Why Me

by
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This is a work of pure fiction. Any similarities between anyone alive or dead are coincidental.
All characters are fictional and come from the author's wild and too vivid imagination.

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adult content
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Why Me

"Mr. Churchill...I would like to see you after class," Professor David Kennilworth voice rang out from the head of the room towards his quietest student, startling the wondering mind back to attention.

Damn, Samuel Churchill thought, after being caught distracted. *It was a first for him, being singled out and he wasn't comfortable with it at all*.

His black almond-shaped eyes surrounded by the longest of lashes, strayed over to the plain oversized clock that hung above the closed door. *Tick, tock, tick, tock*. They still had another fifteen minutes left to go before the bell sounded and class ended, echoing the end of another school day. He had plan to get the hell out of there, as quickly as possible and put as much distance away from the babbling idiots in the class; whose lustful thoughts, were forever of the latest parties. That was until he had been called out.

Sam was naturally a quiet person who mostly kept to himself. He hated being singled out for anything, and had gone to great lengths to ensure that it seldom happened.

"Yes Professor Kennilworth." He answered, with a slight nod to his head.

A wave of panting sighs echoed around the classroom, almost drowning out his answer. Half the women there were secretly in love with the teacher and some of the men also; anyone with seeing eyes could easily understood why. Professor David Kennilworth didn't look like or behaved like any absent-minded teacher at a top university. In fact with his outstanding looks and physique, he had been repeatedly mistaken for a top model. The kind you see in those fashion magazines.

He watched the handsome scholar pace back and forth, guessing he stood somewhere around five feet eleven inches. With sandy blond hair, deep emerald green eyes and a full pair of kissable lips, which were very tempting. Not that he would ever say something like that aloud, but he could think it.

The Professor had a love for fine clothing, which he always wore, making him continuously appearing well dressed and very presentable. It was easy to understand why women were always throwing themselves at his feet.

Some were hoping for an easy 'A'. Others wanted a whole lot more, maybe even secretly dreaming of becoming his wife. It would be have better if they concentrated on their studies. Then they would have a good chance at bettering themselves, Samuel thought. *They were shameless, everyone of them.*

The bell sounded and most students scrambled like mad to get out of the classroom, exiting like a heard of stampeding buffalos. Obviously no one wanted to be stuck in class after the bell rung, except maybe certain girls who shall remain nameless.

Sam slipped his books and laptop back into his knapsack, then walked towards the teacher. Each step slowed and evenly paced, looking like he was on his way to the executioner, instead of meeting up with the scholar. *At least that's how he felt inside*.

"You wanted to see me, Professor?" He asked quietly.

The older man raised his head from the stack of papers on his desk. Startling green hues locked unto the tall student, and he absently pushed aside several locks of curly blond strands from his brow. He took in the sight of the nervous young man standing before him, and silently wondered if this student was really the right person for the job.

Samuel Churchill was taller than he had first thought. So tall his head would probably come somewhere around the younger man's nose, with his curly hair, that was tighter and black in color; no…a very dark brown, he noticed somewhat surprised.

The student's eyes were black, jet black, with long eyelashes that any of his female students would kill for; and although he stood straight it was difficult to judge the younger man's body size.

Why would one so young cover himself with so many layers of ugly clothing? David asked himself? *Was he a bookworm? He seemed to be, but...something wasn't quiet right with that picture. Whatever it was, he just couldn't quite put his finger on it.*

He knew the young man was a full time student, a very studious worker with excellent high marks, that never fell below third place in all of his subjects; which was an impressive feat in itself, considering the thousands of students who attended the prestige university.

Hmmm…several of the other professors had highly recommended him. Praising the work he'd previously done for them; but he wasn't sure if this mousy student had the stamina to do what he needed.

The older man leaned back in the chair, his eyes never wavering from their objective. "Yes," he started off slowly, almost hesitantly. "You were recommended by a few of the other Professors you'd previously work with. They assured me, that you were quiet efficient, and reliable," he paused, then offered. "I'm looking for an assistant to help me with my paperwork, and I was wondering if you might be interested in taking on the job?"

