

LOVE'S LANDSCAPES



Don't Read in the Closet 2014

DARE

Matthias Williamson

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Love's Landscapes

An M/M Romance series

DARE

By Matthias Williamson

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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DARE

By Matthias Williamson

Photo Description

One man is licking another man's face. The one being licked does not look like he approves.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

Guy #1 on left

"What is he DOING?! Just coz I'm the only gay guy on the team doesn't mean I want just ANYONE slobbering over me. Please. I have standards."

Guy #2:

"I know it was a dare, but I couldn't help myself. I can't get him out of my head. He's just so damn... edible. I've never wanted to touch another guy. Ever. I think I'm going mad."

I'd like a bit of conflict between these two, perhaps with Guy #2 harbouring a secret crush on the known gay, Guy #1. Our gay guy picks up the signs, but remains unconvinced that his admirer is anything other than a complete douchebag. It takes a lot of persuasion before he will accept that Mr. Closet is serious—and the man of his dreams.

I'd love an enemies-to-lovers theme on this. Lots of tension, pining and delicious lust that slowly simmers, then explodes in a spectacular fashion. No paranormal, historical or shifters please—and a HEA or HFN. Thank you!

Smoochies :)

Anna

Story Info

Genre: contemporary

Tags: college, rugby, rivals to lovers, asexual, drug use, first time, homophobia, HFN

Content Warnings: rape, watersports/non-consensual

Word Count: 15,390

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Prologue

CAL BEARS, Getting Ready to Lick the Competition.

A stupid headline, since the picture under it showed Theo licking me, his own fucking teammate. Not that I wanted or expected his tongue anywhere near my face. I've rewound that moment over and over in my brain, and I get the same reaction that the stupid picture shows. Something akin to *WTF* and *EW*! And at the end, when he whispered in my ear, I just turned and looked at him.

“What? You serious?”

His eyes had this mesmerized look to them.

His fingers curled tightly around my own as I got up, exasperated. What is it with straight guys thinking that just because I'm gay means I want every man that walks the earth? And then it dawned on me—I'm pretty much an open book. I walk around like the men of the Renaissance who strutted with their cod pieces out for everyone to see. Talking about this guy I was with or that guy.

Part One – High School

Wyatt

School had never been tough for me really; I mean, it was acting, dancing, costumes and shows, shows, shows. I wasn't the best actor in the class, but I could sew a mean costume, or dance my heart out. I always got the lead in the dream sequence, or they'd do this crazy thing with the lights, because it was Hollywood High after all, and the funds that went into that theater department blew most sports programs out of the water. So, the actor with two left feet would have me as their understudy, but I'd do the dance sequence that the director always needed to include. Or there were the summer recitals where we'd take a modern song and turn it into some classical revision.

There was the time when my best friend, Eddie, and I had caught Hiram's Sauce-Box at a convention. They were fucking awesome, and I wanted to fuck the violinist, even if he didn't go for me. It didn't really matter, because we got this fucking awesome video of them performing "*Chitty Chitty Bang Bang*". Eddie and I relooped the old song with the new song, and I created a steampunk dance for my senior performance. Of course, we both got A's and when I sent our home video to Hiram's Sauce-Box, they offered to play for the school.

The problem with schools like Hollywood High is that not everyone on campus likes the same music. Hell, at the time, no one had heard of Hiram's Sauce-Box, so they ended up not being able to come, but my buddy and I were invited to be special guests at their LA concert. It was awesome; even though the closest I got to bang-banging anyone was lying on the floor beneath the violinist's kilt.

"So, what are you wearing under your kilt?" I hoped he'd say that he was regimental.

He smirked and said, "Nothing. If I had something, it'd be called a skirt."

We laughed, and I don't think he expected me to crawl on the floor between his legs. He just smiled and continued to kiss the chick on his arm, even as I slid my hand up his thigh and cupped his balls. I think he was into it, but got embarrassed. My buddy came in the room looking for me, saw me on the floor and pulled my legs to take me out from my discovery. The balls slid from my hand, and I grinned as I was pulled away. The violinist chuckled and went back to kissing his girl.

Becky, Uzbekistan, Beckers, Eddie and Edward were all the things I usually called my best friend. This time, when I stood up to look into his eyes, I said, "Fucker... I was so close to being in a three-way with my conquest. What the fuck are you doing pulling me out?"

He looked at me and sighed. "The cops are outside and you're not of age, my friend. I'm saving you... and him." He motioned to the kilt wearer, who had moved to the sofa against the wall. As we turned to leave, my mouth salivated just thinking of his thick cock gagging the back of my throat. I waved slowly, sighed and turned to follow Eddie out the door. We walked down the block to catch a cab back home to the hills. I paid to send Eddie back to his place, and I went in the kitchen and pulled out a wine cooler that Sally had left in the fridge.

I dropped my clothes along the way to the hot tub overlooking the Hollywood Hills. After placing the wine cooler on the planter's edge, I dove into the infinity pool first, swam the length, got to the end, climbed out, picked up the bottle and slipped into the hot tub. The 'rents weren't home tonight; I'd been informed that they were attending one of Sally James' book readings. My stepmother is a romance writer, she's very wealthy, and, in fact, this is her home. She lets the three of us live here. Braden and Sasha are her spawn from a previous, and I'm Wyatt's from a previous. My real mom died in a plane crash, we try to remember, at least Wyatt, Sr. does. I'd been with her for ten years and I can't remember what she looked like.

My stepbrother, Braden, was a year older than me, living at home but working in the film industry. As I lay in the Jacuzzi sipping the horrible wine cooler, I was filled with thoughts about the rave we were going to on the weekend. I was secretly hoping to hook up with Braden or one of his friends; after all, we had goofed-off a couple of times after I realized we were both gay.

Eddie wasn't with us; in fact if he had been, I probably wouldn't have taken as many drugs as were offered me. Braden told me to suck on the candy diamond he'd handed to Caleb, Nicky and I. He also wrote on the top of our hands, "*Don't Worry UR ON DRUGS!*" We danced for hours, and I swear I lost all the weight I'd gained over the summer eating at the fucked-up corn dog stand in the mall. I never wanted to work in a mall again.

Well, I haven't been a virgin since I was about fifteen. I always looked a little old for my age. So, when I woke up on my stomach, naked, I wasn't very

surprised. I looked at my hand and saw that I'd been on drugs. I still felt a little groggy, and my eyes were hazy since I had slept with my contacts in. I blinked a few times, turning my eyes in circles to get them wet again. Slowly, everything came into view.

I looked around the room, scanning everything around me, trying to figure out where I was. The covers were piled on the floor behind me, and there were clothes everywhere. A brown leather belt on the bed beside me, and on the left, under the window, I saw Braden passed out with Nicky, his best buddy, lying in a puddle of vomit. "Oh... shit..."

I pushed my hands into the mattress, felt a leg, thought it was Caleb and moved to help them out. I nearly got out of the bed, when I felt a thick hand grasp my wrist and yank me back. I fell against a body; he was naked, lying on his back—not Caleb. He looked into my eyes, and I just froze. He pulled me closer and then pressed down on the back of my head as I was shoved down the length of his erection.

I didn't know what to do. I choked as the head slammed against the back of my throat. My eyes bulged out as I slapped his thighs. I was freaking out. I started gagging, barely able to breathe and screaming through the saliva. It went on for so long and then *oh, fuck*, he was coming... I had two options. I could hold this huge amount of cum in my mouth to spit in his face, or swallow, because I couldn't think of breathing at the same time. So, in my panic, I swallowed. He still didn't let me up, though. I risked looking to my left and saw his grin as he began pissing down my throat. I thrashed more wildly, kicking my feet and scratching at his legs. I heard him chuckle.

"Yeah... this is the best toilet boy ever, you'll take anything from me, won't you?" Tears splashed against his thighs as I learned how to breathe spiked to his cock. Then, I felt warm hands on the back of my legs, and the man who had molested me slumped to the side, his eyes closed. His dick was still rigid, but his hand had fallen away from me, and I was pulled, from behind, into the arms of Caleb. The youngest, sweetest of Braden's friends, Caleb wiped the corners of my mouth with his fingertips. He held me as I cried.

"I want to pummel that asshole." He squeezed me tighter, like holding on to me to keep me safe protected him from having to beat up the man.

