

The background of the entire image is a photograph of a field of tall, thin grasses. The grasses are green at the base and turn a golden-yellow color towards the top. They are set against a bright blue sky with soft, white, wispy clouds. The text is overlaid on this scene.

Risking the
Field

Jean McGray

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Love is an Open Road

An M/M Romance series

RISKING THE FIELD

By Jean McGray

Introduction

The story you are about to read celebrates love, sex and romance between men. It is a product of the *Love is an Open Road* promotion sponsored by the *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* and is published as a gift to you.

What Is Love is an Open Road?

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 these authors 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 is an Open Road*.

No matter if you are a long-time devotee to M/M Romance, just new to the genre or fall somewhere in between, 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.

Each year, a dedicated group of Volunteers from the M/M Romance Group work hard behind the scenes to bring these stories to you. Our Editors, Formatters, Proofreaders, and those working on Quality Assurance, spend many long hours over a course of several months so that each Event is a success. As

each and every author also gives freely of their time and talent, it was decided that all edits suggested may be accepted or rejected by the author at any given time. For this reason, some stories will appear to be more tightly edited than others, depending on the choice of the author.

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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RISKING THE FIELD

By Jean McGray

Photo Description

Two young men embrace and kiss passionately in a green field, one with a leg kicked out behind him, like he has just run across the field to tackle his friend and kiss him. They look like they are laughing and smiling, happy just to be together.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

See these boys and how happy they look? Hmm, yeah, me too...

But what happens if all is not as it appears? If your best friend, the person you love is in danger—if sacrifices/hard decisions need to be made. Will you be strong enough to make them, to see them through? Can you risk your friendship? Can you risk letting your friend know your true feelings? Are you willing to risk anything to keep him safe?

I'd love a YA story, contemporary or fantasy. Sex lite or heavy or not at all, I don't mind. Does not have to be GFY, but I do want a best friends to more story. I'd prefer no sci-fi or BDSM.

Thank you author—look after these boys, I think they might be in for a rough ride, but I'd like their hearts intact at the end.

Thank you in advance,

Sincerely,

Lori

Story Info

Genre: contemporary, young adult

Tags: gay for you, friends to lovers, high school, coming out, family drama

Word Count: 14,697

Acknowledgements

To Lori, whose wonderful prompt drew me in and demanded that I write their story. To my beta reader, Serena, who helped keep me on track and gave me invaluable advice. To my amazing sister, Misty, whose encouragement and support helped me pick up a pen again. To my mom, who gifted me with my love of books and has always supported me and told me to follow my dreams. And to the real Davey, I miss you every day. This one is for you, honey.

RISKING THE FIELD

By Jean McGray

The Beginning

When I was ten years old, my mother caught my father in bed with her sister. It was a huge scandal in our small Massachusetts town of Marshbridge. She threw him out, he moved to the other side of town, and she hasn't spoken to my aunt since. The only reason I saw my father after that was because the courts forced me to. I had nothing to say to him after that day. And once I turned sixteen, I stopped going to see him altogether.

When I was sixteen, I met Pen. Colin Pendley had just moved to our sleepy little burg with his recently divorced mom and older sister at the beginning of junior year. Because lockers were assigned alphabetically, he was given the locker right behind me. A new face was a novelty in our town, so I introduced myself right away. Pen and I became fast friends, bonding over divorce, our loser fathers, a mutual hatred of algebra, and a love of all things fantasy. From that day on, we weren't Colin Pendley and David Lavoie; we were Pen and Davey. We were never far apart, and no one mentioned one of us without talking about the other.

We weren't particularly popular, but we weren't outcasts either. We existed on the fringe of our school's social circles, known and liked by most. We didn't play any sports or excel academically. Pen and I were average, but yet, not. We didn't dream big, just wanted to survive high school and go to college. We just went with the flow, living life as it came. At least, until the day that life came crashing down around us.

Graduation Day

“Pen! Hurry the fuck up! I was ready to go twenty minutes ago!” I yelled as I banged on my best friend’s bedroom door. “Graduation starts in an hour and we still have to pick up Lacey and Donovan.”

“Perfection takes time, Davey-boy! Some of us like to look our best for occasions like this. I’m almost ready,” Colin Pendley called back from inside his room.

“That’s what you always say, and then it takes another twenty before your girly ass is ready to go. What are you doing in there, anyway? Plucking your eyebrows? Applying a little lipstick?” I laughed.

The door opened, and Pen stepped out, smiling as he ran his fingers through his short, spiked brown hair. “I told you I’d be ready on time. And looking damn good, too.”

I rolled my eyes at his antics. “You look the same as you do every damn day, dumbass. No amount of primping is going to make that face of yours any better. Now get your ass down the stairs and into the car so we can go get Lace and D!”

Pen laughed as he ran ahead of me, trying to escape the inevitable slap upside the head. He drove me insane sometimes, taking forever to get ready for any event like every girl I knew. But even I had to admit that he always looked good, with his quick smile, light blue eyes, and tight muscles on his five-foot-eleven frame. He always attracted attention, but never really wanted it. He had what my grandmother always called a special spark, a light that called to everyone.

“You yell at me to hurry up and now you are standing there, looking like a freakin’ zombie. You all right, Davey-boy?” Pen asked, looking up at me from the bottom of the stairs.

I shook myself out of the fog I had been lost in more and more lately and gave him a look I hope conveyed what an idiot I thought he was. “I’m fine. Just can’t wait to get this over with! I can’t believe we’re finally done with the torture chamber they call high school!”

“No shit. Do we really have to go through with the whole ceremony? It’s so stupid. And you know he is going to show up with her,” Pen mumbled as we headed out his front door to my car.

The “him” he referred to could only be one person. After the divorce, Pen’s father had basically disappeared, only to suddenly reappear six months ago with a new wife and a new baby. Pen referred to his new stepmother, who was barely older than his twenty-three-year-old sister Kari, and half-sister, Alexis, as his father’s mid-life crisis family and wanted nothing to do with them. I had spent many nights with him, telling him it was okay to hate his father and that he didn’t have to see them, no matter what his father said. A jackass for a father was the one thing I understood more than anything in the world.

Once we were in my car and I was backing out of the driveway, I responded to his mumbled worries. “If he’s there, Pen, you don’t have to talk to him. You don’t need to look at him, acknowledge him, or give him any kind of satisfaction. This is your day, not his.”

Pen looked at me, his expressive eyes shining. “But he always has to make it about him. It’ll upset Mom and Kari, too,” he said.

I knew that there was nothing I could say or do that would ease his mind when it came to his father. Daddy issues were the one thing in the world we both understood. I still didn’t talk to my father, even though he still lived in the same small town. I had nothing to say to him and probably never would. At least I was secure in the knowledge that he had given up trying to reach me when I turned sixteen, and wouldn’t bother to show up at graduation and ruin my day. I was done with him and he was done with me.

“You know that my mom will be sitting with your mom and she won’t let him get anywhere near her.” It was the best I could offer him. My mother was a fierce protector; Pen was like a second son to her and his mother was a good friend. She would watch over them while Pen and I were onstage getting our diplomas.

“Thanks, Davey. That’s perfect.”

“Okay, enough bullshit. Let’s hit Lacey’s and get her and Donovan and get this day over with so we can get the partying started.”

Pen laughed. “So what festivities are we planning on crashing this evening?”

“I figured after dinner with Mom One and Mom Two, we’d head to the field for the overnight with the rest of the class. D said he was going with us, even though Lace can’t.”

It was a tradition in Marshbridge for the senior class to have a huge party/campout on graduation night in a large field on the outskirts of town. It

had been going on since my parents graduated over twenty years ago, and it was something every kid looked forward to after receiving their diploma, kind of like that final rite of passage into adulthood in our town. Things could get a little wild, but as long as we weren't too out of control, the police let us have this night. Though, they did check on us pretty frequently to make sure we didn't take advantage of our new freedom.

"Sounds like a plan to me. Did you haul out the sleeping bags or are we really roughing it?"

