

# KISS ME AGAIN

By

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"Hello," Rafael Ramírez said his voice groggy with sleep as he answered his phone. He had been having the most wonderful dream.

"Rafe?" replied the quiet voice on the other end.

"Nando? What time is it?" He leaned up on his elbow and looked over at the clock on his nightstand. Damn! It was nearly three o'clock in the morning. If Nando was calling him at this time of the night, something was wrong.

"Can I come in?"

Rafe flopped back against his pillows, running a hand through his long black hair. "Okay, I'll be right there."

Rafe hung up the phone and reached for his pajama bottoms, pulling them on before heading to his front door. He quickly unlocked it and opened the door, admitting his friend, Fernando Garcia, into his apartment.

He watched as Nando stumbled past him, his eyes admiring the nice curve of Nando's ass as he walked by. Damn, that man had a sweet ass... nice, tight, and rounded just right. It begged to be grabbed. Rafe had often done almost that.

But somehow, he didn't think Nando would appreciate it quite the same way Rafe would. Sure, Nando was into men but he firmly believed that Rafe was not. It was his fault really. He had been straight when he had met Nando. He had even had a girlfriend at the time.

But one look at Nando, and one quick kiss at a party three years ago, and all thoughts of being with a woman died a quick death. It had taken him a few weeks to figure out his true feelings. By the time he had, Nando had been involved with someone.

Rafe had decided that being with someone else when he really just wanted to be with Nando wasn't worth it, so he had pretty much stopped dating at that point. Over time, he and Nando had become good friends, even best friends, but never beyond that.

As Rafe raised his eyes up to Nando's, he winced when he saw his red rimmed eyes. He shook his head, shutting the door and locking it. Nando was drunk, again. Which meant he had broken up with another boyfriend.

Nando only ever got drunk when he broke up with his latest fling. He wasn't much of a drinker. In fact, two or three drinks and he was plowed, which was why he didn't drink often. But each time he broke up with his latest fling, he got drunker than a skunk... and came to Rafe to cry over the loss of yet another relationship.

Rafe didn't mind that Nando came to him. In fact, he loved it. It meant that he felt safe with Rafe. He just wished Nando would come to him for something other than when he had broken up with his latest fling.

"What happened?" he asked, not really wanting to know but feeling he needed to ask anyway. He could have cared less. A single Nando was much better than a Nando with a boyfriend. It meant he might have a chance, slim as it may be.

"He found someone else, someone that he said was ready to commit to him because I wouldn't," Nando replied, flopping down on the couch. "He didn't even have the decency to tell me to my face. I caught them in bed together, my bed."

"Oh, Baby, I'm sorry." He really wasn't, but what else could he tell Nando? I'm glad you broke up with your boyfriend? I don't want you to have any boyfriend but me? Oh, by the way, I'm gay now? Yeah, that would work.

"I should have known. What would a guy like Rick want with me?"

"You're joking, right? Nando, you're one of the sexiest men I've ever met. Any guy would be lucky to have you." *Like me!*

"What would you know about it? You're into girls, remember?" Nando replied almost bitterly. If Rafe didn't know better, he would think that Nando was angry with him.

"I can still appreciate a good looking guy," Rafe hedged. "And you are a good looking guy. You have a lot to offer someone. You're smart, sexy, and you have a great sense of humor. What's not to like?"

"Then why can't I find someone? If I'm all theses things you say, why is it so hard for me to find the right guy? It's like I have sucker tattooed on my forehead. I seem to hook up with every stupid asshole on the planet. Where are all the good guys?"

*Right here, dummy!* "Maybe you're just looking in the wrong places," Rafe replied quietly.

"Then tell me where I should be looking cause I don't know," Nando whined.

Rafe shook his head. Oh, he'd like to tell Nando where to look but he didn't think it would go over too well. Nando was more likely to run screaming from his apartment than give him the time of day.

"I don't know what to tell you, Nando. I wish I did. But I fully believe there is someone out there for everyone. You just have look." *Open your damn eyes and look... at me!*

"Maybe. I'm just tired of going through all the assholes first. Why can't I find a nice guy? What's wrong with me?" He asked as tears sprang to his eyes.

Rafe sat down on the couch next to Nando and wrapped an arm around him as he began to cry. "Have you ever thought that maybe there is something wrong with all the guys you keep getting hooked up with and it's not you?"

Nando shook his head, sniffing against Rafe's shoulder. "I wish I could find someone like you, Rafe."

Rafe nearly swallowed his tongue at Nando's statement. How was he supposed to answer that? I'm right here, Honey, come and get me? He knew his heart was beating rapidly in his chest. He just hoped Nando didn't clue in... didn't he?

What would happen if he spilled his feelings to Nando? Would he really run? Would he be receptive to Rafe's attentions? Or horrified? Did he have anything to lose by telling him that he cared?

"Nando..." Rafe began.

"I'm sorry, Rafe. I shouldn't have said that. I know you don't feel that way about me. You're just such a great guy. You've always been there for me when I've needed you, always been my friend."

"Nando..." Rafe tried again, squeezing his eyes closed when Nando ran his hand lightly over Rafe's chest. Damn, that felt good. He craved the feel of Nando's touch. He wanted Nando to touch every part of his body.

"Nando," he groaned, feeling his cock swell against the soft cotton of his pajama bottoms. He didn't know whether to wish Nando would notice his erection or not. But he was so hard right now he thought he might explode.

Suddenly, Nando sat up, wiping at the tears on his face. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have come here. It's the middle of the night. I'll go."

Rafe watched as Nando stood up, his legs shaky, and headed for the door. He looked like he wanted to do anything but leave. No matter how he was feeling, Rafe couldn't let Nando go. He was hurting right now and needed Rafe, even if that was the only way he needed him.

Rafe stood to his feet and reached over to grab Nando by the arm as he stumbled by. "Nando, it's okay. You know you can come to me whenever you need to. I don't care what time of the day or night it is."

Nando turned and gave him a small trembling smile. "I know. You've always been a good friend to me, Rafael."

"Why don't you stay the night? I don't think you're in any condition to be out wandering by yourself." Rafe had to do something to keep Nando here. He pulled Nando into his arms, hugging his smaller body to his.

"I should just go," Nando replied, but he didn't do anything to pull out of Rafe's embrace.

"Please, Nando? I'll only end up spending the rest of the night worrying about you if you leave. You know I will," he asserted.

Nando chuckled. "Yeah, you would, too. You're probably right, though. I am feeling a little unsteady on my feet."

"You know I am." *Yes, he was going to stay!* Now if he could only keep his hands to himself. Resisting Nando's oh so obvious charms was getting harder every time he saw him. He was just so damn sexy.