I lifted my head and saw that Braden was throwing the brass table lamp, that he had used to clobber the guy, to the floor, reaching his hand out for the telephone cord that Nicky had pulled out of the wall, and using it to tie the

man's hands up. Nicky jumped on the bed, straddled the guy and pulled the permanent marker that he'd used to write on our wrists from his pocket, and wrote RAPER on the man's forehead.

Up till that moment, there was silence in the room and then Nicky snarled, "Let's piss on the fucker."

Braden put up his hand and said, "It'd only be more trace of us in the room."

We dressed quickly and stumbled out of the room into the bright Sunday morning sunlight. I was shaking and my head still throbbed with the beats of the night before. I remembered feeling the beads on my wrists and the kisses of all the boys, even Braden... of his tongue down my throat, of our cocks out, of bracelets being placed everywhere.

It took us a long time to realize we'd only been in the room upstairs from ours. Caleb drew a bath for me, but Braden was worried I'd drown, so he took the bath with me. Holding my head on his chest, I slid into his arms and I kissed his nipple before falling asleep. I'm glad he was there with me, because I could have died.

Wrinkled, I rose from the tub just as Caleb came out of the shower, the room steamy from the hot water, and I thanked him the only way I knew how. I lowered to my knees. He pulled me up and led me to the closest bed in the room. "Not now, Wyatt. Let's just sleep." He pulled back the blankets and we held each other as we fell fast asleep.

It was close to midnight when we all woke. I had finals at noon, Braden had to be on set at eight, and Nicky had to open the store at seven. Caleb was the only one without a job, so he drove us all night back to Hollywood. We'd been in Palm-Fucking-Dale. Wide-awake, my mind kept replaying what had happened in that hotel room. I didn't want to think about it. I just wanted to shut it out, so, sitting in the front seat, I pulled out my Chemistry 4 book and tried to go over the tables, as Nicky and Braden slept another sleep-of-death in the back.

"So, you think you'll get into Berkeley?" Caleb asked as he drove steadily.

"I hope so; I don't have many other options. I want out of this city, though. It's so fake."

Caleb laughed. "Yeah. I'm impressed that you brought your schoolwork to a rave."

“Well, I have to keep up my GPA. The steampunk dance recital isn’t going to get me in—it’ll help, but I’ve got to pass the classes...” I started crying, slowly at first, but then I was blubbering like a fool, sniffing and then snot, and I couldn’t stop.

Caleb pulled the car to the side of the road and turned to me, pulling me as close as he could. “Hey... let it out, don’t hold it in.”

“Why couldn’t I fight back? I could have just bit off his cock, but no, I swa... swallowed. I swallowed his cum, swallowed his piss. If Braden hadn’t hit him with that lamp, I don’t know what else he would have done. Slapped... his legs, didn’t even scratch... I deserved it, I deserve whatever happens to m... me.”

“No... no, don’t say that, you didn’t deserve any of that. The prick took advantage.” He got out of the car, came around to my side and after opening the door, pulled me into his arms, gently holding me.

“Thank you Caleb, for everything.”

In a moment of silence that stretched out far too long, Caleb slowly let me go and walked back to the driver’s side. Once we were on the road again, he stretched his hand out to my knee. “You would have done it for me. We should have been more prepared for that shit.”

I placed my hand on top of his and then brought it to my lips. “Anything you need, friend... just ask.” I looked over my shoulder to the two in the back. Nicky was lying with his head on Braden’s chest, like I had been earlier. The only difference was that they were spooning and Braden was the big spoon, with his cock pressed against Nicky’s ass.

Caleb dropped Nicky off at the store with an assurance that he’d be back later to pick him up. We all agreed that we weren’t sure where our cars were. I was dropped off at Hollywood High next, tucking Caleb’s cell number in my pocket and waving good-bye to them. Braden said he’d see me later at home and to call him if anything happened. I shrugged as I wondered what he thought would happen at school.

I went through my school day in a fog. It wasn’t until I was sitting at the grated table outside with Eddie, that it all caught up to me. I started crying, bursting into tears. He waited for me to settle down, and then he came and sat closer to me and handed me a handkerchief from inside his coat. I loved his hipster look, he was always in a jacket—plaid some days, leather or linen other

days. Today he looked like my English professor, with the suede patches on the elbows. I wiped my eyes and whispered, "I was ra—raped."

"Braden?" Eddie's eyes widened.

"No... no, none of his friends, either. We ended the rave in the hotel room of some guy. He woke up and... raped me. Braden and his friend, Caleb, rescued me I—I can't do this shit anymore." After the tears were wiped from my face, I took a big breath and asked the scary question, "Will you go to the center with me after school? I need to get tested." And then the tears started over again. "Leave it to me to fuck up my life..."

"Wyatt... it's not fucked-up... I'll go with you. Let's just wait for results." Eddie pulled me into his arms, letting me rest my head on his shoulder.

Five classes later, my backpack slung over my shoulder, Eddie and I walked down Highland to Sunset Boulevard, where we hopped on the 232 bus that would take us to the testing center. I'd been familiar with it, ever since I got the fake ID. Scotty insisted that if I were going to be sexually active, I needed to make sure I took any and all tests on a monthly basis. Condom or not, he insisted.

I can hear my adopted Uncle Scotty whispering to me, "If you intend to be a slut, like me... you must protect and be aware of everything going on with your body."

Still in tears, I sat in the office waiting for my blood to be drawn. Sitting down with the nurse who was taking the blood, I admitted to having gone to a rave and waking up naked beside a man who raped my mouth.

Eddie sat beside me through most of it and held my hand. I know it hurt Eddie to hear what I said, because he squeezed my hand, and I saw a tear slide down his cheek. He'd been my best friend for longer than I could remember. We had staged plays in his garage. My mom and his would sew the costumes, and all the neighborhood kids would have small parts. When my mom, Laura, died, the entire world mourned her death. She'd been in one of the planes that hit the World Trade Center. She'd managed to leave a voice mail on the phone, and it took a new marriage for Wyatt, Sr. to erase the message.

She'd said, "*I love my two Wyatts... I'm sorry I can't be there for your birthday, Bub. Your gift is in the...*" and then there was silence. For weeks, I searched high and low for where the gift was. I played and replayed the message to see if I could hear more of it.

Quietly, whispering, "I owe it to her memory to not be like this anymore." I turned to Eddie and then to the nurse. "I want to be tested for everything, all the STDs and HIV. I need to know."

They told me the results would be ready in seven to ten days. Eddie spoke up as we sat at the bus bench. "I sent in my application to Berkeley."

I turned, brightened up, and asked, "Why didn't you tell me sooner?"

"Well, we had more pressing things on our minds. I'm not sure I'll get in. My parents don't make nearly what yours do, but I've applied for scholarships."

"You'll get in buddy. We'll be producing our own shows before long." We laughed, and I pitched in for a cab ride to his place. "I'll call Caleb to give me a ride."

For two weeks, I was killing myself repeatedly, giving myself every STD imaginable. I died of AIDS in my dreams, weak, alone and lost. One night, I sat with Sasha in the hot tub, and we talked about school and boys and sex. I gave her the Uncle Scotty speech: "Wear protection, and bring protection. Take care of yourself."

She laughed. "Wyatt, I'm not a whore; I haven't even played with *myself* yet."

Sasha's name was sexier than she was. My little stepsister was even smarter than me and obviously had her dad's face—not that Bruce wasn't handsome, but he wasn't gorgeous either. He was just a guy. She was cute, but she still needed to grow into her face.

The next day I got my acceptance letter from Berkeley, and before I could call him, Eddie called to say he'd gotten in too. We'd be able to drive up together and plans were made. However, smart guy that I am, or not, I suggested that we not room together as freshmen, since that would force us to make new friends in the dorms where it was kind of a controlled environment. Then, in our sophomore year, we'd get a place off campus together. Hell, we'd be together anyways as we both got accepted into the theater department. Eddie agreed.

Turned out that I not only got the thick envelope with the acceptance, but the thin envelope from the LGBT Center that told me I was clear of everything, almost everything. I didn't have AIDS, I had gonorrhea, and there was also a scheduled appointment to meet with one of the nurses to find out what to do. A few weeks before I left for Berkeley with Eddie, I had my appointment.

