



What He Wants

Copyright © January 2011, Eden Cole
Cover art by Eden Cole © January 2011

Free read by Eden Cole. Not for resale. All rights reserved.

No part of this e-book may be reproduced or shared by any electronic or mechanical means, including but not limited to printing, file sharing, and e-mail, without prior written permission from the author.

Aaron strolled into his office like he always did and perched on the end of Matthew's desk. He crossed his legs at the ankle, and folded his thick arms over his chest. Nothing new about that, Matthew told himself, and yet he'd become a whole lot more aware of what his friend did lately. More importantly, he'd become more aware of his reaction to Aaron.

"So what are you and Abbey doing this weekend?" Aaron asked. "Anything interesting?"

"No." Matthew's answer was clipped. He didn't know what to do with his eyes. He could stare at the paperwork needed for his next meeting, but his eyes refused to focus. For some insane reason, they wanted to stray...over to Aaron. He surged to his feet, his chair wheels thunking with the awkwardness he felt. He turned his back to his best friend and stared out the window at the street below. "She broke it off."

"Aw hell," Aaron responded. "Sorry about that." He laid a hand on Matthew's shoulder, making him start. "She say why? You weren't dumb enough to take the company slut up on her offer from last week, were you? I would think you'd share that tidbit with your best bud if you did."

Matthew rolled his eyes at Aaron's teasing. That and Aaron's refusal to take himself or life seriously was what kept Matthew together at times. He would never have said of course. Men did not go all mushy in that way, but he was sure Aaron knew how he appreciated him being there for him the past fifteen years. Their friendship was what complicated matters and made Abbey's assertion all the more unacceptable.

"No, of course not. I wouldn't cheat on her." He couldn't tell Aaron the real reason Abbey, who had been friends with Aaron longer than him, had broken up with him yesterday. He'd had all night to think it over, especially since he couldn't get to sleep. He'd yelled at her and told her she was just making excuses. Their relationship had gone stale over the last year, and he wouldn't blame her if she just wanted to move on. But to say what she did about Aaron was ridiculous.

If he had any sense, he'd dismiss the thought. He should tell Aaron what she said, and then they could laugh about it over a couple beers after work. That's what they always did to ease the stress. They were both managers in the same corporation but different departments. Matthew was in Human Resources and Aaron in marketing. Aaron's field suited him, being so creative and outgoing. Matthew was more conservative. He was bookish he knew, without looking the part. Human Resources wasn't the best fit, but it was where he landed, and he hadn't made any changes since then. The fact that he tended to stick with what he knew and play it safe was another bone

Abbey had picked with him on. Her final words to him last night had been, “If I don’t do this, you’ll never make a move.”

Turning, he found Aaron too close, and he worked his shoulder to dislodge Aaron’s hand. “Damn it, would you stop crowding me? It’s not a big deal.”

Aaron backed off with hands raised. “Sorry, I guess you’re hurt and all.” His blue eyes were wide, his expression understanding. Aaron didn’t take offense easily. The fact that Matthew was noticing Aaron’s eye color pissed him off even more. He stomped back to his chair.

“I’m not hurt, just surprised.” Examining himself, he found that it was true. He wasn’t heartbroken. He cared about Abbey, so it did hurt not to be with her when they’d dated for a couple years. But crushed wasn’t what he felt. Confused, annoyed, and angry was closer to the mark. Something else stirred inside, but he rejected taking a closer look. If other feelings were there, he figured Abbey’s stupid assertion was the cause. She made him like this around his best friend who he shared everything with.

“Well,” Aaron said, “since you’re not hanging with her this weekend, I figure I can come over and cheer you up.”

Matthew stared at him like he’d lost his mind. Aaron peered right back, blinking as if Matthew had lost his. “Why would you do that?”

Aaron touched Matthew’s forehead. He ducked to get out of reach. To his further surprise, his cock stirred at the slight brush of their skin.

“I think you might be in shock, buddy,” Aaron said. “We’ve always held onto guy’s night when we’re dating or not dating. We drink and watch movies in our boxers all weekend, or have you forgotten?”

