



THE SECOND KISS

Kit Tunstall

LooseId®

www.loose-id.com

Warning

This e-book contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language and may be considered offensive to some readers. Loose Id e-books are for sale to adults ONLY, as defined by the laws of the country in which you made your purchase. Please store your files wisely, where they cannot be accessed by under-aged readers.

* * * * *

This book contains explicit sexual content, graphic language, and situations that some readers may find objectionable (homoerotic sex).

The Second Kiss

Kit Tunstall

This e-book is a work of fiction. While reference might be made to actual historical events or existing locations, the names, characters, places and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, business establishments, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

Published by
Loose Id LLC
1802 N Carson Street, Suite 212-2924
Carson City NV 89701-1215
www.loose-id.com

Copyright © October 2006 by Kit Tunstall

All rights reserved. This copy is intended for the purchaser of this e-book ONLY. No part of this e-book may be reproduced or shared in any form, including, but not limited to printing, photocopying, faxing, or emailing without prior written permission from Loose Id LLC.

ISBN 978-1-59632-349-0

Available in Adobe PDF, HTML, MobiPocket, and MS Reader

Printed in the United States of America

Editor: Crystal Esau
Cover Artist: April Martinez

Chapter One

Recognition hit Will like a fist to the gut. He blinked, certain he was imagining a resemblance. No, the man on the other side of the banquet room looked like an older version of Ryan Anderson. Looking at the other man's dark hair and muscled body, accentuated by the cut of his suit, he was instantly transported back to high school ...

He was so nervous, sitting beside Ryan as the handsome young man studied his chemistry book. Will was there to tutor him in advanced chemistry, but all he could think about was the chemistry he wished was between them. It didn't matter that common sense dictated the crush he had on Ryan was futile. It still didn't keep his stomach from twisting into knots, or his palms from getting sweaty, just by being near the high school quarterback.

"I just don't understand this section, Will," said Ryan, his frustration evident in his tone and the way he mused his hair.

Will jumped at the sound of Ryan's voice, having been so busy trying to hide any sign of his crush that he'd let his attention wander. "Uh, it's ... let me see." Will bent his head to look at the text, but couldn't focus on it with Ryan's breath washing across his neck.

When Will looked up, trying desperately to get his brain to work, the other boy's proximity startled him. Their faces were so close, their lips just inches apart. If he were braver, he could lean forward and kiss Ryan. Of course, he wasn't going to do that. There was no way the star athlete could feel the same way he did. Ryan had dated half a dozen beautiful girls in the past year, and he was a shoo-in for homecoming king, guaranteed to have SueEllen Gantry, head cheerleader, as his date and queen.

They were too different, so it made what happened next that much more surprising. Ryan leaned forward, brushing his lips against Will's. First, shock froze him in place, followed by a surge of sensations. He gasped under the onslaught of physical and emotional reactions, parting his lips. Ryan took advantage of it by slipping his tongue inside. The appendage was a warm, wet probe, seeking out every secret place in Will's mouth. A shiver racked his lean frame, and Ryan put a hand on his thin bicep.

Will caught a glimpse of them in the mirror on Ryan's wall. They were such a contrast -- he, so pale, with white-blond hair and light gray eyes. His complexion looked pasty next to Ryan's robust tan, and his skinny frame made him look gaunt in comparison to Ryan's muscles.

It had to be a trick, or something. Any minute, the gag would play out. Maybe Ryan was trying to catch him, to prove he was gay. Will was used to being teased about being gay, but he hadn't come out and wouldn't. Were the jocks trying to make his final year even more torturous? Would they stoop so low, using one of their own for bait?

In a panic, he tore his mouth from Ryan's, mourning the withdrawal of the warm contact and subsequent feelings it inspired. He wiped his hand across his mouth, trying to erase the other boy's touch and his own reaction. "What are you doing?" Before Ryan could answer, Will struggled out of the chair and backed away from the desk.

"Will, wait."

He ignored Ryan and ran for the door. “Whatever game you’re playing, just stay away from me.” He rushed out of the room, too terrified to look back. If Ryan was following him, he didn’t know if he would have the strength to keep running, even if the other boy was planning a cruel hoax. To protect himself, he had to keep going and forget about what might have been ...

He had often wondered what would have happened if he hadn’t chickened out and bolted from Ryan’s room. After that, Will had gone to the teacher and arranged another tutor for Ryan. Since he hadn’t been in the same period with the quarterback, and they’d shared no other classes, it had been easy to avoid him in the halls. Will had watched Ryan from afar, awash in confusion and regret, but hadn’t been courageous enough to approach him again.

Nervous butterflies danced in his stomach as he ate the food on his plate, listened to his colleagues chatter, and somehow managed to laugh at the appropriate moments. All the while, his thoughts and gaze remained on Ryan.

Halfway through the dinner, as the scheduled speaker took the podium, the other man looked up, as if summoned by Will’s eyes on him. Their gazes locked, and Ryan’s brow furrowed. Confusion clouded his expression before recognition cleared it. A half-smile curled his full lips, and it was all Will could do to return a cool nod. Inside, he wanted to giggle madly.

