

No Getting Over You
By
Suzanne Simon

NO GETTING OVER YOU

Tucker has been in love with Cameron, his best friend and roommate, from the first moment that they met, but Tucker never stood a chance at being more than a friend since Cameron is straight. Watching his friend go off with women time and again is slowly killing Tucker, and he has to make the tough decision to move away after graduation from the man he loves to avoid further heartbreak. What Tucker doesn't know is that Cameron has other plans for the two of them...

Love Has No Boundaries

An M/M Romance series

NO GETTING OVER YOU

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Introduction

The story you are about to read celebrates love, sex and romance between men. It is a product of the *Love Has No Boundaries* promotion sponsored by the *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* and is published as a free gift to you.

What Is Love Has No Boundaries?

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 they 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 Has No Boundaries*.

Whether you are an avid M/M romance reader or new to the genre, 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.

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Photo Description

Blaine and Kurt, characters from the television show *Glee*, are kissing each other.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

My name is Tucker. See these two, they are Kurt and Blaine from Glee and I am a total Gleek. Their love is so perfect except it isn't real. It's just a TV show.

My best friend says I should stop obsessing over fictional characters. That maybe if I opened my eyes and looked around I would discover a love of my own.

But what does he know? He's hot and has tons of girls chasing him. He's totally straight.

Or is he?

HEA please.

Sincerely,

Dionne

Story Info

Genre: contemporary

Tags: friends to lovers, tattoo, college, *Glee*, oral sex, HEA

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Tucker stared at the television intently as *Glee's* Blaine sang *Teenage Dream* while a fascinated Kurt watched him. He picked up the remote and bumped the volume up a few notches when he realized that the sound of running water was echoing through the apartment. He relaxed his tense pose when the added noise finally managed to drown out the sound of his roommate Cameron showering, naked and wet, just a few feet from where he sat on the couch.

It was Friday night. Again. Tucker sighed. Most people would be thrilled at the prospect of the upcoming weekend. For most, it meant the end of the workweek, the end of a week of school or even an upcoming date. For Tucker, it meant the beginning of a nag fest as Cameron tried unsuccessfully to convince Tucker to go out with him and his friends.

It wasn't that Tucker didn't like hanging out with Cameron. Or hanging out with his friends for that matter. It was just that there was only so much Tucker could take of watching his straight roommate flirting and being flirted with—and occasionally going off with—the eager females that regularly competed for Cameron's attention. Quite simply put, it hurt too much to see physical proof that Cameron was so very far out of his reach.

No, it was better to stay here in the apartment and indulge in his other, less painful obsession of watching Kurt and Blaine strut their stuff on *Glee*. Really, he might even start to believe that if he repeated it enough in his mind.

Gay man falls for his gorgeous straight roommate. Had to be the oldest story in the world, right? Yeah, Tucker knew how clichéd it sounded that he had fallen for someone who was completely unable to return his feelings, but it hadn't started that way. Okay, maybe it had been like that the first five minutes Tucker had laid eyes on Cameron.

He had been just a few weeks into his freshman year in college and was having lunch in the university cafeteria when a shadow had fallen over his

lunch tray. Tucker had been reading his English 101 textbook while choking down an entirely too dry hamburger, multitasking in the vain effort to get ahead of the mountain of homework that he had yet to get a handle on, when his gaze reached up and froze at the deepest brown eyes that he had ever seen.

“Do you mind if I sit here?”

In the time that it took for Tucker to form a coherent reply to the question, he had already decided how many children he wanted to have with the perfect man before him (two, a boy and a girl), what they were going to name them (Becca for the girl, Jonathan for the boy), whether they would have a cat or a dog (a cat and a dog, because Tucker just couldn't decide between them) and what color house they were going to live in (white with green shutters). Somehow he managed to stutter out something that must have sounded like an affirmative reply, because the gorgeous blond god had pulled out a chair and sat down across from Tucker.

“What are you reading?” He had asked with an infectious grin as he settled his tray full of food in front of him.

Tucker had just opened his mouth to answer when a petite blonde girl had plunked her tray down and pulled her chair entirely too close to the brown-eyed hunk before sitting. “Hey, what are we talking about?”

“Oh hey,” Tucker's dream guy had replied. “I was just asking...” he shot a questioning glance at Tucker.

“Tucker.”

