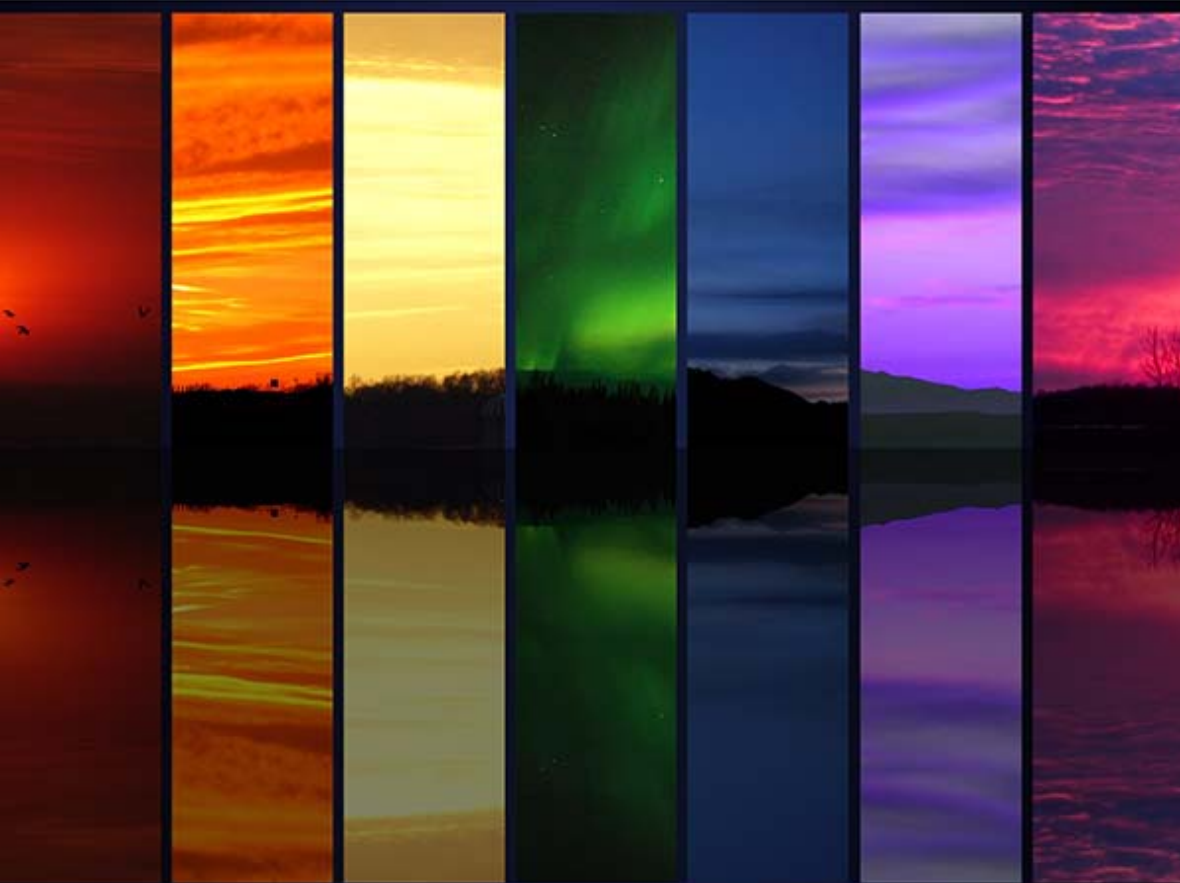


LOVE'S LANDSCAPES



Don't Read in the Closet 2014

# GRAVITATIONAL PULL

Jill Prand

**Table of Contents**

Love’s Landscapes.....3  
Gravitational Pull – Information.....5  
Gravitational Pull.....6  
Chapter One .....7  
Chapter Two.....12  
Chapter Three.....17  
Chapter Four .....23  
Author Bio .....26

# Love's Landscapes

*An M/M Romance series*

## GRAVITATIONAL PULL

**By Jill Prand**

### Introduction

The story you are about to read celebrates love, sex and romance between men. It is a product of the *Love's Landscapes* promotion sponsored by the *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* and is published as a gift to you.

### What Is Love's Landscapes?

The *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* invited members to choose a photo and pen a letter asking for a short M/M romance story inspired by the image; authors from the group were encouraged to select a letter and write an original tale. The result was an outpouring of creativity that shone a spotlight on the special bond between M/M romance writers and the people who love what these authors do.

A written description of the image that inspired this story is provided along with the original request letter. If you'd like to view the photo, please feel free to join the [Goodreads M/M Romance Group](#) and visit the discussion section: *Love's Landscapes*.

No matter if you are a long-time devotee to M/M Romance, just new to the genre or fall somewhere in between, you are in for a delicious treat.

### Words of Caution

This story may contain sexually explicit content and is **intended for adult readers**. It may contain content that is disagreeable or distressing to some readers. The *M/M Romance Group* strongly recommends that each reader review the General Information section before each story for story tags as well as for content warnings.

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

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# GRAVITATIONAL PULL

By Jill Prand

## Photo Description

These two guys in the picture are best friends Dustin and Eric. They've been secretly in love with each other for a long time but neither one wants to risk their friendship. One day at the gym, Dustin can't fight the pull anymore when Eric spots him at the bench press.