Samuel bent his head forward hiding his relief. Knowing the emotion probably showed in his face. *That was it? He was worried for nothing. The Professor had only wanted his academic help*. Pushing the tinted glasses up along the bridge of his nose and back into place, Samuel quietly gave the Professor's offer some serious thought.

Yes, he could spare some of his free time at the moment, plus the extra cash would come in handy for food and gas, so why not?

"I would be glad to help," he answered with a small nod to his head.

"You will? Good, the job does not pay a lot," he warned him sternly. "And you'll have to work long hours."

Samuel smiled, noting the Professor's changed attitude. He already knew what the job entailed. "I'll still be glad to help," he told him.

David couldn't believe his luck, and quickly pushed aside all his negative thoughts of a few moments ago. Here was an intelligent student, who had said yes to his offer of help to put a huge dent into his mountains of paper work. *Maybe this would be all right after all.*

"When can you start?" David asked, and tried to keep the excitement out of his voice.

Sam knew he could start immediately, but decided against it. He'll take today as his last free day and start tomorrow instead, if that was okay with the Professor.

"Would tomorrow be okay?" he asked instead.

David blinked in surprise. Somehow he didn't really think the young man would readily

accept the position. Even though the other teachers assured him, that he was a hard worker who was willing to help if asked. But still he had his doubts.

"That'll be fine. How about we start after school then. You can come by my office, after your last class."

"That's okay with me."

"Good. Let's hope we work well together young man," the teacher rose, his hand out stretched in a hand shake.

Samuel agreed and bid the Professor good night. Promising to see him tomorrow after class and walked away. He closed the door shut behind him, and made his way to the student's parking lot.

Not far away from the classroom Marsha Campbell and her two followers stood talking. She was one of, if not the oldest in his class. And rumor had it those 'A' she acquired to get into the school, were not all from studying. Not that he cared, but something about her always made him give her a wide berth. Maybe it was that calculating, 'what can do for me attitude' she demanded from everyone.

He nodded his head in acknowledgement, as he passed the three women and just kept walking. He did not require their friendship; neither did he want it. His preference was to keep to himself.

"Hey Samuel," Marsha called out.

This wasn't good. She wanted something. Turning his head in her direction, he refused to let his feet stop for anything, but he returned and answered, "I'm sorry, I'm late for a meeting."

It was a known fact that when those three were together nothing good ever happen, and he wanted nothing to do with that troublesome trio.

"Hey wait up a moment!" she cried out. "I gotta ask you some thing."

'Shit. Who the hell does he think he is?' He heard her say, just before the thundering sounds of running feet caught up to him.

"Heeyyy...I want to ask you something?" she said and grabbed his arm from behind. While her two-hench women came to a full stop in front of him, barring Samuel from advancing any further and escaping to freedom.

"I really don't_" he started.

"Look, I just want to ask you one question."

Samuel looked at the offending claws on his arm expectantly. Her red nails were digging in to his skin, through the several layers of his clothing.

"Oops, sorry about that," she said in an unapologetic voice, and released his arm. "But I really needed to ask you something. "What did the professor want?"

"Excuse me?" he questioned in surprise. "I don't see how it's any of your concern."

"It isn't." Marsha answered quickly, dismissing his indignant tone to continue. "Rumor has it that the Professor will be looking for a full time assistant some time soon, and I want it to be me." She explained.

Fat chance, he thought. *The man was too intelligent to be taken in with her so obvious charms*. "That's it? That's why you stop me?"

"Yeah…I mean you've worked with most of the Professors around here, didn't you. I thought maybe you might know something."

"I hadn't heard that rumor," he told her with a straight face. "But if you really want the job, why don't you go ask the Professor for the position. He's still in the classroom and there's no one with him."

She stood looking at him wearing an indecisive expression upon her pretty face, which did nothing for him.

"Look I have to go. The Professor is over there," he pointed backwards.

Saying nothing else, Samuel rounded the two women still barring him and walked briskly away, moving as fast as his feet could carry him.

