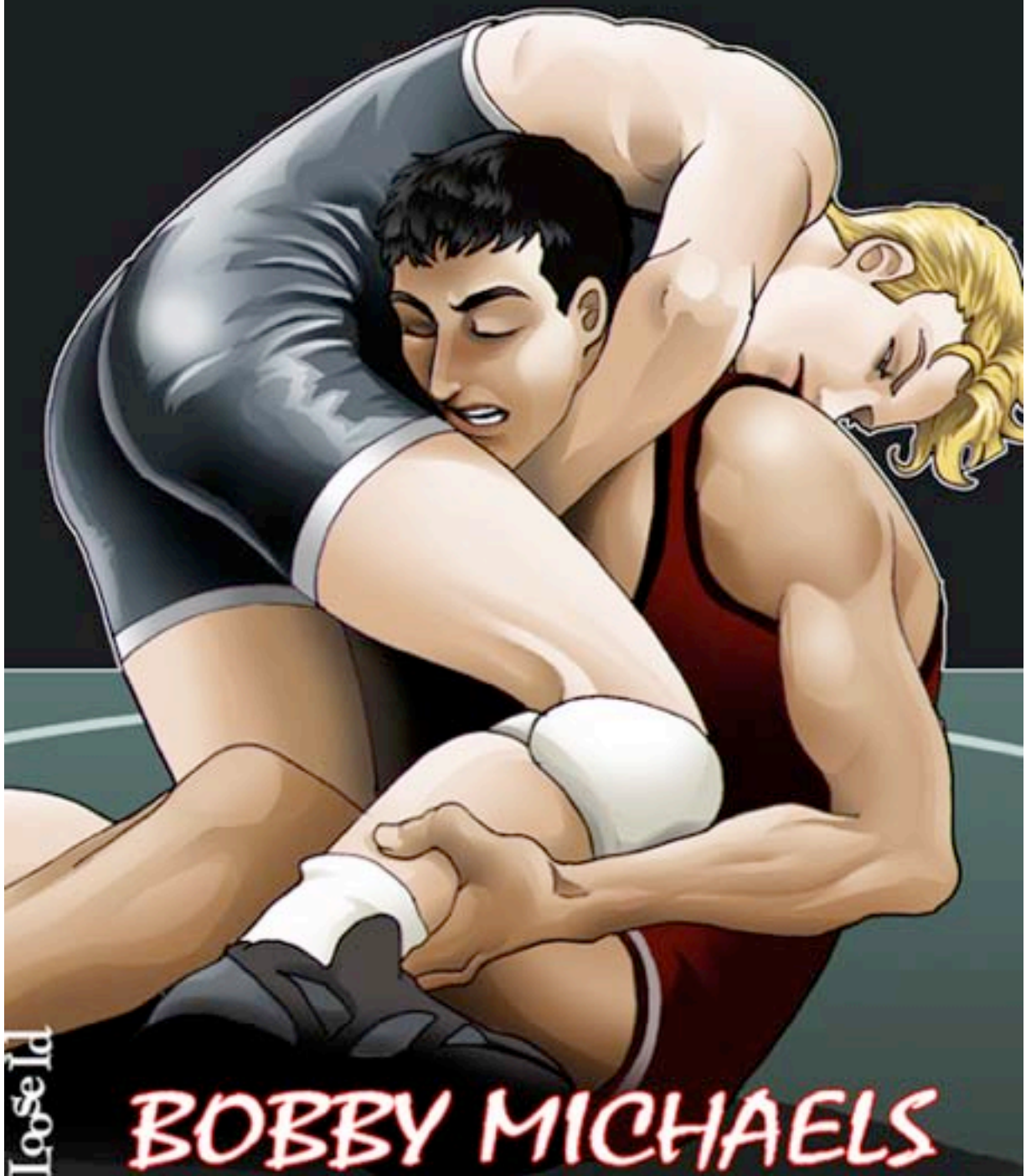


JOCK DORM

DREW AND VINCE



Loose Id

BOBBY MICHAELS

JOCK DORM: DREW AND VINCE

Bobby Michaels

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Chapter One

The first time I saw the campus of State University, it was through the windshield of a truck owned by my brother Gregg's lover, Dar. The large, imposing buildings did nothing to calm my fears about what lay ahead of me. I suppose that all incoming freshmen have some fears about going to college for the first time. Would they be successful academically? Would they be able to make a place for themselves within the college society? Would they be able to make friends or find that special someone to share their lives with? Perhaps for some, there was excited anticipation at being outside the influence of mommy and daddy for the first time in their lives and they looked forward to experiencing more of life than perhaps they had in high school.

My fears were deeper and more profound, however, because, for me, the university was more than just a place to get an education. It was my one and only refuge from a life of punishment, emotional neglect, and constant fear that I had lived in for all of my eighteen years. My brother Gregg understood this. He'd come to this institution of higher learning three years before to escape the same. Not that my experience of the horror of growing up in our loveless house with our two horrible, unloving parents could even compare to the hell that my brother had gone through. A hell that had finally resulted in my parents disowning him when he finally got away.

How laughable that idea was -- disowning a son who they didn't *own* to begin with and who they had done everything they could think of to destroy before he finally escaped their sick and evil influence, even to the point of eliciting my help in his attempted destruction. To my eternal shame, I took part in the rejection of my older brother, Gregg, simply to save my own ass. To save myself from becoming our parents' next victim.

I was convinced, from the day that he escaped, my brother hated and despised me for my cowardly actions. I had seemingly turned against the only person who had ever truly shown me love in my entire life. More importantly, it seemed as if I had turned my back on the only person who I ever truly loved. But only in appearances was it true. I never stopped loving Gregg, but to escape the possibility of our parents turning on me after he left, I made it appear as if I had. I made it appear as if I hated him as much as they did.

And why did they hate my brother? For some of the very same reasons that they would now be hating me. For not being who they demanded him to be. For not adopting their religion of hate and intolerance. For not passing up the chance to find love in the only way that he could ever find fulfillment in it. But, most of all, for escaping.

I had made sure that they knew in no uncertain terms that I was leaving forever. I had left a note, actually more a bill of indictments, counting out the things they had done to both Gregg and me and ending by explaining just how worthless they were as humans, much less as parents, and how unworthy they were to waste oxygen by continuing to breathe. I also informed them of how, if they did cease to breathe, they would be neither missed nor mourned by anyone but would, instead, find themselves in the same "eternal hell fires" they had so often stated was Gregg's and my final destination. However, the worst blow, I'm sure, was the part where I informed them that I had the same perversions as my brother. That I had the moral deficiency of loving those whose sex and mine were the same.

I have to look at it as a miracle that I escaped from them at all. What was most miraculous about it is that my freedom was arranged by the very older brother that I had falsely heaped scorn and contempt upon in the effort to save my own butt from being accused of just exactly what I was guilty of -- being queer. It was Gregg who had come at the request of Coach Evans, the wrestling coach at State, to re-offer me a full wrestling scholarship.

I had met Coach Evans a couple of weeks before after he had seen me wrestle in the regional finals. At that time,

Coach Evans had made the scholarship offer but I had turned him down flat because I knew there was no way I could go to the same college Gregg was attending. I knew Gregg hated me for the way I had turned on him and sided with our two persecutors and, to tell the truth, I couldn't blame him at all. Coach Evans tried to persuade me that Gregg had never expressed anything but his wholehearted love for me, but I wasn't buying it. I knew that all that Gregg was doing was hiding his hatred of me so that Coach Evans wouldn't think badly of him. After all, hadn't I done just about the same thing? Hidden my love and admiration for Gregg so that our parents wouldn't think badly of me?

However, to please my own wrestling coach, who had been so helpful to me throughout my high school career, I agreed to once again talk to Coach Evans, who was a personal friend of my coach. I felt that it was a waste of time to meet with Coach Evans again and I guess he somewhat did, too, because, when I got to the meeting, instead of Coach Evans I was met by my brother Gregg and his lover, Dar.

God! How I had wanted to run but Gregg had blocked the door with his large body and finally forced me to listen to him. He swore to me that not only didn't he hate me for what I'd done but, had he the chance, he would have told me to do exactly what I had done. To save myself by denying and rejecting him so that my parents wouldn't wreak any type of revenge on me after Gregg left.

I guess the real miracle was the fact that Gregg still loved me and that, for the first time in more than three years, I felt his strong, comforting arms around me as I sobbed with my head on his chest, making a complete fool out of myself. I'd never even had the audacity to dream that I would ever feel those arms again or know that I was still Gregg's beloved "li'l bro." I even kind of gained a *brother-in-law* in the person of his lover, Dar, who told me how happy he was that Gregg once again had the brother he loved so much back in his life. Dar appeared to really accept me like a brother. He obviously loved Gregg and that love seemed to radiate to me as well because I was so loved by Gregg.

This is not to say that I had not seen Gregg in those three years. In fact, I'd just seen him several months previously when I had attended the state wrestling championships. I was determined to go -- not just because of the love of my sport but because I knew Gregg would be there. I'd managed to keep abreast of his college career through friends but never had gotten the chance to see him compete. I talked to a friend of mine on the squad and found out that he was driving up to the championships and staying with some relatives. I got him to invite me along. Of course, I couldn't tell my parents where I was going. They had forbidden me to have any contact with Gregg at all, which included ever seeing him wrestle, so I just told them that my friend and I were spending the weekend with his grandparents and said nothing about the championships. Luckily for me, they never checked.

When I saw Gregg during his first match, I was completely overwhelmed. He'd put on weight and had bulked up considerably over what he had been in high school. He looked totally awesome. I sat way up in the stands so that he wouldn't see me, and he never did seem to. Someone else did though. There was this guy who was the team manager. He kept looking at me throughout that whole first bout. I thought he'd say something to Gregg about seeing me, but then I realized, he wouldn't even know who I was. I guess I'd stopped realizing how much Gregg and I look like each other. I did, notice, however, that he and Gregg seemed to be extremely close -- always talking together on the sidelines and I noticed the guy was as intent on Gregg's matches as I was. I wondered what his real relationship with Gregg was. I found out when Gregg rescued me, of course, that the guy was Dar, Gregg's lover.

I went to every match Gregg had and watched him win both his weight class and best overall. I also started watching another wrestler who was almost as good as Gregg. The program I bought told me his name was Vince Collucci. He was almost the same size as Gregg but had dark hair and was obviously hairy on his chest and arms -- that I could tell from the places on his body that his singlet didn't cover. I started wondering how much hair Vince had on his body. I also wondered what Vince would look like without his singlet -- or any other stitch of clothing, for that matter. There was just something about Vince that was so ... so ... *adorable*. I hated to think of

someone who was masculine, sexy, and strong that way, but I couldn't think of any other word that truly fit. Though I couldn't keep the program after the championships because no one at home could know I'd gone, I didn't need it anyway. The name Vince Collucci was burned into my brain as well as my libido. I spent the next few months picturing Vince whenever I jacked off. I couldn't begin to estimate the number of loads I shot thinking about his strong, muscular, hairy body or his dark, brooding Italian eyes. All I knew was that almost every night, as I said the enforced prayers my parents demanded of me, I begged God to send someone like Vince for me to fall in love with and who would fall in love with me.

Once I found out that Gregg did, indeed, still love me and that the scholarship offer to State was still open to me, I saw no reason to ever go back to the loveless house where Gregg and I had grown up ever again.

Gregg understood how I was feeling and he arranged that he and Dar could take me back to the university. It was there, when I met Coach Evans, that I learned that I would be housed in the jock dorm near Gregg and Dar but that my roommate was named Vince. I wondered if it was the same guy that had gotten my hormones so riled up at the state wrestling championships that I'd been jacking off over him ever since I first saw him. On the way to the dorm, I asked Gregg if that's who he was.

"Yeah. That was Vince you saw at the championships, all right," he said. "He's a very close friend of ours."

"Oh, fuck!" I moaned.

"What's the matter, bro?" Gregg asked me.

"I can't room with him. I couldn't keep my eyes off him at the championships. He's such a hunk. I couldn't take being around him all the time, I'd go crazy," I said.

"I think you have a lot more self-control than you give yourself credit for," Gregg said.

"But, Gregg, how the fuck can I live around a guy who is so incredibly beautiful and completely off limits?"

"That you will have to discover on your own, little bro. I will only tell you that the fact that you are gay will not bother Vince if you choose to tell him. He knows about Dar and me and still is one of our closest friends."

At that point, I saw Dar give Gregg a look, but I didn't understand it.

"Bro, I can't do that. I mean, you two are the only ones I've ever told."

"You mean other than your parents," Dar reminded me.

"Okay, I told them. But, frankly, I did that for an entirely different motive."

"As the Klingons say, bro, 'Revenge is a dish that should be served cold.'" Gregg chuckled at his own joke.

"Look, why don't you just meet Vince and then decide how you're going to handle this?" Dar suggested. "I swear to you that he's a really nice guy, but you'll have to make up your own mind."

"Okay. I guess I can do that," I said.

But I sure didn't want to. Here I was, gay, eighteen years old, hormones raging through my body, a complete fucking virgin and now I was expected to room with a guy who was a total wet dream who probably had more pussy than he knew what to do with. I'm just supposed to "look but don't touch"? Yeah? Right! Of course, right now, I didn't have much choice. After all, I couldn't move into Gregg and Dar's room -- talk about being an awkward situation. So, I guessed I would have to somehow learn how to live with Vince without going crazy.

Gregg and Dar took me up to the dorm. They showed me where their room was and then walked me down the hall to Vince's room ... well, what was now Vince's and my room. Gregg knocked at the door and it was almost immediately pulled open by Vince. I just stood there drinking him in. He was as tall as Gregg so that made him around six foot two. He had these really dark brown, almost black, eyes and really dark brown wavy hair. His skin was dark, almost olive, telling me of his Italian ancestry. He was standing there in just a small pair of gym shorts and so I could see the spray of thick dark hair across his chest and running down the center of his body,

lightly spreading over his ridged abs and disappearing in a thick trail into the gym shorts. His arms and legs were also heavily furred. There was no mistaking that this was no boy. This was a *man*.

“Well, Vince,” Gregg said. “You wanted to know if I had a brother. Meet Drew.”

I put down one of the duffels I was carrying and stuck out my hand. Vince looked at me and our eyes locked as our hands did. His clasp was firm but not overpowering but his eyes were completely hypnotic. I was lost in their dark depths from the first moment. I could feel my cock hardening and feelings rushing through my body that I’d never, ever felt before. Yeah, there was arousal. Who wouldn’t be aroused at this incredible example of masculine beauty? But it was more than that. Something started stirring deep inside me. I think I knew what it was, even then, but I didn’t want to admit it to myself. I knew I’d be totally disappointed if I let myself feel anything for Vince and so I tried very hard to repress what I was feeling.

I didn’t really want to let go of his warm hand, a hand that was bigger than mine and I’m not small by any means. Vince, for his part, didn’t seem to want to let go of mine either but I think we both noticed at the same time that we had been holding each other’s hand much longer than is acceptable for two males meeting for the first time. We each let go and kind of shyly smiled at each other. What the fuck was going on here? If I didn’t know better, I’d swear that Vince was feeling about me like I was about him, but that was too crazy to even consider.

“I’m glad to meet you, Drew,” Vince said to me. “Good to have you on the team. Coach told me what a good wrestler you are. He says you could be even better than your brother. After all the times he’s beaten me, I’d sure like to see that.”

“Well ... we don’t wrestle the same weight category so I’m not sure if you’ll ever get to see it,” I said.

Vince seemed to suddenly notice that we were all still standing in the doorway.

“Well, come on in,” he said, stepping back into the room and motioning to a side of the room that was obviously not lived in. “Do you need help with the rest of your stuff?”

“No. This is all my stuff,” I said quietly and I watched Vince’s reaction. “I travel pretty light.”

His face darkened as he blushed in embarrassment but I smiled at him to let him know that he hadn’t offended me in any way. Gregg put the box that was mine on the empty bed and I put the two duffels on it.

“Well, we’ll leave you two to get better acquainted,” Gregg said. “If you need anything, bro, you know we’re right down the hall.”

I stood looking up at Gregg and then I figured *fuck it* and threw my arms around him.

“Thanks, bro. For everything,” I said as I hugged him fiercely and he hugged me back just as tightly.

“That’s okay. You know I’m always there for you,” Gregg said as we let go of each other. “Well, we’ll see you later.”

Gregg and Dar left and I turned back to Vince.

“I guess I’d better get my stuff put away.”

“Yeah, you might as well. It’s a while before the cafeteria opens for dinner. Do you need any help?” he asked.

“No, not really. There isn’t much. I had to leave quickly and luckily there wasn’t a lot to pack.”

“Why did you have to leave so quickly?” Vince asked, confusion written all over his face.

“I guess Gregg has never talked to you about our parents.”

“Well ... yeah, he has some. I know he won’t go home because of them disowning him because he’s gay. I know he doesn’t want to have anything to do with them,” Vince said. “I don’t blame Gregg. I’m sorry, I don’t want to piss you off but, I don’t think a whole lot of what your parents did to him.”

“You won’t piss me off. I don’t think very much of them either. Of course, I don’t have much room to talk. I participated in some of it,” I said, my head dropping in shame.

“You did? Why?”

“I was afraid. I was afraid if I tried to stick up for Gregg, they’d have turned on me, too. I’m not very proud of that.”

“But you’re what? Three years younger than Gregg?”

“Yeah. About that.”

“So you still had to live there for three more years. I can understand you wanting to protect yourself. I’m sure Gregg understands, too.”

“Yeah. I found out that he does. I spent the last three years thinking that he hated me for it and, instead, he told me he had wanted me to do just what I did to protect myself.”

“Then you’ve got nothing to be ashamed of. You did the right thing. Even Gregg agrees and if anybody had the right to be pissed off at you, it would be him. It’s really obvious to me that Gregg still loves you and is very happy about you being here.”

“Yeah. I know. I just wish it was the worst thing about me.”

“So, what’s the worst thing?” Vince asked me, his voice low. “You on drugs or something?”

I looked at him, startled.

“No! In some ways I wish I was. You can quit drugs. You can’t quit being who you are.”

“So I don’t see anything terrible about you.”

“It’s not something you can see,” I said. “Oh, fuck! I didn’t want to get into this now. Gregg told me that you’d be okay with it but ... ”

I trailed off, unable to continue and sat down on the empty bed. Vince didn’t say anything for a while and I just sat there, staring down at the floor, trying to figure out how I was going to tell him.

“I’d be okay with what?” Vince asked quietly as he sat down next to me.

I looked up and into his deep brown eyes. I wasn’t sure, but it looked like he was very concerned about me -- like he knew how difficult this was me. I figured that I had to just tell him and get it over with.

“Vince, I left home because of the same reason Gregg did. I’m gay, just like he is,” I said and waited for the normal, straight guy reaction but nothing came. Instead, Vince looked at me and asked:

“Did you have a lover back home?”

“No. There was no one in my life. I’ve never had a lover or a boyfriend. Fuck! I’ve never had sex,” I said, for some reason admitting to something that I was even more ashamed of than being gay.

“There’s nothing wrong with either of those. Not having sex, or being gay.”

“Yeah? Let’s take a poll of every guy in this dorm and see if they agree with you,” I said sarcastically. “Let’s see how many of them think that it’s okay to be gay and how many of them think it’s cool to be a virgin.”

“First of all, every guy on this floor knows about your brother and Dar. None of them have any problems with it. As to the fact that you’re a virgin, that’s nobody’s fuckin’ business but yours. I just can’t figure how somebody as cute as you are hasn’t been hit on yet,” Vince said as he sat there grinning at me.

“I’m not cute,” I said, my face heating up in embarrassment as I looked away from Vince.

“The fuck you’re not. Do you have any idea how much you look like Gregg? Actually, you’re better looking than he is.”

It suddenly struck me that Vince was telling me how “cute” I was, how much better looking than Gregg I was. This didn’t sound like some typical straight jock. I looked up at him, trying to figure out what the fuck was going on here.

“So ... so ... you don’t mind having a roommate who’s gay?” I asked quietly.

“Nah! Why should I? It’s a free country. Every guy’s got the right to get his rocks off however he wants as long as he don’t hurt nobody or force nobody into anything they don’t want. Live and let live is how I see it. You do your thing and I’ll do mine.”

Well, I guess I couldn’t ask for anything more open-minded than that. However, it still didn’t solve the real, underlying problem. I was totally attracted to Vince and finding out that he seemed to be just as nice a guy as Gregg and Dar told me he was wasn’t helping at all. I almost wished he was as homophobic as most of the jocks I had known. That way, I could have maybe gotten over him. Instead, he turned out to be completely open-minded. Just my luck!

So, somehow, I had to come up with “Plan B.” Actually, I came up with it quite naturally. I just decided to deal with Vince the same way I dealt with my parents. I would avoid him whenever possible. The only time I had to be in the room with him was when it was time to sleep. Other than that, I was sure I could find lots of places on the university campus to go and spend time so that I could completely avoid him which seemed to be the safest and least painful thing I could do. After all, there was no sense torturing myself with what I couldn’t have.

And my plan probably would have worked except for the fact that Vince had evidently decided that since Coach had put me in his room, Vince had been given the responsibility of seeing that I was taken “under his wing” and made to feel like a member of the team and the university. I thought that, at least, I’d be away from him while he was in class but then I found out Vince wasn’t taking any actual classes that semester. He was only working out with the wrestling team and getting some kind of credit for it. Therefore, not only did I end up having dinner with him along with Dar and Gregg every night but he woke me up every morning to work out at the gym and then have breakfast together. After that, it was back to the athletic center to work on wrestling holds and moves with me followed by lunch. And this was in addition to the daily practices that I had to attend with the team as well.

One bright spot in all of this, however, was the fact that I was readily accepted by the team. That was thanks to my big brother, Gregg. Once the guys learned that I was Gregg’s younger brother, the respect and camaraderie that was shown to Gregg was given to me as well. I don’t think it hurt that I also had Vince as my mentor as well. Vince had as much respect among the other wrestlers as Gregg did.

However, it was Vince’s mentoring, his special wrestling training with me, that was the worst kind of torture for me. One of the things I most loved about wrestling was the feel of another male’s sweaty body struggling against my own. I’ll be the first one to admit that I was glad that wrestlers often wore the same type of cup jocks that baseball players wore so that it hid the fact that I so often got hard while wrestling another guy. With Vince, however, this was a nightmare. The feel of his body, his arms around me, the scent of him, it all drove me nearly crazy. I wanted him so badly and here I was, being almost as physically intimate with him as if we were having sex, but we weren’t.

Within three weeks, Coach Evans’ summer clinic for wrestlers started and I thought that this would finally give me some time away from Vince but, unfortunately, both Gregg and Vince were helping Coach train the high school and incoming freshmen wrestlers who were there for the clinic. This meant that I hardly had a moment in the day, except when I went to the bathroom, that I wasn’t around Vince.

It was driving me crazy.

Finally, I did the only thing I thought I could do. I went and talked to the one person I thought might understand. Dar. Having heard the story of how they got together, how Dar had fallen in love with my brother, all the time thinking he was straight, I thought he’d be the one of the two of them who most likely would see my problem in its true light.

“Look, I know how you feel. It was like that for me at the beginning, living with Gregg. I wanted him so bad and yet I didn’t dare tell him because I thought he was straight,” Dar told me.

“Exactly. And all the physical contact that I’m having with Vince on the wrestling mats when he’s teaching me new moves is driving me nuts.”

“I had to look at your brother naked almost twenty-four-seven. Not to mention when he’d take me into the weight room and either spot me or show me how to do certain exercises which always involved touching me.”

“What the fuck am I going to do, Dar?”

“I’d say that would depend on what you want to do.”

“What do you mean?”

“You’ve told him you’re gay, right?”

“Yeah.”

“But have you told him how you feel about him?”

“Are you nuts? I can’t do that.”

“Why not? I’ll remind you that’s how your brother and I almost ended up losing each other. Not being honest with how we felt about each other.”

“But how can I tell him how I feel about him when I don’t even know myself? Except for Gregg, I’ve never loved anybody in my life and loving your brother isn’t exactly the same thing as loving a lover. I don’t know whether it’s just horniness for Vince or what.”

“Oh, I think, if you really think about it, you’ll figure out what you really feel about him. After all, there are some things that can help you differentiate between just being hot for a guy and really loving him.”

“Like what?”

“Well, one thing is, if you can see the two of you having sex, can you envision anything beyond that? Do you think about the guy in terms of not days or weeks but months and years of being together? Do you look at him and think that maybe you’d like to wake up in his arms every morning for the rest of your life? Is he the kind of guy that you don’t just want sex with but really respect and like as a person?”

“Oh.”

“You go and think about those things and then make your decision about how you’re going to deal with Vince. I can tell you one thing, however. No matter what, honesty is the best policy. You can’t go on being dishonest by hiding how you feel.”

In some ways, I wished I’d never had that little talk with Dar. The questions he asked, they made me realize that what I felt for Vince was way beyond just sexual attraction. That if I was capable of falling in love, then I was in love with Vince. All those questions Dar wanted me to ask myself, all came back with the same answer -- Yes.

I also wished that Gregg and Dar hadn’t been right about what a wonderful guy Vince was. If he’d had even one ounce of obnoxious ego or the homophobia I’d always associated with other jocks, it would have made things so much easier. But he didn’t. Not a bit. In fact, other than Gregg, I’d never met someone who seemed to be a better person or care more about my welfare and happiness than Vince.

But I didn’t know what to do, how to even begin to broach the subject with Vince of what I was feeling about him. It didn’t matter, however, because the decision was taken out of my hands.

The summer clinic that Coach Evans held was coming to an end. There would be about a week’s break and then the new term would start and the rest of the wrestling team would return. Training would then kick into high gear along with classes. I had the advantage of getting to pre-register just like I was a returning student rather than having to wait in the long lines like incoming freshmen. Because of Gregg, Dar, and Vince’s help, I’d been able to choose classes and professors that I would enjoy.

But something else was happening. As the time grew close for the clinic to end, Vince began to withdraw from

me. I found myself without him around more and more with each passing day. Oh, we still ended up having meals together with Dar and Gregg and I saw him at the clinic but he stopped having any private training with me, finding one excuse after another not to have them until I finally stopped asking. I also began waking up in the morning alone. Vince would be out and gone long before I woke up. It was almost like he was following my original "Plan B," avoiding any contact with me but I couldn't imagine why. Just at the point where I was ready to take Dar's advice and finally tell him how I felt about him, he was never around to tell. In fact, it seemed as if he was avoiding any chance for the two of us to be alone.

There was one thing that I had found very curious about all the time we had been living together. Never once had Vince ever mentioned dating nor had he gone out with a girl. The fact was, he hadn't gone out anywhere. I thought it was because of his dedication to wrestling. The fact was, Vince's life was pretty full with everything he was doing on the team and with his own physical conditioning but it still seemed strange to me that he'd never found time to fit even one date into his schedule. And this from a guy who I'd already heard from some of the other team members was a first class stud on campus. A guy who got almost any girl he wanted.

What times I did see Vince, he was always quiet and withdrawn. Even Dar and Gregg noticed because they both said something to him about it on several occasions. Each time, Vince came up with a plausible excuse but it sounded too much like that's exactly what it was -- an excuse. Not a reason. I certainly didn't know him well enough to speculate but he just no longer seemed the confident, laughing Vince he'd been when I first met him. I just didn't know what was wrong but, since he was avoiding me, I didn't have a chance to find out or even offer to help if I could.

That is, until one morning just before new classes started.

Dar, Gregg, Vince, and I had been having almost all our meals together since I came to the university. One day that changed. Gregg and Dar came to get me for breakfast but Vince wasn't in our room. He wasn't in the cafeteria either. None of us knew where he was and it wasn't like Vince to miss meals, any more than it was for Gregg. We kept waiting for him to show up all through breakfast but he never did. While Gregg and Dar didn't think all that much about it, I thought it was very strange.

I figured I'd see Vince in the athletic center, but he never showed up there, either for Coach's clinic or to work out. I became really worried when the same thing happened at lunch. After all, with his avoiding me for the previous couple of weeks, I was afraid that he'd finally decided he wanted nothing to do with me at all.

After lunch, I went back to our room and waited for Vince to show up. I was determined to talk to him. I wanted to finally have it out with him about how he'd been avoiding me and find out why. I also wanted to finally be honest with him about how I felt but thought that maybe now I shouldn't. That perhaps it was not the right time to tell him. At least not until I found out exactly why he'd been avoiding me.

I waited until dinner time for Vince to return. Finally, I just gave up and started to get dressed and go on down to Dar and Gregg's room. I'd no more sat down on my bed and put my shoes on when I heard the door to the room open. Vince came in and he looked awful. The first thing I noticed was that his eyes were red, as if he'd been crying. Not only that but his shoulders were slumped over and he seemed to have the weight of the world pressing down on him. He didn't have the confident swagger and posture that I knew so well. He closed the door and stood there looking at me not saying a word. Then he sighed and came over and sat down next to me on my bed, holding his head in his hands.

I had no idea what was wrong. I almost thought that someone in his family had died or something. I wanted so badly to reach out and touch him, to put my arms around him in comfort but I was afraid to. I'd never seen Vince like this and I just didn't know what to do or what to say. Luckily, I didn't have to say anything because Vince began to speak.

"I've been walking all over campus trying to figure out what to do. I kept trying to come up with some way to make this easier and all I could come up with was to tell you the truth. You deserve to know the truth. You've

been honest with me and I haven't been honest with you."

"About what?"

"You were honest with me from the night you moved in here. You told me, up front, that you were gay. You had the courage to tell me the truth and I want you to know I truly respect you for that. I told you then that I was okay with that. I lied. I'm not *okay* with it."

My heart crashed into the pit of my stomach at these words. How had I missed it? All this time, Vince was as hateful and homophobic as every jock I'd ever known in high school but he'd hid it. I just couldn't believe it but his own words confirmed it. However, he kept talking.

"I'm not just *okay* with it. I'm just like you are. I've been going nuts, being around you, wanting you and not being able to tell you the truth. I just couldn't bring myself to say it. I don't know why. Maybe it was because I wanted you so bad and I was scared you didn't want me."

I know at that moment I had to look stunned, like a deer caught on a dark, country road in a car's headlights. Before I could say anything though, he leaned over and very gently kissed me right on the lips. I saw the whole thing because I was so shocked, I didn't even think about closing my eyes. He sat back looking at me to see my reaction.

There was only one reaction to that. I leaned over and pressed my lips to his, only I didn't pull away. I felt his strong, muscular arms going around me and mine wrapped around his neck. Vince very quickly took things to the next level, opening his mouth and licking my upper lip with his tongue. I opened my mouth and it was quickly full of his tongue, tasting me while I sucked on it. Now my eyes were closed because the feelings that were going through me were so strong that I nearly passed out. My cock had turned to stone, instantly, in my jeans. I had never in my life been kissed like this and I never wanted it to stop. But finally, Vince did pull back from my mouth. We still had our arms round each other and, when I opened my eyes, I was staring directly into his. The intensity of that look was almost too overwhelming to take for very long.

"We need to talk," he said quietly.

"Okay," I said softly, not knowing what the fuck we needed to talk about. As far as I was concerned, this was not a time for talking. This was a time for action. But Vince let go of me and gently pried my arms from around his neck while continuing to hold onto my wrists with his hands.

"Look, Drew. We haven't known each other all that long. I know it's the stereotypical thing for gay guys to just hop into bed and then see if they get each other off good enough to think about maybe having a relationship. That's okay for them, I guess, but that's not me. I mean, you never even laid eyes on me before you moved in here."

"That's not true."

"What do you mean, that's not true?" He looked at me quizzically.

"That's not true. I've seen you before. In fact, you turned me on so much the first time I saw you, I've been jacking off thinking about you ever since," I said, blushing at my admission.

"When did you see me?"

"At the state championships. I was up in the stands during all your matches -- just like I was for Gregg's."

"I never saw you."

"I didn't want you to. I didn't want you to see how much I was interested in you. I was afraid you'd get the idea of how turned on I was to you."

"You really jack off over me?"

I blushed again.

“Yeah.”

He leaned over and kissed me gently on the lips, drawing back before I could react. I looked up into his eyes.

“There’s still some things you need to know about me. First of all, I just came out a few months ago. Up until then, I was quite the stud with the ladies. But nothing clicked with any girl emotionally for me. I’d been fuckin’ around with other guys, usually jocks, for a long time, longer than I had with chicks but nothing clicked there either. I think because it was just for sex -- just to get my rocks off. Then a few months ago, I had this experience with a guy that picked me up in a bar in town. It was after spending the night with him and holding him in my arms that I finally found what clicked for me. But the guy had a lover. He was cheating on him while he was out of town. I was totally disgusted. How can you say you love someone and sleep around on them behind their back? Anyway, that’s when I got drunk one night and broke down and told Dar and Gregg. See, what I want is what they have. I want to fall in love with a guy and have him fall in love with me. I want us to build a life together and be faithful to each other. I know that’s really old-fashioned and a lot of people would probably say it’s pretty much *breeder* thinking, but that’s how I feel and I’m not going to change because somebody doesn’t like it,” Vince said.

“I like it. It’s exactly how I feel.”

“Are you sure?” Vince asked me, his eyes boring into mine.

“Yes, absolutely sure. Gregg and I come from a family where there is no love at all. The only time I ever felt loved was by Gregg but he has Dar now. I want someone that I don’t have to share with anybody,” I swore to him.

“But is that somebody me?”

“I don’t know. I know that being near you drives me crazy. And I don’t just mean the hard-on I’ve got all the time when you’re around, either.”

“I noticed that.”

“Well, yeah. It is kind of noticeable.” I blushed. “But I swear, it’s not just that. I know I’m feeling something for you, I don’t exactly know what it is but ... ”

“But what?”

“We could try and see if it works for us,” I said almost in a whisper.

“Is that what you really want?”

“More than anything. What about you?”

I was petrified now. I didn’t know what he’d answer. Here I’d come out and asked him point blank to be in a relationship and we hardly even knew each other. One part of me was screaming that I was an idiot. The other part of me was bound and determined to take the chance on having the love that I wanted. And I was leaving it all up to him.

“Do you remember what Gregg said when he introduced us? About me wondering if he had a brother?” Vince asked.

“Yeah,” I answered, confused as to what the fuck that had to do with us falling in love.

“When I broke down and told Dar and Gregg that I was gay and that I wanted a lover, I’d asked Gregg if he had a brother as sort of a joke. You see, I have a great deal of love and respect for Gregg and what I was trying to say is that I wanted a man like him to love me and for me to love. I had no idea that it would really turn out to be his brother. Yes, I want to try. I want to give it the best try that we can.”

Then he put his arms around me again and brought his mouth down on mine. The kiss was long and passionate. When it was over, I nestled my head on his shoulder. I could smell his scent. It was like the most heavenly

perfume. I knew that I loved the scent of a male. God knows, I'd smelled enough of them in locker rooms during my wrestling career. I loved the smell of testosterone, sweat, and musk. But there was something about Vince that was different from any male I'd ever smelled. Something that drew me -- strongly. I knew that from the first whiff of it, I would now know his scent anywhere. It was permanently seared into my brain.

"God! You smell good."

"I do? You like my scent? That's all me, ya know. I'm not wearing anything."

"Yeah, I know. And, yes. I love your scent. As far as I'm concerned I hope you never wear anything."

"You know, you smell pretty fuckin' hot yourself," he said, his voice low -- almost a growl -- and I felt him lean down and press his nose against my neck. "Yeah, fuck yeah! You smell really good. So good, I wonder what the rest of you smells like?"

"You can find out, anytime you want," I said softly. "Do you want me to undress?"

"No fuckin' way! I've been dreamin' too long of doing that myself."

He stood up and pulled me up to my feet. His hands pulled my T-shirt out of the waistband of my jeans. Then he lifted it up until I had to raise my arms for him to take it off me. When I got my hands over my head, however, and the neck of the shirt had just popped off my head, he held my hands there. I didn't understand what he was doing until he leaned down and stuck his nose in my armpit. I was not prepared for this. Nor was I prepared to hear the deep breaths he was taking, raking in the scent of me. Now, I'd taken a shower that morning, but that was quite a few hours ago and, like him, I didn't use any cologne or deodorant so what he was smelling was pure me.

He evidently liked it, though, because the next thing I knew, his tongue was licking through the sparse hair I had under my arms and caressing the skin there. I moaned out loud at the feeling, like nothing I had ever felt before. I heard Vince chuckle to himself and then look at me.

"You like that, huh?"

"Yeah. I like that very much."

"I've got a lot more to do to you that you're gonna really love."

"Just so long as you let me do them all to you."

"Oh, yeah, fuck yeah, babe. You can do them all to me," he said as his mouth pressed against mine.

I could taste the salt and musk of my underarm on his lips and tongue. I found them to be very erotic when mixed with the taste of Vince. I finally threw my shirt off and I felt Vince's hands begin unbuckling my belt and opening my jeans as we continued to kiss. His hands slid into my jeans behind me and grasped my butt. I moaned as he kneaded my ass cheeks with his hands and pressed my body against his, feeling our hard cocks rubbing against each other through the cloth of what little clothes we had on.

"So you like to go commando, huh?" he said, pulling away from my mouth.

Vince had found out that I never wear underwear. If I need anything on, I just wear a jock but never under jeans.

"Yeah. I like the feeling of it."

"Same here."

"Can I see?"

"Okay, you take yours off and I'll take off mine," he said, pulling his hands out of my pants.

We shucked the rest of our clothes off and stood there naked, each of us admiring what we saw. The beauty of Vince naked should be preserved in marble. Like Michelangelo's "David." The sight of him naked all but took my breath away -- as did the sight of his cock, standing hard and proud. Now, I'd seen a lot of cocks -- being in as many locker rooms as I'd been in. I'd even seen a few hard cocks when guys would get that adrenaline and

testosterone rush from exercise or from being around other naked guys. But I had never seen anything like Vince's cock hard. It was thick, uncut, and at least ten inches long. Maybe more, I didn't measure it then. I could also see the thick stream of pre-cum which was dripping from it and making a small, slick puddle on the floor. I knew that I leaked heavy but, compared to Vince, I barely leaked at all. I don't know what possessed me but I reached out and took some of the shiny liquid on my fingers and brought my fingers to my mouth. It tasted sweet, like my own, which I had often tasted. Vince watched me, his gaze glued to me, as I did this. When I tasted him, I looked into his eyes and he moaned low in his throat as he watched me.

