

LOVE Has NO Boundaries



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REPAIR MY HEART

Zeoanne

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Chad is a mechanic, a lonely man forced to hide his sexuality from the intolerant people in his town. Takoda is a satellite repairman still troubled by a past abusive relationship. When Chad called to get his satellite fixed, he never expected someone as beautiful as Takoda to show up. Can Chad fix Takoda's broken heart? Can Takoda repair more than just Chad's satellite?

Love Has No Boundaries

An M/M Romance series

REPAIR MY HEART

By Zeoanne

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 very handsome, sweaty and shirtless mechanic. The hood is open and he's leaning against the bumper of a car, both hands on the engine. His face and arm are smudged with grease and he's looking at you.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

I've been alone for so long now, not able to trust easily. I live in a very small town where everyone knows everyone's business, so I remain quiet about my sexuality. I've had romantic relations in the past but they have all failed. Now, I want someone who will think of me, someone who thinks honesty and sincerity is at the top of their list. I want to find my happily ever after. I'm due some happiness.

Sincerely,

Phoenix

Story Info

Genre: contemporary

Tags: mechanic, satellite repairman, Native American, interracial, homophobia, bullying references

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Dammit, I need to get out of here if I'm gonna be on time. Chad screwed the last bolt on the transmission he was working on. Looking at his boss, he said, "Dude, I need to leave or I'll miss my appointment with the guy coming to repair the satellite."

"Okay, take off, man. Are you going to come to The Silver Spurs tonight?" David said, exiting his office.

"Don't know. If I'm in the mood, I'll be there."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah. I hear the same excuse all the time and you never show up. What's the matter? You're too good to spend some time with me and the boys? About time you find yourself some sweet skirt. You ain't getting any younger, you know?"

"*I am* young! I gotta run or I'll miss my appointment," Chad said, turning away from David.

Living in a homophobic town wasn't easy for Chad. At five foot eight, he tried his hardest to keep his sexuality hidden. He'd had enough abuse from bullies, from middle school until the day he graduated high school.

His biggest mistake took place the day he stared too long at one of the jocks while at baseball practice. Chad couldn't keep his eyes off the tight pants he wore. He realized then he liked boys.

When he finally looked up, it was too late. Two of the jock's friends were watching him, disgust evident on their faces. From that day on, the name-calling, the shoving against the lockers, and the beatings were enough to make him want to keep hidden as much as he could and become invisible in the eyes of society.

He changed in the locker room, swapping his grease-covered uniform for clean clothes, then drove home as fast as possible. As he approached the front of his house, a van waited to pull in coming from the opposite direction,

displaying the satellite company's logo on the side. Looking in the van's window, he noticed the driver.

"Hey! Thought I was gonna miss my appointment with you. Glad I made it on time." Chad said, getting out of his car once they parked in the driveway.

"No problem, man. I would've waited. I'm a few minutes early. Name's Takoda."

"Hey Takoda, I'm Chad," he said while approaching the van. Chad took a sharp breath when the door opened and Takoda got out. The tall, muscular Native American stretching his hand toward him was impressive. Chad's hand disappeared in Takoda's larger one, and Chad stared at the man in front of him.

Amber-colored eyes stared back at Chad, full lips grinning wide, hair so dark it shone blue against the bright sun. He wanted to run his fingers through the long, waist length strands just to see if it was as soft as it appeared, and take off the elastic band at the back of his neck to bury his face in it.

When he realized he was holding Takoda's hand for longer than appropriate, he let go.

"Do you have to go inside first or take a look at the satellite?" he asked, lost in the golden eyes.

"I need to take a look inside and see what the problem is," Takoda replied, as he opened the side of the van to retrieve a toolbox.

"Okay, then let's go in."

Chad took him to the living room where he had a large flat screen TV and gave him the controller. Takoda started pressing buttons.

"I think I know what the problem is. Have there been a lot of strong winds lately?" Takoda asked.

"Yeah. These past few days have been bad, as a matter of fact."

"Thought so. High winds can throw the dish out of alignment, making the screen show blue. It's no biggie though. I'll readjust the dish outside and the

signal on the receiver, and that should fix the problem. I'll go and adjust it, then come back inside. Which way's the dish at?"

"Left, toward the back of the house."

