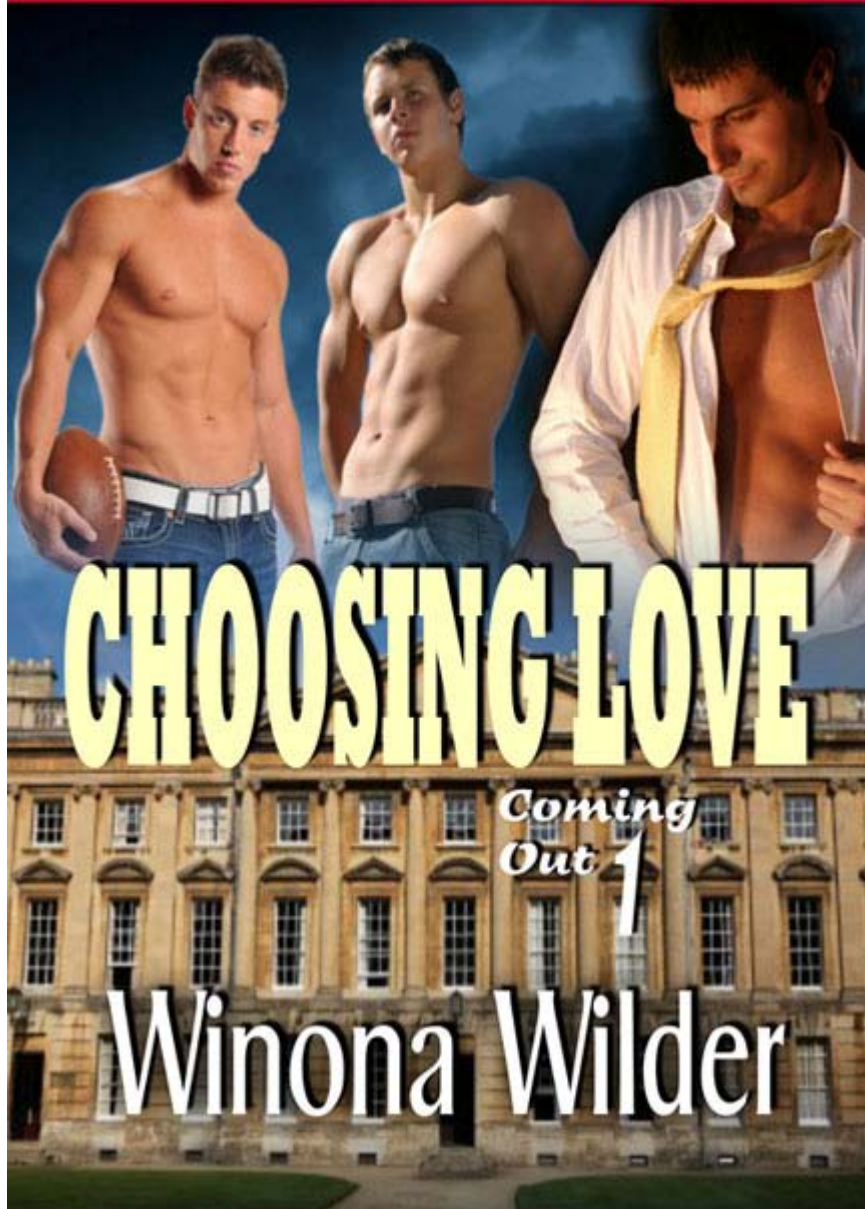


Siren Publishing

*Ménage Amour*



# CHOOSING LOVE

*Coming  
Out 1*

Winona Wilder

## Coming Out 1

# Choosing Love

Cal has hidden his true feelings from Waylon for years, not willing to jeopardize their friendship. After a night of drunken passion, the truth finally comes out. While Cal learns to accept his true nature, Waylon is afraid to risk alienating his family. Will he live in denial or choose love?

With the help of their sexy history teacher, Evan, the three men learn that love has no boundaries. But are evenings filled with hot sex enough to forge a lasting ménage?

*Note: This book contains physical abuse of the hero.*

**Genre:** Alternative (M/M or F/F), Contemporary, Ménage a Trois/Quatre

**Length:** 20,129 words

# **CHOOSING LOVE**

*Coming Out 1*

**Winona Wilder**

**MENAGE AMOUR**



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# **DEDICATION**

For all those who dare to choose love over blind acceptance.

# CHOOSING LOVE

*Coming Out 1*

WINONA WILDER

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## Chapter One

Cal surveyed the field, still slick from last night's rainfall. The players ran back to the sidelines, mud splashing up to further stain their tight white pants. From the safety of the bleachers, he sat, leaning over his knees watching the team finish up their practice. That's what men did. They enjoyed sporting events, anything to do with the game or school spirit. But Cal would be lying to himself if he said he was there just to cheer the guys on. He came out every Tuesday and Thursday to watch only one man, Waylon Matthews.

Yes, Waylon had a girlfriend—the college tramp fitting of the star quarterback. There was nothing wrong with dreaming, with fantasizing. Cal knew full well that he'd never reveal the love threatening to undo him. Or come forward with his sexuality. He tried that a few years earlier and still regretted the decision to share his secret with his mother and stepfather. Cal learned in a hurry that love wasn't always unconditional.

“Hey!”

“You looked good out there.” Cal stood up as Waylon neared. The guy was built like a brick shithouse, solid sinewy muscle, tight abs and firm ass. Waylon wasn't just Cal's fantasy on two legs, but also his best friend, which made life complicated at best. There was no



way he'd jeopardize their friendship by sharing his true feelings. Guys like Waylon were one hundred percent male, proud of the testosterone that flowed through their veins, and quick to judge any man with even an inkling of femininity. Cal wasn't feminine, but announcing he was gay would *not* go over well.

"It was a fucking nightmare. I can't believe the coach made us practice in that mud hole." Waylon stretched his neck out to each side and dropped his helmet on the bleacher. "You wanna go get some lunch?"

"Yeah, I'm starving."

The sun highlighted Waylon's short blond hair. Cal had to fight the temptation to wipe a smear of mud from his cheek or just stare at him like a lovesick fool. He had to fight a shitload of temptations when it came to his friend making every day a struggle. It could get pretty damn depressing when you loved someone and couldn't act on your feelings. There would never be a happily ever after for Cal, and although he accepted that fact, it didn't hurt any less.

When Waylon came back out of the school, changed and ready to go, he had Stephanie in tow. Cal leaned against his car, his expression blank as the two neared. If he had to spend another lunch with that little airhead, he'd lose it.

"You mind if we bring Steph along? She found me in the hallway."

"Sure." Maybe his voice was a little more monotone than necessary, but he wasn't happy. Watching the two lovebirds tore him apart, and sitting across from them at the diner was unadulterated torture. But even despite his secret feelings for Waylon, Stephanie was all wrong for him. No way did his friend love her. He only used her for sex, and maybe the bragging rights of dating the hottest girl in the college. Cal could understand wanting to fit in, but Waylon was a god—he had nothing to prove to anyone.

They drove to the diner, less than ten minutes away. Stephanie sat in the backseat alone. He caught her doing her makeup through the

rearview mirror and rolled his eyes. To his right, Waylon looked over his new class schedule for the second semester, which went into effect on Monday. Cal hadn't even opened his yet.

"Will you look at that!" blurted Waylon, waving the paper between them. "You took American History, right? I think we have the same class."

"Do you have any with me?" Stephanie leaned up between their seats, trying to grab the paper that Waylon held out of reach.

"I doubt it." He tucked the paper into his back pocket, and Cal had to divert his greedy gaze from drinking in the man's body. His jeans were tight, leaving little to the imagination. It didn't help that he'd seen him undress after numerous practices.

They pulled into the parking lot and made their way into the local diner, the bells clanging against the glass door as they entered. It was bustling with college kids, as usual. They had the best homemade burgers in town. Loud ruckus filled the interior, and Cal immediately tried to scope out a free booth. There was no need. As soon as some of the jocks noticed Waylon, they called his friend over, happy to spend time with the popular star player. Cal followed behind and took a seat once a booth was cleared out for them. The only reason they accepted Cal was due to association. Otherwise, they wouldn't know he existed.

After saying their good-byes, the large group of men left the diner, leaving only the usual murmur of voices. Cal mindlessly leafed through the plastic-covered menu, already knowing what he'd order. He just didn't want to look up and see the perfect couple. Although they rarely became intimate in public, not even many kisses, he didn't want to see them side by side.

Stephanie leaned over on her elbows, getting in Cal's space. She had a conspiratorial look on her face, which was common with her. Every month, every week, her tormenting increased. He assumed she was jealous of all the time Waylon spent with him.

"What?" Cal snapped, biting his tongue the next moment.

“Why don’t you have a girlfriend? You’re not that bad looking, and I’ve known you for two years now.”

He held his breath, his chest seizing. So this was how a deer felt when caught in the headlights. There was no reason to suspect that Cal was into guys rather than girls, but he’d always had the feeling that everyone somehow knew. What reason could he have for not dating? Normal men in their twenties had girlfriends, or at bare minimum, dated occasionally.

“You looking?” Humor was his best ally when he felt pressed against a wall. Waylon continued to sit with his back against the red vinyl upholstered bench seat. What was he thinking? Did he sense something was amiss with him, too?

“Shut up, Cal. I like my men big and muscled.” She squeezed Waylon’s bicep for emphasis. No, Cal wasn’t close to Waylon’s size or buffness, but he wasn’t skin and bones either. Stephanie was just a bitch, and he hated being downsized by her in front of Waylon. “Maybe you just don’t *measure up*. Is that it? I mean, you’re only twenty-two, right? Are guys’ dicks even full grown at that age?”

“Leave him alone.” Waylon pulled his arm away and piled up the menus on the center of the table. He knocked on the wood laminate once, and the waitress, eager to serve him, hustled over with her pad and pen.

There wasn’t much conversation through lunch. Stephanie talked just to hear herself, not realizing that the two men were more quiet than usual. She even had the nerve to bring up comparisons of them again, even after Waylon had warned her to knock it off. According to her, if Cal joined the football team and bulked up, he’d be able to land a girl. Whatever. Next time she wanted to tag along, he’d pass on lunch. As much as he wanted to spend time with his best friend, it wasn’t worth dealing with this other half. You didn’t emasculate a man by talking about the size of his dick.

Back at the college, Cal parked and slammed the door shut behind him, wasting no time in getting to the front doors.

“Hey! Why the hurry?” Waylon called after him.

He spun and continued walking backwards. “I have to check on my schedule. See ya.” Cal just wanted to be alone for awhile. What he really needed to do was reevaluate his whole fucking life.

As he navigated the long, waxed floors in the east hallway, he tore open his schedule from the sealed envelope and noted that he did indeed share American History with his friend. He wasn’t sure if his summer class credit had gone through, and being a prerequisite, he decided to speak with the teacher. The history room was one of the larger in the school, with stadium seating, and currently empty save the teacher. He was busy filing through paperwork, oblivious to Cal entering the room.

He cleared his throat. “Professor Hawke?”

The teacher looked up and faced him. The man wasn’t aged like many of the other teachers. Rather, he appeared to be in his mid-thirties. Even sitting, Cal could tell he’d be tall, with a healthy, solid frame. His chocolate brown hair was casually styled in slight disarray. It would be a pleasure to sit in front of him every day. If nothing else, he’d have a good show. With the hot professor and Waylon in the same room as him for over an hour each day, he’d be hard as rock by the time the period finished.

“Can I help you?” He stood and approached Cal, running a hand through his tousled hair. A cute grin pulled at his mouth, as if he knew a secret joke and wasn’t telling.

“Hi, I’ll be in your class on Monday and wanted to be sure you received my summer credit.”

“You’re Calvin Waters, aren’t you?”

He couldn’t help but frown. He’d never met this teacher before, so he shouldn’t be able to recognize him. “That’s me. But—”

Mr. Hawke chuckled. “Don’t worry. I don’t have ESP. I just happened to be going over your file this morning. Everyone’s, for that matter.” He casually sat on the edge of his desk. “I like to know my students before classes start.”

“So is everything in order, then?”

“It’s all good. You ready for Monday?” His voice was deep with a rich timbre. It must have been the man’s good looks, plus the position of authority he held that made Cal hyper aware of his own body’s response. His heart and breathing rate picked up, and his mouth felt dry. No man besides Waylon affected him this strongly.

“I’ll be here.”