"Now, come on. Let's get you ready for bed." Rafe led down the hallway to the bathroom. Turning on the light he held the door open for Nando. "I'll just get you something to sleep in, okay? You start getting undressed."

Rafe turned and walked away before Nando could say anything. He went to his room and grabbed a clean pair of cotton pajama bottoms out of his dresser. Taking a deep breath he headed back to the bathroom.

He knocked softly on the door, opening it before Nando could tell him to enter, and nearly fell to his knees. When he had told Nando to start getting undressed he had thought he would take everything off except his underwear. Problem was, Nando wasn't wearing any underwear. And he was standing in front of Rafe totally naked.

"Here, put these on," Rafe croaked out, swiftly handing Nando the pajama bottoms and shutting the door. He leaned back against the wall, taking several deep breaths as his mind played the image of Nando naked over and over again in his head.

Damn, that boy was fine! He was by far the sexiest thing Rafe had ever seen. Rafe reached down and stroked his aching cock a couple of times, the pressure in his hard cock getting stronger by the minute.

Running a hand through his hair, Rafe walked into the kitchen to get some water and aspirin for Nando. He was sure to need it by the next morning. Setting them down on the coffee table, he went in search of some blankets.

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Nando's heart reeled as he watched the distressed look cross over Rafe's face before he practically threw the pajama bottoms at him and slammed the door shut. He knew this was a stupid idea. Stupid, stupid, stupid!

It was stupid to come to Rafe's house when he was drunk. It was stupid to take off all of his clothes when he knew Rafe would be coming back into the bathroom. It was stupid to want a straight man.

Nando knew Rafe was straight. He had always known. That didn't keep him from wanting him, though. It would be easier if it did. Then maybe his heart wouldn't ache every time he saw Rafe.

Seeing the look on Rafe's face when he had seen him standing there naked had said it all. Rafe would never want him. Why did he keep hoping he would change his mind? The man was straight. He had even had a girlfriend when they had met.

Coming here was a really bad idea. Nando briefly considered putting his clothes back on and leaving anyway. Shaking his head he started pulling on the pajama bottoms. He knew Rafe would be upset with him if he left.

Funny that he cared what Rafe thought of him. It shouldn't matter, but it did. More and more over the last three years he had found himself thinking about what Rafe would think of the things he did and doing what he thought Rafe would approve of.

Rafe had never been anything but friendly towards him, even after they had kissed that one time three years ago. For Nando, it had been the most wonderful kiss in the world. He had felt it all the way down to his toes.

At first, he had been sure that Rafe felt the same way until his girlfriend had walked into the room and Nando had realized what a colossal mistake he had made. It had taken him nearly a month before he could face Rafe again.

By then, Rafe had broken up with his girlfriend and neither of them had mentioned the kiss again. Over time, they had become friends, spending evenings together, going out to dinner and the movies, and just generally hanging out. But Nando never forgot that kiss.

The more he had gotten to know Rafe, the harder he fell in love with him. It quickly became apparent to him why he couldn't seem to keep a boyfriend when he couldn't commit to any of them. He was too in love with Rafe.

Every guy he had dated since that kiss eventually left him for the same reason. He could barely kiss them, let alone sleep with them. With the exception of one time when he had yelled out Rafe's name during sex, he hadn't had sex in three years. That horrible incident had happened the week after he had first kissed Rafe.

After being dumped by Rick this evening, and getting his courage from a bottle, he had found his way to Rafe's apartment. Nando didn't know why he always came to Rafe when he ended a relationship. Maybe to give him a chance to fill in the emptiness in Nando's heart.

But it never happened. Rafe would welcome him in, listen to his woes, and let him sleep it off. Rafe was usually at work when Nando woke after a night like this. In some ways, it made it easier for Nando to pretend that he hadn't spilled his guts and cried all over the one man he wanted to impress.

In other ways, it hurt. He knew Rafe was disgusted by his behavior. Oh, he didn't seem disgusted by Nando being gay. That didn't seem to be a problem for him. But he didn't like it when Nando drank. And he certainly didn't want to hear about his boyfriends.

Rafe had made it perfectly clear very early on in their friendship that his boyfriends were not welcome at his apartment or did he like discussing them. He would be there for Nando when he had been dumped and needed a shoulder to cry on but under normal circumstances, he didn't want to hear it.

That was a plus and a minus. Nando never felt like talking about who he was dating with Rafe, not when he wanted to be dating Rafe. But sometimes he felt like he had two separate lives. He had his life with Rafe as a friend and his life without Rafe, which wasn't much.

Nando stood up and folded his clothes neatly into a pile. Grabbing the pile he took a deep breath then opened the bathroom door and walked out. Time to face the music, so to speak. He walked into the living room.

He didn't know why it hurt when he saw the bed Rafe had made him on the couch. What had he been expecting? Rafe to invite him into his bed? Yeah, like that was going to happen. But still, it did hurt.

Placing his clothes on the coffee table he quickly took the two aspirin Rafe had left him and drank it down with water. He quickly went to the kitchen and rinsed the glass out, setting it on the dish drain before heading back to the living room.

He sat down on the couch, drawing his knees up to his chest, wishing he were anywhere but where he was... alone again. Grabbing the pillow next to him he wrapped his arms around it, inhaling deeply, tears coming to his eyes, when he realized that it was filled with Rafe's sweet scent.

Nando didn't know how much time passed as he sat there crying into the pillow in his arms, wishing that his life were different. Finally, wiping his eyes, he decided that he was going to have to grab the bull by the horns.

He would just walk into Rafe's bedroom and lay all of his cards down on the table. He would tell Rafe how he felt, that he loved him and wanted to be with him. If Rafe wanted him to leave, and never come back, he would. But if not...

Getting to his feet he quietly padded down the hallway to Rafe's bedroom, opening the door as quietly as he could. The light from the hallway illuminated the body on the bed, drawing a deep groan from Nando's lips.

The sheet was barely covering Rafe's body as he slept. He was lying on his back, one arm lying over his stomach, the other flung up over his head. Nando could just make out the small trail of hair that went from mid chest to a point, like an arrow, to Rafe's groin.

"Rafe?" he whispered softly, some of the courage he had moments ago starting to leave him. "Rafe?"

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Rafe was still seeing visions of a naked Nando as he made a bed for him on the couch. All that smooth skin, the tight muscles, and long lithe legs. He was going out of his mind. If he didn't get some relief soon, he was likely to attack Nando the next time he saw him.

Going back to his bedroom he closed the door and dropped his pajama bottoms on the floor before climbing into bed. It was all he could do not to walk right back into the bathroom, grab Nando, and drag him back to his bed.

