

JOCK DORM:

Dan and Gregg



Bobby Michaels

Praise for the writing of Bobby Michaels

Jock Dorm: Dar and Gregg

Dar and Gregg are simply delightful! Bobby Michaels has penned a very touching and quite often hilarious tale of coming out and falling in love. I only wish all scared and confused young men, gay or straight, could find each other as these two did.

-- Jet Mykles, author of *Heaven Sent 2: Purgatory* (Loose Id)

A very moving tale of love. *Dar and Gregg* is a wonderful look at family and acceptance. It is also a magnificent tale of commitment between two lovers.

-- Melinda Barron, author of *Tales of the Magician 1: The Captive One* (Loose Id)

The jock dorm: hot guys, locker rooms, group showers -- what's not to love? But what makes this story so special is the emotional connection between Dar and Gregg. Mr. Michaels writes with humor and compassion to show us a relationship that's as sweet as it is hot. This book is so much fun! I can't wait for the next in the series!

-- Jeanne Laws, author of *A Good Man is Hard to Find* (Loose Id)

Dar and Gregg is a sensually intense tale of two people who fall in love. They just happen to be men. Bobby Michaels has written a story with a strong voice, especially the character of Dar, and I'm looking forward to reading more.

-- Mechele Armstrong, author of *Dinah's Dark Desire* (Loose Id)

Dar and Gregg are instantly lovable. I was very soon laughing and for all the right reasons. The story is written at a pace and level of wit you think the author cannot possibly keep going. In some places sweet, in some places sad, with candid, uninhibited love scenes throughout, and most surprisingly of all, a lesson against prejudice.

-- Sharon Maria Bidwell, author of *The Swithin Chronicles 1: Uly's Comet* (Loose Id)

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

Jock Dorm: Dar and Gregg

Bobby Michaels

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

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ISBN 978-1-59632-287-5

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

Printed in the United States of America

Editor: Crystal Esau
Cover Artist: P.L. Nunn

Dedication

To all my readers at Nifty who saw me through my learning process and especially to Dawn, who nagged me into finally doing this.

Chapter One

First of all, a piece of advice. Do not, under any circumstances, fall in love with a jock. Especially one who is your college roommate and the captain of the college wrestling squad. More especially, don't fall in love with a jock who is your college roommate and captain of the college wrestling squad when you don't even have the guts to come out. Above all, do not do any of the above and then tell said jock roommate how you feel. It just fucks with their brains, which are evidently pretty befuddled to begin with -- probably from the fumes from all the Ben-Gay they use. Man! You almost have to have a menthol and camphor fetish to live around one of them.

Now, having said all that, let me explain how I came to make all of these mistakes -- and a lot more.

It really wasn't my fault. I transferred from a community college to the state university after my sophomore year. What I didn't figure on was being hospitalized for pneumonia for three weeks right when classes were supposed to start. By the time I got there, the room I had been assigned to was taken and Campus Housing put me where there was a spot. That spot was in the jock dorm. Evidently one of the muscle boys pulled some important piece of anatomy and ended up not being able to participate in sports for about the rest of his life and therefore lost his scholarship and his room. Campus Housing made sure to impress upon me just exactly how lucky I was that they had any space for me at all. I guess they figured that they needed to assuage their consciences for what they were about to do.

I am about as far from being a jock as you can get and still be considered male. First of all, I'm short, only five-foot-six, and at nineteen years old, I realized that my chances of me making it to six feet -- or even five-foot-ten -- were two: none and none. Add to this I am very slender, about a hundred and twenty pounds dripping wet with my clothes on. I do have three very nice features -- one of which I didn't learn about until later. I have really

nice hair, dark chestnut with red and gold highlights (natural, not dyed), which I wear long; and, from what I've been told, very beautiful green eyes. About the color of emeralds, was how they were described. I later found out that I have a great ass. Round and bubbled, unusual for someone as slender as I am. Oh, there is another one, but we'll talk about that later.

I was told about my hair and my eyes by my best friend, Cindy, in high school. She never said a word about my butt, but then again, we weren't on that kind of terms with each other. We were just friends, which is all I could ever be with a girl because I am completely, totally gay. However, I am also completely, totally in the closet about it. If you went to the high school and community college that I went to, you'd understand why. I mean, I'm all for "cultural diversity"; I just wish my high school or community college had any. No, my high school was all of one culture -- redneck bigot. What do you want? This was the Midwest. The place where corn and pigs outnumber people.

The school was filled with all of these gorgeous farmboys, all of whom were total Neanderthals. Pick-up trucks with loud country music blaring out of them, straw cowboy hats and shit-kicking boots. Get the picture? And the girls? Oh, my God! So much eye makeup that they looked like raccoons, way too big hair, and outfits that would have given the fashion editor of *Vogue* a coronary.

I was a "townie." My father was president of the local bank and we lived in a very nice house with no pick-up trucks in the driveway and no large animals roaming our backyard -- well, unless you want to count my dog, Baron, who is a Great Dane. Leaving Baron behind when I left for the state capital and the university was about the hardest thing I ever had to do. However, I was willing to do anything short of a sex-change to get the fuck out of that small, narrow-minded town.

Oh, and yes, I am a smart-ass. I have carefully developed this personality trait over my entire life to deal with the bigoted assholes who have surrounded me in small-town America. So you're just going to have to deal with it if you want to know what happened.

I'll never forget the first time I met my roommate, Gregg. I had just arrived on campus with all of my stuff. Since I was an incoming junior, I was allowed a car on campus. I had just managed to find the right dorm and had finally found the room. It was mid-morning, so the place was all but deserted with everybody in class. I wasn't really expecting anyone there when I took the key that Campus Housing had given me and opened the door. The first thing I saw was the most glorious male ass I had ever seen in my life. It was attached to what was evidently the body of a god. Tall -- six-foot-four -- and muscular. VERY muscular! Wide shoulders, broad back, narrow hips, thick thighs ... but that BUTT! Oh, my God! It was the most perfect bubble butt I'd ever seen in my life.

One thing that could be said for those farmboys back home: they all have really nice butts. Must come from farming or something. I don't think you'd get it riding in a pick-up truck, unless there's something about which the Ford Motor Company has failed to inform

the American public. But why would they do something stupid like that? They could sell at least a million more units a year. Can't you see the ads now? A picture of one of those delicious farmboys in super-tight, almost painted-on jeans, bent over slightly, showing off his round, gorgeous glutes, with the caption reading: "The Ford F-150, best built truck in America and it gives you an incredible-looking ass just by riding in it."

No, I don't think so. Anyway, all those farmboys had incredible asses, but nothing, absolutely *nothing*, to compare with the ass that was almost literally staring me in the face.

Oh, it comes to mind that you might be wondering just how I knew how incredible all those farmboy asses were at home? You'd also then wonder how I knew how well so many of those farmboys were hung if I mention that later. You see, I may have been in the closet, but I wasn't stupid. Ever heard of the movie *Hide in Plain Sight*? Well, not that this was in the movie or anything, but I figured that the best way to become invisible was to do exactly that. Hide in plain sight. So I became the manager for both the football and the wrestling teams in high school. For those of you who do not know what a team manager does, let me inform you. You are the jocks' flunky, pure and simple. Anything that those sweating Neanderthals needed, it was my job to get it for them. I also did their laundry. Towels, uniforms and ... ahh ... jockstraps. (More on the jockstraps and me later.) The manager is totally necessary for the team and totally ignored by everybody. It's like you don't exist. Your life is only to serve their sweaty existence. Of course, you also get to inhale all those heavenly, sweaty, musky masculine smells of the locker room while watching them strip and either get into uniform or out of uniform or back into clothes, etc. I probably got to see more of those boys' dicks, balls, and asses than their girlfriends did. This was also the reason that it was important for me to (a) stay in the closet and (b) be as invisible as possible.

So back to this muscle-god's butt ...

There he stood, arms raised, drying his hair with a towel and not one other piece of cloth covering anything on his body. And there I stood just drinking in the sight of one of the most beautiful butts that I have ever seen, attached to one of the most beautiful male bodies I have ever seen. He finally turned around and, rather than covering up, simply let the towel stay in one of his hands as it dropped to his side. Since my gaze had been basically glued to his butt, when he turned around the first thing that came into view was -- you guessed it -- his cock. Well, I supposed it was his cock. With something that long and thick, it could well have been an extra arm. I mean, I know this is a farm state and all, but this boy looked like he belonged in a barn, not a dorm, with that thing. I had seen a lot of cock in my life -- trust me, I'd worked hard to make sure I got to see every one that I could -- but never had I seen a piece of meat like this one. It was uncut and the head covered by a beautiful foreskin that hung down about half an inch below the head. This was a farm state and I'd seen a lot of guys with uncut cocks, I'd just had never seen one this big before.

My eyes began to travel up his body. First to the puff of golden curls on his pubic mound, then up to his very cut six-pack abs, then to his really incredibly muscular pecs -- noting his huge biceps and deltoids, as well -- until my gaze finally reached his face. FUCK!

This was so unfair. Nobody with a body like a god should be allowed to have the face of one, too. Deep-blue eyes, lightning-bright smile -- Fuck! He even had dimples.

“Hey, dude.” He grinned at me.

Oh, no! I guess nature is fair after all. Beautiful and brainless. One of the “dude” crowd.

“You must be my new roomie. What sport do you play?”

I could see he was sizing up my body and trying to fit me into some known sport. I could have just told him I was a jockey and let it go at that. But no, I’m a smart-ass, remember?

“This will probably come as a tremendous shock to you, but people do enter this facility of higher learning with intentions of doing more than grinding their sweaty bodies against other sweaty bodies while chasing air-filled cylindrical objects across muddy fields.”

Well, this rocked his world for a few moments. I could see him trying to figure out what I had just said and not having a great deal of luck with it. It did dawn on me, somewhere in the back of my mind, that it was probably not really a good idea, within the realm of self-preservation, to piss off somebody who was as big as he was and in such close physical proximity. However, by the time these thoughts surfaced, the words had long left my mouth -- another of my personality traits which, I’m sorry to say, I have not had much luck in curbing. I tend too often to speak before I’ve thoroughly thought about the consequences of what I’m about to say and to whom.

Luckily, this time, dire consequences did not befall me. Instead, to my surprise, his grin re-lit his face and he began laughing uproariously.

“Fuck, dude, you sure do talk funny,” he said when he finally stopped laughing. “I’m Gregg, dude.”

And with this, he stuck out his paw. Well, I don’t know if you can call something that big a hand. It was at least twice the size of mine. However, given the dimensions of his male organ, the large hand did make sense -- even if the old wives’ tale takes things in the opposite order. I put my small hand in his, expecting it to be crushed and useless for the rest of my life. I thought that perhaps a nice hook could replace it. But to my surprise, while Gregg’s handshake was firm, it was not overwhelming or painful. It seems that the god Gregg had no need to display his strength -- he was quite secure in his masculinity. And let me tell you, I certainly was in love with his “masculinity” (which was still dangling soft and giving me incredible fantasies of what it looked like hard).

“Ah ... I’m ... Dar.”

“Dar? Like in *The Beastmaster*?” he asked and his eyes lit up.

God, if only I could master this beast, I’d be happy for the rest of my life.

“No, Dar ... as in Darwin. My mother and father had a very warped sense of humor. Please just call me Dar.”

“No prob, li’l dude. So you don’t play sports? How’d you get placed in this dorm?”

“I only got to campus because I was ill. It seems yours was the only dorm room with an opening. Campus Housing evidently had my transcripts and noticed that I was on the football and wrestling teams at home.”

“You wrestled and played football?” His voice was full of suspicion and his eyes raked me up and down looking for something that evidently was not there.

“No. I was the team manager for each of the sports. I was on the team; I did not play.”

“Oh!” Saying this, he nodded his head. Mystery solved. “So, you gonna go out for manager for our team?” he asked eagerly.

“Which team is that?”

“I wrestle. Two-hundred-pound weight class. I’m also captain of the team. First junior captain in over twenty years, Coach told me,” he announced proudly.

“No, Gregg. I’m going to concentrate on academics and getting really good grades so that I can transfer to a major university on the east or west coast for graduate school. I’m willing to do anything that I can to get the fuck out of this state and never come back.”

“Wow, you must really hate it here. Why?”

He looked at me with puppy-dog eyes, like he really cared why I was so unhappy with our home state. I knew I couldn’t tell him that only in major cities on the east or west coast could I finally live my life as a gay man, free from the bigotry and discrimination which I’d seen far too much of in Middle America.

“Let’s just say I’ve got my reasons and let it go at that, okay?” I said.

“Okay.”

Now you realize, I’m sure, that this entire conversation was taking place while Gregg was still standing there in all his godlike, naked beauty. I certainly realized it, and my unruly cock was realizing it, too, and making the normal nuisance it made of itself by snaking down the leg of my jeans and leaking pre-cum until there was a dark stain halfway down the leg of said jeans. There are times that I wish I would wear underwear, but I just hate them. They would have come in handy right then, though. Gregg didn’t seem to notice anything, which was fine with me. I didn’t want him to know anything. I especially didn’t want him to know that the scent of his body was driving me almost around the bend at that moment.

“Hey! You got a lot of stuff to bring in? I can help with that.”

“Don’t you have to go to class?” I asked.

“Nah. This is Tuesday. I don’t have morning classes on Tuesday and Thursday. I just usually sleep in or go work out. That’s where I just got back from. So? Want some help?”

“Yes, that would be really nice of you. It’s a long way from the parking lot to the second floor of this dorm. It looks like we have the same schedule. I don’t have class on Tuesday or Thursday mornings, either.”

“Great. Okay, come on. Let’s go get your stuff.”

With this, he grabbed the doorknob as if to leave.

“Uh ... Gregg ... don't you think you ought to get dressed first?” I asked.

He looked down and it was like it was the first time he noticed that he was naked.

“Oh, yeah. Sorry about that. I like being naked, so I don't even notice it half the time. Hope it doesn't bother you or nothin'. I can put on clothes if it does.” I could hear the reluctance in his voice, however.

“Don't dress on my account. It's your room, too. Be as comfortable as you want.”

Oh, yeah! Be naked around me all the time. Let me drink in that jock-god body of yours 24/7. Let me worship at the altar of Eros and smell your raw, sweaty scent.

“Thanks,” he said, grinning.

Gregg grinned a lot. He seemed to be a very happy guy most of the time. At first, I took this for a lack of intelligence. Goes to show what happens when you stereotype people.

He pulled on a jock, some tiny gym shorts, and a pair of flip-flops, and we headed down to my car. My car was a ten-year-old Toyota Camry station wagon which was a hand-me-down from my mother when she got a new one. It was not what you would call “cool” by any stretch of the meaning of that word. What it was was transportation -- basic transportation. My parents did not feel I needed a BMW 325i to go to school in -- no matter how much I lobbied for the necessity of it.

We got down to the car and I opened the back. Gregg immediately grabbed the biggest box he could see. It held my books, and I had wondered how the hell I was ever going to get it up the stairs of the dorm because I had barely been able to lift it into the car. Gregg, however, lifted it as if it held feathers, not books. I stumbled along behind him with an armful of clothes on hangers. When we made it back to the room, I was already panting like I had climbed Mount Everest or something. Gregg looked at me and instantly saw that I was not only not a jock, but out of shape as well. Not that I had ever been *in* shape, mind you.

“Dar ... uh ... look, why don't you stay here and start gettin' your stuff put away, and I'll bring the rest of the stuff up here,” he said, looking at me sitting on the empty bed, trying to regain enough breath to answer.

“I ... can't ... ask ... you ... to ... do ... that.” I huffed and puffed as my lungs tried to replenish my air supply.

“Fuck, dude, it ain't nothin' for me. Just a little extra workout. Somethin' you ought to think about. I mean, you got a nice body and all, but you seriously need some conditioning. You shouldn't be all tired out from just one trip up here.”

I knew he was right, but I had always had an extreme aversion to things like working out and exercise. Mostly it was because I was small and not able to do a lot of the things that boys bigger than me could do. And since almost all the boys were bigger than me ... it just made the whole thing too uncomfortable and embarrassing. Not to mention that once I

turned thirteen and figured out that I was gay, I desperately didn't want to appear a wimp as well, for fear that the two would be equated and my secret discovered.

"Yeah. I know. I'm just no good at stuff like that." I looked away, not wanting to discuss my reluctance.

"Dude, there's nothin' to be 'good' at. It's lifting weights and cardio. This ain't wrestling or football. I can help ya. I'm a phys ed major. Starting Thursday, you and me are gonna work out in the gym. I'm gonna set you up with a program to gradually increase your endurance and put some muscle on that nice little body of yours."

Okay, what the fuck was going on here? That's the second time he mentioned what a nice body I had -- even if he did use the "L" word. I quickly dismissed the idea of it being anything. *He's a jock*, I told myself. *Jocks notice and evaluate everybody's body. You heard him; he's majoring in phys ed, for God's sake.* I berated myself for my wishful thinking.

"Now, I'll be right back with more stuff. You start puttin' it away." And with this, he grinned at me once again and headed out the door.

I got to my feet and started hanging stuff in what was evidently my side of the closet, as it was empty. Not that his side of the closet was at all full. There were a couple of dress shirts, a couple pairs of dress pants, and a sport coat that I could have made a tent out of. Damn! This was one big boy. I quickly filled my side of the closet and part of his, but it didn't seem to matter much; there was still plenty of room if he decided to ever buy more clothes. I figured that Gregg's basic wardrobe consisted of either jeans and t-shirts or gym shorts and t-shirts.

He brought up several loads and had just gone down for another when I dropped a book on the floor and, reaching for it, made a momentous discovery -- a jockstrap. A very well-used, not recently -- if ever -- washed jockstrap. I grabbed it and shoved my nose in it.

This would probably be as good a place as any to discuss my history with jockstraps. They are, without doubt, my favorite piece of apparel for other males. I love seeing a guy in one. I love seeing a guy in one with not another piece of clothing on his body. In fact, there is only one other way that I prefer to see a guy dressed, and that is not. We come into this world in our birthday suits, and I believe that is the way God intended us to remain -- naked. Well, at least guys who look like Gregg. And, of course, the jockstrap has a utilitarian purpose, protecting, as it does, the family jewels from getting knocked around while playing sports or damaged by strain while lifting weights. All in all, probably the most important but least heralded piece of male attire ever invented.

One of my duties as team manager for wrestling and football had been laundry. After practice daily, I would gather all the towels, uniforms, and jockstraps and launder them for the next day. I would start with the towels and, while those were in the dryers, I would wash the uniforms. This left the jockstraps.. Drying took much longer than washing, so there was quite a bit of time between when I loaded the uniforms and when the towels were dry enough to be folded. There I would be with this pile of jockstraps, each one indelibly marked

with the owner's name on the waistband, so I knew which strap had cradled which cock and balls. I took full advantage of the fact that I was doing laundry after everybody had gone home. I stripped naked, sorted out the jockstraps of the guys who really turned me on, sat on the rest of the pile of jockstraps, and beat my meat while I huffed the strong boy-jock smells trapped in those damp pouches. What I especially loved was that a lot of the guys would forget to throw their jockstraps in the laundry every day, so some of them were always very well used and very fragrant with that aromatic mixture of sweat, piss, pre-cum, and musk that builds up between a jock's legs. You might say that I was in scent-pig heaven, sitting on the floor of the gym laundry and stroking myself to sometimes two orgasms an afternoon.

So there I sat in my new dorm room with my nose buried in my new roommate's very aromatic jockstrap. God! The funk, the sweat, the smells. Gregg was definitely a male scent-machine, pumping it out and all for my enjoyment -- as long as he didn't find out. I boned up instantly upon his raunchy scent entering my nose, rising in smoky essence like incense or perfume, but so much more robust and masculine than any artificial scent could ever be. I wanted to jack off right then, but I didn't know when Gregg would be coming back with more stuff, so I quickly shoved the jock under my pillow for further exploration at a more private time.

I was right, too, because not more than five minutes later, Gregg walked through the door with what he announced as the last load. He then helped me get things in place so that, in very little time, I was completely moved in. We broke down the boxes and Gregg ran them downstairs to the dumpster. When he came back, he said it was time for lunch and walked me over to the student cafeteria. The food was plentiful, if not great cuisine, and Gregg ate enough for what I would consider two normal meals. It certainly took a lot of food to keep that body filled with fuel.

Afterwards, we went back to the dorm room and he changed for class. Again, I got to see him in all the glory of his natural state of nudity, at least until he got dressed in a pair of old sweatpants and a t-shirt. He showed me where the classrooms were for my afternoon classes and told me he'd see me back at the room after wrestling practice that evening. Seems his wrestling practice lasted until six p.m. every day. He told me he would come back to the room after and walk with me to the student cafeteria so I wouldn't get lost. I didn't bother to tell him that I had an unerring sense of direction and would have no trouble finding it. If he wanted to be nice, I would surely let him -- especially if it meant spending more time with him.

It was already apparent to me, just from what little time we'd spent together, that Gregg was one of those rarities -- a really beautiful guy who was beautiful in every way. No attitude, no oppressive ego, no overblown machismo, just an all-around nice guy. I was going to love living with him, even if it wasn't the way I'd like to.

When I got back to the dorm room after my classes, I still had about two hours before Gregg would arrive to go over to dinner, so I stripped off all my clothes, grabbed his used jockstrap from under my pillow, lay back, and snorted the deep funk of my roommate while

gently stroking my boner. I managed to come twice, the jockstrap in my mouth the second time as I sucked out all the funk that the strap would release to my eager tongue. I then threw it back under his bed to the same approximate location it had been when I found it. Grabbing a towel and pulling it around my waist, I walked down the hall to the bathrooms and took a shower.

Because State was a university which prided itself on “keeping up with the times,” we did have coed dorms. But by this they meant that males were on one floor and females were on another floor, alternating the height of the building. Well, how else would you think they’d do coed dorms in the Midwest? I quickly learned that there was a nice parade of male flesh, usually naked, heading for the showers and bathrooms almost any time of the afternoon and evening.

I showered and got dressed and waited for Gregg. He came bustling in a few minutes after six and we headed back to the student cafeteria. When we got there, Gregg ordered even more food than at lunch. I guess he was hungry after the practice and workout. It was after we had our trays that the realization of something hit me. I saw a table of all jocks, guys from Gregg’s team waving to him as I looked for a table. Of course -- the “jock table” in the cafeteria. How had I forgotten? Just like high school. I realized that I was not going to get to spend time with Gregg -- he would sit at the jock table and, because I wasn’t a jock, I couldn’t. Gregg walked over to them and I just turned and found a table in the back against the wall. I would have to remember to bring a book with me from now on to keep me company while I ate.

I had no more than thought this when a shadow fell across the table. I looked up and there was Gregg. And, as usual, he was grinning at me.

“This seat taken?” he asked.

There wasn’t a filled seat for twenty feet around me, and he could see that.

“No, it’s not.” For some reason, I didn’t want to make this easy on him.

“Mind if I join you?”

“Won’t your friends miss you?” I said, sarcasm dripping from my words.

Almost the moment that bitchy remark was out of my mouth, I wanted to bite my tongue. Luckily, Gregg just seemed to brush it off.

“They’ll be fine.” And saying this, he sat down across from me.

“I’m sorry.” I hung my head in embarrassment. “That wasn’t very nice, and it certainly wasn’t called for.”

“Hey, it’s okay, Dar. I guess it must be pretty intimidating being around a bunch of jocks, but trust me, they’ll get used to you -- especially when they know you’re living in the same dorm with us. They really are a great bunch of guys.”

“Of course,” I said, but I’m sure my disbelief showed in my voice.

“Nah. Really. You’ll see.”

We talked -- no, make that Gregg talked -- through dinner about wrestling practice, his classes, his hopes, his dreams. He was a very talkative jock. Usually, most jocks, unless they're with their own kind, tend to verbalize in grunts. Not Gregg. He was like a magpie. Yet the strangest thing was, I wasn't bored. I should have been. I should have been bored right out of my skull, but I wasn't. I found myself caring about what was interesting to him. I also found myself caring about him. I quickly brought myself up mentally. What the fuck was I doing? I was not going to get hung up on some straight jock who would probably, at best, kick me to the side of the road, or, at worst, kick my ass if he found out that I was gay. No way was that going to happen to me. I wasn't going to pine my heart away for a guy who would spend the rest of his life breeding. Not this boy.

However, I began to notice something. In all this conversation, sex -- especially girls -- was never brought up. Not once. I also noticed that there were some girls sitting around us now and Gregg hadn't even glanced their way. It was like he wasn't even interested. Was that possible? A jock who wasn't completely pussy obsessed? I thought to myself that perhaps he was a late bloomer, but even that didn't make any sense. Since he was a junior, he had to be at least as old as me, maybe older. I've heard of guys who got into sex late -- but late was sixteen, not eighteen, nineteen, or maybe twenty.

After dinner, I was going to head back to the dorm, but Gregg suggested a walk around campus so he could really show me the place and I could get oriented. I certainly wasn't going to object. I found myself liking him more and more and wanting to spend as much time with him as possible. And to think, I got to sleep not six feet from him.

We walked around campus for about an hour. I learned where all my classes were held and where the library was. I learned where the student union was and the campus bar called the RatSkeller. We stopped in but only had Cokes, both because we were under age and because Gregg was in training and I rarely drink. I don't trust myself to not become aggressively romantic, and I'm too afraid I'll put the make on another guy -- a situation which could be very dangerous.

We got back to our room and began to study. Our desks were pushed together back to back so that we sat across from each other. I found myself glancing over to get a glimpse of him every so often, and I could have almost sworn I saw him doing the same thing. But I knew I was crazy. Why would he be looking at me?

It was about ten p.m. when Gregg announced that he needed to go to bed because he had to get up early to work out before classes. He said he'd come get me for breakfast if I wanted. The fact of the matter is, there are two things I hate -- getting up early and breakfast. But I found myself saying that I would be glad to get up and go to breakfast with him. I shocked myself by what I was saying. I guess I was really losing it over this guy. I had to stop. It wasn't going to happen, I tried telling myself. I just wouldn't listen to me.

So, there I was, up at six a.m., showering and getting ready for class while waiting for Gregg to show up to go to breakfast. The other shock I found, once we got there, was that I

was hungry. I actually ate breakfast. As we ate, we compared schedules and found that we both had two hours for lunch and agreed to meet again. What I found interesting was that it was Gregg's idea -- not mine.

We met for lunch and then walked around campus again for a while. Gregg showed me a place he liked to come to when he just wanted to think. I made a joke about "Pooh's Thinking Place" and Gregg's eyes lit up.

"You like Winnie-the-Pooh?" he asked, his excitement showing in his voice.

"Well ... yes ... I do."

I'd never admitted to anyone my affection for all the creatures in the Hundred Acre Wood. I was astounded that I was telling Gregg, of all people.

"I love Pooh! Who's your favorite character?" The excitement in Gregg's voice made it feel like it was very important to him that we had this love for A. A. Milne in common.

"I love Tigger. I always love the way he says, 'That's what Tiggers do best,' but then ends up finding he can't do it at all. What I especially love is how wonderful he is to Roo."

"Yeah. I love Pooh because he always remembers that friendship is the most important thing." And while saying this softly, he was looking deep into my eyes.

Something was happening between us, but I didn't have the faintest idea what, and it somewhat scared me. I just smiled nervously and glanced away.

"You know, I have the books with me. They're on my shelf in the room. You can borrow them anytime," I said quietly.

"You just reminded me of Piglet then. How he's always willing to share with Pooh, but he's shy about showing how much Pooh really means to him."

Okay, my mind was going overboard now. This conversation definitely seemed to have two levels, but what if I was wrong? What if Gregg really was talking about just Winnie-the-Pooh? I guess my answer came when he said softly to me, "Thanks, Piglet."

To go along, as if it were a joke, I looked at him and grinned. "You're welcome, Pooh."

Gregg threw back his head and laughed at this. It was a joyful laugh, almost like a child's, but with the deep baritone of a man. It would seem that something had just happened between us, but I wasn't sure what. Gregg, on the other hand, seemed to know and to be very pleased with it. We walked back to the room then and got our books to go to our next classes.

"You know, if you're not doing anything after your last class, you could stop by the gym and watch us practice. I could introduce you to some of the guys."

"I'd love to. I do love wrestling."

Which is true. Not professional wrestling, which is nothing but a scripted show, but real wrestling, the kind done in high schools and colleges across the nation. I love watching

males struggling against the bodies of other males. I think there are two Olympic sports that really draw gay men -- wrestling and gymnastics. I know they certainly draw me.

So, that afternoon I showed up at the gym and watched from the stands while the wrestling team practiced. What they mostly did was spar with one another, working on moves. But in the center of the mats was the circle that was used for real meets, and it was there that the coach would call pairs of wrestlers to go against one another in actual matches.

I saw him call Gregg over and another wrestler who was about Gregg's size. This guy, however, was dark and very hairy. He even had a moustache. He and Gregg went at it until the coach's whistle blew and then rearranged themselves as if it were the second period of wrestling, where the wrestler who was in control at the end of the first period kneels behind the other, grasping his arm and getting ready. The other wrestler was in control and so he was "up." Gregg was underneath him, but when the coach's whistle blew again, Gregg kicked out and did a perfect reverse, ending up on top of the other wrestler and in control.

I could see Gregg straining, putting everything into a maneuver to turn the other wrestler over. At first, I thought it wasn't going to succeed, but slowly the other wrestler's body turned and Gregg finally pounced on top of him, pinning him to the mat. The coach was down on his hands and knees, checking to see if it was really a pin -- whether both of the other wrestler's shoulders were on the mat. The coach slapped the surface of the mat twice with his hand, indicating a pin and giving the match to Gregg.

Without even thinking, I rose to my feet cheering for Gregg -- forgetting this was just practice and there was no gym full of fans. Just me. Gregg looked up when he heard me. He waved and then clasped his hands above his head in a victory sign. I saw him talking to the coach and the other wrestler, no doubt explaining who I was. I sat down, my face red as a beet in embarrassment for getting so carried away. When I looked up, the coach and Gregg were headed straight for me. I wanted to run, but my legs had turned to jelly and I couldn't move.

Gregg yelled up to me to come down. Oh, NOW my legs could work! Not when I needed them to run. I walked down the bench seats and stood on the floor of the gym with the coach and Gregg.

"Coach, I want you to meet my new roommate, Dar. Dar, this is Coach Evans."

I put out my hand to the coach, who shook it. Again, firm but not painful. I also noted that his hand was also a lot bigger than mine. The coach, who was almost as tall as Gregg, had a thick neck, broad shoulders, and a well-developed chest. His dark hair was cut short, and like I guess all coaches, he wore a t-shirt with the college logo and the word "Wrestling" on it, along with a pair of shorts, white socks, and trainers.

"Dar, Gregg here tells me that you used to be the manager for the wrestling team at your high school. Is that true?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, it is. For all four years I went there."

“Well, we just lost ours. He graduated last term, and I haven’t found anybody to take his place. Gregg suggested I ask you. Now, it doesn’t pay much, but you’d get to travel with the team, go to all the away matches, and all your expenses would be covered.”

“Paid?” I asked. “You pay managers?”

“This isn’t high school, Dar. We have a large athletic budget. We find that we keep people longer if they’re paid rather than volunteers. The job pays only a hundred dollars a week, but I figure that could come in handy.”

“Would it ever,” I said enthusiastically.

“Now, managing at the college level is a bit different than at the high school level. You’d be expected to assist the team physician when he’s treating guys for injuries and to do other therapeutic things to help the team members. Things like massaging injured players and getting them into and out of the whirlpool.” This information surprised me. I guessed Coach was right; this wasn’t high school.

“What about laundry?” I asked.

“That’s done by other paid workers, so you don’t have to worry about that. You will be responsible for the protective gear -- making sure that it’s in good repair and available. Are you interested?”

I thought for a moment. This would give me even more time with Gregg, and I would even get to go to the away meets with him. It might also help me get to know the other jocks in the dorm and get them to at least tolerate me.

“Just tell me where to sign up, Coach.” As I said this, I could see Gregg positively beaming.

“Great. You can start today. Gregg here will show you basically what you need to know. Come on over and meet the rest of the Fighting Stallions.”

So I finally got to meet the jocks I was sharing the jock dorm with. Coach introduced me generally, and then Gregg took me around to meet guys who were particular friends of his -- including the dark wrestler that he’d pinned.

“Dar, this hairy beast is Vince. Vince, meet Dar. He’s the new manager and my roommate.” Gregg announced this with such pride in his voice that even I couldn’t miss it. What the fuck was that all about?