“No boxers!” Matthew all but shouted. He got a grip on himself with supreme effort. He was behaving like an ass, and if he didn’t get control, Aaron would suspect something. Matthew couldn’t let that happen. Everything between them would remain just as it always had. If Abbey wanted an out, she got it. He hoped she found a boyfriend that would be all she wanted. Since Matthew knew he wasn’t a bad-looking man—he kept himself in shape, and more than one woman in the office had let him know she was available—he had no reason to think he wouldn’t have Abbey replaced, and soon. “Beer and movies sounds great. We’ll do what we always do. No problem.”

Now he sounded like a blithering idiot, but at least Aaron was appeased. He grinned but didn’t move from the spot he occupied. Every other time he sat there, Matthew didn’t mind. Today, the entire office was too small, and the couple of feet between them had a hint of intimacy. Matthew grunted, searching his mind for a solution. Damn that Abbey.

Aaron's cell phone rang in his pocket, and he fished it out. He answered. "Aaron, here. Oh, Abbey." His friend met his curious gaze. "Yeah, he's here, crying his eyes out."

Matthew punched him in the gut. Aaron let out an *oomph* and went back to his conversation with Matthew's ex. When he grew quiet, a sickening feeling came over Matthew. Abbey wouldn't take her silly assumption too far, would she? No, she had better sense than that, surely.

Aaron's widened gaze met Matthew's again. His face had gone red, but he wasn't saying anything in response to whatever Abbey said on the phone. Matthew resisted snatching the flimsy piece of electronics and crushing it under his heel. He gripped the sides of his chair until his fingers ached. With everything inside of him, he willed someone to walk into the office to disturb them, or for a phone call, an urgent meeting, anything. Nothing happened.

After some time, Aaron ended the call and put his phone back into his pocket. He didn't move or look up. Matthew sighed. "I guess the weekend's off, huh?" He had no idea why he would ask that, and be disappointed about it.

Aaron straightened and walked to the door. He paused with his hand on the knob with his back to Matthew. "No, it's still on. I'll talk to you later at your house." And he was gone, snapping the door closed quietly behind him.

Matthew ran his fingers through his hair. He imagined it stuck up in points. The dark locks were getting a bit long. He needed to visit his barber soon. No matter how much he replayed Aaron's last words, he couldn't get into his friend's head. Aaron had been subdued. His usual bouncing off the walls, driving Matthew insane, was missing after that conversation with Abbey. Maybe he was waiting until later to end their friendship.

"Damn it to hell," Matthew spat and began packing up his briefcase to leave. He could replace a woman with ease, but a buddy—a best buddy?—no, way. He'd see Aaron later and deny everything. Yes, that was a good strategy.

* * * *

Aaron sat in his car a good twenty minutes outside Matthew's house before he decided to go in. He had the movies, all war and western flicks. Manly. Why he felt the need to choose that type had everything to do with what Abbey had said to him.

"Quick, without thinking, who's the person you love the most, the person you want to be with for the rest of your life? Don't say anything. Just think it," she'd said.

That was easy. Matthew. But then he did think about it. He thought about how she'd worded her questions. The person he loved most? There was nothing wrong with admitting that he loved his buddy. Hell, they were like brothers. Brothers love each other. Not a big deal. But then her second question hit him between the eyes, and he'd known he was blushing on the phone. The person he wanted to be with for the rest of his life. That sounded... No, he couldn't even think it, let alone say it.

That second answer had also been Matthew. Who did he go to whenever he had a problem? Matthew. Who knew him better than anyone else? Who did he spend most of his time with and who he made sure to visit every day in his office? That was all normal, but then Abbey had expounded on her claims. She'd asked him who he thought of in the morning when he woke up, and who was on his mind the last thing at night. Even when he was dating or Matthew was dating, they ended their days, every single night talking to each other. And the truth was Aaron had initiated each of those calls to his buddy.

Once when his car wasn't where he'd parked it in the company parking lot, and when he found it and got in, he knew what had happened. Matthew had borrowed his car. Aaron picked up on Matthew's scent.

He gritted his teeth as he walked up the driveway to his friend's house. For safe keeping because he was famous for losing his keys, Aaron had given a set to Matthew. Because his car was in the shop and he'd forgotten to pick up lunch before his meeting, Matthew had borrowed Aaron's car and brought it back. That was no big deal, but Aaron had been surprised that he knew Matthew so well. Now the full impact of that knowledge hit him as he rang the doorbell.

While he waited to be let in, he made a resolution. Whatever dumbass notions had gotten into him regarding his buddy, he would deal with them. He wasn't going to lose his best friend because he'd gone all...

