

LOVE Has NO Boundaries



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**MAKING A LITTLE WRONG
INTO SOMETHING RIGHT**

LL Bucknor

Love Has No Boundaries

An M/M Romance series

MAKING A LITTLE WRONG INTO SOMETHING RIGHT

By LL Bucknor

Introduction

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

What Is Love Has No Boundaries?

The *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* invited members to choose a photo and pen a letter asking for a short M/M romance story inspired by the image; authors from the group were encouraged to select a letter and write an original tale. The result was an outpouring of creativity that shone a spotlight on the special bond between M/M romance writers and the people who love what they do.

A written description of the image that inspired this story is provided along with the original request letter. If you'd like to view the photo, please feel free to join the [Goodreads M/M Romance Group](#) and visit the discussion section: *Love Has No Boundaries*.

Whether you are an avid M/M romance reader or new to the genre, you are in for a delicious treat.

Words of Caution

This story may contain sexually explicit content and is **intended for adult readers**. It may contain content that is disagreeable or distressing to some readers. The *M/M Romance Group* strongly recommends that each reader

review the General Information section before each story for story tags as well as for content warnings.

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Photo Description

Two shirtless men are writhing on top of one another on a hardwood floor. Personal effects seem scattered around in the men's anxiousness to be with one another. The guy on the bottom has a massive tattoo spanning his rib cage and the guy on top seems to be in raptures.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

WTF! One minute I'm making dinner (for one), the next there's some incessant banging on my door and the next, I'm on the floor with him on top of me, kissing, rubbing, grinding... something happened... something must have happened. I've never seen him look like that. I've never seen him look at ME like that! And never in a million years did I think he'd be kissing ME! What is going on!

Hopefully I did this right... so preferably no BDSM & no paranormal... overall, the MC's should be on—or get to—a place of equal footing. GFY, angst okay, but not necessary... really wherever the story goes (or whatever led to here), wherever you want to take it... I'm good with.

Sincerely,

Alison

Story Info

Genre: contemporary

Tags: blue collar, butt virgin, interracial, men with pets, tattoos, piercings, apadravya

Content warnings: cheating

Word count: 13,646

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“The black one, darling.”

“Nita, I think I know how to dress myself.”

Gabriel looked at his reflection again, running his hands down his torso, turning at different angles. “Shit. Give me the black shirt.”

Nita lifted Elton by her face and winked for the mirror. Elton looked at his owner and then licked Nita’s face.

“Bitch.”

“You’re going to suck off Javier with that mouth? If I were in your shoes, I most certainly would. I bet it’s nice. Bet you’ll find out tonight. Oh God, just let me know if he’s hung.”

With bulging eyes, Gabriel turned to stare at Nita, who was licking her lips appreciatively. Gabriel wasn’t ready for all of that. Virgin he was not, though his dry spell was over a decade long. His drawer of sex toys and porn helped throughout this period. It wasn’t that he didn’t want to, it was just Javier and him... they weren’t there yet.

Their third date was tonight. Gabriel hoped Javier wasn’t expecting much. Gabriel’s nervousness kicked into overdrive thinking about Javier wanting Gabriel to suck him off when he could barely tolerate Javier’s kisses, though he didn’t let Nita in to that factoid. He thought he did a good enough job faking it with Javier—aka Nita’s “dream guy”. He agreed that Javier was too good to be true at times, but they were still in the beginning stages.

“Gabe, how do you contain yourself from mauling Javier each time you see him? I really wouldn’t.”

Gabriel threw the shirt off and picked up the black shirt Nita had selected from the beginning of the date prep. “Hmm...” He figured if he went for more

of a noncommittal tone, she wouldn't notice his weirdness over the Javier and him situation.

“He’s young, has a great job, and is fucking handsome as fuck. I knew you’d meet someone once you came out of your shell, Gabe.” She put Elton back in her lap and leaned against Gabe’s pillows.

Gabriel smoothed out the imaginary wrinkles and had to agree with his best friend. The black shirt did look good on him. He would always have lingering body issues, ever since he lost those ninety-seven pounds last year. He was so used to his dog and living vicariously through loudmouth Nita and his other friend, Lucas.

He met Javier during a late night trip to the supermarket. Gabriel was shocked when Javier pursued him and wouldn't leave without giving him his cell number. Men coming up to Gabriel—far and in between. Men who looked like Javier? Closer to never. Javier was sexy, an inch or two taller than Gabriel’s six feet, with dark brown hair and hazel eyes. Thankfully, Gabriel was able to carry an actual conversation without over-analyzing himself into silence, and hit it off with the slightly older Javier. So far, they had been out to public places; a lounge for the first date and bowling on the second. Tonight, he was having dinner at Javier’s house. Nita had offered to watch Elton, his dog/fur-son tonight.

“You were right. The shirt’s perfect.”

“Don’t sound so happy about it.” She rolled her eyes. “I knew I was right, though. If I was a dude, I’d do you.”

“Appreciate your vote of confidence, love,” He sat on the edge of the bed, with his back to the pair, to put on his shoes. He had a few minutes before he left to drive over to Javier’s home.

“And you said he has a cousin that’s his roommate? Do they look alike?”

“His cousin looks like he’s an ex-convict. He’s a giant. Probably like six foot five, tattoo-sleeved, heavily muscled. He just stares a lot and speaks to Javier in Spanish. I don’t think he likes me. Probably hates gays,” he muttered as he finished.

“That makes no sense being that he lives with his gay cousin. Maybe he’s shy. *You* are for the most part. And sometimes you have that serious face so people never know what to say to you, you know?”

“Yeah, I know.” Gabriel was thirty and never had a boyfriend. Gabriel’s only sexual partner had been Greg, a neighbor from down the street when he lived at home with his mother. At the time, Gabriel was seventeen, overweight, insecure, horny, and shy. Greg was forty-nine, average looking, and recently divorced from his wife. He seemed worldly enough to the low-self-esteem bookworm Gabriel had been back then. Greg would buy Gabriel little gifts here and there, rent motel rooms in a different borough and have Gabriel fuck his brains out. Gabriel never bottomed with the older man. Greg seemed nice enough—he wasn’t out of the closet and had an appreciation for Gabriel’s dick—he’d tell him each time they had sex how much he “couldn’t wait to sit on his fat cock.”

Unfortunately, their lust affair only lasted a little over a year. Greg’s company transferred him somewhere in the Midwest. Greg seemed more disappointed about not having the teen topping him on a weekly basis than actually missing Gabriel, so he was not really cut up about their separation. Reserved Gabriel did not have so much as a wink from any other men (well, men he’d want to do anything with—he had enough of older, creepy men, thank you very much), his mother’s friends tried setting him up with daughters or nieces—somehow missing the memo that Gabriel was gay. Luckily, the “setting gay Gabriel up with a nice girl, it must be a phase” movement had waned in recent years.

“Your Daddy is going to get some ass tonight. Aren’t you excited for him, Elton?” She plied Elton’s face with kisses. He in turn licked her mouth.

“Get a room, you two.”

Nita winked. “You probably will do this and more later on tonight. Leave us alone.”

“Bonita, I think I need to reconsider you taking care of Elton.” Gabriel got up to stand in front of her.

“Don’t call me Bonita.” She hated her full name, which Gabriel liked to tease her with. “You’re just jealous your dog loves me more.” They both knew that was not the case. “Clothing? Check. Looking pretty fine if I do say so myself. Breath?” She motioned for Gabriel to come closer for her to sniff. “Check.” She slipped her hand into Gabriel’s jeans’ back pocket. It was a tight fit. Even though Gabriel had lost weight, his butt didn’t lose a thing. It was as plump as ever.

“Why are you copping a feel?”

“Slipping in a condom, dick. Gotta make sure you’re prepared on all counts.”

“While I appreciate your concern over getting me laid, Bonita—” He deepened his tone when saying her name to make sure she knew this time he was not kidding. “I’m an adult. I can handle this. Thanks.”

“Well, in all the years I’ve known you, you haven’t been on a date. I’m not judging, just saying. So, I don’t want you to mess up... in the heat of moment. I care, asshole.”

“I think there was an ‘I love you’ moment somewhere in there. Besides, Lucas already beat you to the sex talk.” Lucas being his gay, younger coworker and resident sexual extrovert. “He was very willing to give me... tips.”

“Oh I am so sure he was.” The trio of friends got along swimmingly when together, Gabriel being the more introverted out of the three. Yet it worked. “Well, Gabe, me and your boy are going to mosey back to Brooklyn. I think a walk might be on the menu. I’ll leave the window open for Elton to sleep over, in case you’re sleeping over at Javier’s, okay?”