“Wyatt, it’s not the end of the world. Just follow the directions on the paper and here’s a prescription.” The nurse handed me a pink envelope. “You just have to be a little more careful.”

I laughed, and said. “Careful? Right. I don’t know how to be careful.” I opened the envelope and pulled out the prescription and the paper, my hands shaking.

She smiled. “Yes, I hear that a lot. At least the cure has gotten better over time. Do you know the reason it’s called ‘the clap’?”

I shook my head. “No.”

“It’s because doctors believed you cured it by slamming something heavy on the penis.”

I smiled and laughed a little as I pulled a pen out of my pocket, and took down phone numbers, statistics and addresses for LGBT resources in Berkeley.

“Wyatt, please believe me when I say it isn’t the end of the world. You’ll stumble—most of our patients have—and maybe you’ll have a crisis or two. I can’t promise it’ll be easy.”

I stood up, extended my hand and said, “Thank you. I understand, it’s better knowing, than not.” I swallowed and made my way out the door.

We left for Berkeley and everything changed. I changed, Eddie changed, and we met new people like we knew we would.

Theo

My mom did it all alone, not much else she could do. By the time Mr. Gaines, otherwise known as dear old dad, left us, we were living in a tiny one-bedroom apartment in Glendale. None of her family wanted anything to do with us. They hadn’t for years. The Vakians had tried to convince their only daughter not to marry her white boss, and when she did they didn’t want her back when he left her for a younger woman. Yeghisabet, my mom, who prefers to go by Elizabeth, had to marry Mr. Gaines because Samuel, my older brother, was on the way. Mr. Gaines was an attorney, and from what we gathered early on, got mother to sign a prenuptial agreement. She expected to be with him forever, so she had no problem leaving the tight restrictions of her family for him. I’d been told they were blissfully happy before I was born. Markus came next, and still there was happiness. He loved her, he loved his boys, and he loved everything about us.

Then, I came along, and I was told that I was a difficult birth, mostly because she had to do it all alone. Mr. Gaines wasn't at the hospital for any of it. She got a coworker, Alice, to help her with the breathing classes. Alice was called when Elizabeth's water broke, and Alice drove the menagerie to the hospital.

As I grew up, I watched as Mr. Gaines would come home and yell at her for not having everything ready for him. He'd pull out the paper from his breast pocket and wave it in her face, and tell her she had nothing when he found her, and she'd have nothing when he'd leave her. She'd sit in a heap on the couch, crying.

It was never fine again. We moved into a small apartment, and Mamu had to work three jobs to keep us in that place. Mamu, who always had such fine fingers—long pink nails that I remembered when I was very young, were now cut into sensible nails. I only saw her in the morning when she'd make me breakfast and shoo me off to school. Samuel had a job after school, and Markus did odd jobs for the landlord in the building. I grew up watching everyone in the house work. I even started helping the landlord when I turned thirteen so that Markus could take some extra tests. Samuel, as soon as he could, applied to college and then law school. On full scholarship, he got into UCLA and excelled. Markus was packing great scores on tests too, and I followed suit. The only difference between Markus and me was that I got into football. I had stupid dreams of becoming a professional ball player.

When I was in school, it's all I thought about. I noticed early on that I was different. Everyone else talked about girls or guys they were into. I didn't feel anything for anyone. When I looked at a body, at any person, I couldn't imagine doing anything with them. But, the first time Lisa slid her hand into my hand, I felt the tingling sensation of our skin meeting, joining. Still, I got the same feeling when Peter would place his hand on my shoulder, the curve of his index finger meeting with my neck. Sensations... I reacted to the sensations I experienced, but not the people. I always wondered if I'd explode if I felt other parts of people. The way a tongue felt—the exploration was too much for me to fathom. I cried at night thinking of this; I didn't want to be this way.

Samuel was getting married soon. Markus had a string of girlfriends, and all I could think of was schoolwork, sports and how overwhelmed my body would feel if I had sex with Lisa. For the longest time, I chose to just say I was saving myself.

Lisa, my longtime girlfriend, was on the cheer squad. She'd cheer for me when I was on the field, and then come home with me and jump all over me—

always wanting to have sex. She was so hot for me; she'd tell me that, that she wanted me to be the one. I didn't feel like I was the one. Matter of fact, I was pretty sure Peter Cunningham had been the one—he told me as much in the locker room. He also told me how happy he was to be rid of her.

In the locker room the guys were really honest with each other. Because we played as a team, we were family. We teased and joked around in the showers, and we all laughed when Jimmy got a hard-on as we all showered after one game. Peter told him to suck it, pointing to his own dick. We laughed even harder when Jimmy pretended to kneel, and then from out of nowhere, whipped a towel out and snapped Peter in the ribcage.

As we were changing, I admitted to Peter that I wasn't really that interested in Lisa. Peter looked around his locker at me and asked, "Jimmy more your type, buddy?" He grinned. "It's okay, my uncle is that way too. Doesn't make you any worse of a guy."

I laughed and held up my hands. "Oh, no... I'm not a fag." I sat on the bench between the lockers, my towel draped over my legs. "Hell, it'd be better if I knew. I think I just want to be celibate, don't want the shit that happened between my parents to be what makes me who I am. But I'm not sure how much longer I can hold off on Lisa. She's not buying that I'm a virgin-for-god anymore, since we don't even go to church." I laughed and slowly got dressed.

Before that, Peter and I had been teammates and friendly, but from that day forward Peter was my best friend. We both applied to many of the same colleges. I lived vicariously through his sexual adventures. He'd taken me along with him as he met up with some college chicks that he worked with, always saying, *Oh don't mind him. He kisses great, though.* He'd grin at me where I'd be sitting in the back with one of the girls. The girl with him would inevitably ask how he knew I kissed well. Peter would smile at me in the rearview mirror. "We goofed-off once, we're teammates, man."

Truth is, Peter wasn't sure if I was or wasn't gay, and decided he'd come-on to me after a major win before graduation. As we sat on the hood of the car overlooking this big house in the Hollywood hills, leaning back against the windshield, he placed a hand on my thigh and asked, "Are you sure you aren't? I mean, I could be your first. I've always wanted to know what it'd be like."

I laughed at him and shook my head. "Peter, is this one of those hidden camera fuck-with-your-buddy type shows? No, I'm just not interested in anyone sexually; nothing even really turns me on. I'm so shut down." I leaned back, resting my head on the roof of the car.

It happened so fast. Peter turned, slid his hand behind my head and kissed me. It was slow, it was soft, and it was sensual. And just like with Lisa, nothing. I loved kissing, loved sucking on lips, pulling them in. The nibbling that ensued; the tongue shoved too far back, the retracing of the tongue, the moments where we hung there, little saliva strips between our mouths. We gazed into each other's eyes, because we were enjoying it. And then, back to kissing. When it was done, Peter laughed quietly, placed my hand on his crotch, and he lowered his tentatively to mine. Both of us were flaccid.

We laughed, loudly, and opened beers to celebrate—well everything. The only time we ever talked about it was on those dates, to spice up the girls' imaginations. We found that girls love adventure in their guys. When I got into Berkeley and he got into USC, we knew the friendship wasn't going to last. It was like long-distance dating, not worth the work to hang onto.

The first two years of college, I never let the sex thing become an issue; it just wasn't something I was interested in. Maybe it was my mom, maybe it was Mr. Gaines, or maybe it was Lisa all over my body. There were times I had just let her feel all over me, let her hands grope my body, her fingers or tongue exploring. I cringed on the inside, like there was this terrible film of slime rotating over my skin. I didn't want to experience it. It was better when I was kissing—I was taken to another place, my arms felt stronger, my body felt more energized, and it didn't matter if it was some unnamed sorority girl, Peter, or someone I met in a dark room. Kissing felt good. But the rest of me shut down from another person's touch.

Part Two – College: Pre-Dare

Wyatt – Gatsby

Freshman year, my best buddy in the entire world, Eddie Bec, and I still saw each other on campus. He was there when I needed to bounce ideas off him, and I found that Eddie listened better when he was in the middle of something; it was like he could separate what he's doing with what's coming out of my mouth. So, I found him in the flies, hanging lights as usual. I shouted up to him, "So, I'm thinking of doing this dance recital using music from *The Great Gatsby*—you know, the new version with all the hip-hop '30s mash-up songs?"

