

Zany About You (Be The Father Of This Child! Side Story, Patreon Exclusice) – Zane/Dan

By Laura S. Fox

## *Chapter One – Dumb And Cute*

“Who is that?” Zane examined the jock kneeling in front of Jett’s boyfriend, in what seemed like a grand gesture.

Jett grimaced as he parked the car. “Nobody.”

“Nobody?” Zane wanted a bit more information, but it looked like Jett was in no mood to supply him with that. Whatever, he would just find it on his own.

They quickly got out, just as April opened his arms wide and declared to the world he was in love with Jett. Zane punched Jett in the shoulder and congratulated him. Jett had such a funny smile on his face that it wasn’t even funny.

Dude was in love, and that, well, that, Zane did find funny. Not because he hadn’t always suspected that Jett would switch teams, provided that enough stimulation was provided, but because he knew exactly what his best friend’s type was, and April Summer was all that to a tee.

He whistled and hooted as they got closer to the strange duo in front of Jett’s house. The jock looked pretty damned hurt when April moved his eyes away from him and looked at his boyfriend.

Dudes were in love, Zane concluded. Personally, he didn’t believe that twenty was a good age for ever-afters, but Jett and April looked like they won the lottery both. For him, twenty was the perfect age for having fun, and the jock sitting on his ass and staring miserably at Jett’s and April’s PDA appeared to be the ideal supplier for that. Zane’s bet was that the jock was trying to court April but to no avail. April was definitely taken.

Zane wasn’t, and therefore, that meant that he needed to make it clear. There was an opening, pun not entirely intended since he was usually the one to fill other dudes’ openings, and he would let the jock know that he could apply.

He put down his grocery bags and offered the miserable jock a hand. The guy looked at him, a bit wary, but he took it.

“And who are you?” Zane examined him. He gave a reassuring smile, but he made sure that his intentions were clear. The dude was built like a frigging brick house. Zane didn’t usually go for the type, but the more he had to make love to, the better. Jett would call him a perv if he knew what was on his mind right now. Well, it wasn’t Jett’s business, anyway. Zane really liked what he saw.

“He’s just an asshole,” Jett replied.

“I like assholes,” Zane said, without taking his eyes off Dan. “Let’s get inside. Help me with these?” He pointed at the grocery bags.

Dan seemed unsure, but he did take the bag Zane offered him. That was good. Zane liked the obedient type, and this oversized puppy was right up his alley. Casually, he flung one arm over Dan's shoulders and took him inside the house. Behind them, Jett and April seemed to get in a bit of a lovers quarrel. Yeah, Jett should have known better than to throw a party without letting his boyfriend know about it first. Also, there was that thing with Theo, but Zane had promised that he would keep his mouth shut, and that was what he was doing.

Also, he was a bit too busy finding out more about the guy next to him to be bothered with Jett's home problems. If Jett ever needed help, all he had to do is ask. And that was something Jett seldom did, so Zane felt like he had a clean conscience.

"Let's leave these in the kitchen," he said and guided the jock around the house.

He then pushed him into the living room and made him sit on the couch. Zane could tell the guy was nervous, as he plopped down next to him and glued their thighs together.

"Man, do you mind?"

Zane stopped his prey from fleeing by throwing his arm again around his shoulders and keeping him close. "What's your name, sugar lips?"

That mouth looked damned fine, and Zane had a mind to taste it, sooner rather than later.

"It's Dan and my lips ... they're not made of sugar!"

Oh, man, was that a blush Zane was seeing? It couldn't be, right? "There's only one way to find out." He leaned in, without any introduction, but Dan dodged him swiftly. Clearly, the dude could fight him for real, but he wasn't doing it. The real question was: why? Zane had a few theories, and he would check them all soon.

"Can't you tell me your name first?" Dan appeared rightfully scandalized.

"It's Zane. Can I taste your lips now that you know it?"

"No," Dan protested, but again, Zane knew that he wasn't doing everything in his power to get out of that tight situation.

Speaking of tight, Zane really wanted to know how tight exactly Dan was. One of the many upsides of being with dudes was that nobody wondered why he was so horny all the time. How Jett had managed to stay away from April's fine ass until now was beyond him. He had known Dan for only five minutes, and all he could think of was how to get into the guy's pants. Seeing how he had been declaring his feelings toward April on the front lawn just moments ago, it was clear that Dan also liked dudes.

In many other circumstances, that had been enough for him to work with. “Are you staying for the party?”

“You guys throwing a party?”

“Yeah.”

“I don’t think April’s gorilla boyfriend wants me around here.”

“But I do. So trust me, you’re invited.”

Dan threw him a confused look, and then he blushed again and looked away. Zane just couldn’t believe his luck. He didn’t know for sure whether Dan still had a cherry to pop, but his bets were on ‘total virgin’. Dan looked like someone who knew nothing but sports all day long, so it was a good time for Zane to show him that there was more to life than work.

“Are you cold?” There was a small tremble coming off Dan, and, for a second, Zane wondered if he wasn’t barking at the wrong tree. But Dan still let him keep his arm over his shoulders and their thighs next to one another.

Zane just needed to find the right combination between frontal attack and tactful persuasion.

Jett marched into the living room like a storm. The expression on his face was announcing nothing good. He stopped in front of them and set his eyes on Dan. “Listen here, buzz cut. April is my boyfriend,” Jett pointed at his chest, “and you have no business trying to get into his pants.”

Dan seemed only then to realize that Jett was there, and he instantly made a move to get away from Zane. Ah, so an audience was a problem. Zane wrapped his arm tightly around Dan’s shoulders, keeping him in place. Dan seemed at least a little bit unhappy, and now he was struggling. Still, he wasn’t getting up from the couch, so that had to be a good sign.

“I’m not doing that!” Dan protested. “I just thought he was in danger.”

Danger? What kind of danger? Zane observed the two bulls engaged in the fight with growing interest.

Jett’s eyes narrowed to thin slits. “Why the fuck would he be in danger?”

“Because you’re some kind of mafia,” Dan blurted out. “I heard April talking to his friends. Do you even still have all your fingers?”

Jett stared at his own hands, seemingly a bit surprised, and then he shook his head. “The fuck you’re talking about? I work security, asshole.”

“I won’t give up on April,” Dan replied. “I don’t care what you do or what you are.”

Ah, so Dan was admitting loud and clear to having feelings for April. That would be interesting. Zane wasn't at all bothered. Dan would have to settle for a replacement and offer that opening to someone else. Zane would be more than happy to fill it, just as he was happy about finally getting that pun right.

"Do you really want me to kick your ass?" Jett cracked his neck menacingly.

Dan blanched instantly. "I don't care that you have a gun, either!"

A gun? Jett? Zane wanted to laugh, but, for the sake of how funny the situation was, he needed to play along. "Do you have a gun?"

Jett grimaced. Apparently, he wasn't in the mood to play along, too. "Maybe you should hit the road," he said to Dan.

Zane tightened his hold on his prize, and Dan turned his head to stare at him. For a couple of seconds, Dan struggled silently to get away from him.

*Come on, come on, puppy, you can do better than this.*

"I'll just stick around and watch over April," Dan said, his eyes leaving Zane with much difficulty. "I heard you're throwing some mad party."

Zane used both arms to embrace Dan. "Can I have him, please?" Not that he needed the permission, but it was better if he had it, nonetheless.

Jett frowned. "What do you want with this shmuck, Zane? He's not even your type."

Dan's struggle intensified. Zane would make things clear later. And maybe Jett would have to shut his pie-hole, too.

"He might not be, but hey, I'm suddenly in the mood for some vanilla goodness," Zane said as he stared at Dan from up close. Yeah, that was certainly the case. Dan had vanilla goodness written all over him.

"Vanilla what? Whatever, I don't want to know. Just keep an eye on him," Jett warned.

"I won't have eyes for anyone else; I promise," Zane said with a huge grin. "This party is going to be so awesome."

Jett began marching out of the room without another word. It looked to Zane that his friend was pissed for other reasons, not Dan.

"Could you please let go of me?" Dan demanded, but Zane just shook his head. "Hey," he called after Jett, "are you going to leave me alone with this weirdo?"

“Weirdo? Really? That hurt my feelings, by the way. And how am I a weirdo?”

“You keep on,” Dan swallowed hard, “being all over me.”

“You don’t seem to mind it.” Zane kept both his arms around Dan, enjoying how the fight in the other was slowly dying out. When he was right, he was right, what could he say? The oversized puppy enjoyed the attention, or else, by now, he would have whopped Zane’s ass completely.

It would be so fun to introduce Dan to a world of pleasure; Zane could bet. Right now, he just needed to keep him down, on the sofa, with him, and it looked like, so far, he was doing a pretty fine job.

“It’s only because of April.”

“Oh, really? Because of April?”

“Yeah. I need to be here to protect him.”

“Trust me. Jett can take care of his boyfriend.”

“It’s from him that April needs protection.”

Zane chuckled. “It looks like April doesn’t think so. You heard him how he confessed his eternal love just earlier.”

“Yeah,” Dan admitted, and he made a long face.

Zane wanted nothing else but to kiss him and make it all better. Damn, Dan was so dumb and cute, he didn’t even seem real. “So, you see, you can’t really intervene between the two of them. April would be pissed if you tried that.”

Dan moaned. “And what am I supposed to do?”

“You’re asking me? The weirdo?”

Dan blushed completely. If Zane stared closely, he could see some freckles. Man, the kids might have teased Dan over them back in the days. Not anymore, though, since the guy was well over six point two or even four. Zane would have a blast taking all the measurements, that was a given.

“I didn’t mean it like that. But why are you so close? We don’t know each other.”

“You’re Dan, and I’m Zane. I’d say that we’re more than properly acquainted. And we could be a lot more if you wanted it.”

“I don’t,” Dan said, pouting like a child.

“Hey, I might offer you some advice.”

“Advice? What advice?” Dan seemed suddenly interested.

“Chasing April won’t do you any good. What you need is to get better at the game.”

“The game? What game?”

“You know what game. Have you tried anything at all with a dude in your life?”

“No,” Dan protested.

He was no longer rigid in Zane’s arms, so that was clearly a good sign.

“So, how do you know if you like dudes?”

“I don’t like dudes,” Dan retorted, although unconvincingly. “I like April. And we kissed.”

“Oh, damn. Just make sure that Jett doesn’t hear about it. That dude is totally into not sharing.”

“I don’t want to share either. I saw April first.”

“Oh, really? You saw him first? And what did you do?” Zane enjoyed reading all the emotions on Dan’s face. He was like an open book. Zane felt that he was a good candidate for all the endearing names in the book that could describe someone as big as Dan, and just as cute.

Dan looked away. “I blew it.”

“Figures.”

“What’s that supposed to mean? And can you keep me less tightly?”

“No can do. You might just run away, and I can’t risk it.”

“Why? Did April’s gorilla boyfriend tell you to pester me like this?”

“As you might have seen it for yourself, it’s quite the opposite. Jett doesn’t want you here. But I do.”

“Really? Why?”

Zane stared into Dan’s pretty eyes. Damn, he was cuteness incarnate, the oversized version. Jett was wrong. Dan was totally his type, only that he came in a bigger package than usual. It was all right; suddenly, Zane felt like a glutton and wanted to lick the cookie bowl clean.

“I dig you.”

“You dig me?”

“I like you.”

“You like me?”

“If you are going to repeat everything I say, it will take a while to get to the good part.”

“What good part?”

“This.” Zane was done beating around the bush, and Dan clearly needed a more solid evidence that he was into him, big time. He pulled Dan into a kiss, and, yeah, those lips were nothing but top-notch candy.

And they opened to the kiss just like Zane had suspected from the moment Dan hadn’t shrugged his arm away, although it must have been weird as hell to have a complete stranger keep him into a tight grip like that.

There was a lot of sweetness to explore, and Zane had all the time in the world. After all, the party didn’t even start, and he had a blast. Dan pulled away, blushing like crazy. “No. I like April,” he said stubbornly.

Zane kept in a sigh. So the guy would be more work than he suspected. Whatever, he could live with it. “Even if you like April, it’s not like you’re his boyfriend. Jett is.” It wasn’t like him to be cruel, but he felt that he needed to make it clear to Dan that daydreaming about April wouldn’t cut it.

That was not entirely true. Zane was – a tiny bit, but still – pissed that Dan was still running his mouth about April when they could kiss like crazy and then maybe even find a place in that house where they could be alone and have real fun together.

It wasn’t like him to be possessive. He was a cool dude; he was the kind of man who didn’t mind if his partners wanted something else or someone else. As long as they were upfront about it all, and they also didn’t mind getting freaky with him, Zane was down with everything that came his way.

Now, this oversized puppy, however, was getting a little bit – really, a tiny bit, nothing more – on his nerves.

“April can’t date a gangster.”

“Jett’s not a gangster,” Zane said with a snort.

“Really, and how can you tell? What’s your relation with that asshole?”

“You two call each other ‘asshole’ a great deal. Should I worry that you might want to explore that area of Jett’s body?”

Dan made such a face that Zane burst into laughter.

“He is an asshole,” Dan said with conviction. “And you still didn’t tell me what’s with you and that dude.”

“Don’t worry. We don’t sniff each other’s buttoles. Not that way, at least. We’re BFFs. And I’m in the same thing as Jett, so that’s how I know he’s not a gangster.”

“OMFG! Then you’re a gangster, too!”

“Seriously? You have a one-track mind, don’t you?”

“Oh, shit. Do you have a gun on you, too?”

“If you count the one in my pants that’s totally hard for you right now, the answer is ‘yes’.”

That blunt answer seemed to have the desired effect on Dan because he stopped his tirade and blushed again. “Don’t joke about it.”

“I never joke about getting it hard for a guy. I’m all honest, I promise. It’s like a fault when I, otherwise, have a perfect personality.”

Dan snickered at that, and Zane smiled. They could chill a little. “Look, I’m not keeping you here. So, if you want to take a hike, that’s fine by me. But, if you stay, I promise you that you will learn a few things about getting busy with a dude. I’m an expert; you can trust my expertise.”

“I don’t know, man. I like April.”

Zane sighed. “Look, let’s just chat for a little while. Let me explain to you a few things about Jett and April. Hey, you need to hear them.”

Dan relaxed into his arms, and Zane finally let him go. “Jett has never been with a dude before.”

“Really? And what business does he have with April, all of a sudden?”

“Well, some things just happen. The thing is Jett is completely head over heels. And April – you heard him – feels exactly the same. There is no way to get between them.”

“Jett might hurt April. He’s a gangster.”

“Again with that. We just take care of some business, nothing as extreme as you might think.”

Dan seemed unconvinced.

Zane tipped his chin. “Tell me straight. If I kissed you again, would you pull away?”

Dan didn't move. He seemed preoccupied. His eyes were darting to and fro, a sign of his nervousness.

Zane sighed. "Look, if you just want to hang around to talk, that's fine, too. It's not my usual MO since I'm totally an action guy, but --"

"What kind of action?"

Zane grinned. "You know what I mean."

"The party is in a few hours. There might be some dudes you like."

"To be honest, no. I know everyone. And I'm all for novelty, you know? So I'm not going to annoy you. You could learn a few things, and I'm not going to pester you like some clingy boyfriend. Got it?"

"By how you hold me, you seem totally like the clingy type," Dan replied.

But his eyes were smiling. Zane would put his mind at ease. After all, he was no relationship material, and all that he promised Dan right now was a night of fun, with no strings attached.

Maybe he needed to make it all clear. "Look, man, I'm all about fun. You like having fun, I hope."

"Yeah. But maybe I don't know how to have it. Fun, I mean."

Dan looked at his hands, and Zane followed his eyes. Just as he thought, that was a guy who worked hard. Somehow, that aspect, although unimportant, made Dan even more endearing in Zane's eyes. He suspected that, underneath all those muscles, Dan had a good heart.

"I can totally teach you how to have fun. I'm the best at having it. And I don't mind sharing."

"But wouldn't it be like I'm cheating on April?"

He worried. That was just so cute.

"It can't be, right? I can bet he's doing a lot of cheating right now toward you with his boyfriend."

Dan made a long face. "They're like that, right?"

"You saw them."

"Yeah," Dan said dejectedly.

"Come on." Zane patted him on the back. "I know the best cure for a broken heart. It includes tequila and a lot of the action I was telling you about."

“I don’t drink strong liquor. I mean, not usually.”

“It’s okay. Do I get it that you prefer the action?”

Dan didn’t say anything. “Maybe later,” he said. “Or not. I don’t know.”

Zane stood up and offered his hand. “Let’s take a walk until the party starts. If after everyone’s here, having fun, and you still think that you don’t want to take me up on the offer, that’s totally fine by me.”

“Are you always this straightforward with everyone?”

“Pretty much, yeah.”

“And I ... if we do something, it means nothing, right?”

Zane looked at Dan. “Dan, my man, it will mean whatever you want it to mean, or nothing at all. It’s totally fine by me.”

“So, you only like me, for like, right now?”

Zane shrugged. “That’s pretty much how it works with me.”

“So, you’re a playboy.”

“I won’t deny that. It’s right on the dot. Also, you have feelings for April, so you don’t want it to be complicated, either. So, what do you say? Care to try it?”

Dan made a vague gesture with his head.

Zane took him by the shoulders. “Let’s take that walk.”

\*\*\*

It was interesting to find himself listening instead of being the one to run his mouth all the time, Zane thought. Dan was easy to listen to, on top of everything. As Zane had suspected, he was a total jock, which meant that his life was split between training and studying since the nice example of a young man walking by him thought that he needed to be more than a ‘dumb jock’.

If it weren’t for Jett to have already gotten April, Zane would have totally rooted for Dan to try his luck. But Zane knew his best friend, and he also knew that Jett would not let go of April. For crying out loud, April was a dead ringer for that kid Jett had been in love with as a kid.

There was no way for Jett to let go of April. Only if the real Theo ever appeared out of the blue, and not even then, Zane couldn’t guarantee that Jett would forget about April. There was just something between them that Zane couldn’t pinpoint. The moment they looked at each other, it

was like everyone else disappeared. April was trying to be polite and to address the other people in the room, but Jett was far from being that subtle.

Zane looked at everything as a bystander, and he was pretty much impressed. So loves like those did exist, and not only in movies and stuff.

“I talked all the time,” Dan said, and he was endearingly embarrassed for it, too.

Zane took him by the shoulders. “You know, I’ve never found football interesting until today. So, what do you say? Do you want to join the party? I promise I will keep my hands to myself.”

Dan blushed and then stuttered, “Maybe if you promised that you wouldn’t?”

Zane stopped for a second. “Sure thing. You can count on me.”

Dan took one deep breath before they walked back into the house together. Zane knew now what could be the source of that nervousness. But those were nothing but a beginner’s jitters. And he was an expert at making them go away. All it took was a willing partner, and it looked like Dan was precisely that.

## *Chapter Two – Beginner’s Jitters*

“Sorry,” Dan murmured as he withdrew his hand from Zane’s tight grip with some difficulty. “My hands are all clammy.”

“No worries,” Zane replied and took Dan’s hand again. “Let’s just dance.”

Dan stopped, and Zane had to admit that it was hard to move the oversized puppy once he got stubborn. He had to be about two hundred pounds or more of pure muscle, and Zane had a very detailed plan in his mind on how to map that body down to the minutest detail. At the moment, though, that plan didn’t seem too close to its putting in action.

“I can’t dance with a dude,” Dan whispered.

