



Now He
Knows

Dana Love

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Chapter One

Tyler couldn't believe he'd let Rich talk him into this. Sure, his friend was correct in pointing out that he hadn't been on a date all year. He hadn't gotten laid since last Christmas, and that little incident was a disaster in itself. He'd never drink tequila again. But he simply didn't have time to worry about finding a girlfriend when he was concentrating on finishing his sophomore year, paying his half of the rent and expenses for the home he shared with his roommate Cameron by working two part-time jobs, and

still managing to study and get some sleep.

He'd agreed to go out with Amy after Rich had given him shit about needing some female attention for the umpteenth time. She was cute, small and blond with a nice smile, and she didn't seem like a complete idiot when they'd talked on the phone Monday. What he hadn't expected was for her to be all over him the minute he picked her up at the dorm. She had immediately grabbed his hand and pulled him down for a quick kiss on the lips before heading out to his truck. Sliding right next to him on the bench seat, she placed her hand

on his thigh. He couldn't be sure if her actions could be considered normal behavior since he'd been out of the game so long, but he certainly didn't think so. He shrugged it off, figuring some girls were just more touchy-feely than others.

The ride to the theater wasn't all bad. They talked about school and her roommate, who she detested with a passion. Not for the reasons one would think, like coming in late or having guys over all the time, but because she was always reading and studying. Amy loved music, he knew this because she told him at least five times during the short ride to their

destination, but her roommate had asked her to use her ear buds because it was too much of a distraction. Amy hated ear buds. She'd insisted he look at her ears, despite the fact that they were driving in heavy traffic, and asked him if her ears looked normal to him because she couldn't find ear buds that would fit. To be honest, her ears were a little large for her head, but he wasn't going to point that out. Her hand was too close to his junk to risk that.

She agreed to see an action flick and for that he was grateful. He just didn't realize the reason Amy didn't care what they were seeing was that

she had absolutely no intention of watching the movie. When she wasn't on her phone she was rubbing his leg, running her fingers through the back of his hair, or gripping his hand tightly in hers. None of her actions had the desired effect, and he finally had to excuse himself to go to the restroom just to get a break.

He shook his head at his reflection in the mirror and pulled out his phone. He had a text from Angie, his best friend from high school. She'd be getting an earful from him too. She'd encouraged this blind date almost as much as Rich had.

Angie: How's it going, is she hot?

Me: I think she's trying to get in my pants.

Angie: And? Is she hot?

He laughed at her response. Angie thought like a guy. She prided herself on that fact. She didn't have many friends who were girls, and she seemed to like it that way. It was the same way in high school. She'd approached him one day at lunch out of the blue, asking if he wanted to come play PS3 at her house while her parents were gone. He'd thought she was making a play for him and had been flattered. She was one of the prettiest girls at their school, dark hair and fair skin with the prettiest green

eyes he'd ever seen. Turns out, she just really wanted to play PS3. For four hours. She was funny and easy to be around, but definitely not interested in anything more. They'd been friends ever since.

Me: She's cute. Not feeling it though.

Angie: Sorry.

Me: It's okay.

Angie: Talk to you tomorrow?

Me: Sure. You're buying me lunch.

Angie: Deal.

He took another look at himself in the mirror. He figured he was average looking, five feet eleven with dark hair and a strong jaw. His nose was

straight, and his eyes were a nice shade of blue. No one knew where the blue eyes came from. His mom had green eyes and his father brown. Cameron had joked once that he'd been gypped and was jealous of Ty's blue eyes. Cam got the blond hair but he was stuck with brown eyes. His roommate was taller than him, a couple inches over six feet, with a leaner build.

Tyler worked hard to maintain his body. When he'd been in junior high he'd struggled with his weight. Luckily he'd shot up and not out. That coupled with countless hours running and at the gym resulted in a toned

form that he was proud of. The observation didn't help him understand why Amy was so into him. Maybe she was just lonely. He headed back into the dark theater, determined to give the date a chance.

“What took you so long?” She whispered into his ear as soon as settled back down into the uncomfortable seat.

“Sorry, there was a line.” He lied, focusing on the screen.

She grabbed hold of his hand again, putting her phone away.

He'd lost interest in the movie shortly after it had started. Maybe he should just go with the flow and see

where this led. He rubbed her wrist with his thumb, which caused her to lean over and kiss his cheek, then his lips. Hers were soft and inviting, though the strong taste of cherry lip gloss was a turn off. He kissed her back for a moment longer before pulling away, unsure how to wipe his mouth without her getting offended. He wasn't sure what he had been expecting from the kiss, but he still felt no desire to take it any further. He faked a quiet cough and swiped at his mouth with his hand.

She gave him a big smile and placed his hand in her lap, spreading her thighs a bit. Sadly, he wasn't even

tempted to take her up on her obvious invitation. Instead, he nodded his head in the direction of the older couple to his right, hoping he was making it clear that there wouldn't be any funny business. She pouted, but instead of it being cute, he began to get pretty annoyed. He felt bad for the poor girl. She obviously had some issues, but they weren't his to solve.

After what seemed like an eternity later the movie finally ended and he extracted his hand from hers. "You want to go get something to eat?"

"Sure, I'm up for anything."

He gave her a small smile.

Message received, even if he had no intention of finding out how far that statement could go.

They ended up at a little diner close to the movie theater. She ordered a burger and fries and he did the same. At least she ate like a normal person. He'd been prepared to call the date off if she'd ordered a salad. For the duration of their dinner, the night seemed to be looking up. Amy had finally started acting like the girl he'd talked to on the phone earlier in the week. They shared their dislike for a professor at school and she'd talked about her sister who was starting college in the

fall. He paid for their meal, but she offered to leave the tip. A much appreciated gesture. He'd done the same thing when he and his roommate had gone out to eat a few times on Cameron's dime.

He led her out of the diner and helped her into his truck where she sidled up next to him again. He didn't mind so much now, at least he felt he knew her a little better. Her phone buzzed and she began texting again. He checked his own phone to find a text from Cam.

Cam: Need an out?

Me: Not yet.

Cam: Let me know.

Cameron had been cool about this blind date idea. He'd said Rich and Angie needed to mind their business when Tyler had told him about the setup. He'd offered to come up with some emergency at the house if needed and he was obviously still willing to make good on his suggestion.

"So, what do you want to do now?" Amy smiled sweetly at him as she slipped her phone in her purse.

He felt a little bad, "I really hadn't done much planning other than dinner and a movie."

"Well," she slipped her hand up his thigh again, "I'm not ready to go

back to my room just yet. You want to go back to your place?”

“Sorry, my roommate is there.” There was no reason to tell her that he didn’t have any sort of arrangement with Cameron that would prevent him from bringing people home.

“You want to go park somewhere?” She giggled and squeezed his thigh.

What was a guy supposed to do in this situation? “I’m not sure that’s such a good idea Amy. We just met.”

“So? You’re a nice guy. I’ve seen you around campus. I know you won’t kiss and tell. I haven’t heard any

rumors about you.”

He considered admitting there were no rumors to spread since he hadn't been out in a while, but that might make him seem like a bigger challenge. He had a feeling she'd like that a little too much. “I'm actually pretty tired. I've been up since five thirty this morning.” He woke up that early every morning, knowing if he didn't run or go to the gym before he started his day he wouldn't get to it. It helped that Cam ran with him or accompanied him to the gym most mornings. They'd gotten into a steady routine in the past year or so.

“Don't be a spoil sport. I'll make it

worth your while, I promise.” She turned and pressed herself against his chest as well as she could in the confines of her seat while cupping his package in her hand.

He wondered why his body didn't respond to her touch, but he pushed the thought away as he tugged her hand from him. “You're a nice girl, and I had a pretty good time, but I'm not willing to take it any further tonight.” He considered offering to take her out again but knew that would only give her false hope.

She pouted, “I give great head.”

He let out a low laugh, the girl was persistent, he'd give her that much.

He wondered if this was how girls felt when guys pressured them to put out. He'd never been one of those guys, but he'd heard enough from Angie to know it was a common occurrence. "I'm sure you do. I'm flattered that you'd be willing to show me, but I'm going to go ahead and take you home." He hoped he was letting her down easy.

She pulled her hand away, "What is wrong with you? I'm throwing myself at you. Why are you turning me down?" Flipping her hair over her shoulder, she pulled out her phone again.

He stiffened in his seat, not sure

how to respond to that. It sort of pissed him off. There wasn't anything wrong with him. He just didn't want to fuck her tonight, or any night for that matter. He considered telling her as much in no uncertain terms, but he didn't have it in him to be a total ass. She was putting herself out there, and it was normal for her to be upset at being rejected.

“Look, Amy, I'm not trying to be a dick here. We can go for ice cream or something if you'd like, but then I'm going to take you home.” Why he felt like he needed to offer to spend more time with this girl he'd never know.

She narrowed her eyes at him for

a long moment before she finally gave him a small smile, “All right. I can’t turn down ice cream.”

That he could handle. They made their way up to the creamery on the corner near the university, again falling into comfortable conversation about the different flavors they each liked. Amy was partial to butter pecan, while he liked plain vanilla. He didn’t even get annoyed when she cracked a joke about not being surprised he was into vanilla. She hadn’t tried to touch him again, which was just fine by him.