As Nita got up with Elton in her arms, Gabriel turned his face for her kiss on his cheek. He didn’t tell her that he was not planning on spending the night with Javier.

Not any time in the foreseeable future.

After giving himself a brief pep talk, Gabriel somehow found himself ringing Javier's doorbell. He panicked his way out of his Altima in front of Javier's house and onto the doorstep. "Hey," Javier smiled and wrapped an arm across Gabriel's back in greeting. He moved away to let Gabriel enter his home. Gabriel murmured a salutation in return, wiping his sweaty palms on his dark blue jeans. Even though the two had been on other dates, Gabe still couldn't lose the jumpy nerves.

Javier looked Gabriel over and shut the door. He leaned close to Gabriel's back and spoke into his ear. "A slight change of plans. I thought we would have had the place to ourselves, but Mateo's home." He left a hand on Gabriel's lower back.

A deep "hey" came from behind Gabriel. Damn it. Gabe tried to give himself an internal pep talk before facing Javier's cousin.

"Hello, Mateo." He turned to call out to the taller man. He tried smiling, but Mateo's ice blue stare was intimidating. "How's it going?" No response. Mateo spit something out to Javier in rapid Spanish. Gabriel couldn't help but think Mateo was talking about him, though the words that Mateo did say didn't seem to include Gabriel's name. If he and Javier lasted, Gabriel considered investing in Rosetta Stone or something.

Mateo blinked his eyes maybe twice, and went off to another room in the townhouse. Today was the first time Gabriel had seen the other man without a fitted cap on his head. He first thought it was the shadow from the brim, paired with the tall muscular frame, tattoos, and rough-around-the-edges vibe that seemed to exude from Mateo's pores that scared him. But the man was even scarier without a cap. Gabriel shook his head and turned to look at Javier and himself in the hallway mirror. Gabriel was used to his face—dark brown hair, clean-shaven, peach-tone skin and brown eyes. Nothing extraordinary or model-worthy, just average in Gabriel's eyes. Javier's hazel eyes met his in the mirror, and he moved closer behind Gabriel. "I missed you." He leaned his chin on Gabriel's shoulder.

"Me too." And he did. The two had some great conversations in the past weeks since they started dating.

Javier was thirty-three, and had been single for a few months since getting out of a long-term relationship. Gabriel followed Javier's relationship cues since he definitely had more experience. One thing that took time getting used to was that Javier liked to touch. Nothing over the top, but usually he loved holding Gabriel's hand. Or a brief touch on a shoulder or his back, something Gabriel was slightly leery of in the beginning. Gabriel was not an outwardly affectionate person in general, but it was becoming something he could get used to.

Javier smiled into Gabriel's ear and murmured, "A good thing about my cousin being home? He made dinner. He's definitely a better cook than me. I was going to order out and play it off."

Cooking was something Gabriel was actually good at. He'd have to file it in his head for the future, to make a meal for Javier to try.

Gabriel returned the smile as Javier held his hand to give him the grand tour of the shared home. Javier was a pharmaceutical rep, and was out in the field commuting a lot. He was trying to apply for higher position at the moment. His free time being very limited, so when he could, he tried to make enough time for a date with Gabriel.

"Your house is really nice. How long have you lived here?"

"Actually not that long. Once I had my breakup, Mateo offered to let me move in. After everything with work settles down, I'll start looking into a place for myself."

Gabriel was surprised. "Oh, I thought it was the other way around."

"Nah. Mateo's house. Though with my job, I'm rarely here." He looked Gabriel in his eyes and held his hand. "I might need to see if I can slow it down a bit, now that I've found some inspiration." He winked.

The two men were in the downstairs hallway, outside of the kitchen, when Mateo called out something in Spanish. Obviously not for Gabriel to know. "Dinner's ready." Javier led Gabriel into the kitchen where a bombardment of spices hit Gabriel's nose.

Mateo even set the food out on plates for the three of them. Another shock for Gabriel; maybe he was just being too judgmental. “Thank you, Mateo. It smells great, looks even better.”

Mateo stared and grabbed his own plate, grunted, “*Gracias,*” and hightailed it out of there. Gabriel stared briefly at the back of the taller man. Okay... maybe not.

The two men ate their dinner in the kitchen, talked, drank wine and talked some more. Gabriel did not notice time flying by as he and Javier held hands in the kitchen. He noticed Mateo did not come from the basement to at least drop off his dirty dishes. “Uh, are we in your cousin’s way?”

“No, he’s probably working out in the basement, watching TV or something. He can get caught up. Why?”

“I just wondered, since he left in hurry and he made us dinner. I know nothing about him other than he cooks like a dream and this is his house.”

Javier shrugged, “He’s not much of a talker. He thought I’d make a better impression with a home-cooked meal instead.” He smiled, “Unfortunately, I can barely make oatmeal.”

“Impression made.” What a nice gesture.

Maybe Gabriel’s preconceived notions about Javier’s cousin might be a little wrong. The hulking, muscular, blue-eyed, dark-haired giant might have made his stomach feel... off. Not anxious or nauseous, just a little funny. During this date, he got to learn more about the quiet dinner creator—he was not a convict (color Gabe surprised), but a mechanic, with a shop opening soon with a few of his friends.

Javier and Mateo were first cousins that were close, but became even closer when Javier came out of the closet as a teen. Javier let Gabriel know about his and Mateo’s background. How his family continued to slowly accept the fact that Javier was gay. Mateo was his number-one supporter. So when Javier broke off his last long-term relationship, Mateo offered to have his cousin live with him until he found his own place. There was no big rush on finding a place.

Javier kissed Gabriel's hand. "I'm guessing we're calling it a night soon. I know we both have early mornings tomorrow. Maybe I'll see you at work." Gabriel was an office manager for a dermatology practice. Javier recently received the medical office district which included Gabe's job.

Javier leaned in closer to kiss Gabriel goodnight, tongue included, but Gabriel still was not feeling it. He squeezed his eyes tighter and started to feel the back of his neck tingle. *Finally... something.* Still in Javier arms, he leaned away and turned towards the door. Mateo was standing there with a straight face.

"C'mon, I'll walk you to your car." Javier smiled.

Gabriel couldn't help but blush. "G'night, Mateo. Thanks again for the dinner."

Mateo didn't speak until Gabriel walked by him. "You're welcome," he muttered deeply. Gabriel could feel his words in his gut it was so deep. He walked behind Javier and looked over his shoulder.

Mateo was looking their way.

"You two fuck?"

"No, Luke."

"Suck him?"

"No."

"He suck you?"

"Negative."

"Touch anywhere in the genital vicinity?"

Lying in bed, Gabriel heavily sighed into his phone and played with his dog's tail. He moved his head deeper into his pillows. He might as well get comfortable for Lucas' disdain. He could almost see his younger friend pouting at his current pace of dating. Lucas was barely home from his vacation and he had called Gabriel to find out the details of his date. He was surprised

Lucas waited to call until he arrived home and not when he plane touched down at LaGuardia Airport.

“Gabe, what are you two doing? Waiting to go steady?”

“Don’t be an ass—”

“Guess what, Debra Jean, I think Jimmy likes you, so open your legs already.”

“Lucas, it’s not—”

“What? I saw his Facebook page. You’re not a troll. I don’t understand what the holdup is.”

“Well for one, his cousin was home.”

“What? He likes to watch? If he looks anything like your guy’s profile pic, you should be welcoming this. Threesome’s are fun. It usually involves some work to make sure everyone gets off, but certainly fun. What’s his name? Does he like his men flexible?”

“There was a reason for this call. And it did not include my sex life—”

“Your nonexistent one!”

Gabriel rolled his eyes. “And Mateo is most likely straight, so I don’t know how he would like his women.”

“Oh well, his loss. So why you and Javier no fucky-fucky or licky-licky?”

“I don’t know. We’ve kissed. It was nice.”

“Nice? Nice is getting an extra shot of espresso in a latte. Nice is finding a dollar on the street. Nice is generic.”

“Fuck you very much.”

“No, Gabe. It’s supposed to be you fucking Javier very much, or the other way around.”

“I don’t know. We just didn’t have the opportunity.”

Lucas sighed heavily. It sounded like he was gearing up for a long-winded rant on the joys of gay sex and why Gabriel needed to get back on that pony or

horse or whatever euphemism floated his fancy. Gabriel sometimes tuned out his well-meaning friend. He heard a beep signaling an incoming call.

