

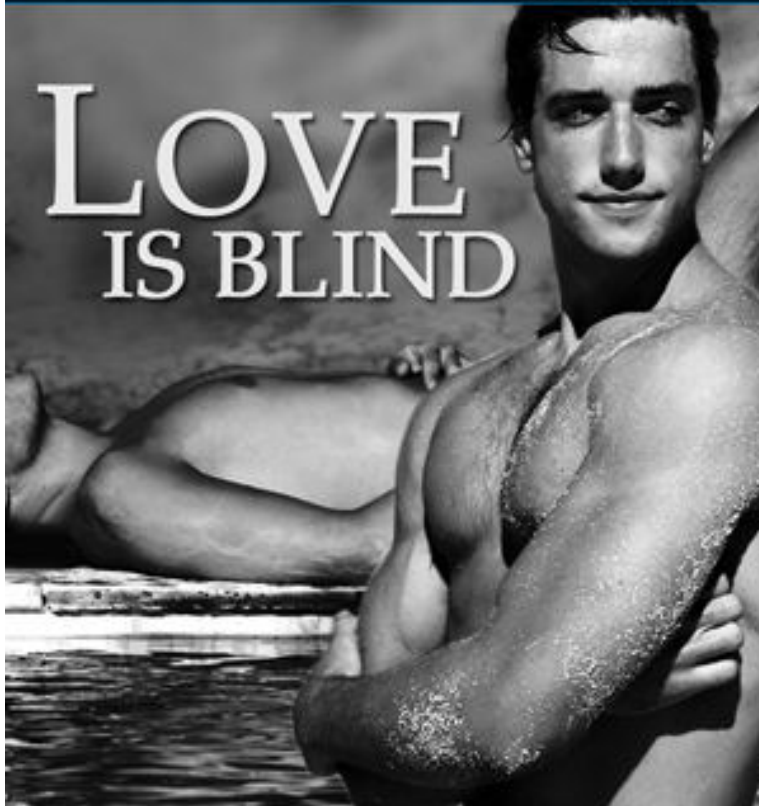
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WICKED

Thom Jaymes

LOVE
IS BLIND



Love is Blind by Thom Jaymes

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By

Thom Jaymes

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Love is Blind

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Dedication

For Patrick.
I love you.

Rain splattered against the windshield, collecting in puddles and sliding downward, before the wipers cleared it away. Gavin Taylor stared blankly out the wet glass. The weathered road stretched out before him, enticing him to move forward. The radio blared some boring country song from the mixed CD that Paul, his friend, insisted they listen to.

"Cats and dogs," Gavin muttered. "Why does it always have to rain when we go to the beach?"

Paul stopped singing along with the raspy-voiced woman on the stereo. "Relax, buddy. It's not that bad. We're still a few miles from the beach house. It could clear up by then."

"I guess." Gavin faked a smile. Paul was his best friend, but sometimes the endless optimism really got to him.

They met six years ago in college as members of the same fraternity, both terrified to admit they were gay. They'd bonded instantly. Over the years, they'd been through a lot together. Gavin often thought of all the things he wouldn't have gotten over without Paul's help. Things he would never have attempted to do on his own. Coming out to his parents; breaking up with his longtime *girlfriend*, Rebecca; getting out of that horrible relationship with Nathan, the compulsive cheater.

"Mr. Negative," Paul said, laughing. "Sometimes you just have to sit back and let life happen, bud. You can't be in control all the time."

"A world where I am not in control is a scary one." Gavin looked at his friend, smiled—a real one this time—and gave the wheel a quick jerk. "See? If I wasn't driving the—"

"Gavin! Look out!"

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"What?" Gavin turned his attention back to the road just in time to see an enormous dog wonder out onto the pavement before them. "Oh, shit!" He slammed the brakes. The car screeched to a stop less than a foot from the animal. The dog stared at them, curiously sniffing the air.

"Stupid dog!" Paul shouted. "Scared the hell out of me."

Mr. Optimistic, Gavin thought, laughing. He rolled down his window. "Get off the road!"

The dog came over to his window, tilted its head, and stood there, tongue flopping in the wind.

"Real pedigree specimen," Gavin whispered. "Go on, boy! Get off the road!"

The dog barked but didn't move.

