

## Chapter One

Sinclair Alverston sat at the bar, nursing his scotch. The dance floor was filled with hot, sweaty bodies, but his heart wasn't in the show. Watching the same men each weekend primp and preen to each other like a group of rutting peacocks was getting on his last damn nerve.

At thirty-two years of age, Sinclair was sick of one-night stands and was ready to settle down with one special man. However, as many times as he went out every weekend he'd never found 'the one'.

Despite the horrific things he'd seen in his work as a mercenary, Sinclair was convinced that one day he would meet his soul mate. His best friend and business partner, Patrick, thought he was certifiably insane (not a new accusation), but that didn't stop him from optimistically checking out every man he met, gay or straight, short or tall. He didn't know how his soul mate was packaged but he knew some day he would meet the man who would fill that empty part of his life. The part that was so empty, some days he thought he could feel an arctic breeze rushing through his soul.

Feeling depression surround him, Sinclair took another drink of scotch. His reflection in the bar mirror caught his eye. He wasn't a bad looking guy. Dark hair, dark eyes, sure his face was all rough angles but a lot of guys liked that bad ass look, and his body was rock hard from a strict training and exercise regimen.

Why couldn't he find a man worth keeping?

"Hello, Sinclair." A soft voice spoke beside him. "Long time, no fucking."

Sinclair turned to see a red-haired man sliding into the stool beside him. He'd playing with the kid before. His name was Nate, or Ned, or something. He gave the man a speculative look trying to decide if it was better to cut his losses for the night and settle for Mr. Get-Me-Off-Now rather than wait to see if there were better prospects. His mother always said you don't find Mr. Right at a skanky bar. Of course she was talking to his sister but the same rules applied.

He was about to take the man up on his offer, when a stir in the crowd to his right caught his attention. A slim blond walked through a group of dancers and Sinclair felt his heart flip in his chest. Although he usually went for men at least in the six-foot range, there was something sweet and vulnerable about the beautiful man who would only be six feet tall if he stood on a footstool and wore shoes with really thick soles. What he wore instead were black leather boots, a matching black leather jacket and a pair of jeans so tight Sinclair found a new religion.

As he watched, the fascinating creature approached the bar several stools down from Sinclair. Trying to be unobtrusive, he watched the new object of his obsession belly up to the bar. A moment later a cold bottle of water was passed over and money exchanged hands. The man moved with an unconscious grace and Sinclair would've paid money to see the man dance. The blond's sleek, lightly muscled body and smooth unblemished skin made Sin want to make marks of his own...with his teeth.

"No, thank you." He told the redhead who was still waiting for a reply to his invitation for a night of play.

The other man looked over, following Sinclair's gaze. "If you're holding out for Callum you're wasting your time." He said bitterly.

Sinclair tore his gaze away from the gorgeous blond. "Why? Is he already taken?"

"No. He's just picky."

"Excellent. So am I."

He waved a hand shooing the other man away. He didn't have time for jealous twinks, and having the other man near might deter the blond god of his dreams. As if feeling his stare, Callum looked up and locked eyes with the mercenary.

Sinclair gave the kid a cool nod. He wanted to look interested, not desperate. The fact that his cock was banging at his zipper and begging to come out and play, was besides the fact.

For the first time in a long while, Sinclair felt the thrill of the hunt as the slim blond trailed his fingers across the bottle

of water. He could almost feel the debate going through Callum's head whether or not to approach Sinclair. Deciding a little encouragement might be needed; Sinclair crooked his finger at the little blond. There was no way he was going to let this one get away over a little miscommunication. Although he couldn't see the color of Callum's eyes, Sinclair could feel the heat of the man's stare from across the room.

After several moments of looking, Callum smiled and, like a slinky cat, sauntered across the room.

Halfway to Sinclair, the man's eye color came into focus.  
Sea green.

The man, who caught his eye and, even more rarely, his imagination, had brilliant green-blue eyes, a color that Sinclair had never seen before. Fascinated, he watched the blond approach.

Callum's heart was going to beat its way out of his chest. The sexiest man in the room was looking at Callum like he had an aching sweet tooth, and Callum was made entirely out of candy. Keeping his steps slow and languorous, Callum approached the man while trying to remember all the tips about walking sexy an ex-stripper once taught him.

From the heat of the other man's eyes he was doing everything right.

"Good evening." The handsome man said when Callum reached him.

Callum took a sip of his water to wet his suddenly drying throat. "Good evening."

The man stood up making Callum take a surprised step back. To say this man was big was to make an understatement of colossal proportions.

He was fucking enormous.

Callum's modest five foot nine frame barely came to the man's shoulder.

"I'm Sinclair Alverston." The dark-haired man said holding out his hand.

Callum took a deep breath before shaking Sinclair's hand. He was partly frightened the man was going to eat him for

dinner and partly excited. Sinclair had a predatory gaze that would make a tiger run for the hills. A tingle went through his body at the skin-to-skin contact. Yum. "Callum Turner." He said trying to keep the excited tremor out of his voice. Sinclair was the sexiest thing he'd found in a long while, and if the heat of their handshake was any judge this man was more than willing to follow him home.

Sin used their joined hands to yank him closer. Leaning over he spoke directly into Callum's ear. "You are exactly what I've been looking for."

Callum swallowed the moisture suddenly flooding his mouth. Now he knew what it felt like to be struck by lightning. Sexual energy arced between them, racing back and forth through their clasped hands. It took all of Callum's self-control to resist the urge to drop to his knees and worship the sexy god who'd chosen him for the evening. "Does anyone call you Sin?"

"All the time." The big man purred. "Want to come home with me and I can show you how I live up to the name?"

Callum shook his head. It might be a deal breaker but his rule was firm. "I don't go home with strange guys. You can come to my house but I don't go to strangers' homes. I had a bad experience once."

He manfully suppressed a shudder. The memory still brought up nightmares when he got too tired.

Sin nodded slowly. "Okay. I'll leave that until we know each other better. Do you want to be with me tonight or not?"

There it was out on the table. Did he really want this dark-haired stud wearing leather pants and a tight t-shirt that showed off his massive arms and nicely rippled chest muscles?

Shivers of need went through his body.

Hell yeah, he wanted him!

Callum gave a shaky nod, grabbed Sinclair's wrist and headed for the door, pulling the big man behind him. He was jolted to a stop by the massive man. Sin pried Callum's grip off his wrist with a pointed look. Callum felt a surge of regret. Shit, he'd just met the man and already he'd ruined it.

To his surprise Sin wrapped an arm around Callum's shoulders. "Take it easy, honey. I don't like to be dragged."

“Oh. Sorry.” Callum could feel his cheeks flush with embarrassment. All his manners had gone out the window at the thought of getting his mouth on the gorgeous man beside him.

“Don’t be sorry.” Sin said wrapping an arm around Callum and tucking him beneath the man’s shoulder. “I like that you’re so eager. Just use a little decorum.”

“I’ll try.” Callum said automatically. He wouldn’t really. The quicker he dragged this guy to his condo the better.