What he would do with him once he got him there, he wasn't quite sure. He had never had man on man sex before. But he sure had some ideas he'd like to try out. The throbbing in his cock agreed.

He heard Nando leave the bathroom, holding his breath, fantasizing that he would come into the bedroom and... and what? Tell Rafe he didn't have a chance in hell of ever holding a guy like Nando?

Nando was gorgeous, sexy, breathtaking. From the top of his beautiful brown hair to the bottom of his little feet he screamed delicious. The same question Nando asked earlier came to Rafe's mind.

What would a man like him want with someone like Rafe? All of Nando's boyfriends seemed to be the sophisticated, party types. Rafe was more comfortable sitting at home curled in front of a roaring fire in a pair of jeans or pajama bottoms than going out on the town.



To top it off, Rafe never saw Nando with anyone that looked anything like he did. Rafe knew he looked rough. He was a few inches over six foot, had shoulder length straight black hair, and glasses. If that wasn't enough, he had a wonderful scar that went from the corner of his left ear down to his chin.

Normally the scar didn't bother him. He had gotten it serving in the Marines. It was almost a badge of honor for him. But when compared to the pretty boys that Nando dated, he came out the loser every time.

Rafe was so lost in his disparaging thoughts that it took him a moment to realize that Nando was standing in his doorway calling his name. Sitting up quickly, he leaned over and turned on the light on his nightstand.

"Nando? Is something wrong?" Nando looked so apprehensive and scared. Rafe would do anything to get that lost look off of Nando's face.

"Can I... can I sleep in here with you? I don't want to be alone anymore," Nando whispered softly, a slight tremble in his voice.

*Oh, sweet hell! YES!* "Uh... Nando," Rafe hesitated. Having Nando in bed with him was definitely not a good idea. Rafe didn't know how long he would be able to keep his hands off of him.

"Please, Rafe?"

Damn! He would have to use that word. Rafe sighed deeply, flipping back the covers for Nando. He watched as Nando quickly crossed the room and crawled into the bed beside him. Okay, so Nando was in bed beside him. He could handle this.

Turning the light off, Rafe scooted back down in the bed and rolled onto his side facing away from Nando. He grunted softly when Nando's leg brushed against his under the covers. His cock was nearly jumping for joy at having the object of their affection mere inches from them.

"Thank you," Nando whispered.

Rafe reached back and patted Nando on the arm. "It's no problem, Baby. Now go to sleep." *Please, please go to sleep.* Having a sleeping Nando in his bed was such a better idea than the one racing through Rafe's mind, the one where he ravaged Nando's naked body until neither of them could walk.

"Rafe?" Nando whispered again.

"Yeah, Baby?"

"Would... would you... hold me?" Nando's voice was barely a whisper.



*Fuck!* "Uh... I don't think that would be a very good idea, Nando," Rafe replied, trying to keep the sudden overwhelming lust he was feeling out of his voice. No, that definitely would not be a good idea. But, damn, he wanted to.

"Okay," Nando murmured quietly a few moments later.

Rafe heard Nando roll over, pulling at the covers as he snuggled down into them. His hands curled into fists as he tried to keep himself from turning over and doing just what Nando had asked him to do. Did he have to give up so easily?

Silence filled the room as both men wrestled with their own thoughts and desires.

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Nando couldn't believe that Rafe had agreed to let him sleep in the same bed as him. He knew he was reading too much into Rafe's agreement. He was just being a good friend. But he so wanted it to be more, to mean more.

Even though Rafe had turned to face away from him, he could still feel the heat from his body. If he could just get a little closer.

"Rafe?" Nando whispered hesitantly.

"Yeah, Baby?" he answered.

God, Nando loved it when Rafe called him baby. He had never actually heard him refer to anyone else like that so he had begun to think of it as Rafe's special endearment for him alone. It always made him feel so warm and fuzzy.

"Would... would you... hold me?" Nando's voice was barely a whisper. *Please! Just say yes. I know I can make it good for you. I know I can make sure you enjoy it. Just hold me. I'll take care of the rest.*

"Uh... I don't think that would be a very good idea, Nando."

Nando, not baby! That pretty much said it all, didn't it? He had tried but it was more than obvious that Rafe didn't want him like that. He actually knew that, really he did. But he had to try. Now he had his answer.

"Okay," Nando murmured quietly as he rolled over and faced the other way, pulling the covers up around his shoulders. He could feel the tears gathering in his eyes slowly slide down his face as he pushed his hand into his mouth, trying to muffle his quiet crying.

He didn't want Rafe to hear him. Rafe hadn't done this. He had. He was the one with the fantasies about Rafe. He was the one that wanted to take their relationship to the next level. Not Rafe. Rafe was just being a friend.

Nando knew it was wrong to try and get Rafe for himself. You didn't just wake up one day and decide that you like guys instead of girls. It just didn't happen that way. And even if by some miracle it did, nothing said that Rafe would be interested in him.

Maybe that was his problem. He wanted Rafe so much that he had given up on every other relationship he had ever had since meeting him. He never gave them a chance to develop into something more.

As much as it hurt him just to think about it, maybe it was time for him to move on and really try to find someone to fill the hole in his heart created by not having Rafe's love. Maybe somewhere out there was someone that could love him as much as he wanted Rafe to love him and wouldn't.

Nando didn't know how long he had been lying there when he suddenly felt Rafe roll over and cuddle up to his back, an arm thrown over his stomach. The breath in Nando's chest froze. *Oh, hell!*

"Ssshhh, go to sleep, Baby," Rafe whispered sleepily, his hand softly patting Nando's stomach.

Nando started to breath again but only because he had to. His face was starting to turn blue... then red, as the feel of Rafe's body pressed up against his made his cock harder than it already was. He could pound nails at this point.

He just prayed that Rafe didn't discover his hard on. His hand was only inches from doing just that, rubbing softly against his naked stomach. Nando didn't know if he wished that Rafe would move his hand or not.

If he didn't, Nando could continue believing that someday Rafe might change his mind and love him. If Rafe did discover his hard on, what would happen? Nando squeezed his eyes shut at the thought.

Rafe would probably tell him to leave and never come back. He wouldn't want anything to do with him. At least what he had now was something.

Nando prayed that his erection would die down and he could go to sleep. It was great being held in Rafe's strong arms. It was horrible that he couldn't do anything about it. Tomorrow had to be better because today was really beginning to suck.

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Rafe could hear Nando's soft sobs behind him. He knew that he was crying. He couldn't stand for Nando to be hurting. Each little sob was like a knife in his gut. That's why he tortured himself every time Nando broke up with his latest fling and let him pour his heart out.

