

Steven McConnahey took the exit off of Interstate 77 heading for Davidson College. He had taken this route so many times he could do it in his sleep. This time felt different though. He wasn't a student anymore. He was returning as a professor.

It was only an adjunct position for a semester, but he was hopeful. Two professors were retiring out of the University of North Carolina - Charlotte English department next year and he was hoping this job might lead to one of those. UNCC was less than thirty miles south of here and the faculties interacted extensively.

It was Christmas break so there weren't many students still on small private campus. The ones present were scurrying from building to building bundled up against the cold. Steven pulled into a parking space and got out to take a walk before it turned completely dark.

Strolling along the street that bordered the campus, Steven wasn't surprised to find himself standing in front of the brick house that belonged to his favorite professor, Dr. Lawrence. Actually there were two Dr. Lawrences at Davidson. Dr. David Lawrence taught English, mainly poetry. His ex-wife, Dr. Rebecca Lawrence, taught in the music department. They had been married for ten years and divorced for more. They lived three doors down from each other and they had one son, Phillip. 'Phillip must be about ready for college,' Steven thought. Definitely a unique relationship, but it seemed to suit them.

Steven had been so in love with David when he had been a student. He had been one of David's 'pet' students and spent hours with the quiet professor talking about everything under the sun. He had shared many dinners in this very house and even had traveled with David to several conferences. David had never treated him as anything other than a favorite student, but Steven harbored fantasies that once he graduated David would profess his undying love. In reality, Steven hadn't known if David would even consider a relationship with another man. It was funny - the same trip that answered that question destroyed all of Steven's dreams of David falling in love with him.

David had invited Steven to go with him to an International Poetry Conference in New York. David was presenting a paper and leading a three hour workshop. Steven had been so excited he could barely sit still on the plane or in the cab to the hotel. David had just smiled indulgently at him and pointed out places they passed.

When they got to the hotel and checked in, Steven learned they would have adjoining rooms and his heart had soared. It's funny how we always seem to fall hardest from the highest heights. When they had exited the elevator and turned towards their rooms, a door opened and a gorgeous blond man about David's age had literally run towards them, scooped David into his arms and pulled him into a passionate kiss.

Steven had just stood staring at the two men. Luckily, he had been too shocked to speak or cry, that had come later when he was alone. David broke away from the other man and introduced him to Steven. The Englishman looked sheepishly at Steven. "I'm sorry for the greeting. We only get to see each other two or three times a year at these things and I missed him." Dr. James Morrison had turned out to be friendly and funny.

And Steven hated him.

Standing on the now dark street, Steven pulled the collar of his coat up to protect himself from the cold and maybe the memories. Taking one last look up at the house before heading back to his car, Steven noticed that David was in the living room decorating a Christmas tree in the front window. Now that it was darker out, Steven could see into the room quite clearly. David was standing on a short step ladder weaving Christmas lights around the top of the tree.

Steven stood mesmerized by the site of David's muscular back, ass and thighs as he stretched to reach the top of the tree. Four years had obviously just improved him. Just then, David over balanced and fell out of Steven's sight.

Steven was up the walk and through the front door before he could stop himself. “David, are you okay? Is anything broken?” he shouted coming to his knees next to the older man.

David looked up startled at the sudden intrusion. One minute he was cursing his son, Phillip, for picking out the tallest tree on the lot and then going out with his friends leaving David to decorate it, and the next he was on the floor tangled in about eighty feet of Christmas lights with Steven McConnahey running his hands all over his body. His cock immediately responded to the younger man’s presence. It always had. David had taken more cold showers during the four years Steven attended this school than he had taught classes.

Surprise finally receding, David attempted a question, “Steven? What... why?” Steven’s hands were running up his legs and soon would be discovering evidence that he was very ‘okay’. David stopped the hands with his own, pinning them against his leg, and tried again, “Steven, what are you doing here?”

Steven looked up at David and forgot how to breathe. David’s mouth was only inches away. David’s hands were holding his trapped against hard, warm thighs. They stayed that way – suspended – for what seemed like forever before David whispered, “Oh, fuck,” and closed the distance between their lips. In the first touch of David’s lips on his, Steven sensed a fusion in his heart like a missing puzzle piece snapping in place. Opening his mouth, he leaned into David and attacked his mouth with eight years of pent up passion.