“So you have to room with this great, lumbering ox, huh? Well, you have my condolences, Dar,” Vince said in a very serious tone, putting one of his hands on my shoulder in commiseration. At the same time, however, he gave me a wink to let me know he was joking.

“It would seem that the ‘lumbering ox’ can be quite fierce when he falls on you,” I replied to Vince, getting a grin from Gregg and a rueful smile from Vince.

“He just got lucky, that’s all. We’ll see tomorrow.”

“Yeah, just like we’ve seen every tomorrow since practice started in August.” Gregg laughed.

Gregg took hold of my shoulder and maneuvered me away from Vince, then walked me down to the locker room. He showed me the cabinet filled with Ace bandages, large cans of Ben-Gay, and other assorted medical supplies. He told me it would be my responsibility to make sure that all the supplies were kept at optimal levels. Gregg reached up into the cabinet and handed me a pair of nurse’s scissors, the kind with one end long and blunted to be worked under tape for cutting.

“Here, keep these with you. You’ll need them for after practice to help cut tape off guys. You’ll also be expected to help tape up anybody who needs help with it before practice. Practice is every day at four p.m. On Saturdays it’s at ten a.m. until two, with a break for lunch. Is that okay with you?” Gregg asked.

“Yeah. It’s fine. I thought I’d never see the inside of a locker room again, but I guess the money was too good an enticement.”

“You’ll earn it, believe me, but ...” Gregg stopped.

“But?” I asked.

“Welcome to the team, Dar. I’m really glad you decided to do this.”

And then he did something totally unexpected. He hugged me. He wrapped those huge, beautiful, muscular arms around me and hugged me. I was completely blown away by it ... though not so much that I didn’t wrap my arms around his beautiful body and return it. But I quickly pulled away because I could feel myself getting instantly hard. I didn’t want Gregg to notice it as well. The funny thing was, I could almost swear I had felt his cock boning up, too, inside his jock. Nah. Had to be my imagination.

After practice, I did help with taking the tape off of some of the wrestlers and massaged sore ankles, legs, shoulders, and backs. My God! I was in heaven. Getting to legitimately touch all those beautiful jock bodies and getting paid for it. If I could have afforded it, I would have paid Coach Evans twice what he was paying me just for a chance to do it.

My last “patient” was Gregg. He had me massage his neck and shoulders. The major injury to most wrestlers will be in the neck area. A lot of strain on the muscles and vertebrae of the neck happens during wrestling. I worked on Gregg’s body for a while and could hear the soft moans he was making as I did. They did not, however, sound like moans of pain, but of pleasure. That was confirmed when I stopped and he turned to look at me.

“You have the most amazing touch. I really like the way you do that.” And having said this, he gave me a very shy smile.

“Well, I’m running a special this month, just for roommates. Any time you want to be massaged, just ask me.”

“Does that mean only in the gym?” he asked, giving me a sly grin.

“No, that means in our room, too,” I said quietly, not wanting anyone but Gregg to hear.

“Well, I think I’m gonna really like this season.” With that, he threw one of his large, muscular arms round me and pulled me to him in a hug.

I just looked up at him in shock, all the time wondering what in the hell was in that jock brain of his and what I had gotten myself into.

Chapter Two

The next morning, the clock radio beside Gregg's bed went off with loud, head-banging music from the campus FM radio station. I groaned, rolled over, and covered my head with the pillow in a futile attempt to muffle the sound. Not thirty seconds later, the pillow was pulled from under my arm, which was clutching it to my head, and I heard Gregg's cheerful voice urging me to get up. How could he be so fucking cheerful first thing in the morning? Personally, I was used to not being talked to at all for at least an hour after I got up.

Finding his words not having their desired effect, Gregg next decided that more direct action was needed. I felt the covers ripped from my naked body and the cold of the room assault my limbs. I also realized that not only was I lying there nude, but my cock, standing tall in its usual glorious morning erect status, was clearly visible as well. I reared up so that I was sitting in the bed, my hands covering as well as possible my erect state, and glared at the smiling jock-god who was also sporting morning wood. And what wood. Wood, hell! Giant Sequoia would be more fitting. The damned thing had to be at least eleven inches long and almost as thick as my wrist. I wondered what barn animal he would have to marry to handle that monster.

"Get up! We gotta go work out!" I heard Gregg shouting at me.

"Work out? Are you crazy? It's the middle of the night!" I could barely get out a moan.

"No, it's not. This is the time to get there, before the place gets crowded. I gotta set you up with a workout routine today. We gotta get the rest of that nice body of yours in shape. Maybe we can get it to match that hunk of meat ya got between your legs."

Oh, great, he'd seen it. This was another reason that I didn't like to work out. It always got me horny, and I hated throwing wood in just a jockstrap. I remember too well the comments that other guys would make in junior high. It seems I was somewhat gifted in the cock department. Nowhere near the way Gregg was gifted, but on my small body, an eight-

inch cock looked about as large as his did on his large body. I was always getting teased about it. I remember one particular shower-room comedian who used to always say, "Don't let that thing get hard in here -- you'll poke somebody's eye out with it." This would evoke a lot of laughter, no matter that they'd heard it a hundred times already. Add that to my fear of being made fun of if I ever even tried to actually work out, and you have the reasons that I sat there that day as out of shape as I was.

"I don't want to work out. I like my body just the way it is." I could hear myself whining like a three-year-old.

"Oh, yeah! You like havin' to huff and puff up stairs like you smoke three packs a day and you're in your fifties? Right!" Gregg frowned at me.

"I don't care!" I said, putting an end to the conversation as far as I was concerned.

Gregg sat down on my bed facing me and my hard-on, which had not gone down one bit, and looked into my eyes. I could read concern in his.

"Yes, you do. You care. But you're afraid. I know that. But the guys in the gym are not going to make fun of you. I promise. It's not like that. Oh, if you went in there and just played around, they might. But if they see you seriously making an effort to build your body, not only will they not make fun of you, but you'll also find them offering to spot you, giving you advice on the right way to do things, even telling you that you're looking better as you build some muscle on your body. These guys know how hard it is to keep in shape, and they respect anybody -- no matter what their size -- who tries to do the same thing."

How does he know? I thought to myself. How does he know what's eating at my insides? It's like he can fucking read my mind.

"Are you sure?" I asked tentatively.

"I'll beat the crap outta anybody that makes fun of you. Okay?" Gregg asked, his eyes still soft with concern about me, but with a grin nonetheless.

"Okay ... uh ... there's just one problem. I don't own a jock."

And it was true. As much as I loved them, I believed they belonged on athletes -- not on me. I was no jock.

"Oh, we can fix that," he announced.

He went over to his chest of drawers, opened one, and rummaged around in what looked like an entire drawer full of jocks. He pulled one out and tossed it to me.

"It's clean and it's too small for me. It should fit you real good."

"Too small, huh?" I asked ruefully.

"Dar, sizes in jockstraps are measured at the waist -- not the pouch."

"Oh ... I didn't know that."

"Some fuckin' manager you are," he kidded me.

"Hey! I just washed the fuckers; I didn't supply them to the guys."

“You washed them? You washed guys’ jockstraps?” he asked, evidently completely baffled by this.

“Yeah. I did the towels, uniforms, and jocks.”

“Why didn’t they just wash them at home?” he asked, trying to figure this out.

“I guess they did at one time, but there was this outbreak -- almost like an epidemic -- of jock-rot that went through the team one year. Actually disabled some of the team members, and it came from guys not washing their jocks and then their sweat mixing with each other’s as they wrestled and the fungus spread. From that time forward, the coaches ordered that the jocks got washed at school after every practice.”

“Oh, okay. I guess that makes sense. Well, they don’t do that here. Oh, they do the uniforms and towels, but your other stuff, you have to wash those yourself.”

“Okay.”

“So ... you ready to go work out now?” he asked quietly.

I looked at him. No, part of me didn’t want to do this, but part of me did. Part of me cared enough about how I looked to want to add muscle to my form. And somehow, part of me wanted to do this for Gregg. Not that I figured it made all that much difference to him how I looked, but he wanted to do this for me.

“Okay,” I said hesitantly. “But remember, you promised to beat the crap out of anybody who makes fun of me.”

“I promise.” And with that, he crossed his heart, just like a little kid swearing. Rather than think it juvenile, I thought it very dear of him.

“Remember to take your other clothes with you; then we can go straight to breakfast. Trust me, you’re gonna be very hungry.”

“But I don’t have a gym bag to put them in.”

“We’ll stop by the campus bookstore on the way back from breakfast and you can get a gym bag. For now, I can put your stuff in mine. Grab a towel, some shampoo, and I guess a comb or brush. I don’t know how you’ll get all that hair of yours dry.”

Gregg’s blond hair was short -- almost military in style. He had explained that if he wore his hair as long as mine, which barely came down to my shoulders, it would be too tempting for his opponents to pull on it. As it was, there wasn’t enough hair on his head to give them anything to grab.

“I’ll find a way, don’t worry.” I handed him my shampoo/conditioner and a brush, along with my cut-off jeans and t-shirt. I, too, had learned you don’t dress up to go to class.

When we got to the gym, Gregg slowly took me through a series of weightlifting exercises, carefully showing me how to do them properly without hurting myself. He explained what muscles were being worked and how muscle in the body was built and defined. I was amazed at his knowledge of physiology. So much for dumb jocks. I guess there was more to a degree in physiology than I ever realized.

I also got to watch him work out. While not meant to be, it had to be one of the most erotic things I'd ever seen. With his beautiful body, the muscles straining, sweat glistening, and his scent building into a miasma of erotic stimulation, I was almost overcome at some points. If I ever saw him do this naked, or in just a jockstrap, I knew I wouldn't be able to keep my hands or mouth off of him. As it was, he was giving me enough jack-off fantasies for a year. Then came the shower.

We showered in the gym, where there were no stall showers like there were in the dorm, but gang showers with a dozen showerheads in two rows. I took one and Gregg took the one right next to it. I kept glancing over and watching as his soap-filled hands glided across his beautiful body. His muscles were pumped now after working out and were standing out fully defined. I fought it, but my cock had a totally different agenda and rose in salute to the masculine beauty that I was seeing. I went fire-engine red in embarrassment before noticing that Gregg's cock was equally boned. Then I heard him laugh.

"Gets riled up every time I work out. It's normal. You get the blood pumping through the body and the testosterone flowing from the exercise, and you get a bone that will not go away."

"What do you usually do? Cold shower?" I asked.

"Tried that. Doesn't work. Usually, if there's nobody around, like now, I just pound out a quick load and it goes away," he confided conspiratorially.

"You mean jack off here? Now?" I asked.

"Sure. Why not? Ain't nobody around and most guys do it. Some of 'em don't even care if somebody sees them."

And with this, he soaped up his cock and began stroking up and down the massive length of it. I couldn't believe this. Gregg, jock-god of my wet dreams, my roommate, was jacking off in front of me and grinning at me the whole time. I also noticed that his eyes were pretty well locked on my cock. I figured, what the fuck? If he was willing to do this in front of me, then I could do it in front of him without him thinking that I was queer. So, taking the soap in my hand, I lathered up my cock and began stroking my own boner in the same rhythm that he was using. We were now grinning at each other and watching each other's cocks as we headed toward orgasm.

"Yeah! Work that meat, man! Pound that big cock! Make it shoot, Dar!" Gregg's voice came low and deep, almost a growl.

His words were so erotic that I began to moan uncontrollably. I was going over the edge and I couldn't stop myself. I didn't want to stop. My nuts ached to come, and I knew I was about to shoot my load.

"Ahh! FUCK!" I screamed and my cock started to erupt, shooting the biggest load of cum I think I ever shot in my life. It hit the wall in front of me which was at least three or four feet away and the cum kept pumping out of my cock until I thought was going to pass out.

“Shoot it, man! Shoot that fuckin’ load! Ahh! FUCK! HERE I GO!” Gregg yelled as his cock began to unload all over the place.

Some went on him, some went on the wall, some went on the floor, but a couple of drops landed on my abs. Quickly, before Gregg realized what had happened, I gathered them up with my fingers and stuck them in my mouth. I wanted more than anything to taste his sperm. I had, up to this time, only tasted my own and wanted to know what his tasted like. It was kind of like mine, but a lot sweeter. Maybe it was the exercise that did it?

“Fuck! That felt good, didn’t it, buddy?” Gregg said as cum still flowed slowly from inside the sheath of his foreskin.

Oh, what I wouldn’t have given just to hit my knees and dig my tongue into his foreskin and lick up all the cum that was left inside it.

“Yeah!” I enthused, figuring it was okay. Was this how straight guys and their buddies acted? This was starting to mess with my ideas on what straight and gay were.

As Gregg was rinsing the soap and cum from his body, he said to me, “Let’s get going. Breakfast is waiting and I could eat a horse.”

So is that how he got that cock? I thought to myself and almost cracked up at my own joke.

“Yeah,” I agreed. “I am kinda hungry.”

Kinda? I was starving. Gregg was absolutely right. Working out did give you an appetite, and while I didn’t eat as much that morning as he did, I certainly ate more than was usual for me.

“If I start eating like this, I’m going to get fat.”

“Nah, never happen. You’re hungry because your body has already burned the calories in exercise -- more than you’re used to burning. You’re just putting back what you’ve already used in energy. Trust me, you won’t get fat. In fact, you’re gonna find yourself getting smaller in some places and probably losing some weight.”

“Smaller? I thought the idea was to get bigger? And I don’t have any weight I can afford to lose.”

“Well, yes. It’s to get bigger in the places where you’re working the muscles. But muscle has more mass than fat, so you’ll get bigger in size but as fat is used and redistributed, some parts of your body will get tighter, leaner. But you’ll also lose weight, unless you start taking in more calories. So don’t worry. You can afford to eat what you’re eating -- unless you stop working out. Then, it will go to fat.”

“Okay. I want to get bigger.”

“Don’t worry, Dar. It will happen. It’ll take time, but it will happen. I promise.” Then he hesitated. “So ... ah ... what did you think? Working out isn’t so bad, is it? And nobody made fun of you, did they?”

“No, they didn’t. However, I’m glad they didn’t come in the shower.”

Gregg started laughing.

“Shit! Wouldn’t have mattered if they did. You’ve got no idea how many guys I’ve caught doin’ just what we were doin’. It’s natural, Dar. ‘Specially at our age.”

“Okay, whatever you say, but I still would have freaked if anybody had walked in.”

“If I didn’t know better, I’d say you’d never done that before.” Saying this, he looked at me curiously.

“I haven’t.” Dropping my eyes, I suddenly felt shame, not for doing it -- but for never having done it.

“Never? Really? You never jacked off with a buddy?” he asked incredulously.

“Never. What makes you think I had any buddies?”

“You didn’t have any friends in school?” he asked, again like he couldn’t believe this.

“I had a girl named Cindy that I was friends with, but no guys.”

“Why not?”

“I’ve always been pretty much a loner. I’ve kept to myself.”

Please, God, don’t let him ask me why.

“But you were on the football and wrestling teams, right?” Gregg asked, evidently very confused by this. “Weren’t you buds with any of the guys on the teams?”

“Gregg, I was technically on the team as manager. None of the guys saw me as part of the team. Fuck! Most of the time, they just completely ignored that I even existed. I was just there for their convenience -- to pick up their towels, uniforms, and jocks and do their fuckin’ laundry for them. I had to tape them up before practice and meets and untape them afterward. Most of the time, not even a ‘thank you’ passed their lips or an acknowledgment that I was even there.” I know that my hatred of the way I was treated came through in the way I said this.

“What a fuckin’ bunch of assholes. No wonder you don’t like jocks,” Gregg fumed.

“I don’t dislike all jocks. I like you. A lot.”

Oh, fuck! There went my mouth again. I didn’t need to say that. Gregg, however, just gave me one of his perennial grins.

“Thanks, Dar. I like you a whole lot, too.”

We finished breakfast and went by the campus bookstore. Gregg helped me pick out a gym bag and then suggested some absorbent headbands to keep my long hair out of my eyes while I worked out. Luckily, I wouldn’t have to cart my hair dryer around in the gym bag because I’d discovered that they had those blower machines in the bathroom at the gym to dry your hands. If you turned the nozzle up, it would dry your hair. Gregg also picked out a couple of jockstraps for me, and I got some workout shorts and t-shirts.

By the time we got back to the room and stripped down, however, my muscles had really started to ache from the workout. Gregg noticed me rubbing my shoulder and moving funny.

“Muscles ache?” he asked.

“Like fuck!” I said, my voice showing some of the pain.

“Lie down on your bed, face down.”

“What for?” I asked.

“Just do it.” He had a trace of annoyance in his voice I’d never heard before. I figured I’d better do as he said.

Once laid out face down, I felt Gregg climb onto the bed and straddle my body. His butt was resting on mine, and I could feel his ball-sac rubbing against the lower part of my back. He leaned over me and began to massage my shoulders and neck. I groaned into the mattress as his hands gently kneaded the muscles that were now very sore.

“Yeah, this happens for the first few times you work out. Your muscles aren’t used to this, and there’s a build up of lactic acid in the tissues. Massage helps to break up the acid and wash it out of your system. Just relax and you’ll feel a lot better.” Gregg’s voice came, soft and soothing -- just like his hands.

His hands, his wonderful, gentle, tender, strong hands. I lay there, willing myself to relax. I closed my eyes and experienced the incredible pleasure that he was bringing to my sore body. He worked his way down my back and then, skipping my butt, began working down my legs. I was in heaven. When he finally reached my ankles, he told me to turn over. I did so without question this time, and he again sat on my waist and began to massage my chest and arms. His butt was sitting right over my cock -- which was soft, thank God. But as he moved around, he stimulated it so that it began to harden and push up into his butt-crack. I prayed he wouldn’t notice, but no such luck.

“Hmm ... Gettin’ a might riled up, huh?” he kidded me.

I went red with embarrassment. “I can’t help it. You’re movin’ around on top of me, and the damned thing just has a mind of its own,” I tried to explain.

“Dar, it’s okay,” he assured me. “You’re right. You can’t help it. It’s normal. Don’t freak out on me.”

“Okay.” I could still hear the embarrassment in my voice, however.

He rose off me and worked his strong hands down both of my legs, making me feel so good.

“Yeah, you’re gonna have a really nice body by the time we’re done with you, you know that?” Gregg said.

“If you say so.” I was not sure just a nice body with muscles was going to do any good. Gregg would still be straight and I still wouldn’t have any chance with him no matter how many muscles I had.

“Trust me. I can tell. Now, tonight and tomorrow night, after practice, you sit in the whirlpool for a while. That will help as well. Then Saturday, we can go back and work out again.”

I groaned at the thought of what it would feel like to exercise with my muscles as sore as they were.

“It’ll be fine. Trust me. It won’t hurt this bad ever again. Promise.”

“Okay,” I answered tentatively.

And he was right. It didn’t hurt that bad again. I was soon working out with him every morning, and within a few months, my body really was looking good. My pecs had built up, along with my deltoids. My biceps were actually visible, and I was even starting to get hints of a six-pack set of abs. I had put on weight and it looked good on me. I could see pride in Gregg’s face after we worked out and he saw me pumped. As to the jacking off, that continued on a regular basis. I could see, for Gregg, that it was just fun. A way to get off with a buddy. I accepted that. I actually thought at times about going out and finding a *real* boyfriend -- some guy who was gay who would initiate me into the mysteries of gay male sex. But I just couldn’t bring myself to do it.

Thanksgiving came, and neither Gregg nor I could go home. There was a major meet on Saturday and there was practice both Wednesday and Friday. Neither of us lived close enough to the university to drive home and back just for Thursday. Frankly, it didn’t bother me at all. I was glad to miss the annual stupidity of a holiday which had very little meaning for me. About the only thing I had in life to be thankful for was Gregg, and this way I’d be spending the day with him. His family evidently wasn’t upset over him not coming home, and I wondered about that, but it didn’t really matter. What mattered was that we were going to spend the day together.

However, when Coach Evans found out that we weren’t able to go home, he insisted that Gregg and I join his family for Thanksgiving dinner. There was no way out of it, and since Coach was like a god to Gregg, we didn’t even try. I actually had a pretty good time. Coach’s wife was a real nice lady, and he had two little boys who were adorable. Dinner was great, and as we walked home from Coach’s house, which was just off campus, Gregg said it was probably the best Thanksgiving he could ever remember. I said the same -- but my reason was because I got to spend it close to him. Things went great at the meet that weekend. Gregg won all his matches, and the team won first place as well. Riding back to campus on the team bus, I fell asleep with my head on Gregg’s shoulder. I guess I was about as happy as I’d ever been in my life.

Then came the phone call from home.

It was one night after wrestling practice. My mother phoned me on the dorm phone. When I got to the phone, her voice was quiet, tentative. I knew immediately something was very wrong. She tried to ask how I was and how school was going, but I cut her off.

“Mom, what’s wrong?” I asked, my voice insistent.

“I didn’t want to tell you this over the phone, but there’s just no other way ... I’m sorry, Dar. Baron died yesterday.”

“Baron!” I all but screamed, and several guys in the hall looked over at me. I didn’t care. “What happened?”

“He had a tumor. The doctors tried to remove it, but his heart couldn’t take the surgery. He died under the anesthetic. He didn’t suffer, Dar. He went peacefully. He was fourteen years old. That’s old for a dog.”

I couldn’t reply. I was doing everything I could do to fight back tears. I didn’t want the jocks in the dorm to see me crying.

“I’m sorry, Dar.”

I didn’t say anything else. I just hung up the phone and walked as quickly as I could to the dorm room. The minute I entered, Gregg looked up from studying. He saw the look on my face and was out of his chair and coming toward me instantly. He came over to me and, for whatever reason -- I guess the way I looked and the tears that were starting to pour down my face -- he took me in his arms and held me.

“What’s wrong, Dar?” he asked, his voice full of concern.

“Baron’s dead,” were all the words I could get out before I was overcome with grief.

I had loved Baron more than anything else in my life -- maybe even more than my parents. Baron loved me unconditionally. He didn’t care that I was too short or that I was gay. He didn’t really know any of those things about me. He just loved me. We had been practically raised together. My father had brought him home for my sixth birthday. Now he was gone and, with him, any tie I might have had to home.

I was standing there -- well, leaning actually -- in Gregg’s arms and crying on his chest, giving vent to full, passionate sobs. Gregg at least understood. He knew who Baron was and what he meant to me. He knew from the picture above my bed what Baron looked like. He held me tight against his chest and gently stroked my hair while he held me with his other arm, letting me cry out my grief.

After a while, my sobs died down and Gregg gently maneuvered me over to his bed. Keeping his arms around me, he got me to sit down on it. I began to talk to him about Baron. About what a wonderful dog he was and how he had loved me. I talked for what seemed to be hours, occasionally crying again, and Gregg listened to it all, never leaving my side, never taking his arms from around me, not saying a word, just occasionally stroking my face or my hair in comfort.

Finally, I was exhausted by grief. I figured I’d just crawl into my bed and cry myself to sleep, hoping to be over some of it by morning. But Gregg had other ideas. I took off my gym shorts, which I had put on to answer the phone. Gregg and I were always naked in the room when it was just the two of us. I went to go to my bed, but Gregg reached out and grabbed hold of my hand. I looked down at him, and he nodded to the place beside him on his bed

that he had made by moving to the back edge of the mattress. At first I was confused. What was he asking of me? And then I realized -- he was asking me to share his bed. To share the warmth and comfort of his body. To not have to be alone with the pain and loss I was feeling. I didn't even think of it sexually, I was in so much pain at that point. I nodded my head and slowly slipped into his bed beside him. Our naked bodies intertwined, and Gregg's strong arms held me as my head rested on his shoulder. He reached over and turned out the light on the bedside table, which was the only illumination in the room. Surrounded by the scent of Gregg, the scent which by this time I knew so well and loved so much, curled up in his arms, lying in a male's arms for the very first time, I quickly fell into exhausted sleep.

In the morning, I woke before the alarm clock. At first, I was somewhat confused. What was I doing in Gregg's bed, his arms wrapped around me and my head on his chest? Then I remembered ... Baron. Baron was gone. I'd never see him again. Never know the caress of his big tongue as he licked my cheek. Never know the feeling of his huge body as he lay next to me in bed -- something my mother at one time tried to prevent and finally just gave up trying to stop. Instead, I was lying in the arms of a much larger body. A body that was giving off warmth that filled me, scents that thrilled me, and whose monstrous erection was rubbing against my own.

I didn't know what to do at that point. If I moved, if I tried to get up and go to my own bed, I'd probably wake Gregg up. If I didn't, I didn't know what his reaction was going to be when he woke up and found us with our cocks rubbing together. Even though we'd watched each other jack off almost every morning in the gym showers, we had never touched each other sexually. What we did in the shower was more like childhood sex play among boys than sex between men. I thought that was probably the way Gregg wanted it. He didn't want to have sex with a man, but what we did was evidently a lot easier for him than going out and finding a girl to have sex with.

Actually, Gregg never, ever went out. As far as I knew, he didn't really know any girls. He didn't go carousing with the other jocks when they went to sorority parties and such. If he wasn't in class, he was in the gym, the cafeteria, or our room, and except for class, I was with him all of those times. Maybe Gregg was just one of those guys who wasn't interested in any kind of involvement beyond friendship. I mean, he'd spend time with the other jocks, usually in our room when they'd come to visit. Occasionally he'd go to one of their rooms, but always, when he did, he made me come along. It was like he didn't want to be anywhere without me. I was just too confused and too emotionally distraught to try and figure it all out that morning. It was so much easier to just do what I had been doing for three months now - - just letting things happen and taking things day by day.

I laid my head back down on his chest and tried to go back to sleep, but the warmth of him and the scent of him had me so horny that I couldn't sleep. My cock was so hard, it was leaking pre-cum all over the both of us. I just didn't know what to do. And then I felt him stir and his hand come up, and he stroked his fingers through my long hair.

"Your hair is so soft." His voice was husky with sleep.

His arm tightened around me and drew me even closer so that I was pressed against him. I could feel our hard cocks rubbing against each other, made easy by the slickness of my pre-cum, which was dripping down over both our cocks.

“Mmm. You’re really warm to sleep with. How are you this morning?” he asked.

“Better,” I said softly.

“Good,” he answered, smiling at me, his eyes bright.

I knew that if I stayed in that bed with him even one minute more, something would happen. Something I so much wanted but was so afraid of. I knew what I wanted, but I was sure that it was not what Gregg wanted. He was horny. He wanted to play. I was horny, but I didn’t want to *play*. I wanted to make love to him. I wanted him to make love to me, and I knew that could never happen. It almost brought tears to my eyes again, but not because of the loss of my dog. The loss of any chance of finding love with this jock who I’d fallen hopelessly in love with.

I pulled out of his arms and stood up. I grabbed my gym shorts and yanked them on.

“Where are you going?” he asked, the surprise at my actions showing in his voice.

“I’ve got to piss.” And saying this, I hurried from the room.

I did need to piss. I also needed desperately to get away from Gregg. I’d come too close to getting what I wanted -- what I needed -- from him, and there was no chance of getting it for real. He’d slept with me out of concern and comfort, not out of want and desire. He cared about me as a friend, a buddy -- not as a lover. I was determined to go to Campus Housing that day and see if there was any chance of being moved. I also thought about quitting as the wrestling team manager but decided that, with the season over in a month, I could hang on that long.

I went back to the room and started to dress. Gregg was up and dressed as well, but I didn’t grab my gym bag as he had. He looked at me oddly.

“Where are you going?” he asked.

“I just need to be alone for a while,” was all I said, walking back out the door.

I stayed away from Gregg all day. I didn’t eat breakfast -- I didn’t feel like eating at all. I was too tied up in knots inside. What was I going to do? How was I going to explain to Gregg that I couldn’t live with him, I couldn’t be his “buddy”? I was in love with him, and nothing was going to change that. At lunch time, rather than eating, I slipped away to the library and buried myself in the stacks. I made it through my afternoon classes and then headed for the gym for wrestling practice. As soon as I walked in the door, Gregg was there in front of me.

“Are you okay? You disappeared all day. I didn’t know what to think. I thought you might have left or something. I even went out to the parking lot to see if your car was still there.”

“I spent the day thinking. I think we need to talk -- after dinner. Okay?” I said.

“Sure. No problem.” He was smiling at me, but it was a sad smile -- almost as if he knew what was coming.

I got through wrestling practice somehow. It was horrible -- seeing him, knowing how I felt about him, and knowing there was nothing I could do about it. I had decided to stick out the last month of wrestling, but I began to rethink that idea. Seeing him every day would just about kill me, and after what I had to say to him, I doubted if he would ever want to see me again.

After practice, I cleaned up and then Gregg and I walked over to the cafeteria. Even though it was the first food I'd had that day, I merely picked at what was on my plate. I didn't feel like eating, and being with Gregg like this, in a public place where I couldn't talk to him about what I needed to talk to him about, just made it worse. Gregg realized that something was very wrong, and while he still ate his usual huge amount of food, he hardly said two words the whole meal.

When he'd finished, we took our trays over to the dishwasher's window and left the cafeteria. We started walking, still in silence until we came -- I guess by his design -- to the place he'd showed me the first night we'd walked the campus together, his “thinking” place. It was in a large stand of trees, and in the middle, a tree had fallen, probably years ago in a storm. The trunk of the large tree was like a bench and we sat on it, not saying a word to each other for a while.

“Dar, what's wrong? I know it's not Baron. There's something else eating at you. Was it ... was it sleeping with me last night?” he asked quietly.

I didn't say anything for a few moments, gathering my resources for what I had to say to him.

“Yes, Gregg. It was sleeping with you last night.”

“I'm sorry. I thought it would help. I didn't mean to freak you out.” His voice was filled with anguish.

“Gregg, please. It did help. More than you'll ever know. It didn't freak me out -- not like you think.”

“Then, what's wrong?” He really sounded confused, scared, and worried all at the same time.

“Gregg, you have no idea how much I wanted to sleep in your arms. You have no idea how much I also promised myself that it would never happen. There are certain things about me that I had hoped you would never know. But now I see no way to avoid telling you. Before I tell you, though, I should tell you first that I went to Campus Housing today and they found me another room to move to.”

“But why?” he exclaimed, pain and hurt filling his voice.

“Because when I tell you what I need to tell you, you're not going to want to live with me in the same room. I also want your word that whatever I tell you stays between us. I

don't want anyone on the team or the coaches to know. Do I have your word on that?" I asked.

"Yes. You know I wouldn't break your confidence, Dar," he insisted. "So, what is the awful thing you have to tell me?"

"Gregg, I'm gay. I've always tried to hide that because I knew what kind of hell guys who are known to be gay go through. That's the reason that I just want to get out of this state and go somewhere where I can live in peace without constantly worrying about someone beating me up or killing me for something that isn't my fault. I was born this way. I can't change it. Believe me, I think I would if I could."

"Dar, I don't give a fuck about that. You're my friend. My buddy. I don't care if you swim underwater and fuck fish," he said.

"No, Gregg. That's the problem. You see me as a friend -- a buddy. I don't see you that way. I wanted to. I wanted to just be friends. Trust me, this is all my fault. I should have known that this would never work out. I can't be your friend, Gregg."

"Why not?" he asked, deeply confused and hurt now.

"Because ... because I'm ... I'm in love with you," I finally managed to stutter out.

Gregg was totally silent. He just sat there staring at me. His mouth was open, but no words came out. I guess that was my answer. He never knew, never realized. I got up and walked back to our room. On the way, I stopped at the gym, went into the storage room, and got some boxes. I carried them back to the dorm and started packing. I worked the rest of the night at it so that, by midnight or so, everything was packed except for the bedding and my clothes for the next morning. Through all of this, Gregg never came back to the room. In some ways, I was grateful for that, but it was also tearing my guts up inside, the look of pain and confusion on his face as I left him sitting on that tree trunk. I never meant to hurt him. I swear to God I didn't. I just guessed there was no way to avoid it.

Lying down on the bed, I pulled the covers over myself, turned out the light, and went to sleep.

Chapter Three

I was suddenly awoken from sleep by the door to the room banging open and hitting the wall behind it like a gunshot. I came almost vertically off the bed, sitting up to see what the fuck was going on. In the light from the hallway, I could see the backlit silhouette of a very large guy. I knew immediately that it was Gregg. He was leaning against the door, and when he tried to enter the room, he lurched. I couldn't figure out what was wrong with him until the fumes of booze started wafting my way. Gregg was drunk. Falling-down, stinking drunk, from the looks of things.

