

*#1 in the College Boys Series***Chapter 1***Gage's POV*

I heard the key in the lock and sighed; my roommate was back. *So much for some private time*, I thought and quickly slammed my laptop shut. The last thing I needed was for Devin to catch me looking at gay porn. Well, not really porn... although I probably would have gotten there at some point tonight. Right now I was just browsing pictures of naked men. Hot and sexy naked men. Hot and sexy naked men that looked like my roommate. Damn! I really needed to get off.

The door opened and in walked the very reason of my perpetually aroused state. God, Devin was hot. 6'5", lean, but still solidly built with broad shoulders, long, lean thighs and big, strong hands. He had dark brown wavy hair that he kept short on the sides and fuller on top, allowing it to fall across his forehead. Thick, dark lashes framed those gorgeous deep chocolate brown eyes that could make me shudder with just one look. Even the crooked nose in the center of his face was perfect. He always seemed to have just the shadow of a beard, even though I knew he shaved morning and evening. And those full lips... I ached to taste them just once! Yeah, I've got it pretty bad.

Devin walked in and shot me his trademark grin; the kind of smile you only see in a toothpaste commercial. Seriously, his teeth could light the way for Santa and his reindeer. I had to bite back a groan as my cock twitched and sprang to life.

"Hi," I said as nonchalantly as I could, as if the sight of him didn't make my heart race and my blood run south.

Devin's eyes twinkled; they always twinkled. "Hey! I thought you were going to be out tonight! Weren't you and Sam headed out to that new sci-fi movie you've been going on and on about?"

"Yeah, we were," I frowned a little. "Sam texted a little while ago. His parents decided to surprise him and showed up on campus for a weekend visit."

"Ouch, for the whole weekend?"

I nodded.

"There goes Sam's weekend, huh? That sucks," he said as he flopped onto his bed, tossing his gym bag to the floor.

I agreed. I had been so pumped to go see it, too. Of course, who wouldn't want to see Matt Damon on a 22' tall screen? The fact that it was a sci-fi movie was just a bonus. I could wait a few more days, though. I had to. Sam was the only friend on campus I had that was into science fiction like I was.

Yes, it's true. I am a sci-fi geek. I can argue the differences between Star Wars and Star Trek for hours. I have a favorite captain, a favorite ship, a Klingon to English dictionary hidden in my closet and a Star Trek poster on my dorm wall (although that was really more because it had actor Chris Pine on it). Okay, so I also have a Star Trek Next Generation captain's uniform hidden in my closet. I've never had occasion

to wear it, but someday I would make it to a convention, or participate in some cosplay. For now, it was just another secret desire to keep hidden.

"My plans fell through, too. I think I'm just going to hang in the dorm tonight."

I slid my gaze back to Devin, furrowed my brow. Devin never 'stayed in'. He was out with other basketball players, or cheerleaders or any one of the countless girls that hung on his every word. No doubt about it, I am not the only one on campus drooling over Devin.

I cleared my throat a little. "Cool." Wow... that was all I had? *Smooth, Gage*, I told myself. Devin smiled back, completely unaware of my inner turmoil.

"Yeah, I need to relax. These mid-terms are kicking my ass. How do you think you did this week?" He grabbed his pillow and punched it some before tucking it under his head.

Devin seemed genuinely interested in my response. This was just one of the things I loved about him. He was so real; he never acted like he was better than anyone else. It didn't matter that he was a great basketball player and was considered BMOC. He made time to get to know you and make you feel important.

"Um... I think I did well, but my mid-term in Statistics class was hard. Not sure I pulled off more than a B. What about you?"

"I think I did okay, but I'm just wiped out. All this studying is going to seriously damage my brain!" He laughed as he tossed a nerf basketball into the mini hoop he had over his dresser before getting up and heading into the bathroom, shutting the door behind him.

I wasn't sure what to do. Stay in? Go out? God, I was losing my mind. Just a couple of months ago my life was plodding along just fine. Well, not fine... okay, my life kind of sucked to be honest. Although the first day back on campus had started out great.

When I arrived back at college for my sophomore year I couldn't believe my luck. I had not only been upgraded to a better dorm- one where I only had to share my bathroom with the room on the other side, but even better than that, my roommate from last year had transferred to another college at the last minute.

My freshman year had sucked. My roommate was a Neanderthal. He never picked up anything, left pizza boxes out for weeks and stole my towels all the time. He had also figured out that I was gay and made my life a living hell. He never told anyone, at least not that I was aware of, but he always threatened to. The only way to get him to stay quiet was for me to do most of his homework.

I came out to my family the year I graduated from high school, but I was still unsure if I was ready to tell the world. To be honest, I am a little shy to begin with and hate being the center of attention. I didn't want to be the topic of conversation around campus and I often wondered why it mattered if I told anyone. But, deep down I knew it was important. Not being honest with people about myself could give the impression that I was ashamed or in denial, and nothing was further from the truth. I am proud of who I am. I knew when I was ready I would come out to my friends. So, I admired guys from afar and never dated my freshman year.

When the year came to a close, my roommate (who I now referred to privately as *The Ass*), insisted we room together another year and keep our current “arrangement” about homework going. I reluctantly agreed.

Until I arrived back on campus this year, I had no idea that *The Ass* was not coming back this year. Upon hearing this wonderful news, I did a little celebration dance in my mind. That old song that my mom used to listen to by *Kool & the Gang* played in my head:

Celebrate good times, come on! There's a party goin' on right here...

I was torn from the party in my head when I was informed I was in a different dorm this year and then the best news of all: no roommate for now! I was practically floating on air.

Ce-le-bra-ti-on...Let's all celebrate and have a good time...

It's a distinct possibility that I was also humming along with the song in the elevator at the new dorm, as I finally noticed several people looking funny at me. For once, I didn't care. I was free of *The Ass* and had my own room; I was going to celebrate!

Unfortunately, my private celebration didn't last long. The next morning I awoke to a knock on my door and I reluctantly pulled myself from my bed and padded over the door to open it and ask who the hell was interrupting my beauty sleep. Except that when I did open that door, the sexiest man I had seen in my entire life was smiling down at me, which was enough to break through my sleepy haze.

“Hey there! I'm Devin Walls, your new roomie.” He flashed me his smile and I kind of forgot how to speak. I stood there for a while, probably with my mouth hanging open. I was dumbfounded. I was supposed to room with this gorgeous stud?

“Um, can I come in?” Devin asked, looking straight into my eyes.

I nodded, but apparently my brain wasn't working yet, because once again I just stood there. I watched Devin's eyebrows raise and it finally dawned on me that I was standing in the middle of the doorway and unless Devin shoved me aside, my new roomie couldn't get in. I kind of mumbled a ‘sorry’ and slid to the side to let him in.

“Thanks, sleepyhead.” He grinned at me and that's when I realized I was standing in my knit boxer briefs and nothing else. I watched Devin's eyes slide down my chest and lower, stopping at the hard bulge. Unfortunately there was just no way to hide it, but I tried anyway and slid my hands in front of my crotch.

Devin laughed. “Must have been some great dream, buddy. Sorry I woke you from it!” At that Devin reached over and ruffled my already mussed hair.

I couldn't help it, I smiled back. My new roommate was being so nice and had even given me an out for my raging hard on, allowing me to keep my dignity. Yeah, I liked him at once.

Over the next few weeks we had really gotten to know each other. We had a lot of the same interests, although Devin wasn't into sci-fi. But he always listened when I talked about it. We both liked basketball, me as a spectator, he as a player, but we could still share the love of the game. When I found out he liked Snicker Bars, I opened my desk drawer and showed him an entire bag of unopened Snickers.

He had laughed and said, "Oh, wow! You know the way to a man's heart, Gage!"

I blushed at that, even though I knew he was just joking around.

We got along so well, he even gave me a nickname: Buzz.

I finally asked him why he called me that one day.

He stared at me for a minute, considering his words before he spoke. "You seem to know so much about science fiction and until I met you I didn't even know there was that much out there. Plus, you are the only one that has ever talked about things from science fiction that could be applied to real life." He paused and smiled at me, looking a little embarrassed as he spoke. "You must be the smartest guy I have ever met. You look beyond what is available now in science and think about things that could be available in the future. That's why I gave you that nickname."

I still had no idea what he was talking about. "Um, I don't get the connection, dude. Where does Buzz come in?"

He looked surprised. "You know... Buzz Lightyear? From Toy Story?"

"You think I look like Buzz Lightyear?" I asked, incredulously.

He looked at me, his eyes wide. "Crap! No, I'm not explaining it right. You know his phrase? To Infinity and Beyond? That makes me think of you, because you are looking to the future. The infinite future? And...beyond?" His voice trailed off at the end, obviously aware he was mucking up his explanation.

Hmm, I reminded him of a cartoon character. That didn't say much for my sex appeal.

"Okay." I smiled. It was a little weird, but it was sweet, so I let it go and told him good-night as I slipped into bed.

"Night, little buddy."

I had blushed at his words. I certainly didn't have to ask him why he sometimes also called me "little buddy". That was obvious to anyone. At only 5'4" I certainly wasn't going to win any height contests. Add my slender build to that and I am not a large guy by any means. I don't work out like he does, but I do like to run, which gives me some definition in my chest, shoulders and stomach, but nothing like the six-pack on Devin. And where Devin had a lot of dark, thick black hair that covered his pecs and swirled into a trail that disappeared into his boxers, I barely had any hair on my chest. The hair I did have was such a pale blonde, it could be missed if anyone looked quickly.

The hair on my head was the same pale blonde. I wear it a little shaggy, parted on the side and the ends curl up a little. I have some freckles tossed across my pale skin, including my nose and cheeks, but not a lot. I inherited my mother's green eyes and pale skin and my dad's small frame. It was funny that my sister was almost 5'10". I had no idea where it came from. The family joke was that our mom had an affair with the mailman.

But back to the here and now. What was I going to do about tonight? I couldn't spend the whole evening alone with him. In the beginning our friendship had been easy. Natural. But somewhere a little while back, I realized my feelings had changed; I wanted more. I was very attracted to Devin and my nights were filled with lust filled dreams. But it wasn't just the sexual attraction. I liked Devin for who he

was. He was a genuine, down-to-earth guy. I'd been pondering coming out to him, and I knew in my heart that he wouldn't judge me, but it would still be hard. I couldn't admit my feelings to him; it was clear Devin was straight.

I sighed. Maybe this was the night to meet my online friend. I opened my laptop again and quickly logged in to the group that I found about a month ago. It was an online group of gay students from this college. It was just a way to talk to others about things we all understood; things straight people may not necessarily deal with. One night recently the topic was *How to Deal with Feelings for a Straight Man*. Oh, yeah, I had participated in that one.

That was the night I met David. He admitted he had it bad for his roommate, too and we immediately bonded. After a couple weeks of talking online, David had brought up the idea of meeting up somewhere. I still remembered the online conversation.

I can't go another day like this! I need to find release! Why did I fall for my roommate?? Maybe if I got laid, I could get past it! I can't keep looking at him and thinking how badly I want to bend him over and take him. Just pound him until he calls my name out over and over!

I had laughed because we were in such similar circumstances.

I know what you mean. Except for me, I keep imagining him bending ME over and taking me.

Oh, yeah? You like the other guy to be in charge? I like to be in charge...

That had led to some sex talk and then he had proposed we get together and "help each other out". I had been a little stunned. I hadn't really thought this friendship could become something like a hook-up.

I had sat there for a little while, mulling it over in my mind. Devin had been on his computer that night working on a project and I snuck a glance at him. It didn't feel right to me to hook-up with someone when I was so into someone else. I couldn't have a one night stand just because I was lonely. I'm just not like that. But, I wouldn't mind a new friend. I finally messaged him back.

Thanks, but I am a virgin. I'm a little bit of a romantic and just not looking for casual sex. But, if you are looking for a friend, I am up for that.

I hadn't heard from him for a couple of days after that. I realized I had shown how pathetic I was: crazy over a straight guy and turning down sex from another man. Maybe I should have said yes... Maybe I should also get my head examined.

In the end, my online friend agreed and understood. He still wanted to get together, though. In fact he had asked again just this morning. He said his roommate was going to be out and we could hang out in his room if I wanted. I had told him I had plans, so I couldn't, but now that I was stuck in the room for the evening with the man of my dreams, I was rethinking that decision.

I sent David a message through the online group and waited to see if he got it.

Still want to get together tonight?

We hadn't exchanged cell numbers or even what dorms we were in. For all I knew, David lived down the hall.

I glanced over at Devin who was now in his bed, laying on his back, with an arm folded underneath his head. He was busy on his cell, so I looked back at his computer, hoping David would message me and help me escape. As much as I loved spending time with Devin, it was becoming torture to be near him and not touch him. How many nights had I fantasized about kissing those lips?

A message popped up on my screen.

Yeah! Can't come here now, though. Roommate home. Damn, need to get out of here before I jump him! He's so damn cute. It's killing me.

I smiled a little. God, I could relate.

OK. How about the commons? Near the pizza place?

David responded immediately.

Sounds good. Wait! How will I know you?

I bit back a laugh. This was beginning to sound a little like a covert operation. I thought for a second and scanned the room, coming up with an answer.

I will be wearing a red Nike hoodie and I have blonde hair. I'm pretty short, too.

OK. See you in half hour Mark. It will be nice to finally come face to face with you.

I winced at that. Crap... I still couldn't believe I was such a wimp that I had lied about my name! Oh, well. Pretty soon we would meet and could commiserate together. I decided I would give him my real name when we met. I really didn't like lying. Plus, the more we got to know each other through our online chats, the more I realized he is the kind of guy I would normally fall for. If I weren't already so hung up on Devin, that is. David seemed like a really nice guy and he deserved honesty.

I shut my laptop, grabbed my red hoodie from the top of my dresser and turned to tell Devin I was heading out, but paused at his expression. He was giving me a very strange look.

"What?" I asked. "Do I have something on me?" I scanned my clothes, but didn't see anything, so I pulled my hoodie on.

"You going out?" Devin asked, never answering my question.

"Yeah. I'm meeting a friend for dinner and then just taking it from there." I couldn't figure out why Devin was still looking at me with a weird expression. "Hey, are you okay?"

Devin sort of shook his head and a huge grin spread across his beautiful face. "Yeah, I'm okay. Actually, I'm great! So, where are you going?"

"Just to the Commons. Why? You hungry?" Oh, no! *Why did I ask him that?* This could ruin the entire evening. I didn't want to be rude, but I really needed to get away from Devin to clear my head and work through the feelings that overwhelmed me so often. I waited for Devin to answer, silently praying he would say no.

"Nah. I might run over there later for a cheeseburger, but I'm good right now. Thanks. Have a good time." He still had a huge grin on his face when I turned to leave.

I breathed a sigh of relief and stepped out into the hall. Soon I was making my way through the grounds over towards the Commons.

Devin's POV

I couldn't quit smiling. The minute I saw Gage close his computer and reach for his red hoodie, I knew. I just *knew*. And that was more than I could have hoped for!

The past few months had been torture as my crush on Gage had turned into something deeper. I had fallen completely, head over heels in love with him. Everything he said, everything he did, how he looked, and god, the way he smelled, it all made me want him more. I knew I had to do something soon or I was going to lose my mind. Even my grades were suffering.

From the day Gage opened the door in just his little boxer briefs, my heart had been doing flip-flops. I thought it was just a little crush on a cute guy at first, but soon my dreams were filled with him. I ached to touch him everywhere and I stared at him whenever I could get away with it. And Gage starred in my nightly jack-off sessions. One night, in a particularly stupid move on my part, I started stroking my hard cock while he slept just a few feet away in his bed. As I imagined it was him touching me, I accidentally cried out Gage's name as I climaxed and had been terrified he heard. Thank god, he never mentioned it.

At first, I was pretty sure Gage was straight, but I noticed he never dated, never talked about women, and never told me about any girl he was interested in. I, on the other hand, had always played the straight card: I dated women, talked about women and had even slept with two. Both times with women had only solidified that I was gay. Not bi. Gay. I was *only* attracted to men.

One day a few weeks ago, Gage had left his laptop open while he was in the bathroom. I needed to look up something and was having connection issues with my laptop, so I slid over to the other desk and went to log into the college portal. We had used each other's computers before and it was no big deal. But the website he was on caught my eye. It was a page full of half-dressed men in hot poses. I gasped when I realized I had surfed that website myself. I slid away from the computer without using it because I didn't want to embarrass Gage. I hadn't said anything about it that night, either.

Over the next week I had tried to figure out a way to approach the subject with him. I had to find out if Gage was gay and if he was attracted to me at all. I tried to come up with other reasons Gage could have been on that website, but kept circling back to the same conclusion: Gage was gay. Or bi. My heart fluttered at the thought that I might have a chance with him.

One night I was so sexually frustrated, I had wandered into a gay chatroom that was only for men that attended my college. Sort of like our own little Frat. I used a fake name, too embarrassed to say who I was because I wasn't out yet. I made a friend online and chatting came easy. We had a lot in common. He was hot for his roommate, too. Apparently I wasn't the only lovesick fool in the dorms.

I was careful not to ever say Gage's name. I didn't feel right about sharing that information. There were sort of unwritten rules in the chat room. It was a safe place to discuss things, but nobody was there to 'out' people who may or may not be gay.

For weeks I had wanted to share my feelings with Gage, but was afraid to scare him. He was so sweet and adorable and I felt like a big, dumb jock around him most of the time. But I reminded myself, just because I was on the basketball team and liked to work out, didn't mean I wasn't smart. I know people

assume jocks are dumb and hoped that Gage didn't think that. Gage had a brilliant mind and ever since meeting him, I had found myself working harder on my studies, looking things up to discuss with Gage and even watching a couple of documentaries that, surprisingly, were interesting. I felt like Gage was helping me grow, without him even realizing it.

Mark and I had become good "pen pals" over the last couple of weeks. One particularly lonely night I had floated the idea that we hook up and help each other over this issue. But in my heart, I didn't really want to. I only wanted to be with Gage. Thank goodness Mark had the sense to turn me down. But we remained friends.

And then tonight happened. I was just messaging with Mark and we had decided to meet when I noticed Gage grab his red Nike hoodie. At first I thought I was crazy. There was no way Gage was Mark, right? It was just my heart trying to grasp at simple coincidences.

But then he said he was going to the Commons. That was just too coincidental. My heart beat faster as I watched him go out the door. I waited a couple minutes to give him a head start. I wasn't sure what I was going to say when I got there, but I knew one thing: it was time to end this torture!

Gage's POV

I was nervous as I entered the commons. I quickly scanned the area and decided to grab a soda while I waited. Within a few minutes I was sitting at a booth, my red hoodie still on, but the hood down so David could see my blonde hair. I looked around again. Not too busy tonight, I thought, which was good. I felt jittery. I wasn't really sure why. I was just meeting a friend. It's not like I was going on a date with Devin.

I took a deep breath and fiddled with my straw as my thoughts wandered to Devin. I wondered if he was still in our room. Now that I was away from him, all of my thoughts were about being back there with him. God, I was losing my fucking mind. I looked down as I realized I was rapidly bouncing my knee and tried to calm myself. I took another deep breath and heard a voice behind me. A voice I recognized.

"Mark?"

I turned a little in my seat and gasped. It was Devin. I felt my cheeks and ears turn red as tears sprang to my eyes. "What...what are you... how?" I was so mortified I couldn't get a coherent sentence out.

"Hey, it's okay, Buzz," Devin whispered as he slipped into the booth across from me and slid his hands towards the middle of the table as if reaching out for mine.

The dam broke and the tears poured from my eyes. I finally understood what it meant to feel your heart break, because mine shattered in my chest at that moment. My lungs felt tight, like I couldn't get enough air. "Why would you do such a thing to me? This is the cruelest thing anyone has ever done to me!" I tried to keep my voice hushed, but I was so angry and upset and hurt that my emotions were right on the edge. "How could you? How could you set me up like this? I hope you got a good laugh! I hope it was worth it!"

I knew I had to get the hell away from him. I stood up and ran out before he could say another word. I didn't want everyone to see my meltdown....well, any *more* of my meltdown.

Devin's POV

I was shocked. It had never occurred to me that Gage would think this was a prank. I wanted to explain, but he had run out so quickly, I didn't get a chance. I stupidly sat still for about fifteen seconds before running after him.

By the time I got out the door, I didn't see Gage and was kicking myself for being an idiot. I scanned the area and caught a flash of red out of my eye and turned. It *was* him and he was running back across the grounds, already close to our dorm. I dashed after him, determined to fix this. I had never wanted to hurt him.

He was a fast runner, but Gage's short legs were really no match for my long ones and I caught up to him as he entered the dorm. I reached out to him, grasping the sleeve of his hoodie, but Gage whipped his head around and when he saw me he backed away forcefully. His face was a sea of emotions as I saw shock, fear, anger and even sadness fight for control. His dark lashes, wet with tears, only stood out more against his flushed skin. I wanted to reach up and soothe him; to cool his cheeks with my hands. But I couldn't. Not yet. I had to make him understand.

"Oh, god, Gage. I wasn't trying to hurt you!" I said, as my hands clenched and pressed against my jeans. My heart was breaking. How had I fucked this up so badly?

Gage turned away from me and ran into an open elevator. There were several others already standing inside it and the sliding doors were just about to connect, when I slid my hand between them, causing them to reopen. People stepped back to make room for me, but I was barely aware of them. I only saw Gage.

"Please look at me!" I pleaded, trying to keep my voice low, but knew everyone could hear me. I didn't really care. "Please Gage! I didn't do this to hurt you...I would never hurt you." Giving in to the desire to touch him, I reached down and lifted Gage's chin with my hand until he was looking at me. God, the pain in his eyes was so raw. Tears stained his cheeks and his lips were trembling. "I would never *intentionally* hurt you. I am so, so sorry."

Gage's eyes swept from side to side, looking at anything and everything but me. He seemed to be weighing his words as he wiped at a straggling tear and nodded a little. "I know. I-I was just shocked. I trust you, Devin. I do. But... but the things I shared... I am mortified. I...I don't know what to say." His voice trailed off at the end and I knew he was close to sobbing again.

I think my heart started to beat again at that moment. He trusted me. There was hope. I smiled. "Don't you understand, yet?" I asked him softly as I cupped his cheeks with my hands, brushing away his tears with my thumbs.

Gage sniffled a little, still confused. His eyes peered into mine and I felt that he was looking into my soul. Never in my life had I felt that connection before. My heart thundered in my ears. The elevator had stopped on the next floor, but nobody was moving. Apparently our audience had no desire to stop watching us anytime soon. A student even pushed the button to hold the door open. No one stepped out. Gage looked like he was trying to figure out a puzzle in his head. "No. No, I don't understand why you would humiliate me." His voice was quiet; so sad. His eyes pleaded with me to make things better; to help him understand this. I looked back at him and felt myself fall deeper. Hell, I didn't just fall, I plummeted. Head first. There was no going back now.

"Gage, I didn't do it to hurt you. I did it because..." I took a deep breath. *It was now or never*, I told myself. "Because I am crazy about you! I didn't know how to tell you how I felt and it was easier this way. I didn't even know it was you I had been talking to until tonight." My words poured out as I finally was able to tell him how I felt.

There were a few gasps in the elevator and someone murmured, "This is so romantic."

I had almost forgotten we were in the elevator, but I kept my gaze on Gage. He looked as if he was trying to make sense of things. His eyes were wide as he stared at me.

"You... you're crazy about...about me?" Gage's voice was barely a whisper.

I nodded, smiling at him. My knees felt a little weak, but I needed him to know the truth. "It's more than that. I'm in love with you, Gage." My voice trembled and my body shook as I whispered my secret.

Gage rewarded me with a big smile this time. He reached out tentatively and pressed his hands against my chest. I knew he could feel my heart racing under my skin. "I love you, too, Devin," he whispered.

I leaned down and slid my arms around Gage's small waist and pulled him up off the ground, sweeping into his lips for a kiss. Just one light kiss was all I meant to take, but the second I felt Gage's soft lips I lost control and pressed into him.

I wasn't alone in my feelings, I realized, as I felt Gage shudder against me. Electricity coursed through us as we both leaned in for more. I nipped at his lips and felt Gage moan into my mouth.

Before I got completely carried away, I pulled back and looked at the sexy man in my arms. His eyes were half-closed and his pink lips were wet from our kiss. I almost groaned out loud.

My eyes swept the elevator and I realized we were putting on a show. I let Gage slide back down to the floor, feeling his hard little body glide along mine, but I didn't let go. I pulled him close and smiled down at him and then looked back at the crowd, shooting them an "I DARE you to say one ugly word to us" look. Nobody seemed to be upset.

In fact, I realized that one of my basketball teammates was on the elevator and he was grinning. I smiled back and turned away. I didn't care who knew. Actually, scratch that. I did care. I wanted everybody to know I was in love with Gage. And that he was mine.

Two girls finally moved to step out of the elevator and before the doors closed, the blonde turned and spoke. "I hope that I find a man as crazy about me! That was beautiful!"

She was right. Loving him was a beautiful thing. I would do anything to show him that. And he loved me! My heart was doing a jig as I realized how silly we had been to hide our feelings. I wanted to make up for lost time, starting immediately!

The elevator was quiet, but we both knew everyone was still watching us. The doors opened on our floor and I grabbed Gage's hand and pulled him down the hall to our door. My hands were shaking so badly, I barely got the key in the knob. But it finally clicked and I was able to push the door open, pulling Gage with me into our darkened room.

Gage's POV

Devin pressed me roughly against the back of the door as it closed. His lips pressed against mine in a passionate kiss. He was aggressive as he took possession of my mouth, his tongue sliding between my lips and tangling with mine. I slid my arms around Devin's neck and held on as the man of my dreams pulled me up off the ground until I was level with him. I loved it and tried to press harder into his chest, while I wrapped my legs around his waist.

Devin pulled back a little and tugged at my bottom lip with his teeth. "Damn! I have wanted to taste you for so long, Gage."

I heard him moan right before he claimed my mouth again, his lips pressing against mine with an urgency I had never experienced. His hot tongue swept into my mouth again and when it touched my tongue, I almost jumped at the heat and desire I felt. He was wild with his need as he plunged his tongue in over and over into my mouth, while his hands roamed over my neck and twisted into my hair, tilting my head a little. When I felt his hand in my hair, pulling hard, I moaned loudly. It was so hot and his touch was driving me mad.

He pulled back a little and looked at me. "Mm, you like that? You like it when I pull your hair?"

I tried to speak, but it came out as a groan as he began to place small, hot little kisses down my cheek. "Ungh."

Devin chuckled into my cheek as he kept up his assault on my skin, raining kisses along my jaw, down my neck and then stopped and nipped at the curve in my neck, before suckling that sweet spot at the base of my neck. I gasped and he sucked a little harder, pulling my skin into his hot, wet mouth.