“Sure you can,” Zane insisted. “It’s dark enough for people not to gawk at you while we’re waltzing across the floor.”

“Waltzing?”

“Just a figure of speech.” Zane had a pretty good idea of what kind of treatment he needed to apply to someone as strong as Dan. He took his partner by surprise by embracing him quickly and dragging him toward the center of the room, where everyone was dancing to some cool and funky beat.

Zane placed both hands on Dan’s waist and made him move to the music. It looked like Dan wasn’t a complete stranger to dancing, which was a good sign. Zane wanted to check all about Dan’s hidden talents as soon as they were alone. The song switched to something languorous and slow, and couples around them quickly formed.

Dan made a move to pull away from him, but Zane pulled him close. To his satisfaction, Dan didn’t struggle. Zane rarely chose partners who were taller than him, and it was a bit funny to feel Dan so shy in his arms. Dan’s arms were around him, but Dan was keeping his head cocked to one side, refusing to look at him. Not that they could see much of one another in the dim light, but the denial, as much as desire, was clearly there. Zane needed to put all of Dan’s worries at ease.

He used one hand to cup Dan’s cheek and enjoyed how his dance partner allowed the touch. Zane angled his head and kissed Dan softly. The lips didn’t purse, but parted slowly, which was a perfect sign. Zane grew bolder; the instant reply from Dan was to push his tongue into Zane’s mouth, too. That was just beautiful; they were kissing there, in the middle of a room filled with people, and Dan no longer seemed so reticent. Actually, he looked like quite the opposite.

Now, he was the one who appeared to be the hungrier of them two. Zane was totally ready to take this to the next level. “Hey, let’s find someplace to be alone, what do you say?”

Dan took one deep breath. Was he still nervous? Zane wondered.

“Can we have some beer or something first?”

The boy needed a little bit of liquid courage, and there was nothing wrong with that. Zane agreed and pulled Dan to the kitchen where all the booze was. People were going in and out, without paying any attention to them, which Dan appeared to register with nervous eyes.

“See, man? Nobody gives a damn what other people do here,” Zane pointed out. He offered Dan a beer and grabbed one for himself. He leaned against the kitchen counter and took in his would-be partner for the night. Dan was, most probably, a bit at war with himself right now.

“The kiss,” Dan asked and swallowed hard, “what we did earlier, it’s nothing, right?”

“I told you. Nothing but fun. Did you like it?”

Dan didn’t say anything, and for a full minute, he was busy drinking his beer. Zane wanted to know what he was thinking now. He could only hope that whatever Dan decided, it involved him and a bit of horizontal action. Or vertical; he could work with anything Dan agreed to, and he wasn’t particular about details.

“I did.”

Great. It took Dan a long time to open, but Zane was patient. The night was young, after all.

“And would you like more of it?”

A rowdy couple entered and grabbed a bottle of tequila. Dan looked after them for a while, with a pensive expression on his face. “You know,” he started, “I had no idea I liked guys until April.”

“That dude has a knack for turning straight boys gay,” Zane said with a chuckle.

“Right,” Dan said dryly.

“So, you were all into dating girls and everything before meeting April?”

“Yeah. Nothing serious. It was just something everyone did, so I did it, too.”

And Dan looked like a goody-two-shoes who always did what everyone did because that was what was done. If he said he used to be a choir boy or some crazy shit like that, Zane had to promise himself he wouldn’t piss his pants laughing.

“But then I saw April when I got in college. And he stared at me with those beautiful eyes --”

“April is pretty, yeah,” Zane admitted. He shifted in his place a little. April was pretty, and that was all. He didn’t need to get annoyed about hearing Dan talk about him like that.

“And I started dreaming about him. Especially this weird dream in which I would wake up, and he would be sprawled all over me, and he would look at me with those pretty eyes and a smile and tell me, ‘Good morning’.”

“And then?”

“And then what?”

“What happened in the dream?”

“Nothing. I’d wake up for real.”

Damn, the oversized puppy didn’t even dare to have a proper wet dream. That would be a lot of fun, but it also meant that Zane needed to treat Dan with gloves. In a way, even if this conversation was a bit annoying since he didn’t quite appreciate hearing his partners gushing about over guys, it was useful because it shed light on where Dan stood.

“And then you started hitting on him?” Zane asked.

Dan shook his head. “I didn’t think it was right. But I got a bit drunk at a party, and I kissed him. Then I thought it was a mistake, and,” he took one deep breath, “I did something stupid, picking on him and stuff. Because I thought it wasn’t done, to kiss a guy like that. And like it.” Dan ran his hands through his hair, looking like he was about to pull it off his head.

The guy was conflicted. Zane remained silent for a few moments.

Dan laughed nervously. “What?”

“Nothing. I didn’t say anything.”

“I like April. I like him so much that I don’t know what to do,” Dan moaned.

Well, that was about how much Zane could stand hearing the guy he wanted to kiss gushing over another dude, no matter how pretty. He took another sip from his beer and then offered Dan his hand. “I know exactly what you need. Come with me.”

“Where?”

“Somewhere I can kiss you without you looking around all freaked out. I’ll make you forget about April. And I’ll do more than kissing.”

“I won’t forget about April,” Dan said stubbornly, but he took Zane’s hand.

“You will. All you need to do is say ‘yes’ to what I want to do to you.”

“What do you want to do to me?” Dan asked breathlessly, although there was no reason to be out of breath. He had been sitting until one moment ago.

Zane stopped and got into Dan's face, their noses almost touching. "I want to fuck you. You cool with that?"

Dan blushed and wavered.

"It's a 'yes' or 'no' kind of thing. If you have doubts, just tell me."

"Okay, yes," Dan said quickly.

As much as he was smitten, it looked like Dan wanted to apply some ointment on that open wound caused by seeing April and Jett together. Zane was more than available to help.

"Great. Now let's ditch this crowd and go somewhere we can be alone."

Dan's hand was still clammy, and Zane still wasn't bothered by it.

\*\*\*

"What's with the noise? Computers?" Dan asked.

"April's mining rig or so I was told. I know it doesn't make for the most romantic background for what I'm about to do to you, but, let's face it, neither of us wants romantic, right? Also, it's a good spot. People don't usually wander to the basement."

Mostly, it was because they knew Zane's favorite spots and steered cleared of them. Zane examined Dan from the corner of one eye. For a jock, he really did look like he was doing a great deal of thinking. Zane needed to change that, and he had at least a few ideas on how to make Dan stop thinking and start feeling.

"Let's sit over there," Zane said and pulled Dan toward the bench press. It seemed like a good place to start exploring Dan's muscular body.

Dan sat next to him and immediately clasped his hands in what looked like a nervous gesture.

"Do you want me to leave the light on or turn it off?" Zane asked although he hated the thought of his partner thinking that it would be better if they didn't see each other too much while going at it.

Dan appeared surprised by the question. But he was mostly on the verge of bolting, anyway, so Zane needed to do something. He placed one hand on the back of Dan's neck and began to massage it slowly. "Are you okay with this? Truly, truly?"

Dan gave off a nervous chuckle. "If it helps me forget about April, at least a little, then it's 'yes'. Okay, I mean, yeah. It's okay."

Zane pondered for a moment. There was a slight chance Dan wouldn't go all the way tonight, and that was fine by him; he totally got it. "Give me your phone number," he said out of the blue.

Dan appeared a bit hesitant, but he pulled out his phone. They quickly exchanged the information. Zane was pleased; after all, maybe Dan was worthy of a second date, not that whatever they did right now could be called dating but –

He really needed to get out of his head a little. Dan hadn't even asked him why he had asked for his phone number. He had just agreed to anything. Now it was time to get real.

Zane smiled and closed the distance between their mouths. "Just tell me what you like," he whispered.

There was not one moment to waste. He took Dan's chin between his fingers and guided him into the kiss. "Is this what you like?" he asked gently, as he peppered a soft trail of kisses along Dan's lips.

"Yes," came the breathed reply.

Zane flicked his tongue over and over the moist lips. "And this? How do you like this?"

"Yes. A lot," Dan replied and swallowed hard for a moment.

"Then how about you kiss me, too?"

Dan was hesitant at first, but he took the matter into his hands fast. He held on Zane tightly as he kissed back with full force. They were now rubbing their mouths together vigorously, and Zane was making a real effort to remember when it had been the last time that he had had such a nervous, yet determined, partner.

Dan could dominate him if he wanted, not easily, not definitely, but the possibility was there. It gave Zane a small thrill, which only added on top of his usual horniness. He struggled a little to sneak his hands under Dan's t-shirt, eager to touch his chest. It was hard to do much since Dan was holding him tightly as he was afraid Zane would go away.

That thought was very flattering, but Zane wanted to do more than kissing. It wasn't like him to be a fan of delayed gratification, so kissing like that, as much as he loved it, wasn't enough. He was more than ready to unwrap his present.

Zane stopped their kissing for a short moment. "Are you really okay with me doing you? Because I don't want to have my hopes up for nothing."

To his surprise, Dan snickered. "Are you always such a teaser? Why do you have to ask me so many times?"

*Because you like another dude, and it pisses me off.* Nah, there was no way Zane would say that out loud. Dan didn't have to know he was bothered by it. Why would he? He was the chill, fun guy, who liked to fuck dudes' assholes, not their feelings.

"You know, just making sure. It's not like we know each other." That had to sound like a pretty reasonable explanation. Zane really hoped it seemed sincere.

"Yeah," Dan agreed. "Do you, um, like me?"

"What's not to like?" Zane smirked and kissed Dan loudly.

"Why doesn't April? I'm not like his type or something?"

Oh, damn. What was he getting himself into? Zane wanted to give himself a real slap, but, right now, he needed to settle for a mental one. If only he weren't so horny all the time; yeah, he could blame it on his dick that he was willing to let Dan run his mouth about April, when he basically had Zane, who was pretty much the sexiest dude alive – others' testimonials, not his – a fraction of an inch away from him.

"Dan, my man, April only digs Jett. So, unless you happen to turn into Jett overnight, I don't see how you would be his type."

"So, he doesn't like me," Dan said, looking completely deflated.

"Not like that, for sure. Come on, are you going to spend all night pining over April, with me and my hard cock next to you?"

"You're hard?" Dan asked and gulped audibly.

Zane was done with talking. He couldn't recall when it had been the last time he had done so much talking. So, he caught Dan's hand and placed it over his crotch. "Is this proof enough for you or what?"

Dan gasped, but he didn't withdraw his hand. Instead of that, his fingers flexed in what looked pretty much like a tentative to squeeze Zane's hard-on through his jeans. For a couple of moments, Zane didn't move; he didn't even breathe for fear that Dan would become shy again.

It appeared that the moment of shyness was in the past. Dan squeezed Zane's cock through the jeans and leaned in for another kiss. Once unleashed, Dan looked like he didn't do anything by half. Zane was pretty sure that if the music upstairs hadn't been so loud, they would have heard them making out loud and clear.

He was all lost in the moment and the kiss when he heard someone clearing his throat. What the fuck? Who dared to invade his fucking space like that? Maybe if he ignored the fucker, he would go away.

“Seriously, dudes? Can an army walk on you, and you don’t give a fuck?”

Oh, just fucking great. What was Jett doing there? Didn’t he have a boyfriend to annoy? Ah, right, April was pissed at him, so Jett wasn’t getting any, and by that, Zane knew for a fact that ‘any’ meant nothing else but making out like teenagers. Which was what he was doing, but with the hope that he would be able to take it to the next level and quick.

That meant that he needed to get rid of Jett and pronto. “What the fuck, Jett?” Zane complained, interrupting the kiss.

It looked like Dan had only then noticed that they had an audience. Zane kind of liked that tunnel vision; it meant that Dan went into everything, both body and soul.

Jett didn’t seem bothered at all by the dirty looks Zane was throwing at him. His attention seemed trained on Dan. “Just one thing, and then, I let you two fuck. Although, really, you could use a blanket or something. Buzz cut, how much did you drink?”

Dan gaped at Jett. As much as Zane found it funny that Dan thought Jett to be some kind of big bad wolf, right now, that didn’t play into what he wanted. “One beer and a half,” Dan replied. “Why? Are you going to charge me or something?”

Jett waved. “All right. So would you say you’re perfectly capable of pushing this guy away if he tries to stick it into your butt, and you don’t like it?”

Where the fuck did Jett get these ideas? Zane shook his head. The hell was going on? And just when things were getting good. What was worse, Dan was now pulling away from him as he stood up. Zane tried to reach for him, but unlike earlier, Dan escaped him quickly. “Is this a fucking prank or something?”

Jett tried to stop Dan and put one hand on his shoulder. “I just need to know that you can agree to sex.”

Dan pushed Jett’s hand away. “I don’t know what April sees in you. You’re just a fucking bully.”

“That’s rich, coming from you,” Jett pointed out.

“What the hell, man?” Zane stood up, too. “Since when do you know me to fuck passed out guys or something?” Now that wasn’t fair. Jett knew him, and he knew he never took advantage. He wanted the guys he partnered up with, even if only for a hookup, to like him. If the attraction wasn’t there, it wasn’t. He never forced himself on anyone.

Jett put his hands up. “Sorry, man. It’s just that April was worried buzz cut boy here might not be capable of saying ‘yes’.”

Zane walked and got into Jett's face. "He said 'yes'. Like twenty times or so. Tell him, Dan."

But Dan was already walking toward the stairs. "You guys are a bunch of freaks. Just leave me the fuck alone. I'm getting out of here." Only for a moment, he hesitated. "Is April really worried about me?"

Zane heard Jett mumbling something, and it could be about April and something about him playing the righteous.

"Dan." Zane made a final attempt, although he knew the battle was lost for now. "Come on, man. It was just getting good."

Dan turned back on his heels. "Whatever. April likes me!" He shouted as he hurried out.

Now that was just fucking great. Tonight, Zane had felt pissed off on more than one occasion, and it was all because of how Dan was smitten with Jett's pretty boyfriend. As much as Zane liked April, he wanted to strangle him a little right now. The only one he could take it out to was Jett, though, so he pushed him away so hard that Jett stumbled back a step or two. "Seriously, man? Cockblocking me? What's gotten into you?"

"April is just worried," Jett said right away.

Just fucking great. "And? Couldn't you tell him to let us enjoy ourselves?"

Jett shrugged. "Better I cockblock you than him."

"He likes Dan or something?" Zane couldn't believe his ears. What was he now? Jealous or something?

"No! Of course not," Jett denied right away.

"Then what's his deal?"

"He just thought Dan was vulnerable or something. You know, not being out and all that which I don't know about," Jett explained.

Zane exhaled. "All right. I would punch you so much right now. But it's all right."

Jett examined him briefly. "You're taking it well."

"I got his number." Zane grinned as he looked at him.

Jett grinned, too. "So, are you going to chase his dude a little?"

"Yeah, why not? It's better that way. But tell April he owes me big time for making me let that juicy perfect piece of ass go like that."

“Sure,” Jett agreed.

“You know I’m talking about your boyfriend.”

Jett pushed one finger into Zane’s shoulder. “And you know that, too. So stick to asking him to cook your favorites this week or something. No funky business, or I’ll whoop your ass.”

“Okay, boss. But April will work hard to help me hook up with Dan, for real.”

“Be my guest,” Jett said in an amused voice.

“All right, man. I’ll keep you to that.” Jett walked back up the stairs, most probably eager to go back and report to his boyfriend.

Zane could only congratulate himself for coming up with that idea. After all, if he got April to play matchmaker for him, Dan would see clearly and quickly that April wasn’t into him that way. As much as he wanted to blame April for cockblocking him, Zane knew he had a big heart. Of course, that was also the kind of thing that got him in all sorts of trouble with guys like Dan and Jett, but maybe there was a price to pay for being such a pretty dude.

And Dan, damn. It was so true that he was like a puppy. April had accidentally and unknowingly thrown a bone at him, and he had been all over it in a second. Zane only needed to direct Dan’s attention toward him.

Yes, it would all work out, and Zane was far from being the kind to give up. Sooner rather than later, he would have Dan come for him, and not the other way around. That would provide quite the satisfaction.

It had been clear as day that Dan had wanted him just as much. Even if he still pined over April, he was willing to do something about the itch down his pants, which was precisely what Zane wanted to solve, as well.

Maybe it wasn’t like him to chase dudes when there were plenty around willing and pretty enough. However, Zane really digged Dan and for more reasons than having a super sexy body, the sweetest lips in existence, and a cute face.

That felt refreshing, despite the blue balls situation in his jeans right now. He would have Dan to pay for that later when they would get down to it. Because if there was one thing Zane was sure about, it was that he and Dan would meet again.

\*\*\*

Now that was a bit of a blow to his confidence, Zane admitted to himself as his umpteenth call to Dan’s number remained ignored. For a while, he had expected for Dan to call him, but it didn’t

look like that would happen. It had also been a feat of dramatic skills to keep his nonchalance and a straight face while he had talked April into convincing Dan to pick up the phone.

Zane was pretty much sure that April and Jett wouldn't have noticed he was insistent about Dan more than it was probably needed because there was clearly something going on between them. Zane's bet was on sexual tension and on it being resolved sooner rather than later.

Since the party had been a few days ago, Zane would have expected either Dan to pick up the phone or he, himself, to give up. Yet, it looked like he didn't want to let go, just yet. Now, the ball was in April's court, and he needed to convince Dan to take Zane's calls.

It was all supposed to work out, but Zane wasn't entirely pleased. Was his charm fading or something? He stared into the mirror, trying to give himself a critical look. Nah, there was nothing wrong with him. He was sure of it.

No, he wasn't so sure of it, but he needed not to make it into a big thing. As much as he wanted Dan and his big round butt, he had to rein in the temptation to insist more than needed. With a sigh, Zane grabbed his phone. He fiddled with it for a bit and then decided against calling one more time. If the dude didn't want him, that was that.

No, he would call just one last time. One last time and it was a promise. By now, April must have told Dan Zane was still pretty much interested. Zane didn't do rejection because he had no idea what the hell was that.

One last time and he would let the phone ring only three times. He wouldn't text and say some stupid shit. Only three times.

"Hi," a breathless voice said after the second ring.

Zane was so surprised that Dan had picked up that, for a moment, he was speechless.

"Hi ... sugar lips." He regained his voice as fast as he could manage.

Damn, was he really losing his touch for real?

### *Chapter Three – Do You Care Or Something?*

Dan had been curt on the phone, but he wanted to meet, so it was a good sign. Zane felt like doing a little victory dance, but he somehow thought that it would be way too soon for that. Their short conversation hadn't been enlightening at all. Why Dan wanted to see him was a mystery, and something told Zane that fooling around wasn't on top of the list.

There was a particular reason why Dan asked him to meet up, and Zane was curious now. Although he had some hopes since Dan wanted to see him at the abandoned football field that was, as far as he remembered, quite a bit out of the way, which meant that Dan wanted them to be undisturbed as they had their little talk.

Zane looked around and headed over to the bleachers while pulling his jacket around him. The weather was getting a bit chilly.

"Hey," someone called from his left.

Dan walked toward him, his hands deep in the pockets of his football jacket, looking as yummy as Zane remembered from the party. But the cute lips were set in a thin line, and Dan seemed deadly serious.

"Hi," Zane replied, but he made no move to get close, letting Dan walk over to him.

Dan stopped in front of him and then drew one deep breath. "Listen, what kind of jobs do you and April's boyfriend do?"

Zane quirked an eyebrow. "Why do you want to know?"

Dan looked around, and his lips moved for a while without letting one sound out. "April's in trouble because of whatever his boyfriend is doing. And you."