Takoda made quick work of readjusting the satellite. As soon as he was finished, he returned to the living room to work with the receiver.

Meanwhile, Chad was busy in the kitchen fixing dinner.

"How's it working now?" Chad asked as he came into the living room.

"I'm almost done programming the channels." A few seconds later, the image on the screen became clear. "There, it's done. Now you can watch all you want."

"Here, I brought you some lemonade." Chad said, handing Takoda a glass.

"Oh, thanks. That's a sweet screen you got there. You watch any sports?" Takoda asked.

"Yeah, can't watch sports on a small TV. I mainly watch hockey and football."

"There's a good football game going on tonight."

"Yeah, I planned on watching it."

Takoda stood for a few minutes drinking while looking at the pictures on the walls.

"You made those?"

"Yeah, I like playing around with paints and charcoal from time to time."

"You're pretty good. What else do you like playing with?"

Chad's mouthful of lemonade went flying out like a projectile, bathing Takoda's chest.

"Oh. My. God! I'm so sorry!" Chad hurried toward the kitchen for a towel. *I wonder how long until my fucking picture is posted on the side of milk cartons warning people to stay the hell away from me. Damn it, damn it!* "I'm

sorry. Lemonade went down the wrong way. I'm not usually this clumsy," Chad said, handing him the towel. *Yes you are. You're a walking accident.*

Takoda was biting the inside of his mouth. After a few seconds, he laughed heartily. Embarrassed, heat crept up Chad's face, and he knew he was turning red.

"Sorry about that, man. Look, Chad, I didn't mean to embarrass you. I really like the paintings. I have a couple of friends who are into that and jewelry making. One of them does leatherwork as well, and I thought to ask if you were into anything other than painting," Takoda said, still smiling.

"It's okay. I'm good," Chad said as he was heading back to the kitchen, with Takoda following behind. "Do you have any other appointments?"

"Nope, you're my last."

"Well, how about staying for dinner? It's the least I can do after my clumsiness."

"Only if you don't mind. I don't want to impose."

"No way, I'd appreciate the company."

"Then, yes, I'd be glad to stay for dinner, but only if you don't spit on me again," Takoda said, laughing.

"Ha. Ha. Ha. I promise to behave." Chad laughed as well and busied himself checking on dinner.

True to his word, Takoda soon finished the job and had the papers ready for Chad to sign. He called the company, letting them know he was finished for the day.

"Well, since you're off the clock now, how about something stronger to drink?" Chad asked.

"Sounds good to me."

"How about a cold beer?"

"Oh yeah, I could use a cold one just about now. I'd like to go and grab a clean shirt from the van first, though, if you don't mind."

“Not at all. Come right inside on your way back, okay?”

“Damn, cute and domesticated,” Takoda said under his breath as he went out to the van.

Damn, what a beautiful man. Chad watched him as he went.

“May I use your bathroom so I can change?” Takoda said, startling him.

“Oh, sure. Second door on the left.”

When he heard the bathroom door open, Chad went to the fridge to grab a couple of bottles of beer. When Takoda appeared back in the kitchen, Chad turned around and froze. Like a fool, he stood there looking at the tight T-shirt in front of him, his eyes sweeping Takoda up and down.

“Umm. You know, beer is best while it’s cold, and I’m sure it’s getting warm quite fast in your hands,” Takoda said—a smile plastered on his face.

“Oh, sorry. Here,” Chad said hurriedly, handing him one of the bottles. “You can’t blame me for staring, though. It’s not every day I have the company of a god in my kitchen looking all kinds of sinful and all.” Chad felt his face heating up once again. “I’ll check on dinner while trying to scrape some of my dignity off the floor.” Chad turned and opened the oven door wondering if he should join the chicken. *Shit, shit, shit. Here I go again with my big mouth. What is it about this guy that I can’t stop making a fool of myself! Ugh! How embarrassing! He’s having a blast watching me suffer.*

“Hey, don’t sweat it. Thanks for the compliment. By the way, whatever you’re cooking smells good. What is it?” Takoda asked, sitting himself on a stool by the counter.

“Rosemary chicken, baked potatoes and cheesy broccoli. Hope you like it.”

“If it tastes as good as it smells, I know I will.”