"Okay... I can see that." He adjusted a light and slipped an orange film over it. "I can see the light cues, lots of glitter, lots of streamers, watery lights... Yeah, that could be wonderful."

I stood on the stage, looking up into the orange light. "But I think I'd like to use normal people, not all the professional dancers here on campus."

He slid out the orange film and replaced it with a green one. "Isn't it their recital as much as it's yours?"

"Yeah... Well, then I need to meet some of the sporty types, I want to give it a sports feel. Maybe I'll teach the dancers some sports moves."

Eddie turned off the light and then leaned down. "Wyatt... what are you dancing around saying?"

"Ok, fine. I found out I need to have some sort of physical education for graduation, and dancing isn't going to cut it. So, I'm going out for the rugby team." I looked at my feet and did some toe points.

He started laughing again. "I don't think they'll like your kind there."

I flounced, placed my hands on my hips, and spoke in my most queeny voice, "What forever do you mean? Should I not show up in capris and a halter?"

We both laughed, and he went back to working in the flies, adjusting the lights for the current show specs. I hadn't been lying though; I needed something athletic for graduation, so I figured rugby would be a great way to meet guys.

I'd been a lot more careful about my promiscuity, especially since the scare in the summer. I really hadn't been looking for a relationship in any shape or form, just looking for friends. It's a hard thing at school, being alone.

Anyway, when Coach Dean met with me, he asked, "What sorts of sports experience do you have?"

"Well, not much. I was in Little League when I was ten, mostly because my dad wanted it. And I was going to go out for football in high school, but there was way too much padding. I'm a dancer, and I read somewhere that there is a lot of footwork in rugby."

Coach Dean laughed. "Son... I'm not sure this is the game for you."

I leaned in, whispered, "It's okay... I've seen you on the field. You do have some fancy footwork of your own, in the Fog." I was referring to the gay rugby team out of San Francisco.

Coach Dean leaned back in his chair. "Son, I don't do well with blackmail. Besides, the campus knows I'm gay. The Dean was invited to my wedding three years ago."

I felt my face get hot, and I stuttered out, "Uh... no, no, no, not what I was... doing, agh... saying."

I hung my head as the coach continued talking. "Look, if you want to try out, I'll let you. But I won't give you any special treatment. Rugby is tough, not just on the field, but in the locker room."

Over the next couple days of tryouts, Coach Dean spent a lot of time shaking his head as he saw me weave around his best players; I took to the moves like I'd been doing them all my life. And in those moments when I never thought I'd survive the pile-up of guys, I just thought back to my crazy, promiscuous nights and I'd always laugh when I was finally released.

"Wyatt, it's not going to be easy, I've told you, but I think you'll be a great asset to the team. Welcome to Cal Bears!" Coach Dean shook my hand, gave me a locker combination, a stack of shorts, and a towel.

I should have listened then. But, after that first workout, running up and down the field, moving between the ball, from line to line, I had a million ideas for the dance recital. I'd started sketching costumes and casting the principle dancers in my head. The workout had been a flurry of movement; just like the dance steps I'd started plotting out on the paper with my locker combination on it.

The team had been pretty cool with me at first; no one treated me differently. That changed after the recital took place, and there was an article written about it in *The Daily Californian*. There was a blurb about me and my future plans, and under that, a picture of me in a Cal Bears rugby uniform.

Most of the guys on the team were no longer cool. Some of them felt that because I was on the team, people would assume that everyone on the team was gay. No one wanted to be on my scrum team, or wanted to tackle me, or hell, even throw me the ball. One morning, Coach Dean noticed and told the guys to cut it out. We were a team; we'd already won a few games and were shoo-ins for the championship again, as long as we remained focused. About half of the team started to accept me, after I had been a pivotal player in the game against Santa Clara University. The others that didn't like me, really showed me how.

Theo – Gray

At Berkeley, I didn't have to be anything other than who I wanted the world to see. I worked out more often than not, feeling my skin grow taut and my muscles move. I never got too close to anyone, and I could ink it up to needing to graduate.

I discovered there was a name for what was going on with me in the sexuality course I took last semester. I'm not crazy like I had thought; I'm just asexual. And there are even different types of asexuality. I'm what they call gray A... I think. There are some that fall in love and never want sex, and some that only seek sex, but not love. Some only want sex once they've made that special connection, and some have that sexual attraction, but not often. I had thought I was just a plain old celibate.

And then I saw Wyatt Laird.

One afternoon, I found myself sitting under a tree, thinking about everything and nothing. I noticed Wyatt a little ways away, dancing with some other people. Suddenly, I was thinking about moves on the rugby field, of grabbing onto the guys, my hands grasping waists and yanking down to have them fall on top of me. This wasn't who I had been; I was pretty sure this was very, very new.

At practice, I stared at him from across the field. The way he moved used to make me sick, but after a while I couldn't take my eyes off of him. I kept hoping to be on the opposing practice team so I could pull him down on top of me. I didn't know what to think. I'd never felt anything for anyone before.

I emailed Peter to tell him that I thought I might be gay after all, but hoped he still liked me. He sent an email back that said he fucking knew it. I'm glad we're still friends.

I don't know why, but I just knew Wyatt would be into me. I mean, I'm a pretty hot guy—my mother is Armenian and Mr. Gaines was Swedish. It's a hot look: icy blue eyes, curly dark black hair, and a taut washboard stomach. I work out. I'm strong. Hell, I've bench pressed the weight of Wyatt.

I couldn't wait to wrap my arms around his waist, to hold him and kiss him. So, I thought up a way to get that.

Wyatt – Pink

My car was a cute, little black Mini Cooper. It was given to me by the 'rents for getting into Berkeley, graduating with honors and, well, not killing myself. My stepmom was more aware of my promiscuous ways than my father ever would be. Mostly because she was friends with some of the men I had been seeing on the weekends. She never told them to stop; I loved her for keeping her nose out of my personal affairs. I also loved her for the boxes of condoms she'd leave around the house. She just wanted all of her kids to be safe, no matter who or what they were doing.

When I walked to my car that Monday morning, seeing the three large pink letters across the driver's side door made me upset at first, and then I couldn't help the laughter escaping my mouth. They were painted in such perfect strokes: **FAG**. At least the painter had used a coordinating color. I shrugged as I got in the car, ignoring the looks and shaking my head as I drove to campus security to fill out a report and request video proof from the building. The student manning the desk was Michael Simpson, a buck-toothed kid with glasses and pimples. He was quiet as he followed behind me with the camera. Michael took a picture of the graffiti, and one of the license plate before I followed him back inside.

“We'll get the video evidence from Bowles Hall, that's where you said your car was parked, correct?” He placed the pen behind his ear as he quickly typed everything into the computer. “We'll do our best at catching the painter, but it's not a guarantee. You should check the auto shop to see if they can buff the paint off.”

“Actually, I was thinking of keeping it. I remember a few years back, the Fag Bug, where the same thing happened and the bug drove around the country shaming the painters into realizing their crimes. Or some shit. I really don't care. Oh, hey... I'm a fag. Deal with it.”

“Yeah? I’ve got lots of gay friends—what the fuck does it matter really?” The buck-toothed kid laughed and agreed with me. “Anything we find out, we’ll contact you.”

“Thanks.”

I drove around town, never trying to get rid of the paint, letting it saturate into the car. When I pulled up in front of the gym, a couple of the guys who hadn’t had any problems with me walked up to the car, whistling. One guy, Elliot Greenway, came up and put his arm around my shoulder. “Buddy, there are a lot more subtle ways to let people know you’re gay.” He laughed.

I hit him and laughed. “I know, right? Only, this wasn’t me. I would have chosen a nicer shade of pink.” The four of us walked into the gym. The atmosphere in the locker room was getting better after our having won a few games, and the guys seemed to be getting used to the fact that I was on the team. I think for most of them, it was seeing me hop in the shower, get clean, and then rush to my locker for my next class, instead of spending my time showering, staring at their naked asses.

That day, as we all ran on the field, I noticed the three guys who made up my personal trio-of-hate kept looking my way, laughing. I shrugged and ignored them like usual. The vandalism could have been any of them, but I wouldn’t know for sure until the video tapes showed up.

Wyatt – Walls

I heard my phone ring as I stepped into the shower, let it go to voice mail as I soaped up and dried off. It rang again, and yet again, twenty minutes after I left the building to head to the fag car. I finally looked at the phone and noticed that two of the three calls had left messages. All three were different numbers.