"Hey, snap out of it," Matthew barked and turned to walk farther into the house, leaving the door open. Aaron sighed and followed. He picked up the scent of pizza and figured Matthew had ordered his favorite—extra cheese, pineapples, and jalapeños. Matthew liked his with just pepperoni.

They settled on opposite ends of the couch. Aaron tossed the movies on the table and grabbed a slice of pizza. Neither of them moved to start the DVD player. When Aaron had stuffed down four slices, he decided he couldn't put off talking about what Abbey had said. She'd probably told Matthew he had a crush on him, so he needed to make it right.

"Look, about what Abbey said," he began.

"Forget it," Matthew interrupted.

He was still grumpy, and he hadn't eaten a thing. His hair which Aaron had always envied him for because it was longer and straighter than his curly fair hair was wild on his head. Aaron had a sudden urge to try fixing it, and mentally kicked himself. His self-disgust went further when he noticed how green Matthew's eyes were. They were always a richer, darker color when he was upset. Aaron groaned and dropped his head in his hands.

"It's not what you think," Matthew shouted, jumping to his feet. "She's wrong."

"No, it's not what *you* think," Aaron countered.

They fell to arguing, each trying to top the other. Aaron didn't have a clue as to what his friend was saying. He was determined to get his point across. Years ago, they'd each learned that they had an affinity for debate and had been decent at it in school. Aaron knew his friend wasn't going to give an inch, but damn it, neither was he. He stood up.

"Stop being stubborn and listen to me, Matthew," he shouted.

"Who'd listen to you yelling?" Matthew told him.

Aaron didn't know who pushed who first, but they were suddenly in a shoving match. They'd fought before like two boys, wrestling each other to the floor and knocking over furniture. A man wasn't a man until he'd proven himself in a fight with his friend. They were both big and muscular, having spent a number of hours in the gym together. They were each other's spotter as they lifted weights and dripped buckets of sweat side-by-side running around the track.

Matthew thumped him in the chest, and Aaron pushed right back. They got up into each other's faces, shouting. Someone knocked against the table, and the pizza box went flying, landing upside down on the carpet.

"You're going to pay for that," Matthew ground out.

Aaron sneered. "Why should I? You knocked it over."

Matthew grabbed his arms pushing back. Aaron twisted and knocked Matthew's hold away. He charged his friend, and their chests met, mouths less than an inch apart. All the wind left Aaron's sails in an instant. He stopped pushing, but so did Matthew. He told himself to back off, to get some space between them, but he didn't move. Then again, neither did his buddy.

They were way too close, chests heaving, breath warming each other's faces. Aaron should have glared at Matthew to give him a signal to move if he couldn't find words to speak, but all he did was look down at Matthew's lips. Strong, thick lips, the bottom larger. Beyond them, Matthew's jaw was chiseled and coated with bristly black hairs. He would have to shave twice a day if he wanted to be smooth.

Aaron shouldn't be thinking that. He should be the first to get over his anger and tease Matthew saying that he'd won the argument and the fight. Matthew should be sulking and then switching over into his superior attitude like Aaron was beneath his royal notice. That's the game they played.

Instead, Aaron thought about how he wanted to see what it was like—to kiss a man. No...not any man. He wanted to kiss Matthew. This was all Abbey's fault. If he touched Matthew in the wrong way, fifteen years of friendship would be lost, and even as he liked to deny all she'd said to him, he thought losing Matthew would hurt a whole lot more than the handful of serious relationships he'd lost with women in his past.

Don't do anything, Aaron. Think about the friendship. Move back, sit down, and watch a movie.

Aaron leaned closer and let his lips just touch Matthew's bottom one. The lip was warm, softer than he'd expected. What shocked him was the pleasure he felt, the excitement in his groin. His cock shifted in his pants. If he moved now, Matthew would see that he'd gotten a hard-on from the kiss. What was he thinking? Things had already gone too far. He'd just kissed his best friend.

He finally found the strength to move back. They both stood there in front of the couch, staring straight ahead. Aaron was still hard, still wanting to taste Matthew. He closed his eyes, angry and disgusted. He hadn't been thinking this way before, had he? Dropping onto the couch, he thought back to the times he'd had sex in the past. One after another, he had taken women to bed. Only a few had been more serious, but that was times when he'd been determined to just find someone he could love, someone to distract him.