Our eyes had adjusted to the darkness a little and Devin stepped back, pulling me with him, until we were at his bed. Gently, he turned around and pushed me back onto the bed. I moved until I was stretched out on my side and patted the space next to me.

Devin sat down and we stared into each other's eyes for a minute. The room felt energized; heated.

"Is this really happening?" I whispered.

"Nothing is going to happen that you don't want to happen, ok? We stop anytime you say. You are in control, Gage." Devin's voice was husky. Low.

I trusted him, but also knew there was no way I could keep myself from giving myself over completely to Devin if he wanted me. I needed him and that raw need drove me forward. I grabbed his hand and pulled him down, feeling him sink into the bed next to me. I nuzzled into his neck and nibbled on his smooth skin. He moaned quietly. I flicked small feathery licks up his neck to his jawline while I ran my fingers up into his soft, silky hair. God, how many times had I wanted to do this? I felt empowered as he leaned into me and I reached up and licked his earlobe before suckling it gently.

I heard a sharp intake of breath before his whispered words blew across my skin. "Gage... oh, god, Gage..."

I smiled again and grew bolder, letting my hands slide over his shoulders and down his arms. Suddenly, Devin grabbed me around the waist and pulled me on top of him, moving so that his back was pressed against the bed and I was held tightly against his chest. His body was hard everywhere and I felt almost drunk with lust as I pulled back and looked at him.

"You drive me crazy, Gage," he growled out. "I have spent months devouring you in my dreams. Fuck! Everything you do turns me on. *Everything*, Gage." He whispered his words into the dark as he slid his hands around to my back and began tugging at my hoodie.

I knew what he wanted and sat up, straddling his flat stomach, helping him yank the hoodie off and letting Devin toss it across the room. I leaned down to nibble on his neck and Devin's hands stopped me. "I need to touch you. Please. Please let me touch your skin, Gage. I need it." His hands played at the hem of my t-shirt, wanting to lift it up, but waiting for me to give him permission.

Hearing Devin's husky voice as he whispered his need excited me. I have never felt sexy in my life, but clearly Devin thought I was. I felt almost euphoric as I helped him lift my shirt over my head and toss it on the ground, feeling his hands skim my chest as my shirt rose to reveal more and more skin. I stilled for a moment, letting this sexy man look at my body. For the first time in my life, I could see that someone appreciated my body; that he took pleasure from seeing me and touching me. I felt desired and gave in to the sensations churning through my body. Devin's eyes darkened as his hands trailed across my chest and down to my stomach and back up. My body literally hummed with desire.

I gasped as Devin's fingers flicked against my sensitive nipples, a personal hot spot for me.

"You like that?"

"God, yes," I sighed as Devin swirled his fingers around my nipples. His feathery light touches made me hungry for more and I moaned loudly.

"Oh, god! If you moan like that again I am going to lose my mind!" Devin's voice was strained, almost hoarse as he spoke.

I smiled, feeling almost powerful hearing those words from Devin. "You have some catching up to do, Devin." I curled my fingers under the collar of Devin's shirt and pulled at it. "Don't you think this needs to come off?" I was surprised at my boldness, but his hunger for me was a potent aphrodisiac and I wanted more.

Devin couldn't move fast enough, pulling himself up to a sitting position and raising his hands up, giving me the treat of undressing him. I slid my hands down and then lifted his shirt off over his head and dropped it to the floor, joining my discarded clothes. My breath froze as I stared at his perfect chest. He was so toned; so hard. I tentatively reached out to run my fingers through that beautiful, thick chest hair that I had fantasized over for months and moaned low as I realized the reality was so much better than my fantasies.

He trembled at my touch and I stared up into Devin's eyes. They were shining with lust. Lust we no longer had to hide from each other. Devin slid his arms around my waist. I stayed quiet and didn't move for a moment.

"What's wrong, Gage?" Devin's voice was a husky whisper.

I leaned into his embrace and laid my head on Devin's shoulder. "Nothing's wrong. Absolutely nothing. Everything is perfect. Better than I dreamed," I whispered against his soft skin.

Devin's POV

I smiled and leaned my face into Gage's hair, breathing in his scent. I didn't have to hide my attraction to him anymore. "Your scent drives me crazy, you know. I can't get enough of it."

Gage pulled back. "Really?" He laughed. "I thought I was the only one who did that. Your smell is heaven. I love when you come back from working out and the whole room smells like you. God, it turns me on!" Gage chewed on his bottom lip for a moment. "Okay, maybe that sounded a little weird. Crap... I shouldn't let you know how crazy I am right from the get go...I-"

He was so fucking cute when he babbled! I growled and pulled him hard against my mouth for a passionate kiss, interrupting his verbal torrent. I slanted my mouth over Gage's over and over and pushed my tongue through our parted lips, tasting the honeyed sweetness of his mouth. I felt Gage moan into my mouth and I slid one hand into his hair again, tugging and pulling until his neck was arched and open for me. I moved down and suckled that sweet spot again and felt a shudder go through Gage.

Our chests rubbed together and I felt the friction build, loving the feeling of Gage's smaller body against mine. My cock was rock hard and I ached to be completely naked with him. I needed full skin on skin contact.

"I need to touch you, baby," I groaned out. He pulled back a little and looked at me. He knew exactly what I meant and rolled to his side. His hands were at his waistband, but I placed my hand on his, stopping him from going any farther. Instead, I whispered for him to stand up next to the bed. He did and I sat in front of him, my hands on his either side of his waist.

I felt Gage trembling and worried about him. I knew he was a virgin. "We can stop any time you want, Gage." And I would, even though I wanted him more than anything in the world.

"No!" Gage said loudly. "I... I want you, Devin. I just...don't know if I am ready for... for" he paused, unable to look me in the eye for a minute before whispering his last word, "sex."

My body ached for him, but I also wanted him for more than a one-night stand. Hell, I was fucking crazy about him. I wanted his first time to be special.

"I agree," I whispered back. "Let's not rush everything at once."

He exhaled. "Are you upset with me?"

My hands were still at his waist, so I pulled him close to me. "Never. If I were mad at you for wanting to go slowly, then I wouldn't expect you to want to be with me. I will wait."

He smiled shyly down at me. "But, Devin, that doesn't mean we can't do...other...things."

He was quiet for a moment as I silently thanked the heavens above. Yes, yes, we could do 'other things' and we could do them this very instant. I tucked my hands under his waistband, beginning to slide his pants down his legs. When they pooled at his feet, he stepped out of them, leaving him in just his boxers.

I sat back and drank him in. He was beautiful. Sexy. The blonde hair on his chest was light and matched the dusting of hair on his arms and legs. His nipples were small and round, so rosy and hard right now.

The look on his face was full of trust and so sweet that the need to make him mine overpowered me. I pulled him into my lap and leaned in for a kiss.

He straddled my legs, bracing his knees on the bed on either side of me. I felt his hardness rub against my stomach and shuddered. My hands were all over him. I traced every edge, every contour on his back, up his arms and slid my hands into his hair. I couldn't believe I was kissing him. My heart sang out and I felt it beating fast in my chest. I wondered if he could feel it. I pulled back and kissed his cheeks and down his jawline. I nipped at his skin and he moaned.

God, he was so hot! I slid one of my hands between us and lightly pressed my finger into that little dip at the bottom of his neck between his clavicle bones.

"Umm, that's nice," he whispered, letting his head fall back. I traced my finger down to his nipples and pulled them a little, eliciting a soft groan from his lips, but then his words stopped me.

"Wait...I can't think straight. I... we... we need to slow down, Devin." He sounded a little panicky.

His beautiful lips were an inch away from mine. I was so hot for him, I was shuddering with need. But then I looked into his eyes. His dark, pleading eyes. I saw lust in them. Mixed with fear. I pulled back. The last thing I needed to do was scare him and lose any chance to be with him. It took every bit of strength I had in me to do what I did next.

He watched me as I took several deep, calming breaths and spoke, "You're right. You deserve something better than being groped in our dorm room. Let's try and cool off."

I slid him from my lap and instantly missed his snug little body pressed against mine. I craved him and it was like I was in withdrawal. My body quivered and I quickly moved to the other bed and flipped on a desk lamp. Bad idea. Now I had an even better view of him.

God, he was so sexy. His skin was flushed all over and his lips were swollen and rosy. His nipples...god, his nipples were hard and I could see his cock in his boxers, pressing for release. I raked my eyes over his body and back up to his eyes.

He was watching me intently and letting his tongue slide across his lower lip, where I had been nibbling earlier. He wanted me, too. That was obvious. I shoved my hand through my hair. Damn! Isn't this what college boys did? Well, college boys that were gay? Make out in their dorm room beds? I was having trouble remembering why we pulled apart.

The silence between us continued as we finally broke our gaze. I flopped back on the bed. HIS bed. And I groaned out loud.

He did the same. On MY bed. My sexy little roommate was almost naked on my bed. I knew my sheets would smell like him. I may never sleep again. Never. Not a wink my entire college life.

I groaned again and heard a giggle. A giggle? I looked over and he was smiling at the ceiling. He giggled again.

I was not amused. "What's so funny?"

He turned his head and looked at me. "You are, *David*," he teased.

"Umm, I believe you told me your name was *Mark*," I pointed out, feeling a little incensed.

He busted out laughing. "God, what the hell was wrong with us?"

I felt the laughter bubble up and out of me and I grinned at him. He was right. We were both so scared of everything. I sat up and looked over at him. I knew I wanted him back in my arms, but I sighed. We needed to talk before the testosterone in the room went into overload again and we were tearing at each other.

"Look...I guess this took us both by surprise, huh?"

He stopped laughing and sat up, a shy smile tugging at his lips. His rosy lips. Those sexy kissable lips. Mm, I could just imagine how they would look wrapped around my cock. And there it was... my cock was hard as steel again. I tried to think through my haze of lust.

"Well, I guess here's the deal. We want to be together. I mean, that's what I want. I want to take you out. I want to hold your hand and kiss you and...oh, fuck... I want to do so many things to you! But, you're right. We need to slow down a little." The longer I spoke, the huskier my voice became. I couldn't continue to be this near him while he was only in boxers. I didn't trust myself around him at this moment.

"I feel the same way," he began, innocently unaware of the dirty images of him sucking my cock that were running through my head.

He looked so sweet and trusting. God, he trusted me! I wonder how much longer I could hold back.

"Um, you know what? I think I'm going to hit the shower. The cold shower. Then we can talk, ok?" I told him.

He looked surprised, but nodded and didn't move. I took one more long drink of him before I hit the shower. He smiled at me. I tried to smile back. I really did. But I think it may have come off as more of a leer. Yep, his eyes widened in surprise. God, I could just eat him up!

"You might want to put something on before I come back out. You keep looking at me like that I may not be able to hold back," I said to him before I locked the bathroom door behind me.

I took the coldest shower I could stand and after quite some time, I felt like I had myself under control. Although, I wanted to jack-off so badly, I knew I really shouldn't. Not with him right outside the door and knowing how turned on I was with him. He would hear me and I didn't need to embarrass myself even more.

I slipped on my fleece sleep pants and a t-shirt and braced myself to be in the same room as Gage again. Keeping my hands to myself was going to be the most difficult thing I have ever done. I took a deep breath and opened the door and froze.

Gage was stretched out on his back on my bed, still only in his boxers. His boxers clearly showed a bulge and I tore my eyes away and up to his face. He was smiling shyly. Fuck! I was in trouble.

"Can I spend the night in your bed?" he asked me quietly.

Damn! Did I think it was going to be hard to keep my hands off him? Make that *impossible*.

"I'm not sure that's a good idea."

He looked crestfallen and pulled himself up. I rushed over to him and sat on the edge of the bed, blocking him from leaving my bed. Confusion showed in his eyes.

"Gage, I would love to have you sleep in my bed. I literally ache to hold you at night." A smiled tugged at his lips. "But, I am afraid I would lose control. And I don't want to push you farther than you are ready."

A grin spread across his face as he leaned over and kissed my cheek. "But, I want to feel your body against mine." His hot breath stroked my cheek and I gulped. "Please, Devin... let's just hold each other for a little while."

I nodded, giving in, and slipped into the bed as he pulled the blanket up over us. We both turned on our sides, facing each other so that our faces were only inches apart. My body was already on fire. This was going to be difficult. I tried talking.

"Um, are you okay? I mean, are you cold? Do you want a t-shirt?" I asked, praying he would say no.

"I'm fine. Your body gives off a lot of heat," he said, looking into my eyes.

"I know you're a virgin, Gage. Have you done anything with a man?" I blurted out. It was something I had been wondering, but I told myself it wasn't time to ask. Yet, there it was.

He looked away from me for a moment before answering. "No, but I...I want to with you."

I groaned inwardly. He was making it so difficult to be a gentleman! I stayed quiet and watched him as he continued.

"I want to taste you," he admitted, his voice quieter than a whisper. My body jolted at his words and my cock swelled even more. *Damn*, I thought, *who was I to stop him from doing what he wanted?*

"Gage, my body is yours," I answered him as I reached for his hand and pressed his palm to my chest. Even through the t-shirt I could feel the heat from his skin and moaned. I couldn't believe that just a small touch from him filled me with so much heat and lust.

He pulled closer and kissed my neck as he rolled me onto my back. His tongue licked my skin and I shuddered. I slid my hands into his hair and stroked his those silky strands and felt him tremble. He kept his kisses light as he trailed down my neck. When he got to the neckline of my shirt, he reached down and tugged at the hem, pulling the shirt up so he could kiss my chest. He stopped at my nipples and when I felt his tongue and then his teeth nip at my hard little nub I grasped his head and pressed his face against my chest. He ran his tongue around my nipple and nibbled it, biting and licking, licking and biting me as my overstimulated body thrust my hips up. I liked that.

I let up a little on my tight grasp of his head and he kissed down farther, dipping his tongue into my belly button. I almost jumped out of my skin, never knowing how intense that felt! Gage giggled again and moved to the waistband of my sleep pants. He pulled himself up and straddled my legs, bracing his knees on the bed, before hooking his fingers under the waistband, and yanking them down. He must not have realized I wasn't wearing boxers because he gasped, startled when my hard cock slipped out and slapped against my belly and glistening drops of precum shone on the tip and dribbled down the side.

He gazed at my cock for a few moments before looking up at me. I wasn't sure what to do. I knew what I *wanted* to do, but I wasn't sure what he was ready for. Tonight had been a little bit of a roller coaster ride of emotions for me. He smiled at me, a mischievous twinkle in his eyes as he slid his hand up across my hip and slowly wrapped his fingers around me. I gasped as his touch sent white-hot currents of lust zipping through my body.

He was so close, I felt his hot breath on my cock and groaned, wrapping one hand in his hair and pulling him so that his lips touched the mushroom head. He flicked his tongue out and tasted me and I trembled.

"Mm," he said before wrapping one hand around the base and letting the other one cup my full balls. "Do you like when I do this?" he asked as he rolled the orbs in his hands gently.

"Fuck, yeah!"

He grew braver and slid those sweet, wet lips over the tip of me and let his tongue swirl around the head and the sensitive slit. I cried out his name. "Gage!"

He slid me slowly into his silky mouth, inch by agonizing inch, until I hit the back of this throat. I felt him start to gag and pulled back a little, but he sucked me back in. His hot, wet mouth began slurping and sucking like he couldn't get enough of my cock.

"Are you sure you've never done this before?" I teased him because he was better than I had ever hoped for.

He pulled back a little, letting my dick slide out of his mouth, and looked up at me, his brow furrowed. "No, why? Am I doing something wrong?"

"God, no! Your mouth is incredible." I thrust my hips up in search of his hot mouth and felt his tongue lick the underside, from the base to the top as if he were licking an ice cream cone.

"Mm," he moaned, "you taste so good." He licked the tip again and sucked me in deeply.

"Yeah, that's it, Gage. Mm, yeah, so good. You are so good at this. So fucking good!" I felt my balls tighten up and I knew I wasn't going to last long at this rate. "I'm close, Gage. So close."

He sped up and slid my hard cock in and out of his lips several times and then plunged me deeper.

"Ungh!" I cried out. "I'm going to cum!"

Gage's POV

I was in heaven. There was no way I wasn't going to suck every drop of his hot cum from him. It drove me wild that I was giving him this much pleasure. When I saw his thick, hard cock and those large, low hanging balls covered in dark hair, I almost came right there. I had been rolling those orbs in my fingers, but now as he got closer to his climax, I wanted to show him how much I wanted him to cum in my mouth. I slid my hand around under him and grabbed his ass, squeezing him. I was urging him on, pulling him closer.

He thrust his hips up hard into my mouth several times and I loved it. I loved feeling it slide along my tongue as I sucked on it. I felt his cock swell even more before the first shot of cum blasted into my

throat and I pulled him out a couple of inches, letting the rest of the blasts coat my tongue. I moaned at the deliciousness of it. I had no idea it would be so sweet and salty at the same time. I swallowed over and over as his cock delivered the hot creaminess into my mouth. Who knew it would taste this wonderful?

While he grunted and cried out my name, I licked him clean, not leaving a drop. His cock had barely begun to soften as I let it slide out of my mouth. I licked my lips and looked up to see him watching me through heavy lidded eyes. A slow grin was spreading across his face. I slid back up so that we were lying next to each other, our faces only inches apart.

"Thank you," he whispered. "That was the most incredible experience of my life. Watching my cock in your hot little mouth was the sexiest thing I have ever seen. Even better than I ever dreamed of."

He leaned down and placed a sweet, soft kiss on my lips before wrapping me in his arms and pulling me close. He chuckled a little when my rigid cock pressed into his stomach. "Somebody is ready for his turn," Devin said as his hand slid down to my hip.

I skimmed my hands up and down his muscular back, gliding over his shoulders and back down and around to his sides. "There's no rush," I whispered. And it was the truth. Although I was very turned on, I was enjoying just being held by him. I ran my hand up his arm and felt his hard biceps. "You are such a stud! So sexy, Devin," I uttered before I realized what I was saying. I pressed my face into his shoulder, embarrassed at letting my words run away from me, but he cupped my chin and pulled me up to look at him.

"You, Gage, are the hottest guy I have ever seen."

"I'm so short! And little!" I thought he was nuts.

Devin chuckled.

"Baby, you have more sex appeal packed into those short inches than anyone I have ever known."

I felt myself blush, but loved hearing his words.

"And you are so cute when you blush." Devin smiled. "Fuck, I have it so fucking bad for you, Gage."

I smiled and kissed his shoulder and then leaned down a little and let my tongue swirl through the hair around his nipple. I heard Devin inhale sharply and continued to lick the nub before licking a trail over to the other one. I pressed my hand against Devin's chest and pushed him so that he was on his back.

"So aggressive," Devin teased me as he finally pulled his shirt up over his head and threw it over the side of the bed. He kicked his legs around until his pants, which were still up around his knees, slid to his ankles and he was able to toe them off.

I grew bolder as I licked and tasted every inch of his chest over to his side. His chest hair was like a drug, pulling me towards it until I was able to swirl my tongue in it over and over his chest. Even though I had just teased his nipples and kissed his chest earlier, I couldn't resist. I buried my face in his chest and breathed in.

"Gage." He whispered.

"Damn! Your scent literally makes me want to cum," I murmured against his skin.

Devin growled at that and grabbed me tightly, pulling me up to claim my mouth again. I ended up on my back, while he braced his body over me, his arms on either side of me. He was staring down at me and licking his lips.

Damn, Devin was so primal!

I shuddered as he watched me. My cock was throbbing; aching for him. I wiggled under him, trying to press our bodies together. I felt his hard cock rub against mine through my briefs and gasped.

"Tell me what you want, Gage," he whispered as he leaned down and licked my neck.

His touch drove me crazy. I felt uninhibited and moaned.

"Tell me what you want," he whispered again, his voice growing husky.

"You, Devin. I only want you. I want your mouth on me; your hot tongue. Please!" My voice rose with my need to have him back in my arms. "I want you to suck me... please, Devin," I pleaded with him.

He pulled away and slid down my body, placing little kisses down my chest and swirling his tongue in my naval. It all felt heavenly. I worried as he got closer to my cock. Devin's cock was so much bigger than mine. My 5" cut penis suddenly felt small and pathetic.

He finally pulled the waistband down and I wriggled out of them. Soon, they joined the growing mound of clothes on the floor. I was completely naked now; we both were. I felt so vulnerable. Would he think I was too small? Not sexy?

But Devin couldn't take his eyes off my cock. "God, you are so perfect." He murmured.

I looked at Devin. Was he being truthful? Or just trying to make me feel better. I trembled with need and with a little fear.

"Your dick is so perfect," he whispered as he looked up into my eyes.

"You really think so?" I asked, hesitantly.

Devin stared at me. "Gage, you are beautiful." He leaned forward and licked the tip of my cock and I moaned.

"Yesss."

Devin grew bolder and licked the underside of my cock, from balls to tip. One hand gripped my hip, while the other was braced on my thigh. I leaned my head back on the pillow and gave in to these new sensations. His lips kissed the sensitive skin at my pelvic bone, letting his tongue lick down to the crease where my leg and hip joined. He fluttered kisses there while I writhed under him.

I was oozing so much precum now I couldn't believe it. He made his way back to my dick and in one swoop, he slid my entire rod into his hot, wet mouth. It was like liquid velvet surrounded my dick and I cried out at the contact. "Devin! Yes!"

He sucked me and I felt my cock hit his throat, before he slid me slowly back out. It was exquisite torture and I begged him for more.

"Devin, yes, please! Please, Devin!"

He moaned into my cock and I nearly shot my cum into his mouth that very second. If he hadn't slid me back out, I might have cum.

I looked down and saw him staring back up at me. He smiled and licked his lips while I blushed. I realized I was acting so wanton, so needy. I couldn't help it; I wanted him so badly.

"I want you to cum in my mouth, Gage," he whispered.

I nodded and he began to bob up and down, sliding me in and out faster, while one hand fondled my sac. My dick was throbbing, ready to burst with every suck and lick he gave me. He slid it back in and then out again and I watched as he rubbed my cock across his lips, along his cheeks, leaving a trail of my precum and saliva on his face. It was the most erotic thing I have ever seen and I was losing my mind! Suddenly I felt my balls tighten up and knew it was almost time as he slid me back between his soft lips.

"Devin, I'm going to cum!" I cried out as he sucked harder and faster, milking my cock as I exploded into his mouth. Waves of pleasure pulsed through me and my vision went black for a second. I was lost in the orgasm and felt like I was falling from the sky trying to grab on to anything, as I shattered into a million pieces before I landed in darkness.

I sensed Devin was holding on to me. My eyes fluttered open and I saw Devin's face hovering over me.

"Oh, thank god!" He breathed out.

"What...what's going on?" I couldn't remember him pulling me into his arms.

"Shit, Gage. I think you passed out," he told me. He raked his hand through his hair.

Okay, that made sense. I have passed out before, albeit not from an orgasm. A smile tugged at my lips.

"Are you telling me that you gave me such a strong orgasm that I literally passed out?" I asked him, trying not to giggle.

He chuckled, embarrassed.

"Damn, Devin! Maybe you should have those lips labeled as a dangerous weapon!"

We looked at each other and burst out laughing at that. I smiled at him as I put my head on his chest and sighed. The night was perfect.

He hugged me closer and I snuggled into his arms. We spent hours whispering our feelings, our thoughts and desires to each other as the night continued. Devin held me close, our naked bodies pressed against each other for hours. While we kissed and touched, we didn't go any further, instead choosing to learn more about each other. It was the sweetest, sexiest night of my life and I knew I would remember it always.

I'm not sure who fell asleep first, but it was a couple of hours before either of us moved again. We didn't speak again when we woke that time, because words simply weren't needed. Instead I snuggled into his

arms again, my head tucked under his chin, his arms wrapped around me. I felt his heart beating under my skin and reveled in the beauty of our bodies and souls mingling. My life had changed. And all because we couldn't hide the truth from each other anymore.

I heard his breathing become even and knew he was sleeping again. I was tired, too, but I fought the sleep, wanting to enjoy this closeness for as long as possible. I smiled into the darkness and wondered if this was how first love always felt? Did everyone feel this deep connection within their souls?

And I silently thanked whoever it was in the Administration Office that assigned Devin to my dorm room. If I find out who that person is, I think I will send flowers. And chocolates. And balloons...

Chapter 2

Gage's POV

The sun slipped in between the blinds and played across Devin's face, shadows and light dancing, searching for a place to settle. I had been awake for a little while now but when my eyes had first fluttered open, I had been so overwhelmed at the beautiful man sleeping peacefully next to me, I gasped. My heart sped up as I remembered the intimate night we had shared and I reveled in the feeling of Devin's arms wrapped around me. A sigh escaped my lips and I snuggled in a little closer, letting my head rest on Devin's chest.

Soon though, I found myself on my side, my head propped up on my elbow, one arm draped across Devin's torso, watching his shallow breathing. With each breath, Devin's chest rose just a little closer to my face and I fought the urge to snake my tongue out and taste one of those sexy little nipples that called out to me. Then Devin's chest would fall, the opportunity missed, and frustration would build up inside. Of course, then he breathed in again and the entire torturous display would start over. If Devin didn't wake soon, I may take things into my own hands.

I gazed at Devin's lips and felt a blush creep across my face and down my neck, warming my skin. I was surprised at feeling so shy after I had so openly given my heart to Devin just hours before. Last night had been perfect. Absolutely perfect.

After months of hiding my attraction to my roommate, I had been shocked to find out Devin was not only gay, but was in love with me! I could still feel the heat on my lips from Devin's kisses and smiled as I traced my lips with my index finger, remembering the tingling sensations from last night.

The night had been everything I had ever dreamed of and more. Devin and I had explored each other's bodies; free at last to show our feelings in new and exciting ways. In the cloak of darkness, we opened our hearts and poured out our desires, our dreams and wishes for the future. Our whispered words to each other were full of promise and love.

I sighed. The night had been beautiful and romantic. And waking up in Devin's arms only added to the experience. I snuggled closer again and pressed my head to Devin's chest, listening to his heart beat, as I twirled my fingers through the mass of curly hair covering his incredibly sexy chest.

Devin trembled at my touch and I tilted my head to look up at his face. I found myself looking into beautiful pools of chocolate silk, half hidden under heavy-lidded eyes. He slid his arms around me and pulled me to his chest, bringing our lips together in a sweet, lazy kiss. Devin's lips were soft and gentle

and I sunk into the kiss as I felt his hands slide up the back of my head, raking my hair as he pulled me in a little closer. The heat from his touch zinged through my body and I shuddered as our chests slid against each other, creating a delicious friction that was beginning to ramp up the sensations pulsing through my body.