One was from a gravelly, older voiced gentleman. “Sir, just calling to let you know that we found your number on the bathroom stall in the library this afternoon. If this is a real phone number, please do not leave graffiti like this on the walls again. If this is a wrong number, we are sorry.” The man didn’t hang up right away—I could hear light breathing on the line as though he were trying to figure out what to do. There was the screech of a chair and the rustle of clothing. About ten seconds after the call had begun, the gravelly voice said, “If it’s real. You can reach me at...”

I clicked on the next number. “Hey... wanna get together in the stall? Like, we can meet at the hour. I don’t have classes on Thursday, the twenty-third, so I’ll be waiting outside the bathroom, at the top of each hour.”

It was odd—I couldn't figure out what it meant. Then, I got six more calls over the next four hours. Each was different. The gravelly voiced man called back three of those six times. After I finished with rehearsal, I answered the phone when I recognized it was the same number again. "Hey..." With maybe a little too much anger in my voice.

"Oh... your voice sounds nicer than your words."

I couldn't help looking at the phone, confused. "What? Where'd you get my number?"

"I told you, we found it written on the wall in the library bathroom," the man responded. "It was really the best graffiti I'd seen in a long time, you know, with the nice drawing and all. And though I don't match the dimensions you'd drawn, I'd be more than happy to reciprocate."

If only to get my number off the wall, I decided to hit the library on Thursday. "Look, if I show up, can you show me which stall had the number?"

Probably the worst mistake I could make, but I was tired of getting phone calls. The guy sounded creepy, but I pictured him as some weak librarian.

Wyatt – 6225

The voice and I met outside of the library. It was closed, and he was sitting on a planter. He wore dark sunglasses, even though dusk was creeping across campus. His leather jacket covered a blue and white plaid shirt, and his jeans were worn out at the knees. He had a leash in one hand and a full beard. I could see the hair on his chest peeking out of the shirt that was unbuttoned to about three buttons down—as though at any moment he'd just rip everything open. He didn't appear weak at all, not in the least. In fact, he was a burly man, one that could probably lift all 175 pounds of me.

"8754?" I moved a step closer. I wasn't sure why he held a black leather leash, so I looked around for a dog. The overhead lights came on; it was a Wednesday night, not much action going on tonight. As I got closer, he looked sort of familiar, but I couldn't put my finger on it. I just stood there with my hands in the back pockets of my jeans.

He looked at me and grinned. "Right... 6225?" He rose from the planter and moved quicker than I expected. "Interesting note you placed on the wall. Too bad my boss made me paint it over today."

“Would you believe I didn’t write it?” I shook my head with a nervous chuckle. Still, I extended my hand. “Thanks for painting over it.”

He pulled the unleashed hand from his front pocket, and I could swear he’d been grasping something in the pants. We shook hands as he said, “Roger... wanna suck me off?”

My mouth had gone from a smirk to a capital O, followed by a lick of my lips.

“I’m not looking for dates. I just wanted to make sure that the number had been covered up.”

The man quickly slid his hand down along my arm to grab my elbow and yank me down to the ground. My face was inches from his crotch. It happened so fast that I didn’t have a second to protest. He wrapped the leash around my head, attached one end to his belt loop and the other clicked in place. No one came to my defense—the area was deserted.

“You want this, explains why you’d put your number on a bathroom wall.” I could hear the zipper slide down, and I remembered a move I’d learned from Caleb. I head butted him in the crotch, and he fell to his knees. I couldn’t get up fast enough... I thought I heard the guy gag and cuss at me, but I didn’t wait to find out. I ran as fast as I could to my car, and right back to the security office.

I sat in my car for a good forty-five minutes before I realized it wouldn’t look good. They probably wouldn’t even believe me, or maybe they’d think I wrote the number down myself.

Wyatt – Rip

On Tuesday at practice, I ran out on the field, feeling down but determined. During one play, Elliot lifted me up to catch the ball that Brent was kicking down the field, which wouldn’t have normally been an issue, but when I was put down, I felt a coolness that had not been there before. My shorts had ripped as I barreled down the field, and David grabbed me to pull me to the ground, my shorts ripping off in his hands.

There was much laughter, mostly from the guys on my side, guys who didn’t give a fuck that I was gay. David’s face was red with anger. “Dude, do you gotta show us that shit?” With my jock on, I ran back to my locker to get another pair of shorts.

When I got to the field, coach looked at his watch and shook his head. "Practice is only another ten, just sit there."

On Wednesday, everything was fine till the very end. I'd just placed the ball into the scrum, and as the scrum-half, I was watching the ball kick towards the back, so I bent to grab it and ran down the field. I was moving so fast, dancing past Brent and David, and was close to Theo, when he reached out and grabbed at my shorts, right at the middle of my back, and they ripped off. I fell forward into the grass.

"What the fuck?" I couldn't help but scream. I stood up and kicked the ball, ran back to the lockers, got another pair of shorts, and Coach Dean made me sit out again.

"Wyatt, this doesn't look good. What's going on with your shorts? You aren't moving any faster than normal, and that's two pair in one week." Coach went back to watching, and I sat on the bench.

Usually this wasn't an issue, but my shorts were starting to run low. So I asked my costuming buddies at the theater to reinforce all of them.

That was when Christine spoke up, "These shorts aren't old, see right here?" She pointed to just above where my blue CAL Bears shorts had ripped. "That's a little hole that looks like it's from a pocket knife, or something small. I don't think this was an accident. It feels more purposeful." She grinned. "You trying to show off your ass again, Wyatt?"

"No, it's not me... damn it, it's gotta be someone on the team, but I'm the only gay one. Everyone else is getting along with... fuck."

Theo – Dare

We'd just won against UCLA and had been laughing and drinking in Brent's dorm room and talking about all the pranks that had been pulled since Wyatt first showed up on the team. Sure, he was an asset, but some of the guys thought he was just too much of a fag to be on the team. They agreed it was going to give the team a bad name. No one brought up the fact that Coach Dean was gay and married, because he was older and didn't flaunt his lifestyle. Not that Wyatt did much more than admit to being gay and a dancer.

Brent opened another beer and started speaking. "So, I bought the prettiest color pink, actually had Ashley pick it out for me, and she watched as I ran over to his gay clown car and painted the letters thick, so that it could be seen from a

distance. I even sent Ashley a text to make sure she could see it from across the lot. I ran back to get her, and threw the paint can in the trash next to the chemistry building.”

David laughed and pointed to the box of sharpies and the team roster, taking a swig of his Miceys. “I stole the roster from Coach Dean’s desk and found Wyatt’s cell number. Then, I went to the three bathrooms I’d seen the most graffiti in, and drew a huge cock with an open mouth. I wrote, *For a great time, call me. I’m available anytime after practice.*” He laughed so hard, he coughed beer through his nostrils.

I sat down between them, getting the last beer from the box. “Remember all week when his shorts were ripping? That was me, I put holes in his shorts, shoved my knife into the fabric so that when anyone pulled him down, his shorts would rip apart.” *Of course, I was killing two birds with one stone—I got to see his hot ass and he was embarrassed. I kinda feel like a prick for doing it. But, I’m glad I’m not the only one pulling shit on him.*

“Oh fuck man, we should totally do something big. I don’t know, like, someone kiss him or come-on to him, and then drop him or...” I suggested as the guys all laughed. “Like, I had a friend in elementary school that dared someone to be friends with a boring girl. He spent all the lunch breaks with her and said at the end of the month, ‘I don’t even like you.’” *This could be the perfect way to tell him I want him, if only the guys went along with it.*

I thought they’d forgotten about my suggestion, but the guys brought it up again as we opened the third six-pack. Brent said he’d shake his phone dice, and we’d all pick numbers. I didn’t like that idea—what if I didn’t get to be the one to kiss him—but I had to go along with it. I picked three, Brent seven, and David picked ten. His phone was set to a twelve-sided die, and he shook it. I passed out the Mickey’s bottles, and we closed our eyes and slammed the bottles down. I opened my eyes and saw that the number was two. I sighed, putting on a show, but smiling inside. Truthfully, I wanted to do it. I really, *really* did. For the first time in my life, I wanted to kiss someone. Someone I picked out, even if it was because of a dare I put on the table.