"Oh, fuck ... "

I reached down again and gathered more of his pre-cum on my fingers. This time, however, I raised them to his lips. He sucked my fingers into his mouth, tasting himself. Now it was my turn to moan. The feeling of his warm, wet mouth around my fingers shot up my arm to my brain and directly to my cock which was now leaking as heavily as Vince's. Vince evidently noticed this but, rather than use his fingers to taste me, he leaned down and I felt his tongue brush across the head of my cock as he gathered up my pre-cum. Then he stood up and, pulling me to him, pressed his mouth to mine, sharing my taste with me. Then we both moaned.

"I can't take any more. I've got to have you," he said, pulling his mouth away from mine.

I was completely unprepared for what happened next. I knew Vince had to be strong to wrestle in the weight class that he did, but I wasn't much smaller than he was. As if I weighed nothing, Vince reached down and picked me up in his arms and gently lay me on the bed. Then he got over me, his head toward my feet, and slowly slid his mouth all the way down my thick, eight inches of very hard, dripping cock. I groaned loudly at the feel of this. Never had anything felt this good to my cock in my entire life. I knew that I was going to come very quickly. I didn't want this to end so soon, but I had no choice. Vince held me down and began moving up and down my cock with his mouth. His was dangling over my face and I was smelling his very aromatic crotch as his pre-cum dripped onto my nose. I pulled his cock down to my mouth and began to let it slide inside me. I was tasting a cock for the first time in my life and it tasted so good.

Now it was Vince's turn to moan. I didn't know what I was doing, having never sucked another guy's cock before, but I did at least know enough to keep my teeth out of the way. Evidently, what I was doing though was enough for after not too long a time, I suddenly heard Vince grunt and his abs tensed up above me and the next thing I knew, his hot cum was pouring out of his cock and into my mouth. I hurriedly swallowed all that I could but there was too much of the delicious, nutty/salty cum for me to handle. Some of it flowed out of my mouth and onto my cheeks and neck. What it did do was trigger my own orgasm and I shot load after load of my cum into Vince's sucking mouth. My God! I'd never felt anything so good in my life! I felt like I kept coming and coming -- like I was never going to stop.

But I finally did. Vince continued to suck me until there was no more cum and my cock began to go soft. He pulled his cock out of my mouth and turned around in the bed so that he was lying over me, my head cradled on his arm. His mouth came down on mine and we kissed passionately, tasting our own cum in each other's mouths. The kiss lasted a long time but when it finally ended, Vince pulled me close to him and began stroking his hand down my naked body while he cradled my head in the other arm close to his chest. The scent of him was really strong now, as was mine but neither of us seemed to mind. In fact, I could have lain there like that forever.

"How was that, babe?" His voice came soft and husky.

"It was incredible. I've never come like that. Uhh ... did I do okay?" I asked timidly, afraid because of my newness to all of this that I had not satisfied him.

"Okay? Babe, I came like a fuckin' stud horse. You were great. I almost doubted for a minute about you being a virgin, you did so well." He chuckled.

"Well, I am ... or, I was."

“Nah, you still are. You’ve still got two cherries that we’ll get to.”

“What two?”

“You’ll figure it out.”

Chapter Two

I lay there for a moment in Vince's arms, my mind whirling. Two cherries? I knew that I had never had a cock up my ass -- my fingers, as many as three --but never a cock. So what could the other one be? The only thing I could think of was ... Nah! He couldn't mean that. Could he? I looked over at Vince, who was smiling at me like a guy who just "got some" -- which he had.

"Vince, do you mean that ... well, that ... you want me to ... ?" I stumbled.

"That I want you to fuck me? Yeah, babe, of course I do. Just like I wanna fuck you."

I looked at him in amazement. I didn't picture Vince as a guy who would take to getting fucked. I mean, I had no objections whatever to doing it, I just didn't expect it.

"I never thought that ... well ... " I fumbled some more.

"That I would get fucked? Babe, that's because you've never been fucked. Once you find out how great it feels, you'll know why I need you to do it to me."

"So, uhh, when do you want to ... uhh ... "

Damn! I just couldn't get words to come out of my mouth.

"Well, I can feel that you're boned already."

I blushed. Yeah, my fuckin' cock was as hard as a rock and pressed up against him.

"So are you."

"Yeah, my cock seems to do that a lot when I'm around a guy who's as beautiful as you are," he said softly, leaning down and gently kissing my forehead.

"You really think I am?"

Instead of answering, Vince pushed his hard cock harder against me.

"That answer your question?"

I pushed my cock hard into him.

"I know who the hunk in this bed is. I'm lying in his arms."

"Hunk? Me? Nah!"

"I'll bet you've had every fuckin' babe on campus drooling over you -- and a lot of the jocks, too."

"Well, let's just say there's gonna be a lot of very disappointed people when they find that I'm off the market. And some of them are gonna really hate you for doing it."

"You want to let people know about us?"

"Why the fuck not? There ain't nothin' to be ashamed of. Fuck! If your brother and Dar can do it, I don't see any reason we can't. I told Gregg once that I wasn't into wavin' no rainbow flag but I guess that's before I had a reason to. Don't you want to let people know?"

"I don't know. This is all too new to me. When they brought me to campus, I told Gregg and Dar that I was gay. Up until then, I'd never told anybody."

"Gregg never knew?" Vince asked in astonishment.

“No. I never told him. I knew he was but I just never told him about me.”

“If you knew he was, why didn’t you tell him?”

I hesitated. This was something I had never told anyone and didn’t really intend to. But I knew if Vince and I had any chance of making it, our relationship could not be one where we kept secrets from each other.

“Vince, you’ve got to promise me that you will never, ever tell anyone -- especially not Gregg -- what I’m about to tell you.”

“Sounds serious. Okay. I promise. I will never tell anyone.”

“I’m only telling you because I don’t want us to have any secrets from each other. Okay?”

“Okay. I don’t want secrets either. I want to be able to tell you anything and I want you to feel like you can tell me anything, too.”

“I just don’t know what you’re going to think of me when I tell you this.”

“Babe, whatever it is, it’s in the past, right?”

“Yes. It’s in the past.”

“Nothing that happened before you walked into this room for the first time counts as far as I’m concerned,” he said quietly and forcefully.

I looked at him and my eyes welled up with tears. The beauty of his feelings for me were completely overwhelming. He was ready to forgive me anything.

“I told you I’ve never had sex -- and that was the truth. And I have never been in love before; however, I thought I was.”

“Who with?”

“Did Gregg ever tell you about his first lover, Jake?”

“Yeah. The night I told him about me being gay.”

“Well, I had this ... I guess you would call it a massive crush on Jake.”

“I take it that he never felt the same way?”

“No way! Jake only loved Gregg. To Jake, I was just Gregg’s bratty little brother. I was so jealous of the two of them and what they had that I just couldn’t bring myself to let Gregg ever know how much alike we were. Fuck! We even were after the same guy.”

“Going through that must have been really hard on you -- especially since you had no one to turn to, no one to talk to.”

“Yeah, it was very difficult but it was the never having anybody to talk to about it that was the pits.”

“I take it that you eventually got over it.”

“Yeah, but it kind of drove a wedge between Gregg and me. On one hand, I had this thing for Jake; on the other hand, I hated his guts in some ways because he got in the way of Gregg and me spending time together. By the time that the ... well, that the tragedy happened, Gregg and I had grown completely apart. That’s why my parents bought my whole act about rejecting Gregg.”

“But that’s all over now. You don’t have to worry about it. You and Gregg are back together and, better still, you’ve got me now. You don’t have to be alone anymore. Ever.”

With this he kissed me again, but gently this time and I could feel all the love he had for me in that kiss.

“So you wanna fuck, or do you want to go and get something to eat first so that we have the energy to go all night?” Vince said, pulling away from my mouth.

“To be honest, food sounds really good right now. Not that fucking doesn’t -- but all night sounds better. Besides, you weren’t at breakfast or lunch. Have you had anything to eat today?”

“Yeah. I stopped at that little snack place over by the physics building and had a sandwich. To tell you the truth, I haven’t felt too much like eating, knowing I had to face you and tell you how I felt.”

“Okay, so you’ve told me the truth. You’re in love with me. And I’ve told you the truth. I’m in love with you. Now we should go feed you before you fall over in a dead faint.”

“You got it, babe. Let’s get our clothes on and I’ll call Gregg and Dar and see if they’re ready to eat yet.”

We dressed and Vince called down to Gregg’s room. They were ready so we met in the hallway and walked over to the cafeteria. As we walked, Gregg and Vince were in the middle with Dar and me next to them on the outside.

“So, Dar, do you think I could borrow your truck tomorrow?” Vince asked.

“Sure. Why do you need the truck?”

“Well, I need to get another bed in our room,” Vince said. “Like the one you guys have.”

Dar and Gregg stopped dead in their tracks. I wasn’t expecting Vince to announce our relationship so soon, but I figured *what the hell* -- they had to know sometime.

“Holy fuck!” Gregg said and grabbed Vince in a bear hug.

“I don’t believe this,” Dar said. “You guys finally talked to each other.”

“Hey! At least neither of us had to get drunk and wake up the whole fuckin’ dorm to do it,” Vince told Dar.

Gregg walked over to me and put his arms around me. I hugged him back.

“Is this what you really want, bro?” he whispered in my ear.

“Yes. I’m happier than I’ve ever been in my whole life. You were right. All I had to do was be open to it.”

“Then I’m so happy for you I could just bust,” Gregg said to me and squeezed me tight and lifted me off my feet.

“Hey! Put him down. He’s mine,” Vince growled at Gregg, but had a huge grin on his face the whole time.

Gregg put me down and I blushed. Dar came over and hugged me.

“I’m so happy for both of you.” Then he went over and hugged Vince as well.

Vince put his arm across my shoulders and looked over at Gregg. “You don’t mind, do you, Gregg? Me stealing your little brother?”

“Vince, if I could have chosen someone for Drew, it would have been you.” Gregg stood there beaming at the two of us. “I know that you were both looking for the same thing. I’m really happy that you found it with each other.”

“Wait a minute, if you knew, why didn’t you tell us?” I asked Gregg.

“Because it was not my place to do that. I figured you two would figure it out eventually. I wanted you two to find your own way.”

“Yeah, I guess you’re right. And we did seem to manage on our own.”

“Yeah, quite well from the looks of things,” Dar said.

I blushed as Vince pulled me close to him and kissed my cheek. I turned and put my hand on his face and pulled him close again. I kissed him deeply as Gregg and Dar looked on.

“Yeah. You all did quite well on your own.” Gregg chuckled.

Now it was Vince who was blushing.

“Anytime you want me to carry that rainbow flag, just let me know,” Vince said to Gregg, beaming in spite of his embarrassment.

“Come on. Let’s just go get something to eat,” I said.

We started walking toward the cafeteria again. When we got there and got our food, we looked over at the “jock table” and there were a bunch of guys from the team there. Now that classes were soon starting, many of them were back early to work on their conditioning before the wrestling season started. The four of us looked at each other. I know what was going through their minds.

While the team had accepted Gregg and Dar, they didn’t have an inkling about Vince and me. I knew, from our conversation in the truck on the way to the university, that Gregg had never hidden who and what he was. Vince, however, had been one of the “players” on campus and even though he’d played around with a number of the jocks in secret, I’m sure all of us, especially Vince, wondered how they were going to deal with the fact that he’d “turned traitor” and now had become openly gay. I also knew that there was no way we could just go and get a table to ourselves. That would cause more consternation and questions than just sitting with them would.

I guess the decision was made when Vince turned to me and said quietly, “Follow me.”

I did, as did Gregg and Dar, as Vince headed straight to the table where all the jocks were. We joined them among much nodding and back-slapping. Vince and I sat together just as Dar and Gregg did but this wasn’t particularly noticed. Later on, it was while we were eating that one of the wrestlers, a guy named Chase who wrestled in my weight class, asked Vince about his weekend plans.

“So, stud, which sorority girl gets banged this weekend?” Chase asked, leering at Vince.

“I don’t know, Chase. Which one are you going out with?” Vince said.

“Hey, man! Leave Cindy alone. I can’t compete with you,” Chase complained.

“You don’t have to any more, Chase. I’m not in the running.”

“What the fuck you talking about, man?” Chase said and the rest of the jocks at the table turned and looked at Vince.

“I’ve retired. That’s what I’m talking about. I don’t do the dating scene anymore. I’ve found somebody to spend the rest of my life with,” Vince said quietly.

“Congratulations, man! Who’s the lucky girl?” Chase asked.

I held my breath and I think Gregg and Dar did, too. Would Vince tell them? My heart was sitting in the back of my throat, dinner completely forgotten. Vince looked at me. I could see him asking if it was okay for him to tell them. I didn’t know what to do. I looked at him and slightly nodded my head, knowing that our fate, whatever it was, was sealed.

“Who said it was a girl?” Vince said, looking right at Chase.

There was dead silence at the table. Chase sat there with his mouth open, staring at Vince.

“It’s not a girl?” Chase sounded like a kid who just found out that Santa Claus doesn’t exist.

“No, Chase, it’s not a girl,” Vince said, and then looking at the rest of the jocks. “Look, let me be up front with you guys. You know Drew. Yes, he’s Gregg’s brother and he is my roommate but he’s more than that. He is also my lover -- hopefully my partner for life. I know this comes as a shock to some of you, but I hope you will afford Drew and me the same respect you’ve given Gregg and Dar.”

That the other jocks were in shock might have been putting it mildly. After Vince’s little speech, they just sat there, continuing to stare. Finally Chase recovered enough to ask questions.

“But, Vince, you’ve always been such a stud with the ladies. When did you become gay? Why didn’t you tell us, man?”

“I didn’t figure it out myself until a few months ago. I was the first one to find out about Gregg and Dar. I think it was that night that started me into discovering that I’d been lying to myself for a long time. I wanted to belong to

someone and have them belong to me. I just could never find that with any girl. I thought I just hadn't met the right one yet. But I just had this thought that kept nagging in the back of my mind that maybe I was never going to find it with a girl. At first I couldn't figure that out. I've been messin' around with other dudes since I was real young. But I never thought anything of that. It was just messin' around, just gettin' my rocks off. I didn't think that two guys could have anything real goin' on. Then I saw Gregg and Dar and how they loved each other. That's when it hit me. That's what I wanted. I didn't know if I would ever find a guy to love. Luckily, I met Drew and it just all fell into place," Vince explained.

I watched the other jocks while Vince was talking. I noticed that a few eyebrows went up when Vince talked about "messin' around." I got the feeling that those guys knew exactly what Vince was talking about -- from their own experience. In fact, some of them were probably the jocks that Vince had been "messin' around" with. I wondered if Vince's sudden *conversion* was making some of them a little nervous about themselves. Overall, though, the reception was not what I expected at all. They seemed to take what had happened in stride. A couple of them even congratulated us. Not at all what I would have expected where I came from.

Gregg, who was sitting on the other side of me, leaned over to me and whispered, "You're not in high school anymore." As if he could read my mind. Within a few minutes, the talk turned to a jock's favorite subject -- sports. There was a lot of talk about the next year and a couple of the guys asked me about my weight class and my record in high school. Even though I had been scared to death when Vince decided to "out" us, I think it was the most comfortable I had been with a bunch of jocks in my life. I no longer had to hide. Everything was out in the open. I suddenly felt a freedom that I had never felt before.

We finished dinner and then Gregg and Dar walked with us back to the dorm.

"I gotta hand it to you, Vince, you've got guts," Gregg said when we were out of the cafeteria.

"Guts, hell! I have a big mouth and I figured you were sittin' there and were not about to let anything happen to your brother, or your new brother-in-law, for that matter."

"Were you okay with this, bro?" Gregg asked me.

"I was scared as shit, but when Vince looked over at me asking permission to tell them the truth, I just knew it was the right thing to do. Personally, I'm very proud of my very brave lover," I said, leaning over and kissing Vince on the cheek.

He blushed and put his arm around my shoulder, pulling me to him. Even though we were out in public, it didn't bother me. In fact, I loved the feeling of his warmth, his strength surrounding me. There was nothing that I could think of as better than this, except when making love to him.

"Ain't no big thing. After all, I was sittin' there with the best lookin' guy in the world and he was mine," Vince said quietly to me.

"To quote your own words, Vince -- you've got it bad," Dar said.

"Yeah, I do. And I don't plan on ever gettin' over it either."

"So do you guys want to go see a movie tonight? There's a good one playing at the student union," Gregg asked.

"No. We'll pass on that," I said before Vince could even answer, the eagerness, I think, showing in my voice.

Vince smirked at me.

"No, thanks. We've got other plans," Vince said squeezing his arm around me just a little tighter to let me know he hadn't forgotten either.

"Gee, that's too bad." Gregg's disappointment showed in his voice.

I saw Dar's elbow slam into Gregg's side. There occasionally were times when my brother did greatly resemble a "dumb jock."

“Hey! Whatcha do that for?” Gregg groaned.

“I’ll tell you later,” Dar hissed at him. “Come on. Let’s leave these two alone.”

I couldn’t help laughing as Dar dragged Gregg away toward the student union building while Vince and I continued on to the dorm. We didn’t talk anymore on the way there. It was like we were both lost in our own thoughts about what was about to happen. When we got into our room, Vince closed and locked the door. We stripped and then Vince pulled me into his arms. His mouth sought mine hungrily and we were locked in a very long, very passionate kiss. My cock was instantly hard and, by the time Vince took his mouth from mine, dripping pre-cum all over both of us. I could also feel Vince’s hard cock pressed against me and more pre-cum coming from him.

“I’m sorry. I know that I put you on the spot tonight. I really didn’t intend to do that. It just kind of slipped out,” Vince said, his eyes boring into mine, trying to judge my reaction.

“It’s okay. I guess it’s better this way, out in the open and all. But, Vince, are you sure? Are you sure it’s me that you want to spend your life with?” I asked him, afraid of what his answer was going to be.

A look of deep concentration came over his face and I thought for sure that he was going to voice second thoughts about things. I wasn’t prepared, though, for what he did. He suddenly let go of me, then got down on one knee, took my hand and looked up into my eyes.

“I haven’t got any money. I don’t know what my prospects are. All I know is that I love you and I want you with me. Will you take a chance on me? Will you make me the happiest man in the world and marry me?” Vince asked solemnly.

I just stood there, my mouth hanging open. Never, in my wildest dreams did I expect this. Vince was fucking *proposing*. I was completely taken aback. I didn’t know what to say.

“Vince, I never expected to ever have anyone ask me that question, least of all a guy that does to me what you do to me. I don’t have any money or prospects, either, so I guess we both have to take a chance on each other. I do love you. That’s all I do know. If that’s enough for you then, yes, I’ll marry you,” I said and there were tears rolling down my cheeks.

Vince stood again and took me in his arms. His tongue came out and he licked the tears off my face and then pressed his mouth to mine again. I could taste the saltiness of my tears on his tongue as I sucked gratefully on it.

“That’s plenty for me, babe,” Vince murmured as his mouth pulled away from mine and his lips began to travel across my cheek and down my neck until he was licking and sucking on it.

I moaned at the feeling of his lips as they sucked the sensitive skin of my neck. My hands were moving across his shoulders and down his arms. The feel of his muscles was so exciting to me as was the smoothness of his skin. I wanted him so bad. I needed him to make love to me. I needed to feel us joined together as one. I needed to feel that I belonged to him.

“I want to make love to you,” Vince murmured.

“I want you to,” I whispered. “But I’m scared.”

“I’ll be gentle. I promise. I don’t want to hurt you, you’ve got to know that.”

“Yes. I know that.”

He took my hand and led me over to his bed. He got in first and then pulled me in after him. I snuggled in his arms and his hand began to stroke down my back and across my butt. I shivered at the exciting feelings that were going through me. No one had ever touched me there. No one had ever touched me the way Vince did.

“Cold?” he asked, feeling me shiver in his arms.

“No. Just wanting you so much,” I said and I knew that I was blushing because I could feel the heat in my face.

“You know, you are so beautiful when you do that.”

“So are you. I watched you do it several times tonight.”

“You’re not afraid now, are you?”

“A little bit. Not of you. Only because it’s something I’ve never done before. I don’t know if I’ll be able to or be any good at it.”

“Babe, there’s nothing to be good at. This is going to be mostly me making all the moves. You just get to lie back and enjoy.”

“Can’t I do anything?”

“Yeah ... you can scream my name when you come,” he murmured as his tongue went into my ear.

I moaned at the feeling as he licked out my ear and then again started moving down my neck. His tongue started licking across my pecs and then surrounded one of my nipples and began sucking and nibbling on it.

“Oh, FUCK!” I exclaimed.

“Like that, huh?” Vince was smirking at me as he pulled his mouth from my chest. “Bet you never knew what those were for, did ‘ya?”

“No, I had no idea that they could feel like that. Oh, fuck, Vince, I think I nearly came just from you sucking on it.”

“Don’t you dare. We’re just gettin’ started.”

“I’ll try not to, but you know except for this afternoon, I’ve never done anything like this so I don’t know what is gonna happen.”

“Well ... what’s gonna happen is that I’m gonna fuck you and make you mine. Before that, I gotta get you ready and I need you more horny than you’ve ever been in your life so that you’ll be begging me to fuck you by the time you’re ready to take it. So, no comin’ until I tell you to.”

“Okay. I’ll do my best.” I could hear the uncertainty in my voice. I was so close at that point, I felt like I could come if Vince so much as breathed on my cock.

He went back to licking and sucking on my nipples and I was moaning and writhing beneath him. If he hadn’t been on top of me, holding me down, I think I would have wiggled right off the bed. Finally, he left them and traveled down my body, licking at my abs. I thought that I was ticklish there but Vince’s tongue glided across the ridges with just the right amount of pressure so that I wasn’t at all. Instead, I felt the incredibly erotic feeling of his raspy tongue licking across my skin. He was headed south and the next stop was at my pubic bush.

I could hear him taking deep breaths of my scent which was enhanced by the dried cum from earlier. I heard him moan deep in his throat as his tongue came out and he began to lick through my hair. I could feel his tongue wetting me and then moving down until he was sniffing and licking at my balls. This time I did rise off the bed. My hips lifted when his tongue swiped across my balls and I groaned out loud.

“Oh, fuck! Vince! What the fuck are you doing to me?”

He looked up at me, an impudent grin on his face.

“You act like nobody’s ever licked your balls before.”

“Nobody has ever licked my balls before.”

“Oh, yeah. I forgot,” he said with a smirk.

“Liar!”

He dipped his head back down and I felt his tongue laving my balls as he snorted my musk. This time my hips stayed on the bed, but I was still moaning. I thought I knew where he was heading -- up to my cock, but I was

wrong. Instead, he moved further down, licking first the back of my balls and then down to that little patch of skin between my balls and my ass. My legs spread almost involuntarily at the incredible feelings his tongue was causing to flow through my body. I was so lost that I didn't notice that he was lifting my legs until they were almost back to my chest. Suddenly, I found myself bent almost double and Vince's face was right at my ass.

I could hear him taking deep breaths of the scent of my ass and then I heard him moan. The next thing that happened about made me lose my mind. I suddenly felt his tongue licking my ass. The feelings were so intense that I think I nearly passed out. I had never even thought about the possibility of a guy licking another guy's ass. Vince licked all the way through my trench several times, from my balls to my backbone. Then his mouth settled over my hole and I could feel him gently sucking on it. His tongue was licking at my hole and pushing at it at the same time. The feeling was erotic and I began to relax and really get into it. I could feel my hole opening to his tongue and the next thing I knew, his tongue was sliding inside my ass.

Oh, my God! The feeling was incredible. I'd fingered my own ass while I jacked off but this was nothing like that. His tongue was rough but wet and it felt so fucking good licking the inside of me. He pushed it in as far as he could and then began to move it in and out of my clutching sphincter. It was like he was fucking me with his tongue and I went nuts.

"Yeah, fuck, yeah! Fuck me with your tongue. Eat me out. God! Don't stop. Please, don't stop!" I begged and I heard Vince chuckle deep in his throat at my wanton babbling.

He did what I begged him to do, however, and kept tongue fucking my hole. The more he did, the looser I became. I began to feel a fire up inside me that demanded something more -- something bigger up my hole. All fear at him fucking me left. If this is what it felt like, then I wanted him to fuck my brains out and never stop.

"Vince, fuck me. Fuck me -- please," I moaned.

He pulled his face out of my butt and looked at me.

"Just what I intend to do, babe, but I've got to do a lot more to get you ready. Just hang on. You're doin' great."

I didn't care what a slut I was being at that point. I wanted him. I wanted him bad. I needed to feel him inside me and I would die trying if that's what it took.

Vince got off the bed and headed over to his dresser. He came back with a plastic bottle with some clear liquid in it. He poured some on my ass and began working it into my hole. It was cold at first and I kind of jerked at the first touch but as he slowly worked my hole, he began to slide one of his fingers inside my butt. Now, as I said, I'd done this to myself before but it never felt this good. The lube made it so easy for his finger to slip inside me and there was no burning as he slowly worked his digit in and out of my hole. Again, I could feel my hole relaxing more as his finger slid easily in and out of me.

"I'm gonna add another finger now. Push down on your ass muscles. That will open things and make it easier," Vince said to me.

In the back of my mind, I wondered where he had learned all of this. Then I realized I didn't fucking care. I just loved the fact that he did learn it because it felt so fucking good. Vince worked two fingers up me, sliding them slowly inside my body. I moaned at the feelings he was giving me. He slid both fingers in and out a couple of times and then he pushed them all the way inside me. He seemed to be reaching around for something up inside my ass by the way his fingers were moving. His fingers brushed up against a spot up inside me and I let out a loud moan.

"FUCK!"

"There it is!" Vince exclaimed.

"What the fuck was that?"

"That's your fuckin' prostate. A guy's 'G-spot.' Felt like you were gonna come, didn'tcha?"

“Yeah.”

“And you will. When my cock strokes that fucker up inside you, you’ll come without touching yourself. You’ll come just from my cock strokin’ it.”

“No way!” I argued. “I’ve never come without something touching my cock.”

“Oh, yeah?” he said and rammed his fingers against that same place inside me again.

“FUCK!” I yelled as my hips rose and pre-cum belched out of the head of my cock.

Vince chuckled again.

“See, fucker? Now do you believe me?”

“Okay, okay. Stop that or I will come and you don’t want me to.”

“Just one more finger to go until you’re open enough to take me. How are you doing?”

“I can’t believe how good this feels.”

“You ain’t felt nothin’ yet. Wait ’til I’m fuckin’ you.”

He added more lube to my ass and his fingers and slowly pressed three of them into my hole. It hurt a little at first so I pressed down on my muscles again.

“If it hurts, take deep breaths to relax yourself, okay?” he said quietly as he worked at my sphincter.

“Okay,” I said as I started taking deep breaths.

“Slowly. Don’t pant. You’ll hyperventilate. Just take long, slow, deep breaths.”

I slowed down my breathing but kept breathing deeply. He was absolutely right. My ass opened up for his three fingers and they slid inside with almost no pain at all, just a feeling of fullness. Vince worked them around, spreading them to open me further and pushed them in and out so that my ass was quickly used to them.

“Okay. Now comes the part I like,” he said.

He lubed up his cock and my hole really well and then, putting my legs on his broad, muscular shoulders, placed his cock at the entrance to my body.

“You ready, babe?”

“As ready as I’ll ever be. Aren’t you going to put on a condom?”

“No reason to. I haven’t fucked without one for over four years and I get tested every six months. I just got the results back a couple of weeks ago. I’m clean. And you’re a virgin so that means you are, too. As long as we do stay faithful to each other, we don’t ever have to worry about those fuckin’ things.”

“That’s no problem. I don’t want anybody in me but you.”

“And the only person I want to fuck or get fucked by is you,” he said as he lined up his cock with my hole.

His cock began to press into my ass. There was some resistance from my sphincter at first but I took deep breaths and pushed down. I could feel his cock slowly sliding into my ass. The head of his cock popped through the sphincter and then he stopped, allowing me to get used to it. I could feel my chute relax and Vince could evidently feel it, too, because it was then that Vince pressed forward slowly until the next thing I knew, I could feel his pubic hair pressing against my hole. He was all the way inside of me and there was no pain. Just this overwhelming feeling that shot through me. His cock was in me, we were joined together as one body. Tears came to my eyes and rolled down the sides of my face. Vince looked down at me and got this worried look on his face.

“Are you okay? Are you hurting?”

“I’m fine.”

“So why are you crying?”

“Because I love you so much and I feel like I’m really a part of you now.”

He leaned over me until his mouth met mine and we were kissing passionately. As his tongue entered my mouth, his cock began withdrawing from my butt. I moaned at the retreat and Vince kind of chuckled down deep in his throat. He pushed back in and I felt his thick cock rubbing against my prostate and moaned into his mouth at the rush of feelings that it caused. Vince pulled his mouth from mine.

“Fuck! Your ass is so hot and tight and wet. I don’t know how long I’m gonna be able to hold off coming. It’s been so long since I could actually feel what an ass felt like inside.”

“I don’t want you to hold back. I want your load inside me. I want that part of you to be a part of me. I want you to mark your territory with your cum and make me totally yours.”

“But I want to get you off by me fuckin’ you.”

I looked down at my impossibly hard cock and all the pre-cum dripping out of it.

“Somehow, babe, I don’t think that’s gonna be a problem,” I groaned as his cock again slid across my prostate.

He began fucking me in earnest now. His cock rammed in and out of my ass, clipping my prostate on each forward thrust and sliding against it on each withdrawal. I was moaning continuously as Vince fucked faster and harder. What an incredible fuck he was! I was watching the muscles of his body standing out as he pummeled my ass.

“Yeah! Fuck me. Fuck me harder. Please!” I begged and he looked at me, his eyes locking with mine as his strokes picked up both speed and power.

I moaned again, throwing my head back as the intense feelings rushed through my body from my ass and cock. I knew I was going over the edge. I tried to hold back but I couldn’t.

“FUCK! I’M GONNA COME!”

“That’s it, babe! Come for me!” Vince said through gritted teeth. “I’m comin’ with you!”

I barely understood what he was saying as my orgasm hit me and my cum began to unload all over my chest and abs. I was babbling unintelligibly as I felt his cock tremble in my butt and then I could feel the tremors in Vince’s body as he began to drench my guts with his cum. There was so much of it that I could feel it running out of my ass around his cock as he continued to thrust into me, planting more and more of his seed in my hole. Finally, we both stopped and he lowered my legs so that they were around his waist and he was lying on top of me, his mouth finding mine and kissing me passionately as we both experienced the afterquakes of our intense orgasms.

My arms were around him. We were both sweating and our bodies were glued together by our sweat and my cum. A small part of my load had made it to my chin and Vince’s tongue swiped it into his mouth as he looked down at me, his eyes still smoldering with lust.

“Sweet. Just like you.”

I reached up my hand and gently stroked his face.

“You are incredible. That was the most amazing thing I’ve ever felt in my life,” I murmured to him.

“Two down, one to go.” He preened at having brought me off by just fucking me.

“Oh, fuck! Nothing could be better than this.”

“Wait and see. I’ve been told I have one hell of an ass.”

“Mmm ... I already know that. I got a hard-on just watching you wrestle.”

“Are you hurting? Do you want me to pull out?”

“I don’t want you to ever pull out.”

“And you’re gonna explain to Coach about my cock being permanently up your butt how?”

“Okay. I guess you have to pull out eventually,” I admitted.

“Besides, you can’t very well fuck me with my cock in your ass, now can you?”

“No. I guess not. Uhh ... you don’t mind waiting a while for that, do you?”

“Nah. I figure as long as I got you, we’ve got our whole lives to get around to everything.”

Chapter Three

Vince and I lay there in his bed kissing, touching, and holding each other for a long time. The feeling of being this close, this intimate, with another guy was overwhelming to me. I had wanted this for so long and now I finally had it. I was in love and, best of all, I had this wonderful, beautiful guy in love with me. I have to admit, a little shiver of fear went through me at this thought. Now that I had it, I could lose it. I don't know what I'd do then. I couldn't just go back to being alone. That would be devastating. Vince felt the tremor go through me.

"What's the matter, babe?" he asked quietly.

"Just stupid thoughts. I love being like this with you so much that I suddenly got scared that I could lose it."

"That is stupid. You're not going to lose me. And I sure as fuck ain't lettin' you go. Not now, not ever." Leaning over he kissed me on the tip of my nose.

"Vince, how is your family going to deal with this?"

A serious look came over his face.

"I don't know. My parents are pretty *old school* Italians. I think my brothers will be okay with it. I don't know how Mom and Dad will."

"Tell me about your brothers."

"They're both older than me. David is twenty-six and is a priest. Tony is twenty-two and is married and so far has two adorable little boys."

"Your older brother is a priest?"

"Yeah. You can guess how that goes over in an Italian family. You'd think he was the Pope." At this Vince chuckled.

"The Catholic church is very anti-gay. Every bit as bad as the church that my parents belong to."

"David isn't like that, I promise you. He doesn't hate anybody. Hell, he doesn't even say anything to me about not going to church."

"Well, I'll bet he wouldn't marry us."

"I wouldn't be too sure of that," Vince said thoughtfully. "You never know with David. Tony, on the other hand, won't be bothered by it at all. It was Tony that got me into wrestling. I thought he'd go to college on a wrestling scholarship but he left high school and got certified as an auto mechanic. Makes really good money and is married and very happy. I love my two nephews more than anything."

"Uhh ... I hate to bring this up, but ... "

"What?"

"Do you think Tony might have concerns about you being around his boys once he finds out?"

"Nah! Tony would never even think like that. We're brothers and we love each other. Tony will be cool with it. Fuck! His partner in the garage he owns is gay, for God's sake."

"Really? That's good."

"Yeah. Jeff, that's Tony's partner, went to our high school and went through trade school with Tony. They've been friends a long time. I'm not sure, but I think there may have been some playin' around between the two of

them at one time. I remember Tony used to sleep over at Jeff's house a lot when they were in junior high and high school. I've always wondered about that."

"I think you can be almost certain that there was."

"Yeah, come to think of it, you're probably right."

"But that still leaves your parents."

"Yeah. I don't know. I don't know how they're gonna handle it. But I'll tell you this much, it doesn't matter. I love them and all that. They're my parents, but I gotta live my own life. I'll love whoever I damned well please and they'll just have to get used to it. Otherwise, it's gonna be their loss," Vince said, his voice very firm.

There were no more questions from me because no sooner had Vince made this statement, his mouth came down on mine in a deeply passionate kiss. Anything else I wanted to ask was wiped out of my brain by it. My body responded to him and I was soon hard and leaking. He was as well and my hand slid down between our bodies to gently stroke his hard cock. He groaned into my mouth.

"Fuck me," he said softly, pulling his mouth from mine.

"Oh, yeah," I murmured, excited by his words.

This was unbelievable to me. I was going to get to fuck the gorgeous, strong, muscular ass of this incredibly masculine man. If I was ever to date the day I became a man, it would be that day -- the day I first fucked Vince.

"Move over so I can change position," Vince said to me.

He then rolled over so that he was laying flat on the bed, face down. The rise of his bubble butt excited me as he lay there smirking at me.

"Climb aboard. This is one ride you're gonna remember."

I leaned down and kissed him gently on the shoulder.

"What I'll remember is how much I love you -- and that I'll remember forever."

Then I got up and lay down on his back. I started by running my hands across his broad, muscular shoulders. Feeling tension in his shoulders and neck, I began to slowly massage him. He groaned as my fingers worked into his muscles.

"Oh, fuck! That feels awesome."

"It's supposed to."

I gradually felt him relax and moved down his body, gently rubbing and massaging his beautifully broad back. I marveled at how soft and smooth his skin was and at the strength of the body beneath that skin.

"You have the most incredibly beautiful body."

"It's all yours, babe. I just love what you're doing to me. If I fall asleep, just fuck me anyway."

I giggled.

"No way. I want you awake when I fuck you."

"Then you'd better get to fucking me." He growled as I giggled.

I slid down his body until I was between his spread legs. I was over his butt and I dug my hands into his muscular buns and pulled them apart. His trench was filled with hair, just as so much of his body. The aroma of his butt rose in my nose and I breathed deep. This was a scent that was strangely familiar and yet not. I moved down until I was nose deep in his cleft and breathed deeply of his scent. The dark muskiness of it caused me to moan deep in my throat as my cock twitched from the pleasure that rushed through my body.

I couldn't understand why Vince had licked my ass earlier. Now, I understood. I couldn't resist licking through his butt, my tongue brushing against all the hair there, causing my tongue to burn a little from the friction. I

pulled his cheeks further apart so that I could get down below the hair, where his dusky rose, wrinkled opening was. The deeper I went, the darker and stronger the scent became.

My tongue tasted the tangy musk of him as it licked all around his warm, soft hole. I pressed my tongue against it and felt it soften and begin to blossom open. I pointed my tongue like a spear and began to press it into the interior of his body. I could hear his moans as my tongue slowly slid inside his ass.

“Yeah, fuck! Get that tongue in me. Get it all the way up me. Fuck! Eat my fuckin’ ass!” Vince moaned as I pushed more and more of my wet lick inside his body.

The taste inside him was even darker. The feel of the smooth walls of his sphincter were warm to my tongue. It suddenly hit me -- I was tasting the inside of Vince’s body. Part of my body was already inside his. Now my moaning joined with his as I fucked my tongue in and out of his hole, feeling his opening enlarge as I did so. Vince evidently had more experience at relaxing his muscles than I did, as it did not seem to me that it would take near as long to get him open enough to fuck as it did me.

“Fuck me, Drew. God! Shove your cock up me. I need it bad. Please!” he begged in a low moan. “Just get me greased up and fuck me.”

I looked up from between his ass cheeks and saw his hand reaching back with the bottle of lube in it. I pulled my face out of his ass and rose to my knees again. I took the bottle of lube and poured a generous amount on his hole and then worked it inside and all around it. Then I took more and heavily lubed my cock. I wanted to avoid causing him any pain if that was possible. I rose up over him, resting on one stiff arm, with my hand placed beside his shoulder, while my other hand brought my cock to the wrinkled opening of his ass.

“Just slide it in slow and easy, Drew,” he moaned as his ass pushed back against my cockhead, almost impaling himself on my hard-on.

I pushed forward with my hips and felt my cock push into his ass. There was almost no resistance at all. I suddenly found my cock surrounded by the hottest, tightest, wettest, softest feeling that I had ever felt. Oh, fuck! No wonder Vince told me I would learn to love to fuck him. Nothing prepared me for this feeling. It was better than jacking off, better even than a blowjob -- at least in my mind. I slowly continued to slide inside him, seriously afraid that I would blow my load in him long before I bottomed out.

