

# Chapter 10

## Hot Shower

After finishing another drink, Sam handed it to Reno who placed it back in the holder. Snuggling closer, he closed his eyes and sighed. He wasn't trying to forget whom he was with. He was trying to forget that the rest of the world existed. The heat, the alcohol, and the day were finally catching up with him and Reno's arms seemed a safe place to rest. He tried to think about how Andy was doing but realized that he didn't care very much beyond hoping that his boyfriend was having a good time. He wondered, hazily, when Andy had begun to feel less like a lover and more like a friend...a friend that he was drifting away from. He then wondered, as he kissed Reno lazily across his chest, why it didn't bother him.

Feeling relaxed, Reno sighed and kissed Sam on the side of the head. He had been enjoying the conversation almost as much as having Sam sitting in his lap. It had taken all of his willpower to refrain from caressing the other man's cock beneath the water. It was definitely time to proceed. "Wanna go take a shower?" he asked quietly. "Looks like AJ and Keith are ready to go and I think Juan and Ricky want the hot tub to themselves."

Sam slowly blinked his eyes open and looked over at Juan and Ricky who were currently whispering to each other and nuzzling. Keith looked exhausted and AJ was putting their drink cups aside as they prepared to go. Sam sat up and hated for the afternoon with Reno to end but knew that it was time. "Sure," he murmured, feeling lightheaded. "A shower sounds good and it might wake me up. I told you I was in danger of ending up in bed this afternoon."

"No bed for you," Reno quipped. "You have work to do." He rose and offered his hand. "The shower will wake you up and get you energized."

Sam grasped Reno's hand and stood up. He felt a bit dizzy from the effects of being dehydrated and then resolving that issue with large alcoholic beverages.

"Yeah," AJ said, also standing and helping Keith up. "We're out of here too. I think we have a nap in our near future so we can have enough energy for tonight. Juan and Ricky, congratulations again and try not to dirty the whirlpool...and Sam and Reno, enjoy the rest of your stay and we hope to run into all of you again."

"I hope so as well," Reno said and nodded. "A pleasure meeting all of you."

"It was nice meeting you," Sam also said and smiled at both couples. "I had a nice time."

AJ laughed. "Yes, but I don't think that had anything to do with us. Reno seems to have the right touch with you. It was rather amusing to watch from our ringside seats."

Sam reddened and kept his grip on Reno's hand as he stepped out of the whirlpool. Giving himself a token once over with a towel so he didn't drip, he picked up his knapsack and followed Reno down a long hallway that had signs posted indicating the direction of the showers.

Reno led the way down a tiled hallway. Some of the showers were in use but most were vacant. He led them to the end of the hall and opened the glass door on the last shower. He pulled Sam in and then locked the door. "This one looks good," he said and set his backpack on the bench in the outer room. Each shower consisted of a small changing area with a bench and several hooks on both walls.

Beyond a cloth curtain and a four-inch step, was a generously sized shower. "Turn the water on," Reno instructed. "I've got shampoo and conditioner." His eyes sparkled merrily and he did not mention that he also had condoms and lube.

Sam's brow furrowed and he wondered if Reno meant for them to shower together. He supposed it wasn't a big deal since he did it at the gym all the time although never in the same stall. He couldn't imagine that going over well with the other men there. Stepping into the shower, he turned it on, and adjusted the temperature so that it wasn't quite as hot as the whirlpool but didn't shock their system by being too cold. Leaving his trunks on, Sam stood beneath the shower

and let the water run over his face and down his chest. “Water is perfect,” Sam called out to Reno. “Warm, wet, and perfect.”

“The water isn’t the only thing that’s perfect,” Reno murmured as he walked into the shower and set the shampoo and conditioner on a built-in shelf. “As a matter of fact, it’s less perfect than someone I see.” He closed the distance between them and, with the water cascading over both of them, pulled Sam into an embrace. He leaned forward and slowly licked a very delectable lower lip.

Sam stood still. His hands lightly cupped Reno’s elbows and he shivered. The reality that he had been seeking earlier was standing before him and there was no audience to perform for. His breath hitched slightly. With eyes wide open, Sam licked back tentatively. His tongue gathered a few of the drops of water that had splashed on Reno’s face. “Are— are we still Sam and Reno?” he whispered. “Are we still an *us* right now even with nobody around?”

Reno could have answered that question in many ways ranging from a very truthful elucidation of what it was they were really doing to a contrived and fanciful exposition about love and permanency. He chose to answer with an enigmatic smile and a single word. “Yes.” He then tipped his head and kissed Sam.

