

A. J. Ridges



Lush
in
Lace

LUSH IN LACE

My brother, Jamie, finally got to marry his lifelong best friend, BJ, this weekend. I was Jamie's best man, and Scott was BJ's best man. Not an ideal situation for either of us, since Scott and I have been enemies since high school. Somehow we managed to get through the weeks before the wedding without killing each other (barely), but then the bachelor party incident occurred and added fuel to the fire.

Now we argue even more, and the sexual tension between us is unbearable, at least for me. Unfortunately, I have things I like—kinky things—that Scott would never be able to handle, probably because he's not even gay. Or at least that's what I always thought, but now I'm not so sure and apparently neither is he...

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Love is an Open Road

An M/M Romance series

LUSH IN LACE

By AJ Ridges

Introduction

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

What Is Love is an Open Road?

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 is an Open Road*.

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.

Each year, a dedicated group of Volunteers from the M/M Romance Group work hard behind the scenes to bring these stories to you. Our Editors, Formatters, Proofreaders, and those working on Quality Assurance, spend many long hours over a course of several months so that each Event is a success. As

each and every author also gives freely of their time and talent, it was decided that all edits suggested may be accepted or rejected by the author at any given time. For this reason, some stories will appear to be more tightly edited than others, depending on the choice of the author.

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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LUSH IN LACE

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Photo Description

A view of the midsection of a man in a black formal tuxedo. His pants hang halfway open, showing white lace panties and thigh-high, beige, lace-topped stockings. He wears a white satin glove on his right hand. The gloved hand is wrapped around the base of his large, exposed, erect cock. The mushroomed head of his cock is well defined and a stark contrast to the white lace panties and white glove he's wearing.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

My brother finally got to marry his lifelong best friend, Barry, this weekend. I was Jamie's best man and Scott was Barry's best man. I had met Scott previously when he and I attended the same high school, though we ran with different crowds. He was a jock and I was a nerd, yet I always had a secret crush on him. During the week leading up to the wedding we spent a lot of time together—from running errands for the grooms to attending the stag party last night. He's personable, though seems more subdued than he did in high school, but he's still built like a jock and well-hung. Yes, I noticed that bulge in his jeans, but I'm sure he'll never be the man for me. I want someone softer, more feminine. I even harbor a secret wish that my yet-to-be-met life mate will enjoy wearing women's lingerie. And that, of course, would never fit with Scott's persona.

I would absolutely love a GFY story and would like the man in the photo to be Scott. Perhaps I could catch him in the restroom at the wedding with his hand down in that sexy lingerie? I don't want to stifle creative freedom though, so names and situations can be changed. Please give the guys a HEA and avoid dub-con and non-con. BDSM is okay, especially D/s relationships.

Thanks!

Sincerely,

Barb

Story Info

Genre: contemporary

Tags: enemies to lovers, gay for you, out for you, humorous, snarky, bickering best men, lingerie, fetish/toys, nerd/jock, panty-scorcher, porngasmic fluff, family

Word Count: 40,487

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Thank you to my future readers and fans... I love you all!!!

AJ

LUSH IN LACE

By AJ Ridges

Chapter One

-Rylan Madden-

“Seize the enemy!” I shouted at the top of my lungs in my best mock Viking/pirate voice. I swayed slightly on the tiny tabletop where I stood overlooking the crowd of scantily clad men. With one hand, I held my imaginary sword high in the air, and with the other, I pointed toward the shocked man who’d just entered the club’s private back room.

At my command, a chorus of hoots and hollers exploded from the crowd of at least forty men who’d gathered here for my big brother, Jamie’s, bachelor party. Without hesitation, five of Jamie’s friends set in motion to do my bidding, probably because I was the mastermind behind this kick-ass stag party.

In two days, Jamie would marry the man of his dreams. However, before that day would come, I was going to ensure he had the best stag night ever, even if that meant keeping a watchful eye out for “enemy spies.”

It took all five men to wrestle Scott Lush—aka the enemy spy—onto the single wooden chair at the edge of the dance floor. I even think I saw one of the bouncers offer up his handcuffs in support of their efforts. Surprisingly, the built jock didn’t put up much of a fight, probably too shell-shocked by the crowd’s enthusiastic welcome to react.

Serves him right, I thought as I jumped down from my perch and headed toward him. I’d warned him yesterday not to show up.

Scott Lush wasn’t welcome here.

I’d sent out all the invitations myself and specifically excluded Scott and his brother BJ (yep, my brother’s fiancé’s name is BJ). *Okay, so it stands for Barry Jr., but personally, I’d rather slit my wrists than share initials with a sex act for the rest of my life.* BJ didn’t give a shit about what I or anyone else thought about his name. I had to admit I liked that about him, but not enough to invite him or his groomsmen to Jamie’s stag.

Jamie and BJ had been in a relationship since they were sixteen. Now, twelve years later, they were finally getting married, and I felt my brother deserved one last night of fun before the big day. Thankfully, BJ agreed. He trusted his fiancé and wanted Jamie to have a good time. Unfortunately, BJ’s stepbrother Scott didn’t share his opinion. Even though Scott trusted my often

impulsive brother, he sure as hell didn't trust me. Looking around the room now, I couldn't really blame him. The men in attendance had wholeheartedly embraced the "*Horns and Heels*" theme I'd come up with for the event.

Every man in the place proudly showed off his "horn" in one way or another. Men of all shapes and sizes gyrated to the beat of the DJ's music, wearing skimpy jocks or thongs with some variation of horn affixed to the front. There were even a few more adventurous partygoers who'd donned full animal costumes—the elephant sporting a supersized trunk made a statement, and the gorilla with the banana "horn" was impossible to miss. As expected, by this late hour, there were even a handful of partygoers who'd consumed enough alcohol to remove their fake horns altogether in favor of displaying the real thing. As for the "heels," they were everywhere too—boots, pumps, wedges, stilettos, peep toes—you name it. Sexy high heels adorned male feet in abundance tonight.

The groom-to-be wasn't excluded either. I had taken particular care to make sure Jamie was outfitted in something a little more modest while still keeping with the theme. My brother wore a tight-fitted black tee and black velvet shorts that read "honk if you like my horn." The shorts had a red-and white bull's-eye embroidered on the back. Every time a partygoer slapped Jamie on the ass, a deafeningly loud horn would go off. Needless to say, Jamie's "horn" had been going off all night. So much so, that after the first hour, he was forced to take a permanent seat at the poker table or risk having a sore ass and a lot to answer for on his wedding night.

I chose a more fitting outfit for the theme. I wasn't as big or built as Scott Lush, but years of jujitsu lessons left my body toned and sleek. Tonight, I wanted to show that body off, but not because I knew Scott Lush would likely show up at Jamie's stag.

No, that was definitely not the reason. Besides, why would I want my brother's straight, soon-to-be brother-in-law to notice my body?

Sadly, that was a question I'd been asking myself for months, ever since the sexy-as-sin, twenty-five-year-old Scott Lush came back into town.

That didn't mean I wasn't secretly thrilled with the way Scott Lush surveyed my barely clothed body as I approached the chair he'd been handcuffed to.

Tonight, I wore faux fur short-shorts with a Viking's horn strategically placed in front to protect my modesty. My bare, tanned chest glistened with a

slight sheen of perspiration. A horned helmet adorned my head, and on my feet were lace-up brown leather boots that matched the color of the fur on my shorts. Sadly, I was totally incompetent in heels, so the boots were a good compromise.

I could have sworn I saw a spark of desire flash in Scott's piercing green eyes as they lingered on my horn for several heartbeats. However, my imagination was probably playing tricks on me due to the dim lighting in the room and the drinks I'd consumed earlier in the evening.

If Scott was actually ogling me, then I was doing a good job returning the favor.

Damn, he looked good.

As he struggled in the cuffs, the bulging, hard muscles of his arms flexed beneath the black T-shirt he wore. His long, thick legs were spread wide, affording me a perfect view of the bulge beneath his faded denim jeans. Scott's sandy-blond hair rested against his forehead in a typical messy-chic style. The cut made me think of how he'd look rolling out of bed the morning after a good fucking. However, it was his lips that were the most distracting. Even turned down in that angry scowl, his ripe, pink lips beckoned to me.

"I've got him, boys," I announced to the men who'd helped secure Scott to the chair. My gaze searched the room for Jamie, finding him still seated at the poker table. It was important that he condone any punishment I had planned for his spying soon-to-be family member. As my brother, Jamie understood my silent inquiry from across the room and shook his head slowly in warning. His meaning was clear. I could rattle Scott, but not push him too far. I gave Jamie a knowing nod before turning my attention back to the restrained straight boy.

"Well, well, well. What do we have here?" I mocked, walking around Scott's chair while running my index finger seductively along his tense shoulder blades.

He jerked away from my touch. "Let me go," Scott hissed through clenched teeth.

"Oh, I don't think so, Lush. I warned you not to come here tonight, and you purposely disobeyed me. Now I have to figure out what I'm going to do with you."

Bending down, I placed my lips next to his ear and whispered, "I know what I'd like to do to you, but sadly, I don't think you'd enjoy it." I felt him shiver at my words then shift away again.

“You have no idea what I’d enjoy, Squeaker,” he replied, surprising me with his answer.

The nickname Squeaker had been with me since high school, though Scott was the only one who continued to use it. He’d chosen the name for me in the ninth grade. Back then, I still hadn’t quite mastered the adult timbre of my voice, especially around tenth-grader Scott Lush. Truth be told, I was lucky he only noticed my squeaking voice and not my ever-present hard-on whenever he was around. If he had, my nickname could have been something entirely different—like Woodey or Rocket Rylan or worse.

Thankfully, over the years, I’d figured out the best defense against Scott Lush’s teasing was shameless gay flirting. Nothing riled the sexy man more than when I flirted with him. Not that we interacted often. It was only on rare occasions, when we tagged along with our older brothers outside of school, that we actually talked. It was during those times that I got to see a side of Scott I never knew existed: the shy, intelligent side. Still, I wouldn’t say we were ever really friends.

“It’s Rylan, not Squeaker,” I corrected at his ear. “And I’d be nice if I were you, Lush. You have no idea what we do to enemy spies up in here. Isn’t that right, men?” I asked loudly enough for the small crowd who’d gathered around Scott’s chair to hear.

Most of the guests at the stag knew Scott as BJ’s stepbrother. Even in their various states of intoxication, the partygoers had easily figured out Scott’s intention for the evening. However, these men were loyal to Jamie and therefore eager to follow along with any punishment I had in mind for the enemy spy.

“Make him walk the plank,” one of Jamie’s friends, dressed as a pirate, called out.

“Don’t you mean suck the plank, Maronie?” another teased.

“Oh yeah, that’s so much better,” Maronie agreed.

“I’ve got a plank ready to suck right here,” another man yelled. “It’s made from the finest wood. Real *hard* wood.”

A chorus of loud laughter and catcalls sounded from the drunken men nearby.

Surprisingly, Scott didn’t look too concerned with their teasing.

“Still want me to let you go?” I asked him, smugly.

“I’ll get you for this, Squeaker.”

My hearty laugh caused his scowl to deepen. “I’m looking forward to it, Lush.”

Before I could say anything further, the crowd on the dance floor parted, and the familiar beat of Christina Aguilera’s “Lady Marmalade” filtered through the small room’s sound system. The entire place erupted in excitement as a man, who I could only describe as Latin sex on heels, sauntered onto the dance floor.

I leaned down, placing my hands on Scott’s shoulders in an added effort to keep him in his chair. “Looks like you picked the perfect time to arrive. Oh, this is gonna be soooo good,” I rasped excitedly while he struggled against my hold.

Truthfully, I’d almost forgotten about the stripper. Jamie’s friend, Rimmer, had been charged with finding the entertainment for this evening. Who else would have been better qualified for the task than a man named Rimmer? Okay, so his real name was actually James Anthony Rimmel, but he’d been “Rimmer” for as long as I could remember. The nickname suited him or so I’d been told.

Now watching the exotic dancer slowly wiggle his hips across the dance floor, it didn’t surprise me that Rimmer chose a lithe, feminine-looking Latino man for the job. Latin men were his weakness. Thankfully, the sultry man had been informed of the theme. He fit right in, wearing nothing but a skimpy, electric-blue thong with a florescent, yellow horn protruding from the front. A bright yellow feather boa wound seductively around his neck, complementing the thong and horn perfectly. Heavy makeup accentuated the stripper’s exotic eyes, and on his feet were the highest pair of yellow fuck-me heels I’d ever seen.

As the man continued along the dance floor, it was clear that although he had a body designed for stripping, he lacked the soul.

To say the man was uncoordinated would have been high praise. He needed another two—or maybe ten—years of dancing lessons to be considered amateur. I’d give him an A for effort, but overall, his movements were too stiff to keep up with the beat of the music. To make matters worse, the stripper didn’t seem to know what to do with his arms. He kept them bent and close to his body, flapping them to the beat like a very large chicken. Unfortunately, the addition of the yellow feather boa wasn’t helping to rid the poultry-inspired image from my mind.

Thankfully, it wasn't long before the man removed his thong, after which all his fumbling and lack of coordination no longer mattered to the party goers. The men were too interested in watching the stripper's sizable cock swing around to notice his lack of rhythm.

I had to admit his cock was mesmerizing—clean-shaven, uncut, and the size of a small child's forearm. I could only imagine how much bigger he'd be with an erection.

Fuck. I need to get laid if the sight of an uncoordinated stripper's cock is making me horny.

Who was I kidding? It wasn't the stripper, causing my dick to stir, it was the feel of Scott's muscled shoulders beneath my hands, and his unique, masculine scent filling my nose.

After a few uncoordinated struts around the dance floor and a lot of gyrating in front of the groom-to-be, *el pollo loco* turned and began making his way over to where Scott was restrained.

"Ready for an up close and personal performance?" I teased, my lips once again at Scott's ear.

"Not from him!" Scott's shoulders tensed beneath my hands as he shook his head vigorously. "Jesus, Rylan. Is this your idea of a good time?" he bit out when the stripper began to do his best bump and grind less than a foot in front of Scott.

I was the only one who could hear his complaint over the noise of the cheering crowd. I'll admit I felt a little bad for the straight boy who had to watch another man wave his junk in his face, but not bad enough to put a stop to the show.

All too soon, the upbeat song slowed and the stripper took his cock in hand, stroking it sensuously to the relaxed rhythm. Thankfully, the Latino man was much better at keeping time with the slower beat and looked quite erotic, rocking his dick into his open hand.

"Wanna taste, big boy?" he asked Scott in his heavy Latin accent.

Cheers from the crowd erupted, and the drunken men began to chant, "Taste it! Taste it! Taste it!"

I noticed that tiny beads of sweat now appeared along Scott's brow. "Hell no!" he shouted back to the crowd, only causing them to laugh and increase their cheers.

“Awww, looks like we has ourselves a virgin here tonight. How adorables,” the heavily accented stripper addressed the already excited crowd. “Maybe he needs to see what he’s been missing? No?”

Another loud cheer erupted.

“Squeaker,” Scott growled at me in warning.

However, I pretended not to hear him. It was wrong, I knew, but I was having too much fun watching the great and powerful Scott Lush squirm for once.

The stripper turned to face the throng of men gathered on the dance floor and pumped his dick while attempting to twerk to the slow song. At least, that’s what I think he was doing, though it looked more like dry heaving in my opinion.

Once again, the men didn’t seem to mind as long as the dancer’s ass was out, and he kept stroking his enormous cock. I glanced over at Jamie to ensure he was enjoying the show. It was his night, after all. To my relief, Jamie looked pleased. He was smiling and laughing, and he even gave me the thumbs-up from across the room while wiping at his tears of joy. My brother may not have been turned on by Rimmer’s choice of stripper, but he was definitely enjoying the show.

When the song slowed even further, the fumbling stripper backed up toward the edge of the dance floor where Scott was seated. He bent semiseductively at the waist, ensuring both Scott and I had a clear view of his ass crack. It wasn’t until he reached around to grab each cheek that I guessed his intention and knew the time had come for me to intervene.

“Aw, shit!” I shuffled out from behind Scott’s chair, quickly stepping in between him and his view of the man’s ass. Sure, I wanted to give Scott a little payback for spying, but I didn’t actually want to scar the man for life.

My sudden movement toward the stripper surprised the Latino man, who subsequently lost his balance on those too high heels. Before I could reach out to stop him, the stripper fell forward gracelessly, landing face-first on the hard parquet dance floor.

Unfortunately, there was no way I could keep it together after that. I burst out laughing, along with the rest of the men in the party room. It’s not that I didn’t care about the man’s well-being, but it was just too much. With the exception of his cock, the man’s performance was truly the total opposite of

sexy. Thankfully, he was already close to the ground when he fell, so all he really hurt was his pride.

Rimmer emerged from the crowd and instantly offered the entertainer his assistance.

“Come on, darling, I’ll help you up,” Rimmer cooed soothingly as the man accepted his help. “Don’t mind these juvenile assholes, you did a great job, sweet thing,” he encouraged, glaring over his shoulder at me. Then he shifted his gaze to Scott who was doing a much better job at holding in his laughter. “I’m sure Lush has learned his lesson on spyin’. Right?” Rimmer asked him pointedly.

Scott nodded and so did I—through my tears of laughter of course.

“See? They don’t need you out here anymore, doll. How ’bout you follow me? I’ll check if anything’s broken, and then I can show you why they call me Rimmer. What do you say, baby?”

At Rimmer’s offer, the man instantly brightened. He eagerly took Rimmer’s outstretched hand, following him off the dance floor. I could only imagine how inventively Rimmer would soothe the man’s wounded pride.

Once the pair had left, the DJ began a steady stream of music and just like that, the party was back in full swing.

“Have you learned your lesson, Lush?” I asked before releasing Scott’s handcuffs.

He rubbed his thick wrists and stood facing me.

“Is that the best you got, Squeaker?” he asked with a smirk. “An uncoordinated stripper with a tiny cock and a hairy ass?”

I was so shocked by his response, it took me a second to realize he’d already begun heading off toward the exit. “What the...? His cock was huge!” I called out, following him off the dance floor while eliciting a few raised eyebrows at my loud declaration. “His cock was huge,” I repeated, this time closer to Scott and several decibels quieter.

“That depends on your perspective.” Scott winked back at me deviously.

If possible, my jaw dropped even farther. I couldn’t stop myself from looking down toward his crotch. Too bad he turned away before I could get a good look, not that it mattered. I knew from years of sneaking peeks at his package during school that Scott was gifted with more than his fair share in the dick department.

“You still with me, Squeaker?” Scott asked, chuckling, when I remained frozen in place.

His pleasure at my discomfort was enough to clear my brain of thoughts of his supersized dick.

“You’re so full of shit, Lush,” I shot back. “I watched you turn fifty shades of green when that stripper waved his cock in your face”

Scott rolled his eyes at me. “You’re forgetting I’ve had my fair share of cocks in my face.”

“Excuse me!”

With a hard clap on the shoulder, Scott steered me in the direction of the coatroom. “I’ve spent the last ten years in locker rooms full of cocks and ass, Squeaker. I’ve seen it all. Believe me there’s not much you can do that would shock me,” he stated cockily.

“Are you trying to tell me you enjoyed the show?”

“Fuck, no! I was only here to make sure you didn’t corrupt your own brother into doing something he’d regret,” Scott replied. “However, by the looks of your entertainment, I’d say Jamie’s safe enough. Although, I have to admit, I’m a little disappointed. I expected more from you, Rylan, especially after Thursday.”

Shit. I hissed at the memory of Thursday. It was a day I wished to banish from my mind.

I’d gone to Wicked Wayz sex shop to pick up a package that Jamie and BJ had ordered for their honeymoon as well as the gifts for the stag party attendees. However, I had no idea that BJ had also asked Scott to pick up the same order. While I waited for the clerk to finish assisting another customer, I took my time checking out the vast selection of lube, dildos, hosiery, garters, heels, and my favorite—the lace thong man panties—aka manties.

After several minutes, with still no sign of the clerk being done, I found myself wandering the other sections of the store. I didn’t often come to Wicked Wayz, preferring to purchase my kinky items online. I had no idea just how large the store really was. There were dozens of items I’d never seen before, like an entire wall dedicated to penis enlargers. *Who bought this stuff?* I wondered as I took one of them down to inspect it. Unfortunately, it was at that exact moment that Scott Lush walked in the door. He didn’t say a word. He simply stared at the foreign contraption in my hand and laughed—a full, hard belly laugh that lasted until the clerk finally stepped in to assist me.

Despite my attempts to explain that I was just browsing the store out of boredom, Scott was unconvinced. For the rest of the afternoon, while we ran wedding errands for the grooms-to-be, I had to grit my teeth while listening to Scott's snarky comments like... "bigger isn't always better" and "good things come in small packages" or his favorite, "it's not the size of the ship but the motion of the ocean." It wasn't until I offered to show him my "not-so-small ship" that he finally relented.

Unfortunately, the memory of Thursday was still fresh in my mind and, it was something I'd more than willingly forget if only Scott would let me.

"I'll have you know that I tamed things down tonight for Jamie's sake," I responded, ignoring Scott's raised eyebrow. "So you should really be thanking me right now, Lush. If I'd had my way you'd have run screaming from the place over half an hour ago." I was exaggerating of course, but his smugness was irritating me.

"What are we talking about here, Squeaker... whips, chains, nipple clamps?"

I scoffed at his typical straight boy suggestions. "Not even close."

"Golden showers, felching, snowballing?"

"What the fu—?" For the second time tonight, Scott Lush had shocked the hell out of me. "Where the hell did you learn about all that shit?" I screeched.

He put a finger to his chin as if he was trying hard to recall the information. "There's this magic thing called Google, and when you type 'gay' in the search box all sorts of wonderful things come up," he stated, wagging his eyebrows at me—mocking me.

"Asshole," I grumbled. "I'll have you know, the Internet is nothing like real life, Lush. Just because you can handle looking at a few pictures online, doesn't mean you can handle my kind of kink up close and personal."

It was his turn to scoff. "You underestimate me, Squeaker," he stated before opening the door to the room where we'd stowed the coats for tonight's party. Scott had barely pushed the door open a crack before he let out an unmanly yelp and slammed it shut again with a thud.

"What!" I asked, shocked and confused by his reaction.

He shook his head rapidly. His grip was firm on the door handle and if possible, he looked greener than he did during the stripper's show.

“What the hell is it?” I repeated, concerned.

When he didn’t respond, I pushed him aside.

“Don’t!” he warned, when I slapped his hand off the door knob and began to turn it.

Unfortunately, his warning came too late to stop my momentum. I’ll admit I wasn’t at all prepared for the sight that greeted me once I stood in the open doorway. However, I managed to handle my shock much better than Scott.

Even in the dim light of the room, I could clearly see Rimmer fulfilling his earlier promise to the stripper, who lay naked on top of the pool table which was covered in coats. The Latin man was on his back, his ass hanging over the table’s edge. His legs were bent, and his feet were wide apart on the green felt. Rimmer was bent over him, his head buried between the man’s legs. Even from this angle, I could tell Rimmer had his tongue buried deep in the stripper’s ass while his hand stroked that big cock.

It was pretty hot, like live porn; that is until I remembered Scott’s reaction and the fact that the scene had probably, once again, scarred the poor man for life.

Good. He deserved a little shaking up tonight. He was too calm and collected.

“Problem?” I asked, steeling my expression, so it appeared as if the sight was a natural occurrence in my world.

“They—they’re on my coat,” Scott muttered, still looking shell-shocked.

I couldn’t help but laugh. It was sweet justice. “I guess that’s what you get for spying,” I replied smugly.