“Someone’s calling, gimme a sec.” He thankfully switched over, not even screening the call, happy for the interruption.

“Hello?”

“Hey babe. What’s doing?”

“Javier.” Gabriel automatically smiled like a teenage girl getting a call from the popular boy. He took a deep breath away from his phone and put it quickly to his ear. “Nothing much, just relaxing with Elton.” Javier made a noncommittal grunt. He didn’t like animals and had yet to meet Elton. Gabriel was sure Elton might change his mind. He was the world’s coolest cucumber. He just had to slowly warm Javier up to the idea. “How are you?”

“Better now that I’m talking to you. So listen, Mateo’s friend is opening his restaurant over in Long Island this Friday. I was wondering if maybe you and a friend wanted to come along.”

Gabriel and Javier hadn’t seen each other in almost a week, since Gabriel was at the older man’s house for dinner. “Sure.” He wondered if he should even bother to ask Lucas. He would probably take one look at Mateo and offer to mate on any nearby flat surface. Gabriel quickly discussed the details of meeting up because Javier was working. He switched over back to Lucas.

“Lucas?”

A heavy sigh answered Gabriel back. “So where was I?” He could hear Lucas clicking his tongue ring on his teeth over the phone. “Oh yes... why you will have gray pubic hairs by the time you and your man finally get it on.”

“What are you doing Friday after work?”

“Hosting a Passion Party. Why?” Lucas had a lot of side jobs besides being a medical assistant, one being a sex-toy party host. It was quite lucrative, and Lucas made quite a bit of money from their co-workers at their job.

“Darn. Guess you can’t come with me and Javier to a restaurant opening that evening. His cousin was going to be there as well.”

“FUCK ME!”

“No thanks.” Gabriel and Lucas would probably end up killing each other if they ever attempted to touch each other in a sexual nature. “Guess I’ll ask Nita.”

“Shit, shit, shit!” He knew Lucas couldn’t and wouldn’t back out of a Passion Party; those were his big money makers. “I guess I’ll be watching Elton. He can stay in the back room.” Gabriel could just visualize the epic pout on the younger man’s face about missing an opportunity of meeting Javier in the flesh, along with Mateo.

“Thanks.”

“I’m coming over right now, so get that juicy ass out of bed. We need to find you some pants that will make your boy throw you against a wall!” Knowing Lucas, he wouldn’t rest until he got his friend laid.

As a way to maintain his weight loss, Gabriel stuck to the old diet and exercise approach. The food part wasn’t so bad because he loved preparing healthier foods. The exercise part... well it was a love/hate relationship. He hated doing the work, but loved the results. He wasn’t ripped by even the loosest of standards, or a hulking mountain of muscle like Javier’s cousin. His body was somewhat toned, soft in some spots, a little defined in others. He was happy with it, or trying to be. He usually tried to work out after work three times a week. But his office changed their hours, giving him Wednesdays free.

Gabriel figured he would try to switch to working out in the morning on his newly free day. A totally different vibe, surrounded by older women and the stay-at-home set. Or so he thought.

He couldn’t believe his eyes when he saw Mateo in his six-foot-five ripped glory using the elliptical machine by Gabriel’s favorite treadmill. A machine he planned on starting with... but not now. He couldn’t help but feel self-conscious. He never noticed him at this gym before. Gabriel would have definitely remembered. He watched the other man, the black sleeveless T-shirt barely covering his sweaty chest. Gabriel smoothed his hand down his own

white T-shirt and put his hands into his dark-colored sweats' pockets nervously. Maybe Mateo didn't see him.

Gabriel slowly backed away. Of course, he backed into gym equipment and made a loud *oof*, drawing the eyes of people within the vicinity, including Mateo. A deer in headlights had nothing on Gabriel as Mateo stared directly at the embarrassed man. Mateo nodded his head in greeting and continued exercising. Gabriel's stomach did a quick jump—out of which emotion was still to be determined. Nerves seemed to be winning.

Maybe it wouldn't be too awkward. Maybe Gabe needed to get his head out of his ass and quit acting like Mateo did something to him. They were both adults. And if the other man didn't like him, he looked like the type who would do something about it.

So Gabriel went to the treadmill directly in front of Mateo's machine, and got to work. He thought he might have heard a grunt or some form of rumble from behind him, but Gabriel chose to ignore it. Hell he'd grunt too, if he worked at the incessant pace that Mateo set. Gabriel planned to get in about forty-five minutes, but somehow it stretched into over an hour. Gabriel did not want to look around for Mateo and skipped his usual shower at the gym. He would just shower at home. He picked up his bag and caught Mateo's eyes in the mirror in front of him. He waved awkwardly and hightailed it out of the gym.

He rushed to his car, put the key in the ignition and... nothing. After a number of tries, Gabriel had to accept the fact that his car was dead. Fuck! He tried calling Nita and Lucas but all he got was their voicemails. He didn't even try to call Javier because he knew he was in New Jersey for a corporate meeting. He really had been meaning to invest in Triple A. He was contemplating his lessening number of choices when he heard, "Car won't start?" directly behind him.

"Mateo, hey. Nope. It's dead." Gabriel wasn't even going to pretend to guess what the hell the problem was.

Mateo held his hand out in front of Gabriel's face. Gabriel stared at his wrist where his tattoo sleeve started. "Your keys?" Mateo asked.

Gabriel shook his head. “Sorry.” He dumped them in the other man’s hand. “Please don’t feel obligated to help. I mean, I—”

Mateo left Gabriel talking to himself because he already popped the hood of Gabriel’s car and was checking the engine out. “Has this happened before?”

“Uh, no. It’s my first time. I mean the car’s first time. I mean you know what I mean.” *Oh, just shut up already.* “I mean to say, no. It’s never died before.” Gabriel couldn’t help but babble.

“Did you leave a light on?”

“Well, no. The car is kind of not working, so I—”

Mateo looked above the hood to look at Gabriel with a small smirk. “I meant before going to the gym.”

Gabriel wanted to smack himself. “No.” He could feel his face lighting up. Fuck. “I’m sure I didn’t.” With the word vomit Gabriel spewed and couldn’t seem to stop, he doubted Mateo believed him.

“Let me get my cables. See if I can jump you.” Gabriel watched Mateo saunter towards an all-black truck. He drove his vehicle closer to Gabe’s, hopped out with the jumper cables, and connected both cars. Nothing. He tried again after checking the connections. But Gabe’s ride still was dead.

“Hmm. I’m pretty sure you need a new battery. See the corrosion on the top?” Gabriel just nodded. “See?” Mateo pointed to the white matter. Apparently he was paying close attention to Gabe’s clueless face.

“Corrosion equals bad.”

Mateo smirked again and then went back to his ever-present poker face. “I can get a battery for you, if you’d like. An inexpensive one, if you don’t mind waiting a little. I have a friend who can give it to me for real cheap.”

“Really?” Gabriel needed a friend like that, especially now.

Mateo looked at him and pulled out his phone from his pants. He dialed someone and spit out rapid-fire Spanish. The conversation took only a couple of minutes. “My friend’s on lunch but he’ll be back at his store in about forty minutes. Can you wait that long?”

“Sure. I don’t have much of a choice. It’s either you or the bus.” He widened his eyes. He sounded like a jerk to his own ears. “I mean—yes—”

“I understand. We can wait in my car.”

“Actually, could we go to my house? I don’t live far from here. I need my wallet.”

Mateo hopped into his truck and propped open his passenger side. Once he got in, other than directions, neither man had much to say. Mateo found a parking spot in front of Gabriel’s building. Mateo looked slightly flushed. “Can I use your toilet?”

“Of course. Follow me.” Gabriel figured it was the least he could do. He walked Mateo through the security door, and into his elevator, keeping his eyes forward, but he could just feel Mateo’s presence next to him.

As he stood in front of his apartment door, he turned to face Mateo, who seemed to be scoping out the hallway. “Fair warning, I have a dog.”

Mateo didn’t even flinch. “Okay. I love them.” He shrugged.

Gabe was surprised. Javier seemed to be afraid of the idea of canines. Anytime he asked Javier to join him for a walk with Elton, he always declined. Once his dog heard keys jingle in the lock, he could hear Elton’s happy, excited scratches behind the door. He called out to his furry boy as he slowly opened the door. Gabriel bent down to receive the exuberant kisses, since the Shih Tzu-Maltese mix couldn’t reach his face any other way. He picked up his black and white fur-ball who excitedly sniffed his chest, licking whatever inch of skin he could reach.