My cock finally stopped moving and I looked down to see my pubic hair pressed into the cleft of his butt. I was in as far as I could go but didn’t know what to do next. I knew Vince had waited when he got inside me for my ass to get used to his cock so I did the same. Within a few moments, however, I felt Vince’s chute open up and it was no longer quite so tight around my cock.

“Are you okay?” I asked.

I didn’t want to move until I knew that he was.

“Yeah, babe. I’m great. Now fuck me. Start slow but then just let yourself go and fuck me good and hard -- the way I did you.”

I slowly withdrew until my cock was about halfway out of his hole then eased it back inside. Vince groaned as I did, but I could tell that it was a groan of pleasure. I remembered that particular pleasure from earlier when he fucked me and I grinned to myself in pride at being able to cause the same feelings in him. My next withdrawal, I pulled back until just the head of my cock was still inside his sphincter and then thrust back in, a little stronger, a little faster. And so it went until I was stroking in and out of his butt, ramming in with speed and power at a rapid pace.

“Yeah, fuck, yeah! Fuck my butt. Shove that cock up me. Harder. Fuck me harder!” Vince growled.

I took him at his word and began pummeling his chute with every bit of strength and speed that I had. I didn’t know, however, how long I could last at this pace. My own orgasm was building, I could feel it in my balls, and I

didn't want to come until I made him come with me. I could feel the swollen protuberance of his prostate as my cock rubbed against it on each entrance and exit. I knew he was close. I knew I had to hang on. I wanted to make him come just from fucking him, the way he had done to me.

I felt my cum start to rise from my balls and into firing position when, all of a sudden, I felt the sheath of his ass begin to tighten down on my cock in rolling waves of massage -- almost as if his ass were kneading my cock.

"FUCK! I'M COMIN'!" Vince cried out as he shot his load onto the sheets beneath him.

That was all it took to throw me over the edge. My cock began to unload in his ass, firing round after round of my injection of cum. It felt like I would never stop. I kept pumping load after load of cum into his ass.

"Yeah, fuck! Take my load!" I yelled as my cock continued to spasm in his ass.

Finally, I couldn't shoot anymore and I collapsed onto his sweaty back. I lay there, my cock still buried in his butt as I licked the sweat from his shoulders and kissed and licked the back of his neck. The scent of him filled my nose as did the scent of me and the sweet scent of butt-fucking. It was a powerful miasma of scent and I wanted to just lay there forever inhaling it.

"God! You fuck good," Vince finally moaned. "If that's how you fuck when you don't know what you're doing -- I may turn into a total bottom by the time you do learn."

"Don't you fuckin' dare," I giggled. "I love the feel of your cock up my ass. I don't want to ever lose that."

He chuckled down deep in this throat.

"Yeah, I do throw a mean fuck, don't I? There are gonna be a lot of girls -- and guys -- who are gonna miss Vince Jr. rammin' their willing holes."

"Is Vince Sr. gonna miss those willing holes?"

"Not in the least. You can only fuck one hole at a time and you've got two of them. When would I have time to bang anybody else when I have to take care of you?"

"You make me sound like a nymphomaniac."

"The term for a male is a *satyr*. I ain't sayin' there's anything wrong with you. You're just a normal, horny eighteen year old. I'll have my hands full keeping you satisfied."

"Oh, like you're so much older and so much less horny than I am?"

"No, I figure we're pretty well evenly matched in the horned department. But, then again, I'm in love with you. That seems to make me want you more than anybody I've ever fucked. I guess that's real normal, too, huh?"

"I guess. I've never been in love before. I just know that I've just fucked you and I'm already thinking about the next time we make love."

"Well, if you let me up, we can start on that now, if you want?" He turned his head and smirked at me over his shoulder.

We made love three more times that night. First Vince fucked me again, then we 69'd and then I fucked him again. By the time we collapsed in each other's arms to sleep we were almost too exhausted to even kiss goodnight.

When I awoke, it was just barely dawn. At first I was disoriented. My face was lying on a warm, hairy chest and some of the chest hair was tickling my nose. There was this pair of strong, muscular arms around me and soft breathing as the hairy chest rose and fell. I slowly looked around and saw Vince's face in sleep. His visage was so calm and relaxed that it almost looked like a young boy's face. I guess I was seeing some of what Vince looked like as a boy. The memories of yesterday and last night came flooding back to me -- finally admitting that we had fallen in love, making love to each other, the coming out to the guys on the team. I could hardly believe it was less than twenty-four hours before.

I lay there luxuriating in the feelings of waking up in the arms of a man who loved me. I had thought, at times, that this would never happen. I despaired of ever finding someone to love who would love me. It is not easy to feel yourself lovable when you've grown up without much in the way of love. The only one that I was ever sure of loving me was Gregg -- and that love I thought I had trashed trying to protect myself from what Gregg and I laughingly called parents. Personally, I would prefer to think of them as our "progenitors." The dictionary calls a progenitor "an ancestor in direct line." Well, that's all they were to me. Just ancestors in direct line and, if I never saw them again, it would be too soon.

No, this was the most wonderful feeling in the world. To wake up in a man's arms who loved you and who would protect and honor you. Just as I would do anything to protect and honor him.

It reminded me of something that I had learned in a class I took on ancient history. A fighting force in ancient Greece called the Theban Band. This was an army for the city-state Thebes which was made up entirely of male lovers. The theory behind it was that a man would do anything not to be dishonored before a man he loved. Nor would any man fight so fiercely as when he was protecting the man he loved. I remembered that the Greek civilization believed that male/male love was the highest form of love as males were considered, by them, to be the highest form of being. This army of lovers had finally been defeated by Alexander the Great and his father, Darius, but to do so, they had to be slain to the last man. To this day, a monument built by Alexander, to this army of lovers, to their courage and their love, still stands over their mass grave.

Of course, Vince and I weren't really warriors in the accepted sense today. We did, however, do battle within the wrestling circle.

Lying there, wrapped in Vince's arms, the scent of him surrounding me, I finally began to really understand all that I had learned about those ancient lovers and about the ancient sport that Vince and I excelled at. Had we lived in ancient Greece, our victories and our love would have been widely celebrated. We would never have had to hide our feelings for each other or worry about what anyone else thought about our being together.

I slowly drifted back to sleep and dreamed that Vince and I were in ancient Greece. It was the time of the Olympics and we were both wrestling. Vince soundly beat his opponent and then I placed the laurel wreath of victory on his head. He took me in his arms and kissed me as I did so. It was then that I woke up to find Vince kissing me for real.

"What were you dreaming about?"

"Why?"

"You kept saying something about a hero." His face was puzzled.

I blushed. I didn't know that I talked in my sleep.

"I was dreaming about us being in ancient Greece and wrestling in the Olympics. You won and they let me crown you with the laurel wreath of victory. Then you took me in your arms and kissed me in front of the whole stadium."

"Fuck! I don't know what to say. Is that how you see me -- as some kind of hero?" he asked, incredulity in his voice.

"Yeah. At least, you're my hero. The way you came out to all the team last night, that took real courage. More than I have."

"That's not true. I would never have done it unless you gave me permission to. That took just as much courage -- maybe more, considering what you've gone through over all this." The look of love and admiration in his eyes stunned me.

"That's only because I have you. I know that you'll be there for me, that you'll take my back no matter what happens."

“You’ve got that right, babe,” he said and kissed me deeply.

The kiss lasted a long time and built to where we were once again making love to each other. I was too sore to be fucked again so we got into a very slow, very sensuous 69 and drank deeply of each other’s essence. I loved sucking on Vince’s cock and I loved the taste of his cum -- so sweet with hardly any saltiness at all. The feeling of sucking down Vince’s cum while I unloaded in his mouth was almost like sucking on my own cock and drinking my own cum.

We lay afterwards in each other’s arms, not saying anything, just feeling close to each other. This was what I had waited for all of my life, to lay in another man’s arms and to feel close to him, to feel totally safe and secure. Loving Vince was probably the easiest thing I’d ever done in my life.

Finally, after a long time, Vince asked me if I wanted to go and get some breakfast. I said that we probably needed to shower first. He agreed and we headed off to the dorm showers. There were individual alcoves but Vince drew me into one with him and closed the shower curtain for privacy.

“It was in this shower that I discovered your brother and Dar that first morning. I looked at them, holding each other, so much in love and it was like this knife went through me. I knew right then that what I wanted, more than anything, was to have what they had. I ended up later breaking down crying and telling Dar and Gregg what I was feeling. That’s when I asked Gregg if he had a brother,” Vince told me.

“So now you’ve got what you wanted. Including Gregg’s brother.”

“Yeah. I honestly never thought this would happen. It’s just that when I saw you, it was like this light went off in my head. I just knew you were the one. I don’t know how I knew, I just did,” he said, gently kissing me as the water cascaded down on us.

“It was kind of like that for me. I really wasn’t interested in any other wrestlers at the meet. I was only there to watch Gregg. I wanted so badly to see him, even if he didn’t want to see me. Then you walked out for your first match and I just couldn’t take my eyes off you. I don’t know what it was. There was just something about the way you moved that sent chills up my spine. I literally got goose bumps just watching you. I made sure that I went to every one of your matches.”

“And jacked off over me afterwards?”

“Yeah,” I said, my face reddening. “I did. You know, I didn’t want to be your roommate. I begged Gregg to find somebody else. I knew I couldn’t live that close to you without either making a play for you or going crazy. Fuckin’ Gregg knew all about both of us and never said a fuckin’ word.”

“He did the right thing. We had to work this out for ourselves. You know that.”

“Yeah, I guess so. It just would have made things so much easier, though.”

“Nothing worth anything is easy,” he murmured, nibbling my ear.

I groaned as he did it.

“Loving you is the easiest thing in the world for me.”

“Same here, babe. Same here,” he whispered softly and his mouth found mine for a deeply passionate kiss.

The shower was probably the longest one I ever took. Vince and I seemed to take total delight in touching each other’s body. I don’t think I’ve ever been as thoroughly cleansed as I was by Vince that morning. I, too, spent inordinate amounts of time exploring every nook and cranny of his body, even washing between his toes. Of course, long before the shower was over we were both hard as rocks. It was then that Vince did something that kind of shocked me at first. He got down on his knees and gobbled my cock down his throat. I felt kind of funny having Vince on his knees in front of me, sucking my cock. However, no sooner had his warm wet mouth wrapped itself around my cock and I was lost to the incredible feelings he was causing in me. I moaned at the intensity and probably would have fallen over had Vince not pushed me against the wall of the shower.

“Oh, fuck yeah! Eat my cock. Suck me. Oh, fuck!” I groaned as Vince buried my cock all the way down his throat.

The tingles in my groin told me that I couldn’t hold back. I was going to come and there was nothing I could do about it. Not that I wanted to. I had never had anyone but Vince suck my cock before and it was the most incredible feeling, short of fucking him, that I’d ever felt. Suddenly, I was rushing over the edge, crying out.

“Fuck, yeah! Suck me! Swallow me! Ahh, fuck!” I moaned as my cock blasted my hot load into Vince’s sucking mouth.

I don’t know how many times I shot but Vince swallowed it all and then continued to suck on my cock until it went soft in his mouth. He finally let go of it and looked up at me.

“How was that?”

“Oh, fuck! That was amazing. I could concentrate on the feelings this time. I was so afraid the first time.”

Vince quickly stood and took me in his arms, looking into my eyes, concern written all over his face.

“What were you afraid of?”

“I had your cock in my mouth. I was scared of hurting you or not sucking you right.”

“Oh, babe, you did great. Honestly.”

“I’d bet not as good as you just did,” I said, blushing.

“Maybe not, but I’ve had a lot more practice than you have. I guarantee you that I wasn’t that good the first time.”

“Well, you weren’t in love with the first guy you sucked off, were you?”

“No, babe, I’ve never been in love with anybody before you.”

“Well, see ... I was. I was in love with the first guy whose cock I sucked. I wanted to be good for him because I loved him. So I was scared that while I was coming I would bite him or something.”

“Oh, I see ... well, I’ll remember that next time.”

“And that will be when?” I asked reaching down and stroking his hard cock.

“Well ... I guess anytime you might like to suck that guy you love again.”

“I’d say that will be now,” I said, sliding to my knees and taking the head of his cock into my mouth.

As I slipped back the foreskin of his cock and began to lick the sweet pre-cum which was leaking from the head, Vince’s hands began to stroke my head with his hands.

“Ahh, fuck, babe. That feels so good. Yeah! Just do it slow like that. Don’t try to take too much of it. Just do what you’re doin’ -- it feels so good.” he moaned as I slowly sucked on his cock, tasting his pre-cum and the taste of him.

I quickly learned that when I used my tongue on the underside of his cock and across the head, it caused him to moan. I slowly moved up and down his cock, taking my cues from his hands which held my head and moved it back and forth. His hips began to move backwards and forwards, fucking my mouth and the vision of his groin and hips as he did so was turning me on all to hell. My own cock was boned again and I reached down with one hand, stroking my cock and with the other I began softly scratching and gently squeezing his balls causing him to moan almost continuously.

“Ahh, fuck, yeah! Suck my cock, babe. Fuck, that feels so good.”

I kept eating him, getting hotter and hotter by the moment as his cock fucked my mouth and my cock fucked my fist. I’d dreamed of doing this someday but I never thought it would be a man that I felt this way about. I wasn’t just sucking his cock because it gave *him* pleasure. I was making love to his cock because it gave *me* pleasure to pleasure him this way. More, I wanted more of his cum inside me. I wanted to feel that a part of him was inside

me.

“Fuck, babe, I’m gonna come!” Vince moaned and I suddenly felt a spurt of his hot cum shoot into my mouth.

That was all it took, I started unloading my cum all over the floor of the shower as I swallowed glob after glob of his sweet/salty cream. I could feel his cock tremble each time another volley of his cum shot into my mouth and got swallowed down my throat until there was nothing else coming out of his cock. I continued to suck on it until he pulled his cock from my mouth, saying he was too sensitive to take it. I looked up at him questioningly.

“How was that?”

“Babe, that was the best blowjob I’ve ever had in my life.”

“Oh, come on! It wasn’t that good,” I said, blushing at the compliment.

He reached down and lifted me to my feet, his arms going around me.

“I’m not lying. That was the first time that anyone has ever sucked my cock that I knew they loved me -- not just my cock,” he said and then his mouth came down on mine in a passionate kiss.

Because Vince had only two classes that term, it meant that we got to spend a lot of time together, getting to know each other, getting to grow closer. I thought that the more I got to know Vince, that I would find things that I didn’t like or that annoyed me. Nothing could have been further from the truth. The more I got to know him, the more and more I fell in love with him. More importantly, the closer I got to him, the more I realized how deeply he loved me. We became like two planets in synchronous orbit to each other -- the center of each other’s universe.

At both Vince and Dar’s insistence, Gregg and I started spending time together without our lovers, getting to know one another again. About a month after we started this, I came back one afternoon from having lunch with Gregg to find that when I walked into our room, Vince was sitting there with another guy. Older than us but not by much. I didn’t know who he was, but he had the same dark good looks as Vince. Vince stood up as I walked in and came over and took me in his arms, kissing me gently in greeting.

“Babe,” he said, pulling his lips from mine and turning toward the other guy. “I’ve got someone I want you to meet. This is my brother, David. David, this is Drew.”

The other guy stood up at that point.

“I’m very happy to meet you, Andrew. I see that everything that my brother said was true. You are a very beautiful young man,” David said and reached out his arms. “How about a hug for your new brother-in-law?”

I moved to him and his hug was warm and genuine. I stepped back and smiled and then, I guess my face went ghost white.

“What’s the matter, Drew?” Vince asked.

“You’re ... you’re the priest!” I stuttered, totally in shock. I’d just hugged a priest.

But he wasn’t dressed like one. He had on a blue pullover sweater, blue jeans, and loafers. And what was this about me being a beautiful young man? I thought that priests didn’t notice things like that? Better yet, my “brother-in-law?” Well, yeah, he was, but I didn’t expect him to accept that.

“Guilty as charged. But I’m not here as a priest. See? No dog collar.” He laughed, pointing to his bare neck.

“Today, I’m here as family.”

“Okay ... ” I said hesitantly. “And you’re okay with this?”

“Well ... let me ask you something. How do you feel about my little brother here?”

“I love Vince more than anything in the world. More than my own life,” I said, honestly and simply.

“And he says the same thing about you. Now, how could a priest who serves a God of love have any problem with that?”

“You mean you don’t think we’re living in sin or are damned to hell for loving each other?” I asked, some of my skepticism showing.

“No, I don’t believe any of that crap. Vince told me about your family and what they believed. I’m sorry, but if anyone is going to hell, it’s people like them, not the two of you.”

I couldn’t believe my ears. Vince had told me about David but I just couldn’t believe that a priest could think this way.

“I’m sorry. I’ve just never heard someone who was religious say anything except very terrible things about gay people.”

“I understand, Drew. It’s really me who should apologize to you for all the damage that religion has done to gay people for too long. Things are changing, but changing very slowly. I know that you and Vince love each other. I’m sorry that I can’t celebrate that love by marrying the two of you.”

“Well ... why couldn’t you, bro?” Vince asked.

David was knocked speechless at that for a few moments. He stood there, his mouth open and looked at us. It was almost like I could see the wheels turning in his head.

“Well ... actually ... there isn’t any reason I couldn’t except for the fact that it wouldn’t be legal and the church wouldn’t sanction it,” David said.

“So what? It ain’t about legal for us anyway. And, we don’t much care what the church won’t sanction. This is about us loving each other and wanting to take those vows to each other in the eyes of God.”

David was silent again. He seemed to be mulling over what Vince had said.

“If I was to do it ... and that’s *if* ... it would have to be completely private. I could be disciplined for doing it. I could even lose my faculties to function as a priest if the church found out,” David said slowly.

“That’s cool. The only people that would be there would be us and Gregg and Dar. Gregg’s Drew’s brother and Dar’s his lover. Without them, we’d never have gotten together,” Vince said.

“Yes, it is traditional to have witnesses. Look I’m going to be here through Saturday. In the meantime, why don’t I take you guys out to eat? And while you’re at it, why don’t you invite your brother and his lover?” David said to me. “I think I’d like to meet them, if that’s okay.”

“I’m sure they’d love to meet you as well,” I said. “I’ll go down to their room and get them.”

“No, that’s okay. I’ll get them,” Vince said. “You stay here so you and David can get to know each other better.”

And with that, he left. I was alone with a priest. I became suddenly very shy. I think David must have realized that.

“I don’t bite and I haven’t burned anyone at the stake for at least a month.”

I laughed. I knew I was being stupid.

“Look, Drew, I understand. Please, just forget about what I do. I’m just David. I’m the brother of the man you love. And, trust me, I love him, too. I already know how happy you’ve made him. That’s all I have to know to love you, too.”

“Why ... uh, why did you ... ” I started stuttering again. It always happens when I’m nervous.

“Why did I become a priest? Because I love God and wanted to help people. I felt I could do that best by serving God.”

“But, you gave up sex.”

“Yes, that is one of the drawbacks to my job in most people’s eyes. There’s nothing wrong with sex, but I’ve never seen that it was more important than my own feelings of happiness. I’m happy doing what I’m doing. I’ll

trade sex for that. Of course, I never found them both together like you and Vince have. I never fell in love with anyone.”

“Did you want to?”

“I guess at some point I did but I never found anyone to love more than I love God. More than I love my vocation.”

“Can I ask you something personal?”

“Anything, Drew.”

“Uhh ... are you straight?”

David paused for a moment.

“Drew, I don’t know how to answer that. Since I don’t have sex, in some ways that doesn’t matter. I never had sex so I guess, in some ways, I don’t know. I’ve found both very beautiful women and very beautiful men in my life. But so much of the beauty has nothing to do with their gender -- or even what they look like. It’s a spiritual beauty that I find compelling about a person.”

“Oh.”

“No, don’t do that. I know that you find my brother very physically attractive as I know he finds you the same. There is nothing wrong with that. That is how love between two people develops. But it is not just Vince’s looks that make you love him, is it?”

“No. There are so many things. How tender he is, how much he tries to make me happy. It’s how he loves me so that I finally feel like I’m loved. It’s all that and so much more than I have words for.”

“Then you know something of how I feel about God and I know something of what you feel for Vince. I think this makes us understand each other better, don’t you?”

“Yes. I guess it does. I also understand something of how you feel about Vince because I have a brother I love as well. I know there’s nothing that Gregg could do that would ever make me stop loving him.”

“Then you do know how I feel about Vince,” David said.

“By the way, you weren’t serious about performing a wedding for us, were you?”

“I’m seriously considering it. Is it something that you want as well?”

“Well ... it means a great deal to Vince and it will make him very happy. Anything that will make him happy is something that I want. Do I want it for myself? I would continue to love Vince for the rest of my life whether we have a ceremony or not. However, it would mean one thing to me. It would mean that I would really feel that I was accepted as part of your family.”

“Then I guess you all had better start making plans because I’m going to make you a part of the family,” David said.

Chapter Four

The five of us went out to dinner that night. We settled on pizza and headed for a small Italian restaurant near campus that catered to the university students. Since it was a weeknight, the restaurant was almost empty; however they seemed to be doing quite a business in pizza delivery. The phone was constantly ringing and we must have seen their delivery driver carry out over a dozen pizzas in the time we were there.

To say that Gregg and Dar were surprised by David would be an understatement. They were as pleasantly astonished as I had been at David's very open and loving attitude. If the rest of his church was as open-minded and as accepting as David, there would have been three converts and one return to Catholicism. However, we all knew the attitudes of David's church, in fact of too many churches. For a group of people who claim to love everyone, Christians seem to be some of the biggest hypocrites around.

What really shocked Gregg and Dar, however, was the talk about a wedding for Vince and me. They weren't the only ones. My head was reeling from the idea as well. It's not that I didn't love Vince, or want to marry him, it's just that I never thought something like this would ever happen for us. But, then again, I didn't expect Vince to get down on one knee and propose to me, either. And I think that David was somewhat surprised himself that he had decided to perform the ceremony. Now the only problem was where and when.

The "when" was problematic. The latest it could be was Saturday morning. David was heading back to his parish on Saturday afternoon so he would be there for Sunday mass. However, Saturday morning was wrestling practice and we all had to be there. As to the "where," that was far easier. It didn't have to be in a church, according to David -- it could be anywhere. I immediately pictured us getting married in the middle of the gym -- standing in the middle of the wrestling circle wearing our singlets. I didn't suggest this, though later I told Vince about it and we had a good laugh over it.

We decided to wait until the next day and Vince and I would go talk to Coach Evans to see if we could be excused from wrestling practice that Saturday. We were finally able to sit down with him after everyone left from practice and we still had some time before we met up with David for dinner again. At least while David was here, we didn't have to rely on the student cafeteria for all our meals.

"So what can I do for you guys?" Coach asked as we all sat down in his office.

"Well, Coach, it's like this. Drew and I, along with Dar and Gregg, would like to be excused from practice on Saturday," Vince said.

Coach looked at us, startled.

"And can I ask why?"

"Well ... Coach ... it's like this ..." Vince started but faltered.

"We're getting married, Coach," I said softly.

"Pardon me, but I must be hearing things. It sounded like you said you were getting married," Coach said, looking at us.

"That's what I said, Coach," I reiterated. "You see, Vince's brother is a priest and he's visiting us. He's offered to marry us and we need to do it on Saturday morning."

"You're not kidding?" Coach asked, perplexed.

“No, Coach. We’re very serious,” Vince said.

“Well, I’ve got to admit I’m shocked. I didn’t think that the Catholic church allowed that,” Coach said.

“It doesn’t. That’s why we’re doing it quietly. It will just be the four of us there -- along with Vince’s brother,” I said.

“So where is this going to take place?” Coach asked.

“We haven’t picked out a place yet, Coach. We’re looking for someplace private. We don’t want it in a church. We figure somewhere outside,” Vince said.

“Yeah, we thought about the gym, in the middle of the circle on the big mat, but we figured that would be a little public.” I grinned.

“Oh, I see. Well, I think that’s a good enough reason for me to excuse the four of you,” Coach said. “In fact, I think I know someplace where the two of you could hold the ceremony.”

“Where’s that, Coach?” Vince asked.

“I know this place that is outdoors but very private. Very high fence and high, thick bushes all around it. Completely private. Hell! You could get married naked there and no one would know.” Coach chuckled.

Vince and I did, too, but we were both blushing as we did.

“That sounds great, Coach,” Vince said. “Where is it?”

“My back yard,” Coach said.

Now it was our turn to be startled.

“Your back yard?” Vince exclaimed.

“Yeah. My back yard. I would be honored if you guys would hold your wedding there,” Coach said.

“But, Coach ... uhh ... what about your family?” Vince asked.

“What about them? You know that my wife adores you, Vince, as well as Gregg and Dar. I’m sure she’ll love you as well, Drew. And as far as my boys are concerned, well ... they’re a little young at two and three to understand exactly what’s going on. They’ll just know it’s a party and they love parties. They also love wrestlers, so they’ll be happy as hell. So? What do you say, boys?” Coach asked.

“But, Coach, we couldn’t impose on you that way,” I said.

“What impose? All you guys are like sons to me. Do you think if another of your team-mates was getting married to a girl and they needed a place to get married, I wouldn’t offer? Of course I would. So why not you guys? Besides, you’re both members of the team,” Coach pointed out.

“Uhh, Coach, don’t you think you’d better ask your wife first? After all, she might have plans for Saturday or something,” Vince suggested. “We wouldn’t want you gettin’ into any kind of trouble over us.”

“Okay, let’s ask her.” And without another word, he picked up the phone and began dialing. Vince and I sat there looking at each other. Both our heads were spinning with all this.

“Hey, honey, we got anything planned for Saturday?” Coach said into the phone. “No, that’s what I figured ... Why? Well it seems that Vince and Drew are going to get married ... yeah, that’s what I said, married ... seems Vince’s brother is a priest and has said he’d marry them ... They wanted someplace private and outdoors ... yeah! That’s what I told them, but they wanted me to call and make sure it was okay with you ... I know, they were just worried ... Okay, I’ll tell them ... see you later ... I love you!” Coach said and then hung up the phone.

Turning back to us, Coach said, “She told me to tell you both that she’d be thrilled for you to have the wedding at our house! She also hopes you don’t mind if she attends.”

“No, Coach. We don’t mind,” Vince said, and I nodded my head in agreement.

“Good, because what I’m going to do is cancel practice for Saturday so that I can go as well. When two of my best wrestlers get married, I can at least show up. And the rest of the team can use a weekend off. So, it’s settled then. What time do you think on Saturday?”

“Well, we really hadn’t thought about it,” I said.

“Well, I recommend around eleven o’clock. That still gives everybody a chance to sleep in and still make it. And since neither of you is female, there’s a very good chance that, for once, a wedding will start on time. By the way, don’t either one of you dare tell my wife I said that,” Coach growled at us.

“Don’t worry, Coach. We won’t.” Vince and I laughed.

“Good, so it’s settled then. Eleven o’clock, my back yard. Got it?”

“Got it, Coach,” Vince and I said together.

We said our good-byes and then left Coach’s office to meet David. At dinner that night we told him about the arrangements to use Coach’s back yard and he was just fine with it. For the next two days, we spent a lot of time with David. I got to know him a lot better and Vince seemed to really get back in touch with him. At times, it was like they were still kids together, joking and ragging on each other the way normal brothers do. Of course, Gregg and I never went through anything like that. We got enough verbal abuse to not need it from each other.

One of the things that we talked about was Tony, Vince’s middle brother, and his parents. David was of exactly the same opinion as Vince, that Tony would have no trouble dealing with the fact that Vince was gay. David assured me that Tony didn’t have a judgmental bone in his body. But I was still worried about Vince’s parents. On that score, David was a little less reassuring.

“Mama and Papa are pretty old school. This is going to be very difficult for them to accept. Luckily, Tony’s already given them grandchildren so that won’t be an issue,” David said.

“Yeah. Two out of three good sons ain’t bad. They gotta expect one fuck-up,” Vince groused, quietly.

“You are not a fuck-up, Vince, and I’m not going to sit here and listen to you tear yourself down,” I heard myself saying angrily.

“Drew’s right, Vince. There’s nothing wrong with you. You are the way God made you. And God doesn’t make junk, as the poster says.”

“I don’t think that Mama and Papa are going to be of the same opinion, David,” Vince moaned, despondently.

“You leave Mama and Papa to me. If there is anyone they’ll listen to, it’s me.”

“Well, that’s true. Ever since you became the Pope,” Vince laughed, giving David a slight nudge with his shoulder.

“Do you want to postpone the ceremony? Maybe think about it some more?” David asked.

“Fuck no! I love Drew and I want to marry him. Maybe you ought to ask him that question. He’s the one marrying into the crazy Italian family.”

“I’m not having any second thoughts. Trust me, your parents, no matter how bad they are, can’t even begin to match the crazies that brought up Gregg and me. I love you, too, Vince. I want to marry you. Nothing and nobody is going to change that.”

“Then let’s just forget about all this and deal with it when the time comes that we can’t avoid it anymore,” Vince said and I agreed.

Saturday morning dawned beautifully. Not a cloud in the sky. Vince rolled over and took me in his arms.

“Good morning, lover,” he said, gently kissing me.

“Good morning yourself, you hot Italian hunk.”

“You know, there’s something we haven’t discussed yet.”

“I cannot imagine what it could be. We’ve talked about just about everything.”

“Well ... we haven’t discussed what we’re gonna wear.”

“Oh, shit! You’re right. What do you think we should wear?”

“Well ... I got this idea, maybe it’s stupid but ... ” Vince faltered.

“No, come on. Let me hear it.”

“Since this is gonna be simple we might as well be comfortable. How about we wear our warm-up suits?”

The warm-up suits were what we wore when we weren’t competing on the mats. They were basically like a jogging suit but made out of cotton jersey and fleece-lined. They were in the school colors, blue and gold. The suit was navy blue and had double stripes of gold running down both arms and the sides of both legs. The top zipped up and the bottoms were pull-on with elasticized waists. They were monogrammed with the school logo and name on one breast and our last names on the other. Across the back was embroidered “Wrestling.”

“I think that’s a great idea. You’re right. They’d be simple and comfortable. What are we gonna wear under them?”

“Nothin’!” He kissed me deeply.

Before things got too far, I pulled back from the kiss.

“Nope. Not this morning. You don’t get any until you make an honest man of me.”

“You want to save it until after the wedding?” he asked, shocked.

“Makes for a longer honeymoon that way,” I said, giving him a leering grin.

He thought about that for a second and then grinned back at me.

“Yeah. That sounds like a good idea.”

“Besides, it’s after nine. We should get a shower and get dressed. David said he’d pick us up about a quarter after ten.”

“Okay. Let’s go,” he said, rolling out of his side of the bed.

Just as he had promised, Vince had gotten us a double bed the day after we became lovers. It’s funny, I’d never slept with anyone else before and, at first, I thought it would be a problem. The first night I put my head on Vince’s chest and went right to sleep. So much for the problems.

We went down to the shower room and noticed a lot of activity for a Saturday morning. Half the team was in there showering. They all said “hi” to us but no one paid us much attention. After all, they were mostly used to Vince and me by this time. Vince grabbed an empty shower and, as usual, pulled me into it with him. We still took delight in showering together and washing each other. This time, however, we didn’t get each other off like we usually did.

We went back to the room and got into our warm-up suits. I did, finally, talk Vincent into us wearing jocks underneath, reminding him that a hard-on in these soft clothes would definitely show. He agreed reluctantly but I promised that I would take his jock off later with my teeth. He laughed at this but I saw him grab a jock and put it on quickly enough.

David showed up on time and drove us to Coach’s house. It was about ten-thirty when we got there. We could see Gregg and Dar’s truck sitting in Coach’s driveway. We went up to the door and rang the bell. Coach Evans’ wife answered. She reached out and gave Vince a big hug.

“This is the big day, Vince. Are you nervous?”

“Nah!” Vince answered. “What’s there to be nervous about?”

I could tell that, for once, my very honest lover was lying through his teeth. I could tell he was nervous. It was just like before a match.

“You must be Drew,” Mrs. Evans said, turning to me. “I’ve heard so much about you, both from my husband and your brother. It’s so good to finally meet you.”

And with this, she hugged me, too. I was a little surprised by this, but it was nice. She then looked at David.

“You must be Father Collucci. I’m Peggy Evans,” she said, extending her hand.

“Please, just call me David.” David reached for her hand and shook it.

“Then please call me Peggy. Well, come on in. Mike had to run an errand. He’ll be right back.”

We walked into the house and saw Gregg and Dar sitting on the couch. They got up and came over to hug us.

“How you doin’, bro?” Gregg asked as he hugged me.

“I’m scared. Very happy, but scared.”

“Nothin’ to be scared of, bro. You love him, don’tcha?” Gregg asked.

“More than anything in the world. But you’re a great one to talk. Dar told me how you got married in a booth in a diner. No wonder you weren’t scared. There was nobody else around. Thank God it’s just going to be you and Dar along with Coach and his wife. Any more people and I’d probably faint.”

Gregg looked at me funny and then went over and hugged Vince. Dar hugged me next.

“Congratulations. I’m somewhat envious. I wish Gregg and I had done this.”

“Who knows? Maybe someday you will. I’ll bet if you told Gregg you wanted to, he’d do it. I don’t think that my brother would deny you anything that it was in his power to give you.”

“I don’t think so either. Maybe I will talk to him about it. Of course, we’ve already had the honeymoon so it would be doing things backwards.” It was about that time that we heard the front door open and Coach came in. Vince introduced him to David and Coach asked David to step outside into the back yard because he wanted him to see what Coach had set up there.

“Do you want us, too?” Vince asked.

“No. That’s okay. I don’t want you all to see it until it’s time for the ceremony,” Coach said.

“Coach, you didn’t go to any trouble over this, did you?” I asked.

“Trouble? No trouble. Just something to make it a little more comfortable for you two.”

I knew that Coach was up to something, but I didn’t know what. I looked at Vince who just shrugged his shoulders. Whatever it was, it didn’t take long. Coach was back and then he was taking Gregg and Dar outside. Vince and I sat down on the couch to wait. That was the nerve-wracking part -- waiting.

“I wish this was over with,” Vince said to me quietly.

“Yeah. Me, too. I wish we were back in bed together.”

“Oh, God! Don’t say things like that. I’m gonna pop a rod right in this jock,” Vince moaned as he reached over and pulled me to him.

“See, I told you it was a good idea to wear one,” I said.

Vince pulled me to him and kissed me passionately. At the same time, his hand dropped to my lap and he groped me. I started boning instantly.

“Two can play at that game,” Vince growled, pulling back from the kiss and letting go of my cock.

“Oh, great. Now we can both go out there, in front of your brother the priest, with hard-ons.”

“I’m sure it won’t be the first two he’s ever seen.” Vince winked at me.

“You’re incorrigible, you know that?” I said in mock exasperation.

“Yeah, and you love me when I’m like that, don’tcha?”

I didn’t have time to answer him because at that point, Coach came back and told us that everything was ready.

“I figured that since there’s no bride that you guys could just walk out together?” Coach asked.

“Yeah, that’s good,” Vince said and took my hand in his. “You ready, babe?”

“Yes, Vince. I’ve been ready since you proposed.”

“Well, lead the way, Coach,” Vince said.

Coach led us through the hall and into what looked like a family room to a set of French doors. Curtains on the doors prevented us from seeing the back yard beyond them.

“You don’t need my help from here. I think you’ll find your way,” Coach said and then he stood in front of the doors and pulled them open.

Coach stepped aside and we could finally see the back yard. I let out a gasp and so did Vince. The back yard held a huge white tent. Standing beneath it was not only Coach’s wife with their two boys, Dar and Gregg and Vince’s brother, David, but what looked to be almost all of the wrestling team. And on the ground were the center mats with David standing in the middle of the circle waiting for us. Vince and I looked at each other. We didn’t know what to do. Coach came up behind us and put his hands on our shoulders, giving us a little push.

“Come on, guys. Your friends are all waiting,” Coach said.

Both Vince and I looked back at Coach.

“But ... how ... why ... ” Vince started to say.

“Every one of them is here because he wants to be. I didn’t order any of them to come. In fact, it was all their idea. I told them about what you’d said, Drew, about the mat and the more we all thought about it, the more fitting it seemed, so all the guys brought it here this morning. We were just waiting for your brother to get here, Vince, so that we could ask him if it was all right. Now, go on. They’re all waiting for you.”

Vince looked at me and I looked back. Then hand in hand, we stepped through the doorway into the sunlight. At that point, all of the team began applauding and cheering as we walked to the tent. We walked into the circle where David was standing and were joined by Dar and Gregg -- Gregg next to me and Dar next to Vince. David greeted the two of us. Then we noticed, off to the back corner, someone that looked vaguely familiar but who I couldn’t place. He looked a lot like Vince and David but had a large dark moustache. Vince took one look at him and cried out ...

“Tony!”

The man and Vince rushed toward each other and grabbed each other in an embrace. *Of course*, I thought to myself, *this is Tony, the middle brother*. I wondered, however, how he got here? How did he know about Vince and my wedding? I looked over and David and then I knew. David had called Tony to let him know about the wedding. I don’t know whose idea it was for Tony to come, but it certainly answered all the questions about how Tony would feel about this. If he was willing to drive all the way here just to see us get married, then he must have no problem with Vince being gay. Vince brought Tony over to me.

“Drew, this is Tony, my other brother,” he said with a grin so wide I thought his face would split.

This meant so much to Vince and I was so happy for him.

“Hello, Tony. It’s really good to meet you.”

Tony gave me a shy smile but when I held out my hand to shake his, he brushed it aside and gave me a hug that was almost bone-crushing. Yeah, I’ll bet Tony had been an awesome wrestler.

“I’m glad to meet you,” Tony said and then he added something that astounded me. “Welcome to the family.”

“Thank you, Tony. Thank you so very much,” I said and then Tony stepped back to the side to watch the ceremony.

I can’t honestly tell you what was said during the short ceremony. I know that I repeated vows to love and honor and cherish Vince as he made the same vows to me. That was easy because I already did. We promised to be faithful to each other and then came a part that neither Vince nor I, in all of our talks, had even thought about. David asked for the rings. We didn’t have any. We never thought to buy them. I know that sounds stupid but neither Vince nor I are jewelry people. I looked at Vince in panic and he just shrugged his shoulders as if to say that he didn’t know what to do either. Then I felt movement beside me. I looked and both Dar and Gregg were handing David two small, gold bands which David lay on his prayer book and blessed. I looked at Gregg who whispered in my ear.

“The rings are our wedding present to you guys.”

After David blessed the rings, he handed one of the rings to Vince who put it on my finger. I couldn’t believe it -- it fit perfectly. Vince held my hand and looked into my eyes as he repeated the words that David was telling him.