## Story Letter

Dear Author,

*We have been best friends since forever and now we're both in our mid-twenties. You have always been there for me, through thick and thin. You even set me up with your workmate, now my girlfriend. I've been with her for a couple of years now and I do love her, but I'm slowly realising that while I do still love her, I'm no longer in love with her. Because it's you I'm in love with, and have always been. I don't know why I'm just realising this now because I've never made a secret of my attraction to both men and women, and you have been just as unapologetically open about the fact that you're gay. Do you feel the same way about me? You haven't had a steady boyfriend since we were in college. Is that because you it's me you want? I don't want to risk our friendship, but I don't think that I can deny my feelings for you any longer. We could have something great, something that will last for the rest of our lives if we can just take that last step towards each other...*

Inspired by the lyrics of "You Make Me Wanna" by Usher which can be found [here](#).

*Sincerely,*

*Aniko*

## Story Info

**Genre:** contemporary

**Tags:** best friends, friends to lovers, teacher, infidelity, UST

**Word Count:** 8,874

# **GRAVITATIONAL PULL**

**By Jill Prand**

## Chapter One

*Dustin*

Could this week get any longer? The students in my last period of AP American History class were going to drive me insane. There were only two weeks until Spring Break, and the kids were going stir-crazy. You would think these college-bound seniors would put a little more effort into trying to ace the class, but for the last week all they seem to want to do is slack off.

It must be the weather. Record-breaking snow totals for a winter in New Jersey has kept many people indoors. Navigating side roads is hazardous to your health, especially when snow banks take up three feet from either curb. I hope the weatherman is right and we get the week of above-freezing temperatures he promised. Maybe then I won't have to protect the parking space in front of my house with a chair. Hell, the space took me three hours to clear—I'm not giving it up.

My phone chirps as I get to my car.

Eric: *Going 2 gym. Join me?*

I do need to work out, maybe it will help with my own Spring Break fever.

Me: *Cya there have 2 get bag @ home*

Eric: *@ home now will grab it*

Me: *K on my way*

It's been a while since Eric and I hung out alone. Usually I'm with my girlfriend, Amy, who is a co-worker of Eric's. Eric set us up almost two years ago, and Amy and I hit it off. She's a great girl, she even understands my bi-urges, and doesn't blink an eye when I visit the local gay bar. I'm lucky to have found her. We've even had a few threesomes with me in between her and a guy she used to date in high school. He's bi too, so Amy and I both get what we want.

Too bad Eric is only into guys. I would love to have him in bed with Amy and I. Hell, I would love to have Eric any time. We've been best friends since kindergarten, and if truth be known, I've wanted him for a long time, but I'm not willing to screw up our friendship. We've lived together since college, but I've never made a move, though it's getting tougher to ignore how much I want him. He's never given me any indication that he thinks of me as anything more than a friend.

I get to the gym first and wait for Eric in the locker room. I text Amy to let her know what's going on. She's going out with the girls tonight, so I won't see her until tomorrow night, or maybe even Sunday. When she gets together with her girlfriends, it can be a whole weekend event. I'm actually relieved that we have some time apart. Amy has been hinting about taking our relationship to the next level. I love her, but I'm not *in* love with her. Amy will never be enough for me, and I will not commit my life to someone I know I will be cheating on. I need to find that person who will satisfy me enough that I don't think about anyone else.

Eric finally walks in and gives me my bag. "Hey, D, you look like someone stole your dog." He sits down next to me. He's already dressed in his workout clothes—a loose pair of shorts and a tank top that shows off the definition in his arms. Eric works out almost every day, and his body is cut but not overly muscled. He looks good enough to eat, and I wouldn't mind finding out what he tastes like.

I pull my polo over my head. "Just trying to figure out my love life," I sigh. "I mean, I love Amy and all, but she's not who I want to spend the rest of my life with."

Eric sits on the bench and looks at me incredulously. "You know she's looking to get married soon, right?"

A sigh escapes my lips as I plop down next to him. "Yeah, she's been hinting about getting engaged." I run my fingers through my hair. "I don't want to hurt her, but there is *no way* I'm getting married. At least not to Amy."

"I thought you guys were good. She doesn't even mind that you have a few extracurricular romps now and again."

"But that's just it. If I really loved her, wouldn't I want to just be with her? I want to find that person that I can't live without. I hate cheating on her, no matter if she knows or not. I always end up feeling guilty just getting my rocks off." I stand up to take my pants off, and Eric turns away from me. What's up with that? It's not like we haven't gotten dressed around each other most of our lives. Granted, I usually try not to see him semi-nude now because I don't want him to see my reaction. Hell, just thinking about his tight butt gives me a semi.

Eric gets up and starts toward the gym. "I'm going to find an open treadmill, you running first?"

"No, I'm going to do a round of weights. Can you spot me on the bench press after your run?"



“Ugh, yeah sure,” he says, kneading the back of his neck. He usually only does that when something is bothering him. I wonder if he is having problems at work.