There was no urgency in the kiss or desperation. To Sam, it felt more like finding something that had been lost. Tilting his head back slightly, he met Reno’s lips and pushed away any sense of right or

wrong. He didn't want to think about that. He didn't want to think at all. His hands slipped around Reno's back. His fingers splayed wide as he pulled Reno a little closer with the water running down both their faces in rivulets. The kiss was wet and filled with passion. Sam sighed the word, "Perfect."

"Yes," Reno repeated into Sam's mouth. As they continued to kiss, he slid his hands down Sam's sides and across his back. His fingers seemed to memorize every angle and every curve while savoring the soft supple skin. After what seemed to be an eternity, he slid his thumbs underneath the waistband of Sam's board shorts and slowly eased them over the other man's hips.

Sam could feel the shorts moving down and knew what was about to happen. His body wanted it but a loose word began to boomerang around his head with a force that caused him to wince in confusion. *Andy*. The word began to swell, but then something else began to swell and Sam wondered if it really was so bad to cheat just once. "It's not cheating," he slurred, thinking out loud. "I'm thinking it's not if nobody else wants you. Don't you agree?"

"I do," Reno murmured. A rush of excitement coursed through him at the thought that soon he would be buried deep inside the other man and it would feel incredible. "No. More so." He carefully slid the waistband over Sam's cock and then pushed them as far down as he could without bending over. "Who wouldn't want you? You were made to be loved...created for passion."

“Made for it?” Sam breathed and hung on to every word. It had been forever since Sam had truly felt wanted or desired. Part of him wanted to feel guilty about what he was doing but the rush of need was just too strong. He couldn’t stop accepting what Reno had to offer any more than he could stop breathing but he couldn’t pretend that it was completely okay either when he whispered, “I don’t think cheaters are allowed love but I think I’m willing to take the passion.”

“You deserve love every minute of every day,” Reno disagreed huskily. “Love, passion, desire, all of it.” He gently turned Sam around and began kissing the back of the other man’s neck. Opting to delay the marking, he savored the unique taste of Sam mingling with warmth and water. His hand slid around the man’s hip, caressed the soft curly hairs, and then his fingers circled Sam’s cock. “Don’t think. Just feel... and surrender.”

Sam’s hands came up and he pressed them against the wet tiles as he groaned softly and pushed himself back against Reno. His head dropped down until his chin was nearly on his chest. Water ran down his hair, over his face, and washed away any evidence that Reno’s words had brought tears to his eyes. He wanted to deserve all of that. He had tried for many years to earn it but he had never been good enough. Shaking his head, Sam gave up and gave in. He decided to listen to Reno and surrender. If he never received such attention again in his life, he, at least, wanted a memory.

“Please...Reno,” he said in a rough voice. “Just— just want to feel you inside me. Can you do that...?”

“I can,” Reno murmured as his hand slid down Sam’s cock. His fingertips lovingly caressed the veins and ridges and then swirled over the tip. He rubbed the slit a few times and then drew his fingers back up the length.

Sam couldn’t believe how hard he was with a few simple touches. He could feel Reno pushing against him from behind and wanted nothing more than to be filled. Sam blinked when it felt as if the floor had tilted beneath him and shifted to keep from falling over. He wondered vaguely if cheating could make someone physically ill. “This is so wrong,” he gasped. His cock twitched with each touch. “I want you though. I just want you and nothing else even if I do go to hell for doing somethin’ so wrong.”

“Oh, no,” Reno said. He loved the breathy, almost desperate, quality of Sam’s voice. It aroused and made him want to claim the other man even more. “This is *right*. Nothing but pleasure...” While he began to stroke Sam’s length faster and harder, with his free hand he reached outside the shower and found his backpack. “Hold on.” He unzipped a pouch, found a condom and tube of lubricant, and set them on the ledge next to the shampoo and conditioner.

Sam began to thrust into Reno’s hand with uneven movements and when he nearly stumbled, his fingers tried futilely to grip the slick tiles.

Reno's arm around him tightened and kept him from falling since his knees seemed to want to buckle. Yet all Sam could really think about, more than anything else, was how much he wanted to feel Reno moving inside of him and taking him completely. "Please don't make me wait," Sam moaned. His voice was filled with desire. "Need you to hurry...can you just do that for me?"