I pulled back a little, not wanting to lose control, and smiled when Devin groaned.

"No, baby, come back," Devin whispered, pleading.

"We have to get up," I reminded him. "You have a meeting with your coach in 45 minutes."

Devin glanced at the alarm clock and sighed, knowing I was right.

"Damn! I wish I could stay in bed with you all day, Buzz," he grinned at me when I shot him a glare, "but my coach will kill me if I don't make this meeting."

"Seriously? You are still comparing me to Buzz Lightyear?" I snapped, only half in jest. I mean, who wants to be compared to Buzz Lightyear in the sexiness category?

Devin looked at me with a shit-eating grin; he knew exactly what I was thinking. "Hey! You know that's not why I gave you that nickname! We talked about that." He paused, waiting for me to nod my agreement, which I reluctantly gave. "Besides, you are definitely sexier than him. I mean, absolutely no contest!"

I watched him as he pulled himself from the bed and kissed me on my forehead, still wearing that grin. "Now, as far as being sexier than Woody... well, the jury's still out on that one."

I sat up and threw a pillow at him just as he slipped into the bathroom and closed the door. "Jackass!" I called out.

Devin opened the door a crack and peeked out. Damn, he looked sexy in the morning. His hair was tousled, he needed to shave and his boxers were ruffled, but he still made me hard as steel.

"Want to join me in the shower?" he asked, smiling.

Fuck. I was a goner. I almost got out of bed, but remembered his meeting. "No, Devin! Take your shower. I don't want you to be late."

He threw me a sad little frown, but wiggled his eyebrows at me, so I knew he was just teasing me. I heard the water turn on and wondered if I had time to take care of my situation before he was done. My cock was throbbing for release and knew that I could cum in a few minutes at this point. As any guy will tell you, either take care of the hard-on in the morning or let it haunt your day!

I leaned back on the remaining pillow on the bed and slid my hand down my stomach and under the waistband of my boxers. The head was leaking precum already and the second I wrapped my hand around the shaft, I felt myself tremble. Closing my eyes, I remembered how it felt to have Devin's lips wrapped around my dick and moaned. I moved my hand up and down, gently at first, but decided I needed more room and wriggled out of my boxers and tossed them to the ground before I got down to business. I heard him moving around in the shower and knew I was losing precious time.

My head back on the pillow, I let one hand tug and twist at my nipples while my hand wrapped around my hard cock and stroked up and down. I closed my eyes and once again envisioned Devin between my legs last night as he licked and sucked my cock. I moaned and whispered his name as I spread my legs farther apart. When I jacked off, I loved to lay on my back, spread eagled, imagining my body open and vulnerable to Devin. Would that turn him on as much as it does me? Does he want me like I want him? I stroked harder. Faster. My balls felt tight and I slid my hand from my nipples to my sac and rolled the hard orbs in my fingers. I imagined Devin sliding them both into his mouth; suckling, tasting, making me beg for more.

"Devin," I whispered into the silence, "I need you. Please...please, baby!" As I pleaded for him, I felt my body stiffen. My cock was so sensitive and I just wanted to shoot my load out onto my stomach. I imagined Devin licking up my cum and I moaned louder.

My hand was moving fast along my hard dick and my swollen head was leaking precum like crazy. The wet heat helped lubricate my hand and I felt myself begin to rush towards that release.

"Devin!" I cried out as my palm twisted around the tip and slid the precum all around, before I grabbed my cock again and began to thrust up into it, over and over, harder and faster. "Devin! I need you inside of me. Fuck me, Devin, fuck me!"

Ropes of hot creamy cum flew from my dick and landed on my chest and arms. The orgasm rocked my body and I cried out his name over and over, unaware that I was no longer whispering. No, I was lost in the ecstasy of my climax; lost in the throes of lust and passion. Colors swirled behind my closed eyelids as I gasped air into my lungs, feeling myself plummet from my high until I once again felt my body was on solid ground. My hand slid up onto my stomach and I rubbed my fingers in the cum, wishing it was Devin's cum. God, I wanted him...

"Wow..."

My eyes shot open and I found Devin standing at the bed, staring down at me. His cheeks were flushed and a towel was slung low on his hips.

"Oh god!" I said, as I tried to cover myself.

"Gage! Stop! That was fuckin' hot, baby," he said as he sat down on the bed next to me.

"Yeah?" I asked quietly.

"Fuck yeah," he whispered back. "You are so sexy. Do you know how many times I have jacked off to you?"

I blushed and looked away, embarrassed.

"Hey, look at me, Gage," he whispered.

My eyes met his and I saw there was no judgement, no teasing. He was telling the truth.

"How much did you see?" I asked quietly.

"I came out a couple of minutes ago. I didn't mean to spy, but damn, when I saw you naked and heard you begging me to... God, Gage, I was...I *am* so fucking hard!" He leaned down and pressed his lips

against mine, hard. This kiss was anything but gentle. He devoured my lips. Devin took possession and slid his tongue into my mouth, tangling with mine and moaning into me. I pulled up some and pressed closer, aching to feel his body pressed against mine. I groaned as he climbed onto the bed, forcing my legs farther apart with his knee. He pulled away from the kiss and placed hot, wet kisses down my neck and then sat up.

I opened my eyes to see what he was doing and was surprised to see him just sitting there, staring at me. He reached his hand down to my stomach and ran his fingers through my cum. I moaned out loud as he lifted his fingers to his lips and sucked. It was the most erotic thing I had ever seen and I grabbed his shoulder and pulled him down into a deep kiss. I could taste myself on his lips and for some reason that turned me on more. He let his body press against me and as we kissed I held on tight, letting one hand trace his spine slowly, teasingly until I came to the edge of the towel still tied around his waist.

"This needs to go," I whispered.

Devin moaned and pulled back. His face was flushed with arousal and I wanted to pull him back into a hot, wet kiss, but he braced his hand on my chest, keeping me on the bed. His skin was flushed and I knew he was as hot as I was.

"Gage, I have to go. I don't want to, I swear! But Coach will kick my ass if I'm late." He ran his fingers through his hair and groaned.

I knew he was right, but I didn't want him to leave. I didn't want him outside our safe little cocoon, where we could share and explore and love. What would happen outside the door? I panicked a little as I thought about our new situation. We had both been outed last night. Everyone would know. Were we ready for that?

"What? What's wrong? Your face just paled and you look scared. What's wrong, Gage?"

I looked into his eyes and tried to figure out how to phrase my thoughts. He waited, but I could tell he was worried.

"I...I was just remembering last night on the elevator."

"When I told you how I felt about you?"

"Yeah. Umm, you realize we are out now, right?"

"Yes. Why? Oh... were you not ready?" he sounded worried.

"No, it's not that. It's just... well, we haven't really discussed it. I mean, okay... we're out. We're roommates. We're..."

"Dating?" He offered.

"Umm, yeah. I guess...is that what you want?"

"Of course! I thought you were my boyfriend!" He stood up, staring at me. "Aren't you?"

I smiled at him. God, yes, I wanted to tell him. I wanted to say I was his boyfriend, his lover, his friend and his roommate. I wanted to tell him I was his forever. But I just nodded yes. It was too soon to say all that and scare him away. "Yes," I whispered, "Yes, I am your boyfriend."

A grin spread across his face and he reached down for me and scooped his arms around my back pulling me up into him. "Gage," he said, his hot breath tickling my face, "I know we have a lot to learn and figure out, but I only want you. I don't care who knows... In fact, because Jeremy- he's on the basketball team- was in the elevator last night, I decided I need to tell my coach right away to ward off any issues."

I nodded and hugged him tightly. I knew he had to leave and I had things I had to do, too. "Okay, I'm going to take a shower and head to the campus store. I need some supplies."

"Sounds good. Hey, can I take you out tonight? You know, dinner...a movie?"

I looked at him and he was just so cute as he looked at the ground and shuffled his feet a little. Like I would turn him down! "You mean a date?"

"Yeah. Of course! I mean, I am a poor struggling college student, so it's not going to be lobster or anything, but yeah, I want to take you out."

I smiled. I didn't care if it was Chicken McNuggets, I just wanted to spend the evening with him. "Yes, of course, Devin."

He smiled. "Great. Meet you here at 6 tonight?"

"Sounds good," he said as he grabbed clothes from his drawers and dropped his towel. I snuck a quick peek before I closed the bathroom door behind me.

Devin's POV

I dressed quickly because I knew I was going to get it from Coach if I didn't hurry my ass up and get to the meeting on time. I wasn't exactly sure what he wanted, but I hoped I hadn't done something wrong. And it couldn't have anything to do with Gage, since he told me about the meeting before Gage and I got together last night.

Still, I wanted to tell him. Hell, I wanted to tell everyone. I know my mom probably already had an idea that I was gay. She had made a few comments over the last couple of years and I had waved it off, but now I think I was ready to tell her. It had been just she and I for years, since my dad had taken off when I was a kid. I think she would be fine with it.

I hurried across campus and made it with a minute to spare. I knocked on the coach's door.

"Come in," he barked.

I opened the door and Coach Mason waved me in. I was surprised to see another young man seated in one of the two matching chairs in front of his desk. I didn't recognize him.

"Have a seat, Devin." He waved to the empty seat in front of his desk. "This is Jack, he's transferring here from Kansas."

"Hi," I said, offering him my hand.

He shook it and my first impression was that he was obviously very strong. His grip was tight. I smiled.

"Easy there, Jack, I need my hand," I told him as I sat down next to him.

He blushed and dropped his hand. "Sorry," he mumbled.

"Hey, I was just jacking with you. You *are* really strong, though."

He looked at me with very dark, expressive eyes. The brown iris was so dark it almost looked like he didn't have pupils. His hair was dark and he wore a trim goatee, but otherwise seemed pretty hairless and his skin was a golden bronze. He was definitely hot. Not my type, but still hot.

"Look, Devin, I am adding him to the B-string and I want you to work with him. You're the best I've got, and he hasn't played basketball for over a year."

I raised my eyebrows at him. "Really?"

Jack spoke up. "I was in a car accident and had to go to rehab. Had a lot of leg problems. Missed a year of school. When I went back, the coach there thought I wasn't ready to play, but I know I am. I'm willing to put in the hours, the hard work, anything."

"Okay, sounds good." I handed him my cell. "Add your digits in there and we can set up some times."

He grinned and entered his information before handing the cell back. I texted him and he saved my info, too.

"I was thinking you guys work out together every day and then put in some time on the court, too, outside of our regular practices. First game is coming up in a couple of weeks and I want everyone ready."

I looked at Jack and shrugged my shoulders. "Sounds good to me."

He nodded his agreement and then looked at the coach, expectantly.

"Oh, yeah, right..." Coach Mason began and flicked his gaze to me, "Jack wants to make sure and be upfront about something before this goes any further. He had some problems at his last college. Of course, I told him I don't put up with bullying here."

"That's true," I confirmed for Jack. Coach will take anyone down that dares to threaten or intimidate someone."

"That's great to hear. Look, it's not a huge deal. It's just....I'm gay. I like to be open about it," he told me.

My jaw must have been on the floor, I was so shocked. I started laughing and he looked pissed. Fuck, why did I always laugh at the wrong times?

Coach was just about to say something, but I held my hand up, stopping him. I pulled myself together and looked at them, my eyes darting between them. "I'm sorry. I swear I'm not laughing at you. It's just...I came out yesterday and before word got around the school that I have a boyfriend, I wanted to let the coach know today!"

Jack grinned. "Yesterday? That *is* funny. Timing, huh?"

We both looked at the coach and he seemed a little shocked, which only made us bust out laughing more. Poor man. He was in his fifties and I got the feeling he was pretty straight-laced, but he was taking this all very well.

"Okay, guys, that's enough," he grouched. "I don't care if you are gay or straight. You can date puppets, for all I care, I just want you to play basketball and win!"

Jack and I smiled at each other and I felt a new friendship beginning. It would be nice to know another gay man that played basketball at the same college. We thanked the coach and headed out, trying to keep the giggles at a minimum, but couldn't hold it any longer when we closed the door behind us.

"Boys!" Coach bellowed through the door and we took off through the locker room until we were far enough away that he couldn't hear us.

Jeremy came around the corner just as we collapsed onto a bench and started laughing again.

"Hey, what's so funny?"

For some reason, that only made us laugh harder and we erupted into giggles until Jeremy was laughing right along with us.

Finally, we got ourselves under control and I introduced Jeremy to Jack and explained to him that Jack was new to the team and I would be helping him get into shape.

Jeremy stopped and slowly swept his gaze over Jack and I was surprised to see desire in his eyes. His voice was thick when he spoke and I saw Jack blush at his words.

"I think he's already in perfect shape," Jeremy said, never taking his eyes off the new guy.

Fuck, he looked like he wanted to eat him for dinner.

"Also, Jack likes to be open..." I started to tell him Jack was gay, but then looked at Jack hesitantly. I mean, he wanted the team to know, right?

"I'm gay," Jack blurted out.

I glanced at Jeremy and saw a smile spread across his face.

"That's good. That's really, really good news."

I looked at them both. "You mean, you are?"

Jeremy shot me a look. "Uh, yeah, have been for years. I haven't come out at school, but after you did last night, I decided it was time to deal with it. I came to tell Coach this morning."

Jack and I looked at each other and busted out laughing again. Coach was probably going to think there was something in the water after this morning!

After we calmed down, we all headed to the workout room, so we could talk about the various exercises we would implement to help him get back on track. Unfortunately, Jeremy seemed to be a distraction for Jack and I had a hard time keeping his attention. Jeremy offered to join us on our daily workouts and

Jack agreed before I could say anything. I guess we could see how it goes, but I had a feeling it would only make the workouts more difficult.

Jeremy left to go talk with the coach, leaving Jack and I to head over to the basketball court. I wanted to see what he had, so we ended up playing a little one-on-one. Fifteen minutes turned into two hours. He was good; *really* good. I was getting a great workout just playing hoops with him. He seemed like a pretty shy individual, but get him on the court and he was a basketball fiend! I liked him immediately.

As we were leaving, Jeremy found us and asked if we wanted to hang out tonight. I told him that Gage and I were going out and Jack looked at me, almost pleadingly, and I finally acquiesced. I could tell Jack was really into Jeremy, but too shy to be alone with him.

"Okay, both of you meet me at my dorm room at 6, ok? We can go from there. Jack, I'll text you my room number. I'm in Shane Hall."

After we all went our separate ways, I texted Gage. I hoped he wouldn't be upset about our romantic date turning into a double date.

Gage's POV

I was just exiting the campus store when I got Devin's text.

Please don't be mad. Two more guys coming with us tonight. Call me when you can and I will explain. Too much to text.

I frowned, hoping that he hadn't decided that taking me out on a date in public would be too difficult for him. I called him immediately.

"Hi," he said and I could almost hear him smiling into the phone. My heart sort of flipped in my chest and I smiled.

"Hi," I said. "What's going on?"

Devin explained to me what happened with the coach and the new guy and Jeremy. I was laughing right along with him by the time he was done. I had a feeling he was right, that the coach would definitely think there was something in the water on campus!

"So, let me get this straight. You think Jeremy has the hots for this Jack, right?"

"Yeah."

"And you think he likes Jeremy, too, but he's shy?"

"Yeah. Plus, if you had seen the look on Jeremy's face, you would understand. I am telling you he looked like he wanted to devour Jack. I have a feeling he's a little aggressive and Jack is really shy. I think we need to be the buffer."

I agreed with him. Besides, it would still be fun. I would be with Devin and that's what really mattered. We talked and decided it would be fun to hit the local Applebee's for dinner if the guys were okay with that. I had to run a few more errands and had a study group to meet at 3, so I told him I would meet him later at the dorm room.

The more I thought about it, the more I was actually glad the other guys were coming. Less pressure on our first date. Just a good time with friends. Although, I still wanted to look good, so one of my errands was to run to do a little shopping. I still had some birthday money and I wanted to get a new pair of jeans. Something a little tight...

An hour later, I left a trendy little store with not only a new pair of designer jeans, but a really neat t-shirt that I loved. It was dark gray and fit snugly.

My study group was excruciating. Nobody was getting along and we basically got nothing accomplished. At 4, I finally gave up and said I had to get going.

"Hot date?" Nicole asked me, teasingly.

"Actually, yes." I answered, without really thinking. "Very hot."

"Ooh, tell me all the details!" Her eyes grew wide with anticipation; she was always up for juicy gossip. "What's her name? Does she attend college here?"

I looked at her and realized the rest of the group was waiting for my answer, too. *May as well dive in*, I thought. I took a deep breath and let it out.

"His name is Devin Walls and yes, he attends here."

A hush fell over the group as they digested this new bit of information.

"You're gay?" Nicole asked.

"Yes."

More silence.

Then Greg spoke up. "Hey, are you talking about Devin Walls from the basketball team?"

"Yes. That's him."

"He's gay?"

Okay, this was getting a little ridiculous. "Yes. That's why we're dating," I said, trying not to sound condescending.

"He's so cute! Wow, you are a lucky guy!" Nicole finally offered.

"But, Gabe's cuter, Nicole. *Devin's* the lucky guy," Samantha interjected.

I watched as they debated my "cuteness" and was a little in shock. Greg was looking at me strangely. Great, he probably doesn't want me in the group. Irritated, I finally looked at him. "What?"

"Nothing. I just didn't know you were gay."

"And?" I asked, exasperated.

"And, I would have set you up with my brother. He's gay and you are just his type. He's a great guy. Let me know if you and Devin don't work out."

I stood there slack-jawed. He wanted to set me up with his brother? That sort of opened the floodgates. Suddenly, everyone who knew a gay man or had a gay relative wanted to introduce me. It was all a little surreal; maybe there really *was* something in the water on campus.

By the time I got back to the room, it was almost 5pm and I still needed to jump in the shower and get ready. I dropped my bag of new clothes on my bed and headed into the bathroom. It was full of steam, so I assumed either my neighbors or Devin had just showered. I hoped there was still enough hot water for me.

As I turned on the water and let it warm up a little, I peeled off my clothes and dropped them on the floor. I checked the water again and was relieved to see that it was hot. As I stepped into the shower, I found myself imagining what it would be like to have Devin in there with me. I found myself grinning as I soaped up. I couldn't believe we were actually going out. I was drawn to him like I had never been before. Yes, I noticed cute guys and had crushes, but this was different. I wanted him in this whole primal, *caveman take me and make me yours* kind of way and even though we had decided to take the physical part slow, or at least slower than jumping into sex the first day, I wasn't sure how long I could resist him. Maybe the reason I felt such an intense need to feel him inside me is because I was in love? Emotions surely heightened sensations, right? I finally decided I didn't need to analyze it; I just needed to go with it.

As I spent a little more time on my hair than I usually did, I kept replaying last night in the elevator when he told me he was crazy about me. That moment would probably be my best memory ever. I finally gave up with my hair and let it curl on the ends like normal, but at least I got a little product in it to get it to lay better. I slipped on a clean pair of jersey knit boxer briefs. I always loved the way they felt on my skin. After I brushed my teeth and put on a little bit of cologne. I don't wear it too often, but tonight was special. I wanted to remember our first date forever.

I hurried into the room and was glad to see that Devin wasn't there yet. Grabbing my bag of new clothes, I moved back into the bathroom and started getting dressed. I slid the new jeans on and checked myself out in the full length mirror on the door. They were a dark indigo blue with a faded wash on the legs and butt, and the waist sat low on my hips. The jeans were tighter than I normally wear, but not uncomfortable. They seemed to have a little stretch in them. I twirled around and checked out my ass and I was happy with the way the denim fit. I knew I wasn't some hot model or anything, but I didn't look too bad. I slid the new v-neck t-shirt over my head and realized it was a little tighter than I remembered at the store. I stretched it a little and took a look. It was taut across my shoulders and chest and looser around the abs and waist. I liked it and hoped Devin would.

I was on the bed, slipping on my sneakers when he came through the door and I swear, my breath caught in my throat. He was beautiful!

"Hi," he said, his eyes twinkling.

"Hi," I whispered back, a little stunned at how sexy he looked. He was wearing his black jeans that fit him like a fucking glove. God, how many times had I wanted to rip those off? And his teal blue v-neck sweater was tight in all the right places. I wondered if he knew that was my favorite sweater on him. I glanced up at his eyes and he smiled. Damn! He had caught me staring at him. I couldn't help it, I smiled back.

"You look amazing," I told him.

"Thanks," he blushed when he spoke. "I got ready over at Jeremy's so I could officially pick you up for our date."

Oh. My. God. That was the sweetest thing ever. I was so gone. Done. Completely his. Show's over. Everyone go home.

I rose from my bed and started walking over to him and his words stopped me cold.

"Is that what you're wearing?"

I looked down at my clothes. Was there something wrong with them? Damn, I *knew* I shouldn't have tried to be sexy. "Umm, yeah, but... what? You don't like it?" I paused for a second and then started to feel a little mad. Who was he to say what I should wear? I raised my gaze to meet his. "Actually, Devin, I like what I'm wearing and I don't plan on changing just because you don't like it."

He held his palms out in a 'whoa' gesture and I stared at him, still upset.

"Gage! I wasn't saying it looked bad." Hopeful, I looked up into his eyes. "Baby, you look so hot! I was just saying that if you are going out looking like that you better stay close to me, because I do *not* want a bunch of guys hitting on you." He smiled at me, but his eyes were dark and full of lust. I believed him.

I smiled back and moved to be closer to him. He leaned down and whispered, "I don't like to share."

"I'm sorry, Devin. I misunderstood what you were saying." I wrapped my arms around his waist and looked up at him. "So," I whispered teasingly, "you like my new jeans?"

He pulled me tight to him and leaned down, brushing his lips lightly against mine. "Gage, you are so fucking hot and you don't even know it!" His lips found my jawline and he began nibbling.

I tilted my neck to give him better access and moaned. "Devin...oh...mmm. Devin..."

"You taste so good, baby."

I felt a little thrill go through me when he called me baby. There was something so sweet and sexy about it. I felt his teeth on my neck and then he sucked harder and I knew he was marking me. I groaned and let my hands slide up his back, feeling his muscles flex under his shirt. His hands moved down and cupped my ass and pulled me closer and I felt his hardness against my stomach. Knowing he was turned on only made me bolder and I slipped my hands down to cup his ass, kneading a globe in each hand. God, he had a great ass. The hard muscles flexed under my hands and I wanted to reach under his jeans and feel his hot skin.

A loud rap on the door broke through our lust and we pulled away from each other. I remembered I had something for him and walked back over to my desk while he opened the door. It was his friend Jeremy and I was a little surprised to see he was even taller than Devin.

Devin introduced us and Jeremy took a seat on my bed as we waited for Jack. I moved back in front of Devin and told him to close his eyes and put out his hand. When he did, I placed a surprise in his hand.

"Okay, open them."

He looked down and smiled. It was a huge Snickers bar. I saw it in a store today and had to get it for him.

"Thanks, that's so sweet!" He leaned down to kiss my cheek. "My favorite sweet thing to eat from my favorite sweet guy."

"Oh, my god! Is it going to be like this all night?"

We both turned to glare at Jeremy, but he was grinning. "I'm just giving you a hard time, geez guys."

There was another rap on the door and I opened it to a very tall, sexy man with dark hair and eyes.

"Hi, I'm Jack."

Devin moved around me and ushered him in. I looked over at Jeremy and almost laughed out loud. He was frozen on the bed. I nudged Devin to get his attention and he smiled at me. Tonight was going to be interesting, no doubt.

"Well, guys, ready for dinner?" I asked.

Jeremy seemed to get over his panicky state and jumped up. "Yeah, I am starving. I mean, really, really hungry." His eyes were on Jack. "What about you, Jack? Are you..." he paused to lick his lips, "hungry?"

Jack gulped and nodded, his cheeks crimson.

I rolled my eyes at Jeremy's lame pick-up line as Devin grabbed my hand and we all headed out for the night. He squeezed my hand in the elevator and I was filled with excitement for our first night out.

Devin's POV

When I first saw Gage in his tight little jeans and sexy shirt, my gut flip-flopped. His hard little body was on display and I immediately thought about all the guys that would want to flirt with him. I've never thought of myself of a jealous man before, but the thought of another guy looking at Gage with desire drove me insane. On one hand, I wanted to show my boyfriend off to everyone and on the other, I found myself wishing he was wearing baggy sweats. I was glad he grabbed a hoodie before we headed out.

We decided to take my car and after the other guys climbed into the backseat, I held the passenger door open for him. He beamed up at me and my heart raced. He had such a sexy little smile. "Thanks," he told me quietly as he took his seat.

I walked around and slid into the driver's seat and saw him wiggle in his seat, getting comfortable. I couldn't help it, I had to touch him. Once I started the car, I slid my right hand on his thigh and squeezed and he shifted in his seat so he was a little closer to me. I smiled. Tonight was going to be great.

Jeremy had quickly recovered from his momentary nervousness earlier and it sounded like he and Jack were getting along, although when I checked in my rearview mirror, it looked like he had moved into the middle seat and was leaning into Jack's ear. I shook my head. Poor Jack. It was obvious what Jeremy's goal was and I didn't think Jack had any idea. He seemed a little naïve. I might need to pull Jeremy aside and tell him to play nice. I liked Jack and, even though I liked Jeremy, I didn't want him to hurt Jack and cause a rift on the basketball court.

I felt Gage place his hand on mine and looked over at him. He licked his lips and my cock swelled in my jeans. I glanced down and noticed his bulge and raised my eyebrows at him.

He blushed and squeezed my hand. God, it was probably good that there were others here. If not, I might have driven the car back to the dorm right then and there.

I cleared my throat and focused on the drive to the restaurant. "So, Jack, what's your major?"

"Um, I am still undeclared. I'm thinking about teaching, though."

"Oh, that's so hot," Jeremy said. "You know, you're all sexy and hot, the perfect teacher for a teenage boy to daydream about."

Jack giggled a little and I knew Jeremy was scoring some points. Great. There was so much lust flying around in this car it would be a miracle if we all even made it to the restaurant without pulling over and ripping our clothes off.

As I drove, I felt Gage move my hand up a little on his thigh, slowly sliding it until it was right at the edge of the bulge in his jeans. I glanced over at him and he was staring at me, his eyes dark, while he was biting his bottom lip. Fuck...I needed to make him mine. Fuck waiting. Fuck going slow. Fuck everything. I wanted to drag him back to the dorm, tear his clothes off with my teeth and spread his legs wide. Damn, my cock was throbbing. How the hell was I supposed to walk into Applebee's with a hard-on like this?

