

# *fuck the foreplay*



*J.M. Snyder*

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# *Fuck the Foreplay*

*By J.M. Snyder*

**free fiction**

Tory stared at the biology book open on his desk and tried not to think about the time. It was Friday afternoon and he didn't have another class until Tuesday morning, what with the extended three day weekend they got from Fall Break, and he was only reading through the chapter on mitochondria to keep the excitement coursing through his body to a minimum. Three days without classes. Three days without Seth, his roommate, who was even now packing to go home for the short holiday. Three days to himself, finally alone, without the ever constant presence of someone else in the room, listening as he talked on the phone, watching him type on the computer, always there, always studying...

Shit, it was only two months into his freshman year at Mason and already he didn't know how he'd get through this semester alive. His classes were kicking his ass, his roommate was annoying as hell, the cafeteria food sucked, he hadn't even been off campus in weeks—*I hate college*, he thought, frowning at the picture of a human cell that covered half the page in his biology book. Why had he picked a school so far away from home? Why had he even *gone* to school in the first place?

*Because Jon wanted you to*, he reminded himself.

That was the truth. Jon, his boyfriend of what, three years now? Tory had been sixteen, a member of the high school marching band, and Jon a senior on the football team the year they found each other. They'd known each other forever, grown up together, their families neighbors and the boys playmates since childhood. But three years ago, in the dimly lit locker room after football

practice, once all the other players were gone, Jon had pinned Tory against the lockers and kissed him for the first time. Against Tory's lips, he whispered he loved him, had *always* loved him, and Tory about fell out on the floor to beg for another kiss.

At the time Jon was already working at his dad's company, assured a position after graduation, and already knew what he wanted out of life. *Which is you*, he said, over and over again, every time Tory was around so he wouldn't forget. *I want you, Tory, only you.*

If he closed his eyes, Tory could hear those words now in that deep voice, and he fought the urge to pick up the phone and call Jon's cell to hear him say it again, because Jon was on the road right now, someplace between home and the school, and he was coming to spend the weekend with Tory.

Nervously Tory tapped his pen on the open book in front of him, his knee shaking with an anxious rhythm. The last time he saw Jon had been Labor Day, almost a full month ago, and that was just too long. They talked on the phone every night, even if Seth did listen in. Tory would curl up in his blankets before going to sleep and listen to Jon's voice, soft and warm in his ear. The room would be dark except for a small funnel of light tossed by the tiny lamp he had clipped to the end of his bed, and he'd touch himself with long, slow strokes as Jon told him he loved him, he missed him, he wanted to hold him and kiss him and make love to him...

*Why did I pick a school so far away from home?* Tory thought again. *And when is he going to get here already?*

“Don’t eat my food while I’m gone,” Seth said, brushing behind Tory to get to the small dorm-sized refrigerator they shared. “And don’t drink my sodas. I know how many there are.”

“I’ve got my own damn food,” Tory replied.

Seth pushed his blonde bangs back from his eyes and glared at Tory. “And don’t let your boyfriend sleep in my bed.”

Tory laughed at that. “Shit, Seth,” he drawled, a smile on his face, “we aren’t going to be sleeping much at all. And it’ll be *my* bed he stays in, not yours. Trust me on that.”

Frowning, Seth glanced at the pictures Tory had pinned around his desk—photographs of himself and Jon in loving poses. Him on Jon’s lap, Jon’s hand between his knees. Jon with his cute little dachshund, Jon in nothing but a pair of boxers, Jon blowing a kiss at the camera. “Is that all you two are going to do?” Seth wanted to know as he shoved a stack of books into his backpack. “Just fuck all weekend long?”

“If I’m lucky,” Tory replied. “It’s been a month, Seth. I know you can’t comprehend that, Mr. Never Been Kissed, but my idea of fun is Jon and me and nothing else. Nothing at all.”

“I get your point.” Lifting the corner of his bedspread, Seth pushed his dirty clothes beneath the bed, out of view. “There’s just more to life than that, Tory.”

“Like what?” Tory asked.