"Who needs sleeping bags when I plan on being up all night celebrating the fact that I never have to walk into that hell and sit in Mrs. Soldini's Western Civ class again? And why would you want to sleep tonight? This is our night, man! We party! The travel blankets are in the trunk if we really need them." I laughed as we pulled up in front of Lacey's house. I honked twice and the front door opened, Lacey Parker and Donovan Taggart came out, dressed up and arguing like usual.

"All right, children. No more fighting! Time to get this show on the road!" Pen called out the window.

"Bite me, Pencil!" Donovan retorted as he opened up the rear door and slid in behind me.

"Why in the world do you put up with him, Lacey, my love?"

"I ask myself the same thing about a thousand times a day," she sighed as she shut her door and buckled up.

I laughed. It was the same bickering I had heard every day for the past two years. I loved this part of my life, the constant companionship, the laughs, and the security of good friends. It was what came next that I was deathly afraid of. After today, it was all going to change. We would be high-school graduates, adults.

The joking and banter of my three closest friends provided background noise while I drove, lost in thought, to the high school for the graduation ceremony. When I pulled up to the school, it took me a few minutes before I was able to find a parking spot. We piled out of the car and followed the crowd toward the main entrance of the school to get ready for the ceremony.

The Ceremony

Since we introduced our mothers, they had become close friends. They had a lot in common, more than just teen boys, loser husbands, and small-town America. They had quickly become an unstoppable force that made our lives very difficult at times. They were Mom One and Mom Two. We never referred to them as anything but that, and our friends jokingly followed suit. They were waiting for us outside the auditorium, along with Pen's sister Kari and her boyfriend-du-jour, Harvey.

"Boys, you're running late as usual!" Mom One, my mother, chastised us as we fought our way through the crowd of classmates and their families.

"Blame Pen, Mom. He took forever primping in the mirror. He has this delusion that he's hot." I laughed, ducking when Pen tried to slap the back of my head.

Pen's mother, Sheri Pendley just shook her head, knowing how long he took every morning getting ready. "Lacey, your mom was looking for you. You might want to find her. I think your aunt was able to make it after all."

Lacey let out one of those God-awful squeals that only teen girls seem to be capable of and hugged her. "Thanks, Mom Two! D, let's go find them! I can't believe Auntie Josie is here!" Donovan barely had time to blink before Lacey dragged him off behind her, weaving through the crowd, in search of her family.

I laughed at his expression and turned to Pen. "I think we better head into the gym and see what we're supposed to do before graduation starts."

Pen's eyes were darting around; looking everywhere at once, and I knew he hadn't heard a word I said. I knew exactly what was going through his head and that I needed to distract him before he lost it.

I leaned in and spoke close to his ear, "Are you thinking about maybe getting your hands on Andrea's tits tonight? She might get drunk enough to let you."

My words shook him from his trance, and he looked at me. "Dude, you're twisted. And my mom is right there."

"So does that mean I can have Andrea tonight?" I murmured, still close to him.

“Fuck you. She wouldn’t touch you if you paid her.” Pen slugged my arm playfully. He had had a crush on Andrea Wharton since he had moved to Marshbridge, but had never made a move.

Neither one of us had ever had serious girlfriends; it was more from a lack of options than anything else. Marshbridge was a small town and not many people moved in or out of here. I had known everyone my entire life, and I wasn’t interested in dating any of the girls here; it would be like dating my sister, if I had one. I just wanted to get out of Marshbridge.

“Well, if you’re not going to go for it, I might as well.” I laughed, knowing I had managed to help him relieve a little of the worry about his father showing up for the graduation ceremony.

“Let’s go, dipshit. We have to get ready. I just want this day over with.” Pen turned to both our moms and gave them a quick salute before grabbing my arm and leading me through the crowd.

We made it to the gym and checked in, claiming our caps and gowns. Our fellow classmates were gathered in the normal cliques, cell phones out, clicking pictures as fast as their fingers could. There were tears and laughter, the occasional parent sneaking in with last-minute instructions or something that had been forgotten.

Lacey and Donovan found us just before it was time to go out on stage. It was obvious that she had been crying and D was looking a little nauseous and lost.

“Everything good, Lace?” Pen inquired, pulling her in for a hug. Lacey’s aunt Josie had been battling breast cancer for the past five years and her attendance at our graduation meant the world to Lacey, but it was hard for her to see her once-strong aunt so frail.

She gave a little laugh. “Yeah. I just can’t believe that we’re actually graduating. And you guys are going to leave me here all alone!”

I rolled my eyes. This was the same thing she had been saying to us since she had found out that both Pen and I had been accepted to NYU, and that Donovan was going to the University of Connecticut, while she was staying here and going to Boston University. “You can still apply and get into any school you want. You don’t have to stay here and go to BU. And we will always love you!”

“I’ve been telling her that for weeks, but all she does is yell at me,” Donovan said.

“That’s because you’re an idiot!” Lacey shrieked, slapping at him.

“See? This is what she does every time I tell her to come to UConn with me.”

Pen and I just laughed.

Before I could say anything else, Mr. Parson, the assistant principal, called for everyone to get into alphabetical order to get ready for the procession.

“Well, here we go! Come here, one last picture as high-school prisoners!” Lacey laughed.

The four of us squished together and snapped a few quick pictures with our cell phones before getting in line to march into the auditorium, and into adulthood. As we walked out of the gym, my heart started to beat a little faster. This was the end of life as I knew it. No more predictable days. Everything was going to be different as soon as the superintendent put that piece of paper in my hand.

The rest of the ceremony was a blur. I know there was singing and speeches. I know that I watched my best friends get their diplomas, and stood to get my own, looking out at a crowd of hundreds of people. I could see my mom sitting with Pen’s mom and sister, as well as several other relatives and family friends. I was so lost in my own thoughts that Bethany Lassiter had to nudge me to let me know that the ceremony was ending and it was time to stand up.

We filed out of the auditorium and rushed back into the gym, eagerly dumping off our robes, but keeping our caps. Pen ran up to me and jumped into my arms. I staggered as I tried to keep my balance, laughing.

“We did it! We’re free!” Pen cheered.

“I know! It feels amazing, doesn’t it? Now get off me! You weigh a freakin’ ton!” I joked, shoving him off me.

“Aww, c’mon! You know you love it when I’m on top of you, baby,” Pen panted seductively, batting his eyelashes at me.

I cocked one eyebrow at him, and then started to laugh hysterically. “Dude, if that is how you’re hitting on chicks, it’s no wonder you’re not getting any.”

“Screw you. You’re not exactly hitting it out of the park, either, Casanova,” Pen said with a pout. “How many dates have you been on this year? Two? At least I got to second base with Jenna before she dumped me for Greg.”

“Yeah, well she was a moron to dump you for that muscle-bound freak,” Lacey chimed in, coming up behind me and throwing her arm over my shoulder. “We all know what a great catch you are, right, Davey?”

“If I were a chick, I might do ya!”

“Stop lying. You want to do me now,” he stated, winking at me.

“Keep dreaming, lover boy,” I said, slapping the back of his head.

He blew me a kiss and I grabbed his arm, pulling him against me. “You wanna say that to my face?” I joked.

Before I could take another breath, his lips brushed across mine, and then he danced out of my arms, laughing like a hyena. But I couldn’t move. It was like all the air had been sucked out of me and I had been struck stupid.

A voice rang out from the crowd around us, shaking me out of my stupor. “I always knew you two were boyfriends.”

“Shut up, jackass!” Donovan yelled back as he joined us. “What did I miss?”

“Just Pen declaring his undying love for Davey and making out with him,” Lacey replied.

“Huh?” Donovan looked at her like she had suddenly grown two more heads.

“Nothing, D,” I answered. “Pen suddenly decided he had the urge to kiss me.”

Donovan looked at a still laughing Pen. “You kissed Davey? Why, man? You suddenly into guys?”

“God, it was a joke. And I didn’t really kiss him. You want to see a kiss? Come here, Lace. Let’s show them a kiss!” he said, reaching out for her.

