

# STICKING IT

**K. VALE**



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# Love Has No Boundaries

*An M/M Romance series*

## STICKING IT

By K. Vale

### 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.

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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## Photo Description

A young, heavily muscled man, with his dark hair in a pompadour, is performing a gymnastics routine on a pommel horse wearing only his underwear.

## Story Letter

*Dear Author,*

*I know I'm not supposed to be on the equipment after hours, but when my frat brothers dared me to strip down to my skivvies and start scissoring, who was I to say no? We snuck in and now, here I am. We all do dumb shit when it's just the guys, after all, right? And I mean, clearly they've seen me before when I was competing on the college team, but I guess it's an understatement to say that they've never seen me perform in such—ahem—brief attire.*

*Most of the guys looked uncomfortable, but I noticed one of them looking at me like he had something else in mind. He's new and kinda one of the more quiet ones among us, so I don't know much about him. I've only just started to realize that I might... well, kinda sorta totally... like guys and not girls. Is it possible he could maybe be... like me?*

*Sincerely,*

*Confused... Curious... and Crazy Limber*

*Note: Hi! I'd like an HEA (or at least HFN) and would prefer no BDSM, dub-con, menage (or the more unusual stuff like sounding, watersports, etc.). Just some dirty sexy times (maybe some dirty talk?) and cute college boys, please! Would love it if one of them were a little geeky or nerdy. Not sure if that's squeeze-in-able, but just thought I'd throw it out there. :D Thanks!*

## Story Info

**Genre:** contemporary

**Tags:** fraternity, college, closeted, gymnast, athlete, masturbation, geek/nerd, virgin

**Word count:** 13,449

# STICKING IT

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## CHAPTER 1

“Hey, Skinny Elvis! Twenty bucks says you won’t drop trou and do your pommel routine.”

Dane Christakos gave Justin Burns a dubious look. Behind them, a few of their fraternity brothers—Ben Erenfeld, Tyrone Martin, and the new guy, Adam Kennedy—laughed with varying degrees of control.

“Seriously? Where’s the challenge, dude? This is only my second beer.” Dane handed his headache-in-a-can over to Justin with a sympathetic shake of his head. “No taking it back, sucker.”

“I’ll even pay up front.” Justin crumpled his own beer can in his fist, tossed it over his shoulder, and took a sip of Dane’s Bud while fishing in his pocket. He produced a wrinkled-up bill, which Dane snatched out of his fingers and shoved in a front pocket of his jeans. He’d already shucked his Vans and lifted his shirt over his head, careful not to fuck up the perfectly coiffed pompadour that had earned him his nickname. Dane had learned long ago that sticking out like a sore thumb on purpose was better than trying to fly under the radar and failing miserably.

Walk in a room like you own it, and you will.

Being a gymnast could’ve gotten him beat up, and *had* once or twice in high school—only because he was outnumbered—so first semester freshman year, he began rocking his crazy hair, and that spring he rushed the most prestigious frats at Cornell. It’d definitely been the way to go, because giving up gymnastics to fit in was never an option.

He was popular in his fraternity, and if everything went as planned, he’d qualify this year for the next Summer Olympics.



When Dane unbuttoned his jeans and slid them off his hips, he was glad he'd only had tighty whities in his clean laundry pile this morning. Boxers would have set him up for unintentional flashing and restricted his movement. As it was, he saw a few sets of averted eyes as he grabbed his beer back from Justin to finish the dregs.

“Easiest twenty bucks ever,” he said with a cocky twist of his mouth as he handed back the empty can. Dane mounted the horse in a liquid motion born of countless hours of training.

His routine was second-nature at this point, even with his faint buzz. He'd done it a thousand times: front support, to leg cuts, to rear support. Hold, and then into scissors. Circles to a handstand, down to flairs and back up again. From his upside-down position he saw the guys ribbing each other.

*What's the big deal?* All of them had roamed the house naked, or close to it, at one point in time or another. Hell, a few of the guys had even engaged in three-ways with the occasional sorority slut. There was no modesty in their house.

Well, except maybe for the new transfer, Adam. He hadn't been around long enough for Dane to catch him half-naked and stumbling to the bathroom in the middle of the night.

But Dane sure as hell was looking forward to it.

He came down for a cross support travel that spun into a dizzying series of Russians, and then lifted into a final handstand before spinning parallel to the pommels and sticking his dismount.

Adam, eyes glued to Dane while he walked back to his pile of clothes, gave a slow clap. Was that sarcastic? Because the way Adam's gaze followed him while he bent and grabbed his pants looked like he might have appreciated the free show.

“Thanks, man. That was exactly what I needed.” Justin flashed his phone at Dane. A picture of him, ass mid-circle, flying nothing but a Fruit of the Loom flag, filled the small screen. He wasn't looking at the camera, but that shock of black hair was unmistakable.

“Come on, Burns. That kinda shit could get me kicked out of my club.” As it was, Dane was lucky to have his coach trust him enough to give him a set of keys to practice after hours. It was close to impossible to find a college with a men’s gymnastics team, and Dane had settled for a school he loved with a private team one town over. His parents would disown him if he got caught doing stupid crap like this, after all the money they’d poured into his sport.

“Payback’s a bitch, Elvis,” Justin said with a smirk.

And now it suddenly made sense that Justin had insisted they sneak into the gym for shits and giggles. Dane had just figured the guys were drunker than he was.

*I fell right into it. Any excuse to show off in front of Adam, huh? Dumbass.*

“Payback for what?” Adam’s sandy eyebrows pinched together with authentic concern. At least he wasn’t in on it.

Tyrone filled him in. “Oh, damn! My man covered—I mean covered—Burnsie with permanent marker one time when he was passed out. Couldn’t wash that shit off for a week. The pictures were everywhere. Burnsie’s been biding his time, Elvis!”

“Come on, Burns,” Dane tried to sound cool but convincing, even though nausea twisted his gut. “That was haze week! Can’t blame me for that.”

“Nah. I blame you for the picture of my green dick that went around. I didn’t get laid once last year, and it’s all your fault. This baby’s going global as soon as I figure out how to post it on the school web page.”

*Shit.* This didn’t even compare to what Dane had done. Students were still referring to chlamydia as “The Burns” on campus. Weak as this was, though, it could do a ton of damage to Dane’s gymnastics career.

“Oh, that’s a simple hack.” Adam spoke up. Dane glared at him, but the guy with the waves of sun-kissed brown hair was smiling easily at Justin. His bright blue eyes were framed by wire-rimmed glasses, and Dane was floored, as usual, by the dimples that marked his sculpted cheeks every time he grinned. “I can handle that, no problem.”

“I knew the computer geek would come in handy!” Justin cackled. “And to think I voted *no* on you.” He gave Adam a slap on the back that jumped his glasses to the end of his nose. He pushed them up with one finger and Dane tried not to find the act charming.

*And here I backed that fucker. Thought he might be good to have around in more ways than one. Screwed over by a pretty face, Dane. You are such an idiot.*

“Go ahead,” Dane shrugged. “I’m sure it’s not gonna stop *me* from getting laid for the next year. If anything, you’re doing me a favor. It’ll be business as usual.”

Plenty of the guys in his house lied about who and how many women they slept with. Dane had dated a couple of classmates in the three years he’d been in college, but none of them had felt like more than friends. No sparks flew. Nothing had lasted. Recently, he’d made up his share of fictitious names, and shot down plenty of real women who’d been interested. So far, no one seemed to think he was anything other than straight and swinging-single, which was fine with him.

Dane casually scooped up empty cans, and then whistled and pointed a thumb at the exit sign. “I need to get something to eat.”

Adam had driven them all. He had an SUV because his parents wanted him to have “the safest vehicle possible.” Dane could imagine the guy’s sheltered and pampered upbringing: chess club on Saturday mornings, and freakin’ junior engineers’ camp over the summer. They were probably grooming him to be the next Mark Zuckerberg or something.

But Adam had walked into that first rush party and Dane couldn’t take his eyes off the guy. His hair was longish and curled in loose, wild waves around his perfect face. He was a few inches taller than Dane’s five-eight, not hugely muscular, but lean, and those fuckin’ glasses were adorable.