“Drew, I give you this ring as a symbol of my vow, and with all that I am, and all that I have, I honor you, in the name of God.”

Then it was my turn. I took the ring from David but my hand was trembling so bad that I almost couldn’t get it on Vince’s finger. But, like mine, his fit perfectly. Then with my voice trembling and tears blurring my eyes, I looked into my beautiful lover’s eyes.

“Vince, I give you this ring, as a symbol of my vow, and with all that I am, and all that I have, I honor you in the name of God,” I managed, somehow, to repeat after David.

David then put a hand on each of our heads and said a prayer of blessing over us. He then put his hands on our shoulders and looking at us said:

“I now declare Drew and Vince joined in holy marriage.”

Vince and I stood there looking at each other, not really knowing what to do.

“It’s time for you two to kiss. At least that’s what’s traditionally done,” David whispered to us.

“Oh,” Vince said and grabbed me into his arms.

Vince, I guess because of his hot-blooded Italian nature, really only knows one way to kiss -- deeply and passionately. I got light-headed from the intensity of it but the cheers that we heard all around us from our teammates, along with Coach and his wife, brought us out of our lip-lock sooner than we probably would have liked. But we both realized that there would be time for more kisses. Our whole lives’ worth of time for more kisses.

The next shock came when the guys from the team started uncovering long tables that I hadn’t really noticed yet. They were piled with food and drinks. Coach and his wife had really gone all out for this. There was even a beautiful, large white cake with “Congratulations Drew & Vince” written on it.

All the guys from the team were coming up to us. Some of them shook our hands, some even went so far as to hug us. Others offered their congratulations, a couple of them just sort of shyly smiled at us, not really knowing what to say under the circumstances. Dar and Gregg held us both tightly in hugs as they offered their best wishes.

“Well, you got him, bro. He’s yours forever now,” Gregg whispered to me as he hugged me.

“And I’m his forever. But I would have been without this.”

“I know, bro. It’s just nicer when you say those words to each other.”

“Yeah, I used to think that didn’t matter. Now I know how much it matters that you say it.”

Coach and his wife both hugged us. I looked at Coach and my eyes started misting up.

“Coach, I don’t know what to say. I don’t know how to thank you. My own father would never have done this for me. I want you to know, Coach, that I’ll never forget all that you’ve done for me,” I said.

“Yeah, Coach,” Vince interrupted, grinning. “Especially putting him in my room.”

I blushed and punched Vince in the arm.

“Vince, Coach’s wife!” I hissed in his ear but Mrs. Evans evidently heard me.

“It’s okay, Drew. I’m used to Vince -- and wrestlers in general -- by this point. After all, I married one just like him.” Mrs. Evans laughed and she hugged me. “I wish you two all the happiness in the world.”

While everyone was digging into the food, we saw David and Tony sitting off to the side by themselves talking. We went over and sat down with them.

“Bro, thanks so much for coming,” Vince said to Tony as they embraced again.

“I wouldn’t have missed it for the world,” he said coming over to me and giving me another bear hug. “Can’t let my little bro get married and me not be there.”

“This doesn’t bother you?” Vince asked Tony and I could hear the tension in his voice.

Tony reached over and put his hand on Vince’s head and ruffled his hair.

“No, bro. It doesn’t bother me. You love ’im, don’tcha?”

“More than anything in the world, Tony.”

“That’s all that counts, bro. I’ve learned that much from the Pope here,” he said, and faked a punch to David’s midriff.

“Where are Debbie and the boys?” Vince asked.

“They’re at home. She wanted to be here but little David came down with chicken pox three days ago and we figure that little Vincent is going to come down with them any day now.”

“You named your sons after your brothers?” I asked Tony.

“What? Oh, no. I named them after our dad. David Vincent Anthony Collucci. He was named for both of his grandfathers. Italians like to keep names in the family like that.”

“Oh, I see,” I said.

“Yeah, like Vince here is actually Vincent Joseph Collucci. He was named after Mama’s father as well,” Tony said.

I started laughing.

“What’s so funny?” Tony asked.

“I just realized that I just married a man and I didn’t even know his middle name.”

“Gee, must be a rush job on the wedding then. One of you pregnant?” Tony asked laughing.

“We just never got around to talking about middle names,” Vince growled at Tony.

“Oh, yeah? Been busy with somethin’ else?” Tony said, nudging Vince in the ribs.

“Morning, noon and night. And he can’t get pregnant and cut me off.” Vince laughed at his brother.

David sat there, watching his two brothers. Evidently this kind of banter was common between them. At that point, we were joined by my one and only brother, Gregg. He sat down at the table and put his arm around me.

“How ya doin’, bro?” he asked.

“I’m so happy I can barely stand it.”

“Oh, yeah, Tony, this is Gregg. This is Drew’s older brother. I guess that makes him kind of a brother-in-law, too,” Vince said.

"I know about you. Vince has told me all about you. You won the state championship last year, right?" Tony asked.

"Yeah. I did," Gregg said, blushing.

"Yeah, man, Vince told me all about it. I just wish I could have been there," Tony said.

Well, that started it. You can't get more than two wrestlers together at any one time and not expect the conversation to turn to wrestling. Pretty soon, half the team was sitting around us, all of us expounding on who we thought was the best wrestler of all time, what holds were the most difficult to break, where the university was going to rank in this year's tournament -- all the stuff that jocks talk about. Forgotten was the fact that these guys had just attended what, I was sure, was their first (though maybe not their last) gay wedding. Jocks are jocks. What they like to talk about are sports and sex -- not necessarily in that order.

The party finally broke up early in the afternoon. We said good-bye to Tony who had to get home to his wife and sick kids but who promised to come visit us soon and bring them with him. We offered to help clean up but Coach and his wife shooed us away. Instead, guys from the team were helping to put Coach's yard into its usual condition. David drove us back to campus and then headed off to his parish. Before he left, I gave him a hug.

"Thank you, David. I'll never forget today or what you did for us."

"Drew, it was an honor for me. And I won't forget it either."

Then David and Vince embraced. We watched him drive off and Vince put his arm around my shoulders as we walked upstairs to our dorm room. We'd left this morning lovers but we returned married to one another. When we got to the door of our room, Vince stopped me from going in.

"I think one of us is supposed to carry the other one over the threshold. But I don't know which one it is," Vince said.

"I don't know either."

"Well, I wrestle in a higher weight class, I should carry you."

"Let's just walk in and nobody carry anybody. Let the straight people do that one."

"Okay." Vince just shrugged and opened the door.

As soon as we got inside, Vince grabbed me into his arms and kissed me passionately.

"Okay, we're married now. You promised me a honeymoon if I made an honest man of you."

"No problem. I want you so bad I can hardly stand it. I do love you so much," I said, my heart pounding from my desire for him.

"And I love you. I never thought it was possible to love somebody this much. You belong to me now and I belong to you."

"I couldn't believe it when David said he'd marry us. I just never expected this day to happen. I guess you were surprised by Tony showing up?"

"Surprised? Shocked is more like it. I almost fell over when I saw him standing there."

"Both of your brothers love you very much. I could tell."

"Yeah, and they both like you. I could tell that. Now, enough talk, more nakedness. You promised to take this fuckin' jock off me with your teeth," Vince reminded me.

"I did, didn't I?" I said getting down on my knees and pulling down his warm-up pants.

Vince unzipped the warm-up top and threw it off and then kicked off his gym shoes. He let me take the warm-up pants completely off him and then I buried my nose in his fragrant jock. I grabbed it with my teeth and began pulling it down.

“Yeah, that’s it, babe. Get me ready. I wanna fuck your ass. It’s truly mine now,” Vince growled.

I looked up into his eyes and saw the love and passion there.

“Anytime you want it, lover,” I growled back.

Chapter Five

It was about six months after the wedding that the nightmare started. Vince and I were in bed, doing what we usually did there other than sleep. I was down between his legs, licking on his sweaty, fragrant balls prior to eating out his sweaty musky ass. I licked against his left ball and felt something. Just like a little bump on his otherwise smooth orb. I didn't think anything of it at the time, other than the fact that I'd never noticed anything there before. I just chalked it up to not being very observant when lost in the smell and taste of his groin and went back to my mission of licking up every bit of sweat and raunch I could find.

About two weeks later, we were again playing when I felt the little bump again. Only this time it wasn't as little. It had grown. Now it was very noticeable when I licked against his sac. I looked up from between his legs.

"Babe, there's something different about your balls," I said.

"What? Did one disappear or something?" Vince grinned at me, I guess thinking I was kidding around.

"No. But there's a lump on one of them. I noticed it a couple of weeks ago but I didn't say anything because it was very small, but it's grown. It's a lot bigger than it was."

"You're kidding?" Vince said, surprised at my statement.

"No, I'm not," I said and grabbed his hand. I guided his hand to where I'd felt the lump and let him feel it for himself.

"What the fuck?" Vince said, feeling the lump on his testicle.

"How long has it been there?"

"I don't know. I never noticed it before," Vince said, looking at me, concern showing in his face.

"Vince, I really think you ought to have one of the team doctors check you out."

"I'm sure it's nothing serious. Probably just something I did in practice." He tried to brush it off.

"Vince, don't just ignore this. It could be something serious. Promise me that you'll talk to the team doctor tomorrow."

"Okay, babe. If it will make you happy, I'll talk to the doc."

But when I asked him about it the next day after practice, he hadn't talked to the doctor. The following day, I went to the doctor myself and told him about it. The doctor pulled Vince out of practice and examined him. He immediately made out a referral for Vince to see a urologist at the university medical center. Vince was still acting like this was no big deal but he asked me to go along with him to the appointment the next morning. I knew then that he was starting to take this seriously.

When we got to the medical center, we were directed to the clinic. There Vince had to fill out a lot of paperwork. I noticed that each time a form asked for next of kin, he put down my name. When the time came for Vince to be examined, he told me to come with him. The nurse started to tell him that he was the only one permitted in the examination room.

"He goes with me," Vince said, his voice low and full of menace. If looks could kill, that nurse would have been a puddle of tissue and body fluids.

The doctor came in. He was quite young, I'd say no more than five to seven years older than Vince. He was tall

and slender and had a bush of reddish hair with very fair skin and green eyes. I could still see freckles across his nose under his pair of round, wire-rimmed glasses. The name on his name tag said Christian O'Neal. He introduced himself to Vince and then turned to me, extending his hand.

"And you are?"

"I'm Drew Halversohn," I said, shaking the doctor's hand.

"He's my partner. We're married. He's the one who found the lump. You have a problem with that?" Vince growled.

There were two things very clear to me at that point. One was that Vince, like most guys, did not like doctors or being sick in any way. It was like he was angry at his own body for betraying him. I think it also bothered him because it seemed to show some kind of vulnerability or weakness -- something that Vince did not like to show ... well, except to me. The second thing was that he was scared and his growling was his way of covering that up. Not a very effective way to anyone who knew males, but a common one. Being a urologist, dealing almost exclusively with males, it was apparent immediately that Dr. O'Neal understood this.

"No, Vince. I've got no problem with it. From what your team doctor told me, you're very lucky that your lover did find the lump. It could mean that whatever it is, we've caught it early. So just calm down. The examination is not going to hurt and it's perfectly all right for Drew to be here with you. Okay?"

"Okay," Vince said grudgingly.

I could tell he was ashamed of the way he was acting but he still wasn't comfortable with the idea of all this. Dr. O'Neal had Vince undress and then he examined his penis and scrotum carefully. I saw him feeling the lump and then he handed Vince a hospital gown to put on.

"I'm going to send you down for an ultrasound. It won't hurt, it will just give me pictures of what is going on with your testicles. I'll call down to radiology now and you and Drew can go right down there. I'll meet with you after the test when, hopefully, we'll know more," Dr. O'Neal said.

"What do you think it is?" Vince asked.

"I don't know, Vince. I'm not going to hazard a guess. I want to be able to discuss with you what *is* not what *might be*," the doctor said.

"Okay. I understand."

We went down to radiology and they did an ultrasound on Vince's testicles. When that was done, we went back to the examination room where Vince's clothes were and we waited for the doctor. Vince sat on the examination table and I sat on a rolling stool nearby. Vince was not saying anything, he was just pounding his heels against the metal drawers of the examination table. This quickly was about to drive me nuts. It was then I realized that Vince was really scared and trying desperately not to show it. I knew he needed me and so I did the only thing I could think of to do.

Rising from the stool, I walked over to where he was. I stood between his legs, which stopped the pounding on the examination table. I slipped my arms around his neck and felt his arms go around me, holding me tightly, like he was grabbing onto a ship's mast in a gale. I pushed his head to my chest and began stroking his head, neck, and shoulders with my hands. I finally felt him sag against me and a deep sigh escape from him.

"It's gonna be all right," I murmured to him.

"We don't even know what it is," he said quietly, his face pressed against my chest.

"Whatever it is, it's gonna be all right. Whatever it is, we're gonna face it together."

"I don't wanna lose you."

"You're not gonna lose me."

“But what if I get really sick?” he whined.

This was disturbing because I’d never heard him whine before.

“Do you remember those wedding vows we said to each other and to God? For better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health? Do you remember those? Were you joking when you said them? Did you think I was?” I said with an edge to my voice.

I needed him out of this mood and quick. Whatever we were going to have to face, I needed Vince-the-fighter not Vince-the-scared-little-boy.

“No, I wasn’t joking. You weren’t either,” he grudgingly admitted.

“You bet your sweet ass I wasn’t,” I fumed, but then I added, “and it is a very sweet ass.”

He looked up at me, a slight smile on his face.

“Ya gonna fuck it when we get home?”

“We’ll see.”

He rested his head against my chest again, but this time I felt him really relax. Knowing I was there for him and knowing I wasn’t going to baby or pity him took away some of whatever fears he had. But there was still the reality that we didn’t know what it was we were dealing with. That reality ended quickly.

Dr. O’Neal came into the room and sat down on the stool. I went to step aside from Vince but he grabbed my hand and held onto it, squeezing so hard it almost hurt. Dr. O’Neal studied a file he had in his hand for a moment and then looked up at us.

“I’m not going to sugarcoat this, Vince. You have a tumor in your left testicle. We have to assume that it is cancerous since about ninety per cent of all tumors in a male’s testicles are. We’re going to run some more tests tomorrow to try and determine if the cancer has spread to any other parts of your body. I don’t think that it has. Thanks to your lover finding it, I think we got this thing early.”

“What are my chances, Doc?” Vince asked quietly.

“We’ve made a lot of advances over the years, Vince. If this tumor has not spread, then I would say your chances are about ninety-nine per cent for a full and complete recovery. Now, I have to be honest with you. In all likelihood, you’re probably going to lose that testicle. But you will still have the other one and you will still produce sperm with it so you will remain fertile.”

Vince and I looked at each other and suddenly we both burst out laughing. Dr. O’Neal looked at us for a moment like we were insane -- and then he got it. Then he started chuckling, too.

“I’m sorry. Of course, given your situation, fertility is not an important issue. However, I’m going to make a recommendation, Vince, that you might want to have a frozen sample of your sperm in our sperm bank, just in case you ever do decide to have children. As I said, you can still be fertile with only one testicle but what if something happened to that one? While you still have both of them, I would make the sample.”

“But what about the cancer?” Vince said.

“That won’t affect the sample in any way.”

“Okay. Whatever you think best, Doc,” Vince said. “Uhh ... what about ... ahh ... you know ... ”

“Sex? Well, it won’t hurt the cancer or help it grow. I’ll let you know when you can’t, okay?”

“Yeah. Okay,” Vince said and he was actually blushing.

“However, I’m going to have to forbid you wrestling for now. Too much potential for injury to the groin. No sense causing any more damage than there already is. Take that advice where sex is concerned as well.”

“Okay, Doc. Can you give me a note for Coach?”

“No problem. And, Vince ... don’t worry. You’re going to be fine.”

We walked out of the medical center together and without even discussing it, headed over to the gym. We went downstairs to where Coach’s office was and knocked on the door. We heard him say “Come in” and opened the door.

I guess the looks on our faces immediately told him that something was wrong.

“What’s up, guys?” Coach asked, his voice filled with concern.

Vince looked at me and I nodded for him to tell Coach the truth.

“I got cancer, Coach. In my left nut.”

“Oh, fuck!” Coach said. “What does the doctor say?”

“The doctor said that if we’ve caught it early like he thinks we have, Vince has a ninety-nine per cent chance of recovery,” I said.

“Well, thank God for that,” Coach replied.

“I can’t wrestle though, Coach. Doc’s afraid of any injury,” Vince said, handing Coach the doctor’s note.

“Don’t worry about that, Vince.”

“But the state championships are coming up!” Vince exclaimed.

“Your health is more important than any championship, Vince. Does the doctor know how long you’ll be out?”

“No, I gotta go back for more tests tomorrow.”

“How are you, Drew?” Coach asked, looking at me.

“Worried ... and somewhat relieved. At least we know what we’re dealing with. I think we’re both scared but we’ll make it through this, Coach. We’ve got each other and that’s all that matters.”

“You got a lot more than each other, guys. You’ve got a whole family with this team that care about you. They’ll come through for you, Vince. You wait and see.”

“Thanks, Coach,” Vince said. “If you don’t mind, I’m gonna go back to the dorm now. I think I need some rest after all this.”

“That’s a good idea, Vince. Drew, you’re excused from practice. I think your partner needs you more than the team does right now.”

“Thanks, Coach,” I said as I followed Vince out.

We went back to the room. Vince sat on the bed and put his face in his hands. I stood there for a moment and then noticed that his shoulders were shaking. Vince was crying. I sat next to him and put my arms around him. He quickly wrapped his arms around me and pressed his face to my chest. I held him as he cried, gently stroking his head and shoulders. I didn’t say anything. I didn’t know what to say. I’d never seen Vince cry before. I guess I never expected to see it. All of a sudden though, the thought that I could lose him hit me and I could feel the tears coursing down my face as well.

The fact of the matter is, we were both scared. I guess that’s normal. After all, I’d never had to face serious illness before -- either in myself or in someone I loved. I knew that Vince had a grandmother who was quite old and not in the best of health but that seemed different somehow. You expect somebody old to be sick or even die. Not a healthy, muscular guy who’s only twenty.

After a while, we were both cried out and we got undressed and got into bed. We just lay there holding each other. It was the first time I could remember being in bed naked with each other in the middle of the afternoon and neither one of us got a hard-on. We just clung to each other like we were in a lifeboat in the middle of a stormy sea. Gradually, we drifted off to sleep, exhausted by the emotional roller coaster we had been on that day.

When we awoke, it was to pounding on the door of our room. I got up to see who it was, not even bothered with the fact that I was naked. I opened the door and there stood Gregg and Dar. They were carrying bags of food from Burger King.

“Coach told us about Vince. When you two didn’t show up at dinner, we figured that maybe we should bring you something. Hope you both like Whoppers with cheese,” Gregg said.

I didn’t even answer, I just threw myself into his arms. He held me for a few moments.

“It’s gonna be okay, Drew. Swear to God, it’s gonna be okay,” Gregg murmured to me.

I pulled away, nodding my head.

“Thanks, guys. Yeah, Whoppers are fine,” I said.

“Vince, how you doin’, buddy?” Gregg said, walking over to Vince, who was sitting up on the side of the bed.

“I’ve had better days,” he said, looking up at Gregg.

Gregg sat down next to him and put his arm around him.

“It’s gonna be okay, buddy. Dar’s been busy at the computer ever since Coach told us what’s happened. He’s got some really good news.”

We both looked at Dar, who was putting the food on our desks.

“There’s this website (<http://tcrc.acor.org> that has everything you could possibly want to know about testicular cancer. All the tests, all the treatments, all the results. The site is massive. More information than you’d think you’d ever want. I’ve read a lot of what it says. If you’ve got it early -- and even if you haven’t there’s a huge percentage chance of complete recovery.”

“That’s what the doctor said, too,” I told Dar.

“Good. But I think you should both check it out. It answers a lot of questions that the doctor might not be able to. It also can give you questions that you need to ask him. About treatment options and stuff.”

“We’ll definitely check it out,” Vince said.

“Look ... Vince ... I don’t know how to say this ... but it’s okay to be scared. Shit! I would be. But don’t either of you think that you have to go through this alone. Dar and me are here to help. We’ll do anything you ask of us ... ain’t that right, Dar?” Gregg said, turning to his lover.

“Yes. Anything. Anything at all that we can do, we’ll do it,” Dar reiterated.

“Thanks, guys,” Vince said softly.

“Yeah, thanks. I knew we could count on you guys,” I said, gratefully.

“Okay, so what’s going on? When are they going to start treatment?” Dar asked.

“Vince has to go back for more tests tomorrow. They want to see if the cancer has spread beyond the testicle. The doctor said that he didn’t think it had but he wants to make sure.”

“He says I’m gonna lose my nut,” Vince said quietly.

“That’s rough, buddy. But at least you got two of them. And it’s a fuck of a lot better than losin’ you. I guess we won’t be grabbin’ each other’s nuts during practice anymore though.” Gregg smiled at Vince.

Vince looked at Gregg for a moment and then broke out in a smile, the first one I’d really seen out of him since we left the hospital.

“Don’t bet on that. You’re still gonna have two. I figure yours are still fair game.” Vince grinned evilly at Gregg.

“What the fuck is this thing you guys have about grabbing each other’s nuts?” Dar asked.

“You’re not a wrestler. You wouldn’t understand,” Gregg told his lover.

“Truthfully? I don’t think I want to know,” Dar said.

“Trust me, Dar. It’s got nothing to do with being a wrestler. I’m a wrestler and I don’t get it either,” I said. “I think it’s the fact that you and I are married to two guys who sometimes act like they’re still little boys.”

“Yeah. That’s what I figured as well.”

“Hey! Who you callin’ little?” Gregg tried to sound pissed but he was grinning too wide to pull it off.

“I was referring to your jock brain, not other parts of your anatomy,” Dar shot back. “That huge thing between your legs seems to draw most of the blood supply from your brain when it gets hard -- which is just about all of the time.”

“Whoa! Guys! TMI!” Vince howled, rolling over on the bed laughing.

We were both laughing at Gregg and Dar -- and I also knew they were staging this little mock fight on purpose for our benefit. Laughter was just what Vince and I needed right at that moment.

“Come on, jockboy, let’s leave these two so they can eat,” Dar said, moving toward the door. “We’ll see you later, guys. Remember, if there’s anything you need, anything at all, we’re right down the hall.”

“Yeah, we’ll remember. Thanks, guys,” Vince said seriously to the two lovers.

“Hey! We’re kin. You married my brother, remember? What’s family for, anyway?” Gregg said leaning over and giving Vince a hug and a gentle kiss on the cheek before he got off the bed and walked over to me.

“I’ll see you later, bro. You take good care of my buddy,” Gregg said, hugging me.

“I always do. You know that, Gregg.”

“Yeah. I guess you do at that,” he said as he gently kissed my forehead and then followed his lover out the door, closing it behind him.

“Is it my imagination, or are those two getting crazier the longer they live together?” Vince asked me after they’d gone.

“Seems that way, doesn’t it? Wonder if that will happen to us?”

“Nah! We were crazy to begin with. Can’t get any more crazy than we already are.”

I went over to the desk and brought the food over to the bed. We sat on the bed eating and sometime during the meal, Vince and I were feeding each other French fries. I don’t remember exactly which one of us started it but it turned into a very erotic and intimate experience. I think when we were doing it, we were both remembering our wedding when Coach’s wife taught us about the custom of the bride and groom feeding each other pieces of the wedding cake after cutting it. It was meant to symbolize taking care of each other. Now the idea of taking care of each other was more real to us than it had been that morning.

Once the food was devoured, Vince and I fell into each other’s arms. Vince was kissing me passionately and I knew this was just what we both needed -- to lose ourselves in the physical expression of our love. To blot out the horror of this day and to make ourselves physically a part of each other again.

Vince rolled over on top of me and began kissing and licking his way down my body. His tongue and teeth on my nipples had me almost breathless as he sucked and bit at them. I was moaning down in my throat, unable to even speak as he sent tremors of erotic feeling through my body. Such sweet torture and he knew exactly what he was doing to me because in between one nipple and the other, he looked up and gave me a very horny grin.

Moving down my body, leaving a wet trail, Vince came to my groin and buried his nose in my pubic hair. I could hear him taking deep breaths of my scent as he groaned. I had learned, over time, that my scent truly was as overwhelmingly erotic to Vince as his was to me. I thought that we were both just very unique in this but in a discussion I had with Gregg one day, I discovered that he and Dar were the same way. They both went nuts for each other’s scent.

However, Gregg had an additional kink. Dar told me that Gregg was a complete freak when it came to Dar's long hair. Dar told me that he almost never had to shampoo or dry his own hair because Gregg was always eager to do it for him. I can't be too judgmental where my brother's concerned, however, considering how much I was taken with Vince's body hair. I loved running my fingers through it, I loved feeling his chest hair pressed against my own smooth chest and I love the way his hair held his scent so much longer. To each their own, I guess?

Vince had moved on, out of my pubic hair and down to my balls, making one side trip to taste my pre-cum leaking from my foreskin. Vince always says that I have the sweetest pre-cum he's ever tasted. But Vince was now busy snorting at my ball-sac. I suddenly tensed because I was afraid that this would remind him of what was happening in his own body and would break the mood. But Vince seemed completely lost in the sweaty scent of my balls and content to sniff and lick them for a while.

I moaned at the feeling of his tongue bathing my ball-sac. I loved having my balls licked. I guess almost every guy does. I'd even thought of shaving the hair off mine because I'd heard that the sensation is intensified on bare skin but Vince had put an immediate stop to that. He told me in no uncertain terms how much he loved my hairy balls being ... well ... hairy. After all, I didn't have all that much hair there anyway and what little I had, I guess Vince truly enjoyed.

I could feel Vince's tongue moving lower now, sliding against that patch of skin between my balls and my ass. Then I felt him lifting my legs and I immediately reached down and grabbed behind my knees to pull my legs all the way back to my chest, giving Vince clear access to my ass. Vince and I had that in common now. I think just about our favorite part of each other's body to sniff and lick was each other's ass. I know I couldn't get enough of his, and I don't think he ever got enough of mine. I could hear him snorting down there and knew from the moans in his throat that he was truly lost in my scent.

Then I felt one of the most wonderful things I knew -- Vince's very talented tongue, licking my hole. I groaned at the feeling of his wet, rough tongue licking across my soft, sensitive opening. Then the gentle touch of his lips locking around my asshole and his tongue pushing into my butt like a small, wet spear had me moaning loudly as his tongue began to fuck my opening.

"Oh fuck, yeah! Eat my butt. Your tongue feels so fuckin' good." I groaned as he continued to drive his licker deep into my butt.

I could feel my hole relaxing and opening to him. Soon he would be able to shove his cock deep inside of my body and fuck me. I needed this so bad. I needed to feel him inside me. I needed to feel us as one with each other again. After a day when I seriously at one point faced the idea of losing him forever, I needed desperately to have him inside me.

Vince no longer had to use his fingers to open me slowly. Now all he did was pull his tongue from my ass, grab the bottle of lube which I handed him from the bedside table, slather some on my hole and grease up his cock. Then he rose up over me, his hand planted next to my chest and my legs thrown over his muscular arms. His cock was lodged right at the opening to my ass as he looked down into my eyes.

"I love you. I love you more than I ever thought I could love anybody. You're mine and I'm yours -- forever," he said quietly and then he slowly pressed his cock into my waiting hole.

He slid all the way in, never stopping until his crinkly pubic hair rested against my ass. I groaned at the feeling of him being inside me. I loved the feeling of fullness. I loved feeling the thickness of his cock as it slid slowly across my prostate. I loved being fucked by Vince -- the only man who had ever fucked me and, if I had my way, the only man who would ever fuck me.

"God! You feel so good!" I moaned as he bottomed out in my hole. "I love your cock when it's in me. It feels so good."

"And my cock surely loves your butt," Vince said, looking down at me and then bent over so that his mouth and

mine pressed together in a hungry, passionate kiss.

I could taste my butt on his mouth as his tongue dueled with mine. Our groans mixed together as Vince began to slowly fuck me. The slowness of his rhythm was exquisite torture. I knew he wanted to pound my ass hard, almost as much as I wanted him to. But I knew he loved doing this to me. Slowly fucking me. Making the passion and the need well up in me until I was screaming at him to fuck me hard and fast. He loved making me beg for this. It was his way of establishing that I was his and his alone. I knew somehow instinctively that he needed to feel this control over me as a man. That he needed to feel my intense need of him, of his cock, of his manhood.

Tonight, that took on a whole new meaning. We both knew that soon he would have to have surgery to remove the infected testicle. While this would not make any difference to me, I would still see him as every bit the man he was now, I began to understand that he might not feel that way. He might see himself as mutilated or even made less of a man by the surgery. I needed him to understand that no matter what, he would always be a man to me, and not just any man but my man. The man I pledged my love, my life, and my devotion to.

“Vince, please fuck me. Fuck me fast, fuck me hard! PLEASE!” I screamed out.

“Beg me! Beg louder!” Vince grunted through clenched teeth.

It was easy for me to see that this holding back was having its effect on him, too.

“FUCK ME! POUND MY FUCKIN’ ASS! PLEASE! RAM ME HARD!” I cried out.

“YEAH! FUCK! YEAH! GIMME YOUR ASS!” Vince yelled and began pounding my ass harder than I ever thought he could.

His hips were like jackhammers, pounding into my butt over and over again. The slaps of his hips against my butt cheeks were like the shots from automatic weapons fire, quick and loud. His cock was slamming through my ass so hard and so fast that my hole was heating up from the friction. I moaned in a constant roar of sound as my own cock boned harder than I could take. My balls pulled up tight to my body and the next thing I knew, my face was being covered with blast after blast of my white, hot cum.

“AHHH! FUCK!” I came, shooting over and over again.

That was all it took for Vince. I could feel his cock growing in thickness and then his hips slammed into me repeatedly as he shot gush after gush of his hot cum into my hungry and willing ass.

“YEAH! TAKE IT! TAKE MY LOAD! AHH!” Vince shouted as he unloaded as deep in my butt as his hips could shove his cock.

Finally, he fell forward onto me and my legs wrapped around his hips. He lay there, still shuddering from his orgasm as I held onto him, feeling the heat of his body and the slick sheen of sweat. The scent of our bodies and of our fucking surrounded us and I lay there, totally content and deeply satisfied. I knew that Vince was as well. His head was nestled in the crook of my neck and his mouth found my throat and he sucked and licked at it. Then he lifted up and his mouth found mine in a deep, gentle kiss.

“I love you. God! How I love you,” he murmured as he finally pulled his mouth from mine.

“I kind of figured that about the time your hips were slamming into my butt cheeks. I said to myself, ‘Self! You know this guy really loves your butt.’”

“Brat,” he growled.

I giggled at him.

He started to smile but then his face went very grim.

“I’m scared. I know Gregg said that it’s okay to be scared but I don’t like this. I ain’t never been scared of anything.”

I reached up and ran my fingers through his hair.

"I know, Vince. But it really is okay. This isn't something to ignore. It is serious. But it's going to be all right. We'll get through this together," I said.

He just nodded.

By this point, his cock had grown soft and had slipped from my hole. Vince rolled over onto his back and I moved over to where my head was resting on his chest and his arm was around me. We drifted off to sleep that way, holding onto each other.

The next morning, Vince had to be at the hospital early for the CAT scan. It was the first morning that I could remember when we didn't have sex. We did shower together, taking time to tenderly caress and hold each other under the steaming water. We barely spoke but our hands, our eyes, our bodies were communicating fully. Expressions of our love for each other and our commitment to getting through the coming ordeals together.

Arriving at the hospital, we had to wait for them to come and get Vince. When they did, it turned out to be an orderly we had seen the day before when I had accompanied Vince to the ultrasound. He didn't even question that I would be with Vince during the CAT scan as well. Nor did any of the technicians who put Vince on the long table extending from the machine. The table seemed like a small railway, which moved along a track, taking Vince into the open circle of the donut-shaped machine. Lights lit up and there was a whirring sound but that was all. Vince simply moved slowly through the machine and then out again.

We had to wait about an hour after it was done to see Dr. O'Neal with the results.

"Guys, this is good news," the doctor said. "The CAT scan was clear. There has been no spread of the cancer. But what this means is that we need to perform an inguinal orchiectomy. That's where we make a very small incision in your lower abdomen and remove the testicle through the incision. The surgery usually takes no more than forty-five minutes and you can usually go home the next day."

"You aren't gonna cut my nut-sac, Doc?"

"No, there are medical reasons why we don't do that. Let's just say that the main reason is because we don't want the cancer to spread and doing it that way could cause it to."

"Okay," Vince said, still evidently not liking what the doctor was talking about but resigned to it.

"After the surgery, the testicle will be dissected by a pathologist and we'll see what kind of cancer it is. That will tell us if we need to do more treatment, such as radiation or chemotherapy or just watch you for a while. You're very lucky in that this medical center has one of the best pathologists around for testicular tumors. I've made sure that your case is in his hands."

"When do you want to do it, Doc?" Vince asked.

"Today's Tuesday. I've scheduled the procedure for Thursday."

"That soon?" Vince exclaimed.

"Vince, we've caught this early. We don't want to wait. We need to get it out as quickly as possible to avoid any possibility of the cancer spreading," the doctor explained patiently.

"Ohh," was all Vince could muster.

"Other than not wrestling, are there any other restrictions?" I asked, hoping that the doctor would understand what I was trying to ask without coming out and asking it.

The doctor looked at me for a moment before answering. He raised his eyebrow and I think he understood.

"No. No restrictions."

"Okay, what do I need to do, Doc?" Vince asked.

"Come into the hospital first thing Thursday morning. We get you into a room and get you prepped and then

we'll do the surgery early in the afternoon. Just don't have anything to eat after midnight on Wednesday."

"The way he eats, that may be the worst restriction of all, Doc."

"Vince, I still want to suggest, if you haven't already done it, that you should go upstairs to the sperm bank and get some of your sperm frozen just in case you ever want to have children and something was to happen to your other testicle."

"Okay. I guess that couldn't hurt."

We went up to the fourth floor where a small sign led us to the sperm bank. A young man had Vince fill out a bunch of paperwork and then gave him a specimen cup and took him to a room down the hall. I waited for a while and then I saw Vince walking toward me, the specimen cup in his hands. It was empty.

"Come back with me," Vince said in a low voice but with a tone that brooked no argument.

We got into the small room and Vince locked the door. I looked around. There was a small cot and a lounge chair covered in imitation leather. On a table beside it, I could see a number of so-called men's magazines.

"I can't jack off," Vince said quietly.

"What's the matter?"

"Look around you. How the fuck am I supposed to get it up? It's like jackin' off in an office or something," Vince hissed.

"Okay, calm down. What do you want me to do?"

He pulled me into his arms and put his mouth next to my ear.

"You know what to do," he murmured and then he licked inside my ear causing me to moan deeply.

About twenty minutes later, we left a well-filled specimen cup with the young attendant and went back to our dorm room.

Chapter Six

When we got back to the dorm room, Vince seemed very withdrawn. He lay down on the bed and drew up into a fetal position with his back to me. I walked around to the other side of the bed and knelt down beside it. I began stroking his back with my hand and he opened his eyes and looked at me.

“Don’t run away from me, Vince. I only want to help,” I said softly.

“I’m not running away from you ... I’m just running away from everything,” he said, his voice low and husky, like he was on the verge of tears again.

At that moment, I got an idea. But I needed to get to a phone without Vince around.

“Okay. Why don’t you close your eyes and take a nap for a while. I’ll go down and see what Gregg and Dar are up to and be back later, okay?”

“Yeah. That’s okay. I am really tired.”

I knew what the tiredness was. It was depression. I’d learned that much in my freshman psychology class. I slipped out the door and down to Gregg and Dar’s room. Gregg was there but Dar was still at class.

“What’s up, bro?” Gregg said, hugging me in his strong, muscular arms. “How’s Vince doin’?”

“Not real good right now. The doctor’s scheduled him for surgery for Thursday afternoon.”

“Surgery? What the fuck for?”

“Gregg, he has testicular cancer! They’re going to remove his left testicle. Didn’t you understand that last night?” I said, exasperation sounding in my voice.

“Oh, fuck!” Gregg said, looking a little green around the gills and unconsciously grabbing his nuts. This was, I found out, a rather common male reaction to what Vince was going through.

“Look, I need to use your phone. I want to call Vince’s brother, David. I need to get him down here to talk to Vince.”

“That sounds like a good idea. There’s the phone, have at it.”

I pulled David’s card that he had given me the day of the wedding from my wallet and dialed the number. I reached the parish secretary and told her this was an emergency and gave her my name. David was on the phone in moments.

“Drew? What’s wrong?” David’s voice came through the phone.

“David, can you come down here? Vince is going to have to have surgery,” I said and suddenly felt myself close to tears.

“Surgery? Drew, what’s going on? What’s wrong with him?” David asked, his voice sounding somewhat frantic now.

“He’s got cancer, David. Testicular cancer,” I said, my voice cracking and then I did start crying.

“Hang on, Drew. I’ll hop in the car and be right there. It shouldn’t take me more than an hour. You hang on until then.”

“Vince is napping in our room. I’m down in my brother Gregg’s room. Room 408. Can you come here first?”

“408, got it. I’ll be there soon. Everything’s going to be all right, Drew. I know it is.”

“Okay. If you say so,” I said and hung up the phone.

Immediately I felt strong, warm arms go around me. I turned, and found myself burying my face in Gregg’s muscular chest and crying my eyes out. I sobbed out all the fear and terror I’d been feeling since the doctor first diagnosed Vince -- all the fear I didn’t dare show him. He needed me and he didn’t need me falling apart so I’d held it all in. Now, here I was, falling apart in my brother’s arms.

Gregg walked me over to the bed and we sat down on the side of it. He still held me but I’d finally stopped crying. My head was still resting on his chest. His hand was stroking my head. For somebody as big as Gregg and as strong, he could be so gentle when he wanted to be.

“Thank you,” I said softly.

“No problem. I’m just glad you came to me for help. There was a time you wouldn’t have.”

“Yeah, I know. I was an asshole.”

“No you weren’t, bro. You were just scared. You thought that I’d hold all that shit we went through against you.”

“No, it was more than that. There was a part of me that hated you. A part that was very jealous of you.”

“Jealous? Of what?” Gregg asked, confused.

“You had Jake and I had nobody. But that wasn’t all of it. You gotta promise me that if I tell you all of it you won’t hate me. Please, Gregg, promise?”

“Bro, I ain’t gonna hate you no matter what. I promise. Now what’s the rest of it?”