She laughed, backing away with her arms up. “Not a chance in hell! I’ve seen where those lips have been! I’m not kissing you!”

“Hey!” I exclaimed. “There’s nothing wrong with my lips!”

“All right, children, no more playing. I’m sure the parental units are wondering where their spawn are hiding,” Pen stated. “Dinner, then we party until we can’t stand!”

“Sounds like a plan to me!” Donovan agreed, grabbing Lacey’s hand. “Let’s go, sweet cheeks. I’m sure your aunt is waiting for you out there. See you two at the field tonight!”

“Bye, D. Bye, Lace,” I said, waving.

“See you later!” Pen yelled. He turned to me. “Well, sweet cheeks, let’s go find Mom One and Mom Two and get this show on the road.”

“Don’t call me sweet cheeks, sugar plum,” I cautioned him, raising my hand to slap him in the back of the head again. He darted away before I could reach him, and I gave chase, ducking around clusters of students and families, before almost slamming into Pen when he stopped dead in front of me.

“What’s wrong?” I asked, taking in Pen’s suddenly white face and clenched fists.

“He fucking showed up,” he responded, speaking so quietly I had to lean forward to hear him over the crowd.

Drawn Lines

Standing near the door, with his young wife and youngest daughter, was Nathan Pendley. I had only met the man once before, but I would know him anywhere. Pen was the spitting image of his father, whom he hated with a passion. He had inherited his brown hair and striking blue eyes, as well as the same cleft chin, nose, and jaw. Even their smiles were the same. At least Pen had inherited his mother's personality and morals, no matter how much he looked like the man who had fathered him.

I moved in front of him, blocking his view of his father. "Pen, you don't have to talk to him. We can turn around and walk out. He doesn't deserve a second of your fucking time," I told him, keeping my voice steady in hopes of calming Pen down and keeping him from confronting his bastard of a father in the middle of the lobby with an audience of a couple hundred people.

"Why the hell did he show up here? I told him I never wanted to see him again. Shit. Where's Mom? I don't want her to see him with that skanky wife of his."

"I don't know, Pen, but we'll find her and get out of here. There is no way in hell he's going to fuck this day up for you," I said.

"Too late," he groaned, closing his eyes.

"Congratulations, Colin. You must be so glad to be done with high school," Nathan stated from behind me.

"What the hell are you doing here, Nathan? I told you I never wanted to see you again. Get the fuck out of here," Pen addressed his father, moving me to the side to stand in front of his father and look him in the eye.

"There is no reason to speak to me that way, son. I am still your father and you will treat me with respect. It's your graduation and I wanted to see you get your diploma. And I figured you would like to see your sister. Alexis is almost a year old now."

"I only have one sister and she's twenty-three. Her name is Kari. I don't owe you any respect; you lost that right when you disappeared for four fucking years. You may have contributed to my birth, but I don't have to consider you my father anymore. I don't want to see you; I don't want to know you."

I could see how hard Pen was working to hold himself together and knew that I needed to separate them soon or Pen was going to lose it, epically. "Okay,

Pen, time to get out of here. Let's go find everyone so we can finally escape this prison."

"I am not done talking to you, Colin. I have a gift for you, if you would come over and say hello to Alexis and Nicole," Nathan said in a tense voice, reaching out to take Pen's arm.

It was the stupidest move he could have made. Pen reacted violently, shaking his father's hand off his arm and shoving him back. I barely had time to move out of the way or I would have been struck across the face by Nathan's flailing arm as he fell to the floor, too shocked by Pen's outburst to keep his balance.

"Keep your fucking hands off me!" Pen shouted. "You have no right to touch me. I don't want your gift, I don't want to talk to your whore, and I don't want any part of your new family. Stay the fuck away from me!"

"Colin!" A shocked cry came from the other side of the room as Pen's mother caught sight of what was going on and rushed over. "What happened? Are you okay?"

"Get him away from me, Mom. I don't want him here. I don't ever want to see him again," Pen warned. "I told you I didn't want him here."

My mom walked up with Kari and her boyfriend and put her arm around Pen, pulling him close, giving him support as I moved to his other side. Sheri faced Nathan with a fierce look on her face, oblivious to the gathering crowd.

"Nathan, I told you the other day that you weren't welcome here," she said, her voice even, laced with the kind of steel only a mother protecting her children possesses. "You need to leave now."

"Sheri, he's my son. I have every right to be here to see him graduate. You can't keep me from him."

"Do you really want to do this in front of all these people?" Sheri continued. "Just leave, Nathan. He doesn't want to see you and you're just ruining the biggest day of his life."

"Ruining his day? Isn't that a little melodramatic?"

"Please leave, Dad," Kari said, walking up beside her mother. "Pen doesn't want you here and it's his day, not yours."

I turned my head to look at Pen. His blue eyes were fierce, angrier than I'd ever seen them, but still filled with tears. I looked at my mom, and she nodded, letting me know it was okay to get him out of there before things got worse. I

didn't say anything, just put my arm around his shoulder, and led him off in the other direction, ignoring the arguing behind me.

"Let's get out of here, man. We have some serious partying to do tonight. No more high-school partying, it's time for some pre-college partying," I remarked as we headed into the parking lot and got into my car. "We'll go change out of these fancy duds and meet Moms One and Two for our celebration dinner and head to the field to spend the night celebrating our freedom."

There was no response, so I turned to look at Pen. His head was tipped back on the seat, eyes closed, with a tear running down his cheek. I closed my eyes and took a deep breath. Part of me wanted to run back into the school and knock Pen's father back on his ass for causing my friend this much hurt on what should be an incredibly happy and exciting day.

"Pen, do you want me to go in there and fuck him up for you? I'll do it. My mother might kill me if I get blood on my shirt, but for you, I'd brave her wrath."

He rolled his head to the side and cocked one eye open to look at me. "I don't feel like visiting you in the hospital. You couldn't fight your way out of a wet paper bag."

"Fuck you!" I shouted, smacking his arm. "I'm perfectly capable of fighting. Just because I got my ass kicked once—"

"Three times," Pen interrupted.

"No freaking way! The other two didn't count! They weren't fair fights!" I argued.

"Doesn't matter, you still got your ass handed to you."

"I'm done talking about this. Let's get the hell out of here and change so we can get to the partying sooner." I put my car in gear and joined the line of cars waiting to get out of the busy parking lot.

"Why didn't he listen, Davey? Why'd he have to show up?"

I could barely hear Pen's mumbled questions over the radio and the honking of the surrounding cars' horns. He sounded so lost and broken, like someone had stolen the last bit of his happiness. I reached over and grabbed his hand without thinking.

“Listen to me. People like him have to be the center of attention. He didn’t do it to hurt you. He did it to make sure that everyone knew that he showed up, to make himself look good. When you say that he was never there, he’ll be able to say that he was at your graduation. I know it hurts right now. Just remember that you have true family and friends who love you and would do anything for you.”

“Promise me one thing, Davey,” Pen whispered.

“Anything, man.”

“Don’t leave me,” he pleaded.

Thankfully, traffic was at a complete standstill or I would have slammed my brakes on.

“Never. I would never leave you, Pen. You’re my best friend, my brother. Shit, we’re heading to NYU together, going to torment the coeds together. We’ll probably end up marrying a set of twins and being neighbors in a cul-de-sac here in freaking Marshbridge for the rest of our lives,” I said, with a laugh.

“I love you, man. I don’t think I could stand it if I lost you,” Pen said.

“Never happen. You’re stuck with me. Love you, too,” I returned, leaning over and pulling him in for a quick man-hug, clapping him on the shoulder. Part of me wanted to just hold him close to me and protect him from everyone and everything around us, but I took a deep breath and released him.

Cars were starting to move around us and a couple of horns honked, reminding me that we still had places to go. “Time to get this damn show on the road. I want to get out of this damn suit. This heat is killing me,” I said, stripping off my jacket and unbuttoning the first few buttons on my shirt.

“No shit. I hate getting all dressed up for these things. All it does is make me feel like an idiot.” Pen laughed.