"Anything, my Sam," Reno replied in a low voice. Picking up the tube that he had just set down, he popped the cap off with his thumb. He let go of Sam's cock to squeeze some lube onto his finger. Careful to not let it wash away, he pushed Sam's cheeks apart and then slid his finger along the crack. He circled the puckered opening once and then slid the finger inside. "And everything..."

Deep in the back of his throat, Sam made a short sound that seemed like something between a whine and a whimper. Every nerve ending seemed primed for touch and his muscles instinctively clenched around Reno's finger before gradually relaxing and responding to the careful strokes. He pushed backward in an attempt to get more of anything that Reno was giving. His thighs trembled and he could barely control his breathing. The arousal being brought on by Reno's touches was taking Sam to places he hadn't realized could exist.

"Ah!" Sam cried out when a particular touch had him clenching with pleasure again. "That's...so g— good. Waited f— forever, Reno..." It was true. He had been waiting for a long time to fly even though his wings were constantly being clipped. He could feel something

unfurling inside of him, a chasm closing, and he had to bite down on his bottom lip to keep his emotions in check.

Sam's words almost made Reno pause. It seemed odd to him that the other man had been waiting *forever* for this. It both saddened and elated him. "And it's only going to get better," he answered and carefully slid another finger inside Sam. "Better and better, baby."

With his eyes shut tight, Sam nodded. He already knew it was only going to get better. He wasn't going to think about what came afterward. The rational part of Sam knew that he should grab his things and go back to his room but he couldn't do that. He knew that he was being selfish but he wanted this domino to fall even if it meant there would be nothing left standing in the end. Sam realized that he was going to hurt Andy, but he didn't want to hurt Reno. It was telling that he cared more about the latter than the former.

Shoving back again unsteadily, Sam practically fucked himself on Reno's fingers in his desperation to drown out those thoughts. "Just do it...just...inside me now, please! I don't want to think anymore and— and I can't stop," he pleaded. Most of his words were little more than needy breathless gasps.

"Stop thinking," Reno instructed as he pulled his fingers out. He reached for the packet on the little shelf, ripped it open with his teeth, and slipped the thin latex condom over his length. Holding it at the base of his cock, he slid his shaft up and down Sam's crease. "Is this

what you want, baby?" he asked but didn't wait for a reply before flexing his hips and driving his entire length past the tight entrance and all the way inside.

Sam answering moan indicated that it was just what he wanted and exactly how much he wanted it. There was no going back. Sam felt his body tense and then mold itself around Reno with a swiftness that surprised him. With so many long gaps in his sex life with Andy, it seemed that there was always an uncomfortable moment of adjustment with just a touch of pain. The stretching was there, the slight burn, but the pain never appeared this time. He tilted his hips more and lifted his ass higher so as to take in even more of Reno. There was only one thing that would make the moment even more perfect. "Kiss me?" Sam murmured while turning his head to the side to seek out the one thing that would take their act from sex to lovemaking.

"Yes," Reno said huskily and leaned forward to capture Sam's lips. He began to thrust deliberately with both his cock and his tongue. It felt as if each movement allowed him to own the other man more and more. Sam's muscles were perfectly tight and smooth around his length. Desire pooled in his loins and radiated outward. Wanting more, he shifted so that he would be hitting Sam's prostate with every forceful thrust and then broke the kiss with a possessive growl.

"Mine." He lightly bit Sam's chin and then nuzzled his way down the other man's neck. When he reached the spot just above the base,

where the pulse beat strongly, he again bit the skin before sucking on it.

All hazy thoughts were finally erased from Sam's mind and everything simply became a reaction. He met each movement by pressing back and rolling his hips. The laving and sucking on his neck had him tilting his head so that it lay back on Reno's opposite shoulder. He no longer had the energy to keep it upright. Sam felt every inch of Reno inside of him. One hand slid down the tiled wall and then reached down so Sam could palm his own cock. He needed to travel alongside Reno instead of trailing behind. "Yours," Sam groaned. He hoped he would be able to feel Reno for days afterward.

"Please...harder."

Reno groaned. Sam's words aroused him even more. The harder he drove into the willing body, the more he felt surrounded by flames of burning passion and the more he wanted to completely possess the other man. Thrusting more forcibly and deliberately, he held Sam tightly while sucking harder on the slender neck and reaching around to join his hand with Sam's.