Seth shrugged. “Like school. And getting a job. And making money. And going to class—”

Tory rolled his eyes and sighed. “Tell you what. *You* fall in love and find someone to rock your world, then you tell me what’s more important than that. Deal?”

“Money,” Seth said.

Tory groaned. How did he ever get stuck with a business major for a roommate? The first night they had shared a room, Seth laughed at him, *laughed*, when Tory said he was a music major. *What do you plan to do with THAT?* Seth had asked.

*Nothing*, Tory replied. It was the truth—he didn’t plan on doing anything with his degree. He was only here because Jon told him to go to school, and he couldn’t think of anything else he wanted to study, not really. After four years he’d graduate and move back home, and he’d be old enough to tell his parents he was getting married. That’s what he planned to do with his life—get married and love Jon until the day he died.

Of course, Seth had laughed at that, too.

Someone knocked on the door to their room, and Tory tripped over his chair in his haste to answer it. As he stumbled across the room, he threw an evil look at Seth when his roommate snickered at him. He opened the door and Jon stood there, sunglasses still covering his eyes, his brown hair spiked and windblown, arms full of paper bags and his overnight bag over one shoulder. With a sly grin, Jon removed the sunglasses and winked at him. “Hey there, sexy.”

Tory grinned. “Jon!” Wrapping his arms around Jon’s neck, he pulled him close for a hungry kiss.

Jon dropped the bags at his feet and laughed breathlessly as Tory covered his lips and chin with kisses.

“Oh God,” Tory breathed, “I missed you.” He touched his boyfriend as if he couldn’t live without this man in his arms. “Oh Jesus, Jon, please—”

Seth cleared his throat, and Tory turned to find his roommate standing nearby, one hand extended in greeting. “I don’t believe we’ve met,” he said, grinning at Jon. “Seth Thompson.”

“Jon Collins.” Jon shook Seth’s hand awkwardly, Tory still in his arms. “Tory’s told me a lot about you.”



“Nothing good, I’m sure,” Seth said, laughing, and because that was the truth, Jon didn’t reply. With a nod at Tory’s desk, where pictures of Jon stared from the walls, he added, “I would’ve recognized you anywhere.”

Jon laughed and kissed Tory’s cheek, his lips cool against Tory’s flushed skin. “I’m sure,” he said. Lowering his voice, he whispered, “I missed you, baby.”

Tory grinned foolishly. “I missed you, too.” He stroked Jon’s chin, where a small growth of hair was beginning to form. The look was very cute. “You’re not shaving.”

“Do you like it?” Jon asked, bending to pick up the bags he had dropped.

Tory led him over to his side of the room, where Jon set the bags on the desk. “I love it.” He stepped up behind Jon and wrapped his arms around Jon’s waist, hugging him tightly. Rubbing his hips against Jon’s, he whined, “Jon, I’ve *missed* you.”

Jon glanced over at Seth, who watched them with a bemused expression on his face. “We’ve got company, Tory,” Jon reminded him. “When we’re alone you can show me how much you’ve missed me, okay?”

Tory frowned at Seth. “Can you give us a few minutes?” He had waited too long for this moment, he wasn’t waiting a second more.

Seth sighed. “Sure,” he said. “My mom’ll be here in fifteen, though, so

you boys make it fast.”

“We will,” Tory assured him.

Jon laughed as Tory ushered Seth out of the room.

At the door, Tory murmured, “Thanks.” Then he shut it behind his roommate and locked it for good measure. He turned to find Jon watching him from the desk. Now that they were alone, *finally*, Tory didn’t quite know where to begin. With a shy smile, he ducked his head. “Hey.”

Jon gave him a wink that sent his blood soaring. “Do you know what today is?” he asked.

Without thinking about it, Tory shook his head. “Friday? Come here and kiss me again.”

But Jon didn’t move. Instead, he leaned back against Tory’s desk and let his gaze travel down his boyfriend’s body. Despite the clothing he wore, Tory felt that look touch him in all the right places.

Jon prompted, “October. Don’t you remember?”