“Well, at least you finally feel how you look,” I joked.

“Screw you! I look damn good in this suit and you know it!” he exclaimed. “You love the way my ass looks in these pants.”

I looked at him out of the corner of my eye. “I refuse to dignify that ridiculous statement with a response.”

“See, you can’t even deny it! You’re hot for my ass!” Pen crowed.

“You’re living in some sort of demented fantasy world that only you can see,” I said.

“Nope, you want me.”

As I pulled up in front of my house, I decided to play a little game with Mr. Smart-Ass. I turned the car off and, instead of getting out of the car, turned to look at Pen. He was grinning that crazy grin of his, the sad look thankfully absent from his eyes.

“Yes, Pen. I want you. I’ve just been too afraid to tell you,” I said in my most serious voice. “I must have you now or I might die.”

“Then you shall have me!” he said, suddenly launching himself at me over the center console, his mouth crashing down on mine.

My initial shock at the attack kept me frozen until I felt how soft his lips were against mine. It took me a couple seconds, then I relaxed into the kiss, my brain going a million miles an hour with the realization that this was my best friend—my *brother* basically—kissing me, and that I liked it.

It was that thought that had my lips parting when I felt his tongue moving against them, like it was begging for entrance. A groan escaped me involuntarily when his tongue stroked mine and he pulled me closer to him, deepening the kiss. All thoughts that this was Pen kissing me fled at that moment and sheer pleasure took over. I wound my arms around him and kissed him back with everything I had, a passion I had no idea was in me until that moment.

The kiss seemed to last forever, but it was only a minute or so before he pulled away, both of us breathing heavily. My eyes drifted open; I had been so lost in his kiss that I hadn’t even noticed that they had closed in the first place. I looked into his eyes, a beautiful blue that I had always been so jealous of since mine were such a plain brown. They were shining with something I had never seen before.

I took a deep breath to steady myself as he did the same. Neither one of us blinked, just staring at each other like we were in shock. I raised my fingers to my lips, feeling how swollen and sensitive they were from his hard kiss.

“What was that?” I finally whispered, breaking the silence in the car.

“I-I-I—” Pen stuttered, then closed his eyes and took a deep breath. “I just wanted to know what it felt like to kiss you.”

“Why? Are you...” I couldn’t say it. I couldn’t say the one word that might change our friendship forever. As much as I wanted to believe that it wouldn’t

make a difference, I knew that once one friend admitted that they were gay, a friendship was eternally changed, for better or worse. It was a life-altering thing.

He turned away, looking out the window. “No... Yes... I don’t know...” When he looked back, he had tears in his eyes. “Is it possible to just be a little?”

I couldn’t help it. I laughed. “A little? How can you just be a little? What the fuck, man! You kill me sometimes.”

“I don’t know. What about you? You kissed me back! That must mean that you really do want me! I knew it!” Pen exclaimed, pointing his finger at me with a devilish look on his face.

“Hey, someone kisses me, I’m gonna kiss them back! And I have to admit, for someone who hasn’t had much practice, you’re a decent kisser,” I responded, shrugging like it was no big deal and I went around kissing guys every day.

“Oh, fuck you! I’ve kissed more people than you have!” Pen scoffed.

And just like that, we were back to picking on each other like the kiss never happened, throwing barbs at each other as we walked into the house to change to meet our moms for dinner before the party tonight.

My mind was still reeling, though. I had never really thought about Pen that way, other than the random “yeah, he’s not that bad looking” thought in the years I had known him. I tried not to stare at him as we changed, glancing over occasionally when I thought he wouldn’t catch me. He did have a nice body. He was toned, not too thin, and not too muscular. He had a little bit of hair on his body, light brown on his chest and stomach, trailing down under his tight blue boxer briefs.

I tried not to notice how good his ass looked in those tight boxer briefs, but it was hard when his back was to me and he bent over to pull his pants on. God, what was going on with me? Since when did I notice my best friend’s ass? I should smack him for making me even think about it and for making me think about how good it would feel to maybe kiss him again.

I tried to ignore the sudden tightening in my jeans at the thought of his lips on mine again. He had felt so good, tasted better than anything I had ever tasted before. No girl had ever affected me like this. Was this what I had been missing with the girls I had tried to date all through high school? I had never connected to any of them. With Pen, everything just clicked.

No, that was crazy! There was no way I could be gay and not know it! I was eighteen. I had always been into girls. The way they looked, smelled, how they filled out their clothes. I had never given a thought to guys before Pen kissed me. So why was I suddenly tied in knots and wanting nothing more than to toss him on my bed and kiss him until neither one of us could see straight?

“Dude, you going to finish getting dressed or are you going to keep staring at me like I have six heads?” Pen asked.

“Maybe you do have six heads, asshole,” I responded, shaking myself mentally.

“Nope, just the normal two the last time I checked.” He chuckled. “Wanna see?”

“Perv.”

“You’re the one staring at me while I’m getting dressed and you’re calling me a perv?”

I pulled my T-shirt over my head and gave him a look that showed him what a smart-ass I thought he was. “I’m not the one saying I’m ‘a little’ gay,” I commented, making air quotes.

“At least I’ll admit that I’m a little confused about how I’m feeling right now. You’re in denial. And stop throwing my words in my face. You liked it as much as I did. The wood you’re showing tells me so,” he teased.

I shrugged. “So I’m a little hard. I’m a guy. A strong wind makes me hard. It means nothing.”

“I think it means a lot more than that. I think it means that you might want to do it again. I know I do,” he whispered, lowering his eyes as if he was embarrassed by his confession.

Confession Time

I took a step forward and grasped his chin, raising his face until his eyes met mine. “You want to kiss me again? What’s stopping you?” I asked.

“Nothing now,” he breathed before leaning forward to brush his lips across mine.

The soft caress drew a moan from deep inside me, and I pulled him close, wrapping my arms around him. I never knew a kiss could feel this good. I certainly never knew kissing a guy, kissing my best friend, would be like this. I couldn’t get enough of him, his taste, his soft lips, and the feel of his tight body against mine. It was as if everything was finally right.

He deepened the kiss, pulling me even closer to him. I could feel how hard he was, pushing against my thigh, and I groaned, instinctively grinding my hard cock against him. His answering moan told me how much he liked it, so I kept moving until we broke the kiss, both of us gasping for air. I had never felt anything so good in my life. Granted that, up until that moment, my only sexual partner had been my own hand, but I couldn’t imagine anything feeling as good as Pen’s body moving with mine.

Our eyes locked; his beautiful blue eyes were glazed and brighter than I had ever seen them. I was completely lost in the intensity of the moment, praying that it never ended and not caring what happened next. It was as if time was standing still and we were the only two people alive.

“I’m gonna come, Davey. That feels so fucking good,” Pen moaned.

I could feel my own orgasm building, that tingling feeling in my spine. I was having trouble finding my tongue, my breathing coming harder and faster. “Me, too. Come with me,” I managed to mumble.

“Pants off. Now,” Pen panted.

We separated just enough to hurriedly get our jeans undone and partially down, and to pull our cocks out, both of us stroking ourselves as soon as we were bare.

“I want to touch you,” Pen whispered.

I nearly came from his words. My mouth went completely dry and no words would come out. I nodded, removing my hand from my cock. I took a deep

breath, trying to control myself as he reached for me, his hand wrapping around me, stroking me from root to tip.

I shuddered at the exquisite pleasure of his touch. It was surreal. I couldn't tear my eyes away from the sight of his hand working my cock. I had to touch him, so I reached out, taking his cock in my hand. He was thicker than me, but not as long.

I squeezed him and he groaned. His hand started stroking me faster and I felt my orgasm building again, so I started to move my hand on him. I ran my thumb over his slit and that got another moan, so I did it again. I played with speed and pressure, listening to his breath for clues to what he liked best. At the same time, he was working my cock hard and fast, a rhythm that was driving me insane.

I looked up at him and our lips met again, this kiss was one of desperate passion, tongues clashing and dueling. We were both panting and moaning, not bothering to hold back.