He staggered into the room, slamming the door behind him. I'm sure he woke up half the dorm with the noise the door made. I switched on the light and he flinched from it. He dropped down onto his bed, looking over at me. At first his look was angry, but it slowly changed to one of immense sadness to the point that, the next thing I knew, Gregg was sitting there crying -- actually sobbing. I couldn't believe it. I got out of bed and tried to go over to him, but he held out his hands and screamed at me.

"NO! Stay away from me!"

I sat back down on my bed and watched him continue to cry. I knew I deserved this. I knew I deserved his hatred.

"Do you want me to go?" I asked quietly.

"NO!" he screamed again. He was certainly a loud drunk. "I never wanted you to go! But you left anyway!"

"When, tonight?" I asked. I was confused. When did I leave? I was packed, but I hadn't left yet.

"NO! This morning!" he screamed at me.

"Gregg, please stop screaming at me. I know I deserve it, but it's after three in the morning, and if you keep screaming, you're going to have the entire dorm in here."

“You left. I wanted to hold you. I wanted to ... to ...” And then he broke down in sobs again.

“You wanted to what?” I asked.

He stared at me like I was from another planet -- or incredibly stupid. He couldn't seem to figure out why I was confused.

“I wanted to make love to you, fuckhead!” he finally got out.

Now it was my turn to be stunned. “But why, Gregg? You're not gay.”

“How the fuck would you know? Huh? How the fuck would you know?” he asked belligerently.

Well ... put that way, he was right. How would I know?

“I don't, Gregg. I'm sorry.”

“Should be! Should be sorry! Fucked up my life and now you're leaving! You should be sorry!” he said, his speech slurred but understandable.

“Gregg, how did I fuck up your life?” I asked, even more confused now.

“You know where I been?” he asked.

“Getting drunk, from the looks of things.”

“Before that!” he demanded.

“I don't know, Gregg. I don't know where you've been.”

“See! See! You don't fuckin' know, do you!” he said, as if this were a decisive argument.

“No, Gregg. I don't know. Do you want to tell me?” I asked.

“Sigma Nu!” he said triumphantly.

Sigma Nu was a sorority house that was noted for being a haven for horny jocks. So he'd gone there to find sex. I guess I must have really fucked with his masculinity tonight.

“Did you have fun?” I asked, as gently as I could, not really wanting to know -- especially not any details.

“Fun? Fun? Yeah, fuckin' lot of fun, Tried to fuck a girl. Couldn't even get it up.” As I watched, he put his head down and shook it from side to side.

Oh, fuck! I really had fucked with his mind. I didn't think he'd have this reaction. Oh, God, I'd never wanted to hurt him this way.

“I'm sorry, Gregg. I really am. But you'll be okay, I promise.”

“I won't ever be okay again!” he said. “Don't you get it? I didn't want to fuck her. I wanted to fuck you. I left there, and the minute I thought about you, my cock got so hard I could pound fuckin' nails with it.”

“So this was before you got drunk?” I asked.

“Yeah. I wanted to forget you. I wanted to blot you completely out of my memory,” he said.

“How’d it work?” I asked.

“Fuckin’ didn’t work at all,” he said, looking up at me, his eyes filled with pain. “Dar, I want you.”

“Are you sure, Gregg?” I was still not believing that he was gay. I was convinced that this was something I’d done that needed to be set right.

“More sure of it than anything I’ve ever been sure of in my whole fucking life.” He was still looking at me, showing me the painful need he had of me.

“Do you really think you’re gay?” I asked quietly.

At this point, he threw back his head and started laughing. Now I was beyond confused.

“I’ve been gay all my life.”

“Really? But if that’s true, why did ... why didn’t you ...” I fumbled for words.

“Why didn’t I put the make on you? There’s a lot you don’t know about me, Dar, and I really want to tell you. But right now, I’m gonna be sick.” Gregg moaned.

I could see him turning a sickly color of green. I grabbed our wastebasket, which thankfully was empty, and shoved it into his hands. He looked at me gratefully, right before he heaved into it. I jumped up, pulled on a pair of shorts, and as soon as he stopped vomiting, took him by the arm and pulled him up off his bed. I grabbed a towel and put his arm around my shoulders, then walked him down the hall to the bathroom. Luckily, it wasn’t far away, because I had never realized just how heavy Gregg really was. I got him into the bathroom and proceeded to take his clothes off him. He stroked my face and hair as I tried to get him naked and into the shower. Why do drunks get amorous at the wrong fucking times?

I finally got him into the stall, then took my shorts off and got the water temperature set. He heaved again, but this time down the drain of the shower. It was all liquid coming out of him. He was down on his knees. I took the towel, wet a corner of it, and began gently wiping his face. He looked at me with such gratitude and love that it almost broke my heart.

“Don’t leave me. Please don’t leave me, Dar. I’m sorry. I won’t do it again.”

“You haven’t done anything, Gregg. This is all my fault. If you want me to stay, I’ll gladly stay, but I don’t know how you can forgive me after I hurt you this way.”

“I love you.” And then he heaved again.

Well, it wasn’t the most romantic scene I could imagine, but he’d said he loved me. I wouldn’t have cared if we were in a sewer. He’d said that he loved me!

I held him while he got himself under control and then gently wiped his face again. I told him to wait there and not move. I ran back to the room, grabbed our toothbrushes and toothpaste, some shampoo, and another towel, and ran back to the bathroom. He was still sitting in the shower, where I’d left him. He looked up at me and I could see pain along with surprise in his eyes.

“I thought you’d left again.”

“No, Gregg. I just went to get some stuff to clean you up with. I promise, I’ll never leave again. Next time, you have to throw me out,” I promised, gently stroking his cheek with my hand.

He grabbed my hand, turned his head, and kissed my palm. Up to this point, I’d held out but now the tears did start. I was crying as he gently rubbed his face against my hand after kissing it. I could feel the stubble of his whiskers and they kind of tickled, but I didn’t care. He looked up at me and saw me crying. He pulled on my arm and I went down onto the floor of the shower next to him. *Damn! He’s a strong fucker.* His arm came around me and he pulled me to him.

“What’s the matter, Dar? Why are you crying?” he asked, his voice full of concern and his eyes searching mine.

“I’m so happy. I can’t help it. I love you so much, Gregg.” I leaned down and kissed his shoulder.

His hand went to my head, and he began to run his fingers through my hair.

“God! I love your hair. It’s so soft.”

“Before this goes any further, we need to get you cleaned up. I don’t want us making love for the first time in a shower.”

“Okay, babe. Anything you want.”

I stood up and then got him to his feet. I squeezed some toothpaste onto his toothbrush and helped him brush his teeth. This was something I had never done or even thought about doing with someone. But I didn’t want to kiss him until the taste of the vomit and booze was gone. I brushed my own teeth because I didn’t want him turned off by my stale mouth taste from being asleep. I then shampooed his hair and washed his body with my hands and a bar of soap. All the time I worked on him, his hands were traveling all over my body. When I finally pushed him under the shower to rinse him, he grabbed me and pulled me tight into his arms and kissed me for the first time. His lips were gentle but demanding. His mouth opened and his tongue began to lick my lips, begging me to open to him. I did, letting his tongue surge into my mouth.

Oh, God! The feelings that were running through my body. I had never been kissed before by a man. Never been kissed like this by anybody. I all but swooned as my passion flared. We were both hard almost instantly. I could feel his cock pressing against my abs and chest as mine pressed against his leg. He pulled back from the kiss and took my face in his hands, staring down at me.

“I love you, Dar. I love you so much that I don’t ever want to let you go.”

“Then don’t let go, because I don’t want you to. Ever,” I swore to him.

“There is one thing I really want to do. And this we have to do in the shower.”

“What, love?”

“Promise you won’t laugh?” he asked, and I could see fear in his eyes.

“No matter what it is, I won’t laugh. I promise!” I assured him.

“I want to shampoo your beautiful hair.”

“Really?”

“Really.”

“Okay.”

He pushed me under the water so that my hair was wet, and then he turned me around so that he was behind me. I handed him the shampoo/conditioner and he poured some of it on his hands. Then I felt his hands caressing my hair and running through it. His fingers massaged my scalp, and I moaned at the incredibly erotic feelings his actions were causing in me. I’d never considered shampooing a sexual act, but I was bone hard the whole time he did it. I could tell that he truly loved my hair.

Finally he allowed me to rinse out the shampoo, and we both got out of the shower and dried each other off. We walked back to the room naked. When we got there, I pulled out the hair dryer to dry my hair before going to bed. He took it and the brush out of my hands and told me to turn around. He proceeded to dry my hair, very much the way I do. He must have been watching quite closely as I had done it on the mornings when we didn’t work out. I hadn’t noticed because I was too busy. He soon had my hair dry, and then he took my hand and walked over to his bed.

“Sleep with me tonight. Please?” he begged.

“I’ll sleep with you every night if you want.”

“Yes. Every night.” He gently kissed me again.

“But first, let me take this wastebasket to the bathroom and clean it out. We don’t want it smelling in here when we wake up, trust me.”

“Okay. I’m sorry. I should be doing that.”

“It’s okay. I’m the cause of all this. I’m more than happy to do it.” I grabbed the wastebasket and headed to the bathroom.

I emptied the contents into the toilet and then washed it out in one of the showers. When I got back to the room, Greg was already in bed. He held out his arms to me. I moved quickly into them and felt their strength and warmth as they enfolded me. I lay my head on his chest and felt more secure and loved than I had ever felt in my whole life.

“Dar, I want to make love to you, but I’m not exactly at my best right now. Can we do it in the morning?” he asked, and I could hear the fear in his voice -- afraid that I would see this as rejection, I suppose.

“Gregg, neither one of us is at his best right now. I’m perfectly happy to sleep in your arms and wait until morning. Besides, I’m hoping you’ll know what you’re doing, because I’ve never done anything before.”

“Never?” he asked, shocked. “You’re a virgin?”

“Yes, completely. I’d never been kissed until you did it in the shower. The most I’ve ever done was what we’ve done in the showers in the gym in the morning.”

“Oh, fuck! I promise I’ll be gentle with you,” he swore.

“You don’t need to be gentle with me -- you need to teach me. I want you so bad; I just don’t know what to do. Hey! You’re the phys ed major. Teach me just like you taught me how to work out.”

“Okay. I can do that,” he said. “I love you.”

“And I love you.”

I looked up and he bent down and kissed me gently. I put my head back on his chest and, wrapped in his strong arms and against his strong body, went to sleep.

As I slept, I dreamed about Gregg. Dreamed of him making love to me, dreamed of him kissing my face all over and then dreamed of his mouth pressing against mine, wanting me to open to him, so I did. I felt his tongue exploring my mouth, and then suddenly my eyes opened and it was no dream. Gregg was kissing me passionately and I quickly returned the passion, moaning into his mouth as the feelings rushed through me. At this, he pulled his mouth from mine.

“Finally awake, Sleeping Beauty?” He smiled down at me. “I didn’t know how many kisses it was going to take.”

“If I close my eyes again, can I have about a million more?” I murmured.

“Babe, you can have anything you want.” And then he kissed me again.

I could feel my cock hard and pressing against him, and I could feel his hard and pressing against me. I moved my body so that our cocks were rubbing against each other, gliding on a film of our juices. It was his turn to moan into my mouth. He ground his cock against mine, and I pushed against him again. This started us humping together, kissing deeply and moaning into each other’s mouths until I could feel the tingling in my balls that warned me of my impending orgasm. I wanted to hold back, but I couldn’t. I started spraying cum all over us and moaning -- almost screaming -- into his mouth. This must have triggered him as well, because he groaned into my mouth and then I could feel his hot cum shooting against my body. We continued to leak, leaving a very wet mess between us. But I didn’t care, and evidently neither did he. He did pull back so that he could catch his breath.

“Now who’s out of shape?” I giggled.

“I am for that. You have no idea how long it’s been. Since high school.”

“You haven’t had sex with anybody since high school?” I asked, shocked at this admission.

“No, and until you came along, I swore I never would.” I could see some remembered pain in his eyes.

“Is that what you meant last night about me ruining your life, about what I didn’t know about you?” I asked.

“Yeah. That’s it.” His reply was almost too soft for me to hear.

“Do you want to tell me about it?”

“Do you really want to hear it?”

“Yes. I do.”

He let go of me and moved so that he was sitting up, his back against the wall at the head of the bed. I moved up, and he put his arm around me and pressed my head back to his chest. I got the feeling that he was too uncomfortable with whatever he had to tell me to look at me while he did.

“When I was growing up, I had this best friend from kindergarten. His name was Jake. We did everything together, went everywhere together. We were almost like twins. We went through elementary and junior high together. It was in the summer before high school that it all started. We both hit puberty at about the same time. It wasn’t too long after that when we started messing around. Simple stuff at first, jacking off together. That kind of thing.”

“Like us in the gym showers?”

“Yeah. Like that. In fact, that’s what Jake and I would do after football and wrestling practice. We’d hang back and take our showers last, usually after everybody had left. We’d jack off in the shower -- sometimes twice or three times, we were so horny.” He sort of chuckled at the memory.

“Then one day, something changed. Jake reached over while I was jacking off and pushed my hand away, substituting his own. He jacked me until I came, and I shot more than I ever had in my whole life. It felt so damned good having somebody else’s hand on my cock. I returned the favor, and then he jacked me again and I jacked him again. We came a third time that day, jacking each other at the same time. It was so hot,” he said.

“So what happened next?” I asked.

“Well, I figured Jake would freak over what we did, and he did. But not the way I expected. He freaked in a good way. He got so into it that we never jacked alone again. It was one night, when he was sleeping over at my house, that we finally got into sucking. We were hornier than hell and talking sex to each other, like kids do -- turning each other on all to fuck. We started talking about blowjobs and what they might feel like. It wasn’t a long jump from ‘Wonder what they feel like?’ to ‘Let me do it to you and you do it to me.’ Jake sucked me first and I blew my first of many loads down his throat. Then I sucked him and loved every minute of it. I knew it was ‘gay’ and I didn’t fuckin’ care. I’d already figured out that I probably was because I didn’t have any interest in girls. Jake didn’t either and admitted to me that he’d already figured out he was gay but was afraid I wasn’t. We sixty-nined for the rest of the night. I guess there was never any question again about whether we were gay or not.”

“Then what happened?” I asked.

“I finally realized that all of this was not just because I was horny -- though, at that age, I surely was. No, I figured out that I was in love with Jake and I told him so. He said he was in love with me. I was never happier in my whole life. Until now, that is.” With that, he leaned down and kissed the top of my head.

“So what about you guys? Why aren’t you together?” I asked.

“It was our junior year of high school. By this time we were full-out fucking each other. I did something so stupid that I’ll probably never forgive myself. I started writing him love letters -- very explicit love letters. I described how I loved him and how I wanted to love him, in great detail. He was doing the same thing, writing these incredible letters to turn me on. And, believe me, they worked. Then one night, he was supposed to spend the night at my house. He never showed up. I called his house and got no answer. I couldn’t understand what was wrong. I went to his house the next morning, but there was nobody there, just a bunch of yellow police tape over the door. I started to walk home. I passed this convenience store, and the morning paper was in one of those dispensing machines where the top half of the paper -- the headline -- is displayed in the window. I saw Jake’s picture -- the one we just had done at school -- staring at me from the machine. The headline above his picture said: LOCAL TEEN KILLED BY FATHER.”

I turned my head and looked up at him. Tears were streaming down his face. I reached up and stroked his cheek.

“That’s okay, Gregg. You don’t have to go on. I get the picture.”

“No, I need to get this out. Please,” he begged.

“Okay, love, okay.”

“The closest I can figure is that Jake’s father found one of the letters I had given Jake. Jake’s father was a miserable, angry, abusive drunk. He used to beat up Jake’s mother all the time. The police figured out that the note was from me because Jake’s father tried to implicate me in the murder -- saying I’d caused it. I had to testify at his trial. He’s doing life for what he did to Jake. But that doesn’t bring Jake back.”

“Oh, God, Gregg, I’m so sorry,” I said. Tears were now filling my eyes as well.

“My parents, of course, found out. They had a fit. They lectured me day and night for weeks about what a shame I was to them and how Jake deserved to die because of what we did. I was so scared. I started trying to date girls, trying to be ‘normal.’ They told me if I messed around with boys again, it would ruin my life. And I stupidly believed them. After all, look at what happened to Jake.”

“But Jake was a victim of a deranged, drunken bigot. What you guys did wasn’t wrong. You loved each other.”

“Yeah, I know. But I still felt guilty about what happened. I could barely live with myself. As it was, I had to change schools -- go clear across town to another high school. I

couldn't deal with girls, so I threw myself into sports to deal with the pain, to escape it for a while. I got really good, and then I was offered a full scholarship here to be on the wrestling team. I vowed to myself not to touch another guy. And if it hadn't been for you, I wouldn't have. But you were so beautiful and sexy. I just wanted to be around you -- couldn't get enough of it. I knew that I was a goner if I ever touched you, so I didn't. The closest I was gonna come with you was in the showers. Jacking off together, nothing else. Then you slept in my arms and I knew I was lost. When you freaked out, I thought my life was over. I figured I'd lost you and you'd never understand why I couldn't let myself fall in love with you. What a joke. I already was in love with you and couldn't help myself at all."

"So why did you go to Sigma Nu last night?" I asked.

"I don't know. I guess I had to try one more time. Try to be 'normal.' Maybe find a way to put you out of my mind before I ended up gay for the rest of my life. My parents basically disowned me over what happened with Jake. I figured that, eventually, if I stayed away from guys, they might accept me back as their son. But I can't help myself. I love you -- only you. I'll gladly give up my parents for you. I'd do anything for you."

I pulled back out of his arms and looked him in the eyes. "Anything?" I asked.

"Anything," he vowed.

"Even forgive yourself for what happened to Jake? That's what's wrong, you know. You keep beating yourself up over something that wasn't your fault."

He just looked at me in shock and then started crying again. Through the tears, he managed to speak.

"I know. I know. But I fell in love with you, just like I did Jake. I didn't want you to die, too," he said.

"Gregg, I'm not going to die. My parents will probably freak a little when they find out, but what the fuck. They'll deal with it."

"Are you sure?" he asked.

"Yes, I'm sure. Neither one of them is a drunk, and they're not capable of that kind of violence."

"I just don't want to lose you," he sobbed.

"You aren't going to lose me. I promise."

He leaned over and kissed me gently and ran his fingers through my hair.

"You have a serious hair fetish. Do you know that?"

He got this sheepish look on his face. "Yeah, I know. I just can't keep my hands out of it. It's so soft and so beautiful. You're so beautiful."

"No, I'm not -- but you are. Do you know the first thing I thought when I saw you the day I moved in?"

"No. Tell me."

“I thought, my God! That is the most beautiful male I’ve ever seen in my life. Well, of course I was looking at your butt at the time.” I giggled. “But I thought the same thing when you turned around.”

“My butt turns you on, huh?”

“As much as my hair turns you on. However, I’ve got to admit, even though your cock excites me, it scares hell out of me, too.”

“Dar, I won’t hurt you. I promise. I’d rather die than hurt you.” As he said this, his hand was gently stroking my face.

“Gregg, I know that. Otherwise you would have slugged me last night. I would have deserved it for what I did.” I hung my head in embarrassment, remembering the pain I had caused him.

He reached over and lifted my chin until I was looking into his eyes. “Nobody deserves that, Dar. Nobody.”

“No, you’re right. Nobody deserves that. So, that wasn’t the whole lesson, was it?” I said.

He gave me a horny grin. “No. It’s not.”

“Then let’s get moving here. Enough memories for now. Let’s start making some of our own. By the way, can I tell you what really turns me on about you?”

“Yeah, sure. What do I do that turns you on?” Gregg asked, looking at me quizzically.

“Well ... it’s not anything that you ‘do,’ actually. Now, you promise you won’t get grossed out or anything?” I asked.

“I don’t ‘gross out’ very easily.”

“It’s your scent. The scent of your body. It drives me crazy,” I admitted.

He looked at me in surprise.

“So that’s why you’re always breathing so heavy when I’m near you. I thought you might have asthma or something. By the way, I keep misplacing my jockstraps, but then they show up where I thought they were. Have you been swiping them?”

My face must have looked stricken because he really started laughing then.

“It was! It was you. I kept thinking it was, but I couldn’t figure out what you’d done with them.”

“Never looked under my pillow, did you?” I said, my face red from embarrassment.

“No, is that where you hide them?” he asked.

“Yeah. I keep ’em there to jack off with.”

“You jack off into my jock?”

“No. I kind of ... well ... huff your jock while I’m jacking off.”

“Ohh ... I get it. Well, if you like that scent, why don't you try it direct from the source?” he asked, a horny grin on his face.

“You don't mind?” I asked.

“Mind? Fuck, no! Have at it. You wanna sniff me, you go right ahead.” He winked at me as he spread his legs.

Well, that was an invitation I couldn't refuse. I slid down the bed and lay down on my stomach between his legs. I pressed my nose up against his balls and almost came just from the scent of them. I suddenly realized that what I had been getting from his jock was secondhand. Direct from his body, the scent was stronger, more robust. I was lost to it. I could hear myself moaning as I sniffed his furry balls. But I found myself wanting more. I wanted to taste what I was smelling. I put out my tongue and began to lave his balls with it. The tangy, salty taste had me moaning really loud. I was in love with the flavor of him.

It was at this point that I began to hear him moaning. I evidently had discovered something that he liked as well. I felt his hand reach down and begin to caress my head, gently pushing my face further into him. A shudder when through me when he did this, and I could feel my cock belching out pre-cum onto the bed. I don't know why him holding me there, like he was using me for his pleasure, gave me such a thrill, but it did.

“Yeah, babe, lick my balls! Suck on my nuts!” he moaned as I continued to draw his nut-sac into my mouth.

His talking sexy this way drove me into a realm of sexual frenzy that I'd never experienced before. I loved it. I loved him talking dirty to me. His deep voice, almost like a growl, filled with horniness, just about drove me crazy.

“Oh! Fuck, yeah! Talk to me, Gregg. Tell me what you want,” I begged before going back to my scrotal feast.

“Lick my sweaty balls! Fuck, yeah! That's it! Suck on my nuts!” he moaned and I did.

I would have stayed there, sucking on his sac and breathing in the deep, rich masculine smells of his crotch for the rest of my life, but he reached down and grabbed under my arms and began pulling me up his body. When he finally had me where he wanted me, my face above his, he kissed me and licked around my mouth, tasting himself.

“Not bad. Not bad at all. But you've got things out of sequence there. Look's like I'm gonna have to teach you the right way to make love to a man's body.”

And with this, he rolled us over until he was on top of me. I thought the weight of his body would crush me, but instead, it felt so good to have him over me. I felt protected, overpowered, loved -- all kinds of things I'd never felt before. I moaned and wrapped my arms around his neck, pulling him down into a deep kiss while I pressed my hard cock against his body.

He gently reached up and pried my arms from around his neck and pushed them back until they were behind my head. He looked down at me.

“Leave them there.”

It was not a request. It was an order. A thrill went through me as he took charge. I realized that this was what I wanted. I wanted him in charge. I felt safe with him calling the shots. Any fear I might have had of what we were going to do left me. What I didn't realize was what he was about to do. What he did shocked the hell out of me. His head moved down and he placed his nose directly into my left armpit. For a second, I wondered what in the hell he was doing, and then I heard it -- he was taking deep breaths of my underarm, my scent. I heard him moan deep in his throat, and I realized that he wanted my scent as badly as I wanted his. He raised his head for a moment and winked at me.

“Thought you were the only one, didn't you?” he asked.

“Yeah.” I could barely croak out an answer, I was so turned on.

He chuckled and then, lowering his face to my pit again, began to lick and taste me as well. I was glad his huge body was on top of me because if it hadn't been, I probably would have fallen off the bed trying to get away from his tongue. The shock of it, the intensity of it. I could barely stand it. It was like being tickled, but it was so erotically stimulating at the same time. I was moaning and squirming under him from the feelings. It was my first lesson in what he later called “edging” -- experiencing just that thin edge between pain and pleasure. I was so turned on I nearly came just from him licking me. After a few moments, he pulled his face out of my pit and looked down at me.

“Like that, don't you?”

“Oh, fuck yeah,” I said.

His face came down on mine and he kissed me, shoving his tongue into my mouth. I could taste my sweat and musk on his tongue and I loved it. I sucked his tongue, trying to get all of it that I could. I licked his lips as well, tasting myself. It was an incredible turn-on. Gregg did my other pit, again kissing me and allowing me to taste myself. Next he licked down my neck until he reached my chest.

“Fuckin' nice pecs,” he said, looking into my eyes, and I knew he meant it from the gleam of lust I saw in them.

He sucked and bit at my nipples, again taking me to that edge between pain and ecstasy. I was moaning and making little crying noises as he proceeded to drive me past the point of rational thought. He only chuckled deep in his throat at my reactions. His face finally moved on, painting my abs with his saliva as he licked down toward my pubic region. He got between my legs and buried his nose in my pubic hair. I could hear him taking deep breaths of my scent there before looking up at me.

“Fuck, yeah. I love the smell of you.”

He moved down to my balls. My ball-sac was pulled up tight under my cock from being so turned on. Gregg pressed his nose to it, and again I could hear him breathing deeply of my scent. His tongue came out and he began to lick my balls. I thought I would die right

then and there. It was such a phenomenal feeling. I moaned and thrashed to the point that Gregg had to hold my hips with his hands. He's strong enough to hold me immobile -- and it was a good thing for what was coming next.

I figured that he'd move up from my balls to my cock. I was shocked, then, when he kept moving lower. He licked that piece of skin between my balls and my ass but still kept moving lower. He put his hands under my knees and pushed my legs up and back so that my whole ass was visible to him.

Here I was worried about grossing him out, and what he did next just about grossed me out, at first. I watched as he bent his head down and began running his nose up and down the cleft of my ass. I couldn't believe it. He was taking deep whiffs of my ass. Then, shocking me to the max, he began licking up and down the cleft. I couldn't believe it. Gregg was ... licking my ass! Not only that but -- God in heaven! -- it felt so good. My mouth opened and I moaned loudly. I'd never felt anything like it in my life. I thought I was going to come any moment just from the feeling. He began to lick and suck at my hole, forcing his tongue up inside me. I really thought I would lose it then. His tongue was moving in and out of my body just like a small cock -- fucking my ass. As much as I feared the whole idea of getting fucked by that horse-cock of his, what he was doing to me was setting my ass on fire. The more he did it, the more I wanted him to do it. And with something bigger and harder. I suddenly realized I really did want to be fucked by his cock.

"Oh, FUCK!" I groaned. "Fuck me! Please, Gregg! Fuck me!" I begged.

You see what I'm telling you about that mouth of mine, running off before I even have a chance to think about what I'm saying? My mouth was begging Gregg to shove that telephone pole he had between his legs into my little, tender butthole. I had to be completely out of my mind.

Chapter Four

Gregg stopped tongue-fucking my butt and pulled his face out of my cleft. He rose up and looked at me.

“Dar ... are you sure?” he asked, shock showing on his face.

Was I sure? Was I sure I wanted what looked like the cock on a prized thoroughbred stud to go shoving up my butt?

“Yeah, I’m sure. I want to feel you inside me. I want to feel a part of you.” And, as I said it, I knew it was true.

“Babe, you’ve got to believe me. I want to fuck you. I really do. But you’re not ready to take me. I know how big I am. We have to take time to work on getting you ready.”

“How long?” I asked.

“I don’t know. It took several weeks before Jake was comfortable with doing it.”

“Weeks?”

“Yeah.”

I didn’t want to wait weeks. I wanted to do this NOW.

“Gregg, you know what you’re doing. Can’t you kind of speed things up?”

“Well, there is a way ...” he mumbled.

“What is it?”

“Look, it’s better not to ask right now. Let me try to open you up and see how it goes. Okay?”

“Okay.”

“I need to get something.”

He got up off the bed, went over to his dresser, and rummaged through a drawer. Finally he brought out a small plastic bottle that was half full of some clear liquid.

“I’m going to lube your ass up and try to put my finger inside of you. Let’s see how that goes.”

He went back to eating my ass, and I tried to relax as much as I could. When Gregg was able to shove his tongue easily in and out of me, he rose up and started applying the lube to my butt. It was a little cold at first, but it also made things a lot easier.

“Now, I’m going to start with one finger. Push down with your ass muscles while I do. That will make things easier. I want you to breathe deep. If there’s any pain, keep taking deep breaths. That will relax your inner muscles and the pain will go away. Understand?” he asked, concern and trepidation written all over his face.

“Okay,” I replied with equal trepidation.

I’ll admit I was scared. Who wouldn’t be? But I also wanted this very badly. Besides, his tongue had felt so good in me; maybe I was fearing all of this for nothing.

Gregg had big hands and very long fingers. When he slid the first one in, there was a little burning at first, but I pressed down with my muscles like he’d told me and it slid in all the way to the knuckle. Gregg added more lube around it and began sliding it in and out of my ass. It was like my ass knew exactly what it wanted and exactly what to do and had only been waiting all of my life to finally get it. I opened up very quickly and soon Gregg’s one finger was really not enough.

“Damn!” he said in wonder. “I’ve read in porno stories about guys’ asses being made to get fucked and thought it was bullshit. I’m starting to believe yours was. Jake didn’t open this easily.”

He slowly added a second finger, and almost immediately my chute welcomed this additional stimulation. I was groaning, but it wasn’t from pain. The pleasure I was receiving was indescribable. I’d never felt anything like it, but it was something that I knew I had to experience over and over again. Then Gregg curled his fingers and hit something in my ass. I about passed out. I thought I was going to come just from his touch.

“Fuck!” I moaned loudly. “What the fuck was THAT?!”

Gregg chuckled. “That was your prostate. That’s what makes getting fucked worth it.”

“Fuck! I thought I was gonna come.”

“Stroking the prostate will make you come. If a guy’s cock rubs it just right while he’s fucking you, you can get off without ever touching your cock.”

“You’re kidding, right?” I asked.

“Nope. Used to do it to Jake all the time. And he did it to me.”

“Jake fucked you?”

“Yeah, I told you that. You will, too, I hope.”

“You want me to fuck you?” I said, astounded. This was not something I had even thought about.

“Sure. You don’t get to have all the fun.”

“But...ahh ... I ... thought that ... well ...” I sputtered.

“That I was too big, too aggressive, too ‘butch’ to get fucked?”

“Yeah. All those things,” I answered sheepishly.

“Babe, we’re both guys. Guys love to fuck. And once they get over their fuckin’ hang-ups about it and learn how good it feels, guys love to get fucked as well. You’re not a girl to me, you know. You’re a guy, and I want you to learn to fuck me like one. Okay?” he asked.

Suddenly I pictured me shoving my cock into that beautiful butt of his and that thought alone almost made me come. It did make my cock belch out some pre-cum onto my abs.

“I see that idea turns you on.”

“Yeah, it does.”

“Good.”

By this point, his two fingers were moving easily in and out of my butt. I was feeling like I wanted more. Gregg realized this and pulled his two fingers out to re-lube me and to add a third. However, when he pulled out, I groaned from the empty feeling I got inside. Gregg chuckled at this.

“Your butt is really hungry. Don’t worry, I just want to add some more lube.”

I blushed deep scarlet at my wantonness and Gregg noticed.

“Hey, babe, it’s okay. You have no idea how happy I am that you love this so much. I want my cock in your butt as much as you want it there.”

He then proceeded to work three fingers up me. There was a little pain at first, but I pushed down on my muscles and took a couple of deep breaths as Gregg had told me to, and it quickly went away to be replaced by more and more pleasure. If this was what getting fucked felt like, bring on that horse-cock.

Soon Gregg was sliding his three fingers deep inside me and out again with little or no resistance from my hole at all. It just kept feeling better and better. I loved this. But I knew there was something better coming and I wanted that most of all. Finally, Gregg pulled his fingers out and looked at me.

“That’s all we can do this way, babe. I think you’re ready for the real thing.”

“Okay.” I had no fear this time. I wanted his cock and I wanted it badly.

“Okay, get up and let me lie down.”

“What?” I asked, completely confused by this request.

“You heard me. Get your lazy ass up so I can lie down. This next part, you’re gonna do yourself.”

I had no idea what the fuck he was talking about, but I did what he said. Gregg lay down and then lubed up his cock. I kept looking at the enormity of it, and while I wasn't really having second thoughts, it did look challenging, to say the least.

"Okay, this is where those squats I make you do every day are gonna come in handy."

"Oh, so you were training me for this all along, huh? Sneaky."