“Yeah,” he said with a grin. “I was just asking Tucker what he was reading. I'm Cameron, by the way, and this is Vivian.”

All of Tucker's hopeful dreams of a few minutes ago had turned to ash in his mouth along with his last bite of unappetizing hamburger as he watched Vivian place a possessive hand on Cameron's arm. He managed to stutter out a polite greeting to Vivian before making a big production of glancing at his watch and proclaiming that he was going to be late for his next class if he didn't leave *right that minute*.

Tucker spent the next several weeks trying to forget broad shoulders and beautiful brown eyes that sparkled when Cameron smiled at him.

It wasn't easy. Tucker went from never knowing that his dream man existed to seeing him everywhere he went. Cameron always smiled and waved at him when he spotted Tucker; Tucker would smile weakly, return the wave and beat a hasty retreat before he could make a return to the foolish daydreams that he had spun when he first met Cameron. The first semester passed painfully slowly before mercifully ending in the middle of December. Tucker spent Christmas break hiding out in his room at his parents' house, and ignoring the occasional erotic dream, that would leave him breathless and aching hard, as he woke in the middle of the night with the memory of teasing brown eyes.

The next semester, things got better and so much worse. Tucker walked into his Psych 101 class to discover that Cameron was going to be a classmate. Intent on ignoring temptation, Tucker took a seat in the very front of the room where few students were likely to sit. Cameron, unaware that he was causing Tucker no end of discomfort, followed him to the front and sat right next to him. By the middle of the semester, the temptation to throw Cameron to the floor and molest him had eased up thanks to a brief romance with a soccer player named Ethan, and he was actually able to enjoy spending small amounts of time chatting with Cameron as they worked together on class assignments. It was during one of those chats that Tucker had let slip that he was looking to get out of the dorms and get an apartment for the following semester. Things with Ethan were hot and heavy at the time, so Tucker had barely hesitated when Cameron suggested that they look for an apartment together.

It had worked out well, all in all. Tucker had admitted before moving in that he was gay, just in case Cameron had missed the obvious signs. Cameron had gone quiet for just a moment, making Tucker nervous that he would somehow run off never to be seen again, before Cameron gave him a dazzling smile and admitted that it didn't bother him so long as Tucker didn't try to make him watch any Lifetime movies. Tucker, who did occasionally watch Lifetime movies, flushed and teased back that he was making no promises. He

took great delight several months into their new living arrangement to remind Cameron of that particular conversation when it turned out that Cameron enjoyed those movies as much as, if not more, than Tucker did.

Things with Ethan cooled off sometime in the middle of sophomore year before stuttering to a standstill. Cameron continued to date much of the female population, never seeing anyone more than a few weeks in a row, without it bothering Tucker too much. He and Cameron fell into a solid friendship, and Tucker could even laugh at himself for the earlier infatuation that he had felt for his friend.

Then Cameron met Amy at the start of their senior year. She was sweet, smart, and extremely beautiful inside and out. Tucker hated her on sight, a feeling that Cameron obviously didn't share, since their relationship managed to last five months. Five long, tortuous months of Tucker making excuses to avoid the apartment in case he had to see them cuddling together or worse, listening to them having sex in Cameron's bedroom while Tucker sat in his room just mere feet away. Tucker was forced to confront his feelings for Cameron and realized that they had never really gone away, but instead managed to get stronger the longer their friendship lasted.

With graduation rapidly approaching, Tucker had some tough decisions to make. He started looking into jobs across the country, despite Cameron's tentative plans for the two of them to find jobs in the area and rent a house near their current apartment. While Tucker liked the area that they were living in, he knew deep down that he needed to put some space between him and Cameron. He had even gone as far as to send out a few résumés for some of those faraway job listings during the time that Cameron had been with Amy. Then they had broken up just a few weeks ago, for reasons that Cameron seemed strangely reluctant to talk about, but Tucker was still mulling the possibility of moving away and starting over.

It would probably be best in the long run for Tucker to be away from the object of his obsession. After all, they were going to have to be apart at some point. Cameron would eventually meet the woman that he was going to spend

his life with, and Tucker would (hopefully) eventually meet a man that would make him forget all about how Cameron made him feel.

That would have been a great plan, a plan that just might have worked out for the best, if Tucker had just his sexual attraction to Cameron to deal with. The trouble was that his attraction to Cameron had turned into so much more during their three and a half years of friendship.