“Good. I look forward to it, then.” That too-cute smile, complete with a dimple, made its reappearance. Damn, the man was fine. No doubt he’d be married, with two point five kids—white picket fence and all. Cal was a sick fuck. No wonder why his parents disowned him. He was a freak of nature and destined to live out a miserable life constantly tamping down his deviant desires.

Cal offered a half grin and nodded before making like a bat out of hell. He couldn’t wait to finish his last class and get home. It was Friday, so he would be free to drown his sorrows in alcohol.

## Chapter Two

Waylon fidgeted in class the whole hour, his leg maintaining an impatient rhythm. He couldn't believe the way Steph had called out Cal in the diner. The second she closed her big mouth, he could practically feel the tension in the air. Although Cal was a master at hiding his feelings, as usual, no man wanted to hear someone talk degradingly about their size—in any department. All Waylon could think about was finding Cal and making sure he was okay. Steph was all talk and never thought before she spoke. Surely his friend knew that by now.

The teacher continued to blather on, but Waylon couldn't concentrate. All he saw was Cal's facial expression at the diner, and he couldn't focus on the room of students or the teacher standing up at the front blackboard. Cal was his best friend, and though he usually laughed off Steph's comments, he'd been more intense lately. Waylon wouldn't allow a girl to come between them. If need be, he'd break it off with Steph. It's not like they loved each other. Their relationship was for show, and they both knew it and had no problem with the ruse.

As soon as the minute hand hit the half hour, Waylon bolted from his seat and made his way to the door. He didn't care that the class hadn't been officially dismissed—he had to catch Cal before he left the grounds. Nothing else mattered. Of course, the teacher never attempted to call him back or question his actions. He was the crown jewel of the college, bringing victory after victory for their football team. The staff would let him get away with murder.

When he exited the side doors, emerging into the bright light of the afternoon sun, he had to squint to see the parking area. Cal was ducking into the driver's side of his car. Waylon broke into a jog.

"Hey! Where you off to in such a hurry?" Waylon leaned into the open driver's side window, his hands resting on the roof of the car.

"It's Friday. I'm going home," Cal said flatly.

"I wanna talk to you for a minute."

"Look, now's not a good time, okay." Cal reached to put his keys in the ignition, but Waylon grabbed his wrist and snatched his keys. Once sure that his friend couldn't escape, he stood back and waited.

Cal exhaled in irritation, stumbled out of the car, and slammed the door with enough force that several students stopped and stared. Waylon gave them a look that hurried them on their way. "I just wanna talk."

"Well, talk, because I have nothing to say."

"I'm sorry about the things Steph said. You can't take her seriously."

Cal crossed his arms over his chest. "It's the truth. I'm a scrawny loser with no girlfriend...and apparently a child-sized dick." He wouldn't look him in the eye.

Waylon didn't care if anyone watched at this point. He wouldn't have his friend hurting. "You're not scrawny." Grabbing him by the shoulders, he gave him a little jerk. "You're all lean muscle and handsome as hell. Any girl would be a fool not to go out with you."

Cal's rigid features softened, but his breathing remained labored. "You're one to talk. You're every girl's wet dream."

"Listen, Cal, everyone has different tastes. Some like a bigger frame, but I guarantee you there are a shitload that want an athletic guy like you." Cal could easily try out for modeling. He had that chiseled jaw, straight nose, and fuck-me eyes that made women gaga. If he chose not to date, that was his choice. A lot of students chose not to mix school with pleasure.

"Can I have my keys?"

“Fine. But I’m coming by your place tomorrow, so don’t be getting hammered.” He hesitated in handing back the keys, somehow knowing Cal was going to do something stupid. If it were up to him, he’d go along with him, rent a movie, and get a takeout pizza—but he had to deal with Steph once and for all. Cal grabbed the keys and, without a good-bye, he sped out of the parking lot, leaving Waylon feeling amiss.

He raked both hands through his hair and felt tempted to slam his fist into something. Stalking back to the building, he had to find his girlfriend.

Steph stood outside the gym with a small group of mutual friends. It was a common hangout area. As soon as she noticed him walking towards her, she broke free of the crowd and dashed toward him. She grabbed the front of his shirt, putting on her sweetest face. The girl was anything but sugar and spice, so he didn’t buy the act. “Waylon, I’m so sorry for what happened at lunch. I feel horrible.”

“You should.”

Her hand traveled lower until she had his belt in her fist, ensuring she had his undivided attention. Considering he stood at least a foot taller and was twice as broad, it would be a futile attempt if he decided to walk away from her.

“I’ve talked with my friend Macy. She’s totally on board with doubling—you and me, and her and Cal. I want to make it up to him, and you.”

What could he say? Maybe getting his friend laid was the one thing Cal needed most. It would be an excuse to get him out of his apartment where he’d be wallowing, feeling sorry for himself. A twenty-two-year-old man should be living it up on a Friday night.

“Which one’s Macy?”

Steph grinned, knowing she had him where she wanted. “The dark-haired one standing beside Tyler.” They both looked to the girl in question. She was definitely hot, with a nice rack and cute face. He



wasn't sure what Cal's type was, since he never talked about girls, but that chick would be any man's type.

"I'm guessing you have this all planned out, right?"

"Tonight at nine. That new club downtown is opening, and Macy managed to get four tickets."

"Assuming I get him to agree to this, we'll pick you girls up at your place."

"Excellent." She reached up on her tiptoes for a kiss. Despite his urge to pull away, there was an audience to appease, so he locked lips with her for moment.

\* \* \* \*

The club was dark, with colored beams highlighting the dance floor in the distance. Glitz and glam with a collective energy that pulled you in. Cal couldn't believe he agreed to come along, but he felt the need to prove his hetero status, and saying no to Waylon wasn't easy. The man was a god, and his smile could melt Cal on the spot.

"There's a booth," Macy said, pulling him along behind her by the hand. It would be good to be seen with a hot girl like Macy, even if nothing could ever come from it. Waylon and Stephanie followed close behind.

"This is fun!" said Stephanie, cuddling up to Waylon once they were seated. He wore a long sleeved blue shirt, slightly unbuttoned, and his usual body-hugging Levi's. With his sleeves rolled up to his elbows, his muscled forearms were something to look at—firm and powerful, an expensive silver watch hanging loosely from his wrist. Waylon's family had money. His dad was a cattle rancher and paid for most of his living costs while in college.

Once they all had their second round of drinks, everyone loosened up a bit. Even with Macy hanging off his neck, Cal could only focus

on the man across from him. Every time Stephanie made a move, he cringed, reminded of what he could never have.

“So how long have you been friends with Waylon?” asked Macy, playing with the buttons on his shirt.

“A long time.” He shifted out of her reach and stood at the end of booth. “I’m grabbing another drink. I’ll be back.”

Cal weaved in and out of the many patrons of the club. Glitter and sweaty flesh stared back at him from every angle. Once at the bar, he ordered three shots, hoping it would be enough to numb him. Fuck, he was in love with his best friend and had to carry on this charade, which wasn’t fair to anyone. He hated himself, hated the world, hated God for making him what he was. Cal downed each shot in succession, feeling the burn all the way down his throat to his stomach. Numerous lust-filled eyes focused on him, sizing him up as a potential bedmate. The new club was worse than a cattle auction, but as the alcohol leached into his brain, everything looked brighter. A surge of excitement jolted through him a while later, and he wanted to become one with the party around him, revel in his numbed state.

By the time he made it back to their booth, half an hour later, he had difficulty walking, having rode the wave of bodies back to his seat. He didn’t enter the booth beside Macy, but pulled up a metal chair and sat at the end of the table.

“Where’ve you been?” Waylon leaned over the table, assessing him, no doubt knowing exactly how wasted he was. The concern on his face wrinkled the corners of his eyes.

“Bar.”

Macy looked a tad flush herself. She slipped out of the booth and straddled Cal’s lap. He hugged her around the waist, peering to the side to gauge Waylon’s reaction. Why did he assume his friend would be jealous? He was his friend, and he’d set him up with Macy in the first place. The only person suffering was Cal. Despite the lack of desire he felt for the woman clutching to him, he pulled her closer and

kissed her. Her lips were soft and tasted of liquor. This was what everyone wanted, wasn't it?

When she started pulling at his shirt, sending a couple buttons skittering away, he checked out his friend one last time. Stephanie had followed Macy's lead and was busily groping and necking Waylon. It was the sign he needed to truly let loose. He stopped holding back, closed his eyes, and allowed his date to have her way with him. Her soft lips peppered kissed down his neck to his chest, and her hands massaged his tense muscles. Maybe he could pretend it was Waylon, or even that hot history teacher, that was touching him.

As the alcohol pulled him deeper into oblivion, the weight on his lap lifted. He opened his eyes only to meet the angry glare of Waylon. "You're drunk."

"And?"

"I'm taking you home—you don't know what you're doing."

"The fuck I don't!" Cal stood, nearly as tall as Waylon, and pulled the girl against the hardness of his body. He grinned menacingly as he planted a kiss on her neck while eyeing Waylon. "My date ain't complaining."

Waylon pulled Macy, or whatever her name was, out of his arms and gave him a shove towards the exit. He stumbled, too sloshed to maintain balance. The whole world spun, lights zinging past his vision, along with nameless faces. Every eye judged him. Accusing fingers pointed, and worst of all—Waylon hated him.

Too many hands tried to help him to his feet. Anger, bitterness, and jealousy leaked from every pore, and as he stood he pulled back and punched Waylon in the gut. His friend groaned, quickly righted himself, and wrapped a heavily muscled arm around his neck as he escorted him to the side exit that led to the alleyway. Could things get any worse? He'd probably alienated Waylon as a friend. Who else in the world did he have now?

The next thing he knew, the sharp evening chill pulled him to the present. The metal door boomed shut, and he was alone in the dark alley with a very pissed Waylon.

“What the fuck’s wrong with you? You’re better than this!”

“Is it a crime to get drunk in a bar now?” He nearly lost balance and Waylon’s hands were quick to reach out and steady him. “Get your hands off me!” Every touch from his friend reminded him of what he could never have and the kind of freak he was for craving his best friend in carnal ways.

“What’s your problem?” Waylon pushed him against the brick wall of the club.

“You! You’re my fucking problem!” Cal forced all his weight into pushing his friend backwards, which was a foolish move considering how solid he stood. It was like pushing against an oak tree. Waylon laughed, which only ignited Cal’s anger. He swung and missed, and swung again. Slightly bent over to maintain balance, Waylon grabbed the back hem of his shirt and pulled it over his head, hockey style.

Cal struggled to free himself of the material, tossing it to the ground. “Hit me! Come on, hit me!” He raised his fists, ready to fight a superior opponent and not giving a shit that he’d lose. Today everything came to a head. The alcohol only acted as a catalyst for him to vent all the years of pent-up emotions he held back. He hated Waylon because he loved him—and couldn’t.

“I’m not going to hit you, Cal.”

“Say my name! It’s Calvin, the gayest fucking name in the world.”

“Stop it,” warned Waylon. “You’re too drunk to think straight.”

This time when he swung, he managed to land a solid blow to Waylon’s jaw. His friend bulldozed him into the brick wall, one hand around the offending wrist, the other around his neck. “I told you to cut it out,” he growled.

“Fuck you!”

Waylon shifted his hand from Cal's neck to his jaw, holding firm, and leaned in close. His entire body pressed against his now, strong and solid. No witnesses occupied the dark, empty alley. It was just the two of them. Two ill-fated friends. The last thing in the world Cal expected was for Waylon to lean in and kiss him on the lips, which he did, boldly. The wild mix of adrenaline and testosterone quickly morphed into a lust Cal had never known. Was he too drunk to know what was happening? Did Waylon really just kiss him?

Too scared to try and find out the truth, but even more afraid to deny his urges and not accept the advance, Cal kissed him back. Waylon's mouth was exactly how he'd imagined, and he had played the scene over and over in his head over the years. His lips were thick and firm, and he dominated his mouth with hunger and passion. Cal sucked on Waylon's tongue, thrusting his pelvis forward to grind against his friend's body. He was too scared to open his eyes. Maybe he'd be back in the club and discover he was wasted and still kissing Macy. How could this be real? Was Waylon testing him? Did he fail by willingly kissing back? He supposed he could blame it on the booze. But when Waylon's strong hand reached around to squeeze his jean clad ass, his doubts began to fizzle away.