I spent the next few minutes focusing on anything and everything but how sexy Gage was. I thought of homework, but that only made me think about doing homework with him. I tried imagining myself in the snow, but somehow my mind wandered and soon I was picturing us warming up with hot chocolate, sitting by a fire...naked. Crap! I finally resorted to the one thing I knew would kill the hard-on. My mom. Yep, that did it. Can't think about sex and my mother at the same time. By the time we pulled into the parking lot, my cock had deflated a little and I felt like maybe I wasn't so conspicuous. Once we got out, I grabbed Gage's hand and pulled him close to me. I glanced back and Jeremy had slung his arm around Jack's shoulders and was whispering into his ear. Whatever he said made Jack blush.

Within a few minutes we were guided to a booth in the back corner. Gage sat down and slid over towards the wall and I slid in next to him, but not too close. I didn't want to maul him all night. Well, yeah, I did, but I wanted to not be obvious about it. Jeremy gestured to Jack to slide in first and then when he was settled, he sat down next to him, so that he was seated across from me.

I glanced around the restaurant and was surprised it wasn't busier as it was the weekend. A perky blonde pony-tailed waitress bounced up to our table and handed us our menus. She took our drink orders while we looked over the menus.

"What are you getting?" Gage asked me quietly.

"Bourbon Steak, you?"

"I was thinking of a quesadilla, but I don't think I would be able to eat it all."

I grinned. "I could definitely help you out with that."

He smiled at me. "Okay. Plus, whatever's left, we can take back to the dorm and store in my mini-fridge."

The other two made their decision and we gave the waitress our orders as soon as she came back. She was flirting pretty openly with Jeremy and he looked at me and smirked as he slid his arm around Jack's shoulders and pulled him close.

She stuttered for a second and then her eyes flitted back and forth between Jack and Jeremy, before muttering 'oh' to herself and leaving to put our orders in.

Jack was blushing like crazy and Jeremy was leaning into him, twirling his finger around a lock of Jack's hair. I cleared my throat and kicked Jeremy under the table. He was really laying it on thick.

"Dude!" he said, glaring at me.

"I need to talk to you, Jeremy. NOW!" I looked at Gage and frowned. "Be right back, ok?" I whispered.

He nodded and I felt his eyes on me as I practically pushed Jeremy towards the bathroom.

"What the fuck is your problem?" he asked me, clearly pissed off.

"You! What the hell is going on? You are all over him and you just met him!"

Jeremy smiled. "Yeah, he's just so sexy and sweet. I can't help it. I want to rip his clothes off right here."

I sighed. "That's what I'm afraid of. You need to slow it down and act right. This is my first real date with Gage and I don't want it ruined because you can't play nice with Jack."

His grin widened. "But, I *do* want to play nice. With Jack. Really nice. I want to be nice to his whole body."

I chuckled. "You're a perv, you know it?"

He laughed. "Hey, I go after what I like. And fuck, I like him."

"How the hell did you stay in the closet for the last two years here? You can't keep your hands off him!"

"I was on the down low, Devin," he winked at me and grinned. "Let me just tell you, there are a lot of good-looking gay men at our college. I know a *lot* of them."

I just stared at him. "You are such a man-whore!"

"Yes. But, I think Jack could make an honest man out of me!" He grinned. "Now, can I get back to the sexy guy waiting for me in the booth? I do believe you have one of your own out there, too." His eyes twinkled as I just shook my head.

He was right, though. Gage was sexy and I wanted to get back to him, so I shoved at Jeremy and smiled. "Get moving, *perv*," I told him.

When we got back at the table, it was clear Jack and Gage had been chatting about something they didn't want us to hear, as they clammed up the second they saw us. Gage was blushing and he was so damn cute I couldn't help myself; I leaned over and kissed his cheek.

"Hey, baby," I whispered, "miss me?"

His eyes flashed and he looked right at me as he whispered back, "Every second."

Damn. I was in trouble. He was so sweet and hot and sexy and....*Okay, wait, get it together, Devin. You can't jump him at the table*, I warned myself.

"Aww, isn't that adorable? They missed each other." Jeremy looked at Jack and licked his lips, while I glared over at him. "Did you miss *me*?"

Jack colored several shades of red, but to my surprise he nodded and actually spoke.

"Yes," he said and smiled shyly at Jeremy.

I think Gage and I almost fell over from shock. Shy Jack was eating this attention up. Luckily our food arrived and we got busy with that.

"So, Jack, are you settled in your dorm? When did you get here?" I asked.

"Well, to be honest, I've been doing my classes online while I was still getting OT back home. The college let me work that out, so I'm not so behind. I moved into the dorm a couple of days ago. So far, I don't have a roommate, which is really nice. I know I'm joining the team late, but now that the season is starting, I am pumped to get back into basketball."

"Yeah, I am so ready to get back into the season." I turned to look at Gage. "Hey, you're coming to my games, right, Gage?"

He beamed at me. "Of course!"

I leaned over to him, nudging him with my shoulder. He was just so cute I had to touch him in some way. God, I was glad he was here with me.

Gage's POV

I couldn't believe I was out on a date with Devin! And he was just being so sweet and romantic. He actually asked me if I missed him while he was away from the table. Which I did. A lot.

Although while he and Jeremy were chatting away from the table, I had taken the opportunity to talk with Jack a little.

"So, are you having fun?" I asked him, trying to pull him out of his shyness.

"Um, yeah. Yeah, I am." He stared at me for a moment before he went on. "Hey, do you know Jeremy very well?"

I bit back a smile. "Actually, I just met him today. See Gage and I are roommates, but we just admitted our feelings about each other last night. So, I really don't know a lot of his friends."

He looked down at his drink and played with his straw. "Oh. I was wondering if he had a boyfriend."

I laughed. "Umm, I am pretty sure he's holding that spot open for you."

He shot me a surprised look and then smiled. "Yeah?"

"Sheez, he's all over you!"

"I know. I'm not used to someone so aggressive. It's kind of..."

"Weird? Scary?" I offered.

He looked at me and bit his lower lip. "No...it's kind of...hot," he admitted. "It's like he knows I would do anything for him and we just met. I have never felt this way."

Realization hit me. He was a total sub! And with Jeremy's aggressiveness, he was clearly dominant. No wonder they were so drawn to each other. I don't know why it took me by surprise.

He was looking at me to see if I understood what he was saying. "I get it," I told him. "Hey, if that's how you roll, that's how you roll!"

"Think he'll roll me over and-"

It was then that the guys showed up and we stopped talking quickly.

The rest of the dinner was great. I noticed Devin kept inching a tiny bit closer every few minutes, but I loved it. Conversation flowed really well and even Jack jumped in a lot. I think I will probably like him a lot. He's a nice guy. And he knows his Star Trek and Star Wars. He and I even made plans to go see the new Star Wars movie coming out this month.

Devin followed through with his earlier statement and ate most of my quesadilla. We decided there wasn't even enough to take back to the dorm. The waitress tried to talk us into getting dessert, but I was stuffed.

"It all looks good, but I don't really know what I want," said Jack as he scanned the dessert menu.

Jeremy grinned and pressed his body against him. "I know what you want," he whispered into Jack's ear, loud enough for Devin and me to hear across the table.

Jack looked at him questioningly. A slow, sexy smile spread across Jeremy's face and Jack bit his lip. They were so into each other, I wasn't sure if they remembered Devin and I were still sitting across the table.

Jack swallowed nervously. "What do you think I want?" he whispered, his dark eyes darting across Jeremy's face.

Jeremy leaned in until his face was only about two inches from Jack's. "Me. Inside you. Deep. Inside. You." His voice was husky, sex practically dripping from his lips.

Jack inhaled sharply and his eyes widened in surprise. He clearly had not been expecting Jeremy to say that.

I felt Devin press against me and felt his hand slide along my thigh. It was like we were watching the beginning of some weird porno at Applebee's.

I cleared my throat. "Um, yeah, let's pay the bill and get out of here."

Everyone kind of pulled themselves together after that and Devin and Jeremy insisted on paying for ours, so Jack and I visited the men's room before we left. As soon as we got in there we looked at each other and started freaking out.

"Oh my GOD! I can't believe he said that to you!"

"I know! I know! He is like pure sex! How do I say no to him?"

"Do you want to say no?" I asked him.

He shook his head at me, smiling a little sheepishly.

We laughed and did our business before heading back out. We passed Devin and Jeremy in the hall and Devin handed me the keys and told us they would meet us out there.

I couldn't wait to see what was going to happen next.

Devin's POV

As Jeremy and I walked back to the car, he brought up the nearby lake.

"It's a great night to visit the lake, Devin," he said, clearly trying to act nonchalant.

Hmm, I thought about that for a moment. It *was* a romantic place. Gage and I could take a walk while we held hands. I was all over that idea. "Yeah, I think Gage would like that."

"Great! You guys go for a romantic stroll in the moonlight and Jack and I will listen to music in your car."

"What? Wait a minute... I know what you really mean! No way in hell are you going to fuck Jack in the backseat of my car!"

Mock incredulity played across his face. "Moi? Do something like that to innocent Jack? In your car? I would never!"

"Seriously, Jeremy. Not in my car!"

He grinned and climbed into the car without answering me. I wanted to kill him, but figured that might put a damper on my date with Gage. I slid in and heard Jeremy announcing we were heading to the lake.

"Does that sound okay?" I asked Gage.

"I love going out there. And it's not too cold... we could walk down around the docks if you want."

I thought that sounded perfect and we pulled out of the parking lot and headed that way. I could see Jeremy cozying up to Jack in the back seat and cleared my throat.

Gage grabbed my leg and squeezed lightly. "It's okay," he whispered, nodding his head back. "Trust me."

At that point, he could have told me Jeremy was making alien babies in my car and I wouldn't have cared. All I could focus on was his hand touching my thigh and those cute fingers rubbing in little circular motions that were sending shivers through my entire body. My dick was plumping up and I placed my hand on top of his and drove just a little faster.

It was only a few minutes later that we pulled into the first entrance to the lake and parked at the end of the parking lot closest to the lake. We had barely spoken the entire drive, but it wasn't an uncomfortable silence. We listened to music and tried to tune out the sloppy wet kissing sounds coming from the back.

I turned off the car and heard moaning. Gage glanced back and whipped his head back around quickly, his cheeks crimson.

I glanced at them through the rearview mirror and it was clear to see that they had their hands down each other's pants and Jack's shirt was up to his armpits. Great. They really *were* going to fuck in my car.

I cleared my throat. "We're here," I said rather loudly.

Jack jumped in his seat and Jeremy glanced my way, clearly not concerned with the situation. "Great. Can you leave the car running so we can listen to the radio? And, umm, could you text me before you come back?"

Subtle, I thought, as I rolled my eyes and gave in. There wasn't anything I could really do about it at this point, so Gage and I climbed out and left them to do what they were obviously going to do.

When he came around the front of the car and stepped onto the pathway, I grabbed his hand and squeezed. In the last 24 hours I had gone from thinking I would never get to touch him to needing to touch him as often as possible. I couldn't get enough of him. Yes, he made me hot. Yes, he made me want to do all kinds of dirty things to him. God, yes, I wanted to be inside of him. But, I also just craved his touch. I felt complete when our bodies touched. Not just sexually. It was suddenly as if I was missing a piece of myself if I didn't feel his hand in mine, his skin on my skin, or even our knees or thighs touching. I *needed* him and that freaked me out a little, but not enough to think about it right now.

"I really do love coming here," Gage said quietly as we walked along the stone pathway towards the docks. His eyes were staring at the water. "I love how the lake shimmers with the moonlight. I swear you can almost see the stars in the water, too."

He was right. It was an amazingly clear night and the only light source to be seen was the moonlight and stars that glittered on the water and cast a subtle sheen of light onto our skin. The way the light reflected off Gage gave him an almost ethereal look. He was beautiful and I couldn't wait any longer. I pulled him closer and leaned down for a kiss.

His lips were sweet and soft, his kisses gentle. I opened my mouth a little and slipped my tongue out, urging him to let me in. His lips parted and he moaned into my mouth. I swept in and let my tongue taste him while I slid my hands down his back, pulling him tightly against me. Our tongues danced as his hands moved around my waist. When he slipped his hands down and cupped my ass I groaned and thrust against him.

We stood in the moonlight and let the heat buildup between us as we continued pressing against each other, touching and caressing, kissing and tasting. I was losing myself in our passion when suddenly an owl hooted and caught us both off guard. Gage jumped back and I nearly screamed like a girl.

We looked up and saw something in the air, but wasn't sure if it was the owl or not. Both of us looked at each other and burst out laughing.

"Yeah, I guess that was a mood killer," I said, feeling a little foolish at how jumpy I had been.

"Definitely. I know it was just an owl, but it scared the crap out of me!" Gage giggled.

I smiled. "Me, too."

Gage reached for my hand, linking our fingers together. "Let's head down to the lake," he said as he pulled me along with him.

I wondered if he had any idea that I would go anywhere he asked me. *Lake? Sure. Dorm? Sure. Mars? Sure.* As long as I was with him. Wow... I had never felt like this in my life. Did he feel the same about me? I know we said we loved each other, but I don't think I had any idea how deep my feelings ran for him.

"Hey, look," Gage said, excitedly, breaking through my intense thoughts. He was pointing at a tall pine tree near the lake.

"What? The tree?"

"No, look close. You can see the eyes."

I squinted a little, but I still didn't see anything. "Where?"

He moved behind me and placed his hands on my waist, turning me towards the tree and then pointed from behind me, so that my gaze followed his arm. That's when I saw it. The owl was staring back at us!

"Cool!"

"I know," Gage whispered as he came back around to my side, grabbing my hand again, "it's like he's trying to communicate with us."

"You think so?" I asked, looking back at Gage. He was nodding his head, excitedly.

"I do. I admit I don't know much about owls, or really any birds, but he- or she- sure looks like he is watching us and he isn't running off."

He was right, that owl was definitely staring at us. I liked that he cared about animals. "Do you have any pets at home?" I asked him.

"Yeah, a dog named Scooter."

"What kind of dog is he?"

"Border Collie. He's great, but he's getting older and when I talked to my mom the other day she mentioned he was having some issues with his back legs."

I watched Gage as he spoke about his dog. It was clear that he really cared about him. I was glad to see that. I am definitely an animal lover.

"I'm sorry, Gage. It's so hard when they get older."

"Yeah. He's been with me for so long. When I was going through some stuff in high school...well, it was hard for a while there. But whenever I got home, there was Scooter, always glad to see me. Not caring if I was gay, or if I had any friends, or even if I was a math geek." Gage paused and looked back at the owl. "Animals have a way of knowing when you need them, Devin."

I felt a lump in my throat. Hearing he had a difficult time in high school was hard and I wanted to ask him more about it, but I sensed now wasn't the time.

"Come on, let's go check out the water," he whispered, tugging my hand.

I let him pull me again and glanced at the owl. He was still watching us. I smiled; it seemed we had our own little 'Guardian Owl'.

We reached the lake and walked along the edge, our hands linked. The moon's reflection on the water was huge and seemed to ripple out to the outer edges, casting light into the many dark and tiny grooves and edges that bordered the lake and shining onto the docks lined up to our right. We stepped onto the wooden walkway stretched over the water and made our way to the first dock. It was large and had a wooden rail surrounding it, with several small wooden benches placed around the edges.

During the summer, this place was filled with people coming out to feed the ducks, rent a paddle boat or a fishing boat, or those that just wanted to come out and have a picnic near the water. I wondered if Gage would like to come for a picnic next summer.

He was leaning against the railing, looking down into the water, staring at something.

"What do you see?"

"Something is sparkling down there."

I glanced down and he was right, there was definitely something down there. Without the moonlight, there was no way we would have seen it. The water was very shallow here... I wondered if I could grab it. I flashed a smile at him, "Let's find out what it is!"

"What? How?"

I laid down on my stomach and let my head fall over the dock. The closer I got to the water, the harder it was to see, though. The ripples in the water kept throwing me off the target.

"Devin!" Gage tried to get me pull back, but I was intrigued. I guess I fancied myself a treasure hunter at this point. I finally got a good look at it and decided I might be able to reach it. But first I slid back and wiggled out of my sweater. I didn't want to get it wet.

Gage gasped. "What are you doing? Are you crazy?"

"No, I think I can get it." I looked at him. His mouth was open and he was looking at me like I was crazy.

"Hey, I have always had a dream of finding lost treasure in a sunken boat! When I was little I wanted to be a pirate." I smiled at him and slid back to the edge, letting myself hang over the edge, my waist at the end of the dock. "Hey, sit on my waist, Gage," I hollered to him.

I heard him sigh and then he straddled me, his knees on either side of my hips, pressing into the dock. "I can't believe I'm in love with idiot," he muttered. "An idiot that's about to get wet!" he said a little louder.

I chuckled and slipped my arm into the water. I couldn't believe the moonlight was so bright. It was like we were being directed to this mysterious item. I grabbed, but came back with nothing. I was going to have to reach deeper and wiggled a little closer. Gage held on for dear life.

Suddenly, my face was at the water and my arm was in the water up to my shoulder. I felt something other than rocks and dirt and grasped it, quickly pulling my arm up and praying it didn't slip out of my hand. "I got it!" I yelled triumphantly and held it up as Gage climbed off me and helped me pull back up.

We both sat down and looked at what we had found. It was dirty, and clearly old.

"It's a locket," he said. "With a cameo on the front. It looks like it might be ivory or shell. I can't tell, but it's definitely old."

We flipped it over and there was something engraved on the back. "Can you read it?" he asked me.

I rubbed the mud off and was able to see the word *love*, but that was it. "Just love. We'll need to take it back and wash it. Should we try to open it?"

Gage looked at it for a minute. "Maybe not. If there is something in it, we don't want it to fall out."

I agreed and set it down on the dock to let it dry while I leaned down and rinsed my hand in the water. The wind was picking up a little and I grabbed my sweater and pulled it on over my head.

"Oh..." Gage whined.

"What?"

"You covered up your sexy, hairy chest," he purred as he moved closer to me.

"You like my chest?" I whispered, my voice husky.

"Oh, yeah," he cooed as he slipped his hands up under my shirt and ran his fingers through my chest hair. "I love your chest. It's driven me crazy for months."

"Really? Well, you know, you should have said something."

"Yeah?" Gage looked up at me with a twinkle in his eye. "So, you're saying that if you were in bed one night and I had just climbed into bed with you and ran my fingers through your chest hair, you would have let me?"

"Yes," I whispered as he pinched my nipple a little.

"Really? That's interesting, Devin. Hmm, what if I wanted to kiss you? Would you have let me do that?"

Oh my god, he was so sexy and his sultry little voice was putting me over the edge. I growled and grabbed him by his waist, yanking him closer. I looked into those sparkling green eyes and curled my lips into a small smile. "You could have climbed into bed with me every night, beginning the first night I was there and I would never have even considered kicking you out of my bed. In fact, I want you in my bed every night from now on. Naked preferably." I smiled at his wide eyes.

I leaned down and cupped his ass with my hands, pulling him up so that he wrapped his legs around my waist. He wiggled against me and I growled as I took his lips with mine, taking control right away. I wanted him more than I thought possible. His teasing had turned me on and all I could think about was kissing him and stripping him and sliding into him. Fuck! I pulled away a little and looked around for a place to sit, other than the dock floor. I saw one of the wooden benches to my right and hurried to sit

down on it, pulling him with me. I loved having him straddled across my lap. It was so fucking sexy. His little whimpers into my mouth were driving me wild.

I held him tight, with one hand holding the side of his waist and the other pressed against his chest. I pulled my lips from his mouth and leaned down placing my mouth onto his chest, kissing him through his sexy little shirt. He trembled and I nipped at his hard nipple, feeling his hands rake into my hair and rubbing, massaging my head. He was moaning as I skimmed my hand down his stomach until I reached the hem and then slowly, tantalizingly slipped it under the edge.

“Oh, Devin, yes,” Gage gasped, “touch me.”

The second my fingertips felt his hot skin I was hit with zaps of electricity that ran directly from my fingers, through my arms and down my gut. I felt my dick pulse and I knew I needed more of him. I tugged at his shirt, and was glad when he reached down and helped me. He pulled it over his head and tossed it on the bench.

“Are you cold?” I looked into his eyes, his hard chest within reach of my lips.

“No,” he answered softly, “my body feels like it’s on fire.”

“Me, too.” I answered honestly. I wondered how far to take this... Should I stop now before I lost control?

He quashed any concerns I had when he pressed himself hard against me, wrapped his arms around my neck and leaned in for a kiss.

“I need you, Devin,” he murmured as his hands pulled me to him and his tongue darted out and licked at my lower lip.

I couldn’t hold back. Something about his sweet, innocent manner brought out the animal in me. I swear at that very moment, I needed his lips like I needed air to breathe. I heard a low growl and realized it came from me just before I devoured his lips. Holding nothing back, I teased and tasted, twirling my tongue and licking his lips. My mouth moved down his chin and he tilted his head allowing me better access. His neck was so fucking sexy and I nibbled and kissed and lapped a trail down to his shoulder.

“Yes, Devin. God...” he whimpered as I used my mouth to tease a path over to his hard nipple. I twirled my tongue around it and he tried to thrust up into my mouth, grinding himself against my crotch at the same time. I bit his nipple lightly and he arched.

“Yesss,” he hissed out.

I loved hearing him like that and nipped again, a little harder. I was rewarded with another moan. My hands traced his back and I reveled in the muscles under his soft skin. With every movement, every groan and moan, I could feel the reverberations against my hands. I licked the nipple and then breathed in his scent, letting his sexy, musky odor flood my senses.

I thrust my hips up into his and he gasped. His hard shaft was pressing against me and I wanted him. I looked around and didn’t see anyone, but I wasn’t sure this was the right place to go down on him, no matter how much I ached for him. I wanted to taste his cock and drink his hot creamy cum and I was losing control fast.

I let one of my hands tug and pull at his other nipple, while I licked and teased him. The way he was rubbing and grinding on me I was going to lose it soon. I pulled back and he cried out.

"No! Devin, I need you! Please!"

His words drove me over the edge and I thrust over and over against him, pulling him down for a hot, wet, passionate kiss. We both moaned over and over into the kiss as our hands roamed everywhere. His hands were in my hair, under my shirt, on my back, even gripping my thighs. Our tongues dueled and our thrusts and grinds grew more insistent, more demanding. I felt my balls tighten and I knew I was going to cum. I moaned into his mouth.

"Gage. Oh, god, Gage. I'm going to cum, baby."

"Oh, yes. Yes! Cum for me, Devin. That's so hot."

I thrust hard at him and felt my dick swell and then shoot into my pants. It felt so fucking good.

"Gage! Gage! Oh, fuck, yeah!" I moaned.

He pulled back and looked between us, sliding his hand into my crotch. I trembled at his touch. My body was still coming down from the high. He gave me a shy little smile as he felt the wet spot on my jeans. I closed my eyes and reveled in my release. Gage leaned over to my ear and whispered, "You are so sexy, Devin. I want to make you cum every day. Every night." His hot breath snaked across my skin and his tongue reached out and licked my ear lobe.

"Fuck!" I cried out, feeling my cock already begin to harden. I pulled him away and looked into his eyes, dark with passion. "You are too sexy for your own good!" I growled at him. "Do you have any idea the dirty thoughts that race through my mind? Do you know what I want to do to you?"

He smiled sweetly, but his eyes were hazy with lust as he looked at me. "Then why don't you?"

"Why don't I what?"

"Do them." He licked his lips slowly. "Those dirty little thoughts in your mind." He pushed his hands on my chest and played with my hard nipples through my sweater, before pushing me back against the bench. "Who's stopping you? Because, Devin...." He leaned in and kissed my neck, his hot little mouth suckling the tender skin for a moment before pulling back and grabbing my crotch. "If you think I don't want to do all those things you think are dirty, then you are very mistaken."

My eyes grew wide as I watched him. Was he teasing?

He rubbed my cock through my jeans and I reached my hand down and felt his hardness through his own pants. God, he was rock hard. I wanted him so badly and he hadn't cum yet. I couldn't be selfish. I needed to make him feel as great as he made me feel.

"Don't you want me?" He whispered innocently.

I groaned loudly as my dick twitched in response to his sexy words.

"I seem to remember you telling me that you had a roommate that you wanted to 'bend over and take' and something about 'pounding your roommate until he cries out your name over and over'."

I chuckled. "Yes, I did type that, didn't I?"

"Yes, you did. And I can't tell you how many times I have fantasized about you doing that to me," Gage blushed as he admitted this. God, he was cute and sexy and I felt a hunger for him that I had never known.

"What else do you want me to do?" I growled, grabbing his shoulders a little roughly. "Tell me, Gage!"

He trembled under my touch and I reached down and cupped his cock through his pants. He was still rock hard and I reached up and quickly undid the button and unzipped the fly. He gasped as I slipped my hand under his boxers and grabbed hold of his throbbing dick.

"You like that, baby?" I asked him and bit him on his neck.

"Yeah," he moaned. "I love when your hand is on is on me. And your mouth. Anywhere."

I lapped the spot on his neck that I just bit and he sighed.

"What else?" I urged him on.

"I like what you're doing right now."

"Say it... tell me," I begged him to say the words.

"I love when your hand is wrapped around my cock. I love when you stroke it and touch it and it makes me want to cum so bad," he whispered shyly.

"Mmm," I said as stroked him faster and harder. "I want to feel you shoot in my hand."

His body shuddered and he bit his lower lip as he thrust into my hand.

"Tell me what you were thinking about when I saw you jerking off this morning, Gage. Were you thinking about me?"

He moaned and I slid my finger over his slit and found his cock was dripping a lot of precum, so I spread it on his shaft and used it to help glide my hand faster.

"Yes, God, yes I was thinking about you. I was thinking...oh, yeah, that...feels so...fuck, Devin...I can't think..."

"Tell me, Gage, please," I urged.

He moaned and his breathing was getting ragged as he was clearly getting close to cumming. "I...I like to imagine that...that you...oh, god, Devin, I can't tell you this!"

"Yes, you can. Tell me," I whispered, so full of need for him to tell me, I thought I was going to cum again without even having him touch me.

"Sometimes... sometimes I like to imagine you on your knees between my legs and... oh, god, that feels so good, Devin." He threw his head back as he pushed into my hand hard.

I wanted to know what his fantasies were, but I knew he was ready to cum, so I fisted his cock harder and faster. "Cum for me, baby. Cum all over my hand and let me lick it up. Shoot that hot load on me, Gage."

"Fuck!" he cried out. "Oh, god! Yes! Yes! Yes!"

Suddenly his cock swelled and spasmed as his cum rocketed out and dripped over my hand, over and over as he moaned loudly. Damn! How could anyone be that sexy?

He fell forward and pressed his forehead to mine. "God, I love you, Devin," he whispered.

"I love you, too," I pulled him close and felt him collapse into me. I pulled my hand from his cock and raised my fingers to my mouth, sucking his cream from each finger, slowly and thoroughly. He watched me and moaned. "You taste so good, Gage."