I didn’t know why I was telling him this. Maybe it was just that I didn’t want to hold it inside anymore. I wanted him to know what had caused me to pull away from him.

“I wanted Jake. I fell in love with him. That’s how I knew I was gay. I fell in love with my own brother’s lover.”

He didn’t say anything for the longest time. I got scared that he really was mad at me. I pulled my head off his chest and looked up into his eyes. I was met with such a look of love and tenderness that I almost started crying again.

“I understand. He certainly was worth loving. I missed him for so long. I never thought I’d ever find anyone to love again. I didn’t think I *could* love anyone again. But then Dar came along and now I don’t know how I ever lived without him.”

“I know. That’s exactly how I feel about Vince. That’s why I’m so scared. I just don’t want to lose him.”

Gregg’s arms tightened around me.

“That ain’t gonna happen. You just gotta keep thinkin’ positive. You hear me?” Gregg said.

“I hear you, big brother,” I said, cuddling deeper into his arms, my own clinging to his body for warmth and comfort.

Suddenly I noticed something -- Gregg’s scent. It was a scent I’d known all my life. I took a deep breath of it.

“Are you smelling me?” Gregg chuckled.

“Yeah. I am. I love your scent. I always have. It reminds me of when we were little and I’d get scared and you’d let me get in bed with you and you’d hold me. I always felt so safe when you held me.”

“I always loved holding you. Having you close to me, in my arms,” Gregg said softly.

“Your scent doesn’t make me horny the way Vince’s does. It just makes me feel safe.”

“That’s good. You know I’ll always be here for you if you need me.”

“Yeah. I know. And you know I’ll always be there for you.”

“Yeah,” Gregg said quietly.

And we just sat there for a long while, Gregg holding me, me holding onto Gregg. It was like I could let go of all the fear and worry I was feeling over Vince as long as Gregg’s arms were around me. In fact, I didn’t think at all. I just felt. I felt safe. I felt warm and I felt loved. Finally, I drew away from Gregg and walked over to where they had a small refrigerator.

“Is there any Coke?” I asked.

“Yeah, have one. Toss me one while you’re at it.”

I brought him one of the red cans. We’d just popped the tops when there was a knock at the door. Gregg got up to answer it and it was David. Only it was a David I didn’t recognize. He stood there in a black suit with a black shirt with a white tab in the collar. I’d never seen him dressed like a priest before.

“Don’t let the clothes fool you. It’s still me,” David said.

At that, I threw myself into his arms and we hugged.

“Oh, God, David. Thank you so much for coming. Vince is lying down. I know he’s depressed but he won’t really talk about it.”

“Okay. Let’s go and see him. How are you, Gregg?” David asked.

“I’m fine ... uhh ... Father,” Gregg stuttered.

“It’s still David, Gregg. Okay?” David said, reaching out and taking Gregg’s hand.

“Sure. Okay,” Gregg said, gripping David’s hand.

“Do you want to see him alone?” I asked David.

“No. I think it would be best if you’re there for now.”

We went down to our room and I walked over to the bed. Vince was still drawn up on his side on the bed in a fetal position. I leaned down and gently kissed his cheek. His eyes opened and he moved his head so that I could kiss his mouth.

“Vince, there’s somebody here to see you,” I said softly.

Vince looked over his shoulder and saw David standing there. He sat up in the bed and David walked over and sat on the bed facing him.

“How you doing, bro?”

Vince reached out and buried himself in David’s arms. He started crying and I didn’t know what to do. I felt like I should take off and leave David and Vince alone but David nodded and indicated that I should sit on the bed, too. I reached out and gently stroked Vince’s hair while he calmed down. He then sat up and looked around. He looked at me and then at David.

“What are you doing here?”

“Drew called me and told me what’s going on.”

Vince looked at me.

“You shouldn’t have bothered him. I’m glad you did, though,” Vince said, giving me a grateful smile.

“What the hell are you talking about, Vince? What do you mean -- *bothering* me? Since when is it a bother for me to see my little brother?” David asked.

Vince hung his head sheepishly at this.

“I’m sorry. I just didn’t want to make trouble for anybody,” Vince said.

“Vince, there are a lot of people who love you who don’t think of it as trouble. Tony will be here tomorrow and

Mama and Papa will be here as well. You don't think we'd let you go through this alone, do you?"

"No, I guess not. Oh, fuck! Mama and Papa? What the fuck am I gonna do?" Vince groaned.

"Do? About what?" David asked.

"They don't know about Drew. I never told them. I just figured there was no real reason for them to know right now."

"Vince, they know," David said quietly.

"They know? How?" Vince demanded.

"I told them. After the wedding."

Vince looked at his brother with a funny look on his face.

"Why, David? Why did you tell them?"

"I was down visiting them one day and Mama got it into her head that she was going to demand that you come home for the weekend so she could introduce you to Mrs. Faggoli's niece. She was going to play matchmaker. I tried to put a stop to it but, you know Mama. Finally, I took her and Papa aside and told them the truth. I told them about you and Drew and even told them about the wedding."

"Oh, fuck! How did they take it?"

"A lot better than you would expect. They did freak out a little at first, but Papa kind of settled Mama down. You would have been proud of him, Vince. He kept telling Mama that, no matter what, you were their son and they loved you and if you were in love with another boy, it wouldn't be the first time in history that had happened. He also told Mama that if you loved Drew then they would just have to find a way to love him, too."

"You're kidding? Papa said all that? Fuck!"

"So I wouldn't worry so much about any of this. Tony's coming down and bringing Debbie and the boys with him. I've booked them all rooms at a motel near the campus."

Vince just sat there, looking overwhelmed by it all. He looked over at me and then he reached out and took me in his arms, kissing me and squeezing me to him.

"Thank you," he said, quietly.

I didn't need to ask for what.

"Now, why don't you get dressed and I'll take you out to dinner. Drew, do you think Gregg and Dar would like to join us?" David asked.

"I'll go down and ask them."

I could have called, but this gave Vince and David a chance to be alone. I knocked on Gregg and Dar's door and Dar answered.

"How's it going?" he asked, first thing.

"It's fine. David's here and he wants us all to go out to dinner. You guys want to come?"

"Sure, if it's not an imposition?" Dar said.

"What's an imposition?" I heard Gregg's voice.

"David wants you guys to come to dinner with us," I said.

"Sure. I'll get dressed and we'll come down to your room, okay?" Gregg asked, coming to the door to stand behind Dar.

I noticed that Gregg was naked and I wondered if I'd interrupted anything but neither of them seemed to mind.

"Okay, see you down at our room in a few minutes."

We all went back to the same Italian place we'd gone to right before David married us. We all had a great time, laughing and joking with each other. The whole subject of Vince's illness seemed to be off limits that night. Vince obviously wanted to put it out of his mind for a while and I was all for that. David dropped us back at campus and promised to see us for breakfast before returning to his motel. The four of us went up to our floor of the dorm and Gregg and Dar asked if we wanted to come to their room for a while.

"No, thanks," Vince said. "We got some things we need to do."

And then he winked at me. Gregg and Dar caught the wink and Gregg nudged me with his elbow before they said goodnight and told us to be sure and get some sleep.

When Vince and I got back to our room, he pulled me into his arms.

"Thank you so much for what you did. I don't know if I'd have had the courage to make that phone call."

"I knew you needed him just the way I needed Gregg. I spent most of the time you were asleep with him holding me."

"Really? Should I be jealous?"

"No, but I love the fact that I have such a loving brother as well as such a wonderful lover."

And with this I started licking and sucking at his neck. I slowly slid my hands inside his T-shirt and let them rove up to his muscular chest where my fingers began gently tugging on his nipples. I knew that this drove Vince crazy and his moans, as I tugged, let me know that it was still working. I finally had enough of him with clothes on and pulled the shirt off over his head. I then reached down and started unbuttoning his jeans. He kicked off his shoes and by the time I had his jeans open, I could push them down and he stepped out of them gloriously naked.

"Okay. My turn," he said, eying me.

He pulled off my T-shirt and grabbed me around the waist, pulling me close. He then began sucking on one of my nipples as my hands clutched in his hair. God! His mouth was driving me crazy. He only left the one nipple to move his mouth to the other. My back arched as the sensations shot straight from my tit to my cock.

Vince suddenly let go of me and I wondered what he was up to when he got down on his knees and unbuckled my belt and unbuttoned and unzipped my jeans. I pushed my shoes off and then he pushed my jeans down to my ankles. I stepped out of them and he grabbed my hips, pulling me toward him. He buried his face in my groin and I could hear the deep breaths he was taking of my scent. My hard cock was dripping with pre-cum and he licked up all he could. He pushed his mouth down on my cock and I groaned at the feeling of his wet mouth and throat. The gentle suction and the feel of his tongue as it bathed the underside of my cock soon had me in fear of losing my load all too quickly. But Vince knew exactly what he was doing. He stopped and pulled his mouth from my cock and stood up. Then he walked past me to the bed and, without a word, lay face down and spread his legs open, raising his butt slightly, just in case I didn't get the message.

I walked over to the foot of the bed and climbed on. I pushed my face into the cleft of his butt, pulling the cheeks apart with my hands. The scent of Vince's butt rose into my nose and I moaned at the smell of it. I loved all of the scents of my lover, but the scent of his ass was my favorite part of his body. I let my nose brush against the hairs that grew thick in his trench. I loved the way they tickled but, more, I loved the way they smelled. The dark, masculine aroma made my cock bone even harder than it already was and I could feel the sheets beneath me getting soaked with my pre-cum. But smelling wasn't ever enough. The taste of Vince's butt drove me insane. It was salty, musky, tangy and made my mouth water at the very thought of it. The feel of his trench hair and the slick softness of his puckered hole were all part of the power of the experience of eating his ass.

I lightly began to tongue his cleft and could taste the tangy essence of him while I could hear his moans.

"Oh, fuck yeah! Lick my butt. Eat me out," he groaned as he shoved his butt back into my face, trying to get more of it in his crack.

I began to eat him out more vigorously, running my tongue up and down his trench and then licking and sucking at his hole. His opening began to soften and I shoved my tongue against it while I locked my mouth around it and began sucking. His hole opened and my tongue surged inside, tasting the inner reaches of his ass. The dark tanginess of it and the smooth warmth filled me with lust. I wanted this hole. I wanted inside this hole. I wanted to fuck this hole. And I knew, that's exactly what Vince wanted as well.

"Ahh, fuck, yeah! Shove your tongue in me. Fuck me with your tongue. Eat out my hole. Fuck me!"

I followed his directions. I snaked my tongue in and out of his ass like a small cock, fucking him, getting him hotter. I wanted him begging for my cock to slam into his butt. I wanted him to want this fuck as much as I wanted his butt. That didn't take long.

"Yeah, please fuck me! Shove your cock up my butt. Please!"

I considered making him wait, making him beg louder but my own cock was so hard and leaking pre-cum that I figured if the sexual temperature in my body went too much higher, I'd come on the bed rather than in his hot, wet butt. I pulled my face out of his ass and moved up his body until I was laying on top of him, my cock lying in the crack of his ass, leaking pre-cum until I made his trench a wet, sloppy mess from all the natural lube.

"Yeah, you want my cock up your butt, fucker? Huh? You want me to fuck your ass?" I growled into his ear and then nibbled on it.

"Awww, fuck yeah! Gimme that cock. Put it in my ass. Please!" he begged as he bucked his butt back against my groin, trying to find an angle for his hole that would force my cock inside him.

I raised my hips until my cockhead was resting against his hole and then slowly pushed down until my cockhead slid into his willing hole on a layer of pre-cum and spit. He pushed up with his ass at the same time so that my cock glided deep into his butt, only stopping when my groin once again hit his muscular buns. My cock was completely buried in the hot, wet furnace of his ass.

I lay there, letting his ass get used to my cock, feeling the inner flesh tremble against my rod and slowly begin to relax. I licked and nibbled at Vince's neck and shoulders while I waited and he squirmed beneath me at each nip of my teeth against his skin. I loved lying on him like this. The feel of his muscular, warm body beneath me, the feel of his beautiful bubble butt pressing into my hips and groin, the feel of him truly belonging to me as I assumed the traditional "top" position all worked to make this my favorite way to fuck him. Besides, it also was the laziest way to fuck him. All I had to do was move my hips up and down. The rest of my weight was borne by his body. It made for a very comfortable fuck.

I slowly withdrew my cock from his hole, just a few inches at first. But then I slammed back into him by dropping my hips very quickly. He grunted at my intrusion but I knew it was a grunt of satisfaction. Vince loved me to fuck his ass. It was true that, more often than not, it was Vince fucking me but that was more my demands than his desires. I think if Vince had his way, we would trade fucks at all times. However, since most of the time, when Vince fucked me, I got off as well and, usually, without touching myself, I wasn't always capable of immediately returning the favor. And while I could recover rapidly at times, most of the time, like typical males, after getting off we just wanted to lie in each other's arms and go to sleep.

I pounded his butt in earnest. I wanted to ream his hole but good. I started moving my hips around, changing the angle of my attack on his hole, making sure that my cock touched every part of his ass that it could reach. Vince groaned almost continuously as I skewered his hole with my cock.

"Yeah! Fuck yeah! That's it. Fuck my ass. Shove that cock up in there. Ooh! That feels so fuckin' good." The words tumbled out of Vince's mouth as if he had no control over them.

I sped up my attack. Now was the time for *ramming speed*. I rose up to my hands, giving my hips more leverage to go faster and harder into his butt. Each slam of my cock into the depths of his butt was met by a grunt from Vince.

“Yeah! Fuck that ass. Fuck it HARD!” Vince yelled, urging me on.

I rammed his ass as deep and hard and fast as I could. I knew I couldn’t last much longer at this rate. My nuts were bursting with cum that wanted to pour out of me. I was trying to hold back but Vince’s hot, tight butt just felt too good. I was almost there, fighting it all the way when I finally felt his butt clench rhythmically around my cock, letting me know that he was coming -- as if the sound of his groans didn’t already tell me.

“FUCK! AHH! FUCK!” Vince bellowed as he came.

“YEAH! COMIN’ IN YOUR ASS!” I shouted as I dumped load after load of cum deep in his butt.

I finally collapsed back on top of his sweaty back, our bodies gluing themselves to each other. My mouth licked and sucked at his shoulder, tasting the saltiness of his sweat as I heaved and moaned, still feeling the afterquakes of my orgasm. My cock, still buried in his butt, didn’t show any signs of softening anytime soon. I could feel Vince’s tunnel grasping and releasing my cock as he experienced the aftermath of his own coming. Each time his hole tightened, I groaned at the feelings that shot up my cock. Finally, we both began to relax and breathe normally again.

“Fuck! You are so good. I love the way you fuck me,” Vince murmured.

“And I love this fuckin’ ass of yours. I love fuckin’ it. But not as much as I love you.”

He didn’t say anything at this, just moaned low in his throat and pushed back his ass against my groin and wiggled it like the ass end of a puppy who was being stroked. I chuckled at this. I slowly pulled my cock from his hole and then we didn’t talk after that. Vince turned out the bedside lamp and we curled up into each other’s arms and went to sleep. We knew that tomorrow was going to be a stressful day and that we were going to need all the rest we could get.

The next morning, David called early and said that he would pick us up and take us to breakfast. We met him in front of the dorm and we showed him how to get to Dar and Gregg’s favorite diner. I thought that something was up when he called so early and, as we ate, it became apparent that David had something he wanted to discuss with us.

“I’m a little concerned about today,” David said.

“You mean Mama and Papa?” Vince asked.

“Well, Mama mostly. I’m not sure how well she’ll deal with this whole situation. You’re her baby, Vince, and you know how the word cancer strikes fear in everyone’s heart. Then to deal with the fact that you and Drew are a couple, I’m not quite sure how she’s going to take all this.”

“David, I’m sorry to say this, but I don’t fucking much care how she takes this. Drew is my lover. That’s not going to change. If she can’t deal with it, fine. Then I won’t have anything to do with her. As far as the cancer goes, it’s my cancer -- not hers. I don’t need her crying and carrying on over this. It’s my problem to deal with.”

I could hear the iron determination in Vince’s voice.

“I agree completely, Vince. But I don’t think that a huge blow up with the family is what you need right now,” David said.

“You’re right. I don’t. But it’s Mama you need to talk to about that. I’m not the one who’s going to make a scene.”

“I know that, and I will talk to her. I just want you to know first of all, that you have my support and Tony’s and I think Papa’s as well. I just want you to realize that they’re confused by all of this.”

“I’m sure they are. And frankly, right now, I don’t give a fuck if they are. I’m sorry, but they’re going to cut out one of my nuts tomorrow and I have enough on my plate to deal with right now. If they can’t handle Drew and me being together, if they can’t accept that, then tell them to turn around and go back home because I’m in no mood to put up with any shit from them about it!” Vince said, his voice taut and angry.

“Okay, okay, Vince. I’ll tell them,” David said, trying to placate him. “But do you think it’s wise to send them away like that?”

I had to admit that I somewhat agreed with David. I don’t know how much of a rift that would cause in their family. I guess I didn’t want to see Vince end up as alienated from his parents as I was, though I had to also admit that I didn’t want to put up with the same kind of crap from his family that I had put up with from my own.

“Yes. I think it’s entirely wise. The last fucking thing that I need is a load of crap upsetting me before I have to go into surgery. It may sound selfish but I’m going to think about myself on this one and they can go to hell if they don’t like it,” Vince said, not the least placated.

I saw David take a deep breath. Nothing was said for a while at the table. Finally, David looked at Vince.

“You’re right. This is not the time to be dealing with the issue of your being gay. And, I agree with you, at this point, your needs do come first. When they get here today, I’ll have a talk with them. If I feel like they cannot deal with the situation, I’ll tell them that you’ve asked them to go home. However, I can’t guarantee what their reaction is going to be to that.”

“Their reaction is going to be their reaction. Whatever it is, I don’t care. I have enough to deal with.”

Throughout all of this, I kept quiet. It wasn’t my parents. It really wasn’t my family even though I was married to Vince. I doubted his parents would ever accept that or accept me as part of the family. His brothers did and that was good enough. I know they meant a great deal to Vince and I was happy that he had their support.

Later that afternoon, after Vince and I got back to the room from taking a long walk together, David called. He wanted Vince to come to the motel to talk to the family.

“You mean alone?” Vince asked into the phone. “No way ... absolutely not. If that’s what they want then tell them to go home, that I don’t want to see them. Period ... No, I’m not going to change my mind ... Go ask Tony how he’d feel if Debbie’s parents wanted to see her and the boys but not him ... no, no other message ... No, don’t give them my love. Since it’s obvious that they don’t love me, I don’t see any reason to ... That’s why! If they love me then they accept Drew. That’s the rules. That’s how the game is played. Otherwise, I’m just acceptable only if I’m what they want me to be. That’s not love, that’s control and that’s bullshit! ... Yeah, I know you know that. Now go and tell them ... okay. I’ll talk to you later.” And with that Vince hung up the phone.

I stood there not knowing what to say. Vince looked over at me.

“Come here ... please?” he asked softly and I walked across the room to where he was standing.

He put his arms around me, pulling me into his embrace. Then his mouth sought mine and he kissed me passionately. My arms slipped around his neck and I held onto him. We stood there a long time, kissing and holding onto each other.

“Oh, Vince, I’m so sorry. I didn’t want to be the reason that you split with your parents.”

“You’re not. You’re not the issue. The issue is whether or not I’m going to have their acceptance for who and what I am or not. Our marriage is the symbol of that issue. I don’t want to drag you into this. It’s not your problem.”

“Oh, yes it is. If it affects you, it affects our relationship and that affects me.”

“I know but I don’t want you ending up in the middle of this. I want to make the rest of them know that you aren’t the cause. And you aren’t the focus. And you’re not going to become the focus, either.”

“And, trust me, I don’t want to be. But all this is coming at such a bad time. Maybe you ought to let things slide some, huh?”

“I wish I could, but I know Mama. If I let her get away with it once, then it will never stop. She has to know, right from the get-go that she either accepts things as they are or she isn’t going to be a part of my life. Things are

not going to be the way she wants them. Period. This is my life, not hers.”

“I just wish I didn’t feel like I was tearing your family apart.”

“You’re not, trust me. This isn’t anything to do with you. They don’t even know you. Mama just doesn’t like the idea of you. It’s something she’s just going to have to get over.”

“So what now?”

Vince pulled me close to him and growled in my ear.

“Now? Now I fuck the ass off you.”

And for the next couple of hours, he proceeded to do that. Vince fucked me three times. I couldn’t believe it. I later thought about it and realized that it was a combination of being horny, knowing that he wouldn’t be able to fuck for a while after the surgery, and a desire to push everything away and forget about what was going on. I certainly wasn’t going to complain, even if my butt was a little sore for the rest of the day. I don’t remember Vince ever fucking me so long and so hard as he did that day.

Afterwards, we lay in each other arms, Vince holding me tight to him, like he was afraid that I would run away or something. We didn’t talk for the longest time. We just lay there, holding onto each other, each of us lost in our own thoughts. I have to admit, that even with all the assurances from the doctors that Vince was going to be all right, I was still scared. I was afraid of losing him. I didn’t know what the fuck I would do if I did lose him. It had taken so long to find him and I didn’t want to go through that again. I was having feelings that this was all so incredibly unfair. After spending most of my life not knowing love, to have finally found it and then lose it was utterly, completely unfair. My heart and mind cried out in protest. I was so angry that I began trembling in Vince’s arms.

“What’s the matter, babe?” Vince asked, feeling my trembling.

“I’m sorry. I’m just so angry. It’s not fair. None of this. You don’t deserve cancer and I don’t deserve facing the possibility of losing you.”

“Life ain’t fair, babe. Never was. But you ain’t gonna lose me. I ain’t goin’ nowhere, you hear me? I’m comin’ through this thing with flying colors. I looked too long and too hard to find you. I ain’t givin’ you up that easy.”

I was just about to answer when the phone rang.

“You might as well get that,” I said. “You know it’s gonna be for you.”

“Yeah, I guess so,” Vince said, slowly letting go of me and getting off the bed.

He walked over to where the phone was and picked it up.

“Yeah? ... Oh, okay ... when? ... okay, be over in a little while ... yeah, I know ... okay, see ya,” he said and then turned to me.

“We need to get dressed. It’s time to meet the ’rents.”

Chapter Seven

David came over and drove us back to the motel where he and the rest of Vince's family were staying. He took us to his room where Tony, his wife, Debbie, and their two boys, Vince and David, were waiting. Tony hugged Vince and then hugged me. He introduced me to Debbie who also hugged me after hugging Vince. The two boys ran to Vince when he squatted down and held his arms out. It was obvious how much the boys loved their youngest uncle. They were adorable boys. David, the older, was three and little Vince was two. They both hugged and kissed their Uncle Vince as they chattered nonstop about the trip and getting to stay in a motel. They finally quieted down and both looked at me with solemn, dark eyes. It was easy to tell, with their dark hair and olive skin, that these were definitely Tony's boys.

Tony leaned down to his sons and pointed to me.

"David, Vince, this is your new Uncle Drew. Say hello to him," Tony said, looking at me and winking.

I looked at him in shock. I didn't expect to be called Uncle.

"Well, what did you expect them to call you? Aunt Drew?" Tony asked, a wicked twinkle in his eyes.

"We discussed this and felt it was the best way to deal with things. The boys will grow to understand eventually," Debbie said.

I squatted down and both boys came and stood in front of me. I looked first at young David.

"Hello, David," I said and stuck out my hand to him. "I'm very glad to meet you."

"Hello," David said gravely, shaking my hand.

I was just about to do the same to little Vince when he launched himself at me, threw his little arms around my neck and gave me a hug. I wrapped one of my arms around him and squeezed him gently.

"Hello there, Vince."

"Hello, Unca Dew!" he chirped excitedly.

This was as close to "Uncle Drew" as he could pronounce. I looked at little David who seemed undecided about whether to continue acting more mature than little Vince or getting a hug, too. I held out my other arm and he seemed to decide quickly. He, too, launched himself into me and wrapped his arms around me. I held both boys, feeling the warmth of them and looked up to see my lover, his brother and sister-in-law all looking at me. They were all smiling. I felt so much love from Tony's boys at that point, I was almost overwhelmed by it. The utter and complete trust and love that only a child can give you was a true revelation to me.

Vince knelt down in front of me and both boys reached out to touch him as well. Vince and I knelt there, holding the boys between us when we suddenly looked at each other. I saw something in Vince's eyes that I knew echoed something that was going through me ... a desire to have children like these of our own. But at the time, I thought this was crazy. We were two guys. Worse, two gay guys. We couldn't have kids. How would we get them? Neither one of us was about to get married. We already were -- to each other. There was surrogacy, but that cost a lot of money which we didn't have. And surely no state would allow us to adopt. At least I didn't think so.

Finally, Vince and I sat down on one of the beds. The boys, however, weren't about to give up that easily. Little David sat on Vince's lap while little Vincent crawled up in mine. Vince looked over at me holding his namesake and smiled.

“I guess I should say, ‘like uncle, like nephew’?” Vince said quietly to me, a huge grin on his face.

I blushed at the reference but squeezed little Vince closer to me.

“So where are Mama and Papa?” Vince asked David.

“They’re a couple of rooms down. I thought that we could meet in here,” David said. “Tony, Debbie, and the boys are going to go out for a while. We figured that the boys didn’t need to be privy to this and, frankly, the fewer people involved the better.”

“I agree. I can’t tell you how much it means to me that you came and brought the boys,” Vince said to Tony and Debbie.

“Hey, bro! Where the fuck else would I be? You’re my little bro. I’m always here for ya,” Tony said.

Tony wrapped his arm around Vince’s neck, pulled him down and gave him a noogie. I laughed at the two roughhousing brothers. Debbie rolled her eyes but she was smiling all the same.

“Drew, did I tell you that I have three little boys to raise?” Debbie asked.

I laughed as well but not for the same reason. Women sometimes just don’t get it. This was how males showed affection and love for each other. For the most part, it was the only acceptable way in society for them to do so. I had some idea of what Tony was feeling. I had seen the haunted look in his eyes when he was looking at Vince when Vince couldn’t see him. This was somebody he truly loved and was afraid, as I was, of losing him.

All too soon, however, Tony gathered up his boys from us and then he and Debbie left the room. When Tony and his family had gone, David looked at both of us.

“I’m going to go get Mama and Papa now. Please, Vince, I’m asking you to show some restraint. I know you’re going through a rough time, but they are, too. No matter what you think, they do love you and this whole cancer thing has hit them pretty hard,” David said.

“Always the peacemaker, huh, bro? No fuckin’ wonder you became a priest,” Vince said. “Okay, I’ll try to behave.”

“Drew, I want you to know that it was very important to Tony and Debbie to come and bring the boys. They want to support not only Vince but you as well. Tony really likes you and I could tell that Debbie does, too. None of us have to wonder how the boys feel about you. They don’t usually reach out to new people that easily. So, I don’t want you to feel out of place here. To Tony, Debbie, and me, you are not just Vince’s partner, you’re a part of the family,” David said and I nodded gratefully to him.

David left the room and Vince and I waited for him to come back with Vince’s parents. Vince looked at me and I knew he could see how nervous I was. I figured, wrongly it seemed, that being gay, I was never going to have to go through the “meeting the in-laws” thing. Now that it was here, I wasn’t at all prepared for it. Like Vince, I was far too worried about him and what tomorrow held in store.

The door opened again and David entered. He was followed by two people who could only be Vince’s mother and father. Vince’s father was a large, powerfully built man. It was easy to see where Vince and his brothers got their size and height. His arms and shoulders showed the muscular development of a man who’s worked hard all his life at demanding, physical work. He had a gut on him, but it was obvious that it was not soft. Vince’s father’s body was hard all over. His dark hair had beautiful silver streaks at the temples and his eyes were a dark brown, just like Vince’s -- eyes that showed intelligence and curiosity as he looked at me.

Vince’s mother, on the other hand, was a very short woman; I doubt if she was five feet tall. She had a deep olive complexion and the same flashing brown eyes. Her figure, if you wanted to be polite, you would call Rubenesque. From what I had heard from Vince, Tony, and David, Mama was a good cook. She certainly looked like she was. She, too, looked at me with deep curiosity but I got the feeling she was looking for where I was hiding my second head or my horns.

Vince's father immediately pulled him into a bone-crushing embrace, kissing his son on both cheeks.

"*Ciao, il mio ragazzo! Come siete?*" he said.

"I'm fine, Papa. A little scared about tomorrow but I'll get through it. How are you doing?"

"I'm okay. The arthritis is acting up a little, but it always does," he said, letting Vince go.

Vince's mother then went up to him and he bent over so she could hug him.

"*Vincenzo, mio ragazzo povero!* I have been so worried about you! Why didn't you tell us you were sick?" Mama complained to Vince.

Vince's father looked at me again and then turned to Vince.

"*Così questo è il mio nuovo figlio?*" he said.

"Yes, Papa. Mama. This is Drew."

"*Sono molto felice di venire a contatto voi,*" (I'm very happy to meet you.) I said, as I had been tirelessly coached by David over the phone earlier in the day.

I had begged him to teach me one phrase in Italian so that I could at least make an effort at making some kind of good impression on them.

"Ahh! *Bello! Bello!*!" Vince's father exclaimed, grinning, and grabbed me in a bear hug, kissing me on both cheeks as well.

My God! I hoped I'd never have to wrestle Drew's father. That hug just about cracked one of my ribs. I didn't know if I was supposed to kiss him back so I decided not to. He grabbed my shoulders and held me out at arm's length, inspecting me as if he were trying to decide if I was good enough for his son. He evidently decided I was because he winked at me.

"Well ... if *Vincenzo* is going to fall in love with another boy, he seems to have very good taste in them."

I gasped and turned a deep scarlet. I couldn't believe his father saying something like that.

Vince and David both broke up laughing.

"I forgot to warn you. Papa is very outspoken. He never holds back. Always says what's on his mind," Vince told me.

Mama just stood there, still looking at me and at her husband and sons. I didn't know what to do or say. I felt like I was being x-rayed by her eyes, looking for flaws, looking for whatever it was that I did to lead her son astray so badly.

"You seem like a nice boy," Mama finally said to me. "It's too bad that you are *strano*."

"Mama! That's enough of that!" Vincent's father roared.

"Come on, Drew. We've heard enough," Vincent said, taking my arm and starting to walk out of the room.

"*Vincenzo!* Where are you going?" Vincent's mother asked, her voice shrill and angry.

"Where am I going, Mama?" Vince said, turning around to face her, his eyes glaring with more anger than I'd ever seen before. "I'm going as far away from you as I can get. And I'm going to stay there. For good."

This was said with quiet, deadly anger. The look on his mother's face was one of complete shock. I don't really think she expected any of her sons to ever confront her this way.

"How dare you talk to me that way!" she said angrily.

"No, Mama, how dare you speak that way!" David cut in.

Now her look of shock was total. Now it was her beloved priest-son confronting her. Her mouth opened but no words came out.

"I warned you to get over this nonsense in your head. Now look what you've done." This from Vince's father, glaring at his wife.

Vince pulled on my arm and we left the hotel room. We started walking back to campus, neither of us saying a word. Finally Vince quietly said to me, "I'm really sorry about that. I'm sorry to put you through it."

"Vince, I don't speak Italian. What did she say?"

"She ... she called you a 'queer,'" he said quietly, and I could hear the shame in his voice.

"Oh. Well, at least she didn't call me a 'slut.' I was afraid that's what she'd said."

He looked at me strangely and then started to laugh. We both broke up laughing and were laughing so hard that we didn't notice the car pull up beside us until we heard our names being called. We looked over and it was David.

"You guys want a ride back to campus?"

"Sure," Vince said and we got into the car.

"So what was the joke that you two were laughing so hard at?"

Vince got embarrassed and was blushing so I explained it to David. Then he started laughing as well. We headed back to campus and David parked and came up to our room.

"I'm really sorry, Drew," David said to me finally when we were back in our dorm room.

"David, it's not your fault, or yours either, Vince, so you can both stop apologizing. I know that you're both angry about what happened. I'm really not offended. I've called myself worse things. It's how she thinks. Nobody can help that. I'm sorry she believes that way, but I don't want to be the reason your family gets torn apart. I would really feel horrible if that happened."

"First of all, that's not going to happen," David said. "Secondly, this isn't about you -- even if the remark was directed at you. This is about Vince. This is about loving unconditionally. Either the family accepts him as he is -- as he's always been, whether we knew that or not -- or it brings into question the whole reason that we are a family. Papa, Tony, Debbie, and I have all chosen to continue loving Vince just like we always have. In fact, we've gone one step further. We've chosen to love you, Drew, as Vince's partner -- just the way we welcomed Debbie into the family when Tony married her. The fact that Mama chooses to let her prejudices get in the way of her love for Vince, and feels that she is within her rights to insult the person that he's chosen to love and spend his life with is not acceptable to any of us. I believe Papa is informing her of that in no uncertain terms. At least that was the impression I had when I left."

Vince put his arm around me and drew me close to him. "This isn't going to change anything between us. I love you. I want to spend my life with you. I already promised to continue loving you and being with you in front of God. Nothing is going to make me break that promise." Then he kissed me gently.

David left soon after and Vince and I were alone when there was a knock at our door. Vince got up to see who it was. Dar and Gregg were standing there and Drew invited them in. Unfortunately, Gregg is too close to me, too attuned to my moods not to know immediately that something was wrong. We explained to them what had happened.

"But that's awful," Dar said.

"It's no more than I expected," I told him.

"What do you mean?" Vince asked.

"I understand," Gregg interjected. Yes, he knew exactly what I meant. "Our mother was worse."

"Worse?" Vince asked.

"We never told you all about what she did -- or tried to do. Let's just say that your mother is a paragon of

tolerance by comparison,” I said.

Vince was shaking his head.

“I can kind of understand guys feeling that way. After all, we’re raised to think that being gay is the worst thing in the world. It’s not easy for us to accept it in other guys because it’s the kind of thing that you stand back and think to yourself ‘Could that be me? Could I be like that?’ But what’s up with women?” Vince asked. “What threat is a guy being gay to them?”

“I think the issue here is not ‘women’ but ‘mothers.’ A lot of them fear being blamed for their son turning out gay. You know all that crap about domineering mothers that people believed for years. It’s like being gay means they’ve somehow failed,” I said.

“But what about fathers? Dad’s been the more supportive one of my parents and he’s a guy?” Dar said.

“Yeah, and my dad accepted you completely. I didn’t translate for you what he said when he first saw you. He asked me if you were his ‘new son,’” Vince said.

I was flabbergasted at this.

“Really? He said that?” I exclaimed.

“Yeah, he really did. ‘*Così questo è il mio nuovo figlio?*’ That means, ‘So this is my new son?’” Vince informed me.

“How wonderful,” Dar said.

“Yeah. And then my mother calls him a ‘queer,’” Vince spat out.

“I’ve always believed that if a man was secure in his masculinity, another guy being gay isn’t going to bother him,” I said. “Evidently your father and Dar’s are more secure than Gregg’s and mine was.”

“Our so-called father was ‘whipped’ and you know it. He never stood up for himself. He let her lead him around by the nose like a pet bull,” Gregg snorted, the disgust showing in his voice.

“Exactly the type of man who would never be able to deal with having a gay son -- much less two of them,” I said.

“So what happens now?” Dar asked quietly.

I looked at Vince, questioningly.

“We aren’t going there for Thanksgiving, that’s for sure,” Vince said.

“Oh, that doesn’t matter. You’re welcome at my folks. After all, we are in-laws,” Dar offered.

“Thanks, Dar. That’s really kind of you,” I said.

“Kind nothing. My mother loves putting on big dinners and she has the hots for your brother. I want to see how she reacts to the younger version of him,” Dar announced, laughing.

“Your mom has the hots for me?” Gregg exclaimed in shock.

“What? You didn’t notice? She acts like a silly high school girl around you. I think it’s hilarious,” Dar said. “No, what I meant was, what about tomorrow?”

“Nothing changes. I’m going to have the surgery. Drew will be there with me,” Vince said firmly.

“And we’ll be there for Drew,” Gregg said.

“And half the team will be with us,” Dar said.

“You’re kidding, right?” Vince exclaimed.

“The fuck he is. The entire team would have been there but it was decided that we’d be there in shifts. You are not going to be alone any time until you’re well and back to practice. We’ve got a schedule all worked out. That

way it all doesn't all fall on Drew's shoulders," Gregg explained.

Vince just sat there, dumbfounded. I saw tears starting to form in his eyes.

"The guys really love you, Vince. I've always tried to tell you that," Gregg said quietly.

"I didn't ... I didn't think that after ... " Vince faltered.

"After you came out and admitted you were a *fag*?" Gregg asked. "Yeah even after you shocked the shit out of them and made not a few of them way more uncomfortable about themselves than I ever did, they still want to be there for you -- and for Drew."

"Why did I make them more uncomfortable than you? I figured since they already knew about you, my coming out would be no big deal."

"You don't get it, do you?" Gregg asked. "They knew about me from the get-go. I never chased women, never had sex with any of them. Better still, I never had sex with any of the team. But you were a major stud. You got girls most of them jacked off over. Plus, you played around with them. The old *just a couple of jock buddies helpin' each other out* shit. They figured you for just like themselves, just another horny jock gettin' his rocks off wherever he could. Then you announce that you're gay. Not only gay, but in love with my brother. Made a lot of them wonder if they weren't just like you and lyin' to themselves. I still have some suspicions that some of them may be doin' just that -- lyin' to themselves. I don't think that the three of us are the only jocks around who really prefer sex with another guy."

"I didn't mean to make anybody uncomfortable. I was just tryin' to be honest. I don't like lyin' to people."

"I understand that. But guys are used to the idea of fags bein' sissies. My bein' gay really fucked with their heads on that score. But I'd been gay all my life. No pretensions at being straight. They could deal with that. They figured they were safe because they weren't like that. A lot of them probably went through some confusion about what they wanted but came to the conclusion -- whether true or not -- that they preferred girls. It was okay to do stuff with a buddy because it was just a substitute for what they really wanted. That's what seemed to be up with you. But then you screwed them over by seeming to change and become gay. And if it could happen to you, it could happen to them," Gregg explained.

"How'd the fuck you get so smart?" Vince asked.

"I'm not," Gregg said blushing. "I've got this really smart lover who explains all this shit to me so that I can understand it."

Then Gregg reached over and pulled Dar close to him, kissing him gently on the cheek.

"And I have this incredibly wonderful jock for a lover who listens," Dar said, smiling up into Gregg's eyes.

"Hey, guys! You've got a room. Maybe you need to go to it?" Vince exclaimed.