When they finally arrived he was surprised at how packed the place

was. They found a small booth in the corner after ordering their cones. He almost rolled his eyes when she swirled the tongue around the tip of her cone, obviously putting on a little show. Again, he wasn't sure why his dick was not in the game. He assumed most guys would at least get a little excited at the sight. Maybe there was something wrong with him.

He noticed Amy was checking out a guy at the booth to their left, and he scanned the crowd for any familiar faces. He knew he should probably be upset that she was scoping the place out for a replacement but he really didn't care.

Tyler saw a blond guy that resembled Cameron, just a little cleaner cut. He remembered when he'd answered the ad on the board at school for a roommate that he'd been nervous Cameron would be a slob, or always throwing parties. Cameron wore his hair a little long where it curled at the base of his neck, and he'd opened the door to his place with nothing but a low hanging pair of jeans on. His first words had been, "I snore, if that's a problem let me know now before I waste my breath."

Turns out, it hadn't been a problem. Tyler usually slept like the dead, and the few times that he could

hear Cam through the thin wall that separated their bedrooms he'd just given it a few knocks until Cameron woke up and switched positions.

“Are you gay?” Amy asked out of nowhere and he almost choked on a large bite of ice cream.

“No, why would you ask that?” He was actually pretty curious to hear the reason for her questioning.

“Sorry, it's just you turned down a great blow job, and you've been staring at that guy over there for a few minutes.”

He felt his cheeks heat, he hadn't realized he'd been staring. “He just looks like someone I know.”

She bit into her cone and cocked her head, “Would it piss you off if I went and talked to that boy over there?” She pointed and nodded her head towards a guy with long black hair and a crooked nose.

The girl had no shame. Instead of getting pissed, he shrugged. “Go for it.” This was one of the oddest nights of his entire life.

“Thanks, you’re the best.” She wiped her mouth with a napkin and stood before walking over to the table.

Tyler pulled out his phone. He had to tell Cam and Angie about this.

Me: My date just asked if she

could hit on some other guy.

Angie: WTF?

Cam: What the fuck?

Me: I told her to go for it.

Angie: LMAO

Cam: What a bitch.

His phone rang, and he smiled as he answered the call, “What’s up?”

“That’s what I was about to ask man, what’s with this chic you’re with?” Cameron laughed on the other line.

Tyler tapped Amy on the shoulder and motioned that he was going to take the call outside. She just nodded her head and bent over lower to show off her assets to the stranger.

He tossed the rest of his cone in the trash and leaned up against the glass. "I wouldn't give it up. She actually asked if I was gay."

Cam was silent for a long moment. "That's fucked up man. Ditch her and come home, we can have a few beers and go to sleep."

He heard his friend opening a beer as he made the suggestion, "I'm going to give it a few minutes. I don't know why, but I'd feel bad just leaving her here."

"You're too nice. Just tell her you have to get home because the pipes burst or some shit."

"I might use that one. See you

soon.”

“Later.”

This was definitely his first and only attempt at going on a blind date. He considered giving Amy some more time to flirt, but he actually was tired. For a moment he chastised himself for being such a bore. He could be getting laid right now. The idea just wasn't appealing. He wasn't sure what it said about him, but he'd much rather be home drinking a few beers on the couch with Cam than out on the town.

He stuck his head in the door, “Hey Amy, we need to head out, the pipes burst at my place.” He didn't

have any qualms about lying at this point.

Surprisingly enough she hastily grabbed the guy's phone to program her number and blew him a little kiss as she rushed out the door, "Sorry."

She stayed on her phone up until he got to her dorm, "Thanks for taking me out."

He gave her a quick nod, "You're welcome. Take it easy."

She gave him a small wave before shutting his door and running up to her building. He waited until she was safely inside and let out a long sigh. At least the crazy date was over.

Chapter Two

Cameron had a beer waiting for him as soon as he walked in the door. “Rich owes you one. What the hell happened tonight?”

“He sure as fuck owes me one. Tonight was insane. I’m done with that shit, no more blind dates for me.” He gave Cam a quick rundown of the disastrous evening as he downed his first beer before plopping down on the couch with his second.

“Look at the bright side, your next date has to be better than that one.”

Tyler liked that about Cam, he

was always a pretty positive guy. “I’m done with dating for a while, I’m too busy anyway.”

“Yeah, we can worry about all that romance stuff later.” Cameron looked away as he spoke.

They watched some old reruns of The Big Bang Theory as they drank their beer. He was feeling pretty buzzed by the third episode and exhaustion set in. He bumped his shoulder into Cameron’s and stood up, “I’m going to crash. Thanks for hanging out with me.”

“Sure, any time.”

He stumbled to his room and kicked off his boots before stripping

off his shirt. He didn't like to go to bed without taking a shower, but tonight would have to be an exception.

“Hey Tyler,” Cameron stuck his head in the room, “There's nothing wrong with not dating for a while. You'll find someone someday. You're a good guy.”

“Thanks Cam, I appreciate it.” He really did. Cameron hadn't dated much in the last year either, but the guy didn't seem to be bothered by it.

Cameron tapped his knuckles on the wall twice before leaving him to head to his room. Tyler was pretty lucky he'd found such a good

roommate.

He woke with a start, glancing at the clock. Three thirty seven. He hated waking up before his alarm went off. Since he was awake anyway he got up to take a leak. He could hear Cameron snoring in his room. He flopped back down on his bed, considering rubbing one out to help him fall back to sleep. He blocked Amy from his mind, reaching into his shorts to give himself a good tug. He trailed his other hand over his taut stomach, lightly scratching. After several minutes his dick was only half hard and he reached down to fondle his balls,

trying to get into it. He could still hear Cam snoring, and though it usually didn't bother him, it was damn distracting right now. He pulled his hand from his pants and knocked on the wall, hoping his loud friend would wake up and turn over.

The steady snoring continued and he gave it another try, knocking a little harder this time. Maybe Cam was sleeping heavier tonight since he'd had a few beers. Tyler got up and headed into the hall, slipping into Cameron's room. "Hey," he called from across the room, "roll over man." There was still no response from his sleeping friend.

He walked closer, noticing that Cameron had one of those nose strips on, though it obviously wasn't helping. He was sprawled out in the center of the bed on his back, one leg kicked out from under the covers, his chest exposed. The tattoos on the right side of Cameron's chest contrasted with his skin, making his skin seem pale in the dark. He wasn't sure at first, but as his eyes adjusted to light coming in from the window he realized his buddy was naked. He averted his eyes from the exposed flesh, focusing on his friend's face. His mouth was parted and his dark blond hair fell over his forehead. He looked

so peaceful Tyler felt bad for having to wake him.

He reached out slowly and placed his hand on Cam's left shoulder, noticing how hot his skin was. He meant to nudge the guy awake but he didn't want to get punched doing so. He took a step back and gave his friend a good shake, "Hey buddy, turn over."

Cameron moved, rolling over to his right side, the sheet slipping off completely. His snoring stopped, but his slow even breaths showed he was still out.

Tyler froze. His eyes skimmed the muscular form before him, his gaze

narrowing on the arch of his roommate's lower back and the rounded curve of his ass. He'd seen Cam naked before when he'd come out of the shower, but he'd never really looked. Now he couldn't tear his eyes away. The hours in the gym had left him lean and strong, not an ounce of fat on his body. He'd know the man's thighs were powerful.

Cameron always won when they had a foot race. His calves were corded with strength, the skin smooth with only a light dusting of hair.

He ran a hand through his hair, wondering what the hell he was doing staring at his friend's body. He

stumbled backwards until he made it into the hall, letting out a long sigh before heading into his own room. He flopped back down on his bed and tried to push the images from his mind with little success. He'd known Cam was built, but he'd never thought of him as sexy before. Did he now? The answer was a confusing *yes*. What the fuck?

He realized he was hard, his cock straining against his shorts. Wetness had seeped into the thin material, darkening the fabric. With a low groan he ran his hand up his length, slipping his hand inside to spread the moisture around the tip. He slowly

pumped his hips, thrusting his dick into his fist. Was he really doing this? Getting off thinking about Cameron? He pulled his hand away, left aching at the loss of sensation. His balls were tight against his body, a dull throb radiating from the tip of his shaft. His left hand dug into the sheets as he fought the images in his mind. With a curse, he gripped his hardness and began to stroke forcefully, needing to come.

His mind exploded with images of Cameron as he fucked his fist, his dick harder than it had been in months. One memory in particular had him gasping, his roommate stripping his

shirt off while on his knees after their run last week, looking up at Tyler with a smile. Cam had thanked him for pushing him so hard, saying he needed to build his stamina. Sweat had rolled down his neck onto his chest, and Tyler remembered following the drop of liquid down Cam's chest until it rolled down the muscled abs and into his sweats. For one brief, crazy moment, he thought about what it would have been like to lick that sweat off his buddies glistening body. His dick pulsed forcefully as he exploded in his hand, his breath rushing out of his lungs at the intense release coursing through

him.

After his breathing slowed he stripped off his shorts and threw them into the hamper in the corner before grabbing another pair out of his dresser.

