

LOVE Has NO Boundaries



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HEART IN HAND

L.T. Ville

Love Has No Boundaries

An M/M Romance series

HEART IN HAND

By L.T. Ville

Introduction

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

What Is Love Has No Boundaries?

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

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

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

Words of Caution

This story may contain sexually explicit content and is **intended for adult readers**. It may contain content that is disagreeable or distressing to some readers. The *M/M Romance Group* strongly recommends that each reader review the General Information section before each story for story tags as well as for content warnings.

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

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Photo Description

Two buff, naked boxers stand face to face in a deep, open-mouthed kiss. Both hold their hands behind their backs, except for one boxer whose hand wraps around both their hard cocks.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

They have been boxing against each other for years, using their sexual energy to build a strong rivalry instead of acting on their feelings. But things can only build so far before they reach the pressure point.

Sincerely,

Shannon

Story Info

Genre: contemporary

Tags: athlete, non-explicit, alpha males, enemies to lovers, sweet no sex, open relationships, love triangles, age gap

Word count: 6,235

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Trenton Grant was jumping rope. Drops of sweat were beginning to form on his forehead, and the little hair that he did have was plastered down like baby hairs. His eyes drifted towards the door. He took a deep breath then looked away because he was determined to stay focused. He knew he was lucky to work out with Gordon Barnes and he wanted to impress him. Mr. Barnes only worked with the best. Gordon was a connoisseur of potential. All he needed was ten minutes with a boxer and he could determine if the guy had the goods. Trent knew he had what it took to be a great boxer but he wasn't sure how Gordon could tell that from a brief workout. He assumed there would be a surprise sparring match to see if he was ready.

Thinking about the match pulled Trent's eyes away from the door. Trent looked around the gym and tried to guess who Gordon was going to pair him with. He ruled out two of the bodybuilders because they were too big to be competitive in the ring, but the third guy was average size. Trent dismissed the third guy as a wannabe bodybuilder and moved on around the room. Trent only saw one guy who looked like he might be able to handle sparring with him.

The door to the gym opened and a lanky teenager walked in. His eyes immediately found Trent's. Trenton sized up the skinny kid. The boy had dirty-blond hair that kissed his ears and startling green eyes that were so full of color they were easy to see from across the gym. Trent noticed a hole on the sleeve of the boy's black T-shirt and the boy's shorts looked dirty. Trent assumed the kid got beat up a lot and he took the boy's clothes and general disheveled appearance as an indication that one of those beatings was recent.

Christian Baker noticed the dark-haired boy staring at him across the gym but he pretended to be oblivious to Trent's careful inspection. Chris looked for his father. He didn't see him so he walked to one of the back rooms. Gordon

Barnes was leaned back in his office chair having a private conversation with his latest mistress.

“Excuse me Gordon, but have you seen my dad?” Chris asked.

Gordon waved his free hand and mumbled, “He went for a walk. He’ll be back.”

Chris walked back to the gym and looked around for something to keep him busy while he waited. He saw the dark-haired kid was done jumping rope and had moved on to the pull-up bar. Chris positioned himself directly in front of the kid and smiled.

Trent didn’t feel comfortable doing pull ups with a stranger so close to his crotch so he let go of the bar and dropped to his feet. He held out his hand and smiled. “I’m Trent.”

Chris rolled his eyes. “Good for you.” He ignored Trent’s hand. “How old are you?”

Trent slowly lowered his hand to his side. “I’m nineteen.”

“You’re new here. Did Gordon invite you?”

“Yeah. I’m supposed to work out today and—”

Chris interrupted him, “I didn’t ask for the details.” Trent smiled, thinking Chris was an asshole who probably had earned whatever beating he received. Chris asked, “Why are you smiling?”

“I’m just being polite.”

“You don’t have to smile to do that. In fact, I’d prefer if you didn’t smile at all.”