“Mateo, Elton.” He chuckled when Elton reached a ticklish spot behind his ear with his tongue. “Elton, Mateo.”

Mateo held out both arms towards Gabriel, and the personable dog leapt into his arms as if he and Mateo were long lost lovers. Elton ignored his owner for the new man. *Typical*. Mateo turned the dog over on his back in his arms and let Elton lick away. “I think he likes me.” He was currently rubbing the dog’s stomach, and Elton shamelessly spread his legs wide open while continuing to lick Mateo’s face.

“He has that effect on people.” Gabriel led Mateo inside his two-bedroom apartment, happy he thought to clean before leaving for the gym. He did a brief look around for any surprises from Elton but did not find any.

“He’s a good boy. Aren’t you, El?” Apparently Elton was a fan of his new nickname. He damn near pushed his tongue into Mateo’s mouth. Thankfully, it seemed Mateo did not mind. Not everyone was a fan of dog displays of affection.

“Let me show you where the bathroom is.” He moved to lock his door, but Mateo beat him to the punch and put Elton down. Elton ignored his master and stood adoringly at Mateo’s feet. Gabriel pointed to his bathroom, which was right off the hallway, and Elton followed closely behind Mateo. Gabriel prepared to bend to pick his pet up.

“It’s cool,” Mateo said with a smile. That was the first time he’d ever seen Mateo smile. Stunning wasn’t the right word, but it was close. Mateo’s eyes sparkled, and he had deep dimples on both cheeks. Gabriel was a sucker for dimples.

“Don’t bend over for me,” Mateo told Gabriel with a straight face. Gabriel on the other hand couldn’t seem to not think of Mateo hovering behind him, while bent over. *Stopping those type of thoughts right now.* He tried not squirming under Mateo’s stare. Mateo went to the restroom with Elton acting as the man’s shadow. Luckily Elton wasn’t much of a barker, stalker... yes.

Dear Lord, don’t let this man even guess what I’m thinking, Gabriel thought to himself. He’d end up telling Javier what a perv he was dating and it would be all over. Mateo seemed like a nice enough guy, but who knew if he’d want to kick Gabriel’s ass for thinking gay thoughts about him. While Gabriel was picturing all types of mind warfare in the hallway, Mateo flushed, washed his hands, and stood in front of him with Elton in tow.

“So, you ready?” He seemed to be asking the dog. Elton had added another victim to his crew.

Gabriel shook his head at himself and went to his bedroom for his wallet. He expected to hear nails clicking against the hardwood floor behind him, but

Elton didn't remove himself from Mateo's eyesight which was surprisingly for him. He pushed the thought to the back of his mind as he got his wallet. He did a quick rub with deodorant because he didn't want to knock Mateo out with his sweaty pits.

"Can he come for the ride?" Mateo asked.

"You don't mind?"

"I wouldn't have asked."

Gabriel moved to grab Elton's harness and leash. Now the dog turned to follow his owner. He knew what that leash meant. He put the harness on so they could leave with Mateo. By the time both men got in Mateo's truck (Elton opting to sit in Mateo's impressive lap—okay Gabriel couldn't help but look at the muscular thighs—he looked like he could crush someone's skull with those things), paid for the battery, and had it installed, it was late afternoon.

Gabriel smiled after starting his car and hearing the engine actually turn over. Elton perched on his passenger seat, his adoration funneled Mateo's way. Mateo closed the hood and grinned at Elton.

"Thank you so much for all of the help. I apologize that I messed up your day."

"Never said you did. I didn't mind." Mateo wiped his hands on a cloth he pulled from his back pocket. Gabriel couldn't help that he secretly ogled the other man throughout their time together today, that black sleeveless tee just drew his eyes to those arms. And the fluttering sweatpants drawstring emphasized Mateo's torso, begged for peeks from the general public, Gabriel included. Mateo leaned over the now-open passenger window and rubbed his hand on Elton's head, looking at Gabriel. "See you this Friday."

Gabriel totally blanked. He thought he'd finally got over his awkwardness around Mateo. Not as if the two of them had meaningful conversations... But there he went again. "Friday?"

“Saul’s opening. The restaurant? Javier invited you, right? I told him to.” This was the first time Mateo had brought up his cousin’s name today to Gabriel during their time together.

“Yes, I will. Or, I should say, my friend and I will be there. I looked up the directions already.”

“Later, El.” The dog gave a resounding lick to Mateo’s face. “See you then.”

Gabriel checked Mateo from the side of his eyes as he made his way back to his truck with his tool kit. Gabriel blinked once the other vehicle pulled away. It was time to stop the straight boy fantasies. He thought he outgrew them, but apparently not.

Elton whined towards the open window.

“Yeah, yeah. I know you like him. But Daddy’s not dating him.” *Damn it*, Nita was rubbing off on him.

“That’s him?”

Gabriel nodded and took a deep breath. He bumped Nita’s pointer finger which was pointing towards the Vargas men. Both were clad in jeans, Javier’s a lighter blue than Mateo’s. Javier had a button down shirt like Gabriel’s, Mateo was wearing black. It seemed to be his signature color. He did not wear a hat that evening, so the ice-blue stare was out in full force, meaning Gabriel’s stomach tried to leave through his chest.

“Sweet Jesus, do you know if the cousin is single?”

“Nita, I beg you. Try to not maul either one of them, at least not until dessert.”

Gabriel and Nita walked towards the front of the Colombian restaurant where both men appeared to be waiting for them. Gabriel didn’t feel nervous. Who was he kidding? The moment he looked past Javier’s left to where his cousin talked to another thuggish-looking guy, he felt his stomach jump. He

looked back towards Javier. He pasted a smile on his face, praying it looked authentic.

He might have developed a minor crush on the cousin. But he kept that factoid to himself. He couldn't even imagine what Nita would say, much less Lucas. Actually, he knew whatever Lucas would have answered, it would have needed to be censored.

These past two nights, he might have stroked himself off while thinking of Mateo. It usually started off with Javier in his mind but somehow, Javier kept getting shoved away by his cousin. Mateo would pop in there wearing jeans and a cap covering his dark curls. Then a slow strip tease would commence. Ending with hands covered in semen.

Javier. Javier. Javier! Maybe if he repeated the name, he could get his head wrapped around the concept of the man he was actually dating. He must be suffering from some repressed feelings. He remembered staring at the "bad boys" when in high school. He already knew nothing would come from it. Hell, he might have worn out a DVD or two with the "straight boy" theme. But that was just fantasy.

Time for his reality. "Hello, Javier." He smiled. "Mateo." He nodded.

Mateo murmured a quick "hey", rapidly introduced the guy he was talking to as "Saul," and the two went inside Saul's restaurant. The Latin music was loud inside the restaurant. Nita started to sway her hips to the beat.

"Nita, you look gorgeous as ever." Javier gave a kiss to her cheek, which she returned.

"Thanks. What about my boy?" she countered.

Gabriel had come directly from the barber, and had a stubble-free face, and his hair resembled an overgrown crew cut. He and Nita had barely made it here at the time specified.

Javier wrapped his arms around Gabriel. He pecked his cheek quickly. "He always looks good." Gabriel still felt not a thing. Javier directed them inside the restaurant and towards their table, his arm casually slung around Gabe's shoulders. A makeshift dance floor had been created for the night close to their

table, giving the restaurant a lounge ambience. Mateo made his way alone to their table and sat in front of Nita, who was sitting next to Gabriel. Javier seated himself across from Gabe.

“Aren’t you tall, dark and handsome.” Nita preened at Mateo. Gabe nudged her leg with his to signal to her to simmer down.

“*Gracias.*”

“It’s Nita.” She winked at him. “*Oh, de nada.* You must drive your girlfriend insane with those eyes.”

“No girlfriend.”

She tilted her head to the side. “Really?” she drawled. “Don’t mind me. I’m in the psychology field. I love to learn about new people. Ask Javier, I practically had him give his life story the first time we met.” The cousins glanced at one another then, and smiled.

A waiter came to their table, which was divine intervention because Gabriel was just about to pinch the hell out of Nita’s arm under the table. Once they all searched the menus, and gave their orders, Nita would not be deterred. She didn’t get much of Mateo’s family history due to the fact the man barely spoke more than ten words at one time. He didn’t look mad. He looked like he almost wanted to smirk. The service was fast, their meals delicious. Once all were finished eating, the cousins excused themselves to congratulate their friend.

“He’s not straight.”