He turned his head into my chest and sighed.

"Hey, now you can finish telling me about your fantasy."

He cleared his throat, not looking at me. It was so cute how shy he was about sex, but he could thrust into my hand with abandon and cum hard. "You said I was between your legs. Are we both naked?"

"Umm, yes... and sometimes you are stroking your hard cock over me and I am stroking mine and then you...you shoot your cum all over my...my asshole and my cock and balls," he whispered.

"Do you want me to do that?" I asked quietly, the images he evoked making me hard as steel again.

He nodded his head.

Damn, that was hot. "Then let's go back to the room and do it!" I exclaimed.

He looked up at me and swooped in for a kiss. Our lips mashed together as passion took over. I stood up and slid him off my lap so he could zip up his pants and throw his shirt back on. Then I took his hand and we moved towards the walkway leading off the dock.

"Wait!" Gage cried out and dropped my hand. "The locket."

I watched him run back and pick it up before sliding it into one of his front pockets.

I grabbed his hand again and we headed back to our car.

Gage giggled at the pace I set, his shorter legs were having trouble keeping up. I slowed down and smiled at him. "So, have you enjoyed our first real date?"

"Oh, yeah. Definitely." He grinned at me.

I loved his smile. I knew if I could see that grin every day for the rest of my life, I would do anything to make that happen. We smiled and giggled and stared at each other as we walked back to the car. As we passed the tree where we had seen the owl, I looked up and was surprised to see a second set of eyes.

"Look!" I pointed to the owls.

"Oh, wow! There are two. Do you think they are mates? Like a girl and a boy?" Gage asked.

"Or maybe they are boyfriends," I said and he looked at me startled. I shrugged. "Hey, you never know!"

Gage giggled and I slung my arm around his shoulders and pulled him closer as we walked back to the parking lot. It wasn't until we got close that we heard the sounds from the back seat. Lots of grunting and moaning.

We looked at each other and I held my finger to my lips to tell him to keep silent. I remembered Jeremy had asked me to call him, so I pulled my phone out of my pocket and dialed. I could hear the ringtone from where I was standing and was a little pissed when he didn't answer. One of the back windows was down and I heard Jack as I took a few steps closer.

"Shouldn't you get that? What if it's Devin?"

I couldn't hear Jeremy's response, but I did hear him moan loudly.

"God, Jack, you are so fucking hot! Tell me again, who does this dick belong to?" Jeremy's voice was loud and demanding.

"You," Jack cried out.

"That's right. And who does this hole belong to?" His voice was gruff with passion.

"You!"

Gage and I looked at each and almost burst out laughing. There was some serious dom/sub play going on in my car!

"That's right. I don't want any other man touching you, Jack. I knew the second I laid eyes on you that you were mine. Right?"

"God, yes, Jeremy. Yes, I belong to you," Jack moaned. "And you belong to me, right?"

"Fuck, yes. I am done with other men. You are it, baby. Spend the night with me, ok?"

"Yes!"

I looked at Gage in shock. Jeremy wasn't just teasing Jack. It sounded like he really, really liked him. But, still, I wanted to get back to our room, so I called again. This time he picked up.

"Hey, we're almost back to the car," I told him.

"Fuck! Okay," he said and hung up. "Damn! They are almost here."

"Don't worry, Jeremy. The night isn't over, yet. Please, take me to your bed tonight and fuck me hard."

We heard some more groaning and moaning and shuffling around and we waited another minute before Gage and I finished walking to the car.

I opened Gage's door for him and he smiled up at me with that sweet little grin and I leaned down and kissed his little nose.

I slid into the car and the smell of sex hung in the air. I couldn't blame it all on Jeremy and Jack, though, I mean, I did have cum in my pants, too.

"Did you have a good walk?" Jack asked Gage.

"Yeah." He moved his eyes to my face and then down to my crotch, licking his lips. "Yeah, we really did."

My dick plumped up and I pressed the gas pedal a little faster. I wanted to get back to the dorm. *Our* evening wasn't over yet, either.

Gage's POV

As we drove back to campus, I felt my nerves begin to take over. This was all so new to me, and I wasn't sure if I was ready to go much further sexually. When I was in Devin's arms, I was so caught up in the sensations he filled me with, I never had a doubt about anything. I was so crazy about him. But for all my bravado, I was still scared of having sex.

My gaze drifted over to him and I felt my heart beat faster. He was so handsome; but it was more than just his looks. He treated me with respect, he cared about people, he worked hard at school and I never felt like he was lying to me. Well, other than the whole David and Mark thing, but that was on both of us. I still couldn't believe how silly we had been. I mean, really? Who uses fake names? But, other than that incident, I could tell that honesty was important to him. Should I be honest with him and tell him I was scared to go further?

I looked back out the window and watched the various stores and houses pass by as we neared the campus. I wondered if Devin would be upset if I told him I just wanted to talk the rest of the evening. There was so much I still wanted to learn about him, now that we were dating. The more I thought about it, the more I realized he would be fine with just talking. I believed we were on the same wave length as far as what we want out of this relationship; we both wanted to build a solid foundation. I wasn't looking for a fling and I was pretty sure he felt the same way.

It was scary that I felt so much for him so soon. It helped that we had been friends and roommates for several months before anything happened. In a lot of ways, we were ahead of the game when it came to new couples; we already knew quite a bit about each other.

"What are you thinking about?"

His voice broke through my racing thoughts and I shrugged my shoulders. "Stuff."

"Like?"

I glanced at him and saw the furrowed brow. He was worried. I reached over and lightly squeezed his leg. "Stuff that we can talk about when we are alone."

He nodded, understanding I didn't want to say what I was thinking in front of an audience. Just another reason I loved him. Devin understood me without words. I don't think I had ever had a friend that was so attune to my thoughts and emotions.

By the time we reached campus, I had let my mind run away with me and a light panic had set in. I needed to ask Devin some questions, but I wasn't sure how to do it without sounding naïve and immature. We parked and he hopped out, rounding the car quickly so he could grab my hand in his.

And with that, my worries faded. I knew I had questions, but I also knew he would take care of me. I smiled up at him and squeezed his hand. The light from the tall parking lot lamps shone a path towards our dorm and the four of us walked, each couple hand-in-hand, until we broke away to our own dorms.

Jack and I had swapped numbers, so I told him I would call him this week so we could set up a time to go see the movie. We bid them good-night and watched as Jeremy slid his hand around Jack's waist and practically mauled him as they walked away.

"Poor Jack," Devin said as he chuckled.

"Poor Jack? Are you kidding me?"

"Why? Don't you think Jeremy may be moving too fast?"

"Um, do you know what being submissive and dominant means?"

"Of course... I could tell they were playing around with some of that in the car." His eyebrows raised as understanding dawned on him. "Oh, you mean they aren't just like role-playing?"

I smirked. "Um, no, not role-playing. Jack is totally hot for Jeremy. He basically wants Jeremy to be in charge of him."

"Really?" Devin seemed surprised. "But, he's like a tall, muscular basketball player!"

I rolled my eyes. "It has nothing to do with their size, Devin. Jeremy likes to be in control and Jack likes to be submissive. And before you ask, no, I don't know how far into that either of them are. But, if it works for them, who am I to say anything?"

Devin smiled. "I guess I just never knew anyone in real life that was into that." We reached our dorm and he held the door open for me, gesturing for me to go first. He clearly wanted to say something else, but there were too many others wandering around, so he pulled me towards the elevator and we were lucky to have one open immediately.

He yanked me into it and pressed close.

"What is it?" I asked him, seeing he needed some prodding.

His brown eyes met mine and he bit his lower lip as he thought about what he wanted to ask.

"Hey, it's okay. Just spit it out."

"Okay...I guess since we are just starting to date, well, it just occurred to me... I mean, are you into... do you want to be..." his voice trailed off, unable to say the words.

"Do I want to be dominated?"

He blushed and nodded his head as the elevator door opened and we stepped out onto our floor. I walked in front as we made our way to our room. I was glad for a moment to think, because to be honest, I wasn't sure how to answer that question. I had been wondering how to ask him pretty much the same thing.

He had his key out before me and unlocked our door, ushering me inside. I flipped on the lights and we stood and looked at each other for a moment.

"How about we just talk for a little while?" I asked him.

He nodded and moved to the mini-fridge and grabbed a Dr. P. "Want one?"

"Yeah, sounds good."

We both settled on my bed and pressed our backs against the wall, our legs stretched out in front of us, his crossed at the ankle. Neither of us looked at each other, both feeling a little awkward. He was busy staring at his pop can and fiddling with the tab.

"Okay, I guess I will start. I have actually been thinking about some things tonight. First off, I need you to know that I am not looking to be in the kind of relationship that Jack and Jeremy are into."

His breath hissed out. "That's good to know!" He turned and gave me one of those 'melt me into the bed' kind of smiles and I momentarily lost my train of thought. He leaned in to kiss me and I put my hand out, pressing his hard chest. Damn, he was really built!

"What's wrong?" he asked, clearly confused. "Is there something else?"

I looked at him and pulled my hand back to keep my sanity. "Okay, look, I'm just going to spill it all out, okay?"

He nodded and leaned back, waiting.

I raked my hand through my hair and took a swig of my pop. "Here it is. I am scared. Scared of sex. I've never done it. I have dreamed of it. I have fantasized about it. And I know I want you. It's just...I'm nervous." I looked up at him to gauge his response and saw a small smile tugging at his lips.

"Gage," he began, but I cut him off.

"No! You don't understand, Devin." I slid off the bed, set my pop on the desk and began to pace the small section of floor between our beds. "I am so confused. Especially after tonight!"

"Why? What about tonight?"

"The whole Jack and Jeremy thing...I mean, is that what it's supposed to be like? I mean, because I want to be the...the... bottom," I finally got the damn word out, "does that make me submissive? Does it make the 'girl' in the relationship? I don't like thinking that way."

Devin slid to the edge of the bed and grabbed my arm as I passed by him again, stopping me and forcing me to look at him. I knew my cheeks were crimson and my body was a bundle of nerves. But when I looked into his face, I only saw love. Not judgement. Not laughter. Pure love. I almost melted into a puddle right there.

Devin reached out and cupped my cheek and whispered, "Gage, I wouldn't want it that way. I want to be equal partners in everything. *Everything*. Just because you want me to be inside of you when we first make love, doesn't mean you will always want that." His fingers caressed my cheek and I leaned into his

hand. "And just because I want to be the 'top' doesn't mean we won't switch things up. I never want you to feel less than equal to me. Do you understand?"

I nodded, feeling the weight of my worries lift. I was feeling a little silly at this point, but it was nice to hear he felt the same way.

"And, Gage, as for being scared of having sex? We can go as slow as you want."

My eyes searched his and saw he was telling the truth. "You don't care if we wait?"

"No. You told me once before that you weren't ready and just because our hormones take control of us and we want to go further, doesn't mean we need to."

"Yeah?"

He smiled and placed a sweet, barely there kind of kiss on my lips, before pulling away a little and whispering, "Yeah."

I moved into his arms. "I am just so... confused. I know I want to be with you and then when I let myself think about it...well, I get scared."

"What makes you afraid? The pain?"

"I guess that's part of it. I think the bigger part is worrying about not doing things right. What if it's awful?" There. I had laid it all out for him. My heart was frozen as I waited for him to answer me. Then I heard a chuckle. Hmm, laughter is not what I was going for.

"Seriously? You are laughing at me?" I pulled back and tried to escape his arms.

"You're not going anywhere, Gage! I was laughing at the thought that *anything* I do with you could be awful! Nothing we do together will ever be wrong. Look, I'm going to tell you something, okay?"

I nodded and waited.

"I've only been with two men." I looked at him, surprised. He seemed so experienced. "I dated girls in high school and even last year at college. It wasn't until you opened the door in your sexy little boxer briefs and messed up hair that I knew in my heart that I didn't want to ever be with anyone else. Never. You may not realize it Gage, but I gave you my heart that first day." He blushed and it was so cute I almost kissed him, but I could tell he had more to say. "In fact, I haven't been with anyone since I met you."

"But you've been on dates!"

"Yes, and they were all for appearances sake. I only wanted you. It's scary for me to admit this, but you basically hold my happiness in your hands, Gage. Talking about submission earlier...well, in a way, I have submitted myself to you."

I gasped and pressed my head against his chest as he tightened his hold on me.

"So you see, Gage? I'm scared, too," he whispered as he kissed the top of my head. "I have never been so open and vulnerable with anyone. But I couldn't hold back with you any longer. I need to be yours

and with you. And I will gladly accept any path you choose. If we have sex tonight or we wait until we're married, it doesn't matter. I will be with you."

I froze. *Did he just say what I what I thought he said?*

Undisturbed by his own words, he continued. "Let's just accept that we are soulmates and go from here. Because I do believe we're soulmates. Don't you?"

"Yes," I whispered, almost afraid to say that out loud. How did he know I felt it too; that we were drawn together? "And since we're confessing, I need to say one more thing."

"Okay, go ahead, baby."

Taking a deep breath, I gathered my courage. "I know I don't want the whole dom and sub thing, but does it make me weird that I like when you get a little aggressive? Like when you pulled my hair?" I whispered my question, not sure what he would think. "I mean, it felt... hot. Sexy."

I felt his hand cup my chin and turn my face up to look at him. "Baby, there is nothing wrong with that. I think we are going to find all sorts of fun things out about each other as our relationship grows. No matter what, we are equals."

I sighed. How did he know what to say?

He pulled me back with him onto the bed and we wiggled around until we were laying together on our sides, his head on the pillow and mine tucked under his chin. Words weren't necessary anymore. A thrill rippled through me and I felt something open in my heart. I knew I loved him, but knowing he truly felt like I did gave me new confidence. I felt something blooming and growing inside. This wasn't just about sex. And this wasn't just puppy love, as some people may believe due to our age. No, we fit together as one. We would travel our journey of discovery together, supporting each other as we found our way. As I heard his breathing change, I knew he had fallen asleep and I snuggled closer. I wanted nothing more than to stay in his arms for the rest of my life. I felt completely loved. I was going to work hard to make sure he felt the same way. No one can know the future, but knowing we would be tackling it together, as a *team*, gave me a peace I had never known before. I closed my eyes and let myself fall asleep to the sound of his heart beating. I couldn't wait to see where our love took us next.

Chapter 3

Gage's POV

The next week was a blur of activity for Devin and me. It was basketball season and between the practices, the workouts, the extra workouts with Jack and getting ready for the first game, we barely saw each other.

We had not had a chance to go out again since the evening at the lake. Devin dragged himself back to our room every night after classes, workouts, and practice and tried to keep himself awake long enough to finish his work. He was determined to not let his grades drop.

We settled into a routine pretty quickly. I would wait up for him and make sure he had something to eat, even if it was just pizza or leftovers, make him a cup of coffee so he could settle into studying and then I would slip into bed. Sometimes, when I could tell he was really stressed, I would rub his shoulders and

neck as he sat at his desk. He always grabbed my hand when I was done and pulled me onto his lap, holding me close. It was nice to just cuddle for a few minutes, even though we knew we couldn't let our hormones take over, no matter what we wanted.

Our studies were important to both of us and I was proud of how hard he was working to keep on top of things.

Once he was done with any assignments or his studies, he would slip into bed with me, pulling me close to him until we were spooning. Because neither of us wore t-shirts to bed, when he pulled me close I could feel his hard chest and all that luscious hair pressed against my back. I loved how it crinkled against me. Yeah, I was pretty hot for his chest hair. I couldn't help it. He was just so *male*; so *manly*! This was my favorite time of the day. Yes, most nights our cuddling would turn into some heavy make-out session and sometimes it went a little further than that, but Devin respected my decision to take things somewhat slow and he never pushed me farther than I was ready. But we were definitely enjoying getting to know each other's bodies.

I found out a few things about myself as well, as we delved into this new relationship. First of all, I realized that although I was worried about being the 'girl' in the relationship, I couldn't deny that I loved how safe and cared for he made me feel. When he wrapped his strong arms around me, I never wanted to leave. I know that sounds stereotypical and even politically incorrect, but the truth was he made me feel precious; as if I were special and he would never hurt me.

I also found out I *enjoyed* taking care of him. I liked making sure he had something to eat before he studied. I liked knowing I could relax him after a hard practice. And I absolutely loved giving Devin pleasure. I went down on him as often as I could. I was addicted to the taste of him; the texture. I craved his release as much as I wanted to climax myself. Hearing him moan my name when he would shoot his load into my mouth was something I didn't think I would ever get tired of. It was getting easier to take him farther down my throat, too, which I know he enjoyed.

He seemed to thrive on pleasuring me, too. When he took me in his mouth, I was swept away with the sensations and, because I trusted him completely, I was able to completely enjoy it without worrying about all those things I once wasted time worrying about, such as my smaller size. Devin made me feel as if I was all he could ever want and it filled me with a confidence I had never known.

Jack and Jeremy were with us a lot, as we had sort of formed our own little group. The basketball team knew they were dating and knew that I was Devin's boyfriend, too, and there hadn't really been any backlash. I mean, yeah, there were a couple of guys that refused to shower with them, and one guy, Travis, apparently liked to whisper the word 'faggot' under his breath, but it wasn't anything they couldn't handle.

The first game finally arrived and I was so psyched to sit in the stands and cheer for my man! Some of the player's girlfriends had invited me to sit with them and, even though I was a little nervous about that, I accepted.

I hadn't had a chance to see Devin since that morning, so I sent him a quick text telling him good luck and searched for my seat in the arena. Molly, one of the player's girlfriends, waved at me when she saw me looking around. She was cute, with long auburn hair, brown eyes and dimples.

"Gage!" She waved her arms at me. "Over here, Gage!"

I smiled and headed towards her. "Hi," I greeted her as I reached the aisle she stood in. "Where are we sitting?"

She waved her arm to show me the seats and I was surprised at how great they were. I knew they were on the first level, but I didn't expect them to be so close. "These are perfect."

"I know. The first time I sat here, I was in shock! They always keep a block for the players to have a guest."

"Who are you here for?" I asked her, realizing I didn't even know who she was dating.

She grinned. "Travis Black. We've been together for about ten months."

I grimaced a little when she mentioned Travis, but I didn't want to rock the boat, so I pasted on a smile. I wondered if she knew how homophobic he was; she certainly didn't seem to be like that, herself. She pulled me along with her and we claimed our seats and settled in for the game. Glancing at my phone, I realized there was about 20 minutes left before it started and figured I had enough time to hit one of the food vendors for something.

"I'm going to run and get a drink. You want anything?" I asked her.

"Oh, that's great! Thanks. Can you get me a Diet Coke?"

I told her I would and headed back up the stairs towards one of the food stands. My phone beeped and I pulled it from my pocket. It was from Devin responding to my earlier text.

Are you here?

I told him I was and where I was sitting.

Awesome. After the game, Jeremy and Jack want to go out to a bar & grill they like. Want to?

Sounds good. I love you! Kick ass tonight!

Love you too, Gage. More than you know.

I grinned. My man was so romantic.

The line was longer than I thought, but I made it back to my seat just before the team was announced. As they ran onto the court in their green and white uniforms I held my breath, waiting for Devin. And there he was, a huge grin on his face and looking right back at me. I waved a little and blushed as Molly elbowed me in the side.

"Wow, he's pretty crazy about you, isn't he?" she asked.

"We're crazy about each other," I answered, not tearing my eyes away from Devin. He wasn't watching me anymore, but my gaze was locked on him. I had never seen him in his uniform and damn, he was hot! The jersey showed his broad shoulders and I could see all that thick, curly black hair pouring out over the neckline. And, oh fuck, when he tossed the ball around with Jeremy, I saw all that dark hair in his arm pits and I felt my dick plump up. My boyfriend was so hot! I glanced around, but didn't see Jack

at first. Then I remembered he was not playing this game, unless he was a substitute. I found him on the bench, but he was too busy watching Jeremy to notice me when I tried to wave.

"Hey," Molly pointed to a large man, "there's Travis." She waved and then frowned. "I wonder why he's glaring at me."

I bit my lower lip. *Should I tell her?* I glanced at her boyfriend. He was huge. And he looked pissed. Maybe I should tell her; she might want to change seats.

"Umm," I cleared my throat, "I think I know what he's mad about."

She looked at me, confusion etched on her face. "How could you know? You haven't even met him, have you?"

"No, but...okay, I'm not sure if I should say anything..."

She grabbed my forearm and squeezed. "Spill it," she ordered.

Damn, she was strong for such a petite girl. I looked at her for a moment before giving in. "Okay, okay, I'll tell you. Umm, well to be honest, he's been upset about having some gay men on the basketball team."

"What? How do you know that? Why would you think that?" She looked genuinely puzzled.

I shifted in my seat. I barely knew this girl and here I was about to put down her boyfriend. I wasn't sure if I wanted to continue, until she squeezed my arm again. I sighed and knew what I needed to do.

"Well, apparently he's been whispering '*faggot*' to Devin, Jack and Jeremy when they walk by in the locker room and on the court. I think he's upset that you are sitting next to me..."

Her eyes grew wide and she gritted her jaw. "That asshole! I told him that if he has a problem with gays then I wouldn't date him! My brother is gay and I won't put up with that kind of ignorance." She turned to glare back at Travis and I saw his face crumple with shock as he realized how furious she was. He turned away, but that didn't stop her glare.

"Hey, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to cause problems with you and Travis."

"You didn't. *He* did, Gage." She let go of my arm and watched him. When he finally turned to look at her again she stood up and flipped him off! I had just taken a sip of my soda and nearly sprayed it out all over the person sitting in front of me.

Travis's eyes grew wide and he turned his back on her. Guess he got the picture.

The game finally started and there was a lot of cheering and noise. The team we were playing was our biggest rival and we wanted to stomp all over them!

Devin and Jeremy were all over the court. I had to admit, I didn't know a ton about basketball, but this was very exciting. Of course, watching my man run the court while sweat dripped from him, molding his top to his chest may have added to the excitement. He made shot after shot and by half-time we were ahead, but just barely. He looked up into the stands as he headed off the court and shot me one of those smiles that melted my insides until I was a puddle of goo.

Molly laughed at me. "Wow! I can feel the heat from here!"

I blushed, but smiled because I could feel the heat, too. God, I wanted him. I loved him so much. Why had I been holding back? I felt overwhelmed for a moment as I realized tonight was it. There was no more doubt; no fear. I wanted to share myself with him. I needed to be one with him. My heart thumped so hard I could feel it in my toes and felt my blush creep down my neck onto my chest. Yes, tonight was it. We had the weekend together. No practices. Just a couple of days to ourselves. I couldn't wait until the game was over.

"Are you okay?" Molly asked, sipping on her soda.

"Um, yeah. Fine." I smiled at her. "Just thinking."

"Aww, that's so cute." She glanced down at the court, but the players weren't back out, yet. The band was still playing for the half-time show. It was loud so she had to almost yell in my ear. "I've been thinking of Travis. I'm definitely breaking up with him after the game."

I nodded. I didn't blame her, but I still hated being the one to have told her what he had done.

She seemed to know what I was thinking because she leaned over and threw her arm around my shoulders and hugged me. "Hey, this is not your fault. I told him that being homophobic was a deal breaker for me. I can't date someone that would be hateful to my brother! I guess if I really loved him, I would be more upset...huh..."

I watched as she thought about her words. I wasn't sure what to say, but then the crowd starting cheering as the team entered the court. I saw Devin look up in the stands for me and I waved. He beamed at me and waved then turned to give his all to the game.

And, man, did he play hard! He dribbled, he passed, he blocked, he dunked, he ran and my eyes were glued to him. He was graceful; virile. His body movements screamed 'male'. Even from where I sat, I could see the muscles in his shoulders and arms flex with each throw, each pass, and each block. When he ran, his calve muscles bulged and lengthened with each step. I found myself oddly turned on by his calves and wondered what it would be like to lick the back of them from the ankle to his ass. I shuddered with the thought and my mouth watered. Okay, so was that a little weird, I wondered? Hmmm, at this moment, I didn't really care. I just wanted to kiss and lick every fucking inch of my boyfriend.

As the team headed into the fourth quarter, the air was thick with tension. The game was tied and some of our best players, Devin included, were looking tired. I crossed my fingers and tried to send him a message with my eyes, hoping he would look up at me. When he suddenly turned and looked right at me, I smiled and gave him the thumbs up sign. He grinned and nodded back. And just like that, his adrenaline seemed to kick in and he kicked up his efforts.

Jeremy and he were a mean team; passing amongst each other as they ran the court. They worked like a well-oiled machine and my heart swelled at the sight of Devin jumping into the air and dunking the ball. The team was on fire and when the buzzer rang we won by 4 points.

The crowd went wild and cheered as the players shook hands with the other team in the long-standing tradition of good sportsmanship. I stood with the crowd and watched the man I love pat his fellow teammates on the back, shake hands and bump fists in celebration of their first win of the season.

Devin turned towards me, seeking me out. When he saw me, the desire in his eyes was clear. He was telling me he wanted me and to be honest, at that moment, he could have jumped over the railing and carried me off to the locker room and had his way with me, onlookers be damned! Lust curled in my

belly and my skin felt hot. Still, he stared at me. I was mesmerized by his sweaty body; his uniform clung to him and his hair was a mess. I could see the stubble on his face and ached to touch him; to caress his cheeks, his lips, and his neck. My fingers itched to trail my hands down to all that luscious dark hair peeking over the neckline of his jersey.

A slow grin spread across his face; was it a smirk? Did he know that I was ready to give myself to him? Did he know that I was turned on by his pure *maleness*? His manly body and thick chest hair? His big strong hands? I looked into his eyes and I had my answer. Of course he knew. I sighed. I was an open book to Devin. He knew what he did to me. I smiled back and nodded.

He licked his lips slowly and I gulped. He was seducing me and he was still on the court! God, I was so fucking hot for him. I watched him walk casually across the court, following his teammates to the locker room. As he got closer, I swear I could feel the heat from his body searing my skin, even from thirty feet away. I trembled and felt my knees start to buckle. He pursed his lips, trying to keep from laughing. Damn him! How did he do that from so far away? I wondered if he knew my cock was so hard and weeping already that if he looked at me again I might just cum in my pants.

I glanced at him one last time. His cocky, confident walk as he exited the court told me that yes...yes, he knew I was about to lose control. I slumped back into my chair and tried to catch my breath.

"Wow...that was...hot."

I turned to Molly, surprised she was still there. I blushed as she looked at me and I realized she had witnessed our wordless communication.

"Umm, yeah, definitely hot. Shit, I am crazy about him."

She laughed. "Obviously. And it's also obvious he's just as crazy about you." She patted my arm and grabbed her phone. "Great, Travis just texted. Guess it's time to go break up with him."