But this, this was worse. While he knew that Nando was hurting from his latest break up, he felt that he was somehow responsible for his current misery. Even if he couldn't have Nando for himself, he still wanted him to be happy.

Turning over he cuddled up behind Nando, plastering his body to his, and wrapped an arm around him. He gently patted Nando's stomach, loving the feel of his smooth skin. He could feel the sudden soft inhale of Nando's breath as he did.

"Ssshhh, go to sleep, Baby," Rafe whispered. He just wanted to sooth Nando, make him feel better... Who was he kidding? He wanted to bury his hard aching cock so deep within Nando's sweet little body that he might never get out.

It was all he could not to rub his cock against Nando's tight little ass. He was right there, right in front of him. It was heaven and hell. With every deep breath of his body the head of his naked cock rubbed against Nando. It was driving him crazy.

Thank God Nando didn't seem to be aware of it. In fact, he was lightly snoring. Rafe began to relax when he realized that Nando had fallen asleep. At least he could fight his misery without an audience.

Rafe scooted the rest of his body up against Nando's, muffling a groan when he felt his cock push against Nando's ass through the cotton pajama's he was wearing. Oh, what he wouldn't give for a pair of scissors right now.

He couldn't stand it any more. He knew this might lose him a friend but he was absolutely going out of his mind. Rafe pushed his hips against Nando, feeling the friction of his erection rubbing against the fabric of Nando's pajama bottoms.

His hand started making little circles on Nando's stomach, each circle getting bigger and bigger until his hand met the waist band of the pajamas. Taking a deep breath, he scooted his hand under the elastic band and continued making circles with his hand.

He felt the hard muscles of Nando's abdomen, the soft feel of his pubic hair, the rock like rise of his hard cock. Wait a minute... hard cock?

"Nando?" he whispered softly against his ear.

"Hmmm?" Nando murmured back.

"Baby? Are you awake?" *Oh God, please be awake!*

"Yeah, Rafe," Nando replied, his voice sluggish. "I'm awake."

Rafe scooted back a couple of inches and turned Nando onto his back. Looking down into his face he could see that his eyes were closed, but there was a huge smile on his face. Rafe reached up and cupped the side of Nando's face gently in his hand.

"Open your eyes for me, Baby."

Nando opened his eyes and looked up at Rafe, his eyelids half way closed.

"Baby, do you know where you are?" *Why in the hell am I asking these questions? Why am I not taking what he is so obviously offering?* Rafe wondered as he watched Nando blink several times.

"I'm with you, Rafe," he whispered quietly. Nando reached up with his hand and caressed down the side of Rafe's face. "I like being with you."

YES! So, he knew where he was and he liked being where he was. Doesn't mean he was agreeing to have his brains fucked out.

"Nando, listen to me." *Here goes nothing!*

"Okay," Nando replied with a smile.

"Baby, I want to make love to you." *Please say yes!*

"Okay," Nando replied again, his smile getting even bigger. That was good enough for Rafe.

Rafe climbed in between Nando's legs and scooted down to the bottom of the bed. He grabbed the blankets and pulled them down to the end of the bed. Grabbing a hold of Nando's pajama bottoms he pulled them down his legs and tossed them over his shoulder.

His eyes never left Nando's as he slowly lowered himself back between his thighs until his face was level with the beautiful cock proudly standing at attention. Damn, it was beautiful too. Not quite as long as Rafe's own eight inches but plenty big in it's own right. The head was nicely rounded with a big thick base. Judging from what he could see, Rafe guessed that Nando wasn't as long as he was but he certainly was thicker.

Never having given a blowjob before, Rafe briefly wondered if he could do it justice. He was finally getting the chance to make love to Nando and he didn't want to mess it up. He wanted it to be prefect.

He slowly stuck out his tongue and ran it gently up the side to the top. Not too bad, a little tangy and salty but nothing he could not handle. Running his tongue across the top he found the small slit there.

Not having any basis to go on, Rafe went with what he knew he liked. He ran his tongue over the small slit, capturing drops of pre-cum as he did. The swirling the tongue part was easy. But as thick as Nando was, Rafe wasn't sure how much of him he could actually get into his mouth.

One arm braced on each side of Nando's hips, Rafe took the plunge, swallowing as much of Nando's cock as he could get into his mouth. He gagged when Nando's cock hit the back of his throat. Pulling back a little, he tried again, this time taking it a bit slower.

A little bit at a time, Rafe began sucking Nando into his mouth, his tongue swirling around every inch it could reach. Each time he came up and went back down was a little easier and he got a little more, until he was swallowing all of Nando.

The moans coming from Nando gave him encouragement as he licked and sucked and swallowed. Nando's hands were clenching in his hair, his hips rising up to meet each downward plunge of Rafe's mouth.

"Rafe... gonna... " Nando cried out.

Rafe lifted his head just as Nando erupted, licking off as much as he could of Nando's sweet release. Raising his head he looked up to see Nando's eyes closed, his mouth hanging open. His hands continued to clench in Rafe's hair.

Rafe pulled Nando's hands from his hair and sat up on his knees. He chuckled when Nando groaned in protest.

"I'm not done with you yet, Baby," he chuckled as he reached across the bed for the lube in his nightstand drawer. Turning back he was surprised to see the large grin on Nando's face, the devilish twinkle in his beautiful brown eyes.

"Okay," Nando replied. *Yes, another perfect answer!*

Rafe quickly flipped open the bottle of lube and squirted some out on his finger before sitting back on his knees.

"Grab your legs, Nando," he commanded, his voice catching in his throat when Nando immediately grabbed his legs and lifted them up to his chest. Apparently, Nando liked being told what to do in bed if the cock between his legs coming back to life was anything to go by.

That worked out pretty well for Rafe. He knew he could be pretty dominant in the bedroom. He liked being in control. He felt a sense of power in bringing pleasure to the one he was with.

It was all Rafe could do to keep from coming when he gazed down and saw Nando's tight puckered flesh. Damn, he was gorgeous even here! Reaching down with one lubed finger he lightly ran his hand over the soft rippled skin, watching with awe as Nando's whole body shivered.

"Again... please," Nando pleaded.

*Yep, this was going to work out just fine!* Rafe ran his fingers over Nando, down around the hole and back up to the underside of his balls. Running around the edge he slowly pushed one finger in.

"Oh fuck... yes... more," Nando pleaded, nearly losing his grip on his legs as he tried to push back against Rafe's finger with his hips. He yelped when Rafe's hand came down on his ass cheek, looking up at Rafe in confusion.

Rafe smiled down at him. "I told you to hold your legs," Rafe replied with another small smack. He knew he wasn't hurting Nando. He wasn't even leaving a red mark. But Nando's cock was getting so hard at his commanding words, Rafe was worried that Nando would hurt himself.

