

*A Sip...*



*A Torquere Press Short*

***Taylor's Personal Best***  
***By Aaron Michaels***

Great. Just great.

Taylor was pretty sure a thousand and one ways existed to impress someone. Face planting in front of the entire theater workshop wasn't one of them.

"Hey, man. You okay?"

That would be Devin, workshop organizer. The self same man who'd had the utterly insane idea that the group could improve their footwork on stage by learning to walk a tightrope. A makeshift tightrope, no less, stretched between two of the huge elm trees at the edge of the park in front of the admin building.

At least the tightrope was only two feet off the ground.

Taylor lifted his face off the grass just enough to mumble, "Yeah, I'm fine."

He could hear the giggle twins -- Ashley and Yvette -- having a merry old chuckle at his expense. They'd managed to walk the tightrope just fine. Ashley had even done a turn at one end and practically pranced back down the rope the other way. Then again, she'd had years of ballet lessons and an inhuman sense of balance.

Taylor didn't.

At first, he'd managed to stay upright and on the rope, mostly by circling his arms to the sides and keeping his eyes fixed on his feet. Then he'd made the monumental mistake of looking at Rick, the star of Taylor's very own midnight fantasy theater. Blond, blue-eyed, effortlessly athletic, Rick had been standing off to the side, an admiring smile on his face, hands shoved in the pockets of his blue jeans. His very tight blue jeans.

Taylor's mind had sidestepped right back into his latest fantasy -- the one that had Rick bending Taylor over one of the sawhorses the stage hands used to hold up the props, with Rick propping Taylor up in an up-close, personal, and very filling way. That had been it. Taylor had lost his balance, lost his footing, and *wham!* He was flat on his face in front of the guy of his dreams.

He pushed himself up off the grass and stood up. Slowly. His entire body hurt, but nothing serious seemed to be out of whack. He'd taken worse falls off his skateboard years ago, and those had been on concrete. At least the grass had cushioned his fall. It had also stained the hell out of his jeans, which now had huge, green, wet patches on the knees. His T-shirt hadn't fared much better.

Taylor didn't have the guts to look Rick in the face. He couldn't stand it if Rick was laughing along with the giggle twins.

"Hey, I'm gonna go change, if that's alright with you," Taylor said to Devin.

Devin held his hands up in surrender. "Sure, no problem."

Devin was all of five feet six, if that, and a good thirty pounds too heavy. He might have come up with the idea for the tightrope, but he hadn't walked it himself. Right now, Taylor would have given good money to watch Devin try to walk that rope.

"You're sure you're okay?" Devin asked.

Yeah, he was. Devin should be breathing a great big huge sigh of relief over that, too. The theater workshop wasn't an official university class, or even a sanctioned university club. Devin was a professor in the English department. He only taught one section of Introduction to Drama, and he wasn't tenured. The workshop was his brainchild -- a way to get students who really wanted a career in the theater to think outside the structured class box -- so the responsibility if anyone got hurt was entirely his.

"I'm fine." Taylor brushed his hands together, wiping away the last of the grass embedded in his palms. "See you guys next week." He glanced around the group, not really making eye contact with anyone. He got a quick impression of Rick standing off to one side, a frown on his face.

*Way to go, dildo*, Taylor thought on the long trek back to his dorm room. Not only did Rick now know he was an uncoordinated klutz, Rick probably thought he was a poor sport, too. Anyone else would have shaken off the fall and kept on going. Hell, Rick probably would have shaken off the fall and laughed at himself.

Taylor was so deep into his own misery that he almost didn't hear someone jogging up behind him.

"Hey! Wait up!"

Rick.

Oh, great.

Any other time, Taylor would have been thrilled to have Rick run after him. Hell, he'd had Rick run after him in his dreams. Run after him, and catch him.

"I'm really okay," Taylor said, turning to look at the man of his fantasies.

Rick wasn't even out of breath, even though Taylor had made it almost all the way across campus and halfway across a pedestrian bridge that spanned the four-lane road separating the education buildings to the east from the dorms and coffee shops in the residential area of the campus.

