

## MM-FF

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*Way to go, Nicholas.*

"Um, officer, I'm ... I didn't know," Nicholas said.

Goodness this man was hot, though. That five o'clock shadow, those dark eyebrows that framed his impossible-to-look-away-from crystal blue eyes.

And a cop? Those biceps busting out of his rolled up sleeves, those muscular thighs fitted in his tight pants.

Nicholas had to admit to himself, he'd taken a quick look at his rear end too, and it was worth the risk of getting caught.

Manly perfection, just the way he liked it.

Nicholas didn't know where to put his hands. He'd never been this nervous around a man before. His stomach was in knots.

Should he put his hands on his side, crossed or perhaps wrapped around the gorgeous handsome police officer like his daughter had done?

Nicholas cleared her throat. He had to pull it together. "Mr. O'Brian, I presume?" he said, trying to remain professional. What a stupid thing to say. He already knew his name.

The officer flashed Nicholas a toothy smile, calm, cool, collected. Completely comfortable in his own skin.

"Dean, and you presumed right," he said, swinging his daughter back and forth. His voice was deep and smooth. Nicholas imagined him rumbling in his ear.

The officer must have been a little older than Nicholas, late 20s. The perfect age. He could see traces of salt and pepper hair. Just his type.

He fanned himself and cleared his throat once again.

“Chloe was jumping off the chair over and over again. I... Well, she wouldn’t listen. I turned my back only for a second and—”

Nicholas stared at the floor. Why couldn’t he look the officer in the eye? Maybe he was ashamed of his lack of child care skills, maybe he was disoriented.

Then again, maybe he worried he’d get lost in his eyes.

“Hey,” he said, not saying a word until Nicholas’s eyes met his.

“Yes?” he said, his voice going up a pitch.

He grinned at Nicholas, and suddenly he was at ease. “It’s no big deal. She knows better than that. Don’t you, darling?”

“Uh-huh,” Chloe said, biting her lip and batting her eyelashes at her daddy. The girl was a natural.

“You’re not going to do that again, are you?” he asked, his voice lowering into discipline-mode.

Nicholas had to pull himself away from his mesmerizing crystal blue eyes. He looked across the way through the hall’s floor-to-ceiling windows.

Great. At the other end of the school, his fellow teachers ogled the hunk through the window too.

He was embarrassed and yet oddly jealous, as if he’d found him first and wanted no one else to have him.

Then again, why would someone like the officer be interested in someone like him? Nicholas wasn’t the buff guy he used to

be.

He hadn't gone on a date since he ran away from his abusive boyfriend. He wasn't rich. He wasn't from a high class family.

And he was broken, living in a protective shell, and suffering from heartbreak.

The officer chuckled. " You all right, Mr. Vega?"

"Uh, yeah. I ... once again, I'm so sorry for ..." Nicholas said.

"No, I'm sorry. I should have introduced myself. What do you say I make it up to you?" asked the officer.

Nicholas eyebrows furrowed in concern. "Make it up to me?"

He gave Nicholas a wink that made him weak in the knees. "I'll take you to coffee where I can continue insinuating and sticking my foot in my mouth. "

Nicholas blushed. My God, was this hot man flirting with him or was it just wishful thinking?

Nicholas re-organized the chairs, which were perfectly fine before; anything but look this man in the eye. "We are not allowed to fraternize with parents."

"Whoa, whoa, whoa. Who said anything about fraternizing? You're moving too fast for me, babe," he said, cracking a smile.

Nicholas laughed. My God, he was flirting.

[SHOULD YOU SAY YES AND HAVE COFFEE WITH HIM?](#)

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## MM-CC

The kindergartners had calmed down for the moment, but not for long. Something needed to be done before there was another accident.

“I beg your pardon,” he said, his eyes narrowing. There he went again, the officer had looked him up and down.

Was he undressing him or was it just Nicholas’s wild imagination and the fact that he hadn’t gotten laid in months?

Walking over to the first batch of kids, Officer Dean pointed at them. “You and you, sit down.”

Without a moment’s hesitation, the kids did what they were told. They sat in Indian style with perfect posture, waiting for their next orders.