There was so much pleasure skating over Sam's body and it was everything that he had needed. There was nothing perfunctory in Reno's movements. It felt as if what he and Reno were exchanging was the kind of give and take that lovers shared when they wanted to make their partners happy. "I'm so close," Sam groaned. His rhythm became erratic as he slammed back against Reno while thrusting into

their joined hands. The steamy water continued to rain down on them. It washed away the visible signs of betrayal except for the blossoming bruise forming beneath Reno's mouth as he continued to work the tender flesh. "So close...Reno!"

Reno lifted his head and briefly stared at the mark he'd left on Sam's neck before inhaling deeply and increasing his pace to near merciless. "Come for me," he murmured while tightening his hold on Sam's hand and cock and lowering his mouth to the other man's lips. He wanted to capture Sam's orgasm completely.

Sam's knees finally buckled from the assault of so much stimulation and it was only Reno's strong arms that kept him from collapsing when he began to come so hard that he splashed the tiles with white streaks that were quickly taken away by cascading water. His moans were swallowed by Reno with a ferocity that kept Sam on an electrifying high as his body shuddered over and over and he rode out his release.

Sam's body tightening around his length as well as feeling the man surrender to orgasm against him was sheer bliss and pushed Reno over the edge. He rammed in two more times before relinquishing his own control. Maddening desire surged through him like an uncontrolled wildfire. His kiss became rougher and he held Sam forcefully as he came. When the pleasure finally subsided, he broke the kiss and leaned them against a corner of the shower.

Sam tipped his head so it rested against the tiles. His breathing was ragged and fast. Wrapping both arms around Reno's, he sighed as his muscles began relaxing in small increments. The water continued to beat down upon both of them with a soothing rhythm and Sam felt the pull of sleep. His eyes felt heavy and his limbs felt weak. He playfully wondered if Reno would mind his taking a quick nap right there in his arms. The idea of it sounded appealing as long as he didn't tip his head back and drown. Sam nearly laughed out loud at that image as he grasped one of Reno's hands with his own, brought it up, and kissed the back of it twice. "I almost forgot how nice it was to do this in the shower," he said in a soft, lazy voice. "Multi-tasking at its best."

"There's nothing quite like gettin' down and dirty when you're tryin' to get squeaky clean," Reno answered lightheartedly. Grabbing the base of the condom to hold it in place, he cautiously pulled out, peeled it off, and then tied off the end. He tossed it in a conveniently placed wastebasket in the outer area and then reached for his shower gel, which was still in the backpack. "Now let's see about getting clean before we turn into prunes." He squeezed a large dollop of the gel onto his hand and then began lathering Sam's back and torso with long sure strokes of his hand.

"Oh," Sam said with obvious pleasure while arching his back.

"That's...what would that be called? Afterplay? Can't be foreplay anymore so it must be afterplay and it's just as good as I thought it

would be if I had actually thought about it.” He reached back with both hands and tried to grab Reno’s hips mischievously. “Don’t use all the soap up because I’m doing you next.”

“That sounds like just what the doctor ordered,” Reno replied. He thoroughly massaged the rest of Sam’s body as he worked the shower gel into the supple skin. He found that he enjoyed touching the other man. It was the perfect ending to a very pleasurable encounter. “You’re going to smell like me,” he murmured as he handed Sam the bottle.

“Well, that’s okay,” Sam said honestly as he brought the bottle in front of him to examine it closely. It looked expensive. Bringing the bottle even closer, he smelled the contents before pouring some in his hand and turned suddenly to face Reno. He set the bottle on the shelf and began running soapy hands across Reno’s chest and up over his shoulders, a sated smile on his face. “I like the way you smell. I mean, it’s not chocolatey or anything but nobody’s perfect. If we ever take a shower together again, let me know ahead of time and I’ll bring my gel and then you can smell like me. That would be nice too.”

“It would,” Reno agreed. “And I’d love to try it as long as it’s not chocolate.” He pulled Sam in closer and pressed a chaste kiss against the other man’s lips. “But I much prefer the thought of you smelling like me.”

“Sure,” Sam agreed after kissing Reno back. “I think I prefer that too. You know what I was thinking?” Sam said even though his mind felt addled. He paused to lean his head forward against Reno and yawned as his hands lathered Reno’s hips and thighs. He wanted to touch every inch of skin. “I was thinking that I had a lot of fun swimming and playing the game and meeting new people. That’s more people than I usually see in a month, I think, and it was really exciting to meet Juan since they went and named a drink after him and everything. Remember? I ordered it yesterday.”