"Hey," Paul said, putting his hand on Gavin's shoulder. "Does he have a collar? I can't see."

Gavin sighed. "Yeah, he does."

Paul shoved at Gavin's back. "Well, then get out and see what it says."

"Why do I have to get out?"

"It's raining."

"And?"

"Gavin, your head is shaven." Paul ran his hand over his short, spiked brown hair. "I don't want to get my hair wet. The gel I use turns to slop when it comes into contact with water."

Gavin rolled his eyes. "You're such a girl sometimes."

Paul's mouth dropped open. "I am not!" He grabbed at Gavin's chest, connecting with a nipple and pinching tightly. "Take it back."

"Ouch." Gavin shoved Paul's hand away, laughing. "Bitch." He pressed his forehead against his friends. He was always jealous of Paul's beautiful light blue eyes. He found them much more appealing than his own brown peepers. "I love you, you crazy fag."

"I love you, too." Paul pushed Gavin's face away. "Now go help that idiotic dog."

* * * * *

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It turned out the dog's name was Spencer, and he actually belonged to a family that lived in a house just a few miles from where they were going to be staying.

"God, he reeks," Gavin said, pinching his nose with his free hand, which made his voice sound strange.

"Nice place," Paul noted as they pulled into the drive. "Fantastic wraparound porch."

Gavin parked beside the Hummer sitting in the driveway, instantly jealous. He'd wanted one as long as he could remember but, at least until he got a promotion at his current job, he was stuck with his little red Cavalier. "Says the realtor." Gavin laughed. "I bet you know exactly how much you could get out of this place, huh?"

"Pretty much." Paul nodded. "I could change all those old attic windows to stained glass and get another couple grand."

"Of course you could." Gavin rolled his eyes.

The place was actually very nice, in Gavin's opinion. It was small compared to the other houses that lined the beach. Huge compared to Gavin's tiny apartment back home. The porch was lined with Chinese lanterns, alternating from blue to white. They gave the entire entryway an alluring atmosphere.

Gavin got out first, opened the back door, and pulled the dog by his collar.

"Easy," Paul whispered from the front seat. "You don't want them to think you... Well, never mind."

"What? Tried to kidnap their dog but brought it back because it stunk like rotten cabbage?"

"Sure."

"Get out of the car. I'm not walking up to some strange house alone."

Paul sighed. "It's raining."

"Get out!"

"Fine!" Paul undid his seatbelt and got out. "God, I'm going to have snotty hair now."

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"Shut up." Gavin slammed the back door and tugged the dog toward the porch.

Paul joined him as they walked up the steps.

"Ring the bell."

"Okay." Paul pressed the buzzer. From within the house the clatter of some song Gavin didn't recognize echoed.

"Just a minute!"

"Take your time." Gavin muttered. "God, people are so—"

He didn't get to finish his statement. The door swung open.

Gavin's mouth fell open as well. The man who opened the door was stunning. He was blond, with dazzling blue eyes. Totally had the whole surfer guy thing down. He wore a pair of yellow and brown swimming trunks. And nothing else. His chest was tan, muscular, tight, *perfect*. Gavin smiled, imagining his fingers moving over the man's flesh, feeling him, taking him in. *Damn...*

The man stared at them for a moment, before glancing down and noticing the canine. Annoyance flashed across his face, but he quickly replaced his reaction with a warm smile.

"Is this your dog?" Gavin asked, completely aware of how weird his voice sounded. His mind still ran over the possibilities of spending some time alone with this man.

"Yes. Unfortunately. Damn it, Spencer, why do you keep running away?" He reached down and grabbed the dog's collar. "Go on. Go inside." The dog rushed past the guy, disappearing into the house.

"We found him on the road. Just thought we'd bring him home," Paul said.

Gavin blinked. He had forgotten Paul was beside him. He was lost in his little fantasy. "Yeah. On the road."

The guy smiled broadly, revealing gleaming white teeth. "Well, thank you." He stepped forward, shutting the door behind him, apparently afraid the dog would make another run for it. "That was very nice of you guys." He ran a hand through his hair, pulling a few strands out of his face. It was pointless; they fell right back into place.

"I'm Paul," Paul announced and held out his hand.

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"Tyler." They shook hands. Tyler turned his attention to Gavin, extending his hand. "And you are?"