Trent wasn’t sure how to take Chris’s comments. Chris looked like a punk and his words had a definite edge to them but Trent couldn’t tell if Chris was threatening him or testing him. Trent took a step back and asked, “Who are you?”

Chris looked Trent over from head to toe. “Someone who belongs here.”

Trent watched Gordon walk up behind Chris. Gordon put his arm around Chris's shoulder and said, "Today's his first day. Back off." Chris shrugged, then grunted and walked away. Gordon shook his head, "Don't worry about Chris. He'll warm up to you after a few weeks."

Trent noted that the boy's name was Chris and he noted something else. "A few weeks? Does that mean you'll coach me?"

Gordon said, "I promised your mother I would teach you everything I know and that's what I'm going to do."

"My mother?" Trent knew his mother had recently met a new mark, but he never dreamed it was Gordon Barnes. Trent wondered what she had on a guy like Gordon. His mother was good at digging up dirt on people, then bleeding them until she was bored and ready to move on to new prey.

"Yeah. She didn't tell you?" Gordon thought the surprised look on Trent's face was genuine. He was glad Trent didn't seem aware of how his mother had schemed and blackmailed Gordon.

"No."

"I'm taking you on as a personal favor to her. I'm going to train you, and if I think you have what it takes I'll set up a few fights for you and we'll go from there."

Trent's lips stretched in to a smile. It was all he could do to keep from grabbing Gordon and hugging him. "Yes, sir."

"None of that. It's Gordon or Gordy."

"Yes, Gordon."

"Fast learner. I like it. You do whatever you want today and I'll work you out tomorrow."

"Okay." Gordon went across the gym.

Trent was excited. On his nineteenth birthday, he told his mother he wanted to be a boxer and five months later she had gotten him the best trainer

in the city. She had been a miracle worker all of his life. He hated her methods but sometimes even he sat back and enjoyed the rewards. He wanted to ask her what she had dug up on Gordon. He thought he could use it to his advantage and get Gordon to pay extra attention to him.

Trent was so lost in thought he didn't realize he was standing there with a dumb smile on his face until Chris stood in front of him and asked, "What did I tell you about smiling?"

Gordon saw Chris walk over to Trent and he watched as the smile on Trent's face vanished. Gordon yelled across the gym, "Chris get your ass over here!"

Chris smirked, then walked away. Trent didn't understand why Chris was such a jerk. He could bench press Chris without breaking a sweat. Trent was intrigued by the venom that Chris spewed in his direction, and he planned to find out all that he could about the skinny guy who seemed to have taken a personal interest in him.

Chris stayed out of Trent's way the rest of the afternoon. Before Trent left the gym, he asked a few of the guys about Chris. They told him Chris's father co-owned the gym and Chris was always there. He asked how old Chris was and they told him Chris was twenty. Chris looked younger than twenty. The guys seemed to like Chris, which made Trent wonder if Chris's crappy attitude was just for him. He mentioned to one guy that Chris was a jerk and the guy laughed and said Chris was always bitchy with guys his age, but he was a good kid.

Trent showered at the gym, then went to his evening real estate classes at the community college. His thoughts repeatedly drifted to the way Chris looked when he came in the gym. Chris had looked so sweet and vulnerable before he opened his mouth and revealed he wasn't so sweet. Trent was kind of turned on by the way Chris's appearance and personality clashed.

Trent's mother was sitting on the sofa watching television when he arrived at home. She had a beer in her left hand and she was talking on her phone. She hung up when she saw him.

She asked, “How was boxing?”

Trent sat next to her. “What do you have on Gordon Barnes?”

She was disappointed Trent knew she was blackmailing Gordon. She wanted Trent to think he had gotten the call because of his talent and not because she was up to her usual schemes. Trent’s face lit up when Gordon called him and told him he had seen his last fight and he wanted him to stop by his gym for a workout. Trent was the independent type. He knew she could move mountains but he rarely asked her to move anything. He usually hated when she interfered so she tried to limit the things she did for him. It was hard not to constantly help him. He was her baby and she loved him.