Tucker wouldn't just miss the little zap of awareness that he felt whenever he was near Cameron. He would also miss the way that Cameron's light snores could be heard across the apartment when he was overly tired, the little snort he made when he was surprised with something funny, the way he bit his bottom lip when he was trying to concentrate while he was reading. Hell, he would just miss coming home to Cameron. Having him listen to how Tucker's day went and being there to hear the excitement in Cameron's voice when he was describing a particularly good day. It was all the little things and everything in between that made Cameron the person that Tucker had fallen in love with. How could he possibly walk away from that?

Tucker was pulled out of his reminiscing by a small noise next to him. He glanced up to see his roommate standing next to the couch wearing a dark blue towel, a few droplets of water, and nothing else. He swallowed so hard that he nearly damaged his Adam's apple while he tried to pry his eyes away from the wet dream that was standing in front of him.

An unsuccessful try, as it turned out. His traitorous eyes refused to cooperate, too busy tracking the slow movement of one particular droplet of water that dropped off Cameron's chin and was now making its way down a tightly muscled chest, gaining momentum as it gathered water from a few other droplets. It worked its way past a shell pink nipple, made its way o-o-oh so-o-o slowly down to his belly button (a rather fine innie with a light dusting of dark-blond hair around it) and just off to the side before sliding into the edge of the terry cloth towel that hovered at the very top of Cameron's groin. He blinked for the first time since Cameron had appeared half naked in front of him, realizing that the dark smudge on the top of Cameron's pelvis was not a smudge but was in fact... "A tattoo? Since when do you have a tattoo?"

“Oh, I got it last week. Do you like it?” Cameron walked even closer until he was just a few inches away and tilted his pelvis towards Tucker, as if there was any doubt where his eyes were now focused. Cameron slowly slid the tip of his finger around the edges of the kanji character inked in black on his skin, causing Tucker’s eyes to practically cross from the sudden surge of lust that jolted through his body as he mentally pictured his tongue swiping along the same path that Cameron’s finger was slowly making.

“What is it?” His voice was husky as he finally managed to make his eyes obey the command to look away before he slowly lost what was left of his mind.

Cameron opened his mouth to answer but was interrupted by the sound of “Bitch” being electronically chirped by Tucker’s cell phone. Cameron leaned over the couch right next to Tucker’s face and picked up the now silent phone. Tucker held his breath as the towel began to slip, wondering if his self-control would hold if that towel managed to hit the floor. To his relief—and slight disappointment—the towel managed to remain precariously balanced on Cameron’s hips.

Cameron checked the screen for the caller ID and smirked as he handed it over to Tucker. “I’m totally telling Kandi that you have her ringtone set to that song.”

Tucker tried unsuccessfully to hold back a nervous laugh as he reached for his phone. Keep it together, he told himself. What were they talking about? Oh yeah. “She already knows. Who do you think changed it?” The phone began to ring again. “Sup?” Tucker answered with half his attention still on Cameron’s lower abdomen and the black character that was inked there. He imagined that if he squinted really hard he could just make out a few stray hairs that were trying to peek out of the top of Cameron’s towel just below the black ink...

“Coming tonight?” Tucker could feel himself freeze like a deer caught in a pair of headlights before he turned to glare at Cameron. No, he did not just sic Tucker’s cousin on him in a vain attempt to force him to go out that night. The slightly guilty look and Cameron’s sudden inability to meet Tucker’s eyes

confirmed that yes, he actually did. He was going to have to do some fast talking to get out of this.

“I have a date.” Tucker blurted out the first excuse that he thought would be plausible enough to keep Kandi off his back. Some emotion flashed in Cameron’s eyes and was gone before Tucker could begin to identify what it might have been. Cameron turned and walked into his bedroom as Tucker continued to puzzle over the look that had just passed across Cameron’s face. He almost looked... hurt?

“Really?” Kandi sounded doubtful. “What’s his name?”

Shit. Shit. A name. He needed a name. “Bl-” No, moron. Don’t mention names from characters on *Glee*. Kandi’s bullshit meter would be going off like a bomb. “Brian,” he blurted out. He actually did have a Brian in one of his classes. Brian happened to be totally straight and would not have been in the running as a date even if he had been gay as a rainbow, but Kandi did not need to know that. “He’s in my Sociology class on Friday mornings.”