"I'm so sorry," I told her, still feeling bad that I had been the bearer of the bad news.

"Don't sweat it, Gage. It is what it is..." She looked over at the court and sighed.

We talked a few more minutes and traded numbers before she left. Even though I didn't know her that well, she seemed nice and I wouldn't mind hanging with her.

As she left, my phone beeped. A text from Devin.

Baby. Meet me at the car in 15.

Ok. Congratulations. You were great out there.

I think we need to celebrate. Any ideas?

We're going out with Jack and Jeremy, right?

Yeah. I mean later. How do YOU want to celebrate with me, baby?

My heart raced as I typed my answer.

I want to feel you inside of me... I want you to make me yours, Devin... I NEED you...

My finger hovered over my phone as I gathered my courage to send the text. Finally, I just did it and waited. It was almost two minutes before there was a reply. I was so fucking nervous I was shaking.

YES!

I smiled. I was finally going to be one with him. Just the thought made me shudder with desire. The fear I had been feeling for weeks was gone. I hurried out to the car to wait for him, willing him to hurry out.

Devin's POV

Oh my god! When I got that text from him, my cock swelled and I could barely breathe. I knew from looking at him earlier that something had changed. The way he stared at me on the court...I just knew there was something going on with him. When he nodded at me after the game, I was pretty sure he was telling me he was ready. But this text was the definitive answer.

God, I wanted him so fucking bad. I wished that I hadn't told Jack and Jeremy we would go out with them, but maybe we could make it an early night. I had so many plans with Gage.

Over the last couple of weeks we had grown even closer and I had held back from pushing him, but it had been so hard! I wanted him all the time. No matter how tired or sore I was from practice or working out. He was under my skin and I couldn't keep my hands off him. He was the same way; always finding a way to brush against me, touch my shoulder, or caress my cheek.

By the time I had showered and dressed, Jack and Jeremy were already waiting for me at the exit.

"Hey! About time," Jeremy hollered.

"It takes a while to put this look together, asshole," I told him with a smile.

"What? The *I'm trying to look hot for my boyfriend look?*"

I shot him a glare, but he just laughed and threw his arms around Jack's shoulders.

"Man, we were smokin' tonight, weren't we baby?" He leaned over and kissed Jack on the lips.

"Yeah. You guys were awesome. Great win!" Jack said, a shy smile tugging at his lips.

"Thanks!" I smiled back. The team really had been great tonight. I was still pretty pumped about the win, but I had other things on my mind as well.

As we got closer to my car, I saw Gage leaning on the passenger side door, looking up at the stars. He loved to look at the night sky. Just another thing to love about him. He was so fucking smart and cute and sexy! There weren't enough adverbs to describe how amazing he was. There were times I would look at him and my breath would catch in my throat. He was so beautiful and I felt humbled that he had chosen to be with me.

He heard us and turned our way.

"Here come the victors," he said and pumped his fists in the air.

I chuckled as Jeremy whooped and jumped into the air. "Damn right! Victory to us!! Let's go celebrate!"

Even in the darkened parking lot, I could see Gage's blush at the word 'celebrate'. I knew exactly what he was thinking and I couldn't wait to get going with our own private celebration.

I unlocked the car and we all climbed in and got settled. I leaned over and kissed Gage and then whispered into his ear, "Baby, you are so sexy. I love you so much."

He trembled and leaned into me a little as his hand squeezed my knee. I reluctantly pulled away and started the car. Jack and Jeremy were already all over each other in the back seat, per their usual, and the moans from Jeremy were not helping my situation.

I pulled out of the parking lot and headed to the restaurant they wanted to go to. Gage's hand on my leg was making me hard as a rock. As I turned the corner, I looked at him and saw that he was staring at my crotch. Shit, that just made me ache more.

His hand slid up my thigh until he was right next to my crotch. I shuddered and shifted a little, trying to get him to put his hand over my bulge. Suddenly, his hand brushed over my dick and I almost moaned out loud. He smiled and pulled his hand away. The devil!

When we finally pulled into the parking lot and I turned the car off, Jeremy and Jack were still hot at each other.

"Oh, fuck, Jack. You have the sweetest ass, baby. You like it when I slam my big fat cock up your ass, don't you?"

"Yessss, oh god, yes!"

I cleared my throat, my face feeling a little flushed. "Umm, guys, do you want to eat or not?"

Gage giggled a little as Jack pulled away quickly. It was clear that Jeremy overwhelmed him and he forgot where he was.

"Okay, okay... we'll meet you in there in a few minutes," Jeremy drawled out.

Damn! They were going to fuck in my car again! I growled a little, but left the keys and told them we would get a table.

"Thanks man," Jeremy hollered out as I slammed my own car door. Gage came around and grabbed my hand, pulling me with him to the entrance. That was all it took for me to not care about the two men fucking in my car. Just Gage's hand in mine.

Jack's POV

I couldn't believe that Jeremy had told Devin and Gage that we would meet them in there. They clearly knew what we were going to do. I felt terrible, but I couldn't help it. There was something so animalistic about Jeremy. He couldn't get enough of me and that only turned me on more.

His hands were on my fly and I moaned when he pulled the zipper down and pushed my jeans down, along with my briefs. I lifted my ass to help him pull them down and sat back down on the cold vinyl.

"Baby, we don't have a long time. This will have to be a quickie, but you know I have to have that ass." He grabbed my ass with both hands and kneaded both round globes. "Fuck, your ass is so perfect."

I moaned. "What are you going to do to me, Jeremy?" I asked shyly.

"I'm going to give you what you want," he growled out, his voice loud and deep.

I shivered, but he knew I needed to hear the words. "What do you think I want?" I whispered, playing along with our little game.

He flipped me over so that I was on my hands and knees, pushing my head down into the seat. My ass stuck up in the air, where anyone walking by could see. I didn't care. I needed him. I needed his rock hard cock.

"You know what you want. You want to be fucked! Hard! You like it when my big fat cock fills your tight little hole and then floods you with all that cream."

I moaned. He was right. I loved it. We had both been tested not too long before we met and were clean so we didn't need to use condoms anymore. Each time I felt him fill me with his hot load, I was in ecstasy.

"Am I...am I your little slut, Jeremy?" I begged to know, knowing that would drive him crazy.

"Fuck yeah, baby, you know you are," he said as he reached around and slipped his fingers into my mouth. I lapped and sucked at them, getting them wet with my spit. He pulled out and I felt his fingers at my entrance. "You want this, right?"

He was sweet. He was in control, but he always asked me that. It only made me crazier for him. "Yes! I want it. Please! Please fuck me, Jeremy! Please!" He loved it when I begged and I felt him slap my ass as he plunged two fingers roughly into my ass.

I cried out at the intrusion, but he slowed and started stretching me, scissoring his fingers in me and brushing against my prostate. I groaned and reached back and grabbed my ass, pulling one cheek farther apart.

"Oh, yeah, baby. Such a hot little hole. So tight and hot." Jeremy's voice was husky with lust.

I heard him unzip his fly and moaned. I couldn't wait until he was pounding my ass. "Fuck me, Jeremy. Make me your slut."

Jeremy groaned as he pulled his fingers out. I felt empty and pushed my ass back, begging him to fill me again. I needed him. I heard him spit onto his hand and knew he was slicking himself up for me.

"Oh, yeah, you want my cock," he said as he lined up the engorged head with my asshole. He pushed and pulled back, pushed and pulled back, teasing me until I begged him over and over to fuck me.

He laughed. "Yeah, you know this cock is yours, baby. Just like this hole," he pushed hard and slid inside past the tight ring, "is mine!"

I cried out at the burning pain mixed with pleasure. He pushed slowly, easing in carefully until he was fully seated and we stayed still for a minute while my ass adjusted to his large size. I didn't think I would ever get tired of this feeling. I felt so full, so hot and sexy and at the same time, so slutty. I moaned to let him know he could move and he pulled out and slammed back into me. My muscles tightened around him in an effort to keep him inside.

He chuckled a little as he gripped my hips hard enough that I knew I would probably have bruises later. "Your ass is so greedy for my cock, baby. You feel so fucking good. So tight! Hot....oh, Jack...," he moaned as he pulled out and reached across my back and grabbed my shoulder, ramming his throbbing rod back into me.

"Yes!" I cried out.

He cock was a hart piston as he slammed in and out of me fast, filling the car with his dirty talk, which only revved me up more. "You." Slam. "Little." Slam. "Slut." Slam. "Take." Slam. "It." Slam. "All." Slam.

My dick was hard as steel and he reached around and started fisting me hard and fast as he moved into me over and over, making me his with each thrust.

"I'm going to cum!" I told him just before my load jetted out onto the seat, over and over. I pounded the seat with my fists as the sensations overwhelmed me and took me over the edge.

"Yeah, baby! God, your ass is hot! I love you, Jack!" Jeremy cried out as he emptied his seed into me. I felt wet heat gush into me and I loved it.

"Oh, yeah, give me all your cum."

"It's all yours, baby. Always," he whispered as he came down from his high. "You know I only want you. God, you are great, baby." Even though I knew he wanted to stay seated inside me longer, he pulled out of me and grabbed a shirt from his duffel bag and we got cleaned up as best we could. I cleaned up the seat, too, not wanting to leave a remembrance of our time here in the back seat for Devin to find.

Jeremy helped me pull up my jeans and then took me in his arms and held me. He liked it rough and dirty and so did I, but he always wanted to cuddle afterwards and he made me feel special.

He kissed me softly and whispered that we better head into the restaurant. I agreed, but hated to be out of his arms.

"Hey, baby," he whispered, tipping my chin up until I looked at him, "spend the night with me again."

I smiled and my heart did flip-flops in my chest. "Okay."

Jeremy squeezed me tight and got out first, holding the door open as I climbed out of the car and then grabbed my hand as we headed inside to meet our friends.

We didn't see the big white Ford F-150 pull up and park. We didn't see the driver sit and watch us walk inside. And we didn't see the driver get out and puncture all four tires on Devin's car.

Chapter 4

Devin's POV

It was late by the time we all decided to leave the bar & grill. I had planned on trying to get out of there early so that Gage and I could be alone back in our room, but things didn't go that way. Once Jeremy and Jack had finally joined us in the restaurant and we ordered, we ended up having such a great time, the evening ran away from us.

I could see that Gage and Jack were really getting to be friends. They had even gone to a movie together. He was begging me to go with him to see it again, but I just was never into sci-fi. He was just so cute, though, I had finally told him yesterday that maybe we could go this weekend. He had jumped up and down like a little kid, which only made me laugh.

Gage was so open about things. I never had to wonder what he was thinking or feeling. Just like earlier this evening when he had looked at me on the court. Somehow, I had known that he was ready to take our relationship to the next level. Personally, I had been ready since the first day I met him!

When we finally all decided to head back to campus, I grabbed his hand and pulled him close. "Hey, sexy," I whispered.

Gage grinned up at me. "Hey," he whispered back.

I stopped him in the parking lot for a minute to put some distance between us and Jack and Jeremy.

"Are you still... I mean, do you still want to..." Damn, I couldn't even say the words. Why was I suddenly so nervous?

Gage smiled shyly, but his gaze held firm. "Do I still want to make love tonight?"

I swallowed hard and nodded.

His eyes crinkled up with his smile and he nodded his head enthusiastically. "Oh, yeah, Devin. I really, *really* do."

I laughed at his exuberance and leaned down to kiss him. My lips touched his and sparks erupted throughout my body. I wrapped my arms around him and pulled him off the ground. Gage moaned into the kiss and wrapped his lean little legs around my waist, letting me feel his hardness press against my abs and I held him tighter. Our kiss grew deeper and soon my tongue was swirling through his sweet warm mouth. My hand slid down and cupped his ass and he whimpered. I immediately knew I was close to losing control; I couldn't get enough of him. He was like honeyed nectar on my tongue, sweet and raw.

When I was finally able to force myself to pull away, I looked down at Gage and trembled. His lips were rosy and swollen from my kisses. Green orbs full of lust peered out from his heavy-lidded eyes. I leaned forward until our foreheads were touching and breathed him in, wondering if his body was alive with electricity as mine.

He smiled tenderly. "Do you know how much you mean to me?" he whispered.

A slow smile spread across my face; my skin felt flushed and I felt warm inside. "As much as you mean to me, I hope," I murmured. "I love you so much Gage."

"I love-"

Gage was abruptly cut off by Jeremy.

"Devin! Devin! Get over here!"

Jeremy sounded urgent, so I slid Gage back to the ground and we ran over to join him at my car. I didn't see anything at first. Just he and Jack staring at me, their faces a little shocked.

"What?" I asked, more than a little irritated at having been interrupted.

I may not have noticed the flat tires, but Gage certainly had. His sharp intake of breath cued me in that something was definitely wrong. Before I could ask him, he pointed to the front driver's side tire. It was completely flat.

Hmm. Okay, that sucked, but I had a spare in the trunk. It certainly wasn't the major deal Jeremy and Gage were making it out to be. But then I saw Jack pointing to the back driver's side tire and saw it was flat, too.

What the hell?

I rounded the car and found all four tires flat. Upon closer inspection it was clear they had all been slashed. Anger reared up in me and I let loose a string of obscenities that would have made my mother blush. I wanted to hit something, anything! My hands clenched into fists as I punched the side of my thighs. My eyes sought out Gage and it was clear he was shaken up. My anger dissipated as my concern for him surpassed everything else. We moved towards each other, our eyes locked.

"Hey, baby," I wrapped my arms around him, trying to calm myself down. "It's not that bad. Tires can be replaced."

"Dude!" Jeremy broke in, "you didn't see the front windshield. This wasn't just some random thing, Devin."

I pulled from our embrace and rushed to the front of my car, my heart thundering in my chest. *FAGGOT* was written in huge letters across the windshield in bright red spray paint. Jeremy was right. This wasn't a random act by some idiots; this was a hate crime. I slumped down to the concrete parking curb in front of my car and felt the wind go out of me. Someone hated me enough to do this? Who? Why?

Gage's POV

As the full realization of what had happened hit Devin, I motioned for Jeremy to call 911 and moved to sit next to him on the concrete barrier. He looked so forlorn; in shock that someone would do this to him. I slipped his hand into mine and he just stared at his car. I was pretty sure it wasn't the car he was upset about, but more so the hatred that had been spewed upon him.

I understood that and tried not to let memories of high school bullies rush at me. Needless to say, I fully comprehended the shock you can feel when you know that someone hates you so much just for being who you were born to be.

Devin still hadn't spoken, but he finally squeezed my hand, so I knew he was aware of what was going on. We all stayed quiet as Jeremy relayed the information to the 911 operator and then informed us the police were on the way.

No one really knew what to say, but it shook us all. It was a reminder that hate was in this world; that no matter how far the LGBT community has come, there were still many hurdles to overcome. I shook my head as my eyes welled up with tears. I didn't want to cry in front of Devin. He needed me to be strong for him. I felt him squeeze my hand again and turned to look at him and was shocked to see a single tear rolling down his cheek. I raised my hand and brushed that tear away with my thumb, cupping his jaw with my hand.

"Hey, you listen to me," I ordered him, my voice sounding stronger than I felt. "We can't let them win, you hear me Devin? We are stronger than hate. We are stronger than ignorance. You and me? And our friends," I paused and swept my arm out to include Jeremy and Jack, "we are all better than this. Nobody can take away our security. Nobody can take away our confidence. Not unless we *let* them. And we are *not* going to let them, right Devin?"

He watched me for a minute, his eyes intense and hard, until I was finally gifted with one of his beautiful smiles, albeit small. I was going to take what I could get, though. He cupped my face with his hand and I felt his thumb brush away something wet. Until that moment, I hadn't even realized my own tears had begun to fall.

"Thank you," Devin whispered, "that was just the kick in the butt I needed." He smiled at me and gave me a quick kiss on my cheek.

Devin's POV

The police arrived pretty quickly and took down all the information. Someone from the crime scene unit took pictures while we each talked with the police. Our statements were pretty lean though, since we were all in the bar & grill while this happened. They were going to check with the bar and see if they had any type of video surveillance for the parking lot, just in case.

They asked us if anyone had been giving us a hard time and suddenly Gage piped up with Travis's name.

I shook my head immediately. I couldn't imagine a teammate doing this, no matter how he felt about us. A team is a unit; a solid family that works together to get through the bad times no matter what.

Gage was pretty insistent, though. He filled us all in on what had happened with Travis's girlfriend, Molly, earlier in the evening and wondered if that had put him over the edge. I still had a hard time thinking that way, but the police said they were going to talk with him anyway.

By the time the tow truck showed up and took my car to a shop it was well after 1am and we were all exhausted. One of the policemen, Officer Collins, offered to drive us all back to campus and we gladly accepted. Jeremy sat up front and the rest of us crammed into the back seat.

While Gage and I sort of collapsed against each other, Jeremy kept up a steady stream of questions for the officer. I was pretty sure he was regretting his offer to drive us home. Jack was quiet as he stared out the window and I wondered what he was thinking. I remembered him telling me on the first day we met that he had been bullied at his previous college. I hoped tonight wasn't dredging up bad memories.

I had my arm around Gage and I felt his breathing change and knew without looking he had fallen asleep. I didn't blame him; I was exhausted, too. So much for our big romantic night alone.

When we arrived back on campus, Jack and Jeremy headed towards Jeremy's dorm and I talked with Officer Collins for a minute before getting out.

He told me that unless someone saw who did this, or they get an actual confession, this may never be resolved. He said he hated telling me that, but wanted me to know the facts. I appreciated his candor and thanked him for everything. He smiled and slipped me his card in case I thought of any other possibilities.

Gage was a bear to wake up and I practically had to carry him to the dorm, but I didn't really mind. He was such a lightweight. I liked taking care of him, anyway. He was so sweet and had this amazing heart that could find good in anything. Even tonight. He was the first one to say we wouldn't give into this hatred.

When we were finally in our room, I maneuvered him over to his bed and helped him undress. I don't think he even realized where we were. He was so cute I just wanted to kiss him all over, but knew it wasn't the time. After stripping down to my boxers, I crawled in behind him, pulling him close to my chest until we were spooning tightly. It was amazing how quickly I had become accustomed to sleeping with him. I wondered if I would ever be able to sleep without him. Well, that was something I never planned on finding out.

Gage's POV

I woke up and had to pee so badly, I thought my bladder was going to explode. Devin's arm was heavy around my waist and I wasn't sure I could slip out of his grasp without waking him up, but I was going to do my best. Last night had been hard on him and he needed to sleep.

I wriggled as gently and quietly as I could until his arm started to fall back and I rolled my body at the edge of the bed letting my feet land on the floor. He snorted in his sleep and moved a little, but he was still asleep. I ran as fast as possible to the bathroom to do my business and while I was in there I brushed my teeth. Hey, nothing wrong with being prepared for a morning kiss!

I padded back into the room and gasped. He had kicked the blankets off and he was sprawled out on his back, his beautiful chest bare and his cock pressing hard against his boxer briefs. He was so sexy I wanted to just lick those nipples and run my fingers through that gorgeous chest hair. I sighed. I didn't think I would ever get tired of his chest. I just couldn't get enough of it.

Last night was supposed to be our big night, but obviously, that had been upstaged by the crime. I hadn't changed my mind; I still wanted to move to the next level with Devin. Hastily, I slipped off my boxers and quietly climbed back into bed, tugging his arm back around me and pulling the blankets back up. He instinctively rolled back onto his side and I snuggled back against him, wiggling my ass against his hard-on. I hadn't wanted to wake him up at first, but my hormones were getting the best of me and all I could think about was what it would be like to have him inside me.

I flipped to my other side so that my face was right up against his chest. His nipples were hard, either from the cool air or me, but it didn't matter to me why. I just wanted to nibble them. I snaked my tongue out and flicked one and he shuddered. I pressed my hand against his hard pec and raked my fingers through his hair while I leaned in and nipped at that hard little nub. He groaned and I felt his hand rub up my back. He was waking up.

I licked his nipple and softly kissed a path over to his other one, making sure to give equal attention. He moaned and I knew he was enjoying it. I started kissing a trail down his chest and when I reached his belly button I pressed my tongue into it.

"Mmm," he moaned out and slid his fingers into my hair. "This is one hell of a way to wake up."

I groaned a little as he thrust his hips towards me. It was intoxicating knowing I had the power to turn him on like this. I pressed my hands against him, rolling him onto his back and then I hooked my fingers into his waist band and slowly, gently eased his boxers off. Devin lifted up his ass to help me and I watched his stomach muscles contract with each movement. His thick cock slapped back against his hard stomach and a drop of pearly precum dripped down to his belly, leaving a string of it hanging from the engorged head. I moved over him quickly and licked it up, eliciting a gasp from him.

"Mmm, delicious," I murmured as I placed feathery kisses over to his hip and licked the crease of his leg. His whole body shivered at that and I licked the spot again.

"Gage..." he whispered, his voice strained.

"Yes?" As I spoke, I let my hot breath blow over his skin and was rewarded with another thrust of his hips.

"I don't think I can go another day without making love to you, baby."

I looked up at him and my lips curved into a slow smile. "You don't have to."

His eyes widened and he growled as he pulled me up until I was on top of him and our bodies were pressed hard against each other. His mouth took mine and I trembled at his aggressiveness. There was power in his kiss; he was in control and he knew it. His tongue forced me to let him into my mouth and quickly acquiesced. Our tongues dueled and danced as our bodies writhed against each other. His chest hair crinkled against me, creating a delightful friction and I moaned into his mouth.

He pulled back and looked at me, his eyes dark with a desire I wasn't sure I had ever seen from him before. I felt that curl of lust in my belly and trembled.

"I will be right back. Don't move," he ordered.

I nodded, not quite sure of my ability to speak at the moment. Like I was going anywhere; in bed with Devin was the only place I wanted to be.

He ran off to the bathroom and I rolled onto my back and tried to keep my breathing even. This was it. I was going to lose my virginity to the man I loved. The fear was gone. Well, almost gone. There were no doubts, though. I wanted this. I *needed* this.

My cock was so hard I was leaking precum all over my stomach. I slid my finger through it and stroked myself a little, wishing he would hurry back.

I got my wish about ten seconds later. He held up some condoms and a new bottle of lube and he was grinning the like the cat that ate the canary when he walked back to the bed.

"Been shopping?" I inquired, raising my eyebrows.

He laughed. "I like to be prepared," he answered as he dropped the supplies onto the nightstand and climbed back into bed with me.

I shivered as he lifted one leg over me, placing his knees on either side of my hips and bracing himself with his hands on the bed, just above my shoulders, effectively caging me under him. I looked up at him, my eyes pleading with him for guidance. Shyness overcame me and I turned my head to the side. He was just so sexy, so beautiful. Knowing I was giving myself to this man was almost too much for me. I was filled with so many thoughts and emotions I wasn't sure where to start. My earlier confidence dwindled as doubts began to sneak back in.

"Gage? Look at me, baby." He reached one hand up to cup my chin, but he didn't pull at me.

He was so close, I felt his warm breath on my cheek as he spoke. I shivered and felt goosebumps rise on my skin. I finally turned back to look at him and my breath froze. The look in his eyes was unmistakable; there was lust, yes, but there was also love. I felt that love envelope me and instantly the fear was gone again. Devin would take care of me. I gave him a small smile, letting him know I was ready to go on.

He watched me for a few more seconds before leaning down to brush his lips against mine softly, sweetly. He tugged at my lower lip with his teeth and a shiver went down my spine. His tongue licked where his teeth had been and I moaned, letting my hands run up into his hair as I tried to pull him closer.

His lips moved from mine, kissing softly across my cheek until he reached my jawline and began placing little butterfly kisses down my neck, stopping where he felt the pulse in my neck. He nipped and licked as I writhed under him.

"Devin..." I whispered, begging for more.

"Mmm...you taste so good, Gage. I want to lick every inch of you."

Lust coursed through me and I thrust my hips up at him, wanting to grind my cock against his belly. I moaned when he was still too far above me. "Please..."

He chuckled low. "What baby? What do you want?"

I looked into his beautiful sparkling eyes. "I want to feel you against me. I need you," I whispered.

In answer, he let his body softly fall on top of mine and we both hissed at the skin-on-skin contact. My arms wrapped around to his back and I began moving my fingers lightly over his hard muscles. His sharp intake of breath let me know he liked what I was doing, so I let my hands roam farther down to the curve of his ass. His sexy, muscled ass. God, he was hot.

Devin licked at my earlobe and I involuntarily bucked up at him. My shaft was so hard, I worried I might climax before we even went too much farther.

His lips found mine again and this time the gentleness was gone. Devin's lips and tongue took control of me, greedily feasting on my mouth. I heard whimpers and finally realized they were coming from me.

"I need you, Devin, please," I whispered.

"I need to help you get ready, okay? Do you trust me, Gage?" He stared into my eyes, looking for understanding. I nodded and he went on. "There will be some pain, but you know that, right?" His words were whispered low.

My cheeks flushed, but I nodded. "I trust you, Devin. I know you will try to make it less painful."

He smiled and kissed both my cheeks before he moved down farther, nudging my thighs apart with his knee until my legs, bent at the knee, fell to the side, spreading widely for him. I watched him as he sat up on his knees and stared at me. His eyes darkened with desire and in that moment I had never felt more vulnerable, yet sexier, in my life.

He leaned down and licked my hard cock from the root to the top and I moaned. His tongue slid across the top and lapped at the precum before scooting back some so he could lean down in front of balls. I wasn't sure what to expect next until he grabbed the back of my thighs and pushed them up, folding them back onto me. Instinctively, I looped my arms under my knees, holding them close to me. When I felt his hot tongue on my balls, I almost came undone. "Fuck, yeah...so hot," I ground out.

Devin licked and sucked my balls for a minute before he used his thumbs to pull my ass cheeks apart a little more. I could feel the cool air on my tight entrance and wiggled a little. He moaned. "Gage...fuck you are so sexy."

I wanted to say something, but his tongue sliding between my cheeks stopped me. I let go of one of my legs and reached over and fisted the sheet, while he reached up and braced my thigh with his hand.

Devin's tongue was busy doing things to my ass that made me want to worship the ground he walked on. Fuck! It felt so good! "Yes, yes, yes!" I whimpered out.

My cries fueled him on and he was soon lapping at my hole as if he hadn't eaten in days and it was a delicious meal. Then he reached his hand up and twisted a fingertip across my cock, wetting it with the beads of precum dripping from the slit. When I felt his finger next to his tongue, I knew what was coming, but I still moaned when he pressed that finger against my opening and slid it in. His tongue licked around the outer edge while his finger twisted. It felt so incredible, I wanted more.

"Fuck!" I moaned, wriggling my ass.

He pulled back and his finger slid out of my ass.