He didn’t look amused.

“Want me to go in there and get it for you?” I asked.

“No! F-forget it. The coat’s dead to me now,” he grumbled.

“Don’t worry, I’ll have it dry-cleaned and returned to you,” I offered, feeling slightly guilty that he’d have to go out in the cold without a coat.

“Dry-cleaned? More like sanitized.”

I shook my head. “You’ve got that same sad, bewildered look on your face as those lost puppies you used to save. I told you, you’d be out of your league here, straight boy, but you’re too stubborn to listen.”

His lips turned down into a scowl. “Give me a break, Squeaker, I wasn’t expecting to find two men fucking in the coatroom. It caught me off guard. That’s all.”

“So you’d be fine to open the door again, now that you’re expecting it?” I baited him. “Because I’m sure Rimmer wouldn’t mind letting you watch. In fact, I think he’d enjoy it.”

As if on cue, we heard Rimmer’s gruff voice filter through the thin door. “Oh yeah, baby, let Rimmer in that sweet little hole. Fuck, you’re tight for a whore.”

I could see Scott’s face visibly pale in front of me.

Rimmer’s words were followed by a few more grunts and the distinct sounds of a table scraping against the hardwood floor.

“Aye, papi, oh fuck me! Yes! Deeper! Harder!” the Latin man cried out. “Aye! Shit, you so big. I coming! Aaaayye!!”

“Stroke that monster for me, Tino,” Rimmer grunted. “Yeah! Let it loose. Fuck. That’s it. Oh shit, look at all that sweet cream.”

I watched Scott take several steps away from the door as if to ward off the sounds coming from inside. “I-I’m not going in there,” he mumbled nervously.

I smirked again. “Told you, you couldn’t handle it.”

When he didn’t answer, I continued, “Why don’t you admit it, Lush? Just because you’re ‘pro-gay,’ or whatever you seem to think having a gay brother makes you, doesn’t mean you can handle my world.” It was the truth, and one of the reasons I gave Scott such a hard time.

“I can handle anything you’ve got, Squeaker,” he challenged.

This was the way it always was with us—one challenge after another. It was a gay/straight, jock/nerd, old-as-time tug-of-war that neither of us would ever win. We were just too opposite.

“Damn you’re stubborn, Lush. But since you foolishly believe you can handle anything I can dish out, how about we make it interesting?”

Saying the words brought so many images to mind—Scott on his knees, Scott on all fours, Scott’s ass lined up to take my cock, Scott in nothing but stockings and lace... *oh fuck the thought of Scott’s huge cock surrounded by lace...*

“How interesting?” he asked, interrupting my favorite fantasy.

I hoped he didn't notice how the horn at my groin now stuck out at an odd angle due to my lustful thoughts.

"A thousand bucks," I rushed out, wanting to keep his attention on me and not my dick.

"Are you fucking serious?" he asked, his eyes locking with mine.

I nodded. I should have offered a lower number, but I wasn't worried since I was probably the only one who knew Scott didn't have a grand to spare. That's why his next words rocked me to the core.

"Okay, Squeaker, you're on..."

Chapter Two

-Scott Lush-

Almost a full five minutes had passed since I opened the package that was delivered this morning. I was motionless, sitting on the edge of my bed, the contents of the package in my hand, my jaw slack and my eyes wide. Never in my wildest dreams would I have imagined Rylan's idea of a kinky challenge would involve lace panties, garters, and sheer stockings. I reread the note he'd attached to the wrapping just to be certain this wasn't some kind of joke...

Lush,

Here's what your stubborn ass has gotten yourself into—literally. Wear these for the entire wedding and you'll be a grand richer. Simple as that...

Rylan

Beside his name, he added a winking smiley face with its tongue sticking out—mocking me.

Fucker. Well, if he thought some lace undies and a pair of stockings were enough to get me to back out of the bet, he had another thing coming.

Not only did I crave the satisfaction of putting the ever-so-smug Rylan Madden in his place, but I really didn't have a thousand bucks to spare.

In fact, the additional wedding expenses were already forcing me further into debt though I'd never tell BJ or Jamie. As far as I was aware, no one knew the details of my financial situation, and I planned on keeping it that way.

Sure, my family and friends knew I'd left college early, but they all thought it was due to a knee injury, or because I wasn't smart enough to handle it. None of them knew it was one incident and a belated epiphany that caused me to ultimately drop out and void my full football scholarship. Looking back it probably wasn't one of my brightest ideas, especially knowing full well I'd have to pay back half my tuition and residence fees, which I had no clue would be so outrageously expensive.

In the three years since I'd left college, I worked like a dog at my buddy's landscaping company, shared a cramped apartment with three other roommates, and still I'd barely made enough to put a sizable dent in my debt.

Thankfully, I'd been living rent-free with Jamie and BJ since my return home to help with the wedding, and I'd made some good headway toward getting back into the black. Still, that meant that right now, losing a thousand dollar bet with Rylan was not an option.

Squeaker, on the other hand, would be no worse for wear if he lost. He'd landed a six-figure job right out of high school. Apparently, he had a gift for finding programming bugs in video games. All the big names in gaming relied on his talent, and he made a shitload of money—at least according to BJ—which meant that Rylan had more than enough to spare in order to humiliate me.

Fuck! How did I manage to get myself into this? I ran a frustrated hand down my face. *Face it; you love the thrill of challenging Rylan*, my inner voice admitted although outwardly I was shaking my head in denial.

I looked at the items again, noticing that the panties weren't like any I'd seen before, at least not on any of the girls I'd fucked. They were pretty, feminine, and small, but definitely not small enough for a girl. I picked them up and stretched the material between my fingers. There was a lot more room in the front than regular women's underwear would have, almost as if these were designed to support a cock, which made no sense to me.

The back, however, was like any other thong, held together by only the tiniest piece of string. *Fuck*. I could already imagine how uncomfortable it would feel to have that tiny piece of string riding up my ass crack all day.

And how the hell am I supposed to fit my dick into these? I thought, stretching the lace as far as it would go. The panties may have been bigger than average, but they still weren't big enough to accommodate my size.

Shit! Frustrated, I dropped them onto the bed and began pacing. I should have known Rylan would have picked a humiliating punishment for me.

No matter what, I could always count on him to bring his A game. He challenged me mentally, something my teachers, friends, and even my family never had. They all just assumed the only thing I was good at was football. Somehow, Rylan seemed to know that I could match him intellectually, despite referring to me as a dumb-ass most of the time. I knew my intellect both surprised and delighted him.

To be honest, Rylan wasn't what I expected either. He wasn't your average nerd. He was tall, tan, and strong. I could see the definition of his muscles under those long-sleeved T-shirt-type things he favored so much. In addition,

he'd ditched his thick, geeky glasses in favor of contacts, which made his light-brown eyes sparkle, accentuating the deep, rich color of his thick, dark hair. These days Rylan was more conscious of his looks. He wore his hair short and neatly styled, giving him a modern, sexy appearance. I'll admit he grew up a lot during the years I'd been away and not just physically. His newfound confidence and cockiness drew me to Rylan even more. Unfortunately, this wasn't the first time I'd thought of him as desirable, but it didn't get any easier.

It was during my senior year of high school that Rylan's face began filtering into my sexual fantasies. I thought about his body when I jerked off and even the odd time when I was fucking a girl. My fantasies starring an eager, naked Rylan Madden shook me to the core. I had no control over them, which left me frustrated and helpless. I took my sexual frustration, anger, and confusion out on Rylan, which drove an even bigger wedge between us.

It was a terrible time for me. I didn't want to like men. I'd seen how difficult it was for Jamie, BJ, and even Rylan to live everyday as gay men in a misguided heterosexual world. I never wanted that. I wanted to be normal (if there was such a thing).

Still, I found myself watching other guys in the locker room. Not blatantly of course, just quick peeks to see if the sight of other cocks would turn me on. They didn't. All other naked men kind of grossed me out. The only man my cock responded to was Rylan.

Ultimately, my desire for Rylan was the reason I eagerly accepted the full football scholarship I'd been offered at a college far away from home. For the first semester, I filled my schedule with random courses, not concerned with anything other than getting away from Rylan and the feelings he stirred within me. I needed space and time to understand the man I was truly becoming.

The distance helped. During the years I was away, the images and memories of Rylan faded. I dated girls but fucked fewer than I did in high school. Sex didn't hold the same appeal anymore. Women didn't challenge me mentally or physically. I wasn't remotely attracted to any other men during my short stint in college and definitely not to any of my roommates or their friends in the years after.

However, upon my return home to Virginia to help with Jamie and BJ's wedding, all those old feelings for and fantasies about Rylan returned with a vengeance. Whenever I pictured Rylan's cocky smile or heard one of his snide comments, my dick would start to swell.

Damn. I flopped down onto the bed, tossing my arm over my eyes, and tried to will away the erection that was building.

What the hell is happening to me? I'm not gay. I'm not attracted to men.

You're attracted to Rylan though, my inner voice piped up. You want him. You've always wanted him.

Fuck! I hissed, hating the fact that my inner voice was right. I couldn't describe how or why I wanted Rylan because it made no sense to me, but I couldn't change the fact either. Not that I'd ever admit it to anyone. Hell, I could still barely admit it to myself.

My cock began to ache beneath the constricting denim of my jeans. Shifting, I grabbed my phone off the nightstand and checked the time. Thankfully, there were still a few minutes before I had to leave, so I could meet Rylan at the mall and finish up some last minute best man errands for the grooms.

Hastily I unzipped my pants, releasing my hard length. With one hand I picked up the familiar quick rhythm I'd perfected over the years while, with the other hand, I gently fondled the lace panties that lay beside me on the bed. I closed my eyes again and imagined wearing only the panties and stockings from Rylan's package. The thought had my cock thickening in my hand.

I wondered what Rylan would do if he saw me as I was in my fantasy. Would he be intrigued? Disgusted? Would he laugh at the big manly jock dressed in women's clothes like a sissy? Would he get hard? Would seeing me in satin and lace turn him on or was his goal really just to humiliate me?

I continued to stroke, spreading the tiny drops of precum around my thick, cut head with every pass. In my fantasy, Rylan liked what he saw. His cock was hard. I could see it bulging and tenting his pants. He'd beckon me toward him, and I'd eagerly follow, his eyes never leaving my cock. As soon as I'd come close enough, he'd reach out and touch me through the thin, white lace. It'd be a slight touch, tracing the mushroom-shaped head of my cock with only his fingertips, but it'd be enough.

"Oh shit! Uuuuggghhh! Mmmmm, oh god," I swore, exploding in my hand at the thought of Rylan barely touching me. Streams of thick, white cum shot out of my dick onto my bare stomach and chest. I continued to pump my cock furiously, wanting to draw out the sensations for as long as possible.

As I lay there, trying to catch my breath, I wondered once more how I was going to make it through the next few days with Rylan, as Jamie's best man,

constantly at my side. Frustrated, I made my way to the bathroom, still shaky from the impact of my orgasm. After washing and zipping up, I studied my reflection in the mirror, frowning. Rylan's teasing comments about my size and strength filtered into my thoughts. It was clear he wasn't physically attracted to me. Not that I needed to be told I wasn't his type. I'd seen the pictures of Rylan's boy toys on his various social media sites over the years.

His boyfriends/lovers were all small, pale, thin, and studious looking or in other words, the complete physical opposite of me. I could never compete with that.

Do you want to? My inner voice asked.

No! Yes. Aw hell, I don't know?

Throwing the hand towel down on the counter, I grabbed a T-shirt I'd left behind earlier and stormed out the door and down the hall.

"You know what? Fuck it!" I swore aloud as I headed down the stairs.

In two days I'd have an extra grand in my pocket. *Maybe it'll be enough for a deposit on my own place far away from Rylan*, I thought cheerily. Then I could go back to forgetting all about him, back to my normal, heterosexual life. *Yeah, that sounds promising*, I lied to myself as I hit the bottom step.

"Maybe you could ease up on the f-bombs a little, Scottie?" A familiar female voice lovingly scolded me from the entrance to the living room.

"Mom? What are you doing here?" I asked, wrapping my arms around her in a big bear hug, unconcerned that I was still shirtless. My mom always managed to cheer me up. I'd missed her while I was away. It'd been just the two of us for so many years after dad's death and before she found BJ's dad. Kurt was a good man. He was a great dad and a fair and caring stepdad. He made my mom smile often and treated her like the treasure she was, which was all I'd ever asked for.

"We came to see you actually," she said after hugging me for several heartbeats.

"We?"

"We," my mom confirmed, pulling me into the living room behind her.

I'll admit it rattled me to see both Rylan and his mom seated there, especially since I just finished jacking off to thoughts of him and was still shirtless. Kate Madden smiled in greeting, but I was too focused on Rylan to do much more than nod.

Oddly, he wasn't unaffected by my presence either. His expression morphed to one I'd never seen before. If I didn't know any better, I'd say it was desire written all over his face. His gaze roamed over my broad chest, my nipples, my neck, my arms, then wandered lower following the line of light-blond hairs that led toward my groin.

I wasn't expecting his eyes to devour me so thoroughly and couldn't will my body not to respond to his assessing gaze. My nipples pebbled, and my cock twitched beneath my zipper. I watched as Rylan casually took one of the throw pillows from the seat beside him and subtly placed it over his lap.

Damn, maybe he wasn't immune to me after all? Too bad I didn't have a pillow readily available to cover my own growing interest.

Hastily I tugged my shirt over my head and turned my attention to Rylan's mom. "Hey Mrs. Madden. What's up?" I asked, trying to sound casual.

Rylan answered instead. "Looks like you weren't aware of this little intervention either," he bit out sarcastically.

Kate Madden glared at her son. "It's not an intervention, Ry. We only want to ensure everything goes smoothly for BJ and Jamie's big day tomorrow."

"Why wouldn't it?" I asked, concerned.

The mothers gave each other a pointed look.

"Because of us, dumb-ass," Rylan snapped back.

"Oh for heaven's sake, Rylan," Kate Madden scolded her son.

"What?" he asked flippantly "It's the truth. You're worried we're gonna cause a scene and ruin the wedding, which, under the circumstances, is a pretty reasonable assumption, seeing as Lush and I don't get along."

I couldn't help but take offense to his words. "We get along."

From the looks shared by the other three in the room, it was clear no one else agreed with my statement.

"Since when do we get along?" Rylan challenged.

"Since... well... um... Okay, so maybe we don't always get along," I admitted reluctantly. "But that's not my fault."

"Oh, it's *my* fault then?" Rylan snapped back testily.

I shrugged, crossing my arms over my chest. "You're the one who has a problem with me because I'm not gay."

He was out of his seat in an instant. “Are you fucking serious?”

I took a step toward him, my shoulders back and my chest pushed forward, ready for battle. “As a heart attack,” I growled, still not quite sure how he managed to push my buttons so easily.

Rylan didn’t back down. If anything, he stepped closer to me. I respected his courage since most men would easily have been intimidated by my size, but not this new, confident Rylan.

“Boys! Boys! Boys!” Kate shouted, stepping between us. “How about you both put away your testosterone club membership cards and take a seat?” she offered facetiously, motioning to the small love seat opposite from the couch. Although Kate Madden posed her statement as a question, it was clear from her scowl that she didn’t expect to be challenged.

We both settled into the narrow seat, as far away from one another as possible, though our thighs still touched in the crowded space.

“All we’re asking from you boys is a truce.”

“At least until the wedding is over,” my mom added, knowing it’d be unrealistic to ask for anything longer.

“Please,” both women pleaded in unison, giving us their best wounded puppy dog faces.

“Fine,” I agreed, too easily swayed by their manipulative show of solidarity.

“Fine,” Rylan grumbled reluctantly.

“Wonderful,” my mom cooed, clapping her hands together in delight. “I knew you were reasonable young men. Now, I think it would help set the tone for tomorrow if you tried saying something nice about each other. You go first, Scottie.”

She knew I hated it when she called me Scottie. Unfortunately, that never seemed to stop her.

“Seriously, Mom?” I whined, sounding more like a ten-year-old boy than a twenty-five-year-old man. To make matters worse, I could hear Rylan chuckling at my side.

The look on my mom’s face assured me she wasn’t joking. I’d already figured out this whole “intervention,” as Rylan put it, was my mom’s idea. She’d spent a lot of time in therapy after my biological dad died and considered herself fully qualified to play therapist when need be.

“Fine,” I huffed for the second time in less than a minute. However, it took me another moment to think of something nice to say about Rylan that wouldn’t give away my true feelings for him.

“He’s not short,” I finally managed to offer, surprising the group with my response.

“I said a compliment, Scottie!”

“What? That is a compliment. Most computer geeks are short. He’s not,” I reasoned. Rylan matched my six-foot-three frame almost perfectly. It was another reason why he didn’t fit into the mold of the average geek.

“*Scott!*” my mother scolded.

“Okay, okay! I was only kidding—sort of,” I mumbled with a smirk though Rylan no longer looked pleased. “I guess I’d have to say that Rylan’s down to earth—for a genius.”

“Go on,” my mom encouraged.

I shrugged, turning slightly, so I could see his reaction to my words. “He’s funny and confident. Most smart guys are too serious and uptight. You’re not like that,” I added, speaking directly to him now. “You try to see the positive in people, even when they don’t deserve it, which isn’t always easy.”

I noted the faint blush that spread across Rylan’s cheeks, making him look that much more attractive. At the rare sight of a smile curling on his lips, I realized I was at risk of giving away my true feelings.

“That’s it,” I added with a shrug, trying to appear casual.

“See, was that so hard?” my mom offered.

I followed Rylan’s lead from earlier and reached for one of the decorative throw pillows, placing it on my lap. I didn’t need Kate or my mom noticing how Rylan’s reaction affected me.

“Now it’s your turn, Rylan,” my mom, Helen, prompted.

Unlike me, he didn’t have to think before he answered. “He’s a good brother,” Rylan offered immediately.

When his declaration was met with three curious faces, he continued.

“He’s not always the sharpest tool in the shed, but...”

“Ry,” his mom warned.

He turned to look directly at me. “You had the guts to show up Friday night when most other straight guys wouldn’t. You came for BJ because you’re a good brother. You’ve always had his back and Jamie’s too. It’s refreshing.”

I could only imagine that my cheeks were as red as Rylan’s had been a moment ago. He was right, however, the only reason I was at the stag was for BJ. I wanted his wedding to go off without a hitch. That meant avoiding any unnecessary arguments or guilt over something gone awry during Jamie’s bachelor party.

“They’re family,” I replied honestly in response to Rylan’s statement.

I couldn’t love BJ anymore if he was my full brother. We had a connection that true siblings don’t often share. Hell, he’d even suspected I had feelings for Rylan. How he’d figured out that bit of information was a mystery to me, since I’d never said a word. Thankfully, like a true brother, BJ didn’t pressure me to share more than I was willing. He simply shrugged, letting me know he’d always be there for me when I needed to talk, even if that meant talking about my feelings for his fiancé’s brother. Jamie was just as supportive as BJ. He was like a second big brother. They were family, no doubt about it.

“You’re like family too, Squeaker—in a weird, dysfunctional kind of way,” I added. “Or at least you will be after the wedding.”

“Oh that’s so sweet,” Kate Madden cooed, squeezing my mom’s hand affectionately.

“Relax, Mom. He’s not proposing or anything,” Rylan stated, exasperated at the women’s behavior.

“Okay, okay, fine. We’re just a little overemotional about the big day,” Kate replied. “We want you two to focus on those good things about each other until after the wedding, and everything will be just fine.”

It was obvious the moms were more confident about their plan than Rylan and I. However, we played along, nodding and exchanging hugs with our moms before the women finally left to get their nails done for the big day.

- Rylan aka Squeaker -

Once our meddling moms were on their way, Scott stood and headed toward the door. “We’d better get moving. There’s only an hour left before the mall closes,” he warned.

“No need. I already got the rest of the stuff for the wedding this morning,” I informed him.

“You did?”

“I figured you’d be tired after working all day. My next project isn’t due for a while, so it was no big deal to take the morning off and finish up.”

“Are you sure you got everything?”

I motioned toward the open hallway. “Everything that was on the list. It’s all in the kitchen if you don’t believe me.”

Scott found the pile of wedding supplies on the small, round kitchen table where I’d left them. As he rummaged through the bags and boxes, he reviewed his own copy of the list from the grooms.

“Ring bearer pillow?”

“Got it.”

“Centerpieces from the florist?”

“Yup.”

“Programs from the printers?”

“Done.”

“What about the airline tickets?”

“Two first-class tickets to Amsterdam, right here,” I offered, picking up the envelope with the tickets and waving it at Scott.

He snatched it from me and scrutinized its contents. “Why on earth would they choose Holland over the Caribbean?”

I shrugged. “Haven’t you ever heard the saying—anything goes in Amsterdam?”

“Is that where you’d go for your honeymoon then, Squeaker?”

I scoffed. “I have no intention of getting married,” I lied. “But if I did, I guess I’d choose Disneyland.”

Scott burst out laughing at my admission. “Really? Disneyland? That’s so cliché.”

“What the hell is that supposed to mean?”

“It means if you want to get up close and personal with Tinkerbell, can’t you just look in a mirror and save yourself the money?” Scott asked.

It was less than five minutes into our truce, and already we were bickering. “Let me guess, you’d take your wife to the Super Bowl for your honeymoon?” I countered.

“It’d be a hell of a lot better than Disneyland. Not that I plan on getting married either, but I’m definitely going to Ireland on my next vacation.”

It was my turn to burst out laughing.

“What the hell’s wrong with Ireland?” Scott asked defensively.

“You do know it rains there like every fucking day, right?” I prompted.

“So? The rain’s the reason it’s so green and beautiful.”

“I’ve seen your hair in the mist and rain, Lush. You won’t be getting any Irish pussy on your next vacation, looking like a frizzy, blond poodle.”

“Fuck you, Squeaker.”

“Ruff. Ruff,” I teased him.

“God, I can’t wait ’til this wedding is over,” he grumbled, rummaging through the last remaining bag.

I clutched at my chest dramatically. “Ouch. You’re breaking my heart, Lush.”

“You don’t have one,” he returned, searching earnestly for the last remaining item on his list. “Where’s the cake topper? I can’t find it? The baker expects it at the gallery first thing in the morning,” he added.

“Right here.” I pulled the lid off the small, square box that held the custom-made, molded image of two men in tuxedos, resembling our brothers.

“Why is BJ down on his knees?” Scott gasped.

I shrugged. “I guess it’s because he’s the one who proposed.”

“But... it... it looks like he’s giving Jamie a blow job for god’s sake!”

I took the figurine from the box and inspected it intently for the first time. Scott was right. The figures were set very close together with BJ’s face almost smooshed into the front of Jamie’s pants. To make matters worse, the position of BJ’s outstretched hands could easily have been mistaken for a male appendage. At close range, the figure was decipherable, however from afar, it really did look like Jamie was getting serviced by his groom-to-be.

Oh well, there wasn't much we could do about it now. "Maybe it was made that way on purpose?" I offered.

"Why the fuck would anyone do that on purpose?"

"You never know, maybe Jamie needed a little extra convincing to say yes. As a matter of fact, I think a blow job should be mandatory with every marriage proposal from a man named BJ."

"Of course you would," Scott griped sarcastically.

"Relax, Lush. Nobody's gonna care. Why don't you admit you're out of your league with this whole gay wedding stuff?" I prompted when I noticed Scott blushing profusely at the sight of a box of brand new, multicolored butt plugs on the table. They were left over stag gifts that I'd brought to return to Jamie.

"Only after you admit that you underestimate me."

"Maybe," I agreed. "But we'll never know will we, now that the bet's off?"