“Of course not. Hello, we’re dating.”

“No dummy. Not Javier—who’s really into you, by the way. It’s cute. But so is his cousin.”

Gabriel whipped his head to stare at Nita. “Why in the hell would you think that?”

“Because both men were eye-fucking you pretty much the entire time.” She patted his hand. “Though I must give it to Mateo—he’s subtle. Almost didn’t

catch the bugger. This sucks though, because I was hoping he was straight. He looks like he'd be a fun ride."

Gabe could only process the first part, which was Mateo being gay. *Impossible*. "No. He does not, Bonita." To Gabriel, Mateo gave off an "I'm your man, you're my woman" vibe. How Nita did not notice it boggled Gabriel.

"I'm just reporting what I see. You wouldn't have noticed it. Hell, I barely did. But each time he spoke to me, his eyes first landed on you, then me. He doesn't look for long, but I see it."

Gabriel refused to acknowledge what Nita told him. Even if it was remotely believable, nothing could come from it. The two could barely talk to each other and—it just wasn't a possibility. Gabriel was not going there. Nita was wrong.

"Ooh, maybe you could have a ménage party at their house? Could you imagine? You'd go from zero to full throttle in the sex department." Gabriel couldn't even think how to answer her back. "I doubt either would like to share." She looked at both men returning to the table. "Hmm... no, I don't think so. No sharers in the Vargas home."

Nita thankfully dropped the subject once the men were in listening range. "Would either of you men want to dance? I want to pretend I'm working off some calories." She lived to dance. The salsa was pumping from the live band.

Gabriel didn't dance, not in front of people anyway. Nita knew better than to ask him. Javier held his hand out. "I love to dance, and don't mind working off the excess calories with you. Not that you need it."

"Careful, I might think you're flirting," Nita saucily replied as she put her hand in his, standing in front of him. Mateo sat down back in his seat.

"Gabe, you want to dance?" Javier smiled as he started to move to the rhythm.

"Our Gabe is more of a wallflower, Javier." She turned to look at her friend and loudly whispered for him to hear, "But if you get enough liquor in him, he can cut a rug." She winked.

Gabriel tried not to remember that wondrous night of Nita's birthday celebration. The night was a blur, but Nita and Lucas had a great time with a super-drunk Gabriel.

"Hmm maybe on our next date, Gabe? Who knows what might happen?" Nita and Javier laughed loudly as they moved towards the dance area.

"You and a heavy-liquored Gabe? I'd like details, please." Nita turned to look at Gabe and mouthed "Oh my God," for Gabriel's amusement before turning back to Javier.

Great, Mateo probably felt obligated to keep him company. "You didn't have to stay behind with me, Mateo."

"I'm not. I don't dance much either."

Gabriel had nothing to add to that. He looked down into his lap, now even more nervous thinking about what Nita said. Maybe his cousin wasn't a homophobe. His friend, Saul, danced with another man on the dance floor for all to see. But that didn't mean that Mateo wanted him. Gabriel watched Nita and Javier dance effortlessly, both laughing. He could imagine the stories she was telling the man. "They look great together, huh?"

Mateo turned to face the dancing couple and nodded. Gabriel studied Mateo while watching their friends dance. Not at any point did Mateo turn back to look at him. He knew it. Nita was just delusional. Gabriel would have known if Mateo was gay, he didn't ping on his gaydar.

He would have known.

Right?

The next week, Javier managed to fit in another date with Gabriel, this time alone to see an off-Broadway play. Afterwards, they walked around Times Square like tourists, holding hands, enjoying each other's company. Gabriel even initiated a make-out session, which he could tell surprised Javier a little by the way he widened his eyes before smiling. It seemed Javier might have been waiting for some signal from Gabe, because after that his touches

lingered. He would nip Gabriel's ears at random times, whispering naughty things in his ear. Javier leaned his front on Gabe's back on the crowded train ride home, letting Gabriel feel his erection through their pants.

At the end of the night, Gabriel invited Javier back to his place. He figured he'd just see where the night would lead and play it by ear. Elton was home, much to Javier's dismay. The two did not hit it off. Javier tried to act like he wasn't afraid, but Gabriel could see he was. Gabe tried chasing his dog, who was spry that night. When he finally caught Elton, Gabriel felt bad for putting his pet inside his bedroom, but he could tell Javier was uncomfortable. The mood the two struck earlier that evening could not be reignited and they called it a night.

The following day, he joined Javier and Mateo at their house so he could drive Javier to the airport for two weeks' training in Ohio. He drove to the airport alone with Javier. But before they left, Javier said something to Mateo to make him look stern. He had glanced at Gabe briefly and walked back into the house. Gabriel wondered what happened, but before he knew it they were leaving for the airport, and the thought was soon forgotten.

That night was a free night. No pseudo-boyfriend—Gabriel didn't know what else to call Javier at this point. No dog, since Nita wanted her "Elton-time" and had kidnapped his pooch for the weekend. Gabriel got the ingredients for a stir fry ready, a little disappointed that Elton would not be there to share some nibbles of chicken with him. "I miss my dog," he said to himself as he cut up the vegetables, not caring if it sounded pathetic. He showered and changed into a pair of boxers, and after he finished cooking his lonely meal, he was ready for a DVR *Vampire Diaries* marathon.

Just as Gabriel was plating his stir-fry for one, a loud booming sound came from his front door. "What the hell?" He dropped his utensils on the counter and ran towards the door. He was not expecting company, and from the sounds of the incessant knocking, he might not want whoever was at his door for company. He meant to look through the peephole, but the other person began another barrage of pounding. Gabe did not need to have his nosy neighbor from across the hall alerting the police.

He swung the door open and nearly choked on his tongue—looking at the last person he expected to ever see on his doorstep.

“What are you doing here?” Gabe croaked. He wondered how Mateo even got in his building without buzzing him in.

Mateo scowled from the open doorway. He looked Gabriel slowly from toe to head, stopping around his facial region. Mateo was breathing heavier than normal, staring from under his black baseball cap. He was starting to freak Gabriel out.

“Mateo? Is something wrong?”

Mateo started to walk forward, making Gabriel back up. Once Mateo cleared the doorway, he kicked the front door closed, still not speaking a word as he leaned against the only means of escape. His eyes seemed to be glued on Gabe.

He didn't have to put up with this. It was his apartment. Gabriel glared at the tall man and walked towards him. “Listen, I know you don't like me or whatever but—” Gabriel didn't get another word in because Mateo silenced him with his mouth. What the fuck just happened? He opened his mouth more out of reaction than want, and in went Mateo's tongue. Mateo licked every crevice of his mouth. He couldn't believe this was happening, a weird surreal moment.

“Mateo?” he blurted, once Mateo raised his mouth to breathe in much-needed air. This entire situation was wrong but it felt... so good.

“I can't do it anymore.” Mateo traced his lips with his tongue. “Pretend.” He threw his hat to the floor. “You are all wrong for Javier.” Mateo held Gabe by his chin lightly, looking him earnestly in the eyes.

“How so?” Granted, the two were taking the slow path, but they weren't about instant gratification. Or, at least, he thought they weren't.

“Did you know you squint your eyes before kissing Javier?” It wasn't as if Gabriel would have been able to tell. “You didn't when I kissed you.” Mateo grinned. He traced a callused hand down from Gabriel's neck to his chest. He

lightly caressed Gabriel's hardened nipple. "Usually when my cousin is with a man, by this time in the relationship, he's already fucked them."

"How would you know if he did or did not?"

Mateo quirked his lips and snorted. "I know he didn't. When he told me that he's planning a getaway with you later this month before you left for the airport, I couldn't handle it. I tried to ignore it. But I just can't deny this feeling. And before you deny anything, your dick is speaking the same language I'm speaking." He looked at Gabriel's tented underwear to make his point crystal clear. "I figured I should stop whatever you two thought you were doing. Call it dating if you want. You two together, it's a joke. You want me. I can feel your eyes on me. Every time. It feels right."

Even if Gabriel could refute his attraction to Mateo, it would be a moot point when his penis was very happily pointing north. He never in a million years thought to act upon it. Or to actually do so now. He put his hands on Mateo's arms, which were staying thankfully above the waist. He spoke too soon, because Mateo placed his hand on the edge of his boxers' waistband. That thing he felt when Mateo looked at him grew into a sledgehammer in his gut. The pulsing desire Gabriel tried to force himself to feel with Javier was turned up full throttle with Javier's cousin. "Tell me no and I'll stop."