Holy shit, he'd just jacked off thinking about his roommate. He had a feeling their morning work-out would be decidedly awkward tomorrow. He flipped onto his side and squeezed his eyes shut, determined to try and forget about what just happened.

Tyler slapped the top of his alarm and glared at the clock. It was too

fucking early for this. He considered forgoing his morning routine but knew he'd regret it later. He threw off his covers with a curse and headed in to take a shower. The small bathroom filled up with steam as he dropped his shorts and brushed his teeth. As he stepped into the shower he froze, remembering what he'd done just hours before.

Immediately Amy's question at the ice cream parlor last night began repeating in his mind over and over. *Are you gay? Was he?* He sure as fuck had gotten himself off thinking about another man. And he had been sort of checking that guy out that looked a

lot like Cam.

For a fleeting moment he regretted not taking Amy up on her offer, but he knew he wouldn't have been satisfied if he'd gone through with it. He'd already had enough meaningless sex when he was in high school.

He soaped his chest and thought about his first real girlfriend. Mallory had been sweet, and they'd decided to be each other's firsts the summer between junior and senior year. He'd been excited, and nervous, both completely normal reactions. The sex hadn't been spectacular, but he'd told himself that was because they were

both new at it. They were both learning what they liked. It had never been very passionate, but he'd thought that was because they always had to plan when they could sneak off together for some alone time. He'd thought it was the lack of spontaneity that killed the anticipation of getting lucky. Had it been something else entirely?

He finished his shower quickly, considering that none of his experiences with women had been that great. Sure, the sex and everything leading up to it had felt good, and he'd gotten aroused enough to perform, but he'd always

been concentrating on trying to figure out what the girl liked, how she wanted him to move. The duties in question were clear, get the girl off and then you can get off. So that's what he'd done, and most of the time he was successful.

Last night could have just been a fluke. In fact, he was sure that was it. He'd just push it out of his mind and go on with his life like nothing changed.

He was toweling the moisture out of his hair when a soft knock sounded on the other side of the bathroom door. He jumped before rolling his eyes at his reaction. He wrapped the

towel around his waist and opened the door, avoiding Cameron's gaze.

“Sorry, I really have to piss.”

Tyler nodded his reply and side stepped out of the way as his friend rushed into the bathroom. Yeah, it was just a fluke. At least he hoped so.

The day passed without event, and to Tyler's relief the awkwardness he'd feared didn't come into play. He and Cam had gone to the gym, spotting for each other when necessary, laughing and joking about some of the overly muscled guys like normal. They'd parted ways to go to their classes. He'd met Angie for

lunch, forcing down some greasy tacos. She'd been having one of her cravings. He'd recanted the night's events, much to her amusement and delight. For a moment he'd considered telling her about the rest of his confusing night, after all Angie was the most open-minded person he'd ever met. She'd never judge him or look at him differently. He thought better of it, hoping to forget the whole thing.

After working four hours at the construction site he'd been employed at for a few months he headed home to get some studying done. He had the house to himself, so he settled

down at the kitchen table and started working on his paper. A few times he was tempted to visit his favorite porn site in hopes that what normally got him excited would still do the trick, but he had a suspicion that it wouldn't.

By nine o'clock he'd finished and was starting on some calculus when Cameron arrived with a pizza.

"Hungry? I got the extra-large supreme." Cam put the pizza on the counter and opened the fridge, grabbing two cokes.

Tyler's stomach growled and he laughed, "Yeah, I haven't eaten since lunch." He took the coke and drank

most of it down before grabbing some paper plates and a roll of paper towels.

They devoured their pizza while they chatted about their day and Tyler took out the trash. When he returned Cam was pulling down a bottle of Jack Daniels from the top of the fridge.

“You want to go out tonight? Some of the guys at work want to hit a club. Rich will be there, you can have him buy you a few drinks to make up for last night’s fiasco. The cab should be here in about thirty minutes.”

Cameron worked at a machine

shop part-time in addition to doing some lawn and garden work with his brother's business. Rich had actually gotten him the job. Tyler had a sneaking suspicion that much work didn't get done considering the group of guys that worked second shift were pretty rowdy.

“Sure, I just need to change.” Tyler hurried to his room, putting on a fresh shirt and some jeans. He considered taking another shower but he didn't want to take the time and didn't have any intention of picking anyone up. He sprayed on some cologne and ran his fingers through his hair before heading back into the

kitchen. Cameron was in the shower, so he took a couple shots while he waited.

When Cam emerged his hair was still wet and appeared to be darker than it actually was. Tyler looked away before his thoughts went anywhere dangerous and offered Cam a shot. They tipped back the liquid together and Cam grabbed his phone and keys off the counter.

The cab arrived and they met Rich and three other guys at a small club that never had a big line at the door. The booze was a little more expensive, but the music was good and no one ever bothered them

there. His eyes scanned the crowd as they settled into their booth, ordering two pitchers of beer. There was a small group of people already there, part of which appeared to be a bachelorette party. He hoped Rich and the other guys didn't get too crazy.

“So I heard Amy was a little freak. Why didn't you hit it?” Rich chugged some beer and then grinned at Tyler.

“Just wasn't into her. I think she had a split personality. When she wasn't all over me she was actually pretty normal. You owe me for that one.” He sipped on his beer and glanced at Cameron who had slid in

next to him. Tyler thought he'd probably be checking out the girls in the room, but he seemed a little tired.

"Yeah, I know. I'll buy you a shot here in a bit. So she really hit on another guy while you were still on your date?" Rich was clearly amused.

Jack, Brent, and Chris gaped openly at him. They obviously hadn't heard that part of the story.

"That's messed up man." Jack shook his head, "Hell, I'll buy you a shot for that one."

Tyler laughed, "At least she asked if it was alright first."

The men groaned and laughed before getting distracted by the girls

in the corner whooping and hollering as the bride-to-be downed a large shot of some bright green liquid.

“Holy shit, looks like we picked the right place tonight.” Rich sniffed his shirt, “I should have worn my expensive cologne.” That didn’t stop him from shoving his shoulder against Jack trying to get out of the booth, “C’mon. Let’s go have some fun.”

Reluctantly Tyler followed Cameron out of the booth over to where the girls were sitting.

“So ladies, who wants to sow some wild oats tonight? We’re game.” Rich was obnoxious as usual, but the girls didn’t seem to mind. They were

probably too trashed to even notice.

Tyler noticed a short brunette eyeing Cam and felt a twinge of something. Was it jealousy? Maybe it was just annoyance at direction the night was heading. He wasn't going to let it bother him, he was feeling a good buzz and decided to go with it. He shot a small smile to the redhead sitting in the corner and she blushed before smiling back.

Three hours later Tyler was exhausted, he'd danced with the redhead and the brunette, though he couldn't remember their names if his life depended on it. It had been fun, but he hadn't felt a connection. Rich

and Jack on the other hand were all but screwing two blondes up against the wall. Cameron, Brent, and Chris slumped down in the booth and finished their drinks.

“I’m about ready to head out, how ‘bout you?” Cameron lifted his chin in my direction, taking out his phone.

“Yeah, go ahead and call a cab.”

The other guys decided to stay, but he and Cameron stepped outside to wait on their ride.

“Stacey looked disappointed to see you go.” Cam leaned up against the brick building and ran his fingers through his hair.

“Which one was that again?”

He laughed, “The one with the red hair. If you want to stay that’s cool.”

“Nah man, I’m ready to go home.”

Cam nodded his agreement and we waited in silence. They were both feeling a pretty good after having drunk quite a bit.

When they finally made it home they each headed towards their bedrooms but Cameron came back out in a pair of sweats carrying a trash can. “I’m gonna crash on the couch, I’m not about to puke in my bed.”

Tyler followed Cam until he reached the kitchen, grabbing two bottles of Gatorade out of the fridge

and handing one to his friend, “Hope this helps the hangover I’m going to have in the morning. “

Cameron chugged half of his, “Thanks, good idea.”

He said goodnight and headed to his room, hoping the dreaded spinning wouldn’t start once he was on his back. The night had gone surprisingly well, and though he usually didn’t drink so much, he didn’t feel too out of control. He was sure Rich would give him shit tomorrow for not trying to take one of the girls home, but if he’d wanted a one night stand he’d had taken Amy up on her offer.

Though at some point of the night he'd admitted to himself that he had felt a twinge or jealousy at Cameron's interest in the brunette, he still couldn't remember her name, he'd gotten over it. They'd both danced and had a good time, and it had been pretty clear that Cam didn't intend to take anyone home either.

To his relief he felt all right when he finally relaxed into the bed. Just as he was about to fall asleep his bladder had other ideas. He drug himself out of bed and went to relieve himself, considering grabbing some water to help with the dehydration. When he entered the kitchen he could

see the light from the TV in the front room. He didn't hear Cameron snoring so he wasn't sure if he was out yet. He stood at the sink and chugged the water, grimacing at the headache that was starting to form. Just as he was heading down the hallway to his room he heard a low moan.

Thinking Cam was about to get sick, he stopped, waiting to see if the poor guy needed any help. More than once his roommate had brought him a wet rag after he'd emptied his stomach after too much partying. When he heard nothing but silence he considered he could go ahead and head to bed, but it wouldn't hurt to

check to make sure Cam was all right. He walked down the hall and stuck his head around the wall peering into the front room.