## Chapter Three

Waylon tried to rein in the beast within him, but once he had let it out he couldn't control it. Cal was the sexiest man alive, and damn he loved him. All he ever thought or cared about was Cal. Denying his true feelings all these years had been torture. He had built a carefully constructed image to keep his family and friends in the dark to his true nature. Waylon was the college football hero with the hottest girlfriend. His body was solid muscle and intimidating. No one would dare question his sexuality. But in the span of a few seconds he threw away all his guards and gave into his desire—Calvin Waters.

Standing there sweat glistened and shirtless, his dirty blond hair in disarray, his lips swollen from too much drinking—how could he be expected to hold back?

When Cal had willingly accepted Macy, Waylon knew he should be happy for his friend. The whole plan was to get him laid. But the possessive instincts that erupted inside him were shocking. He needed to separate the two lovers before things got out of hand, not because Cal was drunk, but because Waylon couldn't stand seeing him with anyone but himself. Their fight had been a dance of raw passion and energy, both letting go years of pent-up feelings in a sudden burst of energy. Watching his usually shy, laid-back friend erupt in a savage burst of violent passion only forced his own deep seated feelings to the surface.

He finally managed to pull back from their kiss, which took a Herculean effort considering the younger man rubbed his steely erection against his hip. "I'm sorry."

“But you didn’t drink, did you?” Cal asked, slightly breathless. No, Waylon stayed sober to be the designated driver. There was no excuse for his actions.

“No.”

They stayed close, both lacking the right words in the awkward moment. Did he just ruin their friendship forever? Cal was drunk and couldn’t be blamed, but Waylon knew full well what he did. While part of him regretted his actions, a stronger part felt relieved, like the weight of the world had been lifted from his shoulders. He pulled slightly away, giving himself enough room to look at the length of Cal’s partially nude body. He already had a one-way trip to hell, so why not go all the way? Waylon placed his hand over his friend’s hard pec, squeezing slightly, enjoying the feel of his goose-bumped flesh and pebbled nipple. As he explored his lean, ripped torso, Cal never pulled away.

“Does Stephanie know?”

He assumed he meant his sexuality. “No.” He reached his waistband, his fingers curling around Cal’s belt. “Tell me to stop.”

“What if I don’t want you to?”

“You’re drunk.” He should stop before his friend really hated him in the morning.

“True. That doesn’t mean I don’t know what I want.”

Cal licked his lips. His slight stubble and shadows highlighting the sharp planes of his face made him look irresistible. Waylon wanted to kiss him again, but held back. “But you’re not gay.”

Cal flinched at the sound of the word, and then he shrugged. “How do you know?”

“Don’t tempt me. Like I told you earlier, anyone would be a fool not to want you.”

“Do you?” His voice was deep and throaty, making Waylon’s cock even harder. Rather than answer the man, he grabbed Cal’s hand and cupped it against the dominant bulge in his jeans.

“What does that tell you?” His eyes lolled back in his head as Cal kneaded his cock. His friend’s hot breath against the side of his neck sent shivers skittering through his body.

“So, you’re bi?”

He shook his head. “I’ve never liked girls. I’m just good at hiding it. How I’ve held back this long when you’re so fucking fine, I’ll never know.” His words appeared to undo Cal at the same time as Waylon. He couldn’t hold back any longer. Shoving Cal against the bricks, he crushed his mouth to his in a brutal, masculine kiss. He loved the strength and sturdiness of the male body, unlike the fragile feminine form. Cal combed his hands through Waylon’s hair, pulling his head closer. With his arms free, Waylon spared no time in unbuckling his friend’s belt and unzipping his pants. His balls ached with the need for release, for a release he craved since he first set eyes on the hunk that now melted against his mouth.

Waylon pulled out Cal’s erection. “Oh, fuck!” Cal muttered against Waylon’s lips. It pleased him to know his touch excited his friend. He wrapped his hand around his length and broke their kiss to peer down between them.

“You look full grown to me,” he said with a grin. Cal’s cock was thick and ready. Nothing to laugh at.

“Nobody can make me hard like you can.” He reached down to help Waylon pump his shaft. His pre-cum coated Waylon’s fingers, and he had the urge to lick it off with his tongue. “I want to touch you, too.”

Waylon moved fast, unbuckling his own pants, desperate to feel his fantasy man touch him skin to skin. How many nights had he dreamt of this? All the years wasted that they could have shared together, but there was no way of knowing until now. Once free of the restricting confines of his boxers, their dicks slapped against each other. Cal dropped down to a crouch and swallowed Waylon’s erection before he could blink.



“Shit!” He braced both hands on the brick wall as his friend, now lover, sucked his cock like a pro. It seemed he knew exactly how to pleasure him, the perfect amount of pressure and suction to drive him over the edge. Waylon’s balls pulled tight against his body as he braced for release. Watching Cal’s beautiful head bobbing back and forth beneath him was the perfect ammunition to bring off the orgasm of the century.

Just before he reached his peak, the boom of the metal emergency door opening brought Cal jumping to his feet. They both tucked themselves in their pants and put distance between them.

Macy and Stephanie spilled out into the alley, their heels clicking on the asphalt. “What did you do to him?” Macy squealed as she raked her eyes up and down a partially nude Cal.

“Nothing. Just a little disagreement,” Waylon reassured. “Everything’s fine now.” He shifted his gaze from each woman and back to Cal.

“Should we leave?” asked Steph with an air of disappointment in her voice.

“Maybe I should drive Cal home—”

Cal cut him off. “No. I’ll walk. The fresh air will do me good.”

“You’re not walking home alone in your condition.” Waylon grabbed Cal’s arm as he walked away, but his friend shrugged him off and disappeared down the alley, becoming consumed by darkness. He desperately wanted to follow, not just to finish what they started, but to nurture the germinated seed of acceptance between them. Their relationship was fragile and could go either way, and Waylon still wasn’t sure if Cal’s advance was real or booze-induced.

\* \* \* \*

Nearly two weeks passed, and neither of them said a word to each other. It was crazy considering there hadn’t been a day they hadn’t shared since becoming friends years ago. Cal never felt so alone and

confused in his life. It was better when he lived in denial. At least then he had his best friend.

Cal assumed Waylon regretted what had happened between them. Although Cal had been hammered, he remembered every erotic and beautiful detail of that night. How could something so good, be so bad? It was one thing to lust over a man, but it was another to actually suck a man's dick. Now he was well and truly gay, and he felt smaller than a piece of shit. He was going to hell in a handbasket, just as his stepfather guaranteed him when he had kicked him out of the house.

American History class was brutal because he had to see Waylon sitting three aisles over from him. He was also looking sexier than sin and never made eye contact. Cal wondered if he told his jock friends about his *gay* ex-friend.

As class was dismissed, Mr. Hawke called out over the bustle of students packing up and exiting the room. "Mr. Matthews and Mr. Waters, I'd like to see you both for a minute after class."

Both of them? Why? Cal remained in his seat looking disinterested. Waylon paced the aisle like a caged lion. Cal couldn't help but sneak glances at the man's thick, powerful thighs and tight ass.

Mr. Hawke closed and locked the door after the last student left. As usual, Mr. Hotness made Cal's dick stir. The teacher returned to his desk and sat on the front of it, one leg bent up. He exuded an air of confidence and authority that was strongly masculine and, to Cal, erotic.

"What's going on with you two?" He looked alternatively to each of them. "I've given out one assignment so far, and you're the only two students not to hand it in. Is the class too difficult? I thought it was a mindless assignment myself."

"Sorry, sir. I've had a lot on my mind," Cal offered. He had no excuse, besides his suicidal desires and broken heart.

Mr. Hawke tapped the desk in front of him with the tip of his shoe. "Come closer, please."

They both changed seats, creating a small bubble of space for conversation. Cal still kept his eyes off Waylon. He feared finding rejection or revulsion in his friend's eyes.

"I'll have it to you tomorrow," said Waylon, fidgeting to get out of the room.

"It's more than that. I haven't been teaching all these years without developing a bit of perception. If either of you think you've gone under my radar, you're wrong." He stood, hands clasped behind his back as he paced the area between the two men. "I see how the two of you sneak glances at each other during class. The energy between the two of you practically sizzles. In fact, it's distracting."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Cal insisted.

"Don't bother getting defensive, Calvin. I wasn't born yesterday, and you have nothing to be ashamed of."

"What are you saying?" asked Waylon, crossing his arms over his broad chest.

"It's obvious that the two of you have feelings for each other. If you fight those feelings, you'll not only harm yourselves, but also your education. This is your last year, Waylon—do you want to throw it all away?"

"Fuck you!" Waylon kicked the chair in front of him sending it scraping along the waxed floor.

As Waylon stormed towards the exit, Mr. Hawke called after him. "There's nothing wrong with being gay, Waylon. The sooner you accept that, the sooner you can move on and find happiness." The door slammed shut, making the glass in the windows rattle momentarily.

The teacher turned to Cal with a cute smirk and a shrug. "I think that went well, don't you?"

Cal wasn't in denial. He knew what he was even if he chose to hide it. He stood and closed the distance between them. "How do you know?" Did being gay have a certain look, or did Cal and Waylon really orchestrate an obvious game sneaking peeks at each other?

“Takes one to know one, I suppose. Seeing that the two of you are known for being best friends and now can’t even look each other in the eye, I’d say something happened between the two of you.”

Finding out that his fuck-me sexy teacher was into men made Cal’s pulse increase. If he couldn’t salvage his relationship with Waylon, maybe there was hope of finding another man. But he didn’t want any man. He wanted only one, the one he was in love with. He could still taste Waylon’s kiss when he closed his eyes. Maybe Mr. Hawke would be able to get his friend to open up, talk about his feelings. God knows Cal didn’t have the balls to approach Waylon after what they shared together. “It doesn’t matter. He wants nothing to do with me.”

“Oh no, you’re wrong, Calvin. He’s in love with you. Guarantee it. It’s in his eyes every time he looks at you, and in his body language every time you walk by. Give him time.”

“You’re wrong about him. I know Waylon. He’s not gay. I mean look at him!”

“So you can’t be good-looking *and* like men?” He squinted his eyes, looking sexy and exotic. It was hard to stay pissed with him.

“I don’t know. I don’t know anything!” Cal spun around tossing his arms in the air in defeat. He just wanted things back to the way they were—or did he?

A hand to his shoulder startled him. “Why don’t I talk to him? I’ll invite you both over to my place, and we can hash it out. I know where you’re both coming from, so hopefully I can help.”

Cal shook his head and laughed without humor. Waylon was hardheaded and totally in denial. “He’ll never agree to that.”

“Let me try.”

## Chapter Four

Practice was brutal after seeing Cal face to face. He couldn't concentrate and succeeded in getting the shit kicked out of him by the other players. Waylon even considered quitting the team. After the night with Cal, he was forced to face reality, rather than hiding from it. Not a soul knew he was into men—not his parents or his four brothers. Rather, he hid the fact and compensated by joining every sports team available growing up and being the poster boy for hetero males. He was a fucking fool, that's what he was.

No matter how much he denied it, he knew the truth. And he loved Cal. All he thought about was Cal, his beautiful blue eyes, hard body—and the way his lips molded to his cock. Every time he remembered that night in the alley, he got a hard-on to rival the metal rods holding up the goal posts. It only cemented the fact that he was indeed gay. No woman turned him on the way Cal could. Sure, he appreciated a beautiful woman and a nice set of tits, but he wanted a man—strong and masculine—not a woman.

As he walked up the hall, anxious to get home and crash, he bumped into Mr. Hawke. He apologized flatly and tried to veer around the man, but he continually blocked his path.

"Can I help you?" he asked, finding it difficult to focus on anything.

The teacher whispered close to him, his breath minty. "If you care about your grades...or your friend, Calvin, you'll stop by my house tonight to talk. Twenty-six Maple. It's just up the street from here. Be there at five." Then he continued walking down the hall as if nothing happened, not even waiting for a reply. Waylon watched him

disappear into the crowd of students. If that was a gay man, then he was a monkey's uncle. The man exuded masculinity and raw authority. He was sexy and cute all wrapped into one fuckable package. Waylon shook his head to dismiss his thoughts. Since owning up to the truth, he'd found he was more comfortable admitting his feelings and desires to himself. What he wanted most in the world, but didn't have the nerve to ask for, was Cal.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Hawke's bungalow had a modern flair. Black leather, the newest electronics, large flat screen—the works. It was every bachelor's dream pad. Cal walked in, taking in his surroundings as he proceeded with caution. He had reservations about coming at all, but he knew his life couldn't continue down the same path for much longer.