Distract me from what?

"Why'd you do that?" Matthew asked after some time.

"It was an accident."

To his surprise, Matthew chuckled. He sank down on the couch beside Aaron, fingers linked, elbows resting on his thighs.

"Abbey said—" he began.

Matthew grabbed him around the throat with one large hand, and shoved him back. Before Aaron could react, his friend's lips were on his, tongue teasing to gain entry. Aaron couldn't think straight let alone resist. He gasped, and Matthew's tongue darted into his mouth. They kissed rough and wild. Matthew's hold was punishing along with his mouth. But he tasted so good, Aaron couldn't pull away. He tilted his head, and their noses bumped. The hair on Matthew's face scraped the ones on his. Yet Matthew pressed in closer.

Which of them moaned, he wondered as he drew Matthew's lower lip between his. He licked at the moist softness. Aaron raised his hand to get air in his throat. Matthew let go but only to brace Aaron's shoulders back against the chair and crush his chest into Aaron's. Aaron's cock was on fire to get out of his pants and play. But maybe this was just a kissing trial. Maybe Matthew was just getting back at him for doing what he did.

Aaron shoved back at his friend and finally wedged space between them. Matthew dropped into his seat, panting. Aaron did the same as he struggled to fix his pants before Matthew noticed. He peeked at his buddy and found him running a hand through his hair. Without even thinking, Aaron touched it too, letting the silky softness stream across his fingers.

He yelped and jumped up. In two strides he was on the other side of the room near the windows. "I don't know what happened just now." Matthew didn't say a word, so he went on. "Abbey said some things to me. I think she brainwashed me with her suggestions that..."

"That I want you?" Matthew asked. "That I would welcome your kisses."

His tone was cold and angry. Aaron faced the window and rested his forehead on the cool glass. They hadn't even pulled the blinds or closed the curtains. The world could have viewed what they'd done. Shame washed over him.

"No, not that you want me, but that I want you. I'm sorry, buddy. I should probably go."

"Wait."

Matthew's voice came from directly behind him, and he jumped but didn't turn around. Aaron's entire being was aware of Matthew right now, and he wished he could take it all back.

"You're saying she told you, *you* want *me*?" Matthew asked.

"Yeah."

Matthew cursed. "She told me I want you, that she's known it for a while, and she was waiting for me to figure it out. She said knowing me, I'd never make a move, so she had to get it going."

Aaron whirled to face him. He was close enough to step into his arms again, but Aaron resisted. "She's wrong about you. I know you better than anyone else. I'd know if you were gay."

Matthew frowned. "I'm not gay." He looked down at the floor as if he was puzzling over the situation, and then he met Aaron's gaze. "I need to know. Was she wrong telling me you want me, Aaron?"

"I-I'm not sure."

"Tell me the truth, damn it," Matthew insisted.

Aaron tore at his hair. "It's natural, right? For a man to want to experiment? So many are doing it. I'm not weird to want to see what it's like to kiss you. That's all."

"Just to kiss me?"

"Damn it, Matthew, I'm doing all the confessing here!"

Matthew smiled. Aaron found himself struck by those eyes again, by that handsome face. He glanced at Matthew's lips. They were deep rose now from their rough kisses. He remembered the taste. He shouldn't want anymore. They'd kissed a lot. Their chests had rubbed hard together. That was more than enough seeing what it was like with another man.

"She wasn't wrong," Matthew admitted. "I wanted to know too. But I wanted a lot more than a kiss. I've..." He hesitated. "At the risk of losing everything, I'll say this. I wanted to go all the way."

Aaron's eyes widened. "You mean..."

He had visions of two male bodies, jutting together, one guy with his cock rammed up the other guy's ass. He shivered, not sure if that excited him or horrified him. Everyone knew what it entailed for two men to have sex.

Matthew nodded. "Yeah, I never really admitted it to myself until she said it, and then I realized I'd been wanting it for a long time. I don't know if I'm bi or if I want to continue with that kind of thing—I mean other than you—I just, well, I want to with you. If you don't, that's fine."

"Other than me." Aaron repeated Matthew's words like a robot. A niggle of jealousy squeezed his chest. If they did this, and Matthew liked it, he might decide to take other men as his lovers. Aaron didn't want that. He didn't want any other man touching Matthew, but if he let on that his feelings went deeper than he first thought or that his friend knew about, he'd blow everything.

