

LOVE Has NO Boundaries



Don't Read in the Closet Event 2013

THE MEET

William Cooper

Love Has No Boundaries

An M/M Romance series

THE MEET

By William Cooper

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.

All rights reserved worldwide.

This eBook may be distributed freely in its entirety courtesy of the *Goodreads M/M Romance Group*. This eBook may not be sold, manipulated or reproduced in any format without the express written permission of the author.

The Meet, Copyright © 2013 William Cooper

Cover Design by Goodreads M/M Romance Group

This ebook is published by the *M/M Romance Group* and is not directly endorsed by or affiliated with Goodreads Inc.

THE MEET

By William Cooper

Photo Description

Two men embracing. One man consoling the other and caressing his face.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

These men look happy now, but it didn't start out that way. The attraction was instant and mutual, but one of them held back. Why was he so afraid to admit his feelings for this man? How did he overcome his fear and finally earn his way into the arms of the love of his life after all he'd done to hurt them both?

Break my heart and put it back together again by giving these men their HEA. Bonus points for sexual tension.

Sincerely,

C.M.

Story Info

Genre: contemporary

Tags: athlete, college, hurt/comfort, sports, sweet no sex

Content warnings: incest/brocest, child abuse, HFN

Word count: 5,245

THE MEET

By William Cooper

It wasn't hard to figure out why I fell in love with him. He was always there for me. He was the one who always watched my back, always tried to protect me. How could I not love him? There was no reason for me not to love him. Well, except for the obvious one—he was my brother.

Tyler was four years older than me. In my father's eyes, he could do no wrong. He was the perfect child, the star athlete, the straight-A student, the popular kid. Hell, even I thought he was perfect growing up. Part of me still did.

I, on the other hand, was the screw up. Mom had died giving birth to me and I guess Dad always held me responsible for it. It didn't help that I sucked at sports and was too shy to make many friends. I always broke things or got in trouble trying to impress Tyler. Whether it was climbing a tree or trying to do a backflip off the couch, if I thought it would make Tyler laugh or smile, I tried it.

Inevitably, something would get knocked over or broken in my attempts. Quite a few times it was my own bones that got broken. And each time I did something foolish, Dad seemed to get angrier and angrier. By the time I was ten, Dad gave up yelling at me or grounding me.

The first time he backhanded me, I hid it from Tyler. I didn't want him to be mad at me for provoking Dad. After that, it became habit to not tell him. And Dad conveniently never hit me in front of Tyler. Until the day Tyler came home from soccer practice early.

Dad had been in his study doing God knows what. I was in my room practicing some gymnastics moves. It was the one sport I was good at and enjoyed. Dad thought it was a girly sport and wouldn't let me get proper lessons. But Tyler always loved seeing the new techniques I had taught myself. But that day, I'd messed up one of my moves and knocked over my lamp.

Dad went ballistic. Not only was I practicing gymnastics like a “fag” but I’d broken something in the process. While he was shouting at me, he proceeded to take his belt off.

When Tyler came home, he found me curled up in a ball in the corner of our room. Dad was standing over me repeatedly smacking me with his belt. That was the first time I’d ever seen Tyler angry. He’d tossed his bag on the ground and pushed Dad away from me.

That was also the first time I’d ever seen Dad get upset with Tyler. The two shouted back and forth, while I stayed curled up in the corner. When Dad tried to strike Tyler, Tyler struck back. The two fought for a bit before Dad stormed off, slamming doors behind him.

When Dad was gone, Tyler ran over to check on me. I still remember opening my eyes to see Tyler smiling at me, a black eye and a bruise on his cheek already forming. But he didn’t seem to care. All he cared about was making sure I was okay.

That was the last day we stayed at home. Tyler called the cops and we were put into foster care. We bounced around foster homes for a year or so before a nice family adopted the two of us. Tyler even started working a part-time job so that I could take real gymnastics lessons.

As soon as I was old enough, the two of us moved into an apartment together. Tyler had put a lot of his money away so we could afford it and after high school he started working a full-time job. I tried to get a part-time job myself, but he insisted I focus on school and gymnastics.

“You’re coming to the meet tomorrow right?” I finished tying my shoe and picked up my bag. Tomorrow was one of the most important meets of the year. I hoped he would be there for some moral support on the big day.

Tyler nodded, a smile on his face. “Of course. Have I ever missed one?”

I shook my head. Tyler had never missed one of my gymnastics meets since I started back in high school. I don't know why I thought tomorrow would be any different. "No, you're always there."