He had been excited about the seminar, and the night’s speaker was a whiz with large land deals and resort development, which was Will’s specialty with his real estate group. Despite that, he couldn’t concentrate on the man’s words. His mind was too hazy, crowded with thoughts of Ryan, and illicit images parading behind his eyes. His cock throbbed with arousal, and he shifted in his seat every few minutes, seeking both a comfortable position and a way to ease the ache of desire.

It seemed the speech would never end, but when it finally did, Will was one of the first out of the dining room. Fear clawed his insides, urging him to avoid Ryan, but curiosity warred with the impulse. He wanted to talk to the other man, but needed to figure out the best way to approach him.

Ryan beat him to it. "Will? Will Danning?"

A shiver ran down his spine at the other man's voice speaking his name. Slowly, he turned, doing his best to hide his conflicting emotions. He hoped his expression was smooth as glass. He allowed a small smile to touch his lips. "Yes."

"You probably don't remember me, but we went to high school together. I'm Ryan Anderson." He thrust a large hand forward to engulf Will's. "Tuttlefield High School? Does chemistry ring any bells?"

Will nodded, trying to hide any reaction to Ryan's last question. "I remember." His gaze devoured Ryan, noticing the small signs of age betraying the twelve years that had passed since they last met. A touch of gray at the other man's temples gave him an air of distinction, and the fine lines and furrows just starting to form were sexy as hell. Will wanted to smooth his fingers down the lightly tanned skin, but held back.

Instead, he finally remembered to let go of Ryan's hand, letting it fall to his side. A thousand inane comments ran through Will's mind, but he couldn't decide which to utter. Frustration seared him. He had outgrown his awkwardness, dammit. Routinely, he had conversations with some of the wealthiest and most powerful people in the world, so why should his high school crush reduce him to this?

"You're in real estate?" asked Ryan.

"Yes." He cleared his throat, determined to be suave. "I'm with the Summerfield Group."

The other man nodded. "I'm familiar with them. I specialize in finance, especially large land development packages like Summerfield puts together. I'm surprised we haven't worked together before."

Will shrugged. "It's a large industry, even in our niche." He started to expound, but turned when a coworker called his name. With a wave of acknowledgement to his friend, he looked back at Ryan. "I have to go. We're supposed to do a post-speech session. Kirk Summerfield likes to make sure we actually learned something." He managed a wry smile and a shrug, implying *What can you do?*

Ryan looked regretful. "I understand." With a glance at the gold Rolex on his wrist, he said, "Why don't we work out together tomorrow morning? It will give us a chance to catch up."

"I ... uh ..."

The other man's dark eyes were frankly appraising as his gaze swept Will's body. "You obviously work out."

"Yes." Will nodded, deciding not to think it through and just act on instinct for once. "I like to be up early. There aren't many others using the fitness center at five."

"In the morning?" Ryan pulled a face. "A little early for me, but I'll survive."

Another colleague of Will's interrupted before he could say anything else. Annie held up her wrist, tapping on her watch. He sighed, giving Ryan a rueful look. "I'll meet you in the fitness center tomorrow morning." At the other man's nod of confirmation, he spoke a brief word of parting and turned away, conscious of Ryan's eyes following his progress across the hall to the bar, where the others were waiting for him. He wondered if the other man would show up, and a jolt shot through him. He couldn't decide if he wanted Ryan to show up or not.

Chapter Two

Will woke early, as was his custom. By five o'clock, he had dressed in jogging pants and a white muscle T-shirt, with a towel slung around his neck. He had spent more time on his hair than he usually would, making him a couple of minutes late.

His stomach tightened when he entered the fitness room and found Ryan already working out. Sweat gleamed on his brow as he ran on an elliptical strider. He lifted a hand to wave, and Will smiled. As he made his way to the machine beside Ryan's, he couldn't tear his gaze from the other man. The tight shorts hugged his legs, and the red tank top revealed sculpted biceps and a hint of a broad chest, with a medium dusting of dark hair peeking out the wide openings of the neck and arm holes.

Will's heart was already racing when he stepped onto the strider. He let his body go through the motions of the workout, relieved Ryan didn't seem inclined to talk. Instead, they ran in silence, side by side, until both were dripping sweat. Will had adjusted the settings to his normal workout, but the time was longer, and he was breathless by the time the other man wound down and stepped from the machine. Breathing deeply, he wiped the sweat from his face, remaining on his machine until his legs no longer felt like jelly.

Ryan offered him a hand down, and it took a lot of will power to let go as soon as the rubber soles of his sneakers touched the polished wooden floor. “Thanks.”

“Sorry if I was uncommunicative, but I don’t talk when I run. I like to save my breath.” He took a deep drink from his water bottle before offering it to Will.

He shook his head to decline the water. “You set quite a pace.”

Ryan shrugged. “I like to move fast.”

Will’s mind insisted on providing him with an image of Ryan thrusting into his partner with speed and precision. Regretfully, his brain had conjured the prom queen of their high school for the woman receiving his cock. Even in his fantasies, he couldn’t imagine Ryan with another man. So why had he kissed him?

Will fell into step with Ryan when the other man moved to the weight machines in another section of the large room. They worked out in companionable silence, and to his surprise, he didn’t feel the need to fill it with words. It was comfortable just being with him. Will had felt that way before, with a couple of other men, but never in the beginning. It had taken months of being together before their silences seemed to say as much as anything that might come out of their mouths.