"Really? Details, man, or I'll think you're just bullshitting me."

Dan exhaled and puffed his cheeks. This conversation wasn't easy on him; Zane could tell. "I can't tell you."

"Okay." Zane shrugged and began walking, brushing past Dan in a manner that he hoped got the message through.

"Wait, don't go," Dan called after him.

Zane stopped, but he took two moments to turn. "What? Do you want me to leave a CV or something?"

"No," Dan said with a small scowl. "But, I need to watch over April."

“And? Just for the record, Jett is doing enough watching over April. In case you didn’t know.”

“Why are you pissed?” Dan asked him directly, but the height of his cheeks colored as he asked that.

“Gee, I don’t know. I call you twenty-three times, and when you finally pick up, you want us to meet so that you can talk about another guy.”

“Why did you call so many times?” Dan asked. The color of his cheeks was getting redder by the moment.

“Isn’t it obvious? I like you,” Zane said.

“But you just fool around. You could do that with anyone.”

“What can I say?” Zane pushed his hands aside, still buried deep in the pockets of his jacket. “I have a weak spot for guys who leave me hanging. But don’t worry; it doesn’t last. So, if this is all, bye.”

It was true that he was pissed, but Zane felt like he had said too much. He turned again and began walking, but the sound of hurried steps let him know that Dan was coming after him. Zane didn’t stop or turn until Dan grabbed his arm.

“Well?” Zane asked. “What now? Do you want to know more about my life? Well, I like bacon and eggs in the morning. How do you like that?”

“Me, too,” Dan said with a big smile.

“No wonder you grew up so big,” Zane replied, but now, he was smiling, too.

“You’re one to talk,” Dan said. He followed his words with a snort. “You’re big, too.”

“Are you calling me fat or something?” Zane moved slowly and got into Dan’s face, enjoying the small waver in the other when he did that.

“Fat, you? No. You’re just well built, is all.”

“Thanks, I guess? So, why did you stop me for?”

“April is not the only reason I took your call.”

Now, Zane was interested. But, somehow, he felt that Dan was trying to take him for a fool a little. “Oh, really? What’s the other reason?”

“You,” Dan said, and his eyes darted sideways.

“Hmm. Why?”

“I,” Dan looked down, “kind of liked what we did at the party.”

“For the record, man,” Zane said and put one hand on Dan’s shoulder, “you’re a horrible liar. You only talked to me because of April.”

“It’s not like that,” Dan protested.

“Oh, it is, but that’s fine. I’m not a chick. I’m not going to cry because you like another boy. So, I’m going to take a hike now.”

Zane was about to do a one-eighty when Dan grabbed him again and, this time pulled him into a clumsy kiss. Well, that was more like it; that was something Zane could work with. He hugged Dan, letting his hands sneak under his t-shirt right away and aiming for his nipples. Dan made a small, distressed sound, but didn’t pull away.

This time, Zane didn’t plan to let Dan get away so quickly, especially since he had been the initiator. He had no idea when they landed on the grass, but it was fun to fight Dan for who got to be on top. Dan was aggressive when he wanted, and he was better at tackling, as it seemed, so Zane found himself underneath that strong body he liked so much. Dan stopped and breathed hard. “I,” he licked his lips nervously, “I don’t know if I want you to fuck me. But we can do other things.”

Well, at least he was honest, and Zane appreciated honesty when he saw it. “Okay. What other things do you have in mind?”

Dan blushed furiously. “I don’t know,” he mumbled.

“Let me on top, and I’ll take good care of you,” Zane promised.

Dan rolled over, and Zane didn’t waste a moment. His hand went to pinpoint accuracy to the guy’s fly. A short, barely kept in gasp was the immediate reply when Zane released Dan’s cock. Well, if he had any doubts about Dan’s current interests, they could vanish in peace. Dan’s cock was hard as a rock, and that meant that he really wanted to fool around, too. Also, it meant that Zane could get him hard, and that really mattered. Unless –

“Hey, look at me,” Zane demanded.

Dan’s eyes opened and looked at him in surprise.

“Are you thinking of April?”

“What? Right now? No, man!”

“You sure?” Zane made a point by squeezing Dan’s cock hard.

A hiss was the immediate answer, and it wasn't in pain. Zane could barely resist the temptation to begin pumping the awesome thing in his hand. There was just something about hard cocks, which he liked immensely. They were his weakness.

"Yeah, I'm sure." Dan looked away fast. "You're sexy," he whispered so faintly that Zane needed to lean in to catch it.

"What? What was that?"

Dan looked at him and frowned. "Don't tease me, man. Is your buddy around here, waiting to jump and laugh at me?"

"Ah," Zane said. Of course, the episode of how Jett had cockblocked them at the party had to be fresh in Dan's mind. "Don't worry. If Jett ever tries to stop me from getting in your pants, I'll kick his ass for real."

Dan snickered, but then he frowned again. He looked down at his cock in Zane's hand with a serious expression etched on his face. "You're the first dude that has ever touched my cock."

Zane smirked. "And? Do you want to run away? Or do you want me to do this?" He began moving his hand, making sure to make it good this time, applying just the right amount of pressure, and flicking his thumb over the head before going down again.

Dan began to breathe hard. "Oh, fuck, why is it so good if someone else does it?"

Zane adjusted his position and stole a kiss from Dan's lips. "It just is. Stop trying to think everything to the death. So, are you going to reciprocate or what?"

"Sure," Dan said quickly, and he moved so that he could fiddle with Zane's fly.

Zane watched him closely. Dan's cheeks were in flames, and his bottom lip was quivering a little. He cursed at himself internally, but it was the right thing to do. "Hey, man, if you don't feel like it, don't worry."

Dan stared at him. Even if he was red to the tips of his ears, he looked determined. "I feel like it."

"Oh, really? C'mon, say it," Zane teased him.

"Say what?"

"Say what you want to do next."

Dan breathed deeply, but he didn't waver. "I want to touch your cock."

Zane felt a small jolt of arousal at hearing Dan speaking so directly. "So, do it," he whispered.

“I would if you didn’t stop me all the time.”

“Let’s do it, then,” Zane said, hoping that the provocative tone of his voice was enough to rile Dan up good.

“Just a handjob,” Dan replied.

“Okay. Works for me.” It was merely an appetizer, but Zane didn’t want to argue, not on an empty stomach, at least. He let Dan struggle with his fly for a while. “How about doing it standing up? I could kiss you, and we could make it feel better.”

“What if someone sees us?”

Zane made a small gesture like he was trying to look around. “It looks like you picked a good spot. And if anyone happens to wander here, we have a better chance to make ourselves scarce if we are on our feet.”

Dan nodded and pushed himself up. He offered his hand to Zane right away. Clearly, he was all for team play, and Zane could appreciate that in a guy. Only that, as soon as they were on their feet, Dan seemed to return to his shy self again.

“Let me teach you,” Zane said softly. Dan threw him a quick look. “Don’t worry so much all the time. I’m not teasing you.” He caressed Dan’s jaw with one thumb. “Let’s have a bit of fun. What do you say?”

Dan nodded, and his hand went at Zane’s crotch again. Zane wrapped one hand around the back of Dan’s neck and kissed him. His right hand was getting busy with Dan’s cock while his own cock was getting a nice treatment as tentative fingers were wrapping around it. With confidence, Zane placed the other hand directly on Dan’s ass and squeezed it firmly.

His partner didn’t appear to mind, which was a good sign. Also, since Dan might not have jerked off another dude, but he surely did that to himself regularly just like any other guy at their age, his hand was quite deft. Zane deepened the kiss, wanting to make a show of what he could do with his tongue. He had a hunch that Dan wouldn’t mind him make a few demonstrations that didn’t necessarily include French kissing.

Dan was quick on the uptake as his tongue was also busy fighting Zane’s fair and square. They were making some really naughty sounds, but Zane didn’t mind it at all. After all, there was not another soul as far as their eyes could see, and they could go wild a little.

“This is so good,” Dan said as their lips parted for a well-deserved mouthful of air. “Your cock is so big,” he added.

Zane smirked. It was so good that Dan was turned on by his cock; Zane planned on getting Dan very well acquainted with his best friend. But, right now, it looked like they had both stretched

their limits. It was clear by how Dan was puffing and breathing out that he was trying hard not to lose by coming first.

His usual strategy included his partners feeling awesome when fooling around with him, so Zane decided that he could offer Dan a small victory. “Oh, fuck, you done me in,” he whispered and began spilling all over Dan’s hand.

There was a small strangled sound from Dan. He was looking down, so he was probably fascinated with the sight of another dude coming in his hand. Zane smiled when Dan’s cock pulsed in his hand and started shooting, too.

He laughed as Dan let him go and grabbed his partner. Dan let his head rest against his shoulder, his breathing fast and labored. At least, now, his thinking was no longer clouded by his blue balls. And it felt frigging good.

“So, now that we have our balls empty, what did you want to say by April being in some kind of trouble?”

Dan didn’t reply, so Zane continued to listen to his breathing without saying another word.

“It’s just a hunch.”

“A hunch?”

“Yeah. It’s just some weird people hanging around the school grounds. It can’t be a coincidence.”

“Do you want to be a detective when you grow up? Do you play with Watson and Sherlock dolls in your spare time?”

“No,” Dan protested. He drew a long sigh. “I just need to be close to April. I need to make sure he’s okay.”

“He’s with another dude,” Zane pointed out. “You know what? Let’s put our dicks back into our pants, and let’s talk a little.”

“Right,” Dan mumbled and blushed again.

Zane smirked. It would be a long way for Dan to lose his shyness, but Zane was the kind to enjoy the journey as much as the destination. Plus, he usually enjoyed tremendously to show guys the ropes. Novices were his specialty, although he never scoffed at dudes who were as experienced as he was. Yeah, he was cool with everything.

And that meant that he could be cool with a guy pining over another because, after all, he was the one who got the perks. April wasn’t interested, and he would never be, which meant only that Zane didn’t have any real competition to worry about.

“Do you do these things with a lot of dudes?” Dan asked once they were both presentable.

Zane brushed Dan’s nose with his fingers still stained with cum. Dan moved away with a terrified expression on his face. “Hey, it’s yours,” Zane said with a small laugh. Then, he put his fingers in his mouth and watched in satisfaction as Dan’s eyes grew wide.

Then, Dan looked away; he took out of his pocket a pristine handkerchief and wiped his hand somewhat anxiously. Zane knew he had his work cut out for him, but he was a hard worker when it suited him.

“Aren’t you curious about how I find your taste?”

Dan gulped, but then he looked straight at Zane. “Is everything a joke with you?”

“How was me tasting your cum a joke?”

“You made it sound like one!”

“Well, it was supposed to be sexy!”

“It was sexy, but you had to make fun of it all!”

Zane remained speechless. Dan was a bit intense if he thought about it. No wonder he was insisting so much over protecting April despite the guy having a boyfriend, and someone like Jett, on top of it all.

“All right,” Zane said, putting his hands up in surrender, “I didn’t mean it as a joke. But somehow, I think you don’t really have a clear idea of what a joke is.”

“I do,” Dan said with determination. “For you, I’m just someone to play with.”

“You kissed me first this time,” Zane replied, a bit annoyed with Dan’s accusations.

“Yeah, because --” Dan stopped abruptly. He looked around with worried eyes.

Zane was dying to know the end of that sentence. “Because what?”

“Let’s just get out of here,” Dan said and gestured for Zane to follow.

Zane looked around but saw nothing. Dan was walking in front of him, with heavy steps. There could be so many reasons why Dan was skittish like that. If he cared to share, Zane was there to listen.

\*\*\*

“So, you wanted me to see your room?” Zane was beyond surprised.

Dan had walked so purposefully and without saying much until reaching his house that Zane had had no idea what to make of it. But now, that they were both inside Dan's room, and in their passing, he had seen no one else, Zane had to wonder if his host wanted him there because his parents weren't home like a teenager sneaking in his crush.

Crush, right. Zane wanted to snort at himself. Dan was clearly still head over heels, and Zane wasn't the object of his affection. So, what was he doing there? Zane threw a cursory look around the room. It was neat, and it showed Dan's love for football from the posters on the wall to the ball placed on the chest of drawers like some kind of trophy.

Dan sat on his bed. Zane picked the ball and threw it at Dan, who caught it right away. The look on his face was serious again.

"Your room is nice," Zane said, for lack of anything else to say.

"Will you teach me how to do things?"

"Teach you? What things?"

Dan dropped the ball on the floor. "Sex things."

"Sure. Anytime," Zane said breezily.

"Could we do it now?"

Zane perked up. "Sure."

Dan put one hand up. "I just want you to tell me about them, not do them."

Ah, deflated before having a chance to prove himself. Zane shrugged. It wasn't like him to feel disappointed for long. "All right. What do you want to know?"

He leaned against the desk and watched Dan, who seemed to be in great distress, rubbing his hands together, his eyes darting sideways. "The butt stuff. Does it hurt?"

"Hmm, straight to the point. All right, well, yes, it can hurt, but it doesn't have to. I'm not going to lie to you and say that you won't feel a thing, but let's say that with proper preparation and the right partner, it's super cool."

Dan just nodded and looked away. It appeared that he was absorbing the information Zane was feeding him. "It must be so nice to fuck a twink like April," he said dreamily, out of the blue.

April, again. Zane shook his head. "Yeah, twinks are pretty awesome," he agreed.

"Did you have many of them? Twinks, I mean?"

“You know we’re basically using a porn term. Yeah, I’ve been with dudes skinny and pretty like April.”

Dan made small tentative gestures with his hands. “From behind, that kind of ass must look so tiny. It hurts my cock just to think about it,” he added quickly and then looked down.

“You know, you don’t have to stress about talking to me of such things, okay?”

Dan nodded without looking at him. “I’ve never talked to anyone about them. It just feels so weird.”

“I suppose. But feel free to ask me anything.” Zane grabbed a chair and straddled it. He rested his elbows on the back and the chair and then his chin on top of his crossed forearms. His entire attention was trained on Dan.

“Do guys like you ever get fucked? I mean, like you and me? You said --”

“Yes,” Zane said directly. “But maybe not as much.”

Did Dan want to fuck him? Now that was a bit of a problem, Zane thought, feeling a bit worried. He had seen Dan’s tool, and it was everything to write home about if, by that, you meant to write to a porno studio you happened to call home. It was a solid reason to feel guarded.

Dan just continued to nod as he processed everything. “You said you wanted to fuck me. At the party.”

“You have a great ass,” Zane said. “I’d love to put my dick in it. I bet it feels fantastic.”

It was both equally funny and arousing to observe Dan’s reactions to his dirty talk. It was clear that Zane’s proposition from the party had been on Dan’s mind ever since. And since curiosity was like a gateway drug to the actual doing, Zane felt that Dan was pretty much on the right path.

“Thanks,” Dan said after a few moments of silence.

“Would you like me to show you? How it feels to have a cock in your ass?”

Dan stared down, and Zane stared, in turn, at the crown of his head. “Maybe. Later. I don’t know.”

“Well, you don’t have to make a decision. I’m not going anywhere.”

“So, it’s okay if I hang out with you?”

“Because you want to keep an eye out for April, right?”

“Yes,” Dan admitted.

“And what do I get?”

“Anything you want,” Dan replied quickly.

“If I were you, I’d be more careful with words like that. I’m not mincing words here. I would like to fuck you, thank you very much.”

“All right. When I’m ready,” Dan replied, chocking on his words.

Zane laughed softly. “Man, you’re so easy. I won’t insist on that. I mean, not too much. I don’t want you uncomfortable. Now, tell me clearly, what else do you want to know?”

“What do you and April’s boyfriend do?”

“Ah, that question again,” Zane said and shook his head. “All right. It’s not like a big secret or anything. We work for some people who, let’s say, help other people when they’re in a pinch.”

“What kind of pinch?”

“The financial kind,” Zane explained.

“Ah, so they lend money.”

“Yeah.”

“But they’re not like a bank or anything.”

“Bingo.”

“And what do you do exactly?”

“Hmm,” Zane pretended to ponder over choosing the right words, “we’re more part of the collecting team. Persuasion is one of our biggest skills,” he added, cracking his fingers suggestively.

Dan looked up, and his eyes grew wide. “You beat up those who don’t pay!”

“Let’s not get ahead of ourselves,” Zane said. “First, we ask them nicely.”

Dan stood up and, now, he appeared nervous. “It’s dangerous. You should quit.”

That gave Zane pause. “What? You were suspecting us to be gangsters anyway, so what’s with this?”

“You could get hurt,” Dan said right away.

“And you care or something?” Zane asked, completely taken by surprise.

“No, but I care about April,” Dan replied, a bit too quickly. “If he doesn’t hang out with gangsters, he won’t be in any trouble. And since he won’t give up on his boyfriend --”

“Ah, what an interesting way of seeing things,” Zane said, mostly to himself. “Sorry, man, it’s just what we do.”

“Then that’s all the more reason for me to keep an eye on you,” Dan said with determination.

“I thought you were watching out for April.”

“It’s part of it,” Dan replied, seemingly convinced of his decision.

Zane sighed. “All right. Don’t say I didn’t warn you. I see no reason to give up on what I do.”

Dan nodded, and he looked out the window. “My parents should be home soon. But I’ll call you.”

Zane stood up. It looked like he was made aware not to overstay his welcome. So, goody-two-shoes Dan wanted him to stop what he was doing. That was an unexpected turn of events. Zane wondered briefly whether it was all and only about April, after all. He didn’t dare to hope.

He was up and on his way to the door when Dan stopped him. For a few seconds, they stared into each other eyes. And then, like it was the most natural thing in the world, they both leaned in at the same time. Well, even if Dan wasn’t the greatest kisser, he was undoubtedly the sweetest.

## *Chapter Four – Sex Therapist At The Rescue*

Zane smiled as he checked the caller ID. It looked like Dan was a man of his word and no longer dodging him. Right now, he was the one to call, and Zane felt unexplainably happy. It was one thing that he wanted to get into Dan's pants and that he saw the guy giving in slowly as a good sign, but, somehow, it was more than that.

"Hi, man," he answered right away.

"Hi, Zane," Dan said, and Zane could sense his shyness even through the phone. It was so delicious to have a big guy like Dan give in slowly. All that shy act was a bonus. "I was wondering if we could, um, hang out? At my place?"

Zane had his own place, and it would have been easier for them to hang out there, but if Dan wanted to invite him over, he couldn't say 'no'. "Your folks aren't home, I guess."

"Yeah. They travel a lot. For business. They work together. And they, um, trust me."

Zane chuckled. "I bet you're the type not to throw parties when your mom and dad are out of town, right?"

"Yeah, I guess," Dan replied with a small chuckle of his own.

"So," Zane's voice dropped to a whisper, "are you in the mood to be a little naughty?"

A nervous laugh was the answer now. "I could also use someone to talk to."

Talk to? Zane found the idea at least a bit funny. His usual hookups and even short relationships had never been crazy about talking to him. He clearly had other good points that they liked about him. Conversation wasn't exactly his forte. But, to each their own, and if Dan wanted to talk, that was what they would do.

"All right, so when do you want me to come over?"

"My folks are away for a couple of days, so whenever it suits you ... today?" Dan finished his sentence with a question mark and one that sounded pretty hopeful.

"I'm on my way," Zane said right away. He stopped for a second. Didn't he sound too eager?

"All right. I'll be waiting, then."