"Exactly. Now get going before you're late for practice." Tyler ruffled my hair like I was still a kid and I rolled my eyes. I hated when he'd do that, but I was pretty sure he only did it because he knew it annoyed me.

"All right, I'll see you later tonight then." I grabbed my keys off the small table by the door and headed out. Our apartment was on the third floor, something I both loathed and loved. It was a bitch to carry groceries upstairs, but going up and down all the time helped keep me in shape. Not that I really needed the extra workout, but it didn't hurt.

By the time I got to the gym where we were having practice, I was bouncing with energy. I couldn't wait until tomorrow's meet. I knew my routine backwards and forwards. There was no way I was going to lose.

My best friend, Jesse, was already in the locker room when I got there. The two of us were the only guys on our school's team. He was halfway through changing when I walked in. He looked up and grinned at me. "Hey. Ready for tomorrow?"

I nodded. "Hell yeah. We're going to dominate the other schools." I tossed my bag on the bench and opened the locker next to Jesse. "You ready?"

"Yeah, I think so. I'm a little nervous about the double Arabian, but I think I've got it down." Jesse stuffed his clothes into his locker and shut the door. "I'm gonna practice some more today just to make sure I can do it tomorrow. I still don't know how you do those high bar routines."

I laughed and stuck my tongue out at Jesse. I knew he could do the same routines I did if he tried, but he seemed to be afraid of using the high bar. I loved the thrill of being up so high, pushing my body to its limits.

Once we finished changing our clothes, we headed out into the gym. Most of the team was already out there practicing their different routines. Jesse and I sat on one of the benches until it was our turn to do a run through. I was pretty

sure I wouldn't have any trouble with my routine. I'd been practicing it nonstop since the last meet.

Jesse got a chance to go up first and true to his word, he did seem to have the double Arabian down. I doubted he would have any trouble doing it at tomorrow's meet. We were totally going to crush the other schools! The coach and I both gave him a couple tips, and after a few more run throughs he seemed to be ready.

Once Jesse was finished, it was my turn to do my routine. Jesse watched eagerly from the side and gave me pointers to improve my form. Each time I ran through the routine I felt more confident that I had it down. By the fifth time I went through it, even the coach was out of pointers to give me.

When it was time for the next person to start doing their routine, I was still brimming with energy. I wished we could have the meet right here, right now! I was more than ready to get out there and show the judges what I was made of.

"Someone's excited," Jesse said when he walked over to me. "We've got this competition in the bag."

I nodded. "Hell yeah. We're gonna crush everyone else!" I looked over at Jesse and grinned. "Hey, maybe for the next exhibition we should do a routine together. I'm sure we could come up with something pretty kickass if we both put our heads to it."

Jesse returned my grin. "Sounds good to me! Doing solo routines is starting to get a little boring anyway. Would be nice to mix things up a bit."

The rest of practice was uneventful. Both of us went through our routines a few more times. But by that point, we either knew it or we didn't. There wasn't much else we could do by then.

My muscles were killing me when I collapsed onto my bed. The hot shower after practice had helped, but I was still feeling like I'd been run over

by a truck. But it was all worth it. I knew I had the entire routine memorized. There was no way I was going to mess it up tomorrow.

I heard my bedroom door open and glanced over to see Tyler standing there. He had a grin on his face as he looked at me. “Hard practice?”

I nodded. “Yeah.”

“Want a massage?”

“Yeah, sure.” Tyler gave amazing massages. He’d always given me massages after particularly difficult practices. I slipped my T-shirt off and tossed it aside before rolling onto my stomach.

Tyler disappeared for a moment and then came back with a towel and some massage oil. He crawled up onto the bed and straddled my hips, making me groan at the contact. He squirted some of the oil onto my back and began to rub my muscles.

I moaned into my pillow. Tyler’s hands felt heavenly as he gently kneaded my muscles. Tyler had been doing this for a few years now and had become a master at it. I often told him he should’ve gone to school for massage therapy instead of computer science.

“How’s that feel?” Tyler asked.

I lifted my head off the pillow briefly. “Like fucking heaven,” I replied.

Tyler laughed. “Want me to do your legs too?” I nodded. “All right then, take your shorts off.” Tyler moved off of me and positioned himself in front of my legs.

I moaned into the pillow again. It wasn’t the first time he’d said that to me, but it was never in the context I wished for. Tyler had never made any type of sexual move toward me, no matter how much I wanted him to. I lifted my hips and slid my shorts off, tossing them aside.