"Yeah, maybe we do? Sounds like a plan. Whadda ya say?" Gregg said, looking down at Dar.

"I say that we'll see you guys later." Dar grinned at us as he grabbed Gregg's hand, pulling him toward the door.

"Yeah, see ya later," Gregg called, closing the door behind them.

Vince sat there, shaking his head for a few moments, not saying anything.

"Guys are so fucked up. Especially when it comes to sex," Vince finally said.

"People are so fucked up. Especially when it comes to sex," I answered him. "We all carry around all this shit about shame and guilt. I've even heard it out of straight guys. They're doin' it the socially acceptable way and they still are having all this guilt and shame over it. It's unbelievable."

"I don't feel any of that shit," Vince avowed.

"The fuck you don't. If you didn't feel some of that, you wouldn't react so violently to your mother's prejudice. You may have thought that you were angry about what she called me, and maybe that did play a part in it. But I

bet that if you really examine what you were feeling, a lot of your reaction had to do with the fact that you know that she thinks that about you and just won't say it. Vince, you just don't throw away a lifetime of society's crap overnight. I've known I was gay a lot longer than you have and I still have some of those feelings. I still feel like I'm a 'sexual deviant' at times."

He didn't say anything for a long time. Then he looked at me.

"Okay. I guess I do feel like that, too. I've pushed it aside. I know it's bullshit. It hurts because it's like I'm being disloyal to you somehow. Like, I don't love you like I should or something if I'm feeling that way. Trust me, I've been indoctrinated really well. The first thing I thought of when the doc told me about the tumor was that God was punishing me for ending up gay," Vince said, hanging his head.

"Oh, babe," I said, putting my arms around him. "Why didn't you say something? Why didn't you talk to me?"

"I didn't want you to know. I didn't want to hurt you," he murmured, putting his arms around me and resting his head on my chest.

"Vince, you're not going to hurt me. I'm a big boy now. I can handle things, okay? If you're feeling crap like that, tell me. Talk to me. Let me help you. I thought that's why we got married. To be there for each other?"

"I know. I'm sorry."

I took my hand and lifted his chin until my mouth could find his and then I kissed him deeply and passionately. As we kissed, he pushed me back on the bed and got on top of me. I could feel his cock pressing against mine with far too many clothes in the way.

"Babe, shouldn't we be naked?" I asked him.

"Yeah, I guess you're right."

We both hopped off the bed and, from long practice, were naked and back in the same position, his hard cock rubbing against mine, in less than a minute. After all, how long does it take to get out of a T-shirt, jeans, and trainers? Neither one of us wore underwear unless we had to. Vince was again passionately kissing me, gradually moving down my face to where he was licking and biting at my chin. He then moved down my neck, sucking on the skin which I knew would leave marks that would last for weeks but I didn't care. They were like *insignes de guerre* (medals of war). I wore them proudly, displaying the passion that my lover had for me.

Pushing my arms above my head, he moved to my ripe pits, snorting and licking at what little hair I had there, relishing my scent and moaning deep in his throat. I loved the fact that my scent, my personal signature, turned him on so because his scent was an aphrodisiac for me. I got a whiff of his strong, masculine scent and my cock automatically reacted. It was not like that with other males, even ones I loved, as I'd learned earlier when being held by Gregg. Gregg's scent only made me feel warm, secure, and loved. Vince's did all that and more. Vince's scent turned me into a rutting beast, desperately wanting to mate.

After soaking my pits in his saliva, he moved onto my chest. I expected him to immediately attack my nipples with his tongue and teeth but, instead, he used the flat of his tongue to begin licking all over my pectoral muscles, like a mother cat cleaning her kitten. The feel of his rasping tongue against my skin caused me to have goose bumps rise on my chest and shoulders and I moaned at the touch of his talented tongue. I could hear Vince chuckle low in his throat at the effect this was having on me. It was exquisite sexual torture in its own way, something that Vince could be a master of when he wanted to be.

Moving finally to my nipples, he began sucking and nipping at them with his teeth. I groaned loudly and my back arched at the intensity of the feelings that were flowing through me. My cock hardened even more and I could feel the pre-cum dripping from it onto my abs. Vince continued to worry at my nipples like a dog with a bone until I could barely take any more.

Finally, he moved on, moving down and licking the sides of my rib cage and then my abs. He paused to run his

tongue into my navel and to lick up all the pre-cum that had dripped into it and on my abs before heading south again. He paused to press his nose into my pubes, taking deep breaths of my scent there. Bypassing my cock, he headed down to my nut-sac and began to inhale deeply all the sweaty scent I had there. Then his tongue came out and he began to gently lick at the sac, drawing the skin of it into his mouth and gently nibbling on it. This just about sent me over the edge.

I knew what he was after so I didn't wait for him. I lifted my legs and pulled them back almost to my chest, opening my ass to him. He wasted no time in burying his nose in my butt and I could hear the deep snorts he was taking of my butt scent and the deep moans he was making in his throat as he did so. It wasn't long until I was joining him in those moans as I felt his tongue begin moving in my cleft, licking out my sweaty butt.

My moans increased as he locked his mouth to my ass and began to gently suck on my hole while his tongue pushed against my opening. I relaxed and pushed out, feeling his tongue sliding into my butt. It began to move rapidly in and out as he tongue-fucked my butt. It wasn't long until I was burning up with desire for him. My ass was hungry. It needed Vince's cock to put out the fire his tongue had started up inside me.

"Fuck me, babe. Please fuck me! Fuck me HARD!" I begged as he continued to feast on my butt.

He looked up from between my legs.

"Your wish is my command," he leered at me.

I reached over to the nightstand and handed him the bottle of lube. I wanted him and I wanted him NOW! He took the bottle and lubed up my hole, shoving two fingers easily inside me. He then lubed his cock well and tossed the bottle on the bed. He moved forward on his knees until the head of his cock was resting against the opening to my ass.

"You want it?" he teased.

"FUCK! YES!" I exclaimed.

"You REALLY want it? Tell me how bad you want it, baby," he continued to tease me.

"Fuck me, Vince! PLEASE! I NEED IT SO BAD!" I begged shamelessly.

The words had no more left my lips than Vince snapped his hips forward and his cock was half buried in my hole. Fuck! My butt spasmed around his cock, not used to such a quick entry but loving every moment of the torture. It hurt -- yeah. But it hurt SO good! He then pushed again and all his cock was buried in my butt to his pubic hairs, which I could feel pressed against my sensitive hole.

"There ya go, babe. All my cock for your hungry butt to chew on. Yeah, that's it. Tighten that hole around my cock. Fuck! You've got the tightest, wettest hole I've ever fucked," Vince growled.

I wiggled my butt like some kind of cheap slut, trying to give him as much pleasure as I could. This "dominant" Vince was one I hadn't seen before, but I liked it.

"Fuck me, Vince! Fuck me really HARD!" I begged again.

"Yeah, I'm gonna fuck that hole. I'm gonna fuck that hungry butt of yours so hard you won't be able to sit down for a week. I'm gonna let that fuckin' hole know who it belongs to. Whose hole is this?" he demanded.

"Yours, Vince. It's your hole. Your hole to fuck and use anytime you want it," I babbled mindlessly.

"That's all I wanted to hear," he growled.

He pulled his cock almost completely from my hole and then slammed it back in with all the force that his muscular body could muster. I grunted as his cock rocketed into my chute, loving the intense feeling of it. His hips began to rapidly pound my ass, driving his cock deeper, harder, and faster with each plunge into me. His hips hammered me like a jackhammer and I could hear the sound of our bodies slapping together like the tattoo of a machine gun.

The ferocious fuck that Vince was giving me was having more than its desired effect. Suddenly, even though I knew that Vince was nowhere near coming -- I was.

“Vince! I’m gonna come!” I moaned.

“Yeah, come for me. Shoot your load,” Vince growled and sped up his pounding of my butt.

“AHHH! FUCK!” My cock began pumping my creamy white load all over my chest and abs.

“Yeah, come on! Fuckin’ come!” Vince egged me on as I thrashed in the throes of orgasm.

I collapsed, drained from the intense climax but Vince didn’t slow down at all. He continued to fuck me -- not only as hard but harder than before. His hips pounded into my ass and I was being driven into the bed by his lunges. I don’t know how my butt endured this battering but I was used to Vince’s cock by now, it had been up my ass so many times. I lay there knowing I would be very sore tomorrow and not giving a fuck. I wanted Vince. I wanted him to find pleasure in my body. I wanted him to use me for his pleasure. I lay there groaning, the feeling of him fucking me taking over all my senses.

Before long, I felt my cock begin to stir again. It had never gone completely soft and now it rose again, harder than ever. Vince noticed it because I could see him looking at it, a horny smirk on his face. He knew that it was the power of his cock and his body that was doing it to me. I could see him taking pride in his sexual prowess that made me quiver at his very touch.

Incredibly, Vince’s strokes became faster and I could feel his cock begin to swell in my ass, becoming even thicker and harder. I knew he was soon going to blow his load in my butt, fill my ass with his cum. But what shocked me, was that in less than ten minutes since my last orgasm, I was about to come -- again. Vince was about to push another load out of my cock.

He started groaning and I knew he was about to shoot. This triggered my own orgasm and I began painting my body with more of my cum. The tightening of my hole around his cock as I came pushed him over the edge as well. I could feel his cock spasming as he unloaded up my ass. I couldn’t even count the number of shots of his cum that ended up in my butt. I could only feel the overflow dripping out of my ass.

“Fuck me, Vince. Fuck me! I’m comin!”

“Creamin’ your butt. Shootin’ my load. FFFUUUCCCKKK!” Vince yelled.

We both shot for what felt like forever. Vince’s body finally stopped trembling and he collapsed over me. Our mouths sought each other’s and we kissed deep and long. Slowly, Vince pulled his still hard cock from my ass and rolled over on his side, pulling me over and into his arms at the same time. We had no words, there was no need of them, but we sought each other’s mouths for a deep, passionate kiss. We kissed like that for a long time and then, wrapped in each other’s arms, went to sleep.

When we awoke, it was after eight at night so we called out for a pizza. Because of the impending surgery, Vince wanted to have something before the midnight cutoff time from food. We ate the pizza and then lay cuddled in bed, not really talking. We just lay there, experiencing the joy of being together and so very much in love with each other.

Vince made love to me three more times that night. My asshole would be red and puffy in the morning and I didn’t know how long it would be until I could comfortably take Vince’s cock inside me again, but I didn’t care. I wanted him. I wanted him so badly, especially knowing that it was going to be a while until I could feel him fucking me again. The doctor had told us that he might not be allowed to fuck for at least six weeks after the surgery. More importantly, Vince wanted me. He needed to feel himself inside of me and I had promised myself, almost from the beginning of our relationship, that I would never refuse him if he wanted me, especially in a case like this where I knew he didn’t just want me, he needed me. Needed to feel the closeness, needed to lose himself in the joy of our loving. Nothing else was more important to me.

Finally, we drifted off to sleep again after setting the alarm clock for five a.m. Vince had to be to the medical center by six. We kissed deeply and then I curled up in Vince's arms. But I couldn't go to sleep. I lay there most of the night, smelling his scent and praying not to lose him. I was so afraid, but I didn't want Vince to know. I didn't want him to think I was in any way worried.

Finally, sometime in the night, I finally drifted off into a very restless sleep, constantly waking up to find myself pressed against Vince and tears staining my face. At last the alarm clock went off and Vince and I kissed -- a long, smoldering kiss that would have to last for a while.

Chapter Eight

We wrapped towels around ourselves and headed down to the dorm showers. As usual, we shared a stall. We gently, tenderly, and thoroughly cleansed each other, taking time to lick and kiss especially favorite parts of each other's bodies. And, as usual, this led to drinking deeply of each other's cum while in the shower.

"You're not really supposed to have anything to eat," I chided Vince.

"Fuck that. A nice load of your cum doesn't constitute a meal. Otherwise, neither one of us would have had to eat since the first time we fucked," he said, nuzzling my neck.

By the time we got out of the shower, a number of the other team members were already in the bathroom getting ready. It was pretty early but we were so preoccupied by the upcoming surgery, we really didn't notice. Not, that is, until we got dressed and started to leave the dorm to walk over to the medical center. Waiting for us outside was Coach and most of the team, waiting to walk with us. Each of the guys and Coach came up and hugged Vince and wished him well. I could see that Vince was terribly moved by all of this and we were both fighting back tears at the outpouring of concern from our teammates.

Of course Gregg and Dar were there and they both hugged me as well. Vince put his arm around my shoulders and we all headed off to the medical center. When we got there we found David, Tony, Debbie, and their two little boys waiting for us. There were mass introductions all around and Vince and I got hugs from his brothers, his sister-in-law, and his two little nephews who seemed awed by all of the hunky college wrestlers surrounding them. Of course, little Vince and little David got lots of attention from the jocks. They were passed from one jock to another, seemingly incredibly happy to be held against muscular chests by muscular arms. The two boys were handing out hugs and kisses like politicians on the day before an election. But the best hugs and kisses were saved for Uncle Vince and Unca Dew.

Dr. O'Neal met us and took us up to the room that Vince was assigned to. I noticed that it was a private room and wondered at this. Dr. O'Neal explained that they wanted Vince as isolated from other patients as possible so that there was less chance of infection. He also explained that he thought it would give us some privacy. I understood then what he really had done. He was protecting Vince and me from any possible difficulties over our relationship. I smiled gratefully at him for his thoughtfulness.

Dr. O'Neal stayed with us a while, explaining again how the operation would be handled. He explained that Vince would be going down soon for chest x-rays and blood tests prior to the surgery. There had been a change in the schedule and Dr. O'Neal hoped to have Vince in surgery by ten a.m. rather than waiting until the afternoon.

This time, when they came to get Vince, the orderly didn't even question my going down with him. I sat in the waiting room while they did the chest x-rays and then went with him to the lab while they drew blood. We then went back to the room and an orderly brought a basin with hot water, shaving cream, a razor, and a towel. It seems that it was necessary to shave Vince's entire groin area for the surgery. The orderly was going to start when Vince told him to go away and let me do it. The orderly looked at me kind of funny but I assured him that I would handle things.

When he'd left, I took a washcloth and, putting the towel under him, proceeded to get Vince's groin wet. I then spread shaving cream on him and began to shave him. None of this made either of us particularly happy. I loved Vince's hairy body -- especially his pubic hair. The only consolation was that it would grow back.

By the time I finished shaving him, he had a hard-on -- of course. This is Vince we're talking about here, Mr. Erection -- Mr. Ever Ready. I grinned at him lying there in a hospital gown, his groin shaved as naked as a toddler's with this huge hard cock.

"So what do you want me to do about that?" I smirked at him.

"You know what to do with it," he growled.

"In a hospital? With a door that doesn't lock?"

"Fuck, yeah! You'd better hurry up before someone comes in here."

I leaned over and slowly slid my mouth down his erection until it hit the back of my throat. I then moved forward until all his thickness slid slowly into my throat and my nose was pressed to the now bare skin of his groin.

"Oh, fuck! Yeah! God, nobody sucks my cock like you do."

I pulled completely off his cock.

"Nobody better be suckin' your cock other than me."

"I didn't mean that. I meant that nobody's ever sucked me like you do. I love your mouth, babe," he said apologetically.

"Okay. That's better," I said and immediately took all his cock back down my throat.

He let out a moan and I began bobbing up and down over his groin. I pulled out all the stops, wanting this to be as quick as possible before we got caught. Using my tongue on all the areas I knew he was sensitive in and pushing my finger up his butt so that I could stroke his prostate while I sucked him, I quickly had him shooting his hot load down my throat.

"Ahh, fuck! Take my load," he groaned as I swallowed every drop.

I'd just pulled off him and got him re-covered with the gown when a nurse came in with a hypodermic.

"Mr. Collucci, this is a sedative. This will relax you before the surgery. Just roll over."

Vince looked at her and then at me. I could see that having his naked butt on view by the nurse was not high on his list of things that he wanted to have happen. However, what Vince wanted was not evidently high on the hospital's list of desires either.

"Come on, Vince, roll over. I'm sure the nurse has seen plenty of naked male butts."

He rolled over, giving me a look of sheer annoyance. The nurse gave him the shot and then left.

"And I'm sure that ninety-nine per cent of the butts she sees aren't nearly as beautiful as yours is," I murmured, leaning over and kissing him before he could utter any protests.

He did grin at that.

Evidently, whatever was in that hypodermic was pretty powerful because I could see Vince was rapidly reacting to it. His eyes became droopy and he began to slur his words. Within a few moments, the orderly came back with a gurney. With my help, we got Vince onto it and I followed him out into the hall on his way to surgery. We went upstairs in the elevator and arrived on the surgical floor. There were double doors and the orderly said that was as far as I could go. I leaned over the gurney and spoke quietly to Vince.

"This is as far as I can go, babe. I'll be waiting for you when they bring you back to the room. I love you," I said, almost on the verge of tears.

Vince looked at me and gave me a drunken smile.

"I love you," he murmured.

I leaned down to kiss him on the forehead but he moved so that our lips came together. I didn't care at that point what the orderly saw or heard but when I stood up, the orderly was smiling at me.

“We’ll take good care of him,” the young man said.

“Please see that you do. He’s all I have,” I said, not even really thinking or caring about what I was saying.

“I understand. I wouldn’t want to see my guy on a gurney either,” the orderly said and gave me a knowing smile.

“Oh ... ” was all I could get out.

He wheeled Vince into the surgical section and I took the elevator down to the main lobby. I knew that it would be several hours until Vince was out of surgery. When I got to the main lobby, many people were still there -- Coach, David, Tony, Debbie, their two little boys and, of course, Gregg and Dar. I told them that Vince had just gone into surgery and it would be several hours before he came out. David and Tony very strongly convinced me that we should all go out and get something to eat. None of us had breakfast that morning. Coach said he had to get back to his office but that I was to call as soon as there was any news.

The rest of us went over to the diner that Gregg and Dar loved so much. We got a large table in the back room of the place. I tried to eat but I was just too worried about Vince. We finally went back to the surgical waiting room to wait for Dr. O’Neal to bring us word about how the surgery went. I spent most of the time playing with little Vince and little David. It really struck me that this was a part of life that Vince and I were going to miss. It hurt to know that neither of us would ever have a son but there was precious little we could do about it.

At one point, Tony joined us on the floor of the waiting room where I was playing with his sons. He looked at me strangely.

“Aren’t you going to miss not having kids?” he asked.

“Not a whole lot I can do about it. Vince and I would love to, but nobody’s going to let the two of us adopt.”

“That’s not exactly true. You know my business partner is gay. He and his lover are in the process of adopting a little boy.”

“Really? How?”

“I don’t know, but I’ll find out for you, if you want.”

“Please. Would you?”

“Sure. I’d be glad to. Nobody who likes kids as much as you seem to should miss out on being a parent.”

“I think that Vince would make a great father as well.”

“I do, too.”

“Tony, could I ask you something?” I asked quietly.

“Sure.”

“How come you don’t have any problem with Vince and me being together?”

“Well ... I guess that’s really simple. I love Vince. Always have. He’s the baby of the family and David and I have always been his protectors and, I guess in some ways, his teachers.”

“Yes, he told me one of the things you taught him.”

Vince had told me about how when he was about twelve, he’d caught Tony jacking off and made Tony teach him how to do it under threat of telling their parents otherwise. Tony blushed red because he instantly knew what I was referring to.

“Oh, he told you about that, huh?” Tony asked, his voice barely above a whisper.

“Yeah, he did.”

“Well ... maybe that’s part of it. I love him so much that no matter what he does, I can’t stop loving him. If he would rather be with you and you make him happy, then I’m glad for him. Everybody’s got to decide for themselves what makes them happy. I know it was disappointing to my parents that I didn’t go to college but I

didn't want to go. I wanted to do what I'm doing. I love working on cars and that's what makes me happy. I figure you love somebody, you want them to be happy," Tony said.

"You know how much your love and support means to him, don't you?"

"Yeah. I've got a good idea." Tony smiled sheepishly.

"It means a lot to me, too. You see, I love him more than anything in the world and I can't help caring about anyone who makes him happy. "

"I know you do, Drew. In fact, Debbie even notices it. You know what she said to me the other night?"

"No. What?"

"She said to me that she's never seen a couple, gay or straight, that were more in love than you and Vince. She told me that she's rarely seen a woman look at her husband with as much love as she sees in your eyes when you look at Vince."

Now it was my turn to blush -- a deep scarlet.

"I grew up in a home where there was no love. Our parents even tried to drive a wedge between Gregg and me. It almost worked, too. Vince was the first person who ever loved me completely, just for me. Vince has taught me how to love myself and has given me more love than I ever thought there could be in this world. That's why I love him. He's the most wonderful man I've ever met. Period."

"Yeah, my little bro is very special. He's always been that way, too. You know, sometimes, me and David would tease him. We were both older, bigger, and stronger than he was. That didn't matter. He'd go after both of us -- at the same time. He had more courage and spunk than any kid I ever saw." Tony chuckled quietly at his memories.

At that point, everybody looked up because Dr. O'Neal walked into the room, still wearing his green surgical scrubs. He looked around until he spotted me. I stood up and walked over to him.

"Vince is in the recovery room. Everything went as perfectly as anyone could have hoped for. There was absolutely no indication that the tumor has spread and there is every expectation that Vince will make a complete recovery."

Tears were pouring from my eyes even though I had a smile so big my face was hurting. Tony grabbed me and hugged me and I noticed we were crying together.

"He'll be back in the room in about half an hour. I know he'd like you to be there when he gets there," Dr. O'Neal said to me. Then turning to the rest of the assembled family he said, "It would be best, however, for the rest of you to wait until tomorrow to see him. He's going to still be groggy and in some pain for a while."

"We understand, Doctor," David said. "Thank you."

"I'll be up to look in on him later," Dr. O'Neal said to me and then left to go back to the surgical section.

I hugged David and Gregg and then went back up to Vince's room. I didn't have to wait long until several orderlies wheeled in Vince's gurney and then lifted him into the hospital bed. I could see an IV bag hanging and a tube running into his arm. There was also a tube coming from his groin into a large plastic bag they hung under the bed. I realized that he'd been catheterized. This sent a wince of pain through my groin at the thought of a tube being shoved up the hole of my cock. I'd hoped they done this after they had Vince knocked out.

He was still very doped up, but he looked up into my eyes and smiled.

"Hey, babe," he said, his voice very rough.

"Hey there, hunk. I missed you." I leaned down and gently kissed his lips.

"Yeah, I missed you, too," he whispered.

"How are you feeling?"

“I’m really tired and I’m sore.”

“Well, they’ll give you something for pain, I’m sure. Do you want me to get a nurse?”

“Nah! It ain’t that bad. Just stay with me.”

“I’m not going anywhere.”

And I didn’t. I stayed by his side the rest of the afternoon and into the evening. David and Tony both came to see how he was doing as did Gregg and Dar. When they got there, David took me down to the cafeteria and made me eat something while Tony stayed with Vince. Dr. O’Neal had arranged that I could stay with Vince all night. They offered to bring in a cot for me but I told them I very much doubted that I was going to get much sleep anyway.

Vince was awake off and on through the afternoon and evening. The nurse came through every so often to check his IV and to do his vitals. They also checked the dressings on the surgical wound. Dr. O’Neal stopped by on his way home. He told me that the pathologist’s report had come in and that while the tumor had been cancerous, as he thought, but that it was one of the slowest growing types. I asked what that meant and he told me that it meant that Vince would not have to undergo either radiation or chemotherapy but, instead, would receive regular check-ups and scans for the next three to five years, just to make sure that the cancer did not reappear.

I was so glad for this news that I thanked Dr. O’Neal profusely.

“You’ve got yourself to thank for that. You’re the one who found the tumor early and got him to come in to have it checked out,” Dr. O’Neal said.

I blushed. I was so grateful that I had been able to find it and that Vince did come in to have it looked at in time. I didn’t want to think about what would have happened otherwise.

“I’ll be back to check on him in the morning. If everything is okay, you can take him back to your dorm room tomorrow afternoon.”

“Thank you, Doctor. For everything.”

“You’re welcome, Drew. It was a pleasure for me as well. You two are not the first gay couple that I’ve treated. You are, however, the most in love that I’ve ever seen. The only stronger, more loving relationship I’ve experienced was my own parents. Whatever you two guys have going for you, I hope it continues.”

“It will, Doctor. Trust me on that. Vince wasn’t kidding when he told you we were married. One of Vince’s brothers is a priest. He married us about six months ago. No way that either of us would even think of breaking those vows. David would probably wring our necks personally and Tony, his other brother, would probably help.” I chuckled.

“That’s a lot of support. You both are very lucky.”

“Well ... yes and no. We have his brothers’ support and my brother’s support but not either of our parents’. That can make it somewhat difficult.”

“I noticed that his parents weren’t here. That’s unusual for something like this.”

“They were here. Yesterday. But there was a big family row about our relationship and I think his parents went back home. I’m not really sure.”

“I take it they don’t approve?”

“Well, his dad does but his mother has seemingly very ingrained prejudices. That’s what caused the problem.”

“I’m sorry. But it’s probably best if they did go home. Vince doesn’t need any stress right now. He needs all his strength to heal.”

“I’ll remember that, Doctor. I’ll also remind him of that.”

“Oh, and before I forget, I told you I’d tell you when there were any restrictions. I would say two to three weeks.”

My heart sank.

“Two to three weeks?” I exclaimed, my anguish showing.

“I could supply a hormone suppressant if that’s necessary,” he said, grinning.

“No. It’s not. We’ll handle it somehow,” I said, disappointment evident in my voice.

“Trust me. Until the surgical incision heals, he’s not going to want to. It will be far too painful.”

“How long will that take?”

“Two to three weeks.”

“Oh, I get it. Until the surgical wound is healed, in other words.”

“That’s right. One of the things we’re going to do is run a hormone test on Vince tomorrow. We did one prior to surgery to get a baseline. We’ll see if he needs hormone replacement therapy. That isn’t always necessary but I find my patients heal faster and feel better if we start any replacement therapy immediately.”

“Okay. Anything else?”

“Not right now. The best medicine for him is rest and you being near him.”

“No problem with that. He’ll get plenty of both. I promise.”

After the doctor had gone, I pulled a chair right up to the edge of the bed and sat there, Vince’s hand in mine. I just watched him as he slept. I loved watching him sleep. His face was relaxed and he looked like a little boy. As I sat there watching him, I prayed that this nightmare would soon be over and that Vince would be cured.

I don’t know when I fell asleep. When I awoke, Vince’s hand was still in mine and my head was resting on it. I was awoken by a sound in the room but didn’t know what it was until I lifted my head. Standing on the other side of the bed, looking down at the two of us, was Vince’s mother.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t realize ... ” she said quietly.

I sat up to look at her.

“Didn’t realize what?”

“How much you love my son.”

“Didn’t try much to find out, did you?”

To be honest, I was in no mood for this woman and her prejudices. Even though she sounded like she wanted to make peace, I was still on my guard. I didn’t trust her. I guess, to be honest, after my experiences with my own mother, I didn’t have much trust in women at all. Especially mothers.

“No, I didn’t. I’m sorry about that, too. As well as what I called you.”

“Why this sudden change of heart?” I asked, the suspicion showing in my voice.

“I love my son and I don’t want to lose him.”

Well ... at least that sounded honest.

“I’ve tried to understand what it is that his brothers and his papa see that I don’t. David was the most help in that. He made me realize that despite what I’d always been told and always believed, this isn’t a choice that either one of you made. David said you were born that way.”

“Yes, I believe that. I’ve had these feelings, known that what I wanted was the love of another male for most of my life. Long before I knew what the feelings meant.”

“Yes, that’s what David told me. It was a shock, however. I didn’t expect my son to be ... to be ... ” She faltered over the word.

“To be gay? Why not your son? One in six males are, if statistics are to be believed. I think there’s another reason

that this hit you so hard that you don't want to admit."

"And what's that?"

"You don't want to be blamed for it."

From the look on her face, I knew I had struck the truth. She stood there, her mouth open for a while before speaking.

"They always blame the mother," she finally said painfully.

"Yeah, and just like everything else that 'they' say -- it's bullshit," I answered. She looked shocked at my language but, since this wasn't my mother, I didn't much care. I went on. "Mothers aren't to blame, fathers aren't to blame, and it's no less 'normal' to be gay than 'straight.' Just less common. Doesn't make it wrong. Just makes it different. Our love for each other is no less deep, no less real."

She didn't say anything for a while, seeming to digest what I'd told her. Finally she spoke.

"You don't much care for me, do you?"

"Why should I? You called me 'queer' and, worse, you hurt the man I love. Just at a time when he's most vulnerable and needed you. What is there for me to care about?"

"You are a very honest young man," she said. Then she looked down at Vince sleeping in the bed. "And you're right. I have given you every reason to hate me. Just as I've given *Vincenzo* the same reason. I am very ashamed of myself. I have never thought of myself as an unkind or prejudiced person. Finding out that I am has been quite a shock to me. Especially since it seems that my whole family is pointing it out to me -- even Tony. Do you know he's threatened not to allow me anywhere near my grandsons? He says he doesn't want them infected with my prejudices. That hit me hardest of all."

Good for Tony! I thought to myself but didn't say.

"David told me that he married the two of you. He could be thrown out of the church for that. I couldn't believe it when he told me. He believes in the two of you, your love for each other, that much," she said, shaking her head in wonder.

"It was a beautiful ceremony. I'm sorry you couldn't be there."

"I'm very sorry I couldn't have been, either," she said and I could hear that she really meant it.

"So what now, Mrs. Collucci?" I asked, wondering what this was really all about. How far was she willing to go?

"Now? Now I try to get my son and you to forgive me."

"That's not going to happen unless you accept us as we are. You know that don't you?"

"Yes, I realize that. I can accept it. I can't promise I'm ever going to be happy about it, but I can accept it."

"That's all we ever asked."

"Mama, it's not that easy." Vince's voice sounded gravelly and rough.

Both his mother and I looked at the bed.

"How long have you been awake?" I asked.

Vince pulled my hand which was still entwined in his to his mouth and kissed it.

"Through the whole conversation. You stand up for yourself well, babe." He smiled up at me and then turned to his mother. "Maybe you can see why I love him so much."

"I can see that you love him very much, *Vincenzo*. The 'why' of it, I have to have time to understand. I can't dismiss everything that I've believed for years in a moment."

"Why not? Especially when you know you're wrong. And you do know that, don't you? You do know that you're wrong? You wouldn't have come here otherwise."

She looked at her son. I could see the shock on her face. I think she was seeing him as grown, as a man, for the first time. I think she was beginning to understand how really close to losing him, for all time, that she was.

“Yes, I do know that. But it’s still going to take time for me to get used to this.”

Vince looked at me. I knew what he was asking. I nodded.

“Okay, that’s fair. I never wanted to shock you with this. I didn’t know something like this cancer was going to happen.”

“On that score, I have very good news,” I said and both Vince and his mother turned to me. “Dr. O’Neal was in earlier. The pathology report is in and the cancer is one of the slowest growing types. You won’t have to have chemo or radiation. Just monthly tests to make sure it doesn’t come back.”

Vince grinned and his mother started crying. Vince reached out his other hand and took hold of hers. She looked at him and then at me. I smiled and so did Vince. Then his mother bent over and kissed him on the cheek.

“Papa’s waiting just down the corridor. Please, let me go and get him,” his mother said.

“Yeah. Go get Papa. I’d love that, Mama.”

She started to go but instead turned back and walked over to me. She held out her arms and I looked at Vince. He nodded to me and so I hugged her and she hugged me. She pushed me back, holding onto my shoulders as her husband had done and looked up into my eyes.

“I guess I need to get to know my new son as well. We’ll have plenty of time for that now,” she said and, letting go of my shoulders, she walked out to get Vince’s father.

“What the fuck just happened?” I asked, looking back at Vince.

“Well, I’d say that you just fully joined the crazy Collucci family,” Vince said, grinning from ear to ear.

We had no further chance to discuss it right then because both of Vince’s parents came through the door. His father stopped to hug me first and then went over to Vince. He leaned down and kissed Vince gently on the forehead and I again marveled that, for such a big man, he was surprisingly gentle. Now I knew where Vince got that from.

“How’s my boy?” his father asked.

“I’m doin’ a lot better now, Papa.”

I knew what he meant and evidently his father did, too.

“Are you in a lot of pain?” his father asked.

“No, Papa. I’m doin’ okay. It hurts some, but not enough to bother with. The website that Drew and I read about this said that if you can ease up on the pain meds it’s better for you because the side effects of them can be not too good either.”

“Like what?” Vince’s father asked, confused.

Vince motioned to his father to lean down where Vince could whisper to him.

“They say the constipation the painkillers cause can be more painful than the surgery, Papa,” Vince whispered.

“Oh! I see,” his father said, standing back up. “Is there anything that you need? Anything we can get you?”

“No, Papa. Just you both being here is enough.”

“I think I’ll go and get something to eat. You two stay and visit with your son for a while,” I said, starting to walk out of the room.

“No, Drew. Please don’t run off on our account,” his mother said.

“I’m not. Believe me. You all need your time together and I’m starving. I haven’t had much to eat today out of

worry. Now that everything seems to be okay, I'm gonna fall over if I don't get some food in me. Even hospital food."

We all started to laugh but Vince cried out in pain when he did. We all turned to him.

"I guess that old joke about 'It only hurts when I laugh' is really true," Vince said, looking somewhat miserable.

"Okay, I promise, no more jokes," I said.

I walked over to the bed and leaned down to kiss him. I was only going to kiss his cheek but he purposely turned his head so that our mouths met. The kiss was brief but no less passionate for its brevity. I blushed as I left the room.

As I was walking down the hall, who was coming toward me but Gregg.

"What are you doing here?" I asked.

"I couldn't sleep. I wanted to see how you were doing."

"I'm doing great. Much better than I have in days."

"What's up?" he asked, looking at me strangely. "You been stealing Vince's pain meds, bro?"

"No. His mother and father are in there with him. I told the old lady off and we came to a reconciliation."

"You're kidding? That's great."

"Yeah. I'm headin' down to the cafeteria to have something to eat and let them be alone for a while. Come with me."

"Sure. You know me, I can always eat. At least that's what Dar always says."

"Hey, have I told you lately how much I love you?" I said, holding onto his arm.

"No, come to think of it, you haven't."

I reached up and put my arms around his neck and hugged him.

"Well, I do love you -- very, very much, big bro."

He wrapped his strong arms around me and hugged.

"And I love you, little bro. Very, very much."

And we stood there for a while, just holding each other and enjoying the closeness. Then my stomach growled and we broke up laughing.

"I think we'd better get you something to eat."

We went off to the cafeteria and I was able to eat finally. Gregg and I just talked for a while. Nothing earth shattering or emotional. We mostly talked about what two jocks talk about -- our sport. But it was the longest time we'd spent just being with each other in a long time.

"I've missed this," Gregg said.

"What? Talk about wrestling?"

"Nah! Spending time together. Just hang out, without Dar or Vince. Just the two of us."

"Yeah, it has been a while. Things have been so crazy," I said.

"Yeah, well, when Vince is better, we gotta start doin' it again. I've missed you, bro.

"Yes, we will. I've missed you, too. I guess I should get back to Vince. Please, come with me. I feel a little overwhelmed up there."

"Okay. I wanted to see how he's doing anyway."

"Oh, I think you'll see a definite improvement."

“Like in you?”

“Yeah, bro. Like in me.”

We went on upstairs. Vince’s parents were still there. His dad was sitting on the bed and had Vince in his arms. It was a beautiful sight. His mother got up from sitting by Vince’s bed when we walked in.

“Hey, Gregg, I want you to meet my parents,” Vince said.

“This is my brother, Gregg,” I said to Vince’s mother and father. “These are Vince’s parents, Gregg, Mr. and Mrs. Collucci.”

“I’m pleased to meet you folks,” Gregg said.

“Well, you two look so much like each other that no one could mistake that you’re brothers,” Vince’s mother said.

“We’re alike in many ways,” Gregg added quietly.

Vince’s mother raised one eyebrow at this.

“Oh, I see. That’s very interesting. Sometime, we’ll have to discuss that.”

“We should get out of here and let Vince get some rest. We can see him tomorrow,” Vince’s father said.

They said good-bye to Vince and to me. They both hugged me just as they did Vince and then said good-bye to Gregg.

“Don’t go, Gregg. I’m glad you came by,” Vince said.

We both sat down and the three of us talked for an hour or so. Then I noticed that Vince was starting to tire and so did Gregg. He hugged Vince and me and then he left.

“You’re not going, too, are you?” Vince asked.

“No, babe. I haven’t slept without you since that first night we made love. I’m not letting you fuck things up just because you get cancer.”

I sat down and took his hand in mine and he settled down and went back to sleep. I sat watching him until I evidently fell asleep too because the next thing I knew, a nurse was shaking me awake so that they could take Vince’s vitals.

Chapter Nine

The next year was a very tough year in many ways. While Vince didn't require any radiation or chemotherapy, there were still monthly tests keeping us constantly on pins and needles waiting for the results, scared that the cancer would reappear. There were also some residual emotional problems for Vince.

One of the things that I loved to do was to smell and lick his balls. The hairy ball-sac between his legs exuded some of the most delectable male smells his body could produce and the hair seemed to keep them fragrant. But after the operation, Vince wouldn't let me anywhere near his scrotal sac. At first, he claimed it was painful but after a few months, when all pain should have left, I told him that if it still hurt he needed to say something to Dr. O'Neal about it. But he adamantly refused.

It was at this point I began to suspect that there was something else wrong. I went to Dr. O'Neal myself because I was worried. He saw me one afternoon in his office at the university medical center.

"So what's up, Drew? Is Vince all right?"

"I don't know. That's why I wanted to talk to you."

"You sound worried. What is it?"

"I don't know any other way to put this but bluntly. I'm sorry if you're bothered by it."

"Don't worry about that. I can handle most things."

"Well ... okay ... it's like this ... one of the things that I loved to do to Vince when we had sex before the operation was to lick and suck at his balls. Ever since the operation, he won't let me anywhere near his scrotum. He keeps saying it hurts. I told him if it still hurt maybe he should talk to you but he's totally resisted doing so."

"Hmm ... I don't think that's the problem. I've examined him every month and he's never showed any signs of pain when I've manipulated his testicle in its sac."

"Then what is it?"

"This happens in a lot of guys, especially younger ones. They think that they've been 'mutilated,' that they've been made 'less than a man' by the loss of one of their testicles. Or they feel that they're now 'ugly' because they have only one testicle."

"But none of that's true. He doesn't really look any different at all."