Before he knew it, an hour had passed. The day’s events were due to begin at nine a.m., and he knew Kirk would expect him to be there for the morning workshops, followed by an afternoon of golf. Will normally enjoyed the game, but right then, the only shaft he wanted to be handling was his workout partner’s.

“Sauna?” Will suggested as they made their way to the locker room.

“Sure.” They still had plenty of time.

It took thoughts of baseball to keep his body from reacting when Ryan stripped in front of him before heading to the showers to wash away the sweat. His cock ached with the need to stand erect, but he somehow suppressed the urge, helped out by turning the cold water on full blast.

“Aren’t you freezing?” Ryan asked as he wrapped a long towel around his waist, preparing for the sauna.

Through chattering teeth, he said, “It’s a nice contrast to the sauna.”

The other man didn’t comment further on his shower preferences, and Will soon joined him in securing a towel around his waist. The sauna was through the shower area, connecting it to the room housing the Olympic-sized pool.

Steam wafted from the room when Ryan opened the door. Will was relieved to find they had the space to themselves and set the timer for ten minutes. More steam pumped through the delivery system, since it was automated, obscuring his vision slightly. For the first time since seeing Ryan across the banquet room last night, he allowed himself to look his fill, without being surreptitious about his interest.

When Ryan sat down on a lower bench, covered by an indiscernible shade of tile, he dropped the towel beside him. Out of a sense of self-preservation, Will kept his own as he sat near his companion. He couldn’t fight his natural reaction to the sight of Ryan’s nude body, even obfuscated by the steam, so he had to hide it under the towel. The thick cotton chafed his erect cock almost unbearably, stimulating him, and he shifted with discomfort.

“Is something wrong?”

Had he imagined the smoky tint in Ryan’s voice? It must have been the steam making him sound hoarse. *Don’t read anything more into it*, he cautioned himself. “No.”

Ryan leaned back, seemingly unbothered by his state of undress. He braced his elbows on the tier above his bench and rested his head against the tile. “Tell me about you.”

“There isn’t much to tell. I’ve worked for Summerfield since graduating from college. I live in Philadelphia, and I go back to Tuttlefield about three times a year to visit my sister. My Great Dane, Shelby, loves the ride.” It had been difficult to find an apartment that allowed such a large dog, but he’d been determined to adopt her. A cat would have been simpler, but it was such a cliché. He might as well live with his mother if he adopted a cat.

“Sounds nice. Are you seeing anyone special?”

“No.” It had been two years since his last relationship, and four months since he’d had sex with anyone besides himself. His cock jumped at the thought of breaking his celibacy streak with Ryan. “You?”

“No. My divorce was just finalized about six months ago.”

Will’s heart sank, and it felt like his cock shriveled into his balls. “I didn’t know you’d been married.”

“Six years.” Ryan sounded blasé.

“That’s a long time.” His longest relationship had been eighteen months, before Patrick met another man and moved on. He couldn’t imagine six years with someone. Unconsciously, Will shook his head. No, that wasn’t right. He could picture spending the rest of his life with the right man, if such a person existed. The closest he’d come to finding the right man sat less than three feet away. Ryan might as well have been as distant as the moon, since he was straight.

“It might have been longer, but we finally admitted there wasn’t a future for us.”

“I’m sorry.” There was an air of anticipation about Ryan, as if he was waiting for something. Will held his breath, sensing it too -- a shift in the air current or something. The hairs on his arms and the back of his neck stood up.

“Don’t be. It was for the best. She deserved better.”

He frowned. “You shouldn’t be so hard on yourself. It takes two to make -- or break -- a relationship.”

Ryan lifted a shoulder. “In this case, it was all my fault. I finally accepted I’m gay, and she deserved to be with a man who loved her the right way. Tara was my best friend, but not the love of my life.”

“I see.” Will didn’t know how he managed to speak with his mouth so dry. He clenched his hands together in his lap.

“I guess I always knew.” As he spoke, Ryan shifted his position, getting closer. Will couldn’t tell if it was a deliberate movement. “I was just afraid to admit it while my father was alive. You met him a few times, right?”

Will nodded, not sure if Ryan saw the motion through the steam, but still finding speaking a challenge. Excitement was stirring to life inside him, slowly burning away the numb of shock that had consumed him at the other man’s confession.

“He was an intolerant bastard.” Ryan spoke with a great deal of affection. “I’m sure he would have disowned me for a few years, though he probably would have come around eventually.”

“My parents did,” said Will, finally able to speak again. He was aware of what his words revealed, but also knew Ryan had already suspected he was gay to be revealing so much. His cock hardened again when Ryan scooted closer still, until only a couple of inches separated them.

“I told my mom right after I told Tara. Honestly, I think she took it harder.” A husky laugh escaped him. “My wife told me she had sort of known too, but hadn’t wanted to admit it.”

“It can be tough to come out in the beginning. I did in college, when I had my first relationship. Fortunately for me, it was with an older man, and he helped me with the process.”

Ryan moved again, and his leg pressed against Will’s. Even through the towel separating them, he could feel the heat of his skin. A rivulet of sweat slid down his chest, and it had nothing to do with the temperature in the sauna.