Dane had popped a semi just shaking hands with him. He’d known from that first meeting that he wanted Adam Kennedy in his house—hell, in his mouth. Fuck the fact that Dane wasn’t out; wasn’t even one-hundred percent

honest with himself that he was gay until recently. If Adam was interested, they'd find a way around that.

And now this shit blew it all to hell.

"Where do you wanna get food?" Adam asked, and Dane played like the situation wasn't eating him alive.

"Ah, whatever," he mumbled. Adam pierced him with those baby blues, almost as if he wanted to convey some silent message.

*How about I'm sorry for being a disappointing dickhead?*

"I wanna get to that house party at Smithberger's," Ben said. "We're outta beer, anyway."

"You're the douche who didn't buy enough," Tyrone said, kicking Ben's ass from where he walked behind him. Dane held up the rear, ready to lock the gymnasium doors after everyone was out. Adam seemed to drag his feet to keep pace with him.

"Yeah," Justin agreed. "You guys down?"

"I'm in," Tyrone answered.

"Nah," said Dane. "I got practice in the morning. Need my beauty rest."

"I can drop you guys at Chad's, and then take a spin through the drive-through if you want," Adam offered, looking at Dane.

"Yeah, sure." Dane's voice had a hard edge to it that he hoped wasn't too obvious. Fuck all of them.

At least he still had Justin's twenty for a super-sized midnight snack.

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"You guys gonna be able to find a ride home?" Adam asked, as he maneuvered his truck into a street space outside the mammoth brick Colonial.

"If I don't find a piece of ass to ride me home, I'll walk to the bus stop," Justin said.

"Have a nice walk, Don Juan." Dane couldn't help it.

“Hey, Poindexter,” Justin directed at Adam. “You good for doing that computer thing tomorrow?”

“I can probably get it done tonight. Email me the picture.”

Justin pulled out his phone. “What’s your number?”

Adam rattled it off and Dane tried hard not to commit it to memory. Adam’s phone purred in his pocket as the data was received.

“Cool. See ya later.” Justin slapped the passenger side door.

*Fuck you.*

Adam pulled away from the curb and said, “McDonald’s or Wendy’s?”

Dane swallowed down the anger that swelled in his chest. “Doesn’t matter,” he said, his eyes trained out the window, taking in black night periodically assaulted by the rhythmic passing of lit up homes.

“I’m not really going to put that picture up, you know.”

Dane turned swiftly. Adam stared straight ahead until he slowed to a stop at a red light and finally looked over.

“What do you mean? Justin’s gonna be pissed if you don’t.” Not that Dane wanted to convince him otherwise. And the sliver of hope that accompanied Adam’s words was growing exponentially inside him—he wanted to tame it, slow it down before he set himself up for more letdown.

The light blinked green, and Adam turned down Elmira toward the Mickey D’s.

“I’ll just set up a dummy template that looks like the school site. Direct all traffic from any IP address connected to our house to be diverted to the fake address. Put your picture up and encrypt the proxy page and the original photo with a virus that will wipe it out after Justin logs on to see it. He’ll just think the school took it down.”

“Are you serious? Can you do that?”

“Of course. I’ll phreak his phone when we get home just to be sure he can’t send it anywhere else. He might show it to people at the party, but there won’t be a trace of it tomorrow. Unless you wanted a copy?”

“I don’t even know what that means, but it sounds fuckin’ awesome. No, I don’t need a picture of me in my whites. Burn the evidence.” Dane wanted to suggest Adam keep it. “I totally thought you were gonna screw me over.”

“Never, Elvis.” Adam gave him a smile and a head shake that turned Dane’s stomach inside out.

“So you like that? Skinny Elvis?”

“Least it’s not *Fat* Elvis. Either the king of rock, or else they call me James Dane—you know, instead of James Dean? I’m used to it. I guess I asked for it.” Dane smoothed a hand over his upswept hair for emphasis.

“You’re a little *Rebel Without a Cause*. I can totally see it.”

“I always have a cause.”

They stopped at the drive-through microphone. “What do you want?” Adam asked.

*To lick you up and down.*

“Umm. Get me a number five. And whatever you want—I’m buying.” Dane handed over the wrinkled bill.

“Does that mean you’re gonna expect something later?” Adam chuckled and placed the order while Dane’s pulse pounded in his temples.

“Hey, it’s the least I can do. You computer guys charge more than I can afford anyway.”

Adam gave him a sideways smile, those dimples killing Dane a little more every time they flashed. He pulled up to the window to pay. The woman handed him two medium Cokes and a white bag that smelled like deep-fried heaven. Adam passed Dane the sodas and set the bag between them.

Dane found drink holders for the cups, and then reached for a fry. His hand met Adam’s in the sack. “Sorry. You want me to hand you your burger?”

“Maybe I’ll just park so I don’t have to drive and eat. That okay with you?”

“Yeah. Fine.”

Adam nearly reached the parking lot exit before he swung into a vacant spot far removed from the nearest car. Dane pulled out a thick wad of napkins, and passed him a sandwich, leaving the fries a mess at the bottom of the bag for them to share.

“So, how are you liking Cornell so far?” Dane asked with a full mouth.

“Great. Their computer science program is one of the best. Are you a native New Yorker?”

“Yeah. Well, born in Boston, but my parents moved when I was a kid. How ’bout you?”

“Connecticut.”

They chewed, swallowed, and sipped in silence, until Adam spoke again.

“You were unbelievable back there—your routine. I’ve never seen anything like that in real life.”

“Thanks. You should come to a meet sometime.”

“Yeah? Do you do that vault thing and tumbling and all that?”

Dane nodded. “We have to have a routine for all the events, but the horse and rings are my strongest.”

“Must be your huge arms. I’d love to come watch you.”

*Gulp.*

“So, why’d you end up transferring, anyway? Where were you going before?”

“I was at Stanford. Fantastic computer program, but turns out I’m not a West-Coaster. I missed seeing my family.”

Their hands met in the fry bag again, but Dane didn’t pull back. He let his salt roughened-knuckles leisurely brush over Adam’s as he snagged a handful.

He popped four fries into his mouth and sucked the salt off his fingers after he swallowed. Adam's gaze followed his lips. His blue eyes looked black in the dim light, and they widened behind his glasses. Dane's jeans grew tighter in the crotch.

"Yeah. They have some great gymnastics programs out there, too, but I kinda feel the same. You have brothers or sisters?"

"A sister. How 'bout you?"

"Two brothers. I'm the third. My poor mom rolled the dice hoping for a girl and got me."

"Well, I'm glad she tried again," Adam said, and then quickly slurped a mouthful of Coke as if to keep from saying anything else. *Or maybe that's just my wishful thinking.* Dane would have given anything to trade places with that straw.

"Well, I guess we should head back. I still have to copy a website tonight."

Dane glanced at his watch. "Yeah. I might even have time for a quick jerk-off before bed." *Why the fuck did I just say that?* "Better than counting sheep," he added, not sure if that made it worse or better. He grabbed his soda to give his mouth something to do other than talk.

"Feel free to get going on that. The drive-through chick gave us more than enough napkins." Adam handed Dane a fistful of M-stamped paper products with a laugh.

Dane choked on his soda. "Yeah, right," he said, his voice strained by the introduction of cola to his lungs and the surge of blood to his dick.

"What? It's not like anyone's gonna see." Adam shrugged, nonchalant almost. But not quite. His tongue darted out to nervously lick his lips. Dane's cock twitched in his pants, eager to accept the challenge.

"Right. Like you'd give yourself a low five in the McDonald's parking lot."

"Why not?" Adam shrugged. "I'll race you. Whoever gets off first wins."



*Oh my god. Keep talking like that and I'll finish before I get it out all the way.*

Dane positioned his cup in the drink holder, clapped his hands together, rubbed them, and said, "Game on."

Adam stared a moment, as if surprised by Dane's response, but a slow grin twisted up his lips. He dropped his drink and snatched a couple of napkins off Dane's lap. Dane willed his hips not to press up toward the guy's reaching hand.

With a swallow, he pulled at his fly, and realized he was coming out at least half-hard and was going to give himself away. But his fingers were already skating over his bulge, pulling up his sack as he lifted his ass off the seat to tug his jeans down enough to free up his dick.

Adam watched him, his hand frozen over his own junk for a moment.