“Oh, shit! I'm coming!” Pen cried, pulling away from my lips.

His cock pulsed under my fingers, and he shot white ribbons of semen over my hand. His body was shaking, and the sight of him set me off.

“Uggn...” I groaned an unintelligible sound as I shot all over Pen's hand and spilled onto the floor. I leaned forward, placing my forehead against his as we both took in deep breaths, trying to slow our racing hearts.

Blue eyes met brown as we grinned at each other. “Wow,” I said, completely blown away. “That was fucking amazing.”

Pen blushed. “I can't believe we did that. I mean, I've been thinking about it for a while, but I never thought I would ever have the chance to actually touch you.”

I was floored. “You've really been thinking about it for a while? This wasn't just some spur of the moment craziness?”

“No, Davey. I think I really am gay.”

The Field

Dinner was a pretty festive event. Our moms, along with Donovan's parents, had rented a private room at a local restaurant so we could have a small party to celebrate our graduation. No one mentioned the scene with Pen's father after the ceremony, and everyone was in high spirits.

My mind was still back in my bedroom, remembering every second of what had just occurred, and Pen's confession. How could I not know that my best friend was gay and that he had been lusting after me? Did I miss the clues? And how could I have not known that he was what I really wanted all this time? I felt like my entire life was a huge lie and suddenly everything was so clear.

I snuck a look at where Pen was standing, laughing with Donovan and Donovan's sister. He was gorgeous when he laughed, his smile wide and eyes sparkling. It was like I was seeing a whole new person. I couldn't help but smile.

"What's that sappy grin for?" Kari asked, walking up beside me and handing me a soda.

I sighed, not sure if I could share what was going on in my head, especially with Pen's sister. So, I went with the safe answer. "Just happy to be done with high school."

"You may be able to fool someone else, but I know better. You are looking at someone like they are the best thing in the world. I know that look. I've seen that look many times. So who is it?" Kari joked, nudging me with her elbow.

"I can't tell you. It's too new and I don't know if it's going to go anywhere yet. I hope it does," I replied honestly.

"Ah. I think I get it. And if it's who I think it is, I'm more than happy for both of you and I have to tell you that it's about damn time!" she exclaimed.

I looked at her with shock, but she just winked and walked away. There was no way that she could know. How could she have known when I had had no idea until just a short time ago? No, she couldn't know about Pen and me.

I looked up again and this time, caught Pen's eye. He smiled at me and motioned for me to join them. I made my way over as my heart raced.

"What's up, guys?" I said.

“We’re thinking it’s almost time to get out of here and head to the field. I’m ready to get the real celebration started,” Donovan said.

“Sounds like a plan to me. We’ve done the family duty long enough, I don’t think the over-fifty set will care if we skip out now,” I replied. “Let me tell my mom and I’ll be ready to go.”

“We’ll make our rounds, say good-bye, and be out of here in ten,” Pen said. “We’re taking one car, right?”

“I rode over with my parents, so I have no wheels,” Donovan stated.

“So my car it is.”

We split up and made our way around the room, accepting more congratulations and saying our good-byes. My mom warned me to behave myself and to try and not get into too much trouble. I reassured her that I planned on staying sober and just having a good time and promised that I’d call her if things got out of hand.

She hugged me, tears in her eyes. “I can’t believe you’re a high-school graduate. And in a few months, you’ll be heading to NYU. Where’d my little boy go?”

“God, Mom! Don’t start crying now. You knew I was going to grow up eventually!”

“I know, but I’m so proud of the man you’ve become. And you did it on your own.”

“No, I didn’t. I did it because I’ve got an amazing mother.”

That just made her tear up even more, and I hugged her.

“I love you, Davey. Have a great time tonight and I’ll see you in the morning.”

“I love you, too, Mom. See you tomorrow.”

She gave me one more hug and a kiss on the cheek, and I headed out to the parking lot to wait for Pen and Donovan to escape from their relatives. They followed a couple of minutes later, laughing together.

“Did your mom cry, Davey?” Donovan asked.

“Yup. Yours?”

“Oh yeah! She was crying like a baby. You’d think that we were leaving for good, not just for the night. What’s wrong with them?” He laughed as he climbed into the backseat.

“I don’t know,” Pen replied as he opened the front door and slid into the passenger seat. “My mom got all weepy like someone was stealing her baby. God! I’m not going anywhere!”

We laughed as I started the car and we headed to the field.

It looked like most of our class was already there when we arrived. Small tents dotted the field and there were a couple of fires already going in the stone fire pits that had been left behind by the previous classes. A few people had even brought small grills, so the smell of grilled meat filled the air, making my stomach growl even though I had just eaten.

I found a spot to park and we piled out of the car. I popped the trunk and we unloaded the gear I’d stowed in there the night before. Pen grabbed the cooler we had filled at the restaurant from the backseat, and we headed toward the crowd to find a spot to set up for the night. People called out greetings as we walked by, and I could see that more than a few were well on their way to being wasted.

We found an open spot and dropped our gear. I started to set up the small tent while Donovan walked off to greet a few of his other friends. Pen unpacked our bags, set up the camp chairs, and then helped me finish setting up the tent.

“Are we not talking about earlier?” Pen asked, breaking the silence between us.

“I’ve got no problem talking about earlier. I just didn’t think you would want to do it with everyone around,” I replied. My mind immediately flashed back to the feeling of his body against mine, and I tried to adjust my growing erection without him noticing.

“I don’t regret it. I’ve wanted to do that for a long time. I was just afraid of how you would react if I told you how I felt,” he said softly.

I looked at him and smiled. “Let’s grab a drink and sit down.”

“Okay.”

I opened the cooler and grabbed two sodas and then took a seat on the chair next to Pen. I handed him his soda, popped mine open, and took a long drink before speaking.

“I’ve got to be honest, Pen,” I started. “I had no idea that I wanted it until it happened. But now, I’m glad it did.” I took a deep breath and continued, “I’ve never felt like that before.”

“Neither have I, Davey. Everything finally felt right to me. I’ve been keeping this secret for so long, worrying about what you’d think if you knew. All I’ve wanted to do for the past two years is to tell you the truth and stop hiding, but I was so afraid,” he said.

The full weight of the secret Pen had been keeping and what that must have been doing to him hit me. I couldn’t imagine how hard it must have been for him to have been living a lie for so long. Then another thought occurred to me.

“But what about the girls you dated? What about Jenna? Weren’t you into her? You fooled around with her a little before you guys broke up.”

He turned away, looking a little embarrassed. “I wasn’t really into them. I just dated girls because it was expected. And the real reason Jenna and I broke up is because I wouldn’t sleep with her.”

I was floored. “What? So she cheated on you with Greg because you wouldn’t sleep with her? What a slut!”

“I couldn’t do it. I could date a girl, kiss her, maybe fool around a little bit, but I couldn’t go all the way. That wouldn’t be fair. Especially when my heart belonged to someone else.”

I didn’t know what to say to that. Was he saying what I thought he was saying? Until just a few hours ago, I didn’t think it was possible that my best friend was gay, much less attracted to me, and now saying that he was what? In love with me? And now, that possibility filled me with a feeling I could only describe as peace and happiness.

At that moment, I knew what I wanted. I wanted Pen. There was no doubt in my mind that he was my other half. Part of me knew that it was absolutely insane to feel like this. I’d never even had any inkling of being attracted to another guy, now I was certain I was meant to be with one. What was my mom going to say when I told her? How would our friends react? Right now, I really didn’t care. All I wanted was that feeling of perfection I had felt a few hours earlier in Pen’s arms.

“Did I scare you?” Pen murmured, startling me out of my thoughts.

“Not at all,” I said. “I want to be with you, Pen. I wish we were anywhere but here so I could kiss you.”

He smiled that smile I loved so much, the one that brightened up the room. “I want to be with you, too. I wish I could kiss you, too.”