Tory frowned. “I don’t...remember what?”

A faint smile tugged at Jon’s lips. “Tory. Today’s the day I kissed you for the first time. Don’t tell me you’ve forgotten.”

“No,” Tory said, a little too quickly because although he remembered every kiss, every touch, every longing look and lustful sigh, he didn’t exactly chisel the dates into his brain. “So that makes this our anniversary, right?” At Jon’s nod, Tory asked, “Then why are you still over there? Kiss me already.”

Suddenly a loud knock interrupted them. Out in the hall, Seth raised his voice to call through the door, “You guys about done in there? I have to finish packing.”

Tory knocked back against the door, hard. “Almost! Give us a minute!”

Seth’s grumbles could be heard as he wandered away. Spurred into action, Tory fumbled with the button on his jeans. “You heard him, lover boy. We gotta make it quick. Fuck the foreplay, just take off your pants.”

Jon laughed again as Tory shucked his pants and boxers down to his ankles. “You’re so romantic.” But it *had* been a long time, and Tory was already hard and ready for him. They met in the middle of the room, Jon’s hands smoothing across Tory’s bare bottom as they kissed. “Can we do the foreplay later?”

“Please,” was all Tory managed before Jon eased him to the floor, his hand encircling Tory’s aching cock, his fingers massaging the hard length until Tory cried out his name. “Bottom drawer,” he whispered, pointing at his desk.

Jon stood and pulled his own pants down, followed by his briefs. Then he

opened the drawer, rummaging through the razors and shampoo and packets of free toiletries Tory had received from Housing, but he couldn't find... "I don't see anything."

Tory could've groaned in frustration. How much time were they wasting?

Jon pulled the drawer out farther, ready to empty it onto the floor, when Tory sat up and took Jon's throbbing dick in both of his hands, squeezing gently. "One lousy condom, Tory. Is that too much to ask for?"

"They're in there," Tory replied, tugging on Jon's erection. "I got a whole handful from the health center the other day."

"Well, I can't find them," Jon said, frustrated because he was hard and ready.

Tory was, too. "Fuck the condom. Do we really need one?"

The look Jon shot him was so suffering, Tory laughed. Grabbing a tube of massage oil, Jon, "What the hell's this?"

"It smells like peaches," Tory told him, holding out one hand. Jon tossed him the tube. "We don't need the condom. Use this." He tried to unscrew the cap with his teeth, unwilling to let go of Jon long enough to open the tube. "Jon..."

"Give it to me," Jon said, but Tory didn't let go and when Jon got the cap

off, the oil squirted all over their hands, their arms, their dicks, the heady scent of peaches thick in the air between them. “Fuck.”

Tory worked the oil up and down Jon’s hard shaft, his fingers rubbing it into Jon’s hair, his skin, his balls. “We’ll just buy more,” he said, lying back on the ground. His wet hands stroked his own erection, lathering the oil between his legs until they were both slick and hard and oh so willing... “Jon, now,” he gasped, as Jon’s fingers pushed his away and entered him easily. “God, Jon, I’ve missed you. I love you.”

Leaning down over him, Jon guided his erection into Tory and he moaned as he eased inside, the hot tightness pulling him in, deeper into his lover. “I love you, too. Happy anniversary.”

“Yes,” Tory sighed as his lover filled him. His breath caught in his throat and his voice rose in pitch, clawing from him. “Yes.”

One hand trailed peach scented oil through Tory’s hair and across his forehead while the other stroked Tory’s erection, squeezing with each thrust. Tory raised his hips to meet Jon, picking a fast rhythm that would satisfy them both right now. Jon bit his lips in tiny prickled kisses and Tory’s hands cupped Jon’s ass to pull him in closer, deeper, faster. Each thrust sent waves crashing over him, drowning him in the pleasure and the moment. He’d been right—there was *nothing* but this, nothing else mattered, nothing at all.

Jon moaned his name, kissing his neck and ears, his teeth nipping gently

at him until Tory sighed, his lover's name on his lips, desire and lust and love breaking through him in the steady rhythm of their sex. When his dick spasmed between them, coating Jon's hand and trailing hot juices along their lower bellies, Jon pushed harder, faster, until he came as well.