Part Three – College: Post-Dare

Theo – Him

So, when I plopped beside Wyatt on the sofa outside of the coach's office, I just turned to look into his cute brown eyes. I sighed and went for it. Instead of kissing him, I started down at his chin, my fingers grasped onto his as I licked up his cheek. When I got to his ear, I whispered, "I really want to fuck your..." I tried to leave a kiss on his ear, but he pulled away.

"What? You serious?" Wyatt looked at me so oddly, jumped off the sofa and smacked Brent in the chest as he walked to the bathroom. "What the hell?"

The guys that were there laughed, and more guys came in to see what happened. Brent passed his phone around. "I got a pic, Theo, for you to remember." He was such an ass.

"It was a joke, guys. Why'd you take a picture?"

Brent laughed. "Well, we didn't think you'd go through with it. Then you went and *licked* his face. Gross, man. What's that girlfriend of yours..."

David chimed in, "Wait, you know we've never actually met her. Maybe you licked him because you're a fag too?"

As soon as *fag* came out of his mouth, Coach Dean stuck his head out. "Come on guys, get on the field. We've got a big game coming up against BYU."

Brent walked out to the field with David. "I'm gonna text this to Ashley and see if she can get it in the paper. Get them both out there." They laughed and left.

It took me as long as it took Wyatt to get out on the field. We were on the same side for practice, so there wouldn't be any tackles in my future. There were a couple of scrums where I got to hold onto his waist as he tried to take over the ball, but that was it. For the most part, it was just us trying to not get angry at each other. Three hours later, when the coach told us to hit the showers, Wyatt was one of the last to enter. He stalked to the back lockers, and I slowly made my way over, still able to taste him on my tongue.

"Look..." was all I could get out before Wyatt cut me off.

"No, you look. Just because I'm gay doesn't mean I suck on every cock I see. You don't just lick some guy on the face and expect him to reciprocate.

You've been such an ass to me, such a douche, and you think I'll just forget because you're waving your cock in my face?" Wyatt wrapped his towel around his waist before he pulled off his shorts, underwear, and protective cup. It was all I could do to not follow suit.

Once he walked away, I sat on the bench and leaned down to pick up his discarded clothing. Slowly, thinking, I folded his shorts and underwear, and then I picked up the cup. I couldn't help myself. A quick look showed none of the guys were around. I held it against my heart for a brief second before I leaned down to leave a kiss on it. If I couldn't kiss him, I'd kiss something of his. Man, I was seriously losing it. I folded my own shorts and black briefs and put them on the bench before placing my cup next to his. I pulled the towel around my waist and went to the shower stall next to his.

"Let me explain..." I placed my towel on the hook and tried not to look at his hot body, but my own body ignored anything my eyes tried not to see. For the first time in my entire life, I became erect at the sight of another person's body. I turned the water to cold and stepped under it. "Look, I'm sorry."

I didn't hear anything, and out of the corner of my eye noticed that he'd stepped away from the shower and was walking back down to the lockers. I stayed where I was, the hard-on not releasing. Hiding in the corner as much as I could, I started jacking off, thinking of his taut body wrapped around my own.

"Goddamn it!" Wyatt yelled.

The yell took me out of my reverie, and I raced out of the showers to look into his aisle. He'd kicked the folded clothes everywhere. "Hey... what's wrong?"

"Why you gotta mess with my shit?" Wyatt dried off quickly and got dressed without saying another word.

When I got back to my locker, I looked down and noticed that he'd taken my black briefs instead of his. I hesitated a little, but then pulled his on. *Nice, we wear the same size.* When I walked out of the locker room, I had a smile on my face, knowing that the cotton that rubbed against my dick, had rubbed against him earlier. Now, how to get him out of my briefs and convince him to take my virginity.

Wyatt – Newspaper

The next day, I waited for Theo outside the gym, leaning against the wall. I looked at the picture in the sports section again and sighed. I rolled the paper

up—it would work just fine for what I had planned, smacking him upside the head. He'd usually show up with his two goons on either side of him, like they were his soldiers and only did what he told them to do, but I'd seen Brent and David enter the gym alone, both of them snickering at me. David grabbed Brent's shoulders and fake licked his face. I laughed when Brent shoved him away, and they both ran through the door. They couldn't get the gay away fast enough, I guess.

About fifteen minutes later, I saw Theo walking slowly towards the gym, his eyes focusing on his toes and the ground three inches ahead of him. I didn't have it in me to smack him.

"Hey, Theo," I shouted to get his attention.

When he lifted his head, what had been a smirk, probably prepared for a comeback, fell away into a goofy smile. And when he spoke, his voice literally squeaked as though it was changing, but I was pretty sure the guy was about twenty-three, like me. "Oh... Hi, Wyatt."

"Look, Theo, I don't know what you want."

"You..." He looked down, bashful.

"I'm confused, dude. You're straight. This..." I held up the paper so he could see the picture. "This, whatever this is, is not a come-on. This is a practical joke. A lick on the face and a whisper of *I wanna fuck you*, does not a gay man make. It makes *this* gay man uncomfortable." I turned to walk away. "Just stick to your girlfriend, she'll give you what you want."

He was still standing there when I walked into the gym. I walked past Coach Dean in his office, and I wanted to talk to him, but he waved me on, so I picked up a couple of towels and headed to my locker in the back. No one ever took any of the lockers around me. Here we were, grown men in a world where gay marriage and equal rights abounded, but they were still afraid my sweat would turn them gay. I'd never gone for the straight ones—there was always too much baggage—and wasn't about to now.

Theo – Beer

There was this song that I'd swear was basically written with me in mind, "Do I Wanna Know" by The Arctic Monkeys. I thought of Wyatt that night, wearing his briefs like I could feel him against me. I didn't know why it was causing me so much trouble, why I couldn't get him out of my head, but I just

wanted to know... What would it be like to lie next to him, to actually enjoy the feel of his hands on my body?

I started drinking when I woke up Saturday afternoon, right after I found texts from both David and Brent that said, *WHATS UP FAG?* After I finished the first six-pack, I walked around the dorms looking for a party. I tried every one and got a couple of drinks, but nothing that would help me forget stuff.

I took a cab to Folsom, got out and started walking around the area. Each bar I stopped at, I ordered a drink or two and just stood there, watching everyone and no one, looking at their bodies and wondering why I wasn't getting excited, why I couldn't feel anything. Why I had to be asexual. It was like those times with Lisa. But then, a man pressed up against me, and my stomach was pushed against the bar. I could feel his muscled legs pressed against the backs of my own. I tried to turn around, but was pinned there. Then, the sensation disappeared, and the body that had been holding me in place was gone. I was lost in the old feelings and frustrated. Idly, my fingertip traced the wrinkles on the Budweiser label, and I got this odd thought out of nowhere—that the bottle reminded me of my own cock.

I downed my beer, left one place and entered another. Having never been to any of them before, I didn't know if I fit their clientele. But I did notice that other than the thick man that pressed up against me earlier, I didn't have one single guy try to pick me up. By the time I'd made it to Truck, the last place I found, and I was beginning to feel the effects of all the beers. My hands slid over the wood walls as I entered to the smell of hot food and hot sweat. There were dark lights, pounding beats and so many faces. Large, small, bearded and not. Seemed like a very seedy place. I pulled out a bar stool and half sat on the edge, half stood, like I was more confident standing than sitting. I ordered another Budweiser, slid my ten bucks across the oiled-down counter and closed my eyes, licked my lips, and waited. In no time, my body was moving to the music.

I felt a rough hand slide beside my own, and I slowly opened my eyes to see that a bear of a man had taken up the stool beside me.

"Your drink?" His gravelly voice was a little louder than my sensation-saturated body could handle. I nodded groggily and reached for my cold beer. Again, my finger traced the wrinkles on the label. "Ever notice how the wet wrinkles on a beer bottle feel like the veins of a cock?" I laughed and took a swig of the familiar brew.

The man beside me pressed his hand to my leg. Even as drunk as I was, I could feel his roughness over my jeans, feel the grid of my pants under his thick-callused hand. Through heavy-lidded eyes, I saw his bearded face. His bald head reflected the light in the room, and I spread my legs a little wider for his hand, curious. His grin was kind of cute, with the way his upper lip had an overhang of hair from his mustache. A thought flashed through my head—*the fur should be interesting*. I tried to stand, but his hand pushed me down, his fingers sliding closer to my crotch. I thought of Wyatt, how I wished it was him, and I couldn't help it, I began to grow in my pants.