“I hadn’t met a man I wanted to get involved with yet ... until now.” As he spoke, Ryan placed his hand on Will’s thigh, squeezing gently. “Aren’t you burning up in that towel?”

“Yes,” he said in a raspy voice.

“Why are you still wearing it?”

Will looked into Ryan's eyes, finding the steam less of an impediment. "To hide how hard my cock is."

The other man grinned. "You don't have to hide it. I'm not."

At his words, Will looked down at the area he'd studiously avoided before. Ryan's penis was a mighty oak springing from a shrub of curling pubic hair. The thick shaft pulsed with the beating of his heart, and the large head was darker than the surrounding skin. If they hadn't been in the dimly lit room, surrounded by steam, Will was sure he would have found it a deep purple shade.

He reached out to touch Ryan's cock, even as he leaned forward to capture his lips. Twelve years had changed them both profoundly, but the other man's lips were still firm, but yielding. Soft, pliant, and moist, fitting perfectly against Will's, as though they were two halves of a whole. Ryan sighed against his mouth, and Will touched his lips with his tongue, tracing the contours.

Ryan was dispensing with his towel, stripping it away impatiently. Will smiled at his companion's rush, feeling similar emotions. But he intended to take it slow with him, to make sure Ryan's first time with another man was an enjoyable, memorable occurrence. His college professor and first lover had taught him many things, the least of them being philosophy. He wanted to give Ryan the same kind of experience.

As Will breached the barrier of Ryan's lips with his tongue, swirling and sweeping the appendage through the moist recesses, his hand moved up the other man's thigh until reaching his cock. The erection jumped when he brushed against it, practically leaping into Will's waiting hand. Ryan groaned at the light contact, then groaned louder when Will squeezed him.

Ryan's tongue thrust against his, parrying in a passionate duel that left them both breathless. Will managed to meet each stroke and counter with one of his own, while still caressing his partner's shaft. He fingered the sensitive bundle of nerves on the corona, and

Ryan jumped. Their mouths broke apart, and Will tipped his head forward to lay his cheek on the other man's shoulder.

"That feels so good." Ryan's voice was practically a growl, leaving Will to intuit the words. He pumped his hips, forcing more of his length into Will's hand. Ryan tossed back his head, rolling it from side to side, as Will stroked up and down his cock, from the base to the tip of his head.

"You're beautiful," he said, lifting his head from Ryan's shoulder. He sought out the column of Ryan's throat, nibbling a path up the flesh until he reached his ear. "Your cock is magnificent, Ryan," he whispered against the lobe. "I can't wait to feel it inside me."

Ryan shook his head. "I want you inside me."

Will chuckled. "Darling, it doesn't have to be an either/or situation."

His dick spasmed against Will's palm, and he tightened his grasp on the shaft, prepared to bring his lover to completion.

A noise outside the room had them jumping apart, and Will realized the steam was no longer an impediment to reading Ryan's expressions because the timer had shut off sometime ago. If it had still been producing steam, they wouldn't have heard another person about to enter the sauna until they were caught *in flagrante delicto*.

By the time the door opened, they had both stood up and replaced their towels. Will managed a polite smile and nod to the man as they passed him, following Ryan in a daze. His cock throbbed with need, and it was all he could do to walk straight as they reentered the shower room. To his relief, they had it to themselves.

Neither of them spoke as they stripped off their towels and washed the sweat from their bodies. Hungry looks spoke volumes, and they traded them often during their brief showers. They seemed to move as one, turning the water off simultaneously and taking fresh towels from the rack nearby.

Will dried himself briskly, careful not to stimulate his cock in the process. It was still hard, just as Ryan's was. He glanced down at his member, comparing it to the monster between his lover's legs. Will's penis was smooth and long, without the same breadth as Ryan's, but he knew it would be sufficient to please the other man. More than sufficient, if he could believe the other men who had been in his bed.

Ryan broke the silence as they moved back to the locker room to retrieve their clothing. "Will you come to my room?"

Will thought briefly of the morning's workshops, and how angry Kirk would be if he failed to show up. Screw it. It was worth a lecture from his boss. He opened the locker containing his clothes and reached inside. "If that's what you want." His eyes widened when Ryan moved behind him, pressing his hard cock against his buttocks and rubbing in a small circle.

"Is there any doubt what I want?"

"No," he choked out, nearly overwhelmed by the need to push back against the cock poised so temptingly against his anus. Only an awareness of where they were, and the knowledge they didn't have any essential supplies, kept him from doing so.

In a rush, they dressed and left the locker room. It seemed to take forever for the elevator to take them to Ryan's floor after they boarded. When the doors finally opened, they walked briskly down the corridor, Ryan with keycard in hand. As he slipped it into the door, Will followed him inside the darkened room, ready to pick up where they'd left off in the sauna.

Chapter Three

As the door closed and automatically locked behind them, Ryan tossed his bag into the corner, flipped on the light, and turned to face Will, lunging forward. He slammed him against the door, and Will winced at the doorknob digging into his back, but quickly forgot the discomfort when Ryan's eager mouth settled on his.

He seemed to want to devour Will. Where their last kiss had been almost hesitant as they explored each other, this one seemed designed to brand Will as Ryan's. He didn't mind at all. He'd thought to take it slow with the other man, but Ryan wasn't a reticent virgin. Well, maybe he was physically, but he was also a confident man of the world, one who knew what he wanted. It was clear he wanted Will.

