an almost audible—even over the pounding music—eye-roll, and yelled "Water".

Rio was leaning back against the bar, enjoying the almost pornographic way pretty boy was enjoying his water, complete with rounded lips around the top of the bottle and flickering tongue tasting the condensation along the side, when last weekend's Plan B made his presence known.

“Baaaaybeeee.” Rio scowled at the guy, not particularly interested in conversation. Not when pretty boy was dipping his tongue in the opening of his water bottle. He gave an abrupt nod and pointedly kept his attention on the much more interesting show at his side.

“Hot Stuff,” the guy tried again. Rio tried to remember his name. Chris? Karl? Conner? “I thought we’d hook up again this week.”

“Yeah, that’s a no, dude.” Pretty boy stopped fellating his water bottle and raised a brow. Rio suddenly just knew his Plan B was about to fall through.

“But we had a good time.” Chris/Karl/Conner somehow was managing to whine even louder than the artful feedback Darque was using to punctuate the music. Rio supposed they had had a good time. He didn’t remember it being particularly disappointing. Of course, he didn’t remember much about it at all. Hadn’t remembered much by the time he did up his fly and left the bathroom stall, actually. Colin just hadn’t been...memorable.

“I’m with someone right now,” he said, staring intently at pretty boy and trying to pin him to his stool with the force of his will. It seemed to be having limited success. Pretty boy hadn’t left yet, but he’d stopped looking all hot and bothered, too.

“Hey.” Chris/Karl/Conner shot a tight smile in pretty boy’s direction. “I don’t mind a three-bee.”

Pretty boy just shook his head and slid off his stool, rubbing against Rio’s side all the way down. The amazing boner he’d been sporting was conspicuously absent, to Rio’s dismay. He had to act, and act fast.

He hooked an arm around Pretty boy’s waist and tugged him close, like that had been the plan all along. Pretty boy didn’t resist, exactly, but he didn’t melt into Rio in a hot, boneless rush like he had on the dance floor either.

“I’m with...” Oh, shit. He couldn’t tell Chris/Karl/Conner he was with “pretty boy”. Just the fact he’d engage the idiot at all was bad enough, made him look like a total predator. Or slut. Or predatory slut.

Pretty boy came to his rescue, supplying, “Tim.”

“Right.” He gave Tim his best smile. The I’m-gonna-do-you-so-right-once-this-asshole-gets-lost smile that generally got him cock whenever he wanted it, no matter how badly he behaved.

“I’m with *Tim* right now.”

“But we really connected,” Chris/Karl/Conner began. Tim was tugging a little against his hold, and Rio was abruptly done. Ready to get rid of the old and ring in the new, even if it was a week or so late for it.

“Look—” he paused as a light bulb flashed in his head, “—Colin, I don’t do repeats.” Tim went still against him, and Rio flashed him a cautious look. He supposed it was a good thing to get this out of the way up front. He obviously hadn’t done a very good job of it with Colin, and the idea of Tim trailing him like a puppy was incredibly unappealing. “I don’t do do-overs and I don’t do relationships. I fuck. I get fucked, sometimes, and I move on.”

Colin flushed, eyes snapping and cheeks an angry red. Looking over at Tim, he snarled, “Have fun. He’s a great fuck, but a total asshole otherwise.” With one more glare at Rio, he turned and flounced away. After that little scene, Rio almost wished he was drinking again. At least then he could blame his poor choice in hook-ups on the Absolute.

“So, did that totally fuck my chances with you tonight?” Tim was frowning a little, teeth dug into his lower lip, and Rio really, really hoped the moment wasn’t totally lost.

“You’re looking to hook up,” Tim finally said. Rio nodded. “No dating, no holding hands.”

Rio smirked. “It’s not your hand I want to hold right now, pretty boy.” Oh, shit. He hadn’t meant for that to slip out, and judging by the way Tim’s eyes narrowed on Rio’s face, if Colin’s little scene hadn’t put a stake in Rio’s plans, his own big mouth had. So he was surprised at Tim’s next question.

“Are you as good a fuck as your little fanboy said?”

“Better,” he said with what he thought was admirable cool.

“Then I guess your chances aren’t what’s gonna get fucked tonight.” Tim shifted a little, rubbing against Rio’s hip and, to Rio’s relief, Tim’s dick was showing some renewed interest.

Rio was way to cool to do a fist pump and victory dance for real, but he was sure as hell doing one in his head.

“I’m Rio,” he said, grinding a bit against the growing bulge digging into his hip. Tim laughed out loud. In the slightly better lighting at the bar, Rio could see they were green, and they were pretty much sparkling.