"Nice place." Cal hadn't looked at Mr. Hawke for more than a moment after the man opened the door. Being alone with the guy, now dressed casually in faded blue jeans and fitted T-shirt, proved a bit too tempting. Instead, he moved around the perimeter of the large living room, glancing at photos, trophies, and art that his teacher had collected. He suddenly realized that he didn't even know Mr. Hawke's first name. Although it felt improper to even ask, just being in his house crossed too many barriers to fathom. He turned briefly. "Hey, I don't even know your name."

"Really? It's Evan. Evan Hawke."

"Nice." He continued to stroll away from the heated male following him.

"You're avoiding me." Damn, the guy's voice was deep and rich, sliding down his spine like phantom fingertips.

He turned, not wanting to be rude, and faced Evan. "Sorry, I'm just nervous. I can't imagine talking about this stuff with Waylon."

"Only good can come from getting things out in the open."

“I don’t know about that. Things have taken a shit dive since he found out that I was...you know.”

Evan grabbed his wrist, pulling him down to sit on the soft leather sofa beside him. “I’m guessing your family is either against you being gay or they don’t know.”

“I’d say against.” He had no idea. Cal had put everything on the line, hoping to God his own mother would accept the truth.

Evan’s hand rested on Cal’s thigh, making his pulse race. He felt claustrophobic and caged, while he simultaneously experienced a strong surge of erotic desire spiking through his system. “You have nothing to be ashamed of. Oh, I know all about hate. But those same people that judge you, hate you, are the same ones that say you’re an abomination to society—to God. They’re the ones hating, not you or me. Think about it. Would God be more pleased with a hetero guy running around fucking a new girl every week or a gay man in a loving, committed relationship? Society smiles on one and not the other, but you see? That’s their problem. We can’t help what we are. It doesn’t make us less of a human being born gay, does it?”

Cal thought about what Evan said. He spoke with such conviction, and the fact that the subject was close to Cal’s heart brought his emotions to the surface. Feeling like a freak, hiding who he was, and being disowned by his family was a lot for a young man to handle. He had no one but his best friend, Waylon, and now maybe he didn’t have him, either. If he spoke now, his voice would crack, and he didn’t want to show weakness in front of another man. Cal leaned over his knees and buried his face in his palms for a moment to get a grip on his emotions. “It makes it more complicated, though.”

“No, makes it more interesting.” Evan smirked and licked his lower lip. Cal began to see him not as a teacher or authority figure, but as a good looking man that was obviously attracted to him.

Cal sat straight and looked at his watch. “Shit, where’s Waylon?” He stood up with a jolt, suddenly realizing the visit was all in vain. Waylon was a no-show.

“He’ll come around. Give him more time.”

If he hadn’t come, he wasn’t going to “come around.” Cal felt a virtual black cloud lower around him as he imagined his life without the daily interaction he needed from Waylon to sustain him. The past couple weeks had been brutally lonely.

Cal dropped back down on the couch and ran both hands through his hair as he exhaled his disappointment. “Don’t go. Stay awhile,” Evan insisted. The man was hard to refuse. There was a calming, confident air about him that pulled down Cal’s natural guards. Or maybe it was because he didn’t have to put on an act for him since everything was in the open.

He’d never been with a man or a woman sexually. The closest he came to intimacy in his twenty-two years was the oral sex in the alley with Waylon, but he’d been plastered at the time.

How easy it would be to just let go and accept the attention Evan showered him with. God knows he’d been starved for love for far too long. Should he give in? Waylon wasn’t his boyfriend, but he still felt the need to be faithful as if he already belonged to the man—heart, body and soul. He just couldn’t love another man. Not yet.

“I should leave.”

Evan looked at him through slanted eyes. “You don’t think I’m gonna hit on you, do you? I just thought we could order some takeout—make a night of it. No sense going home feeling bad.”

Cal could barely focus on Evan, only thinking about the many times Waylon came over to his apartment with pizza or drive-thru meals. They’d watch a game or rented movies and just bask in each other’s presence. Of course, Cal always thought he was alone in his deeper feelings for his friend, but maybe he wasn’t. He wasn’t sure if Waylon liked him that way or not, but it was beginning to be clearer that the alley incident had been a mistake in his friend’s eyes.

“I’m not worried,” Cal blurted, suddenly arriving back in the present. He was pining over a relationship that could never be. All he ever did in life was feel sorry for himself, and he needed to take a step



in a new direction and change all that. A drop-dead sexy man was sitting beside him, eager for his attention. If he blew this chance with Evan, he'd be a fool. Enough with the self-destructive tendencies—watching Stephanie and Waylon together for months and hiding his true feelings. No more. “You have anything to drink?”

\* \* \* \*

Waylon punched his locker, the echo of metal verses fist filling the empty changing room. “Fuck!” He couldn't show up at Mr. Hawke's place, but what other choice did he have? Without Cal in his life, he was an empty shell. Steph was shallow and spiteful, and his friends on the football team wouldn't bend over backwards for him when it really counted. He was sick and tired of fitting in and having friends that rode his coattails to popularity. Waylon needed Cal. The best thing in his life had been right in front of him for years, but he was so blind that he couldn't tell that Cal might possibly feel the same way. He still wasn't one hundred percent, and it was driving him crazy.

Fuck, Cal was gorgeous. He could stare at him all day, and wicked thoughts continually danced in his head about the younger man. He still remembered Cal's sweat-glistened bare chest, heaving from exertion behind the club. When he slammed the man's solid frame against the brick wall, his primitive desires welled up to the surface, and all he could think about was fucking or getting fucked. The beautiful thing was he didn't just want Cal's body. He loved him.

Slinging his duffel bag over his shoulder, he headed out to his car. He'd accept Mr. Hawke's help because it was time to claim what was his.

## Chapter Five

There was a knock at the door, startling both men who reclined on the sofa together. Cal had been visiting Evan for a couple hours, had several drinks, takeout, and enjoyed some in-depth conversation. His despair had slowly lifted the longer he spoke with Evan. There was actually a light at the end of the tunnel now.

“Just a sec. Let me get that.” Evan patted Cal’s leg as he stood to answer the door. He set his drink down on the hall table and greeted the unannounced visitor.

“Sorry I’m late. I wasn’t gonna come but then thought better.” Waylon’s familiar voice drifted in from the entrance, forcing Cal to sit up straight. He did come. His heart felt ready to burst, and excitement flooded through his body at the possibilities.

“Come on in.” Evan shut the door behind Waylon, providing a clear line of sight to where Cal sat on the sofa. The soft glow from the television illuminated the darkened space. He didn’t get the desired look from his friend, more like a scowl.

“What’s he doing here?” demanded Waylon.

“We were waiting for you,” offered Evan.

Waylon stomped into the living room without removing his boots. He briefly scanned the room, his eyes finally flitting between the empty pizza box and Cal. Without warning, he flipped over the pizza box with a strong swat, sending it flying before whirling around to face Evan. “What the fuck is this? I don’t show, so you move in on my boyfriend?”

“It’s not what you think,” said Cal, standing up. Evan looked unworried despite the hulking male having a jealous tantrum in his house. And did he just say *boyfriend*?

“I’ve been going out of my mind for weeks, and you just move onto the next available cock at the first chance you get?”

“We were just talking. That’s it.”

Waylon exhaled and visibly relaxed his shoulders. When he looked at Cal with softened features, he had such an innocent, boyish quality that he fell in love with his friend all over again. “It was a mistake coming here.” With that, Waylon turned, brushed by Evan without a word, and left the house.

As soon as the car burned rubber out of the driveway, Cal followed Waylon in his own car without so much as a goodbye for Evan. He had to talk with his friend. The truth needed to get out once and for all about everything.

After a five-minute drive, Cal spotted Waylon’s car turn left at the next street. There was no way he could let the man get into his building or he’d never buzz him in after the fact. He had to get to him before he hit the front doors. Cal sped down the dead-end street, parked at an odd angle, and leapt out of his car as Waylon walked the darkened path to the apartment. Out of breath and feeling both vulnerable and hyped up on adrenaline, Cal spun his friend around by the shoulder. “What the fuck?”

“What do you want, Cal?”

He dragged his muscle-bound friend, who didn’t put up a fight, to the dark side of the building. Once alone and hidden by shadows, Cal pressed a palm to each of Waylon’s shoulders, pinning him in place. His nervous energy gave him extra strength, and there was no way he planned to go home feeling worse than shit. This had to be hashed out now or never.

“Do you hate me that much?” Cal shook his head, which was spinning. “You don’t talk to me for weeks, and then you go apeshit because I’m alone with Evan?”

“I don’t hate you! And when did Mr. Hawke become Evan to you?”

He gave Waylon’s shoulders an aggressive shove making him wince. “I’m not fucking our teacher, for God’s sake! He’s been helping me get through shit. You think it’s been easy since you decided I don’t exist?”

With ease, Waylon pushed Cal off of him and began pacing the confined space between the two buildings. “This isn’t easy for me either, Cal. You have no idea.”

“Just be honest with me.”

Waylon turned and gave Cal a hard stare. The street lights beyond shadowed his face giving him a predatory look that made Cal’s cock stir. He wanted to squeeze those taut muscles, kiss those thick lips, and lick every inch of his hard body. “You want honesty? Okay.” He backed Cal up against the wall now, pressing in close. “I’m fucked up, Cal. All I can think about is that night in the alley. All I can think about is fucking you.” Waylon broke eye contact, looking up the lane. Cal could feel the man’s guilt and shame coming off in waves because he had felt the same way about his friend time and time again. But the time for guilt was over. They both felt the same way for each other.

“Is that so bad?”

He turned to face him, breathless, and serious. “You’re drunk again, aren’t you?”

“No.”

“So, what are you thinking?”

He swallowed hard. “That I want to touch you. So bad.”

Waylon closed his eyes briefly as if savoring his words. He grabbed Cal’s hand and pressed it to his crotch. The bulge in his pants was rock hard, making Cal nearly come in his own jeans. “That’s because of you.”

“Take me upstairs,” Cal whispered, desperate to discover his friend’s body more intimately. He’d been dreaming about this day for

years, imaging what it would feel like if Waylon wanted him back. It was all like a beautiful dream.

“If I take you upstairs, I’m going to strip you naked and fuck you.”

“About time.”

Cal followed Waylon’s quick steps up the path to the apartment. He could barely walk with his erection pressing painfully in his pants. His breathing was erratic at best as he anticipated what was to come. Once secluded in the elevator, Waylon crushed his weight against Cal and joined lips in a passion-filled kiss. Cal didn’t hold back, but melted into the man he loved, enjoying the taste and feel of his lips. Just as they began to explore with their tongues, the elevator chimed and Waylon pulled back, grabbing Cal by the hand and nearly dragging him out the door.

He imagined this night would be fast and furious with both of them pent up like horny bulls. Neither of them had to worry about the delicate, soft body of a woman. They were both hard, strong males, made for roughhousing, and he looked forward to it.

Waylon fiddled with his keys and fought with the lock. Cal couldn’t resist touching him. A hand to the shoulder was all it took to undo his friend. He finally got the door open and slammed it shut once they were in. Without turning on the lights or taking off his boots, Waylon cupped Cal’s face in his big, rough hands and kissed him again.

“You’re the sexiest man alive. I hope you know that,” Waylon said between kisses. Cal believed him. His sincerity came through with every word, every kiss, and Cal had to balance the lust and emotion playing within him.

“Every woman in the college is lusting after you.” Cal felt like he got the better end of the deal with the heartthrob star quarterback. Waylon pulled off his shirt, his body hard toned as if etched in marble. The streetlights from the window gave just enough

illumination to the small apartment that Cal could savor every contour of muscle of Waylon's torso.

"Too bad they can't have me."

Cal bent over, trailing his tongue down his friend's chest before suckling his small brown nipple. His need to suck, to taste, to become consumed by Waylon's presence, blinded him from any rational thought. He bent lower, inhaling the man's unique scent deeply as he went, unbuckling his jeans. "Cal, don't. I won't be able to hold on."

Cal ignored his friend's plea and let his jeans coil at his knees, followed by his boxer briefs a moment later. Waylon's erection pointed out proud and thick. Without hesitation, Cal licked the swollen head, knowing exactly how to play with his tongue and mouth to make the man moan in ecstasy. They were both men. Both knew what pleased their bodies, their cocks, so there were no guessing games. Cal sucked Waylon's cock greedily, enjoying the thick heat and silky feel on his tongue. He deep throat the rigid shaft, which earned him Waylon's immediate response. He fisted his hair until it stung, but it hurt so fucking good. He could have stopped any time, should have, but he was desperate to taste his cum, to bond with the man he loved in this most intimate way.