I finish dressing and make my way out to the floor. Eric is running on the treadmill like something is chasing him. He moves so fluidly, his arms pumping, his stride long and even, I am mesmerized by sight of him. I have to get my shit together. I'm not going to jeopardize my friendship with him by making a move, no matter how hard my cock gets.

Forty minutes later, I'm ready to take on the bench press. I don't go for big weights—I'm not looking to impress anyone, well maybe today I am. I set the bar with one hundred sixty pounds. I can do this without a spotter, and I start to warm up my arms. Eric is on his slow down on the treadmill so I know he'll be a couple more minutes, just enough time for me to figure out how much weight I want to add today. I do eight reps and add on another ten pounds. This goes up pretty easily as well, so I add another ten. I can start to feel the burn as I'm pushing up on the seventh and eighth rep, so I know I'm close to my maximum for today. Eric walks over as I add another five pounds.

“How much you lifting?” he asks.

“I'm at one-eighty-five with this,” I tell him as I set the clip collars. “Since you're here I want to see how far I can push it today.” I lie back on the bench and take hold of the bar. I push up, exhale, and almost drop the bar. Eric is standing right over my head, his legs are apart, and damn if I can't see right up the leg of his shorts. I close my eyes and stifle a groan. Unfortunately, closing my eyes doesn't help when I bring the bar close to my chest and inhale. My nose is bombarded with Eric's scent—his sweat and musk, and the smell that is just *him*. I quickly push the bar up and exhale, trying to rid myself of the urge to lick my lips. I repeat the process six more times, choking back moans, and hoping like hell that Eric can't see the way my cock is jerking in my jockstrap. A whimper sneaks out as I place the bar back on the stand.

“Do you want to add more?” Eric asks, looking down at me.

I don't think I can be in this position for another set, my jock strap is just barely containing my growing erection as it is. “Why don't I spot you?” I say, sitting up.

“All right. I don't need to change anything, just switch with me.” That comment causes my dick to jerk.

As he lies down and I move over his head, I realize this position isn't much better. Now as I look down at him, his mouth is between my legs, and the image of thrusting into him until I'm lodged in his throat has me angling my hips back to prevent Eric from noticing my discomfort. He's making quick work of his reps. "Can you add another fifteen onto this for me?"

I start working the clips and pick up the disks I need, and when I turn back Eric is watching me with a strange look in his eyes. It takes me a moment to move as his eyes have me frozen. I feel heat working its way into my cheeks. Holy hell, am I blushing? I drop my eyes and work on getting the weights sorted out. What is wrong with me? We live together and see each other every day, and now I can't stand to look at him? I get him set up and Eric grabs the bar. He looks straight at me as he pushes the weight up, no strain showing on his face. His green eyes hold mine as he does his reps, and I am lost. I don't know how many reps he does; it is way more than his normal set. Finally, his arms must be tiring, because he can't get the bar all the way up to the stand. I reach for the bar and my hand touches his. Heat runs up my arm and I pull away as soon as the weights are secure.

Stepping back, I look over towards the treadmills. "I think I'm going to run for a while."

"D, will you talk to me?" Eric asks, sitting up.

Shaking my head, I start to walk away. "I just need to go run, Eric." I know we should talk about this but I need to get my head sorted out first.

I set up the machine for five miles, stick my earbuds in, and start the warm up. What am I doing with Eric? I want him. I've wanted him for years, probably before I would even let myself realize that I liked both boys and girls. Our friendship has always been more important than the urges, but that seems to be changing. I almost don't care if I put our friendship at risk. But if this goes wrong, my whole life changes—Eric is the most important person in my life. He knows me better than my own parents do. And if we do this, it's not only us we're risking, it's Amy too. She and Eric have to work together, and I can't see how that could end well. Eric and I have to discuss all of this before we do something we can't take back. But even if we decide it's not worth the risk, how can we go back to what we were before? He'll know I want to be with him, and from the look in his eyes, I think the feeling is mutual. My five miles is almost up, and the cool down is starting. Time to man up and tell my best friend I want to fuck him. No, with Eric it would be more than fucking. That's the problem—if it was just a hook-up it would be easy—this is more.

Eric is leaning against the wall by the doors to the locker room, a pensive look set in his deep green eyes. He straightens as I get close to him. "I'm going home to shower," he says. "We need to talk when you get there."

I nod my head. "I know. I won't be long." I feel the need to reach out and touch him, to somehow say we are in this together, but I chicken out. Turning away from him, I go into the locker room and hope a shower will ease the tension in my neck.

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## Chapter Two

*Eric*

I'm sitting on the couch waiting for Dustin to come in. Things are going to be different from now on. I have to tell him I've been in love with him for as long as I can remember. He was my first fantasy. When I first realized that I was gay, the only person I wanted to be with was Dustin, but he wasn't ready for that, and I couldn't risk losing his friendship. Having Dustin in my life as just a friend was better than no Dustin at all. But now I can't fight the pull of him anymore, and if I was reading him correctly at the gym, he is starting to feel the same way about me.

I'm hoping that what he said about his relationship with Amy means he's ready to move on from her. I love Amy, but I kick myself every time I remember that I introduced them. I thought they would go out a time or two, and Dustin could get a little hetero action, and that would be it. I didn't think they would be together for almost two years. Now I'm going to have to deal with the fallout at work because Amy will surely not take it well when Dustin tells her it's over.