Dan sounded just as eager as him. It was funny what was happening with both of them. Some of Dan's nervousness was clearly rubbing off on Zane, too, and that meant that something new was going on. Zane couldn't tell what it was. The usual chase and conquest were always a thrill for him, but he was sure there was more to it. He scratched his head absentmindedly. Yeah, it was something new, and it felt damned exciting.

\*\*\*

Dan welcomed him in the door. He wore a washed-out pair of jeans and a simple white tee, but Zane thought he looked amazing. His short hair was a bit wet, which meant that Dan must have just gotten out of the shower. Zane stepped in and allowed Dan to close the door behind them before attacking him. Dan didn't protest as he was slammed against the wall, his mouth soon covered by hungry lips.

Zane noticed the obedient behavior right away, but he could still smell nervousness on Dan. "Hey, hey," he cooed, "are you all right?"

Big guys like them didn't need to be asked if they were all right. They had to be by default. But it looked like Dan was a bundle of emotions, and Zane wanted to start unraveling it. He had a strong feeling that the reward for all his hard work would be awesome.

"I," Dan started, but then stopped and licked his lips nervously.

"You ... what?"

"I tried to watch some porn, but I felt like I was doing something wrong, so I stopped jerking off, and then I thought it was bad, and my balls hurt." That was said in one quick go.

Zane quirked his eyebrows and stifled the laughter bubbling in his chest. "Well, my friend, you just got a case of blue balls, is all."

Dan looked away, embarrassed. "I've heard others talking about it, but it didn't happen to me. I mean, until, you know, recently. April and all," he added, after a short pause.

"Right," Zane said and pursed his lips. "Lucky you, I have just the remedy for it."

"You do? It kind of still hurts," Dan said anxiously.

"You could have said that it was an emergency over the phone," Zane pointed out.

"You came quickly. I appreciate it," Dan said, without one ounce of hesitation.

"Let's take this to your room," Zane suggested and grabbed Dan's hand.

It looked like Zane was the host, and Dan, the guest. But Dan clearly didn't mind it being guided around his own house. Zane had only been once, but he knew the way.

Once they were upstairs, in Dan's bedroom, Zane closed the door and then took a long look at Dan. "Strip," he said directly.

Dan blushed. "I don't want to get fucked. I don't think I'm ready."

Zane waved. "I'm going to blow you. You clearly need it."

Dan's eyes grew as big as saucers. "What? Like right now?"

Zane nodded. "Don't tell me you don't like getting a blowjob."

Dan looked down. "One girl tried to do it to me once, but I got really nervous, and I just ended up – never mind."

"Wow. So no one ever gave you head?" Zane questioned. "Did you sleep with girls? It's just a curiosity."

"Yeah. But I didn't get much of it. I didn't really like it that much."

Zane nodded thoughtfully. "And after that fail, no other girlfriend tried to blow you? What? Did your tool scare them all away or something?"

Dan shook his head again. It was evident he found that not as funny as Zane did. "I couldn't let them. I was afraid that I might not be able to hold it, and I didn't want to think of, um, other stuff either when they went down on me."

"You're so fucking adorable," Zane said. He could feel a large grin splitting his face. "Come on. Take off all your clothes. I promise you it will feel like frigging heaven, although I feel like I should tell you this. Don't you dare dream of April while your cock is in my mouth."

Dan nodded solemnly. The guy was so serious Zane had no idea what to make of it. But that meant that his promise was solid gold, and Zane did want to test some boundaries with Dan. After all, they couldn't remain stuck to some jerk off routine for long. Zane's appetite didn't allow one-course meals.

Without any other encouragement, Dan pulled his white tee over his head, revealing a sculpted chest that made Zane's mouth water instantly. He wasn't shy now about pushing down his jeans and underwear, either, although he did some clumsy pirouettes as he took off his socks. Then, he stood straight, his hands carefully placed in front, and his eyes looking ahead as if he was in the military or something.

"At ease, soldier," Zane said and began laughing right away.

Dan frowned, but Zane didn't allow him to think too much. He walked over to him and kissed him. Under the careful ministrations of Zane's tongue in his mouth, Dan seemed to melt.

"Let's just see what the problem is," Zane said with a lopsided smile.

Dan looked at him and bit his lips.

"What?" Zane asked.

“It’s just how you smile,” Dan said sheepishly. He put up one hand and caressed Zane’s lips in a timid, yet bold, gesture. “It’s so sexy it makes me my knees go all jelly.”

Zane couldn’t believe his ears. Was Dan secretly the biggest seducer he had ever had a chance to meet, or was he just naturally sweet and had no idea of the effect his words had on others? Zane could only congratulate himself for getting to him before anyone else.

“Then, you should check out my bj technique,” Zane said, trying hard to rein in the butterflies in his stomach that were suddenly hard at work once Dan had said those words. Since when did he have tummy butterflies? That was so uncool. “Maybe it would be better if you sat on the bed. I don’t want you to end up on the floor once I start working on you.”

“Okay,” Dan agreed and bit his bottom lip again.

Zane leaned in and stole another kiss. “Come, let’s get you comfortable.”

Dan laid on his back, and Zane took in how his chest rose and fell. He was still nervous, but Zane planned on making all his worries go away. Blowjobs could have this wonderful side effect.

He knelt between Dan’s knees, and first, he gave the heavy balls a long lick. Dan gasped right away. Zane could see how hard Dan was, and it made him happy; maybe it was because Dan hadn’t come after beating his meat to who knows how many porn movies, but maybe it was because of him that Dan was so hard, after all.

“Don’t mind a thing. If you feel like coming, do it.”

“I’ll tell you,” Dan whispered. “So that you don’t choke on it or something.”

“Do I look like some novice to you?” Zane asked and laughed. “I’m telling you. Don’t worry about a thing.”

Damn, that hard cock that was now so nicely presented in front of his eyes in all its glory had been on his mind for days now. Zane could consider himself lucky to be in that position. While he might not have allowed too many guys to fuck him, he had no hang-ups when it came to blowjobs. The odds were out on whether he liked better to receive or give them. He enjoyed them both ways to the extreme.

Dan’s cock was so smooth in his hand when Zane started to pump it slowly. He watched as Dan grabbed the coverlet with both his hands and listened to his labored breathing. It was nice to give him something to hold on to, Zane thought, as he simply took the engorged head into his mouth.

A small cry of pleasure from Dan confirmed what he already thought. Dan was nervous about getting a blowjob because he might have feared that he would have liked it too much when performed on him by another guy. Zane would explore all those possibilities later on. Right now,

the hard cock in his mouth and the heavy ball sack he was playing with were the only emergencies.

He spared nothing. He licked the head, the underside, the entire length as he deepthroated. Dan sounded like a tortured soul, but one in the throes of ecstasy, so Zane could feel himself getting dizzy from the feeling of power he was experiencing right now.

“Zane, please, I’m, I’m,” Dan shouted from the top of his lungs, “coming!”

Zane had to use both hands to grab Dan’s hips and keep them from lifting off the bed. The viscous liquid he enjoyed so much filled his mouth, and he gulped it down, in no position to savor it at the moment. That would come later, and he knew that he would love to have Dan return the favor. But that was something they could look forward to; right now, all that mattered was that he was capable of making Dan feel like that.

He took his time to clean the cock that was slowly losing some of its hardness and getting into a relaxed state. Zane massaged Dan’s ball sack a little, but he knew that the heaviness and, with it, the pain had also gone. That was one case of blue balls he had gotten solved swiftly and with flying colors. Maybe he was no sex therapist, but he knew how to deal with situations like that with no issues.

“So,” he asked as he got to his feet, “how was it?”

Dan looked at him with moist eyes. His lips were wet, too, so Zane took all those as good signs. He leaned over Dan and smirked at him. “Now, does it still hurt?”

“No, it’s amazing,” Dan mumbled. He pushed himself on his elbows with some difficulty, and his eyes traveled down on Zane’s body. “You’re hard, too.”

“It’s not about me since you were the guy with the emergency.”

Dan said nothing, but he straightened up even more, and his hands went directly at Zane’s crotch. For long moments, Zane didn’t even dare to breathe. He watched in silence as Dan opened his belt and fly and then took out his cock.

“You’re so big,” Dan whispered and began to pump Zane’s cock with fascination written all over his face.

Zane didn’t dare to hope, but he moaned as soon as Dan’s lips connected with the head of his cock. Dan didn’t go further, settling for small kisses around the head as he continued to jerk him off. It didn’t matter; there was enough time to show Dan all the ropes, and those included him becoming an expert at giving blowjobs. All in due time, Zane thought to himself.

For now, the hand wrapped around his cock and going faster and faster felt pretty nice. “Hey, man,” he whispered, “you might want to move your head out of the way, or I might just shoot all over.”

“What?” Dan asked, and he seemed to have processed little of what Zane was saying, as immersed as he was in what he was doing.

“Damn it,” Zane said through his teeth, “I’m coming!”

Dan didn’t move his head away in time. Zane watched helplessly as his cum erupted at full speed from his cock, spraying Dan’s cute face all over. As Dan had his mouth half-opened, Zane was pretty sure that some of it might have landed in there, too.

That was the road of no return. Dan made a distressed sound and did move away his head, but it was too late. Zane had given him an accidental facial, and he couldn’t say he felt bad about it. That kind of risk came with the territory.

“Oh, damn,” Dan sputtered, and his hands went to his face.

Zane was breathing hard and couldn’t talk. “Tissues?” he asked with difficulty.

Dan just pointed at the small desk, and Zane found them. Without any preamble, he caught Dan’s chin and directed his face to him. Quickly, he dabbed the droplets of cum from Dan’s forehead, cheeks, mouth, and chin. Dan was hesitantly licking his lips, and there was a conflicted expression on his face.

“I’m really sorry about that, but I did warn you,” Zane pointed out.

“Yeah, kind of late, though,” Dan mumbled.

“Are you mad?” Zane kept Dan’s chin between his fingers and looked down at him.

Dan opened his eyes. “I got some in my mouth.” There was a bit of shock written all over his face.

“And? How was it?” Zane asked.

“Not bad,” Dan whispered, and then he suddenly grabbed Zane’s spent cock and began licking the little cum left in the tiny eye.

Zane grunted. “Fuck. You know I can’t get hard again so fast.”

Dan looked up at him. “It’s not bad,” he admitted again, but this time, the realization of what he must have done caught up with him, because he blushed.

Zane sighed. “Now that you no longer have blue balls let’s see why you couldn’t come while watching porn.”

He couldn’t believe he played the sex therapist, but there he was.

\*\*\*

Dan had brought a couple of beers, and they were now drinking slowly, without any of them talking.

“Everyone watches porn,” Zane pointed out.

“I know,” the reply came. Dan got red to the tips of his ears. “But when I looked at those guys going at it on the screen, my heart just started to beat so fast. I was afraid it would burst or something.”

Zane chuckled, but then he remembered that he was supposed to play the therapist. “You just got nervous. But why would you feel that? I mean, it looks like you’re pretty cool with jerking me off, and even, you know, tasting my cum.”

Dan looked down. “I just don’t know. Is this what I want? I mean, I know that I want it, and my mind goes all blank when I see two guys going at it. It’s like taking over or something like that.”

Zane sighed and scratched his head. “It’s all right, Dan. A lot of guys do it. It’s cool. No one is going to burn you at the stake, or some shit like that.”

Dan seemed to study a stubborn stain on the carpet. “I don’t know.”

“Your parents,” Zane said abruptly.

Dan’s head shot up, and Zane knew that he had struck a nerve.

“What would they think if they knew?”

Dan frowned. “No, they cannot know,” he said stubbornly.

“All right, cool,” Zane replied. Maybe he wasn’t that good at this sex therapy, after all.

“I thought I would be with some girl, marry at twenty-five, and all that,” Dan began talking. “But it doesn’t look like that’s going to happen.”

“No. As long as you’re true to what you want, I guess not.”

Dan let out a small humorous laugh. “But it would be easy, right? To be like everyone else?”

“Not everyone else, obviously,” Zane pointed out.

“Yeah. There’s you, and April, and his boyfriend,” Dan said slowly.

“And a bunch of other people you don’t know. There might be even some of your mates who could be into this,” Zane said.

Dan shook his head. “I don’t think so.”

“Look,” Zane moved and put a hand on Dan’s shoulder, “you don’t have to figure everything out in one day. Just live in the moment for a while, see how it goes for you.”

Dan didn’t seem less distressed. “My mind is so full of fuck,” he moaned and covered his eyes. “I know I like April.”

Right. Zane was glad Dan had his eyes covered, or he would have seen a lot of disappointment on his face.

“But you’re making my mind blow up,” Dan added, after a short moment of silence.

Oh. Now that was ... Zane couldn’t find the correct term for it. “Cool,” he said and felt pretty dumb the next second.

“I don’t think it’s cool,” Dan replied. “I think it’s pretty messed up.”

And there he was, the type of guy Zane usually steered clear of if he could help it. The confused type. But he had known from the start that this wouldn’t be easy, right?

\*\*\*

They laid in bed after another long session of making out and jerking each other off, and Dan had an ecstatic expression on his face. Zane stared at him. Maybe if they could do that enough times, Dan’s mind would clear some. They had been going at it for the entire evening yesterday, the entire night, and now the whole morning. Something had to give.

“Can I hang out with you when you go visit April and Jett?” Dan asked.

Hmm. No, it would obviously take a longer time than predicted. Zane adjusted his position. “Sure, why not?” After seeing April and Jett happy together for a while, it was possible that Dan would let go of any hopes that he could intervene in that relationship.

Zane was a practical man. If that were what it took, he would do it, no questions asked. Also, the more time they spent together, regardless of whether Dan saw himself and Zane as a couple or not, the better.

A ping on his phone let him know of an incoming message. He stretched and grabbed it from the nightstand.

“It looks like Jett needs us to come over and babysit his kid while he drives April back from school.”

“Shit,” Dan said.

“Well, you don’t have to come with me if you don’t want to,” Zane replied, feeling a bit annoyed by Dan’s reaction.

“That’s not it. I’ll come. I just realized that I skipped school today.”

“For real? You just realized that?” Zane asked, amused.

“You really make my head go poof,” Dan said and accompanied his words by a gesture that simulated how his head exploded.

“That’s nice to hear.”

“So not nice,” Dan retorted. “I rarely skip school. And practice.”

“There’s more to life than football and studying,” Zane explained. “So, maybe it’s not so bad that you skipped school one had because you wanted to get freaky with me.”

Dan snorted. “You’re bad, and you’re making me bad, too,” he said.

Zane wasn’t entirely sure that he was joking. He ran one hand over his face. Why did he have to like this confused boy so much?

\*\*\*

“So, my dudes,” Jett said, once they were inside, “this is the kid. Take good care of him, or I’ll hang you by your balls. Is that clear?”

“Damn crystal. So, buddy,” Zane leaned over Jay’s high chair, “I guess you’re in our care, huh?”

“For like half an hour,” Jett said. “Be cool, or April is going to eat you both alive.”

“I thought you were the one who wanted to hang us by the balls.”

Jett just shrugged. Zane could tell that there was tension between his best friend and his current, sort of, boyfriend. The two were measuring each other, but the good news was that none of them had taken those cautious stares further.

“Man, go,” Zane said and pushed Jett toward the door. “We can handle your kid for half an hour. And tell April he’s in good hands. I’m sure he’ll worry the moment he sees you without Jay.”

Jett bristled a little at that. “You can’t know that. What? You’re an expert in what my boyfriend thinks now?”

“Let’s not get our panties in a twist. You’re asking us for a favor, you ass.”

Jett’s eyes were still on Dan. Zane didn’t have to turn to know that they were shooting daggers over his head.

“Yeah, sorry about that,” Jett said. “It’s just that I don’t like him hang around that much,” he added, pointing at Dan.

“He’s my significant other now, so live with it,” Zane said directly. Jett wasn’t mincing words, so he wasn’t the one to do that, either.

Jett was barely out the door when Dan began. “I’m your significant other?”

“Just a play on words,” Zane said and shrugged. “A little white lie. What? Do you want me to tell Jett you’re here only because you want to keep an eye out for April?”

Dan looked away, and he seemed to feel guilty. Good. Zane wasn’t going to take crap from him as much as he liked the dude.

“Now, let’s hang out with our little buddy here,” Zane said and lifted Jay from his highchair to bounce him in his arms. That seemed to have the desired effect on Jay, who started giggling right away.

Dan was staring at him as if he was growing another head.

“What?” Zane asked, slightly unnerved by that stare.

“How come you can be nice with babies when you’re beating people up for a living?”

“Oh, so glad you asked,” Zane replied. “It must be because none of this stuff defines who I am.” Damn, that was deep, coming from him.

Dan’s eyes grew wide. “Do you want to be a shrink or something?”

“A shrink?” Yeah, right. He had just said whatever had crossed his mind that moment. “I don’t think so. Maybe I could be a sex therapist, though,” he added.

“A sex therapist?”

“Yeah. I solved your problem, didn’t I?” Zane looked down on Dan’s body quite suggestively.

The instant blush was the answer he expected. That only meant that he was still on the right path.

## *Chapter Five – A Good Fit*

“Is there anything around here to eat?” Dan began talking nervously and started moving around the kitchen, opening cupboards, and trying to find something that was, obviously, not there.

“Do you have the munchies?” Zane questioned. He bounced Jay up and down on his knees.

“I haven’t had anything since this morning,” Dan explained. “I guess my mind was on something else,” he added, his voice dropped low.

“Yeah, I guess,” Zane said and continued to watch Dan as he was making rounds. “I’m sure there’s some food in the fridge.”

Dan stopped and put his hands on his hips. “I shouldn’t snoop around and eat other people’s food, right?”

Zane just shrugged. He was seriously in spectator mode, and it was interesting to examine Dan while he was fighting himself. There was no way he would lend a helping hand at this point; the number one reason why he didn’t want to do that was because he was afraid it would backfire.

“You’re messing with my head,” Dan complained.

“All I do is have fun with you. And you like it,” Zane pointed out. He moved his attention from Dan to coo gentle words to Jay. Jett had left him in charge of his kid, which was a major thing. Not even a cutie like Dan could distract him from his important task.

“I forget to go to school, I forget to eat --” Dan swallowed his words.

Zane stared at him for a short moment. “Look, man, don’t sweat it. You’re new to it all. That’s all. Stop getting all tied up in knots over it. I told you. Take what you can, enjoy it while it lasts, and then the rest will come.”

Dan leaned against the kitchen counter, with a lost expression on his face. “Things must be so easy for you.”

“You think?” Zane said with a snort.

That earned him a quick, surprised look from Dan. Damn. It wasn’t the time for him to lose his head. He was Zane, Zane the Great, so he didn’t lose his head, and he never had a loose tongue when it came to feels and all that.

“What’s so hard for you? I bet you could have anyone you want.”

“It doesn’t work like that,” Zane replied. “I’m just happy with what I can get.”

Dan threw him a pointed look. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

Zane sighed. He took out his cigarette lighter with one hand and handed it to Jay, who seemed immediately fascinated by the metallic object. Jay couldn't open it, so it was safe. "You know what. You pine over April, but that won't get you anywhere."

"We'll see," Dan said and pursed his lips.

Zane shook his head and paid no attention to Dan.

"Don't you like twinkles better than me?"

The question took Zane by surprise. "I have no idea where that just came from. I like you. Period. What's that got to do with any twinkles? Again, it's a porn term, so that you know."

Zane threw a short look at Dan, and his eyebrows shot up. Could it be that he had just seen a little smile? Well, no matter how long Dan needed to figure out everything, Zane would be available. Until he wouldn't be. It was just simple like that.