'What a jerk!' Followed behind him, along with a 'Yeah, who the hell does he think he is?'

It wasn't fair to the Professor, Samuel thought, *but he wasn't willing to stand there talking to her, and her supposedly friends any longer. That woman's selfish attitude really got on his nerves. The other man would have to explain his decision, about his choice for an assistant to that woman. He had homework, which he needed to finish before tomorrow morning's first class.*

And with him agreeing to help the Professor, his spare time had been severely cut. Leaving him with less than half the time he usually had for himself. Not that he was complaining. He made the choice, and was very comfortable with his decision.

Waving to some of the students he knew, Samuel didn't stop; instead he continued onward to his 2004 Cadillac Seville parked in the student's lot. Slid into the driver's side of the car and drove off heading home, happily leaving the Professor's and his problems behind him.

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Sam lived about twenty minutes from the school, in a large luxurious one-bedroom condo he'd bought two years ago, when it was confirmed he would be attending the university.

Most of the other students would have drool for their own apartment; and others might have called his home an expensive luxury. But to him, having his own place was a much-needed necessity. Being an only child had left with a strong aversion to having a roommate. And the idea of having some stranger walking through his home, touching his personal things without his permission, was definitely not for his liking.

The door closed quietly behind him with a little click as he drove the dead bolt home, shutting out the imposing outside world. He was hungry and made his way to the kitchen.

Mindful of his laptop for school, Sam placed the knapsack down slowly onto a chair before moving to the refrigerator, and removed the ingredients he needed to prepare his dinner. He really enjoyed cooking, and fast food was not an option he liked to entertain seriously. He was into good food, exercise and getting plenty of sleep.

The next few months were going to be extremely busy, with helping the Professor, working as a part time translator for a large on-line company and being a full time student. It didn't leave him much time to relax, and party. Not that it was something he wanted to do anyway, but what little of his time was left, he needed to spend it on studying.

Sam ate his dinner in a peaceful silence. Enjoying the fresh taste of the stir fried vegetables, lined with tender strips of skinless chicken breast, and served along side a bed of long grain brown rice.

After which he followed his boring every night routine. He did the dishes, finished his homework for the next day, showered, and went straight to bed.

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When Sam's light grey Caddy pulled into the parking lot the next day, nothing felt out of the ordinary. The people he saw on his way to class were as friendly, as they had always been.

But things changed the moment he entered the classroom. His first step passed the threshold was met with complete silence. All conversing voices stopped, and no one uttered a single word.

Looking up in surprise, he met the hateful stare of Marsha Campbell and her two sidekicks, standing at the head of the room. All six pairs of hues were giving him, their version of the famous evil eye.

His ebony gaze quickly traveled around the classroom, and noticed most women refused to meet his gaze. Instead they chose to turn away, and looking anywhere but at him. Those who threw caution to the wind and stared back, were either throwing daggers at him, or held an apologetic expression upon their smiling faces.

While his supposed friends looking on amused. Enjoy the idea that one of their own was now deeply in shit, and in the doghouse, even though he was the quietest and most respectable of the men.

Sam ignored the whole bunch of them and continued into the room. Sat down and prepared for the lesson. *He didn't have time for the silly games*, he told himself, and ignored the furious glances that were repeatedly thrown over the females' shoulders towards him.

What the hell was wrong with these bitches? He asked himself for the umpteenth time. Thank heavens he didn't have long to wait before the Professor entered the room and the class began.

Samuel's day passed without too many fanfares. He concentrated on his work and pretended not to see those blazing eyes, which would come out from nowhere, shooting fires at his body in hopes of somehow wounding him.

By the end of school day Sam knew it was official; *these women were crazy. If they spend as much time on their work, as they were on him, most would easily pass their course.'*

At the end of the day he quietly made his way to the Professor's office. Ignoring the snares and ugly sounds, which some of his immature classmates chose to make. He knew they weren't really his friends, and he felt no lost from their lack of friendship, or support.

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Standing outside the glass door, Sam read the long list of credentials listed in black lettering, before knocking gently on the panel, and alerting the occupant in the room of his arrival.

