

# Electricland

A Novel by Ginger Mayerson



*The Wapshott Press*

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*There is nothing more dangerous than a woman with nothing to lose.*

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It had taken the kid a few days to calm down and feel comfortable around Russek. On their first night together nightmares had sent Drew scrambling for his inhaler. Russek could only hold him lightly until the kid could breathe easily again. Eventually the nightmares subsided, but a new nightmare began to loom over them: Drew had been reclassified from witness to terrorist. Only Russek and a few others knew this and Russek had managed to convince everyone around him that it was absurd. For the moment they were allowing Russek to keep Drew with him under house arrest (although Drew didn't know it), but the pressure was mounting from the Feds to move the kid into any lock-up available. Russek had been able to stall, bully and maneuver the system into putting Drew in LA Men's Jail where he'd be close and Russek could call in a few favors to keep him safe until he could get him out. If he could get him out: there was that to worry about.

They'd become lovers a few days after Russek brought him to his place. After a long day policing, Russek came in bone tired and disgusted. But Drew had smiled, the first relaxed and happy smile Russek had ever seen on him, and said, "Welcome home." Russek's usual manly clap on the shoulder became a caress as Drew leaned into it and became an embrace that became a long sweet kiss, seemingly of its own accord.

"Sorry," Russek said, leaning back to put a little space between them and get a good look at Drew's face.

Drew closed the distance and nestled in his arms, face buried in Russek's shoulder. "I'm not."

They moved to the couch to make out and talk a little before anything irrevocable happened. The kid was

practically a virgin; he'd only made love a couple of times, and that was with some older guy in Baku. "Baku? Where's that?" Russek asked.

"Azerbaijan," Drew said. "On the Caspian Sea," he continued when he got a blank look. "Kind of between the Middle East and Russia."

"Oh, what were you doing there?" Russek asked, nibbling on Drew's earlobe. "Don't tell me, " he whispered. "IT consulting." He smiled against Drew's nod. "That's a long way from here. How'd you get there?"

"My mom was a secretary with the Embassy in Prague," Drew said, tilting his head to give Russek better access to his neck. "She brought me over when I finished college, but we didn't get along so well, so I split and wandered around until I landed a job in Baku."

"How old are you, Drew?" Russek asked, holding him closer.

"Twenty-four."

"Girlfriends?"

"Just this older lady once," Drew said. "In Baku."

"You didn't get a lot of action in Baku," Russek observed.

"I got all my action in Baku," Drew said wryly.

"Tell me about this guy."

"He was very gentle and careful, used a condom and didn't rush," Drew said, breathless at the memory. "I really liked him and...I really liked, y'know, it."

"It?" Russek asked.

"Sex with a guy. I mean, if I had to choose, that's what I'd want to do."

"Good, so you know what to expect?" Russek asked and Drew nodded. "What happened to this guy?"

"I was supposed to meet up with him at that building," Drew said softly. "But I met you instead."

"Lucky me." He took Drew by the hand and led him to bed.

The kid was shy; Russek found that endearing as he pulled the oversized t-shirt and baggy jeans off him. His skin had an unhealthy pallor, but was smooth and warm to the touch. "You need more sun and exercise, Drew," Russek said, turning the light off.

"I hate going outside," Drew murmured between gasps as Russek tweaked his nipples. "Ow."

"Ow?"

"Not so hard." The kid pressed his thin lips to Russek's.

"You're fragile," Russek whispered against Drew's mouth, and got a sexy giggle for an answer. "But this is all right," he added, stroking pre-come down the length of Drew's rock hard penis. The kid moaned and arched against him, and fumbled for Russek's half-mast cock. "No," Russek sighed. "This is about you tonight."

Pulling Drew astride his groin, Russek encouraged the kid to kiss him and grind their erections together. A quick study, Drew was soon voluptuously rubbing them together while his tongue explored Russek's mouth and

his fingers pinched the older man's nipples. "Does that hurt?" Drew asked breathlessly.

"No." Russek flipped open the lubricant.

"Would you like it to?"

"No." Russek pulled Drew down for a kiss with one hand while the other explored his ass with slick fingers.

Drew wiggled happily against the fingertip inside him, sliding his erection against Russek's and really getting into it when Russek worked two fingers inside. "Paul...I want...oh!" The kid squeaked with pleasure when Russek hit his sweet spot. "That...yeah, that..."

"Oh, that..." Russek teased as he rolled a condom down his cock and lubed it. He arranged Drew face down with a pillow under his hips. "Comfy?" he asked, his cock nudging at Drew's asshole.

"Mmmm..." Drew sighed and then gasped when Russek pressed the head in.

"Ow?" Russek asked, really hoping he wouldn't have to stop.

"A little," Drew admitted. "Go slow, okay?"

"I will," Russek said, kissing Drew's sweaty shoulders. "You're really tight."

"I've...only done this a few times," Drew said, almost imperceptibly arching his ass.

Russek sank in another centimeter. "It's all right, baby, you're doing great," he whispered against Drew's ear. "Try to push me out."

"What?"

"Just do it," Russek said, and he pushed farther in as the pressure around his cock eased.

"Oh...I..." Drew was breathing hard and moaning softly into the pillow.

"Let me hear you," Russek said, reaching around to stroke Drew's cock back to full hardness while he pushed all the way in. "Hey, we made it," Russek panted. He got a cross between a low animal growl and a whimper as he started, very gently, to move inside Drew. Neither of them lasted very long: Drew had a hard, howling climax in Russek's hand. Russek had a kinder, gentler orgasm from Drew's clenching around him, which was kind of disappointing because Russek had wanted to fuck him more. Well, there was always next time, which would be, he hoped, very, very soon.

After they cleaned up, Drew fell asleep like a sweet, trusting babe in Russek's arms. Russek stroked his mahogany hair off his forehead and had a moment of pity for the man who'd lost this wonderful kid by being stupid. And then he thanked his lucky stars he'd lived long enough to find this powerful love with this beautiful young man.

The next morning, Russek took the kid to Astro's Restaurant for a nice breakfast.