He wished.

His phone rang, and Zane looked at the screen. Hmm, so soon, and the happy parents were already checking on them.

"What's up, daddy?" Zane drawled the words as he replied.

"Oh, it's April, actually. I'm just calling from Jett's phone." April's sweet voice came through.

"What's up, daddy number two?" Zane eyed Dan as the guy retook his tour of the kitchen. It was probably the munchies after coming earlier. Or it was just nervousness, and Dan wanted to calm it down with food. Well, if he thought better, he was a tiny bit hungry, too.

"Do you guys keep an eye on Jay? No fooling around, and letting the boy hit his head against the furniture, or fall from the bed or a chair or --"

As he had rightfully guessed, April was worried. "April, my dude, chill. The boy is fine. I'm holding him as we speak. Also, I'm teaching him how to smoke." Jay was busy studying the lighter still.

"Zane! I'm going to --"

"Kiss me and tell me you're going to leave Jett for me?" A little teasing never hurt anyone.

"No." By April's voice, Zane could tell his words had hit home. April was so damned easy to tease; it was simply hilarious. "I swear to God; you're such a joker, Zane." And now came the ass-kicking April that also lived in the same sexy body.

“That’s okay. Then you know I’m joking.” Zane moved the baby from one knee to another. “Look, I’m putting Jay on, and he can tell you all about what good boys we all are, sitting here and waiting for you to give us something to eat.”

Zane placed the phone by Jay’s ear. “It’s your daddy number two, kiddo. April.”

Jay looked at him like he understood. Clearly, he knew the name because, as Zane encouraged him to talk, he began talking. “A-pa ... A-pa ...”

Wow, the kid knew some words. At the other end, April sounded impressed. It took little for Jay to start chanting the made-up name.

Zane put the phone back to his ear. “I think he totally knows who you are.”

“He said my name,” April said enthusiastically. “He said my name.”

“Get out of here!” Jett’s voice was loud, even if he wasn’t on the phone. “He did?”

Zane confirmed from the other end. “He totally did. So hurry up home, daddies, because we’re starving.”

“There is food in the fridge, some leftovers from last night, and also, you can make some omelet --” April started.

“Nah, it’s better if you come and do all that,” Zane replied. Dan still appeared to be a bit at a loss while moving around the kitchen.

“You can’t tell me you guys are all that unacquainted with kitchen utensils,” April chided him.

“Give me the phone,” Jett said.

“You’re driving.” April’s voice was stern.

“Then, just put it to my ear.”

It only took one moment for Jett’s voice to come booming into his ear. “Zane, you mofo, get your ass and make some food right now. April’s not your wife. He’s mine.”

Zane could barely keep in a burst of bubbling laughter. Jett in possessive, pissed-off mode, was uber funny. “All right, if you two are going to be like this. We’re just going to order some takeout. Does Jay eat Chinese?”

“Jay is only eating baby food.” That was April’s voice, trying to convince him not to buy takeout. Probably the phone went back to him.

“And? The Chinese are billions, so they must have a lot of babies,” Zane said right away.

“Don’t order Chinese. I’ll make something fast, the moment I get home. I hope everyone is finally happy this way,” April said with a sigh.

“Maybe not everyone. Just to be sure, ask your husband.” Teasing one of them was funny, teasing both of them was comedy gold. Zane was pretty proud of himself. Even if it took the risk of having Jett get pissed at him, it was still totally worth it.

“No need to,” April replied abruptly. “We will all sit at the table and eat like normal people without fighting.”

Ha. April was embarrassed. So, Jett still needed to make it all clear to his ‘wife’ how things stood between them. If a little teasing was what was needed to make those two move things along, it was definitely a good thing.

From the corner of his eye, Zane continued to observe his boyfriend. Dan had finally gathered the guts to open the fridge and stare inside. “Ah, it looks like you don’t need to cook after all,” he said.

“Why?” April asked, apparently puzzled over Zane’s words.

“Dan looks really cute while getting busy around the kitchen,” Zane whispered.

“Dan is cooking?” April whispered, too.

“He’s just staring at the open door of the fridge, but I think he’s up to something,” Zane continued whispering. Dan threw him a look that told him he was as inconspicuous as a clown at a nun convention.

“You guys, it’s no trouble. Just wait for me, and I’ll take care of everything,” April insisted.

“I don’t know. Dan seems pretty determined. Ah, he’s looking at me, and I’m not sure if it’s a ‘fuck me’ or ‘fight me’ look.” Zane knew precisely what it meant, but why not tease Dan, too, while he was in the process of teasing everyone.

“Zane, stop talking dirty in front of Jay,” April warned.

“Gotta go, sugar lips. See you,” Zane said quickly and cut the conversation.

Dan took some eggs and cheese from the fridge and didn’t hesitate to look at Zane with pissed off eyes.

“What?” Zane asked, simulating surprise.

“Why were you so flirty with April on the phone just now?”

“Flirty? It’s just how I am,” Zane replied. “Don’t tell me you’re jealous.” Another dirty look from Dan warned him that it was better for him just to shut the hell up. But when had Zane ever been the kind to pay heed to warnings like that? “You are jealous.”

“I can’t be,” Dan said, pretending to be too busy with whisking the eggs in a ball to pay attention to him. “April is the most beautiful boy I’ve ever seen in my life. I wouldn’t be surprised if you had the hots for him, too.”

Zane smirked. He began playing with Jay, completely ignoring Dan.

“You do not deny it,” Dan said after a while.

“It’s too rewarding to see you jealous. It goes to prove that you’re, at least one bit, interested in me.”

A long silence followed.

“I am interested in you.”

Talking about words that needed to be pulled out of Dan’s mouth with some fucking power tool. But they were enough, for now. Zane wasn’t the kind to push his luck. That was one principle he guided himself in life, and, so far, it had worked pretty damned fine.

\*\*\*

There had been some nasty looks thrown between Dan and Jett during the meal, but it had all gone without unpleasant circumstances. Jett took Zane for a talk in the backyard, not without throwing a meaningful look at Dan and April. The dude really had no qualms with showing off just how jealous he could be. Zane would have laughed about it, but, as much as he knew April to be head over heels with Jett, he wasn’t crazy about the idea of leaving Dan with him, either. Maybe he was a bit jealous, too.

“So, did you manage to get into buzz cut boy’s pants already?” Jett asked directly as soon as they were out of earshot.

Zane didn’t want to share all the details of his hot encounters with Dan, unlike other times, when he had been a total chatterbox. Usually, Jett couldn’t care less about his conquests, but right now, he obviously had a direct interest in learning how things stood between Dan and Zane. “Not yet,” he replied curtly.

“Are you losing your touch or something?” Jett teased him.

“Who knows?” Zane said, and then grinned. “Don’t worry about me. Tell me about your wife.” Changing the subject was always a good strategy.

“What wife?” Jett feigned being surprised.

Zane laughed out loud. “April. You told me on the phone that he’s your wife.”

Jett frowned. “I didn’t mean that. I wanted just to tell you to fuck off and make yourself some food.”

Zane slapped his knees. “Ah, Jett, my man, you’re getting in this so deep. I’m not sorry to find it so funny.”

“Shut up, mofo. Tell me more about how buzz cut boy gives you a bad case of blue balls. At least, I fuck.”

“Man, what can I tell you? Dan is a bit of a challenge, yeah,” Zane admitted.

“So, why don’t you drop him? I’m not exactly crazy about seeing him around April.”

Zane snorted. “Well, it’s not like we don’t do anything. It’s just like you were with April in the beginning. You know, like a week or so ago. We just jerk off together.”

Jett laughed. “Zane, you don’t jerk off. You fuck.”

Well, that was true. Apparently, not anymore. He just shrugged and smiled. “What can I say? The guy has a strong grip.” He made a small gesture with one hand, to emphasize his words.

“What’s keeping him from jumping in bed with you, then?”

“He still likes your wife better than me,” Zane said matter-of-factly.

Jett jumped to his feet. “I knew it! That fucker, he’s now alone with April --”

Zane caught his arm. “Have some faith in April, man. He digs you, big time.”

Jett was not crazy about being kept from marching inside to save his beloved. “So he keeps saying, too.”

There seemed to be a bit of trouble in paradise. Zane knew that, as a friend, he needed to dig a bit deeper. Damn, being a relationship therapist took work. He had just upgraded himself from the sex therapy gig. “So, what’s the problem?” he asked. “Dan told me as much. He’s sure April loves you, for real, so he feels pretty down. And, you know, I’m all for comforting a broken heart. Although I can’t really remember ever talking so much about feels in my entire life.”

Jett seemed surprised. “He’s talking to you about feels?”

Zane crossed his legs and pondered over what to say next. That was Jett he was talking to. He could confide in him if he wanted. “You know me, right?”

Jett offered a non-committal grunt in reply.

“I was never confused. Ever since I saw River Phoenix in *My Own Private Idaho*, I knew I was gay. Don’t even ask me what that movie was about, though. I didn’t get a thing. I just wished I was Keanu Reeves when River said, ‘I really want to kiss you, man.’ I would’ve said ‘yes’. I was ten, and my sister didn’t know I was watching, too. She just thought herself interesting for renting arthouse movies. I think she slept through it. I didn’t.”

“Wow, thanks for the info, man,” Jett joked. “Glad you were never confused.”

“The thing is, Dan is confused. And that confuses the hell out of me. I don’t do confusion well.”

“What are you confused about? Don’t tell me you think yourself straight. Maybe it’s time you watch some artsy movies again.”

Zane laughed. “Nah, I’m not confused about that. I’m just confused over how much I want this guy. And it feels like it’s not all about getting into his pants, although there’s that, of course.”

“What? Do you want to marry buzz cut boy now?” Jett grinned.

“Shut up, asshole. Not everyone wants to tie the knot like you and April.”

“We’re not tying any knot. But your confused boyfriend better decides he likes your cock better than my boyfriend’s ass,” Jett said and pointed at himself.

“I’m working hard at it. Although I never thought myself able to listen to some dude pining over another for hours.”

“For hours? That’s it; I’m going into the house. If Dan touches April with one finger, I’m going to break his hand.”

Zane rushed after Jett into the house. “Not if it’s the right hand! That’s the better one!”

“This little party is over,” Jett said curtly. “Zane, see you tonight.” With big steps, he walked over to April and took him by his shoulders in a possessive gesture. As he kept April with his head close to his chest, he stared Dan down.

All right. That was their cue not to overstay their welcome Zane was quick to grab Dan and bid Jett and April goodbye.

“Wow, what happened?” Dan asked as Zane pushed him gently toward his car. He tried to look over one shoulder, but the only thing he would see was a closed door, so Zane didn’t care to indulge him.

“Nothing, but Jett has things to say to his boyfriend.”

“He seemed pissed off. What did you tell him? Will he do something bad to April?”

Zane almost had to push Dan inside the car. “Jett is pissed off all the time. That’s how he is. And do something bad to April? No way. Jett is crazy about him. Why does it take you so much to understand this?”

Dan pouted and looked ahead. “Sooner or later, April will suffer because of him.”

“And, if that happens,” Zane kicked the car engine into gear, “it’s none of your business, right?”

“Are you pissed off, too?”

“Do you think?”

“It’s not good to drive while mad or something,” Dan said, staring stubbornly ahead.

“Maybe you’re the reason while I’m mad,” Zane shot back.

“Wow, really? What have I done to you?”

Zane decided to shut his pie hole. Was Jett’s jealousy rubbing off him or something? He needed to chill. “Nothing. You’ve done nothing. So, do you want to hang out more, or should I take you home?”

“No.”

“What’s that supposed to mean? Just say it clearly so that I can understand what you want.”

“I’d like to swing by your place,” Dan said in a heartbeat.

Now that was a change of tack. “Okay.”

“Aren’t you going to ask me why I want that?”

“Nah. I always go to the flow. If you want to see my place, there must be a good reason for it.”

Dan said nothing. Zane was curious, but he wouldn’t say anything anymore. The ball was in Dan’s court, and Zane only waited for a serve.

\*\*\*

Zane liked his place. He was proud of it. It wasn’t a big ass house like Jett’s, but it was comfy, and it was his. The small apartment was enough for one person, but now, with Dan in it, it looked a bit too cramped. He took his time to examine Dan, who was moving slowly around the living room, taking everything in, from his manga collection to the few figurines Zane had wanted to have from the day they had been launched.

“You like sexy guys,” Dan said and pointed at one of the figurines and touched the naked torso with the tips of his fingers.

“Who doesn’t?” Zane asked with a snort.

“How does all of this fit?” Dan gestured around. “You’re into anime; you can hold a baby so that he doesn’t cry; you always pretend to be so easygoing --”

“Pretend? Oh, never mind. What are you saying?”

Dan stopped abruptly and took a strong stance, with his legs apart, and his hands linked in front of him. “How is it possible? You seem like a cool, normal guy. Why do you have to beat up people for a living?”

Zane shrugged.

“Do your parents know?”

Now, Zane stared at Dan like he was some lunatic. “I’m not from a mafia family, or whatever you think.”

“So, why do you do it?”

“Why are you so bent on this?”

Dan took a few moments to reply. “I think what you do is dangerous,” he said in one exhale. He also set his eyes on Zane like he was waiting for an answer to that.

“It’s easy money,” Zane replied. “And it’s fun. Plus, you’re a football player, right? Don’t you like smashing into people and stuff?”

Dan appeared wounded. “There is more to football than that. It’s strategy, skill; we’re not just smashing into each other.”

“Trust me. I employ a lot of strategy and skill when I’m busting my ass off making money, too. So, what do you want, Dan?” It was high time to take the bull by the horns.

Dan looked around some more as if he was still trying to figure out something about Zane that he couldn’t quite understand. “Wouldn’t it be easier if you quit? You must have plenty of money.”

“You want me out of a job. Why?”

“Because it’s not safe,” Dan said right away.

“Aren’t you a stubborn little wife?” Zane teased.

Dan’s eyes grew wide. As expected, a crimson red blush followed. “I’m not your wife!”

“You surely behave like you are. Look, Dan, it’s all about a good fit, you know. Football and studying and pining over another dude’s boyfriend, that’s a good fit for you. Breaking bones and fucking around, that’s my good fit. Do you get it?”

Dan shook his head. “Is that all you want? To beat up people and fuck around?”

Zane sighed. “Do you want me to tell you my life’s story? Share with you my hopes and dreams?” The sarcasm in his voice must have been obvious.

So, the reply took him by surprise. “I do.”

For a couple of moments, he stood there, on his cozy sofa, staring at that delicious specimen of a man who was telling him, in his face, that he wanted to get to know him.

“You know what,” Zane said, patting the place next to him, “how about you come over here, and I better show you what I like? It’s the best way to know me, right?” Somewhat reluctantly, Dan came closer and eventually sat next to him. Zane threw a casual arm over Dan’s shoulders and pulled him close. “I’m not the kind to talk about stuff like that. I’m an action guy. What do you say if I show you more stuff?”

Zane was a bit conscious that he was laying it thick. But he couldn’t just start talking like some girl. What kind of guy did that, anyway? He needed to get out of that situation, and getting Dan all hot and bothered would have to work to save his ass.

He caressed Dan’s jaw with his thumb, and by how Dan’s breath grew a bit hitched and labored, just a tiny bit, really, he knew his touch had the desired effect.

“Are you going to fuck me?” Dan blurted out all of a sudden.

Zane stopped. He hadn’t thought that far ahead. But he wasn’t the guy not to jump to an opportunity like that when it presented itself. “Sure,” he said, pretending to be all cool and as if he had been the one to play that all alone.

At the back of his mind, there was a small niggling thought. Dan had wanted to come by his place, and he was basically asking for it right now. Maybe he was being played a little. Maybe. A little.

Dan’s embarrassment over his answer was obvious, though. If it had been a plan, it surely hadn’t been well laid out. “How are we going to do it?” Dan rubbed his hands together and looked anxious.

Zane caressed his cheek some more, trying to soothe him. “First, you’ll have to relax. That’s the first rule.”

“I don’t think I can,” Dan said with a small nervous laugh.

“Sure thing you can. I just need to take care of you. Let’s move to the bedroom, and I’ll make sure that you’re completely comfortable. What do you say?”

Dan just nodded, and the crimson red of his cheeks was spreading.

Zane couldn’t help himself and placed a gentle kiss on Dan’s lips. “Do you have any idea just how adorable you are, right now?”

Dan laughed again.

Zane stood up and offered him his hand to pull Dan to his feet again. “Don’t worry. I’m sure you’ll do just fine.”

Dan stopped him for a moment, with a short squeeze of the hand. It was just a tiny reminder that, despite his shy and confused attitude, Dan was pretty strong. “How do you know that?”

“Know what?”

“You know. That it, um, fits,” Dan whispered, and his eyes darted to the side.

Zane pulled him into a hug. “Trust me. I know a good fit when I see one.”

## *Chapter Six – It's A Game Of Give And Take*

Zane examined Dan, who was taking in the bed like it was some puzzle he needed to solve.

“Just lie down,” Zane encouraged him. “Trust me. I know my stuff.”

Dan hesitated for another moment, but, eventually, he moved and sat on the bed.

“It would be much easier if you lay down on your back.”

“Easier for what?” Dan mumbled.

“For me to take your jeans off.”

Dan nodded and then stopped. “Should I take off my t-shirt, too?”

Zane shrugged. “Whatever makes you feel more comfortable. But, the more naked you are, the better. There's more to keep me interested.” With that, he threw Dan a meaningful look.

As expected, Dan's eyes darted sideways. Zane went straight for the crotch and grabbed Dan's cock through his tight jeans. A small grunt was the answer, but Dan made no move to stop him or protest.

That was good. No matter how embarrassed Dan had to be, he was also determined, and Zane liked that sort of attitude. With expert moves, he removed Dan's jeans and underwear, along with his socks. He took one moment to admire the muscular thighs and the huge cock pointing shamelessly toward the belly button. Dan must have thought about this moment a lot. Despite appearances, he was quite the thinker.

Right now, Zane would have given a boatload of pennies for Dan's thoughts. The guy was staring stubbornly at the ceiling and chewing his bottom lip with a vengeance. Zane grabbed Dan's cock and gave it a few rubs.

“You know, I'm not holding a gun to your head to do this,” Zane said, a bit annoyed with being ignored like that.

Dan looked at him, finally. “I totally want it,” he said simply.

“Then why do you look like you'd rather be someplace else?”

Dan blushed. “That's not it. I can't look at you while you do things to me. It's too much.”

Zane laughed and straddled Dan's lap, making sure not to let go of the cock in his hand. “You know, I have just the right remedy for someone like you who's afraid to let go.”

“I'm not afraid,” Dan protested. “It's just that, um,” he swallowed with difficulty, “you're too sexy, okay? And I might, um, I might --”

Zane leaned in and caught Dan's lips fast. Just as quickly, he straightened up. "Are you afraid you might blow too soon?"

Dan just nodded, with an expression of defeat on his cute face.

"Then I'll take care of this first," Zane said and played with Dan's cock to make a point.

He dismounted his much willing and totally shy bed partner and began undressing, too. Dan covered his eyes in what had to be the cutest embarrassed gesture. Zane smirked. Yeah, he was on top of his game, and he would show Dan that he really knew how to throw a party. Once completely naked, he found his way between Dan's legs and took his hard cock between his lips.

Dan moaned. "How is this supposed to help me last?" he complained.