"Hey, Quickdraw, you better get going or you won't stand a chance." Dane spit on his hand and rubbed the lube over his head while his other hand cuffed his base. *Fuck it. Let him see me hard. It was his idea, anyway.*

Adam took a deep breath and wrestled his cock from the gap in his boxers. It was far from soft, and Dane's shoulders dropped with relief. He wanted to tear his eyes away instead of practically drooling at the sight of Adam's six inches and counting. It was on the thicker side of average, too. A fine piece of pale, cut meat with a pink head that made Dane's own cock fill to rock-hard as he watched Adam rub thumb and forefinger along his tip. He wanted to stick his tongue in that glistening slit and taste him.

Dane's balls pulled up high, and that zip of electricity hummed along his spine telling him, *we're ready when you are.* But he wasn't. *Fuck,* he wanted to see Adam shoot. Wanted to pop his load at the same time. Adam's breath was louder than normal, with little grunts escaping now and again, and he was giving Dane's hand-fuck his undivided attention.

Dane wanted to give him a better show than the one in the gym. He leaned over and lobbed a wad of spit on his own dick while he clamped his fingers around the base. The wet trail landed perfectly on his blushing purple head and

oozed over his helmet, sliding down his length. Dane's fist pulled up to meet it, enfolding it in his foreskin. He worked his knob with a slick palm while his unoccupied fingers reached under his nuts to finger his taint.

Adam's panting sped up and he deposited a loog into his own palm.

"Mmm," Dane murmured. "I love chokin' my balls."

A strangled sound came from Adam and his hand slowed on his dick.

*Gotcha.*

"Fuck," Dane continued. "I'm gonna shoot a fuckin' monster. My nuts are so full."

More grunting from the driver's seat. Adam was barely stroking his cock. It stood up straight and fat. Probably seven inches of hard man just dying to come. But this wasn't really a race to see who got off first. Nope. This was a competition to see who could make the other spurt without even touching him. At least, it was to Dane.

Dane wondered what Adam would sound like when he let loose. *Bet I can make you scream. Just give me the chance.*

Slowly. He'd take this nice and easy. Two guys jerking off in each other's presence didn't exactly make them gay. The guys sometimes watched porn and beat-off together at the house—not a big deal.

But they weren't looking at naked women, here. No siree.

Dane could barely keep his eyes off Adam's rod—didn't want to miss the first arc of white-hot finish when it started. But when he glanced at Adam's face, the guy's gaze was trained below Dane's belt. His teeth bit his full lower lip, and his eyebrows were pinched in concentration. His intensity—his strong jaw clamped so tight it made dents in his high-boned cheeks—made Dane just as crazy as the dude's spit-slick dong being greased between long fingers. Fingers that could fly over a keyboard as masterfully as they could work a stiff dick.

“So fuckin’ hot.” Dane’s words came out in a raspy growl, and the expression on Adam’s face went from strained to pained. His mouth opened, pink tongue glistening beyond those lips as a savage groan ripped out of him.

Dane looked down to see him spurt. Creamy pulses shot high and smacked against his shorts. Come bubbled out and over his twitching fingers, dripping down his knuckles. Dane licked his lips and blasted his load.

His breathing was still labored as he gave a thin laugh.

“You win.” Dane still had one hand wrapped around his wet cock—keeping it warm after the workout—as he grabbed the napkins with his other. They dabbed off in silence, white paper clinging to palms and pubes. Dane was glad his underwear hadn’t been hit. He tugged his pants back up, trying desperately to think of something to say.

*Why don’t you sneak over to my room later tonight?*

*So, how do you like your cock? Fucked or sucked?*

*Got a smoke?*

He was still undecided, his eyes trained on the vacant parking spaces beyond his window while he muddled through possible conversations starters, each more awkward than the last.

“I don’t want you to think…” Adam’s voice, unnaturally high until he cleared his throat, filled the gap. “You know, that I’m into dudes or anything. ’Cause I’m not.”

“What?” Dane felt like he’d just taken a gut punch from Mike Tyson, but he forced out his words. “Nah. Course not.”

*Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.* No matter what he’d told himself about the other guys stroking off to porn in the same room, the notion that this had been in any way *un queer* had been obliterated by how hot it had been. Adam’s eyes devouring him. The live-wire of sexual excitement humming through the vehicle just a minute ago. Dane’s piercing desire to grab the wavy hair at the nape of Adam’s neck and pull their mouths together, no matter who might drive by.  
*Fuck!*

Adam was already backing his car out of the spot. He swung into traffic, his mouth set in a grim line. A Virginmarys' tune came on the radio and Dane reached over to turn it up and drown out his disappointment.

They walked into the enormous stone house together, without a word spoken between them. Dane's room was on the first floor, Adam's on the second. Dane grabbed the guy's arm before he could beat a fierce path upstairs.

“Hey. Thanks. For everything.”

He added the last bit because he meant it. It was a small slice of his secret fantasy dished up for the taking—one he wouldn't even hesitate to make public. He'd built up his reputation here, had climbed to council member in his fraternity, and cultivated his I-don't-give-a-shit attitude long enough so that it finally felt natural.

Just like Dane and Adam together.

He was interested—enough to make it work whatever way fit with Adam. Something told him Adam's heterosexual claim was a load of bull, and denial and distance didn't really play into his plans. Unfortunately, neither did pushing. Dane just hoped his meaning came through clear enough for Adam to read him. Stick it all out there and see if it attracts attention. Okay, maybe not all, but he'd cast a weak line. A hungry enough fish could find it and nibble if he wanted to.

“It's... yeah—nothing. No problem.” Adam's eyes darted from side to side and then landed on Dane's grip on his forearm. Dane let him go.

“Well, it's something to me. So thanks.” Dane turned to his room before he could say anything worth biting his tongue over. He risked a swift glance into the hall as he closed the door. Adam stood where Dane had left him, an unreadable expression on his face.

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Adam closed his bedroom door and let out a long breath. From the moment he'd first laid eyes on Dane in a picture of friendly, grinning frat brothers on

the school website, their arms slung around each other's necks, he'd been smitten. He'd already chosen Cornell as his transfer school—his *let's-start-over* school after a horrible first semester freshman year. His college experience had been tarnished by bullying when he'd come clean about his sexuality. And the relationship that had prompted him to come out had been a flash in the pan.

He had no intention of going the same route this time around.

But the image of the smiling guy with the dark eyes and sexy-as-hell black pompadour had swayed him into pledging Sigma Alpha Mu. He wanted to see that smile in real life. Get as close to the fire as possible, even though he could never touch it. Not while he was here studying. There would be time to meet someone after school. He couldn't risk needing to make another transfer—not when he wanted to be in one of the best schools for his major.

And odds were that guy was straight as an arrow. But now Adam had his doubts, and the new knowledge was likely to kill him over the next three years.

He kicked off his shoes and jeans, peeled his crusty boxers off with a sickening sense of remorse, and slid into clean ones. With a sigh, he plopped into his desk chair and fired-up his computer. He brought up Dane's picture on his phone and something gripped his throat in a tight fist. God, he was gorgeous. Adam had run track in high school, lifting weights on the days his coach told him to, but his muscles were much more subtle than Dane's. The gymnast was fucking ripped. He had pecs that begged to be licked, and a fine trail of black hair that began between them and travelled downward. It disappeared over his six-pack abs only to reappear again beneath his perfect innie, and then vanish once more under the waistband of his tights.

Adam swallowed hard. He'd gotten a close look at what was under those cotton drawers. And the package had been mouthwatering.

*Focus.*

First, Adam hacked Justin's phone. He saw that the photo had not been sent anywhere other than to himself, and he encrypted the original picture with

a caterpillar virus that would slowly eat away at the pixels until the shot was rendered unrecognizable in a matter of hours. Next, he pulled up the school website and duplicated it, placing Dane's photo at the top of the *Places and Faces* page. He set the new site to default from the house IP addresses, and then accessed the mobile numbers phone book for all SAM members and set them to redirect to the dummy page until the time it was set to crash. After a short delay, all attempts to access the site would reroute to the true school address.

Done.