Traffic on the footbridge was light. Then again, it was Saturday afternoon. Not a whole lot of students actually hung around campus on Saturdays, one of the reasons attendance in the theater workshop was so low. Most drama students had other things to do with their weekends than hang out with a lowly professor. Hell, Taylor wouldn't have even been in the workshop if Rick hadn't been in it. Sure, he wanted to be a theater actor -- someday -- but Saturdays, especially Saturdays when the weather was nice enough to be in the park, weren't something to be given away lightly.

"That's not why I chased after you," Rick said.

Really? "Then why?"

"Uh... " Rick glanced down at the cars on the street below them. "Well, okay, that was part of it, but not all."

Taylor wasn't sure exactly what was going on here. In the three weeks he and Rick had been in the theater workshop together, they'd said maybe a dozen words to each other that weren't written by some playwright.

"I'm going to a party tonight over at Del Ray's," Rick said. "Want to come along?"

Taylor blinked. "What?"

Rick looked back at him and smiled. "A party. Del Ray's. Starts at eight."

Was Rick asking him out on a *date*?

Then Rick said, "Meet you there?" and Taylor understood it wasn't a date. It was just a party, and Rick thought he might like to go.

Taylor started walking toward his dorm again. He really needed a shower, a nice, long, hot shower to keep his body from stiffening up. The realization that Rick wasn't asking for a date after all had already discouraged his cock from any possible stiffening in the near future.

"Well?" Rick asked, falling into step next to Taylor.

"I'll think about. I've got a shitload of stuff to read this weekend."

"Oh."

A diesel drove underneath the footbridge, spewing black smoke and making it impossible to hear anything except the growl of its engine. After it drove by, Rick said, "I hope you can make it," and clapped Taylor on the shoulder, then turned around and went back toward campus.

Taylor knew he wouldn't be going to Del Ray's at eight, not tonight or any night. Del Ray's was a sports bar three blocks away from campus, and party central for the frat crowd. Rick wasn't in a frat, which meant he must have frat house buddies. Maybe a frat brother who was more than just a buddy. Frat parties were notorious for too much alcohol and weed and too many random hookups. Taylor wasn't interested in hanging around just to watch Rick make out with anyone else. Not tonight. Not after Taylor's ego had taken such a bruising.

Nope. A nice hot shower and a warm, solitary bed. Boring, but definitely easier on the ego, not to mention his heart.

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Saturday nights in the dorm were only marginally quieter than the average frat house kegger.

Taylor's roommate Jerry was out for the evening, but that didn't mean Taylor was having a quiet night of it. He'd plugged in his iPod when he'd crawled into bed after putting in a solid three hours of prep for next week's exams, but he'd forgotten to charge the thing. The iPod crapped out on him after only a half hour. He was about ready to power up his laptop and get back to work when someone knocked on his door.

"Jerry's not here," Taylor said, loud enough to be heard through the closed door and the party in the room next door.

"I'm not here for Jerry."

Taylor's mouth dropped open. Was that *Rick*?

"Uhm... " Shit. He'd gone to bed in just his boxers. While he'd had multiple fantasies about Rick, none of them included opening the door in just his boxer shorts. "Hang on a sec."

He almost tripped himself up in his haste to get out of bed and into his jeans. The jeans still had grass stains on the knees, but at least they weren't wet anymore.

Taylor was pretty sure Rick would be long gone by the time he got the door open, but there he was, leaning on one arm up against the door frame, looking sexy as hell.

"Hey," Taylor said.

Rick smiled, a slow, knowing smile. "Hey, yourself."

He didn't have a beer in his hand, but he might as well have. He stood close enough that Taylor could smell the beer on his breath. Rick didn't have the glassy-eyed look that Jerry did when he got wasted. Rick might not be drunk, but he'd definitely been out drinking.

"I thought you were going to a party at Del Ray's," Taylor said.