Once my shorts were off, Tyler didn’t waste any time getting to work on my legs. He rubbed and kneaded all the muscles in my thighs and calves. Feeling his fingers work their way up my legs was driving me nuts. My dick was already rock hard and pushing into the mattress.

I wished Tyler would offer to massage that part of my body as well. It used to embarrass the hell out of me when I was in high school. But Tyler was always quick to tell me it was natural and that it wasn't a big deal. It was still pretty embarrassing, but I'd gotten pretty good at hiding it from him so he didn't notice I was hard.

By the time Tyler finished massaging my legs, my dick was painfully hard. I stayed lying on my stomach while Tyler wiped up the oil. "Feel better?" he asked.

"Yeah, much," I turned my head and smiled at him. "I love your massages. Thanks."

Tyler laughed and swatted me with the towel. "No problem. Gotta make sure you're in top shape for your meet tomorrow. Can't have you looking like an old man out there."

"Yeah, yeah." I closed my eyes and laid my head back down. "Should be a breeze. I'm pretty sure I could do my routine asleep I've done it so many times."

Once Tyler was done, I felt like I'd died and gone to heaven. I would've been perfectly happy to lie in bed and never move again by that point. When he said good night, I closed my eyes and started drifting off. Fantasies of being with him danced in front of me, and I was eager to let them play out in my head.

When I woke up the next morning, I felt completely rested. Tyler's massages usually helped me sleep like a baby and I loved it. If he hadn't given me the massage I'd have woken up feeling like death. Now I was ready to get to the meet and kick some ass!

Half way down the hall, I could smell bacon and eggs cooking in the kitchen. It looked like Tyler was up already and making breakfast for the two of us. My stomach growled at the thought. A nice big breakfast was just what I needed to start the day!

"Morning," I said as I walked into the kitchen. "Need any help?"

Tyler shook his head. “Nope, everything’s almost done. Coffee is ready too, if you want a cup.”

He knew me too well. I walked over and started fixing myself a cup of coffee while he finished cooking breakfast and setting it out on the breakfast bar. Everything smelled so delicious! My mouth was practically watering.

“You sleep okay?” Tyler asked when we both sat down at the bar.

I started piling scrambled eggs, bacon, and fresh biscuits onto my plate. “Yep! I always do after you get done with me. I owe you one.”

Tyler laughed. “Don’t worry about it. I just wanted to make sure you’re in good shape to kick some butt out there today. Can’t have all that practice you put in go to waste after all.”

“Trust me, it won’t,” I said as I stuffed a forkful of eggs into my mouth. “They’re going down!”

Tyler smacked me on the back of the head. “Don’t talk with your mouth full.”

I quickly swallowed my food and gave him a sheepish grin. “Yes, Mother!”

After we finished our breakfast, I did the dishes. Since he cooked breakfast it was only fair that I cleaned up after. Once that was taken care of, I headed to the bathroom to shower. The hot water cascading over my body helped my muscles relax even more.

Once I was squeaky clean, I changed into my gymnastics clothes and the two of us headed to the meet.

My heart was pounding in my chest as I watched one of the guys from another school perform his routine. He was good, but I was still confident I could do better. I had to do better. There were too many people counting on me to mess up now.

Once he finished his routine, I lined up to begin mine. I was practically bouncing as I waited for the signal to begin. Finally, it was my turn. Time to show them what I had!

One of the assistants helped me up to the high bar and I began my routine. My muscles flexed and strained as I ran through the routine. I knew it inside and out by this point. Each flip, each pose, felt natural to me. I probably could've done it in my sleep. There was no way anyone would beat me.

I took a deep breath and prepared for my final release, the one that would take me even further above the nine foot bar. I felt like I was on top of the world, like nothing could hurt me. Then the feeling of weightlessness vanished. With a loud crack, I plummeted toward the ground. I heard gasps around me. When I hit the ground below, everything went black.

The next thing I knew, I woke up in a bed in a strange room. I tried to sit up only to have my head throb. My arms felt like they weighed a ton.

“Easy, Ryan. You’re in the hospital.”

I turned toward the sound to see Tyler standing next to me. He grabbed a cup from the tray next to me and brought it to my mouth. I hadn’t even realized how dry my mouth was until then. I took a big drink and closed my eyes.

“What happened?”

“The supports holding the bar broke somehow. You’ll have to ask Jesse how. You had a pretty nasty fall. You’ve got a fracture in your left arm and you broke your right arm pretty bad. You’re gonna have a throbbing headache for a few days, too, but the doctors don’t think you’ll have any lasting damage.” I could hear the concern in Tyler’s voice. Even though he was trying to put up a strong front, I could tell he was worried to death. I knew him too well not to see through his facade.