Adam considered turning off his computer and hitting the bed. It was late enough, for sure—more morning than night, and his eyelids had been replaced with sandpaper at some point during the programming process. But the photo of Dane popped up when he closed the multitude of pages he'd been working on. With a glance at his locked door and a sadness-tinged excitement he couldn't refuse, Adam pulled out his dick and jerked off to the man of his dreams for the second time that night.

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## CHAPTER 2

“Hey. Can I borrow you for a few?” Adam stepped into Dane’s open doorway and tamped down the warning bells that seemed to start clanging in his head every time he got within a certain distance of the guy.

Dane looked up from his computer. “Sure. What’s up?”

“I need your muscles.” Adam had avoided Dane like he was patient zero all week long. And now here he was pulling a complete one-eighty. If he hadn’t been left in charge of picking up a truck full of industrial-sized tubs of imitation maple syrup, he wouldn’t have risked getting this close.

Dane squinted at him curiously. “You do, huh?”

“You know the Greek House of Pancakes event?”

Understanding lifted Dane’s brow, and he cracked a half-grin that kicked Adam’s pulse to a furious beat.

“Oh, yeah. Freshmen always get stuck doing the grunt work.” Dane stood and walked to his dresser. He grabbed a pair of balled-up athletic socks from the top drawer and sat on the end of his bed to pull them on.

His feet were gorgeous. Adam had never really thought about feet in a sexual way before, but these—long and thin, tapered with a sprinkle of dark hair on his big toes—these made him want to rub them with his own feet between crisp, cool sheets. These he’d even consider sucking on.

*Damn it!*

Dane was pushing his sock-clad feet into his Vans when he spoke again. “So, you couldn’t find a lowly freshman to help you out? You thought a junior was the way to go?”

Adam’s face burned as he blinked stupidly. *What the hell was I thinking?*

Dane cleared the five feet between them in two strides and clapped a hand on Adam’s upper arm, giving it a squeeze.

“Kidding, dude. What are brothers for?”

Adam let out a relieved breath along with a nervous laugh. “I’m really sorry to bug you. For real. It’s heavy lifting stuff and I just thought of your arms.” *Shitastic, Adam. At least you didn’t say you thought of his cock. You were pretty damn impressed with that muscle, too.*

Dane’s hand was still on him. He pinched Adam’s shoulder and worked down to his bicep with expert fingers. “Feels like you could handle it on your own.”

Adam closed his eyes for a long blink, searching for the strength to keep his hands to himself—to keep his desires locked away.

“I’ve got the truck, so I got syrup duty.”

“Ah ha. I was stuck waiting tables my freshman year.” Dane ushered Adam out and closed his door behind him. “Spilled orange juice down some guy’s back by accident. Well, mostly by accident. He was a serious pain in the ass.”

“I guess I could have it worse, in that case. Not much of a waiter, myself.”

“At least you’ll get to hang out and watch the band when you’re done. It’s Rat Fink, right?”

Adam shrugged. “Not sure.”

“What’re we raising money for this year?”

They walked out of their house into blinding sunlight and Adam squinted in Dane’s direction.

“We’re teaming with Alpha Chi Omega to benefit domestic violence. It’s over there this year.”

Dane’s movie star silhouette nodded against the bright backdrop. “Well, it’s a good cause, anyway. So, where do we pick up?”

“Our kitchen guys ordered it in bulk for us,” Adam answered as he unlocked his truck and they climbed in.

The ride to the back of the building was quick, thankfully. Adam couldn’t help but replay in his head their last encounter in the vehicle. The evidence was long removed, but he still felt like he could smell French fries every time



he got in the car. He doubted he'd be able to patronize McDonald's drive-through without getting a chubby from now on.

Adam shifted in his seat to relieve the unwelcome pressure in his fly.

The cafeteria manager told them to back into the loading bay. The door was already open when they pulled into the space and popped the tailgate.

"Here is your order." The guy in chef's whites gestured toward a stack of four boxes labeled "Andersen's Pancake Syrup." They each contained four, one gallon jugs of syrup.

"I guess I could've taken them out and moved them two at a time, huh?" Adam said, cracking open the top box and feeling like an idiot.

"I'm honored you thought of me," Dane answered, sliding the top box from in front of Adam and heaving it up with a grunt.

*I wish I could stop thinking about you.*

Not to be outdone, Adam picked up the next box without breaking up the contents. It was heavy, but not hernia-inducing.

He slid it in behind Dane's box. Dane barely moved to make way for him and Adam's hip skimmed the front of his pants.

"I knew you had it in ya."

"Guess I dragged you out for nothing." Adam turned to face him and they stood looking at each other with less than a foot between them.

"You can drag me out anytime."

*Fuck. Please don't do this to me.* Adam may have been strong enough to move syrup without Dane's help, but he was embarrassingly weak in the willpower department. He swallowed hard and licked his lips. "Are you going to the pancake thing later?"

"Should I?"

"You said yourself it's for a good cause." Adam scratched the back of his head to avoid making eye contact.

“Do you *want* me to go?”

“Sure. Yeah. The food should be pretty good,” he added lamely.

“Save me a seat, then.” Dane gave him a triumphant grin before turned back toward the kitchen. Adam followed, fear and lust swirling in his stomach. *It’s just friends—brothers, even—hanging out together. Eating pancakes. No big deal.*

But he was flirting with disaster—poking a sleeping tiger with a stick and the bars between them could melt away in the blink of an eye. He wanted time of any kind with Dane, more than he wanted safety. Couldn’t they simply be friends, though? Maybe it could turn into something else after Adam graduated. Or better yet, after Dane left school. That was only a little over a year away. They could keep it quiet.

Adam watched Dane lift another box, his arms cording with concentrated power, and a year living just feet away from that temptation yawned in the distance like an eternity.

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Dane was running late. The pancake house started serving at six, but he’d had practice, and had needed a shower more than he needed to be on time. Hopefully Adam would forgive him. He walked into the dark, crowded room to the tune of a rolling snare drum paired with a guitar solo.

“Not bad,” he mumbled, threading his way through the crowd of dancers. Past the corner that served as a makeshift stage, he saw the rows of tables. Most were still full, and he scanned the seats for Adam while his insides twisted with nerves.

Adam looked up from a conversation with a petite blonde girl and locked eyes with him. Dane smiled, bigger than he’d intended, and was glad when Adam returned it.

*Don’t scare him off. Keep it cool.*

“Hey, bro. This seat taken?”

“It’s all yours.” Adam pulled the metal folding chair out for him.

“Hey! I know you! Didn’t the *Daily Sun* do a spread on you—you’re that Olympic hopeful, right?” The blonde leaned forward to speak in front of Adam.

“Wow. I didn’t know anyone actually read that.” Dane tucked his chair in and scanned the room, catching a waiter’s eye and nodding.

“I work in the editorial department,” the blonde said. He looked back at her to catch a pout.

“Oops. Sorry. I read it.” He pointed to his chest. “Religiously.”

“Right,” she said, and focused her attention on her hash browns.

“I do. Sometimes.” Adam added. But her bruised ego had apparently gone deaf.

“Can I get you a plate?” A freshman guy—Paul Silverstein—stood across from Dane. Paul had rushed Sammy when Adam had. He was a short, stocky dude, with red hair shaved in a crew cut, and was known for being the guy who would take on any dare, no matter how disgusting. His antics usually provided quality entertainment at their house parties and somehow got him an impressive amount of pussy.

“Sure. Heavy on the sausage.” Adam’s leg bumped Dane’s under the table as the guy choked on his coffee.

“And to drink?” Paul asked with a bored sigh.

“Umm. Coffee, I guess. I’ll be up all night.” He bumped Adam’s leg back on purpose.

Paul walked off, weaving between chairs and bodies. Dane hoped he didn’t get a lap full of coffee when the guy returned. It was no easy task moving through the crowd with a loaded tray.

“So, you never told me if Burns gave you a hard time about the website?” Dane rested his head on his hand, elbow planted on the table as he looked at Adam. The seats were close enough to make their conversation intimate, and the swell of background noise obliged.

Adam gave a small smile and shook his head.

*Man, those dimples make me nuts.*

“I just started rambling on about CLOB fields and Journaled File Systems and he got this glazed look in his eyes. He couldn’t get away fast enough.”