He pushed Ryan away tenderly, stepping forward, away from the door. "Take off your clothes," he said.

"You first," Ryan challenged.

Will chuckled. "How about you do me, and I'll do you?" He kicked off his shoes and removed his socks as Ryan did the same.

Upon straightening from removing his socks, Ryan licked his lips, the blue in his eyes dark with desire. "Sounds delicious."

He stepped forward, hooking his hand in the hem of Ryan's tank top. Will stripped the shirt from the other man's hard body in one smooth motion before splaying his hands across his broad chest. Will raked his nails lightly across Ryan's nipples, eliciting a hiss from the other man.

With care, he moved his hands down Ryan's stomach, trailing his nails gently against the tanned skin, tangling them occasionally in the crisp hair covering his body. When he put his hands in the waistband of Ryan's shorts and underwear, the other man jerked. Will smiled at the reaction, pulling the garments down. He bent down as he did so, both to facilitate easier removal of the clothes, and to get a closer look at Ryan's cock.

He stepped out of the shorts, and Will tossed them aside. He looked up when Ryan grasped a handful of his hair, running the silky white-blond strands through his fingers a few times before securing a firm hold. He didn't resist as Ryan drew his head closer to his penis.

Will opened his mouth, gratefully accepting the gift of his lover's erection. He settled on his knees and braced a hand on the back of Ryan's thigh. The other supported the balls dangling from the shaft in his mouth. That was one of his favorite positions. Being on his knees in front of a lover seemed to make him subservient, but in reality, he was the one with the control. He could do anything to Ryan, and the power was heady. Of course, the only thing he wanted to do was make love to him.

Ryan's skin was fresh from his shower, without a hint of sweat from their earlier exertions. His flavor was unique, and drops of arousal spilled from the tip to coat Will's tongue. He savored the taste for a long moment before moving his tongue in slow strokes around Ryan's head, paying particular attention to the corona and V of nerves. Each time Ryan thrust against him, or made a sound that transmitted his pleasure, Will got a jolt of pleasure too. He loved bringing his partner joy, and it was particularly satisfying to know no man had been there before him. Will had never cared about virginity before. His only concern had been to make sure his partner was responsible and healthy, but it honored him to be Ryan's first.

“Suck me, Will. I’m going to come.”

He complied, moving his mouth up and down on the thick shaft, applying suction as he went. Ryan bucked against him, his harsh breathing shattering the silence as he fucked Will’s face. His penis convulsed seconds before he released streams of satisfaction into Will’s mouth. He swallowed the salty fluid, enjoying the heady taste and aroma of his lover’s release.

Ryan slumped forward, and Will remained on his knees, supporting him until the other man had stopped panting and could stand up straight again. He pressed a kiss to Will’s forehead. “Thank you. It was incredible ... so different from anything I’ve ever experienced, and even better than I ever dreamed it could be.”

When he extended a hand to help Will to his feet, the tender gesture warmed him. He had been with men who wanted nothing but physical pleasure. Sometimes, that had been all Will wanted too, but with Ryan, he wanted more.

He led Ryan to the bed, standing beside it while Ryan stripped off his shirt and jogging pants. Will’s cock jumped at the proximity of Ryan’s hand when he removed Will’s briefs. He held his breath, wondering if Ryan would take his cock in his mouth.

Instead, Ryan urged him onto the bed. Will lay down on his stomach, glancing over his shoulder to watch Ryan as he went to his closet to rummage through his bags. “What are you looking for?”

“Some stuff I brought.” Ryan held up a small case. When he drew closer, Will realized he was blushing. “I ...” He cleared his throat. “I had hoped to accomplish something more than learning about real estate on this trip.”

Will nodded. He had also packed some condoms and lube in hopes he might connect with someone. “It’s always good to be open to possibilities.”

Ryan laughed. “You don’t understand. My friend’s company organized the seminar. When I was at her office to have lunch with her one day, I saw the guest list. Your name jumped out at me.”

Will drew his brows together in a frown, not sure if he was understanding correctly. “You mean, you came to the seminar in hopes of running into me?”

He shook his head. “No hope about it, hon. I intended to do anything necessary to find you and make sure we ran into each other. I didn’t know if you were in a relationship, but I couldn’t think of anyone I’d rather make love with for the first time than the first man I kissed.”

A bubble rose in Will’s chest, filling him with a warm, tingling sensation that made it difficult to catch his breath. When it popped, delighted laughter escaped him. “You set this up?”

Ryan shrugged. “I’d intended to, but you saw me first. It was obvious you remembered me.” He grinned. “I thought you were going to choke when I mentioned chemistry last night.”

As Ryan perched on the edge of the bed, Will ran a hand down his arm. “I don’t know why you needed a tutor. Chemistry clearly isn’t a problem.”

“I need you to teach me so much.” Ryan leaned forward, kissing Will’s shoulder, then trailing his tongue across his shoulder blade, to his spine. “I just need you.”

He pressed a series of kisses down Will’s spinal column that left him gasping for breath. Will shuddered each time Ryan’s lips touched him, and his skin grew tight and almost itchy the lower he moved. When his tongue arced down his lower back to settle at the dimple of his buttocks, Will thrust against the mattress, overwhelmed with anticipation.