I'm getting ahead of myself here. I don't know for sure that Dustin wants to change our relationship. He may decide that he's not ready, or that he really does want to stay with Amy. God, I think I will have to move out if I have to hear them together again. I want Dustin to moan for me when I bury myself in him. Hell, I don't bottom often, but if he wants to top me, I will let him just to be able to touch him, to taste him. I want him to come down my throat while I ready his ass for my cock.

I have to calm down—it will be a disaster if Dustin walks in and I have a hard-on tenting my sweats. I don't want to scare him off before we even start to talk. I go over in my head just what I want to say to him. I'm attracted to him, and I want us to try to be together but I want to promise him that no matter what happens we will always be friends. I just need a chance to make Dustin see how good we could be together. When Dustin was talking about Amy earlier, I realized that he may actually be ready for a lifetime relationship, and I'm just the man who can fill that spot.

I sip my beer and watch a report on spring training. My father and I have Yankee season tickets, and I can't wait for opening day. Dustin walks in and takes his jacket off. "I'm gonna get a beer." He walks to the kitchen. My stress

level has jumped to epic proportions. He wouldn't even meet my eyes before he fled the room. I've got to find a way to relax both of us if we want to have a chance of getting through this without killing our friendship.

Looking like a sheep being led to slaughter, Dustin sits on the other end of the couch, as far away from me as he can possibly get. We both reach for the remote at the same time, but as our hands brush together, I capture his, interlocking our fingers. He gasps and tries to pull back. I wonder if he feels the electrical charge from just our hands like I do. Needing to put him at ease I say, "No matter what happens, D, we will always be friends." Rubbing my thumb over the racing pulse on his wrist, I put my beer on the coffee table, grab the remote and turn the TV off. Moving closer to him, I lift our joined hands to my chest. "You are the most important person in my life."

He closes his eyes and his shoulders sag. "I can't lose you, Eric," he whispers. "I won't survive it."

"You'll never lose me," I assure him, reaching out to caress his stubbled jaw. I want nothing more than to hold him, kiss him and lose myself in this man. His eyes open and hope blazes for a second before apprehension takes over again. "Never," I say, as my hand moves around to fist in the hair on his nape. I pull him into me. "Ever," I whisper, as our lips brush together for the first time. Closing my eyes, I press my lips against his harder, and when he cracks his mouth open to let out a hissing breath, my tongue dives into the crevice. The taste of him, beer, mint and something uniquely Dustin, fills my senses and causes my dick to throb. Releasing his hand, I wrap my arm around his waist and drag him with me as I fall back on the couch. Groaning more from the feel of us pressed together than his weight, I pull my leg out from under him so he is cradled between my legs. I thrust my swollen cock up, needing the friction of his erection to press against mine. Gasping, Dustin lifts up on his arms, changing the angle and driving himself against me again. His eyes are now dilated and his mouth is open as he rocks his hips again. My balls are aching for release, so I grab his hips to still him. "D-man, you need to stop or I'm gonna cum in my pants." I can already feel pre-cum seeping from the head of my cock. "I've wanted you for too long."

Snapping his gaze to me, "How long?" he demands.

"Feels like forever." I reach out to push his hair back from his eyes. "I think I've always wanted you."

He sits up straddling my legs. "Why didn't you ever say anything?"

Clutching the back of the couch, I haul myself up so we are eye to eye. “Probably the same reason you never said anything. I was afraid to lose you.”

“And you’re not anymore?” he questions.

I nod my head. “Still scared shitless, but I don’t want to fight it anymore.” I pull my legs out from under him and cross them. “I won’t let this ruin our friendship, but I need you, Dustin.”

He drops back on his heels, hands on his knees. “Shit, Eric, we’ve been stupid huh?”

That’s the understatement of the world. “Yeah, we have, but Dustin, I can’t picture a future without you in it. I just can’t go on wanting you and not touching you—it’s killing me. I haven’t even hooked up with anyone in almost a year because they’re not you.”

His sharp intake of breath lets me know my admission is a surprise. “Eric, I had no clue. I know I’ve been staying at Amy’s a lot, but really, almost a year? And here I was trying to not jump you when I saw you walk around here half naked. My cock was perpetually hard.”

Laughing at the irony, I tell him, “And I was walking around that way to try and entice you to make a move.”

Grabbing my hands, he asks, “Why now? What changed?”

“I thought you really loved Amy. The way she’s been talking, you two are getting married.”

Shaking his head, he says, “No way. I mean I love her, but not enough to marry her. For months now, I’ve been trying to figure out a way to tell her that. I just don’t want her to hate me.” Dustin’s head drops. “What the hell is going to happen when she finds out about us?”

Squeezing his hands to get him to look at me, I ask, “Is there going to be an *us*, D?”

Releasing one of my hands, he cups my cheek. “God, I hope so.”