His breath caught in his throat at the sight before him. His heart rate increased, and even though he knew he should look away he simply couldn't.

Cameron's sweats were pushed down to his knees as he fisted his cock. Even over the television Tyler could hear the sound of Cam's fist moving over his impressive length, eased by wetness. Try as he might, he couldn't pull his eyes away from his friend. He knew it was wrong to

observe such a private act, but his own cock had hardened at the realization of what he was seeing and he was no longer thinking clearly.

Cameron moaned again, his hips pumping as he threw his head back against the couch cushion. The sound caused Ty to lengthen even more, his dick hardening almost to the point of pain. He watched as Cam cupped his balls in one hand while he continued to tug his shaft with the other.

He tried to turn away three times, but felt rooted to the spot just out of sight of his roommate's involuntary show. He refused to relieve the throbbing ache in his groin, even

though he knew it wouldn't take him long to come after he finally made it to his room.

Ty admitted he was impressed by Cameron's size. For such a lean guy he was thick as well as long, a little bigger than his own. In the light illuminating from the television he could see his roommate's shaft glisten. He doubted Cam had thought to bring any lube, so he wasn't sure if the moisture was caused by copious amounts of pre-come or if he'd used his own spit to ease the friction. He'd done the same from time to time, and thinking about either option caused his own cock to throb painfully.

Cam brought his other hand into play, releasing his balls and gripping the bottom of his shaft as he stroked the tip in circular motions. How sick was it that he wanted to try that, right now? His hand shook as he slipped it inside of his shorts, almost groaning with relief at the contact. After a few strokes he forced himself to stop. He needed to go. He needed to go *right now*.

As he turned to leave he heard Cam panting, followed by a long moan and, "Fuck. Fuck yes!"

He stopped dead in his tracks, turning to watch his friend's release. Cam's head was thrown back, his eyes

closed tight, both hands milking the last bits of come from tip. After another low groan Cam let out a small laugh and kicked off his sweats, using them to clean up the mess.

Tyler escaped as quietly as possible, making a beeline for his room and leaning up against the door. His shorts were off as soon as he heard the lock click into place, both hands working his cock. His orgasm was quick and intense, causing him to bite down on his lip to stop himself from calling out. He shuddered and wiped the sweat off his brow. He definitely had a problem. He wanted his roommate.

Chapter Three

He skipped out on his morning workout, calling to Cameron through his door that he was too hung over. It was the first time he'd skipped a workout in at least six months, other than his Sundays off when he let his muscles rest. He was such a pussy. He should just go tell Cam he had a thing for him, if that meant he had to move out, then so be it. He certainly didn't want to leave, he liked this old house they rented and he enjoyed Cam's company, but he also didn't want to make the guy uncomfortable.

He grabbed his phone, scrolling through his Facebook page for a few minutes. He was only delaying the inevitable.

Me: Meet for breakfast?

Angie: So early. You are evil.

Where?

Me: IHOP?

Angie: Give me 30 minutes.

Me: K

He actually stuck his head out of his room, listening to make sure Cam was gone. Yep, he was a puss. Once satisfied he was alone, he took a shower and took some Tylenol, hoping some coffee would help his headache. He arrived early, picking a

corner booth away from the windows. Bright sunlight was not helping the pounding. He ordered two coffees, adding cream to his and a shit load of sugar to Angie's.

She arrived fifteen minutes late, her long hair piled on top of her head. Flopping in the seat, she removed her sunglasses, "This better be good."

She had no idea.

They ordered omelets and she downed her cup of coffee in two drinks. She finally gave him a once over, "You look how I feel."

"Yeah, I had more than a few drinks last night. How have you been?" No reason to unload his

problems before they were even on their second cup of coffee.

“School sucks, work sucks.”

Okay then. He opened his mouth three times, unable to breach the topic. Luckily, the waitress showed up with more coffee, and he busied himself with the creamer.

“I didn’t wake up before seven on my day off just to shoot the shit. What’s wrong Ty?” Angie pushed her hair out of her face. She opened five packets of sugar and dumped them into her coffee.

He took a deep breath before letting it out, “I have a crush, or something, on Cameron.”

Angie didn't even blink. She took a sip of her coffee and made a face, grabbing another packet of sugar.

The waitress arrived with their food, and he thanked her before reaching for his silverware. This certainly wasn't the reaction he'd been expecting. He hadn't expected her to laugh in his face exactly, but she was rarely this quiet.

"I think I'm gay." He tried another tactic, satisfied that he didn't cringe as he uttered the words for the first time.

Angie held up a finger, motioned the waitress back over with her other hand, "May I have some ketchup

please?” Then she focused on him.

“So have you told him?”

Still not the reaction he was expecting.

“That’s it? You’re not surprised?”

She shook her head and looked at me for a long minute, “Not really.”

Huh?

“Why are you not surprised?” He wasn’t sure why, but he felt insulted in some way. She’d known this about him and hadn’t shared?

“Well, you’ve never really been into girls. Sure, you’ve dated, but you’re not like other guys. Plus, you’re sweet, and considerate, and your nails are always clean.” She pointed to his

hands with her fork.

“So that’s all it takes? Good hygiene?” It’s not like he got manicures or anything.

“No, don’t be stupid. It was just a feeling. I figured you’d eventually come to terms with it.” She beat the bottom of the ketchup bottle with her palm.

“Use your knife. So you’re okay with it?”

She put the ketchup bottle down and gave him the first real smile of the morning, “Sweetie, I’d love you even if you were one of those freaky furry people. Of course I’m okay with it.” She grabbed her knife and tried

his method of getting the ketchup out of the bottle. “Why do they even have glass ketchup bottles anymore? Can’t they just buy the squeeze kind?”

He let out a sigh of relief. Deep down he’d been worried that she wouldn’t be so accepting. “So what the hell do I do?”

“What do you mean? You tell him. If he likes you back, cool. If not, nothing has to change.” She made it sound so simple.

“What if he wants me to move out?”

“He won’t.” She gave up on the ketchup.

“How do you know?” Tyler wished

he shared her confidence in the situation at hand.

“Ty, I’m pretty he’s been in love with you for a while now.”

He choked on his coffee, grabbing his napkin as he coughed. “What the fuck are you talking about?”

She frowned, “I knew you first, so I’m going to tell you this, but I’m betraying him in doing so, and I just want you to know how sucky I feel for it.” She sighed, “About two months after you moved in with him, I happened to see him out with this guy. They were friendly. Obviously more than friends, you know?”

No, he didn’t know. How could he

have lived with the guy for almost two years and not known he was gay? He didn't want to think about Cameron with another guy. He put down his silverware, no longer hungry.

“Anyway,” she continued, “he made me promise not to tell you. He didn't want you feeling weird living there. You guys were already getting along so well, and I enjoyed hanging out with him too, so I agreed not to say anything.”

He wasn't sure what to say to that, so he remained silent.

“You guys have a good thing going, you're interested in the same things and have fun together. Adding

sex to the mix should only make it better. Not that I would know.” She added bitterly.

Usually he did his best to reassure her that she'd find someone, but today he didn't have it in him. This was major shit. His whole life, his whole future, would be altered.

“What if I'm bad in bed? I don't know how to be with a guy.” He voiced his concern then frowned, that sounded ridiculous. “I guess that doesn't make sense. I didn't know what I was doing with girls either.”

She nodded emphatically, “Exactly. Plus, you have all the equipment. You'll figure it out.”

“Do you think he’s been with a lot of guys?” His stomach tightened at the thought.

“No, I think the guy I saw him with was the last one. It’s been all about you for a long time Ty. Don’t make him wait any longer.”

He nodded his consent, even though he had no idea where to go from here.

“I’ll give you guys a while before I ask to watch.” She grinned at me over her cup.

Tyler blinked, “Girls like to watch two guys?”

“This girl does. I’m not alone either.” She rolled her eyes, “Don’t be

so dense, guys like to watch two girls, it's no different."

He was learning all sorts of things today. Wait, what had she asked?

"You're not watching."

She laughed and stuck out her bottom lip, "Damn."

After he'd given Angie a kiss on the cheek and thanked her for meeting him, he went for a long drive. He needed to clear his head. He couldn't wrap his head around the fact that Cameron might actually want him. Sure, it made the situation a little easier to deal with, but the fact still remained that if his friend wasn't

interested, there would be no going back after he admitted what he was feeling.

His phone sounded, and he pulled over to read his text.

Cam: Want to catch a movie or something today?

Did he want to hang out with his friend and act like nothing had changed? The answer was a resounding no. He ran his finger over his screen a few times before finally typing a reply.

Me: Maybe later, I'll be home soon. We need to talk.

Cam: K

As he neared the house, he went

around the block a few times, wiping his sweaty palms on his jeans. Finally, he pulled into the drive.

Cameron was sitting on the couch, playing a game on his phone. He gave him a nod, "What's up? How are you feeling?"

"Better now that I ate." He set his keys on the counter and came to sit next to his roommate. "How are you feeling?"