While Chad stood at the counter fixing a salad, Takoda sat at the opposite side, talking and watching Chad work.

Once dinner was ready, Chad filled their plates, placed them on the counter, grabbed a couple of beers from the fridge and sat next to Takoda.

“Pretty good dinner. I can’t cook worth a crap. Wouldn’t mind if you teach me a thing or two.”

“Oh, I can think of a few things I could teach you.”

“Hey, I’m talking about food here,” Takoda said, laughing.

“Oh, me too. Food can be very... exciting.”

“Yeah... I bet,” he replied with a leer.

Once finished, Takoda helped him with the dishes while they talked and learned about each other—their likes, dislikes, and so on.

“Care for some coffee?” Chad asked.

“Sounds good.”

They took their steaming mugs to the living room and watched the game.

“Well, this has been a surprising day for me. Never in my life did I think I’d be working, have an invitation to dinner, and meet a beautiful, interesting man like you, all in the same day,” Takoda said, heading toward the front door. He turned and looked intently into Chad’s eyes. “Thanks for dinner. You’re great company. I’m glad it was me they sent to fix your satellite. I really enjoyed your company.” He reached out, cupping Chad’s chin with the tips of his fingers, and slowly brought their lips together in a soft kiss. “I’d like to take you out for a drink tomorrow night.”

“Sure, I’d like that.”

“How about I pick you up at eight.”

“Yeah, sounds good.”

Once alone, Chad went to the bathroom, turned the water on in the shower, lathered his hands with the soap and took hold of his cock, imagining what Takoda would look like naked. Just thinking about seeing him tomorrow was driving him crazy. He pumped harder and faster. Opening his mouth on a silent scream, he came with such force his knees buckled, hitting the floor of the shower. Once he was able to breathe easier, Chad took the soap once again

and bathed. Sleep didn't come easy for Chad that night. He tossed and turned, until finally he was so tired his eyes gave in to the darkness.

Chad woke late and anxious for time to hurry so he could see Takoda again. He kept himself busy doing housework to kill time. At noon, Takoda called him and suggested they go out to dinner before drinks, and Chad accepted.

The view of the river was spectacular from the semi-private table they sat at.

"Good evening, gentlemen. I'm Kelly, and I'll be your server for the evening. Would you care to see the wine list?" their server said, handing them each a dinner menu.

"Thank you, Kelly. I'd like to see what is available."

Kelly retrieved a list from her apron pocket and handed it to Takoda.

"I'll be back in a couple of minutes to take your order." The server smiled seductively at Takoda, which he ignored but Chad didn't.

"What's your favorite Italian food?" Takoda asked.

Chad cleared his throat and buried his face in his menu. "I'd have to say I love shrimp scampi."

"Oh yeah, I've had that. It's good."

"Hmm, then that's what I'll have."

The server returned to their table after a few minutes. "Are you gentlemen ready to order?"

"Yes. Could you bring us the house pinot noir? I'll have the shrimp fettuccine Alfredo."

"And I'll have the shrimp scampi."

"Very well, I'll bring the wine right away."

Once again, the server smiled seductively at Takoda. Chad noticed her interest and raised one brow, his eyes going from Takoda to the girl as she turned to get their wine.

“I believe someone has taken a liking to you.”

“She can like as much as she wants. I’m here with you and, well, she’s missing something you have. Besides, I like your company better.”

“Thank you. I like your company as well,” Chad said, blushing. “So, tell me more about yourself.”

Takoda talked about his ancestry, how his grandparents lived on a reservation in Arizona, and his desire to travel around the country as a younger man. In his late twenties, he decided to settle down and moved to Richmond, where he met Bryan. The beginning of their relationship was a heated one, full of passion and adventure. In less than two months, they had moved in together at Bryan’s insistence. Soon after, everything changed. Bryan became demanding and jealous of everyone, even Takoda’s family.

“One day he came home and he said he’d gotten fired from his job. I told him I was making enough to pay the bills and we’d be okay until he found another job. Time went by and he didn’t even make an effort to go job hunting. When I started putting pressure on him, he became verbally abusive. Mind you, I’m a big guy—but Bryan’s much bigger than me and I didn’t want to come to blows with him.