“So... what are you doing on this date of yours?” He could hear the beginnings of suspicion in her voice.

Sitting in my apartment, watching reruns of Glee and eating my weight in Ben & Jerry’s ice cream. He bit his lip and barely managed to keep from blurting that little gem out. “I’m not sure yet. Our plans are a little up in the air right now.” Good, he told himself. No commitment to one particular activity. It would give him more time to think up a good fake date to share when Kandi called and asked the next day.

“Hmm.” The tone in her voice was one of skepticism. Sure enough, Kandi came back with, “We both know that you’re making this up to get out of hanging out so the question now is, do you want to continue with an elaborate lie and then agree to come out? Or do you want to give in now, shut off *Glee* and go get ready?”

“How do you do that?” Tucker looked from the television where his last recorded episode of *Glee* had ended and was now at the menu screen.

“I’m psychic,” Kandi said smugly before admitting, “Cameron texted me a few minutes ago and gave me a heads up that you were being stubborn.”

“I’ll be sure to thank Cameron for that.”

“Well, after you’re done ‘thanking him’, make your way over to Vibe.”

Tucker sighed. “It’s funny how you can make the most innocent comments sound dirty.” He sat up straighter on the couch as another, more terrifying thought hit him. “Wait! What’s going on at Vibe tonight?” He thought that Cameron was dragging him out to a bar. Vibe was a coffee house and was the dead last place he could imagine spending a Friday night at.

“Oh, fun, coffee, karaoke, some conversation. The usual Friday night activities.” Kandi tried to speak faster when she came to the word *karaoke* so that it would hopefully make it past Tucker without drawing attention.

“No karaoke! You know what happened last time.” Tucker tried to make his voice stern.

“Come on, this will be totally different.”

“Name one way that this will be different.”

“There won’t be any alcohol, so therefore the chances of you getting drunk and serenading anyone again will be very slim.”

Tucker pretended to think for a moment. “Well in that case—oh wait, the answer is still no!”

“Yeah, good luck with that. I’ll see you soon.”

“I’m not going, so you won’t—” Three beeps sounded rudely in his ear, signaling that his darling younger cousin had hung up on him.

“I’m not going,” Tucker repeated confidently to himself.

Tucker stormed into the apartment and slammed the front door shut in fury. He’d known better, he’d fucking well known better, but he had gone to Vibe anyway. The whole evening had gone pretty much the way that Tucker expected it to, with the exception of the karaoke that is. He paused in his fury.

No, there was no way that Tucker could have anticipated Cameron getting up on stage and singing. Especially not the song that he chose and the way that Cameron kept his eyes on Tucker the entire time he was singing... Tucker had gotten a jolt from the intensity in Cameron's eyes that he felt from the top of his head down to his toes. Damn it, why did Cameron always have that effect on him? Every. Single. Time.

It was Kandi's fault, making him wish for things that he knew better than to hope for. "He's doing this for you, you know," she had said to a shocked Tucker as he watched his friend take the stage.

"For me? What do you mean?"

"He mentioned something when he was setting this up about making a grand gesture. He has it in his head that nothing short of a love story to rival Blaine and Kurt will satisfy you."

"Is that why he's singing?" Tucker was confused, but there was some emotion struggling its way up his throat. He thought maybe it was hope.

"Not only why he's singing for you," she said as the opening chords of a song began, "but also why he's singing that song." That was when Tucker recognized the song as *Somewhere Only We Know*, the song that Blaine sang to Kurt when he went back to McKinley in *Glee*. In spite of himself, he melted a little inside and began to believe that maybe, just maybe, his love for his best friend might be returned.

He sat there, unable to take his eyes off of Cameron the entire time he sang. When the song finally ended, Kandi nudged him into leaving his chair and seeking Cameron out. He walked up behind his friend just in time to see a girl from one of Cameron's classes hug him and mention that she still had the T-shirt that Cameron left at her house a few days ago. That was when his fragile bubble of happiness popped, and he left quickly before he had to see Cameron hanging all over yet another female.

The hurt from seeing Cameron with that girl lingered, pushing heavily on his chest until he thought that he would implode from the pain. He rubbed his hand across his heart, trying to get that stinging sensation to let up a little.