"Surprisingly well considering all the shots we took last night."

Cameron put his phone down and leaned forward, "So what do we need to talk about?"

Tyler stiffened, unsure how to

move forward from here. He had hoped to bullshit a little before things got serious. Not that there was any way to ease into the topic. He stopped himself from getting up and took a few deep breaths instead. “I saw you, last night, on the couch.” He blurted, afraid to meet his friend’s gaze.

“Sorry man, I should have taken that shit to my room.” Cameron didn’t look away, seemingly apologetic but not the least bit ashamed.

“No, that’s not what I mean.” What did he mean? “I watched you because it turned me on. Fuck.” He let out his breath.

Cameron looked at him for a long time, “Oh yeah?”

“Yeah, and that’s not all. The other night, I came into your room to wake you up when you were snoring. You rolled over, and I saw you, you know, naked.” He couldn’t stop the words from coming out of his mouth.

“Did you like what you saw?” Cameron inched closer as he spoke, looking at Tyler’s lips.

“Yeah, I liked it a lot.” His breath huffed out of his lungs at the admission. His skin felt tight, and he was sure his face was red with embarrassment.

Cam cocked his head to one side,

“I knew you were watching me. I heard you in the kitchen.”

Well, that changed things. Maybe Angie had been right, maybe Cameron really was into him.

“So you’re not pissed?” It was important to Tyler that he hadn’t angered his friend. Regardless of their current situation they’d always respected each other’s boundaries.

“Hell no, I came harder than I have in months, maybe longer.” Cam shot him a small smile and then leaned back into the couch.

“Have you been with men?” He had to know.

Cameron’s brow furrowed and he

bit his lip before responding, "I've been with a man. Not men."

"Was it serious?" His gut tightened at the thought.

Cam shook his head, "Nah, I was just trying things out. I'd been curious for a long time, and the opportunity arose."

Tyler felt a little better knowing Cameron hadn't actually been in love with the guy he'd fooled around with. "I haven't, you know, been with a man. I've never even kissed a man." He ran his fingers through his hair, avoiding looking at his roommates lips.

Cam chuckled softly, "I figured as

much. You want to change that?"

Tyler met his gaze, "Maybe, do you?"

"Hell Tyler, I've been dying to kiss you for over a year."

He sucked in his breath, pleased by the feelings that washed over him at knowing Cam did in fact want him. "I might suck at it." He admitted his fears, looking away.

"I doubt that," Cameron leaned forward, turning Tyler's face to his with a warm hand, "You're about to find out."

Tyler didn't pull back as Cam leaned in, nodding his consent as the man paused before pressing their lips

together lightly. Cameron's lips were firm, but soft, and Ty leaned into the kiss, applying a little more pressure as he tilted his head up to his friend in invitation. Cam groaned against his lips, and his mouth parted accepting the slide of Cam's tongue against his own. It felt different than any other kiss he'd experienced, but it didn't feel wrong. He could feel the stubble on Cam's chin, but instead of it being a turn off, it made him want to get closer, to deepen the kiss further.

Cameron pulled away slowly, "You don't suck at it."

He let out a low laugh, "Thanks, you don't either."

“Look, Tyler, I don’t want you to feel obligated to do this with me. Just because you’re discovering some things about yourself and I’ve admitted being into you doesn’t mean anything has to change.” Cameron backed up a bit as he spoke. “I don’t expect anything, and our living arrangement doesn’t have to change if you don’t want me the way I want you.”

He nodded, unsure how to respond. He was grateful that his friend was giving him an out, but he didn’t want it. “I know. You’d never pressure me into anything. You never have before. This isn’t any different.”

Tyler spoke the truth, and the knowledge of that seeped into him, making him more confident. “Kiss me again.”

Cameron placed one hot hand on the nape of the Tyler neck and pulled him forward, tasting his lips before crushing them together. He felt Cam’s other hand in his hair, tugging gently. The kiss seemed like it went on forever and he enjoyed every second of it. There was no rush to get to the next step, he just wanted to feel Cam’s lips against his, feel his breath as he claimed his lips again and again. He couldn’t remember ever making out like this with any of his girlfriends,

but none of that mattered. This was new and *right*. He was going to enjoy every second of it.

Though his head was in the right place, his cock had other intentions, straining painfully against his jeans. He shifted positions, leaning into Cameron as he tried to adjust himself.

“Do you want to stop?” Cam’s lips were still against his, both hands now in his hair.

He answered with another kiss, taking the initiative this time. He could feel the heat radiating off Cameron’s body and he wanted to get closer, feel more of him. “We have on

too many clothes.” His voice was low and pleading.

Without a word Cameron ran his hand down Tyler’s chest and lifted his t-shirt up and over his head, running his warm hands over Ty’s abdomen before kissing a trail down his neck, then his shoulders.

Tyler groaned and gripped Cam’s shirt in his fist, “Take it off, I want to feel you.”

Cameron seemed happy to comply, pulling the shirt over his head and tossing it to the side before bringing his body down onto his, pushing him into the couch.

The moment their chests touched

he gasped, his dick lengthening impossibly as he pushed to get closer, “So warm,” he murmured as he began kissing Cam’s chest. He smelled of soap and man, the salty flavor of his skin welcome on Tyler’s tongue.

Their mouths crashed together again as Cameron lined up their bodies until they were pressed together head to toe, and at the first contact of the hard ridge of Cam’s length against him his hips bucked, aching to get closer. Cameron moaned in his ear as he thrust their cocks against each other, grinding himself against Ty’s hardness. His blood boiled. The need for more contact,

more friction completely overwhelming him.

“I’ve never been this turned on. You keep doing that and I might blow in my pants.” He chuckled lightly as he spoke, moving his hips in rhythm with Cameron’s.

“Don’t want that,” Cam reached down and popped the button on Ty’s jeans, sliding the zipper down in an excruciatingly slow gesture, “will you let me touch you?”

Let him? He was ready to beg at this point, “Please, don’t stop.”

“I won’t.” With that Cameron slipped his hand over his cock and squeezed before rubbing him from tip

to base, “Pants off, now.”

Tyler’s cock jumped in Cam’s hand at the words, the demanding tone. He would comply with any request the man uttered if he spoke like that. He lifted his hips and hooked his fingers in the waistband of his jeans and boxers, pushing both down before kicking them off with his feet. His hard-on jutted from his body, bouncing against his stomach with his movement.

Cameron didn’t waste any time, gripping him tight before stroking him with a sure grip. His hips arched into the movement, hands shaking as he tried to unbutton Cam’s pants.

Cameron pushed his hands away, “Not yet, just you, I just want to touch you.”

The tightness in Cameron’s voice showed how excited he was, how he was restraining himself. Tyler shoved his hands into Cam’s hair and pulled him in for another kiss, pressing into his motions. When Cameron added his other hand to the mix, cupping his balls before beginning to stroke him at a steady pace, he almost lost it, his body tensing at the waves of pleasure that rolled over him. He felt wetness seep out of the tip, and Cameron wasted no time rubbing the moisture into the sensitive swollen head before

using the lubrication to quicken his movements.

“How far do you want this to go?” Cameron’s breathing was erratic, searching for his eyes to gauge the comfort level caused by his actions.

Ty froze for a moment, not immediately knowing the answer. He hadn’t really thought that far ahead, he was still amazed at what had happened so far. Did he want his friend, now lover, to finish him off in his hand, or was he willing to put himself out there and risk more? His mind raced with the possibilities. He felt like he was ready for anything Cameron had to offer, but he was still

insecure he wouldn't know how to reciprocate. "I'm a little nervous. I want to please you too?" It came out as a question, even though he didn't intend it to be.

"You are, and you will, you can do anything you want to me." Cameron kissed him again, resuming his stroking, "Don't be nervous, I'll show you." With that, he began kissing down Tyler's chest, pausing for a moment to lick his left nipple, then his right, "Do you like that?"

"Fuck, yeah." He'd never paid much attention to his nipples before, and they'd certainly never been licked, "Do that again."

Cam laughed against his skin, this time sucking each nipple into his mouth and giving a little bite, causing Tyler's hips to thrust into Cameron's hands as the air left his lungs. When Cameron moved lower, tracing each muscle on his stomach with his tongue, Ty nearly exploded, grabbing Cameron's hands to pause the action for a minute while he calmed down. He'd never had a hard time controlling himself in the past, but he'd also never been this excited before.

"It's just going to get better from here, get ready." Cameron released his length, letting it fall onto his

abdomen as he trailed his tongue down his side and into each deep v at his hips. Slowly, so slowly he thought he would die from anticipation, Cam moved closer and closer to his aching shaft until he could feel his hot breath on his skin.

Was this really happening? Tyler was sure he'd wake from a dream any second. Was his friend really going to blow him? He certainly wouldn't refuse.

“Are you ready to feel my mouth on you?” Without waiting for an answer, Cameron licked his entire length from the seam of his balls to the tip before swirling his tongue

around the head.

“Holy shit,” Ty gripped the cushions, trying to remain in control and losing the battle, “Too good, I can’t – I’m gonna come,” He panted, not sure if he could stop the pressure from erupting.

