

LOVE Has NO Boundaries



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LOVE HAS NO END

Jonathan Treadway

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An M/M Romance series

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By: Jonathan Treadway

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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By: Jonathan Treadway

Photo Description:

A well-built man is facing the camera at a bit of an angle, with his right arm up over his head, showing his hairy pit. He has an attractive face, with a bit of a crooked nose, and a mustache and goatee. His chest is thick, covered with light brown fur, and his biceps is well developed. It's his brown eyes that capture your attention, though, looking at you with a bit of a knowing smirk.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

My love and I have been together over twenty years now and, like many long-term couples, we sometimes take each other for granted. But we try to do that as little as possible, seeking creative new ways to shake things up so we remember to appreciate each other. Those range from the mundane, like making sure we don't get too used to sitting in a particular seat at the table, to the sublime, with adventurous holidays exploring the world together.

Most popular romance stories—movies and books—end when the couple commits to sharing life together, “and they lived happily ever after.” But I've often thought the best part is what comes after the Happily Ever After, the daily grind of making a life together year after year after year.

I went to bed late last night, grumpy about having had such a long day. He was already asleep and I just crawled in beside him and conked out. Then I woke up this morning and saw him beside me, and I felt such a wave of love and gratitude that he's here and he's mine. As I watched him sleep, I started thinking about some of the challenges we've faced and ways we've made it work, those things that brought us to this moment right here and now.

[This particular scene doesn't need to occur in the story; I was just using it as an illustration to create a context. I'm looking for an older, established-couple story, but within that framework, anything goes. Well, assuming they're still happy together at the end. And I'm not a big fan of BDSM. But this could be contemporary, historical, futuristic, sci-fi/fantasy...]

Sincerely,

Jess

Story Info

Genre: contemporary

Tags: established couple, visual arts, businessmen, lawyers, sweet no sex, over age 40, tattoos

Word count: 4,008

Dedication

To the real Tom and Brian. I love you guys!

LOVE HAS NO END

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“*Sheee-it,*” I sighed as I crawled into bed at last, grumpy about having had such a long day. Brian was already asleep, not that I was surprised since it was after midnight. This was the third night I’d had to work late on my case and I was ready to explode at the way the previous law firm had handled it. How could the judge have let the totally incompetent defense lawyer get away with what he did? I wasn’t going to go over that whole conversation again, though. It was time to sleep and I needed it.

I just rolled over and conked out; you know, the kind of heavy slumber where you don’t hear a thing and wake up groggy? I hated that but it just showed me how tired I really was. Like I didn’t already know. I blinked as I slowly gained control of my brain, which seemed to be wandering onto weird topics as I alternately dozed and woke. I looked over at the clock, trying to remember if I had to get up for work today. *Hallelujah, it’s finally Saturday!* I recalled that I told Brian that if I could work late on Friday night, that I would be able to take off the entire weekend. It was our fifteenth anniversary today, and we were throwing a BBQ later for all our friends and family. Poor Brian had had to do the majority of the work getting ready, and I felt bad dumping it on him like that. It had been my idea, after all.

I glanced over to be sure that I hadn’t slept through Brian getting out of bed. No, thank god; he was still there, lying beside me on his back, his long hair splayed around his head and over his shoulders. I felt such a wave of love and gratitude that he was here and totally mine. Fuck, I missed Brian when we didn’t spend the evening together. It had been a long two weeks, and this week had been a killer. Once the case was over, I was going to take a vacation and we were going to head back to Maine to veg out and spend some time together with no one else around. Brian didn’t know this yet; it was my gift to him. We were going back to the same place we had met.

Christ, fifteen years. It seemed both forever and a flash in the pan. We were so good together now, but man, did it take a lot of work at the beginning. As I watched him sleep, I remembered how we met, and it started me thinking about some of the challenges we faced and how we finally made it work.

It was raining cats and dogs when I pulled into the camping place after driving for what seemed forever, but was probably about six hours. Girding my loins, I poked around in the backseat until I found my raincoat, then opened the door, and sprinted into the office. The guy at the desk looked up in surprise. I found myself looking him over once I noticed the tats down both arms.