Zane took a breather to explain. "I want you relaxed. If you blow once, you will be completely chilled, and that's where I want you."

"Um, okay," Dan said after a short moment of hesitation. "But what if I don't like it if I'm not hard anymore?"

"Dan, dude, you're thinking way too much. If I stick my cock in you and you say 'stop', I'll stop."

"Will you really do that?"

"I can't say that I'll like it, but I always do what my partner wants. And it's a good test to see if you'd ever be into anal. Better to go into it with a clear head. What do you say?"

"You're the expert," Dan replied.

"All right then," Zane said. "Now, can you please think of nothing else but how to come in my mouth?"

Dan's breath hitched in his chest as Zane began licking the head. "You're too much, Zane. How can a guy win against you?"

Zane had an idea, but he didn't want to show his weak spots. Right now, his mission was to get Dan all relaxed so that they could move on to the next level. It looked like his advice had worked because Dan buried his hands into Zane's hair, somewhat feeding him the hard cock between his legs.

A partner with a bit of initiative was all Zane wanted. The hands in his hair weren't rough. It was obvious that Dan was fighting not to be that, as his desire was rock solid in Zane's mouth. Zane liked to deepthroat just for the sake of hearing his partner make all sorts of sounds while trying not to come fast. Depending on the partner, it could be a challenge. Right now, the challenge

wasn't there, but somewhere else. Seducing Dan was a tough job, but not when it came to physical stuff. Clearly, he was all open to that.

"Zane, your mouth, on me, so good," Dan moaned helplessly. "Please, please, don't --"

Whatever Dan wanted to say was soon lost in an incoherent string of soft-spoken expletives as he let go. Zane made a show of licking Dan's cock just as it erupted, making sure, this time, that most of it landed on his tongue so that he could have a proper taste.

Dan shivered under him a couple of minutes after he had filled Zane's mouth with cum. Zane caressed his thighs slowly and licked the spent cock. "How was it?" he asked, his voice huskier than usual.

Dan threw one arm over his eyes. "You're too good at this."

"How can that be a problem?" Zane asked.

"It is. You're making me crazy with this."

Zane laughed. "Well, that's the idea, isn't it? Now, are you still in for anal? I don't mind if you --"

"Mind," Dan said shortly, his face still covered by his arm.

"What?"

"I'm not sure if you want me. You keep asking me to, I don't know, to give up."

That gave Zane pause.

Dan continued. "I know that I must be nothing like those twinkles you must have fucked in your life. But I want to know how it feels, too."

Zane scratched his head in wonder. "Are you trying to tell me that you think I don't like you enough to fuck you?"

There was no answer, but there was no need for one. Zane climbed on top of Dan and pushed away the arm covering his face. By what a face Dan made, maybe he looked a bit too intense.

"Look, dude, I like you. You have nothing to worry about. There's nothing I want more but to be buried, balls deep, in your fantastic ass."

Dan stared at him for a few moments. "Do you think it's okay? My ass?"

"That's it," Zane said with determination. "Turn." He moved away to let Dan lay on his stomach.

Dan looked at him over one shoulder, as Zane had quickly straddled him back. “Why do I have to lie like this? Are you going to start?”

“Not right away. I just need to show my appreciation a little.”

Zane began by grabbing Dan’s ass cheeks and massaging them. “You have an awesome ass, man, I’m telling you.”

“Isn’t it too big or something?”

“Too big? There’s more for me to hold on to. Like this.” Zane illustrated his words by grabbing both delicious mounds of flesh and squeezing them. “And your hole,” he added, “is giving me the hugest of boners ever.”

“You’re just saying,” Dan mumbled. “You must have had some sexy guys in your bed or something.”

“I’ve had plenty, but you are one of a kind,” Zane said.

“One of a kind? Like what?”

“I don’t usually go for guys taller than me,” Zane explained.

“You mean, big like me.”

“Being big is good, Dan.”

“Is it? But you just told me you’ve mostly had, you know, other types.”

“What can I say? I must be zany about you,” Zane joked and laughed at his own pun.

“Zany?”

“Yeah, zany. Because I’m about to do this.” Zane stuck one finger into his mouth and then went straight for Dan’s hole.

As expected, a small gasp of surprise was the answer.

“You don’t have to worry about a thing,” Zane promised. “I’ll play around with your hole enough for you to beg me to put the real thing inside you. Sounds good?”

“Yes,” came the breathed reply.

“Then let’s get this party started.” Zane wanted to make Dan want it to the extreme. He knew well that he was pushed and stretched to his limits, and that meant that he needed to act, but not too fast. After all, this waiting felt quite teasing, and that would make the moment he would be buried deep in that sexy ass all the more gratifying.

He adjusted his position until his face was close to Dan's ass. Pushing apart the firm ass cheeks, he looked at the tight hole for a while and then gave it a lick. It was only a short one, but it must have had an electrifying effect because Dan thrashed under him and moaned loudly.

"Easy there," he cooed, "I'm not going to hurt you, see?"

"Your hurting me is the least of my problems," Dan said.

"Good. That's good. Can I go on?"

"Please, do," Dan whispered.

Zane didn't need any extra encouragement. He pushed his tongue as far as he could inside while keeping Dan down with some difficulty. This wasn't about breaking in a virgin boy. It was about seducing him, and Zane felt pretty much all-powerful right now. His own cock was twitching painfully, and Dan's reactions alone were enough to make him hard beyond belief. That could only end one way.

"Wait for me a little," he asked, as he pushed himself up. "I'm going to fuck you now," he promised as he grabbed with impatient hands a rubber and some lube. "Is that okay with you?"

"Yes," Dan replied. "But, could you just hurry?"

"Why? Do you have to be somewhere?"

"No." Dan swallowed thickly. "I just want to feel you now."

Talking about knowing what words and when to say them. Zane was hard as a rock, and his cock bobbed up and down as he found his way behind Dan. "Up, on all fours," he said, and for a moment, he wondered whether his voice had just trembled or he had only imagined it.

Dan obeyed, and Zane took a few moments to caress his back. "Never ever think that I don't like you. I like you so much that I'm afraid my cock is going to burst."

He worked Dan's hole gently for a while, as he whispered words of encouragement. Dan was slowly pushing his ass into Zane's fingers, moaning and trembling. If that wasn't a guy who was ready for a fucking, Zane had no idea what could be.

Without wasting any more time, he aligned his cock, making sure to apply some more lube over the rubber. Being Dan's first time and all, it was guaranteed to go a bit slowly at first. Zane promised himself that he wouldn't go fast, no matter what, no matter how crazy Dan made him with that gorgeous ass and soft, demanding moans.

He bit back a moan of his own as his cock made contact with the hot hole. Soon, he would be engulfed by the other's body, and then, pure pleasure would take over his mind. But first, he had to make sure that Dan was all right, that he was okay, and that he wanted this as much as Zane.

It was all about giving and then taking. That was Zane's MO. He began his descend slowly, making sure to stop each time Dan gave a signal that he was uncomfortable. It was a deliciously painful journey, but definitely all worth it. When he rested against Dan's ass, fully sheathed inside, he felt more glorious than ever in his life. "I'm in," he let the other know.

"I know," was the brief answer.

"Are you okay? How is it?"

"Like my ass is getting ripped in half, but it's not all bad," Dan said, hissing and gasping, as Zane moved slowly.

"Do you want me to stop?" Zane teased.

"Don't you fucking dare."

Oh. Dan wasn't keen on using hard words, but, apparently, a hard cock in his ass worked wonders for his perspective on the world.

"All right, then," Zane said. "I'm going."

Dan surprised him by putting his hands back and pulling at his ass, to accommodate Zane more. Seeing how tight those muscles were, Zane couldn't help but appreciate the gesture. He started moving, slowly at first, and he finally began voicing his pleasure at being squeezed like that. His cock was sunken in velvet heat, but it was also strong as a fierce grip, and Zane almost bit his bottom lip through.

Dan began moving, too, taking him by surprise. He was impaling himself, on his own accord, in Zane's cock, and it felt wonderful to meet halfway like that. They were really making the bed squeak, but that was no problem. Zane didn't worry too much about neighbors at that hour. Actually, he didn't worry about neighbors in general. He wouldn't start now when he was having the time of his life.

"Zane, what's this?" Dan asked through moans and grunts. "I feel like my cock --" Dan's rasped breathing stopped him from taking his idea further.

"You're such a bottom boy," Zane said with satisfaction. "I'm working your ass, and your cock is in heaven, right?"

"Yeah, it's such a weird sensation," Dan said. "And I'm not even touching my cock."

"Feel free to touch it. You'll have a blast. I'm telling you."

Dan let go of his ass and used one arm to push himself up. By the sounds he heard, Zane could tell Dan had to be hard at work, rubbing his cock. Nothing could be better. As overwhelmed as

Dan might have been, he was undoubtedly a guy who knew how to focus on his pleasure and not on what it meant to have his ass up and hammered by some other dude.

“Let’s take this to the finish line, okay?” Zane whispered.

His cock could only take this much. Dan encouraged him in clear terms to shoot in his ass, and, for a moment, Zane’s mind clouded. Well, he had the rubber on, but it was a nice way of putting in. He grabbed Dan’s hips hard and fucked him hard until his cock couldn’t take it anymore.

“Don’t move,” Dan demanded, and Zane stood there, impaled in his ass, feeling his cock pulsing.

It looked like Dan had just a little more until he could reach his completion. Zane stood there, patiently, enjoying the way his cock was still squeezed. Should he have been in there bareback, he would have said that his cock was getting milked to the last drop.

“This is fucking awesome!” came Dan’s strangled cry as he was, most probably, coming all over the sheets.

Zane smiled and caressed Dan’s ass. “I’m glad for you,” he joked, “but do you think you can release my cock now?”

Dan mumbled something, and Zane just pulled out. It looked like that still kept Dan suspended on all fours was that because he collapsed right away.

Zane dropped next to him and turned his head to meet Dan’s moist eyes. His lips were wet, too, and it looked like he had been drooling until earlier. With a small laugh, Zane reached for him and wiped his lips with one thumb. “So, what do you think of anal now?”

“It’s awesome,” Dan barely managed to let the words out of his mouth.

“Well, you’re welcome.”

Dan closed his eyes and stood there, breathing. Zane understood the feeling. He closed his eyes, too.

That might have contributed to making him lower his guard because the next question caught him entirely by surprise. “When do I get to do you, too?”

Oh, fuck. “Um, what?” He pretended to be half-asleep.

“You know. To fuck you,” Dan said it simply.

There was nothing simple about that. Zane let only small guys top him, as a general rule. Dan’s cock looked pretty damned impressive. It was good in his mouth but in his ass? Oh, fuck.

“Ah, that. I don’t do that much.”

“I figured,” Dan replied. “I just thought to ask. Although I think it would be so nice to fuck a twink’s ass, right?”

Zane bit his lips in frustration and still kept his eyes closed. Dan was so straightforward that his attitude left Zane dumbfounded. And now, he had no reply to that.

Dan gave him a small nudge. “How is it? Aren’t you going to tell me?”

“Man, how come you like to talk so much after sex?” Zane complained. “Do you have endless stamina or something?”

Dan snickered. “It must be because of all the hard training I do. Plus, I wasn’t the one to fuck.”

“Right. Then let me just sleep a little or something. You should do that, too.”

Dan sighed, and then, he placed one hand over Zane’s chest. “Thank you for showing me this, Zane. I think I know what I want now.”

“You think?”

“I’m sure,” Dan replied. “I want to be with a guy. I want him to fuck me, and I want to fuck him.”

That was just pure theory. For now, Dan was there, and there was only half of that deal he was getting. Despite the awesome climax from earlier, Zane now felt a bit dissatisfied. But with someone like Dan, he should have known to expect it. As much as he was great as a bottom boy, Dan wanted to enjoy being on both ends.

And that was not exactly a conversation Zane had expected to have so soon.

\*\*\*

“Call you tomorrow?” Zane asked, trying to sound casual.

Dan nodded as he put his sneakers on. “Sure thing.”

“My place or yours?” Zane wanted to make it clear that their arrangement would continue.

“Yours,” Dan replied. “It’s safer.”

“Yeah.”

It was seldom that Zane was left without words, but right now, that was one of those rare occasions. He was lost in his thoughts when Dan grabbed him and kissed him on the lips. He tried to kiss back, but Dan was already pulling away.

Damn, what a mess his head was right now.

\*\*\*

Sex was awesome, Zane pondered as he took a drag from his cigarette and watched the smoke soar in blue circles toward the ceiling. Next to him, Dan was snoring softly. Day after day, they had the same routine. Dan came over, and for hours, they did nothing but fuck. They talked some, but Zane was so afraid Dan might press for that bottoming thing, that he was trying to avoid proper conversation.

So far, it looked like Dan had no intention to ditch him, and Zane was grateful for it. Although they were only fuck buddies of some kind, they were awesome together. Dan laughed at his jokes, so that was a great plus.

The sound of his phone ringing interrupted his train of thought. He checked the caller ID. “Yeah, man,” he answered right away. “Do we have some job or something?”

“No. I’m going to the Z brothers and telling them where to stick it.”

“Wow. What happened?”

“They have a weirdo chasing April. I need to pay them and shut this shit down.”

“Okay, man. So, you need backup?” Zane never asked Jett for details. He trusted his bro with his life.

“I could use some. But you don’t have to get into this if you don’t want to.”

Zane snorted. “You’re kidding, right? We’re like brothers from different mothers.”

“What’s going on?” Dan asked sleepily.

“You can just stay here and sleep,” Zane told him. “So,” he was back to Jett on the phone, “what should I bring?”

“Bring a big duffel bag. I need to put the cash inside.”

“Sure thing. I’m on my way.” Zane stood up and began dressing while holding the phone between his cheek and his shoulder. He searched the top drawer for his brass knuckles and slipped them into his pocket, just in case.

“Where are you going?” Dan asked, his eyes never leaving him.

“I just need to take care of something with Jett,” Zane said quickly. “Don’t worry. I’ll be back before you know it.”

“It sounds like something serious.”

“It’s nothing,” Zane said curtly. The last thing he needed was for Dan to worry like a wife over him.

“Can I come with you?”

“No,” Zane said. “Just go back to sleep.” He winked at Dan, but he wasn’t met with the usual smile. “It’s nothing.”

“What is that in your pocket?”

“Nothing,” Zane said defensively. “Stop worrying.”

“You have to quit that dangerous job,” Dan said sternly. “Your friend is getting you in all sorts of trouble.”

“It’s nothing like that. And what’s this about quitting again?”

“I just don’t want you doing dangerous things.”

Dan’s phone went off with a notification, and Zane took advantage of having his boyfriend’s attention averted from his person to take off.

\*\*\*

Zane jumped into an Uber and gave the address to the Z brothers’ warehouse, where he would meet Jett. What was with Dan and his worrying so much? But maybe, just maybe, the idea immediately lit up his brain, he could just quit, too, like Jett. And that would surprise Dan, for sure.

Zane ran one hand over his face. He was getting soft or something. No guy he had been with before had ever asked of him something like that. But now? Now, things were different. He couldn’t wait to see the surprise on Dan’s face when he would tell him that he had quit.

\*\*\*

“Are you sure about this, man?” Zane asked and handed Jett the empty duffel bag.

“Yeah,” Jett said with a curt nod. “Now, when we get there, you can just wait outside.”

“No way. I’m going in with you. Brothers, right?”

“Yeah. But, you know, I guess I’ll have to hand in my resignation.” Jett grinned like a naughty schoolkid.

Zane shrugged. He was okay with that. More than okay, actually. “All for the better. I wanted a change of scenery, too.”

“I have some dough put aside. I’ll help you out.” That was Jett, always ready to help a friend in need.

Zane waved. “No need. I have plenty, too. You know, I might think myself an investor or something.” There were other things he could do once he was free of his obligations toward the Z brothers.

Jett laughed. “So, ready to rumble?”

“Lead the way, brother.”

\*\*\*

“What’s up with you, two?” Henry Zabinski stopped petting his cat and looked them up and down.

Jett threw the duffel bag on the floor. “I know about DeLouise.”

Peter came from the shadows. “What exactly do you think you know about DeLouise, boy?”

“I know all about it, and I know what to do with that info, too.”

Zane eyed his friend and then, he set his eyes on the Z brothers. They were the enemy now, and he caressed the brass knuckles in his pocket.

“So?” Henry made a large gesture with his fat hands, and his cat tried to catch one of them with the front paws. “What do you want?”

“I want him and you to leave April Summer the fuck alone.”

There was a small exchange between Henry and Peter. Jett glanced at Zane. So, whatever Jett knew, it was true.

“Why?” Peter asked. “What’s in it for you?”

“That’s none of your business,” Jett replied sharply.

“What’s in the bag?” Henry asked.

Jett took the duffel bag and opened it, showing the contents. Henry quirked an eyebrow, and Peter nodded. “You can count it. I’d say it covers whatever money you could have made by giving Summer to that guy.”

Henry seemed convinced. Peter, not so much. “What exactly do you think you have on DeLouise?”

Jett grinned, showing teeth. “You know well what. But I know who to go to with it.”

“The police?” Henry laughed, and his cat, annoyed with all the ruckus, decided to climb down from his lap.

“Nah,” Jett said. “His daughter.”

Henry looked at his brother, and Peter grimaced. “Sure. Just leave the money here. And don’t come back, Huntsman.”

Jett shrugged. “It’s okay. I quit, anyway.”

“Me too,” Zane added quickly.

“Can you believe these kids?” Henry pointed at them but looked at Peter.

“All grown up and shit,” Peter replied and shook his head.

“Whatever. It’s time for us to move on, anyway,” Jett said.

“What’s Summer to you, Huntsman?” Peter asked.

“None of your business. Let’s just say he’s important to my business,” Jett pointed at his chest, “and I’m not in the mood of sharing assets.”

“Hmm, you think you can join the grownups’ table?”

“Not interested in that,” Jett replied. “I’m making my own table.”

“You’re just a no-brain gorilla,” Henry said with a snort. “Don’t come running back to us, with snot under your nose.”

“Don’t worry. I won’t. Ready to head back, Zane?”

As much he was in the mood to break some bones, Zane was okay with this outcome, too. “Sure.”

“If DeLouise comes within a yard of April Summer, I’ll know,” Jett warned. “And his daughter will learn all about her daddy.”

Zane high-fived his friend the moment they were out. “Damn, man, I didn’t wake up this morning to become unemployed, but,” he tapped his chest, “it feels good, man. What was the deal with April and that DeLouise dude?”

Jett shrugged. “I totally bluffed. I have no idea what that douchebag wants with April, but he’s bad news. Good thing it worked, telling them about the dude’s daughter.”

“Yeah,” Zane replied but looked back at the heavy warehouse door with a bit of unease. “Do you think this is it?”

“If these dudes know what’s best for them, it better. It didn’t come to blackmail, but I have plenty of aces up my sleeve if it ever comes to that. Plus, they know it, too. I don’t know how many people they have up in their business, but they don’t manage loose ends well.”

“Wow, I don’t get a thing of what you said,” Zane said.

“Do you remember how I told you that I paid April’s debt?”

“Sure thing.”

“Let’s just say that April is not the first person in debt I’ve ever done that for. So, let’s just say that I’ve managed to cultivate some good relationships along the way.”

“Wow. So those are the aces up your sleeve?”

Jett nodded. “Some lawyers, guys who have family in the force, and some others who can hurt the Z brothers if they want. You know, the whole enchilada. I rarely beat up people. I am actually a smooth talker.”