David felt like he’d been free falling ever since he missed the step on the ladder. First the physical fall to the floor and then the emotional fall of seeing and touching Steven. Now he was falling into a sea of sensation. Steven’s soft lips pressed against his own. The taste of Steven on his tongue. Steven’s silky curls wound around his fingers. A sea of Steven. He was drowning and had absolutely no desire to be rescued.

Restlessly the two men shifted trying to get comfortable without letting go of each other. David tried to stand and realized he was basically tied up with Christmas lights. Collapsing back to the floor, he started to try and push the wires away without ending the kiss. Steven tried to help, but for every strand they seemed to unwind, two more appeared. Finally laughing and breathless, they pulled apart and looked down at the mess of wires winding around David's arms, chest and legs.

"Here, you take this wire and hold it up this way."

"Push that through here."

"Nope, it needs to go under this one."

"I feel like we're playing a 3-D game of Twister."

"I give up," David huffed. Now the lights were wound around both men. "Give me your hands," David ordered pulling them both to their feet. Loosening the wires, he pushed them all to the ground and they were able to step free. Picking the entire mess up, he took four long strides and dumped the entire bundle into the trash can. "There. Now come here." David's voice was filled with promise.

Steven shrugged out of his coat and stepped willingly into David's arms. Tilting his head he wrapped his arms around David's neck and sunk into another mind blowing kiss. Guiding David backwards, Steven pushed him down onto the couch and knelt between his knees.

David paused the kiss by cradling Steven's head between his hands and pulling back slightly. "Not that I'm complaining, but why are you here?" His eyebrows were drawn together in that little crease he got when he was puzzled about something.

Steven smiled and smoothed the crease with his finger. "Dean Williams didn't tell you I was coming?"

“No. What...” David thought back to the cryptic Christmas card he had received from the dean that morning. It had said, “Merry Christmas. I have a present arriving for you today or tomorrow. Chris.” David had been puzzled because they never exchanged gifts. Now it made more sense, Chris, James, and Rebecca had been the only people who knew about David’s feelings about Steven.

“I’ve been hired as an adjunct to fill in for Dr. Tyler while she’s out on maternity leave.”

David pulled Steven back against him. He was here to stay and this time as an equal. He knew that they should talk more. He should tell Steven how he felt. But at the moment, all he could think about was finally being able to touch and make love to Steven.

While David’s mind was arguing with his libido, Steven’s hands made short work of his clothes. By the time David realized that the heavenly feeling he was experiencing was Steven’s skin pressed against his, they were both naked to the waist and Steven was busy unfastening David’s jeans. “David, I want you so badly... make love to me... please...” Steven placed open mouthed kisses across David’s chest and shoulders with each pause.

David tipped Steven’s face up with a finger under his chin. “Are you sure? We have time. We don’t have to rush.”

“The fuck we don’t. If I don’t come soon, I’m going to explode,” Steven pleaded.

David chuckled and stood up holding out his hand to help Steven to his feet. “Come on. I think we’ve put on enough of a show.” Steven blushed at the thought of how clearly he had seen into David’s front window. Hopefully there hadn’t been anyone on the street to watch.

David led Steven upstairs to the one room he had never seen, the master bedroom. Removing the rest of their clothing, David laid Steven on the

bed and followed him down covering the slender body with his own. Steven let out a hiss of pleasure as their cocks came into full contact. His eyes drifted shut and David began to place feathering kisses down the arched neck, over a shoulder and onto the smooth chest. "God you are beautiful," David whispered causing Steven's eyes to open.

David reached for the drawer beside the bed and removed lube and a condom. Steven lay back on the pillows and allowed his thighs to fall open. David couldn't resist the invitation and leaned in for a taste of the glistening cock head. Stroking the hard length, David firmly moved the silky skin over the hard shaft. Steven sighed when David finally reached for the bottle of lube, but instead of opening it he pressed it into Steven's hand.

"Will you make love to me?" David whispered.

Steven closed his eyes trying to regain control of his body. Just the image, made him surge to the brink of climax. He nodded and rolled their bodies over on the bed. Starting with David's mouth, Steven ran his lips and tongue over the raspy skin on David's jaw and back to the soft sensitive spots behind his ears. Coating his fingers with slippery liquid, he moved his mouth lower to taste the dark brown nipples. David's soft moans made Steven want to linger, so he continued moving between the twin nubs increasing to light nips with his teeth.