Gabriel couldn't. Based on that feeling, he couldn't form the words necessary to stop what both of them would be wrong for doing. Mateo looked back to make sure Gabriel saw there was no force. They both wanted this. Gabriel stared back. He couldn't drum up enough guilt to put on the brakes. Mateo took this as acquiescence.

He pushed Gabriel towards the living room floor, rolling them so Gabriel was on top. He dragged his nose down the column of Gabriel's neck. "You just got out of the shower?" Mateo asked while sucking on his Adam's apple softly.

"Yeah." Gabriel was caught up in the sensations.

“Wish I had known.” He rubbed his hard dick into Gabe’s thigh. “I would have come by earlier. Helped you out.” He dragged a hand over Gabriel’s ass and squeezed his bubble butt.

“Might have been nice,” panted Gabriel before they rolled again, this time with Gabriel underneath Mateo.

Mateo threw his shirt off and pressed his chest against Gabe’s. Gabriel was temporarily stunned by the glittering nipple rings. He never would have guessed Mateo had piercings. Mateo rubbed his nipples across Gabriel’s, groaning when the stiff peaks finally touched. Gabriel grabbed Mateo’s head, breathing the other man in, sipping heavily from his mouth, savoring his flavor. While kissing, Mateo moved his hand to the front of his boxers, grabbing Gabriel’s stiff cock. Gabriel had never been so turned on before.

Mateo pulled down Gabriel’s shorts and made a low groan. “Definitely going to ride this in the future.” He threw the underwear somewhere in the living room, neither of them really caring where they landed. He pressed a light kiss to Gabriel’s ever-beckoning cock head and stared Gabriel in the eyes. Gabe probably crossed them from trying not to shoot at that point. Never in a million years did he think this scenario would ever play out.

Mateo sucked on Gabriel’s wide mushroom-like head, flicking his tongue down his slit. Gabriel knew this time his eyes did cross because it felt so good. Mateo put his hand by Gabriel’s mouth. A deep growl to “lick” was commanded from somewhere around Gabriel’s nether region. Mateo used his other hand to trace the V of his groin, making Gabe’s toes curl while Mateo sucked his cock head voraciously. Gabriel held onto the proffered hand, licking Mateo’s palm and wetting each finger. Once he finished, Mateo took his saliva-coated hand to Gabriel’s shaft, rubbing the appendage in an up and down motion while keeping his mouth on just the tip.

Gabriel jump-started his mind—he should be reciprocating the pleasure he was receiving—so he placed a hand on the edge of Mateo’s pants. He groped the erection, hesitating a little when he thought he felt something hard on Mateo’s dick. Mateo finally let up off Gabe’s penis to quickly remove his pants and underwear. Now both men were fully naked. “El?” Mateo asked.

His doubts about this situation were disappearing once the other man asked about his pet. It warmed him even more. “He’s gone for the weekend.”

“You had plans this weekend?”

“Not really.”

“Me neither. I’m sure we’ll be able to figure something out.” He smiled at Gabriel’s erection, returning his hand to grip and rub Gabriel, oh so right. Gabriel looked towards Mateo’s penis and did a double take. Not only was it quite large, it looked intimidating. He did feel something hard earlier. Mateo had an apadravya, which shocked the shit out of Gabriel. He thought the nipple piercings were a pleasant surprise but the penile piercing downright scared him. He worried about how he could fit any of it in his mouth.

“Don’t worry, babe.” Mateo grazed him with his lips, hovering over his mouth and placing the impressive erection against Gabriel’s. “I just want to taste you is all.” He ran his other hand against Gabriel’s furrowed brow.

“I’ve never bottomed before.” He might as well get that out of the way. Because if the other man thought he was going to be able to even fit half of his cock inside of him, he had another thing coming. He hoped there was no look of pity in Mateo’s eyes.

Gabriel didn’t have to worry. “That’s okay, Gabe. I didn’t plan on even going this far. I actually wanted to talk to you first but I couldn’t stop myself.” Still water runs deep. “Will you let me?” He puckered his mouth and leaned in further. “You taste so good, Gabe.”

Gabriel rubbed himself slowly against Mateo, not used to feeling a piercing run along his dick. It was odd, but if Mateo kept this up, he’d get used to it. Both men rubbed themselves languorously, both slicking their hands with their precum. Their hips moved in tandem, heightening the pleasure. “You never answered, Gabe.” Mateo grabbed both of their dicks in one hand. Blazing blue stared down at him when Gabriel looked up. “Tell me. Let me hear it.”

Gabriel was getting so caught up in the motions. He was prepared to say whatever Mateo wanted to hear as long he kept that up. “Yes. T-taste me,” he cried out as Mateo tightened his grip. Mateo started licking his way down his

neck, sucking again on his Adam's apple. He slowly moved down his chest, moving to suck on the right nipple, pulling on the dusky bead and nipping around his small areola. Gabe grunted and humped harder against Mateo but the man frustratingly kept moving his torso away, only grazing and teasing him.

"Not yet," Mateo murmured into his skin. He moved to the other nipple, applying the same oral tricks while not giving Gabriel's cock the stimulation he craved. Mateo finally descended to the area that wanted most of his attention. He flattened his tongue straight down Gabriel's belly, giving little kisses to the soft mound. He kept his tongue flat against Gabriel's groin, licking softly against his shaft, much to Gabriel's frustration. He groaned out loud once he looked down to see what new tortuous move Mateo was going to do to him now. Mateo seemed only to be waiting for his gaze before swallowing his penis whole, tip to root. Mateo's nose nestled in his pubic hair, making Gabriel bow his back. Mateo dragged his mouth away from the shaft, leaving only the head lying on his tongue. He took a deep breath around the stiff penis and added tight suction as he moved the shaft back towards his throat.

Gabriel had to avert his eyes for several seconds so he wouldn't shoot off. He could feel the need to come begin to build. He wanted to last longer, or at least help Mateo out with something, instead of shouting out his pleasure from Mateo's wicked mouth. Mateo removed his mouth from Gabriel's dick, for which, Gabriel was thankful for a reprieve, but Mateo then moved to his balls, sucking on each testicle. He played with the first, then the second. Gabriel wound his left leg across Mateo's back, opening himself for more of Mateo's teasing.

Mateo moved further down, his tongue fluttering swiftly over his perineum, moving directly towards the Promised Land that was Gabriel's anus. He used both thumbs to hold the area open and used the rest of his fingers to hold Gabriel's fluffy behind.

"Please," Gabriel breathed out. Mateo spit on his clean asshole. He licked around the area, never penetrating. Gabriel was not even cognizant of what he

was saying, he just went with the feeling. Mateo used his thumbs along with his tongue to stimulate the already stimulated area. He pierced his tongue inside the rim, flicking his tongue gently, apparently taking Gabriel's constant guttural moans as approval. He moved in as deep as his tongue would let him until Gabriel added his other leg to his back adding to the frantic movement his hips made. "Yes, Mateo. Right. There."

Mateo pulled his tongue out, hopefully wanting Gabriel to come in his mouth. Mateo mouthed his way back towards the leaking shaft and resumed swallowing Gabriel whole. He moved his head back and forth, twisting his tongue around the sensitive slit. Mateo sped up once he figured out Gabriel was trying to hold back, or so it seemed. Gabriel couldn't stop his semen from shooting once Mateo's tongue played with the underside of his cock. He shot into Mateo's mouth, grunting and biting his lip as his hips seized into Mateo's hungry mouth. Mateo swallowed all that he had to give.

Or not. Mateo left some come in his mouth and spit it back into his hand. He looked askance at Gabe, who got the message. Together the men brought Mateo off. Mateo burrowed his head in the crook of Gabriel's neck, guiding Gabe's hands on how to grip him with the apa. Gabriel learned how sensitive Mateo was around the piercing sites, how much pressure made Mateo curse "fuck" loudly. He moved his mouth towards Gabriel's, trying to reach his tonsils with his tongue while humping into their hands. Mateo growled into Gabriel's mouth as he shot his load, grinding his hips into Gabriel's already messy front. Once finished, both men gently kissed each other as they came down from their orgasmic highs.

"See what I mean?"

Gabriel surely did. Shit, what was he was going to tell Javier once he came back to New York?

"We're going to have to tell Javier about us when he comes back," Mateo said, as if reading his mind.

"How do you even know if we're going to be an 'us'?" Gabe replied.

"Give me a couple of minutes and I'll show you."

“I’ll tell him. I’m dating him. Let him hate me.”