"Well ... no, I wasn't. However, I'll admit that I did have some fantasies about you doing this when we were jacking off in the shower," he answered sheepishly.

"You fantasize about me?" I asked in shock.

He looked at me in surprise. "Sure. I told you that you were beautiful. What guy wouldn't fantasize about fucking you?"

I didn't know what to say. This came as a complete surprise to me. Oh, sure, I'd fantasized about him constantly. It just never dawned on me that he might feel the same way. Feelings of pride, of feeling wanted, of being desirable and sexy rushed over me. It was fantastic.

"Okay, babe, I want you to stand over me with your feet on each side of me here." He indicated a place just above his hips.

I got into position and looked down at him. He was lying there holding his cock straight up, skinning back the foreskin so that the red, wet, exposed head of his cock was visible.

"Okay, now what?" I asked.

"I want you to squat down on my cock. Take it slow. The reason we're doing this is so you can take it at your own pace so that you don't get hurt."

Nodding my head, I slowly began to squat down until the opening to my body was just resting on the tip of his cockhead.

"Whenever you're ready, babe, just push down slowly."

I took a deep breath and pushed down with my muscles to relax me. Then I slowly began lowering myself onto his cock. At first, there was a little resistance from my hole, but I pushed harder and his cock began to slide inside me. All of a sudden, all of my ass muscles seemed to lock down tight, all at once. The pain was excruciating. I cried out from it.

"Stop! Don't move," Gregg ordered and put his hands under my butt, literally letting me sit on his hands with no more downward pressure. "Take deep breaths."

I followed his directions, and in a few moments my chute opened back up again. Gregg felt it and looked up at me.

"I'm gonna let go now. Support yourself and squat down slowly to take more."

I felt his hands leave my butt, and I began to slowly glide down his cock again. I kept expecting to reach the bottom of it, but there seemed to be more and more of it. I kept thinking it was going to end up poking into my stomach. Finally, however, without any

more painful incidents, I felt his pubic hair tickling my hole and knew I had all of Gregg inside me. I felt like I'd just won a gold medal in the Olympics. I looked down at Gregg and he was smiling up at me.

"I don't believe it. You did it!"

"Yeah," I breathed.

"Okay, rest on me. Put your hands on my chest. Stay right where you are and let yourself get used to it."

I rested fully on his crotch and put my hands on his massive pecs. I couldn't help kneading them, and when I did, I could feel his cock twitch in my butt. I giggled.

"Stop that!" he groaned. "I don't want to come before I even fuck you. You're so damned hot and tight I'm havin' trouble not coming now."

I giggled again. "You feel so good inside me," I exclaimed.

"You're okay, then?" he asked.

"Yeah. Better than okay. WAY better."

"Okay, I'm gonna start moving around. Don't you move. You stay right there. I'm gonna help loosen you up some more." To prevent me moving, he put his strong hands on my hips to hold me down on him.

Gregg then began to move his cock around inside me, kind of stirring it in my guts, touching places that had never been touched before. It was a strange feeling at first, but one that was definitely getting me hotter and hotter. I was now afraid that I would come before he fucked me, and I wasn't even touching myself. But my cock was harder than I ever remembered it being, and it was leaking pre-cum in a steady stream that was flowing down my cock, across my balls and onto Gregg's abs. He noticed this and moved one of his hands to gather up my wetness and then brought his fingers to his mouth and licked it all off.

"Just like I thought. So sweet. Just like you."

Just watching him lick my pre-cum from his fingers was one of the most erotic things I'd ever seen in my life. My love for him surged through my body like a raging forest fire!

"Gregg, fuck me. Please, dear God, fuck me," I begged.

"I'm going to, babe, but first you need to fuck yourself."

I looked at him quizzically.

"You need to take a ride, babe. Start moving up and down on my cock so you get used to it before I take over."

Oh! I started to rise slightly, maybe an inch or so, and then moved back down. Oh, God! It felt so GOOD. I immediately rose further and moved down a little faster. I thought I was gonna lose it right then. Nothing in my life had ever felt like this. It was the most incredible sensation I'd ever had. I wanted this to go on and on. I rose even further and this time dropped as fast as I could. I cried out in ecstasy. I was just about to rise again when I felt

Gregg's hand on my hips, holding me in place. I looked down at him, confused. Why had he stopped me?

"You seem okay. Now rise completely off me. I'm going to fuck you."

I did what he said basically by standing up. The emptiness I felt at his cock not being in my butt caused in me a desperate yearning to be filled again.

"Lie down on your back. I want to watch your face while I fuck you."

Yeah. I liked that idea. I wanted to watch him while he fucked me, too. I got down on my back and Gregg got between my legs and lifted them onto his broad, muscular shoulders. Because he was so tall and I was so short, when he leaned over, his face was right above mine and he could lean down and kiss me. For once, my being short was a real advantage, and I thanked God, finally, that he had made me short. Evidently, at least in my mind, God had made me just for Gregg. The way our bodies fit together, the way my chute took his cock so easily -- it just all seemed preordained somehow.

Gregg re-lubed his cock and my hole and then gently slid his massive cock back inside me. No pain or problems this time, he just slid in all the way until he had no more cock to give me. Then he leaned over and kissed me deeply. My arms came up and wrapped around his neck and shoulders as I sucked on his tongue. I could taste my butt, from his eating me, and it didn't gross me out at all. It was right there and then that I decided that this was something I wanted to try. I wanted to eat his butt. But I wanted him to fuck me first.

Gregg seemed to get the message telepathically because I no more thought it than he began moving his cock in and out of me. Slowly at first but building in speed, length and power. He broke the kiss and rose up onto his hands, his arms straight, like he was going to do push-ups. He looked down at me and watched my face as he fucked me.

"Fuck! You are so beautiful. And your ass is so incredible. I could fuck you forever," he moaned.

"Yes, fuck me forever. Never stop fucking me," I moaned in answer, reaching up and running my hands across his muscular chest and out to where I was sliding them down his arms, feeling his soft, smooth skin and hard muscles as he moved in and out of me.

The powerful thrusts of his hips were making slapping noises as they hit my butt cheeks. I could feel his cock rubbing against my prostate with each stroke. I now understood exactly what he was talking about. I knew I could come without touching myself -- just from him fucking me.

"Harder! Fuck me harder!"

He groaned and threw his hips into a powered frenzy of fucking. He was like a pile-driver going in and out of my butt. I knew I couldn't take much more. I had to come. I had no choice in the matter. I couldn't stop myself.

"GREGG! I'M GONNA COME!"

"Yeah, come for me! Shoot your load for me!" he urged me on.

“OH ... MY ... GOD!” I screamed and shot the biggest load I’d ever shot in my life.

Cum just kept spurting and spurting out of my cock until I was covered in it. All over my face, chest and abs I had streaks of white, warm cum. My ass was clamping down around Gregg’s cock, and I heard him begin to moan, deep in his chest.

“Ohhh! FUCK! I’M COMIIN’!” he bellowed, and I could feel the tremors shoot through his cock as he unloaded his cum deep inside of me.

I lost count of how many tremors there were. All I know is that there was way too much cum with his cock inside me because I could feel it spurting out of my hole. The look on his face was incredible. Pleasure so exquisite that if I didn’t know better, I would think he was in intense pain.

He finally stopped coming and moved my legs from his shoulders and placed them around his hips. Then he lay on top of me, licking my cum off my face and kissing me deeply as we both experienced the aftershocks of our orgasms. He finally pulled his mouth from mine and looked down into my eyes.

“Oh, fuck, Dar. It was never like this before. I’ve never come that hard in my life. Oh, God! I love you so much,” he said.

“You’d better love me, because I think I belong to you now.”

“We belong to each other, babe.” Then he tenderly kissed me again.

His cock never went soft, and soon his hips began moving slowly again.

“Yes,” I groaned. “Fuck me again.”

“Are you sure you can take it?” he said, stopping his movements, concern in his voice.

“Oh fuck, yeah.”

That’s all he needed. Soon he was ramming my butt as hard and fast as before, and it was obvious that without any down time, we were both headed for another explosive orgasm. It took slightly longer this time, but we were soon both crying out and shooting our loads -- his up inside me and me all over my body again. Then he collapsed on me and my cum glued our bodies together.

When he regained his strength, his cock finally went soft and began to slip from my ass. I moaned at its loss and Gregg just chuckled at me. He slipped from my arms and began working his way down my body, licking up all the cum he could find on my chest and abs, and then he moved up the bed until he was lying beside me. He pulled me into his arms and kissed me.

“You are so amazing,” Gregg said to me with wonder in his voice. “I never thought you could take me so easily.”

“I wanted you. I wanted you so badly I wasn’t going to let you out of this bed until you did fuck me.”

“I can’t believe this. We haven’t even sucked each other’s cocks, but I’ve already fucked you.”

“Well, I thought we’d leave that until round two.” I giggled.

“No. Round four.”

“Round four? What happened to two and three?” I asked.

“Well, we already had two. I fucked you twice.”

“No. Second time doesn’t count. You never went soft and you never pulled out.”

“Yes, it does. Anytime you shoot, it counts,” he intoned decisively, but with a smile from ear to ear.

“Okay, but what about round three?” I asked.

“That’s when you fuck me.” And saying this, he leaned down and kissed me gently.

My cock, which was mostly soft, surged back to full hardness at the thought of fucking him. As his body was pressed against mine, he felt it and started to chuckle.

“Seems like you’re getting ready for round three.”

“Yeah,” I admitted sheepishly. “But I’ve got a problem.”

“What, babe?” he asked.

“I’m starving.”

“You always have an appetite after we work out.”

“And you don’t?” I asked.

“Oh, I do, too. And, yes, I’m hungry, too. Let’s go take a shower and get some food before we continue this.”

“What about classes?”

“Fuck classes! I’d rather get fucked by you.”

“And wrestling practice?”

“Fuck ... uh ... no, can’t fuck wrestling practice,” he admitted sheepishly.

“I have a funny feeling that you’re gonna get so worn out in bed today that Vince is finally going to beat you.”

“The fuck he will,” Gregg growled fiercely. “This will only energize me to give him the pummeling he deserves.”

We both broke up laughing over that. We got out of bed, grabbed our shower stuff, and went down the hall to the bathroom. It was late, so nobody was around. When we got to the bathroom, Gregg got into a shower stall and turned on the water. I started to get in the stall next to him, but he grabbed my arm and pulled me into the same shower with him.

“Where the fuck do you think you’re going?”

“Gregg, what if somebody sees us?” I said, shocked at his behavior.

“Fuck ’em! I don’t care. I love you and I don’t care who knows it. I’m fuckin’ tired of hiding all the time.” The next thing I knew, he was pulling me into his arms and kissing me.

“Are you sure?”

“Yes. I don’t want us to hide. I’m not going to go waving a rainbow flag or anything, but I don’t want to have to hide the fact that I love you.”

As if to test this idea, we heard the door open, and before we could pull the shower curtain closed, in walked Vince. He stopped dead, and the three of us just looked at each other for a few moments. There we were, Gregg and I naked and in each other’s arms. There was no doubt about what was happening between Gregg and me. Finally, Vince got this amused smirk on his face.

“So you two finally figured it out, huh?”

“What do you mean?” I asked, my face red with embarrassment.

“Hey, guys, nobody could watch you two and not know that you were in love. Seemed like the only people who couldn’t figure it out were the two of you.”

“Oh,” was all I could answer.

“And it does explain all that yelling last night. Lovers’ quarrel, guys?” Vince smirked.

“Oh, fuck!” Gregg exclaimed. “Yeah ... we had a bad misunderstanding.”

“Like what did you misunderstand? That you were in love with each other?”

Gregg and I looked at each other sheepishly.

“Yeah,” we answered together.

“Well, it’s about fuckin’ time, guys.”

“It doesn’t bother you?” I asked Vince.

“Nah ... why should it?”

“But ... ahh ... you and ... uh ... Gregg ... uh ...” I was too flustered to get out what I was trying to say.

“We wrestle against each other?” Vince asked.

“Well ... yeah.”

“Dar, what we do out on the mats is not making love to each other. Trust me,” Vince said.

“No, I guess it’s not, but are the rest of the guys going to think that way?”

“I don’t see why not. I mean, we all know. It’s not like either of you ever chased girls or anything, and we never saw either of you apart. Even jocks aren’t THAT dumb.”

“Thanks, Vince.”

“What for?” he asked. “Fuck, I’m envious, guys. I can’t find a girl to love as much as you two seem to love each other. Shit, maybe I ought to try guys?”

“Well, that’s okay, Vince. If you do decide to, just remember this one’s taken,” Gregg informed Vince as he leaned down and kissed me gently on the lips.

“Ahh! Get a room, guys,” Vince exclaimed.

“We’ve got one.” And laughing, I pulled the shower curtain closed.

Gregg and I took a very long shower. We carefully and tenderly washed each other, kissing and licking almost everywhere on each other’s body. Gregg, of course, washed my hair for me, which gave us both boners, but this time rather than jacking off, we began to stroke each other. After a few minutes, though, Gregg stopped and pushed me under the water to rinse the soap off my crotch and then squatted down.

“I’m sorry. I can’t wait for round four,” he said as he slid his mouth down my cock.

The warm wetness of his mouth, the softness of his tongue as he caressed my cock with it, caused me to cry out in ecstasy.

“Oh, fuck! Oh, God! Gregg, don’t stop. Please don’t stop,” I begged as he moved his mouth up and down my cock.

Gregg chuckled deep in his throat at my pleas. “I’m not going to stop until I taste your cum,” he growled, momentarily pulling off my cock.

He followed this statement with sliding my cock all the way down his throat until his nose was pressed into my pubic hair. I moaned at the tightness of his throat and thought I would pass out from the feelings he was causing. I was lost in the heat of what he was doing and what I was feeling. I grabbed his head and started thrusting my cock in and out of his throat. His hands grabbed my butt cheeks, and I could feel his fingers stroking my tender hole. I was in heaven. Groaning out my passion, I looked down and watched as my cock rammed its way in and out of his mouth.

“Oh, yeah! Fuck, yeah! Suck my cock! Eat me! Suck it all the way down your throat!” I growled, and Gregg moaned as well, sending vibrations through my cock and deep into my body.

That was about all it took. I felt that tingle in my balls that told me I was about to shoot.

“Ahh! Fuck! Yeah! I’m comin’! Suck me! SUCK MY COCK! TAKE MY CUM!” I cried out as my sperm spewed out of my cock and down Gregg’s throat.

He pulled back on my cock some so that he could take my load in his mouth. I don’t know how many times I shot. I just know that when I stopped, if it hadn’t been for Gregg’s hands on me holding me up, I would have collapsed onto the floor of the shower.

Gregg stood up, pulled me into his arms, and kissed me deeply. He’d held on to some of my cum-load and shared it with me. I drank it greedily, and when I pulled my lips away from his finally, I noticed that a bit had leaked out of the side of his mouth. I reached out my tongue and licked this off as well.

“Oh, fuck! That was incredible,” I said to him.

“Liked that, huh? I kinda thought you would.” His eyes glittered with pride and lust, and I felt his hard cock pressing against my body.

“Do I have to wait for round four?” I asked quietly.

He looked at me and shook his head, his eyes burning with lust. I slid down his body until I was on my knees before him. In the beginning, I had thought of him as a jock-god. Now I was thrilled at the thought of finally “worshipping” him in the way that one male can truly best worship another.

His cock was sticking out straight in front of me, dripping pre-cum from the puckered skin covering the head. I stuck out my tongue and let the drip fall on it. I tasted the sweetness of him and moaned. When I pushed the skin back off the head of his cock and licked across his slit, I heard him moan. I tasted more of his pre-cum and loved it. However, when I had pushed back his hood, my nose had been hit by a smell I only faintly recognized. It was like something I had smelled in his jock but not this strongly. As I pulled back on the loose skin of his cock, the scent became stronger. My nose moved to investigate the source of the scent and found white particles under the flange of his cockhead. Strong, masculine, pungent. It was like nothing I’d ever smelled before.

“It’s called smegma.” I heard Gregg’s voice softly above me. “I’m sorry. I usually wash it off in the shower.”

I don’t know why, but my tongue snaked out and licked some of it off. The taste of it burst on my tongue -- pungent like ripened cheese. The scent of it rose in my nose and I loved it. It was so raw, so masculine, so sexy.

“Don’t you dare ever wash this off again,” I growled as I licked the rest of it off his cock.

“Why?” he asked, shock in his voice.

“Because I love it. That’s why,” I said, looking up at him with a smirk on my face.

“Ahh, fuck,” he breathed softly. “Jake did, too.”

The look on his face changed to sadness as he thought about his dead lover. I quickly rose to my feet and put my arms around him. He grabbed me, tightly holding me to him.

“I’m sorry, Dar.”

“Gregg, it’s okay. I understand. I should have known that all of this would bring back memories of what you and Jake shared.”

“No, it’s not fair to you. I never thought I would ever find a guy to love again. I certainly never expected to love you more. But I do. I love you even more than I loved Jake. But I still miss him. I guess I always will. I’m sorry.”

“What are you apologizing for? Of course you miss him. My God! You loved him. He loved you, and his own fucking father killed him. Gregg, I love you. I love everything about you. Jake is a part of you, and so I guess I must love him as well in some way.”

His arms tightened around me and he kissed me fiercely. It was like he wanted to devour me. It certainly took my breath away. He finally broke the kiss right before I almost passed out!

“Thank you. Oh, God! Thank you,” he said, his voice intense. “I was afraid I was being unfaithful to you because I knew I still loved Jake. Thank you so much for understanding.”

He kissed me again.

“What I understand is that I owe you an orgasm and I intend to finish what I started.”

“Who am I to say no to that?”

“You’ve got that straight.”

His cock had softened so that it was drooping down. Not soft, but not hard anymore. I pushed back the foreskin again and slid my lips around the head of his cock. I heard him moan as I tasted the sweaty maleness of his cock. He tasted so good. He felt so good in my mouth, all soft skin and hardness. His cock rapidly came back to full hardness, and I began to move up and down it with my mouth. His groans told me that, even though I’d never done this before, I was doing it right. I knew to keep my teeth out of the way, and from what he’d done to me, I knew to use my tongue to stroke and lick his cock as I sucked on him.

I was getting so into sucking him that I made what I later learned was a very common error by novice cocksuckers. I pushed down too far and his cockhead hit the back of my throat. This triggered my gag reflex, and I immediately gagged and started coughing, ejecting Gregg’s cock from my mouth. Gregg instantly squatted down and took me in his arms, stroking my head.

“Babe, are you all right?” he asked concerned.

“Yes,” I managed to say, but I was still coughing some.

“You don’t have to take the whole thing. What you were doing felt fantastic. Hell, even Jake never could take all of it.”

I heard that and suddenly knew that, no matter what it took, I had to take all of him. I had to take that fucking horse-cock down my throat. I had to do one thing for him that Jake never could. I know it was jealousy. I know it was because I felt insecure because Gregg had loved him first. God forgive me, I was jealous of a dead boy. But I couldn’t help myself. I loved Gregg so much, and I guess at that time, I still didn’t really understand how much he loved me. I just couldn’t believe that he could love me as much as I loved him. How foolish I was, but this was all so new to me. I’d never loved anyone before.

“I’m fine. Let me finish, please?”

Gregg nodded to me. “With pleasure, babe.” And standing up, he let his cock touch my lips.

I slid my mouth over his cockhead and sucked his cock into my mouth. Again it hardened, and I was soon moving up and down on it. I let it slide toward my throat, this time aware of what would happen and heavily holding back my gag reflex. I felt his cock move

into my throat. Maybe it was all the phlegm and saliva covering it along with his pre-cum, which was still flowing freely, but all of a sudden, I swallowed and his cock slipped into my throat and my nose was pressed into his pubic hair. I could hear his deep intake of breath as he felt his cock enclosed in my throat. I pulled back until I could breathe, took a deep breath, and slid back down again. His cock slid easily into my throat this time. I kept this up -- sliding his cock deep into my throat and out.

“Oh, fuck! Dar, you did it! You fuckin’ took all my cock. Fuck, yeah! Deep throat me, babe. This is fantastic!” He moaned as I continued to slide up and down his cock, feeling it fucking deep into my throat. I loved the feeling, almost as much as his cock fucking my ass.

I felt Gregg’s hands on my head, running through my hair but also guiding me in sucking his cock. I stopped moving and his hips began to pump his cock in and out of my throat. Now he was truly fucking me, fucking my face -- fucking my throat. I loved the vision of his pelvis thrusting toward me and away. My cock was so hard, I reached down and began stroking it as I continued to let him fuck my face.

“Oh, fuck! Dar! I’m gonna come! I’m gonna COME!” Gregg screamed out.

And as he said it, he began to unload his cum into me. I pulled back so that it shot into my mouth and I could taste it -- sweet, salty and slightly pungent. I quickly began swallowing as jet after jet of his hot essence shot into my mouth. Finally it stopped and I continued to suck gently on his cock until I had every drop of cum that was in him. He pulled his cock from my mouth and slid to the floor beside me, taking me in his arms and kissing me deeply.

“Oh, fuck, Dar. I can’t believe you did that. Jake never could. Fuck! It felt so good,” he said, hugging me in his strong arms.

I rested my head on his shoulder, feeling deep pride in what I had managed to do. Above all, I had pleased this man who I loved so much.

Chapter Five

We finally left the shower, went back to our room, got dressed, and left to find some food. I stopped at the dorm phone to call Campus Housing and tell them that I wasn't going to move. They didn't sound happy with my decision, but they didn't insist that I make the change, which is all that I wanted.

Since we'd missed breakfast and it was too early for lunch, we got into my car and drove into town. We found a little diner and grabbed a booth. The waitress brought us menus, but when Gregg started to look at it, I noticed that he got a very uncomfortable look on his face.

"Uh ... Dar ... do you have any money on you?" he whispered.

"Sure." I had just gotten paid a couple of days before.

"I'll pay you back. I'm broke."

"Babe, you don't have to pay me back."

"Why not?"

"Because when I said I belonged to you, I meant all of me. Everything that I have is yours. So you can't pay back what is already yours."

He just sat there looking at me for a few moments. His mouth opened and closed several times, but no sound came out. Finally he found his voice. "Are you saying that we're married?"

"I guess, for all intents and purposes, that's how I feel. Am I wrong?"

"No, babe, you're not wrong. That's what I want. I just hadn't had a chance to ask you."

"I thought you did that when you made love to me and planted your seed inside me?"

"Yeah, I guess you could look at it that way. But that doesn't feel right to me."

"So what would feel right to you?" I asked.

He reached over and took my hand in both of his. "Dar, would you share my life; would you be my lover; would you marry me?" he said.

My eyes started to tear up.

"Yes, Gregg. Oh, God! Yes," I said.

"There, that feels better. Now you can pay for breakfast."

I started laughing and he did as well. When the waitress came to take our order, she looked at us funny. We calmed down enough to order, and she went away.

"Gregg, there's some things that we maybe ought to talk about."

"Like what, babe?" he asked.

"Well, little things like our futures, our plans, and whether or not we're going to be exclusively faithful to each other."

"Oh, little things, huh?"

"Well ... important little things."

"Okay, let's take the last one first. How do you feel about it?" he asked.

"That I don't want anyone but you."

"Well, that takes care of that because I don't want anyone but you. See, that was easy!"

"Okay, what about our futures? If we're going to be a couple, that means our futures are entwined," I stated.

"So what do we do?"

"Well ... what did you plan to do with your degree?"

"I figured that maybe I'd teach and coach in a high school, maybe a small college. What were you going to do?"

"I was intending to go into nursing, but lately, I've begun to think more about physical therapy. I've been getting a lot of satisfaction out of working with guys on the team rehabilitating from injuries."

"So maybe we work out something together. We don't have to do this right now. We have a year and a half until we graduate."

"Yeah, I guess you're right. It's just, you know, once your family finds out about us, you'll get no help from them."

"I'm not getting any now," he admitted quietly.

"None?"

"None. Every so often, Coach throws me a job around his house and some of the alumni help out."

"Does Coach know why your parents don't help?"

“Yeah. I told him the truth when he offered me the scholarship. It was probably the hardest thing I ever did. But he was great. He told me that who I loved was my own business, not anybody else’s -- including my parents’.”

“Do you think Coach knows about us?”

“I think he does. I mean, if the other guys could see it, I’m sure Coach did. And I kind of think that’s why he had us over for Thanksgiving.”

“Really? What makes you think that?” I asked.

“It was just this conversation that he and I had right before we left. He and I were in the kitchen alone and he asked me how you and I were getting along. I told him we were getting along fine. Then he looked at me and said something I didn’t understand at the time, but maybe now I do.”

“What was it?”

“He looked at me and said, ‘Be gentle with each other.’ That’s all he said. I think he must know.”

“Yeah, it sure seems like it.”

At that point the waitress returned with our food. We both devoured it. It seems that sex makes you even hungrier than regular exercise. Somewhere in the middle of eating, we looked at each other wolfing down our food and just started laughing. It was a joyous feeling, just being together, knowing that we loved each other and that love was just beginning for us.

We drove back to campus and went back to our dorm room. The minute we were inside, we stripped and got into bed. My bed this time. Since we’d both just eaten, we were too full to get into heavy sex. Instead we just lay there in each other’s arms.

“So what about your plans to go to the east or west coast?” Gregg asked me.

“Well ... I think we need to talk about that. You know, if we stay here, we’ll have to hide our relationship all the time, and that’s going to be very hard. If you want to teach in a school, it will be doubly difficult because if we’re ever found out, you’ll be fired for being gay.”

“Yeah, I already figured that out. Do you think that maybe we should decide where to go? Make plans so that we’re ready when we do graduate?” he asked.

“I think we should definitely research it, but I’m kind of leaning toward California. Better weather than the east coast and more tolerant -- especially in LA or San Francisco.”

“Yeah, I can see that. I don’t know, but maybe we ought to get some outside advice.”

“Who would you suggest?” I asked.

“I’d like to talk to Coach. With his contacts, maybe he knows someplace on the west coast that I could get work.”

“Okay, that’s a good idea.”

“Babe, we’ll find a place. As long as we’re together, that’s all that matters, right?” he asked.

“Yeah. That’s all that matters. I just want to be with you -- to make love to you.”

“So when you gonna start?”

“You really want to get fucked, don’t you?”

“Yeah, I told you that.”

He kissed me deeply and then told me to move over on the bed. There wasn’t all that much room. He finally said to get off the bed and let him get into position. I stood beside the bed, my cock already hard, and watched as he assumed a position face down on the bed with his legs spread wide. He looked up at me with horniness and anticipation written all over his face.

“Climb aboard. I promise you the ride of your life.”

“Climb aboard where?”

“Just lie down on top of me. You’ll get the idea soon enough.”

And that was all he said. I climbed on top of him, resting my body on his. The way I was lying, my cock slid right into the crack of his butt and my face and mouth were right over the back of his neck. His head was resting on his hands so that his arms were out from his body and the elbows bent. This caused his deltoids and biceps to stand out, and I slid my hands down his arms, feeling their strength and the softness of his skin while I licked and kissed his neck and shoulders. He expressed his approval of my actions in small groans and sighs of satisfaction.

I truly loved tasting the saltiness of his skin and the flavor of his scent. Moving down his body, my face finally came to his beautiful butt. The magnificent twin mounds of muscle and flesh that had all but taken my breath away the first time I saw him. My tongue licked across them, turning the cheeks of his butt to the prickly skin of gooseflesh as he swayed his hips back and forth, trying to get my tongue to taste every square inch of his beautiful ass.

While I moved closer to the cleft between his buttocks, I began to be aware of a different scent -- a darker, richer scent of him than I had experienced before. Or at least, so I thought. Then I remembered the fragrant jockstraps that I had used to stimulate my masturbation fantasies of him. Down at the bottom of the pouch where the leg straps attached, there was often this dark scent. It never really dawned on me at the time, but this part of the jockstrap had evidently ridden up into the crack of his butt, and so what I was smelling then was what I was smelling now -- the dark, rich scent of his ass.

I knew that every animal has specialized scent glands that produce pheromones. I didn’t learn, however, until later in my studies, that in men they exist around the scrotum, under the arms and between the cheeks of the ass. Just as I had been drawn to the other places on his body, this one now drew me -- and strongly!

I pulled open the cheeks of his butt and ran my nose down the valley of his ass. The scent that rose strongly was pungent and rich and caused my cock to jerk under me and spew out pre-cum. I moaned deep in my throat and buried as much of my face in his butt as I could. But scent was not enough. Though I had thought it somewhat gross at first when Gregg had licked my ass, I now understood the intensity of that desire. My tongue began to taste and lick all up and down his trench as Gregg moaned and pushed his ass back in an attempt to get more of my tongue in contact with this very sensitive area of his body.

It went through my mind that this was the most secret and private part of Gregg's anatomy -- indeed, the most vulnerable part, the part that a male hides from all others. Instead of hiding it, Gregg was offering it to me in trust of my care and desire for him. My tongue finally focused on the wrinkled, rose-colored opening to his body. I licked the folds of soft, delicate skin and then pushed against the opening with the tip of my tongue. The hole began to blossom open and my tongue slid inside him. My tongue was actually inside my lover's body! The thought was mind-blowing. I could explore the inside of him and feel the smoothness of the walls of his opening, taste the dark, rich tastes and hear the moans from him that accompanied the thrills I was sending throughout his entire body.

The harder I pushed my tongue into his ass, the softer his opening became until I had shoved up his ass every possible millimeter of my tongue. I began to fuck his hole with my tongue, using it like a small cock. This sent him into paroxysms of moaning.

"Fuck, yeah! Oh, fuck! Yeah! Eat my ass. Fuck my hole. Come on, Dar. Get your tongue all the way up my ass." His talking dirty to me turned me on even more, and my tongue began to thrust in and out of his ass faster.

He reached behind him and used his hand to press my face deeper into his butt. I don't know what it was about this action, but it turned me on to the point that I almost came. I pushed back against his hand, pulling my face out of his butt until I could gain control over myself again.

"What's wrong?" he asked, looking back over his shoulder at me.

"I almost came."

He gave me a horny grin and reached over the side of the bed, coming back up with the bottle of lube in his hand. "Here, use this and your fingers. Get me ready for your cock."

I took the bottle and began to spread it on his hole. My fingers slipped inside, and I was soon fucking him with two of them. I felt around in his hole until I found the hard, walnut-shaped structure that was his prostate. I rubbed it and he groaned -- loudly. I knew I'd better not play with it much, remembering how just one stroke of mine had almost had me coming. I soon was up to three fingers in his butt, and he looked back at me again -- hunger written all over his face.

"That's enough, Dar. Fuck me. Shove your fuckin' cock all the way up my ass. Give it to me. I need it," he moaned.

I could never leave him in need. I rose up to my knees and began slathering my cock with the lube. Gregg spread his legs even further and pushed his ass up in the air so that his hole was visible to me, twitching and winking at me, begging me to hurry. I leaned over him with one hand while, with the other, I placed my cockhead at his opening. I pushed forward and, with almost no resistance, sank into his butt for the first time. I immediately understood what Gregg had told me about all males needing to fuck. Never had my cock been in something so hot, so wet, so tight and yet so soft as the tunnel within his ass. I sank all the way to my pubes in this heavenly hole and, bottoming out inside him, nearly lost my load before I even started fucking.

Gregg's hands reached back and held my hips so that I remained buried to the hilt inside him. "Let me get used to it," he groaned breathlessly.

I could feel the muscles inside his ass slowly relaxing around my cock, and gradually Gregg took his hands from my hips and I was free to begin moving. I had lost the urge to come but was no softer. I pulled back, and he and I both moaned together at the feeling. I shoved my cock back in as deep as I could and then pulled back again. My body seemed to know automatically the rhythm that was needed, and I was soon ramming his ass in a rapid tattoo. But it was not enough.

"Harder! Fuck me harder! Pound my fuckin' ass!" Gregg growled and I picked up my pace.

I was soon pounding his ass as hard and as fast as I could. His moans told me that he was close to coming. I, too, was very close to coming and only prayed that I could hold out until he did. It was very important to me that he gain as much pleasure from my fucking him as I had derived from him fucking me.

"AHH! FUCK!" Gregg cried out, and I could feel his muscles clamp down hard around my cock and rhythmically milk it as he pumped out his load onto the bed.

That was all it took for me as well. I opened my mouth, but the feelings were so intense, no sound came out. I shoved my cock as hard and deep into his hole as I could reach and began painting the inside of his colon with all the creamy white cum that my balls could deliver. I don't know how many times I shot. I just kept coming and coming, shudders running through my body until I collapsed in exhaustion on his muscular back.