"It is?" he asked, surprised.

"You heard our moms, we're supposed to get along tomorrow," I replied.

"Well, I don't plan on telling them about the bet, and I can get along just fine and still win," Scott insisted adamantly.

For the first time, I questioned the real reason why he'd willingly agreed to bet money he obviously didn't have just to prove a point.

I was probably the only one close to Scott who realized that he was struggling financially. Not that he'd shared that information with me. I, however, noticed little signs that others overlooked, like the fact that Scott didn't have a credit card; his cell phone was terribly outdated; he didn't use his car unless it was absolutely necessary; and a good portion of his mail came from a local collection agency. I'd recognized the company's return address and their logo on several envelopes addressed to Scott when I'd visited Jamie and BJ. The couple most likely assumed the letters were junk mail, but I'd done some programming work for that particular organization in college and knew better.

A knot of guilt formed in my stomach. "Scott, if you need the money, I can—"

"This is about shutting you up once and for all, Squeaker, nothing more," he interrupted.

I watched him carefully for any indication that he was lying, but saw none. “Fine. The way I see it, it’s a win/win for me no matter what.” I ignored the warning bells of my conscience ringing in my head. The desire to see Scott Lush’s sweet ass covered in lace easily overrode any lingering feelings of guilt.

“Okay, so we’re still on,” he confirmed.

“I’ll see you squirm tomorrow, Lush,” I called over my shoulder as I grabbed my jacket and headed toward the door.

“In your dreams, Squeaker,” he yelled back.

Definitely, I mumbled under my breath.

Scott had no way of knowing how accurate his words were. Lately, there wasn’t a night that went by that I didn’t dream about him lying naked in my bed, smiling up at me with those beautiful green eyes of his and begging me to do anything I wanted to his body.

After tomorrow, I’d have new images to add to my night time fantasies—images of Scott Lush in nothing but nylon stockings and lace thong panties.

Damn, what the hell was I thinking?

Chapter Three

-Scott-

I was being roasted slowly from the inside out, all for the sake of a few glamor shots. The hot, bright lights in the small alcove of the gallery were designed for maximum exposure of artwork, not as a backdrop for a dozen burly groomsmen posing for the perfect group wedding photo.

After the third round of retakes, I'd determined the wedding photographer was Satan's spawn. You'd think she'd know how fucking unbearable hot nylon stockings were when worn under tuxedo pants, but obviously she had no clue. Why would she? No one suspected that I wore ladies' lingerie under my formal wear, no one except for Rylan, who stood behind me, his body giving off more heat than a solar flare.

Oh god. I could literally feel the beads of sweat beginning to form under my tuxedo jacket. When I shifted uncomfortably on my feet, I heard Rylan's chuckle over my shoulder and ground my teeth together in frustration. He'd been smugly smirking and staring pointedly at my crotch all day. The wedding reception had yet to begin, and I'd seriously considered calling the whole bet off. There was only so much I could take.

Surprisingly, it wasn't the lace panties that were the problem, although as predicted my cock barely fit into the things, and the thong rode up my ass terribly. However, it was the stockings that were a bitch. Before I'd agreed to the bet, I didn't consider having to wear dress slacks, socks, and shoes over unbreathable nylon. The combination was like a sauna for my legs.

"Rylan, are you harassing my little brother?" BJ asked after noticing the other best man's smirk.

"That's impossible since there's nothing little about your brother," Rylan replied sarcastically.

His comment brought my attention back to my dick, causing me to moan.

"Are you okay, Scott? You look..." BJ paused, trying to find the right word. "I don't know... uncomfortable?"

Now Rylan really did chuckle behind me.

A quick elbow to his ribs silenced him. "I'm fine. It's just really hot under these lights."

As if sensing I was about to pass out at any moment, BJ addressed the photographer and the crowd of groomsmen gathered for the picture. “Let’s take a little break, guys.”

The dozen or more men looked almost as relieved as I was and quickly headed off toward the bar. “Thanks,” I said to BJ.

“No problem. There’s a small storage room that Kirk keeps climate controlled for his ‘masterpieces’. It’s down that hall and up the stairs. Why don’t you head up there for a few minutes until you cool off?” BJ suggested.

The wedding reception was being held at the art gallery of one of BJ’s closest friends—Kirk. It’d been closed from daily operations for the event, but the main floor was already overflowing with wedding guests. I was grateful for his suggestion of a few minutes alone.

“Thanks,” I said again, squeezing my brother’s shoulder.

Kirk’s climate controlled room was more like a large, dark closet filled with paint cans, buckets, rags, brushes, clay, and several covered canvasses that I could only assume were the “masterpieces” BJ had referred to. However, I wasn’t going to complain. The room was cool and quiet, which was all I really needed. Well, that and some much needed breathing room for my dick.

I toed off my shoes and reveled in the feel of the cool concrete floor against my sweltering feet. *If only I could remove the stockings, I’d be fine*, I thought, walking farther into the small room. With each step, I could feel the tiny string at the back of my underwear ride high into the crack of my ass and my dick rub painfully against the tight lace at my crotch. It was then that I knew I wouldn’t make it through the night, not with my semihard cock trapped in its lace prison.

It would help a whole lot if Rylan didn’t look so good in his tux, if he didn’t stand so close to me in pictures, and if the scent of his cologne wasn’t constantly wafting over me.

Regardless of my discomfort, I had no intention of losing the bet. Therefore, for the second time in less than two days, I unzipped my pants and let my cock spring loose with thoughts of Rylan on my mind. A loud sigh escaped my lips and echoed through the room at the initial feeling of being finally freed.

Wrapping my gloved hand around my shaft was an erotic experience. White satin gloves were a mandatory accessory for all the groomsmen. The cool, slick texture felt like a lover’s kiss to my overheated skin. Closing my eyes, I

imagined Rylan's lips on me, the moist wetness of his tongue gliding over my thick head.

Looking down, I flicked the long tails of my shirt out of the way to give me a perfect view of the lace underwear that still cradled my balls. I watched in fascination as the rounded, pink tip of my head pushed through my gloved hand with each stroke. *Damn*, but the sight brought me close to the edge. I never realized how hot my dick could look surrounded by lace. Is this what Rylan had in mind? Was this his brand of kink? If so, I could see the appeal.

Moaning again, I picked up the pace of my strokes. It wouldn't be too much longer before my orgasm took me. I opened my eyes, searching the dim room for paper towels in preparation for my release. A barely audible hiss to my left caught my attention. My head jerked in the direction of the sound only to find a smug Rylan Madden just inside the door, watching me.

"Don't stop on my account," he rasped hoarsely, looking down to try and catch a glimpse of my silk-encased cock.

"Jesus, fuck!" I hissed, instantly turning away and covering myself with my shirttails. Thankfully, they were long enough to hide my groin and the hand that still held my erect cock. The fact that I hadn't had time to lower my pants helped too, ensuring that even standing behind me, Rylan didn't have much of a view.

"What the fuck are you doing here, Rylan?" I growled, embarrassed, angry, and still very much aroused.

"I could ask you the same question, Lush, but I figured it out pretty quickly."

"Oh god," I groaned, turning my body farther away from him.

"Need some help with that?" he offered smugly.

He had no clue the impact those five little words had on my cock which was already full to bursting.

"Fuck off, Squeaker," I bit out.

"Testy tonight, aren't we, Lush. I wonder why that could be?"

"You're a sadistic asshole."

"Hey, you were the one who started this whole thing."

"I did not."

“As a matter of fact you did, or do you need me to refresh your memory?”

I glared at him over my shoulder. “What I need is privacy and a little breathing room. These torture devices you picked out are cutting off my circulation.”

My statement wasn’t entirely true. The underwear would have fit reasonably well if it wasn’t for my larger-than-average size and my aroused state.

“So you did wear them? I’ve been wondering all day,” he replied.

Between keeping our brothers separated before the wedding, standing up as best men during the ceremony, and posing for pictures at the reception, Rylan and I hadn’t had much time to talk privately until now.

I scoffed at his comment. “It’s a thousand dollars. You knew I’d be wearing them, Squeaker.”

“Let’s see.” He motioned for me to turn around.

“Fuck no!”

“How can I be sure you’re not lying if I can’t see for myself?”

He had to have known I’d kept up my end of the bargain. He’d witnessed me squirming all afternoon.

“Oh I get it. You’re afraid I’ll finally find out the high school rumors about Lush’s monster cock were all lies. Is that it?” he goaded me.

“You know damn well I’m wearing them, Rylan,” I replied, growing more agitated by the second. With my dick still hard, I couldn’t shove it back into my pants, and there was no chance of my erection fading anytime soon with Rylan standing close behind me.

“Are you forfeiting then, Lush? Because the way I see it, you have two choices: you can either show me what you’re hiding over there, or you can zip up and owe me a grand. Either way, you need to make it quick. You’ve only got about five more minutes before your brother sends out the search party. He’s probably already wondering why I’m not back yet.”

Rylan was backing me into a corner and from the smugness of his tone, he knew exactly what he was doing. Unfortunately, my options were limited. I’d willingly agreed to the stupid bet, and it wasn’t unreasonable for him to want proof of my compliance before forking over a thousand dollars. However, that still didn’t make showing Rylan my cock any easier.

It wasn't because I had anything to be embarrassed about in the size department. The high school rumors were true—all of them—and it'd be slightly satisfying to confirm them for Rylan. However, showing him my cock was a lot different than parading around naked in front of dozens of men in the locker room after a football game. For one, I wasn't attracted to any of the other jocks in the locker room and secondly, I'd never had to display my boner while it was encased in ladies' lace panties before.

Unfortunately, I couldn't afford to refuse his request. I steeled my shoulders, pulled as much of the thin lace material over my cock as possible, and slowly turned to face Rylan. Because of my aroused state, the head of my dick stuck out from the elastic waistband of the panties. It was difficult to see Rylan's reaction in the darkened room, but I could palpably feel his eyes honing in on my crotch. I took a deep breath and held it while lifting my shirttails, so he could get a good look at what he'd ultimately be paying a grand for later.

I probably imagined Rylan's gasp and the rapid change in his breathing, especially since my own pulse was drumming in my ears.

A few seconds was more than long enough for him to confirm that I'd held up my end of the bargain. So, when no snide comments followed Rylan's appraisal, I let my shirttails fall back into place. With his curiosity satisfied, I was certain he'd be on his way.

Instead Rylan twirled his index finger in a downward circle. "Now the back," he demanded.

"Forget it. You don't need to see my ass, perv," I replied, shocked by his request.

"How do I know you didn't swap my manties out for a more sensible pair?" Rylan asked.

"Manties?"

"Man panties," he clarified.

I shook my head, not even wanting to question if that was a real word, though it did explain the larger-than-average size of the underwear. "Where the hell would I fucking get man panties?" I bit back.

"Don't know? Maybe that magic place called the Internet that you seem so intimately familiar with? I wouldn't put anything past you, Lush."

“I fucking hate you,” I grumbled while giving him my back once again. Slowly, I lowered my pants. The cool air of the room drifted over my exposed butt cheeks. I counted to five Mississippis in my head before covering back up.

“Happy now?” I asked him.

“Like a fat man at a buffet,” he muttered, though his fists were clenched, and he didn’t appear the least bit happy. “Now zip up so we can head back.”

Impossible.

My dick was still hard as stone, maybe even harder than before I’d exposed myself to Rylan. There was no way I could zip up my pants without doing serious damage.

“I-I can’t,” I mumbled.

“You’d better,” he warned. “There are way too many gay men who’d kill to walk in here any minute. Unless that’s secretly what you’re hoping for, Lush?”

“Hell no! Don’t worry; I’ll follow you downstairs in a few minutes, okay?” I added, hoping to appease him.

“No. We’re going back, now.”

“Fuck, Squeaker. I’m too hard to fit in my pants,” I admitted both frustrated and embarrassed. “So either give me the privacy I need, or there won’t be a hope in hell of ever getting the wedding pictures done today.”

He was speechless, his gaze raking up and down my body. It took several heartbeats, but after his initial shock at my statement wore off, he grabbed the door handle and peeked out into the hall. “You’ve got three minutes, Lush. Make them count,” he advised, looking back at me one last time before heading out, shutting the door behind him.

I’d expected more of a challenge from him and was grateful for the reprieve. Luckily, the memory of Rylan’s eyes on my body was all it took to get the job done. In less than two minutes, I was neatly tucked away and composed.

When I emerged from the small room, I found Rylan outside, guarding the door.

“You okay?” I asked, wondering why he appeared angry.

“Fucking fabulous. Let’s just get back,” he grumbled, storming off down the hall ahead of me.

Although I was feeling cooler, freer, and much more relaxed after my detour into the supply closet, I still had to make it through the rest of the wedding to win the bet.

It's gonna be one hell of a long night, I thought, following in step behind Rylan and feeling my thong once again ride up into the crack of my ass.

Chapter Four

-Rylan-

Nothing could have prepared me for the sight of Scott Lush's huge, thick, erect cock surrounded by layers of lace. Not to mention his high, perfectly round ass split by that tiny piece of floss. It was nearly impossible to pretend that the sight of his manhood hadn't affected me. To make matters worse, I had to casually wait outside in the hall, listening to his soft grunts of pleasure as he jacked off.

Fuck! This is how I'm going to die—blue balled, on the night of my brother's wedding, and still owing Scott Lush a thousand dollars, I thought to myself. How tragic.

This wedding was supposed to be a prime opportunity for some sweet ass—all weddings are. However, as hard as it was for me to admit, the only sweet ass I'd wanted since the minute he'd rolled back into town was Scott's.

Fuck! I cursed again. What the hell was I thinking giving him stockings and manties to wear?

In my defense, I truly thought that Lush in lace would look ridiculous—overly large, bulky, and way too masculine. Unfortunately for me, nothing could have been further from the truth. The stark, white lace of the lingerie was a perfect contrast to Scott's slightly tanned skin, softening his hard edges and making him appear vulnerable.

For years now, I'd foolishly thought that my attraction to men wearing stockings and lace stemmed from my secret desire for dominance and control. However, seeing Scott tonight, I knew the truth. The lace and stockings did nothing to detract from his masculine power and strength; instead they actually enhanced his confidence. Even in lace, Scott was a force to be reckoned with. Nothing had ever turned me on more. I could stare at him like that for the rest of my life and die a happy man. Too bad I'd never again have that chance.

During the dinner and toasts I was distracted, images of Scott in that small storage room haunting me. The only time I was truly focused was when Jamie and BJ got up to speak. Their words of genuine love for one another made me feel even more melancholy, which was not a good addition to my already fragile state.

I had to admit that BJ's speech was surprisingly touching, especially since he was the less emotional one of the couple. It wasn't only BJ's words, but the way he looked at my brother when he spoke them, that ensured there wasn't a dry eye in the room afterward.

BJ shared a brief emotional history of their lives together. He began by explaining that he knew from their first game of checkers that he and Jamie would always be connected. BJ spoke of the night of his mother's death when Jamie wrapped his arms around him for the first time, comforting him. He relived their first awkward kiss on the backyard swing after which he subsequently threw up from both nerves and excitement. BJ had the whole crowd in stitches after sharing some of the crazy antics Jamie had gotten himself into over the years. He spoke lovingly about Jamie's impulsiveness and wished that his husband never lost his childlike enthusiasm for everything because it kept BJ from becoming a grumpy old soul.

However, the real tearjerker came when BJ looked at Jamie and thanked him—not only for being his best friend but for having the courage to love him. He shared with us how much it meant that never once had Jamie ever asked him to be anything more than the man he was. Then BJ looked out into the crowd and wished that all of us could find someone to love as deeply as he loved Jamie. His words were powerful, especially in a room filled with gay men and women. We all stood and cheered, clinking our glasses and drying our eyes on cream-colored, linen napkins, even Scott dabbed at his eyes a time or two.

After the speeches, I hit the bar, figuring whiskey dick might be a welcome salvation from my thoughts of Scott tonight, but it was a wasted effort. Every time I looked over at him, I'd picture his monster cock cradled in lace and recall the tiny little grunts I heard through the door as he came, and my dick would double in size.

Fuck.

My only consolation was that Scott looked increasingly uncomfortable as the night wore on. I'd lost count of how many times he'd headed to the bathroom. His discomfort should have made me feel at least a little bit guilty, but it didn't. All I felt was horny and frustrated.

I noticed, too, that Scott hadn't consumed one drop of alcohol the entire night. It was another reminder of how different we were. From what I knew of Scott's past, his father's heavy drinking had ultimately caused his death, not that Scott ever shared anything personal like that with me. Any information

about Scott's past, I'd learned from BJ or Jamie. According to BJ, Scott and his mom lived through a hell of a lot of verbal abuse during his father's final years. I figured it was the reason I'd never seen Scott drink, not even when all the other high school seniors were partying with their fake IDs.

As the night wore on and the festivities began to die down, I knew it was time to put us both out of our misery. Scott was standing alone out on the terrace when I found him, his ass resting against the ornate metal railing. I had every intention of bowing out in defeat and leaving. However, the minute I looked into his deep-green eyes, I knew I couldn't let him go without one last look at what I'd paid for.

I stalked toward him, his eyes cautiously following me until I stopped with less than a few inches separating my body from his. Neither of us spoke, not wanting to disrupt the momentary truce that seemed to hover around us.

Courageously, I reached out and touched his belt buckle.

"W-what are you doing?" he hissed breathlessly.

The whiskey gave me the courage I needed to forge ahead. "Just checking," I answered, hooking my fingers over the waistband of his pants and prying them away from his body. Thankfully, my eyes had adjusted to the darkness enough to make out that his manhood was still snugly encased in lace.

Scott held his body stiff as a board, barely breathing, while I took this one last opportunity to look my fill.

"Satisfied?" he whispered hoarsely, breaking the short stretch of silence.

"Not yet."

I released my hold on his pants, stepping further into him. He had nowhere to go, trapped between the rail at his back and the solid length of my body at his front. Scott could have easily pushed me away. Even at the same height, his body dwarfed mine in overall size, but still he didn't move.

I took his stillness as encouragement and slipped one arm around his waist. He tensed again when my hand slipped down into the back of his pants and past the tiny elastic waistband of the thong. When he still didn't stop me, I allowed my fingers to travel toward the warm line of his ass, searching for that precious strip of cloth that covered his treasure.

I held my breath, fearful that any minute now this giant of a man was going to kick my ass or worse, stop me before I could feel that intimate part of him I'd only ever dreamed about. Hell, maybe this was a dream?

No, it was too real. There were too many sensations surrounding me for this to be a dream.

I inhaled Scott's spicy scent mixed with the tiniest tang of sweat from a night spent on the dance floor. The heat from his body engulfed me, keeping us both warm in the cool night air. His quick, choppy breaths tickled my neck and drummed against my ear. It was impossible for him to hide his reaction. Which led me to ask myself—why?

Why was Scott allowing me to touch him?

Why was he acting as if he liked the feel of my fingers on his ass?

And why the hell was his cock hardening against my thigh?

I wasn't about to waste these precious seconds guessing at the answers. Instead, I'd push him as far as I could and deal with the consequences later.

With one hand on the railing, I used the other to follow the trail of thin string down his ass crack. I didn't get far; his legs were too close together.

"Let me," I whispered daringly against his neck.

Once again, Scott surprised me by widening his stance, allowing me access to that tight ring of puckered skin, still clamped firmly shut but so tempting. "You've been good tonight, Lush," I praised, while caressing his most private entrance.

"Mmmmm, uggggh," he moaned, and I felt his body shivering against mine.

"I like those sweet little sounds you make."

I kept circling his opening, adding a slight amount of pressure with each pass. It was not enough to enter him, but enough to let him know I could if I wanted to. The crazy thing was I think he'd let me if I tried.

Shifting, I brushed my solid cock against his own and was gifted with another soft moan at my ear. *Fuck*, he was big, like every-gay-man's-fantasy kind of big.

Twice, Scott leaned his body into mine as I swiveled my hips, our cocks dueling with each other beneath our clothes.

"Don't," he warned a few moments later when I found the courage to increase the pressure of my finger on his hole.

"You sure?" I asked, aching for the chance to finally be inside him, even if it was only the tip of one finger.

He nodded.

I tried to hide my disappointment, moving my hand to his ass cheek. “You’re softer here than I imagined,” I admitted. “And the sounds you make are so sweet, Scott. I wonder if that’s how you’d taste too, sweet and sinful.”

He whimpered at my words, and I wished more than anything that I could turn my fantasy into a reality.

Unfortunately, a slew of wedding guests chose that exact moment to enter the sanctuary of the terrace. I had no choice but to remove my hand from Scott’s pants and take a step back.

He paused for less than a heartbeat before placing his big hands on my chest, shoving me away forcefully. It was as if the magnitude of what just happened only now occurred to him.

The force of his blow caused me to stumble back a few steps, further separating us. I’ll admit his reaction shouldn’t have surprised me, but it did, especially after the freedom he’d allowed me with his body.

“Satisfied?” Scott bit out. However, this time when he asked the question, his eyes were ablaze with anger instead of lust.

“Not by a fucking long shot,” I admitted without remorse. In that moment, I had to wonder who Scott was really mad at, me or himself? “But I guess this proves you won the bet fair and square, Lush.”

His face paled at my words. “Asshole.” He nudged me aside with his big shoulder, attempting to storm off.

I didn’t expect his rejection to cut me so deeply. I found myself wanting to hurt him back.

“I need those returned by the way,” I called out after his first few steps.

At my words he stopped, turning back toward me.

I gave him a big, toothy, sadistic grin.

“Why?” he asked confused.

So I can jerk off on them, I would have replied if I’d wanted to be honest, but I didn’t. “They’re expensive,” I said with a shrug. “And one of my boyfriends might like them as a gift.”

I could have sworn he looked wounded for a brief moment, but I decided it must have been the alcohol playing tricks on my imagination.

“Why don’t you just date girls if you’re so into this stuff?” Scott asked angrily.

I knew then he’d never really understand me.

“Because girls can’t shoot their load in my mouth, girls can’t rub their stubbly chin along my cock as I finger their lace-covered hole, and girls definitely can’t paint my chest with cum as I fill their ass with my load.” My goal was to shock him, to solidify in my mind that Scott Lush was never going to be the man I wanted him to be.

I got my wish.

His brows rose high in surprise, and his mouth hung open in a perfect oval for so long that my mother would have threatened it would stay that way.

“I’ll leave the girls to you, Lush,” I growled bitterly. “However, after tonight I’m beginning to wonder...” I added, purposely letting my words hang in the air.

“Well, don’t,” he spat back angrily. “Tonight was about winning a bet, nothing more.”

However, his explanation wasn’t enough to justify how eagerly he responded to my touch.

“Don’t worry, you’ll get your girly things back as soon as I get my money.”

“Tomorrow,” I returned.

It looked like he wanted to say more, but he gritted his teeth and nodded, continuing off toward the sliding doors.

For some twisted reason, I couldn’t let the night end like this. “For the record, you look mighty fine in lace, Lush,” I called out, unconcerned that there were other wedding guests milling about.

Without a backward glance, Scott flipped me the bird. He held it up proudly until his big body vanished beyond the stained-glass doors that led back to the party room.

Despite everything that happened tonight, I found myself smiling at his reaction. Scott seemed to have a knack for surprising me. I found myself wondering if there was more to him than I realized. Tonight definitely hadn’t unfolded as I’d planned.

Was there a chance I could have Lush? Did I dare imagine the possibility?
And if there was, had I gone and ruined everything by pushing him too far too fast?