“You, stop picking your nose... You, stop pulling her hair,” he said, instructing each child what to do. The little tykes’ eyes widened, but they obeyed.

The teacher’s assistant was visibly flustered, his arms alternating from being crossed and down by his sides. “Officer, I don’t think it’s your place to—”

“—And you,” said Dean, taking the crying little girl from the teacher’s assistant’s arms. “You know better, ladybug.”

Nicholas crossed his arms. “It’s not your right to—”

“Okay, Daddy,” the little girl said, hugging his neck as he kissed her on the forehead.

His daughter was a handful, but she should have known better.

This behavior was never tolerated at home.

The young teacher's assistant's mouth was agape. Dean shot him a wink. "Yes?"

The shocked look on his flawless face was priceless, but all he could think of was how he had to get to know this man.

[SHOULD YOU APOLOGIZE? CLICK HERE.](#)

[SHOULD YOU KEEP YOUR PRIDE AND NOT SAY A WORD? CLICK HERE](#)

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## **MM-BB**

Officer Dean O'Brian his name tag read and he looked pissed. Not that Nicholas could blame him.

A paid child care worker shouldn't have the entire room in such chaos.

"Officer," Nicholas said, clearing his throat. "May I help you?"

The officer smirked, and for a second it was as if he had tried not to look Nicholas up and down.

Nicholas felt self-conscious, wearing his tweed jacket and jeans, his dark glasses made him look like a bigger dweeb that he felt.

"No you cannot help me, but by the look of things, you can use all the help you can get," the officer said, looking around the disaster of a classroom.

[SHOULD YOU STAND UP FOR YOURSELF? CLICK HERE](#)

[SHOULD YOU KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT? CLICK HERE](#)

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## MM-AA

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# MM-1

## Arrest my Love

by Jamie Lake & Jeff Rivera

*an M/M adaptation of the original Jessica Holly book*

**Summary:** In this story, you are a young hot teacher's assistant who is running away from an abusive relationship. You are fragile and swear you'll never love again, but in your heart of hearts, you'd like to meet someone. This is the first day on a new job.

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It was the day from hell. Nicholas Vega's first day as a teacher's assistant and there was already an accident.

All Mrs. Green, his boss, had asked him to do was watch the kindergartners for 5 minutes while she spoke to the principal.

Now Nicholas held a screaming 5-year-old girl, trying to calm her down, while the room full of kindergarteners joined the girl in a chorus of tears and wails.

He would get fired on his first day of the job, he just knew it.

Mini chairs toppled over, finger paint all over the floors and walls, giant lego blocks hurling through the air—the room was a disaster.

"It's okay, Chloe," Nicholas said, kneeling at her level. "Your arm isn't broken."

"Yes it is!" Chloe said, narrowing her eyes at the teacher's assistant.

Even at this age, the cute blonde girl was a bit of a drama

queen.

Nicholas wanted to clasp his hand over the 5-year-old's mouth to keep her squeals from echoing down the school's hall.

"Mrs. Green will be back any moment and—" said Nicholas only to be cut off by the precocious kindergartner.

"I want my daddy now!" Chloe said, wiggling to get away.

Nicholas forced a smile. "If you can just wait two minutes," said Nicholas.

"Now!" Chloe said, her nose flaring. Nelly Olsen from the *Little House on Prairie* had nothing on her.

He checked the over-sized Muppet clock on the wall as a blotch of Play Doh was flung at it. How much longer would Mrs. Green be?

He didn't want to lose this job, but as the seconds passed, it was only a matter of time before he met his fate.

As if Nicholas needed any more drama in his life. He had moved to this quiet evergreen tree-filled town and hoped for a low-key fresh start in Oregon.

His mother had warned him not to go out with that man. Being gay in a small town was hard enough, but being in an abusive relationship was worse.

Even after the first time he hit Nicholas, he thought he could fix their relationship.

Big mistake.

He still had the scars from the time his ex had tried to burn him alive. Only by the grace of God had he gotten away.

It had taken everything he had to make this escape to Forest Hills, Oregon.



Nicholas had to move from his dream job as second assistant principal in the elementary school in Miami to start night school here in this city.