"Wait!" I whimpered. *No!* I wanted him inside me.

He grabbed the lube and I heard the flip top open.

"This is going to be a little cool," he told me as he squirted some onto his fingers and settled back between my legs.

I lifted my head and looked down. He was pushing my thigh a little bit and then slid a finger along my tight opening, before he slid two fingers inside, all the way to the knuckle.

Damn, that felt good.

"You like that, Gage?" He whispered as he began twisting and scissoring his fingers, stretching me out for him.

I grunted an answer, but I wasn't sure if I made any sense. My whole body was buzzing with anticipation, my skin felt tingly everywhere.

Within a few minutes he had worked a third finger in and stretched me out a little more before he pulled completely out and sat back on his heels. I looked down again and saw his steely rod pointing up as he grabbed a condom and rolled it on.

His eyes met mine and I felt such security, such safety and love from him that I reached my arms out for him. "Make me yours, Devin. I need you inside of me."

His eyes flashed. "God, baby. I love you, Gage. I love you so much."

"How...how do you want me?"

"On your back, just like this. I want to watch your face as I slide into you for the first time." His voice was husky with passion. His hands grasped the back of my thighs and pushed them back up, rolling my hips up so he could line his cock up with my hole.

I tensed when I felt the head of his dick at my entrance. He let one of my legs go, so I reached under it and held it back for him as he used that hand to move his cock up and down, sliding along the crease in my ass. He must have added lube to the condom because he glided easily and then stilled once again at asshole.

He pushed gently, but firmly and I tensed again.

"Relax," he whispered.

I took a deep, calming breath and he pushed again, sliding past my tight ring until his head was inside. It burned and I cried out. He leaned over me, bracing himself with his hands on either side of me now.

"Hey," he murmured, "look into my eyes."

I focused on him and listened to his sweet words, although I couldn't tell you what he was saying at the time. I just knew that it was my Devin, my man, entering me and the pain began to recede. When I nodded at him, he knew it was okay to push in deeper.

For the next few minutes, Devin moved slowly, in a little more, pulling back a little, in more again, back again. It was a sweet, sensual rhythm and I moaned each time he moved in. When he was finally fully seated inside me, buried as deep as he could go, I closed my eyes and reveled in the feeling. I never wanted to forget this moment. I was his. We were joined as one and there was no going back. We fit together perfectly. He stayed completely still and I opened my eyes and wiggled my ass.

"God, Gage! I am trying to give you time to adjust, but if you keep doing that..." Devin was breathless, his voice strained.

I smiled. "I love you, Devin."

He leaned down and kissed my lips. "I love you, too," he murmured.

"Then make me your man," I told him. "Fuck me like you want to and don't hold back."

His eyes widened and a grin spread across his face. He pulled back until he was almost out and then pushed hard back into me, repeating this several times and then suddenly he hit my sweet spot. I shook as tremors spread throughout my body.

"Fuck!"

"You like that? You like my cock inside your ass, baby?"

Fuck, his dirty talk was going to put me over the edge. "Yeah, I do. So much, Devin."

He pulled out and began slamming into me over and over. "God, you are so fucking tight. So hot!"

I could only grunt as he slid in and out of me, his balls slapping my ass as the sounds of our lovemaking filled the room. He hit my prostate several times and I finally reached down for my hard dick because I knew I was close to exploding. I wrapped my hand around my shaft and began pumping hard and fast.

"That's so hot!" Devin exclaimed, watching me stroke myself as he continued to pound me. I swear I could feel him pulsing and throbbing inside of me and I moaned again.

"Come on, baby, shoot your cum all over me. Aim it for my chest. I want all of your hot cum dripping into my chest hair."

Those words put me over the edge and my balls tightened and pulled up before thick ropes of cum shot out from my cock and hit Devin in his chest. My eyes closed as my body exploded with ecstasy. Pure joy filled me and I felt myself gliding for a moment. As the last blast rocketed out of me, I opened my eyes

and watched as it mingled in with his luscious hair. I reached down and scooped up what landed on my stomach and then ran my hand across his chest.

Devin gave two more hard, deep pushes before he stopped, fully embedded, and I felt his heartbeat pulse deep inside my ass.

"Fuck...oh, yeah...oh, fuck, Gage.... So fucking good! So hot. So tight, baby....fuck..." his words tumbled out as he filled his condom with his white hot cream. He finally relaxed and practically collapsed on top of me, letting my leg back down. I let go of the one I was holding and we lay like that for some time; his softening cock was still inside me and I wrapped my legs around him, holding him close, not wanting to break our contact.

"That was amazing, Gage. Absolutely amazing." He lifted his head up and looked into my eyes. "Did you feel okay?"

Tears filled my eyes and I nodded. "It was more than okay, Devin. It was the most beautiful thing that ever happened to me. I never wanted it to end."

Devin brought his lips to my cheeks and kissed away the tears, murmuring sweet words against my skin. I felt him slide out and my body ached at the loss. He pulled back to tie off the condom and toss it in the trash before he pulled me back into him and we fell asleep in each other's arms.

Devin's POV

Loud, persistent knocking tore me from my sleep and pissed me off. I didn't want to mess with anyone. I had Gage wrapped in my arms, it was the weekend and neither of us needed to be anywhere. I ignored the annoying sound and closed my eyes.

Gage wriggled in my arms, but didn't wake up. I smiled; my boyfriend was worn out. My mind started to drift back to earlier when we made love for the first time and my cock immediately plumped up. His cute little ass was pressing against me, which only served to make me hotter.

"Devin! Wake up!"

The loud, obnoxious voice calling from outside the room was Jeremy. Damn! I didn't want to let Gage out of my arms and we were naked.

"Throw on some clothes and open the damn door. I have news!"

Fuck. Now I had to get up. Gage stirred as I climbed over him and grabbed my boxers off the floor.

"Coming. Hang on," I sort of yell-whispered to Jeremy.

I walked over to the door and pulled it open. "Gage is sleeping, dude. What's going on?"

Jeremy's eyes scanned my nearly naked body, disheveled hair and then glanced knowingly at the bottle of lube on the night stand. "Long night?" he asked, chuckling.

"Jeremy, seriously! What's going on? It's too early to get up when we have the day off from everything!"

He maneuvered past me and entered my room, taking a seat in Gage's computer chair. "Sorry, man. I'll be quick. But, like I said, I have news."

I closed the door and stared at him. Gage groaned and turned over in bed and I flicked my gaze towards him. Apparently, I must have looked guilty, because Jeremy piped up again. "Sounds like someone had a good night. Way to go, man!"

My eyes narrowed and I wanted to throttle him. I mean, yes, we had become closer, but not close enough to tell him about my sex life, especially knowing how much that would embarrass Gage.

Jeremy held up his hands, palms facing me. "Whoa, sorry, Devin. Didn't mean to insinuate anything."

I nodded, wanting him to hurry his ass up.

"Look, last night when I got back to my room, I remembered that I knew a girl on the school paper and she is interning for one of the local television stations."

"Ookaay..."

"Yeah, well, I tracked her down this morning and told her what happened to your car and she contacted her station and they want to *interview you!* Well, all of us, really. Seriously, how cool is that?" He was so proud of himself, he could barely keep still in the chair.

I wasn't sure what to say. I mean, did I really want to go on television and talk about how someone hated me enough to vandalize my car?

"Well? What's wrong?"

I shook my head and tried to decide what to do.

"You should definitely do it, Devin."

I turned to see Gage sitting up in bed, the sheet pooling at his hips. Fuck, he was so cute and sexy. I glanced over at Jeremy and saw his eyes appreciating the view of my naked boyfriend and hurried over to pull the blanket up over Gage.

Jeremy snickered and Gage looked surprised, but didn't protest. I perched on the edge of the bed and slid my arm around his shoulders.

"Do you really think it's wise? What if it angers the...well, whoever did this?"

He shrugged. "I don't know. But, Devin, we can't hide from who we are. We shouldn't have to. And what if it was someone from our campus? Don't we need to warn others? A lot of university students eat at that bar & grill. Don't we owe people a warning?"

Of course, he was right. I pulled him closer and kissed the top of his head. "Yeah, baby, you're right."

Jeremy jumped up from his chair. "Woo-hoo! I'm going to be on television!"

I laughed as he danced around the room. He was a loon, but not a bad guy. "When and where?"

"She wants to do the interview on campus with us, and she's going to talk to the police to see the car and also take some video at the bar & grill. She said she'll meet us in the lobby of your dorm at 1:00 today. Jack and I will see you there." He waved as he practically ran out the door.

"Wow, he's really psyched about being on television," I said as I turned to Gage.

His eyes widened and slapped his forehead with his hand. "Oh, no! What am I going to wear? I don't have anything that looks nice!"

I watched as he jumped up out of bed and ran to his dresser, ripping out drawers. I held back a laugh, knowing he had no idea he was still naked. I just sat back and admired the view. God, he was sexy. When he bent over, giving me a view of his tight, puckered hole, I groaned out loud. Fuck, he was killing me.

He turned back and it finally dawned on him that he was naked. I expected him to be embarrassed, but he was obviously feeling flirty because he wiggled his ass at me. "See something you like?"

If my dick was hard earlier, it was now granite hard. Rising from the bed, I moved to stand behind him and grabbed onto his hips. My lips found his neck and I nipped at the sensitive skin. "God, baby, you are too much. I can't get enough of you."

He shivered and leaned back into my chest. "Did you...did you feel good earlier?" he whispered.

I twirled him around and cupped his face with my hands. "Good doesn't even begin to describe it. Being inside you was the absolute most amazing experience in my life. It was hot and sexy and better than I could have ever imagined."

His cheeks reddened at my praise, but he looked pleased.

"What about you? Are you okay? Are you in pain?"

His blush deepened. "Um, yeah, a little sore. But, it was worth it. I felt like..." he paused and looked away for a minute, "well, it felt like we were one; that we were connected..."

"We were connected. We *are* connected. I feel it, too." I leaned in and kissed him softly and he pressed into my body. I wanted him so much, but I also knew he was tender. Besides, we had an interview to get ready for.

"Hey, want to take a shower with me?" Gage asked.

I groaned. "More than you know. But I'm trying to be a gentleman. You need time to feel better and I don't want to hurt you."

He hugged me tightly and kissed my chest. "Which just makes me love you more," he said as he turned and headed into the bathroom.

I stayed back and heard him turn the water on and sunk down into my computer chair. Keeping myself from going in there with him was a monumental task and I needed something to keep my mind away from the image of my Gage standing naked in the shower, while water rained down over him and he soaped himself up.

Flopping back down on my bed, I tried hard to think of something, really anything else but it wasn't working. Giving up, I finally grabbed a text book and started studying. Of course, I ended up falling asleep...

When I was finally ready, the time for the interview was fast approaching. We were just about to head downstairs, but Gage started digging around in one of his drawers for something.

"What are you doing, baby?"

"Getting the locket."

Okay. What?

He pulled his arm from the drawer and raised it triumphantly. "Found it!"

I looked at the trinket in his hand for a moment before I realized what it was. "That's the locket from the lake?"

He nodded, grinning.

I moved to take it from him and turned it over to view it. "It's so shiny!"

"Yeah, I cleaned it the other day when I found it at the bottom of my hamper. I can't believe I forgot about it. It must have fallen from my jeans' pocket."

Now that it was clean, the engraving was clear on the back.

Ruth, My Sweetest Joy – Love, Andy

"Wow, I wonder who these people are. Or were?"

Gage's eyes danced. "I know. It's so sweet and the locket is really old. I am sure someone is missing it."

"Yeah. What do you think that is, Mother-of-Pearl?"

"I think so. At first I was thinking it was ivory, but once I washed it off, I changed my mind."

I handed it back to him carefully. "Why did you want it now?"

"I figured since we were meeting someone from the television news, maybe they could show it on the news and see if someone comes forward to claim it." He looked down at the locket, wistfully. "I think this meant a lot to someone at one time."

I pulled him into a hug. Gage was so sweet, caring about someone he didn't even know. I would have probably taken it to a pawn shop. Hmm, wonder what that says about me... I kissed his cheek and nuzzled his neck. Mmm, he smelled so good... so male and sweet... I licked at his neck and tried to take a nip, but he wriggled away.

"None of that, Devin!" His eyes were twinkling and his face was flushed as he shook his finger at me.

"I'm not going on television with a bulge in my pants!"

I laughed and reached for him. "Come on, baby... Just one little nip."

"No," he yelped and twirled away, hiding a grin.

I smiled and followed him out the door. I could wait...if I had to.

Chapter 5

Gage's POV

Having never been interviewed, I was sort of excited, even though the reason behind it sucked. Devin looked incredible and I knew he would look amazing on television, but I wasn't so sure about me. Compared to the Devin, Jack and Jeremy, I was almost miniature in size. An image of me standing among giants flashed in my head and I giggled.

"What?" Devin asked me.

Embarrassed, I just shrugged. Like I was going to tell my hot, sexy boyfriend I was afraid I would look like a little kid on television.

Devin opened his mouth to say something, but I looked past him and noticed a woman in a teal business suit standing next to a man with a camera.

"That has to be them, Devin," I whispered and nudged him with my elbow.

He turned and looked across the lobby. "Yeah, I can't imagine any other reason they would be here."

I froze in my tracks, my old insecurities catching up with me. But Devin wasn't having any of it. He grabbed my hand, gave me a smile and pulled me along with him until we were standing right in front of them.

"Hi," Devin started, offering his hand, "I'm Devin and this is my boyfriend, Gage."

The pretty woman in the teal suit smiled and shook his hand. "Good to meet you guys. Sorry it's under such awful circumstances." She let go of Devin's hand and reached out for mine. "My name is Susan Winder and this is Gus Miller, my camera man." She glanced around the lobby. "I had wanted to interview you guys outside, on the campus, to play up the college angle, but it's pretty cold and windy out there. This lobby looks too busy. You two have any ideas?"

"What about the basketball arena? I mean, since three of the men you're interviewing are on the basketball team." I blushed when she glanced at me. "Yeah, I'm not one of those three."

She laughed and tossed back her perfectly coifed blonde hair. "That's actually a great idea, Gage. Lead the way."

"Wait, what about Jack and Jeremy?"

The second the words left my mouth I heard Jeremy.

"Hey! We're here." He jogged over to meet us, Jack trailing close behind.

Once introductions were made, we all headed over to the arena, chatting along the way. Luckily, Jeremy curtailed his emotions and didn't maul Jack as he usually did.

I ended up walking next to Susan, so I pulled the locket from my pocket and showed it to her.

"Wow! That looks like an antique. Very pretty."

Since she seemed interested, I decided to just jump in and tell her about finding it.

Susan listened and seemed interested. When I finished, she smiled at me. "Look, let's do another interview with you two about the locket today, too. That way, if we can fit the story in, we can add it to

the news. But, let's not show them what's engraved on the back. That might be the only way someone can prove it belonged to them."

It sounded like a great idea to me. I pocketed the locket again and smiled over at Devin.

By the time we reached the arena, we had all discussed the interview about what happened last night and sort of knew what was going to happen. It turned out that she and Gus had already taken some footage at the bar & grill. They were heading over to the impound lot where the car was being held right after meeting with us.

In the arena, she had Devin and I stand under one of the basketball goals and had Gus start recording.

Devin grasped my hand and squeezed and I felt my nerves evaporate.

Susan spoke straight to the camera.

"I'm standing here with two men that attend college here. Devin Walls, a member of our basketball team, and Gage Milton, who were unfortunately on the receiving end of a hate crime last night." Susan turned to us. "Thank you for joining me tonight and sharing your story. Why don't you tell us what happened last night?"

Devin smiled. "Sure, thanks. Umm, well, we, me and my boyfriend, Gage, here...we went out to a late dinner to celebrate our team's first win last night. Our friends, Jack and Jeremy joined us."

"That's right. And they are both on the team, as well?" She waved the other two guys over to stand with us and then held the microphone back out in front of Devin.

"Yes, they both play for the college, too."

"And you two are dating, correct?" She asked them.

Jack blushed bright red, while Jeremy answered. "Yes, Jack is my boyfriend."

"So, Devin, you drove last night?"

"Yes, we took my car out to Sheila's Bar & Grill, out on 49th. Gage and I had never been, but Jack and Jeremy like it a lot and I know a lot of college kids like it."

Susan nodded, waiting for him to go on.

"Well, when we came out, we found that someone had slashed all four of my tires and spray painted... I'm not sure I can say the word out loud..."

"Safe to say it was a hateful word, correct?" Susan asked.

"Yes. Definitely. It was all over my front windshield."

"Who noticed the damage first?"

Jeremy spoke up. "I did and I couldn't believe it. In this day and age, well, I know there are hateful people, but this was just so unexpected."

Susan turned to me. "Gage, do you know if the police have any idea who may have done this?"

I took a deep breath. "No, I don't think so. What has us worried is that there are a lot of LGBT students here and if someone is making us their personal mission, where will we feel safe? Where can we turn?"

Susan nodded sympathetically and turned back to the camera. "I will be meeting with the police tomorrow, but for now, this hate crime remains unsolved. I'm Susan Winder. Thank you for watching."

Gus stopped recording and the four of us collectively took a big breath. Whew, I was glad that was over.

We talked a little more with her and she did a quick recording of us with the locket and asked that anyone who has information about it to contact the station. She couldn't promise it would air, but she said she would do her best.

By the time we were done and parted ways with Susan and Gus, we all decided we were hungry and headed over to the pizza place on campus. I couldn't believe how many students had already heard about what happened, many stopping at our booth to ask questions, or tell us how sorry they were.

I had just taken a bite of my pepperoni pizza when I saw Travis standing in front of one of the glass entrance doors. Even from where I sat, I could see the fury in his eyes. I nudged Devin's leg with my knee until he looked up and over to where I was staring.

"Damn! He looks pissed. Maybe you were right, Gage. I just really didn't want it to be someone I knew."

I turned to Devin. "I know. It makes it even worse, doesn't it?"

Devin didn't answer. He and Travis had begun some sort of stare-down contest. Travis finally looked away and hit the door with his fist, sending it flying open as he left.

"Fucker!" Jeremy cried out. "I bet Gage is right. It *was* Travis!"

"Now, wait a minute. We don't know that. All we really know is that he doesn't like gays. It doesn't mean he went any further and vandalized my car."

Devin was right. It was wrong of us to make assumptions.

"Wow, my gaydar must be really off," Jack said. "When I first met Travis, I could have sworn he was checking me out. I seriously thought he was gay."

"He did what??" Jeremy almost shouted.

"Calm down, Jeremy," I said, "Jack is hot. You're going to have to get used to other men looking at him."

Devin nearly choked on his drink. Jack's face was beet red and Jeremy was shooting daggers at me. I glanced around the table, stunned at their reactions.

"What?" I asked as I turned to Devin.

"Nothing," he grumbled. "I just didn't expect you to say that..."

I rolled my eyes. Men and their egos. Seriously. I turned to Jeremy. "Just because I said Jack is hot, doesn't mean I want him! Jesus, quit being so paranoid. I was just stating a fact. Jack is good-looking and if Travis is gay and hiding deep, deep in the closet, it wouldn't surprise me if he had been checking Jack out." Then I turned to Devin. "Seriously? You are mad?"

Devin stared at me a minute and then shook his head. "No. Sorry. Just being stupid."

In order to hide my smile, I took a bite of pizza. I may have been irritated, but on the inside I was kind of jumping for joy. It was sweet that he was jealous, not that I wanted him to make a habit of it, of course.

Devin's phone rang while we were still at the pizza place and he held up his hand to quiet us when he answered it. "It's the police," he whispered.

"Hello. Yes, this is Devin Walls."

We waited and wondered for a few minutes while he listened to the person on the other end. Did they figure out who did it? Had they interviewed Travis?

"Thank you, sir. Yes, I can be down there tomorrow. Thank you so much!" Devin grinned as he hung up his phone.

"Well?" I asked.

"That was Officer Collins. He said they know who did it! And it definitely wasn't Travis."

I was shocked; I had been so sure it was him.

"Then who was it?" asked Jack.

"It was actually a guy that attends college here. He was at the game and saw us all leave the parking lot. I guess he followed us," Devin raked his hand through his hair. "Wow...I can't believe we were followed and I never noticed. That's really creepy."

I shivered next to him, in complete agreement. If someone chose to follow us, that means we really were targeted.

"But, how do they know who did it?" Jeremy asked.

"Well, the bar & grill didn't have a video, but apparently a gas station nearby has a video camera and it shows the people filling their tanks, but it can also see the road. They were able to see my car and a white truck that was right behind it."

"Yeah, but how did they know that was the right person?" Jeremy persisted.

"I'm getting to that!" Devin stopped and took a sip from his pop before going on. "They decided to watch the video for a while and they saw the same truck head back the opposite way about 40 minutes later. Believe it or not, they could read a partial license plate. After that, it was just narrowing down some people and doing some interviews. Officer Collins and his partner talked with Travis first and he denied it was him. Apparently he was pretty pissed about being accused."

"Which explains his angry stare earlier," I pointed out.

"Yeah." He exhaled deeply. "Wow, it's just never who you think. Turns out this guy is in the band here and hates that there are gay basketball players!"

"What a giant ass-monkey," Jack murmured.

We all looked at him and laughed.

"I couldn't have said it better myself, Jack." Devin smiled at him.

"So, then they interviewed this guy, Scott something- they didn't give me his last name- and he admitted it. Said he was proud of it!"

"Shit, he's going to get expelled," Jeremy exclaimed. "Ass-monkey might be too good for him!"

Devin told us he had to meet with the police tomorrow to sign some papers and get his car back.

"I wonder how much that's going to cost me..." he grumbled. "Four new tires, ugh!"

I turned and placed my hand on his arm. "Hey, we'll get it figured out. I have a little money saved."

His eyes grew wide. "I am not asking you for money!" Devin sounded almost indignant that I would even offer.

"What the hell?" I knew I was too loud as soon as others turned to look at me. Crap.

"There is no way I am going to ask my boyfriend for money!"

Jack and Jeremy looked at each other, obviously picking up on my anger, but my boyfriend was clearly oblivious.

"What if I needed new tires?"

He shrugged. "What do you mean?"

Oh, my god. Was he really this obtuse?

I took a deep, calming breath before answering him. "I mean, *Devin*, what if I were low on funds and this had happened to me, instead of you?"

"I would help you, of course!" He looked at me, his brow furrowed. "I love you. We're a team."

I stared at him and waited for his words to sink through his own thick skull, but he didn't seem to be grasping his precarious situation. Jack and Jeremy, however, did and quickly made their exit, promising to see us later at our room to watch the news.

"Okay, Devin, let me get this straight. You are allowed to help me out, but I am not allowed to help you?"

He nodded emphatically. "Yes, because..." he stopped and looked into my eyes. Yeah, that's when I saw it. He finally realized how he sounded. But, damn if he didn't still try to defend himself!

"But, baby, that's because it's my job to take care of you." He was fidgeting in his seat and wouldn't look me in the eye.

I settled back and waited until he finally looked back at me.

"What?" he asked, feigning innocence.

"This is a bunch of crap and you know it! How did we go from celebrating that the police caught the criminal to you being a macho douchebag?"

He started to protest, but wisely shut his mouth.

I finished my pizza and nudged his leg with my knee to let him know I wanted to slide out of the booth. He stood and let me pass him and headed over to one of the large trash cans to toss my plate and napkins and turned back to look at him. He was blushing and still acting fidgety. I was still mad, but he was just so cute. Besides, I was pretty sure he knew he had spoken before his brain knew what he was saying. I moved back over to the booth and stood in front of him.

"Look, Devin. Let's not fight about this. Just admit you were being a jerk and macho and all that crap, ok? I need to know that we are equals. That you will accept my help when needed and I will accept yours. That's what people in love do."

He smiled sheepishly. "Yeah, I was just... I don't know... I hate asking for any help."

"First of all, you didn't ask, secondly you need to feel you can ask me anything."

He nodded. "Yeah, I know. I'm sorry. I guess I just wasn't thinking." He wrapped his arms around me and pulled me into his chest. "Do you forgive me, baby?"

His scent overwhelmed me and I snaked my arms around his waist and sunk into the embrace. "Yes, I forgive you," I whispered with my head pressed against his chest. I couldn't keep my mind off what was under that shirt. "Umm, can we go back to the room?"

Devin chuckled and his laughed vibrated through his chest and throughout my entire body. "I think that can be arranged."

I pulled back a little and started to step back, but he grabbed my hand and held tight. We took his stuff to the trash can and headed out onto the campus grounds towards our room.

"So, do you think they won't air the interview on the news, now that they caught the guy?"

"No, Officer Collins told me that the reporter contacted him and she was going to interview him soon and add it to the story."

"Cool. Do you want to watch in our room or down in the lobby?" There was a big television in the lobby with several old couches and chairs, but you couldn't always be sure you would get to watch what you wanted to watch.

"Let's just watch in the room. There will be room for Jack and Jeremy, and anyone else that drops by."

We were talking about an assignment I had when we arrived at the room, so I was taken aback when he grabbed me forcefully, pressing me against the back of our door, letting his hands slide into my hair and kissing me hard. I whimpered at the force and felt my skin flush. My hips began grinding against him as his tongue licked along the seam of my lips and pushed through, sweeping in and tasting my mouth.

"Mmm," I moaned into his mouth.

He pulled back a little and licked the corner of my mouth before nipping at my bottom lip. I thrust against him and he let go of my lip, only to sear my jawline with hot, long licks with his wet tongue. When he reached my ear, he licked the outer edge and nipped at the lobe, letting his hot breath singe me.

"Yes!" I hissed out.

"You like that baby?" His whispered words were so hot in my ear. "You like when I take control?"

I could only whimper an answer. Lust filled my body and I immediately wanted him inside of me.

"Fuck me, Devin," I begged quietly. "Please."

He groaned against my ear. "God, baby, I want to fuck you so bad, but we need to give you time. But, I remember you telling me about a little fantasy you had...Do you remember that?"

My face flushed at his words. I did remember telling him. Was that what he wanted? Oh, fuck. My legs felt shaky. "Uh-huh."

His hands snaked under my shirt and tugged it up quickly as he stepped back, giving him room to yank it up over my head and I saw it fly across the room.

"Do you still want me to do that?"

I nodded shyly. Just thinking about watching Devin stroking himself until he shot his load onto me was making me ache.

"Get undressed!" He growled out as he reached up and pulled his own shirt off and flung it on the ground.

I tugged at my zipper and headed over to the bed as I wriggled my jeans down past my hips. Turning to face him, I gulped at the dark flashes in his eyes. He was toeing off his shoes, tugging his jeans down and stalking towards me at the same time. I suddenly felt like his prey and nearly tripped over my own feet as I backed up. My breathing grew ragged and he wasn't even touching me. I bumped into the bed and he reached out and put his hand flat on my chest, shoving me onto the bed.