Chapter Five

-Rylan-

I was glad for the week's reprieve. Scott hadn't been around since the night of the wedding when I'd had my finger on his asshole. I deemed his absence both a blessing and a curse. It gave me time to reflect on what happened on the terrace. In the days following the wedding, I convinced myself that whiskey must have muddled my brain that night. There was no way Scott Lush would have let me touch his ass. However, that didn't stop me from fantasizing about that evening over and over again. I missed him—the hardness of his body against mine, the scent of him, the feel of his soft flesh in my hands. Hell, I even missed arguing with him.

I wondered too how Scott would react if I touched him again. Unfortunately, I'd probably never get the opportunity to find out. Now that the wedding was over, Scott would head back out of state and it'd be years before I'd see him again, much less touch him. That thought didn't sit well with me. Luckily, fate was on my side and I'd be seeing Scott again in a few minutes. I had no idea what to expect. All I knew was I needed to act casual. No sense letting him know how much the memory of what happened at the wedding still haunted me.

“Where's the box?” I asked in greeting when I found Scott standing, empty-handed, outside of the post office.

“In there,” he replied, barely making eye contact and waving toward a large box on the counter inside. “I don't know why you needed to come all this way, Squeaker. I told you on the phone I got it covered.”

We'd both received the same early morning overseas call from BJ, explaining that their luggage had been lost in transit. Without clothes and essentials our brothers' honeymoon could be ruined. Scott had been tasked with putting together a box of basic necessities while I'd been asked privately by BJ to pack some of the couple's more intimate items, since even their bedroom toys had gone missing.

I'd gone to the house while Scott was at work, filling a small box with the items BJ requested.

“I had to get a few more things,” I replied, following Scott inside and placing my box on the counter next to his. “I hope you've still got room in there.”

He ignored my comment. "If they're not necessities, they aren't going in," he said tapping the box. "We don't need to bother adding any more weight; it will only be that much more expensive to express ship it to Europe."

"Trust me, they're gonna need what I brought, Lush."

"What exactly did you bring?"

"Stuff BJ wanted," I hedged.

"BJ already gave me a list of everything he needed."

"Not everything."

Stubbornly, Scott didn't make a move toward his box.

"Seriously? Do we really need to do this in the post office?" I huffed. "Can't you just add my box to yours without making a scene?"

"Not until I see what's in there, Squeaker. Haven't you ever watched those 'over the border' shows on TV that warn you about letting other people put things in your luggage?"

"Really? You think I filled the shaft of a dildo with cocaine, so I can smuggle it to BJ and Jamie in your precious box?" I asked him sarcastically though perhaps a little too loudly, judging by the horrified looks of some of the customers in line.

"Just show me what's in the fucking box," Scott hissed. I realized then that I wasn't the only one on edge today.

"Fine," I grumbled, ripping at the plastic tape that I'd used to seal its contents.

Once the box was opened, I stepped back, so Scott could get a good look inside. He scanned the array of cock rings, sleeves, dildos, vibrating plugs, beads, lube, and even handcuffs. I could clearly tell he was shocked by the contents, however he didn't utter a word, at least not until he noticed one item in particular.

"Where did you get that?" he asked shakily.

"What?"

"That?" he stressed, pointing at the bright neon-green butt plug I'd added to the box.

"The house."

"I know but where?" he asked anxiously.

I shrugged, wondering why it was so important to him. “The bathroom counter, I think.”

“Fuck,” he cursed, reaching for the object and pulling it out.

“What are you doing?” I hissed, snatching it away and tossing it back in the box before anyone in the small front area could notice.

“That’s not BJ’s.”

“It’s okay if it belongs to Jamie,” I replied, attempting to close the box once again. However, Scott’s beefy hand on my sleeve stopped me.

“It’s not Jamie’s either.”

I waited for him to elaborate, still not sure why he was so focused on the toy. It wasn’t like there weren’t far more interesting items to see in the box.

“I... it’s mine,” he mumbled eventually, not quite looking me in the eyes.

My brows furrowed in confusion. “It’s a butt plug,” I said, unable to manage anything more interesting than stating the obvious.

“No shit, Sherlock,” Scott replied sarcastically.

“But you? I mean—why?” I asked, still completely clueless.

Then it hit me; the reason why the plug looked so familiar. It was one of the extra stag gifts from the box I’d delivered before the wedding. Of course it’d been opened from its sealed package since then, which could only mean...

“You finally found yourself a girl who let you practice fucking her in the ass, huh, Lush?”

“Not exactly.”

“Not exactly?”

“Do we really have to do this now?” Scott huffed, repeating my earlier sentiment. “Can I have it back? It obviously doesn’t belong in BJ and Jamie’s box.”

Nervously, Scott looked up at the digital number display on the wall that indicated customer number eighty-two was currently being attended to. “I’m up soon. Give me your box and I’ll deal with it,” he added, showing me his number eighty-four ticket stub.

“Fine, but I’m gonna want an explanation—”

“Hey, Mr. Madden,” a not-quite-fully-mature male voice interrupted me midsentence.

I looked around to find eighteen-year-old Kevin Nillex standing a few feet away.

“Hey, Kev. What’s up, dude?” I asked, smiling and thumping his fist with mine, forgetting for a moment the big agitated man at my side.

The teen was wearing a T-shirt with a popular video game logo on it, a bright-red windbreaker, ripped jeans (that somehow looked brand new), and his hair was styled in a short-cropped, trendy, disheveled mess.

Kevin Nillex may have had the mind of a genius, but no one would know it from his style. It took a year for him to morph into the cool, confident almost-man who stood before me. I was proud of the role I’d played in his transformation.

“I won a prerelease copy of *Morbid Mortality* online, and I gotta sign for it,” he replied excitedly. “Me ’n Rodney are gonna play till we go blind. It’s supposed to be totally chill.”

I nodded in understanding. Thankfully working in the video game industry meant I could interpret most of what passed for vocabulary from the youth of today. Plus, I’d heard of *Morbid Mortality*, and it was indeed supposed to be “chill” as Kevin had put it.

I looked around for Rodney Greaves, Kevin’s unlikely partner in crime, finding the hulking brute leaning against a potted plant just outside the post office, looking bored. He managed a slight head nod when his gaze caught mine.

“Sweet,” I replied, returning the gesture before focusing my attention back to Kevin. “How are things going with Rodney?” I asked, conscious of the increasingly antsy Scott Lush, still standing at my side.

“’S okay,” Kevin replied with a shrug, looking hesitantly at Scott.

“Number eighty-four! Number eighty-four!” a rotund woman from behind the glass called through her microphone.

“Shit!” Scott hissed. “The box, Squeaker?” he demanded, holding out his hand.

As discreetly as possible, I turned and slipped the plug out of my box, before stuffing it into my coat pocket and shoving the box toward Scott.

“Here. It’s good to go,” I added, hoping he’d get my message and not open it again in front of the post office clerk.

Snatching it away, he roughly placed it on top of his own box, grumbling about clueless gay men who had no regard for privacy as he headed off toward the front of the line.

“Is that your boyfriend?” Kevin asked, watching with interest as Scott stomped away.

“No.”

He raised his eyebrow at me in disbelief.

I didn’t flinch.

“Too bad, he’s fucking hot.”

Knowing Kevin was looking to get a reaction from me, I purposely ignored his comment. “You sure it’s going okay with Rodney? He’s not too much?” I asked, turning the conversation back toward him.

“Nah, he’s not so bad once you get to know him,” Kevin mumbled.

I noticed a faint blush tainting the young boy’s cheeks.

“I don’t think he’s gay though, which is a shame,” he added. “Not like your guy.”

“Scott’s not my guy, and he’s definitely not gay.”

Again, Kevin raised one eyebrow.

Perhaps I didn’t sound as confident in my denial as I should have. “Don’t you have a video game to pick up?” I reminded him.

“Trying to get rid of me, Mr. M?”

“Definitely,” I replied only half teasing. I didn’t want him around when Scott returned and asked for his butt plug back.

“Sucks to be you then, huh?” he teased.

“Kevin,” I warned.

“I’m going, I’m going,” he said laughing and holding his hands up in front of him. “I guess I don’t need to ask if you’ll be coming to the game tonight. It’s obvious you’ll be busy,” he added with a smirk, looking pointedly first at Scott, then at my coat pocket. Following his gaze, I noted that more than half of the bright-green butt plug was now visible and from his comment it was clear Kevin recognized the item for what it was.

“Aw, shit,” I hissed, shoving it back into my pocket.

“Have fun with your ‘straight’ dude,” he offered, using air quotes around the word straight.

Oh god.

Kevin made a hand gesture with his fist and his tongue to mimic a blowjob as he headed off.

“Little shit,” I muttered to myself, knowing my face must have been the same ruby shade as Kevin’s windbreaker.

“What’d you say?” Scott asked.

I hadn’t heard him return but was thankful he arrived too late to witness Kevin’s departure.

“Nothing,” I grumbled, heading briskly toward the exit, purposely avoiding Kevin as I strode away.

“Please tell me that guy wasn’t one of your boyfriends,” Scott growled as he followed me out.

“Jesus, Lush, give me some credit. I don’t date guys who haven’t even reached puberty yet, asshole,” I replied, offended that Scott believed I’d date someone that young.

“Hey Mr. M? This guy a friend of yours?” Rodney Greaves asked suspiciously as we neared the plant pot where his big body still loafed.

“Hell no,” Scott replied.

Scott and Rodney together made quite a pair, both tall, strapping, handsome men, who currently eyed each other warily as if sensing an invisible threat. You could almost cut the level of testosterone with a knife. It would be hard to say which one of the two would be victorious in an actual fight, although my money would be on Scott. Rodney may have youth and speed on his side, but Scott was cunning and fierce when he needed to be. Not that I expected any trouble. It was funny, though, how Rodney bristled at Scott as if protecting my virtue. I guess he’d overheard us bickering.

“We’re not friends,” Scott added.

Rodney stood up to his full height, no longer leaning on the planter. He had two inches on Scott, who surprisingly didn’t seem threatened at all by the other man’s movement. Scott stood with his arms folded across his chest in a seemingly casual manner though I could feel the tension radiating off of him.

Fuck, his confidence was so damned sexy. I could feel my dick beginning to stir.

“He’s my brother-in-law, kind of,” I added in an attempt to sooth the tension between the two men.

Rodney nodded but still didn’t back down, which I admired. I only hoped he was this protective of his math and science tutor—Kevin.

“How’re your grades?” I asked, hoping a change of subject would help.

He shrugged. “Okay, I guess.”

“Are things not working out with Kevin?”

It was my job to make sure the mentoring pairs were suitably matched if my “Socially Smarter” outreach project was ever going to succeed. The program I created matched popular teens, who needed academic help, with introverted overachievers, who lacked social skills.

It was a great success so far with four pairs of students in two different schools. I was especially thrilled with Rodney and Kevin’s progress since in some small way the boys reminded me of Scott and I. However, now I wondered if I’d been oblivious to some of the sexual tension between the two boys.

“Naw, Kev’s a’right,” Rodney replied with another shrug.

“I can find someone else if you need me to,” I added sincerely.

“No!” he tensed. “Kevin’s fine. Um... I mean, n-not *fine*, fine. I... we’re good. Good. Fine,” the teen muttered nervously, barely able to make eye contact with me.

For the first time, I considered the fact that Kevin could be wrong about Rodney. It was actually possible that the big jock had feelings for him. At least it appeared that way by his reaction.

I decided now was not the time to get into anything too deep with either of the boys. Especially not with Scott around, and not with his butt plug still burning a hole in my jacket pocket.

“Well, I’m glad to hear it,” I added with a smile. “I’ll see you next week. Okay?”

“Sure, yeah,” Rodney mumbled then went off in search of Kevin, eager to be rid of me.

“What the hell was that all about, Squeaker?” Scott finally asked.

“Nothing, let’s go.”

“Who are those boys? Part of your fan club?”

“Wanna join, Lush? You could be the club president,” I offered sarcastically, heading for the mall exit.

Scott remained behind, looking back and forth between the two young boys who now stood in front of the post office, their heads bent down, ogling the new video game they’d collected.

“They’re gay, aren’t they?” he deduced, catching up with me.

“Got a problem with that?” I asked defensively.

“What the hell is wrong with you today, Squeaker?”

I exhaled dramatically, knowing I was being unreasonable. This whole morning hadn’t gone as planned, but it wasn’t Scott’s fault. I’d been on edge since the moment I knew I’d be seeing Scott again, and going through a box of sex toys hadn’t made things any easier.

“Rodney’s not good at math, and Kevin’s a math whiz,” I began. “Kevin’s also gay. Smart and gay isn’t an easy combination. I know firsthand just how hard it is being both at his age. So I help them out. No big deal.”

“Help them out how?”

“It’s a community program I chair. I pair smart, usually gay, kids with jocks for a year. If they manage to become friends then it’s less likely the smart ones will get stuffed in a locker at school.”

“How many times did you get stuffed in a locker, Squeaker?” Scott asked perceptively.

“Not many,” I hedged.

“I seem to remember you did fine in school,” he offered.

“True, I had it easier than most. But that’s because I was kinda king of the nerds,” I reluctantly admitted. “Too high up on the food chain to get the brunt of the bullying. But it still wasn’t easy, and I had help.”

He looked surprised. “You did? From whom?”

I stopped walking. “You,” I declared, looking into his eyes, further surprising him.

“Me?”

I nodded. “You gave Hal Bringham a black eye the very first time he came at me. It was enough to get him, and most of the other football jocks, to leave me alone.”

“I-I don’t remember,” he stated honestly.

“I never forgot,” I mumbled, my throat suddenly dry and my stomach in knots. I’d always remember the day Scott stood up for me. It was probably the day I fell in love with him if I was being honest with myself.

As the awkward silence between us stretched on, I wondered what he was thinking. We’d stopped walking. Scott stood still, inspecting me as if seeing me for the first time. I shoved my hands in my pockets to keep from fidgeting under his curious gaze. My fingers immediately made contact with the item I’d hidden in my coat, a stark reminder of why dreaming about Scott Lush was a wasted effort.

“Here. You probably want this back to use with your girlfriend,” I stated, handing him the toy.

“I haven’t had a girlfriend in over six months,” he declared, holding my gaze while reaching for the toy. “In fact there hasn’t been anyone at all, not for a long time,” he admitted solemnly. For the life of me, I couldn’t read the strange expression on his face.

He took the toy, placing it in his own pocket and waited.

It was my turn to be rendered speechless. If Scott didn’t have anyone in his life that meant... *holy fuck*. In that moment, I wished I hadn’t been so eager to return the toy. Then again, it would be crazy to keep it. I was already obsessed with the man, not to mention the panties and hose he’d returned. I’d kept them of course. I never had any intention of giving them to another man, but I’d never share that information with Scott. There wasn’t a day that went by that I didn’t pull them out and caress them, remembering vividly how perfect he’d looked in them.

“I’d better get going,” Scott added after a while.

“Sure,” I replied, not knowing what else to say.

He nodded, looking slightly dejected. “See you around, Squeaker.”

“See you around, Lush,” I replied, feeling like I was missing something important but I didn’t know what.

Chapter Six

-Scott-

Something changed after I'd left Rylan at the mall that day. For the first time, I was standing on the outside of our relationship looking in. Seeing those two young men together made me wonder if that's how the world viewed Rylan and I.

Could everyone see the way I looked at him? Did he look back at me the same way?

Could strangers interpret the hidden emotions masked beneath each one of our insults? BJ had figured it out. Had Jamie?

Could onlookers tell in an instant we were meant to be?

I began to think that we were just like Kevin and Rodney—even though we were older, somehow we weren't any wiser. Hearing Rylan say that I'd unknowingly protected him all those years ago meant everything to me. It made me want to be there for him now and always, not that he needed protecting. He'd grown into a strong, sexy, confident man. However, I hoped that in some way he'd need me in his life, even if only as a friend. Because over the last few weeks, I'd come to the conclusion that I needed Rylan in my life any way I could get him.

The night of the wedding made me realize all that I'd been denying myself. It no longer mattered that I didn't feel gay. The only thing I knew for certain was I wanted Rylan and no one else, male or female. It was wishful thinking to imagine that I'd ever get that close to him again. But, at the very least, we could try to be friends. It worked for Jamie and BJ after all.

I felt a sense of relief wash over me. I could work with friendship. It'd be hard, but I could try to keep my dick in my pants until I knew for certain Rylan was on the same page.

I never stopped thinking about sex with him though. I'd even found myself at Wicked Wayz right after we'd left each other that day at the mall. I'd gone into the store with the sole intention of looking around. I'd never actually buy anything. Just because I spent most of my time browsing in the men's lingerie section, it didn't mean I was interested in the stuff. Even when I asked the clerk about their online store, I was just making conversation, that's all. It made no

difference to me that they had overnight shipping or that by the next night, I could have my very own panties and lace stockings to slip into. Nope, no difference at all...

That was the conversation I'd had with myself almost two weeks ago. Since then, I'd never worn any of the items I'd bought. But today was my last day with the house to myself before Jamie and BJ returned from their honeymoon. I'd be damned if I wasn't going to take advantage of the time alone.

Standing in the kitchen, I shook my hips rhythmically to the popular Pitbull song that was blaring from the radio. I was shirtless, scrubbing away at the last few dishes in the sink. Through the window, I watched as squirrels, chipmunks, and tiny, little brown birds flittered around skittishly, taking advantage of the bits of bread and fresh water I'd left out for them. BJ's voice filtered in my head, complaining about my "wildlife sanctuary for rodents." He never intervened though, recognizing the importance of my connection with furry little creatures.

Today, the weather was so warm even the neighbors were out preparing their gardens for summer. It'd be a few more hours before the sun would dip below the horizon. I found it thrilling to wave at passersby through the window, knowing even in the light of day they had no idea what I wore from the waist down.

How shocked would the neighbors be if they had a full view of my newly purchased teeny, pink lace bottoms and matching pink hose with garters? Mrs. Mulholland would probably run straight to church and pray for my soul as she often admitted doing for Jamie and BJ.

It didn't matter. I wasn't wearing the lingerie for anyone but myself. No, that was a lie. I was secretly wearing the silk and lace for Rylan. At least in my fantasies I was wearing them for him. In reality, I'd never admit that his little wager had exposed a whole new side of me I never knew existed.

Shit. I could feel my cock twitch beneath my panties at the thought of Rylan seeing me like this.

I shook my head, trying to rid the images of Rylan from my mind as I waited for the next song to queue up, so I could resume my dance moves. After a few seconds of silence, I knew something was amiss. Goosebumps appeared over every inch of my body, and the hair at my neck stood on end. As if in slow motion, I shut the water off and slowly turned around to find none other than Rylan Madden standing in the kitchen doorway—the cord from the radio in one

hand, a large bag in the other. The look in his eyes was unmistakable. It was lust—pure, scorching, unfiltered lust.

For a brief instant I wasn't sure I was really seeing him. It was like my imagination had conjured him up as an apparition. We stood frozen in time, silently staring at each other.

A million thoughts raced through my brain—What was he doing here? What was he thinking? How come I didn't hear him come in? Why wasn't he saying anything? And most importantly, did he think I looked sexy?

They were all valid questions that I could have asked aloud. Instead, I simply stood there, leaning my weight on the counter, hoping my legs didn't give out. I watched as Rylan gingerly dropped the items onto the floor, never taking his eyes off me. His hands flexed open and closed at his sides, and his expression slowly morphed from lust-filled surprise to stone-cold hostility.

Breathe, Scott. Just breathe. Breathe. I repeated the mantra in my head while Rylan angrily stalked toward me.

“Don't you look sweet, Lush,” he hissed harshly, his eyes raking over my skimpy outfit from head to nylon-covered toe.

I wasn't sure why he was angry, but I kept quiet, still in a state of shock at his unexpected appearance.

“Makes me wonder how long you've been hiding this from me?” he added, waving his hand up and down my body.

“Hiding?”

His eyes narrowed into slits. “How long have you been gay, Lush?” he accused. “Since high school? Is that why you're always such a dick? Too cramped and uncomfortable keeping that big body securely tucked away in the closet?” he concluded angrily.

“You think...? I'm not... Oh god,” I hissed, realizing how this scene must have looked through Rylan's eyes. I was mortified. I didn't know how to respond. All I knew was I certainly couldn't stand here in pink lace and have this conversation. I turned, intending to walk away, when Rylan planted his firm palm flat on my chest, keeping me in place.

“Don't even think about it, Lush,” he demanded, blocking my exit with his body.

Shit!

He was furious.

“How many men have there been?” he bit out angrily.

I shook my head.

“How many men have you fucked?”

“None. Never. Not one,” I admitted shakily.

His look of disbelief was clear. “Don’t bullshit me, Lush. First the butt plug and now the lingerie. If your dick’s not the one doing the fucking, then it’s obvious you’ve been prepping your ass for some guy. Who is it?” he demanded.

It was the moment of truth. I could have said anything, made up a half-assed excuse or even pushed him away, but I was tired of lying to him and myself.

“You,” I whispered, so softly that at first I didn’t think he heard me.

He did.

Rylan stepped back, so he could look me in the eyes. His gaze bore into mine for what seemed like forever, but this time I refused to look away.

“After that night on the terrace, I... it felt good, but I was confused,” I offered, wringing my hands nervously. “Then you asked for your stuff back. I wanted something of my own. These are for me. There’s no one else. I don’t want anyone else. You don’t even like me, but—” I stopped rambling, figuring Rylan probably couldn’t make heads or tails of my disjointed explanation.

He looked me up and down again, his gaze honing in on my lace-covered groin. “My cock seems to like you just fine, Lush. It always has, especially dressed like that,” Rylan replied, sounding slightly less angry. “Do you really expect me to believe you?”

I could feel my own anger rise. I’d bared my soul to him, and he didn’t believe me. Well, I had my pride. I wasn’t about to offer anything more.

“I don’t care what you believe, Squeaker,” I lied, once again trying to move past him. However his hand on my chest remained firm.

“Are you saying you want to experiment? Is that it?”

“No, that’s not it,” I replied honestly.

I’d never seen Rylan as an experiment. My feelings for him had run too deep for too long. I wasn’t sure how I would react to a real sexual relationship with him, but I wanted to try.

“I’ve never been with a man before,” I offered, knowing my reply didn’t answer his question. However, I couldn’t think of a better response to express my desire or my insecurity.

Rylan surveyed me intently again, cautiously gauging the truthfulness of my words. “But you want to be with me?” he prompted.

I bit my lip and nodded.

For the first time since he entered the room, I felt Rylan relax. He still looked hesitant, not completely convinced of my claims, but his brows were no longer furrowed, and his scowl had vanished.

“Did you know I was coming over to drop off some wedding presents today?” he asked.

“No.”

“So you put the pretty pink lace on because...?” He let his question drift off.

I thought Rylan deserved an answer. Unfortunately, I didn’t have one to give, at least not one I was ready to share. I shrugged my shoulders instead, my cheeks flushing with embarrassment.

Somehow, my reaction seemed to be exactly what he was waiting for. Rylan’s lips curved up into a sly smile. He stepped in closer to my body. With his index finger, he drew a trail along the sculpted muscles of my stomach and chest. It was a featherlight touch, but it caused the blood in my veins to light with desire, heating my body from the inside out.

“Do you know how many times I dreamed of seeing you like this?” Rylan whispered in awe.

I shook my head. I couldn’t form a coherent thought when he touched me.

His hand continued to trace each dip and contour of my abdomen, lower and lower. “Hundreds. No, thousands,” he corrected, answering his own question.

His eyes locked onto mine and held them as he slowly lowered himself to his knees in front of me. My eyes fluttered closed in anticipation of what was about to come next. I had to block out the sight of Rylan at my feet, fearing I’d come in my lace panties before he even got started.