At 21-years-old, Nicholas never would have expected this would be where he'd be in his life. He was the top of his class at his university and now this.

He guessed being around the kids gave him a glimpse into the life he'd hoped to have by now.

Being a working father was Nicholas's dream, but he'd never met the right guy.

"Oooh!" the cute Asian little boy said, tugging on Nicholas's shirt. "You're in trouble."

*What now?*

Nicholas inhaled the Elmer's paste-smelling room then his eyes widened at the intimidating-looking cop entering the classroom.

Tall, handsome and well-built, his muscular body practically busted out of the tight-fitting decorated navy blue uniform.

The cop narrowed his eyes at Nicholas and the little girl he had helplessly struggled to gain control of.

Nicholas swallowed. Yep, the little boy was right. He was in trouble.

[SHOULD YOU INTRODUCE YOURSELF? CLICK HERE.](#)

[SHOULD YOU WAIT TO SEE WHAT THE OFFICER SAYS? CLICK HERE.](#)

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## MM-DD

"Excuse me?" Nicholas said, but the officer ignored him.

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## [Silver Daddy Excerpt 1](#)



“You like watching other dudes?” the coach asked.

It wasn’t the first time Coach James had noticed one of the students watching him. Young people were curious, after all, but this student in particular was incredibly hot.

As the shower steam cleared, Steve’s light colored eyes,

chiseled features, and strong jawline appeared.

He was only about 20-years-old, but he looked more mature, more developed. James would have been lying if he said he hadn't caught Steve changing before in the corner of his eye.

Coach James was passionate about helping young people and had always kept his interests private. He'd been 100% professional.

But in this case, it was harder than ever. With his shirt off, muscles rippling, pink nipples on display and his big blue eyes wide open, Steve looked completely vulnerable and prime for the picking.

James tried to keep his mind from fantasizing about the wrestling sessions they could have, seeing who landed on top.

"I ... I ... I was just ..." said Steve, babbling. James tried to hide his smile, the more vulnerable the guy was, the more it turned him on.

James crossed his arms. "Uh-huh." He let those words hang in the air to see how Steve would respond.

Spying on another dude at this school was dangerous, and if he could scare Steve straight the better it would be for him.

Living in the closet wasn't easy and if the kid was merely curious, he ought to be more careful.

"Please don't say anything. I didn't mean anything by it," Steve said, swallowing. Maybe it was something innocent. But still, James had to know.

Narrowing his eyes at Steve, James asked, "You do this sort of thing often? Watch other dudes?"

"I ... not usually ..." said Steve, bowing his head and scratching the tile floor with his white gym shoes. Not usually? That

meant this wasn't the first time and wouldn't be the last.

He sighed. Steve was definitely interested in men and he knew how hard that was for athletes. "You know a lot of guys would beat you up for that sort of thing," James said.

He hadn't meant to sound like his father or anything, but he really cared about young people, especially young gay ones. He knew their struggles.

Steve's eyes met his. "I think I can hold my own," he said, his jaw clenching.

James cracked a smile. He tried not to look the young man up and down, but his eyes unconsciously settled on his crotch. "Bet you could. Big guy like yourself."

He had to get away, his cock swelled at the thought of what he'd like to do with him. He walked away.

"Wait. What happens next?" asked Steve, calling after him. James had to put the fear of God in Steve, give him pause the next time he tried looking at another dude in the locker room.

"What do you think is going to happen?" asked the coach, a side-smile curving on his face as he continued toward his locker room office.

Steve cleared his throat. "You're not going to say anything, are you?" he asked, terrified. "Please."

James shouldn't make the guy suffer like this. He stopped in his tracks, turned around and asked, "What?"

Steve's voice went up an octave. "I'll do anything you want, anything."

The coach arched his eyebrow. "Oh?" James's cock twitched at the possibilities. [Click here for more](#)





More



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## [Favorite Businesses in Costa Rica](#)

Finding businesses and individuals in Costa Rica that have the same standards for professionalism, hygiene and customer service that gringos are accustomed to can be a challenge, but I've put together my personal favorites below. These are people that know what good customer service is, understand the importance of punctuality and the difference between clean and

clean.