"Gavin," he said, taking his hand and shaking firmly. "Gavin Taylor."

"Nice to meet you, guys." Tyler laughed. "Eh. You want a beer or something?"

"I don't know." Paul looked back toward the car. "We should be getting along."

"Oh, come on, I owe you one!" Tyler smiled broadly.

"I could go for a beer," Gavin said quickly.

"All right." Tyler smiled again. "Paul?"

"Yeah, sure."

"Cool," Tyler said. "I hope you don't mind waiting here. I just moved in and the place is a mess. I'm a little embarrassed."

"That's awesome." Gavin said. *Awesome? You sound so stupid.*

"Great." Tyler opened the door. "Be back in a second."

"Lord. Could you be more obvious?" Paul whispered once Tyler had closed the door. He walked over and sat down on the wooden swing suspended by chains to their left. "You're like a schoolgirl that just fell in love with a football player. Why don't you just jump right onto him?"

"Shut up." Gavin joined him in the swing. "You don't know what you're talking about."

"Oh, right." Paul frowned. "You are totally apparent. You don't even know if he's gay."

"So?" Gavin shoved him. "He doesn't have to be for me to think he's cute."

"God, whatever."

"Stop being like that."

"Like what?"

"You know exactly what I'm talking about. Just because you're playing nun doesn't mean the rest of the world has to follow your lead."

"Fuck off."

Gavin sighed. "It's just a beer. Then we'll be on our way."

"Great. I get to be driven around by a drunk queer."

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"Yeah, one beer and I'll be wasted." Gavin rolled his eyes.

"I remember when all it took was one at the bar and you'd end up going home with some nasty old guy."

"Whatever."

Their fight could have continued for hours; they often did. However, they both fell silent when the door reopened and Tyler appeared, carrying three cans of Miller. He handed one to each of them then took a seat in a metal lawn chair across from where they sat.

"So, you're moving in?" Gavin asked after popping his beer and taking a quick swig. *Obviously. Fuck, man, you're an idiot.*

"Yeah," Tyler said, nodding. "I guess it's good that one of the first things I did was update the address on Spencer's collar. Otherwise, who knows where he could have ended up?"

"That's very true," Paul said. "Some people are just...you know, cruel."

"It's a great house," Gavin said, trying to push the conversation back toward Tyler and away from his smelly pet.

"Thank you. I figured it was time to get my own place. My ex and I were looking at a place on down the road, but after we split, I decided I still wanted to live down here."

"Ex, huh?" Gavin frowned. "Long relationship?" He could see Paul's frown out of the corner of his eye.

"Just over a year. He lives in Texas now. Farming or some crap."

He! I knew it! "That sucks, man."

"At least you weren't stuck in a house with him after the breakup. I've had clients that that happened to. Really messy," Paul said.

"You in realty?" Tyler asked.

"Yeah. Few years now." Paul took a sip from his beer. "Love it."

"Could have used you when I was closing the deal on this place. The woman I worked with was a real bitch." Tyler took a long drink. "How about you, Gavin? What do you do?"

"I'm an accountant."

"Well, you guys were made for each other," Tyler said, laughing.

"Oh, no. We're not together," Gavin said, a little more forcefully

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than he had intended. "I'm single."

"And you?" Tyler asked, nodding toward Paul.

"Single," Paul said.

"Cool." Tyler nodded, a blank expression passing over his face, as if he pondered something. "You guys live down here?"

"No," Gavin said. *Unfortunately.*

"Where you from?"

"West Virginia," Paul answered. "Charleston."

"That's a bit of a drive."

"It's not that bad," Gavin said. "It's totally worth it once you get down here."

"I hear that." Tyler smiled. "I'm from Utah, myself."

"I lived there for a while when I was younger," Paul said. "Near Salt Lake City."

"Get out," Tyler said. "I'm from Salt Lake."

"We went there right after college," Gavin said. He glanced at his friend. "For about a month, wasn't it?"

"Yeah." Paul nodded. "My grandparents still live there. We went and hung out on their farm."

"Played cowboys?" Tyler asked.

"You could say that," Gavin said. He thought of asking Tyler about his life in Utah but decided against it. He didn't want to come off too interested.

Tyler swigged the last of his beer. "Well, I hate to rush you guys off, but I need to finish up inside. Got a lot of work ahead of me."