It was only when I heard him inhale dramatically that I looked down to find his nose almost touching my cock through the thin material. Rylan was sniffing me. I watched his eyes darken with desire and his tongue glide over his full lips, as if eager to taste all that I was offering.

Oh god!

His hands trembled as they explored the delicate silk covering my ankles. He caressed my shins, slid his fingers up and over my knees and then higher, massaging my thighs and the lace fringe that adorned them. His hands were so close to my cock. I held my breath, standing stone still, waiting eagerly for Rylan's hands to drift toward my aching shaft. Instead they stopped roaming, remaining on my thighs while he tilted his head, so he could rub his stubbly cheek back and forth over my crotch.

Holy shit. The sensation of the rough texture of Rylan's beard against my most delicate appendage was a totally new and erotic experience. I couldn't hold back the guttural groan that escaped my lips.

At the sound, Rylan looked up, locking his eyes with mine. "Tell me this is for me," he stated pleadingly while wrapping his fist around my hard shaft.

All I could manage was a strangled moan before I felt his hands at the waistband of my panties, pulling them down my legs and completely off, exposing my fully erect cock to his view.

"I'm dreaming, right?" he whispered reverently. "I have to be fucking dreaming," he added before slowly licking my cock from base to tip.

I bit my lip painfully.

"Best fucking dream I've ever had," I heard him whisper again before slipping the full head of my cock into his mouth and rolling his eyes euphorically.

I gripped the counter with all my might. It kept me from grabbing his hair and bucking my cock forcefully into his warm, wet, heavenly mouth.

"Oh fuck," I hissed when his hand found that patch of skin between my balls and my ass. He teased that sensitive spot relentlessly while his tongue wound round and round over my cock. *God, he was good at this. Too good.*

"Rylan," I hissed, trying to stave back my orgasm. I was panting, rolling my hips back and forth, lost in the feel of Rylan blowing me.

"I can't—oh god, I won't last," I groaned, praying he wouldn't stop but not wanting to lose my load this quickly.

"Give it to me," Rylan moaned around my cockhead. "Don't hold back. I've waited too long," he added as if reading my thoughts.

His encouragement was my undoing. This brief moment of reality was better than all of my fantasies combined, and I couldn't hold back if I tried.

Rylan greedily consumed every ounce of cum as I shot stream after stream into his eager mouth. He swirled his tongue around my head as I came, increasing his suction to ensure he got every last drop. I was dying, swearing and panting while my legs spasmed in time with my dick.

"Fuck, enough, oh shit, I can't take anymore," I pleaded as my sensitive cock was overwhelmed by the feel of his expert tongue.

At my plea, Rylan freed my dick from the warmth of his mouth. However, he continued to rub along my thighs, hips, abdomen, anywhere he could get a hold of as I came down from my high. When I could finally focus again, I watched as Rylan picked up the manties from the floor, his eyes still burning with desire. "You have any more of these upstairs?" he asked, dangling the small piece of lingerie on one finger.

I nodded.

"Go put one on," he ordered.

"Rylan, I'm not—"

"Only for me, okay?" he implored, ridding me of any hesitation I'd felt in that moment.

I nodded again. "You coming?" I asked, feeling self-conscious when he didn't immediately follow behind me.

"I just need a second." He nodded, his voiced strained. His erection was clearly visible against the zipper of his pants.

I headed upstairs, forgetting all about my resolve to take things slowly. It was too late for that now anyway. All I wanted in this moment was Rylan. I was nervous as hell, but I still wouldn't pass up this opportunity for anything in the world.

I chose one of my favorite recent purchases—red lace boy shorts and black fishnet stockings. As with all my new lingerie, I wondered how Rylan would react to the sight of me. More than anything I wanted him to want me. I wanted him at my mercy. It was strange, but I didn't feel feminine or soft when I wore the delicate undergarments. Instead, I felt desirable, controlled, and powerful.

Then again, I still had doubts and a whirlwind of butterflies in my stomach. I couldn't help but wonder if it was me specifically that Rylan wanted or if any man in lingerie would make him hard. I hoped it was me. I didn't want to think

about Rylan or his attraction to other men. I had him to myself, at least for the time being, and that would have to be enough.

As I steeled my resolve, Rylan entered my small bedroom, closing the door behind him. The hungry look in his eyes empowered me.

“How’s this?” I asked, turning ever so slowly, so he could get the full three hundred and sixty degree view of my lace-covered ass.

His guttural growl made my dick begin to leak.

“Get on the bed, Lush,” he ordered.

I rushed to do as he instructed, thrilled by the look of pure desire in his gaze.

“Fuck, you look so damn good,” he hissed, hastily removing his clothes and dropping them on the floor. When he stood completely naked at the foot of the bed, he spoke again, “I like to be in control, Lush. You gonna have a problem with that?”

I could barely grasp a word he said, too lost in the sight of Rylan’s near perfect naked body and his thick, long, erect cock only a few feet away.

“N-no,” I managed to respond. If anything, his words made me even more eager, and I could feel my recently spent cock coming to life.

“Stroke yourself for me, Scott. Get your dick hard.”

I pulled at the lace, about to expose the tip of my cock when Rylan stopped me. “No! Don’t take it off. I want to see you grow under all that crimson.”

With both hands I reached down. I used one hand to cup my balls, massaging them against the material, while with the other hand I stroked my cock from base to tip then back again. I was fully erect after only a few light touches. Closing my eyes, I imagined for an instant Rylan was touching me instead of watching from his spot at the end of the bed.

“Look at me,” he commanded, my fantasy fading back into reality. “Don’t take your eyes off of mine.”

Slowly he climbed on top of the mattress and crawled toward me. I parted my thighs to make room for him in between. He stopped when his mouth hovered just above my stroking hand. With every few tugs, Rylan would lean down and take a lick at my cock through the lace, never taking his eyes off of mine. Eventually, his hands joined in, cupping my balls and then trailing one hand back toward my ass.

I immediately tensed. My pumping motions ceased, and Rylan looked up, studying me and my reaction. After a few breaths, understanding flickered in his gaze.

“We’re gonna do a lot tonight, Lush, but I’m not gonna put my dick in here, okay?” Rylan soothed me, firmly gripping my ass cheeks while slowly rubbing one finger along my lace covered back entrance. “You don’t need that your first time, at least not without some preparation.”

My look of disappointment must have been obvious.

“Fuck, don’t look at me like that, Scott,” he pleaded. “Jesus, only you can make me so angry in one instant and so fucking horny in the next. Did you know that? Do you know how much I fucking want to be the first man in your ass?”

“No.”

“It’s true, and I will be, but not tonight,” he vowed.

“I could. I-I mean...” *Hell! What was the proper way to tell a man that you’d be willing to fuck him in the ass?* I had no idea. Thankfully, I didn’t have to elaborate.

Rylan shook his head, smiling. “It might be hard for you to believe, but it’s been a long time for me too. I’m not ready either. I didn’t come over here expecting anything more than a severe case of blue balls and another round of bickering with you, Lush. Then I’d planned to head home and rub one out while I pictured you covered in lace, just like I’ve done over a dozen times since the night of the wedding.”

“Really?” I asked, genuinely surprised, but also thrilled by his admission.

Rylan huffed. “Really. I’m not brushing you off, Lush,” he insisted, sensing my disbelief. “If you think for a second that I don’t want your cock up my ass, you’re out of your mind. I’d be willing to let you have me anytime, anywhere, and that’s saying something. But too much, too fast won’t be good for us, okay?”

I didn’t want to read too much into his statement, but I also needed to know... “Do you normally let other men—?”

“Fuck me?” he supplied. “No. But I want it all with you. So fucking bad, Lush. And I really, really, really want to put my dick up here,” he said, slipping his finger beneath the lace and tapping against my hole for emphasis. “You can’t imagine how much.”

“Yes, I can,” I whispered back, surprising him.

“Shit, you’re not making this any easier.”

“Sorry,” I offered lamely.

“Don’t be. I always knew being with you would be the sweetest kind of hell,” he admitted with a smile. Rylan took hold of my lacy boy shorts and slowly pulled them down my body, tossing them onto the discarded pile of his own clothes. I noted he left the stockings in place. He leaned back on his heels and took a long time, looking his fill at my cock and my long fishnet-covered legs.

After a few heartbeats, I finally found the courage to break the silence stretching between us. “Can I touch you, Rylan?” I asked, hesitantly.

His answer was immediate. “Oh, fuck yeah. You can touch me, lick me, finger me, anything you want, Scott.”

I wanted all of those things, but more than anything I wanted to feel his lips against mine. So when I reached up and pulled his head down toward me, I wasn’t surprised by his shocked expression.

When our lips met for the first time, Rylan wasn’t forceful or aggressive or even responsive. Instead, he remained still, letting my lips roam freely over his. He allowed me the freedom to tease and taste him until he began to tremble with need. His lips parted, and he swept his tongue into my mouth on a groan and began eagerly exploring me.

I moaned loudly, fisting my hand in his hair, keeping him tightly locked against me while, with my other hand, I searched blindly for his impressive cock. It was long, thick, and smooth. His deep-purple, circumcised head was leaking slightly, which both surprised and delighted me. I’d never made a man leak before. Hell, as far as I knew, I’d never made a man hard before either. Stroking him was so different from stroking myself and not only the position of my hand. His skin was so much hotter than my own. It felt like molten silk and steel in my hand. It was so strange to touch another man’s cock and yet so fucking erotic. I used Rylan’s moans to guide me, stroking harder and faster with each encouraging sound.

Without breaking our kiss, Rylan’s hand found my cock, and he positioned himself so we could stroke together while our dicks rubbed up along one another.

“Oh fuck, fuck,” I moaned, knowing I was close again.

Rylan released me. “Turn over,” he commanded.

“But, you said—”

“I just want to see you, maybe taste you,” he shared, his voice shaky with need.

“Oh god.”

When I maneuvered myself onto my stomach, Rylan did both. He spread my ass cheeks wide and once again looked his fill for a long time. Then, slowly, he peeled off my stockings one at a time, working his way back up each leg, nipping and tasting my skin as he went. After what seemed like hours massaging my firm, round cheeks, I finally felt his tongue lick a strip from right below my balls all the way up to my tailbone.

Dear god!

It was such a strange sensation, but oh so fucking hot. He repeated the motion over and over again until I was writhing, moaning shamelessly and leaking from my cock.

“Do you have lube?” he asked breathlessly.

I turned again, now lying on my back, and eagerly reached over to produce the bottle of lube from my nightstand, hoping he’d changed his mind about fucking me.

Rylan sat between my legs and squirted a large amount onto my cock. He began stroking me again, watching as my wide, slick head glided through his slippery fingers. “Fuck that’s hot, Lush,” he hissed.

I bucked up against his strokes, feeling that tingling sensation beginning to take hold.

“Not yet,” Rylan grunted, fisting me faster, making it nearly impossible for me to hold back. “Don’t come yet,” he ordered.

I had to grind my teeth in order to hold back, but somehow I managed.

Rylan kept a steady pace, stroking my cock while he climbed up along my abdomen. He positioned himself so he kneeled over me, his legs on each side of mine, my dick lined up with his ass.

“Oh fuck,” he hissed, reaching back to rub my slick head against his asshole.

It felt fucking amazing. I wanted so badly to thrust inside him, to test his tightness around my shaft. Instead, I gripped the sheets in my fists and allowed Rylan to set the pace.

“Tell me, Lush. Admit that you’ve jerked off while thinking about fucking me.” He moaned as he swiveled his ass against my cockhead over and over again.

“Yes. Oh fuck yes,” I groaned.

“Tell me you’ve come all over yourself thinking about me showing my hard dick up your ass,” he ordered.

Oh god. His erotic words were too much. “Yes. Fuck, Rylan, I wanna come so bad,” I pleaded.

“Do it. Come all over my ass,” he encouraged.

I didn’t want to come alone this time—I needed him with me. Releasing my death grip on the sheet, I took hold of his cock, stroking him furiously while I exploded with a hoarse cry all over his puckered ring.

In the next instant, I heard Rylan’s muffled groan as he shot off into my hand and onto my chest. The sticky fluid was warm, thick, and hot. It made me feel so powerful and sexy to know I had the ability to make him come with just a few strokes.

Unfortunately, the uncomfortable silence that instantly followed our life-altering orgasms was terrifying. We’d been enemies for so long that we had no idea how to handle such deep, all-consuming, and conflicting emotions. *At least I didn’t.*

All too soon, Rylan was climbing off of me, making his way to the bathroom, leaving me to wonder—*what now?*

He was gone for less than a minute before returning with a damp towel and offering it to me to clean myself up.

He watched in silence then threw it on the floor once I was done. Surprisingly, Rylan didn’t get dressed and didn’t seem to be in a hurry to leave like I’d feared. He climbed back into my bed and lay down beside me.

“Not bad for your first gay experience, huh, Lush?” he teased though I could hear the uncertainty in his voice.

I wanted to tell him it was fucking amazing, but I was torn. Did what we shared really make me gay? I didn’t see it that way, and I definitely wasn’t ready for that.

I couldn't hide my distressed look from Rylan.

“It—I, um...”

“Forget it, Lush. We'll talk about it later,” he bit out, frowning. “Let's get some rest,” he growled, turning away from me to face the wall.

I felt the loss of our connection like a blow to the stomach, but I didn't offer him any words of comfort. I didn't know what to say to make things better. Instead, I followed Rylan's lead and turned toward the door, shutting my eyes.

He was right; now was probably not the best time to discuss the future, not with our emotions running so high. We'd talk in the morning when we could both think clearly and decide how we could move forward.

Chapter Seven

-Scott-

“Told you!” An excited, manly squeal from the direction of my door filtered through my sleep.

I managed to open one eye and make out two figures standing in the doorway as my pupils adjusted to the bright morning light.

“Fuck! I never would have believed it,” BJ said to Jamie.

“Aren’t they cute together?” Jamie cooed.

Only then did I turn my head to see Rylan rubbing his sleepy eyes beside me.

Oh fuck! Rylan was still here in my bed, and my brother and his husband were home. Shit!

“Are these walls made of fucking titanium?” I grumbled, both angry and embarrassed that I’d been caught with my pants down for the second time in less than twenty-four hours. In that instant, I made a desperate grab for the sheet, relieved to find it resting on my chest, covering all my good bits.

“Could you leave us for a bit, guys?” Rylan asked in his gruff, too-sexy-to-be-real morning voice. “Scott’s kinda not ready for all this yet.”

“Sure, sure,” Jamie offered, hastily moving back into the hall.

My brother didn’t budge. “You okay, bro?” he asked me, concerned.

I managed to nod but couldn’t look him in the eyes.

“He didn’t hurt you, did he?”

“Oh for fuck’s sake, BJ. I didn’t fuck him,” Rylan growled.

BJ’s shoulders visibly relaxed. “Okay. We’ll be downstairs,” he offered before closing the door once more.

However, it was clear from the voices just outside the door that the newlyweds hadn’t gone far.

“Now we have to think of a ship name for them,” I heard Jamie exclaim excitedly. “I’m thinking—Mush.”

“What the fuck?” I heard my brother reply.

“You know, when you combine the names of a couple to get one new couple name. That’s a ship name. Like Brangelina for Brad and Angelina.”

“And the best you could come up with is Mush?” my brother hissed.

“It’s Madden and Lush put together—Mush,” Jamie explained.

“No fucking way.”

“Okay, how about Rott?”

“You need help,” I heard my brother tell his new husband.

“Oh, I got it... Scotlan. Scott and Rylan. Oh, it’s perfect. Don’t you think?” Jamie asked, and I could hear his excitement through the door.

I could also picture BJ’s smile at his husband’s antics even without having the benefit of X-ray vision. “You’re perfect,” BJ replied on a laugh. “Bat-ass crazy, but perfect,” he added.

“That’s why you love me,” Jamie replied.

“I do love you.”

“Oh hell! Will you two fuck off!” Rylan shouted from the bed beside me, startling me. Thankfully, I could hear our brothers finally walk down the hall, leaving me alone with a naked Rylan in my bed.

Oh god.

-Rylan-

I watched as Scott covered his face with his hands. “Fuck, I can’t believe that just happened,” he hissed.

After last night, I’d hoped to bask in the sight of Scott Lush’s rough, stubbled jaw, his mussed hair, and his sexy, sleepy eyes first thing in the morning. Now it looked like I’d missed my chance, especially after our brothers’ surprise visit.

“You think they’re gonna judge you?” I asked, wanting to understand what was going on in his crazy hetero head. God, I prayed he wouldn’t think last night was a mistake. If it was, it was a mistake I’d gladly make again every night for the rest of my fucking life.

“No,” he grumbled and then added, “At least I’m not still wearing the stockings.”

“They wouldn’t care. You’ve seen their kinky stockpile of shit,” I offered.

“That doesn’t make it any better,” he grunted, throwing his legs over the side of the bed angrily.

“What are you saying?”

“It’s so embarrassing.”

I wasn’t expecting those words, and his admission hit me hard. “Being with me is embarrassing?”

“Um, duh,” he bit back sarcastically. He’d wrapped the sheet around the lower half of his body and stood, rummaging around in his drawers for something to wear.

I’ll admit, the morning after was a lot easier for me than it was for Scott. It wasn’t the first time I’d woken up with a naked man in my bed. However, I’d never woken up beside the man I was in love with before, so I was just as vulnerable and emotional. Scott’s reaction wounded me.

I stood, angrily shoving my legs into my pants while searching the floor for my discarded shirt.

“Where are you going?” he asked, his brows furrowed in confusion.

“I’m not interested in being your embarrassing little experiment, Lush,” I bit out. “I won’t be with someone who’s ashamed to be gay. I like my life outside of the closet just fine, thank you. So feel free to crawl back in there alone.”

“I-I’m not gay,” he snapped back.

It was just another nail in the coffin.

“Really? Because you came all over a man’s ass last night, and you liked it. You liked it a lot. That’s pretty much the definition of gay, Lush.”

He glared daggers at me. “No. It isn’t. I’ve been around gay men all my life. I know what it means. I didn’t fuck you, Rylan. We only—”

“What? We only what?” I interrupted him angrily. I was too caught up in my own emotions to temper my words. “Got each other off? Is that what last night was—mutual gratification? You couldn’t find a willing woman, so you decided to experiment with a man?”

Scott sank down onto the bed. “Honestly? I don’t know,” he replied dejectedly, and for a moment I almost felt sorry for the dumb-ass. “I have no idea what last night was. But I know I’m not gay.”

“So you just like wearing ladies underwear, is that it?” I lashed out.

“No. I don’t like that either. I was only wearing them because—”

I refused to hear anymore. “You know what? Save it! I’m not interested. You were right last night, and you’re right now. You’re not gay, and we don’t even like each other. Happy?”

He shook his head.

“Let’s just chalk last night up to me being horny and you experimenting and move on.”

“Rylan—” he began in warning.

“What? Are you gonna try and tell me you have feelings for me? You’re not gay, but you’re gay for me? Is that it?” I offered sarcastically, even though more than anything I wanted those words to be true.

“I don’t know,” he whined.

It wasn’t enough. “Well, I do. And I’m done,” I offered before grabbing my shirt and slamming the door behind me on the way out.

I was in such a rush to get as far away from Scott as possible, I didn’t even see Jamie at the bottom of the stairs.

“Whoa! Whoa! Where’s the fire?” Jamie asked, stepping in front of me and placing his hands on my chest. “Shouldn’t you still be basking in the afterglow?” he teased.

“Let me go,” I grumbled, not sure how long I had before I either burst into tears or broke something or both.

“Hey? What the hell happened?” His tone had instantly switched from jovial to concerned.

“I can’t do this right now, Jay,” I pleaded, trying to brush past him. It was no use.

“Too bad,” he bit back, his expression serious. “What did he do, Ry? You can tell me.”

“Nothing. That’s just it. He didn’t do anything. Scott Lush is still the same oblivious asshole he’s always been, only now he knows what my cock looks like,” I offered flippantly, attempting to go around him again.

“Damn,” my brother hissed. “Come on.” He grabbed my arm and pulled me down the hall and into the living room.

“How was the honeymoon?” I asked, attempting to change the subject as I flopped down on the couch.

“Forget the fucking honeymoon, Rylan. Jesus. What the hell happened between you two?”

Jamie was really upset, not something I was used to witnessing. He was always the wacky, easygoing brother where I was the anal retentive, overthinker. Seeing him this rattled only made this morning’s situation that much worse.

“Where’s BJ?” I asked, avoiding his question. I didn’t need Scott’s overprotective brother around for the conversation Jamie and I were undoubtedly about to have.

“He said he needed to take a walk.”

Typical, even Scott’s gay brother couldn’t handle the thought of the two of us together.

I shrugged. “It’s no big deal. Scott and I fooled around. That’s all.”

“Nice try. You’re a horrible liar, little brother. I know how much Scott means to you.”

“He means nothing to me,” I bit back a little too aggressively. “He’s my nemesis, and he’s straight, remember?”

“I don’t know too many straight guys who spend the night with a naked, gay man in their bed,” Jamie offered.

Duh! I wanted to shout to the heavens, but it was no use.

“He was experimenting.” My voice cracked with emotion when I spoke, and I had to look away from my brother’s knowing stare.

“Shit. He actually said that?” Jamie asked shocked.

I shrugged. In fact, those were my words, but Scott hadn’t disputed them, so I didn’t bother clarifying the point for Jamie.

“I’m so sorry, Ry.”

My older brother’s pity was my undoing.

“I didn’t want this. I’m too fucking smart to become this,” I whined.

“What are you talking about?” he asked frowning.

I swiped at the tears that I could no longer hold back. “You know how people always say that if you try hard enough, anything’s possible? Well, that’s bullshit, Jamie. They’re liars all of them. Because the only thing I’ve ever wanted, I can’t have. Do you know what it feels like to know that no matter how hard you try and no matter what you do or say or even become, you’ll never have the one thing you truly want?”

“Jesus, Ry,” he hissed sympathetically.

“You know what hurts the most?”

“Giving up,” I continued, not waiting for his answer. “I didn’t realize how long I’d foolishly held on to the hope that Scott would miraculously change. He won’t and where does that leave me?” I asked again rhetorically. “I made a promise to myself that I’d never become one of those foolish, lonely old gay men, pining away for that one straight man, who will never be able to love them back. I can’t be that person, Jay. I won’t, even if it means losing the best part of my life.”

Jamie cursed foully under his breath. “How long have you been in love with him?” he asked, covering my hand with his own on the couch cushion.

I stared out the large bay window across from me, fixated on nothing at all. The sun was shining. The buds on the trees had begun to bloom. The birds were loud enough that I could hear them chirping through the closed window, and yet the only color I could see was gray, and the only sound I could hear was my heart breaking. Jamie wanted to know how long I’d been in love with Scott Lush, and my answer would likely shock him. However, there was no point denying my feelings any longer. I chuckled, thinking how funny it was that just when I was ready to admit how I felt about Scott, I was going to have to let him go.

“As long as I can remember. Pathetic, isn’t it?” I chuckled again, humorlessly.

Jamie squeezed my hand tightly in his. “Nothing’s pathetic about love, Ry. We can’t help who we love, we don’t get to choose, our heart chooses for us. I know you may not want to hear this now, but I think you’re making a mistake by giving up so easily. I don’t want you to pine away for something that will never be, but I don’t want you to give up on a chance at love either. No matter what Scott said this morning, I know he was lying. If he wanted to experiment

sexually with a man, he would have chosen someone else. It was you he wanted Rylan.”

I couldn't allow Jamie's words in right now. It hurt too much to hope. “It doesn't matter. I can't do half measures, Jamie. Not even for him.”