Cameron’s hand tightened at the base of his shaft, squeezing until the feeling passed, “Not yet.” He took Tyler into this mouth, his tongue caressing the underside of the sensitive head before sliding down the length, taking more than anyone had ever done before. He repeated the motion once, then again.

Tyler stared down at the blond

head working him so expertly, reaching out to touch Cameron's broad shoulders. Everything about Cameron was so hot, his mouth, his skin. Touching him was addictive. He knew he could spend hours exploring his roommate's body.

Cameron changed his pace several times, seemingly sensing Tyler's struggles. His tongue swirled around the tip before he sucked hard, gripping Tyler's hips as he showed off his skills. He took Tyler into his throat, pulling back before doing it again.

That was it, Ty lost the battle, grunting and moaning as he emptied himself into Cameron's mouth, his

whole body jerking with the waves of pleasure caused by his release. Cam swallowed it all, only pulling away after every drop had been drawn out of his body.

He watched as Cameron slipped back up his body, his lips wet and swollen. He opened his mouth for another kiss, tasting a hint of himself on Cameron's tongue. "I want do to that to you." He pushed at Cameron's chest, trying to dislodge himself from the cushions.

"You don't have to, that was enough for me." Cameron sat back, letting him sit up.

"No," Tyler kissed Cameron's neck,

“I don’t know what the hell I’m doing, but I’m sure going to give it a shot.”

His lover smiled at him and stood, stripping himself of his jeans and underwear in record time, “Get on your knees. I’ll show you what I like.”

Impossibly, Ty felt his dick get hard at the words. He’d never recovered from an orgasm that quickly. He slid off the couch onto his knees and looked up into Cameron’s eyes, “Tell me if I do anything wrong.”

Cam shook his head, “You won’t.” That tone was back, the dominating one that set Tyler on fire. He’d never heard it until today, but he was going to make it his goal to elicit that

response as much as possible from now on.

He ran his hands up Cameron's thighs, up further to caress his abs and around to the tight globes of his ass. Tyler didn't ever want to stop touching him. Wetness oozed from the slit at the head of Cam's impressive length, and without a conscious command to do so his tongue snaked out and lapped it up. He was surprised at the taste, the slight salty flavor, and yet he wanted more. His hands slipped to Cameron's shaft, milking his dick. More liquid seeped from the tip, and he rubbed his thumb over the tip in circular

motions, spreading the moisture around.

Cameron's hips thrust forward, fucking into his grip as his hands would into Tyler's hair. "I need your mouth."

Tyler wet his lips, stretching his mouth around the head, taking as much as he could while attempting to use his tongue the way Cameron had done to him. Cameron moaned his encouragement, and he pressed on, taking him to the back of his throat. He felt his gag reflex kick in and took a deep breath through his nose to calm himself.

"That's right, take it slow. Don't

take more than you can.” Cameron’s voice had an almost hypnotic quality to it now, keeping in rhythm to the movements of his hips as he thrust forward.

Ty’s cock throbbed and he removed one of his hands to stroke his own length, moaning around Cameron’s hardness. He pulled back to breath, continued to lick the tip of Cameron’s cock, lapping up the steady flow of pre-come. He knew what he wanted, but he wasn’t sure how to voice his desires. Stroking his self with a firm grip, he met Cam’s gaze, “Fuck my mouth.”

Cameron’s hands tightened in his

hair, pulling just to the point of pain, “Are you sure? I won’t be able be gentle, you feel so fucking good.”

In answer Tyler wrapped his lips around the head and pressed his tongue to the sensitive underside, waiting. With a pained groan, Tyler began thrusting into his mouth, his body tense and his head thrown back.

He continued to work himself as he took everything Cameron had to offer, focused on nothing but giving and receiving pleasure. Too soon he felt himself start to lose control. He let out a muffled moan as he worked himself hard and fast. The sound opened his throat and Cameron

slipped inside further, his hands gripping his head tighter now.

“Come with me Tyler, do it now.”

As his mouth filled he came hard into his hand, panting when Cameron finally slipped from his lips. His breathing slowed after several minutes. “Fuck. That was – I don’t even have words.”

Cameron lifted him up, pushing his hair out of his face, “Ditto. That was amazing Ty.” He rested his forehead against Tyler’s for a long moment, still catching his breath, “I’ve waited so long to do that.”

“You should have told me sooner. Think of all the time we wasted.” Tyler

laughed and lifted his face for another kiss.

“You want to go see that movie now? If we don’t leave the house I’m going to be begging you to do that again.” Cameron grabbed his shirt from the floor, handing it to Tyler so he could wipe his hands.

“Yeah, that’s probably a good idea.” Tyler wouldn’t have minded another round, but he was still nervous and unsure how much his jaw could take.

“I’m going to grab a shower. I’d ask you to join me but we both know how that would end. Want to check movie times?”

He nodded his agreement. Just like Angie said, everything was the same, just better.

Chapter Four

The first thing Tyler noticed when he woke up was that he was hot. It took him a moment to figure out he was in Cameron's bed, and the heat he felt all around him was his partner's body draped over his. He let his head fall back on the pillow, thinking about everything that had happened the day before. He'd given and received head and enjoyed both equally. Angie would be so proud. It was more than that though. He'd had a great time with Cameron, sexually and not, and he only wanted *more*.

They'd gone to the movies as planned, holding hands in the dark. He appreciated the irony of the situation, not being able to stop touching Cameron even when he tried. Though Amy clearly didn't have feelings for him like he had for his roommate, he could get the draw of physical contact.

After dinner they'd taken a walk and talked. They were both willing to give this a real shot. He could sense Cameron's relief at that. He'd voiced his worry that he might just be a fling, someone for Tyler to test his boundaries with, as he'd done before. Tyler had assured him that wasn't

case. Even he didn't understand it, but just because he'd admitted that he liked men didn't mean he was going to go after all men. He was interested in Cameron, only Cameron, and he didn't think that would change.

Though it was certainly a plus that they already lived together, they acknowledged that things would be a little different now that they were involved. They were both happy that all the little things were already taken care of. They already had a chore schedule and already helped each other out whenever possible. The rent got paid, the toilet cleaned, and each

man was considerate of the other. Knowing they could live together in harmony gave them a definite advantage. The fact that they were equals in every way, willing and give and take in and out of the bedroom spoke volumes.

Exclusivity was a must, as neither Tyler nor Cameron wanted to share. There were more practical reasons as well, like the use of protection when they took things to the next physical level. They'd both been tested, and neither had practiced unsafe sex in their past. It was nice that they were comfortable enough with each other to have that discussion without it

being awkward.

Tyler was man enough to admit he was nervous, even scared, of taking it to that next level. That didn't mean he wasn't curious and more than a little anxious to see if he could actually go through with it. The handful of girls he'd been with had never brought up anal, and he hadn't either, having no real desire to attempt it at the time.

Cameron had assured him he didn't expect it, but at least he had some knowledge of how it all worked. Tyler had explained that he just wasn't sure if Cam would fit. His lover had laughed, assuring him it was

possible, but stressing they didn't have to find out any time soon.

Now, wrapped in Cam's arms, feeling his erection pressed against his thigh, Ty's curiosity grew. He considered waiting until he'd at least checked out some gay porn, but he figured that would probably increase his concerns. He slipped out of Cameron's hold, turning over to watch him. Even wearing a nose strip he was handsome.

He ran his hand down his partner's cheek and traced his lips with his thumb. He'd been pretty embarrassed at his quick response yesterday, but it was understandable.

He was determined to control his excitement next time. He trailed his hand down Cameron's chest, marveling at the definition and tone. He could do a thousand crunches a day and not have abs like Cam.

“Good morning.” Cameron was watching his progress down his body and gave him a small smile. He ripped the nose strip off and placed it on the night stand.

“It will be.” He grasped Cameron's rigid length through this sweats, stroking him softly.

Cameron groaned, “Should we freshen up first?”

“I wouldn't mind taking a shower

with you since you denied me yesterday.” Considering what he wanted, no *needed*, to happen it might be a good idea to get clean.

Tyler entered the bathroom after Cameron was done brushing his teeth and watched as he climbed into the shower. He took his turn at the sink and toilet before climbing in as well. It was a tight fit. It was a small shower, and neither man was small. That was fine by him. Watching water slide off his lover’s body was going to be a favorite pastime.

They took turns lathering each other up, enjoying the chance to explore each other’s body. He’d never

felt this comfortable naked before and hoped Cameron felt the same.

Their slippery bodies slid against one another with every movement, and soon he was pressed against the wall, Cameron's mouth on his. Their cocks rubbed together and Tyler had to remember his determination to keep control this time. He pulled away gasping, turning around. Before he lost his nerve he grabbed Cam's hand and placed it on his ass, "Wash me here."

Cameron kissed his neck as he grabbed the soap, "You mean here?" His soapy finger slipped down Tyler's ass until it reached the tight bundle of

nerves that no one but he had ever touched before.

Tyler pressed back against the invading digit, concentrating on the sensation and not the nervousness that was threatening to impede on his plan. His body was well ahead of his mind, his cock dripping from the tip. Logically he knew this was an important process, after all if he couldn't take a finger he sure as hell couldn't take Cameron, but his libido wanted to get on with it. He relaxed, letting Cam's finger slip in to the first knuckle. There was a slight twinge of pain, but it melded with something else entirely. He groaned deep in his

throat, pushing against Cam's finger.