Waylon was close, barely able to take a deep breath, when he pulled him off the slippery dick. Cal licked his lips and stood up to his full height, looking Waylon eye to eye.

"Take your shirt off," Waylon ordered. "And your pants." As Cal complied, pulling off his shirt and slipping out of his jeans, Waylon also kicked off his boots and pants. Together in the dim room, completely naked, both with hard, erect cocks, Cal's only concern was fucking. A primal need for release, and not by his own hand.

"Look at you. Fuck." Waylon traced the ridges along Cal's six pack abs lower and lower until he gripped his cock in a firm fist. Cal shuddered and let out a strangled moan. He'd never been touched like this, but he needed it more than air. "You're perfect. Your dick is perfect." Waylon pumped him a few times until Cal had to grip his

friend's shoulders for balance. He needed to feel the heat of Waylon's body against his, skin to skin.

"Kiss me. Please," said Cal. They kissed and necked, their arms a tangle around each other. Cal pressed himself against the other man's body, enjoying the heat, strength and hard cock nudging his own aroused dick. "I've never done this," Cal admitted.

"I've never been with a man, either." Cal wondered if he had to compete with Waylon's hetero sexual memories. But as two strong hands kneaded his ass, pulling him tight against Waylon's erection, his doubts began to fade. No woman could give him what he was capable of. He could give him everything, and he was willing to do anything to please his man.

"I don't know what to do, but I need you to fuck me, Waylon." Their dicks battled as each of them continued to thrust against one another. His friend broke free, heading toward the bathroom at the other end of the apartment. He came back within a minute carrying a medium-sized tube of lubricant. Cal's balls pulsed, knowing he was about to get fucked by his true love. He'd enjoy every second, no matter how painful.

"You sure about this?" Waylon asked, flipping open the lid to the tube.

"I'm not a pussy. I can handle your cock." He held out his hand, and Waylon squirted out a healthy heap of clear lubricant into his palm. Cal proceeded to stroke the sticky substance over the other man's dick, completely coating it. He couldn't help but wonder if he'd get a chance to switch places with Waylon, but right now he didn't care.

"Turn around," said Waylon. Cal turned and leaned over the top of the sofa. Waylon's hand smoothed down his backbone sending shivers skittering across his skin. A finger trailed down the smooth seam of his ass. He automatically tightened, and then forced himself to relax. "That's it, Cal. Don't tense up." A wet, slippery finger penetrated his asshole, which made his cock jump to life. There was

no pain, just an odd sense of fullness, along with millions of sensitive nerves firing to life. He couldn't help the moan that escaped his lips. Waylon reached under him and began stroking his cock with his free hand. One hand pumped his length, while the other continued to play with his ass. Two fingers slowly thrust in and out, prepping him for Waylon's monster cock. Damn, he wanted every inch of him penetrating deep and fucking him hard. Without easing up either hand, his lover leaned over him and nipped his shoulder. "I can't wait another second. I'll try and take it easy."

Waylon continued masturbating Cal with one hand but gently removed his fingers and replaced them with the head of his cock. It felt huge and thick against Cal's virgin hole. With gentle nudging he pressed forward, stretching Cal's tight sphincter muscle.

"Fuck, you're tight, Cal. You have no idea how good you feel."

"Just do it. You're killing me." He imagined it was like ripping off a bandage. It hurt more pulling it off slowly. Waylon complied, sliding his big dick all the way into his ass. Not rough, but with a firm consistent pressure. Cal grabbed the material of the sofa in a firm grip and clamped his jaw down tight as he accepted Waylon's length. Once embedded fully with his pubic hair tight against Cal's ass, Waylon let out a shuddering breath.

"I could get used to this." Waylon groaned. "You're a beautiful sight under me like this. I've fucking dreamed of this day."

Cal couldn't believe it was true himself. He was connected with the man he fell in love with years earlier. Keeping his feelings bottled up all that time made the experience that much more fulfilling. He savored the cock in his ass, wiggling around to stretch himself to ease the uncomfortable fullness. Tightening his muscles around Waylon, he got the desired response. His friend cursed and began to thrust. Slowly at first, he quickly picked up the pace. The longer he continued, the more relaxed Cal became until the different levels of pleasure threatened to undo him.



Waylon gripped his hips with both hands, firmly holding him as he fucked him from behind. Cal pumped his own dick to match the rhythm his friend set. He was transported to a new plane of pleasure and began to see stars in the dark room as his orgasm loomed closer and closer.

“Harder!” he demanded. Waylon reached up and gripped his shoulders, pumping the full length of steely dick into his ass in rapid succession. He couldn’t hold on another second, thick ejaculate releasing from his own cock, spraying the side of the sofa as he collapsed forward. Waylon joined him, bucking wildly against him until his seed filled Cal’s ass and the cock inside him began to turn flaccid.

“You okay?” Waylon asked.

He turned slightly. “How long do you need to recuperate?”

## Chapter Six

The following morning Waylon stirred in bed, only remembering who shared the space when his hand slid across a smooth expanse of flesh. He leaned up on one elbow and studied Cal's muscular back as it rose and fell in the depths of sleep. His world finally felt complete. He knew this was the right path, the one he continually avoided just to fit in with societal expectations. Never, not a day, did Steph make him feel this satisfied, this complete. Nothing could compare to Cal's tight ass, beautiful hard body, or skilled lips. His cock stirred to life just remembering the long night of fucking. He'd taken Cal's virginity, but not carelessly. He planned to be there for the other man, to love him, protect him—everything expected of a boyfriend. Their relationship wouldn't even change much since they were already best friends, spending all their free time together. Now they just got the perk of mind-blowing sex.

After placing a soft kiss on Cal's bare shoulder, he slipped off the bed and headed to the bathroom for a shower before classes. He'd have to face that fucking history teacher today and didn't look forward to it. When he had found Cal and Mr. Hawke alone together, he lost it. He only saw red as the green monster within him clawed to the surface. The new sense of ownership, of bonding, overwhelmed him. At that moment, he knew he was irrevocably in love with Cal. No going back.

"So what happens today?" Cal emerged from the shower as Waylon scrambled eggs in the kitchenette. He looked sinfully sexy with just a towel wrapped low on his hips.

"What do you mean? We go to school. Same as always."

“What about Stephanie?” Ah, Stephanie. Even though they hardly saw each other lately, and both knew it was a relationship of convenience, it was always hard to break it off with someone.

“I’ll deal with her. Don’t worry about that.” He plated the eggs and carried them to the counter. “Come eat.”

Cal watched him as they ate. He knew there was something on his mind, but he was holding back. Did he have regrets? Did he worry about the future like Waylon did?

“You’re not gonna start shit with Evan today, are you?”

“Why would I? You said there was nothing between the two of you, right?”

“Right.”

Waylon scowled. There was more to it than that, but he didn’t want to sour the day with another jealous outburst.

Morning light filtered through the blinds giving the room a bright, cheery glow. Cal continued to play with his food, trailing his fork through his eggs. “Have you told anyone?”

He didn’t have to elaborate. No, Waylon hadn’t told anyone about his sexuality. He hid it like a pro. He had no plans of coming out of the closet officially, but knew enough to be honest with his own needs now. No way would he lose Cal over a long-held denial. “No.”

“Nobody?”

“It’s not something I’m proud of, Cal. I mean, it’s who I am, but I’m not stupid enough that I expect anyone to accept me.” He leaned forward and ran a hand through Cal’s damp hair. “What about you?”

He scoffed. “I told my mom, and she told my stepdad. Big mistake.”

“What happened?”

“He beat the shit out of me.” Cal shrugged to replicate indifference, but he could see the pain in his eyes. “He told me I was an abomination to God. After that day, I wasn’t welcomed back home. I moved around from place to place, job to job, and saved my

money. College doesn't come cheap, but at least I can say I earned my tuition myself."

"But you're only twenty-two now. Shit, you were way too young to be surviving on your own, Cal." He leaned over and kissed him. "I'm sorry. Nobody will ever hurt you again. I promise."

Cal shook his head. "It's okay. I've had a couple years to get over it." He pulled away and sat straighter. "Actually, talking with Evan helped me a lot."

"Evan? You've only known him, what, a couple weeks?"

"He's the only one I talked to since telling my mom. The way he explained things to me really made sense. He's not ashamed of who he is."

Waylon slid off the stool and began putting on his boots. "That's great," he said with as much enthusiasm as he felt. He didn't like Cal having a connection with Evan. What gay man in his right mind wouldn't want a piece of Cal? Waylon didn't plan on sharing now that he had found the best thing in his life.

Nobody, not even Evan, could change Waylon's ideas or perceptions. His oldest brother was abroad serving in the army. His second oldest brother was out of state attending university. The other two were still home on their family ranch, working a man's day. Shit, his father had been brutal when raising them. He could still hear the common phrases if they showed any sign of weakness. "*Are you a little girl?*" "*Are you a faggot?*" "*Do you wear pants or a skirt?*" It's how they were all raised, so he knew for a fact he'd never be accepted if he revealed his love for Cal. No teacher could change that.

\* \* \* \*

The murmur of conversation dropped to a hush as Evan cleared his throat to garner the students' attention. Did he continually look towards Cal, or was he only hyper aware of two specific men in the room?

Cal looked to his right only to find Waylon leaning back in his seat, a cold mask of disinterest on his face. Nobody messed with him, and for good reason. He oozed power and dominance with just a look and had the muscle to back it up. Waylon seemed to be compensating, acting extra tough with his classmates as if trying to prove he was all man. Just glancing at Waylon made Cal's cock firm up, so he looked away.

The only problem was their professor had a similar effect on him. Being casual Friday, Evan wore khakis and a fitted black T-shirt. He looked sexy as hell. Now that Cal knew what it felt like to be intimate with a man, he couldn't control his body's response. No, he would never stray on Waylon, but he hated the urge that wouldn't go away, especially knowing how jealous his boyfriend was of their teacher.

Although he managed to get most of his in-class work done, he had to continually remind himself why he was there—to make a better life for himself. It was easy to lose track of time daydreaming about Waylon, the future, the possibilities, but he needed to focus. The past couple weeks were nearly a write-off as his mind was buried under an avalanche of despair without his best friend on his side. Cal had things to prove. He wanted to show his mother and stepfather that he had made it on his own, that he wasn't a failure or waste of breath. He wanted to make a difference and obtain a rewarding career.

When class ended, he noticed Stephanie waiting in the hall through the open door, and he cringed. He wondered if Waylon would be able to follow through with the breakup. Popularity seemed so important to his friend that it overshadowed everything.

Evan stood at the end of Waylon's aisle as the students filed out of the room. Cal watched with interest.

"I'd like to see you for a minute after class," said Evan after Waylon neared him.

He only nodded, his chin raised slightly in a display of defiance, his thick arms crossed over his chest. Waylon and the teacher were

about the same height. Although Evan was thick and hard, he wasn't as built as Waylon. Not many were.

After the last student left, both men turned to look at Cal, who'd been glued to his chair. Would there be a fight, a nasty confrontation? "I'll see you tomorrow, Cal," said Evan, dismissing him. Should he be worried that Evan wanted to speak with Waylon alone? He packed up his books and left the room, only to wait in the hall in earshot if something bad happened. His boyfriend couldn't understand the gift Evan had given him. The night Cal had spent at their teacher's house had been liberating. He taught Cal not to be ashamed, to accept who he was, and go after what he wanted. Nobody had ever made him feel like he wasn't a mistake, a freak of nature. He treasured those few hours, and apparently so did many other young men. Although hush-hush at school, Evan was open with his sexuality in the real world. He even taught a public group twice a week at the community center, instilling the same positive message he did with Cal. Maybe he'd be able to open Waylon's eyes, too?

Stephanie glanced over at him with a frown. He always knew she was jealous of him, just as he had been of her. Even being Waylon's girlfriend, she could never compete with the close relationship between the two men. No doubt she'd blame him when Waylon broke it off with her.

Within minutes, she bored of waiting and stomped off, talking on her cell phone. The lunch crowd filled the halls and slowed down to a few stragglers. Where the fuck was Waylon? He'd been in the class for over half an hour already. There was no other exit, so what was going on? Cal couldn't take the suspense. Besides, he was starving and supposed to grab some lunch with his friend.

He listened at the door but heard nothing. Slowly turning the knob, he peered into the empty room and saw row after row of abandoned desks and chairs, and then stepped inside without a noise, sealing himself in. His soft-soled sneakers barely made a sound as he walked toward the only other door in the room—the teacher's office.