“I know,” Tim replied. “You’re famous here.”

Yep, Rio thought, a predatory slut. Tim just laughed harder at Rio’s instinctive flinch, and then licked the mouth of his water bottle.

* * *

They hit the wall with a thud, the impact blending in with the beat of the music until Rio's entire body throbbed with it. Tim arched beneath him, a hard rub of bellies and groins, and every bit of intelligence, he possessed centered between Rio's legs, hot, hard and throbbing against the man he held pinned against the paint-peeling cinderblock.

Long fingers tangled in his hair and pulled, arching his neck, and hot lips latched onto his throat. Pretty boy sucked hard, and Rio swore he felt it in his dick, like an electrified wire passing straight through him.

"Fuck," he growled, gasped, panted at the ceiling. The twinkle lights sparked at the edges of his vision, and wisps of fake smoke made everything seem like it was in soft-focus. Everything but Tim's teeth against his skin, and Tim's cock rubbing hard against him.

"Not here," Tim panted right back, and it took Rio a second to catch up. Right. Fuck. Just not here.

"C'mon." It was almost physically painful, but he pushed away from the temptation he was plastered up against and grabbed Tim's hand, dragging him in the direction of the john and relative privacy. It took longer than it should have to get there because one or the other of them had an irresistible need to stop every few feet for a kiss or a grope. By the time the door appeared in front of them, Rio was ready to slam Tim up against the nearest flat surface and just rut against him until the top blew off his head.

"In, in, in." Tim was panting, licking Rio's neck, shoving against the door and doing his best to get at Rio's cock all at the same time. Rio figured he meant *into* the bathroom, but damn if Rio wasn't rooting for *into* Tim's hand or mouth or ass.

Tim finally seemed to realize he needed to pull the door rather than push, and they went tumbling into the cramped, dank smelling restroom.

This time it was Rio's back that hit the wall.

Tim wrapped his hand around the back of Rio's neck, pulling Rio's head down into a voracious kiss. Teeth clashed, lips bruised, and everything got wet and messy. Rio fell back under the onslaught, let Tim have him and reveled in giving up control for just a minute. Well, maybe four or five minutes.

Tim was more or less climbing him like a tree, one leg wrapped tight around Rio's hip, one hand tangled in Rio's hair and the other wedged between them, yanking at the fastening of his pants and the buckle of Rio's belt. His frantic fumbling rubbed relentlessly against Rio's cock, and Rio knew he needed to get them both a little more naked before he lost it in his pants like some fourteen year old with his first hand job.

It took more strength than he expected, because damn, Tim was stronger than he looked, but Rio boosted them off the wall with a grunt. The timing was good, because Tim had just managed to pop the button on his pants, so Rio could wedge his hands under the waistband, digging in until he had a double handful of muscular ass.

“Stall,” he muttered. Tim, his mouth open and wet on Rio’s neck again, made an indistinct noise that probably meant *yes*, or *hurry*, or *fucking now*. Rio obliged him, maneuvering him into the flimsy cubical with more haste than grace.

“I know you have a condom.” Tim’s words buzzed against Rio’s neck, tingling on skin that was still stinging from those sharp, white teeth. “Tell me you have a condom.”

“And lube,” Rio agreed. Now he just needed to get at them. Which was a problem because it meant taking at least one hand off Tim’s ass. Dammit.

Tim took the situation out of Rio’s hands—literally—when he dropped to his knees on the grungy tile. A quick shove had Rio’s t-shirt halfway up his ribcage. A slightly frantic fumble, and his buckle was undone, another one and his cock was singing sweet freedom as it all but burst from his now open jeans.

“Pretty,” Tim breathed, and before Rio could disagree, could point out that Tim was the pretty one, his cockhead was enveloped in the most perfect wet heat in the motherfucking *universe*, and he was clenching every muscle in his lower body to keep from shooting right. That. Second.

He wasn’t sure when his hand landed on Tim’s head, but it seemed like he blinked and he had a fist full of sweat-damp hair. Tim looked up at him, eyes wide and apple green, pink lips stretched obscenely around the tip of Rio’s dick

“Wanna fuck you,” he said. Well, he meant to say. It actually came out as more of a moan, which ended up being totally okay because it made Tim laugh a little bit, and that made his throat spasm around the tip of Rio’s dick, and that was just. Damn.

Using his grip on Tim’s hair, he urged him up, savoring the nasty slurping sound as his dick pulled free of that amazing fucking mouth, and the way those candy-pink lips were all puffy and bruised looking. *He’d* done that. *His* mouth. *His* dick.