“That’s my boy.” Dane squeezed Adam’s thigh under the table and the guy almost knocked over the coffee cup he was reaching for. “I’m glad. I wouldn’t want you getting into trouble on my account,” he added.

“Would’ve been worth it.”

“Oh, yeah? So, what are you worried about, then?”

Adam stared back at him, those sapphire eyes telling a tale, but he didn’t answer.

Dane slid his hand farther up Adam’s leg, slipping between to run fingers up his inseam until he reached the stiffening bulge at his crotch. Adam sucked in a breath, his eyes widening.

“Don’t.”

“Why not? Give me a good reason—like you’re not interested—and I’ll stop.”

“Someone might find out.” He swallowed and looked around. Paul was picking his way back to them carrying a plate and a disposable cup.

“Not good enough,” Dane replied, but removed his hand and used it to smooth back a hank of hair that had come free of the gel he’d attempted to tame it with. “I’m a communications major. You might be able to confuse me with your fancy computer talk, but at the end of the day, I’ll wear you down.”

He didn’t know if that was true, but he wanted Adam to believe it.

“Here ya go,” Paul said from across the table. He handed the plate over, wedging his body between the two women sitting across from Dane and Adam. “I threw on a few extra sausages when the chick at the grill wasn’t looking,” he added, pulsing his hips toward an attractive brunette. She elbowed him in the thigh with a giggle.

“You rock.” Dane took the plate and steaming cup before both food and drink were lost to Paul’s antics.

He covered everything on his plate—pancakes, sausages, and hash browns—in syrup, and then stabbed a link with his fork and bit down on it. Between chews he spoke to Adam. “Do you have to stay until this thing is over?”

“Yeah. I said I’d help clean up.”

“Uh huh. I’d give you a hand but I have a marketing paper to work on. Damn! We deliver great syrup!” He swirled another sausage in the lake of liquid sugar before cramming the whole thing into his mouth.

“I can see why you’re studying communications.” Adam grinned at him. “I thought it was too fake-tasting, but you’re selling it, man.”

Dane picked up the glass syrup dispenser and held it near his face with a painfully wide smile. “Don’t leave your sausage high and dry. Try covering it in Dane’s Delicious Syrup. Once you go Dane’s, you’ll never be the same.” He mimed licking the container while Adam burst out laughing.

“Scratch that. You should probably switch to drama.”

“Too shy.” Dane said, returning to his saturated hash browns.

“Right.” Adam’s leg nudged Dane’s again.

“This band doesn’t suck too bad,” Dane said. He grabbed his coffee to wash down his meal. A decent cover of “Enter Sandman” was shaking the rafters.

“Yeah. The singer is no Hetfield, but the rest—the drummer and the guys on guitar are nailing it.”

“What kind of music do you usually listen to?” There was a stereo system set up in their main living area, but the upper classmen took control of it. It would be a few more years before Adam could blast his own music throughout the house.

“I’m pretty open-minded. Not really into country or rap, but anything else is fine.”

“Yeah? You a big Madonna fan?”

“Okay, maybe not *anything*.”

“Hah.” Dane drained his cup as a slower song came on. “I’d ask you to dance, but I gotta head out.”

Adam gave him a warning look.

“I think most of the guys are going to that stupid toga party tonight,” Dane said.

“What? Oh, that one off campus?”

“Yup. I’m not going.” He stared, unblinking at Adam, letting his words sink in. “Catch ya later.” Dane slapped Adam on the back, and then stood and turned into the press of bodies.

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## CHAPTER 3

Adam was the last one to leave the building, walking out with Glenn Deecher and Samantha Tully, the couple who'd spearheaded the entire event.

"Thanks for all your help, Adam. Appreciate it," Glenn said.

"No problem." *Thanks for the excuse to stay away from the house for as long as possible.*

They called good-byes as they headed for their separate vehicles. Adam climbed behind the wheel, cringing at the pit of vipers swirling in his stomach. He'd never felt so torn. All he wanted to do was slip into Dane's dark room and then slip between his legs. And the last thing in the world he wanted to do was give into the urgent need that practically vibrated through him.

Of course, if Adam had left Alpha Chi Omega earlier, he probably could have walked past Dane's room easier. There was less chance of running into any of his frat brothers at this time. He already knew what he was going to do, no matter how much he deliberated. If that photo of Dane had been a print, it'd be dog-eared and finger-smudged by now. The nightly jerk-off to the hottest guy Adam could imagine wouldn't suffice this time. Not when the real thing had invited him in.

Dane's door was open when Adam walked in the front door. A pale glow emanated from the foot-wide crack. The hall light was off, the house mostly quiet. Farther down the long hall, TV gun shots and a siren sounded, presumably from the common room, if not a bedroom.

Adam didn't knock, just slid inside the opening and closed the door behind him. Dane looked up from his computer.

"Were you trying to make sure I got this thing done, or did you just want to make me wait?" he asked, standing and running fingers over his face, and then through his flopping hair. "I was starting to wonder."

Adam, despite his brazen entry, was at a loss. What was it about this guy? His looks—certainly. But also his confidence; his nonchalant attitude about

something so fraught with potential catastrophe. It made him want to get close just to see if Dane's massive set of balls could rub off on him.

A laugh puffed out of Adam at the thought. Dane smiled back, without knowing the joke. It was a relief to let humor interject on his doom and gloom. Doom and gloom, with a hard-on, that was. No amount of worry could put a damper on his desire.

"I... guess I tried to talk myself out of it."

Dane stepped toward him and put his hand on the doorknob as if to open it. "Do you want to go?"

Inky-dark eyes looked up into his, and he shook his head slowly. Dane twisted the lock on his door as a smile curled up one side of his mouth. "Good."

His hands came up on either side of Adam's face and pulled him down until their lips ground together. Adam's glasses tilted and were crushed between their cheeks, but he didn't care. Sensation rushed over him—Dane's firm mouth against his, his palms on either side of his head taking control and forcing something Adam willingly gave. It flooded every thought.

Dane's lips demanded, pulled Adam's between them to suck hungrily. Adam kissed him back. His previous self-denial made the act all the more delicious. Forbidden fruit had nothing on Dane's phenomenal taste. His fine chin scruff abraded Adam's cheek as he canted his head and deepened the kiss. Their tongues brushed tips, hot and wet, testing the waters. Then they slid together forcefully, fighting for space in an act that bordered on primal. Desperate.

That was exactly how he felt.

Adam's hand slid around Dane's waist, pulled the loosely tucked T-shirt from his jeans and finally found skin. He was unbelievably smooth. Silky skin covered taut muscle beneath Adam's fingertips and he groaned against Dane's mouth while he traced ribs and the ripple of cut abdomen. He sifted fingers through the soft trail of fur that spiked down Dane's chest.



Dane's stomach trembled and he pulled away, laughing.

"Sorry. Ticklish."

Adam threaded shaking fingers through his own hair, struggling to clear the fuck-fog hazing his vision.

"I'm sorry."

"Don't be." Dane lifted the black cotton over his head and stood before Adam.

He could only stare, his eyes roving over powerful arms rippling with muscle and seamed with bulging veins. Thick pectorals fanned from each armpit out toward nipples like tarnished pennies. Each tip was tight, expectant. Adam reached a hand out and slid his palm over one hard BB and heard Dane's breath hiss. He fingered the fine, dark hair that shaded Dane's chest. It grew denser at the dip between the swell of his pecs, and pointed downward like an arrow to paradise. The happy trail thinned, followed the furrow between blocks of muscle that stacked his abdomen like bricks. They were nearly as hard when Adam slid his hand over them, careful to maintain a firm contact this time.

"That tickle?" he asked, hating how breathless his voice had become.

"No." Dane swallowed, his own voice clipped. Strained.

Adam hooked a finger in his pants and pulled him closer.

"I wanna see *you*," Dane objected, reaching for Adam's button-down and working it open from the collar.

"Not nearly as impressive." Adam didn't stop him, though. He freed the buttons at his wrists and shrugged out of his shirt. He wore an undershirt beneath.

"Don't make it easy, do ya?" Dane smiled and worked the shirt up Adam's flank. "I didn't peg you for the wife-beater type."

"It's not a wi..." Adam's words were cut off by the shirt being pulled over his face and knocking his glasses once again.

“I guess I should just take these off,” he said.