“I can’t wait to taste you.” Ryan’s breath fanned into Will’s crack, heightening his sensitivity and making him squirm.

“Ryan, please ...” Will didn’t know if he was asking the other man to stop, or slow down, or just take him already.

Ryan’s tongue flirted with the indentation at the top of his crevice, gradually sliding lower. Will clenched his hands into fists to keep from screaming when Ryan parted his cheeks with his hands. It was difficult to remember to breathe when Ryan swiped his tongue inside, down his fissure, straight to the heart of his buttocks. His tongue was hot and slippery on Will’s anus, and he sobbed in reaction to the intensity of the pleasure as the other man tongued him.

Will humped the bed frantically, straining to take in all of Ryan’s tongue when it slipped inside him. “That feels so good, baby,” he choked out, his voice hoarse with passion.

Ryan swirled his tongue around the insides of his puckered opening, darting in and out in a teasing motion, as one of his hands slid under Will’s body to cup his cock. He pumped Will’s cock as his tongue fucked him with synchronous strokes.

Hazy thoughts drifted through Will’s mind as he surrendered to the decadent pleasures his lover offered. Chief among them was the amused realization he didn’t need to teach Ryan a damned thing. The other man was a natural, and he’d tell him that just as soon as he could breathe or speak again.

Will’s cock convulsed when Ryan tightened his hand around it, working the head with firm pressure from his palm, moving in a circular motion. He never faltered in his self-appointed tasks, keeping his tongue thrusting in a rhythm that drove Will wild, while giving the best handjob Will had ever received.

Hot spurts of semen jetted from his cock with an abruptness that took them both by surprise. Will vocalized his pleasure with a harsh shout, barely remembering to bury his face in the comforter to muffle the sound.

His cock was still spasming, and his breathing hadn't begun to return to normal when Ryan sat up. Will heard him rummaging through his box, but didn't have the strength to look up to see what the other man was looking for.

In seconds, he had his answer. A plastic tip penetrated his anus, followed by the warm ooze of thick lube. He wouldn't have imagined himself capable of it, but Will's semi-flaccid cock sprang to attention, ready again.

"I've never done this before," said Ryan, as he knelt between Will's legs.

Will rose on his knees some, angling his ass higher. "I know, baby. Don't be nervous." He grinned, hoping his amusement carried through in his tone. "If you fuck with your cock as well as you do with your tongue, you have nothing to worry about."

Ryan sounded nervous. "I don't want to hurt you."

Will braced his head with a pillow, wrapping his arms under it. "Just go slowly, and you'll be fine. So will I."

"Have you taken cocks bigger than mine?" He sounded jealous.

"No." Will's heart melted at the vulnerability Ryan had unwittingly revealed with his jealousy. "But I'm not worried. I think we were made for each other."

Ryan lined up his cock to the puckered entrance of Will's anus. He caught his breath as the head slowly penetrated him, sliding in with torturous slowness. Will tried to arch his hips to speed up the process, but Ryan held him firmly, not allowing him to move. Finally, he sank to the hilt inside Will, who was stretched nearly beyond endurance. The sensation was almost painful, but felt too good for him to protest.

"You're so tight. I never expected it to feel like this."

Will lifted a brow. "You never did anal with your wife?"

Ryan withdrew slightly before sinking deep inside him again. "She didn't like it. I guess she'd tried it with another man. I never really pushed the idea." He grunted as Will clenched

his buttocks around his shaft. Strain laced his tone when he spoke again. "I think I was afraid I'd like anal more than traditional, and that would make me face stuff I wasn't ready to yet."

Will nodded, finding himself incapable of speech as Ryan began to thrust into him with increasing speed and force. Despite it being Ryan's first time, he found a natural rhythm that suited them both with little hesitation. The stretched feeling endured, but somehow, it heightened Will's pleasure, making his cock even harder than it had been just minutes before. He thrust backward against Ryan, meeting each plunge of the other man's cock inside him, marveling at the way their bodies seemed to instinctively move in sync. Ryan held tight to his hips, arching with increasing fervor, as low grunts and wordless sounds of pleasure from both of them mingled into a harmonious symphony.

Will cried out with joy when Ryan convulsed inside him. The warmth of the other man's satisfaction transmitted through the latex barrier separating them, filling him with warmth to know he'd pleased his lover.

Ryan leaned against him, breathing heavily against Will's back. His hot breath heightened Will's excitement, making his cock jump. He hadn't climaxed again, and he tried to rein in the impulse to come, wanting to do so inside Ryan's tight asshole.

When Ryan rolled off him, Will turned onto his side so they were facing each other. He kissed his lover on the lips and forehead before speaking. "Thank you."

Ryan shook his head, looking frustrated. "Why are you thanking me? You didn't come."

Will pushed a strand of dark hair off Ryan's sweaty brow. "I did before, when you made love to me with your hands and mouth. I don't usually come from being penetrated, so don't feel bad. You were amazing, babe."

A small smile lifted Ryan's lips. "Well, I have been told I'm a quick study. Never in these circumstances, but I guess it applies."

Will laughed at the smug response. "You're a genius at lovemaking."

His expression clouded. "I just wish I hadn't waited so long to admit who I was."