"Come in."

"Professor Kennilworth?" he greeted the scholar. "I've come as promised."

***

It was hard to believe four hectic weeks had already passed, and the weather had warmed up so nicely. The grounds were free from snow, and students along with faculty

littered the lawns.

Inside the Professor's office both men where hard at work transcribing in companionable silence. Hidden behind mountains of cluttered books and other research materials, which lined every corner of the rather large office. All except for the tight paths, left intentionally open for the men to move around.

Some of the books were so very rare and one of a kind they had to be handled gently, while others were just dusty and old; those Professor used regularly, as informants for his research.

David Kennilworth was very happy with the young man's work. He'd quickly realized his colleagues were correct about his new assistant, and counted his lucky stars by giving him more meaningful literature to translate. There was so much to be done, that even after a month, they still hadn't put a dent into the many rows, which covered the floor.

The work was slow, tedious and the room was exceedingly warm. Because of the ages of some of the books, the air conditioner proved to be useless in keeping the heat at bay. It couldn't be put on for fear of increasing the deterioration of the pages, which left the room very hot and dusty.

Suddenly Sam sneezed, unsettling a smoky trail that created swirls of little dust funnels so thick they rose into the air, only to return and settled back onto where they'd came from.

"Bless you," the teacher said absent-mindedly.

"Thank you."

David looked up from the pile of papers to the young man sitting across from him, very satisfied with his student's work. He was indeed a very diligent and a hard worker.

It was good to see those qualities in someone so young.

But one thing he couldn't seem to stop was his growing curiosity over Samuel odd behavior of wearing so many layered clothing. Each day the urge to understand grew stronger, until now it was almost unbearable.

David knew he had always the curious type, that why he was so good in his chosen field of anthology. But he needed answers to his questions about his mysterious helper. He'd already noticed Sam didn't seem to have any close friends at all, so he couldn't ask them.

Damn it, what was he hiding? *No matter how hot it was. Samuel refused to remove his clothing. Even with today's rise of a couple of degrees in temperature and made the room a lot stuffier than normal, the young man was stilled layered.*

He'd taken off his jacket and two shirts, but he still wore several more. At least another

two over-sized long sleeved shirts and a T-shirt. Something else, Samuel always wore them those horrendous, oversized glasses. Did he really need them and if he did, couldn't he have chosen a better pair, or even contact lens?

David already knew Samuel was extremely good looking, he had been watching him from day one. With his looks he should be harassed by both men and women, throwing themselves at him but they weren't. Why?

Many things about this man weren't adding up, although on the outside it did, somehow it didn't feel right. Samuel played the part so beautifully that whatever it was that was out of place, wasn't obvious to the surface, and it was gnawing at him in a very distracting fashion.

Usually he didn't care enough, to get involved in any of his student's lives, but this was different. What about this young man that drove him crazy?

"_ssor?"

"Professor?" Samuel voice called again.

"Huh?"

"Professor are you alright?"

"What?" David became aware of his name being called and blinked several times in a distracted fashion.

"Professor are you alright?" The student repeated, looking closer to the slightly dazed man.

"Yes, yes. I'm fine."

"You have been sitting there staring at me? Did I do something wrong?" Samuel asked looking directly at the Scholar.

"I have…staring?" he said, seeming surprise by the words.

"Yes, you have. Are you sure you're okay?"

"Yes, I believe so," and rubbed a tired hand across his forehead.

David gave his head a little shake and cleared out the cobwebs, before glancing back at his desk. *Would this be a good time to ask him*, o*r would he be offended, and felt it was none of his business? Ultimately he didn't know him very well*.

To hell with it, his curiosity had reached its limits he was going to go for it, and opened his mouth to ask the question. But he stopped, his mouth dropped opened and he stared.

Samuel had taken off his glasses, and was rubbing his hands tiredly across his eyes. *He… was… gorgeous…much better than the good looking he'd first assumed, and just his type.*

He looked like a younger version of that actor…ahha, what was his name? The handsome one. He played a detective in the eighties. Damn what was his name? He was never good at remembering names just faces.