It took some doing, a little wriggling on Tim’s part, a little wrestling on Rio’s, but between the two of them they got those oil slick vinyl pants down around Tim’s hips. When Rio paused to dig the condom and lube out of his back pocket, Tim leaned in close and kissed him, and Rio tasted himself on Tim’s lips.

“So fucking hot.” The man. The kiss. The taste of himself. All of it was so phenomenally hot it was making Rio’s head spin. Tim mumbled something indecipherable against his mouth, then started sucking on his tongue.

Somehow he managed not to drop the supplies when his brain short circuited, and he even pulled away from Tim’s avid mouth long enough to use his teeth on the condom wrapper, and the edge of the pillow pack of lube. Then Tim’s tongue was twining with his, and he was fumbling the condom onto his so-hard-it-made-him-wanna-cry cock.

“You ready?” Tim breathed the words against the edge of Rio’s jaw, and Rio shuddered at the sensation. “Cuz I am so fucking ready.”

“Yeah,” he rasped back, and was rewarded when Tim spun to face the wall, leaving Rio with a primo view of that perfect, pale, rounded ass. Oh, yeah. He was so fucking ready, too.

“Hurry up.” Pushy, pretty little thing. Rio smiled even as he flattened his palm in the small of Tim’s back. “Open me up or I’ll fucking do it myself.” One hand reached back imperiously, clearly looking for the lube.

“I got ya, princess.”

That got a reaction. Tim straightened and half turned to glare at him, green eyes flashing and pink lips gone tight. “Do you *want* to fuck me?” he snapped. “Because I’ve got two functioning hands, and I can take care of this myself if you’re going to be an ass about it.”

“Chill, babe. I said I got ya.” Tim’s glare didn’t dim any, but Rio ignored it and focused on squeezing enough lube onto his fingers to slick his way into that tight ass.

Tim had opened his mouth, no doubt to let Rio know exactly what he thought of Rio’s running commentary, but what came out was a low, guttural groan as Rio’s slid first one finger, then two, deep into the tightest, hottest heaven he’d ever felt.

Tim lurched, upper body plastered to the wobbly wall and fought the constriction of his pants around his thighs. Rio followed him down, pressing along his back, using his free hand on Tim’s hip to anchor them together as he added some lube and pressed deeper, scissoring his fingers, then twisting them until he hit that unmistakable swelling that arched Tim’s back and ripped a cry from his throat.

“In, in, in.” It was a demand and a plea, and Rio had every intention of giving Tim what he was begging for. Pulling his fingers free of Tim’s clutching grip, he quickly squelched the remainder of the lube along his dick. A quick overhand stoke and he was ready, positioned against clenching muscles and scalding heat.

He poised there, savoring that moment of perfect anticipation, knowing that the reality would likely not live up to his expectations. Apparently he paused too long because, with a low, filthy oath, Tim reached back, braced Rio's dick against his asshole, and pushed back hard.

Tim might have made a noise, probably did even, but Rio didn't hear anything over the roaring in his ears and the thundering of his heart.

"God, Rio," Tim's voice finally cut through the static in his head. "Fuck me, fuck me, fucking *fuck me* you fucking bastard..." He wanted to. He was going to. He just needed a minute or he wouldn't make it for more than a single stroke.

He must have waited too long again, because Tim was back in motion, bracing his hands on the cruddy side of the stall and pushing back, riding Rio's dick with an intensity that set little explosions off in Rio's brain.

"Shit, slow down." He finally found his mind, or at least some of it, and his voice. He locked both hands on Tim's hips, forcing him to be still. "You wanna be fucked?" He slammed in deep, felt his balls squash up against Tim's ass, felt Tim vibrate like a tuning fork against and around him. "You want me to fuck you, princess?" Tim snarled and slammed a fist against the wall, rocking the entire stall around them. "I am so up for that."

Rio knew what to do with his cock. He rarely bottomed himself, but he knew how to make it sweet for his partner, and took a great deal of pride in being what Colin had called "a great fuck." Right now, with this man, he wanted to be better than great. He wanted to give Tim a truly *exceptional* fuck.

A couple deep thrusts that forced low grunts that sounded like they came from Tim's guts, then he started a rolling motion that he knew would stroke every nerve-rich inch of Tim's chute. A slight adjustment and he was strafing Tim's gland, and Tim was pushing back hard into every, twisty thrust.

"Yesssss." Tim hissed, flattened his palms on the wall and braced himself. His head fell back, and Rio caught a glimpse of his face. Eyes closed, mouth open, a faint dew of sweat making him shimmer in the fluorescent light.

"So fucking pretty." And if he was this pretty getting fucked, Rio couldn't wait to see his face when he came.