We lay there like that a long time, each of us lost in the aftershocks of what had been monumental sexual congress. My cock was still buried up his hole and his ass muscles were clenching and unclenching around it with each quake, causing more sensation to run through me. Finally our bodies relaxed and my cock, which had already come four times that day, slowly softened and slipped from his hole. I moved up the bed beside him. He turned and my mouth came down on his. His strong arms reached out and gathered me to him.

"Oh, fuck, Dar. Are you sure that was your first fuck? You are a natural," he murmured.

"Nah ... You just have the most beautiful, edible, fuckable ass in the world," I groaned.

“I bet you say that to all your lovers.”

“Yes, I do -- all one of you.”

We nestled together and drifted off to sleep. When we awoke, we barely had time to make it to practice. We didn't even shower, so I'm sure that our scent would let anyone who came close to us know what we had been up to. I noticed that Coach looked at the two of us when we came in and smiled. He took it easy on Gregg during practice that day -- didn't have him match against Vince like he usually did. Coach seemed to know that something momentous had happened between the two of us.

“So, you two all right again?” he asked me when I was standing on the sidelines, watching practice.

I didn't need to ask who he meant by “you two”. Nor did I need to ask what he was referring to. I guess everybody knew yesterday at practice that something was really wrong between Gregg and me.

“Yes, Coach. Everything is really all right now. We talked it out and came to an understanding.”

“Must have been some talk. You two look absolutely exhausted. And yet I've never seen either of you with bigger smiles. Whatever is going on, it's good for both of you.” He moved away before I could even answer.

Yeah, Coach had no doubts about what was going on. If he had any, they would have been taken away a few days later when Gregg and I met with him to ask for his help in our relocation out of state after graduation.

“You guys aren't thinking of leaving now, are you?” Coach asked, and I knew he was thinking about the collapse of his team if he lost Gregg.

“No, Coach. Absolutely not. Dar and I are both dedicated to another year of me wrestling for the team and us finishing out our degrees. We just figured that if we're going to have to do something after graduation, we needed to start planning now. That's why we came to you. To ask for your help and advice.”

“Look, guys, I do have some contacts on the west coast. In fact, one of my college roommates and a fellow wrestling team member is out there. However, I want you to think very seriously about the possibility of remaining here.”

“Here?” I asked. “But what is there for us here? Coach, we've been honest with you about our relationship. You know how things are in this state. We can't live under those conditions -- we won't live that way.”

“Have you encountered any discrimination or abuse here at the university?” he asked.

“Well ... no, but outside we both have.”

“What I'm talking about is that there are some changes happening in the university that you are not aware of. I can't say anything at this point, but I want you both to consider

the possibility of staying here, in the university. Would you have objections to that?" Coach said.

"Well ... no, Coach. That would be great," Gregg said, and I nodded my agreement.

"Okay. Just hang in there, guys. You've got another year yet and we've got a state championship to win."

"What do you think is up?" I asked Gregg as we walked back to our dorm room from Coach Evans's office.

"Damned if I know, but Coach sounded pretty hopeful. Do you think you would be happy being here?"

"Babe, anywhere I can be with you, I'm happy."

And Gregg suddenly did something that blew me away. He threw his arm across my shoulders, and that's how we walked across campus and back to the dorm. The strange thing was that, while it was blowing me away, it didn't seem to have any effect on anyone else. Nobody stared; nobody seemed to notice us at all. Suddenly a lot of my fears about who and what I was and what my relationship to Gregg was started to disappear. Maybe things were changing, even in the Midwest.

It was getting very close to winter break, but with the university's invitational tournament in mid-January and the state championships following two weeks later, none of the wrestling team was taking the full break. They'd all decided that they wanted to practice during the holidays. Christmas was a time to go home, but everybody agreed to being back to campus and practicing on December 27. This would only give us about a week's break.

Gregg was not going home. He wasn't even going to tell his parents that he wasn't coming home. Since he had little or no contact with them, he didn't think that it really mattered. My family was a different story. I would go home, but not without Gregg. I was not leaving the man I loved alone for a week while I went home to play dutiful son. Since I was on an academic scholarship, I really wasn't dependent upon them for my education. I hated to do it this way, but I was going to have to talk to them over the phone and tell them what was up. If they couldn't deal with Gregg being my lover, then he and I would just stay on campus for the holiday. I didn't want to use the dorm phone where the conversation could be overheard, so I went to the campus bookstore and bought one of those long-distance phone cards. I then asked Coach Evans if I could use his office phone one afternoon during practice to call home. I think he knew what the phone call was about. He said I could use it and that, if I needed to talk over anything afterward, he'd be glad to meet with me.

I went downstairs to Coach's office and dialed all the numbers to connect me. It was my mom who picked up the phone.

"Dar, is everything all right? Why are you calling now? It's the middle of the afternoon. Don't you have wrestling practice?" she asked.

“Yeah, Mom. I’m at practice. I’m calling you from Coach’s office. There’s something that we need to talk about.”

“It’s so important you can’t wait until you’re home?” she asked, and I could hear the worry in her voice.

“Yes, it’s that important. In fact, it’s so important that it’s going to determine whether I come home or not.”

“What could be that important?”

“Mom, I don’t know any other way to say this -- I’m gay.” I heard a short gasp at the other end of the line.

“Honey, are you sure? This could be just a phase --” she tried to say, and I cut her off.

“No! This is NOT a ‘phase’! I’ve known since I was thirteen. I’m gay and that’s not going to change, so don’t even start getting your hopes up. There’s more. I’ve found a man who I’m deeply in love with and who’s deeply in love with me. We want to spend our lives together. His name is Gregg. Mom, I’m sorry to say this, but I won’t come home unless Gregg is welcome to come home with me. If you and Dad can’t deal with what I am and what my life is all about, I understand. But that’s your problem, not mine, and I’m not going to let it affect my life or the decisions I make. Gregg and I love each other, and I’m not leaving him here on campus alone through the holidays. You would never do that to Dad.”

“But, Dar, your father and I are married.”

“And what you’d better get used to is that Gregg and I are just as married, just as committed to each other as you and Dad are. If it we could legally marry, we would already be married. Now, I think you should talk it over with Dad. As I said, if Gregg is not welcome as my partner in life, then do not expect me to come home. I’m sorry that it has to be this way, but the decision is yours. You have the dorm phone number to reach me.” And saying this, I hung up the phone before she could reply.

I probably could have handled it better, but it was hard enough to try to do the right thing in terms of my new relationship with Gregg and to come out to my parents as well. I just really didn’t want to walk into an ambush at home. I wasn’t about to leave Gregg here by himself, nor did I want to lie to my parents anymore. It was better to let them know and let the chips fall where they may. I would still make the same decision now, though at the time, I did have second thoughts about it.

I didn’t hear from them the next day or evening, so I just figured that they had decided they couldn’t deal with me being gay, my relationship with Gregg, or both. Therefore, I was a bit disconcerted when I looked up during practice the following day to see my dad walking into the gym. I walked over to him and waited for him to say something.

“Is there someplace that we can go and talk?” Dad asked quietly.

“Downstairs in the locker room. There’s nobody down there now.” I turned and led the way.

On the way across the gym, Gregg saw me and looked concerned. I smiled at him and put out my hand to tell him to stay there. My dad saw the gesture.

"Which one is Gregg?" he asked.

"You see the blond guy on the center mat? That's Gregg." I was not even trying to keep the pride out of my voice as I said it.

"He's a really big guy," Dad said.

"Yeah, he's six-foot-four and two hundred pounds," I said.

Dad was about five-foot-eight and weighed maybe a hundred and fifty pounds. He didn't say anything else until we got downstairs. When we did, I walked into the locker room, but didn't sit down. Dad sat on one of the benches. He indicated for me to sit, so I did, but not close to him. He looked at me funny when I sat about six feet away from him.

"So what's up? Did Mom send you?" I asked.

"No, Dar. Your mom doesn't even know I'm here. I'll call her later. I want to hear from you exactly what's going on."

"I told Mom everything. I'm gay. I found Gregg and we fell in love. Really quite simple, actually."

"What's this about you two being 'married'?" he asked.

"For all intents and purposes, we are. We can't legally marry, of course, not in this state. But we don't plan on being in this state much longer. We'll probably go someplace where we can have equal rights and the right to at least be domestic partners."

"The two of you have made that kind of commitment to each other?" he asked, and I could hear the puzzlement in his voice.

"Yes, Dad, we have."

"It was my understanding that most gay men are quite promiscuous."

"Your understanding might be right -- but not about us. Gregg has had one other guy as a lover, and I've had only him. We are committed to being faithful to each other. We're not interested in anyone else but each other."

"You know you've upset your mother." I didn't hear any anger in his voice when he said this, however.

"I'm very sorry about that, but there was just no other way. As I explained to her, I'm not going to come home and leave Gregg here alone at Christmas time."

"What about his family? Don't they expect him home?"

"He and his family are estranged. He doesn't see them or talk to them. That, by the way, was their choice, not his. They chose to be ashamed of him because he's gay. He doesn't see any reason to subject himself to their condemnation, and I don't either."

"Well, it's nothing to be proud of," Dad said.

"I'm sorry you feel that way." I stood up. "I think this discussion is over."

I started to walk away and my dad called out. "Wait a minute, Darwin! Don't walk away from me!"

I turned. "I've spent most of my life confused about who I was. Trying to fit into what everybody else expected of me. When I found out I was gay, I lived in shame of it for seven years. I'm not going to do that ever again. I AM proud of myself. I am a person who is loved and cared for by a wonderful guy. I am also legally an adult and I will do what I want. Which includes walking away from you if I feel like it. Don't get on your high horse with me. You don't pay my bills; I don't owe you anything. I don't even owe you any respect if I'm not going to get the same in return. Good-bye, Dad." I said this quietly. There was no anger, just an overwhelming sadness that I knew he would never understand.

I turned and walked over to the stairs. I was just about to climb them when I heard his voice again.

"Darwin, please. Wait. I'm sorry,"

I turned and looked at him.

"I didn't mean that you shouldn't be proud of yourself. I never thought about it that way. I had no idea you'd known about this for so long. Please, I don't want to lose you over this. Let's talk. Help me to understand."

"Okay. What do you want to know?" I asked.

"Was it something that your mother and I did?"

"No, Dad. It was nothing that you did. I was born this way. I began to notice other boys when I was four or five."

"That young?" he exclaimed in surprise.

"That young. I didn't realize until later what it meant."

"But you always seemed like a normal kid. Quiet, maybe too studious, but you didn't act like a sissy or anything."

I gave a short laugh. "Dad, just because someone is gay, it doesn't make him a 'sissy.' I'm not a girl, I don't think I'm a girl, and quite frankly, I don't want a girl in my life."

"But what about your girlfriend, Cindy?" he asked, confused.

"Dad, as some slang goes, Cindy was my friend-girl. A girl who was my friend. Someone to talk to. That's all."

"Did she know?"

"Yes, she knew. She'd suspected all along. Finally, in my senior year I came out to her."

"So that's why you didn't want to go to the prom?"

"Yes, that's why. It's also why I was so 'studious.' I stayed away from people, not wanting them to find out about me because of the stigma and the abuse -- both physical and verbal -- I would have had to put up with. That's also why I was the manager for the wrestling team and the football team. It kept guys from hassling me. See, as team manager, I

was a part of the team, but I was invisible to almost everybody. They were stupid enough to think that anyone who was part of athletics couldn't possibly be gay. What a joke."

Dad blushed at this and admitted, "I thought the same thing when I was in high school. I even thought it of you."

"Did you get a good look at Gregg, Dad? Did he look 'gay' to you?"

"Yeah, I saw him. No, he doesn't. In fact, he'd probably be the last guy on the team I would suspect of it."

"That's because you have the same prejudice as most people in this state. 'Queers' are sissies. You can spot one a mile away because of their limp wrists, the way they walk, and because they have a lisp when they talk. Luckily, that works to our advantage most of the time because very few gay men live up to that stereotype."

"So I take it that neither one of you is the 'wife' in this 'marriage'?"

"No, Dad. Neither one of us is the wife."

"Then how do you ... ah ... decide ... who ..." He couldn't get the words out.

"Who fucks who?" I asked.

His face went as red as a beet and he nodded.

"We work it out."

"Oh," was all Dad could say.

"Dad, don't look at our relationship as just something sexual. It's not. Gregg and I fell in love long before we ever touched each other. He's very beautiful and he has a very beautiful body, but that's not the reason I'm in love with him. He's honest and caring. He's loving and tender. He's very giving and will reach out his hand to help anybody. He is the most honorable man I've ever known -- other than you." I noticed at that point that Dad was no longer looking at me. He was looking up, over my shoulder.

I turned and there was Gregg, sweaty from his sparring with Vince, standing on the steps leading down to the locker room.

"I'm sorry to interrupt. I just wanted to see if you were okay," Gregg said to me.

"So how much of that did you hear?"

"All of it." He was shyly blushing.

"I meant every word."

"I know you did."

I turned sideways so that I could look at both of the men in my life.

"Well, Gregg, you might as well stay now. This, by the way, is my dad. Dad, this is my lover, Gregg Halversohn."

Gregg came down the steps and held out his huge hand to my father. "I'm pleased to meet you, Mr. Davis. How are you, sir?"

Dad hesitated a second and then shook Gregg's hand. "I'm pleased to meet you, too, Gregg. Somewhat in shock yet. Darwin has been explaining things to me."

I watched Dad's eyes as Gregg threw his arm protectively around my shoulder, giving me a small squeeze with his hand in support. I could see Dad's preconceived notions shattering as his whole world tilted on him.

"So I take it that nobody knows about you two?" he asked.

"What makes you think that?" I asked.

"Well, you talked about how much you hid the way you are. I thought ..." Dad fumbled for words.

"Dad, that was before. I'm not interested in hiding now and neither is Gregg. Coach Evans knows and I guess just about all the team knows. In fact, most of them knew we were in love before we did."

"I'm sorry; you're both going to have to forgive me. I'm in very foreign waters here. Everything I ever thought I knew about this just doesn't fit at all."

"Now you're getting it," I said.

Dad looked at me and then he looked at Gregg. "Gregg, I love my son very much. If he loves you half as much as he says he does, you must be one hell of a guy. I think we ought to get to know each other. How about I take you guys out to dinner and we can talk more?"

"We'd love to. But we have to finish practice. It's only until six. You're welcome to stay and watch."

"I think I'd like that." Together the three of us went upstairs to the main floor of the gym.

Chapter Six

Dad watched practice with me and got to see Gregg wrestle Vince. Gregg, as usual, won and I think Dad was impressed. He also got to meet Coach Evans.

“Well, nice to meet the father of the best team manager I’ve ever had.”

“Thank you, Coach.” Dad was evidently very proud of me, forgetting for a moment all of the shocks I’d given him in the last hour. Maybe he was going to make it through this after all.

“Yes, I’m very lucky to have someone like Dar around. He’s very good at taking care of my guys. Almost every one of them has come to me to tell me how good he is at what he does.”

“You mean laundry?” Dad asked, confused.

Coach Evans threw back his head and laughed. “This isn’t high school, Mr. Davis. Team managers assist our doctors in helping injured players. They do a lot of the therapy that the doctors order and supervise. Dar also makes sure that all the guys have their safety equipment and it’s in good working order.”

“What kind of therapy?” Dad asked.

“Mostly physical therapy. Massage, taping up injuries, taping the wrestlers before practice and meets to make sure they don’t get injured, helping them get in and out of the whirlpool, and generally keeping track of the therapy that’s been scheduled for each wrestler.”

Dad looked at me with shock written all over his face. “These guys let you massage them ... uhhh ... knowing --” Dad’s question was interrupted by Coach Evans’s voice.

“Yes, Mr. Davis. Knowing all about your son and about Gregg. Not a one of them has ever refused to allow Dar to touch him or come to me to complain. There is not a guy on this

team, I would wager, including myself, who wouldn't stand up for Dar if anyone wanted to hassle him over being gay. Not that he would probably need anyone besides Gregg."

"I'm sorry, Coach. I just found out about all this the day before yesterday. I guess I still have some stupid notions that I'm just going to have to get over."

"Don't feel bad, Mr. Davis. I'm a father myself. I know that this is not the easiest thing in the world to deal with, but you have a decided advantage."

"What's that?"

"In Gregg and Dar, you have two of the best men that I've ever met."

I was blushing bright red, but Dad was beaming at Coach.

"I know that about my son and I suspected as much about Gregg, if that's who Darwin chose to fall in love with."

"You'd better believe it, Mr. Davis. Well, I've got to get downstairs and see to my guys. You, too, Dar. There'll be some hurting athletes who need your help down there. It was nice to meet you, Mr. Davis."

"Same here, Coach." They shook hands again and then Coach headed downstairs.

"I've got to go down for a while. It shouldn't be long. Are you okay here?" I asked Dad.

"I think I'll go find a phone and call your mother."

"There's several in the lobby through those doors." I pointed Dad toward the main doors to the gym. "Gregg and I will meet you here when we're finished."

"Okay ... and, son, I do love you and I want you to know that, no matter what, I'll support you if this is what you want." He put his arms around me and hugged me.

"Yes, Dad. It's not only what I want; I've never been happier in my whole life."

"That's all I ever want for you, Dar. To be happy." He then walked toward the main doors.

I headed downstairs and found only two pulled shoulders and a hamstring to work on. It didn't take me long, and I caught up to Gregg as he came out of the shower. Vince was with him and they were talking. Vince was the first one to notice me.

"So that was your dad?" Vince asked.

"Yeah, that's him."

"I take it he knows about you and Gregg?"

"Yeah, I called home two nights ago. I didn't expect Dad to show up."

"Is he okay with you two being together?"

"I think he's going to be. It was a little difficult at first. I guess this came as quite a shock to him."

"Yeah, parents are always the last to know; you're lucky if they can remember you're not five anymore. My mom still calls me her 'baby.'"

“Awfully big baby.” Gregg smirked. “You aren’t wearing diapers under your singlet, are you?”

“No. Like you can’t tell when you’re grabbing my balls,” Vince said and punched Gregg in the arm.

“You grab his balls?” I asked Gregg.

“Nah, but he used to grab mine when we sparred. One day, I grabbed his and squeezed really hard. That was the last time he touched mine.”

“I don’t think I want to hear this.”

“Hey! It’s not like I was puttin’ the make on him or something,” Vince said.

“Well ... I don’t know, Vince. I do remember you saying something about trying guys next.”

Vince suddenly got a funny look on his face and blushed very deep red. “Hey! I was only kiddin’ about that.”

Somehow, I suddenly got the feeling that Vince may *not* have been kidding about it, but I decided not to say anything.

“It’s okay, Vince. Not everybody can be in our exclusive club.”

Gregg went and got dressed and then we went upstairs. Dad was waiting for us in the gym.

“I talked to your mother. She told me she didn’t want me trying to drive all the way home tonight. I think I saw a motel close to where I turned off for the university. I figure I can stop by and get a room for tonight.”

Gregg and I looked at each other in horror.

“Uh, Dad ... uh ... you don’t want to get a room there.”

“Why not?” he asked, looking at me like I’d lost my mind.

“It’s one of ‘those’ kinds of motels, Mr. Davis.”

“What do you mean? ‘Those’ kinds of motels?” Dad asked.

“Well, sir, the kind of motels where people go who aren’t married or who only want to rent a room for an hour or so.” Gregg was blushing, clearly uncomfortable with this kind of discussion with my dad.

“Oh ... THAT kind of motel. I see.” Dad’s face suddenly lit up with a grin.

“Yeah, Mr. Davis. I can’t see you gettin’ much sleep in a place like that.” Gregg mumbled this as he looked down at the ground.

“Well, then, I’ll let the two of you direct me on where to stay tonight. Now, let’s go and get you guys changed. I want to take you out someplace nice for dinner.”

“Okay. Our dorm room isn’t too far away. Walk over with us and you can wait in the lobby while we change.”

As we walked, Dad started asking Gregg questions.

“So, what are you majoring in, Gregg?”

“Physical education, sir. I want to teach in high school or college.”

“Not much money in education.”

“No, but it’s what I’ve always wanted to do. I want the chance to coach and to teach.”

“I’ll admit, teaching is a noble profession. I just think that, with what the people who do it have to put up with, they should get paid better for it. Of course, with the size of you, I don’t think many kids would try to give you a hard time.”

“I’ll guess I’ll find out next year when I have to go through student teaching.”

By that time we were at the dorm. We left Dad downstairs and went up to our room to change.

“What should I wear?” Gregg asked with total confusion showing on his face.

Gregg never dressed up. The dressiest he ever got was jeans and a t-shirt. I knew his entire wardrobe, which didn’t amount to very much. I told him he might as well go all out, which meant his white dress shirt, sport coat and slacks, and one of his two ties. I wore pretty much the same thing. It took a little longer to dress than usual, especially because I had to stop and retie Gregg’s tie for him after he made a mess of it. I wasn’t used to doing this on somebody else, so I had him sit in one of the desk chairs and I stood behind him with my arms round him and tied it as if I were tying it on myself. When I’d finished, he grabbed my arms and pulled me tighter against his back. He took my hands and raised each one of them to his lips and kissed them. I kissed the top of his head.

“Thank you, Dar.”

“Hey, it’s just a tie.”

“I wasn’t talking about the tie.” He lifted my hand over his head and then pulled me around until I was literally sitting in his lap. He put his arm around me and I put mine around his neck.

“Those things you said to your dad about me ... I just want you to know, I feel the same way about you.” His eyes were shining with love for me.

“Thank you, Pooh.” Having said this, I kissed him deeply.

Since becoming lovers, when we were alone and in a romantic mood, we often called each other by pet names from the Winnie-the-Pooh stories. I called him Pooh, and even though my favorite character in the stories is Tigger, Gregg called me Piglet, the name of Pooh’s closest friend and constant companion.

“Now, we’d best not keep Dad waiting any longer. It’s not nice to tease a happily married man with all of those college coeds going in and out of the lobby.”

As we came downstairs, just what I had told Gregg about was happening. I could see my dad, his eyes almost bugging out of his head, watching the college girls in various states

of dress and undress going by. I nudged Gregg and we both chuckled quietly at the scene. I walked up behind Dad.

“Nice scenery, huh, Dad?”

Dad whipped around and got this scarlet blush on his face.

“It’s okay, Dad. Our dorm room is on a floor full of jocks. I used to stare at them all of the time, when they didn’t know I was doing it, of course.”

Dad blushed redder. “Well ... it’s just that ...” He was really flustered.

“Dad, it’s okay. I know you love Mom. I know you’re married. But like the old saying goes -- you’re married, not dead.”

“Yeah, I guess you’re right. So, let’s get out of here and get dinner. Where would you like to go?”

“Well, we thought we’d leave that up to you since you’re paying.”

“But I don’t know the restaurants here. You pick the place.”

“Okay, tell me what you’re hungry for, as if I don’t know already.” My dad is one of the more dedicated carnivores. I think he could eat steak three meals a day and never get tired of it.

“Yeah, you know.”

“Okay, the best steakhouse in town is called O’Brien’s. We’ve never been there, can’t afford it, but we’ve heard about it.”

“Then O’Brien’s it is,” Dad said and led us out to his car.

The restaurant was really nice. Quiet, subdued atmosphere, waiters in black pants and jackets with white shirts. A really classy place. They showed us to a booth in the back, which gave us lots of privacy as the backs of the booths extended up past the top of even Gregg’s head. Dad and Gregg ordered huge porterhouse steaks, while I ordered filet mignon. Dad asked for an imported beer, but Gregg and I just had iced tea.

“I’ll order you guys drinks if you want them. I don’t think they’ll say anything.”

“It’s okay, Dad. Neither Gregg nor I drink.”

“Not at all?”

“As a rule, no. I don’t like it, and Gregg’s in training and can’t drink. At least most of the time.” I looked at Gregg at that point, who blushed.

“I take it there’s a story here?” Dad said, noticing this little interplay between us.

“We nearly lost each other before we ever really got together. We were in love with each other, but we were both scared to admit it, afraid that the other one would leave,” Gregg said.

“It all started with Baron dying,” I explained.

“What did that have to do with anything?” Dad asked, confused.

Gregg and I proceeded to tell Dad the story of how we ended up finding out that we loved each other, and how we almost lost each other in the process. When we finished, Dad looked at us in amazement.

“I didn’t stop to think how difficult it must be for you guys. It isn’t just a matter of finding somebody to love, but finding somebody at all. I mean, no offense meant, Gregg, but I would never guess that you were ... ah ... gay.”

“None taken, Mr. Davis. But I didn’t know Dar was, either.”

“Well ... I had an inkling you were,” I said.

“How?” Gregg asked.

“From the time we met, we talked about just about everything on earth except sex. You never once brought the subject up or talked about girls.”

“But neither did you.”

“I wasn’t about to. If you were doing it with girls, the last thing I wanted was to hear about it.”

“So you’ve never ... ah ... been with a woman either, Gregg?” Dad asked.

“No. Never. Never wanted to.”

“I don’t exactly know how to put this, but ... well ... don’t you guys think you ought to at least try it to make sure that it isn’t something that you want?” Dad asked.

“Dad, did you date a guy before you married Mom?” I asked quietly.

“No ... uh ... but ... but ... well ...” he fumbled.

“It’s the same thing. You know you aren’t attracted to guys. You don’t have to sleep with one to find out. Gregg and I know what we like and what we want. I just thank God that it’s each other.”

“Okay. I surrender. I’m going through so many changes over this, I think I’m getting whip-lash.”

“Dad, it’s not a big deal. Gregg and I love each other. We don’t want anyone else. We want to build a life together. What’s so strange about that? It’s the same kind of love you have with Mom.”

“Well ... yes -- except we wanted children.”

“And what makes you think that we don’t?” Gregg asked.

That really rocked Dad’s world. I saw his eyebrows shoot up, his eyes get the size of silver dollars, and his mouth fall open, but nothing came out for a while.

“But ... but ... two guys ... you can’t ...” Dad babbled.

“Well, neither of us can get pregnant, if that’s what you mean, but haven’t you ever heard of adoption?” I asked Dad.

“But they won’t let two guys adopt a child,” he said.

“Not in this state, maybe, but there are others that will. All the more reason that we want to leave the state.”

Dad just sat there shaking his head. I really felt sorry for him. He was trying so hard to understand, and just one thing after another was really ripping apart the “World According To Dad.”

“Look, Dad, I know that all your life, society taught you that ‘fags’ were sick, that they molested children, that they were not men, and that there was no way they could ever really love each other or develop healthy, stable relationships that were anything like what you were taught was ‘real’ marriage. Nothing you were taught is true. One after another, those suppositions have been shot down by scientific study. The only thing left is bigotry and prejudice. If you dared to do the type of things that are done to us to African-Americans, you could find yourself brought up on federal charges. But you can kill someone who’s gay -- just because they’re gay -- in most states, and it’s not even considered a hate crime. And there is no federal redress of that, either, because sexual orientation is not covered in any federal statute dealing with civil rights.”

“Surely that can’t be true,” my dad said, shocked at what I was telling him.

“The name Matthew Shepard mean anything to you, Dad?” I asked.

“No. Should it?” he asked.

“It happened a few years ago. Matthew was a gay student at the University of Wyoming who was beaten, tortured, pistol whipped, and left for dead tied to a fence in a remote area. He was found eighteen hours later and died after five days in a coma. The two guys who killed him had met him in a bar and claimed that Matthew had ‘come on’ to one of them. They felt justified in what they did because Matthew was ‘queer’ and queers shouldn’t be allowed to approach them. They lured him from the bar, by the way, by telling him they were gay. The state of Wyoming didn’t even have a hate crime law, though one was going through the legislature at the time. However, it didn’t have a provision in it to protect gays, and even after what happened, the governor of the state *still* opposed the inclusion of gays in the hate crime bill,” I told him.

Dad’s expression, while I was speaking, was one of pure horror at what I was saying. I don’t think, like most people, he ever saw himself as a bigot for his ideas about homosexuality. He didn’t see the end result of all the bigotry, hatred, and discrimination. I’m sure that as I spoke, he was picturing me -- his son -- tied to that wooden fence and beaten almost to death. I saw the shudder go through him when I described it.

“I do remember seeing something about that on the news ...” Dad said quietly.

“And it didn’t even interest you enough to listen because it didn’t have anything to do with your world, right?”

If I had struck him, his reaction couldn’t have been more shocked. He looked at me and I knew that was exactly what he’d thought at the time.

“God forgive me, yes, that is what I thought.” Dad’s voice was barely above a whisper and he was looking down at his lap, not willing to face either Gregg or me.

“I know, Dad. It was what far too many people thought at the time. It’s what far too many people still think today.” I said this as gently as I could. I’d hit him hard enough in his unreasoned prejudice for now.

He looked up at me, and I could see the glint of tears in his eyes. “I’m sorry.”

“Maybe now you understand better why I couldn’t come home. Not without Gregg. Not to go back into hiding again.”

“Yes, I do understand, and I’m telling you right now that you are both welcome. Come home. I promise that you never have to hide there again.”

Gregg and I looked at each other and grinned.

“Thank you, Dad.”

“Yes, thank you, Mr. Davis.”

“Please, Gregg, if you’re going to be a part of Dar’s life, you have to stop calling me Mr. Davis.”

“What would you like me to call you?” Gregg asked.

“Dar tells me that you don’t speak to your parents anymore. I take it that they felt the way that I did about ... uh ... gays?” Dad said, and I could hear the difficulty he was having with the new vocabulary.

“No. Much worse. They claim I’m a sinner and damned to hell for all time. I am a shame to the family for who I am. They want nothing to do with me. I do not consider them my family anymore.”

“Fools,” Dad said, shaking his head in disgust. “I don’t blame you in the least, Gregg. I may not be able to see your lifestyle for myself, but you don’t throw away your children. Not that I would ever want it to happen, but if Dar was, say, a serial killer or something, I might hate what he did, but I could never hate him. I could never reject him. He’d always be my son and I would love him.”

“Oh, shit. You found all those bodies I buried in the backyard, didn’t you?” I asked my dad with a straight face.

It took him a moment to figure out what I’d just said and also to figure out that I was joking. He looked at me funny and then suddenly burst out laughing. Then both Gregg and I did as well. It was the tension breaker that I thought was needed at that moment. And I seemed to be right. When we all calmed down again, Dad looked at Gregg.

“Gregg, if you and Dar could legally marry, that would make you a part of our family. I’d like it very much if you would consider yourself as such.”

At that point, I thought I was going to lose it. My eyes started filling up with tears. I had wanted my parents to at least tolerate our relationship. This level of acceptance I hadn’t

even dreamed of. Gregg looked at me. We were both speechless. Then Gregg finally looked back at Dad.

“Thank you. That really isn’t adequate, I know. I just don’t know how to thank you for that.”

“Well, I have a way. Why don’t you just call me ‘Dad?’” my dad said to my lover.

“Sure, I can do that ... uh ... Dad.”

I really was going to lose it then, but at that moment, the waiters arrived with our dinners. During the confusion of delivering the meals, I excused myself, saying I had to go to the bathroom. I rushed from the table and entered the men’s room. Luckily it was empty. I took a paper towel from the dispenser and used it to dry my eyes and blow my running nose. I’d only been in there a couple of moments when Gregg came in.

“What’s wrong, babe? Your dad’s worried about you rushing off like that.” He reached out and put his arms around me.

“You know what’s wrong. When he told you to call him Dad, I just about lost it. I never expected him to go that far. Oh, Gregg, I’ve been so wrong about him all these years. I always thought that I was a disappointment to him, that he didn’t love me really, that he simply tolerated me.” I rested my head against Gregg’s massive chest.

“From what I see, your dad must love you very much.”

“Yeah, I know that now.”

“Babe, guys often have difficulty with their dads when they’re growing up -- especially when they become teenagers. I’ve heard other guys in the dorms talk about their relationships with their dads. Not a lot of them feel that their relationships are very good or that they’re very close to their dads. I guess it’s just normal for that to happen. I don’t know.”

“Maybe you’re right. Maybe this is a lot more common than I realize. Maybe it’s not just about being gay.”

“We’d better get out there before your dad really worries.”

“I think you mean *our* dad?”

Gregg grinned at me.

“Yeah. *Our* dad.”

The rest of dinner was a joyous celebration of sorts. Dad and I seemed to have embarked on a whole new relationship. Dad had to come to terms with his own prejudice and had enough courage and honesty to admit that he had been wrong. Gregg became a part of the family, and we were welcome to go home for Christmas.