"That's fine." Paul drained his can. "It was great meeting you."

Tyler took the empty can from Paul. "You guys, too."

Gavin finished his beer, trying not to look like it took as much effort as it did. He never had much of a taste for the stuff, preferring mixed drinks. He gave his can to Tyler and stood slowly, wishing he could have a little more time with him.

"You guys will have to come around again before you leave," Tyler said.

"That'd be cool," Gavin said. How about I just stay and we get to

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know each other a little better?

"Wait. You know what? I'm having a party tomorrow night. You guys should come."

"A party?" Gavin asked, trying not to sound as excited as he actually was.

"Yeah. Small thing. Maybe fifteen people."

"Sounds awesome." Gavin smiled. "I'm in." He slapped Paul's back. "How about you?"

"Yeah, sounds like fun." His voice let Gavin know that he felt it would be anything but.

"Great," Tyler said. "Just drop by around nine. No need to bring anything."

"You sure?" Paul asked.

"Yeah, totally. Just come on by. It'll be fun." He winked. "See you guy's later." With that, he disappeared back into the house.

"This is great," Gavin said as they made their way to the car.

"Yeah," Paul mumbled, opening his door and slipping inside.

Gavin got in, slamming his door loudly. "Jesus, what's wrong with you?"

"Nothing." Paul faked a yawn. "Just tired."

"Whatever." Gavin started the car, pulled out of the drive and continued toward their beach house.

* * * * *

The house was much larger than Gavin expected, but he wasn't surprised. After all, Paul had chosen the place. He did have a taste for the finer things in life.

"Damn. What are we going to do with all this room?" Gavin asked. He dropped one of his suitcases, the thud echoing through the house. He walked over to the stair rail, tracing the fine etching with his fingers. He glanced up, taking in the high ceiling. "Jesus, this place is huge, Paul. Why on earth did you pick it?"

"I just liked it. It was the same price as most of the smaller houses.

Don't you like it?"

"Of course, I do." Gavin nodded. "It's gorgeous."

"Isn't it?" Paul walked past Gavin, letting his hand brush Gavin's back. "There's a pool, too."

"Who needs a pool?" Gavin laughed. "The beach is right down the road."

"Yeah, but you can't swim naked at the beach," Paul joked.

"You wouldn't swim naked anywhere." Gavin snorted. "You're a total prude."

"Fuck off." Paul's hands went to his hips. "I am not."

"Right."

"I'm not."

"Okay." Gavin grinned. "Do it."

"What?" Paul blinked a few times. "What do you mean?"

"Do it."

"Swim naked?"

"Sure."

"No way."

"See." Gavin put his hands on Paul's shoulders. "You're a big old prude."

"Gavin." Paul shoved him away. "Fine. I'll show you." He started down the hall.

Gavin followed. "You're not going to do it."

"Watch me!" Paul removed his shirt and tossed it into the air.

Gavin stepped over the shirt. He unbuttoned his own top, letting it fall to the floor. "No way are you going to do it."

Paul turned around and kicked off his sandals, one narrowly missing Gavin's head. "You dared me." He undid his belt, unbuttoned and unzipped his shorts. "See?"

Gavin raised an eyebrow as Paul's pants hit the hardwood. "No way."

Paul made a face as he pulled down his boxers, turning before he exposed his crotch, but revealing his bare ass. He quickly slipped out of them and ran to the sliding glass door at the end of the hall. Glancing over

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his shoulder, he smiled. "Told you." With that, he hurried out the door and jumped into the pool, splashing water onto the concrete.

Gavin couldn't help but laugh. It wasn't the first time he'd seen Paul strip down to nothing, but the other times a load of alcohol had been involved and he'd needed assistance getting into his pajamas. *Maybe he's finally cutting loose...*

Gavin removed his remaining clothing and joined Paul in the water, slipping in slowly to test the temperature. The water wasn't that deep, only coming up to his chest. "God, it's freezing!"

Paul shook his head, slinging droplets of water. "Are you serious?"
"Yes!"

"I think it's great." Paul dipped under the water and then bobbed back up. "Man, I've missed this feeling."

"Water? Don't you shower?"

"No." Paul frowned. "This freedom. No work for a whole week. No papers to file. Houses to show. This is going to be great."

Gavin smiled. "You're cute, Paul."