Waylon sat on the desk, his legs splayed with Evan standing between them. They were so close their bodies nearly touched as they spoke.

“What’s going on?” asked Cal, not sure what to make of the scene. Both men’s heads shot around, guilt dancing in Waylon’s eyes.

“Cal...sorry I forgot about lunch. Lost track of time,” said Waylon, slipping off the desk and closing the distance between them.

“Were you guys talking?”

Evan smiled, lightening the tension building inside Cal. “I think I talked some sense into him after all.”

“You were right, Cal. Evan has some good things to say.” Waylon grasped Cal’s jaw and looked him in the eye. “He taught me some stuff, too.”

Evan sat on the desk watching them. Being open about their relationship, even if only in front of Evan, felt liberating—and titillating. “What kind of stuff?” Cal didn’t have to guess it involved something sexual. The deep, rich tone Waylon used traveled along his skin like a silky caress.

“I’ll show you tonight.”

“Why wait? I don’t have any other classes today. This room is free,” said Evan.

Fire sparked in Waylon’s eyes and, without warning, he kissed Cal—passionately. He nearly fell back against the closed door but caught his footing in time, and Waylon’s strong arms were around him in an instant. His cock pulsed and thickened knowing that Evan watched from his perch on the desk. He closed his eyes and surrendered to the advance, kissing back, nipping, tasting. Waylon reached between them, rubbing his hand over the bulge in Cal’s jeans.

“Use my desk, boys. I’d love to watch the both of you in action.” Evan’s voice faintly registered in Cal’s mind. Soon Waylon was escorting him toward the desk, barely breaking their kiss along the way. Every nerve in Cal’s body fired hot with erotic need when his boyfriend undid his pants, letting them drop to his knees. He grabbed

Waylon's cock, pumping it in his fist, enjoying the wide girth of hard flesh. Cal undid his own pants, eager to get fucked before he lost his mind. When he turned to face the desk, Waylon spun him back around.

"You're gonna fuck me, Cal."

"What?" He'd never entered Waylon. He'd lost his virginity, but in a sense, Waylon had not. Cal just assumed that his boyfriend wanted to dominate, didn't want to be penetrated, and he was okay with that. The mere idea of fucking Waylon's beautiful, firm round ass nearly made him come on the spot.

"Evan taught me about give and take. I want to do this, Cal. I have to do this."

Cal turned his head and looked at Evan sitting beside them, less than a foot away. With both their cocks bare and bobbing with desire, they were in full view for a virtual stranger. Their teacher no less. The openness between them all made him so hot, so fucking horny, he'd die if he didn't release his load soon.

Waylon leaned over the desk on his elbows, his bare ass ready and waiting. Cal rubbed the smooth, muscled mounds while looking Evan in the eye. The teacher opened a drawer beside him and held up a tube of lube.

"Here. Rub it in." Evan squeezed some lube into Cal's palm. He did as told, rubbing the salve along Waylon's crack, making the man groan, and penetrated him with his finger to distribute the moisture. "Your cock, too." Then Evan's lube covered hand was around Cal's shaft, rubbing and pumping. He closed his eyes, his head lolling back on his shoulders from the onslaught of wicked sensations. A new hand caressed him, and he was about to penetrate Waylon for the first time. How much stimulation could one man handle?

Waylon peered at them from the side, frowning as he watched Evan stroking Cal. "What about me?"

"Okay, Cal, go slow," urged Evan. Evan aimed the head of Cal's cock at Waylon's tight rosette. Properly coated with moisture, he



pressed in. His urge to thrust full force was difficult to rein in, but he managed to embed himself to the hilt with a firm, but gentle pressure. Once fully seated, he exhaled. Waylon's breathing came in shallow gasps, but he took Cal's cock like a man without wimping out.

"You okay, Waylon?"

"Yeah. This is good," he muttered, a hint of hesitation in his words.

Cal felt him clench around his cock. Being connected with the man he loved was comparable to nothing in the world. It didn't matter who did the fucking. It was the same bond between them. "I want to fuck you so bad," Cal groaned. "You sure you're okay?"

"Why don't I help?" offered Evan, his eyes dark and flirty. Cal would agree to anything about now with his cock throbbing to the point of pain. Evan pulled off his T-shirt, his body toned and tanned an even golden hue. Then he unzipped and lost his pants. His cock was ripe for fucking, pre-cum slipping off the tip.

"You're not fucking Cal," ordered Waylon.

"Of course not. You get to be the meat in our sandwich." Evan winked at Cal. "It'll be easier on you if you get to fuck while being fucked—for your first time, anyway."

"Whatever. Hurry up because I can't hold back much longer." Cal began to grind his hips, pushing deeper into Waylon, desperate to begin thrusting.

Evan passed Cal the lube and leaned over the desk beside Waylon.

"Put a condom on me, Cal." Cal's heart filled with love knowing that Waylon wanted him fucking his ass bareback, but insisted Evan use protection.

Cal was on cloud nine, raking his eyes over the two delicious men. With both hands free, his dick still embedded in Waylon's ass, he reached down and pulled a condom from his pocket and sheathed Waylon. He then poured lube into one hand. He bent forward, reaching around to coat his friend's hard cock and then directed him

to mount their teacher. Once in position, they both aimed at Evan's waiting asshole.

Evan groaned, an erotic sound that echoed in the small room. Waylon wasn't gentle as he'd been for Cal's first time. He thrust in, holding the man's hips securely. Cal followed suit, pulling out and plunging back in. They worked as a team, a finely tuned mass of male muscle and strength with one united goal.

"I love fucking your ass, Waylon. Shit, you feel so good!" He worked him hard now, his balls slapping Waylon's inner thighs.

"You're making me crazy, Cal. Both of you." Waylon moaned deep and loud as he released his seed into Evan. His ass pulsed around Cal, pulling his own orgasm to the surface. Filling his lover with his cum completed the bond.

As they all slowly pulled away from each other, their cocks semi-flaccid, Evan chuckled. "How did it feel to be double fucked?"

"Fucking wicked," said Waylon, pulling up his jeans.

"Next time will be easier. Actually, it only gets better and better."

Waylon nuzzled Cal's neck. "We can practice tonight. My place."

## Chapter Seven

For the next few weeks, Cal, Waylon and Evan enjoyed plenty of hot threesome sex. Waylon knew it could only be a temporary arrangement. He loved Cal, and although he had developed strong feelings for Evan, he still felt ownership of his boyfriend, unable to let Evan penetrate him. Cal had enjoyed being the center of attention, fucking Evan as Waylon came up the rear, but that's as far as he could handle. For a lasting ménage relationship, Waylon would have to love Evan to trust him and share Cal. He wasn't sure that was possible.

Evan continually preached about coming out with the truth, but Waylon was no fool. He knew better than to make his private life public. Cal hung on the man's every word, craving the acceptance he was never granted growing up.

"Cal's late," said Waylon. They were staying the night at Evan's. Being Friday, they could sleep in the next morning—after a night of multiple orgasms. There was an ultimate fighting match on pay-per-view, and the takeout was ordered. The only missing element was Cal.

"Don't worry about Calvin. He had a late appointment at the school. He'll be by shortly." Evan grinned at him with that lazy smile that got Waylon's blood boiling. The older man knew a trick or two in the bedroom. Now, lounging back in the corner of the sectional, his leg bent up, the erection straining in his pants was more than evident.

"Your dick's hard."

"I'm sure Calvin wouldn't mind if we started without him. Just a little teaser before the big show."

Waylon supposed there wouldn't be much harm in a little foreplay. They were all quite comfortable around each other, naked or otherwise. Just looking at their sexier-than-sin teacher made his own cock firm up.

"The food will be here soon. Besides, I don't know if we should—"

Evan cut in, "I haven't shown you my toys yet."

That piqued Waylon's curiosity. He watched as Evan unbuttoned his pants and slipped out his hard-on. Pumping his own hardened flesh in his hand, Waylon watched, his desires climbing higher every second. There was something to be said about men. They were always ready for fucking.

"Pass me that box under the TV." Evan nodded in the direction, continuing to masturbate.

Waylon brought the small black box to the sofa and set it beside his teacher. He sat on the other side of him. When Evan stopped to rummage through the box, Waylon continued stroking the man's erection.

"What do you think?" Evan held up a thick, black dildo about nine inches long.

"That depends what you plan to do with it."

The pre-game show came on the television, capturing both their attention for a minute. Evan turned back to Waylon. "I'm going to shove it up your ass and then suck your dick."

"Fuck!" Waylon rubbed his cock through his jeans, now harder than steel. "Hurry up before I explode." Evan was always ready to please either Waylon or Cal. Even during spares at school, he wouldn't hesitate to suck them both to completion in his office, swallowing their cum as if it were the sweetest nectar. He never asked for anything in return. It was hard not to start falling in love with such a selfless man. The way he made Cal feel self-worth and purpose through his many long talks only made Waylon respect him more.

Evan lubed up the silicone phallus and held the base on the sofa cushion, the cock jutting straight up. “Slip off your pants and sit on it,” said Evan.

His balls were tight and painful now. He loved dirty sex, lots of sex. The past few weeks had been his personal heaven. Women had never done anything for his libido.

Waylon did as told, pushing his pants down to his knees and sitting back over the slick cock. Evan held it in place, helping guide it into Waylon’s tight hole. As it slipped in, filling him, stretching him, he sighed and dropped his full weight down over the dildo. The sensations scattering through his body were a beautiful thing. He leaned back, loving the tug and strain of the toy in his ass, wiggling against it. With his own dick hard and exposed, Evan quickly dropped to his knees in front of him and lapped at the mushroom head, swollen and painful.

“Suck it! Suck it hard. All of it!” Waylon leaned back, his arms behind his neck. Evan deep throated him, sucking deep and tempting with his skilled tongue. Waylon ground his ass into the sofa to feel the toy as Evan gave him the best blow job he had in days. He only wished Cal would hurry up. He’d love Cal’s cock in his own mouth right now.

The doorbell chimed just as Waylon entered that magical place before reaching his climax. “No way!”

Evan pulled off his dick with a wet slurp. “Go answer the door. It’s the pizza.” Before Waylon could protest, he continued. “Leave the cock in your ass. I want you to walk to the door with it in place.”

Waylon pulled up his boxers and pants, barely able to zip up. As he stood, the dildo molded with his body, which felt unusual but good. He carefully walked to the door, paid for the pizza, and returned to the living room with the box. Evan was now lying naked on the sofa.

“I assumed you wouldn’t be able to wait for Calvin.”

“You assumed right. Get on your stomach.”

He dropped the pizza box on the glass-topped coffee table, kicked off his pants and mounted Evan. The phallus bobbed in and out of his ass, but he couldn't worry about holding it in, even if being filled while fucking felt a million times better. All that mattered was achieving the orgasm stolen from him. With no condom and no lube, Waylon held open Evan's ass cheeks. His inhibitions slipped away the moment Evan introduced the toys. He bent down and lapped at Evan's crack, distributing the saliva in his mouth over Evan's puckered hole. The man cried out, begged for more. Waylon delivered. He lowered his heavy frame over the other man's and penetrated him with his cock. They fucked like animals—hard, fast, and dirty. He loved every minute of it. When his orgasm finally erupted, he continued to pump a massive load into Evan, nearly collapsing onto his back from the intensity of pleasure that spread out from his balls to every cell in his body. He kissed Evan's sweat-slick back and rested his weight to the side, spooning the man without withdrawing his flaccid member. Evan dozed off before he did.

\* \* \* \*

Cal felt empowered after spending so much time with Evan, and listening to his speeches on homosexuality. After believing the garbage his mom and stepfather fed him before disowning him, he now stood proud, knowing he wasn't abnormal, just different. And that was okay.

Evan continually preached about becoming open with the truth, but Waylon was sternly against it. His best friend had a close-knit relationship with his parents and brothers and didn't want to risk it like Cal had.

Today Cal wanted to make the move that Evan had encouraged. He planned to open up about his sexuality and didn't care if others accepted it or not. What could be worse than being rejected by your

own blood? The woman that gave you life? Cal accepted himself, and that's all that mattered in the grand scheme of things.

He approached the hall in front of the locker rooms at the college. One person he wanted to confront was Stephanie. She'd been a royal bitch since Waylon dumped her. He felt the need to tell her that he wasn't a sexless loser, as she continually referred, but a proud homosexual man. No, he wouldn't expose his best friend without his consent, but he wanted the truth about himself to be known. No more shame.