The fact of the matter is, unlike most families that I knew of, my dad did really make most of the decisions -- especially the important ones. Mom would not try to change things once Dad made up his mind. Therefore, I knew that if she disagreed at all with what Dad had decided, neither Gregg nor I would ever hear about it.

After dinner, we showed Dad a nice motel and he got a room for the night. Then he brought us back to the dorm and dropped us off. We arranged to meet in the morning for breakfast at the diner down the road where Gregg had proposed to me. Since it was Thursday, neither Gregg nor I had classes in the morning, so we told Dad to meet us there after we worked out. Then Gregg and I went back to our room. We climbed into bed together and I just lay quietly in Gregg's arms.

"What'cha thinkin' about, babe?" Gregg asked me, leaning down and kissing the tip of my nose.

"How quickly life can completely change. Last night, I figured when I hadn't heard from my parents that I'd lost my family completely. Now, not only do I have them, but you're now a part of the family as well. More importantly, I feel like I'm so much closer to my dad than I ever was before."

"Yeah. It's really weird. I sure didn't expect this to happen. I really did think that we were both gonna be without families."

"Any chance that things could change with yours?"

"Nah. There's no way. My mom has my dad so pussy-whipped that he won't do anything to cross her. Hell! She's got him completely brainwashed into thinking that he can't live without her and that she's the only one that he has to listen to. And to add to all this, she treats him like shit, like he doesn't have a brain in his head, and he lets her. I sometimes think that maybe she's right. Maybe he doesn't have any brains, or he would have left her a long time ago. No, if there's any hope at all, it would be Drew."

"Wait a minute -- who's Drew?" I asked, rising up and looking down at him.

"He's somebody I haven't talked about. I wasn't hidin' him or nothin'; it just hurts really bad to think about him. He's my little brother."

"How old is he?"

"Now, he'd be seventeen. I haven't seen him since he was fourteen. He used to follow me everywhere. He had kind of like this hero-worship of me all the time we were growing up. Used to come to all my wrestling meets -- even the ones that my parents didn't. The most awful thing about what happened after Jake died was being cut off from Andrew. My parents forbid us to spend any time around each other because they didn't want me 'infecting' him. I can just imagine what the fuck they've told him about me." I looked at him, and suddenly there were tears falling from his eyes.

"Oh, fuck, Gregg. I'm sorry, babe. I didn't mean to bring that up. I didn't know," I said, wrapping my arms around him and pulling his head onto my shoulder.

"It's okay. I know you didn't. I just hope that once he's eighteen, he will try and contact me. He knows where I am. I just wish I knew if he hasn't contacted me because he doesn't want to, or because they won't let him."

"I don't know, babe," I said, holding him tightly.

But I was afraid I did know. It would be nothing for Gregg's brother to get a letter to him, even if he couldn't let Gregg write back. I was sure that the parents had, indeed, turned Gregg's brother against him. Or maybe just finding out that his brother was "queer" was enough to do it. I didn't say anything to Gregg, though. He'd been through enough already.

We were both exhausted from all the emotional turmoil we'd been through that day, and we fell asleep in each other's arms without making love -- one of the few times since that first night together that we didn't. However, Gregg woke up around three a.m. so horny that he began jacking off. Our beds were way too small for him to be able to do that with me in the bed with him and not wake me up. I rose up and looked at him and he looked sheepishly at me.

"I was horny and I didn't want to wake you up."

"Oh, yeah, like you jacking off next to me in this tiny little bed isn't going to wake me up."

I looked down at his cock, his hand still gently moving up and down on it. Then I looked at him.

"Here! Gimme that thing. You're not doing it right," I said, grabbing his cock.

He let go of it, and my hand began to gently stroke him. He moaned. I moved around on the bed so that I was facing his cock and slowly took it down my throat. Since that first time, I had become very expert at deep-throating that humongous hunk of man-meat and enjoyed doing it almost as much as I enjoyed when his cock was reaming out my ass. My cock was, of course, instantly hard as well, and Gregg immediately leaned over and swallowed me down to my short hairs. I could hear him smelling the scent of my crotch as he sucked my cock deep into his throat. I was doing the same thing, the thrill of his musky scent going through me like a lightning bolt.

We very quickly brought each other off, and then I swung around and put my mouth to his. I had saved part of his cum in my mouth to share with him. When he opened his mouth, I was not surprised to find that he had done the same with mine. We eagerly drank of each other and ourselves and then slowly drifted back to sleep in each other's arms.

The next morning we worked out and jacked off in the gym shower together. We were still doing that on mornings when we couldn't go back to bed and make love, only rather than doing ourselves, we did each other. I'd even given Gregg a number of blowjobs and eaten his ass in that huge shower with nobody around. I guess as I became more comfortable with my sexuality and our love for each other, I was becoming more and more wanton. But Gregg seemed to love it -- and so did I. This is not to say, by the way, that Gregg hadn't returned the favor by blowing me or eating my ass. He even fucked me up against the tile wall once, but we almost got caught and decided that this was not the place to be doing full-out butt-fucking.

After getting dressed, we hopped in my car and drove into town to meet Dad at the diner. It was an entirely different Dad who we met that morning -- smiling, happy, he

hugged both Gregg and me when we walked in. Well, it seemed everything was going to be okay. Dad told us that he had called Mom again last night and told her about our conversation and about his decision about Gregg's place in the family.

"And what did Mom say?"

"Well, you know your mother. She told me she agreed with my decision." Dad beamed.

Yeah, I'll bet she did. Just like always. I was going to have to wait until I got home to find out what she really thought about all of this. I decided to change the subject.

"Did you sleep all right last night, Dad?" I asked.

"Oh, yeah, I guess so. I hate being in a huge bed like that alone, though. I'm too used to sleeping with your mother."

"A big bed would be really nice," I said under my breath.

"What's that, Dar?" Dad asked.

"Oh, nothing, Dad."

"No, now come on, son. You don't have to hide anything from me. What did you say?" Dad said, looking right at me.

"Okay. I said that a big bed would be really nice."

"What do you mean?"

"Dad, Gregg and I only have twin beds in the dorm room. They all have them."

"So?" Dad asked.

"Dad, Gregg and I sleep together. Just like you and Mom." I was watching Gregg out of the corner of my eye as I said this, and I saw him blushing and looking down at the table. Have I mentioned how incredibly cute Gregg was when he blushed? Well, take my word for it. He was.

The look on my dad's face, kind of like the eyes of a deer caught by a car's headlights on a dark road, told me that he hadn't really visualized yet just what Gregg and I being lovers actually meant.

"Oh ... OH! You mean the two of you sleep together in a single bed? How?"

"If you want proof of how much we love each other, I guess that would do."

"Can't you get a larger bed?"

"Well, yeah, we probably could, but we're not exactly swimming in money. I mean, we have full scholarships so that housing and meals as well as textbooks are covered, but anything else, we're on our own. Gregg, of course, doesn't get any help from his parents, and with the team, he can't exactly get a job. I get paid for what I do as manager, so that's what we live on. A larger bed is just too expensive for us right now."

"Okay. As soon as breakfast is over, we go out and buy you guys a larger bed."

I started to protest, but Dad just looked at me. "No arguments, young man. Let's just say it's a wedding present."

“How very appropriate.”

“What do you mean?” Dad asked.

“It was in this very booth that Gregg asked me to marry him.”

“You’re kidding,” Dad exclaimed.

“No, he’s not. This is the one.” Gregg told Dad the story and we all had a good laugh over it.

And yes, Dad bought us our very first double bed.

Chapter Seven

We only had a few days at home for Christmas because of the upcoming invitational tournament and the practices that the team had agreed to and Coach had scheduled for the week between Christmas and New Year's. Basically, Gregg and I were going to get to my hometown on the day before Christmas Eve and have to leave the day after Christmas. I felt, however, given the circumstances, a short first visit would be best for everyone. I still had some concerns about Mom's feelings about all of this.

We left campus about ten in the morning. That should put us at the family's house at about six p.m. since we were about four hundred miles from the university. I let Gregg drive most of the way. A lot of the time, I spent curled up on the seat with my head in his lap and his hand -- as usual -- playing in my hair. He really liked driving like this because he got to play with my hair for a long time. We didn't talk much on the trip. We were quite comfortable being quiet with each other and there wasn't a lot to talk about. We stopped for a quick, drive-thru lunch at Burger King and headed back on the road.

We actually did make it to my hometown about a quarter to six, and I took over driving on the outskirts of town, rather than have to give Gregg directions on how to get to the house. The front door opened as we pulled into the driveway behind Dad and Mom's cars. It was obvious that they had been looking out the window, waiting for us.

As we got out of the car, Gregg said to me, "You go on. I'll get the bags out."

"Don't be silly. The bags can wait. We need to face this together."

"Okay." But he made it sound like I had just invited him to his own execution.

I couldn't figure out what was wrong, and then I remembered. It was his mom who was the real reason behind his ostracism from his family. I think he expected my mom to be like her. We walked up the steps, and Mom and Dad met us on the porch. Mom is shorter

than I am and I caught her looking at all six-foot-four of Gregg. She actually had to tilt her head back to look at his face.

“Mom, this is Gregg.”

Gregg put out his hand. “Hello, Mrs. Davis.”

“Hello, Gregg. I’m glad to finally meet you.” She took Gregg’s hand.

The words were all there, but I could feel that something was wrong. Mom seemed almost afraid of Gregg. I couldn’t understand it. Nor did I quite know what to do about it. And there wasn’t time to do anything at that point. Mom had dinner ready for us, so we quickly brought the bags up to my room. Luckily, I’d inherited my parents’ double bed when they got a queen-sized, so at least Gregg and I would have the same amount of room to sleep that we now had at school.

“Dar, I think she hates me” were Gregg’s first words when we were alone in my room after bringing the bags upstairs.

“No, she doesn’t.”

“Yes, she does. I can feel it,” Gregg insisted.

“What you’re feeling is not hate. I’m not exactly sure what it is, though. I’ll admit I picked something up, but I thought it felt more like fear -- though why she’d be afraid of you, I haven’t the faintest idea. But I’m going to find out. Just hang on, okay? Remember, Dad really likes you and that’s most of the battle.”

“Okay, but I just don’t get it.”

“Neither do I. But let’s get down to dinner. I’m starved and I know you are.”

“How do you know that?”

“Because when aren’t you?” I said, cocking my eyebrow and looking at him.

He walked over, put his arms around me, and kissed my forehead. “When I’m making love to you.”

“Well ... okay, I’ll give you that one -- however, it does give you an appetite.”

“Does you, too,” Gregg kidded me.

We went downstairs and Gregg did indeed have an appetite. He was very careful to praise everything my mother made, but there was still this chill from her that I just couldn’t understand. I vowed to find out as soon as possible.

My chance came right after dinner. I suggested to Dad that he take Gregg down into the basement and show him the woodworking shop. Dad was always making things -- tables, bookcases, things like that. While they went downstairs, I helped Mom with the dishes like I always did. While she washed, I dried. I didn’t even let her get any chatter started -- I started in almost immediately.

“Okay, what’s wrong, Mom?” I asked.

“What do you mean? Nothing’s wrong,” she insisted.

“Mom, come off it. This is me. I can read you like a book. If I didn’t think it was too crazy, I’d swear you’re afraid of Gregg.”

She hesitated “Whatever would give you that idea?” She tried to recover, but I noted the obvious pause.

“The way you just had trouble denying it for one thing. Come on. Why are you afraid of Gregg?”

“I’m not afraid of him, exactly. I’m afraid for you.”

“What for?” I asked, completely confused.

“Oh, Dar, I’m not completely ignorant. I have some idea of what two men do together sexually. He’s so big. He could really hurt you. If he hasn’t already.” I could hear that her voice filled with anguish.

This was WAY too weird. I had no idea where this was coming from.

“Mom, I swear to you, Gregg has never hurt me. God! It would kill him to even think that he had. Why do you think he would?”

“Men can’t help it!” she almost screamed. “They get aroused and they don’t know what they’re doing! They get too rough and they can end up hurting you!”

Oh, fuck! As far as I knew, Mom was a virgin when she married Dad, and from talks that we had when he was telling me about sex, he was, too. I was getting the feeling that something really bad had happened in the early part of their marriage and my mom had never forgotten it. This was starting to feel like a mother/daughter talk with my mother warning me about those “beastly men” who would “force themselves” on me. I reached over and took her wet hands in mine.

“It’s not like that. I swear to you. Gregg is so tender and gentle with me. He would never hurt me. Mom, did Dad hurt you?” I asked quietly.

I saw the look of panic on her face. She’d said too much and she knew it. She tried to pull away, but I held her.

“Mom, tell me. What is this really all about?”

“Oh, Dar ... this is not something I ever wanted to tell you about ... it happened so long ago. I don’t even know why it’s affecting me this way after all this time.”

“Mom, please, tell me what’s bothering you. Please. I don’t want you being afraid of Gregg.”

“You’ve got to swear to me that you will never tell your father that I told you this. He doesn’t know about this and I don’t want him to ever know.”

“Mom, whatever you say, I won’t say a word to Dad.”

“And above all, you have to promise me you won’t blame him. It wasn’t his fault.”

“Okay, just tell me what happened.”

“I was a virgin when I met your father. I’d always sworn that I would never have sex until I was married. Your father had no experience either. I used to think that was good, but I now think it was not a very good idea at all.”

“No, I don’t, either. Luckily, Gregg had a lover before me, so he knew what he was doing. He taught me. I was a virgin, too.”

“On our wedding night, I think we were both scared. We were eager, but we were scared. My mother, I guess, hated sex, because she told me that it would be awful but that I should ‘just put up with it’ -- those were her exact words. I, of course, didn’t know what she was talking about. She’d never actually told me anything. All I knew was what my girlfriends told me -- and I found out that they didn’t know much at all.” She sighed.

I let her take her time; I could tell this was difficult for her.

“Anyway, your father ordered a bottle of champagne to put us in the ‘mood.’ However, he was the one who ended up drinking most of it. When he started to ... ah ... when he ... was making love to me, it was excruciatingly painful, and he was either too drunk or too inexperienced to realize it. I was in agony. But, like my mother told me, I put up with it. Luckily, your father is evidently rather fertile and I got pregnant sometime that weekend, so we only had sex for about two months before I found out I was carrying you. I was so happy because after that, until you were born, your father didn’t come near me for fear of interfering with the pregnancy. He wanted you so much.” She smiled at me and brushed her hand across my cheek.

“So what happened?” I asked.

“Well, when I went to the OB-GYN for my first exam, he looked at me and asked how in God’s name I’d managed to get pregnant to begin with. I asked him what he meant. He told me that my hymen was still intact and very thick and my vagina was far too small. He said I should have had my hymen surgically removed before I married. He also told me that there was no way I could have you by natural childbirth, that I would have to have a Cesarean or I would lose you. He was a very kind man. He talked to me for a long time. He asked me if sex with my husband wasn’t extremely painful and I told him it was. He then explained to me why. I had no idea and neither did your father. The doctor promised he would open me up surgically so that sex wouldn’t be so painful anymore. And it wasn’t. But the damage had been done.”

“What do you mean?”

“I continued to be afraid of sex for a long time. That’s why I think I never got pregnant again. It’s only really been within the last few years, after reading a lot of books that your father doesn’t know about, that I finally learned how to enjoy sex with him. He’s been so happy ever since and ... I have to admit that ... so have I.” She looked shyly at me.

“I understand, Mom. Making love with Gregg is the most glorious, wonderful thing in the world.”

“But you see, when I saw Gregg ... well ... he’s so big, I was sure he’d hurt you when he ... well ... you know.” At that point, Mom was blushing a deep scarlet.

“Yes, Mom, I know. But he doesn’t hurt me. I promise you. I love when he makes love to me. He is very gentle and tender. Just as I am when I make love to him.”

She looked at me with shock written all over her face. “You make love to Gregg?” she asked.

“Yes, Mom, I make love to Gregg. It’s different with two guys. You’ll just have to take my word for it.”

“Yes, I suppose it is. I never thought of that.”

“Yeah, I know. You thought I was the girl because I’m smaller than he is.”

“Well, yes ... and with your long hair and all ...” she admitted.

“Gregg happens to love my long hair. I have problems keeping his hands out of it most of the time.”

“Oh, Dar, I didn’t mean it doesn’t look nice. I ... uh ...” she fumbled.

“Never mind. I got what you meant. No, Gregg and I are both attracted to guys. He sees me as a man, just as I see him as one.”

“Okay. I guess I’m just having a little trouble getting this all straight.”

“It’s not ‘straight’ -- it’s gay. That’s why you’re having trouble.” She looked at me strangely at first; then she got the joke and we had a chuckle together over it.

“I swear to you, Gregg would never, ever hurt me. Look, he’s very strong, it’s true. He can bench press beyond his own weight, but when he shook hands with you, did he hurt you?”

“No, his handshake was incredibly gentle. That’s true.” Revelation was dawning in her eyes.

“Gregg knows how strong he is, so he’s careful never to use that strength to hurt people. Not even strangers. Now, if he’s that careful with strangers, imagine how careful he’d be with me.”

“I do see, Darwin. I’m so sorry. I shouldn’t let myself get like this. It’s just that I hadn’t experienced that fear in so long that I didn’t know how to deal with it. Oh, I should apologize to Gregg.”

“There’s no need. All Gregg wants is to be accepted by you. His mother disowned him for being gay. He doesn’t talk about it much, but I know it hurts him. I know he was equally afraid of you.”

“Why would he be afraid of me?”

“Because his own mother was so awful to him. He doesn’t know any other kind of mother. I know he expected you to reject him as well.”

“Oh, my God! This is all so stupid. And I’m sure he does think that I rejected him because of how I acted. Oh, Dar, I’m so sorry,” she said and I could see tears in her eyes.

“It’s okay. There’s been no damage done. With your permission, I’ll explain this all to him later, when we’re alone. Is that okay with you?”

“Yes. I owe him that much. I just don’t want your father to ever know. It would destroy him if he knew.”

“I already promised you he won’t hear it from me, and you know I keep my promises.”

“Yes, Dar. I do.” She then leaned over and kissed me on the cheek.

I put my arms around her and hugged her, and that’s the way that Dad and Gregg found us when they came upstairs into the kitchen. I looked over at Gregg and winked to let him know that everything was all right now. Mom let go of me and looked at Gregg.

“I suddenly realize that I never hugged you when you got here, Gregg. Come here.”

Gregg walked across the kitchen and Mom hugged him around the waist, which is about as far as she could reach. He hugged her, and I noticed he was putting no strength into it at all. They then pulled back and smiled at one another.

“And, Gregg, drop the ‘Mrs. Davis.’ Just like you call Dar’s father Dad, I want you to call me Mom.”

The grin on Gregg’s face was about the biggest grin I’d ever seen on him ... well, except after the first time we had sex.

“Thanks ... uh ... Mom.”

“Well, how about some dessert?” Mom asked. “Gregg, I don’t know what you like, but Dar loves chocolate, so I baked a chocolate cake for dessert.”

Gregg’s eyes lit up like Roman candles and I started laughing.

“Oh, Mom, you couldn’t have picked anything better. He loves chocolate more than I do.”

It was much later that evening when we were sitting in the living room around the fireplace talking when the subject of Gregg having had a previous lover somehow came up. I’m not sure how it did, but it was very awkward for a few moments. Gregg was sitting next to me on the couch and my head was resting on his chest. When the subject came up, I instantly felt him tense.

“Look, Mom and Dad, the story behind that is a very difficult one for Gregg --” I started to say.

“No, Dar.” Gregg’s voice cut me off. “If I’m really going to be a part of the family, then your parents have a right to know.”

Gregg then proceeded to tell them the story about his lover Jake. By the time he was finished, he was in tears, my mother was in tears, and my father was so furious and so red in the face from it, I was afraid he was going to have a heart attack.

“Your parents don’t deserve to breathe air!” my dad exclaimed. “Anyone who would do that to their own son ... And as for Jake’s father, he ought to have been given the death penalty -- not just life in prison.”

“I used to feel that way. But the hate hurt me, not them. Finding Dar, knowing how much he loves me, has helped me heal a lot of the hurt.”

“Oh, Gregg,” Mom cried. “I’m so sorry for what you’ve gone through. I don’t think I ever expected to hear myself say this but ... I’m very glad that Dar chose you to love. I really believe you are truly worthy of my son’s love.”

Gregg just looked at her. He was speechless. I think those were the words he wanted to hear more than any others and had never thought he would hear them. I felt him move, and the next thing I knew, he was on his knees next to my mother’s chair with his upper body in her lap, and she was stroking his hair and hugging him just like he was a little boy. I watched as my mother comforted him. Not a word was said for a long time. Then my father quietly got up and went over to the sideboard. He poured a glass of sherry for each of us and brought them over to the coffee table. He went over to my mother and Gregg, and he, too, reached down and stroked Gregg’s head.

“Here, son. I think we could all use this.” Dad handed Gregg a tiny crystal glass of sherry, part of a set that had been my great-grandparents’.

Gregg looked up and took the glass from my dad. He pulled himself back up on the couch next to me and put his arm around me. Dad handed Mom a glass and then handed one to me. He took the last glass himself and stood in front of the fire, facing us. He raised the glass in a toast, looking at each one of us.

“To the end of tears and the beginning of smiles. To family coming home, and to finding and rediscovering love. To this time of peace and joy for us all.”

We each drank, and I could feel the warm, nutlike liqueur flow through my body. I didn’t get high from it or anything, but it did have a relaxing effect on me and I think on Gregg, too. Dad sat back down in his chair and looked at us all.

“These things need never be spoken of again. I want to thank you, Gregg, for your trust in us. I know that I now feel as close to you as if you were my son.”

“Yes, Gregg, you truly do feel like a son to us.”

Gregg looked at them and then at me. I reached up and gently stroked his face, and he took my hand in his and gently kissed my palm. I think if Mom or Dad had not been there, things would have gone much further than that, and I think Mom and Dad knew it.

“Thank you, both,” Gregg finally said, turning to them. “It is an honor to be welcomed into your family. However, you had already done me the greatest honor by allowing me to love Dar.”

Mom and Dad looked at each other and some type of unspoken communication happened between them. Then Dad said, “I think it’s time we all turned in, don’t you think?”

“Yes. I agree,” Mom endorsed Dad’s statement.

Mom leaned over and kissed both of us and then Dad did, too. They left for their room, and Gregg and I were still sitting in front of the fire. His arm was around me, so I turned until I was facing him and then felt his other arm come around me. He leaned down and kissed me. The kiss started out sweet and gentle but soon built in passion until we were devouring each other. I was hard and so was he.

“I do think it’s time we went up to bed, don’t you?” I asked as I slid my hand down and squeezed his hardness.

He groaned. “Yeah ... I really need you tonight. I need to lose myself in you.”

“Just what I need as well, to lose myself in you.”

“Uh ... did you bring lube?” he asked sheepishly.

“Of course I brought lube. How could I forget something that important?”

“Good.” Then Gregg did something totally unexpected.

He stood up, and before I could stand, he picked me up in his arms and began carrying me upstairs to my bedroom. I wrapped my arms around his neck and felt the strength of him as he carried me. He didn’t even show any effort at it. It was like I weighed nothing. I felt so secure in his arms. I could remember what it had felt like when my dad carried me this way, and it felt very much the same. Secure. Loved. Wanted. But wanted in a different way from Gregg. They say that little girls have a tendency to marry men like their fathers. I guess gay boys do as well, for I suddenly realized that, even though they bore no physical resemblance to each other, Gregg and my dad were very much alike in a number of ways.

When we got to my room, Gregg quietly closed the door with his foot and then lowered me gently to the bed. I thought that he was done, but he then began to undress me, just like I was a little boy. Well ... maybe not exactly like I was a little boy, because his mouth and tongue were also actively licking all the skin that was being revealed as he stripped me. When he had me naked, he began to take his own clothes off. I stopped him with my hand.

“Slowly, love. Let me watch and savor how beautiful you are.”

Gregg smiled down at me and slowly raised his t-shirt. His ripped abs and his chest with those incredibly tiny nipples surmounting such huge pecs slowly appeared as the cotton fabric slid up across them and off over his head. He stood there a moment running his hands over his own body, sensuously feeling it as I watched. Then his hands traveled down to his jeans. Gregg had the faintest trace of a blond treasure trail that went down from his navel to his crotch. His hands slid across it and he began popping the buttons on his jeans. Slowly, one button at a time, his crotch began to appear. I was surprised to see the waistband of his jockstrap. Gregg and I almost never wore anything under jeans, and the only underwear we ever wore was a jock. I wasn’t exactly sure why he’d worn one today, but I was excited

because I could tell it was one he'd worn a long time without washing, which meant a banquet of scents for me to feast on.

He slowly slid his jeans down as he kicked off his trainers. He stood there in nothing but white gym socks and his jock. He moved closer to the bed and stood there with his hands on his hips, looking down at me.

"Wanna smell this one?" he said, his voice low -- almost a growl.

I slid over to where I could raise up and, placing my hands on his legs, pressed my nose against the extended mesh pouch. His cock was rock hard and had already pushed itself up through the waistband of the jock so that the head was sticking out and leaking pre-cum. I breathed deeply of the warm, moist mesh, and my nose was assaulted by the ripe odors of sweat, piss, musk, and what was probably pre-cum. I moaned at the heavenly collection of scents and began licking and sucking at the pouch, wanting to taste all of them as well.

My teeth bit at his balls and cock through the mesh, causing him to groan and his dick to pump out more of his pre-cum, which slowly slid down his cockhead and onto the jock. I licked up the sweet, clear fluid and licked across the head, which was exposed, the jock evidently having pulled back his hood of flesh as his cock hardened. Gregg couldn't take any more of this because he reached down and quickly pulled the jock down past his thighs, revealing his hard maleness and scrotum to my view. He stepped out of the jock and then climbed onto the bed on top of me.

The mattress and box-springs groaned at the weight of him as he lay down, his body pressed to mine, resting on his elbows so that he could look down at my face. He leaned down and kissed me, very gently on the lips. Just a quick kiss and then he pulled back and looked down at me again.

"I love you so much. Even with everything that's gone on today, I think this is one of the happiest days in my life."

I reached up, pulling his mouth back down to mine. The kiss this time was not quick and not gentle. It was a kiss of deep hunger and need. I wanted him. I needed him. I wanted him inside me and I wanted him now.

He pulled out of the kiss, laughing quietly at my evident desire. He rolled off of me and onto his back. He turned his head and looked at me.

"Come here," was all he said.

I got on top of him, lying down on his body. His hands immediately began to move through my hair. He just could never get enough of it. We kissed again with a great deal of passion, and I felt one of his hands leave my hair and move down my back and into my butt, where his fingers began to stroke my hole and one pressed against it until my hole blossomed open to accept it. He pulled back from the kiss and looked up at me.

"I want to taste you. Sit on my face."

I loved to do this. I rolled off him and he slid down the bed. I moved over him so that my legs were spread across his chest and my knees were almost to his armpits. His hands went to my butt-cheeks and spread them as I leaned back, giving him full access to my ass. I could hear his deep breathing as I felt his nose moving up and down my crack.

“Ahh, fuck! You smell so good,” he growled.

His tongue came out then and sent shivers up and down my spine as he moved his mouth along my cleft. His lips quickly locked to my hole, however, and he began gently sucking as he speared me with his tongue. His tongue was doing delicious things to me up my hole as I began to move back and forth, riding his tongue like it was a cock. I itched to feel his thickness sliding in and out of my hole. Since that first morning he'd fucked me, I had become insatiably addicted to his cock being in my butt. I knew no greater pleasure, no greater closeness to him, as when he was inside me. I loved feeling part of his body as part of mine.

Gregg seemed equally addicted to my hole, never missing a chance to shove his huge meat inside it. We had even slept a few times with his cock in my ass after having fucked me. It was the most incredible feeling in the world to wake with Gregg slowly fucking me awake. What a way to start the day.

“Gregg! Fuck me. Fuck me, please,” I moaned as he continued to eat out my ass.

“Sit on me.” He pulled back from his butt-feast long enough to tell me what he wanted.

I pulled away from his mouth and he grabbed the lube. He started with two fingers and soon had three up me, readying me for his battering ram. I grabbed the lube and started greasing up his cock for my ride. He pulled his fingers out of me and gave my ass a little smack, letting me know that he deemed me fully prepared. I stood up and turned around. I knelt down again, with my legs spread across his body and my nuts resting on his abs. His hard cock was just touching my hole. I bent forward, kissing him gently as I slowly pushed back and his cock began to slide into my hole.

There was no pain to his entry anymore. My ass had become totally used to taking him and seemed to open to his cock as easily as if my hole had been fashioned just for him. I slid back until all of his cock was inside of me. Then I broke the kiss and sat up. Placing my hands on his pecs, I pulled my feet under me until I was squatting over his crotch and his cock was firmly planted up my ass. I rose slowly upward until half his cock was exposed between my legs, and then I dropped back down, allowing the weight of my body to increase the speed and power of the drop. He grunted as my ass hit his pelvis and his cock was driven as deep into my butt as it could reach. I did it again, feeling his hard rod impale me again and loving every moment of it. I did this a few times, and then Gregg grabbed hold of my hips, holding me above his crotch, and began to use his hips to slam his cock repeatedly up and into my hole.

My cock was rock hard and leaking pre-cum. I reached down and pinched and pulled at Gregg's nipples, which were rock hard by this time from the erotic stimulation of his

fucking my ass. He groaned at my touch, and I could feel his cock thicken even more inside me. I knew he was close to coming and so was I.

“Yeah! Fuck me! Fuck, yeah! Ream my ass out! Come in me, Gregg! Come in me! I’m gonna come!” I cried out.

“Come for me! Lemme fuck that cum right outta your cock!” He growled as his hips picked up speed and power and he fucked me faster and harder.

He knew what I needed. I soon felt the tingle in my balls that said my cock, which was slapping hard against my abs from the fucking he was giving me, would soon erupt with cum spewing everywhere. Then he stabbed my ass with his cock really hard and that’s all it took.

“Fuck!” I cried out. “I’m comin’!”

My cum came rocketing out of my slit all over his chest and abs. The clenching of my ass was all it took for him, and digging his heels into the bed, he thrust his pelvis up so high that his cock was buried as far as it could reach and my legs were literally off the bed as he shot his load deep inside me. Slowly he relaxed, and his hips once again touched down on the bed. I sat up and began scooping my cum from his chest and abs. One scoop went into my mouth, the next into his, and so on until I had cleaned up all of my white essence that I could find.

I climbed off him and lay down beside him. He leaned over and pressed his mouth to mine for one last, gentle kiss. Finally, exhausted, we turned to sleep. He was spooned up against me and I could feel that his cock was still mostly hard. I wiggled around until I had it lined up with my hole and slowly slid myself back down on it. I could hear the groan from Gregg behind me when I did so. He loved sleeping with his cock nestled up inside my warm ass as much as I loved it being there. His arms went around me and his face was nestled at my neck, where I could feel his soft breathing as his cheek was resting on my hair. I wondered, stupidly, if he would stop loving me so much if, as I grew older, my hair fell out? I guess for the sake of our marriage, we could afford Rogaine. With this silly thought, I drifted into deep, contented sleep wrapped in the arms of the most wonderful man in the world.

I awoke very early the next morning to the feeling of Gregg’s cock sliding in and out of my ass. We didn’t change position; he just fucked me that way, on our sides, from behind. It took a little longer for us to get off this way, but it was a very relaxed way to fuck. Gregg particularly loved it because he could bury his face in my hair the whole time he was fucking me. I loved it because he would lick and bite at my neck and shoulders, which were strong erogenous zones for me. We came and then went back to sleep for a while.

It is my family’s tradition to not buy or decorate the Christmas tree until the day of Christmas Eve. Soon after breakfast, Dad, Gregg, and I went out to a local church that was selling Christmas trees and bought a beautiful Scotch pine, its long blue-green needles soft and fragrant with scents of the season. We brought it home and, after lunch, began to decorate it. Mom and Dad had already brought all the decorations out of storage. What they didn’t know was that I had gotten a catalogue of Christmas decorations and had ordered a

special Christmas ornament. It was a beautiful white glittery bell which had gold lettering on it. It said, "Gregg and Dar -- First Christmas Together."

When the tree was almost decorated, I looked at Mom and Dad and said that I had brought a new ornament for the tree and hoped they didn't mind me adding it. They gathered around as I opened the box with the ornament. Gregg looked down and I could see the surprise on his face. I hadn't told him about it and had managed to keep it hidden for several weeks. Mom and Dad were smiling at the two of us because there was a very similar ornament already on the tree from their first Christmas together -- which was what had given me the idea in the first place.