He put his head on her shoulder. She was only fourteen years older than him but she felt so much older. Her first few years with him had been hell but once she stumbled into a good con, it was easy to keep scheming. Her skills only improved with age. Her latest scheme had delivered her son’s dream to him on a silver platter.

Trent asked, “What do you have on him?”

“Why do you want to know?”

“Because he’s the best coach around and he’s going to train me without actually knowing me. Whatever you have, I know it’s big. So what is it?”

She sighed. She had to break in to a few places and plant cameras in order to get the goods on Gordon. She caught him with a few of his mistresses, but she knew that wasn’t blackmail worthy because the whole town, including his wife, knew he dicked around. It took three months before she caught Gordon on camera with his pants down. She was sitting on a secret that would end Gordon’s career and maybe his life if the wrong person got their hands on the evidence.

She whispered, “He’s cheating on his wife.”

Trent laughed. “Everyone knows that.”

“I wasn’t done.” She paused for effect. “He’s cheating on his wife with his best friend’s twenty-year-old son.”

“He’s gay?”

“Yeah. He’s messing around with a twink.”

Trent smiled. “Twink? Mom lay off my gay porn.”

“Twinks are hot.”

Trent moved his head off of his mother’s shoulder. “No they’re not. I like boys with muscles. If I wanted skin and bones I’d date a girl.”

His mother hit his arm. “I’m not skin and bones.”

“You’re my mother. Why would I want a girl who looks like you?”

She hit his arm harder. “You don’t want girls in the first place.”

“But if I did—”

“If you did, you would have gotten one of them pregnant by now with the way you love to fuck.”

Trent stood and teased, “I get it from you.”

His mother slapped him on his ass. “You get that from your father. He’s the one who’s trying to populate the world. How many brothers and sisters do you have? Eight?”

“Good night Mom.” Trent stopped and turned around. “And thank you.”

She took another swallow of her beer. She knew she wasn’t a perfect mother, but everything she did, she did for Trent. She had given him the kind of life she had only dreamed of as a child. The only thing he went without was a father figure in the house and that was because his father was a worthless piece of shit and she couldn’t stomach having that asshole living with her.

Trent sprawled across his bed and called his boyfriend. He and Phen had been together for nine months. Phen was going to college across the country but they had a good relationship. They spoke almost every night and they were planning their summer as if it was guaranteed that Phen would be back in

town. Neither wanted to consider the very real possibility that the only internship Phen would receive might be thousands of miles away.

They had an open relationship. It was Trent's idea, but Phen was all for it. Trent craved sex. He needed it on a regular basis or he started to feel fidgety and strange. His countless hookups fulfilled his physical needs until Phen was in town, but it was always Phen he wanted, everyone else was just a warm hole to satisfy his needs. He loved when Phen came home to visit for the holidays because their sex marathons left him satiated for a few weeks before the urge to fuck some nameless stranger took over.

Trent talked to Phen for close to an hour until Phen said he needed to go write a paper. Trent said goodnight then masturbated to thoughts of fucking Phen—a gym rat with a buff physique and a gentle heart. Trent wasn't usually attracted to Asian guys but he wanted Phen the second he saw him. He was sexy and beefy and stacked in all the places Trent liked.

The next day the gym was packed. Gordon focused his attention on Trent. He pushed Trent as hard as he could just to see if the kid would break, but Trent didn't complain or ask to stop. Trent did everything Gordon told him to do. Chris watched the workout from a distance. He didn't like sharing Gordon's attention with anyone and especially not an attractive teenager. Chris was so focused on Gordon and Trent that he didn't notice his father standing next to him.

Mike saw that Chris was staring at Gordon and Trent but he misunderstood why Chris was staring. He thought his son wanted to be a boxer. He said, "This is why your mother didn't want me to bring you here."

Chris jumped. He looked at his father. "Huh?"