He leaned in, his rough voice grating in my ear. "You gonna be my boy tonight?" He shrugged his shoulder towards the back room. I shrugged, thinking I'd never know what it'd be like if I didn't try, and nodded my head. We both stood and the guy maneuvered me in front of him, leading me to the back room.

That's when I saw him, Wyatt, sitting on a stool at the back of the bar. I bit my bottom lip as we moved passed him, and I wasn't sure if he saw me. I thought about going over to try to talk to him, to tell him that the dare had been a stupid idea and that I was sorry, but he probably hated me.

Instead, I followed the man, and then we were in a dark room, lit only by old beer signs. I was confused and stumbled. Then, I heard a click sound and felt a tug on my belt loop. I brought my hand up to push him away, but he wrapped a length of leather around my wrist. There was another click, and my eyes focused on the leather wound round my wrist to see that it was connected to my belt loop. I was shoved against the wall, and his rough, sweaty hand slammed over my face as he grouped my body. He pulled the zipper down on my pants and pulled out my dick. *What the hell?*

My eyes burned, and I started to cry. This was stupid—why was I here? I didn't want my first time to be with this man. I wanted Wyatt so bad, but I couldn't even scream for him. The man pulled his cock out and shoved me to the ground so I was right in front of him. I only had seconds, and I started to say, "Wy..."

The man answered, "Because I need a toilet boy to take care of me."

Up till the moment those words were uttered, I hadn't seen Wyatt there, but he jumped from the shadows and shoved the man away from me. "I knew you looked familiar."

My attacker came back swinging, smacking Wyatt in the stomach, which caused him to stumble back into me. Wyatt took a deep breath and ran towards

the bald man, his fists swinging left to right, catching the attacker in the face. There was a solid hit that caused the man to fall in a heap.

Wyatt turned back to me, zipped up my pants and pulled me to my feet. "Come on, lets get you back to campus."

"I can't go back, the guys hate me. Think I'm a fag... I'm sorry, I... I just want to hug you." I half-chuckled, maybe from happiness at seeing Wyatt, maybe just from hysteria. Wyatt didn't hug me, but he led me outside. I undid the leather belt from around my wrist, clipped it to my belt loop, and wrapped my arm around Wyatt's shoulder as we waited outside for a cab to take us back to my dorm.

"You saw me walk back there?" I sat on a bench close by.

"Yeah, I thought the guy looked familiar. We had a run-in at the library a couple of days ago." He'd brought out his phone.

"Why'd you rescue me? I've been such an asshole." I had the leather belt wrapped around my wrists again.

"Because I heard what he said to you." He used his phone. "It was the same guy who raped me a year ago."

Wyatt – Sleep

I sent a text to my roommate, Daniel, to let him know I was bringing a friend to crash at the dorm so that when we arrived he wouldn't be too freaked out. But as with every other time I brought someone over, Daniel stood at the door, a look of derision on his face.

"Your buddy, hmm?" Daniel stood with his arms crossed.

"Well, my teammate. I wouldn't say that Theo and I are exactly buddies." Theo was really drunk and near the pass-out stage; I stumbled into the room nearly falling to the floor with him in tow. "Can I have a hand getting him to the bed?" I pointed to my bed in the corner by the window.

Daniel, still a nice guy, even angry like he was, helped me lower Theo to the bed. I started to take off his shoes and socks. "Look, he can't go back to his dorm room, his buddies are vicious assholes."

"Right, and you're planning on just going to sleep?" Daniel laughed. "I remember the last time you said that, but no, you and your friend fucked like bunnies all night, and I had to wake up Benji to let me into his room."

I placed Theo's socks in his shoes and pulled his stained shirt over his head. It looked as though at one point, he'd spilled quite a lot of alcohol on himself.

"Daniel, I have no desire to fuck him. Okay? He's straight. I'm just going to let him crash in my bed, and I'll sleep on the sofa."

Daniel sighed loudly and walked to his desk, shaking his head. "I'll just call Benji and we'll go out on a date, which means I'll just stay at his place." He gathered his backpack, shoved a T-shirt and shorts in the back and left, smiling.

I followed him to the door. "Seriously, Daniel? I was just being a good teammate. I'm not going to take advantage of him."

Without turning back, Daniel waved his hand. "It's fine. Just in case."

I slowly shut the door, leaning against it, and looked at Theo lying half on and half off the bed. He'd rolled over onto his stomach, and I could see down the backside of his jeans. I thought about all the stupid things I'd done in the past, and knew that it would be the absolutely most insane if I took advantage of him in this state. I moved to the bed, lifted his leg up and sat beside him.

He flipped over once more and tried to sit up against the wall, his hands going to the buttons on his jeans. "I have ten thumbs, can you help me?" He laughed. "It's not a come-on. I don't know what came over me the other day, buddy. I just need to pass out and don't want to be dressed."

I leaned over and unbuttoned the top and the second. Then he just ripped the pants away from the rest of the buttons, and I got off the bed to tug on the bottoms of his pant legs and help. He sat there for a second, and then pulled his knees up to his chest.

Theo closed his eyes, bit his bottom lip and lowered his head. His voice was barely a whisper. "I'm really sorry. I really wanted to kiss you... I don't know what came over me. I'd only planned on a quick kiss, and I guess I just got caught up in the moment, and I didn't expect the photo, the newspaper article. I just... I'm sorry." He lowered to his side, stretched out and fell asleep. I lifted the bedspread over him and slowly got undressed. I lay on top of Daniel's bed, pulling my mother's afghan off the couch to wrap myself in the warmth.

I don't know if I believe him... I want to, but if I were in his shoes... He is really hot, totally the kind of guy I'd go for. I... I mean, fuck. He's not gay, Wyatt. Just let it be.

I shook my head and blinked my eyes a couple of times and fell asleep thinking about holding onto Theo and kissing those succulent lips.

Theo – Stumbled

“Where the fuck am I?” I was caught in a blanket and fell out of the bed. I was frantically searching around the room, wondering what was going on, confused and still feeling a little drunk. I couldn't see much, with just a little light coming through the window, like it was early yet.

“My dorm room,” a voice I recognized said from the other bed. “I rescued you from the clutches of some asshole.” Wyatt jumped out of his bed and met me on the floor, sliding his arm under my own to try and help me up.

“Theo, just come on... the bed.” He pointed in the direction of the bed I'd just fallen out of. We stopped—he seemed to be pulling the sheets back—but I lost my balance. We both fell on the bed, me half on top of him, and I passed back out.

I woke a while later—I'm not sure how long—and I saw that Wyatt had fallen asleep next to me. My gaze followed his face, down to his shoulder and to the arm that was pinned under my body. I slid over and placed his arm on his chest, pressing my back against the wall, and just lay there staring at him, his beautiful lips, those lashes that fluttered when he laughed. I had never wanted to kiss him more than I did at that moment. I moved slowly so as not to wake him, and placed a gentle kiss on his lips.

I lowered my head and closed my eyes, no longer trapping him to the bed, and fell back asleep.

When I eventually woke up, he was pressed against me, his back to my chest, my arm resting upon his arm, and when I breathed in, I could smell a mixture of leather, sweat and grass. It smelled of rugby; it smelled of Wyatt. This time, when I kissed the back of his neck, he woke up and his body jerked. “Sorry,” he mumbled.

“No, I'm sorry.” I lifted my arm from his. “It's just that... this feels... right. I've never wanted to be with anyone. Ever.” I yawned. “Before I met you, I thought I was... uhm, content not ever having or wanting to have sex.” I closed my eyes, and the words just rolled out of my mouth. “And now, I want to be pressed against you like how we woke up. I want to feel you on me, inside me, with me.”

Wyatt didn't turn away; he just lay there, not moving. “Are you absolutely certain you want this, Theo?”

“Yes... I won't know if I don't try. But I'm nervous.” My hand hovered over his shoulder, and I leaned down, whispering, “I didn't mean to be so foul

when I licked your face. It started as a silly dare, I was supposed to kiss you.” I felt him stiffen against me, so I explained, “I mean, I didn’t do it *because* of the dare. I wanted to kiss you, so I made up the dare as an excuse.” I laughed and kissed his neck.