"God," he whispered, nuzzling Tory's neck as their heart beats returned to normal. Tory waited, expecting more words of love, but instead, Jon murmured, "This place reeks of peaches."

Tory giggled. "Do you think Seth will notice?"

"Wouldn't you?" Jon countered.

Tory laughed again and hugged him close. "Let's do it again," he said, his cock already hardening in Jon's hand.

But a soft knock on the door dissuaded them. Jon scrambled to his feet, wiping his hands on a towel Tory had hanging over his dresser to dry. He pulled his pants up and for a moment stared at Tory lying on the ground, his shirt hitched up above his waist, his jeans around his ankles, nothing but smooth skin in-between. "Damn," Jon said softly, biting his lip. "You're gorgeous, you know that, baby?"

Tory sighed. "I know," he replied loftily. Then he snickered and rolled out of the way when Jon tried to kick at him. Raising his arms in the air, he asked. "Up."

Jon pulled Tory to his feet and kissed him tenderly. "Tonight we'll do it again."

The knock came again, this time followed by a woman's voice calling out Seth's name. Slapping Tory's ass, Jon said, "Get dressed, sweet cheeks. I'm guessing that's your roommate's mom."

Struggling with his jeans, Tory laughed. Another hour and Seth would be gone, they'd be alone, and there would be nothing stopping them from making love all night long.

This time they wouldn't fuck the foreplay.

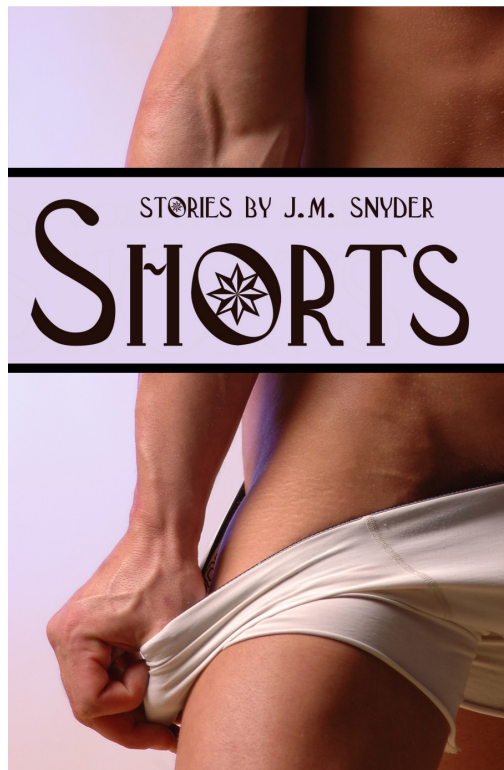
THE END

Author's Note: For those who like Tory and Jon, I hope to write a longer story in the future exploring their relationship in high school and how they went from being best friends to falling in love. Bookmark my website at <http://jmsnyder.net> to learn when the book is available!

## ***ABOUT J.M. SNYDER***

A multi-published author of gay erotic/romantic fiction, **J.M. Snyder** began writing boyband slash before self-publishing through iUniverse, Lulu Press, and CreateSpace. Currently Snyder works with several different e-publishers, most notably Amber Allure Press and eXcessica Publishing, and has several short stories published in anthologies by Alyson Books, Cleis Press, and others. For more information, including excerpts, free stories, and monthly contests, please visit <http://www.jmsnyder.net>.

**If you enjoyed Fuck the Foreplay, you might like Snyder's erotic short story collection, *SHORTS*:**



### **SHORTS**

**By J.M. SNYDER**

Fourteen sinful, seductive, and downright sexy stories, these tales are a titillating foray into short gay erotic fiction that will excite your senses and set your pulse racing. From best friends discovering each other for the first time to seasoned lovers stealing a quick moment alone to rivals who come together in a clash of sex and desire, these stories will take you on a wild ride through intimate moments and lustful hook-ups between hot and horny men.