"You like that?" Cameron barely moved, but Tyler felt everything.

"Yes," he hissed through his teeth, "more."

"You're so tight." His lover pressed on, passing the tight muscle that threatened to clamp down and stop this new sensation.

A low burn radiated from that spot, turning into a sense of fullness before his body finally accepted the intrusion and relaxed.

"That's right, slow and easy." Cameron slid his finger in and out gently.

His erection was continually

leaking fluid, aching to be touched. As if Cameron read his mind, he reached around with his other hand and stroked him as he continued to finger his asshole, both actions must too gentle for his liking.

“You want more?” Cam gripped his shaft harder as he spoke into his ear, “You sure you can take it?”

In answer he fucked into his Cameron’s fist, all pain gone.

His lover grasped him around the waist, stilling his movements, “We’ll get there, there’s no rush. I’ll give you what you need.”

The air whooshed from his lungs as Cameron added another finger to

the mix. His muscles tightened and released rhythmically, almost sending him over the edge. Cam just held him, letting his body adjust to the fullness.

For a long moment he wasn't sure if he could take it, though his dick was still in the game, thickening as the pain/pleasure ripped through him.

“Breathe. We can stop at any point.” Cameron's reassuring voice did much to calm his nerves.

He leaned back onto the broad chest supporting him as he finally adjusted to the sensations rolling through him. “Don't stop. Touch me.” He pulled Cam's hand to his hardness once more.

Cameron worked him with an expert touch, twisting his palm over the sensitive head as he applied more pressure inside by scissoring his fingers a bit before resuming his slight thrusts.

Tyler could imagine getting fucked like this, not by his partner's fingers, but by his cock. The images that assaulted him almost shot him into orbit. He gasped a plea, "Bedroom, now."

Cam withdrew slowly, turning off the water and helping Ty out of the shower before wrapping him in a towel. He lowered his head for a kiss which Tyler met eagerly.

Once dry, they made their way back to Tyler's bed, hands roaming, hips thrusting.

"I want you inside me." Tyler barely recognized the sound of his own voice, desperate with need.

Cameron reached into the nightstand and pulled out the lube, applying a liberal amount to his length before warming the cool gel with his hands and rubbing the sensitive area gently.

"Any time you want me to stop, just say so, don't do this for me. I want you to enjoy it." Cam's voice was pained, seemingly torn between his own desires and those of his lover.

Tyler looked over his shoulder as he reached down to stroke himself in preparation for what was to come.

With excruciating slowness Cameron's dick breached his virgin hole, moving at a steady pace. His body shook with both fear and anticipation until he couldn't wait anymore. He pushed back against Cameron's rock hard length, taking him deep inside in one motion.

They both froze. Even through the pain Tyler could feel Cam's cock pulse inside of him, the feeling grounding him, bringing him into the moment.

"Fuck, are you okay? I can stop."
Even as the words left Cameron's

mouth his hips began to move, slowly at first, building momentum.

“Don’t stop. Fuck me.” Ty braced his arms on the headboard, leaning back into his lovers motions.

“You feel so good, so fucking hot, so tight – yes!” Cameron’s hands gripped his hips, his fingers biting into the flesh as he worked his body on his shaft.

Tyler moved with him, working his dick forcefully. He could blow at any moment, but surprisingly he didn’t want this to end yet.

“Can we – can I turn around?” He wanted to see his lover’s face as he took him. See Cam’s body move over

him.

Cameron withdrew slowly, helping him reposition himself before crushing their mouths together.

“Watch me, watch us.” He pulled back and positioned himself at Ty’s opening, this time sliding in with little resistance.

Ty did just that, his eyes focused on his Cam’s cock easing in and out. It was the most erotic thing he’d ever seen. His hand returned to his rigid flesh, but Cameron swatted his hand away, taking over.

Despite his earlier promise to keep tight control over his body, he felt himself slipping over the edge.

“Yeah Cam, stroke my dick, make me come.” Words tumbled from his mouth unfiltered, caught up in the raw moment of ecstasy.

Cameron thrust with renewed vigor, pounding into his body as he worked his hand up and down Ty’s shaft. “Can’t hold it, too good, I need you to come, now Tyler, now!”

He felt Cameron emptying himself into his body and he lost it, calling out at the intensity of his own release. It went on and on until there was nothing left inside of him, his muscles flexing, constricting with the power of his orgasm.

The experience blew him away.

More so when Cameron disappeared for a moment to return with a wet cloth to clean him up. He was in love.

“So what do you want to do today?” He laughed and settled into the bed.

Cameron leaned over and kissed him, “I have a few ideas.”

After they'd finally made it out of bed he'd called Angie, deciding today was as good a day as any to have a barbeque. She agreed and promised to bring some of her broccoli salad. Cameron ran to the market to get some steaks and chicken.

He'd dialed his mom's number,

ignoring the knot he felt in his gut. Swallowing several times he prepared himself for the conversation, unsure what he would do if she rejected him. They'd always been close, different than in the way he was with his dad. He could tell his mom anything.

“Hey honey, how are you?”

He let out a breath, instantly calmed by her voice.

“I'm good mom. Better than good. How are you and dad?”

“We're doing great Tyler. Your dad is busy restoring a boat right now. Would you like me to get him?”

“No mom, I actually called to talk to you, to invite you to a barbeque

actually.” It had been too long since he’d had a meal with his parents.

“That sounds nice, I’m sure your dad could use a break. What do you want me to bring?”

He smiled, his mom always wanted to feed him. “You don’t have to bring anything, Cameron and I have it covered.”

“How is Cameron? Such a nice young man, I’m so glad you found such a good roommate.”

He tensed, “Yeah, I’m really glad too. He’s doing great.” He stood and paced around the couch, “Actually, that’s what I called to talk to you about.”

“Is everything all right?”

“Yeah, yeah everything is great. It’s just – well,” he forced himself to sit, “he’s more than my roommate now mom.”

“What do you mean honey?”

He’d wasted too much time already, it was time. “We’re together. We’re a couple now.”

His heart dropped and his stomach flipped at the resounding silence of her response. “Did you hear me?” He whispered as he clutched his stomach.

“Yes Tyler, I heard you. I’m very happy for you, for both of you.” There was no judgment in her tone, only

worry.

“Are you upset?” He had to know.

“Of course not, I love you. I’ll love anyone who cares for you. You know that right?”

He was finally able to breathe evenly again, “Yes, I know. Thank you.” He frowned, “What is dad going to say?”

“He doesn’t care Tyler. He just wants you happy.” She laughed, “Your father is much more open-minded than you may think.”

“I can’t believe I didn’t know. I mean, I guess I sort of knew, but I’ve never felt like this before.”

“Are you serious about this boy?”

Her voice was low and even.

“Yes, very serious.” The conviction in his voice was clear.

“Then it will work out. You’ve never made rash decisions.”

“So you’ll come to the barbeque?”

“Of course, we’ll be there.” She paused for a long moment, “I won’t lie to you Ty. Relationships are hard even in the best of circumstances. You’re going to face challenges that I wish you didn’t have to experience, but I want you to know that if there was ever a man equipped to deal with those challenges, it’s you.”

He wasn’t sure, but he thought that was the first time she’d ever

referred to him as a man. Not young man or her boy. It saddened him and filled him with pride at the same time.

“Thanks mom, that means a lot to me. It will mean a lot to Cameron too.”

“I’m going to bring a pie. Do you want apple or peach?”

And just like that, he’d come out to his mom.

Three hours later Tyler opened the door to find Angie, her arms filled with bags of bread. “I had a carb craving, so sue me.” She pushed passed him into the house, lifting her chin at Cam, “What’s up?”

Cameron gave her a nod, “Thanks for coming.”

Her eyes darted between the two of them before she smiled, “I wouldn’t miss this for the world.” She turned to Tyler, “So mom’s coming? What’s she bringing?”

Angie and his mom were close. Their connection was deeper than the one Angie had with her own mother. More than once he’d come home to find Angie hanging out in his kitchen learning how to make some of his favorite dishes.

“Peach pie and you will not eat it all. I haven’t had my mom’s pie in forever.”

She slapped her hands together in excitement, "I'm not making any promises."

"Are you substituting food for sex again?"

"Damn straight I am, got a problem with it?"

He shook his head and reached into the fridge for a coke, offering her one as well. "Nope, just don't complain to me when your jeans are too tight."

"Who cares, it's not like anyone's going to see me naked any time soon." She plopped down on the couch, "So who else will be here?"

"Rich agreed to make an

appearance.” He’d been unsure about inviting their friend, but Cameron had convinced him Rich would be cool about their situation.

“That should be interesting.” She rolled her eyes, “He bringing anyone?”

Tyler narrowed his gaze at his friend, “Why? Are you going to make a play for him?”

“Hell no, I just didn’t want to watch him sucking face with another skank.” She grabbed the remote, “On the other hand, I wouldn’t mind seeing a little tongue action between you two.”

Cameron laughed as he passed, carrying a tray of steaks out to the

grill. “Dream on.”