"What? Why?"

"You just are." Gavin splashed him. "So excited over a little time away from your life."

Paul splashed back. "Maybe my life is really boring."

"Boy, let me tell you, mine's just fantastic. Sitting in a little cube for eight hours a day, with only my Firemen of Huntington calendar to keep me company." Gavin let out a low whistle. "Man, I'm depressed now. Miss my job. I think I'm going to call the office and see if they can fax me some shit to work on."

"You're a goof," Paul muttered.

"That's why you love me." Gavin dove under the surface and swam over to Paul. He burst out from the water and wrapped his arms around his friend. "Right?"

Paul shoved him away. "I guess."

Gavin grabbed him again. "Admit it."

"Fine." Paul rolled his eyes. "I love you."

"See. Told you."

* * * * *

The next day passed slowly, mostly because Gavin couldn't get Tyler out of his mind. He kept creating fantasies, imagining what it would be like to crawl into bed with him, running his hands all over his body, taking him in.

"Are you awake?"

Gavin jerked at the sound of Paul's voice. He shook his head, tossing the thoughts aside. "Yeah. What's up?"

Paul sighed. He rolled over on his towel, turning his back to the sun. "I asked if you wanted to get something to eat before we go to that party tonight."

"Maybe something small. I'm really not that hungry." Gavin set aside the book he'd been trying to read. "That breakfast you fixed really filled me up."

"That's eggs for you," Paul muttered. "The miracle food."

"What's wrong with you?"

Paul looked up at him, pulling his sunglasses down to the end of his nose. "Nothing."

"Liar. What's up?"

"I'm just bored, I guess."

Gavin smiled. "You could always go for another naked swim." He nodded his head toward a man sitting a few yards away. The guy was a train wreck. He was at least forty pounds overweight and ridiculously hairy everywhere except the top of his head. To make matters worse, he licked away at a pink ice cream cone. "He's been checking you out since we came down here."

Paul snuck a peek at the man. "Oh, baby. He's just what I'm looking for."

"He's your type."

"Oh, he totally is. The only thing he's missing is a dab of suntan lotion on the end of his nose. If he had that, I'd be all over him."

"I can go over and break the ice if you'd like."

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"You move from that chair and I'll murder you."

Gavin laughed. "Well, I don't know about you, but I think I'm going to go get in the water for a bit."

"Enjoy." Paul stretched out, yawning loudly. "I think I'm going to take a nap."

"You'll burn."

"I'm covered in sunscreen. I think I'll manage."

"Suit yourself." Gavin got up and walked to where the waves swept up onto the sand. *Still the same old Paul*, he thought. *Maybe I thought too soon about him loosening up yesterday.*

With that, he slipped out into the water, enjoying the rush of chill that washed over his body.

* * * * *

The party wasn't exactly what Gavin had expected. The small gathering Tyler had spoken of was a bit misleading. The entire house was packed. In fact, he'd only gotten to speak with Tyler briefly when they arrived. After that, he was nowhere to be found.

Finding himself bored with the conversation he was able to pull out of the drunk chick he'd found himself sitting beside on a couch, he went in search of Tyler.

He found him. To his surprise, he was on the back porch. With Paul. They were sitting in lawn chairs, whispering back and forth.

Heat washed through Gavin's face. *How could he hit on him? He knows that I like him.*

Paul was the first to notice Gavin's appearance. A mixed look of fear and embarrassment crossed his face. He motioned to Tyler, silencing him. They both stood and walked in opposite directions. Paul toward a group of guys playing horseshoes, and Tyler toward Gavin.

"Hey, man," Tyler said.

Gavin did his best to swallow his anger. "Hi."

"Glad you came outside." Tyler placed his hand on Gavin's arm, resting it there. "I thought I lost you to some dude inside."

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I fucking lost you to my supposed best friend. “Actually, I was just going back inside.” He started to walk away, but Tyler grabbed his hand and pulled him back.

“Hey,” Tyler whispered. His mouth was so close Gavin could feel the heat of his breath on his ear. The delicate scent of his cologne filled Gavin’s nostrils. It was intoxicating. “Why don’t you go upstairs?”

“What?”

“Go up to the second room on the right. There’s a blindfold in the top drawer of the nightstand. Put it on and take off your clothes.”