"Oh!" I yelped as I bounced a little. The look he was giving me was primal and everywhere his eyes trailed, I felt the searing heat of his gaze. I licked my lips in anticipation. I wasn't sure what he was going to do, but my body was humming with desire.

He leaned down and yanked my jeans the rest of the way off, tossing them over his shoulder, before reaching for my green knit boxer briefs. Again, he moved quickly, tearing them off in one swift move and letting them join the rest of our discarded clothes on the floor.

"What...what do you want me...how do you want me to start?" I asked, my voice quaking with excitement.

He licked his lips and slowly let his gaze peruse my body, stopping on my dick. His lips curled into a leer and in an instant he was on his knees, sliding me into his hot mouth.

Fuck! His mouth was like liquid silk.

"Yes!"

He looked up at me and my body twitched and spasmed as he started to pull me out of his mouth, his velvety tongue laving me with saliva and heat, before he let me out with a loud pop sound that echoed off the walls.

"Fuck, you taste good, Gage," he groaned out, his voice husky with lust.

"Ungh." Yep. A grunt was all I could manage. The man had reduced me to a pile of lust and grunting was my only means of verbal communication.

Devin smiled and stood up, one hand wrapped around his steely cock. Precum beaded at the slit and I wanted to reach out and taste him, but he stopped me with his hand.

"No."

I looked up at him, want and need flashing in my eyes. He chuckled low.

"This is all about you, Gage. Your fantasy. Remember?"

I nodded.

"Lie back and put your head on your pillow," Devin ordered. I moved quickly to get into place, eager to play out this fantasy. I know that to some people, my fantasy may seem very 'vanilla', but I had dreamed about it so many times I couldn't wait any longer. As I moved back, he swung my legs up.

I looked up at him, waiting for more instruction. Seeing him naked, stroking himself while he watched made me crazy. I grabbed my dick and tugged a little, thrusting my hips up into my hand.

"You're an eager one tonight, I see," he said, teasingly, but the desire in his eyes belied his casually spoken words. I knew he wanted me as much as I wanted him.

He climbed onto the bed near my feet and rose on his knees, looking up at me. I felt like I was about to be dinner.

"Spread your legs, baby," he commanded me, his deep voice dripping with sex. "Show me everything."

I shivered at his words and felt a blush creep across my cheeks and spread onto my neck and upper chest, but I did as he said. I bent my legs at the knees and spread my legs wide, giving him full view of my hard cock and balls and my ass.

Devin leaned over and pushed on the inside of my thighs, causing my legs to fall to the sides. He inhaled sharply and my eyes darted to his. "You are so sexy, Gage. So fucking perfect."

My heart was beating so hard, it felt like it was smashing into my chest. I tried to smile, but I was trembling too much.

"Stroke your cock, baby."

My hand flew to my shaft and my hand wrapped tightly around it, stroking from the top to the bottom and back down again.

Devin moaned as he sat back on his heels and watched me, his hand slowly pumping himself. "Do you like me watching you?"

My blush deepened, but I nodded as my other hand reached down to cup my aching balls.

"Say the words, Gage."

I swallowed, still nervous. Did it make me weird that this was so erotic to me?

"Say the words, baby. Tell me what feels good, what you are thinking when you stroke yourself like this. I want to know everything."

Before Devin, I never would have considered sharing my deepest desires, my fantasies. But he made me feel safe and I could tell he really wanted to know.

"I-I...yes, I love that you are watching me." My voice trembled a little at the admission.

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. A lot. It makes me feel...sexy...and..."

"And?"

"Kind of dirty and slutty." Oh, god, it was out there, now. I couldn't take the words back! Will he think I'm weird?

"Oh, god, that's so fucking hot," Devin groaned out as he began to fist his cock faster. "You are so sexy, baby."

"Yeah, you like knowing that I jack off and think of you, Devin? Do you like that I want to be your slut sometimes?"

"Gage, you're killing me! I love when you talk dirty, baby. Those words coming from your sweet little mouth."

I stroked faster and slid my finger across the slit, collecting all the precum dribbling out and using it for lube. Then I slid two fingers into my mouth and sucked on them.

Devin grunted as he watched me, his hand moving faster on his dick. His eyes watched my fingers as I pulled them out of my mouth with a loud pop and slid them under my balls, down the sensitive skin and stopped at my tightly puckered hole. There was still some soreness from earlier, but I didn't care. I let my wet fingers circle the opening a few times before I pressed hard and both fingers slid in.

I grunted at the intrusion, but waited a moment, knowing it would feel great soon. Within a minute, I was able to start slowly fingering my ass, letting my fingers slide in to the knuckle and out, in and out again and again, Devin moaning as he watched me.

"Are you going to come all over me, Devin? All over my dick? All over my hole?" My voice was thick with lust and all I could think about was how badly I wanted his cum on me.

"Fuck, yeah. You ready? You ready to feel it all over those big balls? You want my cum dripping down into your ass?"

I nodded as I neared my climax, my balls tightening and my channel gripping my fingers tighter and tighter. I hit my sweet spot and roared out Devin's name as I ejaculated all over my hand and my stomach. Explosions ruptured throughout my body and for a moment, all I could see were spinning circles in brilliant hues flying through the air. I felt weightless and drained and sated all at once.

When I found myself grounded again, I opened my eyes just in time to see Devin move closer to me, his cock aimed over my own. Oh, god, he was going to do it; he was going to unload all that hot cream onto me.

“FUCK! Yeah, oh fuck, yes! Gage!” I loved when Devin came because he was so vocal. He grunted as spurts of thick white cum landed on my still hard dick, mixing in with mine, with two more spurts landing on my balls and finally one more rope of cum landing at the top of my thigh.

My breathing was ragged as I watched him orgasm and when he had drained his last drop, he threw his head back and sat back on his heels, working hard to get his breathing under control, too.

A full minute passed before we looked at each other. I smiled, suddenly feeling shy again. He grinned.

“That was epic, Gage. Fantastic!” His eyes watched me as I ran my fingers through all the cream pooling on my body and he smiled. “You are beautiful, Gage. It’s hot to see you painted with my cum.” He smiled again. “I’ll be right back, okay?”

I nodded and watched him enter the bathroom. I heard the water running and knew what he was doing. The fact that he took care of me like this was almost more than I could hope for. Just as I thought, he came back with a warm, wet towel and slowly, carefully cleaned me up and then himself. He tossed it into the laundry hamper and slid into bed with me, pulling me close to his chest.

“I love you, Gage.”

“I love you, too.”

Sleep came quickly to both of us, even though it was still afternoon.

Devin’s POV

I awoke to pounding at my door. Fuck, was this some sort of “Groundhog Day” experiment? Didn’t this already happen this morning?? Maybe I was dreaming.

“Dude, open the door! The news starts in a few minutes!”

It was Jeremy. Crap. I can’t believe we slept for so long.

“Hang on,” I hollered out. “Give us a minute.”

Gage stirred. “What’s going on?” he mumbled, still half asleep.

“Jack and Jeremy are here. We fell asleep and it’s almost time for the news. We have to get up if we want to see the interview.”

Gage sat straight up. “Of course I want to see it! Get dressed!”

He jumped out of bed and tossed me anything that was mine as he grabbed our clothes from various spots on the floor. He was adorable as he wriggled into his jeans and t-shirt, still half-asleep. I wasn’t sure if I should point out that his shirt was on backwards. Or that his hair was sticking up all over. Hmm, and I probably shouldn’t mention that the room still smelled like sex. Nope, not going to tell him. I threw on my clothes and stepped up behind him just as he reached for the door handle. I ran my hand over his hair and did a fairly decent job of getting it straightened before the door was opened.

Jeremy barreled through the door, Jack in hand, as soon as it was opened.

"Took you guys long enough," Jeremy exclaimed as he glanced at the messy bed. Turning to Gage, he let his gaze drift to his bed hair and he grinned. I knew exactly where his mind was going and I glared at him, hoping he would keep his comments to himself.

Jeremy laughed. "Looks like someone has some serious sex hair."

Gage's hands flew to his head and his eyes widened as he looked at me. Crap, I should have told him.

"Hey, Gage?"

"Yeah?"

Jeremy leered at him, completely ignoring my death glare. "Does sex make you forget how to dress?"

Gage raised an eyebrow, not understanding what he was talking about.

I was going to help, but Jack took pity on him, as he slapped Jeremy's arm. "Your shirt's on backwards, dude. And you," he turned to Jeremy, "leave him alone or you might be sleeping alone tonight."

My mouth dropped as Jeremy clamped his lips together and immediately lost his smile. "Sorry, Gage," he grumbled, looking appropriately repentant.

Gage and I stared at each other in shock as Jack flashed a very smug smile before Gage flipped his shirt around.

I flipped on the television and we all took a seat, Gage and I on the bed, leaning against the wall with Jack and Jeremy taking the desk chairs.

We started out quietly, waiting and watching, but after the first ten minutes we were bored out of our minds and of course, we started talking.

Conversation turned to basketball plays and Gage tuned us out, choosing instead to keep an eye on the news for the interview. It was only a few minutes later when he called out to us. "It's up!"

Immediately, all eight eyes were glued to the screen. The reporter we met with, Susan, spoke first. She showed the parking lot of the bar & grill, a few shots of the campus and then there we were, talking with her at the basketball court!

Wow, Gage looked cute! He was definitely photogenic. I thought I sounded a little nervous, but at least it didn't last too long. And then they flashed to the car and my stomach rolled. It looked so much worse in the daylight. Gage took my hand, as if he knew I was upset and as he rubbed his thumb in little circles over my skin, I began to feel better. I leaned over and gave him a little peck on the cheek. I wasn't sure what I had done to deserve him, but I would spend all my days making sure he knew he was loved and appreciated.

Susan was now discussing the crime with the police and Gage used the remote to up the volume.

"Thank you for coming out. I am happy to state that we have arrested someone and he is being charged with the commission of a hate crime. This was a crime that was clearly meant to target a group of men that were gay. We take that very seriously and need the public to know that we will not tolerate hate."

My cheeks felt a little wet and I realized that a few tears had fallen from my lashes, streaking down my cheeks. I wasn't sure if the police officer was just giving lip service or not, but it did feel good to hear. Gage reached over and brushed the tears away and cuddled close, holding onto my hand.

The piece ended and we all started talking at once. Jeremy jumped up and pumped his fist in the air. "They got the bastard!"

"You were great, Devin," Jack told me.

"You were, Devin. You seemed so confident and sexy!"

I smiled at Gage. He always knew what to say and when I looked at his rosy lips I couldn't help but want to kiss him. I leaned over, but Jeremy interrupted.

"Hey, look! You're on again!"

We turned back to the screen and realized it was the locket segment. This was much shorter than the other piece, but we watched, hoping someone would recognize the locket and call the station.

Since we were already in the room and watching television, we decided to put in a movie and soon we were all watching *Fast and Furious*. We popped some popcorn and pulled out a few sodas and settled in for a few hours.

Gage and I ended up falling asleep towards the end, but the guys woke us up when they left.

"Thanks for letting us hang. Go back to sleep you old farts," Jeremy teased.

It was close to midnight when we finally crawled back in to bed, but the excitement from the day had us both exhausted. I pulled Gage close and we both drifted off.

I swore I heard thunder. Thunder loud enough to rip me from my sleep.

BOOM!

There it was again, but too close for thunder. I sat up and rubbed my eyes, still lost in a haze of sleep. I listened. Nothing.

BOOM!

Fuck! It was something outside my door. Gage shot up and his eyes opened wide, looking at me for an answer. I shrugged and slid out of bed, moving towards the door.

BOOM! "Open up!"

I turned back to Gage. Who the hell was that, I wondered? He didn't seem to know either.

When I reached the door, I yelled out to the loud-mouthed visitor. "Who is it?"

Nothing. I almost turned and went back to bed.

"Travis." The voice was slurred. Weak. "Please let me in. I have to talk to you guys," he pleaded.

Gage moved to my side and I put my arm around his shoulders. What reason could Travis ever have to be at our room? He hated us.

Neither of us made a move to open the door.

THUNK.

Great, what now?

Pissed, I yanked the door open and Travis almost fell on top of me. "Fuck, Travis! What the hell?"

He had been leaning against the door and grabbed my shoulders for balance, shoving me back a few feet. The stench of alcohol flooded my nostrils. I removed his hands and took a step back, watching as he tried to maintain his balance.

"He's wasted," Gage said, pointing out the obvious.

"I am so sorry! I am just so sorry, guys." Travis mumbled as he fell onto the other bed, face down with his legs dangling from the edge.

I sighed. This was going to be a long night.

"About what, Travis?"

With what appeared to be much difficulty, he turned his head to look at me, confusion evident in his bloodshot eyes.

"What are you sorry about, Travis?" I spoke clearly and slowly, hoping he could understand the question.

"It's my fault. It's all my fault," he whimpered as tears began to fall. Those whimpers quickly evolved into deep, gut-wrenching sobs. Tears poured down his face, dropping onto the bedding.

Gage stepped over to the bed and sat on the edge, his hand on Travis's shoulder. "Just tell us, Travis. We can help you."

Pissed off, I shook my head hard, my jaw clenched tightly. I didn't like that big idiot being in my room, let alone near Gage. But Gage shut me down with a look; a look that basically told me to stop being an ass. I knew I was probably being an ass, I didn't need him to remind me. I scowled back at him, but he ignored me.

"The guy that did that...that thing to your car?" His words sputtered out between sobs and I felt my blood pressure rise, knowing his next words were going to piss me off even more no matter what he said.

"What about him?"

Gage shot another glare my direction at the growl in my voice and damn if he didn't start stroking Travis's shoulder!

Travis looked at Gage, probably figuring he was the safest out of the two of us. He was right.

"I know him. I know the guy!" His eyes darted from Gage's face to mine and quickly back as he tried to get the rest of his confession out. "We've been friends for years. He came to the game and...and..." his words turned to blubbing and I gave up trying to figure him out. Gage leaned forward and listened.

"You saw us in the parking lot after the game? Is that what you said?" he asked gently.

Travis nodded and burst out with another round of sobs, a mixture of snot and tears trailing down his face. "I pointed you guys out and he...he must have followed you! I'm so sorry!"

Gage looked at me and pressed his lips together. So, now we knew what happened. Fucking Travis was part of it. The betrayal I felt from a teammate was more than I could take; my body shook with anger. But then he spoke again and blew us away.

"I am so sorry. I didn't know...I didn't know he would do that. He hates f-fags- I mean gays. He *hates* them. All my friends do. That's why they are all going to hate *me!*" He buried his face in the pillow and I made a mental note to wash the bedding this tomorrow.

Gage's jaw dropped and he looked stunned.

"What?" I asked.

"Did you hear what he said?"

"Yeah. All his idiot friends hate gays." I shrugged. "Like we didn't know that."

"And that's why they will all hate him..." he watched me as he repeated Travis's words, waiting for it to sink in. *What was I missing? Travis was an asshole. So were his friends. An apology didn't make up for... Oh, fuck!* My eyes grew wide as his words finally hit me.

"You're *gay?*" I bellowed at Travis, stunned.

He nodded. "Yes," he whispered.

I was furious. "And you still called us faggots? You hypocrite! You asshole! Get the fuck out of my room!"

"Calm down, Devin."

I was incredulous. Was he serious? That idiot needed to get out of here. I didn't want to fight with Gage, but there was no way in hell we were accepting an apology from this asshole.

"Devin," he said again, his voice calm. "Can't you tell he's hurting? He's coming out and you are beating him back down. Haven't we dealt with enough hate in the last couple of days?"

Shit. He was right. Why was he always right? Stubbornly, I didn't answer him, but I did shut up and take a seat on our bed.

"Travis? Are you okay?"

He finally rolled over and peered at Gage. I wondered if Travis would even remember this, considering how drunk he was, but I let him continue.

"We are not judging you, Travis. So, you're gay. We're here for you, okay? Why don't you take your shoes off and stay here tonight and we'll talk in the morning." Gage patted his shoulder a couple of times as the big jerk looked up at him briefly before rolling to his side and dropping his head back onto the pillow.

Gage and I looked at each other, unsure if that meant yes, he would stay, or he was thinking about it... I didn't really care; I wanted him to get the hell out of our room.

We turned back as Travis pulled his legs up onto the bed, toed off his shoes and let them fall to the floor. Seconds later Travis's snoring pretty much answered our question. He was staying.

Gage moved back to our bed and I pulled him close to my side, kissing the top of his head. "Baby, that was sweet of you, but I don't think he-

"Devin, he's hurting. Let's just do the right thing and let him sleep it off. We can talk with him in the morning."

Damn. Travis *was* staying. I grunted, but didn't dare say anything. I could see that Gage was serious and since I would do anything to make him happy, I gave in. Even if what I really wanted to do was slam my fist into Travis's nose and hear the satisfying crunch of bone. Hmm, that made me smile.

We finally settled into bed, my arms wrapped around Gage and our bodies spooned tightly against each other. I leaned forward and breathed in his scent, letting it drift through me, filling me with a peace I had only known with him. My breathing calmed and my anger ebbed as sleep finally claimed us.

Chapter 6

Gage's POV

"What the fuck?"

My eyes flew open and shot to the large man sitting up in the bed across the room. Travis looked pissed and slightly confused. Great. He probably forgot the whole evening.

"What's wrong, Travis?"

"Gage?" He squinted through the stream of sunlight snaking out from the blinds.

"Yeah, it's me." Devin rolled over and looked at our guest. "Devin, too," I added.

"What the hell happened? I don't remember...I don't know...I mean...what?"

Poor guy. He was a mess. Bleary, bloodshot eyes, tear stained face, hair sticking up and rumpled clothes. I could still smell the alcohol from our bed and imagined his mouth felt awful. I slid out of bed and grabbed him a water from the mini-fridge and some Tylenol from my night stand and offered them to Travis before I answered him. He looked surprised at the offering, but gladly took them from me.

Devin was sitting up in bed, glaring at Travis, so I sat back down and placed my hand on my boyfriend's knee and squeezed, letting him know not to lose his temper. He grunted, so I think he got my message.

"Travis," I began, slowly, "do you remember anything about last night?"

He swallowed the pills and looked at me, his brow furrowed for just a moment until his memories of last night began to come back. Terror gripped him and he jumped up from the bed, reaching down for his shoes and making his way to the door.

"Travis!"

He stopped in his tracks, his shoulders slumping.

"You can't hide who you are anymore. You will never be happy pretending to be someone you're not."

His shoulders trembled for a moment until he turned around to face me. Devastation etched his features, his eyes were bright with fear.

"Sit."

Travis simply looked at me and obeyed, moving back to the bed he slept in. He dropped his big frame down and the bed creaked under his weight.

"Look at me," I ordered him.

Reluctantly, his eyes met mine. I knew his entire world was crumbling and he had no idea what to do, but he held my gaze. Chalk one up to stubbornness; I was pretty sure he just didn't want to make a scene in front of his teammate.

"Now, first of all, I want you to know that Devin and I forgive you."

His eyes grew wide and Devin cleared his throat, preparing to speak, but I squeezed his knee hard.

"Don't we, Devin?"

My boyfriend sighed as he ran his fingers through his hair. "Yes. I know you didn't mean for that guy to vandalize my car."

Travis finally found his voice. "Seriously, man. I didn't. I had no idea he followed you. I was just trying to fit in." He inhaled deeply and shuddered as he let it out. "I have known I was gay for years. Years. I thought maybe...just maybe I could come out in college, but then there were people from my high school and I am into sports and I...I didn't know what to do!" Tears began to well up in his eyes and he brushed them away.

Devin slumped forward, his elbows on his knees, his chin in his hand. "Look man, I get it. Coming out is hard. But isn't pretending to be a hater even harder? I mean, are you happy? *Ever?*"

Travis stared at us for a moment as his lips slowly began to curve into a hint of a smile. "Actually, I'm happy right now. I mean, I'm fucking terrified, but I can't believe how amazing it feels to tell someone. I'm gay. Gay...gay." He seemed to be trying the word out. His smile grew wider. "Wow!"

Devin smiled back and I knew he really had forgiven Travis. We told him we would be here for him to help him when he was ready to let people know. Devin laughed when he realized the coach would have to be told at some point.

"Maybe there really is something in the water," he mused and soon we were all laughing.

I knew Travis still had a long way to go, but we promised we would help him out. He let us know he had already been to the police station and given a statement, explaining that he had been the one to point them out to his friend, Scott.

"I guess he won't be speaking to me anymore," he muttered out loud.

"Did you really want him to?" Devin asked.

Travis smiled. "No, he's a douchebag. And a complete homophobe."

Devin's cell rang and he looked at the number, shrugging. "Hello?"

Travis got up, gesturing towards the door. "I'm going head back to my dorm. Thanks for...well, everything," he whispered.

I followed him to the door. "I meant what I said, Travis. We are here for you. That's what friends are for."

He smiled and nodded, fresh tears on his lashes. "Thanks, Gage. I can't believe how great you guys are being to me."

I patted his arm. "Like I said, anything."

He surprised me by bending down and hugging me.

Devin was by my side in an instant. God, he was so freaking jealous. He hung up his phone and glared at Travis.

Travis back off and held his hands up, palms out. "Sorry, dude. Didn't mean anything by it."

I elbowed Devin. "He knows that, right Dev?"

"Yes. Of course," he said, his voice strained. It was all I was going to get.

I smiled at Travis and told him we would see him soon.

He glanced between Devin and me and looked a little wistful when he spoke. "I wonder if I will ever have what you guys have..."

I reached over and grabbed his arm, giving him a gentle squeeze. "You will, Travis. You have a lot of things to think about and there will be some hard times in your future, but I promise you this: Being honest about who you are will bring you more happiness than you ever thought possible."

His lips twisted a little as he looked down at me, his gaze intense until he finally drew his eyes over to Devin. "You are one lucky guy, Devin."

Devin slid his arm around me and pulled me closer.

As the door closed, Devin leaned into me, his hands on the door, caging me between his arms. A shiver ran down my spine.

"Umm, who was on the phone?"

"The station. Someone thinks the locket was theirs. I gave them permission to give out my number."

"That's great!" I was so excited to find out who the owner was.

"Uh-huh. Great," he murmured as he leaned down and sniffed my hair. "God, you smell good."

I wrinkled my nose. Ugh, he had to be crazy. I hadn't even brushed my teeth yet, let alone showered or shampooed. "How about I go take a quick shower?" I moved to slide under his arm and he grabbed my wrist, pulling my arm up above my head, and pressing it back against the door.

"No," he leaned down and his husky voice ghosted across my skin. "You'll just need another one in a little while."

I shivered. God, I loved when he was in control like this. I bit my lower lip and tried not to smile. "Why would I need a second shower?"

He grabbed my left hand and pulled it above my head to join my other one. Soon, I was pinned against the door and his face was lowered down, hovering only an inch away. Heat rolled off him and his eyes flashed with desire. He flicked his tongue out and licked his bottom lip before he answer my question.

"Because I want a repeat of last night, baby."

I trembled, my cock twitching and weeping with desire.

"I'm going to cum all over your balls and your tight little hole."

I inhaled sharply, moaning at the thought. "You are?"

"God, yes. Seeing your sexy little body painted with my cum was the hottest thing I have *ever* seen in my life." He leaned down and whispered into my ear, "It was like I marked you as *mine*. Now get naked and meet me in bed."

I shivered as he released my arms. I raced to the bed and watched as he headed into the bathroom. God, I loved that man. As I waited impatiently on the bed, I wondered if we would always be like this; hot and aching for each other. I couldn't imagine my life without him.

I smiled as he entered the room again, wearing only a big grin, and I knew in my heart he felt the same way.

EPILOGUE

Gage's POV

I couldn't believe the semester was almost over. I had just completed my last final before summer break and was heading across campus back to my dorm. I knew Devin had one more class today and then he was done, too.

Summer arrived too quickly. I was excited for the break from classes, but being away from Devin for even a day was going to be incredibly hard. We had spent the year growing closer and my love for him had only deepened and grown.

Both of us were heading home for the summer, but planned on talking every day. I knew our love was strong enough to last through the distance, but it was still going to suck. At least I had already contacted my old boss at the supermarket and lined up a summer job. I was going to need to save up as much as possible the next few months because Devin and I had already decided to rent a house next year, instead of staying in the dorms.

We found a great old house just off campus and the landlord already accepted our application. There were four bedrooms, so we were talking with some friends about moving in with us. We asked Jack and Jeremy first, but they didn't want to move off campus and were working on getting a dorm room together for next year.

Travis was thinking about it and said he would let us know as soon as he talked it over with his parents. Ever since the night he showed up drunk in our dorm room, he had become a part of our lives. At first, I believe he just needed support; to feel that he wasn't alone in this, but soon enough, he and Devin really bonded and became true friends. I liked him too, once he had quit being such an asshole and showed us his true self. He was funny and caring. And once he let his guard down, I found out he was also really smart. He may play the dumb jock around others, but in reality he was quite intelligent.

Our new friend, Brett, was definitely going to rent one room and had promised to bring a sofa and coffee table that his mom was getting rid of. Apparently she was redecorating, so he was going to keep his eye out for anything else she wanted to replace over the summer.

Devin and I met Brett when the station put him in contact with Devin about the locket. It turned out that it had once been his grandmother's and when she had passed away, his grandfather kept the locket and carried it around everywhere he went.

Brett was thrilled that we had found it after it had been missing for so many years. He ended up wrapping it up and surprising his mother with it at Christmas and he said she had cried for over an hour at seeing her mother's locket. There had been pictures in it of her mother and father, but those were completely destroyed by water. She was still happy to have the locket and told Brett that she would just use different pictures she had of her parents.

Brett was a freshman at our school, but because his parents lived just twenty minutes from campus, he was still living at home. He was eager to move out, though. We had really hit it off, as he was also a little bit of a geek like me. I think he had a little crush on Devin for a short while, but I couldn't really blame him, Devin was incredibly sexy.

When I arrived at the dorm, I found a note on the door and pulled it off.

Gage,

Didn't want to text you while you were in a final. Good news- my parents want you to come stay a week with us this summer!

Love you!

Dev

My heart beat a little faster at the news. Spending a week with him over the summer? I was so there!

When I pushed the door open, I could see that Devin had been trying to pack again. Good Lord, it was a disaster! Boxes and bags filled with crap, nothing organized and everything shoved together.

I smiled as I started to repack his stuff, knowing he would appreciate the help. I guess he wasn't perfect, but I didn't want perfection. I just wanted him. And he wanted me.

We were in love and I couldn't wait to see what the next chapter in our journey would bring.

To follow the guys and read about Travis's story, check out book #2 in the College Boy Series: Finding Our Way.