"What do you want?" asked Stephanie after he nudged her shoulder.

"I have something to tell you."

"Oh, what's that? You were born without a dick?"

He clamped his jaw down hard and inhaled deeply before speaking. "I have a dick. But the reason I haven't dated since coming to college is because I'm not into girls."

She stared for a minute, and then an evil smile played on her lips. "Are you telling me that you're a fag? Please tell me you're actually offering me this information."

The weight of his confession bore down on him, not the relief Evan said he'd feel. A hundred eyes seemed to stare, and a thousand fingers seemed to point. What had he done? He just felt so proud to finally know who he was, and accept it. Evan empowered him to the point he believed he could take on the world. But maybe Waylon had a good reason for staying in the dark. Not everyone accepted their alternative lifestyle.

"Did he just say he was a fag?" One of Waylon's muscle-bound friends moved in closer, along with a dozen others. "Do you want to fuck me, Cal?"

"Never mind. Forget I said anything." He tried to back away, to appear disinterested, veering around Stephanie, but in seconds they'd cornered him. School hours were over, and just the players getting off late from practice filled the lonely hallway. Waylon didn't attend

today because the three of them had a fun evening planned with the fight on TV and pizza. He wished he was there with Waylon and Evan right now.

Someone pushed Cal from behind, making him lurch forward into another man. They weren't in high school, but these guys acted like hate-filled teenagers. They were all grown men who were supposed to be working toward a rewarding career. He stood his ground, standing tall and strong. The sudden rush of fists and feet lashing out at every part of his body wasn't expected. He wasn't a small man, but being outnumbered ten to one by a team of football players was a losing battle. A sharp punch to the stomach and a kick to his shin forced him to collapse to the ground. He didn't cry out. No matter what these heathens thought, he wasn't a pussy just because he was gay. He bit his tongue and curled into a ball as kick after kick assaulted him. Thankfully, it didn't take long until blackness claimed him.



## **Chapter Eight**

After two hours of waiting and no answer from Cal's cell phone or any word, the pizza and game were long forgotten.

"Where the fuck could he be?" asked Waylon for the hundredth time.

Evan scowled, guilt flitting across his eyes. He bit his lip and turned away, but Waylon spun him back around.

"You know something I don't?"

"I'm a bit worried. He may have done something stupid."

Waylon grabbed both Evan's shoulders firmly. "Tell me what's going on!" After the first hour passed and no answer from Cal's cell phone, Waylon began to worry. As each minute passed, a thick blanket of despair lowered over him. He just knew something wasn't right, and it killed him that he couldn't contact Cal to ease his worry.

"He wanted to own up, to confess who he really is. It's a part of the healing process."

"Fuck that! Don't tell me this has to do with coming out of the closet, Evan." Evan may have been doing a good thing teaching those free classes every week to young homosexual men, but he went too far now. The world as a whole wasn't ready to embrace everyone that was different than the masses. Evan threw Cal to the sharks by fueling him with empty dreams and hopes.

"He wanted to confront some friends at school that had been bothering him. Shit, this isn't good." Evan's face fell, and he swallowed hard.

"You think?" He pushed Evan back and began pacing, wondering where Cal could be. "Do you know where he went?"

“All I know is he stayed at the college after I left.”

In a burst of realization, Waylon knew Cal would confront Steph. She’d tormented him way too long. He hated seeing Cal’s sweet face contorted with shame after passing her in the hall. She always had a rude comment for him, slowly tearing him down one word at a time. But where Steph was, his friends on the football team were. Those bastards were a hard-ass crew with little tolerance for anyone outside their circle. They worshiped Waylon, but even the status of being Waylon’s best friend wouldn’t save him if he admitted to being gay.

“Do you know what you’ve done? You’ve filled Cal’s head so full of your peace and love bullshit that he probably got himself killed!”

Evan covered his ears and walked away. “Don’t fucking blame me. I love him, too!”

“You don’t love him! All you care about is his cock.”

The fist came out of nowhere, knocking Waylon back into the coffee table. He fell back, the glass top shattering into thick bits. “Get up you motherfucker!”

Waylon rolled himself up to his feet and barreled forward like he’d been trained in their tackling exercises. Both men ended up in a heavy heap at the other end of the room, the drywall dented by the weight of their bodies colliding. Waylon straddled Evan, pulling his fist back, but stopping. Evan panted, his hair disheveled. His eyes were beautiful, and he had to admit that he had feelings, deep feelings, for his teacher. That didn’t make him any less angry that he’d put stupid thoughts into Cal’s head, but he couldn’t hit him. He dropped his arm.

“I do love him,” Evan whispered. “I love you, too, Waylon. You think I only care about sex? I’ve gone over five years without so much as a date. It’s been lonely. Once I had you both in my life, I guess I was overly excited. That doesn’t mean I don’t care.”

Waylon ran his hand through Evan’s hair, and then pulled him up to a stand, broken glass falling to the carpet. After brushing

themselves off and catching their breath, he tried to focus. “What should we do?”

Mr. Hawke, the intelligent teacher that taught his history class every day, emerged. His face hardened as he picked up the cordless and called information. When he asked for the local hospital, Waylon’s stomach knotted painfully.

“Well?”

“Good news, we’ve found him.” Waylon sighed, slouching forward from the rush of relief. “Bad news, he’s unconscious and badly beat up. The janitor found him and called 911.”

“I’ll kill them all!” He rammed his fist through the drywall, wishing it were the faces of his so-called friends.

“Just stop with the macho bullshit for two minutes. We’ve got to get down there. I’ll drive.”

\* \* \* \*

Waylon stepped from behind the drawn, mint green curtains pulled around Cal’s bed. He didn’t look angry, though he should be. Cal had been a fool. To think he could reform a group of jocks with nice words and honesty was a joke. Waylon had been right. It was safer to keep their private life private. After he entered, Evan followed.

“Hey, babe, how you feeling?” asked Waylon.

“I’ve been better.” His best friend surveyed the tube coming from his arm, the cast on the other arm, and no doubt his face, which probably resembled roadkill. He felt like shit, like a Mack truck had run him over, reversed, and run him over again. His ribs ached where two had been broken. When he chuckled, he winced from the pain.

“Shh. Don’t talk.” Waylon lightly ran his fingertips along his cheek, his eyes watery and red rimmed.

When the nurse came in to check his vitals, he automatically pulled away, but he stopped himself and continued to maintain the

intimate contact. "Hi, I'm Waylon. Cal's boyfriend. Will he be okay?" Cal wanted to cry. He knew how much courage it took his big, bad boyfriend to admit the fact to a stranger. It was one step in the right direction.

"He got banged up pretty good, but he's tough." The nurse winked at Cal and patted his hand. After taking his blood pressure and temperature, she turned to Evan. "Are you responsible for him?"

"We both are," said Waylon with an authoritative tone.

"Well, he'll need to take it easy for awhile. No lifting. He'll have to come back in one week for the doctor to check his arm and ribs. These stitches will need to come out then, too." She bent down and examined the two inch gash over Cal's eyebrow. He'd caught a brief glimpse at himself in the reflective surfaces of the sterile room. He wondered if Waylon would still love him as much with his face marred. Waylon always told him how handsome he was, but now he had little going for him.

"No worries. I'll take good care of him." Waylon sat in the chair by the side of the bed after the nurse left. "You're moving in with me where I can take good care of you."

"That's ridiculous," said Evan. "You'll both move in with me. I have a house that's paid for. No sense in either of you renting an apartment. We can pool our resources." *Be a family?*

It would never work. Could it? Cal glanced back and forth at the two men. They both seemed fine with the idea, which was ridiculous. Waylon and Evan never saw eye to eye, and with his best friend's jealous streak, it seemed impossible for the three of them to cohabitate. But here they were, agreeing, some unspoken connection passing between all three of them.

\* \* \* \*

Three months had passed since Cal and Waylon moved in with Evan Hawke. Evan still taught at the college. Waylon attended but

dropped off the football team, unwilling to associate with the guys that put Cal in the hospital. Most were on probation now and didn't dare give Waylon a lick of trouble. He behaved and didn't pick any fights, keeping his word to leave the past alone.

Cal couldn't face the place again, but considering the circumstances and the school wanting to avoid any bad media, they allowed Evan to homeschool him for full credit.

"You didn't finish the assignment, Calvin," said Evan, peering up from the table and his pile of assignments to mark.

"I'll do it tomorrow."

"I can't keep giving you special privileges. You have to do the work if you want the credits."

"Yes, teacher." Cal kissed his forehead as he walked by to join Waylon on the sofa.

Living with two men was easier than he imagined. They got along great. If the dishes were left overnight, no one cared. If they had leftovers for three nights in a row, they just ate it. With so much in common, it was like they were made for each other.

"I'm not kidding, Calvin!" Evan stood up and marched to the sofa, kicking Cal's leg off the new coffee table.

"Why don't you spank him?" teased Waylon. His best friend lounged in just his boxer briefs, a constant temptation. Cal had only been permitted to engage in heavy physical activity a couple weeks ago, and he still felt pent up living with two of the hottest men.

"Now there's an idea. I'll teach you not to hand assignments in late." Evan dropped down on the sofa between them, jostling the cushions. He patted his lap. "Come on. Man up and take your punishment."

His cock thickened when Evan gave him a seductive grin, licking his lower lip in a slow, sensual drag. Cal stood and leaned over, but Evan demanded he lose his clothes first. Once naked and fully erect, he dropped down over his teacher's lap for discipline. It felt awkward with his large frame. Evan warmed his ass by rubbing circles over the

smooth globes. Cal tried to rub his cock against Evan's thigh, but the man stilled him.

"Get me the lube, Waylon."

Waylon shot up and retrieved one of many tubes around the house. He sat back down on the wooden coffee table facing Evan. Cal heard the spurt of lube and felt the cold fluid drizzle over his crack. There was no touching next, just a solid smack to his ass, which echoed in the room.

"What the fuck was that for?" shouted Cal, expecting some sensual loving, not real punishment.

"I warned you," said Evan, smacking the other cheek. Waylon laughed.

He knew his men would never intentionally hurt him. They were the ones who nursed him back to health, doting over him while he healed. With the use of only one arm for months, they made sure to pleasure him day or night.

A finger trailed through the moisture along the seam of his ass until two digits penetrated him. He let out the breath he held, wanting more. When he realized both men shared his ass, playing games that made him drunk with desire, he dropped forward and submitted. One or both of the men began to finger fuck him, and delicious friction built up in his ass, making his dick hard and needy.

"Do you wanna get fucked, Cal?" asked Waylon.

"Yes!"

"You wanna fuck my ass?"

"Fuck, yeah!"

Evan withdrew his fingers, and the two men became uncomfortably silent. Cal dropped off Evan's lap to his knees and gauged the men. They looked at each other with intensity and lust dancing in their eyes.

"You're letting Evan ride me today, aren't you?" He just knew. It was always a topic they never touched upon, but Cal knew their

threesome relationship would never be cemented until Waylon gave up control. They had to be equals, to love each other without borders.

“Yes. You’re the meat.”

## Chapter Nine

They each took a two-minute shower. Alone. No way would they come out of the bathroom if they went in together. Each naked, moist, and oozing raw masculine strength, Waylon thanked God for the path his life had taken in such a short amount of time. Cal and Evan both sported thick, delicious hard-ons to match his own. He studied them, every ripple of muscle and erotic trail of hair.

He wanted to devour them, every inch. Cal cracked his neck to the side, a trail of moisture falling from his broad shoulder, past his collar bone.

Waylon sat on the edge of the king-sized bed, another new addition to the house, and then dropped down to his back. Waylon didn't need to ask because almost immediately a hot mouth enveloped his jutting cock. He sighed contentedly before glancing up to see which man sucked him. It was Cal. Perched on his knees, he kneaded Waylon's thighs, making sounds of approval as he sucked, and lapped up his length. He twirled his tongue around the sensitive acorn head and teased the nub at the base, making him shudder with need.

"Come straddle me, Evan. Give me some cock." He dropped his head and watched Evan climb up his body to straddle his chest. Dropping forward, Evan supported himself with strong arms against the headboard, allowing his cock the perfect angle to penetrate Waylon's ready mouth. Evan's was darker than his or Cal's, almost purple with arousal. He loved the variety between his two men—one blond, one brunet, each unique and equally delicious. Before devouring the meat in front of him, he craned his neck and trailed a line with his tongue from the man's tight asshole along his coiled



sack. He could eat him all day and never stop. Evan shoved his cock against his lips, eager for attention. He sucked hard, earning him a sexy growl from the man. The dual action of sucking and being sucked brought Waylon quickly to orgasm. He shuddered as he released his seed. Cal clamped down over his cock, not allowing Waylon to buck free, swallowing every drop of ejaculate.