Zane laughed. “I’ll believe it when I see it.”

“No need for that now. Seeing how we’re happily unemployed.”

“Yeah.” Zane grinned.

“Hey, Zane, isn’t that your boyfriend?”

Dan was rushing toward them from across the street, holding a phone tightly in his hand. “Are you two okay?” He seemed a little shaken. For a moment, Zane stood there, not saying a thing, his eyes so big that they were short of popping out of their sockets.

“Yeah,” Jett said.

Zane embraced Dan shortly. “Were you worried about me?” He got a hold of himself fast. It had to be that or Dan wouldn’t have been there.

Dan pointed at his phone. “April called me. He was scared.”

Jett puffed out his chest. “He doesn’t have to be. Not anymore. I took care of things.”

“And what did you need Zane for?” Dan asked, pointing at Zane.

“He just wanted to tag along,” Jett said.

“Whatever,” Dan replied. “Now, I need to call April and tell him you are all right.”

Jett caught his arm. “You don’t have to do that. I’ll call him.”

Zane took Dan into his arms. He couldn't care about April one smidge right now. All that mattered was that Dan had hurried off after him, most probably worried sick for him. He had to care about him, right?

His eyes glided to Jett and noticed the huge frown on his friend's face.

"April's not picking up," Jett said.

## *Chapter Seven – A Total Teaser*

“Man, slow the fuck down!” Zane shouted at Jett while barely holding to his seat.

The moment Jett had found out that April wasn't picking up, they had all three ended up in the car, and now, Jett was driving like a frigging maniac.

“April turned off his phone!” Jett shouted back. “Why would he turn off his phone while I'm calling him? That fucker DeLouise better not got to him already, or I'll be pissed!”

“I think I'm going to be sick,” Dan complained from the backseat. “Maybe he just needed to put Jay to his nap or something!”

“April never turns off his phone! Anyone who has a problem with my driving, get out!”

“At eighty? Are you fucking nuts?” Dan yelled. “Just stop the car, and I'll get out!”

“I don't have to deal with your shit! Zane, why is this asshole with us?”

“Hey, easy! And if the police catch us, we won't get back to your house for hours. So slow the fuck down and don't call my boyfriend an asshole!”

Yeah. He got that Jett was pissed, but that gave him no right to call Dan an asshole. Zane knew many things about Dan's asshole, and he didn't care to share them.

“April could be in danger, and you're worried I'm hurting your feels?” Jett shouted again.

Man, Jett needed being talked into some sense. He was absolutely berserk, and Zane had seen his best friend at his worst. Now, that was something new. “Slow the fuck down, and we'll get there!”

In the back, Dan seemed to have a real problem with Jett's driving.

“That's it; I have to open the window!” Dan lowered the window and stuck his head out.

He looked at his boyfriend, retching over the open window.

Jett shrugged. “At least, he didn't do it inside.”

Zane's shouting and Dan's puking must have had an effect on Jett after all, because he finally slowed down.

Zane looked at Dan, noticing how pale he was. His boyfriend seemed to have a problem with speeding cars, too. That, besides the fact that he didn't care for Zane to work for some loan sharks. Just at the thought of that, Zane's heart filled with warmth. His boyfriend was a big softie; that was what he was.

Slowly, he reached for Dan's hand and took it. There was no resistance; instead, Dan linked his fingers with him. Zane looked away and smiled. Jett was in no mood to see him happy over such little things, seeing how he was scared out of his wits over April's not picking up his phone.

They rode to Jett's house in complete silence, but the moment Jett pulled in front of it, all of them sprinted out and through the front door, calling for April. Zane could feel a shot of adrenaline coursing through his veins the moment Jett took April's phone from the kitchen table. April was nowhere to be seen.

Zane exchanged a quick look with Dan. He read fear in Dan's eyes, but also determination. Whatever was happening there, they would get to the bottom of it. For so long, the only backup for Zane had been Jett, but now he liked the idea of having someone else standing beside him.

"Hey, guys, what's with all the noise?" That was April, sitting on top of the stairs and staring curiously at them.

Zane let out a big exhale and shook his head. As sweet as he was, April deserved a kicking over not answering the phone. He had just given all of them a big ass scare. He turned to look at Dan only to notice the expression of pure happiness on his face upon seeing April safe and sound.

That stung. Yeah, he was happy, too, but still, Dan didn't need to look at April like a frigging puppy in love. Zane looked down and crossed his arms over his chest. This couldn't continue too much like that.

Jett climbed the stairs, jumping them three by three, and stopping one hair's breadth from April. "Why the fuck did you turn off your phone?"

Zane took in the entire scene with curious eyes. There was something off, he could tell. April seemed distant and seeing how Jett had driven there almost killing them all, that was unfair.

"What's wrong?" Jett asked.

"There's someone here to see you, Jett," April said and pointed at the door behind him.

Zane couldn't see Jett's face from where he stood, but he knew his best friend's body language very well. There was sudden tension, the kind he knew well.

"Fuck. Don't tell me; my old man is at home."

That was Zane's guess, too.

"Hi, Jett," a feminine voice came from behind April.

"I'll be damned," Zane whispered to himself. He moved to watch the scene better. That was Carina, and she was holding baby Jay in her arms, like that was her entire life, right there.

That could only mean that the mystery of Jay's mom was finally solved. Why didn't it surprise Zane that it could only be her? If there had been at least one part of Jett's life when he had seemed to be truly happy, that must have been when he had been with her. Zane sometimes noticed stuff like that. Only that Jett hadn't really moved from the memory of that boy from long ago, and that had hurt his bottom line with Carina, too.

"Who's that?" Dan whispered.

"Hush, I'll tell you," Zane whispered back.

"Carina," Jett said. "What are you doing here?"

"I'll let you two talk," April said and began descending the stairs before Jett had a chance to stop him. "Let's go into the kitchen, guys," he told Dan and Zane, and they followed him without a word.

\*\*\*

Dan sat on a chair, and Zane took another, but it looked like April was in no mood to do the same. He was fidgety, and Zane could only guess what was going on through his head. That was yet another job for Zane, the relationship expert.

"Would you please sit?" Zane said. "Why is she here? Is she Jay's mom?"

"Yes," April admitted with a barely kept in sigh.

"And why did you turn off your phone? Your boyfriend almost killed us on our way back." Zane threw another look at Dan. His boyfriend was keeping both hands on his stomach, and he still looked a bit green. Maybe he just couldn't deal with too many emotions at once. Yeah, a big softie.

Still, Zane couldn't forgive him so easily. He had gone and quitted working for the Z brothers, and Dan looked like he couldn't care less. And that, after he had pestered Zane with that for who knew how long.

"There's been a bit of a misunderstanding," April said, making Zane turn his attention to him again. "And I should ask you where you all were. Dan is sick; you've spent minutes without teasing me or joking, and --" April trailed off.

There was no point in writing a book on what they had done, but Zane could offer a summary. "We just took care of some business. By the way, you won't have any trouble with that DeLouise dude. It's over."

"Why is that?" April looked at him, evidently surprised.

“Jett took care of it. You should have seen your boyfriend, telling the Z brothers off for you. I should have recorded that stuff. If you hadn’t been love with him already, you would have fallen for him now.” Zane attempted a small smile, but April didn’t return it.

Now that would be the test of fire for him as a relationship therapist. April looked pretty shaken over Carina’s coming to the house and being back in Jett’s life. And not just anyhow, but as Jay’s mom, which was the biggest thing.

“How did he take care of things?” April asked.

“He paid the Z brothers to close the deal with DeLouise without giving him squat. Ah, and he quit,” Zane explained, watching April close and gauging all his reactions.

April looked at Zane in disbelief. “What? Why? I mean ... I know it was dangerous, and I’m glad, but, for him --”

Zane put up one hand to stop him. “Any complaints you have, take them with him. And I quit, too. Not that it looks like that is making anyone happy.” He threw one meaningful look at Dan.

“Seriously, dude?” Dan complained. “I’m green in the face. Your pal drove like a madman here.”

“Is that why you’re sick?” April asked Dan.

Dan just nodded. And then, he looked at Zane. “And I’m glad you no longer work for the mafia or something.”

Ah, now that was more like it. Zane smiled. “April, my man, what can you bring to my boyfriend here? I’d kiss him, but he looks like he might puke again at any moment.”

“I keep all the medicine upstairs,” April said. “But I guess the worst came to pass. Dan just needs a tea that’s good for his stomach, and I have that right here.”

“Ah, you don’t want to overhear them talking,” Zane said and nodded thoughtfully. “So Carina is the kid’s mom, eh?”

“It looks like it,” April confirmed. “I mean, she threatened me with a plastic fork. I don’t see why she would have done that unless she was afraid I was hurting her baby. Also, Jay knows her and is happy in her arms.”

“Carina,” Zane said and shook his head. “Kind of a wild beast, that one.”

“So, this dude is straight? Why is he fucking April?” Dan intervened.

Zane threw his boyfriend a brief look, and Dan mumbled something under his breath. “Jett loves April,” he said matter-of-factly.

April pretended to be busy with the tea and didn't say a word.

"Carina is here, so it's good that little Jay has a mom, after all. But that doesn't change anything," Zane continued.

April didn't seem convinced. Zane knew that, after all, April needed to come to terms with his feelings and Jett's feelings on his own. He watched Dan drinking his tea for a while.

"We should hit the road," Zane said. "Dan, let's go. We need to leave the guys to talk this out."

To his surprise, Dan didn't comment against his decision and stood up from the table.

"Are you guys already going?" April asked. He had been washing the same plate for the last ten minutes if Zane counted correctly.

"Yes. Make sure to talk to Jett."

April just nodded and looked away. Zane had a feeling his advice wasn't exactly taken to heart. He would hear all about it later, from Jett. For now, he needed to let the main protagonists handle it. Also, he needed to straighten some things with Dan. He had been nothing but patient and understanding, but Dan was still pining over April.

\*\*\*

They rode in silence in the back of an Uber, and Zane kept looking out the window, ignoring Dan on purpose. Dan wasn't saying anything, so maybe that wasn't a good sign, either. But they really needed to have a talk, and that meant that the moment for some hard truths was near.

"Are you coming in?" Zane asked as the car stopped.

"Yes," Dan said.

They walked inside Zane's apartment, still without saying anything else to each other.

Zane sat on the sofa, but Dan remained standing. "So?" he asked.

"So what? You've been weird the whole time," Dan pointed out. "I'm waiting for you to talk or something."

"I'm always the one talking, right?" Zane said, letting some of the bitterness he felt inside show through. That wasn't like him, but he needed to let Dan know that he wasn't that unfeeling.

"I don't know. I do plenty of talking."

"I guess," Zane agreed. "You can't tell why I'm pissed at you, can you?"

Dan looked away.

“You can,” Zane said with finality. “So? What are you going to do about it?”

“What do you want me to say? April is --”

“Some dude’s boyfriend, not yours. Cut it out. Just stop.”

“But --”

“No ‘buts’. Do you even like me? A little?”

“Of course, I do.”

“Then why do you keep drooling after April, like a frigging puppy in front of a bowl of the best kibble in the world or something?”

Dan stared at him and blinked hard a few times. Yeah, he was adorable, but Zane wasn’t about to let himself be steered so quickly from the topic they needed to talk about.

“I can’t help it,” Dan said softly.

“Well, help it, because I don’t see why we should continue.”

“Why do you care? I thought you didn’t care.”

“What made you think so?”

“You’re in this only for the fun. You wouldn’t care if I felt --” Dan choked on his words.

“If you felt what?” Zane’s ears perked up right away.

“Nothing.”

“It’s not nothing. Out with it.” Zane stood up and walked closer to Dan. Dan moved back, but his back hit the furniture behind him, so he stopped. Zane grabbed his chin and made him look at him. “Well?”

“I can’t tell you,” Dan protested.

“You can tell me anything,” Zane said softly.

“Not this.”

“What is it? C’mon. I’m not going to let you off the hook that easily if that’s something you believe I’d do.”

“You will only laugh at me,” Dan said meekly.

“Try me. If I laugh, feel free to punch me in the face.”

Dan looked at him like he couldn't believe his ears. He snorted. "Right. Like I have a death wish or something."

"I won't hit back. I promise. If I laugh to whatever you're going to tell me, it means that I'm a jerk, and jerks deserve being punched in the face."

Dan pondered for a moment. "I'm safe still thinking myself in love with April," he said in one go.

"What?" That wasn't precisely what Zane thought he would hear. All he knew was that he was curious like hell about what Dan was hiding, without daring to make any predictions. But this thing about being safe, what was it all about?

"If I dare to think of you that way --" Dan choked again.

"That way? What way?" This time, Zane was done playing. He crowded Dan into the bookcase behind him and made a cage with his arms.

"You know what way!" Dan shouted, but he was making no effort to break free.

"I don't know what way. I wouldn't ask you about it if I knew."

Dan blushed so hard that his ears were in flame. Zane moved swiftly and caught one by the lobe. Yes, it was burning. Dan let out half a giggle at that.

Zane let him go. "I won't laugh. Tell me everything, Dan."

"I can't let myself go crazy about you," Dan blurted out.

"You can't or you won't? Because I really can't see a problem here."

"You don't?" Dan risked a look at him, despite looking like he was a moment away from combusting. "You're a player!"

"I'm not playing with you!"

"You are!"

"Why are you saying this? I'm not playing with you! Okay, we fool around a lot, but it's not that kind of playing. I'm not seeing anyone else but you."

"Yeah, but that can change anytime, right? You don't care about me!"

"When have I said that?"

"You don't have to say it. It's pretty clear. It has been from the start, so I have no right to complain and --"

Zane stopped Dan with a kiss. He grinned when he released Dan, who had gone instantly silent. “I like you a lot, Dan. I like you like I’ve never liked anyone else before you. Can’t you see it? It’s okay if you like me back a little. And seriously, all that pining over April is getting old. Even today, you were looking at him with such eyes --”

Now, it was Dan’s turn to shut him up. Unlike him, Dan didn’t grin when he released him from the kiss. Instead, he looked into Zane’s eyes with astonishment written all over his face. “Are you serious? Do you mean it?”

“I’m serious. I totally feel like that about you.” He wasn’t about to drop the big L because he had no experience with stuff like that which, for a relationship counselor, was pretty lame. “So, how about you forget about April? I know it might not be easy --”

Dan began laughing like a naughty kid. “Maybe it’s a bit easier than you think,” he said playfully.

“Really? How is that?”

“I don’t know. Are you jealous?”

Zane thought about it for two seconds. Could he admit it? Like, seriously? “Yeah,” he said simply.

Dan threw him a lopsided grin. “Then, that means that you do feel a little for me.”

“A little? I feel a lot for you, asshole.”

“Really? Or do you feel a lot only for my asshole?” Dan teased him.

Ha. Now, look who was a bit of a smartass. It could be because Dan had paid a lot of attention to him, and that thought made him happy. “Wait, so the situation today --”

“You mean, about you quitting that dangerous job? I’m so glad you did. I hope you just didn’t do it for me only.”

“You played an important part in my decision, but that wasn’t what I wanted to say. I mean, you know that April’s and Jett’s situation just got complicated ten folds.”

“Because of that girl?”

“Yeah. I’m sure they’ll work it out, but I’m curious about you. Don’t you think you have a better chance now?”

Dan stared at him like he couldn’t really understand the question. “No. Why would I? April is clearly in love with Jett.”

Zane let out a sigh. "I'm glad you finally see it. Really glad."

\*\*\*

They had ended taking things to the bedroom, like usual. It was with renewed strength that Zane made love to Dan because, at least to himself, he could admit that it was that. Dan wasn't like the others. Zane was serious about him.

Dan caressed his back, his large hand resting on the small of his back. Zane purred in delight. The hand got a little bolder, and Zane stiffened as he felt it venturing lower. He tried to appear casual as he straightened his position. Dan watched him through the eyelashes. He had really pretty eyes, and Zane was pretty damned sure that he knew it.

Dan lay on his back and then closed his eyes. "It must be a lot of fun to fuck someone, right?"

Zane bit his bottom lip. What could he say to that? He stole one look at Dan's cock. Even in its dormant state, it was still pretty impressive. There was no way Zane could picture that going inside his ass. It had to hurt. And it wasn't only that. He was the seducer, the guy on top. When he let some guy top him, it was because he felt completely secure doing that.

He watched Dan in silence, and only then he noticed the ghost of a smile. Ah, damn. Was he being played? He had to be and seeing how he hadn't even been aware of it, it could only mean that he was starting to lose his touch.

"Are you playing me?" he asked, just for good measure.

Dan appeared surprised when he opened his eyes. "Playing you, how?"

"It must be my imagination, then," Zane replied.

Dan pushed himself on one elbow. "C'mon, Zane," he said in a playful voice. "There's something you're not telling. Stop being a total teaser."

Zane moaned. "I'm the teaser? I think I liked you better when you were shy and inexperienced." He grunted when Dan pushed two fingers into his flank. "You're the teaser," he added like a petulant child.

"I'm not," Dan protested right away. "Anytime you want to fuck me, I'm game. You, on the other hand --"

"Hey, listen, are you hungry?" Zane straightened up brusquely and climbed out of bed. He grabbed a pair of boxers on his way to the door. "You must be. I worked your ass pretty hard."

A well-aimed pillow struck his back. Zane grabbed it and threw it back. Dan had a crooked smile now. Damn, that had been a close call. How on earth was he going to withstand the kind of attack Dan clearly had in store for him?

\*\*\*

Having a boyfriend definitely had its perks, but Zane could feel a bit of a nagging sensation at the back of his mind. Dan was getting grabby with his ass more often than not, and there was a lot of innuendo and jokes that involved certain parts of Zane's anatomy. It could be that he had awakened a monster. Dan was bent on getting him to submit, and, a few times, under the pretext that he wanted to show Zane some football techniques, he has pinned him down and had him admit defeat.

"You know, I am well aware that you're hot stuff on the field and that, but you don't have to practice on me," Zane complained one day.

"Don't tell me that, since you got rid of that dangerous job, you're getting soft." Dan challenged him with his eyes.

There was some softening going on, but it had nothing to do with what Dan thought. More than anything, Zane needed some time to think about that kind of stuff and realize where he truly stood.

"Yeah, right." He grinned instead of offering a proper reply.

Waving it off like it didn't matter was the way to go, for now. Whatever Dan thought and hoped for, it just had to wait until Zane would figure it all out.

"You know, I don't think you're in this with your all and such," Dan said.

"In this? You mean, you don't mind me calling you my boyfriend now."

"I like being your boyfriend," Dan said. "And I hope I didn't hurt your bum."

As always, Dan used every occasion to throw allusions around and touch Zane's butt, like right now.

"You know," Dan added, "for a gay guy, you're overly conscious of your ass, and not in the good way. Don't you like it or something? Because, from where I stand, it looks fine to me."

Zane felt surrounded. How long could he hold out? Dan was bent on getting him to bottom, and that was a pretty scary thought.

His phone went off, and Zane hurried to grab it. He exchanged a few looks with Dan while he talked to Jett. Well, going away for one weekend would help him clear his head. Probably, that was the same thing Jett needed, too.

"I'm going hiking with Jett this weekend," he informed Dan in a single breath.

"Can I tag along?" Dan asked.

“Ah, sorry, it’s just a thing between bros,” Zane said.

Dan wasn’t great at hiding his disappointment. But he didn’t say anything and just nodded.

Zane hurried to kiss him on the lips. “Don’t worry. I’ll be back before you know it.”