“A few months later, I told him either he went out to find a job or I was leaving. That’s when shit hit the fan. He grabbed me by the neck and slammed me against the wall. I hit my head so hard I got dizzy and couldn’t react in time. When I woke up, I had a bruised face and broken ribs. Spent a couple of days in the hospital. When I went back to the apartment, he’d cleaned it out, took everything except my clothes, so I had to start all over again from scratch. I haven’t gotten into a relationship with anyone ever since.”

“Jeez, I don’t blame you. What an ass. Have you heard of him again?”

“Yeah, unfortunately. One of my friends told me he met someone else, but the poor guy wasn’t as lucky as me. I heard he left the guy in a coma and he’s in jail for it, where he belongs. How about you? Tell me a bit about your life.”

“Well, you know what living in a small town is like, right?” Takoda nodded. “I know there are other gays living here, obviously, but I’m the only one I know of. Everyone else keeps to themselves. If anyone found out I’m gay, I don’t know what would happen—but I know I wouldn’t be safe. The comments I hear from my co-workers at the transmission shop I work at are reason enough for me to stay in the closet. Yet one more reason why I don’t bring guys home. I know I should’ve known better before moving here, but I wanted the slow pace a small town brings.”

“There are places as quiet that are not necessarily in a small town. Richmond has areas where you wouldn’t have to hide who you are and still have what you want. Besides, there is a large LGBT community there.”

“I wish I had known that four years ago. When I moved I wasn’t even thinking about the gossip and hatred these people have shown. I moved down from Baltimore and I guess, looking for small town USA, I ignored the downsides.”

“Here we are, gentlemen. I’ll be bringing your food in just a few minutes.” Their server interrupted them, bringing their wine.

“Thank you,” they said in unison.

“Baltimore? I bet you made a killing there working in transmissions, and I know for a fact you can’t be making the same where you live now,” Takoda continued after the server left.

“Yeah, I was able to save enough to buy the property.”

“What are you growing there? Or are you raising livestock?”

“Neither. What you saw planted on both sides of the house belongs to someone I’m renting the land to. I’ve had some people approach me wanting to buy the farm from me. It’s not big, just twenty acres.”

“So you’d have no problem moving to a more gay-friendly area if you had the chance?”

“Oh, in a heartbeat. I’ve only had the place for four years and if I could find a place where I could build a shop, even better.”

“Hmm, having your own business sounds like a good idea.”

“That’s what I’ve been thinking of.”

Their server showed up at their table, this time with a tray filled with plates.

“Oh, this smells delicious,” Chad said while rubbing both hands together. “Mmm. I love garlic. There’s enough to ward off a flock of vampires.” Takoda laughed, then Chad realized what he’d said. *Uh, oh. What if... Oh, shit! What if he wants to kiss me? I’m gonna kill the poor man with my demonic breath! I hope dessert will help as a cover-up. If not, when we get back home I’ll have to run to the bathroom and gargle with freaking bleach and hope that helps!* He had no choice but to eat anyway.

“It does smell good. Here, have some of mine and I’ll get a bite of yours, that way we’ll both be warding off the vampires.”

“Okay, we’ll both have garlic breath then.” Chad laughed. They ate while making small talk.

“Would you care for dessert?” Their server asked once they were finished, taking their plates away.

“Yes, I’ll have the tiramisu with amaretto cream. Could you add lots of whipped cream and hot fudge?” Chad said, still thinking of his breath problem.

“Sure we can. And you, sir?”

“I’ll pass, thanks.”

“I’ll be right back with your dessert.” She smiled at Chad and winked at Takoda. Chad rolled his eyes at Takoda, who was smiling, looking at her as she left their table.

Their server came back with this amazing, delicious looking dessert. As asked, it was topped with a pyramid of fluffy whipped cream and hot fudge dripping down the sides. Chad started eating while Takoda watched, smiling at him. It was so rich a diabetic could go into a diabetic coma right away. But the cake was sweet, and so creamy and moist he couldn't resist.

Since Takoda was so intently looking at him, he decided to make the experience a little more interesting. He set the spoon down and started running his finger through the top, gathering whipped cream on the digit. Chad brought his finger slowly to his mouth, smearing some on his lips before inserting the finger in his mouth while letting out a low moan. He repeated the same move a couple of times. Takoda's mouth fell open looking at Chad's sensual lips, then closed it with a snap. His Adam's apple bobbed hard as he swallowed and bit his lip. He brought his hand under the table, adjusting his cock, which was getting hard and uncomfortable.