Wrapping my free hand around the back of his neck, I pull him forward. “Me too,” I say as our lips meet. I lick around his partially open mouth. He sucks my tongue in, and my cock jumps at the thought of replacing my tongue. I groan as the image of his lips wrapped around me dances in my head. Uncrossing my legs, I move to my knees and haul him against me. Grabbing his hips, I thrust my erection against him in time with my tongue. The friction of

our cocks, even with layers of clothes between us, threatens to send me over the edge. Breaking free of his mouth, I lick and suck along his jaw until I get to his ear. "Need to feel you skin to skin."

Dustin shudders. "Damn, Eric, I almost came just from your voice," he says as he looks at me.

Reaching back to pull my shirt over my head, I freeze with it still around my shoulders when I notice Dustin has already removed his shirt and is working on ridding himself of his pants. My mouth is watering at the sight of his chest—lean, sculpted, but not overly-muscled; a spattering of hair across his pecs with a thin line of hair from his belly button to the waistband he's currently pulling down. I can't stop myself from moaning when his erection pops out as he pushes his pants and underwear down to his knees. "Like what you see?" he taunts.

"God, yes," I stammer, throwing my shirt behind me before I push Dustin backwards on the couch and strip his pants and underwear fully off him. I part his legs and lean down until my nose is pressed to his well-trimmed pubes. His smell is intoxicating, clean and musky, and I need to taste him. I turn my head and take one of his balls into my mouth, and we both moan. I'm holding his thighs open as my thumbs press on his perineum, stroking back and forth between his balls and his puckered hole. He tries to push his pelvis up, but I hold him still as I move to his other testicle.

"Eric... Eric... God, that feels so good," he moans. I glance up and his eyes are shut tight, his mouth is open and his white-knuckled hands are gripping the armrest behind his head. He's the sexiest thing I've ever seen, and he's all laid out just for me.

"Tell me what you want, D," I say against his balls. "What should I do to you next?"

Opening his eyes, he looks down at me and groans. "Blow me, finger me, fuck me. I don't care, just don't stop."

I half-smile, a smirk really, as I lower one thumb to rim him. My other hand moves up his side, over his pec, along his throat, and I push two fingers into his mouth. "Get them wet for me, babe." He sucks and licks my fingers while I watch. My cock jerks and weeps in my pants.

He's pushing against my thumb, but I don't want to enter him dry, so I pull away and palm his balls. He releases my fingers. "Please Eric," he begs. I nudge his knee up with my shoulder to tilt his pelvis and give me better access

to his hole, drop my head down and lick him. My hand releases his balls and I fist his cock and stroke up to his tip. I rub my palm against him, collecting the pre-cum to lubricate my hand, and then pump him hard twice. "Oh God, Eric! I'm gonna come," he yells.

I lift my head and stop my hand. "Not yet. I want you to come in my mouth, Dustin." I bring my still-wet fingers down and press the middle one against him. He takes it to my knuckle in one push. At the same time, I lick between his balls and up the underside of his shaft, which is weeping onto his stomach. I pump him again, and another drop beads on his tip; I slurp it up. Damn, he tastes good, salty and woody, so uniquely Dustin. I take him in my mouth as far as my gag reflex will let me while adding a second finger into him. I curl my fingers to find his prostate, and once I find it, I separate my fingers to either side of it as I thrust in, bringing them together to drag across it on the outward stroke. Dustin moans out my name again, and his whole body quivers. I suck my way up to the tip of his cock, then take him deep again. It seems like mere seconds before Dustin screams out, "I'm coming!" and I feel the first stream hit the back of my throat. I circle my fingers around his gland to prolong his orgasm, and he shoots off twice more in my mouth. I keep licking him until he's clean, then gently take my fingers out. I kiss my way up his body to capture his mouth.

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## Chapter Three

*Dustin*

Still coming down from the best blow job I've ever gotten, I realize that Eric still has his pants on. I yank his hair to break our lips apart. "Why do you still have clothes on?" I ask.

That cute smirk is back on his face, and his eyes are shining with mirth. "Because when I saw how hard you were for me, I couldn't control myself." I wonder if it's too early to tell him I love him. "Besides, if I had been naked, I would have had to be inside you and we don't have any lube down here."

The thought of him inside me has blood rushing back to my dick. Damn, I've never gotten hard again so fast. I push my growing erection into him. "Well looks like I'm ready for round two." I pull him down so I can lick his neck. "I want you inside me." I run my tongue up to his ear. "I've been dreaming about it for years." He grinds against me. "But my favorite fantasy is you on your knees spreading yourself with your hands, offering up that ass to me." I tug on his earlobe with my teeth and feel the ripple throughout his body. I lift my head and look into his green, passion-filled eyes. "I know you don't usually bottom..."

"I will for you," he says before I can finish my thought. "I've dreamt about you taking me too." Holy shit! Why the hell did we waste so much time? "But tonight, your ass is mine."

Suddenly Eric stands up and pulls me with him. "We need to go upstairs now. I won't last much longer with you naked underneath me." My dick jerks at his words. I want nothing more right now than to be naked under him with his cock buried in my ass. As I turn around to head up the steps, I hear Eric groan, and now it's my turn to smile, loving the fact that he's ogling my ass.

When I reach the top of the stairs, I turn around and ask, "Yours or mine?"