Will touched his cheek, stroking his finger down to his lips, which he traced, trying to urge them into a smile. "Maybe it's good you waited. If you hadn't, we wouldn't be here right now, together."

Ryan's expression cleared, and he nodded. "Talk about a genius." He pressed a kiss to Will's mouth. "You figured that out way before I could."

Will smiled as he drew Ryan closer, cuddling him. "Do you want to rest, love?"

"No." Ryan licked his neck, eliciting tingles of warmth at the site. "What I want is to have you inside me."

Will let out a deep breath he'd been holding. "Thank God. I was terrified you'd want to stop for now." He pressed his hard cock against Ryan's hip. "As you can feel, I'm up to the task."

Ryan rolled onto his other side so his back was facing Will. As he cradled his lover in his arms, a rush of emotions threatened to break over him. He cautioned himself about getting too emotionally involved with Ryan. The other man hadn't indicated he wanted anything more than a tumble in bed with the first man he'd been attracted to. It wasn't smart to lose his heart to someone who might not want anything permanent.

He suspected it was already too late to avoid an attachment to Ryan. If they parted ways after their lovemaking, he knew it would be with a heavy heart on his part. He wasn't in love with Ryan, of course, but Will sensed it would be very easy to fall.

He tried to push aside his melancholy thoughts as he lubed his fingers to prepare Ryan for his possession. "This might be uncomfortable," he said, patting Ryan's buttock with his palm to avoid smearing lube on his skin.

Ryan glanced over his shoulder, his teeth gritted. "I'm ready."

Will smiled at his lover's intent expression as he slowly worked the tip of his forefinger inside Ryan's anus. When he let out a rough exhalation, Will paused. "Is that okay?"

“Um hmm. Feels good.”

Encouraged by his response, Will kept going, gently easing most of his finger inside the tight passage. Ryan instinctively tightened against the intrusion, so he paused, waiting for him to relax before adding a second finger. When Ryan once again relaxed, Will began corkscrewing his fingers in a leisurely fashion, delighting in each soft moan of pleasure his lover issued. Soon, the back passage was loose and welcoming enough for a third finger. “I think you can take my cock, if you’re ready?”

Only the slightest hesitation betrayed Ryan’s uncertainty. “I’m ready for you. I feel like I’ve been waiting for years.”

Will withdrew his hand to open a foil packet and slide on a condom. He lubed the outside of the latex before placing the tip of the tube into Ryan’s anus. The other man jumped when he squirted some of the thick gel inside, and Will patted his hip. “You’re sure you want to do this?”

“I’ve never wanted anything more,” said Ryan over his shoulder.

“I’ll be gentle.” Will positioned himself behind Ryan, lifting and tucking the other man’s legs between his. He draped his thigh over Ryan’s hip, and used a hand to part his buttocks. Will slid the tip of his penis up and down Ryan’s crack several times, until the other man wriggled with impatience. When he’d built his anticipation to a fever pitch, Will aligned the head with his anus and penetrated his lover’s virgin opening.

He closed his eyes and recited baseball stats in his mind as he spent several minutes acclimating Ryan’s anus to his dick. Each precious inch won threatened to send him over the edge into release, and it took every ounce of willpower he had to remain hard and take full possession of his lover.

When he thought he had a tenuous control, Will withdrew slightly and thrust again, sinking even deeper inside Ryan. The other man cried out, and he stopped. “Did I hurt you, babe?”

Ryan shook his head. "No. It just feels so good. I love this."

Will relaxed and resumed plunging in and out of Ryan. His anus was so snug, he barely kept from coming with the first few thrusts. Each time he sank deep inside the other man, Ryan's buttocks clenched around him, and it wasn't long before Will knew he had to give in. He looked down at Ryan, saw the other man frantically pumping his own cock, and vowed he wouldn't come until his lover did.

To keep to that, Will remained inside Ryan without moving. He clenched his teeth as Ryan thrust against him while masturbating. As his breathing increased, Will reached forward, straining to place his hand over Ryan's. Together, they stroked his cock, and he pumped his hips with almost savage intensity, clearly possessed by an incredible need.

"I'm coming," Ryan said through gritted teeth.

Preliminary spasms brought forth a wave of satisfaction, and Will tightened his hand around Ryan's. He withdrew and plunged once more into his lover's tight sheath, allowing his own climax to happen in time with Ryan's. Hot fluid splashed on their hands as he ejaculated into the condom, and they cried out at the same time.

Afterward, he drew Ryan against him, cradling the other man against his chest. His heartbeat still thundered in his ears, and he took several deep breaths before he could speak. "It's never been so good." Before Ryan could doubt him, he ran a hand down his arm to cup his hand. "I mean that. It's not something I tell everyone, okay?"

Ryan pulled away so he could roll over to face Will. "I didn't think you did. You aren't that kind of guy, Will."

Will managed a small smile. "What kind of guy am I?"

With utmost seriousness, Ryan said, "Gentle, loving ... the kind of man I want to get to know better."

His heart skipped a beat, but he strove to sound casual. "So, this isn't just a one-morning stand?"

Ryan frowned. "Not for me. Was it for you?"

He shook his head, too choked up to speak.

"My office is in Trenton. That's not too far to commute. I know the seminar ends tomorrow, and we both have things to get back to, but maybe we could have dinner together next weekend?"