“I’m his cousin. What do you think he’ll do, give me a high five?”

“I think he’d handle it better from me.”

“I’ve known him longer. Believe me, whichever way you want to handle it, he’s going to be pissed. I think in the future he’ll get over it because he’ll see you two were forcing something that wasn’t there.”

“I think that’s the most you’ve ever said to me.”

Mateo grabbed Gabriel’s butt cheek and pinched until Gabriel squeaked.

During the two weeks Javier was away, both men couldn’t keep their hands off of one another. Mateo was over at Gabriel’s house if he wasn’t working. The two grew closer on more than just a sexual level. In fact, they had blown one another often. Gabriel was rusty at first (especially mouthing that apadravya the first time) but it was like riding a bicycle. They didn’t try anal yet, although they wanted to. They had fun doing everything in between. When the two weren’t pawing at each other, they spent time cooking or going to the gym together. Elton enjoyed the extra walks and attention from Mateo, and he also did not mind the extra treats that somehow found their way from Mateo’s pockets. Gabriel didn’t want to jinx the feeling. It might have been something close to the “L” word. But he tried to push that to the back of his mind for later analysis. He’d define it in the *strong like* category with a forecast of this growing into something special.

He didn’t tell Nita about him and Mateo yet. He almost slipped telling Lucas at work the other day. Once he told one, the other would know just as quick. He was slightly afraid of their reactions.

Now their Javier-less days were over. Javier had returned home from Ohio late last night. Gabriel had planned to pick the older man up, but delays and a taxi ride changed that. When Gabriel spoke to Javier over the phone, he just couldn’t find a way to say, *it’s over*. Especially to something that never really began in the first place. He preferred to tell him face to face like an adult, instead of over the phone. Tomorrow. Gabe lay in bed trying to plan his

speech for the next day but somehow spent the time worrying himself until he was too tired to stay up.

A loud piercing sound woke Gabriel abruptly out of his deep sleep. Phone... the cell phone was ringing. "Hello," he breathed into his phone. He could barely crack his eyes open to see who was calling him at "it-better-be-a-fucking-emergency" o'clock.

"Gabriel."

"Mateo?" He tried rubbing his eyes. "Hey," he murmured. He tried to wake the rest of his body up. His dick was making itself present at the sound of Mateo's deep voice.

"You didn't tell him yet." Gabriel didn't need a description of the "yet" Mateo was referring to.

"I kept meaning to—"

Mateo cut him off. "But you didn't. I don't want to sneak around. I want to be able to feel you up whenever I'd like, in front whoever I want."

"Tomorrow, I will. I don't want to tell him over the phone. It's bad enough."

"You and I aren't bad together. We're great together."

"I wish you were lying next me."

"Really? How bad?"

"Bad enough. My semi is getting pretty hard."

"Buzz me in."

"Where are you?" A loud buzz coming from the front of his apartment gave him his answer. He ran to buzz Mateo inside. He held the front door open in anticipation like a loser. But he couldn't help it. Once Mateo walked off the elevator and turned his way, Gabriel's stomach fluttered in delight. Mateo grabbed him and licked into his mouth. Both battled their tongues for dominance but Mateo won, this time.

"Missed you."

“You saw me earlier today.”

“I wanna be next to you at night.” The two walked in the apartment, arms wrapped tightly around one another. Elton looked up from his dog bed in the hallway. He saw it was his new favorite person and walked over to Mateo for him to acknowledge his presence. Once Mateo rubbed his head, Elton gave a halfhearted spin and went back to his bed. “Show me your bedroom again.”

Gabe laughed softly. “What, you forgot how it looked from the last time you were here?”

“You might have painted or something. Let’s go find out.”

He brought the man to his bedroom, throwing his clothes haphazardly off onto the floor. “Too many clothes on you.” He grabbed the hem of Mateo’s plain T-shirt and threw that on the floor next to his shirt. Gabe drew his hands down Mateo’s torso, flicking his nipple piercings along the way. When it came to his pants, Mateo pulled something out from his back pocket and threw the items on the bed.

Gabriel looked to see a small bottle of lube and package of condoms against his pillows. “Someone was pretty sure of himself tonight.”

“Doesn’t have to be tonight. Think of it as for future use.”

Gabriel pulled Mateo closer, wanting another taste of the mouth he was becoming addicted to. Both men lost their pants and briefs, respectively, now fully naked.

“Uh-huh.” Gabriel wrapped his arms around Mateo’s neck, drawing him in even closer, savoring the feel of their naked bodies pressed together. The two had been working themselves to this point during the past days, and it was becoming harder to stop before this final point each time.

Mateo pressed Gabe backwards towards the bed, the two tumbling down with Mateo on top. “You know I dream about your ass. Love feeling it in my hands. You fill them up. It’s my second favorite thing about you.” He pressed his mouth to Gabe’s jaw. He pulled Gabriel’s ass cheeks apart, their sweat helping him glide across the soft skin.

His hand ran through Mateo's curls. "I'm afraid to find out what's the first." Gabriel pulled Mateo's face across the short distance and sucked on his tongue. Mateo groaned when Gabe slid his other hand in between their bodies and held onto his firm dick. He played with the barbells on the top and bottom of Mateo's penis and then fisted his thick shaft.

"Babe?" Mateo licked his neck. "I really have been dreaming about your ass. How you sound when I lick your taint. How I can make you purr when I put my tongue inside you. You taste so good." He rubbed against Gabriel. "Feel even better," he whispered.

Gabriel licked a spot close to Mateo's ear and then lightly bit the man. He sucked on the spot with his mouth. Both men grappled with each other, pulling and pressing passionately.

Mateo's right hand found its way back to Gabriel's behind, "Let me—"

"Fuck me."

"You sure?"

"I said it, didn't I?" Gabriel smirked, channeling his inner Mateo. He rubbed their erections together, holding onto his man tightly. Mateo reached for the bottle and a foil packet and brought the items closer. Mateo leaned away and signaled for Gabriel to turn over. Gabriel obliged. Mateo pulled on Gabriel's torso for him to rise onto his hands and knees.

Gabriel had played with butt plugs, but never tried to use a toy anywhere close to the size of Mateo. He wasn't sure Mateo was going to fit, but he knew Mateo would make sure they had fun either way. Mateo fondled Gabriel's cock, using some of the lube to glide over his shaft, firming his already stiff penis. Gabriel moved along with Mateo's hand, pushing his ass closer to Mateo.

Mateo must have seen Gabriel wasn't in the mood for too much foreplay tonight because he moved his hand off his dick, making his way to Gabe's rear entrance. He squirted more lubrication on his fingers, and played with Gabe's anal walls, starting out with one finger and stretching and lubricating along the way. Mateo gradually inserted another finger, and Gabriel's erection hardened

to pike-like proportions. He reached behind him to play with Mateo's hands, taking some of the lubricant to use while stroking himself.

Gabriel watched Mateo reach for the condom and roll it on, taking care with the apadravya. Mateo smoothed the protection on and placed the head in between Gabe's cheeks. He rubbed up against the bottom of Mateo's dick, craving the feel of him. Mateo didn't penetrate Gabe just yet, he let him work his way closer to the thick cock head, rubbing his anus against Mateo as he stroked himself off.

"Babe." Gabriel kept backing into Mateo's cock but no penetrative relief was offered. "I'm hurting here. I want to feel you inside me."

Mateo held his asshole open and Gabriel moved back on instinct. After a few thrusts, Mateo finally breached his inner ring. Mateo held steady and murmured into Gabriel's ear. The burning sensation overtook any pleasure Gabriel felt. He breathed out slowly, trying to get used to the feeling and ignoring his cock. Mateo reached over and helped fondle Gabriel's cock, which had waned slightly since Mateo pushed inside. The two of them together helped bring Gabriel's cock to the hard length it originally was. Mateo played with Gabe's balls while Gabe continued a firm stroke on his shaft, rubbing his thumb across his head on each upward stroke. He thrust back to try to fit more of Mateo inside of him, ignoring the burning sensation. Mateo slowly sank inside, not fully pulling out, thankfully letting Gabriel become accustomed to the feel of him.

Gabriel pressed harder into Mateo's next stroke. Gabriel started getting into the act of bottoming. "Faster," he cried. Mateo answered by increasing his speed, keeping his thrusts even and deep. Both men grunted loudly when the ball of Mateo's piercing pressed against Gabriel's prostate. They gradually sped up, sweat dripping down their faces and bodies, pooling in the arch of their backs. Gabriel made his distinctive high-pitched moan-whine.