“Geez, I didn’t think anyone would arrive in this weather. Welcome to our camping grounds. Do you have a reservation?” he said in a bored voice.

“Yes, it’s under Monarch.”

“Thomas? Peter? Michael? Oh wait, there’s a Thomas and a Tom. Probably not Bethany.”

“Definitely not Bethany. I’m Tom. Thomas is my grandfather.” I watched the guy as he checked his clipboard and then turned around to get a key from the board behind him, where there were keys hanging from hooks with numbers over them. He grabbed the one under number eight, and put it on the counter.

“I need a credit card for expenses. It looks like the cabin is paid for already.”

“I don’t have a credit card. Can I just give you some cash?”

“No, I need a credit card.”

“Oh, come on. I don’t own one, and I probably never will. What if I promise to not charge anything to the room?”

“Yeah, like I just fell off the turnip truck.”

“Shit, are you this rude to all your guests?” I shook my head in amazement. I was feeling a little less than welcome and wondered why the management would put such a punk in charge of handling guests. He looked a bit like a punk too, with the colorful tattoos covering both his arms down to his wrists, and what looked like a tail of some sort that went around his neck and down his chest. It made me itch to pull up his shirt and check what it was and where it ended up, while getting to admire those amazing pecs. He had long, dark hair pulled back into a ponytail that hung down to about his shoulder blades that immediately made me jealous. My hair was mousy brown and very fine and straight, and while it wasn’t receding, it wasn’t lush and full like his looked. I had to use a shitload of product to make it decent most of the time, although tonight was not a good hair day. The rest of him was nice to look at too, and it didn’t hurt that he was about my height. I didn’t like dating men taller than me very much as it made me feel... wait, who said anything about dating?

I looked up at his face and found the guy glaring at me. “Well I’m sorry, but it’s after one o’clock in the morning and I’m tired. I’ve already worked an eight-hour shift and gone to three classes, and my dumb sister sprained her ankle today, so I have to take her shift too. I’ve got a test tomorrow that I have to do well on because it’s a major part of my grade, and...” He stopped, looking sheepishly at me. “Shit, sorry to dump on you. It obviously hasn’t been a great day for me but you certainly don’t need to know that. Here’s your key. Just don’t charge anything, okay, or my dad will kill me because I broke the rules.”

“I’ll see if my mom can put it on her card tomorrow. They’re going to show up sometime after lunch, I think.”

“Yes, there does seem to be quite a group of Monarchs arriving tomorrow. Or rather later today. Family reunion?”

“Yeah, how’d you guess?”

“Experience. We’re a popular place for reunions.”

I gave a huge yawn suddenly, flushing a bit when I finished. “Sorry. It’s been a long day for me too. I need to hit the sack. How do I get to my cabin?” The guy gave me directions and I braved the rain twice more before I was finally pulling off soggy clothes and crawling into bed, not even caring that the sheets felt a little damp. I was asleep as soon as my head hit the pillow, and I didn’t wake up until after eleven. Knowing that once my family arrived I’d have no peace whatsoever, I grabbed a granola bar and a bottle of water from my bag and hit the beach, enjoying the sunshine, clean air and quiet lull of the waves on the sand. There was only one couple there with me, which surprised me until I remembered that my mom said something about booking almost all the cabins. Since it was Friday, most people in my family wouldn’t be arriving until later tonight.

I sighed, wishing I didn’t have to be here. All my friends were going down to New York City this weekend to see *The Lion King* without me, and I was pretty pissed that I was missing it. It wasn’t my fault my parents had to change the date to accommodate my grandparents. Last weekend would have been fine with me, but no, I couldn’t miss this weekend reunion because who knew how many more my grandparents would be able to make, and this year the Irish contingent was coming to the States, blah, blah, blah. Once I got over my pout, I knew I’d have a good time and it would be good to see my mother’s parents. I didn’t get to see them very often since they moved to Ireland, but still. It was *The Lion King*, and we had bought great seats.