"Reality has nothing to do with feelings, Drew. This is in his head. It's not based on anything that's true."

"So what can I do?"

"Well ... you might try getting him to some kind of counseling. I could set something up."

"That might be a last resort, but I know Vince. He's not going to be very open to talking about this with a stranger. Now that I know what's wrong, maybe I could talk to him?"

"Yes, you can try that. It would be best if it was you. After all, you're his mate. This is something that you both need to work out between you."

"Okay. Then that's what I'll do. Thank you, Doctor. Thank you for everything."

"Drew, I want you to know something. I never said anything because, for the most part, I don't think that it's a good idea to reveal too much of one's personal life to patients but, I have a partner, too. He was a jock. He played

football here. I do understand what you two are going through.”

I looked at him in surprise. I always figured that Dr. O’Neal was sympathetic to Vince and me but now I clearly understood why.

“I know. You don’t act gay either,” he said, smiling.

I laughed. Then I did something I never had done in my life, I reached over and hugged a doctor. He hesitated for a moment and then hugged me back. Then we broke apart and stood there smiling shyly at each other.

“Let me know what happens,” Dr. O’Neal finally said.

“I will. And thank you -- thank you for trusting us.”

I waited until the next time that we made love to try and lick Vince’s ball-sac again. He again pushed me away, saying that it hurt. I moved up until we were looking at each other.

“No it doesn’t. That’s a lie,” I said, calmly.

Vince looked at me in consternation.

“I talked to Dr. O’Neal myself. He told me that he’s examined you every month and you don’t have any pain there. Now what the fuck is going on with you?”

He didn’t say anything. Worse, he averted his eyes and wouldn’t look at me.

“Vince, talk to me. Please. Remember -- no secrets between us,” I begged him.

He finally looked at me, his eyes full of pain.

“I ... I’m ... ugly down there,” he said quietly.

So that was it. Just what Dr. O’Neal had told me.

“No, you’re not, Vince. In fact, you don’t look much different at all.”

He looked at me askance, like I was lying to him.

“I’m serious. Vince, I love your sac. I always have. I love to chew on it, lick it, and smell it. I promise you, the only thing that’s changed is there’s more sac for me to suck on.”

“Do you really mean that?”

“Yes, Vince. I really mean that. Let me prove it to you.”

Without waiting for an answer from him, I moved down until my face was at his groin. I let him watch me sniffing deeply of his ball-sac, filling my nose with the wonderful masculine scent there. Then I began gently licking at it and heard him groan. I was entranced with the salty, tangy taste of him. I drew the sac into my mouth and began to gently nibble and suck at it. His groans grew louder.

I let his sac slip from my lips and moved back up the bed. I pressed my mouth to his in a deep kiss and let him taste the musk from his ball-sac on and in my mouth. He moaned and wrapped his arms around me, holding me tightly to him. We kissed for a long time.

“Believe me now?”

“Yeah,” he answered sheepishly. “I’m an asshole.”

“No, worse. You’re a human being. You’ve been through a lot of trauma, babe. I figured some of it would come out somehow.”

He buried his face in my shoulder and I felt his body shaking. He was crying. I just held him and gently stroked him until he calmed down.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to lie to you. I just didn’t want you to touch me down there. I felt so ugly,” he murmured, his voice muffled.

“Vince, you could never be ugly to me -- no matter what. I love you. I love the real you -- not just your body or your big cock. If I lost an arm or something, would you not want to fuck me anymore?”

“Fuck, no! I’d still want to fuck you. I love you!” he swore. Then he stopped and just looked at me for a moment. I could almost see things in his head rearranging themselves. “Okay. I get it. I’m really sorry.”

“I am, too. I really missed smelling your sac.”

He smiled and that was the end of Vince’s hang-ups about only having one ball.

The cancer did not reappear. Dr. O’Neal turned over Vince’s case to one of the nurse practitioners who worked with him. I couldn’t believe this young guy knew so much and was so gentle in dealing with Vince. All the tests remained negative. Six months after the surgery, Dr. O’Neal gave Vince permission to return to the mats and begin working out with the team again. The day he returned, every member of the team gave him a standing ovation. He just stood there, looking at all the guys. I saw tears come to his eyes but I doubt if anybody else noticed or, if they did, they were gracious enough not to say anything about it.

By the end of the year, Vince was cleared to begin competing again and I hoped that things would go back to normal but this ordeal had changed both of us. We lost that invulnerable feeling that we’d had as teenagers and, instead, gained a real sense of our own mortality. Vince and I began to talk very seriously what we wanted most out of life.

Out of these discussions came several things. First of all, I changed my major. I decided that what I wanted more than anything was to become a nurse practitioner. After the way that I’d seen the nurse practitioner take care of Vince, I wanted to be able to help other guys like that. I talked to Dr. O’Neal and he went to the dean of the nursing school and I was admitted to the nursing program. It was going to mean a lot more study, but I didn’t mind. This meant a lot to me -- and to Vince. His reaction to my decision was one of deep pride. He was my best and greatest cheerleader. His support meant more than anything because I knew that the additional study was going to result in me being there for him less than I had been.

Vince, on the other hand, decided that the best place he could be was in education. He wanted to help develop young people through sports and through learning. He decided that he would study history so that he could teach social studies as well as physical education. He wanted to be a high school wrestling coach as well as a teacher.

But out of all our discussions, we came up against one thing that neither of us knew what to do about. We wanted a child. A son to raise. That, we didn’t have the faintest idea how to pull off. Even if Tony’s partner had done it, he and his lover were financially stable. Vince and I were still in school and didn’t have the proverbial “pot to piss in.”

Gregg was getting ready to begin his career as assistant head coach and Dar had finished his course work in physical therapy and was preparing to take his state boards. He was already working on the staff of the athletic department and one night they came to our room to talk.

“We’ve been out looking at houses for the last few weeks,” Dar said. “That’s why you haven’t seen too much of us.”

“We’ve been so busy, to be honest, we hardly noticed,” I said.

“Well ... that’s the reason that we wanted to talk to you both.”

“Yeah, bro. We’ve found this house that we think would be perfect,” Gregg said.

“That’s great,” I stated, happy for them finding what they were looking for.

“We think it would be perfect ... for all of us,” Gregg informed us.

Vince and I looked at him quizzically.

“What do you mean? For all of us?” Vince asked.

“He means that what we found is the huge old Victorian mansion that was made into a two-family home. One upstairs, one downstairs with a separate entrance for each,” Dar stated.

“We want you both to take the upstairs apartment,” Gregg said.

I looked at Vince.

“We’d love to, Gregg, but ... we just can’t afford it. At least not until I get a job,” Vince answered.

“We didn’t say we wanted you to rent it. We said we wanted you to move into it. The price of the house is so low and with the financing that my dad arranged for us, we can easily afford it,” Dar told us.

“Besides, Coach has already found you a job.” Gregg grinned at Vince.

“What do you mean, Coach has already found me a job?”

“He just saw me down at the gym and told me about it. Seems that an old friend of his is a coach at a local high school. The school needs a social studies teacher and he’s willing to take you on as an assistant coach for wrestling. Coach wants to see you about it this afternoon after practice,” Gregg told Vince.

“But I’ve still got a long way to go in school,” I reminded them.

“We realize that,” Dar agreed. “The house is very close to the university medical center where you’ll probably be spending most of your time anyway.”

I looked at Vince, who just shrugged his shoulders at me. I took this to mean that it was up to me -- whatever I wanted.

“We’d love to have a place of our own. We don’t know how to thank you,” I gushed and Vince nodded his agreement.

“You don’t have to thank us. We want you close to us. You’re our family. Okay?” Dar said.

“Yeah, bro. We gotta stick together,” Gregg added.

I got up off the bed where Vince and I had been sitting and walked over to Gregg. I hugged him and then hugged Dar.

“Thanks, guys. I really don’t know what to say.”

“Don’t say anything. Just get a jacket on. We wanna show you our new home.” Gregg grinned.

The house was magnificent. Huge rooms with high ceilings. It would take some paint and repair, but it was nothing the four of us couldn’t handle. There was one surprise, however. Along with the beautiful balconies our second floor section of the house had, there was an attic room which had been created. In the back of my mind, I thought about what a wonderful room for a little boy it would make. Then I mentally slapped myself for even having such thoughts. What chance was there that Vince and I could have a child? About the same as hell freezing over.

A few months later, the four of us moved into the house. One thing that Vince and I quickly realized is that we didn’t have any furniture to speak of -- only the double bed that Vince bought us when we first became lovers. We also didn’t have a vehicle and now that we weren’t living in the dorms, that became a necessity. We were able to get some great furniture at a local thrift shop -- a couch and chair, some end tables, and a great wooden kitchen table along with chairs for it. We also picked up a couple of large chests of drawers for the bedroom as well as a couple of desks. We put the desks in the smaller of the two bedrooms which became a den for us. I could study while Vince would grade papers. The attic room was the only one which remained basically unfurnished. However, that’s where we put our double bed from the dorm, finally buying a king-sized one for our bedroom. After all, neither Vince nor I were small by any means and having more room not only fit our sizes, but allowed for more creative positions for lovemaking.

Coach was able to find us an old pickup truck so we were finally mobile. Vince took it to work most days since

his work was farther away. I simply walked over to the campus or the medical center. Pretty soon our lives got into a kind of routine, but one where Vince and I didn't see as much of one another. The internship for a nurse practitioner is a hard one. Long days and nights with no sleep is a foolish way, it seems to me, to train but it's what is traditional.

I was finally home one night and Vince had made dinner. I still couldn't cook but, thank God, Vince had learned how with his mother's help. She'd been supplying him with some of her recipes and, while they weren't as good as she could make them, they sure were close.

"Vince, this is really excellent!" I exclaimed, wolfing down more of the lasagna he'd made.

"Thanks. It's not quite like Mama's yet, but I'm workin' on it."

"It's better than anything I get at the hospital," I assured him. "So what's for dessert?"

"What would you like?"

"Oh, I think a nice uncut tube steak up my ass."

"I think that's already on the menu," he said, standing up and showing me his hard cock poking a tent in his sweat pants.

I reached over and gently squeezed his erection through the thin material.

"Fuck! I miss you being home,"

"No more than I miss it, babe. It will soon be over. I take my boards next month and then I'm a full-fledged nurse practitioner. I won't have to be gone all the time."

"I had to marry a doctor."

"Well, not exactly a doctor -- but close enough. Now, shall we take this to the bedroom?"

"Yeah," he said. Grabbing my hand which still had hold of his cock, he pulled me up out of my chair.

We went into the bedroom and stripped. Vince got on the bed, lying on his back. I knelt over him, bending down to press my lips to his as his hands roamed up my hips and my back. He knew what I was heading for. This is how I always started when I wanted to "ride" him. I loved this position because I loved the feelings of control but also loved the view of Vince squirming under me as he came closer to coming.

"Swing around and sit on my face so I can get you wet," Vince said when I pulled my mouth from his.

Getting up, I stood and turned around. Reaching back, I put my hands on the bookcase headboard above our bed to support me as I spread my legs and lowered my ass to Vince's face. His hands came up and grabbed my ass cheeks, spreading them apart further and stopping my descent when I was a few inches above his face. I could hear his deep breathing as he took in deep breaths of my ass scent, moaning as he did so. Then I felt the exhilaration of his wet, raspy tongue sliding through my butt cheeks. I can never decide which I like best -- eating Vince's butt or having him eat mine. Actually, what I loved best was our butt-eating 69s when we mutually pleased each other's asses with our mouths and tongues.

Vince's mouth locked around the opening to my ass and began to suck on my hole. I pressed down on my muscles, relaxing my hole and opening for him as much as I could as his tongue stabbed through my ring and he was licking up inside me. God! The feeling of his tongue fucking my eager butt was absolutely overwhelming. It had been several days since he fucked me and my ass felt really deprived. I couldn't wait until we were back on a more normal schedule so that we could get at each other on a more regular basis. This last three years had been hell on our sex life.

I groaned as Vince continued to eat me out, looking down at his gorgeous cock as it pawed the air and dripped pre-cum in anticipation of again finding a warm, wet home up inside me where I believed that it belonged on a permanent basis. One thing that I was truly grateful for was that the cancer and the surgery had in no way

adversely affected Vince's virility, stamina, or ardor for me. He was still the incredibly horny, virile jock that he had been when I first saw him on the mats at the state championships years before. Only now, he was mine -- just as I was his. Those gold wedding bands that we wore testified to our commitment to each other and never had I been even the least tempted by any other male.

Vince finally had me as wet as he wanted me and let me know this by withdrawing his tongue and pushing up on my buns. I stood up and turned around and began squatting down on his cock as he held it straight up. I could feel his hood peeling back as my hole slid over the top of it and down his long, thick organ. While I was very used to his cock, because we didn't get to fuck as often as we used to, it took a little while for my chute to relax and allow me to slide completely down until I was resting on his pubic hair. I then relaxed for a moment before beginning to fuck myself on his hard-on.

What I didn't expect, at that moment, was for the phone to start ringing on the bookcase headboard above us. Because I was still on call at the hospital, I had to answer it. Vince groaned in frustration as I reached for it.

"Hello?" I grunted.

"Andrew? This is Papa. I need to talk to *Vincenzo*."

He sounded like it was an emergency.

"Okay, Papa. He's right here," I said and then put my hand over the mouthpiece. "It's your dad, and he sounds like something is wrong."

Vince took the phone from me.

"Yeah, Papa? What is it? What's the matter ... yeah ... Oh, my God! How did it happen? ... Oh, Jesus! ... yeah ... we'll be there ... it will take about an hour ... okay, Papa. See you then," Vince said as I sat there, impaled on his cock. However, I felt his cock softening as he spoke so that, by the time he handed the phone back to me to hang up, it was obvious he was no longer hard. In fact, the muscles in my ass pushed him out so that we were no longer connected. I got off his groin and lay down beside him.

"What the fuck's happened?"

"Fuckin' Gina's dead," he answered cryptically.

"Who's Gina?"

Vince looked at me like I was nuts for a minute and then he grinned sheepishly.

"I'm sorry. Of course you wouldn't know who she is. The family never talks about her. My dad had one brother -- Anthony. He had one daughter -- Gina. She's my first cousin. Uncle Tony's wife died a number of years ago and Uncle Tony raised Gina on his own. When she got to be about sixteen, she went wild. Drugs, getting arrested, everything. She finally ran away and nobody knew where she was for a while. Uncle Tony searched for her, though. Even got a private detective. He finally found her but she was a junkie. He put her through rehab and things might have gone okay but right after she got out, Uncle Tony died of a heart attack. She disappeared again right after that and nobody's heard anything from her since. That was a couple of years before I met you. That's why you haven't heard anything about this. Nobody in the family wanted to talk about it."

"So she's dead?"

"Yeah. Heroin overdose, Papa said. But that's not the worst part. Evidently, in the meantime, she had a kid. A little boy. He's three years old. Papa wants to have a family meeting to decide what the fuck to do with him. We have to go there. Can you get time off?"

"I can call the chief of nurses and see. Dorothy knows I've never taken time off before and this is a family emergency. How long will we need to be gone?"

"Not more than a couple of days. I might add, Papa asked specifically for you to be there. I think you realize what that means."

“Yeah. I do.”

Over time, not only had Vince and my relationship been accepted by his mother and father but I had truly become part of the family. I knew that I had a responsibility to be there just like Vince did. I got up off the bed and went into the den and pulled out my phone list and called Dorothy at home. I explained the situation to her and she gladly gave me permission to be gone for three days. I told her I probably didn't need that much time but she said that was what was usually given for funeral leave and she felt things might be more complicated than I realized. I don't know how the lady got psychic, but she couldn't have been more right.

I went back into the bedroom and asked Vince what we needed to do now.

“Well, we'll need to pack for a couple of days but that shouldn't take long. And, I'd suggest we take a shower. Together,” he said, leering and waggling his eyebrows at me, letting me know that he was not about to give up the chance for us to make love -- no matter what.

I laughed at him and headed toward the bathroom. We got into the shower together and I adjusted the water. Vince got behind me and slipped his hands around my front and started playing with my nips. I groaned at his touch and then I felt his cock nuzzling into the crack of my butt, a heat-seeking missile looking for a place to warm itself. I pushed back against it and felt his cock begin sliding back into my hole. I groaned at the feeling and as he bottomed out inside of me, I leaned my head back against his shoulder.

“Sneaky bugger, aren't you,” I moaned.

“Mmm. And you love it,” he murmured, his lips against the skin of my throat.

“Oh, yeah! I love every fucking inch of it.”

Vince wrapped his arms around me and began slowly fucking me. Finally, he pushed me forward and I put my hands against the tile wall, bracing myself as he began to slam into my hole.

“Yeah! I love this fuckin' ass. Fuck! You've got the wettest, hottest ass I've ever fucked,”

He continued to pound me as he reached down and began stroking my hard cock in rhythm with his cock in my ass.

“Oh, fuck! Breed my ass! You're gonna make me come,” I groaned.

“Yeah! Come for me, babe. I want to feel your ass squeezin' my cock as you shoot,” he growled into my ear.

“AHH! FUCK!” I blew my load all over the wall of the shower.

Vince continued pounding my hole as I came and then within moments, I could hear him shouting as well.

“FUCK! YEAH! TAKE MY LOAD!”

I could feel his cock jerking in my butt as he unloaded what felt like a massive amount of cum. So much, in fact, that I could feel it dripping out of my hole around his cock as he leaned against my back in exhaustion.

“Oh, fuck! That was incredible,” I murmured, being the first of us to get enough breath to talk.

I felt Vince licking and sucking at the back of my neck as his cock slowly began to soften and slide out of my ass. Then he reached down and gently began to massage the outside of my hole, feeling his cum sliding out of me.

“Oh, fuck, yeah,” I moaned, loving the feeling of what he was doing to me.

Vince continued to massage my hole for a few more minutes and then, grabbed my shoulders and turned me around. Our mouths sought each other's in a wet, passionate kiss.

“How was that?” Vince asked, pulling his mouth from mine.

“I'm pretty sure that registered on the Richter scale,” I replied, leaning forward and gently nibbling his chin.

“Mmm ... stop that,” he said, pulling away from me. “You know that will get me started again and we don't have time. We need to get on the road.”

We finished the shower as quickly as we could, which wasn't quick because we were still busy touching and washing each other. Finally we finished and went to the bedroom and pulled out the duffels that we used to use for away matches when we were still on the wrestling team. We'd never bothered to get other luggage since we never traveled anywhere except to his parents' house for holidays and such.

"Oh, we should tell Dar and Gregg where we're going," I said.

"Why don't you do that while I take these down and get the truck started, babe?"

"Okay." I headed downstairs to Dar and Gregg's apartment. When I got there, I knocked at the door.

The door opened after I saw the peephole go dark and then light again as someone looked out to see who it was. There stood my brother, naked as usual. He certainly loved being without clothes. I knew from Dar that any chance he got, he was naked.

"What's up, bro?" Gregg asked.

"We have to go to Vince's mom and dad's. It's a family emergency. His cousin Gina's died of an overdose and there's this family meeting. We'll be gone a couple of days."

"Okay. We'll look out for things. Let us know if we can do anything, okay?"

"Yes, I will. Give my love to Dar. We'll see you in a couple of days," I said, heading out to the truck.

"So? Did you tell Gregg and Dar?" Vince asked as I climbed into the truck.

"Yes, I told my naturist brother."

"Naturist?"

"Yes. As usual, Gregg was naked when I told him."

"Smart man. Cuts down on laundry that way and it's a fuck of a lot more comfortable than clothes."

"Well, I knew you'd agree with him. You never wear clothes unless you have to."

"And you mind?"

"Did I say I did? I love seeing you naked."

"So why don't you join the team?"

"Okay," I said and before his eyes, I slipped off my T-shirt and jeans right there in the truck cab.

And, since I don't wear underwear, I was then completely naked.

"Well, I didn't exactly mean right this minute, but I like it." Vince laughed.

"So do I. I just hope that we don't pass any semis."

"Don't worry. I'll stay in the right lane. Even if one does, the driver won't be able to see you." With this, he reached over and began running his fingers through my pubic hair.

"Hey! Keep both hands on the wheel," I yelled.

"Fuck that!" He laughed.

"Well, two can play at that game," I said, reaching over and groping him through the sweat pants he was wearing.

"Mmm! Yeah."

"Think that feels good, just wait." I then leaned over and, pulling the elastic waistband of his sweats open, slipped his hardening cock into my mouth.

"Oh, fuck! You want me to wreck the truck?"

"You just keep the truck on the road. I'll take care of things down here," I said, pulling off his hard cock for a moment before taking him back, fully down my throat.

“Oh, God! That feels so good!”

So on we rode, Vince driving as best he could and me slowly sucking on his very large and tasty cock. Deep throating him was easy considering how much pre-cum he was making, flooding my mouth and throat with it, making things very slippery indeed.

After about half an hour, Vince started really groaning and I could feel his cock swelling and getting even stiffer in my throat. I knew he was going to come. I just hoped he wouldn't wreck the truck as he did. I could feel us turning off the road, however, and the truck coming to a stop as his cock began belching out his thick, creamy load of cum down my throat. I didn't even need to swallow. His cock was buried so far down my throat that it all went straight to my stomach.

When his cock began to soften again, I pulled off and sat up. He grinned at me as he started the truck and headed back out onto the road again.

“You know you could have killed us, don't you?” But he was chuckling as he said it.

“I knew you'd find a way to take care of things -- and me. You always do.”

He looked at me with love in his eyes.

“Seems I remember you being the one taking care of me.”

“Nah! Just making sure my investment was secure.”

“Your investment?”

“Sure. I've got a lot invested in you, mister. You've got my heart, my soul, and my whole life. Gotta make sure you're around to take care of them,” I said, leaning over and kissing him gently on the cheek.

He blushed a deep red. I could tell that he was very embarrassed by my expression of love for him.

“You gonna stay naked the whole way?” he finally asked.

“Yeah. I thought I would.”

“Well, if you're gonna stay that way, I'm gonna play,” he said, reaching over and grabbing my cock which was still hard from giving him a blowjob.

Having gotten him off, I hadn't gotten off. Now Vince began to gently stroke my cock and I began squirming on the seat. He knew exactly how to do it. I couldn't really do it any better myself. I was really hot, however, after doing him and within a few strokes, I knew I couldn't hold out any longer. “Vince, I'm gonna come,” I cried out.

“Yeah! Come for me, babe. Come now!” Vince said, speeding up his stroking.

That was all it took.

“FUCK!” I felt my cum spraying all over my chest and abs.

I looked down, watching his hand gently stroke me through my orgasm and then he started mopping up my cum with his hand and taking it to his mouth to lick off.

“Come on. Help me get it all.”

I dipped my fingers into the warm cum on my chest and brought my fingers to his mouth. I felt him sucking at my fingers, lapping up my cum. Like that, we cleaned me up and then I pulled my jeans and T-shirt back on as we continued on to Vince's parents' house.

“I love traveling with you,” Vince murmured, pulling me close, keeping his arm around me.

Chapter Ten

We arrived at Vince's parents' house at about eleven p.m. Though it was usually way past their bedtime, Mama and Papa were both waiting up for us. They kissed and hugged us when we walked through the door.

"Oh, it's so good to see my sons home," Mama exclaimed.

In the back of my head, I was amazed at the irony of this. Just a few years ago, she was calling me *strano* (queer) -- not her son. But all of that was over now. I think in some ways, Vince had always been her favorite because he was the youngest. Now that favoritism seemed to have haloed around both of us. Even though Vince's older brother Tony had given her grandsons and his oldest brother David was a priest, Vince and I were the ones who were special to Mama and Papa. We were also the ones who would drop everything and come running when they needed help but, then again, we were freer to do so because we didn't have kids or a parish depending on us -- just each other.

As we stood there in the foyer of the old two-story house, I suddenly looked up and I could see, coming slowly down the stairs, a little boy. Slender, almost emaciated, with huge brown eyes and dark brown hair, wearing just a pair of white briefs, he was sucking his thumb and looking at me with what seemed to be both curiosity and fear. As he reached the bottom of the stairs, Vince and his parents were talking so nobody noticed me or the boy. I got down in a crouch as he approached. I held out my arms and he walked into them, wrapping one arm around my neck, the other firmly holding his thumb in his mouth. I wrapped one arm around his waist and the other under his little butt and lifted him up as I stood. I didn't realize it then, but he must have had another arm -- the one that, in that moment, wrapped itself permanently around my heart.

The feel of this little warm body in my arms was something I couldn't explain if I tried. All I knew is that it made me feel very protective and very attached. Bill Cosby once made the joke that God made children cute so that their parents wouldn't kill them. That may be true. But children are also cute so that they can worm their way instantly into our hearts and take over our lives. At least that's what this little boy seemed to do. All of a sudden, I knew that, no matter what, I wanted this child for Vince and me. I wanted this child to be a part of our lives. I wanted this child to come home with us. Of course, at the same time, I was scaring the fuck out of myself at these thoughts. What would we do with a kid? How would we raise him? Our lives were so busy now we barely had time for each other.

Vince and his parents finally noticed my movement and turned to see me holding the child. All conversation ceased for a moment.

"So who is this?" I asked.

"This is Gina's boy, *Andreuccio*," Vincent's dad said.

"*Andreuccio*?" I asked, not recognizing the Italian name.

"Babe, his name is Andrew. *Andreuccio* is Italian for Andy," Vince said, smiling at me.

"Andrew? Well! You've got my name," I said to the small boy who was still clinging to me like he was afraid to let me go.

He looked curiously at me.

"My name is Andrew, too."

At this, he pulled his thumb from his mouth and gave me a huge smile. He then replaced the thumb and lay his head on my shoulder, quite content, it seemed, to be with me. Vince's mother looked at me in amazement and then at her husband. There was a quick flow of Italian between them, none of which I could understand but Papa finally looked at Mama with a significant look -- as if he'd won an argument. He then turned to me.

"He seems to like you. He has barely let anyone hold him since he's been here," Papa said.

Vince moved closer to see the little boy in my arms. At this, little Andrew again removed his thumb from his mouth and reached out to grab hold of Vincent until we were standing there, Andrew in my arms and Vincent's arms around both of us. I looked over and Mama and Papa were beaming at us, Papa with his arm around Mama.

All of a sudden, something dawned on me -- there wasn't going to be a family meeting. Mama and Papa had already decided who Andrew was going to live with -- Vince and me. Oh, fuck! How in the fuck were we going to pull this off? True, Vince and I had talked about having children, but not now. Vince was just getting started in his career and I hadn't even completed my nursing boards yet. This was not a good time for us to take on the responsibility of a child. Looking at Vincent's beaming parents, and then at Vincent, who was obviously totally enthralled by the little boy, I realized that good time or not, there wasn't going to be much choice in the matter. But I decided to take one good stab at pushing away this responsibility if I could.

"Uhh ... he certainly is a cute little boy. I would think he'd get along well with Tony's little boys," I said.

"Oh, you don't know," Mama exclaimed. "We just found out last week. Debbie's going to have another baby. They're so hoping for a little girl. So am I. It would be so nice to have a little girl in the family after all these boys."

Oh, shit! Well, so much for that. And I'm sure that David was in no position to raise a child. Among the family, all that left to raise little Andrew were Vince and me. I looked down at the little boy in my arms and then at Vince. He was looking down at Andrew and I could tell, he was completely in love with the boy. I had only seen that look of love on his face before when he was looking at me. I knew there was no chance of Vince accepting any other outcome but that of this little boy becoming our son.

"He's already got your name," Vincent said softly, looking at me.

"Yeah, I get it. Okay, you know what this is going to mean, don't you? You know how much responsibility this is."

"It's what we've always talked about, dreamed about. At least I have," Vince said quietly.

"And I have, too. I just thought that we'd be a little more established before we seriously considered this."

"Well, God moves in mysterious ways," Vince said, grinning at me.

"Now you want to get religious on me!" And with this we both laughed.

This seemed to pull Andrew even further out of himself and he rose up in my arms and laughed with us, clapping his hands together. I looked over and Mama and Papa were still beaming at us. It suddenly dawned on me how far Mama had to have come to allow this little boy to be raised by two males who she knew were gay, even if one was her youngest son. Well, perhaps eventually the world could change if Mama could. I guess all it took was love -- and that's something I promised myself that this little boy was not going to lack the way I had growing up. However, looking at Vince, I knew that between the two of us, this boy was never going to ever doubt that he was loved and cherished.

"Mama. Papa. Do you want us to take him?" Vince asked.

"Yes, *Vincenzo*, that is precisely what we want," Papa said and I could hear the weight of him being the head of the family behind his words.

"What about Tony and David? How do they feel about it?" I asked.

"They were the first ones to suggest it," Papa answered me.

“Mama, are you really okay with this?” Vince asked.

“*Si, Vincenzo*. I am very happy. I know how you and Drew have wanted children.”

“But, Mama, we never told you about that.”

“You didn’t need to, *Vincenzo*, you’re my son. I know you. All I had to do was see you with your nephews and I knew. I could see it in both of you,” Mama said, looking from Vince to me.

“So what do we have to do?” I asked.

“There is a social worker for the state that you will have to meet with. We’ve told her about the two of you already. She says placement, because you are family, is just a formality. You have to sign some papers. She said she’d come here to the house tomorrow after the funeral,” Papa said.

“Funeral?” I asked.

“For Gina. David is going to say a funeral mass for her,” Papa said. “We will all be there. Unfortunately, I don’t think there will be anybody else.”

“You boys look tired after your long drive. I think we should all go up to bed now. We have a busy day tomorrow,” Mama said. “Why don’t you put *Andreuccio* to bed? We put him in David’s old room, *Vincenzo*, and we thought the two of you could take your old room like always.”

“Okay, Mama,” Vince said, letting go of Andrew and me and hugging his mother and kissing her.

“Good night, Mama. Papa,” I said and followed Vince upstairs with Andrew still in my arms.

When we got to the top of the stairs, Vince led me to the room which had been David’s when he was growing up. We put little Andrew back to bed and tucked him in, both of us kissing him good night and him kissing both of us. As we went to leave, we both turned back and stood in the doorway, looking down on this little boy who was now going to be our son. Vince put his arm around me and kissed me gently and then led me down the hall to the room which used to be his. This is where we always stayed when we visited. The room luckily had a double bed in it so that we could sleep together as usual. However, it seemed a little cramped to us after our king-sized bed at home.

I lay there wondering how my brother and his lover were going to deal with “the patter of little feet” above their heads -- how they would deal with Vince and me having a child. I wondered if they were ready to become Uncle Gregg and Uncle Dar. I figured they were. I knew that my brother wanted to have a child and I was pretty sure Dar did as well. Maybe Vince and I beating them to it would cause them to finally take the plunge into parenthood themselves.

Vince and I stripped naked, as usual, and lay down. We were both so tired from the drive and from our activity during it, that neither of us seemed particularly interested in sex -- at least not right then. There would be plenty of time in the morning. Actually, being in his parents’ house was rather daunting where sex was concerned to my mind. After all, we needed to be silent and that just wasn’t us. Our lovemaking always involved loud grunts, groans and not a small amount of rather obscene exclamations which just didn’t seem appropriate in his parents’ house.

But, just as always, Vince and I were curled up together to sleep. I was lying with my back toward him with him spooned up against me. I could feel his hairy chest and stomach against my smooth back and I could also feel the heat of his genitals against my bare ass. I knew that there was a good chance that his cock would wake me up in the morning, poking me in the butt. Sometimes, it slid right inside me. In fact, I got so used to this, I sometimes didn’t even wake up when it did. Vince’s one arm was under my head and his other was around my chest and I was almost asleep when I suddenly had that very strong feeling of someone staring at me. I opened my eyes, and looked straight into this pair of very large dark ones, looking back at me. For a moment, I couldn’t figure out what or who it was and then I remembered -- Andrew.

“What’s up, sport? Couldn’t sleep?” I murmured.

“What?” Vince said sleepily behind me.

“Not you, lover. It would seem we have company.”

Vince rose up and looked over my shoulder while resting his chin on it.

“Andy? What’s up, guy?” Vince asked him.

Andy didn’t say a word. He just reached out his arms toward me.

“Vince, what’s he want?” I asked, not knowing what this gesture meant.

“I’m not sure but I think he wants you to pick him up. I think he wants to sleep with us.”

I reached out and picked Andrew up, pulling him up onto the bed with us. He immediately lay down, his back toward me and his head on my arm so that I was spooned to him, just the way that Vince was spooned to me.

“Well, I guess you were right,” I said to Vince who had watched this entire maneuver. “So what now?”

“I guess you put your arm around him and we go to sleep.”

“Shouldn’t he be in his own bed?”

“Considering what he’s been through, losing his mom and all, I don’t think it will hurt for him to sleep with us. I think he needs the comfort and affection.”

“Fine with me. If you’re okay with it, I’m okay with it,” I said and, leaning down, kissed the little head that was nestled on my arm.

Andrew wiggled so that he was even closer to me and I could tell by his regular breathing that he was already asleep. The next thing I could hear was Vince’s equally regular breathing telling me that my lover was also asleep. So there I lay, sandwiched by two males who defined the borders of love and security in my life. Contentedly, I joined them in sleep.

The next morning, however, proved a bit problematic. As I predicted, I awoke to Vince’s hard cock poking me in the butt and coming damned close to slipping inside. And my cock was just as hard as his. The only problem was, mine was pressed up against little Andrew’s back. Noticing this caused a sudden deflation in my groin. However, I soon felt the prickly feeling of Vince’s beard growth against my shoulders and the wet raspiness of his tongue as he licked the back of my neck.

“Uhh ... we’ve got company, remember?” I groaned as quietly as I could.

I felt Vince freeze in place and then pull up so that he could look over my shoulder. He then saw the small body of Andrew, pressed up against me and asleep.

“Oh, fuck! I forgot about him.”

“Well, you were the one who thought it was a good idea to let him sleep with us.”

“Okay. I was half asleep. I wasn’t exactly thinking clearly,” Vince grumbled.

“We’ll get this worked out. Just think, now we know how straight people live.”

“Very funny,” Vince growled. “Well, I guess we might as well get up and have breakfast.”

“Typical male -- if you can’t have sex, you want food.”

“Yeah? You ain’t no woman you know. Tell me you ain’t hungry, huh?”

“Yes, I’m hungry, too. Better yet, I’ll bet my little namesake here is as well,” I said, reaching down and stroking Andrew’s back gently.

This must have finally woken him because he turned over and looked up at us. He smiled and then rose up on the bed, first grabbing my neck and kissing me and then doing the same to Vince.

“Good morning, sport,” I said.

“Yeah. Good morning, little guy. You hungry?” Vince asked him.

Andrew nodded vigorously.

“Hey! Can he talk? He hasn’t said a word yet,” Vince asked.

“I guess you’ll have to ask your parents.”

“Well, first I’ve got to go take a piss.”

“I think you should take your son with you. I figure he probably has to go, too.”

“You mean ... ?” Vince asked, looking uncomfortably at me.

“Yes, I mean exactly that. Oh, you might want to put on some pants while you’re at it.”

“Fuck no! If he’s gonna watch me pee, he might as well get used to seeing Daddy naked. He’s a guy. I ain’t puttin’ on pants for him,” Vince said firmly.

“Okay. But get ready for questions.”

“Like what?”

“Oh, like ‘what’s that, Daddy?’ or ‘why is yours so big, Daddy?’”

“Well, if he asks, I’ll tell him. We need to get something straight right now. I don’t believe in hiding things from your kids. I think we need to raise him to accept his body and his sexuality. He’s going to see us loving each other. That’s a good thing and I don’t want to hide it from him.”

“I couldn’t agree more. I just figured you’d want to put something on so that you aren’t walking around naked in front of your mother and father. After all, the bathroom is down the hall,” I reminded him.

“Oh ... yeah. I guess you’re right,” he said sheepishly and grabbed the sweat pants he’d had on last night off the floor. “Come on, little guy. Let’s go tap a kidney.”

Vince went to take Andrew’s hand but, instead, Andrew reached up his arms to Vince. Vince leaned down and picked him up in his arms. I lay there looking at the most beautiful picture I had ever seen -- my lover with our son in his arms. I almost lost it right there and then.

“What?” Vince asked, looking at me funny.

“Nothing. It’s just that you’re so beautiful holding him like that.”

“Kind of what you looked like last night.” He smiled and carried Andrew off to the bathroom.

I lay there wondering what this was going to lead to. Certainly, whether Vincent knew it or not, our lives were going to change radically now that we had a child. There was something else that was starting to concern me. Andrew’s mother, Gina, had been a junkie. I needed to find out what kind of physical condition Andrew was in at the time of his birth. It was doubtful that he’d been born addicted as well or his mother would never have been allowed to retain custody. In fact, she must have not been on drugs at all or the hospital would have reported her to social services at the time of his birth. But certainly, he hadn’t been well cared for by her. That was evident from his lack of weight. I was also concerned about the fact that he didn’t appear to speak. Whether that was from trauma or lack of development, didn’t matter. Either one was going to require professional help. However, at least with my medical school contacts, I could find the right kind of doctors to treat him. Luckily, I was still a student so I could cover Andrew with my medical insurance.

Thinking these thoughts, I got up and began to pull on a pair of sweat pants myself. Vince wasn’t the only one who needed to take a piss and I was very hungry. Not to mention the fact that I desperately needed coffee. If I wasn’t going to get fucked into wakefulness, then coffee was definitely required.

I walked down the hall and knocked on the bathroom door. Vince called out that he was in there. I opened the

door and saw little Andrew stripping naked and getting ready to get into the shower.

“I gotta piss,” I said.

“Go ahead. Just don’t flush. When you’re done, why don’t you join us?”

“Fine but, you know, with the youngster, all we can do is shower.”

“I know, but I’d still rather have you with us.”

“Okay,” I said, pulling out my cock and allowing my piss to flow into the toilet.

The next thing I knew, however, was I looked down and there was Andrew, staring at my cock. He seemed to be very curious about it. I wasn’t exactly sure what to do. I looked over at Vince who was grinning back at me.

“Yeah. He did that with me, too. I think I figured out why.”

“Well, it’s a lot larger than his.”

“It’s more than that. Look at his cock.”

I looked down at our little naked son and noticed that his tiny penis was circumcised. Since Vince and I were both uncut, I realized that was what Andrew found so fascinating. I figured that I’d give Andrew a little anatomy lesson. I skinned back my cock, exposing the head. I saw Andrew’s eyes go wide in wonder. Now my cock looked just like his. Then I let the skin slide back and he laughed with glee and clapped his hands.

“What are you doing? Jacking off for him?”

“No. I’m showing him that we’re just like him. That our cocks aren’t really any different except for the skin. That’s why he was staring at us.”