"Keep those legs up there, Baby. I like to watch while I work."

Nando gulped, nodding his head.

As a reward, Rafe inserted a second finger. He moved it around, rimming the edge in a circular pattern. He might not have done this with someone before, but he had done a lot of reading and a lot more playing with himself. He knew exactly what he was looking for.

Nando suddenly arched up off the bed, his head dropping back as he let out a long wail of ecstasy. *Found it!*

Rafe could barely contain his delight. He zeroed in on Nando's sweet spot, stroking his fingers over it again and again as Nando writhed on the bed at the pleasure Rafe was giving him.

A third finger had Nando nearly screaming. Rafe couldn't take any more. He had to claim him. He just knew that if he didn't get inside of Nando in the next five seconds he would die.

"Nando, I'm going to take you now. Do you want that, Baby? Do you want me to put my hard cock inside of you? Do you want me to fuck you, Nando?"

Rafe could admit it. He liked talking dirty. It was a turn on for him. He wasn't sure how Nando felt about it but he didn't seem to be protesting.

"God... yes... take me now, Rafael... please," Nando begged.

So, okay, talking dirty worked for him too... good to know.

Rafe squirted more lube on his fingers, rubbing it on his aching cock, then a little more on Nando. Lining his cock up with Nando, Rafe slowly pushed in. He watched with awe as he sank in, deeper and deeper, until his balls were flush against Nando's body.

"Damn, Baby, you feel so good. You're so tight around me," he groaned. The sensation of being inside of Nando momentarily paralyzed him. He couldn't move, couldn't breath. It just felt so perfect.

Being inside of a woman had never felt like this. It was unlike anything he had ever felt before. He just couldn't believe that, at the age of thirty-three, he was feeling it for the first time in his life.

"Rafe," Nando moaned, bringing Rafe out of his stupor.

"Okay, baby, I'm here. I'm going to fuck you so good you won't ever want to be without me again," Rafe promised as he began moving. His hands reached down to grip Nando's thighs, his fingers tight against him.

"We look so good together, Nando. Just look how beautiful you look with my cock buried in you," Rafe whispered as he gazed down to where he was pushing into Nando. "Come on, baby, look at us together."

Rafe watched as Nando leaned up on his elbows to look down out where they were joined together. His control almost shattered when Nando reached down to rub against Rafe's cock as he thrust inside of him. *Fuck that was hot!*

He needed more, faster, harder. "Put your hands over your head, Baby. Grab the headboard."

Nando's eyes widened but he did as ordered, lying back on the bed and reaching for the headboard behind him. Rafe hooked his arms under Nando's hips, tilting his body up towards his. His hands wrapped around Nando's thighs.

"I've been waiting a long time for this, Baby. Are you ready for me?"

Nando nodded, swallowing hard.

Rafe started thrusting, his hips moving faster and faster as he pounded into Nando's tight entrance. Oh, it was heaven. Nando was heaven. After making love to Nando, he could die a happy man.

Knowing his orgasm wasn't far off, Rafe reached around and grabbed a hold of Nando's cock and began stroking it to the rhythm of his thrusts. One thrust, one stroke. He wanted Nando to come with him.

Knowing he had found it once before, and was pretty sure he knew where it was, Rafe started slowly lowering Nando's hips as he moved, trying to find his prostate again. He knew he had found it on about the fourth thrust when Nando let out a loud cry, his hands clenching on the headboard.

"Is that it, Baby? Did I find the right spot?"



Nando's reply was lost in all of his moaning but Rafe got the general idea when Nando's body began to shake and his eyes rolled back into his head.

"You like that, Nando? Do you like my cock in your ass?"

"YES!" Nando screamed. "God, yes... harder, Rafe, harder..." Nando pleaded, opening his eyes to look up at Rafe.

Rafe complied, thrusting harder, hitting Nando's sweet spot with every plunge, his hand stroking Nando's cock with every thrust.

"Come for me, Baby," Rafe growled between his clenched teeth. Nando had to come, and right now, because Rafe was seconds from it and he wanted Nando to be right there with him when he did.

Nando's body arched as he yelled out his release. Streams of creamy liquid shooting from his cock, all over his stomach and Rafe's hand. But he never let go of the headboard. *Damn, Nando was just about perfect!*

"Oh yeah, Baby, squeeze those muscles... Fuck... you feel so good... here I come, Baby..." Rafe roared as his cock exploded and he filled Nando with his release. His cock pulsed inside of Nando a few more times before Rafe collapsed on top of him.

His breathing was harsh and ragged as he slowly came down from the best climax of his life. If he had known that making love to Nando would be like this, he would have made a play for him ages ago.

Rafe let go of Nando's legs, letting them fall back onto the bed as he lifted his head to look down at him. Now, wasn't that adorable? Nando was fast asleep. Rafe had exhausted him. Oh well, there was always tomorrow.

Climbing from the bed, Rafe quickly wet a washcloth and cleaned himself off before grabbing another and going back to the bedroom to clean Nando off as well. Throwing the washcloth to the floor, along with the bottle of lube, Rafe climbed back into bed.

He grabbed the covers from the bottom of the bed and pulled them up over both of them, then laid back, pulling Nando into his arms. He dropped a quick kiss on Nando's forehead before snuggling down against his warm body.

Yep, there was always tomorrow.

- - -

Nando opened his eyes slowly, squinting at the stream of sunlight coming in through the slits in the curtains. Damn, his head hurt. What in the hell had he done to himself

last night? The last thing he remembered was coming home to find Rick in bed with some guy.

Then he had started drinking, which meant he had gone to see Rafe, because he always went to see Rafe when he had been drinking. And then...

Nando's head whipped around to see Rafe sleeping next to him. His arm was wrapped snugly around Nando's waist. He looked naked. Lifting the covers gently he looked down. Yep, Rafe was naked... and so was he!

Oh hell... this wasn't good. Rafe was going to hate him for sure. Nando racked his brain trying to remember what had transpired the night before. He remembered coming to Rafe's apartment and talking with him. He remembered asking Rafe if he could sleep with him.

He even remembered asking Rafe to hold him and Rafe telling him no. He did not remember getting naked. Nando just prayed that he hadn't screwed his friendship up with Rafe so bad that Rafe would never speak to him again.

Nando slowly started scooting out of bed. He had just gotten to the side of the bed and reached for his pajama bottoms when Rafe shifted behind him. Nando froze.

"Where you going, Baby? It's too early to get up. Come back to bed," Rafe mumbled, his eyes opening up as he reached a hand out for Nando.