She giggled when he was out of earshot, “I’m so happy for you.”

“I’d be happier if his brother wouldn’t have blown him off today. I don’t think his family is accepting as mine.” The look on Cameron’s face had bothered him when he’d set down his phone earlier, saying his brother couldn’t make it and he couldn’t reach his folks.

“Give it time. Things will work out.” She flipped through the channels as she twirled her hair around one finger with her other hand.

He hoped she was right.

“Can you believe it? That you found someone you belong with? To be honest Ty I wasn’t sure it was ever going to happen for you.”

“Shut up, I’m only twenty-one. I had plenty of time.”

“Yeah, but you’d never really been into anyone, ever. You know? All gooey eyed and nervous, it’s cute.” She shot him a sheepish smile, “I’m jealous.”

“You should be. It’s fucking awesome.” He laughed as she threw a pillow at him. He turned and began chopping vegetables for the shish kabobs.

“What’s it like to have someone

care about you like that?” She asked with true curiosity.

“There aren’t even words. I feel like such a fuck-head for not realizing what was going on sooner.” He truly did, he’d been so dense. “I had no idea what it was like to love someone the way I love him.” Tyler turned, looking up to discover Cameron’s deep brown gaze focused on his face. Shit, had he just said that?

“You know what Angie? You might get your wish after all.” Cameron leaned in for a kiss, keeping it chaste. “I love you too.” Cam whispered against his lips.

Tyler hadn’t expected to

experience any of this, but now that he'd gotten a taste, he didn't want it to ever end. He'd never even imagined he could feel this whole. Now he knew what it was like to be to be loved, and wanted.

“Ah! Come on guys, you can do better than that.” Angie killed the mood with her exclamation.

Cameron kissed him again before heading back out to the patio.

Yeah, now he knew what life was all about.

The barbeque went off without a hitch. Even after Rich spit out his beer after seeing Tyler grab Cameron's hand and pull him close for a kiss.

Shockingly, he hadn't given them shit at all. Instead, he'd given Tyler a sly smile before shrugging his shoulders, making it clear he accepted them.

Tyler was even able to get two pieces of his mom's pie before Angie tried to sneak off with the rest, Rich on her heels.

His father had shook Cameron's hand before giving Tyler a pat on the back. It was his way of saying he accepted their situation. That was his dad, uncomplicated and quiet. Or at least that was what he'd thought. After a few drinks his dad had leaned in, starting to tell him about the time that he and his mother had invited

another man into their bed. Ty had covered his ears like a five year old, walking away while yelling he didn't want to know. That had given the old man a good chuckle.

After everyone had finally left, Rich begging Angie to give him a ride, Tyler brought Cameron into his arms, hoping to express how sorry he was that his partner's family didn't agree to show up.

Cameron assured him they'd come around, though he didn't seem entirely convinced. Tyler wanted nothing more than to show him exactly how much he was loved. He ran his fingers through Cam's thick

blond locks and gave him a smile,
“Finally alone again.”

“Yes, we are.” Cameron replied coyly placing his hands on Tyler’s hips. “You take the dishes and I’ll clean up the trash?”

Tyler leaned forward, pressing his hard-on against Cameron’s hip, “I had something else in mind.”

“How are we ever going to get anything done around here?” Cam’s words were a protest, but his body pressing tightly against Tyler’s was all he needed to move forward.

“I want you. I don’t know if I’ll ever stop wanting you.” Tyler pressed a kiss on Cameron’s full lips, sucking

and nipping.

“That went well today, yes? Rich was surprisingly cool about everything.”

Tyler knew Cameron had also been worried about their friend’s reaction, more so because he had to work with the guy. “I can make it even better.”

“Don’t make promises you can’t keep. What are you going to do to me?” Cameron cupped Tyler’s package in his hand.

“Come to the bedroom and you’ll find out.” He tugged Cameron’s hand as he reluctantly pulled away and lead them into Cameron’s room.

Cameron took the lead, pressing him down into the mattress, looming over him before pulling his shirt off. Tyler looked up at his partner in awe, unable to grasp the reality of the situation. He focused on Cameron's tight chest, leaning up to suck on his right nipple, then his left. He remembered how good it had felt when Came had done the same to him. After wetting each hard nub he sucked, hard, until Cameron was panting. He pushed against Cam's chest, rolling them over and taking the dominant position above his lover.

As he worked his mouth down the

toned abdomen before him he considered his actions carefully, wanting to please Cameron more than he wanted to take his next breath. Tyler pulled his shirt over his head, stripping himself quickly before reaching down to remove Cameron's jeans. With little finesse, he took a firm grip on the straining shaft he had exposed before moving down to suck the tip into his mouth.

“Fuck yes, Tyler, take me into your mouth. I need it.” Cameron's hips arched off the bed, his hands gripping the sheets beneath him.

He moaned around the fullness, cupping the sensitive balls

underneath while he worked his tongue. He never would have thought he could have loved to suck cock, but with Cameron, everything was surreal. Tyler worked Cameron's length for all he was worth, becoming more enthralled with every rasped breath, every grunt that came from his lover's lips.

“Harder baby, suck it harder.”

Cameron's hands wound in Tyler's hair, pulling him down until he almost choked. He sucked for all he was worth as he slowly slipped his hand lower until his finger grazed the tight opening he was seeking. He rubbed gently as he applied gentle pressure,

easing into the tight passage with a single digit.

“Yes, just like that, open me up.” Cameron’s body moved underneath his movements, appearing to be lost in the same ecstasy that gripped Ty.

Becoming bolder, Tyler lifted Cam’s sacs and withdrew his mouth from Cameron’s pulsing erection to slip down and lave the bundle of nerves with his tongue, easing the entry for another finger.

Cam’s hips shot off the bed, his hands tightening in Tyler’s hair. “Don’t stop, don’t fucking stop – shit that’s good.” His voice was pained, straining for release.

The responses his actions elicited drove him on, his own dick dripping with pre-come. “Gonna fuck you, okay?” He gasped as he pulled up for air.

In answer Cameron lifted his legs, pulling Ty’s face up to meet his gaze, “Take me. Give me all you’ve got.”

That’s all he needed. He shifted up Cameron’s body, reveling in the sensation on skin against skin. He braced one arm by Cam’s head, gripping his impossibly stiff cock in his other as he placed it at Cameron’s entrance. He adjusted the angle, leaning up just a bit before slipping just the tip inside the hot, tight ring of

muscles that gripped him immediately. Praying for control, he eased forward, unable to stop the low growl that escaped his lips at the sensation.

“So good, so good, keep going Tyler.” Cameron’s head rolled from side to side as he bit his lower lip with enough force to draw blood.

With one hard push he was seated balls deep into his roommate, his friend, now his lover. His own body tensed at the sensation, and he struggled with control. “Don’t. Move. A. Muscle.” He ground his teeth together, adjusting to the sensation and focusing on restraint.

“Please baby, please. Fuck me.”

Ty began to move, easing slowly out before plunging back in, again and again until there was nothing else but his body moving into Cameron's.

Pleasure swirled around him, overtaking him. He reached between their bodies, grasping Cam's dick in a firm grip.

“No,” Cam pulled Tyler's hand away, “just fuck me. I need to come from you fucking me.”

Tyler's body arched, leaning forward to press his lips against Cameron's, “Anything you need. I'll do anything.” He whispered, pulling himself back reluctantly as he thrust

deeper.

“Then fuck me harder. Please.”

Cam’s began to move as he spoke, his hands raking down Tyler’s chest.

Ty let go, pounding into Cameron with abandon, aching to let go but determined to see this to the end. He watched as Cameron’s eyes rolled back, his chest heaving as he panted and begged for more.

“Close, too close. You ready?”

Tyler ground out as he continued to thrust at a steady pace.

“Yes, right now. Do it, come in my ass.”

Ty unloaded deep in Cameron’s body, his body going completely rigid

as sensation washed over him.

Cameron let out a low moan and Tyler felt his cock being gripped harder as his felt Cameron's dick pulse and release against his abdomen. He crashed his mouth down onto Cam's, riding out the waves with him.

After what seemed like an eternity their bodies finally stilled and he slowly withdrew, collapsing on the bed next to Cameron, both of them gasping. Sleep threatened to take him, but he rolled over, trailing his hand down his partner's chest. "Did I do okay?"

"What do you think?" Cam motioned to the fluid pooling on his

belly as he chuckled, “That was fucking amazing.”

He relaxed into the bed, “So I was thinking we could always make my room into an office.”

Cameron grabbed a pair of boxers and sopped up the mess. “That sounds like a good idea. I want you here, with me, every night.”

Tyler smiled as his eyes closed, “You want to get started on that now?”

Cameron rose above him again, “No, it can wait. I have better things to do.”

It was going to be a long night, though Tyler wouldn't complain. Not

even once. Now he knew what it was like to be content.

The End

About the Author

Dana Love has loved to read and write since she was able to do so. She decided to take a risk and pursue her dream. Her eventual goal is to escape the dreaded cubicle she's worked in for the last ten years. She has two dogs, a bunch of fish, and no time for sleep. She enjoys reading all sorts of romance and erotica and hopes you do too. She'd love to hear from you.

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