"I did. You didn't come." Rick dropped his arm down from the door frame. With his index finger, he pressed Taylor back into the room and followed him in. "I was really hoping you'd come to the party, but since you didn't, I thought I'd come see what has you so busy on a Saturday night."

"Uhm..." Taylor glanced around the room. His laptop was closed, his bed obviously slept in. He didn't even have the small television on. "I studied for a while, then went to bed."

Rick shook his head. "You are definitely an anomaly. Studying on a Saturday night." The sexy grin faded a little. "Unless it's just me you didn't want to hang out with."

"Oh. No!" Taylor said. "I do want to hang out with you. I just wouldn't know anyone else there. I don't party much, and I don't know that many people on campus who'd actually want to spend time with me. I don't go to many parties, never been really a party animal, you know? So I didn't

think I'd have all that good a time at Del Ray's with everyone getting drunk, and... and...."

Taylor knew he was babbling. He was nervous. He was more than nervous. Rick was looking at him again with that half-lidded, sensuous gaze, and Taylor's cock was making him glad he'd stopped to put on his jeans. At least now his semi wasn't quite so obvious.

"Great!" Rick said. "Then we can hang out here. Just the two of us."

Huh? "You wouldn't rather be with your friends? The frat guys?" Just how drunk was Rick, anyway?

"Nope."

Okay. "Then do you want to go somewhere? It'll just take me a minute to--"

"Nope." Rick's smile got wider. His index finger was pressing Taylor backward again. Toward his bed. "I'm right where I want to be."

Taylor swallowed hard. Maybe he was still dreaming. That was it. He was in bed, asleep, and this was one of his fantasies.

Or...

Maybe this was all a cruel hoax. Something the giggle twins had dreamed up. A new theater workshop production, called "Let's Get Taylor to Make a Fool of Himself," starring Rick as the handsome con man and Taylor as the clueless dweeb. Maybe Jim Carrey could play Taylor in the Broadway version. It'd be a huge hit.

Taylor planted his feet. He wasn't about to play the dweeb in his own fantasies. "Okay," he said. "That's enough. Want to tell me why you're really here?"

The smile fell away from Rick's face. So did the half-lidded, had to much to drink look.

Rick shook his head. "You really are the dumbest smart guy I know," he said. "I finally get up the guts to ask you out, and you turn me down. Then I figure maybe you didn't think it was a date, so I decide to come to you, and now you think I'm playing you."

Taylor didn't hear much after "asked you out."

That bit on the footbridge, that had been Rick asking him on a *date*?

Wait. Rick was still talking. Taylor forced himself to focus.

"Most of the time you look at me like you'd like to eat me alive," Rick said. "Which I've got to say is sexy as hell. But you don't think I could possibly want you, do you?"

Well, no. "I'm nobody," Taylor said. "Just this klutz who couldn't even--"

Rick grabbed Taylor's face with both hands and kissed him. Hard.

Taylor couldn't even react. Hell, he'd barely gotten his mind around the idea that Rick's tongue was in his mouth when Rick ended the kiss and backed away.

"You," Rick said, blue eyes wide and dark, "are not a klutz. You got up there and tried something that nobody could possibly expect you to do, but you tried. I'm not sure I'd have even put one foot on that rope. Do you know how fucking brave you were?"

No one had ever called Taylor brave before. He wasn't sure how to take it. "Ashley did it just fine."

"That's because Ashley studied gymnastics along with ballet. She was the only one of us guaranteed not to fall. It was a stupid idea, and I told Devin that after you left."

"You did?"

"I did. He's lucky you didn't hurt yourself." Rick looked down at Taylor's bare chest. Taylor shivered, really aware now that he was half naked. "You didn't, did you?" Rick asked. "Hurt yourself?"

"No. At least, nothing a hot shower couldn't help."

They stood there for a minute without saying anything. Rick looked like he didn't know what else to say. That wasn't good, was it? Taylor knew he should say something. He just had no clue *what*.