He hadn't admitted as much as Matthew had. Abbey had made him see that Matthew meant a lot more to him than just some test. The more he thought about it, the more he realized Matthew was everything to him. He had been running from woman to woman, forcing an occasional commitment from himself, all because what he really wanted was the man in front of him. He loved Matthew. He was *in love* with him and had been for years.

A shout from behind them caught their attention. They both looked, and Aaron recognized Matthew's neighbor. They waved, and Matthew moved away. He bent to clean up the spilled pizza while Aaron watched him.

"You're right," he said, "This is a big risk for both of us. Not just about our friendship either. All of your neighbors, our acquaintances, people at

work—most importantly our families might come to find out. Even if it's one time, it's a big decision."

Matthew dumped the mess on the coffee table and straightened up. He tapped his fingers against his leg staring off into the distance. "True. How about we give it some more thought now that we've come out in the open about it." His face colored. "Probably should look into how...uh...you know."

Aaron laughed. "Yeah, how."

"I guess we know how," Matthew said, reddening even more. "A few days?"

Aaron nodded. "I should go."

He headed to the front door with Matthew behind him. He'd come back later for the movies, or Matthew could return them to the rental box. At the door he looked back to say one more thing when Matthew kissed him. Aaron moved into his buddy's arms, and they held each other around the waist. Because they were about the same height, their cocks rubbed together. This time Aaron knew it was him moaning, but Matthew soon echoed it.

He left Matthew's delicious mouth and kissed along his rugged jaw line. Matthew put a couple inches between them only to use it to stroke Aaron's cock. Aaron growled with need, but forced himself to stay in control. He pushed Matthew back gently.

"Time," he rasped. "We need to think about this clearly when we're not all over each other."

"You're right. I'm sorry."

Aaron opened the door and fled. He had to get out of there because if he knew nothing else, he knew being intimate with Matthew was about making love to him, not just sweaty hot sex.

* * * *

Matthew stepped out of the shower and ran a towel over his wet skin. He walked naked into the bedroom and spotted the small plastic bag he'd tossed there when he came home. Condoms and lubricant. Turned out they hadn't waited more than a day before they were both sure. He should have known of course. How many nights had he lain on his bed trying to jack off and not getting a release? His mind would wander, and he'd think oh Aaron hasn't called yet, and then he'd be rock hard ready to burst. He had told himself it was all because he kept rubbing his dick, but the fact was he'd said Aaron's name. That was enough. *Aaron.*

Matthew went to the dresser and pulled out a pair of boxers. He considered putting on clothes, but why bother? They both knew what they were going to do tonight. The less clothes the better. Thinking about it, even weighing the situation with thoughts of his parents and his sister and everybody at work didn't make him want Aaron less. Thinking about getting his hands around Aaron's shaft, sucking him, licking his hot skin had driven him mad last night.

They had talked on the phone like they always did, Matthew not making the first move but still waiting with his cell in his hand for the call to come in. They'd lain there avoiding the obvious, chatting about nothing. All the time, Matthew had closed his eyes and handled his cock while letting Aaron's deep voice roll over him. His orgasm was stronger than he remembered it being over the last few months with Abbey.

Aaron, Aaron. Soon I'll have him. He'd be inside his friend, or Aaron would be in him. Which was it? How did that kind of thing work? Were there rules or did they go with whatever felt good?

Felt good—man, he hoped it wasn't too painful.

The doorbell rang, and he froze. Although he'd just finished a shower, he felt moisture gather on his upper lip and at his temples. His hands were clammy. In two swallows, he drained the last of his soda he'd left on the dresser.

"Hey," Aaron called out, having let himself in. Matthew swore. He'd forgotten. They were already like lovers, having exchanged keys to their houses and to their cars. But that had been more about Aaron's losing his than anything else.

Aaron stood in the doorway, and he gasped. Matthew hadn't gotten the chance to slip into his boxers. His friend grinned, fingers at his sides twitching a bit. "Guess you're sure."

"I just got out of the shower." He didn't look down, knowing already that his cock was hard as a rock. A flash of Aaron's lips wrapped around it went through his head. He'd love that. A glance at Aaron's expression when he noticed seemed to indicate the same feeling in him. "Wanna suck me?" he asked.