I didn't have a chance to say anything else because Donovan chose that moment to return to the site with a few of our classmates, and a couple of beers for Pen and me. We spent the next couple hours talking and laughing, telling stories about high school and plans for the summer and college. I couldn't take my eyes off Pen. I kept sneaking looks at him. At some point, his chair got moved closer to mine and our legs were pressed against each other.

As the sun went down and a full moon rose over the field, I wanted nothing more than to be back in Pen's arms, but I knew that wasn't possible in the present company. Instead, I settled for occasional glances in his direction, the feel of his leg against mine, and now that it was dark, my fingers on his thigh. After a few more drinks, I was having a harder time controlling the urge to touch him, and I knew I had to get up and move before I did something to give us away.

"I'm feeling the urge to hit the bushes," I said, interrupting one of Donovan's crazy stories.

"Don't get lost!" Donovan laughed. "Maybe Pen should go with you in case you can't find your way back."

I laughed, even though that sounded like a pretty good idea to me. I turned and looked at Pen. "Wanna walk me to the men's room? Make sure I don't forget which way to go?"

Pen laughed. "Do you need me to hold your dick for you, too?"

That particular part of my anatomy certainly liked that idea, and I had to adjust myself a little before I stood so no one would notice. "Smart-ass. I think I can hold my own dick. I'm not that drunk. If you're coming with me, hurry up."

"Okay, let's go."

We both stood and made our way through the campsites to the small wooded area at the edge of the field. We walked in a little way and stopped. I looked back and saw that we weren't visible from the field and that there was no one around. It was quiet in the woods, the sounds of the party not reaching us.

I turned to Pen and backed him up against a tree. He looked at me with surprise. "I've been dying to kiss you all night. It has been torture to sit next to you and not touch you," I murmured.

"Please kiss me. I want to taste you again," he whispered.

I didn't hesitate. I wrapped my arms around him and pulled him to me, my mouth taking his in a passionate kiss. His tongue chased mine, dancing and dueling. I ground my growing erection against him and one of us groaned. I wanted to strip him naked and taste every inch of him, a thought that scared me as much as it thrilled me. I had never thought I would ever want to actually suck another guy's cock, but I suddenly had the urge to have Pen in my mouth.

I broke the kiss, gasping for air. Pen's lips were swollen, there was no hiding that he had been thoroughly kissed, and I'm sure I looked the same. "I want you so bad," I whispered.

"God, Davey. I want you, too."

"And we're stuck here all night. I've never wanted to skip out on a party so badly in my life," I said, peppering Pen's face with light kisses.

He laughed. "I know. But if we leave now, everyone will wonder what the hell is going on. And it's not like we can tell them that we want to leave so we can go fuck."

His words caused everything inside me to tighten up. "Is that what you want? Do you want me to fuck you?"

He lowered his eyes as if he was suddenly afraid to meet mine. "I've thought about it a lot," he confessed.

I closed my eyes as the image of Pen's naked body spread out on a bed flashed in my mind. It nearly brought me to my knees. Suddenly I wanted nothing more than to feel myself buried in his body. I had never thought it was possible to feel this way about another guy. I had never been attracted to another guy. But it was Pen. It had always been Pen. He did this to me and I never wanted it to stop.

"If you're not into that, I understand. We don't have to do it," Pen whispered.

My eyes flew open and met his. "I want to. I can't believe how much I want to."

He smiled that sweet smile of his that I loved. "We better not stay in here too much longer or Donovan will come looking for us."

I laughed. "That wouldn't be good. But I want to tell him about us eventually. I don't want to keep this a secret. We shouldn't have to hide from our friends."

I could tell that surprised him, but I wasn't ashamed of wanting to be with him. I was glad to finally feel right for once in my life. It was like I had finally discovered that missing piece of myself that had always been out of reach.

"You want to tell everyone? Aren't you afraid of what they'll say?"

"I don't care what they think. Anyone who doesn't support us wasn't truly our friend to begin with. Let them talk. We're out of here in a few months anyway. You're the only one I care about."

He looked at me with amazement. "We don't have to tell them now. I want to enjoy being us right now. Then we can tell everyone."

I kissed his lips softly. "If that's what you want to do, babe, that's fine with me. We will do it however and whenever you're comfortable." The endearment slipped out so easily and felt so right.

"I can't believe how easily you're dealing with this. I thought you would freak when I told you the truth. I was so afraid," he said softly.

"You know me, jump first, ask questions later!" I joked. "Nothing could change the fact that you're my best friend. Maybe this was always there and I never recognized it for what it was," I said, my tone a little more serious. "I've never looked at another guy, but when you kissed me, I knew. Mom always told me when I found the one, I would know. I guess she was right."

I meant everything I was saying. I had never been the kind of person to overthink things. I had always gone with my gut, and it hadn't led me too far astray yet. I had been raised in a very open and liberal house. I wasn't too worried about how my mom would take this new development. She had many gay friends, and I hoped she would accept us and love us as she always had. I was lucky that way. Maybe I had rose-colored glasses on right now, but I wasn't afraid of anything.

"Come on, let's head back. We can talk more later," I said, giving Pen one last kiss before we headed back to the campsite to join our friends.

As we approached, Donovan laughed. "I guess Davey did get a little lost. You two took long enough."

"Screw you, D," I said, flipping him off as I sat back in my chair.

Everyone laughed, and the talking and stories started again. I smiled at Pen and nudged him with my thigh. He dropped his hand down between the chairs, and I reached down, entwining our fingers, and gave his hand a squeeze. We

kept our hands locked out of sight for a few minutes, my thumb stroking the back of his hand. I finally had to let go or I was going to blow our cover by leaning over and kissing him, no matter who would see us.

After two hours of laughing and storytelling, I decided I'd had enough and needed sleep. The long day had taken its toll on me and I was yawning and struggling to keep my eyes open. "Okay, children, I'm going to crash now. I'm exhausted and I'm falling asleep."

Everyone started razzing me, calling me names and laughing. I took it with a smile and waved, disappearing into the tent. I shed my T-shirt and shorts, deciding it would be more comfortable to sleep in my boxers since the night was still warm and humid. I slid under the blankets we had spread earlier and balled up my clothes to use as a pillow.

As I started to drift off, my mind replayed everything that had happened today. How had my life changed so drastically in a matter of just a few hours? When I had woken up this morning, I had considered myself a normal, straight eighteen-year-old guy, getting ready to graduate. Now, I was a high-school graduate and suddenly in a relationship with my male best friend. I had kissed him, fooled around with him, and was dying to do more. The mechanics of it all were a little scary, but I was sure we could figure it out together. That is what internet porn was invented for!

I was still lying there, contemplating the sudden U-turn my life had taken when the tent flap opened and the man in question entered.

"I was getting a little sleepy, so I decided to come to bed. Donovan decided to crash in Jonah's huge tent. He said this tent was too small for the three of us," Pen said as he crawled in and lay next to me.

"Oh, really? So it's just the two of us in here tonight?" I said, my voice a little too eager.

"Yeah, they've already headed over there because they have a fire going and the mosquitoes were starting to eat them alive."

"So no one is out there to hear if I start kissing you?"

"Nope," Pen said, moving a little closer.

"Good."

I moved the rest of the way, and our lips met, his parting to let me in. The kiss deepened quickly as passion and desire took over. I couldn't get enough of

his sweet taste mixed with the tang of the beer he had been drinking. I tried to contain the moan that was bubbling up inside me, wanting to be as quiet as possible so no one would suspect what was going on in our tent.

Pen shifted, pulling me on top of him. His legs parted and my thigh slid in between his, so he was grinding against me. I rubbed my now-hard cock against him, unable to stop the low groan from escaping me this time. He pulled away, throwing his head back, and panted as he moved against me. I pressed my lips against his throat, nipping and licking his skin.

“Oh my God, Davey! You feel so good,” he whispered fervently.

“I know. I want you naked,” I mumbled against his throat.

Our hands fumbled together as we both worked to shed our clothes in the tight space. I got my boxers down my legs and awkwardly kicked them off, then helped him with his shorts and boxer briefs, gripping his hard cock when it sprang free.