“What are you talking about?”

“Just do it, man. Trust me.”

Maybe they weren’t doing what I thought... “Are you going to come up and join me?”

“Oh, you’ll get some company real soon.”

“I... All right.”

“Awesome.” Tyler let go of him and gave him a slap on the butt. “Hurry up now. We don’t have all night.”

* * * * *

I doubt he’s even going to—

Before the thought completed itself, the door opened and then closed quickly.

Gavin stiffen, suddenly very aware that he lay there in nothing but his underwear. The blindfold made it impossible to see who had entered the room, so he sniffed the air, searching for Tyler’s cologne.

Nothing.

Maybe he showered and didn’t put any back on, he thought.

“God, you’re so beautiful,” the bodiless voice spoke for the first time. The voice didn’t sound like Tyler.

Maybe he’s one of those guys who uses a fake sexy voice in the bedroom....

Hands smoothed over Gavin’s bald head before sliding down to his face, tracing his lips. They moved down to his bare chest, stopping to

lightly pinch one nipple. He reached out, grabbing what felt like an elbow and pulled. The frame of his new acquaintance fell on top of him, causing the old bed to squeak.

"Easy now," whispered the man.

"Why?" Gavin made a face, pouting. "Sometimes rough is better."

A soft laugh came from his new bedmate. "I always thought you would be into that kind of stuff."

Always thought... Gavin pulled his hands away from their resting spot on the guy's bottom. "What are you taking about?"

With a heavy sigh, the man on top of him rose to a straddling position. "You can take the blindfold off."

Gavin started to remove the blindfold when it suddenly hit him. Of course, the voice didn't sound like Tyler. He wasn't in bed with Tyler. "Paul?"

"Yeah."

"What's going—"

"Don't freak out on me. This was the only way I could work up the courage to even attempt this."

"I'm not going to go nuts," he promised. "Why are you in here?"

Paul laughed and flopped down on the bed beside him. "Is it not obvious?"

"Well, there is an obvious reason..." Gavin trailed. "Paul?"

"Yes?"

"Do you not want me to get with Tyler?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Come on, Gavin. Don't make me say it. This is hard enough."

"Then what's up?"

Paul sighed. "I like you."

"What?"

"Yeah... A lot." Paul gulped. "I always have."

"Always? Why didn't you... Wait. I thought you were hitting on Tyler earlier."

"No." Paul sighed. "I asked him to have you come in here." He

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laughed softly. "The blindfold must have been his idea. That kinky bastard."

"Oh."

"Are you totally disappointed that I'm not Tyler?"

"No. I mean, I'm not disappointed. I'm just... Wait. How far were you planning on going?"

Paul was silent.

"All the way, huh?"

More silence.

"Paul?"

"I don't know what else to say," Paul whispered. He rested his hand on Gavin's tummy, circling his bellybutton with one finger. "It could work. The whole you-and-me thing. You know?"

"Yeah?"

"Yeah." Paul laughed again. "Take off that stupid blindfold so I can at least see you while we're talking."

Gavin smiled. He remembered the other day when they were playing by the pool. Suddenly, he realized what he could have with Paul. They were already so close. They had no secrets from one another. Why not take a chance on something that could turn out so well? "Can I take something else off, too?" He ran his thumb along the waistband of his underwear.

"I..." Paul shifted nervously.

"Hey, don't be shy now."

"What if it doesn't work? What if we..." Paul trailed off.

The sincerity in Paul's voice touched Gavin. With a quick tug, he removed the blindfold. "I care too much about you to lose you over something stupid."

"Are you sure?"

He placed his hand on the side of Paul's face, caressing his cheek. "Paul, I'm not certain of anything." He gazed into Paul's beautiful eyes. "We could always... No, you know what? Screw it." Gavin slammed his mouth against Paul's, thrusting his tongue into his mouth and savoring the warmth. For a moment, their tongues fought for dominance, but

ultimately, Gavin won out.

Controlling the powerful kiss between them, Gavin rolled on top of Paul, pinning him to the bed. He moved his hands down to the buttons on Paul's shirt, quickly undoing them.

Paul broke the kiss. "No. Answer me. Are you sure?"

Gavin ran his hands down Paul's chest, enjoying the feel of the little tufts of hair. "Yes." He kissed Paul's forehead softly. "Yes, Paul."