"I see the way you're watching them. You want to box, don't you?" His heart filled with pride. The son who he had dismissed as soft was showing signs of having an edge. He wanted to do all he could to encourage his son. He knew his wife would be pissed because she hated boxing, but he didn't care. His wife had coddled and sheltered Chris for most of his life. When Chris

started winning swimming races, Mike thought Stephanie had won and Chris would never share his love of boxing, but things were changing. When Chris turned nineteen, he suddenly wanted to come to the gym and he had been hanging around for a full year. He sometimes worked out, but he rarely paid attention to the boxers. He spent a lot of time in Gordon's office helping him file videos or study various fights.

Chris was a different kid when he was around Gordon. Gordon brought out Chris's tough kid persona and Mike liked seeing his son in a new light. If he had known there was a tough kid hiding inside Chris, he would have taken Gordon up on his partnership offer years before. He had waited until Chris was moving to the city for college in order to join Gordon, but in retrospect, he could have been closer to Chris if he had moved the family sooner.

Chris knew his father loved boxing so he wasn't surprised by the smile on his father's face. Chris smiled, "Do you think Gordon will train me?"

Mike laughed, "He'll train you for fun in his spare time, but I don't think he'll put too much time in to you unless he sees promise." Chris's hope of spending more time with Gordon faded. Mike added, "I can train you."

Chris's hope came back. "Do you think I could ever get a body like that kid over there?" Chris nodded toward Trent.

"Some boxers have body types that allow them to be good swimmers. That guy ain't one of them. You can't be a competitive swimmer and have a body like his."

Chris watched Gordon put his hand on Trent's lower back. "I guess I'm done with swimming then."

Mike tried not to smile. "That's up to you."

Chris envisioned himself in the ring knocking out Trent. "When can we start training?"

"We can start now if you want."

Chris looked at Trent. He wanted to beat him and he needed training in order to do that. Guys as cute as Trent were a threat to Chris's relationship

with Gordon and Chris wanted to keep a close eye on everything that happened between Trent and Gordon without making it obvious he was spying on them. Chris stood up straight, “What do you want me to do first?”

Trent had been secretly watching Chris. He was surprised when he looked up and saw Chris was no longer staring at him. He watched Chris practicing his stance with a middle-aged guy. Chris didn't appear to have much boxing experience. Trent laughed a few times and Gordon followed Trent's gaze.

Gordon whispered, “Well I'll be damned.” Gordon instantly knew what Chris was doing. He thought it was cute and he wondered how far Chris was going to take it.

A year later, Gordon received his answer. Chris was going to take it all the way. Chris had added twenty pounds of muscle and won a few boxing matches and he was begging Gordon to let him fight Trent. Gordon knew it was personal so he kept saying no, but there was beginning to be chatter in the gym that Gordon wouldn't let Trent and Chris meet in the ring because Gordon was afraid Chris would win. Gordon didn't know that Mike was the person who started the chatter. Mike wanted to force Gordon to agree to the fight.

For his part, Trent couldn't wait to meet Chris in the ring. Trent was tired of Chris's attitude and he was ready to shut him up for a while. He thought it would be good for Chris to be knocked down a few pegs and he wanted to end all of the questions he was hearing at the gym. He was a better boxer than Chris and he wanted people to see it for themselves.

Their first boxing match was on a Saturday evening in late August. Phen was in town that weekend so he came to watch the match. Trent's mother came to watch him. Chris had a few friends come. He knew his mother wasn't going to be there because she had flat out refused to ever attend any of his matches.

Mike gave Chris a pep talk and told him that if he wanted Gordon to take over his training, he had to leave it all in the ring. Trent didn't need Gordon to

give him a pep talk because Trent had all the motivation that he needed. He couldn't wait to take a swing at Chris.

They were pretty evenly matched. In the middle of the fifth round, Trent hugged Chris and whispered, "Does your father know Gordon fucks you?" Trent expected Chris to lose his form and get sloppy, instead, Chris unleashed a flurry of combinations and knocked Trent on his ass. Trent was surprised. He got back up and continued boxing. They were scheduled for eight rounds and they went the full eight rounds and had to wait for the judges' decision. Trent won.