While I sat there brooding, my attention was caught by the guy who gave me my key last night. He was walking down the path looking down, seeming to head towards the dock. I hadn’t noticed the rowboat there, but he was aiming directly towards it. Quick as lightning, it occurred to me that if I were out in the middle of the lake, no one else could bother me for a while, and the eye candy wouldn’t hurt either. I stood up and followed him, thinking that a trip on the water might cheer me up and give me a chance to check this guy out. He was looking pretty awesome with a black tank top and cutoffs. Maybe he’d take off his shirt and I could see what belonged to that tail.

“Hey!” I called as I stepped onto the dock. He turned around and looked at me, one eyebrow raised. Damn, I wish I could do that!

“You rang?”

“Yeah. What’s your name, by the way?”

“Brian.”

“Hi Brian. You thinking about heading out in that rowboat?”

“Yup.”

“Do you mind if I come with you?”

“Nope.”

“Thanks. A man of few words today, huh?”

He grinned, brightening his eyes and suddenly I couldn’t look away. He was beautiful when he smiled and his eyes were actually twinkling. I didn’t think I’d ever really believed that someone’s eyes could do that, but who knew?

“Yup.”

Laughing, I helped him untie the boat and stepped in after him, settling in front on the narrow seat.

“Did you take your test yet?”

“Yup.”

“How’d it go?”

“Good.” I shook my head in exasperation at his short answers.

“Seriously? We’re going to play twenty questions this afternoon?”

He smirked and started rowing, his biceps plumping nicely as he pulled with powerful strokes. I admired his legs, which were thick and sturdy with dark hair all the way up into his shorts. He obviously didn’t shave his chest, since I could see a spattering of hair where the tank didn’t cover his golden skin. Man, I hadn’t really appreciated just how gorgeous he was last night. I must have been beyond tired to miss that!

“So, Brian, what are you studying? And where?”

He actually began to tell me about his courses and it turned out he was an artist; a sculptor and painter, eventually going for a Masters of Fine Arts in Boston, but he was taking a history and math course locally over the summer to get them out of the way. His test this morning was in history. “Sorry about last night. I’m filling in for my brother, who had to take his wife down for some medical tests in Boston. And my poor sister twisted her ankle playing lacrosse and is out for the playoffs. It’s pretty bad, I guess, and she’s in a lot of pain. My youngest brother covered for me while I ran over to campus to take it.”

“Hope your sister-in-law is okay.”

“It’s nothing too bad. They’re just having trouble getting pregnant.”

“Oh, that’s good. So, do you have any pieces of your art here? I’d love to see some.”

“Sure, my parents have some at their house. Maybe I’ll take you to see it tonight while they’re working.” By this time, we were in the middle of the lake, and I lay back to soak up the sun. To my relief, Brian pulled off his tank top and lay back too. His tattoo was amazing—a fiery dragon that came down across his chest, with a sinewy neck that curved back up his abdomen so that the fire curled around his belly button. Of course, some of the tattoo was hidden by his shorts, but enough showed that I could admire it.

“That’s an amazing dragon.”

“Thanks. It’s my own design. The wings go around to my back and the tips are worked into my shoulder designs.” He turned to show me, and I longed to touch the smooth skin on his back and trace the lines from his neck to his crotch. He was watching me when I came back to myself, and I blushed at his knowing look. Shit, my face must have been an open book of lust. I was embarrassed as hell, but couldn’t help glancing at his basket, which was fuller than last time I saw it.

Startled, my eyes rose to his face, and he was grinning again. He moved his hand from the oar to my knee, and squeezed it. I jumped, and fell back off the

seat. Swearing, I jostled around, trying to get back on while he just caught one oar that started slipping out and pulled the oars into the boat. Just as I wrapped my hands over the edge of the seat and pulled myself up, he leaned forward to help me and we hit our heads together. Hard.

“Ow!”

“Shit!”

I fell back again and lay there laughing while I rubbed my forehead, checking to be sure that Brian was okay. He was rubbing his forehead too and laughing just as hard.

“Stay there.” I pulled myself up again onto the seat, and tried to stop laughing. But every time one of us would look at the other, we would burst into guffaws again.