Nando turned his head to look over his shoulder. Oh God, Rafe was awake. How was he supposed to get out of here now? He so did not want to talk with Rafe right now. He didn't know if he could keep from begging when Rafe told him to go to hell.

"I... um... I was just going to the bathroom," Nando replied quickly.

"Well, hurry back. I like sleeping with you. It's nicer when you're here," Rafe replied, his eyes closing once again.

Nando jumped up from the bed and raced to the bathroom, shutting the door behind him. He leaned back against it, his heart pounding. He liked it better when Nando was there? What the hell did that mean?

*I have got to stop drinking*, Nando thought to himself as he turned on the water to wash his face. Nando quickly washed his face then went to the bathroom, wincing when he realized that he was a little sore.

His body ached but it was a good ache, like he had been well and truly fucked. Nando's eyes crossed and he became dizzy as he realized suddenly that he had. Oh shit!

Why couldn't he remember? He was pretty sure it had been Rafe because he had never slept with Rick. He hadn't slept with anyone in nearly three years. If it had been Rafe, then that meant that Rafe was... gay?

Nando opened the bathroom door and looked across the room to where Rafe was lying down. He slowly walked across the room towards the door, noticing the bottle of lube on the floor along with the used washcloths.

He so had to get out of here. He could always come back and talk to Rafe another day but right now running seemed to be best. He didn't know if he had the courage to find out exactly what had happened.

"Where are you going?" Rafe asked from the bed.

Nando's hand froze on the doorknob at Rafe's words. "I was going to..."

"Come back to bed, Nando," Rafe commanded his voice rough with sleep.

Damn! He would have to get all dominant and shit. Nando loved dominant men. Okay, he loved only one dominant man. But still, he liked it when someone else took over and he could just enjoy the pleasure.

Something deep inside of him just responded to it. It wasn't like he wanted to be enslaved or anything. He just liked to give up control, but only in the bedroom.

Outside of the bedroom he was as stubborn as he could be. He felt that things should be equal. It should be a sharing type of relationship, a give and take.

However, as much as this wasn't sexual, it was still the bedroom. And damned if Rafe didn't have a strong commanding voice. It sent shivers down Nando's spine just thinking about his voice.

"Nando," Rafe said again. "What's wrong?"

Obviously, he had been standing at the bedroom door for too long, lost in his thoughts. Well, here it comes.

Nando turned to look back at Rafe, tears in his eyes as he realized that this might be the last time he ever got to lay eyes on him.

"I'm so sorry, Rafe. I didn't mean it. I swear. It will never happen again," Nando cried out as he looked at Rafe, drinking in his handsome features, trying to memorize them for future reference.

"You didn't mean what, Nando?"

"I didn't mean to do... whatever I did last night. Please don't hate me. I won't tell anyone. I promise. I'll... I'll..."

"Nando, what exactly do you think happened last night?"

Nando blinked. "I... you... we... I thought... "

"You thought what?"

"Didn't we... I mean... well, didn't we have sex last night?" Nando finally whispered.

"No," Rafe replied, a sudden smile coming across his lips as he climbed from the bed and began walking towards Nando, not seeming to care that he was buck ass naked.

Nando cocked his head to one side, totally confused at this point. They didn't have sex last night? Then who had he had sex with? He knew he had had sex. The delightful ache in his ass told him so.

"We didn't have sex last night?" he asked again.

"No, Baby, we didn't have sex last night," Rafe said as he cupped his hands around Nando's face. "We made love last night."

Nando's eyes widened as Rafe leaned in and kissed him. Hot damn! It was another one of those perfect kisses... long and hot and sensual. And Nando felt it all the way down to his toes... again.

Nando's legs were shaking by the time that Rafe lifted his head, chuckling. "I knew I forgot to do something last night. I forgot to kiss you. Guess I was too busy trying to get my cock in your ass to think about it."

Nando blinked... then blinked again. "You were what?"

"I said, I was too busy trying to get my cock..."

Nando shook his head. "No, I heard that part."

"Then what's your question?"

"*You* were trying to get into *my* ass? Since when do you do men? I thought you were straight? Fucking another guy in the ass implies that you like men."

Rafe chuckled again. "I discovered I liked one certain man about three years ago when a brown eyes little beauty kissed me at a party. Took me a little while to figure it all out but, there you have it."

"There you have what?" Nando nearly yelled. What was Rafe saying? That he suddenly discovered he liked men after he had kissed one at a party three years ago? Why had he never said anything. And who in the hell was the guy with brown eyes?

"I like men. Well, to be more precise, I like one man. He's the only one I'm interested in. You should see him, Baby. He's gorgeous. Beautiful deep brown eyes, an ass to die for. One kiss from him and I was sunk. Stopped dating girls all together after that."

"Who?" Nando cried out. He had to know who this guy was, what he had that Nando didn't.

"You, dummy!" Rafe laughed.

"Me?" Nando exclaimed. "You went gay because of me?"

"I wouldn't exactly say I went gay because of you. I guess you could say I went *Nando* because of you."

"Huh?"

"Baby, I don't want anyone else but you, no men, no women, just you. I haven't been with anyone else since you kissed me three years ago. I'm not interested in anyone else but you."

Nando's mouth opened and closed like a fish as he tried to say what was going through his head but his thoughts were too jumbled.

- - -

Rafe watched Nando's mouth open and close several times, growing concerned when he didn't say anything. Maybe Nando hadn't really wanted to be with him last night.

Had he read the signs wrong? Had Nando known what he was saying when he agreed to make love with him? Did he even remember last night?

"Nando, if this isn't what you want I won't hold you to anything. You can just consider it a one-time thing. You never made any promises to me."

He knew telling Nando of his feelings could open him up to pain but he had thought that last night had meant something to Nando, as much as it did to him. He thought it had been perfect. Now he wasn't so sure.

"I'm sorry if I took advantage of you, Nando. I didn't mean for that to happen," Rafe said sadly as he turned away. "I thought you were agreeable. You said you were. I guess it was the booze talking."

Rafe felt tears of heartache filling his eyes as he considered the real possibility that Nando might never want to see him again after what he had done. Even having Nando for just a friend was better than having no Nando at all.

"I'll understand if you never want to see me again. But I hope that you'll still consider me a friend. I..."

"I don't want to be your friend," Nando replied from behind Rafe.

Rafe closed his eyes, wondering why his heart was still beating in his chest when it felt like he was dead. He wrapped his arms around his waist, feeling like everything in him was going to spill out onto the floor.

"I understand," he whispered quietly, amazed that he could even still talk when tears were clogging his throat.

"I never wanted to be your friend," Nando continued. "Why do you think I kissed you at that party?"

Rafe didn't know if he could take any more. Nando was telling him that he never even wanted to be his friend, that he... what? "Why did you kiss me at that party?"