"You know you're gonna pay for that later, right?" Takoda whispered, breathless, his eyes intense.

"With interest, I hope," Chad replied with a leer.

"Oh, yeah, with interest."

Chad scooped more cream on his finger and brought it to Takoda's lips. He sucked on the digit, giving Chad the hottest look he'd ever seen. He held Chad's wrist and moved his finger in and out of his mouth in slow motion. *Oh, yeah, I'm really going to pay for this. I hope.* Chad continued feeding them both until the cake was gone.

"Wanna skip the drinks and go straight to your place?" Takoda said, breathing hard.

Standing in front of the door, Chad's hands began to sweat. Nervousness was overtaking him, and he had a hard time unlocking the door. Takoda reached over, taking the keys from his hands.

“Here, let me. You know, you don’t have to be nervous with me. I’m not going to bite you... hard,” Takoda said, his eyes full of want. Chad squirmed, letting out a low moan.

Takoda put his arm around Chad’s shoulders and gently pushed him inside. Once the door closed behind them, he turned Chad around and, next thing he knew, Takoda’s lips were on his. His embrace was all he needed to melt Chad’s inhibitions away. The kiss, which started as simple exploration, had them both breathing hard, Takoda’s hands exploring every inch of Chad’s back. Takoda reached down and lifted him up, his arms wrapped around the smaller man’s ass. Chad automatically wrapped his legs around Takoda’s hips.

“Where to?” Takoda asked into his mouth. He pointed toward the bedroom at the back of the house, their tongues still tangled in a heated kiss.

Takoda laid him down on the bed but Chad didn’t let go, his legs still wrapped around Takoda forcing the taller man to lie on top of him. One hand closed into a fist around Chad’s hair while the other pulled his shirt up, sliding against his warm skin until he reached one nipple, pinching until it became dark and hard. His breath was like a drug to Chad, a drug he couldn’t get enough of, and he wanted more.

Chad brought his hands down, pulled Takoda’s shirt free from his pants and started rubbing his back, his sides, his chest. Takoda pulled the smaller man’s shirt slowly while his mouth kissed his jaw, slowly licking down his neck leaving a wet, smoldering trail over his chest and finding a nipple with his lips, sucking like a starved man. Takoda lifted him up to pull his shirt off the rest of the way. Chad wanted to feel his skin, his body, his sweat; he wanted to smell his essence on himself. Pulling on the hem of the taller man’s shirt, he stopped kissing long enough for Chad to free him from the garment.

Chad’s hand went down to undo Takoda’s belt buckle, roved back up again, squeezing his chest muscles, enjoying the heat of his body. After taking a moment to unbutton his pants, Chad wrapped his fingers in Takoda’s hair, taking the elastic band at the back of his neck, letting it fall like a silk curtain on his body and face. *Oh, feels so good.* Chad thought.

Chad pulled the zipper of his own pants down and Takoda lifted his hips up giving Chad room to pull his pants and boxers down. Takoda briefly stood to step out of his shoes and pants then patted him on the hip so he could dispose of Chad's jeans, dropping them next to his pants on the floor. He pulled Chad up toward the pillows and lay down on top of him, nose-to-nose, chest-to-chest, cock-to-cock, rubbing together. Chad knew there was no stopping now. He wanted this; he needed to be fucked by the amazing man in his arms.

"Umm, Takoda?"

"Yeah."

"I need to tell you something before we continue," Chad said, his voice shaking with emotion.

"What is it?" Takoda said.

"It's been a long time since I've had sex," Chad whispered.

"Don't worry, I'll go easy. It's good to know you're not a player." Takoda smiled tenderly, understanding.

"Well, I did mention I don't bring guys home. I haven't had the courage and, even if I did, I haven't found anyone I felt comfortable and trusting with. Until you." There was something different about Takoda. Something that told Chad this might be the real deal, and his instincts were usually on the spot. He wanted to pursue the friendship and see where things led.

Takoda lowered his head and joined their lips in a soft, tender kiss.

"I'll take care of you, babe. We'll take it slow and easy. Do you have lube and condoms?"