He bit his lip, his eyes closed, and head thrown back. I stroked him, running my thumb over the soft head, marveling at the feel of him. It was so much like my own, yet so different. Pre-cum oozed out of the slit, and I used it as a lube to keep stroking him. My own cock was dripping where it was rubbing against Pen’s leg, and I couldn’t keep still, loving the friction and the feeling of the rough hair on my skin.

When more liquid bubbled out of him, I leaned forward and licked the head of his cock. His taste burst on my tongue, slightly bitter, but all Pen. His eyes flew open and met mine, his pupils blown wide. I held his gaze as I leaned down again and took him in my mouth as deeply as I could before my gag reflex kicked in. I swirled my tongue around, tasting as much of him as I could. I moved my mouth up and down, using my hand to stroke what I couldn’t get in my mouth.

Pen was panting and occasionally babbling incomprehensible words. His hands grazed the back of my head, his blunt nails digging in as his hips started to move in time with my mouth.

“I’m gonna... I’m gonna come,” he groaned, his movements becoming erratic under me.

I kept up the suction, moving my hand faster. He stiffened, barely biting back a cry as his cock pulsed and hot fluid filled my mouth. I swallowed as much as I could, some spilling out over his cock and my hand. I pulled back,

wiping my mouth with the back of my hand and reached for my discarded T-shirt to wipe my hand and his cock.

Pen was lying back, still breathing heavily. I crawled up beside him and turned his head toward me. His eyes were glazed and slightly unfocused as he looked at me.

“Was that okay?” I asked.

“Okay?” He laughed weakly. “I think I died.”

I smiled. “I’m glad you liked it.”

Pen kissed me lightly. “I more than liked it. That was fucking amazing. Let me show you how amazing it was.”

He rolled me onto my back and kissed me again. His lips moved from mine, down my throat to my nipple, taking it in his mouth. My back arched and I bit back a moan as his tongue trailed down my stomach. His teeth scraped my hipbone. I sucked in a breath when I felt his warm breath ghosting over my hard cock. The air hissed out when his mouth closed over me.

“Oh my God,” I panted, lost in the exquisite feeling of his hot mouth wrapped around me.

Pen’s tongue circled the head of my cock, dipping into my slit and teasing me. His hand wrapped around me, stroking me as he started to suck me in earnest, moving up and down rapidly, his cheeks hollowing. His tongue never stopped moving, driving me absolutely mad. I bit my hand to keep from crying out. I had never imagined anything could feel this good.

The tingling started in the base of my spine, signaling my impending orgasm. I didn’t want it to end so quickly. Pen felt so good to me. I never wanted the feeling of ecstasy I was experiencing to end. He was running his tongue up and down the underside of my cock and circling the head before once again engulfing my entire cock with his mouth.

Finally I couldn’t hold back anymore and I tried to warn him that I was about to explode, but words wouldn’t really form. It only came out as garbled sounds before my entire body bowed and tensed, my semen pumping out of me into Pen’s mouth. He swallowed repeatedly, some spilling out onto his lips, one of the sexiest sights I’ve ever seen in my life.

My wilting cock slid out of his mouth with a slight pop, and I suppressed a moan. Pen licked his lips and crawled up my body to lay his head on my chest.

I stroked my fingers through his soft hair, loving the feel of his skin against mine.

“You’re amazing, babe,” I whispered.

He lifted his head and smiled at me. “So it was good for you?”

I laughed. “Good doesn’t even begin to cover it. I don’t think words exist to describe what that was.”

I kissed his luscious lips, tasting myself and loving every second of it. Kissing Pen was quickly becoming my new favorite pastime. He was so sweet and responsive, knowing just how to move his lips and tongue to drive me wild. I could see losing myself for hours in his arms.

The kiss lasted for another minute before we both pulled away. Pen curled up in my arms, the long, emotional day starting to take its toll on both of us. I knew it wasn’t the smartest idea for us to sleep like this, but neither one of us had the energy to move or dress. Pen was lying half on top of me, with his head on my chest, and I had my arm wrapped around him, holding him close. Our legs were tangled together. I managed to snag a blanket with my free hand and pulled it over us as Pen’s breathing evened out. It didn’t take long before I followed him into sleep.

The Morning After

The next morning, I woke up with Pen still wrapped around me. His head was still on my chest and he was snoring lightly. I ran my finger through his hair, smiling down at him. I kissed the top of his head.

Suddenly, the zipper to the tent opened and Donovan stuck his head in. “Are you two still sleeping? It’s time to... What the fuck!”

I yanked the blanket higher, like that could cover the fact that Pen and I were cuddled up, at least semi-undressed. My sudden movement startled Pen awake, and he lifted his head.

“What’s going on?” he asked sleepily.

“What the hell are you two doing?” Donovan hissed.

Pen’s head whipped around, suddenly realizing that we weren’t alone. “Oh shit,” he said.

“D, we can explain. Just give us a few minutes to get dressed and then we can talk,” I said in a surprisingly even voice considering the fact that my stomach was turning and I was feeling a little light-headed.

“Dressed? You’re fucking naked? Jesus Christ!” Donovan looked a little ill.

“D, please. Keep your voice down,” I tried to reason with him. “We didn’t want you to find out like this. Give us a few minutes, please don’t tell anyone else, then we’ll explain everything.”

He didn’t respond; he just ducked backed out of the tent. I got up and quickly zipped it behind him.

“Fuck!” I exclaimed.

Pen was still lying on the blankets, looking like his world was falling down around him. “What do we do now, Davey?” he asked, his voice trembling like he was on the verge of tears.

I looked at him. I couldn’t stand to see him upset. “We tell him the truth. We planned on doing it anyway. It’s just happening sooner than we thought. I don’t want to hide what you are to me.”

“What am I to you?”

“You’re my boyfriend. At least, I hope you are,” I said, the word completely foreign, yet so right.

He smiled. "I like that."

"Well, let's get some clothes on and go talk to Donovan before he tells someone else."

We both threw on some fresh clothes as fast as we could in the small tent. Before we headed out, I wrapped him in my arms and looked him in the eyes.

"No matter what happens out there, nothing changes what happened with us. I'm happy for the first time in my life and that is because I've got you," I said, dropping a light kiss on his lips.

"I never figured you for a romantic," Pen said.

"Only for you, baby," I replied.

He smiled and hugged me, putting his head on my shoulder. I wanted to stop time and keep him in my arms forever, but I knew we needed to face whatever was waiting for us outside the tent. I took his hand and unzipped the tent, crawling out in front of him, unconsciously putting myself between him and any threat that might be waiting outside.

To my surprise, there were only a few people up and out of their tents. Donovan was sitting in one of the chairs still set up outside our tent, along with Jonah and his partner-in-crime, Mike. I did not want to have this discussion in front of them, so I looked at Donovan.

"Can we take a walk and talk, man?"

He nodded and got up, following Pen and I toward the edge of the field. The silence was killing me, and I was dying to know what was going on in Pen and Donovan's heads. I waited until we were at the edge of the woods, then stopped and faced Donovan with Pen by my side.

"I know you have a question to ask, D, so go ahead and ask it," I said.

He wouldn't look me in the eye, looking instead at the ground, kicking a rock. "So how long have you two been gay?" he said so quietly I could barely hear him.

I looked at Pen and then back at Donovan. "This is all new, man. It just happened yesterday."

My answer must have shocked him because he looked up at me, his eyes wide. "How can you suddenly be gay?"

Pen sighed. "I've always been gay. I've just been too afraid to tell everyone. Yesterday, I kissed Davey and things kind of went from there."

Donovan looked even more confused at that. “So Pen turned you gay?” he asked me.

“I don’t know. Maybe I always was and just never knew. All I know is that, for the first time in my life, I’m happy and it’s because of Pen.”

“So you two are a couple now?”

I turned and smiled at Pen. “Yeah, we are. And I hope you can accept that. You’ve been my friend for a long time, D. I’ve never lied to you. This completely threw me, but I’m happier than I’ve ever been. I hope you can be happy for us.”