Chris thought Trent won because the judges liked Gordon, but Mike assured Chris the judges were fair.

Chris was paranoid. He knew that he and Gordon had been very careful about their relationship. He briefly wondered if Gordon told Trent but he knew Gordon wouldn't do that. The next alternative was that Gordon had either hit on Trent or Gordon and Trent had something more than training going on and Trent somehow realized Chris was competition.

Chris knew he wouldn't be able to talk to Trent that night but he made plans to corner him the next day. Chris couldn't sleep that night because he was paranoid other people besides Trent might know about his relationship with Gordon.

He and Gordon had a two and a half year relationship. They both had their reasons for keeping their relationship secret. Gordon had a wife, kids, mistresses and a best friend to consider and Chris didn't think his father could handle knowing he was gay and in love with Gordon. Chris was content with things the way they were. He wasn't dreaming of a future with Gordon or hoping Gordon left his wife and kids behind or abandoned his mistresses. Gordon loved women and he loved Chris and Chris was okay with that as long as he was the only guy in Gordon's life.

Chris and Gordon met at a hotel the next afternoon. Gordon carefully inspected Chris's injuries. Gordon rubbed cream on Chris's visible bruises. Gordon joked, "It's a good thing I stopped by Viv's on my way here." Chris

responded by kissing Gordon. He let the kiss speak for itself and send Gordon the message that Chris's body was ready and willing to give him what he wanted. Gordon broke the kiss and asked, "What did Trent whisper to you yesterday?" Chris was dumbfounded. Gordon added, "Don't make that face."

Chris said, "He knows about us."

"His mother must have told him. I wonder how long he's known." Gordon remembered the look on Trent's face when he told him he was training him because of his mother.

"How would his mother know?" Gordon stopped rubbing the cream into Chris's skin. Chris nervously asked again, "Gordy, how does she know?"

Gordon cleared his throat. "She's why we don't go to the park anymore. She took a picture of us kissing in my car and she blackmailed me with it."

"You've been paying her off?"

"She didn't want money. She wanted me to train Trent."

Chris hated Trent even more because Trent's success was a fraud. Trent's mother had to blackmail Gordon in order to get Gordon to train him. Chris could have blackmailed Gordon if he wanted to, but he had taken the right path and tried to earn his place as one of Gordon's boxers. He put in long hours in the gym and gave up the sport that he had loved since he was a child. He changed his diet. He sacrificed a peaceful relationship with his mother. He gave all he could because he wanted to make Gordon proud of him and because he wanted Gordon to look at him the way he looked at Trent.

The next day, Gordon called Mike and told him he was going to take over Chris's training sessions. Mike was ecstatic. Chris pretended to be surprised by the news, but he and Gordon had already discussed things. Chris was going to become friends with Trent and find out exactly what Trent knew and when he knew it. Gordon was hesitant about the plan at first because he thought Chris might actually like Trent if he gave him a chance and that scared him.

Gordon wasn't going to commit to Chris, but he loved him enough to not want to think about the day when their relationship came to an end.

Mike took Chris out to dinner to celebrate the good news. Chris's mother stayed at home. She refused to celebrate anything about Chris's boxing career. She wanted Chris to wake up one day and go back to the sweet kid he was before he bonded with Gordon. She didn't approve of their friendship. She and Mike had argued about it a lot. Mike made her feel like she was imagining things and eventually, she believed him. She trained her eyes to look around the smoke and that usually worked, but sometimes Gordon put his hand on Chris and she got a creepy vibe.

Gordon decided to train Trent and Chris at the same time so neither could accuse him of doing something different with one of them. A few days after the fight, Trent and Chris were face to face again. Trent couldn't believe Gordon was going to train his main competition. He took it as a personal shot against him.

When they were done training, Trent pulled Gordon aside and said, "I don't want to work out with Chris."