"Lube, yes, condoms, no. Sorry."

"No worries, I have a condom in my wallet. Where's the lube?" Chad pointed to the night table. Takoda reached over to pull the drawer open and retrieve the tube, then reached for his pants on the floor to get the wallet from his pants and dropped the tube and condom on the bed next to Chad. "It's been in there for a while now but I'm pretty sure it's still good."

“A while?” Chad asked.

“Yeah, I don’t go fucking around either, you know? I work long hours and by the time I get home all I wanna do is crash.”

“I’m glad to hear that.”

Takoda brought their mouths together, kissing him gently at first. With their cocks rubbing together, the kiss turned into a fury only a hurricane could imitate. Takoda’s hand explored the smaller man’s body, sliding down his stomach until he reached his cock. He started stroking him slowly, his lips kissing and sucking on his neck. His tongue left a trail of wet heat down Chad’s chest until those gorgeous lips found a nipple and once again started sucking and biting hard, the pain turning to pleasure in no time. Chad’s mind was lost and he wanted more. He wanted everything the man had to give.

Takoda slid his tongue down Chad’s stomach all the way down to his cock. Heat burst out when he licked the head, and when he started sliding down the length of Chad’s shaft. He went back to the head and sucked him hard, teasing his tongue on the slit. The feeling it evoked in Chad was maddening. He knew he wouldn’t last long when Takoda took in the whole length of his cock and paused, keeping the shaft in his throat, tightening the muscles repeatedly. He’d never had anyone do that to him before. His breathing was shallow and uneven. Slowly, Takoda bobbed his head up and down, sucking hard on his way up.

“Koda, you’re going to make me come.”

“Yeah babe, come for me.”

Chad heard the flip of the lube cap opening, then a cool finger massaging his ass and then penetrating him slowly. His first instinct was to tense up.

“Shhh, relax, I don’t want to hurt you.”

Chad relaxed his muscles as best he could to accept the digit. He felt the finger going deeper and moving around.

“Oh my God!” Chad nearly lifted off the bed when Takoda’s finger rubbed against his prostate.

“You like that?”

“Like? Do it again!” And he did. Again and again. Chad couldn’t wait to have the man’s cock inside him. Takoda’s tongue slid along his body, reaching his mouth for a hard kiss.

“I’m gonna put another finger in, stay relaxed for me, okay?” He kissed Chad again, making him forget the sting in his ass while his fingers rubbed his prostate. He moaned in Takoda’s mouth, making him want to come.

“Please, I want you now.”

Takoda slid his fingers out and put the condom on, spreading more lube over his covered cock and Chad’s ass, lifted Chad’s legs and positioned himself between them.

Takoda pushed the head of his prick inside as slowly as he could. As it finally went past the ring of muscles, Chad opened his eyes wide and grabbed the sheets below him in his fists. It was painful but he was looking forward to the pleasures to come.

“Shhh, keep breathing, don’t hold it in. I won’t move until you get used to me.”

After a few seconds, Chad nodded his head slightly. Takoda started pushing his way inside the hot channel, inch by slow inch until Takoda’s pubes touched Chad’s balls. Takoda stopped, allowing him to get used to the girth of his cock. He leaned forward and kissed him once again. This time it was gentle, one hand fisted in his hair while the other held the side of his face, fingers caressing his temple. Once the sting subsided, Chad wrapped his legs around the taller man’s hips and pulled him tighter against his body. Taking the hint, Takoda started sliding his cock in and out.

“Oh yes, that feels... Oh!” Finding Chad’s prostate, he continued hitting it every time he pushed in. “Faster, harder, Takoda!” Chad grabbed onto his lover’s long hair and brought him down for a hard kiss.

In and out, faster and harder, their bodies a liquid, sweating mess. Takoda raised Chad’s body, grabbed him by the hips and started pounding him hard.

The only sound was the slapping of bodies as they came together and their uneven, rapid breaths. Chad felt a fire starting from his balls and spread rapidly throughout his body.

“I’m... come...!”

“Yeah babe, I’m. With. You.” Takoda said between clenched teeth.