"Because I thought you were the sexiest thing I had ever laid eyes on and I wanted you. I didn't know until your girlfriend walked in that you were straight."

Rafe slowly turned around, almost afraid of what he would see on Nando face. He was expecting hatred, at the very least, disgust. What he saw made his heart start beating again.

Nando was smiling up at him, tears in his beautiful brown eyes.

"I'm not straight, Nando," Rafe whispered.

"Neither am I." Nando stepped over and wrapped his arms around Rafe's waist. His eyes were shimmering with unshed tears as he looked up at him. "What do you think we should do about that?"

"I don't want to be your friend either, Nando. I want more than that from you. If you can't give me more than that, then there's nothing we can do about it."

"I love you, Rafael. Is that enough?"

Rafe smiled through the tears streaming down his face. "That's more than enough, Baby."

- - -

Nando couldn't believe he was hearing the words Rafe was speaking. He actually thought he had taken advantage of Nando? As if! He would jump at the chance to be with Rafe.

"I'll understand if you never want to see me again. But I hope that you'll still consider me a friend. I..."

"I don't want to be your friend," Nando replied as he stood behind Rafe. Hell no, he didn't want to be his friend. He wanted to be his lover, boyfriend, partner, husband... put a label on it and, as long as it meant he got to keep Rafe, he wanted it.

"I understand," Rafe replied quietly. Nando watched as Rafe wrapped his arms around his stomach, almost as if he were trying to hold everything in.

"I never wanted to be your friend," Nando said, jumping out on a limb. Things couldn't get much worse than they already were. "Why do you think I kissed you at that party?"

He watched for some reaction from Rafe, anything, for several moments. When Rafe didn't say anything he opened his mouth to apologize again when Rafe spoke again.

"Why did you kiss me at that party?" *Well, that had a simple answer.*

"Because I thought you were the sexiest thing I had ever laid eyes on and I wanted you. I didn't know until your girlfriend walked in that you were straight."

Rafe slowly turned around giving Nando a glimpse of the hell he was going through. While it shouldn't have, it made Nando feel better. Rafe was as unsure as he was. Nando smiled up at him, feeling the tears in his eyes.

"I'm not straight, Nando," Rafe whispered.

"Neither am I." Nando stepped over and wrapped his arms around Rafe's waist. His eyes were shimmering with unshed tears as he looked up at him. "What do you think we should do about that?" *Please say you'll be mine!*

"I don't want to be your friend either, Nando. I want more than that from you. If you can't give me more than that, then there's nothing we can do about it." *YES!!!*

"I love you, Rafael. Is that enough?"

Rafe smiled through the tears streaming down his face. "That's more than enough, Baby."

"Then will you stop talking and make love to me again?" Nando's face turned a little red. "I kind of don't remember much of last night and this is definitely something I do not want to forget."



"God, Baby, I thought you'd never ask," Rafe groaned.

*Ask, hell... I'm begging here!*

"Grab the lube. I'll get the washcloths. We can meet in the middle," Nando said, his breath growing heavy as he practically ran to the bathroom. He quickly grabbed a couple of washcloths, got them wet, then headed back to the bedroom.

Damn! That was a gorgeous site. Rafe was lying on his side in the middle of the bed. His head was propped up on his elbow; his beautiful gray eyes devouring Nando as he walked across the floor to the bed.

Nando's walked to the side of the bed, taking in everything that he had ever fantasized about. Rafe was by far the sexiest man he had ever seen. He hadn't lied about that. He was breathtaking.

His shoulder length black hair fell in waves around his face, small wisps curling around his chiseled face. Even the small scar on his cheek only added to his allure. It gave him a touch of danger... very sexy.

The smattering of hair on his chest, narrowing down to a point at his groin had Nando's cock jumping to attention, eager to play. It was like an arrow pointing right down to heaven. Would explain why they called it the trail to heaven.

It was so distracting that Nando almost missed the hard contoured muscles hidden under all of that glorious hair... but not quite. He had a strong firm chest, a rippled washboard stomach, and powerful muscled thighs. *He was a damn smorgasbord.*

"God, you're hot!" Nando whispered as he climbed up on the bed to kneel beside Rafe. He reached out with his hand and slowly stroked it down Rafe's chest to his abdomen.

"I'm all yours, Baby," Rafe chuckled as he rolled over onto his back, clasping his hands together behind him and resting his head on them. "Do what ever you want with me."

"Really?" Nando asked, a million different ideas suddenly flying through his head. He had dreamed of having Rafe like this, fantasized about it. Hell, he had even masturbated to it. He just never thought it would actually happen.

Rafe's eager nod had Nando almost ready to come all over the bed right there and then. But he had other plans and they involved exploring every last inch of Rafe's delicious body... with his tongue!

"Nando?" Rafe asked several moments when he didn't move.

Nando blushed, looking up at Rafe. "I don't know where to start."

"I have a few ideas," Rafe chuckled, humping his hips a few times, his hard cock bouncing in the air.

Nando's eyes crossed as he groaned, "Yes, that would be a good place to start." Then he gave Rafe a wicked little grin. "But I have something else in mind."

He lifted his leg over the top of Rafe, straddling his body. Both men groaned at the contact of naked flesh against naked flesh. Nando placed his hands on Rafe's chest for support and moved his hips against Rafe's, rubbing his steel hard cock between his ass cheeks several times.

Nando's eyes dropped closed and his head fell back on his shoulders at the feeling. His hands clenched in the hair on Rafe's chest as he groaned at the exquisite pleasure he was experiencing.

He opened his eyes and looked back down at Rafe, smiling when he saw Rafe's clenched teeth. "Soon I'm going to have that hard cock of yours buried so deep in my ass you'll never want to leave."

Nando vaguely remembered that Rafe had said something almost exactly like that to him the night before. Great minds did think alike.

"Fuck, yeah!" Rafe growled.

Nando scooted back until his aching cock rubbed against Rafe's. He reached down and grabbed both of their cocks and began stroking them together. Oh yeah, that felt so good, so right.

"Nando," Rafe groaned, his hands moving down to grasp his hips. "Need you, Nando."

Nando shook his head, the wicked gleam in his eyes shining brighter as he gazed down at Rafe. "Uh uh. I'm not done playing with you yet. I've got three years to make up for. This may take awhile."

"Oh God, you're gonna kill me!" Rafe groaned.

"You'll die a happy man, I promise!" Releasing their cocks he leaned down and took one of Rafe's dark brown nipples into his mouth, gently biting against it, nibbling the hard little nub.

He reached over with his other hand to gently pinch the other nipple, eliciting a deep groan from Rafe. He lifted his head and grinned up at Rafe.