"Good." Paul slid his hands down Gavin's back, slipping them into his underwear. "There's no way you're getting out of this bed now." He tugged, trying to pull the briefs down.

"In a hurry?" Gavin asked, smiling broadly.

"I've been waiting for this for a very long time."

"Well, your wait is over." Gavin laughed. He pushed himself up into a straddling position, reached down, and untied the string on Paul's swimming trunks. They slid down easily and, shoving any second thoughts that he had out of his mind, Gavin took Paul's hard prick into his mouth, sucking gently.

Paul moaned, his hands finding the back of Gavin's head, forcing his cock deep into his throat. "Oh, Gavin."

Gavin used one hand to pull his briefs down, freeing his pulsating rod. The head dangled below him, rubbing against Paul's bare leg, smearing it with pre-cum. The feeling of skin on skin sent fire through his being.

Gavin let Paul's cock slip out of his mouth. "I hope you locked that door."

"I did."

"Good." Gavin sat up on his knees, his cock swaying out before him. "Because I'm going to make love to you right here, right now."

"Are you sure?" Paul swallowed hard. "Don't you think we should go back to the house?"

"No." Gavin reached into the nightstand's drawer and pulled out one of the condoms he'd seen when he had gotten the blindfold. "I came up here for sex." He ripped the wrapper and removed the lubricated rubber, slipping it onto his dick with ease. "And I'm going to get it."

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Paul didn't protest. He quickly removed his trunks and spread his legs wide.

Pressing forward gently, the head of Gavin's rod broke past the tight knot of muscle that made up Paul's pucker.

"Oh, man." Paul grabbed onto Gavin's waist, advancing him.

Noticing his lover's gritted teeth, Gavin asked, "Does it hurt?"

"A little, but I want it."

Gavin pressed on, invading his lover's asshole with his manhood, slowly filling him until his full length disappeared. "Damn, Paul, you're *so* tight."

"It's been a while," Paul admitted.

"I can see that." Gavin pulled back slowly, removing most of his cock, then slid it back inside his lover.

Paul moaned, his nails digging into Gavin's flesh. "Fuck me, Gavin."

Gavin smiled. He started pumping in and out at a slow pace, enjoying the feeling of Paul's tight ass grasping his cock.

"Come on, Gavin," Paul urged. "Fuck me the way we both want it."

"Okay." Gavin increased his speed, impaling Paul a little rougher than he'd intended.

"Oh, yes!" Paul arched his back and shut his eyes, a big smile stretching across his face. "Pound your fat cock into me!"

Gavin didn't need to be told twice. He slammed into his lover. Each thrust grew to be more violent than the last. "Shit, Paul, your ass feels so fucking good!"

The room grew noisy, filling with their moans and groans, not to mention the bed squeaking loudly below them.

"Oh, man!" Gavin roared. His entire body trembled as his seed shot from his manhood, quickly filling the condom.

Paul grabbed his cock and, in less than five jacks, produced his own load.

With a huge smile, Gavin watched his lover's semen squirt upward, almost hitting him square in the face.

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After easing himself out of Paul, Gavin stretched out on the bed beside him, taking him into his arms. "That was amazing."

Paul sucked in air, trying to catch his breath. "Yes. Yes, it was." He slipped his hand behind Gavin's head and pulled him forward, kissing him deeply. "God, you have no idea how long I've wanted that."

Gavin caressed Paul's face, touching his forehead with his own. "Was it worth the wait?"

Paul nodded.

"The next time won't be so rushed." Gavin ran a finger down Paul's chest, stopping to tease his bellybutton.

"Hey..." Paul shoved his hand away.

Gavin laughed. He noticed the mess they had made of Tyler's bed. "You think Tyler's going to be pissed that we—"

"This isn't his bed." Paul smiled. "His is down the hall. This is for a guest." He winked. "Or two."

"So you set this whole thing up, huh?"

"Yes."

"I guess you are a little more spontaneous than I thought."

Paul smiled. He kissed Gavin's cheek. "You have no idea."

The End

Author Bio

Thom Jaymes lives in West Virginia. When he's not writing, he spends his time reading, watching more television than he should, and searching for nice places to have dinner with his partner, Patrick. You can find Thom online at <http://www.myspace.com/thomjaymes>.