David's hips were thrusting into Steven's body. He felt completely out of control of his own body. Steven was about to make him come just from sucking and biting his nipples. When Steven surrounded his cock with a warm slippery hand there was no holding back. He thrust his hips almost violently fucking Steven's hand. Steven groaned and bit hard pulling slightly on the hair around David's left nipple. Hot creamy streams of come shot from the man's rigid member, grabbing Steven tight to his chest, David rode out wave after wave of intense sensation.

David was just beginning to calm his breathing when Steven started again. Moving farther down David's chest, he began to lick the come

with broad swipes of his tongue. David lifted his head and shoulders to watch. Deep shudders racked his body at the erotic sight combined with the feeling of Steven's warm, wet tongue. He could feel himself begin to harden again.

Steven continued to clean David finally taking the renewed erection completely into his mouth sucking strongly. At the same time his mouth was lavishing attention on David's cock, his fingers were teasing their way into David's tight opening. Steven had learned his lessons about rhythm very well. Sliding his mouth up and down David's hard shaft, he pushed one, two and then three fingers in synchronicity. Twisting and turning them, stretching the older man until he relaxed, all the while searching for the way to bring his lover even more pleasure.

Steven's fingers brushed the small mound and David cried, "Oh my God, Steven!" Steven loved the sound of David's voice hoarse with passion crying out his name. It became almost a chant. Steven would push and David would cry out. "Steven... oh, Steven... Steven, please..." Having held back almost to the point of desperation, Steven rolled a condom on quickly and positioned himself at the opening to David's body.

Thrusting forward in a smooth even push, Steven sheathed himself in one stroke. He wanted to give David a moment to adjust and relax but when he felt the tight heat squeezing him, he had to move. Pulling almost all the way out, Steven thrust repeatedly into David. He tried his best to hold back but was lost. Screaming David's name, he surged forward as an intense orgasm crashed over him. His arms and legs were trembling as he rocked in tiny motions in and out of his lover.

Sitting back on his heels, he swallowed David's cock deeply into his throat. David cursed and thrust up into Steven's warm mouth once, twice and exploded down his throat. Steven continued to swallow and lick until David was completely soft. Slowly he let David fall from his lips. Moving to the side, Steven lay down with his cheek on the soft hair between David's hip bones.

They tangled together silently for a long time. David petting Steven's curls and Steven stroking the sensitive skin on David's thighs.

"I love you," David whispered.

"I've been in love with you for so long. I can't remember a time before you."

"How long?"

"The first day. You started class by reciting poetry in Spanish and then German to impress upon us that poetry isn't about the words but the rhythm."

"I was such a fool. I tried so hard to push you away with one hand while holding you close with the other. You were my student and the way I felt about you was wrong."

Steven looked up at David. Moving to lay next to him on the pillow, he ran a finger down his cheek. "The feelings weren't wrong, just the timing. This could never be wrong." Steven was silent for a minute before he asked, "You really loved me back then?"

David nodded catching Steven's hand against his cheek and kissing the palm. "You were driving me crazy."

"But what about James?"

David chuckled. "I invited you to come to New York because I wanted to be with you so badly. I thought maybe... you were an adult...about to graduate... if we were away from school. Then I had an attack of conscience. I asked James to pretend to be my lover and run interference. James and I were lovers a long time ago before Rebecca. I didn't think I was strong enough to stay away from you on my own, but I didn't mean for you to pull completely away. We got back and there was the rush of finals and graduation and then you were gone. You never even contacted me for a reference when you started graduate school."

“God, I was so stupid.” Steven buried his face in David’s neck.

David lifted his chin and made him meet his eyes. “No. I’m the one that messed up and I lost you for four years. I’m never letting you go again.”

“Good. So will you make it up to me?” Steven asked with a sly look in his eye.

“How can I make it up to you?” David asked seriously.

Steven laughed and straddled his lover pinning him to the bed. “You owe me four years of make up sex.”

David groaned, “You are going to kill me.” His grin turned seductive. “I’d better get started.”

~the end~

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