The two of us sat in silence for a while, our hands touching. It was comforting to know I had my brother's unconditional love and support.

“Sometimes love's worth going out on a limb for,” Jamie added after several long moments.

“And sometimes you're too old to climb trees,” I replied with finality. I stood and headed toward the door. “Don't worry, things between Scott and I won't be any different than they've always been, at least on the outside,” I offered.

“Except that you'll never be able to forget what it was like to be with him,” Jamie guessed.

The truth of his words stole the breath from my lungs. “I won't spend my life chasing after Scott Lush,” I replied adamantly. “I deserve better.”

“You deserve to be happy, little brother. I only wonder if you can do that without Scott?”

Sadly, I wondered the same damn thing.

Chapter Eight

-Jamie and BJ-

“What’s wrong?” BJ asked Jamie, knowing immediately that his husband was upset.

“Scotlan is no more.” Over the last hour, Jamie had come to terms with the fact that he had no control over the outcome of Rylan and Scott’s relationship, but he was no less concerned.

“Shit!” BJ hissed. “What the hell did Rylan do now?”

“Rylan! Don’t you mean Scott?” Jamie bit back.

“I don’t know, do I?” BJ replied confused.

Jamie ran a frustrated hand through his hair. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to snap at you. I know we promised not to let our brothers’ fighting get between us. It’s just that Scott told Rylan that he was only experimenting.”

BJ shrugged.

“That’s it? You don’t think that was a pretty shitty thing to do?”

“Yeah, but I also think it’s bullshit. If Scott wanted to experiment, he would have chosen someone else.”

Jamie lunged at his husband and threw his arms around him in a big bear hug.

“Uuuughhh.” BJ stumbled back a step but kept his husband tightly wrapped in his embrace. “What was that for? Not that I’m complaining.”

“I love how we think alike, that’s all.”

“So, does that mean you’re thinking we should fuck right now because that’s what I’m thinking?” BJ smirked, and Jamie could feel the truth of his husband’s statement pressed up against his stomach. BJ was always ready to fuck. It was one of the ways they were so compatible.

“No!” Jamie swatted at him playfully. “I was thinking we should get our brothers to work things out. Maybe you could talk to Scott and get him to admit he has feelings for Rylan?”

“Fuck no.”

“Why not?”

BJ sighed dramatically. “Because we also promised we wouldn’t meddle in other people’s love lives—ever. Remember? Especially not family.”

“But—”

BJ pressed his finger against Jamie’s lips, cutting him off. “I love you, and I’d do anything for you, but do you really think Rylan wants me to talk to Scott about his feelings?”

“No, probably not,” Jamie admitted.

“Definitely not. Our brothers need to work things out for themselves, and they will. They’re both smart guys. It may take them a while, but they’ll find a way to make things work, even if that means they don’t end up together. I know how much you want their story to end in a happily ever after, Jay, but you gotta be prepared for the fact that things may not work out that way.”

Jamie sighed, placing his forehead against his husband’s chest. “I know. You’re right. How did you get to be so smart, anyway?”

BJ shrugged and hugged Jamie tighter. He hated to see his husband upset. “I got it from you.”

“Probably osmosis.” Jamie nodded in agreement.

“What?”

“Osmosis,” he repeated. “You know like when one thing passes into another thing. I think my smarts are rubbing off on you. My guess would be because you have your dick inside me so much.”

BJ chuckled loudly, shaking his head. Leave it to Jamie to come up with osmosis. The man never failed to surprise BJ, which was the very reason he loved him so much. “So what you’re saying is I get smarter the more I fuck you?”

Jamie shrugged. “Pretty much.”

Pursing his lips, BJ pretended to seriously consider Jamie’s outrageous claim. “Interesting, but maybe we should test your theory?” he advised, slipping his hands inside Jamie’s jeans and cupping his bare ass in his palms.

“N-now? Your brother’s still upstairs. Don’t you at least want to talk to him?”

“Nope. He’ll figure it out, and he knows I’m here if he needs me,” BJ said, pulling Jamie in closer and kissing a path along his neck.

“What if he comes downstairs?”

“We’ll be in the garage.”

“We will?”

“Yep, you’ll be naked bent over the hood of my car, and I’ll be fucking you,” BJ declared.

“You will?”

BJ smiled at his husband’s continued questioning. “Unless you have a better suggestion? Because you do have some great ideas,” he added with a wink.

Jamie puffed with pride at BJ’s compliment. “I do, don’t I? I know your favorite one too.”

The couple’s eyes filled with lust at the vivid recollection of their recent escapade.

“Fucking you on that bar stool in Amsterdam,” BJ shared. “It was pretty unforgettable. I’ve never heard you moan like that before, and the way your ass squeezed my cock so tightly when you came... *fuuuuck*,” he growled.

Jamie blushed but didn’t look away. “You could make me moan and come like that again,” he cooed, seductively tracing around BJ’s nipples through the thin material of the T-shirt he wore.

“I’ll make sure of it,” BJ promised.

Jamie’s insides began to flutter in anticipation of their next sexual fantasy come to life. “Are you going to be the angry cop giving me a ticket?”

“Naw, I’m gonna be the badass biker you cut off at the last traffic stop, teaching you a lesson.”

Jamie’s cock was now pressed painfully against his zipper. “Oh fuck,” he hissed.

“I don’t think you want to keep me waiting now, do you?”

“N-no,” Jamie rushed out.

“Good. Go get naked, spread your ass wide, and wait for me.”

At the word naked, Jamie had already set off in a rush toward the garage.

“And Jay?”

“Yeah?” He turned his head, looking back at BJ.

“Bikers like it rough.”

“I was hoping you’d say that,” he hissed excitedly, winking at his husband before shucking his jeans and underwear and heading out the door leading to the garage...

-Scott -

There were a lot more people at Rylan’s place than I’d expected. There were people from Jamie and BJ’s work, clients of Rylan’s, friends, and a few family members. I looked around desperately, hoping to get my first glimpse of Rylan in over a week, but he was nowhere to be found.

Relax, I soothed myself. He had to be here somewhere. It was his event after all. He’d agreed to take all of BJ and Jamie’s wedding photos and edit them into a kick-ass video as part of his wedding present to the grooms.

At least fifty people had been invited to Rylan’s small town house for The Premier (as Jamie called it). Luckily, since I was BJ’s best man, I was on the guest list regardless of whether or not Rylan actually wanted me there.

I looked around the room again nervously but still couldn’t find the man who’d occupied all of my thoughts and dreams for the last week.

I’d prepared the conversation I intended to have with Rylan over a million times in my head. He wouldn’t take my calls or texts, but I wasn’t giving up. He needed to know he was wrong. What we had together was so much more than just sex. Not that I did a good job of explaining that to him at the time. I was in shock. I’d just had my first gay experience, but I still didn’t feel gay. Then our brothers showed up, and I panicked. I’d give anything to go back and change what happened that morning, but I couldn’t. All I could do now was apologize, admit that I acted like an asshole, and beg Rylan to give me a second chance. I only hoped he’d stay put long enough to hear me out.

After another half an hour I finally caught a glimpse of Rylan’s soft, silky hair as he moved through the crowd, offering up drinks and snacks. He still hadn’t seen me, and all of a sudden I was scared shitless at the thought of moving from my seat in his overstuffed armchair. It was probably for the best. I’d wait until I could get a moment alone with him to talk. We didn’t need an audience. It was bad enough having to explain my feelings to BJ during the last week.

When the video cued up, all the guests crowded into the small living room space. Rylan stood back, leaning against the doorway, watching from a far. Maybe it was my imagination, since I forced my eyes to remain glued to the enormous flat screen, but I thought I could feel Rylan watching me. The video was incredible. It only solidified how creative and talented Rylan was. The pictures themselves were beautiful, and it was enough to make me reconsider my opinion on vacationing in Amsterdam.

After it was done a few of the older crowd left, and Rylan once again went AWOL. It wasn't until the night was nearing to a close that I managed to locate him. I followed Rylan into the kitchen, not at all expecting to find a thin, dainty, little redheaded man practically climbing on top of Rylan's back as Rylan bent down to grab a few beers from the fridge.

"Please? A quick ride?" I heard the small man purr close to Rylan's ear.

I wanted to storm over there and rip the ginger's arms off. Instead I cleared my throat, causing both men to jump in surprise.

"Am I interrupting something?" I asked coldly, my arms folded across my chest.

For a moment the redhead looked me up and down, as if assessing whether or not I was a threat. When he seemed to conclude I wasn't, he spoke. "I was trying to get our sexy host here to take me for a ride," he whispered loudly then winked at me.

"Is that so?" I asked coldly, my eyes shifting to Rylan.

He didn't even have the decency to look guilty, which only served to piss me off.

"Oh yes. Have you seen the big, powerful machine he has in his garage?" the man added.

I wasn't sure if he was talking about Rylan's cock or his car, but it didn't matter. "I'll admit I've had the pleasure."

"You have?" The man was clearly surprised by my answer.

"Sorry to disappoint you, but Rylan no longer gives rides to anyone but me. Isn't that right, Squeaker?" I declared angrily, not anticipating him to argue.

"Really? That's news to me, Lush," Rylan bit back.

The redhead looked relieved. He brazenly pressed himself against Rylan's side and wound his hand around Rylan's arm.

Again, I wanted to fucking rip it off.

However, I decided a warning might be sufficient. “You might want to move your hand,” I growled at the man.

“Rylan?” he pouted, looking up at Rylan for guidance.

“I’d do as he says, honey,” he replied.

“Are you two together?” the redhead asked, noticing the hostile stares between me and Rylan.

“No.”

“Yes,” I answered at the same time as Rylan’s denial.

His eyes nearly bulged out of his head at my reply. Unfortunately, I didn’t get to say anything more before BJ called Rylan to help start the video again.

That meant I was left alone in the kitchen with Handsy. I grabbed one of the beers Rylan left on the counter and took a long swig of the foul tasting brew, before turning my attention back to the man.

He looked small and definitely terrified without Rylan’s presence. I slowly stalked toward him, grateful in that moment for my imposing size. It meant I wouldn’t actually have to lay a finger on him. It was enough for me to gently remind the man of how expensive plastic surgery could be for a broken nose. I also made a point to enlighten him on the woes of eating solid food through a straw for weeks after suffering a broken jaw.

My shared medical knowledge seemed to do the trick. The little man couldn’t leave the party fast enough after that. Sadly, our chat wasn’t nearly as satisfying as knocking him out cold, but it’d had the desired effect. I downed the rest of the domestic ale and reached for another as I contemplated my next move.

-Rylan-

“Care to tell me why my brother, who’s never had a drop of alcohol in his life, is three sheets to the wind on your back porch?” BJ asked, clearly agitated.

“He’s a dumb-ass?” I offered in response even though BJ’s words shocked me. Everyone knew that Scott never drank—ever.

“He’s the dumb-ass?” BJ growled. “Are you fucking serious?”

“Hey, I thought we weren’t going to get involved?” Jamie asked, stepping between his brother and his husband, ready to referee if necessary.

“My brother is drunk!” BJ whined.

Jamie nodded in understanding, rubbing BJ’s shoulder in a comforting gesture.

I knew something had to be really wrong for Scott to be drinking. We all did, but I wasn’t ready to admit my role in his actions just yet.

“Why can’t you give the guy a break, Ry?” Jamie pleaded on behalf of his husband.

Thankfully, BJ had stepped away, choosing to focus his attention on tidying up the room rather than arguing with me. “It’s been a rough week for Scott,” Jamie added when I didn’t reply fast enough.

“You guys think this is my fault?” I asked incredulously.

The look they gave me was obvious as they began throwing out discarded paper plates and cups from the coffee table

“Ever wonder why you’re the only person Scott argues with? Or why he’s always on the defensive around you? Always goading you?”

“Because he’s a dick and he hates me?” I offered. I knew that wasn’t true. It was more likely Scott hated the way I made him feel, but there was a fine line between love and hate.

“Remind me again why people think you’re so smart?” BJ asked sarcastically.

I made sure he could see me flipping him the bird in his peripheral vision as he rearranged the throw pillows on the couch.

“He doesn’t hate you, Rylan. Scott only acts tough around you because he’s afraid of letting you get too close. He’s afraid of what that means.”

“If you’re trying to make me feel better, it’s not working.”

BJ ran a frustrated hand down his face. “I’m not good at this shit. Jamie?” he huffed, motioning toward his husband for help.

“I don’t know what’s going on between you two, little brother,” Jamie began. “But I see the way Scott looks at you. It’s the same way BJ used to look at me before he mustered up the courage to ask me out. I know that look. It’s

fear, confusion, and desire all wrapped up in one. I may not know Scott as well as BJ, but my guess is he's in love with you, Ry."

I shook my head violently, unwilling to believe Jamie's words.

"I agree," BJ added seriously. "But you've got to understand, Scott doesn't know how to be in love with a man. We've been in this game a lot longer than he has. He's still finding his way, but that doesn't mean you should give up on him, especially if you care."

"He said he was embarrassed to be with me," I confessed. It still hurt to admit how deeply Scott's words had wounded me.

"Fuck," BJ hissed then added. "Did he really say that?"

I nodded.

"Have you given him a chance to explain, Rylan? Because I'm pretty sure Scott regrets his reaction that morning. Plus, my brother's confused about his feelings, so of course he'd be embarrassed."

I shrugged, not sure I believed BJ's words though I wanted to.

"He needs time. If he means anything to you, you can't rush this, Rylan."

"I'm in love with him," I admitted softly. It was the first time I'd ever admitted that out loud to anyone other than Jamie, and it felt good.

BJ turned his head toward me and smiled. "I was hoping you'd say that."

"You're not mad?" I asked, surprised. "I've been kind of a dick to your brother for a long time."

"All I want is for Scott to be happy," BJ replied. "I honestly believe you're the person who can make that happen, Rylan."

I could see Jamie smiling almost giddily in the corner.

I smiled too, feeling hopeful for the first time in over a week.

"So what now, little brother? Are you gonna let him slip through your fingers again?" Jamie goaded me.

Hell no. "Where is he?" I asked BJ, a new mission forming in my mind.

"Back porch."

BJ grabbed my arm before I could leave, dropping two pills into my hand. "You might want to take these with you," he offered, nodding to the aspirin

while handing me a bottle of water. “Don’t let him down,” BJ called after me as I made my way outside.

“I won’t, not this time.”

Chapter Nine

-Rylan-

I found Scott leaning his elbows on the wooden railing of my wrap-around deck, his head tilted back, looking up at the stars. He didn't acknowledge my presence, but it was too quiet at this time of night for him not to have heard me come outside.

"I used to fuck girls behind the bleachers while you had band practice," Scott mumbled after several moments.

I frowned at his admission, walking over to lean my ass against the railing beside him. "I know."

"I'd make them yell my name."

I knew that too. I remembered hearing their cries of ecstasy and feeling so jealous of those random skanks. "I know," I offered again. I could tell Scott was pretty far gone from the way he slurred his words and weaved on his feet ever so slightly.

"I wanted you to hear them, to think about what you were missing out on," Scott admitted, surprising me.

"What!"

He cocked his head to the left, finally locking eyes with mine. "I'd make them turn around, so I didn't have to look at them, and I'd watch you. I'd watch you while I fucked them."

My hands began to shake, and I had to cross my arms to keep him from noticing. Not that it mattered; Scott seemed too lost in the past and too intoxicated to care.

"Sometimes you'd be on the field, so I'd make them wait," he continued. "They'd beg for it, but I'd still make them wait. I needed you near for my cock to get hard anyway. I'd wait until you sat in that same spot on the bleachers, and I'd watch you. Your ass perched perfectly on the tiny metal seat, and then I'd fuck them, but secretly I was imagining fucking you," he declared. "Bet you didn't know that, Squeaker?" he mumbled.

My heart raced uncontrollably, and my blood rushed through my veins so fast I could hear the *thump, thump, thump* in my ears. "N-no. I didn't," I admitted, still in shock from his confession.

When he shifted on his feet again and almost lost his balance, I knew it was time to get him inside. Everyone was gone, including Jamie and BJ, so I had no help maneuvering the intoxicated giant of a man through my house. It was awkward and exhausting. Scott babbled nonsense the whole time, but finally I managed to get him to my room.

“I’ve been playing with my ass,” Scott declared, still slurring his words as he dropped his big body down onto my bed. “I pretend it’s you, Rylan. It feels good. I never knew it could feel so good,” he added, meeting my gaze. “I think your cock up there would feel even better.”

“Oh fuck, Lush. Can you just fucking shut up?” I hissed. I was so horny and hard I could barely stand up right. I’d promised BJ to go slowly, but Scott’s drunken confession was making that nearly impossible. I wanted to make his fantasy a reality so badly.

He looked pained by my harsh words. “I know you’ll never want me, but maybe you could just fuck me once?”

Oh god, I’m in hell.

“I’m sorry. I’m sorry I blew it. I’m sorry I’m not more gay.” He winced.

His heartfelt words pained me. “You’re fucking perfect just the way you are. Got that, Lush?” I growled.

“Nope. But... I’ll try to be whatever you want me to be. I promise, Squeaker.” He lay back, closing his eyes.

“I want you to be you,” I stressed, taking a seat on the edge of the bed beside him and placing his hand in mine.

He shook his head on the pillow, too fast for someone who’d been drinking all night, and groaned loudly before turning a sickly shade of green.

“Sit up a bit,” I ordered him. “And take these.”

He took the pills without argument and flopped back down with a groan.

“You want me to be tiny like that guy in the kitchen. I’ve seen your lovers,” he continued, obviously still concerned that I didn’t want him when nothing could be further from the truth.

“All I want right now is for you to get some rest.”

“Will you lie with me?” he asked instead.

I shouldn't. If I was a sane person, I would walk away and sleep in the guest room.

“Sure. I'll lie with you.”

I got up, turned off the lights, and crawled into bed next to Scott. He looked so peaceful, his eyes closed, his chest rising and falling as he rhythmically inhaled deep, even breaths. I was sure he'd fallen asleep. The warmth of his big body beckoned me closer to him, but I forced myself to remain on my side of the bed. I did, however, reach over to take his hand in mine once again. It was a small gesture, but I couldn't resist touching him.

I smiled, thinking how ironic it was that, after all these years, I finally had Scott Lush in my bed, and the only part of him I'd be touching was his hand. It would be enough; just being close to him was enough for me. Plus, I remembered BJ's advice about taking things slowly. If I wanted a chance with Scott, I couldn't rush things. Not to mention the fact that he was drunk, and I'd never take advantage of him in that state.

My eyes finally closed, and I was caught somewhere between awake and asleep when I heard Scott's voice break through the silence of the room.

“They called me fag-lover,” he declared.

I wondered for a moment if he was dreaming. “Who?” I asked.

Scott turned his head on the pillow to face me, his hand still in mine. “My friends at college. No! They weren't my friends,” he corrected, shaking his head rapidly and groaning again at the action. “They were assholes. They supported me and my gay brother when I was leading the team to victory, but then I hurt my knee. That's when I saw their true colors. They said some really bad things, called me fag-lover, put me on the bench even after my leg healed—other stuff,” he mumbled, his eyes too heavy with sleep and the effects of the alcohol to keep them open.

I knew Scott was trying to tell me something important, but for the life of me, I couldn't figure it out. “What are you talking about?” I asked.

“I love BJ. He's my brother. I love you—um... I mean your brother too,” he corrected. “I wouldn't let them...” His words drifted off, and I feared he'd fallen asleep again.

“Let them what?” I prodded anxiously.

His eyes fluttered before he continued. “Talk that way about the men I love, my family—the man I'd secretly been in love with for years. No one knew

about that part, not even you, Squeaker.” He smiled triumphantly then at a memory I wasn’t privy to. “It was worth it,” he added.

A sinking feeling of foreboding made my stomach roll over, but still I asked, “What was worth it?”

“Breaking that smug little dipshit’s jaw and telling Coach Mars to go fuck himself. It took half the team to get me to stop,” he bragged. “I’d do it again for you and BJ.”

“M-me?”

“You,” he repeated, squeezing my hand. “You’re mine to protect. No one will ever talk about you that way.”

Oh god. “You got expelled, didn’t you?” I asked, putting the missing pieces together.

“Nope. The faculty didn’t want the bad publicity. Wanted me to keep quiet. But I hated it there, so full of bigoted bastards. They reminded me of what a coward I am. Oh god,” he whined. “I’m sorry, Rylan. I’m so sorry.”

“Shhhh, it’s okay. It’s okay,” I soothed him, rubbing his hand gently between both of mine. “You don’t have anything to be sorry for, Scott.”

“Yes I do!” he insisted, his words slurring into each other, making it difficult to follow his already scattered thoughts. “I wasn’t ready. I’m sorry. I hated it there—hated business and finance courses. I tried to stay, but I like dogs and cats, all animals. I stayed away for as long as I could, but it didn’t change anything.”

“Oh god,” I whispered.

Scott’s ramblings would have been lost on anyone else, but not me. Everything was suddenly clear—the real reason why Scott had dropped out, the reason for his financial problems, his attitude, everything. He’d defended his gay brother (and me) against some ignorant, homophobic assholes. He’d stayed away from his home because of me.

I felt sick. All the horrible things I’d said to Scott after he’d dropped out came rushing back like a bad dream. I’d teased him about being too thickheaded to make it through his first year of college even with a full scholarship. I’d ridiculed him for his lack of drive and determination. I’d rubbed his nose in his failures, both physical and mental, when all the while he’d been protecting himself and the people he loved.

Scott was breathing heavily now, finally asleep. I watched him, so handsome and peaceful. He truly didn't have a hurtful bone in his body. Yes, he was bigger than most men, but I'd never known him to use his size or strength to hurt anyone physically, not ever. Even on the football field, he avoided doing real damage to his opponents.

We had our verbal battles—it was our thing—but Scott never had a harsh word for anyone else. Another reason I'd fallen in love with him. I watched his chest rise and fall above his heart while my own heart was breaking. I'd failed him in so many ways. *Fuck*. He'd been there for me, and I didn't even know it. I wanted him to love me, but I'd done nothing to deserve his love in return.

I gently released his hands, got out of the bed, and slowly made my way downstairs. There was no way I could sleep now. The clock on the stove reminded me of the late hour, but I didn't care. I had some things to take care of and a lot to make up for. If I pissed some people off with my early morning phone calls then too fucking bad. This was about proving to the man I love that I was worthy. I only hoped it'd be enough.

The next morning Scott came down late, looking a little rough around the edges most likely due to the effects of his first hangover.

It was clear he'd washed his face, finger combed his thick, sexy blond hair, and from the faint scent of mint, he'd managed to find a spare toothbrush.

"Hi," I said, offering him a fresh cup of coffee from the pot on the counter.

"Hi," he returned, taking the cup and wrapping both of his big hands around it.

"How do you feel?"

He shrugged. "Okay. Thanks for letting me stay here."

"You don't have to thank me," I huffed, feeling even guiltier.

"Does BJ know I got drunk last night?" he asked hesitantly.

"Yep."

"Shit." He ran his hand through his hair. "What about my mom?"

"No. She has no idea, and I plan on keeping it that way as long as you promise me you're never drinking again."

I didn't want to control Scott's life. He was a grown man. He could drink if he wanted to, but I could already see how disappointed he was in himself for his loss of control. Alcohol didn't suit him, and if being with Scott meant I'd have to give up the stuff too, I'd happily do so.

"Never," he agreed easily.

"Good, because I don't fuck drunk men."

"W-what?" His head snapped up in surprise.

"And I can't survive another night of you drunk and manage to control myself," I added, further confusing him.