How could he have thought for even one minute that things could be different? What did he think was going to happen, that Cameron would suddenly stand up in the middle of that café and declare his undying love for Tucker? What happened tonight was exactly what he had expected. He had gone to the café knowing that he was going to have to watch Cameron hook up with a girl, and it had gone exactly as it had during the entire time that Tucker had known him. Except for the five months that he had watched Cameron with the ever-perfect Amy, that is. Tucker wasn't sure, as he pushed the heel of his hand a little harder into the burning in his chest, whether it had bothered him more to see Cameron leaving with random hookups, or if it had been worse to see him snuggled up on the couch with Amy watching movies, while Tucker sat in the corner and tried to pretend that the sight wasn't slowly killing him.

Tucker sighed. It was time, past time really, for him to put away the ridiculous daydream that lingered in the back of his mind and face the truth that Cameron was only ever going to be a friend. He was straight, and it was time that Tucker forced himself to realize that there weren't going to be any last minute revelations, that Cameron wasn't going to have a sudden impulse to find out what it would be like if he was with Tucker instead of the beautiful girls that he dated. Yeah. It was time to break out those job listings that had been gathering dust for the last few weeks while Tucker had been trying to talk himself into cutting ties with Cameron for the sake of his sanity. A move across the country, in the opposite direction from all this heartache, was really sounding like the best thing for him.

But first, before he did anything else that night, he was breaking out his recorded episodes of *Glee* and a pint of Ben & Jerry's ice cream. People could make fun of him as much as they wanted for falling back on that crutch when he was upset, but the combination of Kurt with Blaine and his pint of chocolate ice cream was the ultimate in comfort when he was hurting. He had the container of ice cream in one hand and a spoon in the other, and was just getting ready to sit down on the couch when Cameron burst through the door.

“What the hell? Why did you leave without even talking to me?”

Tucker could only gape at his roommate in confusion. Cameron was a very laid back kind of guy, and Tucker could count on one hand how many times he had seen him upset or frustrated. Now Cameron's perfectly styled hair was ruffled, and he had lines of tension bracketing either side of his mouth.

"I had to get back to the apartment," Tucker snapped through gritted teeth and hoped that Cameron would leave it at that. He felt like he had been through an emotional wringer that night, and he didn't know if he could take any more before shattering into a thousand pieces.

Cameron stood in the doorway to their apartment for a few more seconds. Shutting the door behind him, he stalked over to where Tucker stood in front of the couch. "What is it that was so important that you ran out on me? Did you have to get back to your nonexistent date? Oh, that's right. You had to get back so that you could eat ice cream and watch *Glee*, the same as you do every Friday night instead of hanging out with me. And why is it that you would rather hole up in our apartment than spend time with me?"

"I don't want to get into this right now." Or ever. Yeah, never getting into his reasons for avoiding Cameron sounded about right. "I just couldn't stay there another minute."

"Why Tucker? What is so awful about spending time with me that you turn tail and run?"

Tucker shook his head silently, willing the tears that were starting to well up in his eyes to stay put. He didn't think that he could live it down if he cried in front of Cameron. Not now. Not when all his hopeful dreams were laying shattered at his feet.

Cameron stepped forward and grabbed Tucker's chin with his hand gently. "What Tucker? I just need to know. What did I do that was so wrong?"

"You didn't do anything wrong." No matter how much Tucker wanted to avoid this conversation, he couldn't stand to let Cameron think that he had done anything wrong. It wasn't his fault that Tucker had fallen in love with him.

“Then why?” Cameron took his thumb and rubbed it gently over Tucker’s jaw. Tucker closed his eyes and forced himself not to lean into Cameron’s touch knowing that if he did, he would lose control and end up pushing his friend away from him forever.

“Was it Lisa?” Tucker’s eyes opened in surprise and met Cameron’s wide brown ones. “I don’t want Lisa. She’s in my study group. You have nothing to worry about.”

Tucker struggled to keep up with the conversation. “It’s none of my business if you’re with Lisa.” He bit his lip, struggling to hold back the words that were bubbling up in his throat. “If you don’t want her then why did she have your shirt?” Shit. That so wasn’t what he had meant to say. It had come out just a little accusingly, like Tucker was a wronged boyfriend.

Cameron smiled. “Our study group meets at her apartment.”