"We'd be honored to have it on the tree, Dar. But you'll want it back after Christmas for your and Gregg's tree," Dad said.

"There isn't room in a dorm room for a tree. We want you to keep it for us until we get a place of our own," I said, and Gregg nodded in agreement.

"Well, you two need to hang it together," Mom said, smiling.

Gregg and I looked at each other and together we placed the ornament on the tree. Then he took me in his arms, and for the very first time in front of my mom and dad, he really kissed me. It was a full-out, tongue-in-each-other's-mouths kiss. I was more than a little surprised. I looked at Gregg after he pulled his mouth from mine, and he winked at me. I looked over at my parents. Dad was beaming, but Mom looked a little strange.

"I'm sorry, Mom. We got a little carried away."

"No, honey. I'm just surprised, is all. I didn't expect it to be so beautiful. I've never seen two men kiss like that, and I somehow thought it would be rougher, more ... oh ... I don't know the word I want ... more savage somehow. Not so gentle and tender," she said.

"Oh, it can be rougher and much more 'savage' at times. I promise you, though, you'll never see that part." I chuckled and Gregg blushed.

"Well, the tree is about done. Usually, I'd haul out the ladder and climb up it to put the topper on the tree, but it looks to me like we have a member of the family now who can easily reach the top to put the angel in place. Think you can do that, son?" Dad said, handing the beautiful, silver-gowned angel to Gregg.

Gregg beamed at my dad and walked over to the tree. That angel, with its silver gown and gossamer wings, had sat at the top of every Christmas tree that I could remember. Mom and Dad said they had bought it for their first tree together. I watched as Gregg reached up and gently placed the angel over the top of the tree with ease, his long arms and his height reaching it effortlessly.

No sooner had Gregg placed the angel on the top of the tree than there was a phone call for Dad. He went to the phone and was gone a few minutes. When he came back, he said that he had to go out for a little while but that he would be back. We didn't think anything of it and about an hour later he returned. Gregg and I were up in my room, looking over

some of my yearbooks and stuff that I'd had as a child. Gregg seemed fascinated with my growing-up years. At one point he said he wished he'd known me then. I said that I felt the same way. I would have loved to have known somebody like him then to end the loneliness I'd always felt.

Dad called us to come downstairs, where he and Mom were waiting for us. Dad looked at me and asked me to give him my car keys. I didn't ask why; I just reached into my pocket and gave them to him. He then handed me a different set of keys.

"What are these?" I asked, noting that they looked like keys to a vehicle.

"Why don't you look outside in the driveway?" Dad said.

Gregg and I walked over to the front door and opened it. Sitting in the driveway was a brand-new Ford Ranger XLT Extended Cab in a shiny dark blue. There was a custom license plate on the front that said "Dar and Gregg."

"Merry Christmas, boys," Dad said.

"Dad, what's this?" I asked, overwhelmed by it.

"Well, son, I think it's a truck. At least, that's what I bought for you. Go on out and take a look."

Gregg and I went out and explored the vehicle. It had everything. CD player, tilt wheel, cruise control, the works.

"But, Dad, I don't understand." I said.

"It's a long way to the state capital, and we thought you needed a vehicle that was in better shape than your station wagon so you can come visit more often."

I threw my arms around him and hugged and kissed him. "Oh, thank you. I didn't know how we were going to afford another car, and to be honest, I was afraid of making the trip here. Now we won't have to worry," I said.

"I know wrestling season will be over soon, so you will have more time to come visit on weekends. I thought we'd also give you both a little surprise. The tournament that you're practicing for is in mid-January, Gregg?" he said.

"Yes, sir. It's the university's invitational tournament. It's a gear-up for the state championships two weeks later."

"We're coming for it. We want to see our new son wrestle."

Gregg was stunned. His own parents, in the two and a half years he'd wrestled for the university, had never come to one of his meets. He was so excited he grabbed my father and hugged him, literally picking him up off the ground. When he realized what he had done, he quickly put Dad back down, but my father was laughing.

"Well, with that kind of strength, I sure pity your opponents."

"Especially with both of you there," Gregg said to my mom and dad.

Chapter Eight

The day after Christmas, we drove back to the university in the new truck. Again, I let Gregg drive most of the way. Because there were bucket seats and a console between us, I couldn't lay with my head in his lap comfortably. He could, however, with his long arms, reach my crotch quite easily. He exchanged playing in my long hair for playing in my short hair and with my cock until I couldn't take much more and told him so. My t-shirt was off and my pants were down around my ankles, and I was hotter than hell.

"You need to come?" Gregg asked.

"Fuck, yes! I'm about to get blue balls here."

"So come. Lemme jack you off. Just one thing."

"What?" I asked.

"You gotta feed me your cum afterwards. I get something for the effort!"

"No problem," I said as he grabbed my cock and began stroking it.

It took about two minutes to reach that critical juncture that we were both aiming for, and I cried out as my cum shot all over my abs.

"Ahh, FUCK!" I screamed.

"Fuck, yeah! Shoot that fuckin' load!" Gregg growled as he watched. "Shoot it for me, babe!"

I'm not exactly sure how he managed to keep the truck on the road while he watched me come. I later realized that we would have had great difficulty explaining an accident right then. My cum was covering me, and I began to gather it up on my fingers and feed it directly into Gregg's hungry mouth.

"Mmm ... delicious snack," he growled at me after I shoveled the last of it into him.

"So do I get one?"

“Sure. Wait and let me pull over, and you can drive while I ‘entertain’ you.”

“What do you mean, ‘entertain’ me?”

“You’ll see.”

The road was almost empty that morning, being that it was the day after Christmas. Gregg pulled over to the side of the road and got out. I did, too and we crossed in front of the truck as he headed to the passenger side and I to the driver’s side. As we passed, he reached out and pinched my ass. It was so unexpected, I yelped like a damned girl, but he just laughed at me.

I got into the driver’s seat and looked over at Gregg. He was still standing outside the cab of the truck with the door open. He already had his t-shirt off and was unbuttoning his jeans. He pulled them down to his thighs.

“Get in here!” I ordered him. “What if somebody sees you like that?”

“Hey, give them a thrill, won’t it?”

“Oh, great. My lover is an exhibitionist. When did this little kink happen?”

Gregg climbed into the truck and slid his pants down to his ankles. He was, for all intents, naked as well as mostly hard.

“Hey! Haven’t you seen me strut around the mats after a match? I know my fuckin’ cock and ass are showing in that tight singlet. And I like the looks I get from other jocks. ‘Course, I like the ones I get from you better.” He leaned over and kissed my cheek before ordering me, “Come on, boy, drive.”

I pulled back onto the interstate and set the cruise control to sixty-five. Gregg reached beside the seat and lowered the seat back so that he was practically lying down. Now he could only be seen by a vehicle taller than the truck, like an eighteen-wheeler, but since I was in the right-hand lane, even an eighteen-wheeler passing couldn’t see him. At least I hoped not.

“I know you can’t reach my cock, but why don’t you reach over and play with my tit while you watch?” Gregg said, his voice low and sexy.

“Oh, fuck,” I breathed as I watched him begin to slowly stroke his cock.

I reached over and began to pinch and pull at his nipple while he lay there grinning at me and slowly moving his foreskin up and down his cock. With the first exposure of his cockhead, I could smell the smegma that had built up under his hood. That pungent aroma filled the truck and I began taking deep breaths of it.

“Oh, fuck, that smells so good,” I moaned.

“Tastes good, too. Want some?” he asked, his eyes filled with mischief.

“God, yes,” I begged.

He took his finger and swiped it against the underside of his cockhead. Then he raised his finger to his own nose.

“Fuck! That’s righteous,” he moaned.

“Hey! I thought that was for me,” I complained.

“It is. It’s a little appetizer.”

He moved his hand over and, rather than offering it to me to eat, swiped his finger across my upper lip, depositing some of his smegma there. The scent immediately rose into my nose, as strong as if I were sniffing his cock directly. I breathed deep and moaned.

“Oh, fucking shit! I love that smell,” I moaned as I tried to pay attention to the road.

Luckily, the interstate was as straight a road as you’ll ever find, so as long as I pointed the truck in the right direction and didn’t move the wheel, it tracked just fine.

Gregg had returned his finger to underneath the flange of his cockhead and was now gathering up all the rest of his smegma. Once he had it on his finger, he leaned over and brought it to my lips.

“On this flight, we offer snacks before your meal.”

“You know that you are seriously mental, don’t you,” I said and then quickly gobbled his finger into my mouth.

Oh! The taste of him, the maleness of the scent, the pungency of the tastes that exploded on my tongue had me salivating heavily as I savored my lover’s offering from his body.

“Mmm ...” I moaned.

“Yeah, I think the boy likes ripe, aged smegma. He almost took my finger with it,” Gregg said.

I had never seen him in a playful, raunchy mood like this, and it was really turning me on all to hell.

I still had hold of his nipple and was pinching and pulling on it. His hand returned to his cock, and he began to slowly slide his foreskin up and down again. I was mesmerized by it. I loved watching him jack off. After a while, he reached under himself with the hand he’d used to feed me his smegma. I saw him wiggling around on the seat, but as I was still busy trying to watch the road and him jacking off at the same time, I couldn’t tell what the fuck he was doing. I soon found out.

He brought his hand up again and then moved it toward my face, his index finger extended until it was under my nose. Then I realized, without even smelling it, what he had done. I eagerly sniffed the butt scent he had gathered on his finger.

“Oh, fuck! That’s not fair. I want to eat your butt so bad,” I moaned as I licked at his musky finger.

“Nope, you gotta wait until we’re back at school. Then I’ll sit on your face and let you feast on my butt for as long as you want. The cabin on this flight is just not intended for more athletic forms of entertainment while traveling.”

“Well, you are some fucking hot flight attendant, I’ll give you that.”

“We aim to please. Have to keep our pilot happy.”

He was still slowly stroking his cock. I had my fingers on one of his nipples and he was playing with the other while I listened to the slapping sounds I knew so well of him jacking off. I tried to keep one eye on the road and one eye on him, especially when his hand began going faster and I knew from his grunts and from the movement of his abs that he was getting close.

“Yeah, jack that big cock. Shoot that fucking load for me. Gimme all your hot fucking load,” I moaned as I pulled harder on his nipple and began twisting it with my fingers.

That seemed to be just what he needed because suddenly his feet braced against the floorboards and his hips lifted off the seat.

“Ahh! FUCK!” he screamed as his cock began to shoot his load all over him and all over the truck. Some of it even landed on me.

“Yeah, fucker, blow that load. Shoot that cum,” I moaned as I watched shot after shot of his seed shoot out of his cock until only a little poured out of him, over his hand.

His body rested back on the seat and his breath came in gulps. I could reach some of the cum that had landed on his chest, and I scooped it up and brought it to my mouth to taste the nutty sweetness of it. I had to admit that I was an addict. I was addicted to the smells and tastes of my lover’s body and to the taste of his cum.

Gregg grinned over at me finally and began to scoop up his cum with his fingers, gradually feeding it all into my mouth. I licked and sucked at his fingers, trying to get every drop of the nectar of his balls.

“Hungry little fucker, aren’t you? I’m afraid I might not come back with all my fingers.”

“You certainly christened the truck,” I said. “Your cum is everywhere.”

“Maybe that’s the christening, but we still haven’t broken it in yet.”

“I don’t think there’s room in here to do that.”

“No, but there is back in the bed of the truck. You just wait until summer. I’m gonna fuck your ass raw in that bed.”

“I’ll hold you to that.”

Gregg stayed basically naked all the way back to the capital. When I was coming up on our exit, he finally pulled up his pants and reached behind him for his t-shirt. Even though it was cold outside, the heater in the truck did a fantastic job of keeping us warm, so we didn’t need our coats. We were too late for dinner at the university, so we stopped at our favorite diner, sitting in “our” booth once more.

“You got money?” Gregg asked, replaying the day when he’d asked me to be his mate.

“You know, I think sometimes you married me just so I’d feed you.”

“Well, that ... and that great ass of yours to fuck. Tell the truth, my big cock did play a role in you falling in love with me, didn’t it?”

“Not that big a role. I fell in love with you that first day when I hadn’t even seen it hard yet. When I saw it soft for the first time, I thought that maybe you should have been housed in a barn, not a dorm.”

“Did you really -- fall in love with me that first day?”

“Yeah. You were so nice. Not like the jocks I’d known at home. There was something so gentle and tender about you. I couldn’t believe the first time I saw you wrestle. I wondered where all that drive came from.”

“I just don’t like to be second-best at anything.”

“No matter what, you’re always number one with me.”

“That’s all I really care about.” And he gave me a look with so much love in it, my breath caught in my throat for a moment.

The waitress came over and took our orders, and we talked a while about Christmas with my parents. The night of Christmas Eve, we’d gone to church with my parents to the little Episcopal church my family always attended. It was a beautiful service. At the end, they gave everyone long, thin white candles and then turned out all the lights in the church, except for a spotlight on the nativity scene. Then we all sang “Silent Night.” As we sang, Gregg put his arm around me and I felt his warmth and love flowing into me.

When we got home, we sat around the living room for a while, watching the fire in the fireplace and the lights twinkling on the Christmas tree. I’d gone up to our room and brought down our gifts for “our” parents. We, of course, didn’t have a lot of money, but we’d scraped together enough to get my dad a bottle of Hennessy V.S.O.P and my mom a bottle of her favorite perfume, Shalimar. Gregg and I didn’t exchange gifts. We figured that our love was gift enough to each other.

Christmas dinner was very special. Our family’s tradition was to serve standing rib roast rather than turkey. Turkey was for Thanksgiving. Gregg had never had rib roast, and good carnivore that he was, he fell in love with it. Mom said she was glad she’d gotten a big one because she’d never fed a boy who ate as much as Gregg did. She said it made her really feel great to have someone with such a good appetite to feed.

That night, Mom and Dad had gone to visit some friends. I think they went so that Gregg and I could have time alone. We didn’t waste it. We spent the hours making slow, sweet love to each other. Well, that and occasional trips to the kitchen to attack the leftovers. Gregg could really put away the food, but I had kept keeping up my end.

Sitting there in the diner, while we ate, Gregg asked me a question.

“If we’d given each other gifts, what would you have wanted?” Gregg asked.

“Rings.”

“Rings?”

“Yeah. Rings. Wedding rings. Something that would show the world that we belong to each other.”

“Yeah, I think that would be a good idea, too.”

I looked down to take another bite of my bacon cheeseburger, when I saw his hand slide across the table and leave a small, black velvet box next to my plate. I looked up at him in shock and saw him grinning at me -- and then he winked.

I put down the hamburger, wiped my hands on a napkin, and opened the box. Lying on the black velvet inside were two plain gold bands. I looked up at him, and there were tears in my eyes.

“How ... how ... did ...” My mouth just wouldn’t work and my throat was closed up with emotion.

“I told Coach what I wanted to do, and he gave me a couple of jobs around his place. You remember that weekend when I had to work at his place all day Saturday after practice?”

I nodded. I still wasn’t trusting my voice.

“Well, he paid me by taking me to a jewelry store so I could buy them.”

I wondered why he hadn’t shown them to me during Christmas at my parents’ house. Then I realized that he had waited until we stopped here. He’d wanted to do it in this booth where he’d asked me to marry him.

He reached over, took the smaller of the two rings, and held it out to me. Instead of taking it, I put my left hand out. He smiled at me and slowly slipped the ring on my finger. I don’t know how he did it, but it fit perfectly.

“It’s not much, not what I wanted to get you, but I love you, and the fact that you’re mine is the best thing that has ever happened in my whole life.”

“It’s beautiful,” I said, with tears running from my eyes.

I took the other ring and waited while he gave me his left hand. I slipped the ring on his finger and looked into his eyes. “I never thought that I would ever find someone like you. I’ve loved you since the day I met you. Spending my life with you is all that I want in this world.”

His hand held mine and I saw the gold circle shining on his finger. It looked so right there. Then I looked at my hand and saw the same thing. It was as if my hand had been incomplete until that moment. Now it was complete with his ring where it belonged.

“Gregg, you are the most wonderful man in the world. Thank you for not only making my Christmas wish come true -- but for making all of my wishes come true.”

“Dar, you’ve given me love; you’ve given me a family again. I owe you so much. I don’t feel like I can ever give you enough.”

“Just give me your love. That’s all I need.”

We did finish dinner, but I don't remember it. I let Gregg drive back to the dorm. When we got inside the door, I walked into his arms and he held me close. I buried my face in his chest and smelled his scent, and my mind and heart cried out for more closeness.

I looked up at him. "Make love to me. Please."

He took me to bed and we made love to each other late into the night. His body entered mine and mine entered his, over and over again. We loved and laughed together and then loved some more. Together we sealed, for all time, the relationship we had found with each other. Finally, late in the night, we went to the bathroom down the hall and shared a shower. We gently washed each other's bodies, sliding on the thin film of soap. Gregg, of course, washed my hair, but in a new way. This time I was facing him, and the whole time his fingers were working through my hair and massaging my scalp, his mouth was pressed against mine and we were kissing. Of course, by the time we finished with the shower, we were both hard again.

Gregg, seeing me erect, got down on his knees and gobbled my cock down to the root while his other hand came up and played with my balls. I grabbed hold of his head and fucked his face. I was so horny, I knew it wouldn't take me long to get off. Suddenly, Gregg reached behind me with his other hand and shoved two of his fingers up my butt. That's all it took, and I was groaning quietly as I pumped my load down his throat. I had to try hard to keep my voice down, not wanting anyone who might come in the bathroom hear me and figure out what we were doing.

I was so exhausted, I practically collapsed. But he held on to me and then stood up, pulling me to him. I could feel his hard cock pressing against me, and I certainly wasn't going to leave him in that condition. I quickly got to my knees and began to swallow his cock. I let it slide into my throat as his hands played with their favorite thing -- my hair. He began to pump slowly in and out of my throat while I lightly scratched his balls with my fingernails. This got him moaning and pumping harder, and I returned his favor by sliding two of my fingers up his hole and massaging his prostate. It was only about thirty seconds later that Gregg was moaning lowly and I was swallowing another load of his creamy cum.

We rinsed off the sweat from our sexual exercise and tenderly dried each other. As we were about to leave the bathroom, Vince suddenly came in and the smell of beer on him was unmistakable. It was obvious that Vince had been drinking.

"What the fuck is the up with you?" Gregg said to his sparring partner.

"I had a few beers. No big deal!" Vince growled. "What the fuck is it to you?"

"How the fuck are you going to make it to practice in the morning?"

"Ahh! Fuck practice! Who cares? You win anyway," Vince said, hanging his head.

Gregg went to say something else, but I put my hand on his arm to stop him. There was something really wrong here, and Gregg yelling at him wasn't going to get to the bottom of what it was.

“Vince, is something wrong?” I asked.

“Not a fucking thing!”

“You sound like there is and you’ve been drinking.”

“So what? Nobody cares,” he said sullenly.

I looked at Gregg, who looked confused. I, however, was getting the idea that Vince didn’t want to talk about anything with Gregg around. Gregg, who had beaten him on the wrestling mats too many times. Vince wasn’t about to let himself be vulnerable in front of him. Something was very wrong with Vince, and I thought that maybe I could get to the bottom of it.

“Gregg, would you let me talk to Vince alone for a little while?” I asked.

He looked at me funny, not understanding what was going on, but trusting me nonetheless. “Sure, I’ll be in the room if you need me.” With that, Gregg left.

There were small benches outside the shower cubicles, and I moved over to one of them. Vince sat down next to me. He sat there, leaned back, looking at the ceiling -- definitely not looking at me.

“Vince, what’s really wrong? Somebody does care. Gregg and I care.”

“You and fucking Gregg don’t care. You’ve got each other,” Vince said, his voice full of bitterness.

“That’s not true. Gregg and I do care. Vince, you’ll find someone. I’m sure there’s some nice girl out there for you.”

All of a sudden, tears started pouring out of his eyes and he started bawling like a little kid. I put my arm around him, and he buried his head against my shoulder. All I could do was sit there and stroke his head and wait for the tears to stop and him to pull himself together. It took a while, but the crying finally stopped and he pulled away from me. He turned his back, his head hanging, and refused to even look at me. I was sure he was ashamed for breaking down like that.

“Vince, it’s nothing to be ashamed of. Crying is a good way to begin healing things that hurt you. You’re not less of a man because of it.”

“I don’t want a girl.” It was said in a whisper so low I hardly heard it.

Well, that struck me speechless. Was Vince coming out? How could that be? Vince was fucking every practically every sorority girl on campus. Or at least trying and mostly succeeding. I’d heard all his stories of his conquests, which he related to his brother jocks in the locker room. Could that all have been lies? I didn’t think so, but how would I know?

“Vince? What are you saying?” I asked quietly.

He turned slowly toward me. His eyes were so full of pain, I wanted to reach out and hold him again. But I figured that wasn’t what he needed right then.

“Dar ... I think I’m gay.”

“Why do you think that?”

“Look, this isn’t easy ...”

“I know. Take your time. If you don’t want to talk about this, we don’t have to right now.”

“No, it’s gotta be right now, or I might not have the balls to do it any other time. You know I’ve fucked a lot of chicks, right?”

“I’ve heard some of the things you’ve told the other guys.”

“Well, trust me. They were true. No bullshit. Chicks go for me. But I’ve been playing around with other guys for a lot longer. Since I was, like, ten years old. I never thought anything about it. It felt good, and as I got older, I started ballin’ chicks, so I figured that I wasn’t gay. I was just doin’ what felt good and who the fuck cared?” he said.

“Yeah, well, you could be bisexual, you know. You could like both.”

“Oh, I like both well enough, but something happened that’s really freaked me right the fuck out. The stuff I did with other guys was mostly with other jocks and it was pure sex. Nothin’ emotional. No kissin’ or anything like that. So I’m out one night a couple of weeks ago and I run into this guy. Really hot, and he just looks at me and I almost come in my pants. He comes over to me and we start talkin’. From there, I ended up going home with him. Hey! I was horny; he was good lookin’; I was willing to play and get my rocks off. But that’s not exactly what happened.” He looked away from me again.

“So what exactly did happen?” I asked.

“We get back to his place, and the next thing I know we’re sitting on the couch and all of a sudden, he puts his arms around me and starts kissing me. I didn’t know what to do. I wanted to push him away, but it felt so fucking good. I wrapped my arms around him and started kissing back. We must have sat there making out for an hour. I couldn’t believe it. I was loving every minute of it. Then he takes me in the bedroom. He starts making love to me. I can’t describe it any other way. It wasn’t just sex, like all the other times. It wasn’t just about getting my rocks off. He wanted me and I wanted him. I found myself doing things to him that I’d never done to a guy before. Fuck! I’d never done some of them to a *girl* before. And I loved every fucking minute of it,” he said, his voice filled with anguish.

“What happened afterwards?” I asked.

“That’s the worst part. I didn’t go back to the dorm. He wanted me to sleep with him. I’d never done that, but I wanted to, so I did. We slept in each other’s arms and it just felt so fuckin’ right. Not like it had ever been with a girl. It was so different, but I knew ... I knew ...” He stopped, his voice giving out.

“You knew it was what you really wanted. You wanted to be loved by another guy.”

He nodded his head.

“So what about him?” I asked.

Vince's voice came soft and bitter. "The next morning, he told me he has a lover. Wanted to get together again with me -- on the side. I told him thanks, but no thanks. I ain't nobody's 'back-door' lover. I don't play that game. What am I gonna do, Dar?" he asked, then started softly crying again.

I put my arm around him again and he hugged back this time.

"God, I wish you weren't already taken."

"But I am, Vince. Remember, you don't play that game?" I said.

He pulled back and looked at me, a serious set to his face. "I would never do anything to hurt or come between you and Gregg. I love both of you. I've never been able to tell Gregg how I feel about him. But I do love him. He's about the nicest guy I've ever met. And you are, too. I wish that ... well, I wish that one of you had a brother or something."

"I do." Gregg's voice came from above us and we both looked up. "I came to see if Vince was okay."

"How much did you hear?" Vince asked, letting go of me.

"Just the part about you loving me and wishing I had a brother. I love you, too, Vince. Don't you know that by now? Fuck, man ... you're almost like a brother to me. And on that subject, I do have a brother. Not that I'll probably ever see him again. But why would you want to meet my brother, anyway?"

Vince looked like a trapped animal. He looked at me as if to beg me to tell Gregg.

"No, Vince. You need to tell him yourself."

He looked up at Gregg, and I could see him fighting with himself. I knew he wanted to tell Gregg, but he knew that once he did, their relationship would change forever. I figured it would change for the better, but Vince didn't realize that yet.

"Because I think that it's a guy I've been looking for. A guy like you."

Gregg didn't say anything for a few moments. I think what Vince was telling him had really shocked him as much as it had shocked me. Gregg finally squatted down so that he was eye-level with Vince.

"Vince, man, why didn't you tell me? Why didn't you come to me? I would have understood."

"I know you would. I don't know; I just couldn't bring myself to tell you. I mean, you've got Dar and I didn't want you to think I was coming on to you or something."

"And we've been competitors too long. You were afraid that it would make you look weak to me and I'd take advantage of that."

If Gregg had struck Vince, I don't think the look of shock on Vince's face could have been more total. In fact, Gregg had hit him -- verbally, right on the truth.

“It’s okay, Vince. I do understand. You gotta know, though, that I’d never do something like that. Fuck! Don’t you see? This makes us even closer. We share something very deep now, not just a sport or a competition. This really does make us like brothers.”

At that point, Gregg reached out and wrapped his arms around Vince. Vince at first went stiff, not knowing how to respond. Finally he relaxed and wrapped his arms around Gregg. They held each other for a long time, Vince’s head eventually resting on Gregg’s shoulder. It was so beautiful to see these two young athletes, both superbly conditioned, sharing such a tender, loving moment together.

As they held each other, Vince told Gregg quietly about his experience with the guy he’d made love with. Gregg listened and told Vince that he really understood. They broke apart and Gregg sat down on the bench beside Vince. He told Vince about his former lover, Jake, and what had happened. I could see that Vince was very affected by the story.

“Fuck! I would never have even guessed you had been through something like that. I would have gone completely to pieces.”

“I did for a while. It was wrestling that saved my ass. I learned to take all of my emotions and work them out on the mats. When Coach offered me my scholarship, I told him the story. He helped me a lot to get rid of the anger. The healing has really come from Dar.” Gregg looked over at me and smiled.

“Guys, you know we’re in the bathroom. Don’t you think we might want to go back to our room to do any more talking?” I said.

“Fuck, I’m nearly sober now,” Vince complained.

“What, that means you can’t talk?” I asked.

“Well ... for me, at least ... it does make it harder.”

“Get over it, asshole. The most important part of a relationship is talking. You want to find someone to love and to build a life together -- you better learn how to talk,” Gregg said.

“Yeah, we almost fucked it up at the beginning because we couldn’t talk to each other about the important stuff -- like being in love with each other. You remember that night you found us in this very shower?” I asked Vince.

“Yeah.”

“Well, that was really the beginning for us. We caused each other a lot of pain because we wouldn’t tell the other one what we were feeling. Don’t you make the same mistake,” Gregg told him.

“Okay. I’ll try. I’ll try to learn how to talk about all this -- what I’m feeling and all. But it’s gotta be with you guys only. I ain’t ready to march in no Gay Pride parades yet.”

“Nobody’s asking you to. If the time comes that doing that is right for you, you’ll know it. And if it never comes, we’ll still love you,” Gregg said, standing up and putting his hand on Vince’s shoulder.

Vince, very hesitantly, reached up and covered Gregg's hand with his own, looking up at Gregg. "Thank you. You don't know what that means to me."

"Yes, I do, buddy. I know all too well."

Vince looked over at me. "Thanks, Dar."

"You're welcome, Vince." I leaned over and gently kissed him on the cheek.

Vince blushed about three shades of red.

We did go back to our room and talk some more, but then we all decided that it was late and practice was going to come very early in the morning. Vince hugged both of us before he left. He was a little stiff doing it, but I could tell that he would get over that eventually. I curled up in Gregg's arms in bed, laying my head on his chest.

"So, did you get jealous or what?" I asked.

"No," Gregg said. There was silence for a few moments and then, "Okay. Maybe a little."

"I'm sorry. I just knew that Vince needed to talk and he wasn't going to do it in front of you. You know I'm not interested in Vince."

"Yeah, I know. I'm stupid, okay?" he said, decidedly unhappy.

"No, you're not stupid. This was something new for you. You handled it as best as you could. I imagine you were as shocked as I was with Vince's little announcement."

"Well ... yes and no. I knew that Vince played around with guys sometimes. He thinks he was discreet, but jocks can gossip just like old women sometimes. So I knew he had some inclinations. I just didn't expect him to go all the way, ya know? But I still don't get that stuff about me havin' a brother."

"Gregg, news flash -- Vince looks up to you. He wants to be like you. He wants someone like you to fall in love with him."

"Ah, come on. It ain't like that."

"The fuck it's not. I can see it every time he looks at you. He really respects you."

"Fuck! Okay, if you say so." He still didn't sound convinced.

"Gregg, lover, Vince has tried to pin you for how long now?"

"Three years."

"Has he ever succeeded?" I asked.

"No. You should know that."

"Yet he still keeps coming back but never gets angry when you beat him."

"Well, no. That's the nature of the sport."

"Bullshit! I've been around wrestlers almost as long as you have. They get beat all the time by the same guy, they start hating that guy. Vince never hates you. He can't. He loves

you and respects you too much. It doesn't hurt so bad to lose to you because he looks up to you."

"You been reading your psychology texts again, haven't you?" Gregg groused.

"No, it's from the new book I'm writing -- *The Emotional Care and Feeding of Jocks.*"

"Ought to be a bestseller," he said as he leaned down and started nuzzling my neck.

"You start that and we'll never make it to practice," I said.

"Practice? What practice?" He rolled over on top of me and covered my mouth with his before I had a chance to answer.

Yeah, fuck practice!

Chapter Nine

The next morning, Gregg and I really paid the price for fucking all night long. This time, Vince nearly did beat him. But after that night of drinking as well as staying up talking, Vince wasn't in all that great of shape either, so like always, Gregg pinned him. It just took longer.

Vince came over to me while he was taking a break. He reached down and pulled up my left hand to look at the ring on it.

"Thought I saw one on Gregg. Figured you'd have to have one, too."

"Christmas present. Best one I ever got, trust me."

"I can imagine."

"It's not the ring. It's who comes with it."

"You're a very lucky guy."

"And I know it. You'll get lucky. Trust me."

"Yeah, right," he said disgustedly.

"Hey! You're a very attractive guy. Once other guys know you're available to them, you're gonna have to beat them away with a stick."

"That's what I'm afraid of. A bunch of horndogs who want me to fuck them. I ain't just looking for a fuck, you know." And with this, he went back to the mats.

I felt sorry for him. I remembered how it felt before Gregg -- the loneliness, the longing. I sent a prayer heavenward to say thanks for having such a wonderful guy fall in love with me. I also sent a prayer that Vince would find someone who was worthy of him.

For the rest of the week, the entire team worked very hard, and I had a lot of work to do with sore muscles and other difficulties. I kept telling all the guys that it wouldn't do any good for them to injure themselves before the tournament. Then we would be short of

wrestlers and would have to forfeit matches, which would lose us the tournament for sure. Coach repeated my warnings. Gregg, as captain of the team, had a talk with them as well.

The university's invitational tournament was to be held over two days beginning on Saturday. There were four other teams arriving for it. All the available motel and hotel space had been sold out months ago. How Mom and Dad managed to get a room was a mystery, but they did. They came up on Thursday night and took Gregg and me out to dinner. Since we'd been there before and Dad liked the place, he took us to O'Brien's again. We had the same dinner, except now Mom had filet mignon along with me. Dad also ordered a bottle of wine and four glasses. We explained that we couldn't drink because Gregg was in training for the tournament, but Dad poured each of us a very small glass of the wine, not really more than a sip each, and then raised his glass.

"I want to toast Gregg. May this tournament be his best ever. And let me also toast the two of you. May you be happy together always."

We all clinked glasses. Then Mom looked down at my hand on the table. Her fingers touched the ring on mine.

"Is that what I think it is, Dar?" she asked.

"Yeah, Mom, it is. If you look on Gregg's finger, you'll see the mate to it."

"So when did this happen?" Mom asked.

"Gregg got them for us. He gave it to me when we got back to school. He wanted to give it to me at the diner where he first asked me to marry him."