Rick had asked him out on a date. Rick had come here to spend time with him. Rick wasn't really drunk, he'd just been acting. Why? To give him the courage to come here in the first place? Did that mean Rick was nervous around *him*? That was a mind-altering concept.

Most of all, Taylor couldn't stop thinking about the kiss.

"So..." Taylor said slowly. "You really wanted to take me out on a date?"

Rick shrugged and sighed. "Well, yeah."

Taylor took a deep breath. Rick said he'd been courageous stepping out on that rope. That was nothing compared to what he was about to do.

"Still want to?" Taylor asked.

He died about a thousand times before a grin spread over Rick's face. "Hell, yeah!" Rick said.

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They didn't go to Del Ray's. They went to a late movie at the cinema downtown.

Taylor was afraid Rick would want to see an art house movie, something very theatrical and boring. He didn't. They decided on an action movie, one with lots of chases and guns and guys with muscles. They sat next to each other, ate popcorn and drank sodas, and laughed at the humor and cheered when the bad guys were finally vanquished by the good guy who got dirty but never broke a sweat.

Afterward, they took a bus back to the dorms.

"You walking me home?" Taylor asked. He was still nervous about being on a date -- an actual date -- with Rick, but going to a movie together had gone a long way toward easing the knot in the pit of his stomach.

"If you want." Rick had his hands in the pockets of his jeans. They'd held hands briefly during the movie, but that and the kiss back in the dorm room had been the only times Rick had touched him. By now, Taylor desperately wanted to be touched. At the very least, he wanted a goodnight kiss.

"Yeah." Taylor smiled. "I'd like that."

They'd caught the last showing of the movie, which hadn't gotten out until after midnight. Most of the campus was dark and quiet. The frat houses would be busy still; frat house parties never really ended, just went on hiatus every now and then for classes. Del Ray's would be closed by now, so whatever party Rick had gone to was long over. The dorms wouldn't be quite as noisy as the frat houses. Parties in the dorms had to be over by one in the morning on Saturday nights.

Taylor half-expected Rick to walk him to the dorm's foyer and then leave, but Rick got in the elevator for the ride up to Taylor's room. Taylor's stomach started knotting up again, this time in nervous anticipation.

The party in the room next to his had wound down for the night. His neighbor's door was still open, and Taylor could see his roommate Jerry passed out on the floor. That meant Taylor would have the room all to himself until Jerry woke up in the morning with a massive hangover.

Taylor slid his key in the lock. About the time he turned the handle, he felt Rick press up behind him.

"I'm not ready to say goodnight yet," Rick said. His breath ghosted across the back of Taylor's neck. It made Taylor shiver, but in a good way.

Taylor closed his eyes. This was the moment -- invite Rick in and live out one of his fantasies, or say goodnight here in the hall, and maybe that would be that, and Rick would decide Taylor and his massive insecurities were too much trouble.



Take a leap. Go out on the rope. It didn't mean he had to fall.

Taylor took a deep breath. "Me either," he said, amazed that his voice sounded far steadier than he felt.

"Good."

Rick's hands found the belt loops on either side of Taylor's jeans. He pulled Taylor backward, snug up against him. Taylor could feel the hard ridge of Rick's cock straining against his jeans.

Even though the key was in the lock, Taylor had a hard time opening his door. He was pretty sure at least half his blood supply had rushed to his cock, which left precious little for hand-eye coordination.

"Gonna open the door?" Rick's voice was sinfully close to his ear. Then Rick's tongue was toying with his ear, and Taylor thought he might come in his jeans.

"If you keep doing that, I'm going to forget how," Taylor said.

Rick chuckled and backed off just a little. It was enough for Taylor to remember how to jiggle the key in the door handle just right -- the door to his dorm room had always been obstinate -- and the door swung open. Taylor was relieved to see that none of the partiers had crashed in his roommate's bed. He and Rick were alone.

He and Rick were alone, and Taylor had absolutely no supplies.

Shit!

"Hey," he said, a flush heating up his cheeks. "I... uh...."