“Glad that clears that up,” Tucker muttered, now picturing Cameron in the middle of the brunette’s bed wearing nothing but a beautiful smile.

“I spilled coffee on my shirt and Matt, Lisa’s *boyfriend*,” he said, emphasizing the word, “was kind enough to lend me another shirt to wear home. Lisa was letting me know that she was able to get the stain out of it since she knew that it was one of my favorites.”

“I bought you that shirt,” Tucker said automatically.

If possible, Cameron smiled wider. “I know. It’s why it’s one of my favorites.”

Tucker blinked. “I feel like we’re having two totally different conversations.”

All at once Cameron’s expression turned serious. “Why did the thought of me and Lisa together bother you so much?”

“It didn’t,” Tucker lied unconvincingly. “I want you to be happy,” he continued truthfully. He just left out the part where he wished that Cameron could be happy with him instead of all the women that he dated.

“So if I were to go out later tonight with someone I met after you left Vibe, you’d be okay with it?”

Tucker didn’t mean to growl, he really didn’t, but the low menacing sound came out anyway.

Cameron looked surprised at the sound before he gave his own growl of frustration. “Jesus, Tucker, man up and tell me why that bothers you so much.”

Tucker finally snapped. “Because I’m in love with you, okay? Because watching you strut around the apartment half naked and not being able to touch you is slowly driving me crazy. Because I hate seeing those girls hanging all over you, and I really hated when you were with Amy and I came home every night and saw the two of you cuddling up on the couch or worse, having to sit in my room alone and know that the two of you were together in your bedroom.”

“It’s about time.” Cameron leaned in and kissed him slowly. Tucker froze for a few seconds before his brain kicked in and realized that *Cameron was kissing him*. Really kissing him, just like he’d imagined and dreamed about a thousand times over the last three and a half years.

Tucker pulled back from Cameron reluctantly. “Not that I’m complaining, but what the hell?”

Cameron rubbed his nose against the end of Tucker’s nose and lightly kissed his lips again before resting his forehead on Tucker’s forehead. “You are about the most clueless man that I have ever met. I have been in love with you for forever.”

Tucker’s mouth dropped open, and his heart felt like it was going to beat right out of his chest. “What? No you haven’t.”

Cameron just nodded slowly.

“Why didn’t you say anything?”

“Come here.” Cameron tugged lightly on Tucker’s hand and sat on the couch, pulling Tucker down into his lap. Tucker settled there like he had been

sitting on Cameron's lap forever and laid his head on Cameron's shoulder. "I tried to say something many times, but, every time I started to let you know how I felt, you ran from me."

"When did I run from you?"

"The first day that I introduced myself to you, you practically left smoke trails from your feet."

Tucker could feel himself blush. "It wasn't that bad."

Cameron chuckled. "Vivian actually asked me what I'd said to you to make you run off like that. It took me months to get you to even talk to me without looking like you were going to bolt."

"Well, hell. I thought I was more subtle than that."

Cameron tilted his head so that he could look into Tucker's eyes. "I wanted to get close to you, but you'd shy away every time that it looked like I was going to get close. Then, when I actually got you to agree to move in here with me, I was afraid that it would ruin our friendship if I told you how I felt. You were already with Ethan at that time, and I thought that being friends with you and getting to see you every day was better than not knowing you at all." Cameron kissed his forehead gently. "Little did I know that my little crush on you would become so much more the longer I was around you."

"So, are you...?" Tucker trailed off, unsure of how to word the question without offending Cameron. He felt like everything that he thought he knew about his friend was suddenly off-kilter.

"Gay?" Tucker nodded shyly against his shoulder. "No, baby, I'm bisexual. But you're the first guy in a long time that I've noticed that way."

Baby. God did it feel good to hear Cameron calling him an endearment so naturally. "So, why didn't you tell me?"

"I wanted to, a hundred times. When you first moved in and you told me you were gay, I didn't mention it because you were with Ethan and I didn't want to make you uncomfortable. Then, when you broke up, I tried to casually bring it up in conversation, but you'd just shoot me down and change the

subject every time I got close. You'd only let me get so close to you before your guard would come up. I started to wonder if you knew how I felt about you and that was your way of letting me down gently."

"No! I had no clue. I didn't want to get too close to you because I thought that you were straight, and I didn't want to get more attached to you than I already was."