“Is April coming on this trip?”

Zane made a sour face.

“I’m asking because if he comes, I come, too,” Dan added.

“That much you want to see him?” Zane asked gruffly.

Dan grinned and grabbed his crotch suddenly. “No. But it wouldn’t be fair that I should be left at home when your bro’s boyfriend tags along.”

“Ah. So, you want to keep an eye on me or something?”

“Sure,” Dan admitted. “So, is he coming?”

“No. Jett needs a breather or something. He got into a fight with his old man.”

“Okay.” Dan was considerate and didn’t ask for details.

Zane kissed him one more time. “Maybe we’ll take things the next level once I’m back.”

Dan’s face lit up. “You mean --”

“I want to introduce you to my mom and dad,” Zane said promptly.

If Dan was disappointed, this time, he hid it well.

## *Chapter Eight – Letting You In*

The weekend with Jett had been quite fruitful; Zane had to admit that their conversations had helped him figure out some things, too. If he really liked Dan, if he wanted to introduce him to his parents, then he needed to man up for real.

So, as it happened with all things, they had to be done in proper order. Zane called Dan on his way back home.

“Hi,” Dan welcomed him, the moment he picked up. “Are you back? Can I come over?”

Just like a puppy, he sounded overly excited over the idea of having his owner back. Not that Zane considered himself Dan’s owner or anything, but it did warm his heart whenever he thought of Dan being his boyfriend, for real.

He grinned, although he knew Dan couldn’t see him. “I’m almost home. I just need to take a shower but come. I missed you.” The words left his mouth without him being able to stop them.

But it was all fine.

“I missed you, too.” The words hadn’t been spoken flippantly. It was clear that Dan put his heart into them.

“Just let yourself in if I’m still in the shower when you’re here.”

Making Dan a copy for the key to his apartment had seemed like a good idea, and it had come naturally from the start. While Zane didn’t pay visits to Dan’s place that often, it had been a tacit agreement between them to hang out more at Zane’s home.

“Okay. I can’t wait to see you,” Dan whispered into the phone.

Were Dan’s parents wondering what it could be that took Dan out of the house so often lately? Maybe Dan already spent a lot of time outside, given that he was a fan of physical activities, but Zane could bet that not many, if anyone, suspected what sort of activities Dan was into these days.

Zane would help Dan work out the courage to tell his parents and other people important in his life about who he really liked, but it was a decision for Dan to take and no one else. Until then, Zane had plenty of steps to walk himself.

He threw his knapsack in a corner and went straight for the shower. Even if he had managed to subdue a very angry Jett, which, in itself, was an astounding accomplishment, his best friend had gotten him good a few times, too.

Zane let the warm spray hit his back and moaned in delight. That was working wonders for his tired muscles. It was just what he needed. He soaped his body thoroughly, feeling a slight

sensation of arousal only by thinking of how it would all go down with Dan. He could bet the guy would be so surprised once he learned Zane was down with putting his ass up.

He was lost in thought, so he missed the door opening silently. One big rough hand slapped his ass, making him jump.

“Fuck me! Are you secretly a ninja or something?” Zane grinned, although he could feel the slap on his ass stinging a little.

Dan’s eyes were hooded, and he stepped into the shower with Zane with his t-shirt and jeans on.

“You know, you could’ve taken off your clothes if you wanted to join me in the shower,” Zane pointed out.

“No time,” Dan murmured and pulled Zane into a rough kiss.

Someone must have missed the other quite a lot. Zane was impressed, and he felt a bit off-balance, but not in a bad way. It was all right to allow his boyfriend to take the reins sometime. Now was as good a moment as any, especially seeing what he had in mind to propose later.

It took him, however, all his strength to push Dan slightly away so he could take a good look at him. “Wow, you really did miss me,” he said with a smirk.

“Yeah. I had no idea I could feel lonely without your bad jokes,” Dan replied, with a grin of his own.

“Lonely? You were lonely?” Zane asked, quirking an eyebrow.

Dan looked away for a moment in embarrassment, but then his pretty eyes set on Zane. “I’ve been thinking.”

“Okay? About what?” Zane grabbed the hem of Dan’s wet t-shirt and pushed it up so that he could tease the naked skin underneath.

“I like you for real, Zane. I like you more than whatever I felt toward April.”

“And now I know that you’re just pulling my leg,” Zane said. His blood was running hotter suddenly, and it wasn’t because of the warm water pelting his back.

“I’m not,” Dan said with a serious expression on his face.

“Okay. Elaborate,” Zane said and pushed one finger against Dan’s pec.

Dan sighed one time, and from the heart. “At first, I thought you were a bit of an asshole.”

Zane’s eyebrows shot up, but he was obviously amused. “All right. Let’s say that I understand you.”

“And then, you began showing me stuff, and you really, really made my head go all --” Dan illustrated his words by moving one hand in circles while pointing it at his temple. “And I thought it would be so bad for me to fall for such a bad boy --”

“Fall? For me?”

Dan blushed. It was incredible how he could still blush after all they did. “Yeah.”

“Wow.” Zane felt his jaw going slack. Was that a confession he was hearing? Damn, it was surely a confession, and quite the confession if he thought about it.

“Yeah,” Dan said again. “I thought you should know that, um, I didn’t exactly follow with the plan of not falling for you.”

Zane smirked and pulled Dan closer. “Come here.”

“Wait.” Dan stopped him with one hand placed on his chest. “I have a bunch of things to tell you.”

“Can’t they wait? I feel like I need you more than anything right now.”

Dan laughed, embarrassed, but then he schooled his face into a serious demeanor. “No, they can’t wait.”

“Okay, but I hope it’s nothing bad. You’re looking pretty solemn right now.”

Dan shook his head. “I just want you to know that, um, I like you anyway. That it’s more than, um, like.”

Zane stopped for a moment. “Wait? Do you mean like --”

“Yeah,” Dan said quickly. Even though he had gathered the courage to speak so far, it looked like he didn’t have the guts to say it out loud. “Like that, yeah.”

Zane looked Dan up and down.

“Why aren’t you saying anything? You make me a bit nervous,” Dan said.

“It must be because I feel the same about you, and I don’t know how to say it.”

“You? You don’t know how to say it?” Dan was genuinely surprised.

“Hey, it’s not like I go around, telling guys that I love them,” Zane protested.

For a brief moment, they both stared at one another, eyes wide. Apparently, the L-word had been dropped, regardless of their hang-ups.

“You ... you ...” Dan made serious efforts to get the words out, “love me?”

Zane crossed his arms over his chest and looked away. “Yeah. Is that so hard to believe? Wait, wasn’t it the same thing you wanted to say?”

Dan began laughing.

“Oh, shit,” Zane said. “Now, I’m the fool.”

“You’re not,” Dan contradicted him right away. “It’s just so completely unexpected! And I wanted to say the same thing?”

“So say it,” Zane said in a challenging tone, putting his chin up.

Dan scratched his head, looked down at his wet clothes, pulled at the hem of his t-shirt, and then mumbled, “I love you.”

“I’m not sure I heard you,” Zane said teasingly.

“I love you.” This time, it was a little louder.

“Oh, I think that I got water in my ears.” Zane began making a show of trying to get imaginary water out of his ears.

“I love you!” Dan shouted this time.

Zane stopped his antics and opened his arms to pull Dan into a tight embrace. “I love you, too, puppy.”

“Puppy?” Dan asked, visibly surprised.

Right. As much as Zane had been thinking of Dan as a puppy, he had never let those thoughts out of the bag. Now, they were out in the open, so maybe he had some serious explanations to give. However, that could wait until later, and he planned on offering a credible reason for why he saw Dan that way.

“Yeah. I just love dogs,” he said for the moment.

“And I’m like a puppy to you? Not like a Doberman or one of those big breeds?”

“Nothing like that. You’re just too cute.”

Dan groaned and rested his forehead on his shoulder. “You have the weirdest ideas about me, Zane. Hey, I have some other things to say to you.”

“All right. Now that the awkward moment of confessing is out of the way, I guess I can listen to whatever you want me to say. Unless it’s the end of the world, I can’t promise that I’ll care too much, though. I feel too stupidly happy right now.”

“I just wanted to tell you,” Dan sighed, “that it doesn’t matter that if you only want to top. As much as I want to know how it would feel to be inside you, I can live with --”

Zane kissed Dan loudly on the neck. “You don’t have to live with anything. I also have some things to say.”

“Okay,” Dan said solemnly. “I’m listening.”

“When I’m thinking about the next step in our relationship, I’m not just talking about taking you to mom and dad.” Zane allowed a couple of seconds for the meaning of his words to sink in. It appeared that Dan wasn’t that great at using his intuition. His face was blank. “I’m talking about putting my ass up for you, puppy,” he whispered into Dan’s ear.

“What?!” A surprised shout was the immediate reaction.

“Yeah. I mean, I thought about it and --”

“Let’s go,” Dan said and pulled him by the hand out of the shower. “Do we have everything we need? I mean, do you, because I --”

“We’re making a mess on the floor,” Zane protested.

“Since when do you care about cleaning and stuff? I get to top you!” Dan’s enthusiasm was contagious, so Zane decided it would be for the best not to stop him.

But Dan stopped short of coming out of the bathroom and grabbed a towel, which he used to rub Zane’s head vigorously.

“Ouch. You’re pulling all my hair out.”

“It will grow back,” Dan said.

Zane was pretty sure Dan hadn’t meant for that to come out as a joke, but he laughed anyway. Dan pouted and began rubbing his hair even more viciously. Zane decided to surrender. “All right, all right. You made your point.”

Dan didn’t stop at his hair and rubbed his entire body. Only after he was convinced Zane was reasonably dry, he began dragging him to the bedroom once again.

Zane laughed when he was pushed on the bed, with Dan between the legs. He just gestured for the drawer where he kept his supplies, and Dan went to grab them. There was such a serious look on his face.

“Wait. You should undress, too,” he pointed out.

Dan nodded and pulled his t-shirt over his head. It was funny as hell to watch him do that, while he kept the condom and the lube he had gotten from the drawer tightly in his fist, without showing any signs that he wanted to let go.

“And the jeans,” Zane said and put his hands behind his head as he took in the scene in front of him with amused eyes.

Dan’s cock bounced out of his jeans, and Zane’s smile died on his lips. Damn. As caught up as he had been in their mutual confessions and everything, he had forgotten why he had been so scared in the first place about bottoming for his boyfriend.

Now, there was no turning back. He couldn’t act chicken, either. Dan put his condom on and rubbed a ton of lube on it. Then he looked at Zane, and his expression changed. “You changed your mind, didn’t you?” he said, evidently deflated.

“What? No! It’s just that, well, you’re quite big. And I’m a little chicken.”

Dan snickered. “For real? You’re afraid of something? You?”

“Hey, you pack a real gun between the legs,” Zane protested.

Dan considered for a moment what was going on, by the seriousness of his face. “Just guide me. You must know a ton about how to make it all good for a guy who’s bottoming. So teach me.”

“Okay,” Zane said, somewhat hesitantly. “Wait. You’re not going to tell me that we could wait a little and all that?”

Dan was confused, but only for a second. “Do you mean it? I mean, okay, if that’s something --”

Zane couldn’t bear to see his boyfriend so disappointed. The hard cock bouncing up and down as Dan climbed on the bed was a clear argument against any kind of waiting. Nope, there was no time to wait. “Come here, and I’ll take you through it.”

Dan smiled like a kid promised the perfect gift on his birthday and then climbed on top of Zane. They began kissing, and Zane sensed some of his worries melting away. It wasn’t like he was a total ass virgin, right? He just needed to relax a bit. Of course, Dan’s body, large and heavy on top of him, didn’t make him feel relaxed but aroused, and that was good, too. With the proper lubrication and preparation, he had to be sure that he would be able to accommodate Dan’s tool without too much trouble.

Dan devoured his lips. It was clear that he had been dreaming about this. Zane was more than happy to make his dreams come true, even if it meant that he would feel, at least, some discomfort along the way.

“I think I should put myself in position,” he said gently. “You know, on all fours.”

Dan frowned. “But, I want you like this.”

“Really? Missionary?”

“Yeah,” Dan said with conviction. “I want to look at you so that I know that I’m not hurting you.”

“Ah, I see. You’re such a good guy, Dan.”

Dan snickered in reply. “And you’re not that much of a bad boy, after all.”

“Don’t push it. It’s not like I’m soft or anything, even though I quit my job.”

“I don’t care about that. I care about how you are with me. And you are good,” Dan replied.

Well, that was a good point. Zane didn’t care to argue. He adjusted his position, bringing his knees up. “Then, as the good guy that I am, I should present my ass to you.”

Dan smiled and pushed himself back so that he could stare at Zane. There was something intense in his eyes, and Zane couldn’t quite recall if he had ever seen that expression on his boyfriend’s face before. Tentatively, Dan touched his cock, and then he grabbed it firmly. Zane began to move his hips slightly off the bed, meeting the touch.

“I hope you don’t plan on taking this path. I might just come,” Zane said in a playful tone. “You know that I love your hand very much.”

“How about my mouth?” Dan asked directly.

Zane looked at him, craning his neck so that he could observe Dan. This time, Dan’s face was unreadable. “Well?” he asked, unnerved by the silence.

Dan shrugged, while his move on Zane’s cock didn’t stop. “I don’t know. It just occurred to me that I haven’t been a very good boyfriend.”

“How is that?”

“I mean, I’ve never properly done this,” he said, and then he moved fast, landing on his belly, with Zane’s cock right in his face.

Zane said nothing. His mouth was dry, and he couldn’t quite believe his eyes. Dan took one deep breath, and he began lapping at his cock. It was like the impatience from earlier was gone. Dan stopped after a couple of minutes of pure heaven. “I’ll do you completely later,” he said in a raspy voice. “I want you too much now.”

If that had been a plan to distract him from what would follow, it had worked like a charm, Zane thought. He lay on his back and let Dan caress his balls and cock before aligning himself for entrance. He closed his eyes, determined not to say anything unless it hurt really bad.

“Am I hurting you?”

Zane opened one eye and stared at Dan with it. “You’re not even close to my ass. Come on, Dan, let’s fuck this century,” he said teasingly.

Dan nodded and went back to work.

Zane decided to encourage Dan a little. After all, he was the one new to it all. “Hey, don’t worry. I won’t start crying or anything.”

His joke had the desired effect. Dan snickered, and then, he finally found his way to Zane’s hole. Zane bit his bottom lip as he felt a blunt thing at his back door. It was fine. It would be fine. After all, bottoms he fucked were always told to relax, and by no other than him. So, he could tell himself the same things.

Dan caressed his face slowly. “You’ll tell me if it’s too much, right?”

Zane grinned, without opening his eyes. “Just go ahead and wreck me already.”

“I don’t want to wreck you.”

“Hush. Just do what you want. I can tell my ass wants you badly already.”

Dan leaned in and kissed him, and then he began entering Zane slowly, giving him time every step of the way. Zane wasn’t sure if he had ever been THAT careful with his lovers. But that was Dan, a gentle guy who just happened to be in love with him, something that was making Zane happy beyond belief.

Dan began moving faster and faster, and Zane linked his legs around him, taking him all in. It really wasn’t that hard, the penetration and all. He could hardly recall why he had been so stressed about it all. Dan’s cock was good inside him, and it must have been that Dan had paid proper attention to the lessons Zane had given him, albeit unknowingly.

“You’re awesome,” Zane encouraged his lover, and met him thrust for thrust, to the best of his abilities in that position. If he was a great top, he also wanted to be a great bottom for Dan, and that was almost new territory for him. Yeah, his ass was stretched, and he could feel Dan everywhere, but he had started to sense something new as his boyfriend’s pistoning continued.

He grabbed his cock and began pumping it. It was all he needed to get to the point of no return. “Oh, fuck!” he shouted.

His sudden release must have taken Dan by surprise because there was an instant guttural sound coming from him. Dan increased his rhythm, now in berserk mode. Zane let his mind go blank as he felt Dan pushing inside him.

A couple of minutes later, they were both on their backs, staring at the ceiling, most probably because they couldn't do anything else.

"That was amazing," Dan whispered. "Like nothing I've ever felt."

"Well, then you know exactly how I feel when I'm on top. You're still going to let me top, right?" Zane said, only half-joking.

"Sure. I love you on top," Dan replied right away.

There was honesty in his words, so Zane didn't question them anymore.

Dan stretched out one hand and let it rest on Zane's chest. "Can I ask you something?"

"Shoot," Zane said.

Dan snickered. "I just did."

"What do you know? You can even joke now. I should have let you top earlier."

"Yeah. Like much earlier."

"All right. Point taken. What did you want to know?"

"How come you decided to let me, you know, fuck you?" There was a bit of hesitation there, although not much.

Zane smiled. "I just had an interesting conversation with Jett. And then, I just realized that I wasn't letting you in."

"Like, in the physical sense."

"That, too. But you talking about April was on me, too. I guess I thought myself not ready for a real commitment and all that."

"Wow, you know the word 'commitment'."

"And what do you mean by that?" Zane pretended to be scandalized.

Dan laughed. "I'm just teasing you. So, now, what are we?"

"What do you mean? We're boyfriends."

"And in love," Dan said with a satisfied sigh.

“And in love,” Zane agreed. “So, ready to catch some shuteye?”

Dan didn't say anything for a while. “Or maybe we could do it again?” The questioning mark was hopeful.

Zane pulled his loving boyfriend into his arms. “Come here. We can do whatever you want.”

*Four years later*

“So, can you believe these guys?” Zane pointed at the happy couple posing for an umpteenth picture, this time with a group. “Tying the knot and all that.”

Dan clinked his champagne glass against his. “Actually, I believe them. It was expected. I heard it through the grapevine that Jett had proposed a while back. And that April had said ‘yes’.”

“Yeah, I know. But it's still something, right?”

Dan observed him from the corner of one eye. “I have a feeling this conversation is going somewhere.”

“It doesn't,” Zane protested right away.

“I know it does. Deny it all you want. Do you want me to be the one to say it?”

“Say what? I have no idea what you're talking about.”

Dan hooked one arm over his shoulders. “We've been dating for four years.”

“Yeah.”

“And our parents are like best buddies or something.”

“Not that surprising. They're all pretty easygoing people.”

“And we live together.”

“Yeah.”

“We have a budget, Zane, for fuck's sake. For groceries. Joint budget. And for everything else.”

“No need to swear at a wedding.”

“I was just trying to get your attention.”

“Okay, you got my attention. Now what?”

“Why don't we get married?”

It was so like Dan to be so direct. Zane tried to hold in a smile. “Married?”

“Yeah. We won’t change anything. All right, there may be a name change, but that’s it.”

“Name change? Do you want me to take your name?”

“Or I yours.”

“How will we decide?”

“Coin toss,” Dan said simply.

Zane was pretty sure Dan had prepared for this moment because a coin materialized from his pocket.

“Heads or tails?”

“Heads,” Zane said with a shrug.

The coin flipped through the air, and then it stuck in the soil at their feet.

“Now that’s a bummer,” Dan said with a sigh. “Again?”

“Nah, no need. I have a better idea,” Zane said. “We can just join our names like we joined our budgets. What do you say?”

“Okay, but whose name goes first?”

“Maybe we’ll have to toss the coin again.”

Zane didn’t wait for Dan to agree or disagree. He just pulled him into a deep kiss, until someone not far away started whistling. Whoever that was, they could keep at it all they wanted. Zane wasn’t going to let go of his boyfriend, soon to be husband, that easily.

THE END