He rolled over and gently pressed his lips to mine, and it was like that moment on the hood of Peter’s car. Only this time, my briefs became tight and my stomach got all tingly. Our tongues collided, and Wyatt’s hands cupped my face. It felt like he was as into the kiss as I was. He sucked on my bottom lip, and then I took my turn.

I was floating in the moment. I didn’t want to pull away from him, but I did want him out of his shirt, so I pulled up the bottom edges. His arms got tangled in the sleeves—I don’t think he wanted to pull away either.

Once the shirt was off, I kissed a trail down his chest, my tongue circled his nipples, and the light growth of hair dappling his chest only made me go wilder. His body had become more defined since he’d started on the team, and I enjoyed it. I rolled on top of him, our bodies grinding into each other. Feeling him grow beneath me was just as exciting as feeling myself react, finally. It was such a new experience for me, never before had I felt this way. I’d watch sex on the Internet, trying to figure out what was exciting or would excite me. When I was a teenager, I’d hold my cock in my hand when I showered and wonder if it was defective. But the day I entered the shower behind Wyatt, I knew it wasn’t.

I continued licking and kissing until Wyatt rolled to his side and came down to my level again. His warm tongue licked along my neck, all the way up to my face. He licked me the way I had done to him a couple of days ago. He smiled and moved to suck my ear. Sucking on my earlobe, his hands lowered to slide along the thickness in my briefs.

I tossed my head back and breathed in deeply; his smell was everywhere in the room, and I sighed as his tongue reached my nipple. His teeth nibbled at my nub, making me tremble, and tugged on it before he moved to the next one. Wyatt’s hand continued to massage me through my briefs, making me pant and shake. I couldn’t take it any longer. I reached down and pulled the fabric off. His mouth suctioned to my left nipple, and I felt the underwear slide the rest of the way down my legs with his help. I was rigid.

His tongue traveled to my belly button, where he lapped and licked, before moving down to circle it around the tip of my cock.

He looked up towards me, his heavy-lidded brown eyes glistening as he whispered, “Are you sure, Theo?”

I bit my bottom lip, blinked a couple of times and quickly nodded. “Yes... please.” My pulse was beating in a quick fashion.

He continued licking at the head and down the shaft, his hands cupping my balls so perfectly. Then, I watched my dick disappear down his throat. He pulled back up and looked at me, uncertainty in his eyes. As he was working my body, I writhed with pleasure I'd never known before. Then... there was nothing, I looked down to him. “Why'd you stop?”

He smiled, so I returned it as he said, “I just wanted to make sure...”

I nodded my head again, and licked my bottom lip before biting it. “Yes... yes, I'm sure...” I pulled him up to me, and we rested, nestled in each others' arms. I pulled down his briefs and our bodies connected, fitting perfectly together.

His soft lips brushed around my neck, and I could feel the wetness of his tongue and the heat of his breath as he moved. I followed suit and greeted every press of his lips with a duplicate from my own.

He whispered, “Do you want me to go first?” Then he rolled over so that I could press what I hoped were lips as soft as his against his shoulder blade. I thought back to those sessions with Lisa, and I followed the path her lips had taken down my back. I heard something scrape along the floor and then saw the condom package in Wyatt's hand. “Do you know how to use this?”

As much as I wish I could say yes. “I'm pretty sure it just rolls down, right?” I laughed shakily. It's a good thing I was looking at the back of his head, because my eyes were blurring and I was pretty certain I was going to cry. I held the packet in my hand and continued licking a trail down his back until I slid my tongue over his ass. He jerked and sighed as the tip darted around the dark hole, my thumb pressing and gauging the surrounding flesh.

I leaned back on my ankles and noticed that my cock had not gone down. In fact, I was bursting... my body riding the waves of ecstasy that were flowing throughout. I rolled the condom down—it was pink, and it was latex.

“This is pink.” I couldn't help but laugh. “Wyatt.”

“What? It works—it feels good. Trust me. If you don't mind, lick me there again, and then slowly slide in.”

My first lesson was to lean down and slowly slide in. There was such friction, my body moved uncontrollably—it felt so warm and tight. I lay on top of him, pushing in further, and I started to shake, and as I was shaking, so was Wyatt. We both were pumping, him back and me forward. I lay on his back,

exhausted, sweating, and it was like playing rugby all over again. Still hard, I rolled off and kissed him. "I want you inside me."

"Are you sure, Theo?"

I nodded my head. "Yes. Please?"

"All right, I'm going to do this so I can look into your eyes, and walk you through all of it." He reached into the metal box beside his bed again, and pulled out a bottle of lube and another condom. "I'm going to get you ready, okay?"

I heard the cap pop and felt little cold drops on my balls, and just before I closed my eyes, I saw him spurt some onto his fingers. It was cold, but not for long, as his fingertips massaged, and he slowly made his way down to my ass. So much sensation: the warmed-up gel, the moisture, the sweat, the nerves. And then, the tip of his finger pressed against my hole.

My eyes opened and he was right there, those beautiful dark brown eyes, looking into my soul. "You all right?"

I nodded my head, slowly, and took a deep breath. "Yes... I'm..." Another breath, as he slowly slid in the finger... "Yes... I'm good."

His finger was sliding in and then slowly out, and I had this uncomfortable feeling that apparently showed up on my face.

"Theo? What's wrong?"

"I'm embarrassed to say... I worried I'm going to shit all over you."

Wyatt suppressed a giggle, and then his face turned serious. "Well, do you feel like you need to right now?"

I thought about it for a second, shook my head and grinned. "No."

"Then don't worry about it, it probably won't happen, and if it does, I have other sheets."

We got back into a rhythm, and I felt another finger slide in, more cool gel was added, and I opened my eyes to see Wyatt smiling. As I took another deep breath, he slid in a third finger. We smiled at the same time, and he lowered down to kiss me as he pumped in and out.

"Are you ready for me?" Wyatt asked.

All I could do was nod my head as he pulled away. I pulled his head down to me, once more, and left a madly passionate kiss. I spoke into the kiss, "Yes... yes."

We separated, and I heard the package crinkle as the condom was pulled out and then the pop of the cap. I felt a couple of drops on my ass, and then I was filled with all of him. It was so amazing, so fulfilling. He lifted my legs and went gently, slowly, and then I was sweating, panting, having sensations I'd never felt before. Oh, God, my heart was racing...

He looked down at me with a soft smile. We were both sweating, and it reminded me of that last game against Santa Barbara with the dirt, the sweat, the grass. Next thing I knew, I was exploding all over the place, lost in the moment. Wyatt pulled out, took off the condom and started pumping his cock. He exploded in a shower between us.

We lay there for what felt like hours, the time slipping away peacefully. I had no desire to be anywhere else than in his arms. He pulled the sheet over us again, and we dozed, only waking when his roommate entered.

We laughed as Daniel pranced around the room, impersonating Wyatt. "Oh, no... I don't want to sleep with him. He's straight. I'm just gonna sleep on the sofa." All of this was done as he packed another shirt, underwear, and shorts into his backpack. "For fuck's sake, Wyatt—have fun, but don't lie to me next time." He walked out, and we heard the door lock behind him.

Wyatt looked into my eyes. "I don't think there'll be a next time."

"What do you mean? Just this time?" I frowned.

He kissed my nose, my lips, and my eyes. "No... Daniel was talking about one-night stands, and I don't think I want any more of those."

I stared at him, not understanding, and then slowly it made sense. I smiled and pulled him into my arms, kissing his face madly.

The End

Author Bio

Matthias Williamson has always had characters in his head. There were times when he was little when he couldn't go to sleep because there was too much talking going on. He finally stopped one day and started writing what the characters were saying, and stories emerged. He began writing on the Internet as Santino for an Anne Rice game, then went on to his own vampires, followed by LARP and SCA. Granted, his persona in the SCA isn't a vampire, but a plague carrier, which essentially is the same thing. Finally, he's finishing the stories and working on a bigger piece to submit to a publisher. The day has come where he's gained confidence as a writer. This event gave him the nudge he needed last year, and propelled him into the thick of things this year, by allowing him to write two stories. He writes when he's not working his day job or sucked into online games. If you see him around, nudge him and ask him what he's writing now.

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