"I don't understand?"

"You said some pretty enlightening things last night, Lush."

"Oh god," he hissed, rubbing his temple with his free hand.

"How much of the party do you remember?" I asked, turning to place my empty cup into the sink.

He shifted, leaning casually against the doorframe. "I remember the video. I remember finding you in the kitchen with your redheaded boyfriend," he added bitterly before shrugging his shoulders. "After that things get a little fuzzy."

I turned and waited until I had his full attention before I began, "Well, let me clear some things up for you, Lush. First, Cameron is not—nor will he ever be—my boyfriend. I haven't fucked a man since that night we were together, and there's been no one else for almost a year before that. Got it?"

I could tell my declaration shocked him.

"I get that you're not gay, and I'm okay with that for now," I continued. "I won't push you, but I want things to change. I don't want us to fight anymore."

"Rylan, I—"

I held up my hand, stopping him before he could get more than a few words out. It was important that I clear the air. I'd spent most of the night thinking about what I was going to say to Scott in the morning. I had to spit it out before I lost the nerve.

"Hear me out first okay, Scott?" I implored. "I think we can get along if we try. I promise I'll try really hard. There's no need for you to leave town again. I did some checking, and there's a great veterinary program here at the local

college. It's recognized nationally, and the next semester begins in two weeks. They still have a few openings.

"You're smart, Scott. I know you are. You always got good grades in spite of your focus on sports. You can probably get a scholarship too. Even if you don't, I talked to your mom, and she's willing to help. So am I, and BJ and Jamie will pitch in too. I also called Rimmer. He has a place above his garage. It's not much, only one bedroom, but it's furnished and close to campus. It's been sitting empty for a while now, so he's not asking for any rent until you get on your feet. It's yours if you want it."

Scott's look of confusion was expected. "Why are you doing this?" he asked, shaking his head in disbelief.

"Honestly?" I shrugged. "To apologize. I'm tired of being enemies, regardless of our past. I want more out of our relationship."

Scott looked away from me then, and BJ's words of caution came rushing back to me. "I'm not gonna pressure you, Lush. I understand that you're not comfortable with your feelings for a man. I'm okay with that, and I don't want more than you're willing to give, but—"

Before I could finish or even take my next breath, Scott was in front of me, grabbing the back of my head and crushing my lips to his. The kiss was fast and frenzied, a mixture of relief and desperation. It stole the air from my lungs and every thought from my head. I didn't mind one bit. I grabbed his biceps, using them as an anchor to keep him close while he wrapped his arms tightly around me. I'd never been with a man so much bigger in size than I was, and the feeling of being cocooned in Scott's warm embrace was like coming home.

When we both needed to come up for air, I noticed that Scott's skin was flushed, his lips were slick from their contact with mine, and he looked so damn sexy.

"You don't know shit, Squeaker," he stated breathlessly. "I know what I want—what I've always wanted. It just took me a while to get my heart and my head to line up," he declared.

He must have read my hopeful expression.

"I'm not saying I'm gay or straight or even bi. I don't know what my feelings for you make me. I don't like labels, but I like you. I like you a lot, Rylan. I wanna try and be more than friends with you. I can't promise I'll be politically correct or even comfortable with everything that comes with having a boyfriend all at once, but I want to try."

“Boyfriend?” I asked. It was my turn to be surprised. He was saying things I’d only ever imagined in my dreams.

Scott tensed. “Unless there’s someone else or you’re not interested—”

“No! There’s no one else, and I’m definitely interested,” I rushed out, leaning in to kiss him again.

He looked down at me with concern when the kiss ended. “I’m glad to hear it. I’m no angel, Ry. I have the mouth and mind of a jock. I can’t change that,” he declared sincerely. “I’m probably gonna say something offensive at some point in time, or worse, something that sounds like I don’t care,” he continued. “But it’s not going to be intentional, and you’re gonna have to tell me when I do because I never want to hurt you. I want you, Rylan. Fuck, do I want you,” he hissed. “But I’m not perfect. I’ll promise to try and be brutally honest with you, but I need you to do the same. You think you can manage that, Squeaker?”

I found myself nodding numbly. I was being given a second chance at happiness with Scott, and I would do anything he asked to make things work.

“Good, now let’s go see Rimmer’s apartment,” he said excitedly, before grabbing my hand and tugging me along behind him. I was stunned and speechless but happier than I’d been in years.

Chapter Ten

-Scott-

It took less than two days for me to settle into Rimmer's small, one bedroom apartment. I'd also registered for the local veterinary technician program with a little financial help from my mom and BJ. Rylan was right; it was possible that next semester I could earn a scholarship and keep studying toward a degree if I liked it. Not only had I registered for school, but I reduced my hours at work and officially asked Rylan out on our first date.

I waited days, years actually, for this night to finally arrive, but now that it was here, I was scared shitless. I almost threw up when I heard the loud knock on my front door. This would be our first date. It had to be perfect.

I wasn't even sure Rylan and I could last an entire evening without fighting or fucking or both. We'd promised to take things slowly. It wasn't my idea, but it seemed important to Rylan so I agreed. It was going to be hell making it through the night without remembering how good Rylan looked naked or how erotic his hard cock felt against mine.

Opening the door, I couldn't help but notice how totally fuckable he looked, standing on my doorstep, dressed in shades of black from head to toe. He wore black slacks, a charcoal-black button-down shirt, and a black leather bracelet on his wrist. His rich brown hair was neatly styled though still slightly damp, and his face was freshly shaved. As he stepped into the apartment, the clean scent of his light cologne triggered sinful memories of Rylan's body against mine, Rylan straddling me, Rylan sucking my cock, Rylan rubbing his stubble along my erection, Rylan coming all over my stomach.

Oh fuck, I'm never going to survive this night, I thought.

My only consolation was that Rylan appeared as anxious as I did, maybe even more so. He looked like he would bolt at any minute, which wasn't helping my already frayed nerves.

"I-I made lasagna," I offered meekly. "It's from a box, but I made the garlic bread myself."

His brows furrowed, and he shoved his hands into the pockets of his pants. "I thought we were going out?"

We were, but there would be no chance of getting Rylan to fuck me in a restaurant. Here in the apartment, he could be tempted; at least I hoped I could tempt him. I really wanted him to throw his “take things slowly” idea out the window. Especially since I knew he only proposed the notion for my benefit. I’d waited years to have Rylan. You couldn’t get much slower than that. I was ready for fast—hard and fast. *Oh hell yeah, was I ready for that.*

“I figured it would be better to stay in. At least it’d be better for me,” I offered, hoping I didn’t sound too desperate.

“I see,” Rylan replied, turning to examine a new wedding picture of Jamie and BJ I’d had framed.

“What do you think of the place?” I asked, knowing he could see most of the small, open concept apartment from where he stood with the exception of the bedroom and bathroom.

He looked around, noticing some of the changes I’d made including some odds and ends that Jamie and BJ had donated.

“Looks good,” he said with a forced smile.

Rylan was never this subdued.

“Is something wrong?” I asked, a sinking feeling taking hold in my stomach.

“Naw, Lush. It’s all good.”

Once again, his smile didn’t quite reach his narrowed eyes.

“If you’ve changed your mind—” I began only to have him interrupt me.

“Don’t you mean *you’ve* changed *your* mind?” he asked coldly.

“No. What are you talking about? I haven’t changed my mind.”

“Maybe it’s your attitude then,” he added harshly. “Fuck. Just forget it,” he swore. “I knew I should have never listened to our idiot brothers. This was too good to be true. Thanks, but I think I’ll pass on our *date*, Lush,” he bit out, striding toward the door.

“Rylan!”

At my shout, he stopped with his hand on the knob although he didn’t turn to face me.

“If you really want to leave, then go. But if you’re leaving because of something I’ve said or done then you’ve gotta tell me what it is, because I truly

have no idea,” I pleaded, terrified that this night was going to be over before it could even begin and knowing it was somehow my fault.

He turned back to me, his eyes full of disbelief and despair. I couldn’t imagine what I’d done to deserve that expression.

Rylan took his time scrutinizing me. It was as if he was looking for a signal or a sign, one I’d gladly give him if only I had any clue what he wanted to see. It wasn’t until he noticed my nylon-clad feet that his demeanor seemed to change. He released the doorknob and stepped back toward me.

“Why didn’t you want to go out tonight, Lush?” he asked, sounding more curious than dejected now.

I shrugged. How did I tell him I wanted to get fucked, when we promised to take things slowly and only a few seconds ago he was about ready to leave?

“Was it because you didn’t want to be seen on a date with a gay man in public?” Rylan added.

“No. Fuck, no!” I replied adamantly. “Is that what you thought?” I asked, finally putting the pieces together.

Rylan shrugged.

And I’m supposed to be the dumb-ass, I grumbled to myself as I ran a frustrated hand through my hair. *Will we ever get things right?*

“I’m not ashamed of you or what I feel, Rylan. Not anymore. I’m anxious and nervous and—”

“And what?” he prompted. “You said you wanted us to be completely honest with each other, remember?”

I inhaled deeply. *In for a penny, in for a pound.* “And horny,” I admitted.

He wasn’t expecting that answer. I watched his cheeks flush with color and his eyes grow darker as they zeroed in on my cock.

“Prove it,” Rylan dared me, jutting his chin out.

“How?”

“Take your clothes off, Scott.”

I wasn’t about to argue, especially since this was what I’d wanted all along.

He watched intently as I hastily removed first my shirt then my stylish, worn jeans. I heard his dramatic intake of breath when my pants hit the floor

and revealed the sheer, lilac-colored thong with matching thigh-high stockings I'd worn.

"That's enough," Rylan croaked as I was about to remove the underwear.

I noted how his black pants now tented at the crotch, causing my own dick to harden painfully beneath my thin panties.

"I thought you said you didn't like wearing women's underthings, Lush?" he accused.

"I don't," I confirmed. "But I like wearing them for you."

I don't think I could have surprised Rylan more if I'd said Chris Hemsworth was standing behind him in drag. I offered a hesitant smile.

"I love the way you look at me when I'm dressed like this, Rylan."

"*Fuck!*" he hissed, closing his eyes momentarily. "So you wore those for me?" he asked skeptically.

I nodded.

"I thought we agreed to take things slow?" he returned.

"We did. But only because that's what you wanted."

Rylan scanned the length of my body once again, his desire clearly evident. "So you were secretly hoping I'd get to see the sexy stockings and thong tonight. And we're staying in for dinner because you wanted to get laid. Is that it?" he deduced, his tone no longer angry. In fact, he looked quite smug with his discovery.

I nodded. "But if you still want to go out, we can. I mean, I don't want you to feel—"

Rylan shook his head slowly while stalking toward me. "You've managed to change my mind, Lush. I want to eat in." He looked down at my cock. "Suddenly, I'm hungry, really hungry, starving actually," he added, reaching out to cup my cock through the sheer fabric.

Oh god.

Beeeeep! Beeeeep! Beeeeep!

Fuck! The oven timer chose that inopportune moment to remind me that my lasagna was about to burn.

I had no choice but to slip away from Rylan's touch and attend to the dinner. I didn't realize he'd followed behind me. Not until I felt Rylan's hand on my ass as I bent over to take the lasagna out of the oven.

From my bent position, there was no way he could miss the end of the bright-green butt plug beneath the tiny, light-purple floss of my thong.

As if reading my thoughts, Rylan's hand found the end of the plug. *Damn.* I almost dropped the casserole dish on to the floor at that first tug.

"Is this for me too, Lush?" he whispered at my back, twisting the toy inside me.

"Yessss," I hissed, thrusting my ass back against his hand.

"In that case, you have two minutes to put that away and meet me in the bedroom," he demanded, giving the plug one last light tug before heading off toward my bedroom.

I don't think I ever moved so fast in my life. I was at my bedroom door with more than a minute to spare. However, despite my haste, the sight of a naked Rylan lounging on my bed, cock in hand, caused me to stop dead in my tracks. I wanted to devour the sight of him. He was a picture of smooth, naturally tanned skin, lightly defined muscle, and the smallest amount of deep-brown hair that scattered along his legs and trailed down his stomach toward his thick cock.

I watched him stroke his shaft in a slow rhythm, every now and then getting a glimpse of the wide, dusky purple head as it plunged above the top of his fist. He was sitting upright, his back against the headboard, one hand on his cock and the other bent behind his head. At first glance, one would think he was the picture of relaxation, but I knew differently. From the way Rylan's breathing increased when his eyes roamed over my sheer-encased cock and my stocking-clad legs, I knew he was having a hard time controlling his desire.

With his free hand, Rylan beckoned me closer. "That color suits you, Lush," he offered as I stepped toward the bed. "Turn around for me."

I did as he asked.

"You have such a sweet ass, high and round and perfect," he said, increasing the pace of each stroke along his cock.

I faced him again, wanting desperately to replace his hands with my own or, better yet, with my mouth. I walked toward the side of the bed but didn't settle

down on it. I don't know why I hesitated. I had no idea what I was waiting for. Permission maybe? For him to orgasm? I couldn't say. I just stood there, watching his cock as it began to leak.

Slowly Rylan placed both hands casually against the headboard behind his head and settled in, waiting. He remained still, silently challenging me while I watched his full, hard cock twitch against his stomach, drawing my attention. Still Rylan waited. I knew then that this was my cue. This was my open invitation to touch Rylan, finally. My tongue darted out and wet my lips in anticipation as I began to climb onto the bed.

-Rylan-

Watching Scott tentatively make his way over to my cock on his hands and stocking-covered knees was one of the most erotic things I'd ever seen in my life.

Damn. I thought both my heads would explode earlier when he'd stripped down to reveal his cock encased in sheer silk and his muscular legs surrounded by sexy nylon. In that moment, all my silly insecurities vanished. Especially after Scott admitted he was wearing the lingerie for me.

How did I get so fucking lucky?

Scott Lush was my every fantasy come to life, and tonight, I'd finally get to have him—all of him. I would have to be extra careful and take things slowly, despite the burning need inside me to fuck him hard and fast.

I wanted this experience to be pleasurable for Scott since it was my greatest hope that this would be the first night of many. Not that I'd be telling him that any time soon. I didn't want to scare him off, but I knew in my heart Scott Lush would be the last man I'd ever fuck.

Keeping my hands on the headboard, I waited for him to make his move. I saw the uncertainty in his eyes as he reached out and touched my cock. Scott's hands shook slightly. They were huge, warm, and rough, like nothing I'd ever experienced before. Even the last time, his touch hadn't felt as good as it did right now.

"Oh shit," I hissed, already so close to the edge of my orgasm.

He instantly let go.

"Don't! Don't stop, Scott. I've waited so long to feel your hands on me again."

“You have?” he asked, genuinely surprised by my answer.

I cupped his cheek gently, tilting his head so he had no choice but to look at me. “How could you not know that?” I asked softly.

I’d always assumed our animosity toward each other was based on the fact that Scott knew how much I wanted him. *Could I have been wrong about that too?*

“Kinda hard to tell with you calling me dumb-ass all the time,” he replied with a smirk, trying to make light of my comment.

In his reply, I had my answer.

“It was better than you figuring out how much I wanted you,” I admitted. “I don’t think a night’s gone by when I haven’t dreamed about your hands, your cock, or your sweet ass, Lush. So don’t hold back tonight. Okay? I want it all.”

“What about my mouth, Rylan? Did you dream about my mouth here?” he asked, taking hold of my cock once again.

My own mouth went suddenly dry, and all I could do was nod my head vigorously against the headboard.

There was a devilish gleam in his eye. “I guess I should start making some of those dreams come true, huh?”

“That’s the smartest thing I think you’ve ever said, Lush,” I kidded, tightening my hold on the headboard in anticipation of the first feel of his tongue against my cock.

Instead, Scott’s hand drifted lower, cupping my balls and squeezing them gently. “I’d watch what you say to the man who has your balls in the palm of his hand, Squeaker,” he teased. His mouth hovered less than an inch away from my slick head, his warm breath enveloping me. I wanted so badly to thrust up and force my dick inside his mouth.

“Okay, okay. You’re the smartest man I’ve ever known.” My words were thickly coated with sarcasm.

His hand contracted around my balls once again.

“Hey! Careful with those,” I warned though he wasn’t really squeezing that hard. “I’m gonna need them tonight,” I added with a wink. I loved the fact that we could tease each other and have fun even in bed.

I loved everything about him.

It wasn't an epiphany or an *aha* moment for me because I'd been in love with Scott Lush for as long as I could remember. But somehow, in this moment, my love for Scott felt bigger than anything else I'd ever known. Even though, I wasn't ready to say those three little words out loud just yet, I wanted him to know this was more than just sex.

"Scott, I know this is your first time, but I want you to know that no matter what happens I—"

Scott's hand shifted from my balls back to my cock, grasping it firmly and stroking it from root to tip. "Do you think we could save the mushy stuff until afterward, Squeaker? Because I really don't think I can wait any longer to taste you."

"Um... sure, yeah, definitely." I nodded hastily as he continued to stroke me.

Scott's next action took me by surprise. He'd said he wanted to taste me. I fully expected that his first touch would be tentative and unsure, but that's not what I got at all. He didn't start with a slow lick or even with just the tip of my dick. No, he filled his mouth with as much of my cock as he could take while his other hand slid under me, massaging my ass.

"Motherfuckingsonofa—" I swore, my hips bucking off the bed toward his skilled mouth. "Fuck, Lush. What the hell? Jesus, don't stop!"

He took advantage of my position, maneuvering his hand to the crack of my ass. His finger zeroed in on my hole while his mouth bobbed up and down on my shaft.

I was lost in a sea of my own grunts and groans, gripping the headboard with enough pressure to dent the wood. It was the only thing stopping me from exploding down his throat.

"Good?" he asked after releasing my cock with a *pop*, looking for some reassurance.

I couldn't speak. Hell, I could barely breathe, however, I did manage to tilt my lips up in a satisfied smile.

"I've been studying," he informed me, proudly.

That statement got my immediate attention.

"With who?" I growled, impulsively grabbing him by his hair and lifting his head away from my cock.

He pried my hand off his head. “Fuck. On the Internet, Squeaker. Jealous much?” he asked with a smirk.

I felt my entire body relax at his admission. I knew I was acting crazy, but the thought of him “studying” with another man drove me insane. I tweaked one of his nipples in response to his sarcasm.

“I meant it when I said you’re the only man I want,” he continued between occasional licks to my spit-soaked shaft. “I studied as much as I could, hoping one day I’d get the chance to practice for real with you. I even ordered all the stuff we’d need just in case.”

“Where?” I asked.

Scott slid his big body across my lap and reached over to open his nightstand drawer. It was filled with toys, accessories, lube, and condoms. He was right. He had everything we’d need for a long while.

When he went to move back to my side, I pressed my hand against the small of his back, stopping him. I liked this position, Scott’s naked body sprawled over my lap, his ass in the perfect position for me to slap, spread, or finger.

I trailed my hand along his silk hose, loving the feel of his muscular thighs beneath the delicate material. My hand drifted higher until I could trace the line of string along his ass crack and grasp the handle of the butt plug that was still securely in place.

“Pass me the lube and lift up a bit,” I ordered.

Scott eagerly did my bidding. When his hips lifted, I rolled the manties down and off his legs, leaving his smooth ass bare and exposed.

“Spread your knees a bit. Yes, like that.”

I could feel his body trembling, his hard cock pressed against the side of my thigh.

Damn, he was so tempting. I wanted nothing more than to roll his big body over and slam my cock inside of him, but I held back. Even if it killed me, I’d take my time with Scott tonight.

Slowly, I rolled the lilac-colored stockings down and off each leg. Opening the lube, I dribbled it over both of his cheeks. I took my time massaging his ass, along the tops of his thighs, and finally up the length of his back and shoulders. I massaged everywhere I could reach with him sprawled across my lap. Everywhere except where he really wanted.

Scott's big body tensed whenever my fingers neared the crack of his ass. He was moaning helplessly and grinding his cock against my thigh.

"Fuck, Rylan, please." He eventually broke.

He wasn't the only one being tortured. Touching him without touching where I really wanted to was pure hell—sinful, beautiful, nerve-racking hell.

Finally, I took hold of the base of the butt plug. "You want this out?" I asked with a slight tug.

"Now who's the dumb-ass?" Scott replied, frustrated.

I pinched his ass cheek hard in response.

"Ow! Fuck. Yes. Please. Take it out and replace it with your cock."

Shit.

Without hesitation, I turned my body and shifted out from under him. "Lie on your back, legs apart, hips up."

I placed a pillow under his ass and sat back on my heels to admire the view of a ready and willing Scott Lush, waiting for me to fuck him.

Grabbing the plug once again, I removed it slowly, gauging his response for any signs of discomfort. When it was finally out, I slicked my finger with lube and slid into heaven.

"Rylan!" he hissed seductively.

My name on Scott's lips spurred me on. I was going too fast. I knew it, but I had no choice. I'd come before I even got near his ass if I didn't speed things up. I added another slick finger and felt him adjust to accommodate my invasion.

"I don't think I can wait much longer to be inside you," I moaned.

He hissed out a curse. "Then don't. I'm ready," Scott encouraged me.

I rolled a condom on and spread more lube over my covered cock and his hole. Carefully, I grabbed his hands and placed them on my hipbones.

"If it's too much, push me away," I coached him. "The last thing I want is to hurt you, but I don't know how much control I'm gonna have once I'm inside of your sweet ass, Lush. Push me away if you need to. Okay?"

Scott nodded, even though we both knew he wouldn't stop me.

With one hand, I held his balls up and away, so I could watch my cock entering him for the first time. With the other, I held one of his legs high and back, leaving him open for me.

I was prepared for the edgy, urgent feeling that washed over me when I began to breach his tight virgin ass. However, I never expected my lungs to ignite into flames or my heart to expand painfully in my chest.

Scott was on his elbows too, watching. His stunning green eyes met mine, and I knew he felt everything I was feeling in that moment. It was more than my cock filling him. It was a connection on a much deeper level.

“You okay?” I asked when I felt that first ring of muscle finally give way to the pressure of my cock.

Scott nodded and grunted while tipping his head back on the pillow as I pushed my cock farther into his tight channel.

“That’s it. Fuck, you feel good,” I praised.

“Oh god.”

Scott’s hands were still at my waist, holding me but not pushing me away. I took that as a good sign and sank my cock deeper inside him. His teeth were clenched, his eyes closed, and I could see a sheen of perspiration adorn his brow. He grunted again and moved one of his hands from my hip to grasp at the sheets. I could see the corded muscles in his arms twitch as he held on tightly to the bedding.

I was too far gone to stop now. I pushed steadily forward a little more until... “That’s all. I’m in, Scott. Fuck, I’m all the way in. Damn, you did so good, taking all of my cock.”

He opened his beautiful eyes and smiled, then dramatically released the long breath he’d apparently been holding. He flexed and relaxed his internal muscles around me, learning what it felt like to have a cock inside him.

“Oh shit,” I hissed when he began to slowly rotate his hips around my cock. “Tell me how it feels?” I prompted.

“Full and strange, but so fucking incredible,” Scott hissed, while continuing to squeeze and rotate against me.

“Oh god. I’m gonna move now, okay?” I warned him when I could no longer hold off.

He nodded.

“Stop me if it’s too much.”

Slowly, I slid my shaft almost entirely out, then even more slowly I slid back in.

Out. In.

Out. In.

Out. In. I repeated the motion, picking up the pace with every glide while watching Scott for any sign of discomfort. There was none, only his increased breathing and more grinding of his hips. He used his hands to grip my sides, holding me tightly against him.

I was getting close.