"Not," Tim argued, still riding Rio's dick hard, working his muscles in a hot-slick grip that had stars flashing at the edges of Rio's vision. Again.

God, he hadn't been this altered without Plan A since... Hell, since ever.

“Are,” he grunted back. It was easy to brace his forehead on Tim’s shoulder, to watch his cock, thick and shiny under its latex prison, piston in and out, Tim’s cheeks wide around him. “Pretty face.” He slammed in hard before Tim could disagree, and kept slamming with every word.

“Pretty ass. Pretty, pretty cock.”

He peeled one hand off Tim’s hip and reached around, gripping that pretty cock with tingling fingers and pulling hard. Tim made a strangled, vicious noise and his ass clamped down on Rio’s dick, drawing an echoing sound from Rio’s balls. He tightened his grip, hand slipping on pre-cum and sweat.

“Shit, gonna...” Rio wasn’t sure which of them said it. It could have been Tim—his ass was clenching and releasing, clenching and releasing, squeezing such perfect rhythm on Rio’s dick that he wanted to weep. And it for fucking sure could have been him, because one more squeeze and...

“Now.”

He’d known the orgasm would lift the top right off his skull, but nothing in years of being a predatory slut had prepared him for it to strip the flesh right off him, leaving his nerves exposed and twitching. It was the never-ending come, holding him frozen and rigid before flinging him into a shuddering free-fall that melted his brain and his knees.

Somehow he’d managed to keep his grip on Tim’s cock, and he figured the gods must have been smiling on him because the seismic blast of his own orgasm jerked his hand along the swelling, twitching shaft, and then Tim was jerking hard, slicking the wall and Rio’s hand with heavy ropes of cum.

Everything went white, then sparkly black for a little while after that.

When the room came back, Rio’s ass was planted on the stool, and Tim’s ass was planted on Rio’s thigh. Somewhere along the way the condom had vanished—he had a vague impression of it plopping into the toilet—and his cock, still a little swollen and wildly fucking sensitive, was pressed against the damp, smooth skin of Tim’s hip.

“Damn, princess,” he whispered, unable to summon the force for a louder voice. “You pack quite a punch there.”

Tim snorted, and aimed a sloppy punch at the side of Rio’s head. “Fuck you, asshole. And don’t call me princess.”

“Already did, babe.” Rio ducked Tim’s next swing and caught his fist in one hand, bringing Tim’s hand up and licking a slow, hot line along the inside of his wrist. He smiled when Tim shivered.

Cleaning up was a fairly quick affair. Somehow their clothes had remained relatively spunk-free, so it was mostly a matter of wiping hands, fastening zippers, buttons and buckles, and washing hands.

When they were as put back together as they were going to get, Rio turned away from the mirror and found Tim studying him with that same amused quirk to his lips that had lured him in on the dance floor. Tim leaned back against the sink and smiled wider, and Rio found himself torn between a mild sense of discomfort and an odd reluctance to go back out into the club and lose this strange intimacy.

“So, this is the part where you tell me not to get attached, right?” As hard as he tried, Rio couldn’t catch an edge in Tim’s voice. He just sounded kind of lazy, a touch amused, and really well-fucked.

“Doesn’t sound like I have to,” he returned. And if he felt a little pang at the thought, he wasn’t even admitting it to himself.

“Then,” Tim pushed off the sink and came to stand in front of him, right up in his space and close enough Rio could smell the sweat and remains of their sex on him, “I guess I’ll see you around.” He reached up and caught enough of Rio’s hair in his hand to urge him down. A brief, damp kiss, a pat on the cheek, and Tim was gone, slipping around him and out the door in a rush of cotton-candy scented fog.

Later, standing in the middle of State Street as fat, fluffy snowflakes filled the air around him, Rio thought he wouldn’t have any trouble remembering Tim’s name next week. Or probably even next month. Tipping his head back to let the snow press cold, damp kisses on his cheeks, Rio wondered if maybe his problem wouldn’t be *remembering* Tim. Maybe his problem would be *forgetting* him.

About the Author:

When not working the EDJfH (Evil Day Job from Hell), obsessing over whether her parents are getting enough to eat, obsessing that her kid is getting *another* tattoo, making coffee, drinking coffee, or feeding the two cats who allow her to live with them, VJ can be found reading or writing erotic romance – either solo as m/m author VJ Summers, or as the shorter, more quiet half of the “Violet Summers” writing team (the tall half is Sierra Summers). You can find her books at Changeling, Liquid Silver and the original Candyland story, *Under the Influence* at Ellora’s Cave.

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