While I said this, I was looking at Vince and not watching Andrew. I suddenly felt a small hand grabbing my cock and sliding the skin back. I looked down and reached down and pulled Andrew’s little hand off my cock.

“No, Andrew. You don’t do that,” I said gently as Vince was cracking up laughing. “Hey! He’s just curious.”

“Yeah. But I wonder -- what happens if he turns out to be gay?”

“We could handle that. What happens if he turns out straight? Have you thought of that?”

“Uhhh ... no. I guess we’ll just have to cross that bridge when we come to it.”

“Well, just so long as he’s happy.”

“Yeah, babe. That’s all that’s important,” Vince said, taking me in his arms and kissing me deeply.

As we kissed, I could feel Andrew’s little arm wrapped around my legs. As we broke the kiss, we both looked down and there was our son, each arm around one of our legs, staring up at us and smiling. We each reached down and picked him up together, bringing him up to our level. Andrew wrapped his arms around our necks and gave each of us a kiss on the cheek.

I held Andrew as Vince turned on the shower and got the temperature set and got into the shower. I let Andrew down in the tub and then climbed in myself. The three of us stood there, the warm water beating down on our skin. Vince grabbed the bar of soap and started to rub my chest with it, making lots of suds on my skin.

“Do you think this is a good idea? You know what always happens when we shower together.”

“It seems it’s already happening.”

I looked down and he was already hard. That made me instantly pop wood myself. He always has had that effect on me. He gets hard, I see it, I get hard -- simple as that. Only now, I couldn’t even imagine what little Andrew was thinking, looking up at Vince and me, each of us standing there with a hard-on.

“Look, he’s gonna have to get used to seeing us naked and that means sometimes he’s gonna see us hard. I want him to know that it is a very natural and normal state for a male to be in. I don’t want him scared or shamed by his own cock,” Vince said.

“Okay. I guess you’re right -- as long as we don’t ‘do’ anything with them around him.”

“Hey! I’m not some kind of pervert. I have no intention of having him see us have sex. But I want him to see us loving each other -- kissing, hugging, and sometimes getting hard. I want him to know that we really and truly love each other. That’s what gives a kid emotional stability, something that I know he needs.”

“Yes, after having a mother who was a junkie, that’s a given.”

“So why don’t we wash each other and him at the same time? I bet he’ll love it,” Vince said, squatting down in the tub and beginning to soap up little Andrew.

I squatted down and joined him and, he was right. Andy loved it. He laughed and wiggled the whole time we were washing him. Have you ever tried to hold onto a wiggling, soapy three year old? It’s like trying to corral a greased pig.

We all finally got showered and then dressed. We went downstairs, Vince carrying Andy who seemed to want almost constant physical contact with one of us. Mama had breakfast ready and we sat down and ate. I noticed that Andy’s appetite was a healthy one for a boy his age but Mama remarked on it.

“Well, that’s the most I’ve ever seen him eat. Seems like being with the two of you and the huge appetites you have has rubbed off on him,” Mama stated.

“Does he speak?” I asked Mama.

“Not really. At least not so far. Oh some grunts and gibberish but nothing that you could understand.”

“It’s typical if he’s experienced neglect and, with what Vince has told me about Gina, that’s probably a foregone conclusion.”

“Gina was a very troubled girl. Very troubled. Maybe it was losing her mama at such a young age? Men don’t know how to raise girls. Tony did the best he knew how but it still left Gina with a lot to get over in her life. I guess she never really did,” Mama said, sadly.

“What about Andy? He’s not going to have a mother, you know,” I said, trying to understand just exactly why she was so in favor of Vince and me having the boy.

“He’s a boy. Men know how to raise boys. He had a mama, for all the good it did him. You two will do a fine job raising him. I can see already that he loves you and you both love him. That’s what he needs. Somebody to love him. That, and somebody young enough to handle a growing boy. I think Papa wanted us to raise him but I told him, I’m too old to go running after a boy his age. No, you boys will do just fine.”

“Well, Mama,” Vince said. “He certainly seems to be happy with us. I guess that’s a good start.”

“That’s a very good start, *Vincenzo*,” Mama reached over and ruffled the hair of her youngest son.

“Ahh! Mama!” Vince complained just like he was a ten year old.

I had to laugh at the interplay between them. Andy heard me laugh and immediately climbed down out of his chair at the table and came over to me, lifting his arms up in his signal that he wanted me to pick him up and have him sit in my lap. I picked him up and placed him in my lap, just when Papa came into the kitchen. He leaned over and kissed Andy and then, without thinking, kissed me on the cheek. I blushed at his show of affection and Vincent nudged me with his elbow and smiled.

“We have to get dressed,” Papa announced. “I just talked to David. He’s all set to say the funeral mass in an hour.”

“An hour! My heavens, I’ve got to hurry,” Mama said, taking off her apron and heading out of the kitchen.

“Papa, what are we going to do? We didn’t bring any good clothes,” Vincent said.

“That’s okay. I don’t think that God is gonna mind. Besides, there won’t be anyone but family there.”

But he was wrong. There were two people there who were not expected. The first was the social worker who was in charge of Andy's case. We didn't know who she was, but when we got to the church, Mama and Papa introduced her to us. Her name was Dawn Wise. She told us she would meet with us after the funeral to go over our application to be Andy's foster parents. I was surprised at how young she was. No more than twenty-five from the looks of her.

The second person nobody knew. He was a young man about David's age. He sat in the back of the church, arriving just as David started saying mass. When the service was over, he was standing outside on the sidewalk, watching the men from the funeral home loading Gina's casket into the back of the hearse. Vince walked over and spoke to him and then came back to me, still holding Andy, while the young guy left.

"Who was that?" I asked.

"Somebody who'd been in rehab with Gina. He'd seen the death notice in the paper and came to pay his respects."

"So sad to die and have no one there for you," I said, thinking about how empty the big church was during the funeral.

"Well, sometimes people live their lives in such a way that they drive everyone else out of it," Vince said.

"Yes, that's true, but that's also a very painful way to live."

There was a short, graveside ceremony and then we all went back to Mama and Papa's house. I think the social worker thought she was going to get to sit down with Vince and me alone. She obviously didn't understand Italian families. Sitting there in the living room was Mama, Papa, David, Tony, and Debbie and their two boys as well as Vince, little Andy, and me. It was made very clear to her by everyone that the decision for Vince and me to be Andy's guardians and parents was a decision that had been made within the family and with complete unanimity of support. I think this impressed her greatly. I'm sure she was not used to dealing with such a large, loving family.

"Well, I can see that you all support this, which is very important but there is still the matter of the home visit. That will have to be done before permanent custody can be given to both of you, Mr. Collucci and Mr. Halversohn," Miss Wise said.

"We understand," I answered. "How quickly can we have it done?"

"I can set it up for the day after tomorrow. Would that be soon enough?"

"Yes. That would be fine. I'll have to arrange to get time off from the hospital but that shouldn't be a problem. Will someone contact me to let me know when?"

"Actually, that won't be necessary. I'll be making the home visit so it's just a matter of us arranging it. How would two o'clock be?" Miss Wise asked.

"That would be fine. However, I have some questions."

"Yes?"

"Do you have Andrew's medical records? First of all, I'm going to need them to get him into day care and secondly I'm somewhat concerned about the state of his health. He seems to be not as developed as he should be at this age and, so far, he seems to be unable to talk which means he's somewhat developmentally delayed."

"Yes, I do have his medical records right here," she said, handing me a thick envelope. "We do think that Andrew did experience some neglect, particularly toward the end of his mother's life. I could try and arrange for developmental testing but, I have to warn you, what with state budgets and all that, it may take quite a while."

"I'm training to be a nurse practitioner at University Medical Center. I'm sure that I can arrange to get him tested a lot quicker than that."

“Yes, I’m sure you could but the state couldn’t reimburse you for it.”

“They wouldn’t have to. Once we’re Andrew’s guardians, he can be covered either under Vince’s insurance with the school board or under my insurance with the university.”

“There’s no reason for that. The state will provide for Andrew’s medical care as well as providing you both with a check each month for his care and upkeep. We can even arrange day care if you need it.”

“No!” Vince said. “This boy is our family. We will provide for him -- just like we would have provided for his mother if she had come to us.”

It was obvious that Vince was very angry about the idea of the state providing for Andrew.

“I don’t think you quite understand, Mr. Collucci. Andrew is a ward of the state following the death of his mother. Now, I know you and Mr. Halversohn want to adopt him, but until that happens, the state is responsible for his welfare,” Miss Wise said calmly.

Before Vince could open his mouth again, I put my hand on his leg. He looked at me and I gave him back a look that basically said, “Shut up and let me handle this.” He got the message and quieted down.

“That’s fine, Miss Wise, but like you pointed out yourself, the state budget is overburdened now and services for children like Andrew are delayed. We have the means to provide for him. I can obtain day care for him right in the university medical center where I work -- something I doubt you could arrange since it’s for the children of employees and students only. I also, because of my studies, have access to physicians and specialists that I also doubt the state could afford.”

“Yes, all of that is true, Mr. Halversohn,” she had the grace to admit. “I just need to inform you that the two of you don’t have to do these things. The state is responsible for Andrew.”

“I understand, Miss Wise, but, you see, we’re not doing them because we have to -- we want Andrew to have the best care available. Just as we would want anyone else in the family to have the best of care.”

“I understand, Mr. Halversohn. I just want you to be aware that the state has the responsibility for these things and is more than willing to provide them. However, if you feel that you can provide them in a more timely manner and with better quality, you are free to do so. It’s just that the state cannot then be responsible for reimbursing you.”

“I’m well aware of that. What I want to be more aware of is the background and history of this child. How long has the Department of Children and Families been involved with this child?”

“DCF first became aware of Andrew when he was approximately a year old. However, we became aware of the child’s mother long before then. When she was approximately fifteen or sixteen and was charged with delinquency. We didn’t know when she had given birth to Andrew. He first came to our attention when she brought him to one of the health department’s well-baby clinics for his vaccinations. It was noted at that time that the child was undernourished and was possibly the victim of neglect.”

“And what, if anything, did DCF do about that?” I asked.

“We tried to reach a voluntary agreement with the mother for supervision. You have to understand, unless there is clear evidence of abuse or the neglect is such as could cause grave bodily harm to the child, we cannot threaten the parent with removal. We try to get the parent to voluntarily agree to allowing us to supervise and help.”

“I’m aware of those limitations. I take it that Gina did not agree to voluntary supervision?”

“Well ... actually she did. She just never followed through with it. She made appointments but didn’t keep them and when one of our workers went to the address she’d given us, it turned out to be a vacant lot.”

“So, for all intents and purposes, this little boy has received little or no care for most of his short life,” I stated.

“That about sums it up. You have no idea how relieved I am that he has someone like you and Mr. Collucci to

take care of him. Believe me, I will do anything I can to make sure that your formal adoption of him happens as quickly as can possibly be arranged,” she said and I believed her sincerity.

“Is there any problem with taking him home with us today?” I asked.

“None whatsoever. I just need both of your signatures on these foster care agreements and Andrew is yours.”

I signed the papers and then handed them to Vince. He looked at me with a huge grin and winked before he signed them. I knew what he was trying to tell me -- how he was feeling at that moment. Andrew was ours. Our son. Our little boy. A dream that we had both had together was coming true just as our singular dreams of finding someone like each other to love had come true. We were now not just lovers, not just married, we were parents, we were a family.

Never before had the word “family” meant so much to me. Seeing Vince sitting there holding our son was so emotionally powerful for me that I could feel my eyes filling with tears and I was afraid I was going to lose it at any moment.

Miss Wise gathered up the papers and put them in her briefcase and then Papa showed her to the door. Vince and I sat there with little Andrew while the rest of the family, David, Mama, Tony, Debbie, and even their two little boys crowded around, congratulating us.

Chapter Eleven

The ride home was relatively uneventful. I have to admit, I was a little afraid that Andrew might vomit in the truck since I didn't know how he did in cars but he handled it with no problem. He sat on the seat between Vince and me while Vince drove though, most of the way, he basically was lying down asleep with his head in my lap and his feet resting on Vince's leg.

"He's such a quiet, good little boy," I said to Vince, gently stroking Andrew's soft, dark hair.

"Yeah. He is. I guess he hasn't had much in the way of a life so far, huh?"

"No, I don't suppose he has but that's going to all change now."

"You fuckin' got that right! Think we can find a singlet in his size?"

I looked over at Vince in shock to find him grinning like a devil at me.

"No! I think he's got to be a bit older before we start training him."

"Yeah. I guess so," Vince said and I could hear wistfulness in his voice. "The problem is going to be finding someone for him to practice on. Too bad he doesn't have a brother."

"Vince, we just got him. We haven't even adopted him yet. You can't already be thinking of us having another child," I hissed, trying to keep my voice down so I didn't wake Andrew.

"Why not? Tell me you want him to be an only child."

"Well ... no. I guess not. But I don't know how we're going to find another boy to adopt. You don't have any more female relatives with kids, do you?"

"No. Just Debbie."

"I'm sure that Debbie and Tony are not going to give up one of their boys so we can raise him."

"Nah! I don't think so either. We'll have to think of something else."

"Vince, let's just get through settling in with this one first," I said, trying to make my lover see reason.

I think if it was up to Vince, we'd have a houseful of boys. And, I guess to be honest, that wouldn't be such a bad thing. But I just didn't see how that was going to happen. Right now, we had all we could handle with just one.

When we got home, I had intended to talk to Dar and Gregg first thing but it was too early in the day for them to be home. Since Andrew seemed to still be tired, even after sleeping in the truck, we took him upstairs to that room that I had envisioned as a room for a boy when Dar and Gregg first showed us the place after they'd bought it. The room already had a full-sized bed and dresser in it but little else. Andrew didn't have much in the way of stuff, just some clothes, not even any toys. That we would change as quickly as possible.

We put him down in the bed, undressing him down to his bare skin and then left him sleeping peacefully. As we walked down the stairs, I turned to Vince.

"You know, if you want a piece of my ass, you'd better take it now while he's asleep. I've got a funny feeling that we may not be alone in our bed tonight."

"You must've been reading my fuckin' mind," Vince growled in horniness. "Seems like forever since I was up your ass."

We rushed to our bedroom, quickly throwing our clothes off and I hit the bed face down, my legs spread and my

ass poked up as I looked over my shoulder at my hairy, muscular lover.

“Come and get it!” I said to him, every bit as horny as Vince was.

He crawled onto the bed, planting himself between my legs with his face buried in my butt. I felt his hands spread my ass cheeks apart and could hear him breathing deeply of the sweaty scent of my ass.

“Yeah! That’s what I was missin’. Fuck! I love the smell of your ass,” Vince growled low in his throat. “But not as much as I love the taste of it.”

And saying this, I could feel his wet, raspy tongue begin slithering through my trench and pushing against my hole. I pushed down with my ass muscles and opened my hole for him. His tongue slid deep inside me and I groaned in pleasure at the feel of it. I loved feeling Vince’s tongue in my ass -- almost as much as I loved feeling his cock in there.

It didn’t take Vince long to get me sufficiently wet, drooling into my hole the way he was and then I could feel the bed move as he got to his knees and placed the blunt snout of his cockhead at my opening, allowing his pre-cum to finish the job of lubing me up. I couldn’t wait, however, and pushed back, taking his cockhead into my eager chute. Vince moaned as I pushed back with my ass, swallowing more and more of his cock. Vince figured that two could play at that game and I felt him pressing forward until his cock was completely buried to his pubes in my hole. Then he lay down on top of me, resting for a moment, allowing my tunnel to loosen totally so that he could begin ramming his cock in and out of me.

“Yeah, fuck, yeah!” he groaned in my ear. “You feel so fuckin’ good!”

“Yeah? You feel awesome yourself, lover,” I groaned back. “I love to feel you buried inside of me.”

“I want to make this long and slow but I can’t. I’m too fuckin’ horned to take it that long. I need you bad.” Vince panted in my ear.

“Fuck me, Vince. Just fuck me. Pound my fuckin’ ass. I need you, too,” I said.

And Vince took me at my word. He rose up on his hands with his arms stiff and began slamming his cock in and out of my ass. For my part, I pushed back, meeting every thrust of his long, thick cock, adding to the power of his flexing hips as he pounded my chute with all that he had. As much as we loved each other, there was nothing the least bit romantic about this. First of all, our need for each other at that moment was just too great. Secondly, I think it was in the back of both of our minds that we might not have all that long alone -- not if little Andrew woke up and came looking for us, as he was bound to do. We both needed to get off and get off NOW!

“Yeah, fuck me. Fuckin’ pound my ass. Ream my fuckin’ butt out,” I cried as Vince’s cock drummed a rapid tattoo in and out of my slick hole.

“Fuck, yeah. I’m gonna fill that fuckin’ hole with so much cum you’re gonna shit it out your fuckin’ ears!” Vince cried as he slammed me over and over again with his hips.

Vince’s cock was tearing up my insides, slamming against my prostate until I knew that I was going to come without being able to hold back. If I came before Vince, it really didn’t matter because he would go right on fucking me and I would go right on loving every moment of it. I could feel him building speed and power, ramming my ass harder and faster with each thrust until I just couldn’t take it anymore and screamed out.

“Fuck! Yeah! I’M SHOOTIN’!”

I shot rope after rope of creamy cum out of my cock all over the bed below me. I guess my orgasm triggered Vince’s (as it usually did) because I was no more unloading my nuts all over the bed than I could feel Vince’s cock jerking in my butt as he shot load after load of his cum deep up my guts.

“Yeah! Take my load!”

Finally, Vince collapsed on me and we lay there, trying to gather our breath. As was also typical for us and, I suppose, a lot of males, that kind of fucking caused us to drift into a light sleep of satisfied exhaustion. But it

only lasted a few minutes because the next thing I knew, I was having that feeling of being stared at again and, sure enough, I opened my eyes to see Andrew's deep brown ones staring back at me. Our bellows of orgasmic bliss must have woken him because he stood by the side of our bed, rubbing his eyes with one of his fists while the other had his thumb planted firmly in his mouth. While he had heard our sexual congress, at least he hadn't been a spectator for it but we were going to have to remember to lock the door to our bedroom when we had sex from now on.

I could feel Vince's cock begin to stiffen in my butt again, letting me know that he was wanting another round that was going to have to be postponed for the time being.

"Uhh ... Vince."

"Yeah?" he husked into my neck.

"Uhh ... don't get any ideas about round two. We have our audience back."

Vince turned his head and looked down from on top of me to see little Andrew standing there, naked with his thumb in his mouth.

"Hey, buddy! What's the matter? Couldn't sleep?"

"Oh, yeah! Like he's going to sleep through the two of us bellowing like rutting water buffaloes!"

"Think if we put him back in his bed, he'd go back to sleep again?" Vince asked hopefully, leaning down and nuzzling my ear.

"Nope. Don't think so. Look at him."

Vince looked over at little Andrew who was now standing there with his arms outstretched, wanting to be lifted up into our bed with us.

"No. I guess not," Vince said, reluctantly.

"Well, I think he will sleep once he's up here with us," I said, reaching over and picking up the little boy who quickly curled up by my side, put his thumb in his mouth and closed his eyes. "See? What'd I tell you?"

"Hmm ... then maybe we don't have to stop," Vince murmured quietly and I could feel him slowly begin to thrust his cock into my ass again.

"Vince ... I do not think this is a good idea at all. Weren't you the one who said you weren't a pervert and while it was okay for him to see us hard, it was not okay for him to see us do anything?"

"Yeah. You're right," Vince said grudgingly.

He pulled his now semi-hard cock out of me and then I turned over onto my side, pulling little Andrew over until he was once again pressed against me and my arm was around him. Vince

curled up to me on the other side from Andrew. Within moments, we were all three deeply asleep.

When we awoke, it was early evening. The sky was dark with dusk and I could feel the warmth of Vince's body spooned to my back just as I could feel the warmth of the little naked boy who was curled up to my front. I could feel the soft, warm breath of my lover on the back of my neck and knew that Vince was still deeply asleep. I reached down and gently stroked little Andrew's soft hair and he looked up at me and smiled. I put my arms around him, slid out of Vince's arms and picked him up and walked to the bathroom with him. I set him down next to the toilet while I grabbed my soft cock, skinned back the hood and began to piss. Andrew grabbed his little cock and I quickly realized that he was going to just piss on the side of the toilet unless I did something.

As painful as it was, I stopped pissing in midstream and grabbed Andrew in my arms, holding him up so that his little penis was above the rim of the toilet and let him pee. Of course, his little bladder didn't hold much and he was quickly finished, allowing me to put him down and finish my own piss. Then I took him into our shower and turned on the water. I got down on the floor of the shower stall and began to wash the wiggly little three year old

who seemed to love getting wet if his giggles were any indication. I'd no more finished washing him than the glass door to the shower opened and Vince stepped inside to join us.

"You could've woken me up," he grumped.

"No, I couldn't. You were sleeping much too soundly."

"Hey, Andy. How ya doin', buddy?" Vince said, stooping down to grab our son into his arms.

Andrew wrapped his arms around Vince's neck and gave him a kiss on the cheek which Vince returned.

"Well, you can certainly tell he's Italian!"

"Why, 'cause he's got a big cock for a three year old?"

"No, because he loves to kiss."

"Is that so?" Vince said, putting his arm around my waist and drawing me close and then pressing his mouth to mine in a deep, passionate kiss.

"Mmm ..." I murmured.

"Yeah, must be true," Vince said, pulling his mouth from mine. "But you seem to like it a lot."

"Didn't say I didn't."

Vince put Andrew down and he watched as we washed each other. I wondered if, when he grew older, he would remember watching us do this and wondered what, if anything, it would mean to him. Even if he did turn out to be straight, there was no chance of him ending up homophobic. Not with all of the affection and love he was bound to witness between Vince and me. At least I hoped not. Finishing up, we went back to the bedroom and pulled on sweats and then took Andrew upstairs and got him into a pair of shorts and a little shirt.

"I think it's time Andrew met his Uncle Dar and Uncle Gregg, don't you?" I asked Vince.

"Yeah. Sounds like a good idea to me. I wonder how they're gonna react to this?"

"I think it's going to make them jealous as hell -- especially my brother. I know how much Gregg would love to have a son."

"Well, good. I finally get to pay the son-of-a-bitch back for finding Dar before I found you," Vince said.

"Uhh ... you technically didn't find me. Actually, Gregg kind of brought me home to you."

"Yeah ... well ... we don't have to remind him of that," Vince said sheepishly.

We went downstairs and knocked at Dar and Gregg's door. Gregg answered and his eyes bugged out in shock when he saw little Andrew in my arms.

"Who the fuck is this?" Gregg exclaimed.

"Gregg ... this is our son, Andrew," Vince crowed with pride.

"Yes, Uncle Gregg. This is your new nephew," I said.

"You gotta be shittin' me! For real?" Gregg exclaimed.

"For real, bro," I said, smiling.

"Hot fucking damn! DAR! HEY, DAR! COME 'ERE!" my brother screamed.

"What the fuck is wrong with you, jockboy? The neighbors will hear you three doors down," Dar scolded, coming out of the kitchen.

"Dar! Come meet your nephew!" my brother exclaimed to his lover.

"Nephew? What nephew?" Dar asked as he came toward the doorway.

Then he saw Andrew in my arms and he squealed and came running to the door.

“What the fuck have you two done now? Did you steal that kid? There are laws against that, you know,” Dar said with mock seriousness.

“This is our son, Andrew,” Vince said proudly.

“Where the fuck did you two get a kid? Don’t tell me -- you two finally fucked each other so much that one of you got pregnant?” Dar jibed.

“No. It’s my cousin Gina’s little boy. She had some problems with drugs and ended up dying of an overdose last week. Mama and Papa decided that Drew and me were the best ones to raise him,” Vince told Dar.

“Oh my God,” Dar exclaimed. “I can’t believe it. Oh, he’s adorable. Hey! Jockboy, why are they standing in the doorway? Didn’t you even think to invite them in? Come on you three -- get in here,” Dar said, ushering us into their apartment.

We went inside and sat down. Vince and I sat on the couch with Andrew sitting on my lap. Gregg sat nearby in an upholstered chair. Dar stood there looking at us for a moment.

“Well, doesn’t this just take the cake. I’m an uncle,” Dar grinned. “Hey, you guys thirsty? Want a Coke?”

“Fuck, yeah. I could really use one,” Vince said.

“Me, too,” I said.

“Cokee!” Andrew chirped in my arms.

Vince and I looked at each other in shock and then said at the same time, “HE TALKED!”

Dar and Gregg looked at us like we were more than slightly crazy.

“So?” Gregg asked.

“No, bro, he’s never said a word before that we know of,” I explained. “Say it again, Andrew – Coke,” I urged our son.

“Cokee!” he exclaimed, grinning at me.

“Well, I guess that’s three Cokes coming right up,” Dar grinned.

“Cokee!” Andy exclaimed again.

Evidently Andy could tell how thrilled we were at him talking he didn’t realize it wasn’t about the word but that he’d spoken at all. This made me feel a lot better. It meant that Andrew was starting to pull out of his lack of development, and after only being with Vince and me for a little over twenty-four hours. The wonders that love and attention could bring a child.

“So, bro, I take it the talking thing is important?” Gregg asked.

“Yeah, it is. We figure that he didn’t get a lot of care and love from his mother. She was too sick from her addiction to care for her son. We think that’s why he’s been delayed from talking but now ... well ... I figure we better get used to a lot of it from now on, at least before he turns into that most feared of all silent animals -- an adolescent male.”

We all laughed at that one.

“What’s so funny?” Dar asked, coming back into the room with three red cans.

“Drew was just sayin’ that it looks like now that he’s said somethin’, little Andy’s goin’ to be talkin’ a lot from now on,” Gregg said.

“What’s so funny about that?” Dar asked, confused.

“I was saying that it would all change once he became an adolescent. Then he’ll probably stop talking to any of us at all,” I said.

“Nope. I think he’ll probably still talk to Vince and to his Uncle Gregg,” Dar said.

“Why do you think that?” I asked.

“Because they’re both just overgrown adolescents.” Dar laughed.

And I did, too. Strangely enough Vince and Gregg didn’t.

“Hey! That’s not true,” Vince said.

“Oh really, lover? And what did you want to buy Andy?”

“What?” Vince asked confused.

“Dar, you’ll get this -- my lover wanted to buy our son a singlet.”

“Hey! Sounds like a good idea to me,” Gregg said. “Get him trainin’ early.”

“See what I mean?” Dar said, chuckling.

“Well ... you don’t understand because you aren’t a jock,” Gregg said to his lover.

“That may be true, but Drew is and he agrees with me. Don’t you, Drew?” Dar said.

“I’m going to plead the Fifth Amendment on that one.”

“So what happens now?” Gregg asked.

“What do you mean?” Vince said.

“Are you two gonna adopt him legally?” Gregg asked.

“That’s the plan, but the social worker says it’s gonna take like a year.”

“That long?” Dar asked.

“Yeah. Things with the fuckin’ state move slow,” I said. “But it won’t matter. He’s ours. They don’t want to place him outside the family and the family has already decided that Vince and I are the best ones to parent him.”

“Well, that’s a change,” Dar exclaimed.

“Yeah. It is, isn’t it?” Vince said. “I guess things have settled down finally. I figured my mother would eventually come around. After all, she had the rest of the family against her. She’s not used to that.”

“Whatever it was, I’m glad. Oh, I’d best go upstairs and call my nursing supervisor and let her know I’ll be on duty tomorrow and that I’m gonna need day care,” I said.

“That ought to shock her.” Dar giggled.

“No, I don’t think much could anymore. You guys stay and talk. I shouldn’t be long.”

I headed upstairs and called the nursing supervisor. She was a bit startled by my request for day care but when I explained to her about little Andrew she was thrilled. The next day, I took him and his medical records to the hospital’s day care center and enrolled him and then went to work. Andrew luckily was so excited at seeing other kids his own age that he hardly noticed me leaving.

Life got pretty normal after that. At least a normal as it ever was for Vince and me. He was teaching, I was working at the hospital and we were both raising our son. Andrew started filling out from eating on a regular basis and within a couple of months was, predictably, talking a blue streak. There was every good chance that he would be ready for first grade on time.

Vince’s parents visited regularly as did his brother Tony and his wife and two boys. The three cousins were getting to know each other quite well and David showed up as often as his parish duties allowed. One afternoon, I got a call at work which surprised me. It was Miss Wise, Andrew’s social worker. True to her promise, she had pushed through the paperwork as hard as she could and there was a hearing the following week in family court to make our adoption of Andrew permanent. When I got home that night and told Vince, he immediately called Dar and Gregg upstairs and the five of us had a celebration. Vince called his parents and his brothers to let them know

as well.

That next Tuesday, we took little Andy and went down to the county courthouse. We met Miss Wise and were led to a waiting room outside the judge's chambers. We'd been sitting there for maybe ten minutes when the elevator down the hall opened and out came Vince's parents, both his brothers, Tony and David, Tony's wife Debbie with their two little boys, Vince and David, along with Dar and Gregg. The entire "family" had come to family court to support our petition to become Andrew's parents.

In a few minutes, Miss Wise came and said hello to everyone. At one time or another over the last six months, she'd met everyone, including Gregg and Dar. She ushered us into the judge's chambers and, I don't know what I was expecting, but it wasn't what I saw. I guess when the word "judge" is mentioned, people tend to automatically think of a man. Of course, that's not true and it wasn't in this case. The woman seated at the desk was no more than thirty years old and was smiling at all of us.

"Please, come in and sit down, folks. I've been looking forward to this case ever since it came on my docket. I don't get enough happy cases like this. I'm Judge Mason and I take it you are the Collucci family?"

"With additions," Miss Wise said.

"Of course, there's also Mr. Andrew Halversohn?" the judge asked.

"Yes, your honor, and this is my brother, Gregg."

"Pleased to meet you both," the judge said.

"And this is my lover, Dar Davis," Gregg announced.

"Pleased to meet you, as well, Mr. Davis. Now, let's see. We're all here about little Andrew Collucci. Miss Wise, I see from your report that the child's mother is deceased and there is no indication of a natural father?"

"No, your honor. Whoever he was, the child's mother didn't tell anyone and didn't record it on the birth certificate."

"And I take it that you placed Andrew in the home of Mr. Vincent Collucci and Mr. Andrew Halversohn approximately six months ago?" the judge asked.

"Well ... yes, I did, your honor, but it was at the insistence of the entire Collucci family. It was the family's decision that Vince and Andrew would be the best ones to raise little Andrew," Miss Wise informed the judge. This brought nods from all of the Collucci family.

"It says here, Mr. Halversohn, that you're a nurse practitioner with University Medical Center?" the judge asked me.

"Yes, your honor. I work in oncology."

"That's very depressing work, Mr. Halversohn. How did you choose that area of specialty?"

Before I could answer, Vince spoke up.

"That's because of me, Judge."

"How's that, Mr. Collucci?"

"Five years ago, I had testicular cancer. Drew watched what I went through."

"Yes, your honor," I said. "The nurse practitioners who handled Vince did such a wonderful job, I decided I wanted to be one of them."

"That's quite noble of you, Mr. Halversohn. You are healthy now, Mr. Collucci?" the judge asked Vince.

"Yes, your honor. I've gone past the five-year mark with no reoccurrence. According to the doctors, I'm cancer free."

You couldn't miss the pride in Vince's voice as he said this.

“And you teach high school, Mr. Collucci?”

“Yes. I teach history and I coach the wrestling team. Drew and I were both on the wrestling team at the university. In fact, Gregg here is now the assistant head coach of the team.”

“Well, quite an athletic family. I take it that you’d like to see little Andrew grow up and become a wrestler, too?”

“No, your honor,” Vince said, to both the judge’s surprise as well as mine. “I want Andy to grow up and be what he wants to be -- what makes him happy.”

The judge smiled at this and I reached under the conference table we were all sitting at to squeeze my lover’s thigh, indicating how proud I was of him.

“A very good answer, Mr. Collucci. Well, I don’t see any impediment here. Therefore, I am signing this order of adoption and, as of this date, Andrew Collucci is the son of Vincent Collucci and Andrew Halversohn. Congratulations, gentlemen.”

At this, the whole family broke out in applause and cheers and Vince and I hugged Andrew between us. We all shook hands with the judge and then left her chambers, gathering again in the waiting room outside, the whole family taking the time to hug Andy along with Vince and me.

“You know ... there’s only one ceremony left to perform,” Vince’s brother David announced.

“What’s that?” Vince asked.

“I don’t know whether or not any of you are aware of it but Andy hasn’t been baptized,” David said.

“Are you sure?” Papa asked.

“Absolutely, Papa. I checked the records of the archdiocese. I guess Gina never got around to it.”

“She tried,” Mama said.

At this, everybody stared at her.

“Gina tried to get the baby baptized. The priest she went to called her a whore and said he wouldn’t baptize her bastard,” Mama said.

“How do you know this?” Papa asked.

“Because she told me,” Mama said, sadly. “I tried to get her to go to you, David, but by that point she was so angry and hurt she wanted nothing to do with the church.”

“Unfortunately, we have a lot of older priests who, rightly or wrongly, interpret church law in ways that are very harmful to people. I had no idea of this. Mama, you should have told me. I could have talked to Gina.”

“There was no time. It wasn’t long after that, she died. I thought that we could handle this within the family.”

“So what do you want to do, guys?” David asked Vince and me.

“We’d like to think about it, David,” Vince said. “Drew and I need to talk about it.”

“What is there to talk about?” Mama demanded.

“If they say they need to talk about it, they need to talk about it -- and that’s the end of it!” Papa said to Mama with that voice he had that brooked no opposition.

Mama settled down, but it was obvious she wasn’t happy about it. I was confused. I had thought that since Vince had wanted David to marry us, he would want our son baptized by him but I decided to wait until we were home alone together to find out what was bothering Vince.

That didn’t come for several hours. The whole group of us went to a restaurant to celebrate the adoption and then Vince and I finally went home. We put Andrew down for a nap and then I made a pot of coffee and we sat in the kitchen.

“So why don’t you want David to baptize Andy?” I asked, taking the bull by the horns.

“It ain’t nothin’ to do with David. I don’t know if I want Andy baptized at all.”

“Why not?”

Not being Catholic, I didn’t understand all the ins and outs of the religion. I knew that baptism was something that Catholics did to babies but that’s all I knew about it. In the religion that my parents practiced, you weren’t baptized until you were at least fourteen and you’d “accepted Jesus as your personal savior” and then you got dunked in this vat of water or in a river.

“If we baptize him, one of the things we have to promise is that we’ll raise him Catholic and that’s not something I want to do.”

“Okay ... why not? Doesn’t he need to be raised something?”

“I’m surprised at you asking that. Would you want to raise him in that crazy fucking church you were brought up in?”

“Fuck no! But those people are just hateful.”

“Yeah, and you think the Catholics aren’t? What about what that asshole of a priest told Gina? How about how Mama felt about you and me at first? She got that from Catholicism. I don’t want my son raised in all that shame and guilt. I don’t want him being taught that his mother was a whore, he’s a bastard and his two dads are faggots!” Vince exclaimed.

It was obvious that this was something that Vince was feeling very strongly about. I began to realize that Vince must have had as much of a struggle with coming out as I had. I had known the story that Dar had told me about how Vince had so envied Gregg and him but I just never put two and two together.

“Vince, David isn’t like that.”

“David is the exception. There are damned few priests like him and, to tell the truth, if they found out how David really was, they’d probably throw him out of the church.”

“You’re kidding, right?”

“The fuck I am! Haven’t you heard about all the fucking scandals in the church over priests molesting children?”

“Well ... yes, I’ve heard a few things about it but surely you aren’t accusing David of something like that.”

“Of course not! But it doesn’t matter. The Pope and the fuckin’ cardinals have decided that if you’re gay, you rape children and it’s all the fault of faggots that the church has all this trouble. Never mind that the church was the one that tried to cover the shit up for so long and that’s what caused all the scandals.”

“But David isn’t gay.”

“Doesn’t matter. He isn’t anti-gay and that’s what the fucking church is. The fuckin’ Pope says we’re all sick and perverted and the rest of the fucking church backs him up. Is that the kind of thing you want to raise Andy to be a part of?”

“No. Of course not. But what are we going to do?”

“I don’t know. I just don’t know how we’re going to face David about this.”

We didn’t have time to think of an answer to that question. Just at the moment, the doorbell rang and, when I went to answer it, there stood David -- along with a man about David’s age that I’d never seen before. A rather large, muscular man who had a somewhat military bearing to him.

“David, what a surprise. Come in,” I said.

“Hey, bro! What’s up?” Vince said, coming up beside me and putting his arm around my waist. I could see him looking at the other man standing beside David, just as I was.

“Drew ... Vince ... I’d like you to meet Connor,” David said, smiling and reaching out and putting his hand on the

young man's arm. "Connor, this is my brother Vince and his lover, Drew."

"I'm very pleased to finally meet you. David's told me so much about both of you," Connor said.

"Well, let's not just stand here. Come in, both of you," I said.

Vince took his arm from around me and we led David and Connor into the living room. David and Connor sat down on the couch next to each other, somewhat closer than I would have thought two straight males would have been comfortable with.

"Can I get you guys anything? Coffee?" I asked.

"No. We're fine," David answered for both of them. "We really stopped by because we wanted to talk to you and I wanted Connor to see little Andrew."

Vince was sitting in one of the chairs opposite the sofa and I now sat down on the arm of it. Vince's arm went around my waist.

"I'm sorry. I put Andrew down for a nap a while ago. He was really tired out from everything today," I said.

"That's all right. I think the talking we have to do may take a while anyway," David said.

I noticed that Connor was just sitting there, not saying anything, but looking rather uncomfortable. I thought, at first, it was the fact that Vince had his arm around me but I instantly realized that David would never bring someone to see us who would have problems with two guys loving each other.

"What is it you want to talk about, bro? As if I didn't know," Vince said.

"You know?" David asked, and I could see a look of shock on his face.

"Yeah. The baptism thing," Vince said.

"Oh! That. No, actually, I understand that. I realize you don't want to raise Andrew Catholic. I completely understand why," David said.

"So what do you want to talk about, bro?" Vince asked, confusion showing in his voice.

"I don't know any other way to say this except to just say it. What I should have said when I introduced the two of you to him, is that this is Connor -- my lover."

 THE END 

Bobby Michaels

Bobby Michaels has been writing since he was 14 years old. A Gay male with a lot of romantic and erotic experience from his own life to draw on, he is a well known writer of Gay male erotica under another pen-name with a fan group of more than 3,000 members from around the world.

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