"Why not?"

"He stares at me all the time and it makes me uncomfortable." Trent didn't mention that he was sexually attracted to Chris and it was difficult for him not to get hard when he had Chris touching him while he stretched or spotting him while he lifted. Then there was the way Chris smelled when he was sweaty. It was an intoxicating mix of deodorant and foul funk that was shocking at first, but addictive after the initial shock. Trent had sniffed Chris a few times that day and he swore Chris caught him once.

Gordon told him, "Man up. Who the fuck cares if he stares at you?"

Trent wanted to argue but he decided to go home and ask his mother for advice. She had heard him bashing Chris for a full year so she said, "Just fuck him and get it over with."

Trent played dumb. "Huh?"

“I know you. You want him so go get him and get it out of your system.”

Trent was done talking about it. He stormed off to his room and called Phen, who was at the airport waiting for his flight back to school. He knew something was wrong. He asked Trent about it but Trent said he was fine. Phen assumed Trent was upset because he was leaving. Phen told Trent he was proud of him and he couldn't wait for the summer so that they could move in together. He was doing his best to cheer Trent up but Trent's tone let him know that Trent was still in the dumps. Phen got off the phone and boarded the plane. He was worried about Trent. The sex they had that morning didn't have its usual fire and he knew something was wrong with Trent. He was worried that Trent was getting ready to break up with him.

Trent tried to train with Chris without focusing on him, but he couldn't do it. Chris distracted him and he had to put an end to it. He cornered Chris in the locker room one day and asked, “Why do you want to train with me? Do you want me to tell your father your secret?”

Chris laughed then went in to full asshole mode. “Tell him.”

Trent pushed Chris. “Why are you fucking with me?”

“Because you like it.” Chris said it to be sarcastic, but the look on Trent's face surprised him. Chris's eyes increased in size from the realization that Trent liked the attention he gave him. Trent stepped away from Chris. They stared at each other until Trent couldn't take it. Trent turned around and left.

Chris told Gordon about the incident in the locker room and Gordon felt a wave of jealousy in his heart. He was certain that he was going to lose Chris to Trent. Chris couldn't see it, but he and Trent were perfect for each other. Gordon thought about shutting down the whole thing before it fully took root, but he couldn't bring himself to do that to Chris. Gordon found his match in Kathy and it wouldn't be right for him to deny Chris the same opportunity. He wanted Chris to have what he had and he hoped he and Chris could still get together from time to time.

From the outside, people thought that Gordon was cheating on Kathy, but he wasn't. Kathy knew about all of Gordon's women, including Viv, his long-

term mistress, and she didn't care. The only person Kathy didn't know about was Chris and that was because Gordon knew she would leave him if she found out he was sleeping with her nephew. He had always agreed that friends and family were off limit but Chris made him break that rule. He didn't care that his wife was Chris's aunt or that Chris's father was his best friend. All that mattered to him was the way Chris made him feel. He had spoken to his therapist about it and his therapist thought his feelings for Chris were reflective of his feelings toward Mike. When he and Mike were teenagers, they had fooled around a few times. Mike ended things and they went on being best friends as if they had never touched each other, but Gordon didn't forget. Gordon's therapist tied everything to his secret feelings for Mike. According to his therapist, Gordon probably fell in love with Kathy and married her because he subconsciously wanted to be related to Mike. Gordon didn't believe everything his therapist said, but he did agree that it was nice seeing Mike almost every day and that he would replace Chris with Mike if given the chance.

Four years later, Gordon was still managing Chris and Trent and only a few things had changed. Trent and Phen had broken up and Phen was working in California. Trent's mother was engaged to a local news reporter. Chris and Trent had become frenemies. They were best friends and fierce competitors. They had fought each other four more times. Trent was up four to one, but Chris had won the last fight with a knockout.