I nodded until my head pounded again. He certainly wasn’t kidding about the headache. “What about the meet? What happened? Who won?” I needed to know. I hoped to God I didn’t cost everyone the win.

“Relax, bro. You guys won. It was close, but you guys managed to pull it off.” I opened my eyes to see Tyler grinning at me. “Part of that was thanks to you. The judges talked it over and since the accident wasn’t your fault, they decided to score your routine up until that point. So good job.”

I sighed and closed my eyes again. We did it! All the hard work really paid off! The high didn’t last very long though. There was no way I’d be able to do gymnastics again for a while. Who knew how long it would take for my arms to heal completely?

“Hey, relax. You’ll be back out there in no time.”

It figured Tyler knew what I was thinking. “Yeah, I know. It’s just gonna suck not being able to practice all the time. I hope I don’t lose my touch.”

Tyler laughed and gently patted my arm. The simple touch gave me flashbacks from when I was little and Tyler would care for me when I was sick. “Don’t worry, bro. You’ll be fine.”

A slight smile crept over my face. “Thanks. How long am I gonna be stuck here?”

“Just tonight, I think. As long as nothing happens, you should be able to come home tomorrow. We’ll have to figure out what to do about your classes, though.”

I closed my eyes and let out a groan. That was just what I wanted to worry about right then. School was the furthest thing from my mind at that point. All I wanted to do was sleep until the damned casts could come off.

I was able to go home the next day, thankfully. After getting me set up at home, Tyler went and spoke with all of my professors. They all agreed to help me with any of the work I’d miss for the next few days. With a voice recorder and my laptop, it wouldn’t be too hard to keep up when I went back.

By the third day of bed rest, I was starting to go stir crazy. Not being able to go to gymnastics was one thing. But I hated being cooped up in the

apartment all day. That night, to help me relax a bit, Tyler offered to give me a massage. And there was no way I was going to turn that down!

I moaned into my pillow as Tyler's hands worked their magic on my back. Instinctively, I began to grind my hard cock into the mattress. Tyler either didn't notice or chose not to say anything. Either way, I wished he would use those magic hands of his on my cock.

As Tyler continued to massage my muscles, my mind began to wander. I imagined his hands going lower until he was caressing my ass. He slid my boxers down and rubbed the bare skin. Then he spread my cheeks and probed at my hole.

Just as Imaginary Tyler slid his finger in my hole, my entire body tensed. A shiver went from my toes to my head and I let out a loud moan. My cock twitched and throbbed as cum shot out, soaking my boxers and sheets. God it felt amazing.

Once the high from my orgasm ended, I just wanted to crawl in a hole and die. There was no way Tyler didn't notice that. Tears began to form and I buried my face in the pillow. The soft pillow muffled my sobs, but my body still shook.

Tyler gently caressed my back. "Relax. It's okay. No big deal. It's been a few days, huh?" When I nodded, he patted my back. "I'll let you get cleaned up then."

He moved off the bed and left without saying another word. Now I felt like complete shit. After everything he'd done for me over the years, this was how I repaid him. He tries to help me out and I perv on him.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

By the time I managed to pry myself out of bed and change my boxers and strip my sheet off, I needed to piss. As I was heading down the hall, Tyler was just coming out of the bathroom looking flush. Great, I thought to myself. I probably made him sick.

“I’m sorry, Ty,” I said in a whisper. My mouth had gone dry and tears threatened to escape again.

Tyler ruffled my hair, just as he’d done when I was young. “No big deal. Shit happens.” He gave me a weak smile before heading toward the living room.

I headed into the bathroom to relieve myself, which wasn’t super easy with casts on my hands. The way they’d put the casts on made holding my cock awkward at best. When I got a fresh sheet out of the bathroom closet, I groaned. There was no way I could put this on myself. Fuck.

I sighed and headed out to the living room. “Hey, Ty? Can you help me?” I couldn’t even look him in the eye. Instead, I kept my gaze focused on the floor.

“Yeah, sure.” Tyler walked over and took the bundled sheet from me and headed toward my room. I followed him, still looking at the ground. Even though I was a complete pervert, he was still helping me out.

Tyler didn’t say anything about what had happened while he put the fresh sheet on my bed. Once he was done, he said good night and left me alone. I turned the TV on and crawled into bed, hoping to clear my mind and forget today ever happened.