"Are you asking me on a date, Ryan?"

Ryan nodded. "Are you going to run away this time?" A wink accompanied the question.

"Not on your life." He snuggled closer to Ryan. "If I'd an inkling it could be like this, I'd never have run the first time. You wouldn't have been able to keep me away."

"Good, because I want to keep you very close," he said in a husky voice.

Will hugged him and let his eyes close. Tiredness was overtaking him, along with the golden glow of aftermath, and all he wanted to do was sleep in his lover's arms.

* * * * *

When he woke later, Will was alone. He dressed and left Ryan's room, taking time for a shower and change of clothes in his own room before going in search of the other man. The morning's events still played through his mind in a whirlwind of color. It was almost impossible to believe he'd just been making love with Ryan, that it had been better than he'd imagined it could be.

He entered the buffet room and scanned the crowd for Ryan. He caught sight of him with his peripheral vision and turned in his direction. Will's steps slowed the closer he got to Ryan, when he realized the other man was with an attractive blonde. Her tinkling laugh grated on his nerves, and his stomach clenched with dread when she leaned in close, deliberately brushing her body against Ryan's. To Will's consternation, Ryan put an arm around her, whispered something in her ear, and turned to the door, woman in tow.

He felt like a deer in headlights when his lover's gaze fell on him. Temporarily rooted to the floor, Will couldn't look away from Ryan, whose gaze caught his. The smile on Ryan's face confused him, and for just a second, he was the uncertain teenager again, convinced the jock had pulled one over on him.

The thought broke his feet from their frozen pose, and he turned away, leaving the buffet room so quickly he shoved aside a group of people. Will kept going until he made it to the courtyard, where he dropped onto a cement bench. The pain in his solar plexus could have been from exertion, but he knew a sense of betrayal caused it.

"Hey, Will."

He looked up as Ryan joined him. His stance suggested he was puzzled, which made it all the worse. Will knew some men could have a relationship with a bisexual guy, but he wasn't one of them. He couldn't share his lover with another, regardless of the gender. He needed faithfulness and a deep connection, qualities he'd thought he had found with Ryan. Still, it was better to know now, right?

Ryan sat on the bench beside him. "What's wrong?"

Will shrugged, searching for the words to articulate his emotions. He wasn't that awkward geek anymore, but something about Ryan reduced him to that state of mind. If only he could be more certain of the other man.

Ryan put an arm around his shoulders. "Something's bothering you, love."

"This isn't going to work." He sighed. "I made a mistake."

Ryan stiffened. "What? What mistake?" His voice took on a rough edge. "Did you decide I'm not what you wanted? I wasn't good enough? What?"

Will met the other man's gaze. "You were perfect, but I can't do it. I can't share you."

A frown furrowed his brow. "Who is asking you to?"

Sadness welled in him. "You can't deny half of who you are, Ryan. I've tried being someone I wasn't. It doesn't work."

“Yeah, I know. I spent most of my life hiding I was gay.”

Will shook his head. “You aren’t gay.”

Anger sizzled in Ryan’s eyes. “How can you say that after this morning?”

“I don’t doubt you’re attracted to men, but you want women too. It wouldn’t be fair to either of us for me to ask you to walk away from that. You’d be denying half of your sexuality, and I’d be miserable, always worrying I was keeping you from something you wanted. Wondering when you were going to leave me.”

A laugh escaped Ryan. “Is this about Tanya? The blonde I was with in the buffet room?” He shook his head, clearly amused. “She’s my boss’s daughter and drunk as can be. I was encouraging her to go back to her room before she made a fool of herself.”

“It looked like more than that,” said Will quietly.

“Of course it did. She was hanging all over me. If you’d come in a few minutes earlier, you would have seen her behaving the same with a complete stranger. Tanya is a flirt. In her drunken state, she forgot I came out a few months ago, but I doubt it would matter. She flirts with everyone, and her father worries she’ll get into trouble someday. I was just looking out for her.”

Will experienced a spark of hope. He wanted to believe Ryan, but his own uncertainty held him back. Part of him still couldn’t believe this was real, that a man like Ryan could want him. In his mind, he was still the geeky high school student with a crush on the quarterback.

Ryan sighed. “I meant every word I’ve said to you. I want you, Will. I want to get to know you. I think we have something special, and I hope you won’t let Tanya’s behavior ruin it for us.”

“It’s not her.” He cleared his throat. “It’s me, I think. I just can’t believe you really want a relationship with me. We’re so different.”

“That’s what makes it interesting.” Ryan moved closer, hugging him. “Give us a chance, Will. Don’t run out on me this time.”

He managed a weak grin. “I already said I’m not going anywhere.”

“Good, ’cause neither am I.” Ryan leaned forward, sealing his promise with a kiss that shook Will to the core. Holding the other man in his arms, his doubts faded, and he lost himself in the beauty of their kiss.

 THE END 

Kit Tunstall

Kit Tunstall lives in Idaho with her husband and dog-children. She started reading at the age of three and hasn't stopped since. Love of the written word, and a smart marriage to a supportive man, led her to a full-time career in writing. Romances have always intrigued her, and erotic romance is a natural extension because it more completely explores the emotions between the hero and heroine. That, and it sure is fun to write.