"Like that, do you?"

Rafe nodded rapidly, his eyes glazing over.

"Want me to do it again?"

"Oh, hell, yes!"

Nando chuckled as he leaned down and took the other nipple in his mouth, his hands switching places. Rafe groaned again, his hips humping against Nando's. Oh yeah, he really liked this.

"Your nipples are a hot spot for you, aren't they?" Nando asked, already knowing the answer from Rafe's reaction.

"Apparently so," Rafe chuckled weakly. *Good to know!*

Nando sat back and looked around for the lube, laughing when he spotted it clenched in Rafe's hand. He nodded towards the bottle. "Mind if I use that?"

Rafe shook his head, handing the bottle to him. Nando flipped the bottle open and squeezed a liberal amount into his hands. With a big grin at the intent look on Rafe's face, he reached around behind him and began preparing the way.

Preparing himself for Rafe was a pleasure in itself. The feeling of his fingers pushing in and out, the anticipation of what was to come. It all added up to Nando becoming more aroused by the second.

"You going to take me, Rafe?" he whispered as Rafe's hands gripped his hips.

"Oh yeah." *Hot Damn!*

"You going to make feel it?" he asked as he quickly lubed up Rafe's cock.

"Every fucking inch of me, Baby." *That was a lot of inches!*

"Do you love me?"

"With all of my heart." *Oh, thank God!*

Nando held Rafe's cock in his hand as he began to slowly lower himself down onto him, his eyes never leaving Rafe's. Moving his hands up to clutch at Rafe's chest, he lowered himself the last little bit, Rafe filling him completely.

Moving his fingers to grip Rafe's nipples he began moving his hips, impaling himself repeatedly on Rafe's pulsing cock, every thrust jabbing against his most sensitive spot. It was unbelievable.

He watched in awe as Rafe's head began to thrash back and forth on the pillow. His lower lip was caught between his teeth. Oh... he was trying to muffle his cries. Nando wanted to hear it, every last groan.

"Let it out, Rafe. I need to hear you. Don't hold it in."

For some reason that seemed to snap Rafe's control. His hands suddenly gripped Nando's hips harder as he began rapidly lifting his hips, thrusting into Nando with surprising strength.

"Fuck... you feel so good wrapped around my cock, Baby, so hot, so tight. Never felt anything like it," Rafe groaned.

Oh yeah, that was hot! Rafe liked to talk dirty. What a turn on! Nando wanted more. He needed to hear how much Rafe wanted him, how much he needed him.

"Tell me, Love," he pleaded, his glassy eyes boring into Rafe's.

"You're so fucking beautiful, Baby. I could look at you for the rest of my life," Rafe whispered as he looked up at Nando. *Hmmm, not a bad idea.*

"Okay," Nando replied easily. Yeah, he could get behind that idea. Spending the rest of his life with Rafe was just fine with him. In fact, he thought it was a great idea. It was certainly something they should discuss... but much later.

Right now, he just had to get through the next few minutes still breathing because he was about to erupt.

"Rafe... gonna... oh... fuck..." Nando groaned, reaching down and grabbing his cock, stroking himself rapidly as Rafe continued to thrust up into him.

"Oh yeah, Baby, stroke that gorgeous cock. I want you to come. I want to see you come all over me. Give it to me, Baby," Rafe commanded as he watched Nando stroke himself.

"Rafe," Nando cried out, nearly there.

"Come with me, Baby. I'm right there. I can feel you tightening around my cock. Can you feel me, Nando? Can you feel my cock pounding into your ass?"

"Yes! Fuck... yes!" Nando cried out as he came, the pleasure so intense his vision went hazy as he shot out all over Rafe's stomach and chest.

The tightening of Nando's muscles combined with the sweet sent of his release was all Rafe needed to push him over the edge. Thrusting one last time into his baby he erupted, filling Nando with his release.

Nando felt boneless as he collapsed onto Rafe's chest. Rafe's strong arms wrapping tightly around him. He could hear the rapid beating of Rafe's heart under his ear.

"Love you, Fernando," Rafe whispered against his hair.

"Love you too, Rafael," Nando murmured back as he turned his head to lightly kiss Rafe on his chest. "I fell in love with you with just one kiss."

- - -

"Hello," Rafael Ramírez said his voice groggy with sleep as he answered his phone. He had been having the most wonderful dream... one where Nando had admitted he had fallen in love with Rafe with just one kiss.

"Rafe?" replied the quiet voice on the other end. "Can I come in?"

Rafe flopped back against his pillows, running a hand through his long black hair. "Okay, I'll be right there."

He hung up the phone and reached for his pajama bottoms, pulling them on before heading to his front door. He quickly unlocked it and opened the door for Nando.

"Sorry, Honey, I couldn't find my key," Nando laughed as he walked past Rafe, a bag of groceries in his arms.

Rafe watched Nando walk past him and into the kitchen, a happy little spring in his step. He suddenly felt very confused. *Key? What key?*

He followed Nando into the kitchen and watched him put away the groceries he had brought with him

He looked happy, humming a little tune. He certainly didn't look drunk. So, why was he here. Not that Rafe minded. Nando looked good in his kitchen, like he belonged there. He just wished that he did.

Totally confused, Rafe went into the living room and sat down on the couch. He groaned as bits and pieces of the wonderful dream he had been having filtered through his fogged brain.

Nando loving him, Rafe loving Nando, both loving the other. It was quite the fantasy, one that Rafe wished were true with all of his heart. But it had to be just a dream. Didn't it?

"Hey, Honey, did you remember to pick up the movies?" Nando asked as he walked into the living room.

Rafe looked up, confused. *Movies?*

"Nando... what..."

Nando started chuckling. "You forgot, didn't you?"

"Nando... what are you doing here?" *Oh God, please don't say you broke up with another boyfriend.*

"Duh! I live here." Nando walked over to stand in front of Rafe, waiting for him to sit back.

"You live here?" Rafe whispered as Nando straddled his lap. Nando lived here? Did that mean...? "Why do you live here?"

Nando looked at him curiously, his head cocked to one side. "Because I love you and you love me? You asked me to share your life with you? Considering we can't keep our hands off of each other, it's easier if we share a bedroom? Because you kiss better than any one I have ever met in my life? Take your pick."

Rafe's eyes widened then he suddenly threw his arms around Nando, hugging him tightly to his body. "It wasn't a dream!"

Nando was confused for just a moment then he began to chuckle. He wrapped his arms around Rafe's shoulders, hugging him back.

"No, Rafe, it wasn't a dream."

Nando leaned back to look into Rafe's handsome face, cupping his face gently with his hands. "Now kiss me again."

*The End*

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