Rick had moved close behind him again. One of his hands reached around to grope Taylor through his jeans. Whatever Taylor had been about to say flew out right out of his head at the feel of Rick's strong fingers squeezing him through the thick denim.

Taylor relaxed against Rick, head against Rick's shoulder. God, this felt so good. He tilted his hips to push himself harder against Rick's hand. So, so good. Taylor was making little noises deep in his throat, needy sounds he couldn't control anymore than he could control the way his hips were thrusting forward. Rick's arm was around his chest, holding him tight, supporting him, and it all felt so damn good.

Too good.

"Oh, God. Stop," Taylor said. "You're gonna make me come, and we haven't even..."

Rick didn't stop. If anything, he squeezed harder. "It's okay," he said. "Let yourself go. Let

yourself enjoy this."

If the hard bulge Taylor felt pressed against his backside was any indication, he wasn't the only one enjoying this. But only guys with no self control creamed themselves in their jeans. He didn't want Rick to think he had no self control, that he was so starved for sex that just a little grope would get him off.

Then Rick slid his hand beneath the waistband of Taylor's jeans. Rick's fingers closed around the head of Taylor's cock, and that was all it took. All conscious thought about coming too fast fled. Taylor came hard, shooting into Rick's hand, shuddering in Rick's arms as the orgasm worked its way through his body.

After he was done, Taylor's knees felt weak. He needed to sit down or he was going to fall down. He needed to get out of his sticky jeans and clean himself up. He hoped that Rick wouldn't be too disappointed and just leave, but Taylor wouldn't blame him.

"I have to sit," Taylor said. He nodded at his bed.

Rick gave Taylor's cock a squeeze. Taylor shivered with the aftershock. Then Rick pulled his hand out of Taylor's jeans, and Taylor sat down.

"Sorry," Taylor said without looking at Rick.

"What for?"

"Being so quick."

"Ah." Rick squatted down in front of Taylor. That put him eye level, or it would have if Taylor'd had the guts to look Rick in the face. "You know when something like that's a problem?" he asked.

Taylor shook his head.

"When the guy tries to blame his partner for it," Rick said. "Or he comes off like he's Mr. Endurance, only turns out he's Mr. Jackrabbit. You're not any of those guys."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah."

Taylor finally screwed up enough courage to look at Rick. "So what am I?"

Rick grinned. "About the sexiest, most clueless guy I've ever met."

Sexy? "You're kidding, right?"

"Nope." Rick's hand, the one that had been inside Taylor's jeans, was sticky with come. While Taylor watched, amazed, Rick snaked his tongue out and licked his index finger, then put his finger in his mouth, lips tight around it. Taylor had no doubt what Rick was mimicking.

That made him remember his lack of supplies.

"I don't have anything here," he blurted out. "I mean, if that's what you want. I haven't..." His cheeks reddened again. "It's been a long time. I wasn't expecting--"

Taylor stopped talking. Rick was grinning again.

"I always come prepared," Rick said. He reached into a side pocket. When he took his hand out again, he was holding three condoms and a little tube of lube. "Prepared to come," he said.

"Oh." Taylor took in the sight of three condoms with a little trepidation. He hadn't been fucked in a long time. He wasn't sure his body was up to three times in one night.

Why did Rick just happen to have supplies on him anyway? In case the opportunity presented itself, he'd be ready no matter where he was? And here Taylor'd thought he was special, when he was really no more than Rick's fuck of the night.

Some of those thoughts must have shown on his face. Rick put the supplies down on the bed next to Taylor.

"Just so you know," Rick said. "I'm not a player. Sure, I'm not a monk either, but I don't fuck indiscriminately. I came prepared tonight because I was hoping you'd show up at Del Ray's. I came here when you didn't. I wasn't sure if you'd want to or not, but I won't lie to you. I was ready to do a little persuading if you said no." Rick grinned again. "Hoping my winning personality would wear you down."

Taylor gave a rueful grin back. "I didn't taking much wearing down, did I?"