Remington Steele! That's whom he looked like. Yeah, he looked like the lead actor of that detective show. Except Samuel's hair was curly not wavy. Why hadn't he noticed that before?

Yes, he had known that Samuel was good looking but not soooo damn gorgeous. Hell he didn't think any of the other students had noticed this either, or there'll be no way this young man would have be left alone. I wonder what his body __.

"Professor?"

Samuel raised his voice and broke into the older man private thoughts. David had been sitting there staring at him intensely again, this time his mouth had opened, and he actually licked his lips.

"Professor," he called again with a deadpan voice.

"What? What did you say?" the Scholar asked, a bit confused and distracted.

"Are you sure nothing is wrong?"

"Yeah, yeah I'm fine," he told his student, still not taking his hungry eyes of the young man.

Professor David Kennilworth was body was reacting to the student's presence in a very sensual way. His blood was singing loudly in his ears, his heart pound profusely in his chest and he had to cross his legs tightly together, in order to hide the growing bulge beneath his cotton slacks.

"We better get back to work," he told the young man, and turned himself back towards his desk.

Samuel slowly returned to the file he had been working on, but still kept an eye on the other man. He didn't know what it was, but something about their conversation had left him uneasy and on alert.

David kept stealing glances at his assistant from beneath his lashes, drinking in everything about him. He noticed the smooth and flourished movements of the lean body that showed no signs of being a nerd or a geek, even though the clothing suggested something different. There was no awkwardness in Samuel Churchill's movements of at all.

It was time for him to leave. The Professor's expression had changed, suddenly becoming to interested in his direction, and he didn't care for that at all. Gathering up his belongings quickly, he explained to his boss, that he just remembered a prior commitment, and that he had to leave immediately. He informed him he'll be back on Monday and was out the door, before the other man had a chance to response.

"Goodbye."

David barely had time to acknowledgement Samuel words, all he could do was to nodded his head in return, and murmur an answering 'good bye' under his breath to the retreating back. A deep frown marked his handsome face and he leaned his tensed body, back into the worn-in cavity of the leather chair, deep in thought.

It was official his assistant wasn't what he appeared, that was now fully obvious to him. As to why such a handsome young man would go out of his way, to hide that he was good looking. *Sooo damn good looking.* He hadn't a clue.

David was always a sucker for a handsome face, and it had gotten him into a few bad relationships in the pass because of it. But this situation had two things going for it that had strongly attracted his attention. The first was the attractiveness of the student and second was the secret he was hiding. What was it?

Two things which were sure to arouse his curiosity greatly, and made Samuel appeared more sexy and appealing to both the man and the researcher within him.

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Sam didn't know why, but he felt better once his front door was closed and locked behind him. The way the Professor had been staring at him, had been very settling, and he hadn't like it at all. He was glad he'd gotten out of there as quickly as possible.

Recently the Professor had been asking more detailed questions about him, each day he was becoming more inquisitive, wanting to know more about things; he had no right too. It won't be long before he would be asking more personal questions, then favors; something which Sam had no intention of ever supplying answers too.

No friends that was his motto and he had managed to keep to that plan. It would be foolish, to deviate from his chosen path at this time. Maybe some time in the far, far distance future but definitely not know.

He plated up some food and head into the living room, needed something to help him unwind. Might as well watch some television, it wasn't like there was a lot going on with him on a Friday night; work and studying was all he ever had.

The remote control for the television lay resting on the low coffee table before him. He reached over and turned the set on, flicking absently through the stations and stopped at

the basketball game. Carelessly he threw it back down on to the table, with a small thud and began to amused himself.

Twenty minutes later the loud peeling of the doorbell disturbed his solitude. He ignored it and continued to eat his rapidly cooling dinner instead. It rang again, this time more continuously, as if someone had his or her finger jammed onto the button.

"Damn, I can't even eat in peace."

Whoever it was wasn't going anywhere, but still Sam refused to answer.