"Mine," Eric states as he reaches the last step. He bends and throws me over his shoulder in a fireman's carry. "All fucking mine." He nips the side of my ass and gropes the other cheek with his hand. I'm no light-weight at one hundred eighty-five pounds, but it doesn't seem to bother him. He strides into his room and deposits me on the edge of the bed, growling. His pants and underwear disappear, and he stands before me gloriously naked. Greek gods have nothing on Eric. His body has no fat anywhere, but he's not bulky like

body builders. Broad shoulders, well-defined pecs with erect nipples just begging for my lips, his six-pack abs have that dip in the middle that I can't wait to taste with the tip of my tongue. His belly button is an outie, and I ache to see how sensitive it is. As my eyes drift lower, over the perfect V of his hips, I finally see his cock. He's not much more than average length, but damn, he's thick. I lick my lips and just know my jaw is going to hurt tomorrow from how wide I'm going to have to open it. As if it knows what I'm thinking, his cock jumps and pre-cum glistens at the tip. I slide off the bed onto my knees, and moan as his taste hits my tongue. I wrap my hand around the base of his cock, and stroke roughly a couple times to be rewarded with another shot of moisture. I slurp him like a straw then delve the tip of my tongue into his slit. I continue to pump him, twisting my hand as I look up at him.

Eric's eyes are dilated and strained, his mouth hanging open and his breathing coming in short sharp gasps. "I want to fuck your mouth." His gritty voice goes straight to my balls. I can't do more than nod. "Let me know if it gets to be too much," he says as he pushes into my mouth. He thrusts to the back of my throat a couple of times, and even though I don't have a gag reflex, I can't get all of him into my throat. He withdraws, looking down at me. "You okay?" I nod. "Tilt your head back against the bed." I do as he tells me, and he steps forward to plant his feet at my hips. He leans his one hand down on the bed and grabs my chin with the other. "Open wide, baby," he grunts as he feeds his cock into me from above. The angle gives him a straight shot down my throat, and he takes full advantage. I moan as his balls slap my chin and feel him getting even thicker. "Fuck, D, this feels awesome," he cries out as he increases his tempo. I grip his thighs and feel his straining muscles. My jaw starts to protest and my eyes start to water, but I'm not going to stop him. I want him to let go and use me as he wants. I know the second he feels my tears because he quickly withdraws and drops down to straddle my knees. "Dustin, did I hurt you?" He wipes my eyes with his thumbs. "Why didn't you tell me to stop?"

The concern in his eyes makes me smile. "It was just the pressure. I'm okay," I assure him as I draw him down for a kiss.

"I'm sorry," he murmurs against my lips.

I pull back and stroke my fingers over his lips. "There's nothing to be sorry about. I loved that you lost yourself in me." I smile. "But right now my legs are falling asleep."

He jumps up and lifts me onto the bed. "I'm sorry." He starts messaging my thighs.

I grab his face. "Stop. I'm fine." I don't want to be treated with kid-gloves.

He falls to his knees in front of me. "I never want to hurt you, D. I love you."

My breath catches, and I stare into his eyes, brimming with tears. "I love you, too, Eric. I have for a long time." I lean over and kiss him, groaning as our tongues dance. He fists my hair and tilts my head for a better angle. I wrap my arms around his back, and pull him with me as I fall back onto the bed. My legs fall open and our cocks press against each other. I grab his ass and hook my legs around him; I never want to move. I want to stay like this with him for the rest of our lives.

Eric pushes up on his elbows, breaking the kiss. "I love you, Dustin." I'm never going to tire of hearing that, especially with his voice hoarse with emotion. I can't stop the smile from my lips. "I love you, too." He smiles back at me, but his eyes fill with tears. He buries his face in my neck.

"Eric, what's wrong?" I roll us onto our sides. "Talk to me, baby."

His breath hitches as I wipe his face. Eric finally opens his eyes, and the love I see there makes my own breath catch. "I'd almost given up the dream that we'd ever be together. It's a little overwhelming that it's finally happening." His lower lip quivers so I suck it into my mouth, licking it with my tongue until I feel the vibrations stop.

I release him and rub my thumb along his jaw. "This feels like a dream to me, but the reality is I've always felt pulled to you, like you're my gravity."

"You're it for me, D. I've known it for a while. I don't want anyone but you ever again." That should scare the shit out of me, but it doesn't. I feel a kind of peace come over me, and I realize I don't want anyone else either. I don't have the words to tell him right now; all I can do is show him. I kiss his lips and sigh as he opens for me. I run my hand over his pecs and abs, down to capture his cock. He's fully erect again, and as I twist and pull his shaft he moans into my mouth.

Eric's hand moves to my dick but I stop him. "If you touch me right now, I'm gonna shoot. I want you inside me when I come."

I start to roll over onto my stomach but Eric stops me. "On your back, D. I want to be able to see your face as I make love to you." My whole body trembles in anticipation, like a Chihuahua, as I turn over. Eric reaches into the drawer of the nightstand for lube and a condom. He kisses me as he pulls my

right leg up, moving between both of my legs. He pushes my other leg up as well, and the heels of my feet are now next to my hips. Eric sits back and looks at me. "You're so fucking sexy, Dustin."

"You're pretty hot too, but you're too far away." I reach out my hand to him.