"You have no fucking clue how sexy that was, watching you come like that." Rick leaned forward, eyes on Taylor's lips. "No fucking clue."

This time when Rick kissed him, Taylor was ready for it. He opened his mouth, and Rick took advantage of the invitation, plunging his tongue deep inside.

They kissed for long minutes. Rick's hands roamed over Taylor's back, under his shirt, up his chest to pinch his nipples, then down to cup his reawakening cock. Taylor clutched at Rick's shirt, pulling it up out of the waistband of Rick's jeans, caressing Rick's smooth skin.

"So, we gonna use those supplies?" Rick asked. His voice was deep, breathless, his lips reddened from kissing.

Nerves had settled in Taylor's belly, but he was too turned on to stop. If this turned out to be just

a one night hook up, he was pretty sure he could live with that. At least he'd have Rick's cock in him tonight.

"Yeah." He pulled his shirt off over his head and lay down on his bed. "Yeah."

Rick stood up and stripped out of his clothes. He never stopped looking at Taylor the whole time.

The only light in the room was the little study light on Taylor's bedside table. The light shaded the hard planes and tight muscles of Rick's body in deeply shadowed relief. His chest was practically hairless, his skin tanned and smooth, his nipples light brown and hard. Rick was cut, his cock a little bigger than Taylor's own, jutting out hard and curved slightly to the left, his balls tight.

Taylor wet his lips and reached to slide out of his jeans. Rick swatted his hand away.

"None of that, now," Rick said. "I want to unwrap you."

Rick took his time, first untying and slipping off Taylor's boots, then tugging off his socks. He twirled one of Taylor's socks on his finger, letting the sock fly off to land on Jerry's bed. Taylor chuckled. Jerry would never even notice.

"Having fun yet?" Rick asked, grinning.

Taylor grinned back, nerves almost all gone. "Yeah."

Rick yanked on Taylor's jeans. Taylor accommodated by lifting his rear, and Rick pulled them all the way off.

Taylor had never been one of those guys who was comfortable being naked around other guys. Part of it was because he'd always been afraid he'd get a hard-on at the most inappropriate time, like in the shower in gym class. Part of it was because he never thought he measured up to other guys naked.

But now Rick was looking at his cock like it was the best thing in the world.

Maybe he didn't have anything to be worried about, at least size-wise.

Rick lowered himself over Taylor. "You want to do this face up or face down?"

Taylor wasn't a total virgin. Face down would be easier, especially since it had been a while, but he wanted to see Rick while they were fucking. This might be the only night they had, and he wanted to see.

"Face up."

Rick kissed him. "My personal favorite."

Taylor let his legs fall open, and Rick settled down on top of him. Their cocks, hard and trapped between their bellies, rubbed up against each other. Rick went from kissing him to nipping at his chin, mouthing his earlobes, running his tongue along the hard line of Taylor's collarbone. Before long, Taylor was writhing with need.

He felt Rick fumble with the tube, then Rick's slick finger was at Taylor's opening.

"Tight," Rick said, rubbing maddening circles around the clenched muscle.

"It's been a while for me," Taylor said, all embarrassment at the admission long gone.

Rick nodded. "Then I'll be sure to make this good."

And he did. Rick took his time opening Taylor up, first one finger, then two, then three, all the while making sure he touched the places that Taylor yearned to be touched, loosening him and driving him crazy with pure, white-hot need, until by the time Rick rolled a condom on his cock and pressed against Taylor, Taylor was more than ready to be fucked.

The first thrust filled Taylor so full he thought he'd rip apart. The pressure lit him up inside, like all his nerve endings were on overload. He fisted the sheets, his eyes squeezed tight, then he made himself relax one hand long enough to shift his grip to his own cock.

"Fuck, but you're tight," Rick said.

Taylor opened his eyes. Rick's face was flushed, the strain of holding himself still clear in the veins showing on his forehead and his neck.