The ringing finally stopped and he sighed with relief, but the contented moment was too soon. Suddenly there was a repetitive knocking, plus a constant ringing of the bell upon his door, as if they suspected he was already home.

Who the hell could it be at this time of the night? *Probably a neighbor, with some small insignificant problem, like they'd lock themselves out of their apartment, and want to use his phone, or even someone else knocking on the wrong apartment*, he told himself. *Right now he didn't care which one it was, he just wanted to be left alone*.

He put the plate back down onto the table, and dragged himself into the hallway. Angrily he opened the door, without looking through the peephole, something he normally would never have done and uttered a growl of disbelief.

"Professor?"

Both men were equally startled, but David Kennilworth was the first to recover. Pushing his way passed his gapping student, who stood there with his mouth open, doing fish imitations.

He walked towards the blaring sound of some sports game on television, and came to stop in the middle of an excellently decorated living room, that was so like his own home.

Emerald eyes traveled around the room not surprise at the high end furnishings beautifully placed together. *Very nice*. *This young man had good taste indeed*. *But that wasn't why he was there*, he dismissed and turned to face his reluctant host.
Holy Shit, what a body! *No wonder he always kept it hidden*.

Gone were the two sizes to big baggy pants that he had always seen him wore, and in its place were a tight pair of blue hip hugging jeans, which sat low on his hips with the top button suggestively undone.

Damn, it really was a shame he would cover up such beautiful thing.

His several layers of shirts were also missing, and his sexy lithe body was packed with muscles. A simple white body fitting T-shirt covered his chest, which showed him Samuel really knew his way around certain exercising equipment. *Whatever he was*

expecting it wasn't this man. He was so hot to look at!

"Professor, what are you doing here?" Sam was frowning as he spoke to the intruder, his voice no longer soft spoken but deep and growling.

"I wanted to talk with you and go over a couple of matters," David answered distractedly. He couldn't seem to stop staring at the complete change within his young student.

"And it couldn't wait until Monday?" Sam asked sarcastically, as he raised a brow in disbelief.

Even his attitude had change, David noticed. Samuel was much more aggressive, confident in both his stance, and way of speaking.

"You don't need to wear those glasses constantly do you?" David asked a bit surprised.

Except for earlier that evening, he'd never seen him without those ugly, tinted, black horned-rim glasses, which hid the beauty of his face. Those beautiful ebony hues were focused steadily on him, and David swaggered a little closer to his prey.

"No. Just for reading."

"I see."

Not really but it sounded like the right thing to say at that moment. Nothing about this young man made any sense, and his mind was flooded with more questions than answers. But that wasn't the problem at hand. He had a strong craving to jump this young man's bones, and it was steadily growing out of control.

David lowered his gaze to the middle of that wonderful frame. His eyes kept going lower, stopping just below the junction of Samuel's hips, and wondered if he was big down there.

He would bet anything he was. David licked his lips and moved in closer. *He was almost there*.

"Would you like something to eat? I was having my dinner, when you knocked on the door" Sam offered, gesturing to the now cold meal, still sitting on the coffee table.

"I interrupted you…I'm sorry I didn't meant to__," David started.

Sam held his hand up, stopping the other man's apology. "Come with me."

He picked up the cold meal and led the way into the kitchen, which gave off a homey feel to it. The uninvited guest walked slowly behind his host, taking in the winding movements of his hips. *Young men should have a lot of stamina,* he thought with a smile.

Samuel glided around the kitchen, his movement's comfortable and sure, showing he knew his way around the room. He set two places on the table, and a wave his hand to indicate that they should both sit down.

"Something smells great. Are you a good cook?" David asked, and sniffed the tempting aroma in the air.

"You can give me the answer to that, after you've eaten," Samuel answered with a straight face.

The smell was so inviting delicious, that his taste buds were starting to drool. David closed his eyes, as the first morsel fell onto his tongue, and he savored the small piece of meat like it was the only thing he would be allowed to eat.