“I do remember,” Reno said and smiled pointedly. He was very pleased that it had been Sam to order the Juan Collins. “I was looking for the perfect drink and I got you instead.” He caressed the side of the man’s face tenderly. “How much work do you have to do? I’m having fun and I want to suggest that we find other things to do but I know that you have deadlines and that they are pretty damn important.”

Sam’s smile was bright as Reno acknowledged his work and what needed to be done. It still surprised him to have someone consider it a priority. “I’ll finish the other big job today and then I have the small one which will take a few hours in the morning or tomorrow night and that’s it. I’m having fun too and if I didn’t have the deadlines I would say yes to all those fun things. You make me laugh,” Sam admitted before stepping close and bringing his slick hands around to stroke Reno’s back. “Just need to make sure your back gets clean too.”

“My back definitely needs to be clean,” Reno teased and again kissed Sam’s lips. “We do need to get going though, otherwise I might be tempted to toss you over my shoulder, bring you to my room, and ravage your delectable body.” He smiled wickedly. “And that would not be conducive to your getting your work done.”

“I really do need to get my work done,” Sam said while moving to stand beneath the water to rinse off. What he most wanted was a long nap and an image of his bed came to mind although Reno was lying there next to him. He shook his head. “I’m thinking your room might not produce the results my clients are looking for.” He laughed then. “I don’t do those kinds of websites!”

“But they would be fun.” Reno teased and then laughed as he too rinsed off. When they finished, he turned the water off and stepped outside the shower. He offered Sam his hand. “Did you have lunch?” he asked. “I may have asked you before but I forgot what you said.”

Sam held Reno’s hand as he stepped out and picked up a towel to start drying off. “No, no lunch. I never eat in the middle of a project because it slows me down but I had an apple a few hours ago. I’ll probably order a sandwich when I get back or a salad. And maybe some coffee. My head feels like all my thoughts are being filtered through cotton.” After drying his hair, he laid the towel down to fish his jeans out of his bag. Like his favorite pair, these ones were also soft and well worn with the knees nearly broken through. Since he was always home, Sam rarely bought clothes for going out even if he

did like dressing up. After having new clothing hang in his closet for months or even a year without getting any use, Sam decided it was a waste of money. Once the jeans were buttoned and zipped, Sam slipped the black tank top back on and ran a hand through his hair. He grinned at Reno. “Low maintenance has its benefits.”

“Mmmm...it does. How about I order you a nice lunch?” Reno suggested. He liked the idea of taking care of Sam. “It would please me to do so and I promise to make it healthy.” He smiled as he slipped into a dry pair of gray shorts and a short sleeve white Henley. He leaned forward and kissed Sam a little more thoroughly. “And being pampered and spoiled every now and then is good for you.”

“I’ll just have to take your word for that,” Sam replied while licking his lips after the kiss. “And a healthy lunch sounds good. Don’t want to ruin all that exercise with junk food although I do have half a brownie left. I’m saving it for after I get this project done. It’s my reward.”

Sam’s smile turned a bit shy. “It won’t be as good as the reward I had after finishing the first project, though.”

“Well, maybe, we’ll have to see about getting you another reward for finishing your second project.” Reno packed his shampoo, conditioner, and shower gel as well as his bathing suit and the tee shirt that he’d been wearing into his backpack. “I bet I can find a reward that will make you want to finish quickly.”

“Has to top this one, though,” Sam decided, feeling a bit adventurous. He might have blamed it on the alcohol except that he had been feeling the need to be more open for a while...ever since losing his friend. “The second project could turn out to be really dangerous and I also run the risk of eye strain looking at the screen for so long so that calls for something special.” Sam widened his eyes and turned serious for a moment. “Not that this wasn’t special. I currently have nothing that tops this so it’s in the lead, just in case you’re interested to know that.” Sam smiled, took Reno’s hand, and tugged in order to get him to follow. “Now quit bugging me and let me get my work done, Moreno. Did I mention I like your name?”

“No, you didn’t,” Reno said and followed Sam out of the shower after picking up both of their backpacks. “Not many people do. Only my Mom calls me that, though, so you can stick with Reno.” He laughed. “Let’s get you back to your room and then I will order you a healthy lunch fit for a king. Sound good?”

“Well, then you’re lucky with Moreno because my mother still calls me Sammy, even in public,” Sam grumbled. “There are other nicknames, too, that she uses but those are best kept secret for the sake of my pride.” He let Reno take the lead since he really wasn’t sure where they were or exactly how they had gotten there. “Lunch sounds good, thanks. This was a good day and I’m glad you let me pick you up at the bar. It was all a part of my master plan, you know. I always

wanted to snag a demon lord and I knew it was you the minute I saw you. Nice disguise, though.”