He shakes his head. "I want to watch you take my fingers." Wow, that's hot. He opens the lube and pours some on his fingers. As he spears me with the first one, he asks, "When was the last time you bottomed?"

I can't believe this but I'm blushing. "Over a year ago. But I have a couple of toys I like to play with that I've used recently." Wonder if I should tell him that he's what I think about when I use them. I even called out his name a few times when I climaxed.

He cups my balls as he adds another finger, scissoring them and stretching me. He grazes over that spot that makes me want to blow, and I push down onto his hand. I need more, I need him inside me now. I groan out my need, "Now, Eric, stop teasing me."

He grabs the condom and rolls it on, then climbs up me, tracing his tongue along my body. He stops and laves my nipple as he positions himself. The head of his cock rims me, and I want to impale myself on him. He's torturing me, and I try to push my body up but he grabs my hips and holds me still. "So impatient," he mumbles against my chest. "I'm enjoying driving you mad."

"I didn't know you were a sadist. If I knew I might have reconsidered falling for you." I smile because it wouldn't matter to me if he wanted to spank me nightly—I love him no matter what. He nips at my collarbone, and then sucks my neck. I'm sure I'll have a mark there, but I plan on wearing it with pride. My hands can finally reach his ass and I try to pull him into me, but he only moves enough to press just the tip of him in me. I can feel myself trying to stretch to give him entrance. The man really is thick, and I know the burn is going to be incredible. I'll be walking strange for a week, and sitting will probably hurt for a while, but I will love the reminder that we finally consummated this passion for each other.

Finally, he braces one arm on the bed and looks into my eyes. "I love you, Dustin," he says as he thrusts forward. When the head of his cock enters me, I swear I hear "Like a Virgin" playing in my head. It feels like the first time I bottomed—there is pain, but also that feeling of wonder. He slows his entrance, moving in a little more with each breath we take together. All the while, I'm

looking into the deepest green eyes filled not only with passion but love. I reach up and pull him down for a kiss. "I love you, Eric." I lose myself in the sensation of both the kiss and being filled by this man. When I feel his pelvis finally meet my skin, I know I've taken him all and I wrap my legs around his waist.

Eric moans into my mouth, "You're so fucking tight, D. I want to stay inside you forever but I have to move." He plants his elbows by my head and kisses me again as he pulls out until just the head of his cock is still in me. He snaps his hips forward, the pain and pleasure vying inside me. I arch my back, and my cock bobs against our stomachs as I moan out his name. He sets a steady pace, and the pain recedes as my body adjusts to him, leaving only the feeling of being filled to the brim. He hooks his arms around my knees and pulls them up, changing the angle of his thrusts. This time he hits my sweet spot with every movement. I'm too close to coming so I grab my dick, pressing around the base hoping to hold off my release. Grunting with each stroke, I grip Eric's back and bury my teeth into his shoulder. I can't hold back anymore, and I scream out his name as my balls pull up and my cum coats our stomachs. Eric pounds into me a few more times before I feel him pulse with his own release and he drops down onto me.

Once we've both caught our breaths, Eric starts to roll off me, but I hold him to me. "Don't move yet. I don't want this to be over."

He pushes my sweaty hair back off my forehead. "It's not over, D. We're only beginning." His lips find mine, and the kiss is sweet and tender. His softening cock slips out of me, and I moan with its loss. This time when he rolls off me, I let him go. I don't think I can move enough to even clean myself up. I've had the two best orgasms of my life, and my body is totally drained.

Eric gets off the bed and goes to the bathroom. Even admiring his tight ass can't stir my cock. He comes back a minute later with a washcloth and wipes me off. I smile at him. "I hope you're not planning on doing anything tonight. I don't think I can move."

He lies down next to me and starts drawing circles on my chest. "I have no intention of going anywhere. I do hope you recover soon though. I'd like to try out your fantasy next."

"So we're both gonna be walking funny tomorrow?" I say, turning on my side to face him.

"Baby, if I have my way, neither of us will be walking anywhere tomorrow. Other than kitchen and bathroom trips, I plan on us spending the rest of the

weekend right here.” He lays back and pulls me to him. I tuck my head against his neck and inhale. Musky male and sex—my two favorite scents. With our limbs entwined, we fall asleep.

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## Chapter Four

*Eric*

Waking up on Saturday morning with Dustin in my arms is the best thing to ever happen to me. I'm not sure what woke me, but I take the time to study the man next to me. Dustin's hair is at odd angles from his scalp; his long black eyelashes caressing his pale skin, a total contrast to the dark stubble on his jaw. My man is gorgeous and so at peace. We talked for hours, and he's going to break it off with Amy as soon as he sees her again. We want to try to make this thing work between us without any other interference. I know it will be tough on both of us. Dustin doesn't want to hurt her, and I have to see her every day. I just hope she can forgive us both.

I hear someone walking up the stairs, and I think Dustin's going to have his chance right now. I shake Dustin awake. "Hey, D, I think Amy's here," I whisper to him.

He groans and rolls over. "Too tired to wake up."

I try again, "Dustin, you gotta get up, man. You don't want Amy to find out like this."