The men talk as they ate and David told him something about himself, like what a lousy cook he was. How all his friends, and past lovers knew that it was dangerous to eat anything he had prepared. He had even gone so far as to banned himself from every kitchen, including his own, and he single handedly supported several restaurants near his home.

"Mmmm."

Sam smiled, enjoying the other man appreciative expression. His uninvited guest was having a very private moment with his food, you could almost say it was sensual experience.

"This is soooo delicious," the Professor drawled out.

"Thank you." The cook answered, giving him a grateful nod.

"Mmmm."

He ate everything, then looked down to the lonely plate. David wanted more. He wasn't still hungry, but the young man's cooking was so delicious, he just had to have more.

Sam watched his guest stared dejectedly at the empty plate sitting in front of him. He hadn't expecting any guest, and cooked his regular amount. It was more than enough for one and barely enough for two.

He rose and went to the refrigerator, bringing out a cherry cheesecake; he'd made two days previously. Cut two generous slices off and placed one down in front of the Professor.

Happy warmth filled the glittering green hues as they were thankfully turned upon him.

"You made this?" his teacher asked, reaching for his fork.

“Yes.”

It was the lightest cheesecake he’d ever tasted.

“Hmmm.” David moaned in appreciation, his mouth filled with the melting pie.

The flavor was perfect. Not to strong on the cheese, or not too weak in flavor. The balance was just right. And he told him so repeatedly, even as he finished his third piece.

“AAA,” he groaned.

“Are you full now?” Samuel asked, as David slumped back into the chair a slight grimace on his face.

“Ummhmm. I can’t believe I ate so much,” the other man groaned, and rubbing his stomach in slight pain. “I couldn’t eat another bite.”

David felt liked his stomach it was going to burst. *He was so full*. He stretched his hands tiredly above his head, pulled his shirt out and loosened the top button on his trousers. Sam finished putting the dishes in the dishwasher and turned it on, then he invited the other man to follow him into the living room.

“Let’s go into the living room.”

“I can’t move. I ate too much. Just leave me here,” the Scholar groaned, refusing to budge.

Sam helped him up and carried most of his weight into the other room, before gently letting him slide down onto the sofa. The Professor could hardly keep his eyes open. He was trying. They had things he wanted to discuss with Sam, important things then he had to leave.

“Professor,” Samuel called out. “Professor?”

He couldn’t believe this. This man forced his way into his home, had eaten his food and now fallen asleep on his sofa. *Shit, what the hell was he supposed to do with him? What should he do? He didn’t like people staying over night*.

“David?”

Damn it, wake up and go home!

“Professor?” he said louder.

“Hmmm,” the sleeping man mumbled.

“Time to go home, I’ll call you a cab.”

The older man opened unfocused eyes and then climbed onto the sofa. He stretched himself out, placed his head into Sam's lap and went back to sleep.

Shit, Sam knew he had no choice. He had to let the Scholar stay for the night. *But just this once he told himself*. He better go get a pillow and blanket for his guest.

Easing the head off his lap proved pretty easy but as he tried to get up David's arm grabbed his leg, stalling his movement.
What the hell is wrong with this man?

"I'll be right back," he spoke softly to the sleeping form as he tried to pry his way free. The hand eased and he was finally allowed to move away. Quickly he returned with the extra pillow and blanket.

Sam lifted the sleeping Professor unto his lap and removed his jacket and open several buttons on his shirt. Carefully removed the man pants, replaced him down onto the couch and tucked him in. He shook out the professor's clothing and put them in the matching single chair directly across from him. He wanted him to find them easily in the morning.

Man what a night. Sam knew he was too stressed to do any work tonight, so he planned to put it off. He would have to continue translating tomorrow.

He locked up the apartment for the night and retreated to his bedroom. Wondering again why he was letting this man get so close to him, when he'd chased many others that had previously tried to enter his world away.

Sam shook his head in bafflement as he changed for the night, into a loose fitting pair of pajama shorts, before he slipped into bed. It had been a long week and he was tired. It didn't take long for the young man to ease into slumber land, forgetting about his somewhat crazy teacher, David Kennilworth and his habit of sometimes making him uneasy.