The TV didn’t help at all. That night, I couldn’t fall asleep. I didn’t deserve sleep. Not after what I did to Tyler. I knew he didn’t like me that way. I knew I wasn’t supposed to think about him that way. But I still did.

As I sat there, curled up against my headboard, my mind drifted to the day a few years back when I’d first confronted Tyler about my feelings for him. I’d been sixteen at the time and my high school gymnastics team had just won a regional meet.

I’d been bouncing with energy the entire way home. And Tyler was so proud of me that day.

“You did great, Ry.” Tyler beamed at me before pulling me into a hug.

Being in his arms just felt *right*. I leaned my head on his chest and wished he would never let go. A moment later, something made me look up. When I did, I saw Tyler looking down at me, a smile on his face.

I took a deep breath and stood on my toes. Once I was close enough, I pressed my lips against his. I felt Tyler stiffen up, then kiss me back, then push me away, all in the span of seconds. The force of his push made me stumble backwards. I looked up at him, unsure of what to expect.

“You shouldn’t have done that, Ryan.” There was no emotion on his face. No sign of what was going through his head at that moment.

“Please, Ty...” Maybe if I showed him how much I wanted it, he’d stop treating me like a kid. Maybe he’d give me what I’d been dreaming about.

Tyler shook his head. “We’re brothers. It’s not right. Why don’t you go get a shower and relax?” Tyler turned and headed to his room without saying another word.

My heart sank. I felt like crawling up in the corner and crying.

I was jolted out of my memory when my bedroom door creaked open. Tyler stuck his head inside. “You still up?”

I nodded. “Yeah.”

He walked in and quietly closed the door behind him. Then he came over and sat next to me on the bed. “You okay?” I shrugged. “Do you want to talk about it?”

Again, I shrugged. “What’s there to talk about? I’m a freak. You’re my brother and I fucking perved on you. I... I love you.”

“You’re not a freak, Ry. You’re my little brother and I love you.”

“But not like that.” Never like that. No matter how much I wanted it. How much I *needed* it. He would never feel the same way about me.

Tyler’s voice dropped to a whisper. “I’m sorry. It’s my job to look out for you, to protect you.”

“I don’t need protection! I’m not a little kid anymore, Tyler! I’m an adult. I wish you could see that.”

Tyler was quiet. When I glanced over at him, I saw him studying me. I wished I could know what was going through his head right then.

“I guess you are. But we still can’t. What would people say if they found out?”

I blinked at him. Was it just my imagination, or was he saying he felt the same way? “You do feel the same way, don’t you?”

Tyler closed his eyes and nodded. “I have for a while. I can’t help it, no matter how much I try. No matter how many times I tell myself it’s wrong, that it’s disgusting.”

If he liked me, and I liked him, then why couldn’t we be together? “Says who? Why shouldn’t we be together if it’s something we both want? Please, Tyler... Please.”

Tyler looked up at me. He was quiet for a while. I hoped he would say yes. That he’d finally let us be together. I wasn’t sure what I’d do if he said no and walked away. Would I follow him? Or would I finally give up on this little fantasy.

“Are you sure about this? I mean, I haven’t exactly been ideal boyfriend material.”

“Yes,” I said with a nod. “I’ve never been more sure about anything.” I knew he wasn’t perfect. Neither was I. I could look past anything if it meant I could be with him.

“Okay. But you have to tell me right away if you ever want to stop. Promise?”

“I promise!” I would’ve promised him anything at that point.

Tyler took a deep breath before he leaned in and pressed his lips to mine. I pressed back immediately, not giving him a chance for second thoughts. But he didn’t seem to be having any reservations. His hands roamed across my

back. I wished I didn't have the stupid casts on my arms so that I could feel every inch of Tyler's body as well.

It seemed like an eternity had gone by when Tyler finally broke the kiss. "I love you, Ryan. But I think you need some sleep for now. We can finish this in the morning." Tyler moved under the blanket and pulled me down along with him. Once I was lying next to him, he wrapped his arms around me and pulled me close. "Good night," he whispered in my ear.

"Good night." I closed my eyes and slowly drifted off to sleep, a smile still on my face.

THE END

Author Bio

William Cooper has been writing and reading since he was little. In 2010, he took the first step toward publishing a book and hasn't looked back since. Whether it's two men who met in college or brothers who have been in love their entire life, William loves to tell their story for everyone to read.

Contact Info

[Email](#) | [Facebook](#) | [Goodreads](#)