“Stroke your cock for me, Lush,” I ordered while I continued to fuck him.

Scott’s big fist wrapped around his girth and began to pump furiously. The sight was enough to light that familiar fire inside me, only this time it was too intense to ignore.

Through my euphoric haze, I heard Scott grunting and cursing beneath me. I felt his body’s jerky movements against my cock right before the first jets of his cum shot out onto his chest. Finally—mercifully—I let myself go. I thrust steadily, bucking against his ass before everything ceased. The world around me faded away, and I exploded within him on a hoarse cry.

“Rylan!” he shouted as he continued to stroke himself. “Oh god! Oh god!”

“Yes, fuck yes, Scott. Come for me again,” I demanded.

I watched his fist tighten around his shaft and yet another load of milky-white fluid spatter on his chest as he ground wildly against my cock. When I’d given him all I had, I released his leg and slowly eased my cock from his ass. He grunted but other than that, Scott was too exhausted to move.

I discarded the condom in the trash near the bed then flopped back down beside him. We lay together panting and sweaty, staring at the ceiling, both allowing our bodies to return to their normal rhythm after such a powerful experience.

“So, what happens now?” Scott asked.

Chapter Eleven

-Rylan-

I didn't know how to respond to Scott's question. There were so many things I wanted to say, most importantly that he was mine. I'd staked my claim tonight, and I wasn't about to let Scott go. However, I was also terrified of scaring him off again.

"I guess I owe you an apology," I said instead.

"For the best orgasm I've ever had?" he asked.

His teasing words offered me a little relief from my nerves.

"No, for earlier. I overreacted and I'm sorry."

Scott chuckled. "You seem to overreact a lot, Squeaker."

I did, but only with him. "Fuck you, Lush," I snapped back, nudging him playfully with my elbow.

"I'm hoping you'll do that a lot too," he replied, turning onto his side to face me.

"Do what? Fuck you?"

He nodded.

"So you liked that?" I asked, feeling smug.

"I fucking loved it. I've never experienced anything like that before. I want to do it again," he said, reaching out to stroke my still sticky, already alert cock.

"Maybe when you're not so sore," I offered. God knows I wanted him again, but I was mindful that this was his first time. If only he'd stop touching me. His hand on my cock was making it impossible for me to stick to my resolve.

"Or I could fuck you," Scott offered shyly, instantly negating my hesitancy.

"Are you telling me you want my ass?" I teased, though deep down his words thrilled me.

Scott nodded but refused to look me in the eyes.

"Hey, don't," I said, grabbing his chin and forcing him to look up at me. "Don't hide from me. I want everything that you want. And I like this total-

honesty policy. I like it a lot. I don't want you to ever be afraid to tell me anything, especially what you want in bed."

I felt him relax against me. "Me too," he agreed. "I want more of what we just shared, Rylan. I loved it, but I want to know how it feels to be inside you."

"Fuck, I want that too," I hissed.

"Really? You sure?" he asked surprised.

He had a lot to learn about gay relationships, and I was so glad I'd get to be the one to teach him.

"Definitely."

"Well, I'm ready when you are, Squeaker," he declared, taking my hand and wrapping it around his already erect cock as if I needed proof.

"Get the lube," I ordered, opening a condom and sheathing his dick with it as he fumbled around on the bed for the bottle.

I poured a good amount of the slick fluid onto his covered cock and another squirt onto his hand before leaning in for a quick kiss.

"How do you want me, Lush?" I asked, aware that he must have had more than a few fantasies about this moment.

"On your knees," he ordered.

I smiled, already suspecting that would be his choice. Turning, I settled myself on all fours in front of him and waited.

"Sweet Jesus," he hissed, spreading me open with one hand while his other hand coated my sensitive entrance with lube.

"I don't want to hurt you either," I heard him whisper behind me.

"You won't," I assured him even though I wasn't positive of that fact.

Scott's cock was a lot bigger than average, and I didn't often bottom. However, I desperately craved the pleasurable pain I'd experience this first time with him. I'd be fulfilling one of my own favorite fantasies. Hell, my cock was already leaking in anticipation.

As his finger hesitantly breached my hole, he whispered soft, encouraging words about how tight, firm, and sexy my ass was. His praise spurred me on, and I found myself pushing back against him, riding his finger, desperate for more.

"Oh god, Rylan, that's so hot."

“Put another one in,” I panted.

He eagerly did as I asked. I rode both of his fingers while listening to the sounds of him stroking his cock with his free hand.

“You’re so small here,” he moaned, sounding hesitant.

“I can take you,” I assured him. “Don’t make me wait any longer. Please?” I begged.

I felt every inch of the broad head of his cock as it penetrated me.

“Oh, oh hell, Rylan!” he rasped in awe as he claimed a man’s ass for the first time.

I knew exactly what he was feeling. I could vividly remember the tight, warm grip of Scott’s body as it engulfed my cock.

“Fuck me,” I encouraged him.

Those seemed to be the words he’d been waiting for. In the next instant, Scott thrust his full length inside me. He bucked against my ass over and over again until I was panting and crying out for more.

“Rylan, I-I, oh god,” he moaned, his fingers digging painfully into my hips as he held me steady for each wild thrust.

“Don’t stop! Don’t hold back, Scott. I’m with you. Fuck, I’m with you,” I swore as the first stream of cum shot out of my cock and onto the bed.

“You’re so amazing, Rylan,” he chanted over and over again as he came with a long, loud shout.

Time was lost after that.

We kissed and explored each other’s bodies with our hands, our lips, and our tongues. At some point Scott got a towel to wipe away most of my cum off the sheet, before wrapping me up in his big arms and covering us both with the blanket.

“Thank you for sharing that with me,” he whispered against my hair.

I had to swallow the lump in my throat before I could speak. “It was my pleasure, Lush. Besides, now I know why you were always so popular with the ladies in high school.”

When he didn’t respond with his usual snarky comment, I tilted my head and got a good look at his reddened face. “Oh my god, are you blushing?” I teased.

He attempted to shrug, but his arms were still wrapped around me. “I wanted you all those years ago. I used to fantasize about what we just did together,” he admitted reluctantly. It was as if he’d been carrying around the weight of that secret for far too long.

“I know. I mean... I didn’t know it back then,” I clarified. “But I know that now. And for the record, I wanted it too.”

Scott laid his forehead against my own and sighed heavily. His brows furrowed in concern. “We wasted so many years, Rylan. It’s all my fault. If only I wasn’t so scared of being different. If only I’d told you.”

I grasped his cheeks in my palms and looked into his eyes. “You think I wasn’t scared too? There’s no one to blame here, Scott. If anything, we should be happy it took so long for us to finally get together.”

“We should? Why?”

“Because it made tonight that much more special. We weren’t ready before, either of us,” I added when he looked distraught. “Most people don’t get a second chance, Lush. We did, though. Every night we’re together from now on will only get better because we know firsthand how close we came to losing each other.”

“I guess that means you’re planning on spending a lot of nights with me, huh, Squeaker?” he asked with a shy smile.

I thought about teasing him, but he deserved to know my true feelings. “I want to spend every possible night with you for a long, long time. I hope that’s what you want too,” I replied.

“More than anything.”

With that settled we snuggled closer in each other’s arms and napped for a while. When we woke, we lay together, talking for hours. Scott told me about his childhood, his biological father’s battle with depression and then alcohol. He told me about his favorite teacher, his first kiss, his issues at college, and his lifelong dream of working with animals. Even after the amazing sex we’d shared, this time we spent together talking somehow felt more intimate. Scott trusted me with private details of his life that he’d never shared with anyone before.

I reciprocated in kind. I told him stories about when BJ and Jamie were young and some of the mischief they’d get into. I loved hearing Scott laugh aloud at our brothers’ antics, mainly Jamie’s, of course, since he was always the

wild one. I also told him about the night I confessed I was gay to my parents and about my struggles to fit in socially in high school. I even shared with him my excitement over my latest project at work and, unlike all my past boyfriends, Scott really listened. Finally, he asked about my “Socially Smarter” program for young boys and wanted to know how he could get involved with the initiative. In that moment, I was sure I couldn’t love him more.

Eventually, we made our way back to the kitchen area. We ate dinner naked. We were completely comfortable with one another, laughing, feeding each other bites of dessert, and kissing as we sat side by side in Scott’s small kitchenette.

Of course we wound up back in Scott’s bed, still kissing, truly making up for lost time.

“I hope you know we’re still gonna argue, regardless of the fact that I let you fuck me,” Scott said tauntingly as he kissed a path along my neck toward my ear.

“Mmmm,” I moaned at the feel of his hot breath on my skin. “Of course we are because you’re stubborn as shit, Lush,” I teased.

He lifted his head to stare at me. “And you’re way too cocky for a nerd, Squeaker.”

“I’ll give you that one.” My lips turned up in a smile. “But now, after we fight, we get to make up.”

“In bed?” he asked. “Cause that kinda makes me want to fight with you even more now, Squeaker.”

“Seriously?”

The last thing I wanted to do with Scott was fight—wrestle maybe, but not argue.

“What?” His lips curled up into a playful smile and I knew then he was only teasing.

“That’s not exactly what I meant, and you know it.” I poked an index finger into his chest playfully. “Plus, I thought we’d called a truce.”

“Ow! Nope. No truces,” he stated rubbing the spot where I’d poked him. “Not after you just offered me all the make-up sex I could want.”

“I did not,” I declared, chuckling. “You seem to have a knack for twisting things, Lush.”

“No, I don’t.”

“Yes, you do.”

“Do not.”

“Do too.”

“Wait a minute, are we having our first official fight as a couple right now?” He smirked devilishly.

I couldn’t help but smile, knowing exactly where he was heading. “We’re not fighting. We’re having a friendly discussion, dumb-ass. There’s a difference.”

“Really? Because, you only call me dumb-ass when we argue, Squeaker. So I’m going to have to count this as a fight. And now that it’s over, I’m ready for that make-up sex you promised.”

“What makes you think it’s over?” I challenged him teasingly.

“This,” Scott replied, taking my hand and wrapping it around his impressively hard cock.

“Fuck,” I hissed, squeezing his shaft in my fist.

“Ready to make up?”

“Definitely,” I agreed, shifting lower on the bed, so I could reach his cock with my mouth.

With the first wet lick of my tongue, Scott was already beginning to tremble beneath me.

“Did I mention how much I love fighting with you, Squeaker?” he asked threading his fingers in my hair and following the up and down movements of my head with his hand as I sucked him.

“Mmm hmm,” I mumbled, smiling around his cock.

“Damn, you’re good at that,” he hissed bucking his hips upward.

“You mean this?” I asked, moving my mouth lower so I could lick a path down his balls, toward his ass.

“Oh dear god,” he whispered.

I focused all my efforts on Scott's pleasure. It didn't take long for him to reach his peak with one of my fingers massaging his prostate and my tongue licking circles around the head of his cock.

"You really do love that, huh?" I teased, once he'd finally stopped trembling and panting beneath me.

"Uh huh," he agreed dragging me up along his body for a long wet kiss.

"Love is a strong word, Lush."

In the next instant, his expression grew serious and my heart sank.

Damn, why did I have to focus on the "L" word?

Scott's hand reached up to gently cup my jaw. "No it isn't. Not when it comes to you, Rylan."

I couldn't hide my surprise. "Really?"

"Really. Um... is that okay?"

I wanted to banish the uncertainty I saw flickering in his eyes.

"So much better than okay," I replied, smiling widely and gifting him with a quick spontaneous kiss.

He released the breath he'd been holding on a long, loud sigh. "Thank god. I don't want to share you with anyone else, Rylan."

"I guess that makes you mine, Lush," I declared smugly.

"Damn straight... or gay or... *shit*, whatever," he grumbled, running a frustrated hand through his locks. "I don't give a fuck about labels as long as I have you," he whispered against my lips.

"Neither do I. Not anymore."

I meant it.

I didn't need Scott to declare that he was gay to know he loved me. I could see it in his eyes. Maybe there was something to be said about the term gay for you. Because I had to admit, I fucking loved the idea that I was the only man alive to ever spark Scott Lush's interest. I promised myself, then and there, that I'd do everything in my power to keep him interested for a long, long, long, time—forever, if I was lucky.

Epilogue

-Scott-

“I knew I’d find you here.” I heard Rylan’s sultry voice filter through the darkness of the art gallery’s small storage room. It’d been almost a year since Rylan had discovered me in this exact location during our brothers’ wedding reception.

Thankfully, a lot had changed since then.

“Did anyone see you leave?” I whispered.

“Nope. Rimmer’s too over the moon with his new husband to notice any of their wedding guests wandering off. Plus, the dancing just began.”

“Oh hell,” I replied, remembering Tino’s awkward dance moves back when he was the stripper at Jamie’s bachelor party. Since then, Tino had forgone his career as an exotic dancer in favor of becoming Rimmer’s personal plaything, and today, his husband.

Rylan chuckled from somewhere behind me. “It’s not that bad. I think Rimmer gave Tino dance lessons as an engagement gift. They really do look good together.”

“So what you’re saying is we have some time?” I prompted expectantly.

With the sound of the door’s lock being snapped into place, I had my answer. Rylan’s shiny, black formal shoes tapped against the floor behind me as he neared. From the warmth at my back, I knew he was close.

“This room hasn’t changed much,” he rasped against my ear. “I don’t remember that chair though. Then again, I don’t remember much about that night except for the fact that you had your cock out. It was all I could do not to fuck you,” Rylan whispered seductively while tracing the shell of my ear with his tongue.

“Shame you didn’t get the chance, Squeaker. Maybe tonight you’ll have better luck,” I offered, pushing my ass out to rub up against his already hard cock.

“Your big body looks so fucking sexy in that tux. God, I want you,” he hissed, reaching around me to hastily unfasten my pants and slip his hand inside. “Holy shit, Lush,” Rylan swore as his roaming hand encountered my

nylon-encased cock. He ventured lower, cursing foully again when he discovered there was no end to the silky material as his hand drifted down my thigh.

I let my pants fall to the floor then turned, so Rylan could clearly see the lower half of my body covered in full-length, baby-blue hose. It'd been a long time since I'd dressed up for him. I knew this particular pair of stockings would drive him wild. That was my intention, and the reason I chose not to wear anything else underneath.

"What do you think?" I asked, watching his eyes darken with lust at the sight of my thick cock confined beneath the sheer nylon.

"Jesus, Scott, there's no way you're leaving this room without getting fucked."

I smiled. "That was kinda my plan."

Reaching for his belt, I made quick work of his pants and underwear then grasped the waistband of my stockings.

"Don't! Leave them on," Rylan ordered. He stepped around me and slid the plush armchair along the floor until its back was against the wall. He pointed to the seat. "I want you there, on your knees, facing the wall, big man," he ordered.

As always, my cock filled painfully at his gruff command. I got into position, spreading my thighs wide, so Rylan could get a good look at my nylon-covered ass.

"Fuck, you look so sexy in blue. I don't think there's a color of the rainbow that wouldn't suit you, Lush," he praised as he stroked the silky fabric along the backs of my legs, thighs, and ass.

"Thank you for wearing these for me." Rylan bent down and whispered in my ear. "Forgive me?" he asked.

"What for?" I stuttered anxiously.

"For this," he stated right before I felt the nylon material stretch tight against my ass cheeks then rip right down the middle, exposing my crack. I inhaled sharply at the sound only to do so again at the feel of Rylan thrusting one spit-soaked finger deep into my hole.

"I'm sorry. I'll get you another pair," he promised. "Fuck, I'll get you a dozen pairs. Oh god, Lush, you look so damn good. You can't imagine how

badly I want to shove my cock in here.” He added another finger, punctuating his point. I rocked back against his intrusion, eager for more.

I knew his feeling of desperation all too well because it matched my own.

“So do it,” I goaded him.

Instead of the head of his cock against my ass, Rylan dropped his forehead against my back in frustration. “I don’t have any lube,” he groaned dejectedly.

He couldn’t see me smiling as I reached into my jacket pocket and pulled out a packet. I’d placed it there earlier in anticipation of this very moment.

He greedily took it from me. “Thank god,” he hissed, making quick work of slicking both his cock and my hole with the slippery fluid.

In the next instant, he was inside me. Rylan filled me completely, driving the length of his cock as deep as he could get while spreading my ass open to accept him. This was how it was with us—fast, frenzied, and desperate to feel connected to one another. We’d been together for eleven months now and still couldn’t get enough of each other.

Rylan thrust into my ass hard and fast, so wild that I had to brace my hands on the wall to keep the chair from falling over. It felt amazing.

“I’m gonna come, Scott. Oh fuck. Tell me now if you don’t want it in your ass,” he rushed out.

“I want it. Give it to me. Fill me,” I pleaded. We’d stopped using condoms months ago, and Rylan knew how much I loved the feel of his warm cum filling me. He wouldn’t deny me, even tonight in my rented tux.

When Rylan orgasmed, I was sure his grunts of pure pleasure could be heard out in the hall as he emptied himself into my ass. Thankfully, the supply room was on the second floor and far enough away from the crowd that the possibility of being overheard was unlikely.

Too soon, Rylan pulled out, wrapping his arms around my back, kissing my hair, my neck, and anywhere else he could reach. “Your turn,” he whispered when he felt me shiver against him.

Switching our positions slightly, Rylan sat in the chair facing me while I stood in front of him. My hard cock was still uncomfortably trapped beneath the blue nylon.

“Oh god,” I hissed, closing my eyes as Rylan began to stroke me through the sheer fabric. “Please,” I begged, wanting him to release my cock.

He didn't, at least not all of it. Instead, Rylan pulled the pantyhose down just enough to expose my head. He sat forward and took the tip of my dick into his mouth while stroking my shaft and balls through the nylon. With his free hand, he cupped my ass, finding my cum-soaked hole and thrusting two fingers inside of me. I didn't stand a chance after that. If possible, I was louder than Rylan when I shouted and cursed through one of the best orgasms of my life.

When Rylan had swallowed every bit of my seed, he released me. Holding on to his shoulders, I stepped out of my now ruined hose, which we used to clean ourselves up as best we could.

"Now I'm gonna have to go commando," I chuckled, reaching for my pants.

"Nope. I brought you these," Rylan offered, holding out a pair of white lace manties.

I recognized them as the same pair from the night of BJ and Jamie's wedding—the ones from our original bet.

"You kept them?" I asked, surprised. "You said you'd give them to another guy."

"There's never been, nor will there ever be, another man in my life, Lush," Rylan stated, his suddenly serious gaze causing my heart to accelerate rapidly.

"What are you saying?" I asked, hopeful yet cautious.

"And here I thought you were getting smarter, dumb-ass."

"Spell it out for me, Squeaker."

I felt pinned beneath the intensity of his gaze. "Will you marry me, Scott?" he asked, looking up at me from his position in the chair.

I touched his face lovingly, my heart flooding with emotion, and my lips wanting desperately to form into the words he deserved to hear.

I couldn't do it. Not like this.

"No. No way," I replied with conviction. If we were going to get engaged, we were going to do it right.

Sadly, I'd never seen a more dejected look on Rylan's face. He jumped up from his seat on the chair, angrily snatching his pants from the floor, ready to storm out the door.

Fuck! I didn't want to hurt him—quite the opposite.

With one of my large hands, I forcefully pushed him back down onto the chair.

“There you go again, jumping to conclusions, Squeaker,” I tsked, knowing I only had a few moments to make my point before Rylan left. “You didn’t let me finish. There are some things that even the man wearing the lace undies needs to do for himself.”

“Such as?” he asked bitterly.

“Asking for a man’s hand in marriage the right way,” I informed him while settling down onto one knee on the cold concrete floor.

I watched Rylan’s expression change in an instant—from hurt and angry to totally confused yet eager.

“I only plan on doing this once in a lifetime, Squeaker, so I want it to be perfect.” I reached into my jacket pocket to pull out the small velvet box I’d placed there earlier.

“Rylan Madden, you’re a conceited, overbearing know-it-all who gets under my skin like no one else,” I began. “You tease me too much, you jump to conclusions, and you’re too damn stubborn for your own good.”

“Are you going somewhere with this, Lush?” Rylan interrupted.

“You’re also smart, insanely talented, sexy as hell, and you’ve always treated me like your equal. You’re fair, funny, a good brother, and you make me laugh. You make every day better than the day before, Rylan,” I declared honestly.

He shook his head at my words, but I ignored him and continued.

“I take the blame for all our years apart. You see, I was waiting for a sign—like rainbows or angels singing or a jolt of electricity to prove to myself that you and I were meant to be. But falling in love with you wasn’t like any of those things for me, Ry. It was tense, awkward, frustrating, and scary.

“I never imagined fear would be the sign I was waiting for from the heavens, but that’s what it was. It wasn’t until I felt the gut-wrenching fear of losing you that I realized just how much I loved you. I couldn’t bear to live without you. That’s the moment when I saw the rainbows, heard the angels singing, and felt that electrical current zap my heart like a thunderbolt.

“I never want to know the fear of losing you again. I want you by my side always. It took me long enough to figure out, but now that I have you, I’m

never letting you go. I love you, Rylan Madden, and I'm hoping you'll let me spend the rest of my life proving how much."

I opened the box I was holding to reveal two bands, sized perfectly to fit both our ring fingers. I knew when I saw them in the jewelry store window that they were meant for us. The rings weren't traditional. They weren't polished and radiant. The metal of the rings was twisted, with dull- and light-shaded flecks of white gold and platinum wound into two separate circles.

Somehow, these two simple pieces of jewelry, among all others, spoke to me. They told the story of Rylan and me. Their woven shape spoke of the twists and trials we had to endure before we could finally be together. Their stunning one-of-a-kind design represented our love—beautiful at its best, yet different and perhaps even ugly to some. I pictured us wearing these unique rings with pride, knowing that—just like our relationship—they were perfectly flawed, timeless, unbreakable, and bound together in love forever.

"Well?" I prompted when Rylan remained speechless.

"That's the worst fucking proposal I've ever heard," he muttered, though I could see the sheen of unshed tears welling in his eyes. "Do you think you could manage to repeat all that, Lush?" He sniffled while swiping at one eye with the back of his hand.

I smiled wide. "I'll repeat every word, every day for the rest of your life, as long as you give me the right answer, Rylan."

"Yes. Hell yes!" he replied enthusiastically. "And might I add that it's about damn time, dumb-ass."

I shook my head and chuckled. "You know that being snarky when someone proposes isn't good etiquette, Squeaker," I scolded him playfully.

"Neither is taking over one man's proposal to do it better," he replied, snatching his ring from the box and placing it on his left ring finger, once again making me smile.

God, I love this man.

"But I did do it better, didn't I?" I provoked him.

"Yes. You did," he agreed. Then he took the other ring out of the box and took my left hand in his, placing the ring on my finger. "These are beautiful. I love you so much, Lush," he whispered solemnly.

“Even without the sexy stockings?” I asked.

He smiled and kissed me softly. “The stockings are a nice bonus, Lush, but I love you just the way you are. I always have and I always will...”

The End

Author Bio

I write mostly MM porngasmic fluff—sometimes funny, sometimes outrageous (just like me).

I believe you should always read what you love. Personally, I can't read anything that will tug at my heartstrings, leave me hanging on for the next instalment, or gloss over the sexy bits (they're the best part). I love me some tasteful dirty talk, and a book that can make me laugh will get 5!*

Though it's only been a year since I fell in love with the MM romance genre, it's become my next new addiction. Paranormal and taboo reads are my favourites.

In a past life, I was most likely a tall fitness guru with an immaculate home and a thriving garden, which totally explains my "been there, done that" attitude.

I'm currently either reading or writing the next random book that strikes my fancy (or both).

What are you up to?

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