Tucker felt rather than saw Cameron shake his head as he said, "So much time wasted."

"So why now?" Tucker held his breath, waiting for Cameron's answer.

"I found the job listings that you were applying for. All the way across the country. I decided that if I was going to lose you anyway, at least I would know once and for all how you felt about me."

"I'm sorry. I didn't think that I could spend any more time watching you go off with other people without letting you know how I felt. I thought that being friends that talked occasionally was better than watching you every day and not being able to be with you."

Cameron kissed him again gently, slowly sliding his tongue into Tucker's mouth. Tucker moaned quietly in protest when Cameron pulled back when he would have deepened the kiss. "You never did tell me what you thought of my performance."

"Why did you do that? Get up there and sing like that, I mean."

Cameron stroked his hand down Tucker's back. "I wanted to make a grand gesture that would let you know how I feel about you. I think it's about time someone made a fuss over you for a change."

Tucker melted inside just a little bit. Had he ever had someone do anything like this for him before? Not that he could ever remember in his dating history. "I loved the song. I didn't even know you could sing."

"Sure you did," Cameron teased, bumping Tucker gently with his shoulder. "I sing in the shower all the time."

Tucker groaned. “I try to stay away from the bathroom while you’re in the shower.”

“Aww, were you picturing me naked in there?”

Tucker could feel himself flush red in embarrassment. He turned his face into Cameron’s neck and nodded. His embarrassment wasn’t eased when Cameron whispered in his ear, “That’s okay, baby. You don’t have to imagine it anymore. I’ll be more than happy to show you.”

Tucker let out a whimper at that. He wanted to see that—God, did he really want to see that—but first things first. He took a calming breath and forced himself to ask the question that had been bothering him for the last several weeks. “What happened with Amy? I thought that you were really into her.”

Cameron became quiet, and Tucker had a moment of panic that maybe he had asked one too many questions. He was getting everything that he had dreamed of so, why was he still questioning how it came about? “That’s okay, you don’t have to answer.”

“No, I want to tell you. I just feel like a fool. A few weeks after I started dating Amy, I managed to convince myself that I was over you. I kept up that lie for most of the time that we were dating.”

“So, what happened? You didn’t really say much after the two of you broke up.”

Cameron sighed. “I didn’t really know what to say to you at the time. The last few weeks of the relationship, I knew something was wrong between Amy and me, but I just couldn’t seem to pinpoint what it was. Then, you went out on that date with that guy—Jake, Jason, J- something?”

“John?”

“Yeah, John. I was in a pissy mood after you left for your date, and I just couldn’t figure out why. Amy finally had enough and said, ‘If it’s going to bother you that much to see him with another man, maybe you should be dating him instead of me.’ I didn’t think that she was serious, but she must have seen something on my face when I finally put it together in my mind that

yes, I was very jealous that you were out with someone else. It didn't take her long to make her ultimatum. Either I moved out and didn't have anything else to do with you, or we were over." Cameron caressed the side of Tucker's face with his hand. "It wasn't much of a choice. There was no way that I could walk away from you. Ever."

Tucker wanted to pinch himself to make sure that he wasn't dreaming. No way of telling if this was just a wonderful dream. Unless...

"Ouch! Did you just pinch me?" Cameron glared at him, but the glint of humor in his eyes told Tucker that he was just kidding.

Tucker settled more firmly in his lap, rubbing his ass against the hardness that was starting to grow beneath him. "I was just making sure that I wasn't going to wake up all alone in my bed."

"What can I do to convince you that you're not going to ever be alone again?" Cameron whispered, his breath warm against Tucker's ear.

Tucker shivered at the sensation. "I can think of a few things."

Cameron's eyes flashed to something just beyond Tucker, and his smile widened. "Your ice cream's melting."

"Oh. I'll have to put it back into the freezer."

Cameron set Tucker gently onto the couch beside him and reached over for the carton. "That's okay. I've always wondered how this flavor of ice cream tastes. Think I'll find out."

Tucker held his breath as Cameron's meaning hit him. He wouldn't, would he? Cameron pulled Tucker's T-shirt over his head, and he instinctively reached his arms above his head to allow the material to pass, shivering as the cool air touched the warm skin of his chest. Then he shivered harder as a spoonful of partially-melted chocolate ice cream was drizzled onto his abdomen. "Oops, guess I should clean that up." Cameron's grin was wicked just before his mouth made its way slowly to the sweet sticky mess on Tucker's stomach. Tucker actually whimpered when Cameron's tongue swept

along the hard ridges of his muscles, licking up a few droplets before using his lips to gently suck the rest of the ice cream off.