Taylor jerked his own cock, and he felt himself loosen. Not much, but Rick must have felt it, too. Rick started to thrust, little movements at first, then harder as Taylor started to move beneath him.

It took them a while to get used to each other's rhythms. Their fucking was far from perfect, but Taylor didn't care. Rick wasn't fucking him over the backstage sawhorses. Rick fucking him in his own room, face to face, was the fantasy Taylor never dared to have, and now he was living it. Their rhythm didn't have to be perfect. They didn't have to try every position in the book. The fact that it wasn't perfect proved this wasn't a fantasy; it was real, and that made it better.

Even though he'd come in his jeans, it still didn't take Taylor long until he was ready to come again. He jerked himself harder, faster, then Rick swatted his hand away. Rick leaned back, lifted Taylor's rear onto his thighs, and took over jerking Taylor's cock while his own cock filled Taylor as full as he could be.

The feel of Rick's cock in him and Rick's hand on him was too much. Taylor came almost immediately, spurting over his own belly and clenching hard around Rick, who shuddered and cried out, and then Taylor felt Rick coming, too.

This time when Taylor went to clean himself off, Rick didn't stop him. Instead, Rick took care of the condom, tying it off and throwing it in the trash next to Taylor's desk.

Taylor was pretty sure this was when Rick would make some excuse and leave. Taylor told himself it didn't matter. He'd be sore for a couple of days, and that would be enough of a reminder that tonight had really happened.

Except, of course, it wouldn't be enough. That was the problem with fantasies. When they actually came true, the next fantasy was that it would happen again.

After Taylor threw the tissue in the trash next to the used condom, he finally looked at Rick. Instead of being half dressed already, Rick was sitting at the end of the bed, leaning against the wall. He was still naked, one leg bent, his arms wrapped around his knee.

"Your roommate coming back tonight?" Rick asked.

Taylor shook his head. "That was him, passed out on the floor in the room next door. He won't stumble back until morning when they kick him out of their room."

"That's good to hear."

It was? "How come?"

Rick chuckled. "You really have no idea how hot you are, do you? But that's okay," he added quickly. "I like that about you."

Taylor was not used to the word "hot" being applied to him, especially by someone like Rick, who was sex on legs. "So does this mean you're not leaving?"

"Well, eventually I'll have to leave, but I'm thinking not just yet." Rick leaned over, looking over the edge of the bed. He reached down, grabbed something off the floor, then straightened up, the remaining two condoms dangling from his fingers. "Be a shame to waste these."

"Tonight?" Taylor swallowed hard.

"Yeah. Why not?"

Well, for one thing, Taylor'd already come twice. His personal best had been jerking himself off three times in one night just to see if he could. He'd been fifteen then, and his cock had been sore for days. "You can do that?" he asked Rick. "Three times?"

Rick grinned. "Four," he said, holding up four fingers to emphasize the point. "Personal best." He crawled up the bed until he was stretched out next to Taylor. "Although I might beat that with you."

Wow.

What was that Taylor'd been thinking about fantasies? Now was as good a time as any to find out if this fantasy was a one night stand or something a little more.

"So," Taylor said, drawing the word out.

"Yeah?"

Rick was looking at Taylor's lips again, which Taylor found very distracting. But he really wanted -- needed -- to know.

"Does this mean there might be another movie date in our future?" Taylor asked.

Rick met his gaze. He looked confused, and for a moment Taylor's heart sank.

"Well, yeah. Of course." Rick wrapped an arm around Taylor's waist and drew him close.

"Movie dates with popcorn. Dancing at Del Ray's. Kissing backstage. Pretty much anything else you want."

Taylor blinked. "Yeah?"

Rick kissed him on the tip of his nose. "Yeah."

Taylor felt himself twitch. Rick must have, too. He arched an eyebrow and glanced down between them. "Well, hello there."

Hello there, indeed. This would make three. At that moment, as happy as he was, Taylor was pretty sure that tonight he might actually set a new personal best.

How was that for a fantasy come true?

Taylor's Personal Best

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