“Koda!” Chad screamed, as he came harder than he’d ever come before. White streams of cream shot out, hitting him on the chest, face and neck. Soon after, Takoda tensed up. Takoda pushed twice, three, four times inside him in rapid fire. He turned his head up, his long hair trailing down his chest onto Chad’s stomach, the tips gliding along the warm come. He had the most beautiful expression on his face as he came inside Chad, his mouth open in a silent scream.

Slowly he pulled out and dropped to his side next to Chad, their bodies vibrating and breathing hard. Chad brought his arms around the other man’s waist and held him tight. After a few minutes, Takoda rolled over, bringing Chad with him, half his body on top of Takoda as Chad lay his head on Takoda’s shoulder. Takoda wrapped his arms around the smaller man and held Chad’s hand on his chest. Chad lay there, listening to his lover’s heart and watched his chest move rhythmically as he breathed.

“I have no words for what you made me feel. That was fucking great. I know I won’t be able to walk right for a week!” They laughed and Chad raised his head, touching their lips together for a soft, slow kiss.

Two weeks later, Chad was heading to his locker at work when David approached him.

“Hey Chad, the guys and I are going out tonight. You know, Friday and all that. Why don’t you come with us?”

This time, Chad agreed. He’d only agreed to go out with them once before and he hadn’t enjoyed himself. He’d had to put up with Bobby Joe and Roscoe, his two co-workers, talking shit and starting fights with anyone who

didn't look macho enough. That wasn't his scene, so he'd declined further invitations.

"All right. I'll go this time, but the minute I hear those two start shit with anyone, I'm out."

"I'll try. But you know, they're just having fun is all."

"Fun? At whose expense? What they do isn't right and you know it. I don't see how you put up with them," Chad said, shaking his head.

David stood there staring at Chad for a moment while Chad started changing his coveralls.

"Fine. We'll be there at around eight, I'll see you then."

Opening the door to the bar, Chad recognized the familiar faces from the town. He looked around until he spotted David and his crew at a table toward the back. He nodded his head when David spied him and motioned to the bar. He got himself a beer and went to sit next to David at the table. It was still early and the place was not crowded yet. After talking for a while, Bobby Joe and Roscoe's attention went toward the door.

"Well I'll be damned. What do we have here? Looks like we got us a couple o' fags," Bobby Joe said.

"Them two ain't from 'round these parts, I reckon. Never seen them 'round." Roscoe replied.

Chad's head swerved toward the door. Two young men with lithe bodies, like models, headed toward the bar and sat. The bartender gave them a not-too-friendly look.

"How 'bout we have us some fun, boys?" Roscoe asked.

Chad stared at David, imploring with his eyes to make things right.

"Come on now, guys. Leave 'em be. Looks like they're just passing by. Ain't nothing wrong with that." David said after staring at Chad for a few seconds.

“Well, boss, ain’t nothing wrong with us having some fun with them fags. Teach ’em to be men. We don’t like no pansies in our town. There’s no fags living here,” Bobby Joe said.

“Are you kidding me? You think that all four thousand people in this town are all straight?” David asked.

“Sure thing. You don’t see no faggots walking ’round, do ya? ’Course there ain’t fags living here. You tell ’im, Chad,” Bobby Joe replied.

“I need another beer.” Chad got up and went to the bar, hoping no one would sit on the stool next to one of the men. Picking up a pen and a napkin from the top of the bar, he wrote, *Leave now before it’s too late!*

Calling the bartender’s attention, he ordered a beer but didn’t return to the table right away. Pushing the napkin inconspicuously toward the man next to Chad, he waited until he noticed. The man took the napkin, read it and looked at him. With head lowered, Chad whispered, “Go, now,” hoping the men would understand they were in danger.

The man said, “Thank you,” in a low voice, and both stood up to leave. Chad turned his stool around, leaning against the bar, and looked toward the table where David and the other two sat staring at the two men leaving hastily. Noticing Roscoe and Bobby Joe getting up, Chad put the bottle down on the bar and started heading toward the table. Halfway there he dropped to one knee on the floor, knocking a chair on his way down. He made a loud moan as if in pain, calling everyone’s attention to himself.

“Holy Mary and Joseph, Chad. What in hell happened? You okay?” Bobby Joe asked him, stopping his pursuit of the other two men with Roscoe in tow.