Donovan ran his fingers through his hair and blew out a harsh breath. “This is going to take some time to get used to. I don’t know what to think. This just completely blew my mind.”

“Take all the time you need, D. Just do us a favor and don’t spread this around. We’d like the chance to tell people in our own time,” Pen said.

“Yeah, okay,” he agreed.

“You gonna be okay?” I asked.

“Yeah, just give me some time to process all this. It isn’t every day that a guy finds out that his two best friends are banging each other. Just do me one favor. Don’t share any of the details with me. I don’t want to know what you two are doing in the bedroom.”

Pen and I started laughing. There was the Donovan that we were used to, cracking dirty jokes. It helped ease the tension and went a long way in making me feel like everything would be fine between the three of us in no time.

Donovan headed back to the campsite, leaving Pen and I standing on the edge of the field. I took a deep breath.

“Well, our first coming-out crisis. I think we handled it pretty well.” I laughed.

“Shit. I almost died when I realized he had caught us in bed. I think my life flashed before my eyes. I don’t want to die a virgin,” Pen purred.

I groaned. “No more of that talk here. Getting caught once today was enough.”

“I can’t wait until we are alone and I can get my hands on you again.”

“Stop teasing me before I drag you into the woods and forget all about getting caught,” I warned him.

“Promises, promises!” Pen taunted me.

“That’s it! You better run, because if I catch you, you are dead!”

Pen laughed, and then darted away, heading into the woods. I started running after him, but he had the advantage of longer legs. His laugh made it easy to follow him, and he slowed quickly, not trying too hard to evade capture. When I was close enough, I grabbed the back of his shirt and tackled him, taking him to the soft ground, rolling so he landed on top of me.

He smiled down at me, breathing heavily. “What are you going to do now that you caught me?”

“Spend the rest of my life kissing you,” I replied, wasting no time on following through with my promise.

Epilogue

Graduation Day

“Pen! Hurry the fuck up! I was ready to go twenty minutes ago!” I yelled as I banged on the bathroom door. “Graduation starts in less than three hours and we still have to pick up Lacey and Donovan at the train station.”

“Perfection takes time, Davey-boy! Some of us like to look our best for occasions like this. I’m almost ready,” he called back from inside the room.

Some things never changed. Four years later and he still took forever to get ready. My boyfriend was worse than any girlfriend I could have imagined, but I wouldn’t trade him for the world. He was my soul mate, my best friend, my lover, and the man I loved more than anything in this world. And, as the door opened and I got a look at him in his suit, one of the sexiest guys I had ever been lucky enough to lay my eyes on.

“Damn, baby. You look amazing,” I breathed, taking in his navy blue pinstripe suit that fit him perfectly, showing off his trim body and highlighting his gorgeous blue eyes.

“I’ve told you a million times that perfection can’t be rushed.” He laughed.

I kissed him, unable to resist how sexy he looked in his suit. He groaned, kissing me back and pulling me close.

“We don’t have time for this,” he murmured against my lips.

“There’s always time for this,” I replied.

He pulled back and smiled. “Have I told you today how much I love you?”

“Not yet.”

“Well, I do.”

“I love you, too.”

I kissed him again, pushing him against the wall and running my hands up his sides. I couldn’t resist touching every inch of him. I could feel him hardening against my thigh and moved one hand down to stroke him.

“We shouldn’t be doing this right now,” he panted. “We’re going to be late picking up Lace and D.”

“I don’t care,” I said, unzipping his pants and slipping my hand inside to grasp his cock. “They can wait.”

Pen’s head fell back against the wall as I stroked him and kissed his neck. “Bedroom,” he groaned.

We moved down the hall to the bedroom of our small apartment. The queen-size bed dominated the room and I pushed him back on it. I stripped off my suit jacket and tossed it aside. Pen was stripping off his own clothes as quickly and as neatly as possible. I unbuttoned my shirt, shrugged it off, and then toed my shoes off.

By the time I turned back to him, Pen was gloriously nude, his body flush with his arousal, his cock hard and lying on his stomach. I could look at him for hours, but I wanted nothing more than to be inside him. My fingers fumbled on my belt, suddenly uncooperative. Pen laughed and sat up, reaching to help me. I held my breath as he unbuckled my belt, unzipped my pants, and pulled my pants and boxers down my thighs.

My cock was hard and throbbing, dying for his touch. His tongue darted out, tasting the tip, before he settled back on the bed. I kicked my pants the rest of the way off, then covered Pen’s body with my own. Our mouths met in a passionate kiss, tongues dueling for supremacy.

“Now, Davey. I can’t wait,” Pen murmured.

I reached over to the bedside table and grabbed the lube that we kept there. Flipping the top open, I squeezed some of the cool gel onto my fingers. Pen’s legs were spread open under me, and I slid my fingers between them, feeling the tight pucker hidden there.

He moaned and shivered as my fingers brushed against him. I slid one finger into him, breaching the tight muscles, loving the heat. I worked my finger in and out a few times before adding a second, scissoring my fingers to loosen the muscle. My knuckles pegged his gland and his back arched off the bed, his cock leaking. I added a third finger, working him to prep him.

Pen was moaning, his head thrashing on the bed, his fists grasping the comforter. “Please, Davey,” he begged. “Fuck me. Now.”

I slipped my fingers out of him and stroked my cock to slick it up. I grabbed Pen’s legs and pulled him closer, lining my cock up with his hole. I pressed in, slipping past the first loosened muscle easily. I kept pushing in slowly, savoring the heat and tightness of Pen surrounding me. Finally, my hips were flush with his body and I was balls deep in the love of my life.

“Move, damn you!”

I slid out almost all the way, then slammed back in, nailing Pen’s prostate. I worked my hips, knowing how much Pen loved it when I added a little twist when I moved in him. He was going crazy under me, his hips thrusting up. He was not a passive lover. I loved to listen to the sounds he made while I was inside him. Every moan and cry drove me insane.

I could tell he was getting close. His movements were becoming more erratic and his cries were louder. Suddenly he froze, his cock shooting rope after rope of white cream onto his stomach, and his ass clenching around my cock. His orgasm triggered mine, and I slammed into him one more time, spilling deep inside him.

I slid out of him and lay on the bed next to him. He turned his head to look at me, breathing as fast as I was. I leaned and gave him a soft kiss.

“I love you, baby.”

“I love you, too.”

“Now I need to shower again.”

“Well, you better hurry up or we are going to be seriously late for graduation.”

He just laughed and got up from bed, wincing a little as he walked. I watched him head down the hall and into the bathroom. I stacked my hands behind my head and smiled.

I never imagined my life would be like this. Four years ago, I fell head over heels in love with my best friend and never looked back. It hasn’t always been easy. Donovan took a while to come around. It took Lacey’s intervention before he really accepted what Pen and I had. Our moms had taken it very well. Apparently, it hadn’t been much of a surprise to either of them. Kari had always known. She had some sort of crazy sister’s intuition thing that I didn’t understand.

There had been a lot of negative reactions to our coming out. We had lost some friends, but I really didn’t care. As I’d told Pen before, if they cared, they really weren’t our friends to begin with. And apparently, Pen being gay was the straw that broke the camel’s back where his father was concerned. Nathan didn’t bother to try and contact Pen again after he had heard the news. But that made Pen perfectly happy. He never wanted to talk to his father anyway.

As for my father, I've no idea what he thinks about my relationship with Pen. I still haven't seen or talked to him since I was sixteen years old. That is quite an accomplishment when you consider how small Marshbridge really is.

I have everything I need in my life. In just a few hours, I'll be graduating from college and Pen and I will be on to our next adventure. Together.

The End

Author Bio

A true New Englander, Jean McGray was born and bred in a small town in Massachusetts. She has spent her entire life with her nose in a book, preferring the worlds in the pages to the world around her. In high school, she would spend her time writing stories about her friends, rewriting their lives to suit her needs. Now a mom, she still spends time with her nose in a book and writes stories about hot guys finding their true love. She thanks her mom every day for giving her the gift of reading and plans to give that same gift to her own little girl.

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