"That's it."

"What?" Gabriel could barely keep up with the thrusts, much less a conversation.

“Favorite thing,” Mateo growled and pushed faster. “Sounds you make.” He growled again, fiercely. “Right before you come.” Mateo mouthed the back of Gabriel’s neck as he came, thrusting erratically into Gabriel. Gabriel didn’t come as yet. He was almost to that glorious point. Mateo pulled out and turned the other man on to his back.

Mateo sucked Gabriel’s cock and tongued his piss slit. All Gabriel needed was two suckles to finally come. And boy... did he ever. Gabriel came hard, thrusting his hips into Mateo’s warm mouth. Gabriel couldn’t help his hyper movements as his cum continued to shoot off like a fountain. From the loud slurping noises and encouraging tongue movements, it seemed to Gabriel that Mateo did not mind.

The two lay next to each side by side, catching their breath, enjoying the post-orgasmic high.

Mateo turned his face and smirked, “Next time, I’m going to ride you.” After removing the spent condom and wiping themselves off, they cuddled into one another, burrowing under the messy sheets.

The next day, the two lovers told Javier about the two of them. They calmly discussed the feelings they had for one another. Javier noted their faults but couldn’t deny that both men looked more of a unit than he and Gabriel did. He wished the two luck, and all three lived happily ever after.

Sound too good to be true?

It is.

Here’s what really happened...

“You are fucking kidding me!” Javier’s face turned a mottled red as he jumped up from the couch to yell at the two men standing across from him. He balled his fists and refused to look at Gabriel. “I thought we were fucking family, Mateo!” He finished the rest of his thoughts in Spanish and argued with Mateo, who answered in English each time for Gabriel’s benefit. “You

fucked Gabriel! You and me are supposed to be like brothers, man!” Javier finally switched back to English. “Fucking can’t believe this bullshit!”

“I have never done this to you before, man. I would have never done this to you unless it was worth it.”

“Don’t you think I felt Gabriel was worth it?” Javier looked like he wanted to leap over the coffee table. “And you?” Javier finally looked at Gabe.

“Why didn’t you ever push for more?” Not saying that Gabriel minded, he was just curious.

“You weren’t ready for that.” Javier looked disdainfully at the pair. “Or at least I thought so.”

“Don’t even say it,” Mateo growled. “If you want to talk shit, direct it to me. I pursued him.”

“Oh yeah? Well, he still fell for you, didn’t he?” Javier stared angrily at his cousin and Gabriel. “Fuck the two of you.” He kicked the coffee table and broke off a wooden leg so the table fell over to the side. Gabriel jumped but Mateo stood firm. “I thought blood was supposed to be thicker than water, man.”

Mateo shook his head. “As fucked up as it sounds, I did choose you. You two weren’t right together. You’ll make better friends. When you and Lee were together, you fucked him the same night you met him. I would have to go on long drives—you two were so loud.”

“Fuck this shit!” Javier stalked out of the room, slamming his way out the back door of the house.

Gabriel looked at Mateo. “That went well.” They didn’t call after Javier, knowing he was not in a rational state of mind.

Both men left messages and text messages on Javier’s cell phone later that night. The messages went straight to voicemail, while the texts were ignored. They continued trying to contact Javier to no avail. Two weeks passed with nothing from Javier. He must have found someplace to stay temporarily, because Mateo had not seen his cousin around the house. Friends said they

saw Javier around their old neighborhood, so at least they knew he was alive. During the third week, Javier's things started to slowly disappear. He came when he knew Mateo was out of the house.

A month had passed since Javier moved out from his cousin's home. Gabriel was surprised when he called Javier's cell phone number and the other man actually picked up.

"Javier?"

"Gabriel." Javier was a lot calmer this time around. "You both don't give up, do you? How did you think this would end?" Javier sighed.

"Truthfully, with you hating our guts," Gabriel replied. "But I thought we were at least friends. Me, I'm expendable. But—"

"I fucked his ex," Javier interrupted. "I didn't feel as good afterwards as I thought I would."

Gabriel listened calmly, waiting for him to say more.

"You can tell him that the next time you see him," Javier gloated.

Gabriel sighed into the phone. "I don't think it's going to have the same affect that you think it might."

"I don't either. But the fucked-up part of me still wants to feel on even ground," Javier threw back at him.

"Okay."

"I want to hate you—the both of you—but I don't. I trust neither one of you."

"So why you did pick up?"

"Mateo's my family. I know him. He would have never done this unless he thought you were worth it. I can think rationally now that I've cooled down."

"And you fucked his ex."

"And I fucked his ex." Javier laughed. "It didn't hurt." He exhaled slowly, "This doesn't mean we're friends."

“I didn’t expect you wanted to be.”

“So why did you do it?”

“You know when you look at your lover and the pit of your stomach tightens each time you’re with him? It might be from a glance. Or the moment he walks in a room?”

“Yeah.”

“I didn’t feel that with you. Did you with me?”

“We could have gotten to that point.” Javier’s tone did not hold much conviction.

“Do you really think so? I think that’s why you answered my call.”

Javier didn’t speak. He breathed into the phone as did Gabriel. Gabriel knew his actions were wrong but what he and Mateo had was worth it. He hoped in the future to be friends with Javier. He was a good guy—just not for Gabriel.

“Let my cousin know you both don’t have to call so much. I’ll speak to him when I’m ready.” He hung up without saying goodbye.

Weeks passed as Gabriel and Mateo grew closer. They eased up on the phone calls as Javier requested. Mateo arrived home one night, surprisingly without Gabe and Elton, due to the fact that tomorrow was Gabriel’s early day at work. Mateo was feeling pretty mellow after receiving an enthusiastic blowjob from his boyfriend. He’d be dreaming about that ass tonight. As he put the key in the lock of his front door, he noticed someone waiting off to the side.

“Cousin.” Javier walked closer into the light to stare at Mateo.

Mateo opened the door. “Javier.” He pointed with his chin for the man to come inside. Both men sat down calmly and looked at each other. There were small changes to Mateo, Javier noticed. His eyes seemed to twinkle. He looked happy. He looked good. Javier couldn’t think of a time he ever saw his cousin look this way.

“You got my message?”

“That you fucked my ex.” Mateo shrugged. He didn’t care, an ex was an ex for a reason. “Who was it?”

“Jackson. Who else would it have been? The others were women.” Jackson must have enjoyed it too. He was bitter after their breakup.

“I still love you. You were the one person I looked up to.”

“And I you, cousin.”

“I am happy Gabriel isn’t here. It’s still too soon.” Javier looked around and stared at a dog bed that was never there before. “You got a dog?”

“No, that’s for Elton when he’s here.”

Javier made a face. “Better you than me, I guess.”

“I can’t believe you’re afraid of him. He’s the tamest dog I’ve ever met.”

“To each their own.” Javier stood up and held out his hand. Mateo reached across to shake it, knowing the man wasn’t ready for hugs as of yet. “I got to head out of here, anyway. Maxine from work is dragging me to some Passion Party.”

Mateo looked stumped. “What the hell is that?”

“A party where they sell sex toys. She told me the host was cute. Figured I check him out.”

“Um, have fun?” Mateo was pretty satisfied in the sex department.

Javier turned to walk towards the door, stopped and looked back. “You love him, don’t you? That’s what it is. You have this vibe around you now.”

Mateo put his hands in his pockets and muttered something that sounded like a “maybe”. He thought he hid his feelings about the younger man fairly well. Guess he didn’t.

“Good luck with that. Even though I still can’t stand to think of the two of you together, you’re both decent. You could do much worse.” He turned to leave. “Night.”

Mateo stood up and looked at his wall like it had the answers to the questions of life. He thought of Javier and their future. It was salvageable, most likely with time. He thought of his boyfriend and grinned. He was going to call him right now and talk dirty to him before going to bed.

He knew he'd pick up.

THE END

Author Bio

LL Bucknor loves to read... a lot, drink caffeine (coffee and tea the best, yum) and has been known to do some things for chocolate (there might or might not be a case pending—j/k, maybe). She writes sometimes too. She used to write slash fan fiction for the masses many years ago. She figured it's time to get back into the game. A staunch believer in happy endings and the various paths one can take to get there, she does. She lives with her own real life Elton (minus the name) and her lively family (they're a laugh riot).

Did you like what you read? Want more? Less? Just want to give a shout? She's not a fan of Facebook—she has a page but barely goes on but she has Twitter (@BooksForShe). To best reach her, email her at the email found below.

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