“No. Leave ’em.” Dane shook his head and pulled Adam toward the bed by the front of his pants. “I want you to watch what I’m doing to you.” Dane unbuttoned as he led him. He unzipped Adam’s fly at the side of the bed and yanked down his khakis before he pushed him down on the queen mattress.

Adam sat, his cock achingly hard and his stomach a nervous knot.

*Do you see what you’re doing to me already?*

“Lie down.” Dane’s hands were on his chest, pushing him back. Adam obeyed, loving the feel of Dane against him. Loving the authority in his voice.

Dane tugged off one shoe at a time and Adam was thankful he kept his glasses on for the ab and gun show alone. He watched Dane’s chest flex and relax as he yanked Adam’s pants off the rest of the way.

Adam’s cock supported a full tent under his boxers. He held his breath while Dane lifted a knee to straddle his legs; watched him, mesmerized, as he lowered his gorgeous face toward Adam’s straining piece. That hank of black hair flopped forward. It waved between the dark eyes that looked up at him with an almost sinister smile.

Dane’s head lowered. A pink tongue peeked from between his full lips and touched the damp spot over Adam’s tip. He gave it a slow lick, full tongue saturating the fabric and heating Adam’s head. The wet cotton cooled swiftly when he pulled away.

Dane fisted Adam’s dick with a low rumbling noise of appreciation. Adam answered with a ragged sigh.

Again, Dane licked him through the cotton, from bottom to top, lavishing spit and attention over Adam’s undeserving shorts. His mouth closed around him from the side, teeth barely grazing his full meat. That might have hurt without the protection of his underwear, but Adam would risk it to get them off and feel Dane’s moist heat wrapped around him, trailing up and down his length. He’d sell his soul for every breath puffing between those lips to tease over naked skin.

Dane's fingers pumped him while his tongue sought skin between the buttoned fly of Adam's shorts. He looked up again as his tongue parted the gap and made contact with the real deal. The hot-slick flicker over Adam's ridge had him sucking in a breath through his wide open mouth.

"Mmmm. I knew you'd taste good." Dane's fingers freed Adam's cock. They slid up to hook on his elastic and slowly pull down his shorts. Adam lifted his hips, but Dane worked slowly, inching the waist down Adam's dick like he was revealing the ultimate prize to a salivating game show contestant.

"You're killing me," Adam whispered.

"Just taking my time. No matter how long it lasts, it's not long enough."

Adam popped free and Dane caught him at the base.

Heart jackhammering against his chest, Adam watched Dane's glistening tongue come down on him. He stared and trembled as the visual thrill was matched by physical sensation. Dane's wet tip teased at his hole, tasted the overzealous bit of moisture there with a reverence he didn't feel it warranted. And then lush lips circled him, pulled him inside perfection with a mind-numbing suction. His head disappeared inside Dane and he was slammed with an unreal sense of ecstasy blended with homecoming.

"Oh my god." His voice quaked as Dane took him deeper, nearly swallowing him whole and humming as he went. Adam's prick flooded, stretched beyond what he'd thought possible. He closed his eyes and fought to hold back the tsunami that threatened.

Soft slurping noises intruded on the darkness. They pulled him back to the erotic scene playing out on the other side of his lids. Not that Dane's sweet, slick mouth, his probing tongue, could be shut out. Not possible.

"Fuck, Dane. You... need... to... stop."

Slippery heat pulled off him and Adam bit down on the urge to thrust back up. Seek nirvana buried in Dane's body again.

"You okay?" Dane's voice was husky, sexier than a calendar filled with half-naked firefighters.

“I’m... better than that. You’re gonna make me come.” Adam sat up, resting on his elbows and blinking himself back to reality.

“Yeah, that’s usually how it works. I was actually looking forward to that part.” Dane leaned forward and kissed him. His mouth—with a hint of Adam’s musk—sent another pulse of desire to Adam’s aching balls.

“Not yet. Thought you were trying to go slow.”

“There’s slow and then there’s mean.” Dane pushed Adam back down with his next kiss, his hard body covering him with finality.

Adam reached up to finger-comb the hair behind Dane’s head and pull his tongue farther into his mouth. They shared a sloppy wet kiss, framed by tickling patches of midnight shadow. Dane’s jean-clad hips humped a lead pipe against Adam’s naked skin, rough and scratchy and phenomenal.

Adam pulled away. “My turn.” He reached down to undo Dane’s pants, stroking his thick bulge while he worked. Satin-covered steel finally sprang free. Heat radiated from it.

“I love that you’re uncut.” Adam said against Dane’s ear. “That is so fuckin’ hot.”

Dane groaned in response and thrust into Adam’s fist. “I’m Greek. My dad was born over there,” he said in a strained voice. “Wanted his sons to be the same.”

“Flip over so I can get a better look.” There was only so much Adam could do from his position. And he wanted to do so much more.

“See? Told ya you’d want those glasses,” Dane said as he flopped over onto his back.

Adam was done talking, though. He shimmied down to sit on Dane’s legs and yank his jeans down his hips. Dane’s prick was a shade darker than Adam’s. It complimented the olive of his skin. Sweet Mediterranean cock.

Adam pumped it a few times, admiring the smooth play of skin up and down over the purple-red cap.

“Damn. You don’t even need lube to jerk-off.”

“Don’t need it. But lube makes everything better. Just like mayonnaise.”

Adam barked a laugh. “I thought that was bacon?”

“Mayonnaise makes bacon better.” Dane raised his brows defiantly.

Adam shook his head, grinning. “You want a BJ, or a BLT?”

“BJ. BLT. In that order.”

Adam worked up a wad of spit, still chuckling. He stuck out his tongue, teasing just inches from Dane’s cock, letting the moisture roll to the edge. Ever since last weekend, he couldn’t erase the image of Dane with saliva dangling from his mouth, dropping over his hard dick and sliding down. It was the one image he took from that night guaranteed to make him painfully stiff. In class. In the shower. In the middle of the night. The hard-ons during lectures were a nightmare. The rest he was able to take care of—even welcomed.

He sucked the drool up before it could drop. “I’ve been wanting to spit on your cock all week.”

A rich laugh sounded from Dane and his tongue darted out to lick his lips. “You are a dirty one, aren’t ya? Never would’ve guessed.”

“You bring out the worst in me,” Adam said, his voice thick with the excess moisture he refused to swallow.

“Go ahead. I just spit all over yours.”

Adam let it drop. It hit Dane square on his tip, but Adam followed it down, pushing semi-closed lips against Dane’s head and taking him slowly, offering tight resistance with his mouth. Dane shivered beneath him, his breathing choppy. Maddeningly sexy.

Dane’s hips bucked. He pushed past the barrier, fucking Adam’s mouth. Adam opened his throat and choked back his gag reflex, letting him have his way. The noises from above, deep grunts Dane punctuated with each thrust, had Adam’s own cock dripping. He reached a hand down to slide his fingers over it. Lightly. Not too much. Not too soon.

The taste of Dane changed—bitter salt that accompanied a familiar slippery texture that said he was close.

Adam pulled off. “Want me to fuck you?” He spit on his fingers and fumbled under Dane’s sack, pressing into his crack like he was ringing a doorbell.

“*Fuck*. Whatever. Or I can do you. I’m really close.”

“You got a rubber?”

“Over in that top drawer.”

Adam sprang up and made for the dresser. He tore a condom off a roll and grabbed another square package of lube. It looked almost identical to the prophylactic.

“This is convenient.” He held it up as he walked back, watching Dane sit up and shuck his jeans in a glorious display of muscle. Adam would love to have Dane balls-deep in his ass, but at the same time, the notion of topping the muscle-bound guy made him buzz with expectation.

“Best invention ever. Who the hell wants a container of K-Y in their pocket?”

“You have a lot of sex at unexpected times?” Adam was suddenly, unjustifiably hurt.

“Nope. Just high hopes,” Dane said with a pirate grin that wiped away Adam’s worry in a blink.

Adam tore open the lube and squirted some into his hand, rubbed it over his pointing dick, and said, “How do you want to do this?”

“What’s the easiest for a first-timer?”

Adam’s jaw dropped. “No way.”