He wouldn't have said it so bluntly to a woman. Aaron was no woman. He shed his clothing in record time, and there was not a shred of offense in his attitude when he dropped to his knees. Aaron opened his mouth and swallowed Matthew. Matthew grunted. They weren't beating around the bush here.

He gripped the dresser beside him, and the boxers slipped from his fingers before he grabbed hold of Aaron's shoulder. Defined muscle and

bone met his palm. He pulled his friend close while pushing his hips toward him. Inches of his cock disappeared into Aaron's mouth. The wet warmth and the pressure sent him orbital. He began to pump forward and back, wanting it to go on for a long time.

When he bordered on coming, he pulled back and sank in front of Aaron. He drew him closer, kissed his lips, and savored how he tasted. So different, harder. He ran his hands down over Aaron's bare chest, enjoying the feel of his ripped muscles. When he reached the bit of hair down there, he paused and looked. Aaron kept himself trimmed.

"Is anything wrong?" his friend asked.

He shook his head. "No, way. Your body is everything and nothing like I expected. Bet that sounds stupid."

"It doesn't." Aaron stood up and held out his hand. "Come on. Let's go to the bed. I want more."

"Me too," Matthew echoed, knowing he sounded desperate for it. He swiped the bag off the dresser and followed Aaron. Matthew's gaze dropped to his friend's ass. Tightly packed, with solid thighs that had helped him dead lift more weight than Matthew could up until now, Aaron's body made his mouth water. Why hadn't he noticed that before now?

When Aaron stopped at the bed, Matthew released his hand and dipped to one knee. He couldn't help himself. He kissed Aaron's hard ass, licked it, and sucked on his skin. Wild with greedy hunger, he ran his tongue lower to Aaron's thighs. He smelled the freshness of his flesh and the soap he'd used. While he continued kissing him, Matthew reached around to the front of Aaron and grabbed his cock. He pumped the full length, judging in a heartbeat that Aaron was thicker but not longer than he was.

"I think I'm going to have to..." He left the other unsaid when he shoved Aaron face down on the bed and followed still kissing his flesh. He spread his partner's legs and fondled his balls. The awesome thing was he knew already to be gentle. He massaged them in his palm as he played over the delicate skin with the tip of his tongue.

Aaron squirmed on the bed. "Ah, that feels good. I never imagined it would feel that good."

Matthew agreed with a groan as he licked his way up to Aaron's ass. Dare he lick there? Would Aaron be offended then? He couldn't blame him for one taste. Ringing the tight opening, he shuddered with glee. He moved higher on the bed, making his cock scrape the sheets. The friction excited him more. He didn't stop but kept climbing until he was fully on top of Aaron, his shaft smashed against his unyielding ass.

Matthew kissed Aaron's shoulder and pressed down harder. He nuzzled his ear and intertwined his fingers with his buddy's. "Do you mind that I did that?"

"No, way. I'm going to do it to you too," Aaron told him.

Matthew moaned. "I can't wait, but first, I'm going to put my cock in your ass. I need to come now."

"I know, and I want it. I want to experience all of it with you."

Matthew reached between his legs, raised his hips, and rubbed the head of his cock over Aaron's rear. A bit of pre-come smeared his pale flesh, and from the look of bliss on Aaron's face, he liked it.

Matthew sat up straddling Aaron. He looked down to see what it was like to have a man's ass between his legs. He scooted a little lower so he could see Aaron's balls, and when he pushed his cheeks apart, he got a nice view of his anus too. He licked his lips. "It might be uncomfortable. I don't like the idea of hurting you."

Aaron rubbed his thigh. Matthew's cock twitched.

"We can't help that, but I read that it won't hurt after a few times." He turned red. "Not that I'm implying we'll keep doing it."

Matthew grinned but said nothing. He ripped into the bag and readied a condom. At least this part he knew. Rather than roll it down from his tip, he got up off the bed. "Wanna put it on me?" he offered.

Aaron's eyes widened. "Yes." He sprung up and sat on the side of the bed. This time his hands weren't shaking like they had been when he arrived. He didn't appear to be nervous at all as he rolled the bit of latex down Matthew's shaft. "You're longer than I am."

Matthew smirked. "And don't you forget it."

"Not likely."