Something woke him. It alerted Sam to another person in the room and on his bed. Their ridged flesh rubbing together as the other person gyrated his hips across his body, and his hands moved automatically to push the offender off him immediately.

"No don't," a voice begged.

"Professor?" Sam raised his head in disbelief to look upon the figure lying stretched across his body. "What the hell are you doing?"

"If you don't know them I doing something wrong," David moaned, as he rubbed his face into the bigger man nape.

Sam's body was responding to the other man's touch, in ways he was uncomfortable with. His breathing had become shallow and his erect rod twitched against his clothing in

irritation.

"No!" This wasn't what he wanted.

His guest was naked.

"Get to hell out!"

"Samuel?"

"Get to hell out now!" Sam shouted. Surprise in the situation making his voice deep and growled with a deadly edge.

The older man stilled and then moved as if his joints had stiffened up. He withdrew and sat upon the edge of the bed with both feet planted squarely onto the floor. With his head lowered to his chest David rose intending to leave.

He'd taken a couple of steps before he stopped and turned back to the bed. "I'm sorry I offended you." his sensuous voice apologized softly. "I'll leave as quickly as I can get dress."

Sam sighed, feeling like an idiot for having shouted at his teacher. *But what the hell did the Professor think he was doing*?
"You didn't offend me. You surprised me. It's not everyday I wake up to some man attacking me in my sleep."

David's face blushed with color and he refused to turn his head away in shame. Instead he looked squarely into the younger handsome face and tried to explain his situation. *Oh god what a mess*! He thought and took a deep breath, as he acknowledged to himself, the relationship between them had now became more complicated.

"I like you Samuel."

His student looked up in surprised. "What did you say?" he asked.

"I really like you."

He couldn't have heard him right. No one ever liked him for just himself. They all just wanted to use him for their own personal advancements.

"I like you," the Professor repeated. "I like everything about you, except maybe those ugly clothes you always wear to class and those awful glasses."

David slowly move toward the younger man and stop beside the bed; a small nervous smile circled his mouth. "Go out with me?" he asked.

Sam's head had followed each step the other had taken, watching as he stood there

naked and vulnerable. *He wanted too accept and say yes so badly. He wanted someone to like him for himself not for his mental contributions or his body. He was tired of being alone. Of continuously fooling himself with the thought, that this wasn't what he really wanted.*

"Please?" the Scholar begged.

A pair of arms opened wide and slowly circled around the naked figure.

"So you'll go out with me?" the question was again asked from above.

Sam rested his head on the naked stomach and allowed himself to hope once more, maybe this man really did liked him for himself.

"Yeah, I like you."

"And you're willing to go out with me?" David asked, tightening his arms around him.

"Yeah, I'll go out with you," Sam answered.

"That's good," the naked man paused and a humble look crossed his face. "Do you think maybe there's a chance that we could umm…continue where I left off?" pushing his hips gently forward in a suggestive way, and let his throbbing erection move across Sam's solid chest.

He felt the throbbing cock twitched against his bare skin and Sam smiled into the flat stomach, before pulling back far enough to gently pulled his lover down beside him onto the bed; then he slid the naked body beneath his own.

"Yeah I think so," he whispered against David's already parted mouth.

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Alexander Cee.

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BIOGRAPHY:

Alexander Cee is a gifted and talented person who started writing at the tender age of three years old.

The author really enjoys writing and story telling. This is something that comes forth naturally, and with each book the reader is given an almost voyageur feeling, as they read and enjoy these wonderfully written stories.

This published author has credits to the name. Their latest work are 'WHOSE BEEN SLEEPING IN MY BED' is a short story with a Red Riding Hood twist.

It's about a cop who is forced to go on a vacation, subsequently becomes lost in the forest and stumbles upon shelter for the night, in a beautiful lodging.

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And now 'ALI BABBA AND THE MANY THIEVES' another short story. This one is about a group of overworked, worldwide police officers that must bring down, an unstoppable team of international crooks.

With diverse and exciting stories like these let's hope many more are forth coming.