“What? I mean, I’ve got enough toys to fill a dirty catalogue. This is only *technically* a virgin ass. On paper.” He seemed endearingly embarrassed and reached for Adam’s dick as if to change the subject.

“Are you sure? I can definitely...”

“No! I want to. Next time I’ll stick it to ya.” He winked and stood, face-to-face and fist to cock, and placed a light kiss on Adam’s lips.

“If you’re sure.”

“Yes. Now... shut up... and fuck me,” Dane murmured between kisses.

“I can’t even believe...” But Adam stopped himself from dumping a truck load of insecurities that would make Dane realize how far out of Adam’s league he was. How impossible this seemed a week ago.

“I think you should sit on me, then. That way you can go at your own speed. Stop if you need to.”

“Okay.” Dane’s near-black eyes cut right through him. “Lie down.”

“You’re very demanding, you know that?”

“Yup. Down.”

Adam fell back on the bed.

Dane grabbed the rubber and lube out of his hand and wrapped his fingers around Adam’s cock as he straddled him. He slicked the gel over Adam, and then moved his greasy hand to his own piece. Dane’s cock nudged at Adam’s balls and he pulsed up toward the guy who sat on him. The condom fell to the side as Dane’s hands pulled their lengths together and jerked them as one.

Adam’s head fell back on the pillow, his breath harsh and puffing in an out in time with Dane’s hands.

“Oh my god,” he panted. “Fuck, Dane. Sit on my dick before I come all over you.”

Dane reached for the rubber and tore it open with his teeth. He rolled it down Adam and worked the remaining lube into his hand to cover the outside. Adam watched him slip his wet fingers behind his back and ready himself.

He scooted forward, rose up on his knees, and taking Adam’s dick in hand, Dane positioned the tip at his asshole. Adam swallowed, the heat between Dane’s cheeks tempting him to press forward. But he held back, allowing Dane to lower himself slowly.

“Don’t clench. Just relax,” he said when Dane’s body fought the intrusion.

“I’m... trying.” Damn, he was gorgeous, leaning to one side and displaying a rack of rib and glorious muscle. He could be a statue, but thank god he was flesh and bone and... searing heat and exquisite tightness as Adam’s ridge cleared his ring.

It took every ounce of control he possessed not to fuck into that sweet space.

“Hell,” Dane gasped, freezing above him, mouth open and brow furrowed.

“Won’t hurt for long. I promise.”

“Yeah?”

Dane’s voice was breathless, but his face was already clearing up. The pained squint lifted from his dark eyes as he lowered farther and farther until he finally sat flush on Adam’s hips. He leaned forward, caging Adam with his magnificent arms, and then began to move. Adam skimmed his hands over Dane’s biceps, overwhelmed by the sheer perfection of this man combined with the hot squeeze sliding up and down his cock.

Dane sighed each time he took Adam deeper, his exclamations growing louder and less controlled. With a groan, Adam began to thrust upward, unable to stop himself any longer. Dane took it, rolled with him. They grunted in unison, and Adam snaked a hand down between Dane’s legs to work his stiff one.

“Fuck. Fuck. Fuck,” Dane rasped against Adam’s ear, breath steaming through his hair, washing over him like a seductive storm.

“You gonna... come?” Adam bit the words out as the reins of control slipped through his grasp. Flashes of himself pulling out, coming along with Dane in the most intimate joining he could imagine, did him in. His nuts contracted. The feel of his orgasm mobilizing, of his load coursing through his balls in a fight to freedom, wracked his senses. It was as familiar as his own face in a mirror and still brand new every time—mind-blowingly distinct from every other. Absolute euphoria racing between his legs.



Eyes closed tight, Adam heard Dane's gasp a moment before a warm rush smacked his chest. "Fuuuuuuckkkk," Dane growled against his neck.

"You have a..." Adam swallowed, the thrill of climax dulling his mind and making his tongue clumsy. His body still floated somewhere over the bed despite being pinned between Dane's fantastic legs.

"You have a pretty limited vocabulary for a communications major," he finally managed.

"You have a pretty big dick for a nerd," Dane muttered, lips and scruff tickling Adam's shoulder as he spoke.

"Thanks a lot."

"No. Thank *you*." Dane slowly, almost reluctantly extricated Adam's body from his own. "Sorry for the mess." He reached down and peeled the rubber off Adam's cock with a grin, his hand fast, like he was trying to beat Adam to the prize. Dane bent—his beautiful ass flashing divots with the dance of muscle under warm-toned skin—and grabbed his T-shirt. He swiped it over the puddle of come on Adam's chest and stomach.

The shirt, he threw on top of a laundry pile, the rubber, in the waste basket by his desk, and then Dane walked back to the bed, naked and glorious. Adam felt blindingly self-conscious suddenly. He sat up and reached for his clothes.

"Cut it out," Dane ordered, sliding in next to him, his hand stopping him from rising.

"I should get out of here. Sounds pretty quiet out there, but I don't want to get caught leaving."

"Yeah, there's no way you could just be stopping over to chat. You look way too fucked for that." Dane smirked, pushing the covers down with his feet until Adam had to lift his body to allow the shift. Cool sheets covered them, courtesy of Dane's amazing toes. Adam smiled, remembering his fantasy earlier in the day. He slid a socked foot over toward Dane's bare calf and rubbed downward, warm fuzzies tumbling around in his chest when Dane rubbed back.

“Just stay for a little bit.” Dane hitched up on his elbow, cheek to palm. “Watch a movie or something.”

“I guess I could...”

“You know you want to.” Dane said it like a back-alley drug pusher. He *was* a drug—the most addictive kind. And now that Adam had sampled, Dane was going to be nearly impossible to stay away from.

“Believe me, I know.”

Dane reached for the clicker on his bedside table, and the television on top of his dresser blasted to life. They watched back-to-back episodes of CSI. Adam had seen them both, but it didn't matter. Dane, his arm draped possessively over Adam's hips, spooned up behind him so they could both see. His body heat burned a brand against Adam's back while his funny comments burned one on his heart. By the time they were halfway through *Iron Man*, Adam's eyes were heavy and Dane's even breathing against his neck was a lure to sleep.

*I'll just close my eyes for a few minutes. Don't want to move and wake him up.*

Adam knew it was a bad idea, but he did it anyway.

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“Gruber! Bus is gonna leave without you! Get your ass out here!”

Dane was used to shaking off the words outside his door. He could treat them—or something similar—like a snooze button, and roll over for a few more winks. Some of the other guys had considerably earlier classes than he did on Fridays. But the warm body snuggled beside him—sleep-heavy and delicious a heartbeat ago—sat bolt upright and took the covers with him.

“No,” Dane groaned.

“No!” Adam jumped out of the bed, treating the same word to a heavy coating of panic. He grabbed his knot of clothes off the floor and frantically shook them apart.

“Guess we fell asleep.” Dane grinned up at him, his voice lowered.

“You think?” Adam whispered, the question an accusation.

“When’s your first class? You should probably come back to bed for a little while.” They could start the day off right. Get back to the tangle of warm arms and legs they had a minute ago.

Instead he received a snarl.

“Are you nuts?”

“It’s not like they’re coming in.” Dane sat up and rubbed his face. “Door’s locked.”

“And it’s not like I’m getting out of here without being seen, either!”

“Calm down. That was Trey and Mike. They’re out before anyone else.”

Adam gave him a hard look made gut-wrenchingly pathetic by the fear that threatened to ignite a full-on panic attack. Dane wanted to console him, but knew that would only push him further away.

The outside door opened and shut as someone, presumably Michael Gruber, left the building.

“See? I got another half-hour of sleep time before my next alarm goes off. The Goodwin, Schroth, Greene departure is at eight thirty.”

Dane stood and pulled on his boxer briefs. He had a nearly empty Wendy’s bag atop his desk, and he dumped the crinkled wrapper and extra napkins into the garbage can under Adam’s perplexed gaze. He handed the empty sack to him.

“What the hell is this?” Adam took the bag, but obviously thought Dane was the loosest screw on the monkey bars.

“Breathe into it. I’m gonna check the hallway and I don’t want you to pass out. Not sure I could lift your ass all the way upstairs.”

Adam tilted his head, his mouth pinched into a tight line that almost gave way to a smile.

Dane would take it.

He cracked the door and stuck his head out.