“Oh man, my stomach. Help me up, man. Damn, it hurts.” Chad grimaced and wrapped both arms around his stomach, trying to make it believable. Once up, he turned his head toward the door, but the two men were already gone. “I think I better get home... Not feeling good.” He headed toward the door, his body vibrating with the fear he still had within for the other two men as well as for himself.

“Hey Chad, wait up.” David said as he approached Chad, who was already closing the door of his car. “I saw you writing on a paper and handing it to one of the guys. Listen, I don’t like what those two fools say and do either. My youngest brother is gay as well. The biggest reason why I come here with those two is to stop them from bashing anyone they might deem as easy target. Am I right to assume that the reason why you don’t come to the bar is because you’re gay?” Chad didn’t answer immediately and after a minute, he slowly nodded his head, his eyes intent on David’s, watching for his reaction.

“You did good in there tonight and I’m proud of you for sticking up for them. I’ll try and make them tone it down at work from now on,” David said, nodding his head.

“Thanks David. I just don’t see how you can listen to all their shit, having a gay brother.”

“They are good workers and that’s the only reason why they’re still working for me. Otherwise, they’d be long gone. I won’t say anything to anyone about you, you’re safe with me.”

“Thanks.” Chad sat looking up at David for a while not knowing what else to say. He nodded his head and closed the door, turned the ignition and went home.

Chad reached for his phone as soon as he opened the door and called Takoda, explaining what had happened at the bar.

Their feelings got stronger as time went by. Of course, as with any couple, they had disagreements, but nothing they couldn’t resolve peacefully. The sex kept getting better and better. Eight months of traveling over an hour after getting off work to visit each other was taking a toll on them. When they were too tired to visit, they spent long hours on the phone. Chad loved hearing Takoda’s voice but it didn’t compare with the feeling he got when his moist, hot breath was right there on his ear, whispering his love. Then one night, after making love for the umpteenth time, Takoda turned to him with a serious look.

“Chad, you know how much I love you and I know you love me as well. I also know I want to spend the rest of my life with you. The pain and disappointment I lived with after being used and manipulated for so long is gone, thanks to you. You gave me hope and the kind of relationship I’ve always wanted. I don’t ever want to be without you. I want you to move in with me. I talked with the boss and he said he’ll hire you at the shop, at least until we find the right place for you to open your own business, if that’s what you still want. I hate the days when I can’t hold you and all we can do is a quick jack-off on the phone. I want to have you with me every night. I worry about you living here. So, what do you say?”

“I’ve been thinking the same thing. I do love you, more than I can think. Remember the guy who had planted all that corn on my property last spring?” Takoda nodded. “He came by yesterday and made me an offer for half the land. I told him I’d sell him the whole thing, not just part. He said he’d think about it and get back to me this weekend. He’s a fair person, so I know the offer will be good. We should start looking for a place immediately. What about your lease? You still have a few months.”

“Yeah, that’s no problem. If I have to pay until it’s up, I’m willing to do it. I’ll call a real estate agent tomorrow and tell them what we’re looking for. We’ll have our own place in no time.” Takoda hugged him to his chest and kissed his forehead.

“You got one thing right, these jack-off sessions on the phone are getting old,” Chad said.

“It’s a deal, then.” Takoda brought their lips together for a soft kiss.

And that was that. Chad sold the house and they bought some acreage outside of Richmond, away from the city traffic and noise, and even adopted a cat named Sir Chester.

THE END

Author Bio

Hi, I'm Zeoanne, or at least that's my pen name. I started writing poetry as a young teen. Later in life, I became a mom and dedicated my time to them and their school activities. A few years ago my daughter came out as lesbian and in doing research, I discovered the world of gay stories. I was fascinated from the get go and started reading all the paperbacks I could afford on the internet. I didn't even know what an e-book was! Gasp! Soon enough I found out though, and well, let's just say that in the past five years I've collected a LOT of e-books. One day, as I was reading, a young man started talking in my head wanting his own story, and of course, he needed a partner. I took a challenge and joined NaNoWriMo in 2012 but didn't start until the third day. By the 20th and with the help of two fabulous friends, the story was born. I have many other young and not so young men waiting for their break into stardom. I'll get to them as soon as I can if the fiends stop pulling on my hair! I hope you enjoy my first published story.

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