There's a knock on my door. "Eric, you in there?" Damn, she should be hungover from her night out with her friends. What is she doing here? "Eric?" She knocks again.

"D, wake up," I say more forcefully, shaking his arm. He's still not responding other than to groan at me. I put a pillow over his head and pull the sheet up over him so Amy won't be able to identify him, and then pull on some underwear. I run my fingers through my hair as I walk to the door. I open it and yawn, "What's up?" I ask, trying to block her sight into my room.

"I'm looking for Dustin, do you know where he is? His car is out front but he's not in his room." Amy looks like she had a long night. "I texted him a couple of times last night and he didn't answer me. That's not like him, Eric. I'm starting to get worried."

Shit, I have no idea where his phone is, but I do know neither one of us heard it or cared last night. "Did something happen last night?" I ask.

"A couple of the other girls' boyfriends showed up last night so I called to see if he wanted to come out. That was around ten o'clock, but he didn't pick

up or answer my texts.” “Shit, she sounds pissed already. She’s gonna flip when Dustin breaks up with her.

The jig is up the moment I hear, “Damn, E, what are you trying to do, smother me? Why did you put the pillow over my head?” I groan and look at Amy. The color drains from her face. I open my mouth to try to comfort her but nothing comes out. What do you tell your best friend’s girl when she catches him in your bed?

She shoves her way past me and stomps to the bed. “What the fuck, Dustin?”

I turn and watch the scene unfold. Dustin sits up and the sheet falls, barely covering his cock, and damn the man looks good with that just-fucked hair. He rubs his eyes like he’s hoping Amy standing there is a dream, but his mouth falls open when he realizes it’s not. He stammers out, “Amy, what are you doing here?”

“What am I doing here? I came looking for you, and where do I find you? In Eric’s bed! How long has this been going on behind my back?”

Dustin looks at me with sorrowful eyes then turns back to her. “Amy, we need to talk. Can you give me a couple of minutes to get dressed?”

“No, Dustin, you don’t get a couple of minutes to work out your story. I want to know how long this has been going on.” Her hands are on her hips and her face is getting red. I’ve never seen her this angry before, and she sort of scares me. I want to defend him and tell her it was just last night, but I can’t deal with this for him. He needs to tell her what’s in his heart, and I need to just let them talk.

“I’m going to go make coffee,” I say as I leave the room.

“Eric,” Dustin calls out. I turn back around and I see he wants to say something, but he looks at Amy and then just nods at me.

I stop at the bathroom before going downstairs. I take care of my morning routine, but my mind is firmly planted in that room. I hear Amy crying and then she yells, “Don’t touch me!” I cringe at the sound. When I finally make it to the kitchen, I busy myself making the coffee and straightening up the empties we deposited in here at around two a.m. I look around for something else to occupy my time, but nothing jumps out at me. Finally, I just sit at the table and put my head in my hands. This is so bad. I knew it wasn’t going to be easy for Dustin to break it off with her, but this is just excruciating. I hear when she leaves my



room because she is still yelling. I can't make out exactly what she's saying because she's started to screech. I hear her coming down the stairs and I hope she goes straight out the door, but my luck isn't that good.

She walks into the kitchen, heads directly to me and slaps my face. "How could you do this, Eric? Does our friendship mean nothing to you? Why did you set us up in the first place if you wanted him?"

Her tear-streaked face breaks my heart. She's become a really good friend, and she's right, I did this. I set them up knowing I was in love with him. I've been trying to seduce him for months, and we should have stopped last night until Dustin could talk to her. I have no way to defend my actions. "I'm sorry, Amy, I really am. I never wanted you to get hurt, but I love him and I can't stop no matter how often I tried."

She's crying again, and my instinct is to hug her, but I'm the last person she wants comfort from right now. "Don't talk to me at work, Eric. I don't know if I'll ever forgive either one of you." She turns and walks out. I sit there and berate myself for causing her pain, but the truth is that even though she's hurt, I can't stop loving Dustin.

A few minutes later, he comes down. I look up at him as he walks in, and he looks like shit. I stand as he walks up to me and take him into my arms. "Are you okay?" I ask.

He hugs me tighter. "I wish that would have gone better. I never meant to hurt her that way."

"I feel like a shit too. She didn't deserve that." I pull back so I can see his face. "But I'm not sorry for what we did last night. I love you, Dustin."

"I love you, too, Eric," he says before slamming his mouth to mine. So many emotions are in his kiss—desperation, need, and as he eases up, love. "So are we still going to spend the weekend in bed?" he asks with hope in his eyes.

I know in that moment that we'll be okay. We'll weather the storms put in our path because we'll hold onto each other and be each other's gravity.

**The End**

## Author Bio

*Living in Northern New Jersey, originally from Long Island, Jill Prand is a wife and mother of two girls. She's been an avid reader all her life, spending Sunday afternoons curled up with a good book. "We had a huge bookshelf in our den when I was a child with a diverse set of authors like Ayn Rand, Stephen King, Mario Puzo and Danielle Steele. I cut my literary teeth on Walter Farley, Judy Blume and SE Hinton before raiding my parents' library." Jill is currently working on the Walking Series as well as a standalone novel. She loves to hear from readers.*

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