“You’re good to go,” he said as he closed it and turned back to Adam. Adam stood rooted to the spot as if unsure what to say or do next.

“Listen... I’m sorry about... everything. This isn’t what I wanted to happen.”

“Seemed like it was exactly what you wanted to happen last night, but maybe I’m just not the greatest judge.” *Why? Why do you have to keep acting like this?* Every time Dane thought he was making headway, Adam insisted on throwing the whole thing into reverse.

“I know. Not that. Well, kinda that. I’m not ready to be in a relationship.”

“So you wanna fuck other people?” The thought made Dane sick. Yes, they’d only had one night, really. A handful of flirty encounters, maybe. But he’d pinned his hopes on this—was ready to make the leap, to hell with what anyone thought.

“No! I don’t want to fuck *anyone*.” Adam combed his erratic honey-brown waves with a shaking hand.

“Again, that wasn’t the vibe you were giving off before.”

“I know. I do... want you. More than I’ve wanted anyone.”

“Awww.” Dane stepped closer to him. “That’s so sweet.”

“But I can’t do this again. I came here to study and I can’t jeopardize that with... this.”

“I’m not going to get in your way. Just think about it. Okay? I wanna try *this*.” Dane scissored open hands back and forth pointing at himself and Adam. “I think it could work.”

Adam bit his lower lip. “I gotta go.”

He slipped out the door without another word.

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## CHAPTER 4

The meet had taken a lot out of him. Dane's club had travelled to Minneapolis to compete in Nationals. He'd scored high and qualified to compete in the Visa Championships in August. If he made the senior national team there, he'd be eligible for Olympic competition. He should have been on top of the world.

His routine had gone smoothly, he'd even achieved a personal best, but he couldn't get Adam out of his head the entire three days he was gone. Visions of Adam's face—his tightly squinted eyes when he came, his dimples when he laughed, that sad, sorry look when he'd left the other morning—all combined for a big picture that left Dane aching with want and worry.

He tossed his duffle bag of sweat-reeking clothes on his bed and headed upstairs to Adam's room.

*I'll just have a talk with him. Help him work this out. Find a way to get past whatever's scaring him.*

Adam's room was open and his things were gone.

Dane turned and headed for the next room, pounding on the door in a hinge-shaking display of anger.

"What?" Paul opened the door wearing nothing but boxers. A squeak came from a female-looking lump in his bed, but the sheets were pulled over his visitor's head.

"Where's Adam?"

"Kennedy? He left. Handed in his resignation on Friday. Moved over to west campus, I think."

"What? Why?"

"How should I know? Now, if ya don't mind—busy here." A muffled giggle came from the bed and Paul closed the door in Dane's face.

Dane returned to his room, so lost in thought he missed a step and nearly ended his Adam-induced misery by breaking his neck. With a sigh, he flopped back on his bed and closed his eyes. How much should he push someone who kept running away? Did he try to find him? Confront him? Or did he just give Adam the space he seemed to want so badly?

*Leave it alone, Christakos. Just let it go.*

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Adam picked up *The Sun* on his way to Uris Library and stopped dead in his tracks when he saw his name on the front cover of the college rag.

He'd been checking the paper diligently, daily, for word of Dane. Since Adam left the frat four weeks ago he'd seen Dane mentioned twice. Once was for his achievement at his National meet. The other was a mention in the e-version of the school paper. The article was about balancing academics, social life, and sports, and listed students who were involved in club activities who maintained a GPA of 3.4 or better.

He'd been equally proud of Dane for both.

Of course, he hardly expected to see his own name featured in an article.

*Snap out of it. It isn't you.*

"Who is Adam?" the paper wanted to know.

His name was spelled out, large and in stones in the picture below the headline. The photographer had snapped the shot overlooking the gorge from the Thurston Avenue Bridge. Local risk-takers occasionally climbed down into the ravine, illegally, at night. The rock messages, laid out on large, flat stones surrounded by fast-moving water, were a fact of life—a fun blip on the screen that was the walk from north campus down to central for classes. When Adam had lived in the Sammy house, he'd seen the messages on a nearly daily basis. *Gwen is a whore. Go Big Red. Alpha Zeta Rocks.* Stuff like that.

But here was a documented, one-sided dialog between someone named Adam and a crazy, daring...

*Adam. Change your mind.*

*Adam. I'm worth it.*

*Adam. Please.*

*Adam. Give us a chance.*

*Adam. It won't hurt for long.*

*Adam. I miss you.*

Dane.

Apparently, the rock messages had been going on for over two weeks, and campus life had begun to buzz about the mysterious Adam and the equally incognito person, presumably female, who wanted him back.

Adam, in his own little eat, sleep, study, and try-not-to-think-about-Dane-at-all-costs world, had missed it. And *fuck*, he missed Dane, too.

Adam skipped his computer class. Dropped his bags in the library and began the long hike up to Thurston Bridge.

This morning's message wasn't covered in the paper. They lagged behind by a day. Hell, he was impressed they were even that recent.

*Adam. Close your eyes and jump.*

Students walked by, gaping and joking about the latest message.

"Jump off the bridge!" One guy pretended to push the girl he was walking with. "You're so romantic!" She elbowed him.

Another guy stopped with his buddies. Hands cupped around his mouth he yelled at the top of his lungs. "ADAM! ADAM!" His buddy joined in "STELLA!" And another in a deep bellow, "ADRIAN!"

*Shit.* This was the kind of stuff they would deal with on a regular basis—especially if it became common knowledge that *he* was that Adam. And his lover was a guy. It was the exact same garbage that had driven a wedge between Adam and Casey—had ruined the brand-new sprout of potential their relationship had been. It had withered and died under the pressure in an insanely short time. The teasing and occasional bullying had not, though. It endured like no first love ever would.

A guy and a girl stopped. “Why don’t you ever write me love notes on the rocks?” she asked.

“You know how slippery it is down there? Not sure I like you *that* much,” he teased.

“You just don’t want to announce it to the world,” she said dryly.

“This took balls,” the guy remarked, gazing out at the rushing water. “No doubt about it.”

Balls, Dane had. Huge ones. Maybe not much as far as common sense and self-preservation went... but maybe Adam was looking at it the wrong way. Dane was take-no-prisoners incarnate. Act first, apologize later. No way but his way, and screw you if you didn’t like it.

And it worked. It worked for him in spades.

Adam continued across the bridge, thinking hard.

Maybe—just maybe—they could make a world unto themselves. Build it up strong and obnoxiously large, and forget anyone who had something bad to say. Maybe together they could make this stick.

“Hey.” Dane’s voice cut through Adam’s thick veil of thought. He blinked and took a deep breath.

“Hey.” Adam stared at the guy who made him want to collapse in a puddle and raise a castle with a mile-wide moat all at once. He swallowed and gave a smile he hoped spoke for his thumping heart.

“Wanna go get something to eat?” Dane asked, almost shyly.

“Yeah. Sounds great. Way better than object oriented programming.”

“Skipping class? You rebel, you.”

“Yeah, but I *always* have a cause,” Adam said with a grin.

They walked together across the bridge, elbows brushing. Adam closed the distance between them an inch more when the urge to widen it assailed him. But no one was looking sideways at them. No one spit hateful words as they walked side-by-side. No one seemed to give the slightest shit.



Paul passed them, his arm around a petite brunette with a stunning hourglass figure.

“Hey, Dane. Adam.” He nodded, casual as a one night stand.

“Adam?” said the girl as they continued on. “Just like the rocks.”

Adam reached out and squeezed Dane’s hand. It was a quick flicker of contact, but more reassuring than an army at his back when Dane returned it. Dane looked at him, brown-black eyes threatening to swallow him whole.

“I missed you, too,” Adam admitted.

Dane bumped him with a shoulder, never breaking his calm, cool swagger. “Good. My plan is working perfectly.” He gave a maniacal laugh that pulled at the corners of Adam’s mouth.

“Oh, yeah? What else are you plotting?”

“You’ll see. Keep those glasses on and I’ll show ya.”

**THE END**

## **Author Bio**

*Kimber Vale writes erotic romance of all stripes, from het sci-fi/fantasy to contemporary M/M under K. Vale. Find her on Facebook and Twitter @KimberVale. Come for the sex. Stay for the story.*

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