Matthew bent his friend over the side of the bed so his rear entrance could spread open more. He lubed his fingers and began threading them into Aaron's ass. Not once did he cry out or show that it hurt, but Matthew was careful anyway, not moving forward until Aaron's muscles relaxed around his digits. When he could get three fingers pushed in without too much trouble, he pulled out and placed his cock head at the opening. The sight alone almost took his breath away.

He had to get inside of Aaron, but he needed to take it slow too. Matthew applied pressure to the opening and watched as his head popped in. He hissed and swore at how tight the fit was. "Fuck, that's good," he grunted. "I'm begging you to tell me you like that, Aaron, 'cause I don't want to pull out."

“Mm, it’s good, buddy,” Aaron said. “Give me all of it. Slow, but give me every last inch.”

Matthew rested his hands on the bed, at the outside of Aaron’s hips. He drove forward, and his cock disappeared inch by inch up Aaron’s ass. When he had gone to the hilt, his skin tingled because it was flush with Aaron’s. He withdrew and tried it again. The pleasure was unbelievable.

When the squeeze was less mind-numbing, he moved a little faster, and at the end of each rotation, he let his groin bump Aaron’s ass. His friend began to moan and wiggle. He arched his back, making it easier for Matthew to get inside of him. Matthew blew out a heavy breath. He clutched the sheets in his fists and ground harder. This time, their bodies slapped together.

“Harder,” Aaron demanded.

Matthew gave it all he had. He pounded his cock up Aaron’s ass. When that wasn’t enough, he got up to brace one knee on the bed and began driving his dick home. Aaron shouted his name, pushing back into him, and forbidding him to stop. They ground together, rougher than Matthew had had sex with anyone else. His climax was building like a volcano ready to erupt. Matthew banged his dick into Aaron even more. His muscles burned, and he desperately longed to come while wanting to feel like he was hanging on the edge forever.

Finally, when he couldn’t stand it any longer, he roared through his release. Matthew collapsed on top of Aaron and ran his arms under him. Aaron turned his head so Matthew could kiss him, and they stayed that way with Matthew squeezing his cock head. Moments later, Matthew’s hand was filled with his buddy’s thick cream, and Matthew brought him all the way through his climax until he was done.

Matthew withdrew from Aaron and stood up to discard the condom. When he returned from the bathroom where he’d found the trash can he stopped to watch Aaron laying across the bed.

“Did you really like it?” he asked.

Aaron peeled an eye open. “Are you insane? I came didn’t I? None of that faking stuff for us.”

Matthew laughed. “Yeah.” He tapped his fingers on his leg. “Do you think you’d like to switch?”

Aaron sat up. “You mean me put my cock in your butt?”

Matthew nodded.

“Yeah, I’d like that. You’ve always had a nice ass.”

Matthew threw a pillow at him. Aaron caught it out of the air and sent it sailing back with ease. “Hey, uh, Matthew?”

“Yeah?” Matthew climbed on the bed next to his best friend, and they kissed, tongues curling together a few minutes before Aaron drew away.

“Look, man, the truth is I love you.” Aaron mumbled.

Matthew stared at him.

Aaron played with the seam on the pillowcase. “I want to do this again, and often. I’m okay with it if you don’t, but the truth is I really love you. I mean I’m in love with you. I can’t deny it anymore. I have been for a long time, and it’s why I’ve been with all those women. I was trying to distract myself from the fact that I just wanted it to be you.”

Matthew put a finger to Aaron’s lips to keep him from going on and on. “I hear you, and I...I love you too.” Aaron was about to interrupt, but he stopped him with a hand over his mouth again. “I’m not just saying that. It feels weird and unnatural, but it’s true. I can’t think of you being with anyone else. I’m not saying I’m ready for a relationship exactly. And I’m definitely not ready to ‘come out of the closet’. I still desire women. But I want to be with you more. I can’t imagine my life without you. Tonight has been better than any time with anyone else, hands down. I want more of it. *Much* more. Is that okay with you?”

He moved his hand so Aaron could speak. “It’s more than okay. For now, it’s perfect.

Matthew lay on his back and drew Aaron on top of him. They brushed their lips together, and Matthew knew that no other person could make him feel this good—not ever again. “*You’re* perfect.”

The End

About the Author

Eden Cole erotic romance from male/male to ménage to contemporary and paranormal. Her best selling works include *Snowbound Holiday* and *Run With Me*. More of Eden's works can be found at www.amirapress.com and www.sugarnspicepress.com.