### **Laundry Delivery Service**

Clean & Clean

Plaza Tempo

2288 7489

They will come to your door, pick up the dirty service and return it clean within 24-48 hours.

### **Restaurants**

Paragon Restaurant in Rohrmeser

Quality food, very reasonable price. I recommend going there for lunch. They have legitimate customer service. You won't have to ask for a glass of water or silverware, they know this is common sense. The managers speak English and although the waiters may have limited English, they are friendly.

Furca

This is fine dining. Excellent service. Excellent food. Excellent ambiance but you will pay for it. It's not cheap but worth every penny from the hostess to greets you to the manager who will come, if it's not too busy to check on how you enjoyed your food, you'll enjoy it. Note, if you have a special occasion, definitely call for reservations and tell them to have a small piece of cake ready.

Quiznos in Rohrmeser (in the same plaza as McDonald's)

Yes, Quiznos. The service is great and they actually smile at

you. They're fairly fast and the food, although a chain store, is of American standards.

Doble Sabor Restaurant in Rohrmeser

2290 8888

They have delivery service but only in certain hours. Very good service and food is excellent for the price.

Azafran in Plaza Mayor

There are two in the same mall. Both are excellent. Service is pretty good, some waiters are more friendly than others but the quality is great for a local chain restaurant.

Fred's Cafe in Plaza Mayor

Pizza in Plaza Mayor

There's a small pizza shop in the food court that is excellent, especially for the price.

Sash Middle Eastern Restaurant

Excellent food. Excellent service. Highly recommended.

No Dally Sushi Restaurant

They are across from Plaza Mayor. If you can catch them actually open, they have great food and excellent customer

service. They have odd hours and you never know when they're going to be open. I highly recommend their lunch service because you get a great deal for what you pay.

### Saturday Market in Pavas (Rohrmeser)

On Saturdays from about 6am to noon, there's a fresh Saturday market teeming with people selling fresh food and vegetables for very reasonable prices. It's located right next to Pali grocery store (which I don't recommend unless you like rude service where they charge you for plastic bags and don't even put the food in the bags for you).

### Taxi Service in Rohrmeser

2296 2525

It's about as good as it's going to get in terms of customer service. They're not completely organized, but it doesn't get any better than this unless you're ordering limo service from another company. They're normally on time and they always seem to have a taxi available.

### **Massage**

Itzel

8357 2985

She's a professional massage therapist (no funny business with her). I highly recommend her. She is Nica and will come to your home if you'd like to. Though, she normally works out of Plaza Mayor. Try to give her 24 hours notice if you can but she has come at the last minute for me at times too. The price is very reasonable especially if you don't mind her using your

bed instead of massage table. If she needs to bring the massage table (especially if you're at the top floor of your condo) then it will be extra. Expect to pay about \$30-\$45 and it will be worth every penny.

### **Inside San Pedro Mall**

There's a small nail shop that also gives AMAZING food baths and massages. It's one of those hole in the wall gems that only charges about \$20 per 1-hour massage and it's worth every penny.

### **Gym**

There are a handful of gyms in Rohrmeser but most are mom & pop shop-style, next to rude service or are closed at hours when you really need them. I recommend you go first thing in the morning when they open which is at 5am (that mThere's an excellent one near La Sabana, but you'll pay a pretty price for it. The service is decent, but the facilities are pretty damn good.

### **Photographers**

Adrian Coto

Excellent photographer. He speaks English is laid-back and will get you great photos. Try to give him time to deliver the edited photos. The more time you can give him, the better.

MORE RECOMMENDATIONS COMING FOR:

Barber Shops

## **What is No Matter What About?**

*No Matter What* tells the story of Dio, a guy who just can't seem to stay out of trouble. It seems that everything he does falls apart. The one person he knows he can count on is the love of his life, Jennifer. They've been together since they were 13. But after one thing leads to another, Dio ends up in prison boot camp. She promises him she'll stay with him no matter what and that gives him the motivation to try to turn his life around. But once he gets out of boot camp, he learns that she's getting ready to marry someone else. So, he goes to her church on her wedding day to convince her they're meant to be together, but he goes with a gun.