“I always make sure to have good disguises,” Reno answered as he led them back into the hotel. “It’s all part of *my* master plan to lure in helpless mortals. I’m a very clever demon lord. Now, tell me if you have any food issues or dislikes so that I may select the most enticing morsels for you.”

“Just no mushrooms, please,” Sam said with a small shudder. “At least, not where I can see, taste, or feel them. If you can get past those barriers then I have no problem with them. It’s not like they ever did anything to me.” The shower had been nice but hadn’t quite dispelled the effects of the alcohol and his eyes narrowed as he carefully tried to walk without stumbling. “You know what would be nice? If room service meant that they could bring your room to you. I would pay good money for that.”

“I can do it for free,” Reno teased. “But it would have to be over my shoulder and you already warned me of the consequences.” He wrapped his arm around Sam’s waist while finding his room key to show security. “You’ll have to settle for this.” They quickly reached the elevator and Reno pressed the button for the elevator

“I like this better anyway,” Sam admitted while leaning into Reno.

“Seems like we keep ending up this way which is not a bad thing but

it's just something I noticed. I also noticed I didn't get to pay for any drinks. Did you notice that?"

"I wasn't paying very close attention," Reno said as elevator doors to their right opened. Five people exited and then they entered. Once the door was closed and he had pressed the button for the tenth floor, he tipped his head to the side, nipped Sam's ear, and whispered, "I was too busy paying attention to someone's *assets*."

Sam flushed a light shade of crimson and smiled before replying. "As long as you didn't discover any liabilities then I guess I can't really fault you for that."

"None that I could see," Reno quipped and smiled wickedly as the doors to the elevator opened. He found the other man's answer both amusing and adorable. "Or, at least, none that I will admit to discovering. I am a demon lord after all and I won't disclose everything that I know." He directed them, still arm in arm, towards Sam's room.

"I definitely have a few," Sam confided as they reached his room. "We won't discuss my obsession with listening to Etta James sing 'At Last' while eating chocolate and wearing boxers that say Sam I Am on them. Nope, nothing humiliating about you knowing that." With his face even redder than before, Sam reached for his bag and pulled the key card out. "I hope you'll be discreet about the boxer information.

Until now it was only between me and Dr. Seuss but I'm going to trust you on this."

"I promise, Sam I Am," Reno said and smiled as he took Sam's key card. "Allow me." He opened the door and held it for Sam to enter. "I'm going to order you some lunch and I want you to eat it. Then I want you to get your work done, okay?"

"Anything you say," Sam replied as he walked inside and turned to face Reno with a mischievous grin. "But only because I happen to agree with everything you say. Which means either you're very smart or I am. I'm thinking it's both of us, though."

Reno followed Sam into the room just enough to close the distance. He pulled the other man against him. "Both of us," he murmured and then kissed Sam. The kiss was passionate but also tender and loving. He knew that he was most likely kissing Sam goodbye. He pulled away slowly. "And I expect you to call me if you need help focusing or if you need a reward." He quickly kissed Sam's lips again and then waved goodbye as he left.

Sam smiled at Reno and waved before closing the door. He was still a bit dizzy and could feel the alcohol still running through his system as he made his way to the bed, flopped down on his stomach, and closed his eyes. His mood was still happy as he thought vaguely that there was something he was forgetting. It had to be the lunch Sam

decided. Knowing that he would hear the door when room service arrived, his last thoughts were of Reno as he drifted off to sleep.

Reno strode quickly back to the elevators and went to his suite. On the way he met the two young men who spoke mostly French and were staying in one of the other suites on his floor. They had shown some interest in him the previous day and he had neither dissuaded nor encouraged them. This time they were on their way out so there wasn't much time for interaction and that pleased him. He had to order lunch.

Once in his suite, he picked up the room service menu and perused it quickly. He ordered Sam a cup of butternut squash soup with crème fraiche, insalata caprese, and a mochaccino. He instructed them to add a note saying 'Work hard' and sign it R. He was assured that the order would arrive within fifteen minutes. After he finished placing the order, he retrieved his cell phone and sighed at the abundance of text messages and voicemails that were awaiting him. He had never been one for faux sentimentality and he was pleasantly surprised at how much he had enjoyed the afternoon. He hoped that Sam would have no regrets.