“Fuck!” Waylon was awarded his release since he’d be the lonely front of the sandwich. At least he’d have his sweet Cal’s dick inside him, pleasuring him.

“Come here, Calvin. I need you so bad. I’ve been dreaming of this for months.” Evan beckoned Cal to climb up on the bed with him while Waylon recuperated, still flat on his back.

Waylon watched as Calvin’s sleek muscular form moved with a panther’s grace onto the mattress. He trailed kisses up Evan’s thigh and sucked the bulbous head of his cock for a moment. Both on their knees, they embraced, kissing like men, their passion contagious. Waylon watched their cocks slapping against each other, their muscled chests rubbing, their tongues dancing in each other’s mouths. Even after his recent orgasm, his own dick was coming back to life in a hurry, already semi-firm.

“I want to look you in the eyes when I make love to you, Calvin. Your beautiful blue eyes.” Cal dropped to his back and was immediately covered by Evan’s sturdy body. Evan reached for the lube on the night table, squirting some on his erection, rubbing it in slightly. In one firm upward stroke, he entered Cal’s rear hole. Cal’s legs were parted, feet braced on the mattress. The position screamed intimacy, love. They stared in each other’s eyes and occasionally kissed, the whole time making hard, sweet love to each other.

Waylon began to stroke himself, the image of the two men he loved fucking like a finely tuned machine made him horny all over again. “What about me? I thought Cal was going to do me.”

“Looks like you better firm up in a hurry.” Evan waggled his eyebrow. *Looks like he’d be the back of the sandwich tonight.*

Thanks to the erotic display, he needed no more time. He knelt behind Evan, carefully positioning his knees between Cal's feet. He gripped Evan's hips, still pumping into his other lover, and centered himself for his planned breach. Grabbing some of the lube from the tube on the mattress, he prepped his cock. Evan wouldn't hold still for a minute, eagerly thrusting into Cal, so he plunged forward at the first chance. He maneuvered his hips in the awkward angle for maximum penetration, savoring the hot, tight sheath surrounding him. Nothing beat being connected by two cocks. It brought all three of them together on a new intimate realm, one pleasing the other, and all three as a whole.

"Do you like it, Calvin? Do you like my dick in your ass? Does it feel good?" asked Evan as he continued to pummel the man.

"Fucking good," he muttered back.

They worked as a team until each man met their release, and Waylon had his second. It was magical. Beautiful. Perfect. Allowing Evan to dominate Cal's body didn't make him jealous or hostile. They'd grown too much as a triad for him to have any ill feelings for Evan. In fact, the love shared between the other two men warmed his heart. This new element would only enhance their sex life, and their unique bond.

\* \* \* \*

After buying all the ingredients they'd need for the big dinner tonight, they carried their grocery bags back to the car. Evan was home cooking the roast. The man was a real blessing in the kitchen. Waylon decided the time had come to reveal the truth to his family. If he wasn't ready to face the world as a homosexual man, he'd take this first step in telling those closest to him. He invited his mom, dad, and two brothers to a planned dinner. His two oldest brothers were either abroad or out of state. Of course, he was nervous as hell. The idea of being rejected by people he loved scared the shit out of him.

They loaded the bags into the trunk. The parking lot was relatively bare, with row after row of parked cars but few people.

“You’re nervous,” said Cal, looking at him from the opposite side of the car. “Didn’t that thing help at all?”

Evan insisted he keep a butt plug in all morning. He said it would help release a constant stream of hormones to calm his nerves. Before they left for the store, Evan lubed up the neon green plug and made him bend over the hall table. He forced the rubbed toy in his ass with a quick twist and it stayed in place with little effort. Damn, he loved the kinky side of Evan. They both did. If the toy worked, he wasn’t sure. He still felt nervous, but clenching around the plug made him anxious to get home. There would be plenty of time to get frisky before their guests arrived.

“I don’t think anything could help today.”

“Will you let me do something for you?”

“What?”

Cal walked to the front of the car where they were surrounded by other parked vehicles in every direction. “Sit on the hood.”

Waylon rested his weight on the hood, stimulating his rubber filled asshole, and didn’t protest when Cal unzipped him. He watched with interest, but he also scanned the vast parking lot, some people walking too close for comfort. But that discomfort made the cock Cal pulled out of his jeans thick and hard. It felt oddly erotic seeing his own dick waving in the public outdoor area.

Bracing a hand on each of Waylon’s thighs, Cal bent over and covered his mushroomed head with his hot, sweet mouth. There was a heightened sense of satisfaction being in the public place, the thrill tickling his balls as he gave in to Cal’s ministrations.

Cal continued to strengthen the suction on his dick. He felt his orgasm nearing, dancing just under the surface. When he clenched his ass around the toy, combined with Cal’s suckling, he exploded. He gasped and dropped back to his elbows on the hood of the car with a hollow thud. Cal followed his movements, his mouth still wrapped

around his cock. When he finally pulled off, he licked his lips and smiled. The late afternoon sun highlighted his dirty blond hair and bright blue eyes. He'd do anything for Cal—or Evan—and this dinner proved that. If he lost his family because he loved these men, then so be it. They meant that much to him.

“Kiss me,” said Cal as Waylon sat straight. He complied, eager to kiss his boyfriend's sweet, swollen lips. “Can you taste yourself on my tongue?” he asked between breaths.

He could. There was a faint tartness in Cal's mouth from Waylon's cum, but it didn't bother him. He loved the fact that Cal wasn't turned off by swallowing because Waylon thought it was hotter than hell.

\* \* \* \*

“Hurry up,” ordered Waylon as he rushed to put the finishing touches on the table. Everything had to be perfect. The house was clean—dusted, swept, and mopped. All three of them had gone through the place like a tornado all weekend to get it ready. The table top was decorated with individual place settings in Evan's best china and silverware. Cal picked up the centerpiece at a little shop downtown, which reflected the coming fall season with pinecones and rich colors. Would it be enough? Would it be enough for his family to accept this homosexuality?

Evan carried out the closed casserole dish with two oven mitts to protect him from the hot surfaces. He carefully set it on the pot warmer and stood back to examine the feast. There were salads, both hot and cold, fresh rolls, vegetables and a pasta dish. The main course was Evan's roast, which he doted over all morning in the kitchen, not even coming along to the grocery store with them. Waylon realized just how much time the threesome spent together. They were like three peas in a pod and never felt caged.

“Looks great,” he said.

“Where’s Cal?”

Evan peered down the hall. “He’s just as nervous as you. He hasn’t stopped looking in the mirror since you got home.”

“He’s worried about his scars. I keep telling him them make him even sexier, but he doesn’t believe me.”

“We’ll show him tonight.” Evan winked and brushed his hair from his face before tending to last minute details in the kitchen.

The doorbell rang.

Waylon’s heart was in his throat as he answered the door. His two brothers rudely bustled in first before their parents, clapping him on the back. It felt like old times, back on the ranch. He roughhoused with his brothers daily, which he felt aided him as a football player in high school and college. They brought the freshness of the outdoors with them and allowed the rich, savoring scents from the table to leak out into the evening.

“Wow! Nice place, bro,” said James.

“Look, he has a big screen,” announced Brent.

His parents filed in next. While he hugged his mother, his dad slipped her jacket off from behind. It was good to see them again. Though he wasn’t the innocent farm boy that had left for college— he was a man, on his own, and in charge of his own future.

Dinner was uneventful. The food tasted great, and his parents enjoyed conversing with Evan. He was an endless well of information, and his knowledge of history entertained his father. It was good chumming with his brothers again. Everyone said they all looked alike, the same build, blond hair and strong jaw typical of all Matthews men.

His mother asked Evan for the recipe of his roast beef. It fell apart on the fork and tasted heavenly. Cal and Evan worked so hard for the dinner to be a success, and it had been. Just knowing how much they cared about him, filled him with the confidence he needed.

The time had come. He took a gulp of air, straightened his spine, and looked to Evan and Cal for encouragement. They each gave a slight nod.

“Mom, Dad. I have something to tell you.”

“Okay.” His father shifted in his seat, making him more nervous. All he could replay in his head were the things his dad drilled into him during his life at home.

“Cal’s not just my roommate. He’s also my boyfriend.” There. He’d done it. Short, simple and to the point. He exhaled, the sound audible as the table turned silent.

His father used the cloth napkin to dab at the corner of his mouth, then stood and walked to the door without a single word. Although his mother looked stricken, clearly embarrassed by his father’s dismissal, she followed behind him as he expected. Deep within, he knew his dad wouldn’t accept his news, but he hoped his mother would have at least said something comforting. She was his mother. When his father would give him a whooping for something trivial growing up, she was always right there with sweet words and promises of better days. But he was a grown man now and had to find his own strength within. No more kissing the wounds. He didn’t have to be a victim. His dad didn’t walk away from him, Waylon did.

All these years, he tried to be someone he wasn’t so his dad would love him. Where did that get him? Neither the lies nor the truth would be enough. If his father couldn’t love him for who he was, then he was through trying. Waylon was a grown man and had to make decisions for his own happiness, no matter how difficult. Revealing the truth that ended any chance of his father’s approval was definitely difficult.

“You’re gay? That can’t be true. You’re not gay,” said Brent.

“I am. I wouldn’t break Mom’s heart if it wasn’t the truth.”

“What does that mean? Are you attracted to us now?”

Waylon stood and shook his head. “No, I’m not attracted to you, you idiot. You’re my fucking brothers.” At least they hadn’t turned hostile, or worse, kept silent like his father. The banter came so

naturally between him and his younger brothers. He answered their unspoken question, “And, no, just because I’m gay doesn’t mean either of you are.”

“Whew, that’s a relief.” They both started laughing.

“So you’re not disowning me?”

James shrugged. “We know how Dad is. Don’t worry about him. You’re our brother. We’ll always love you.”

Everyone stood and said their good-byes. Waylon felt an odd mix of relief and sadness when he closed the door after his brothers.

“How do you feel?” asked Evan once they all sat on the sofa together. The cleaning up could wait.

“I don’t know, really. I guess I expected as much from my dad. I just hoped I was wrong. Hoped he’d hug me, tell me it was okay, and that he still loved me.”

Evan gave his thigh a squeeze. “He does love you.”

“Your brothers seem nice,” Cal offered, probably trying to lighten the mood.

He turned to both men. “I’m not trying to be someone I’m not anymore.” Waylon already knew he loved both men but felt the magnitude of it swelling within him. These two men wouldn’t leave him. They accepted him for who he was, and he knew they’d be there for him in good times and bad. “I’m where I belong, and if my parents can’t accept that, then they don’t accept me.” Now he knew how Cal felt when his parents rejected him. It fucking hurt.

“We’re a family now. The three of us,” said Cal. Waylon’s eyes watered. Cal was such a sweetheart, and he wanted to be a family for him as much as he needed it himself.

“You two are all I’ll ever need,” said Waylon. Evan leaned over and kissed him, followed by Cal. The tender mix of emotion, relief that the stressful dinner was over, and two gorgeous men leaning over him, made him dizzy with desire. He remembered Cal sucking him on the hood of the car earlier in the day, and it made his cock stiffen.

Shit, anyone who said their lifestyle was wrong wasn't living it. He wouldn't change a thing.

"Anything we can do to make it better?" asked Evan, resting his hand over Waylon's bulging crotch.

His mind worked on overdrive, conjuring up naughty scenarios. Sexual fantasies to get him out of the bitter reality of the dinner and into a mindless state of bliss. "Can I be the meat? I want Mr. Hawke punishing me from behind while I have my own fun in the front." He tilted Cal's face up and kissed his scars. "What do you say?"

Cal's eyes glistened as he nodded.

The three men retired to their bedroom. It was just the beginning of a long life to be filled with love, support, and carefree days. He'd found his place in life, and he'd treasure every minute of it.

# THE END

**WWW.WINONAWILDER.BLOGSPOT.COM**



## **ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

Winona Wilder enjoys delving into the human mind and exploring emotion. She savors the challenge of mixing smoking hot sex with lovable, complex characters. When not spending time with her husband and children in the Great Canadian North, she's typing away at her next m/m romance. She also writes bestselling erotic romance under another name.



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