“Oh my god, that was hysterical,” Brian said after we had calmed down a bit.

“What, you laughing at my incredibly graceful movements? You, young man, should keep your hands to yourself unless you want to start something you won’t be able to stop.”

“Young man? Come on, you can’t be more than a couple of years older than me.”

“I’m twenty-six.”

“I’m twenty-five.”

“Really? So you think I look old, huh?”

“Nah, you’re ageless. That’s why I couldn’t figure it out.”

“Ageless? Shit, that sounds like I’m ninety!”

This time when he reached over and pulled me by the hand to sit beside him, I was as graceful as a swan, and we only hit our noses the first time we tried to kiss. The second kiss was much more successful, and I found myself lost in the taste and feel of him. I drew the elastic from his hair and grabbed chunks of it while I pulled him closer, loving the softness and length, while his

arms slipped around my waist. When we had to finally pull apart to breathe, he was gasping as hard as I was.

“Let’s go back to my cabin. I’m there alone this weekend.” With the two of us rowing, it took no time at all to get back to the dock and only a few minutes to tie up the boat and run to my cabin. Wow, let’s just say we were super compatible in bed and it was hard to leave him when my parents showed up. I made nice that evening and caught up with everyone, but slipped away as soon as I could so that I could meet up with my hunky guy.

He took me to see a couple of his paintings, and he was really talented. They looked like photographs with amazing details. I was floored by them, so he showed me where he was working while at his family’s camp and the sculpture he was in the middle of. He was creating a picture using little bits and pieces of all kinds of stuff, and I loved it. I immediately wanted one for my apartment but didn’t know him well enough to ask. Plus I figured I probably couldn’t afford it anyway.

While I made it to most of the family events, anytime I could, I would grab Brian, sneak away to my cabin and lock the door. We spent as much time as possible together that weekend, and talked about getting together again later that summer. This man intrigued me; he was artistic, creative (in bed, too), smart, funny, versatile, and we fit together like hand in glove.

Back in Connecticut, I tried to forget him because long-distance relationships don’t generally work, but I missed him and ended up calling him a week after I left. He said he was glad I had called and that he was regretting not getting my number. We talked on the phone for hours and got to know each other pretty well. I finally made it back up to Maine for ten days, and we spent them together camping further north. I knew I was falling in love with him but I was stuck in Stamford with my job at a good legal firm, and Brian was still in Boston. It took a year of traveling back and forth over weekends but we finally moved in together when I got a great job in New York City. Learning to live together, when we were so used to being apart, took a while too, and we even broke up for a week, but that’s a whole other story.

It took a lot of love, tons of communication—which we sucked at but learned how to do—and the ability to compromise, which we also sucked at, but here we were at a major milestone. I still couldn't believe it was fifteen years.

I ran my forefinger over his cheek, which had dark stubble on it and felt prickly. I watched as he woke up, smiling at me leaning over him.

“Hey there, love. Morning,” I said, feeling my face light up.

“Hi beautiful.”

“We should think about getting up soon if we're going to be ready for the hordes planning to descend on us this afternoon.”

“I've got a lot of the prep work done so we have a little time. Gee, I wonder what we can do? I bet you still need to relax a bit, huh?” he said, his eyes twinkling. God, I loved his eyes. And his face and his body and his cock and...

“Hmmm, what would relax me the most? Reading? Going back to sleep?” My thoughts pretty much fled when I felt his hand cover my rigid cock.

“Oh, I've got that covered.”

I leaned down to kiss my partner, more than happy to let him lead this time, knowing that I would love him forever. He was my soul mate, and no matter what happened in the future, we would still be together. It was true wuv.

THE END

Author Bio

Jonathan Treadway is the pseudonym of Jennifer Swanson, who lives with her family in northern Massachusetts, very close to New Hampshire. Jen has a professional job doing market analysis during the day and writes in the evenings and on weekends whenever she can. Her stories focus on the romance between two men and all the trials gay men have to survive in order to have a healthy, happily-ever-after (or for now) relationship. To her there's nothing sexier than two men exploring each other physically and emotionally as they fall in love.

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