“Sweet,” Cameron whispered against his skin, and he reached down with one hand to pop open the button fly of Tucker’s jeans. “Let’s see where else you taste sweet.” One smooth motion took both Tucker’s jeans and his boxer briefs, releasing the silky hardness that had steadily been growing since Cameron had pulled him onto his lap.

“God, Cam,” Tucker moaned as he threaded his fingers through Cameron’s silky hair.

Another dribble of cold wetness ran off the spoon and down over his balls, slowly followed by Cameron’s mouth. Tucker slid up on his elbows to watch as Cameron bathed them with his tongue in long, slow licks before opening his shiny pink lips to suck one ball completely into his mouth. He hummed in appreciation of the beautiful sight, and Cameron echoed it, the vibrations adding an extra tingle to the pressure that was steadily building just behind his balls.

Another wave of cold washed over his body as another drop of ice cream slid over his rock-hard erection. A split second later, a warm mouth engulfed him as Cameron took his cock down quickly to the root with gentle suction, and Tucker squeezed his eyes shut as he fought his impending orgasm. He had waited nearly four years for this moment. He didn’t want it to be over before it had even begun.

He might not have a choice about it ending so quickly though, as the combination of nearly a year of having only his own hand on his cock and now the warm friction of Cameron’s mouth as he began to bob up and down on his erection caught up to Tucker in hot waves of pleasure. He squeezed his eyes shut tightly and flexed his ass as his opening began to pulse, eager for something to touch it. As if sensing Tucker’s need, a warm finger began to rub delicately against his pucker, and Tucker’s hips began to rock back and forth, alternating between the hot suction of Cameron’s mouth and the calloused hardness of Cameron’s finger. With a gasp, Tucker lost the battle as his orgasm pulsed out of him and into Cameron’s mouth in hot, sticky waves.

He was caught in the afterglow, vaguely aware that the wet noise of skin slapping on skin meant that Cameron was taking himself in hand. A muffled groan against his thigh signaled Cameron's release. Cameron rested his head against Tucker's thigh, and Tucker ran his fingers lazily through Cameron's hair as he lay there waiting for the frantic beating of his heart to slow. Finally, he raised his head to meet chocolate brown eyes that crinkled in amusement. "That was definitely worth waiting for."

"I hope you don't think that we're done yet. I still have more ice cream."

Tucker huffed out a laugh. "I think I'm going to need a minute or ten to recover before we do that again."

"Take all the time you want. I'm not going anywhere."

They lay there together for a few minutes. Finally, Tucker gave Cameron's hair a tug to get his attention. "You never did tell me about your tattoo. I know it's a kanji character, but I'm not sure what it means."

Cameron smiled slowly. "It means *courage*."

Tucker caught his breath. One of Tucker's favorite episodes was when Blaine texted the word courage to Kurt because he was being bullied. "Another *Glee* reference? Are you sure you're not a fan?"

"It's starting to grow on me just a little, but I'm actually a big Tucker fan," he teased. Then he continued in a more serious tone, "It seemed very fitting. With you being a Gleek, getting the word tattooed on me made sense, because you give me courage every single day to do things that I never would have dreamed possible."

Tucker felt his eyes beginning to fill up with tears again. "Like the courage to get up on stage and sing?" He teased in an effort to lighten the mood before he became too emotional. "I'm not sure what I'm more impressed with, that you know the term 'Gleek' or that you were willing to permanently ink yourself for me."

Cameron slid up Tucker's body and pulled him into his arms. "Like the courage to finally tell you that I love you."

With that, Tucker lost the battle to control his tears as one salty streak made its way down his cheek. “I love you too.”

Cameron gently wiped the tear away. “So, what are we going to do next Friday night?”

Tucker could only laugh as he replied, “Well you haven’t tried every ice cream flavor yet.”

THE END

Author Bio

Suzanne Simon decided to try her hand at writing when she realized that the stories in her head were taking over her real life and discovered that the voices in her head are much more manageable when on paper. This is her first m/m romance.

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