Gordon rarely allowed Chris and Trent to spar together because they were too violent with each other. Gordon knew it was built up sexual tension. He felt the tension oozing from them and it started to interfere with his relationship with Chris. Chris had recently dyed his hair and gotten the same hair cut as Trent. Gordon and Chris fought about it. Gordon realized he and Chris were fighting all the time over little things.

Gordon hated watching Chris and Trent train together. He knew their spontaneous wrestling matches were just excuses for them to touch each other. It drove him crazy until one day he snapped. He forced Chris and Trent to stay

until after the gym closed. Chris and Trent went to shower. Gordon closed the door that separated the bathroom and shower area from the locker room and locked the door from the outside. He waited until Chris and Trent finished showering. Chris tried to pull the door and it wouldn't budge.

Gordon yelled, "You guys need to have sex already so you can stop distracting each other and focus on training."

Chris asked, "What the fuck are you talking about? Open the door!"

Gordon responded, "You've been friends with Trent for four years and you still haven't been able to tell me what he knew and when he knew it. Why is that?"

Chris ignored the question. "Open the door!"

"The janitor will be here in a few hours. Deal with your shit. Good night."

Trent and Chris banged on the door until they realized Gordon was serious and he was gone. They sat on the floor for a few minutes and complained about Gordon losing his mind and locking them in there then Trent stood and dropped his towel. Trent claimed he had to pee, but he was really just looking for an excuse to be naked again. He walked over to the urinal.

Chris got up and dropped his towel too. He walked over to the urinal next to Trent. Trent whispered, "Your boyfriend just gave you permission to be with me. What are you going to do about it?"

"Nothing."

Trent turned toward Chris. Trent's dick was at full attention. Chris turned and looked at Trent. Chris wanted Trent but he wasn't going to make the first move. Trent reached for Chris's semi-erect penis and stroked it a few times. Chris hesitantly reached for Trent's dick. They quietly stroked each other. Trent leaned in and kissed Chris. Chris's penis hardened. They both kept their free arm behind their back as if they were trying to hold back. They kissed and stroked until Chris came. Chris felt like he had cheated on Gordon. He fell to his knees and cried. Trent knew Chris felt guilty. Trent kneeled in front of

Chris and wrapped his arms around him. He rubbed Chris's back and promised him everything was going to be okay.

Once Chris calmed down, Trent moved and got more towels from the shower area. He made a pallet on the floor and he and Chris sat on the pallet and had a strained conversation about what happened between them. Chris swore it would never happen again, but there was hesitation in his voice so Trent knew Chris didn't believe his own words. Somewhere along the lines, Trent had fallen for Chris and Chris had fallen for him. Neither planned it or wanted it, but it happened and it was real.

The janitor freed them two hours later, after the damage was done. Chris spent the next week trying to forget how good it felt to have Trent touch him and kiss him. He blew up at Trent and Gordon multiple times when they were working out. Gordon knew Chris was as good as gone. In private, Chris yelled at Gordon for trying to give him away. Gordon didn't argue or say much. He allowed Chris to vent his frustrations because he knew the real problem was that Chris wanted to be with Trent but Chris didn't know how to say it.

Three months later, things had sorted themselves out. Trent and Chris were officially a couple and Gordon and Chris were mostly over. A year later, Trent and Chris were an exclusive couple and they were happy together. Trent's mother loved to take credit for their relationship because it was her meddling that led Trent to Gordon's gym, and by extension, to Chris. Gordon loved to take credit for seeing what the couple could have been long before they saw it themselves. He often reminded them he was the one who gave them the push they needed to begin exploring the chemistry between them.

Chris and Trent went public with their relationship three years later. They wanted to tell the world they were in love with each other and they did. They eventually retired from boxing and worked at the gym preparing the next generation of boxers.

THE END

Author Bio

L.T. Ville (aka internet author Lustyville) specializes in gay fiction with a twist. Most of L.T.'s stories are slice of life stories that reflect some aspect of the human experience. L.T.'s stories often deal with serious topics such as depression and abuse. L.T. dabbles in gay erotica, but even the sex stories have substance.

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