"I don't have to ask if you're really happy. Just looking at you tells me everything."

"You seem to be, too. Any particular reason?" I asked.

"Let me just say that it isn't good to have secrets in a marriage. After thinking about it, I decided that it was time for your dad and me to do some talking. It cleared up a lot of things and we've been like newlyweds ever since." This she said very low, so Dad and Gregg couldn't hear.

I doubted they would. They were lost in conversation about something to do with wrestling. I never knew my dad had any interest in it, but evidently he did now -- at least he was interested in it as far as it concerned Gregg. A little tinge of jealousy hit me for a moment when I realized that Gregg was probably a lot closer to the son that Dad dreamed of having than I was. Then I realized how foolish that was. He had two sons now. He loved both of us, albeit in different ways, and I could see from the look on Gregg's face that Dad's interest in him was giving Gregg something he so desperately needed -- a father's love and concern, which he'd never really known. But it still bothered me, and I felt ashamed of myself for feeling that way.

After dinner, they drove us back to the dorm. We knew we needed to get to bed early. Gregg would need all his strength for the preliminary rounds. When we got back to the room, Gregg, as usual, grabbed me in his arms and started kissing me. I pushed him away.

“None of that, mister,” I said, moving across the room from him. “You have to save your strength for your matches tomorrow.”

“Dar, that’s an old wives’ tale. I can make love to you and still have plenty of strength for my matches,” he said.

“No way. I’m not taking the chance. This tournament is too important,” I said. “Do you know what it would do to our dad if you were to lose?”

“You think he really cares that much?” Gregg asked me in astonishment.

“You just don’t know him like I do. I watched him tonight. He was hanging on your every word. I guarantee you he’s already read everything he could get his hands on about wrestling and has probably downloaded the rules and regulations from the NCAA website,” I told him.

“He did seem like he knew a lot about it, but I thought that was from you being on the wrestling team in high school.”

“No way. Dad never went to any of the meets. Why would he? I wasn’t wrestling. What was he going to do, sit there and watch me get water and towels for guys?” I said disgustedly.

Gregg looked at me funny for a moment and then sat down on our bed. “Come here.” He patted the bed beside him.

I moved over and sat down, but far enough away that we weren’t touching.

“Dar, are you jealous?” he asked quietly.

I sat there for a few moments, not saying anything. I knew he was right, and I was ashamed for how I was feeling. No matter how stupid I told myself it was, it still kind of hurt.

“You are, aren’t you?”

I looked down and nodded my head. “I know it’s stupid. I hate myself for feeling this way,” I said, not able to look at him. “It’s just that I saw the way he was looking at you tonight. I know you’re more the son he wanted than I am.”

Gregg moved over and put his arms around me. “Babe, your dad wouldn’t have taken a moment of his time with me if it wasn’t for you. He loves you. I know he does. He’s interested in me because he knows that you’re in love with me. He’s trying to reach out to me because I’m so important in your life. Without that, your mom and dad wouldn’t have driven all this way for a wrestling meet. Think about something -- the only time your dad drove all the way here was because you threatened not to ever come home again. He didn’t even know me then. More to the point, I’m sure he didn’t particularly want to know me then. Dar, he came all that way because you are his son and he loves you.”

I rested my head against his chest and felt him stroking my hair. “I told you that I was being stupid. I just can’t help it. I’ve never done anything to make Dad proud of me. I always wanted to, but I didn’t know how.”

“What the fuck makes you think you had to do anything? Dar, he loves you,” Gregg said.

“I know he loves me. But what’s he going to say to his friends? ‘Here’s a picture of my gay son and his lover’? Yeah, right,” I said bitterly.

“Dar, I win wrestling trophies all the time. You’ve seen them in Coach’s office. Haven’t you ever wondered why they’re there and not here in our room?” Gregg asked me.

“I didn’t know. I just thought there wasn’t room for all of them in here.” I tried to smile at him but failed miserably.

“No, Dar. It’s because they don’t mean much to me. I have all those trophies, but my own dad won’t even speak to me. What the fuck good are they?” I could hear the pain in his voice.

I looked up into his sad eyes. “Oh, fuck! I’m sorry. I didn’t mean it that way. The fucking thing is, I’m so glad that Dad’s taken such an interest in you. I know what that means to you. It’s just that I’ve always felt that somehow I’ve failed him.” I reached up and stroked Gregg’s cheek.

“Dar, I think you really need to have a talk with your dad. I think you need to get this cleared up as soon as possible. I’m serious about this. I don’t want you feeling this way. It’s going to poison how you feel about me, and I don’t want that.”

“No, it’s not,” I said.

“Dar, it already has,” he said firmly, and I was afraid he was right.

“Okay. If it will make you happy, I’ll talk to my dad,” I said reluctantly, knowing full well this was the very last thing I wanted to do.

“When?” he insisted.

“What do you want? You want me to drive over to the motel now and talk to him?” I said, the snottier side of me coming out.

He ignored my childish tone. “It’s not that late.”

I looked at him. He was serious. And worse, I knew it. I also knew he was right. I got up off the bed, walked over to the dresser, and got my keys to the truck.

Gregg walked up behind me and put his arms around me, kissing me on the back of the neck. “I love you.”

“Even when I act like an asshole?” I said bitterly.

“Even when you act like an asshole. Luckily, that doesn’t happen too often.”

I turned and wrapped my arms around him and kissed him hungrily.

“Please, Dar. Get this straightened out with your dad. I know you’ll feel better.”

“Okay ... don’t wait up for me. I don’t know how long this will take.”

“I won’t. You can tell me in the morning.”

I went down to the truck and drove to my parents' motel. I saw their lights were still on, so I knocked at the door. My dad answered, and they were still dressed; they hadn't even started to go to bed yet.

"Dar? What's the matter? Where's Gregg?" he asked.

"He's back at the dorm, probably asleep by now. I'm sorry to disturb you, but I need to talk with you and I need to talk with you alone. Could we go get a cup of coffee or something?" I asked.

"Is this something wrong between you and Gregg?" Mom asked.

"No, Mom, it's not. Everything is fine between Gregg and me. It's Dad that I really need to talk to."

"Okay, I'll just get my coat, son."

He grabbed his coat and kissed Mom on the cheek. "We won't be long, honey."

I wasn't so sure about that.

We walked to the truck in silence, and that's how we drove the five minutes or so it took to get to the diner. Because it was a weeknight, it was pretty well empty. Dad and I sat in one of the booths -- not Gregg's and mine -- and told the waitress we just wanted coffee. We didn't say anything to each other until she delivered it and went away.

"Okay, son. What's wrong?" Dad asked, concern showing on his face and in his voice.

"I'm sorry to bother you, but there's something I need to ask you, Dad."

"Dar, you're not 'bothering' me. I'm your father. I love you. If you have a problem, I want you to come to me. Now, what is it? Are you sure it's not Gregg?"

"No, Dad. It's you."

"Me?" he asked.

"Yeah. I need to know something." I took a deep breath. "Am I a disappointment to you?"

Dad looked at me like he'd been struck. "What in God's name makes you think that?" he asked.

"The fact that I've never really done anything to make you proud of me. I've wanted to. I really have. I just didn't know how. I mean, me turning out gay and all couldn't have exactly been something that you wanted."

He looked at me as if he were searching my face for something. "You're really serious about this, aren't you?" he said with quiet astonishment.

"Yes."

"Dar, I don't know how to answer that. No, of course it's not something I wanted. No father would want that for his son. And not because there's anything wrong with it, before you start thinking that of me. I wouldn't choose that life for you because I know how difficult it must have been for you and probably still is. What father wants to see his son

hated just for being what nature made him? What father wants to see his son in pain because of the narrow, bigoted minds of other people? No, I wouldn't have chosen this for you. But I don't get that choice. And just because you are gay, that does not make you a disappointment to me."

"Okay ... but you still haven't answered my question."

"Dar, where is this coming from? Is there something I've done that makes you think that?" Dad asked.

"Tonight, when we were at dinner, I watched you and Gregg. I could see how interested you were in him and the tournament. There was a large part of me that was so glad, because I could see how much Gregg respects you and how much your interest means to him. But then part of me got to thinking that I'd never done anything to give you that kind of interest. I'd never competed at anything where you could come and watch me. The only time I took an interest in sports was when I was the team manager. I never did anything that you could brag about to your friends."

He sat there not saying anything for a long time. I was afraid he was really pissed at me. Then he spoke and his voice didn't sound angry at all; in fact, he sounded tremendously sad.

"Dar, I understand now. I realize what your real question is -- am I proud of you? That's what you really want to know, isn't it?" he asked gently.

I stared at my coffee cup and nodded my head.

"Oh God, Dar, I'm so sorry. That's not anything you should have ever had to ask me. I thought you knew. I didn't think I had to say it. I guess it's that male thing about not expressing our feelings that your mother is always talking about. I should have said it. I should have let you know without you having to come and ask me. To be honest with you, I don't think I've ever been prouder of you than I am right now. That took real guts to do, to come and ask me like this."

I looked up at him. "No, it didn't. I can't take credit for it. Gregg made me do it. He knew something was bothering me when we got back to the dorm room. He knows me too well and quickly figured out what it was. He was the one who told me I had to come and talk to you about this tonight."

"Well, thank Gregg for me when you go back, but I'm sorry to differ with you. Gregg isn't sitting here right now -- you are. Gregg isn't the one who got up the courage to ask me -- you are. You have never lacked guts, son. Just the way you faced me about who you were and what Gregg meant to you showed that. Proud of you? My God, Dar, I'm so proud of you for so many things I can't begin to list them all. I'm proud of the man you are becoming. I'm proud of your honesty and integrity. I'm proud of the concern and caring that you show for others. You've become the type of man that any father would be proud to call his son. And, frankly, I'm more than a little ashamed that you had to come and ask me that, because it tells me that I've been negligent in my duty as your father."

“No. You haven’t, Dad. You’ve been great,” I insisted.

“No. I haven’t. I’ve done to you exactly what my father did to me and probably his father did to him. It’s a father’s duty to tell his son when he’s become a man and that he’s proud of him. My father never did that for me, and I swore I wasn’t going to let that happen with you. But I did. I couldn’t get over the stupid idea that I was raised with that you don’t tell your son something like that, so he doesn’t get a swelled ego. What a crock of shit! Instead, I ended up hurting you. Making you feel like you’re a disappointment to me, when nothing could be further from the truth. I am very, very sorry for that, Dar. I hope you will find it in your heart to forgive me for putting you through this. It should never have come to this.”

As I looked at him, I could feel my eyes welling up with tears. They began to stream down my face, and I didn’t know what to say. My heart felt like it was about to burst. I loved my dad so much and to finally know how much he loved me was overwhelming. I finally managed to croak out, “Daddy, I love you.”

Dad smiled at me and took my hand. “Dar, I love you. I always have and I always will. I am so glad that Gregg told you to come tonight so that we could get this straight between us. That’s a real smart guy you fell in love with, and he really must love you a lot. Hey, what’s this?”

Dad had been holding my left hand and noticed the wedding band on it.

“Gregg bought them for us.”

“It’s beautiful, Dar. I’m beginning to understand more and more how beautiful what you two have is. I certainly couldn’t have wished anything better for you.”

“I never dreamed that anything like this could ever happen.”

“You okay, now?” Dad asked.

“Yeah, I’m great. I have a dad who loves me and a mate who loves me; what could be wrong? I’d better take you back to Mom before she really starts worrying.”

“That’s probably a good idea. You know she’s going to ask what this was all about.”

“I know. And I know you’ll tell her the truth. That’s okay with me.”

“Okay.”

We drove back to the motel, talking about the start of the tournament in the morning. When we got to the motel, Dad insisted that I come to the room so Mom could see that I was okay. When we got to the door, I expected him to get out his key. Instead, he turned and took me in his arms. He hugged me and kissed me on the cheek.

“There. I needed to do that.”

“Thanks, Dad. I needed that, too.”

Then he opened the door. I went in and said good-night to Mom and kissed her. She looked at me questioningly, but I just smiled at her.

“Dad will tell you all about it,” I said quietly and left.

The drive back to the dorm took only minutes, but I noticed that as I walked up the stairs to our room, it was like a tremendous weight had been lifted off my shoulders. I opened the door quietly, but then I noticed the lights on and Gregg sitting up in bed reading. He looked up as I came in.

“I thought I told you not to wait up for me.”

“Oh, yeah, like I was really going to listen to you?”

I took off my clothes and got into bed next to him, sliding into his arms.

“So what happened?” he asked.

“My dad says to thank you for making me come and talk to him. He says I married a pretty smart guy who seems to love me a lot.”

“Your father is a gentleman and a scholar. And not a bad judge of character, if I do say so myself. You look happy.”

“I am happy. Happier than I think I’ve ever been. I now know that my father not only is proud of me, but that he thinks I’ve become a man. And not just any man. In his own words, ‘a man that any father would be proud to call his son.’ Not bad.”

“So no more jealousy?” he asked.

“None. I guess as an only child, that was about the closest I’m ever going to get to sibling rivalry. It’s awful.” I scrunched up my face.

“Yeah, it can be pretty bad.” Gregg laughed at my funny face.

“What about you and your brother? Did you go through that?” I asked.

“No, not really. We always had a common enemy that made us natural allies.”

“Oh. You do miss him, don’t you?”

“Yeah. I do. I keep hoping that once he turns eighteen, he’ll come and find me.”

“Maybe we should go and look for him.” I suggested.

“No, I don’t think that would be a good idea. He knows where I am. If he wants to see me, he knows where to come.” I could hear in his voice that this was the end of the discussion.

He slid down and pulled me closer. He began licking and sucking at my neck. I knew we shouldn’t be doing this, but I wasn’t about to stop him. I wanted him, too. I moaned as his lips and teeth against my throat sent thrills through my body. I figured he would move further down my body, but instead he rolled us over so that I was on top of him. I looked down at him and wondered what he had in mind.

“Sit on my face. I wanna eat your butt.”

Fuck, yeah! It was a happy face I saw below me, and I love to sit on a happy face. I quickly moved around to where I was squatting over him and lowering my ass to his face. I stopped a few inches above him, and Gregg’s hands came up to both support me and to

spread my cheeks at the same time, giving him maximum access to my butt. I could feel his nose running up and down my cleft and could hear his deep breaths, as well as see the rise and fall of his abs, as he deeply drew in my butt scent. He moaned at what he always told me was his favorite fragrance on earth.

He licked the length of my butt, causing me to moan. There was no feeling on earth like Gregg licking my ass. It always made me hot, and I could see the stream of pre-cum flowing from my cock as I felt his tongue slowly working its way up my chute. I wiggled my ass on his tongue, and he began to fuck me with it. Over the time we had been together, I had learned to really relax and open my hole for him. I had to, to take that fucking horse-cock of his -- said cock now rising off his abs and dripping pre-cum in anticipation of burying itself deep inside me.

After a long time of eating me and getting me totally wet with his saliva, he pushed up on my ass so that he could tell me what he wanted next.

“Take a ride, cowboy.” His voice was husky with emotion.

He always called me cowboy when we did it that way, having learned that with straights the position is called “cowgirl” when you’re facing the guy who you’re riding and “reverse cowgirl” when you’ve got your back to him as you ride his cock. Reverse cowgirl was not a position that we ever used. If Gregg wanted to see my back while he fucked me, he would have me lying face down on the bed. Most of the time, he wanted to see me, wanted to see the look on my face as he pounded my ass and took me to heaven.

I pulled off his face, stood up, turned around, and squatted over his hardon as he held it straight up. I kissed the head of his cock with my hole and let Gregg move it round my hole so that it got lubed with his pre-cum. Gregg always made enough of it so that now that I could take him inside me easily, it was all the lube we really needed. Once he had me lubed naturally, I began to slide down his hardness until it was completely buried in my butt and my cheeks were resting on his pubic bone.

He grabbed hold of my hips and held me there for a moment. I knew what was happening. He’d been horny the whole time he was waiting for me to get back from talking to Dad. Now, he was having trouble not coming too soon. I have to say it always gave me a thrill that my ass was so stimulating to him that it had that effect. I had been worried when I began taking him so easily that I had become too loose for him. He told me that quite the opposite had happened. He loved the feeling of my ass being looser and easier to fuck. He knew for sure that I was experiencing no pain when it was like that. While Gregg loved doing things that would bring me right to the edge of the line between pain and pleasure, actual pain was a total turn-off to him.

Gradually his desire to come backed off and he let go of my hips. I began to slowly ride him, up and down, my own hard cock flopping around as I did. I leaned back on my hands and continued riding him. I knew that he loved to watch me do this because he could watch his hard cock going in and out of my hole. I could feel him get harder and thicker as he

watched me impale myself, over and over again, on his rigid fuck-stick. I knew, however, that he would not let me finish this way. Even when I was on top of him, Gregg still liked to take charge of his own orgasm. He soon reached out and put his hands around my waist, then pulled me forward and over him. I knew what he wanted. Without losing his cock from my hole, I knelt and leaned forward so that I was resting on him, chest to chest. Because of his height and my shortness, we were face to face when I was like this. He reached up his hands and ran them through my hair, pulling my mouth down to his for a deeply passionate kiss at the same time. I prayed that I never went bald because I don't know what Gregg would have done. He did have a real thing for my hair.

Now, as I crouched over his body, he put his feet flat on the bed and brought his knees up, which allowed him to slam into my hole. At the speed he started punching his cock into me, I knew it wasn't going to be long before he came. I wasn't as close to coming as he was, but I didn't worry about it. I concentrated instead on getting him off. I moved my hips back, meeting each thrust of his cock, and rose up slightly so that I could use one hand to play with his nipples while my other hand supported me. He looked up into my face as he fucked me, and I got to see those expressions that I only saw on his face when he was fucking my ass -- and when he was wrestling. That always blew me away when I would see the same type of grimaces on his face when he was pinning an opponent. I knew he often got hard while wrestling, but so did a lot of the jocks -- even the straight ones.

His cock was really pounding at my ass now, and I willed my ass muscles to clamp down. I felt his cock immediately swell, and his thrusts lost all rhythm. He was moaning as I felt his cock tremble inside of me as he came.

"Ahh! FUCK!" he cried out as he slammed his cock into me and began to shoot volley after volley of his hot cum deep inside my very receptive ass.

His body finally relaxed and he looked up at me questioningly. "You didn't come." There was disappointment on his face.

"I know. It's okay."

"No, it's not."

Then he took my hips in his hands and literally lifted me off his cock. He used his hands to urge me forward until my hips were over his mouth, and then I felt the warm wetness as he engulfed me. I rested forward on my hands above his head and slowly began to fuck his face. We had not done this very often, but I loved it when we did. He sucked me deep into his mouth, and I pushed my groin against his face. I knew this would give him not only the stimulation of sucking my cock, but the added pleasure of snorting all of my crotch smell while he did so. I knew it was working for him as he moaned around my cock.

It didn't take long until my balls contracted tight to the base of my cock, and then I felt the cum begin its journey up my shaft and into the warm, wet cave of his mouth.

"Gregg! Oh, fuck! I'm gonna come! Fuck! Swallow it all! Eat my fuckin' load!" I urged him as I dumped what felt like a quart of cum down his throat.

Gregg didn't miss a drop, swallowing everything I could give him. He continued to nurse at my cock until it went soft in his mouth. He let it slip from his lips, and I rose up and looked down at him. He gave me a very cocky grin, indicating he was quite proud of himself for his performance.

I lay down beside him on the bed. He moved over me and his lips came down on mine, kissing me deeply.

"Happy?" he asked, pulling back from my mouth.

"Happier than anybody has a right to be."

"No, babe. We deserve happiness. We've both had enough unhappiness in our lives," he murmured as he leaned down to kiss me again.

When he finally separated his mouth from mine, we curled up together, his arms around me and my head resting on his chest as we quickly drifted off to sleep.

I guess what Gregg had told me was true. He didn't seem to have lost one bit of strength from fucking me the night before, because he tore through every one of his opponents in the preliminary matches the next day. I kind of felt sorry for them. Gregg was unstoppable. Most wrestling matches are settled on points. Pins aren't usually that common, but Gregg managed to pin each of his opponents. Mom and Dad got to see a stunning display of wrestling ability that day.

The same thing happened the following day, and by the end of the tournament, not only had our team swept the meet in points, but Gregg had the highest overall score of any wrestler. I figured that was another couple of trophies for Coach's office -- one for winning his weight class and another for overall points. I was wrong, however. After the awards ceremony, Gregg walked over to where I was with my parents. He handed the trophy for first place in his weight class to Mom and Dad, telling them that he wanted them to have it. My dad was stunned, but accepted the trophy from Gregg. He told Gregg it would go on the mantle, but that it was his -- they would just keep it for him.

The trophy for his overall win, he handed to me.

"I could wrestle if you weren't part of my life; I did it before I met you. But I would never have done what I did in the last two days except for knowing you were there and that you were with me every second. This belongs to you as much as it does to me."

I took the trophy -- damn, it was a heavy sucker -- with tears welling up in my eyes. Gregg put his arms around me and, right there in the gym, in front of everybody, kissed me gently on the forehead. I would have lost it right then, but Coach came up to congratulate Gregg again and to greet my mom and dad.

Coach looked at me and smiled. "Dar, you'd better hand that trophy back to Gregg. You're going to need your hands free."

I didn't understand what he was talking about, but I handed the trophy back to Gregg. When I did, I noticed that just about the entire team had gathered around us.

“Dar, the awards ceremony wasn’t quite long enough. We have another trophy to give out. Okay, which one of you animals has it?” Coach said to the group of wrestlers surrounding us.

Through the group of them, hand to hand, came a trophy bigger than the one that Gregg had won for overall champion. Vince handed it to Coach and winked at me.

“Dar, this trophy is for a category that, unfortunately -- and unfairly, I might add -- the NCAA doesn’t sanction. The entire team contributed to this. In fact, it was their idea to begin with. As the plaque says, “To Dar Davis -- Best Damned Team Manager Ever,”” Coach read.

All of a sudden, the entire team broke out in loud cheers as Coach handed the trophy to me. Now the tears were pouring out of my eyes. Mom and Dad both hugged me and then Gregg did. I had finally, when it no longer mattered, won a trophy in front of my dad. I looked at my dad. I knew what he was saying with his eyes. He was proud of me -- trophy or no trophy.

A group of us went out to dinner that night to celebrate. Besides Gregg and me and my mom and dad, Coach and his wife came along, as well as Vince, whose family had not been able to come to the tournament because of his grandmother being ill. At first Vince was reluctant to come. He said he didn’t want to horn in on family. Gregg looked at him and then grabbed him in a head lock and gave him a noogie on the top of his head.

“You are family, asshole. I told you that,” Gregg growled and then let Vince go. Vince was rubbing the top of his head. “Now go get dressed,” Gregg ordered, and Vince hurried off to change.

Dinner that night was quite interesting. Coach’s wife, my mom and I ended up talking together because Dad, Coach, Vince and Gregg were too busy dissecting every match during the entire tournament. I didn’t mind at all. I knew that Dad was very happy for the opportunity, and I got to know Coach’s wife a lot better. When Gregg and I finally made it back to the dorm, however, we were both so exhausted that it was one of the few times we didn’t make love before we both fell into exhausted sleep.

The wrestling season was drawing to a close. The last thing to happen, two weeks later, was the state championship tournament. We had to travel for this one, but Mom and Dad followed along anyway. Dad got us connecting rooms to theirs at the hotel, and even with numerous matches scheduled throughout the three days, we still got to spend a lot of time together. It truly felt like family to us, and I could see Gregg reveling in the feelings of being part of a family again -- only this time, a family that loved and respected him. This seemed to really energize Gregg, because even though we made love every night, he swept the state championships just as he had the invitational tournament. He won his weight class and top overall score. More heavy trophies to go home with Mom and Dad, to whom Gregg had given all the rest of his from Coach’s office. Dad had gone down into his basement workshop and built a display case to hold them all -- with room for more.

It was during the state championship that something very strange happened. I didn't say anything to Gregg at the time, not wanting to distract him, but each day, when I looked up into the stands, I could see this guy who, if I didn't know better, was Gregg. He looked just like him, only a smaller version. He was about five-foot-ten but had Gregg's build, his face, and his piercing blue eyes. I didn't think much of it. I just found it amazing. I'd heard that everybody had a twin someplace; this guy could almost be that for Gregg. I saw him when the trophies were being awarded, but didn't see him again.

We were back at school about a month when, one day, Coach Evans called us to his office. I wasn't sure what he wanted, but Gregg and I showed up as he requested.

"I want to know how set you both are in this idea of leaving for the west coast after you graduate," Coach said.

Gregg and I looked at each other. What was this all about?

"Uh, Coach, you know what our situation is. Staying here, in this state, just doesn't seem to be much of an option. How could I work in a school here when I'd be constantly afraid of getting fired because somebody found out about me and Dar?" Gregg asked him.

"I understand that, but if that problem didn't exist, would you two stay?" Coach asked.

Again we looked at each other.

"Coach, with the way my family has accepted Gregg and our relationship, I would give anything if we could stay closer to them. But, like Gregg said, we have to think about our own lives. I can't ask Gregg to live like that. Hiding, constantly in fear of who knew what. The problem exists, and I'm afraid, as slowly as things change in the Midwest, it's going to exist for more years than Gregg and I will be alive."

"Dar, normally I'd agree with you. Change is something that is slow in coming here, but it does come. I have two things to tell both of you. First of all, next year is the last year that I will be coaching wrestling full time here at the university."

That hit us like a sledgehammer in the mouth. No Coach Evans at the university?

"Oh, Coach! No! Where are you going?" Gregg managed to get out.

"I'm not going anywhere. I had a meeting with the president of the university and Coach Hanks, the current athletic director. Coach Hanks is getting older and no longer feels that he can handle both jobs as head football coach and athletics director. The university has offered me the opportunity to take over for him as athletics director and allow Coach Hanks to just coach football. We'll basically share the job of athletics director over the next year before I take over, so that I can learn the job. I know I don't want to coach wrestling alone and hold down the position of athletics director, too. That wouldn't be fair to my family. Therefore, I'm going to need a new assistant head wrestling coach after next year. Gregg, I want you to be that assistant head coach."

We sat there stunned, both of us speechless. For Gregg to be named an assistant head wrestling coach for the team at the university as soon as he had graduated in a year and a half, was an honor almost unheard of in the NCAA.

“Look, Gregg, I know this comes as a shock to you.”

“You can say that again.” Gregg finally found his voice again.

“But you’ve been doing the job all along. I’ve watched you work with the other wrestlers. They respect you; they know you not only know the game but you know wrestlers. You know how to work with them, how to mold them. You’re perfect for the job.”

“But the university will never go along with it, Coach.”

“Oh, yes, they will. It will be in my new contract that I get to hire whoever I want to help me with the wrestling program.”

“But there’s still that one other problem. Gregg can’t take a job at the university. Everyone knows about us here.”

“That is not a problem, either. Neither one of you ever attends meetings of the faculty senate, and I’m sure you pay no attention whatever to what they do, just like ninety-nine percent of the students here.”

“Well ... yeah. That’s true. We just figure it really has nothing to do with us,” Gregg said, and I nodded in agreement.

“Sometimes it does. Would it interest you to know that three months ago the faculty senate got the board of regents to change the university policy to end all discrimination against homosexuals in acceptance policies, scholarships, and employment at the university? No one can be fired just for being gay. And no one is allowed to be turned down for employment because they’re gay, either.”

Gregg and I looked at each other in shock.

“Oh, my God, Coach, is this for real?” Gregg jumped out of his chair.

“It’s for real, Gregg. And if you want it, the job of assistant head wrestling coach is all yours when you graduate. What do you say?”

Before he answered, Gregg looked down at me. “Babe? What do you think?” he asked hesitantly.

“I think you’d better say ‘yes’ before Coach changes his mind.”

Chapter Ten

The summer was fast approaching. Gregg and I would be staying on campus for the summer term. This would allow Gregg to take fewer classes his senior year and concentrate more on wrestling. No one knew about Gregg becoming the new assistant head coach. That would be announced once Coach Evans was made athletics director. However, Coach intended to use the next year to train Gregg in more coaching and administrative duties.

Dad and Mom knew about the job and were thrilled. They wouldn't be losing us to the west coast, and that made them extremely happy. We would have a break of about two weeks between the end of the semester and the start of the summer term. There was little question about what we would do with those two weeks. We would have to spend them at Mom and Dad's because there was no place else to go. At least, that we could afford.

However, right before school was over, Dad paid us another little surprise visit. We were both in the gym working out when suddenly in walked Coach Evans with Dad.

"I found this man walking around campus, apparently lost. Can either of you claim him?" Coach asked us with a grin.

"Dad?" I said. "What are you doing here?"

"What, I can't see my boys?" Dad said and held out his arms. Gregg and I both hugged him.

"Where's Mom?" I asked.

"She's at home. I had to come on business, so I get to spend time with you before I have to go home tomorrow. Why don't you two get a shower and we'll go out to dinner?"

"Sure," Gregg said enthusiastically.

Of course Gregg was enthusiastic. Dad and dinner meant steak at O'Brien's, and my carnivorous lover and I couldn't afford to eat there on our own. Not that we both weren't glad to see Dad, but "seeing Dad" and "steak dinner" were a welcome combination.

We got to the restaurant and were seated at a booth. We ordered our usual, porterhouse steak for Dad and Gregg and filet mignon for me. We talked a lot about the upcoming wrestling season and what Gregg would have to learn to be a coach. Dad had obviously been on the Internet again and was full of a lot of coaching information. We noticed he had brought a bag into the restaurant with him. From it, he pulled out three books on coaching wrestling that he had bought for Gregg.

Gregg was overwhelmed by Dad's thoughtfulness as well as being very grateful for the books. I was really happy that an interest in wrestling was something that Dad could share with both of us. Since my little talk with Dad and especially after he got to see me finally presented with a trophy -- which sat along with all of Gregg's in the cabinet Dad had built -- I was no longer feeling any jealousy about the fact that Dad showed such obvious pride in Gregg.

"I haven't forgotten you, either, Dar. However, what I got for you is actually for both of you," Dad announced, pulling a thick envelope out of his pocket. "Your mom and I were talking one night about the fact that you two couldn't get married legally. We consider you to be married, after all -- you even have the rings."

Gregg and I smiled at each other at this.

"But your mom and I felt what was really unfair was that you didn't get to have a honeymoon. So in lieu of throwing you a wedding, we're giving you a honeymoon." Dad handed me the envelope.

I looked inside and found airplane tickets to Fort Lauderdale and reservations for two weeks at a resort there.

"Dad, you shouldn't have done this," I exclaimed.

"Oh, yes, I should. It is an all-male, all-gay resort. Wilton Manors is a suburb of Fort Lauderdale and evidently quite a 'gay city.' The mayor is gay and there are a large number of gay businesses there."

"How do you know all this?" I asked. Hell! Gregg and I were gay and we didn't know this.

"It's amazing what you can find on the Internet when you use Google. However, I think you'd better look in that envelope a little more carefully."

I looked further and there was a check for three thousand dollars.

"Oh, my God," I exclaimed and handed the check to Gregg.

"We can't have you starving down there, and I know it takes a lot to feed one of you. Your mom and I want you to have something that you'll remember all of your lives."

"I don't know what to say," Gregg said. "Thank you so much."

"That's what you can say, Gregg. Thanks is all that we need."

"Oh, Dad, this is so wonderful. I can't even begin to thank you and Mom for this."

“Dar, it’s the very least we can do. We love both of you and we’re so happy that you’ve found such happiness together. You both truly deserve this.”

The rest of that term, along with exams, just flew by. Soon we were boarding a plane for Fort Lauderdale. We’d gotten seats together, me in the middle and Gregg by the window. Luckily for us, the seat on the aisle wasn’t taken, so once the flight was airborne we could lower the armrests and spread out. However, first came the takeoff.

“Uh, Gregg? Have you ever flown before?” I asked.

“No. Have you?” he asked.

“No.”

There was silence for a couple of moments.

“Uh ... I’m a little scared,” I said, nervously.

“Me, too.”

When the plane taxied out to the runway and began its takeoff, I didn’t care who saw. I reached over and grabbed Gregg’s hand and held on for dear life. My one terribly morbid thought was that at least if we crashed, we’d die together, because I couldn’t imagine life without Gregg.

Fortunately, nothing of the kind happened. We arrived at Fort Lauderdale International and went to the Hertz counter. Dad has also rented us a car. When they brought it around, we saw that Dad had rented us a Mustang convertible. Gregg immediately wanted to put the top down.

“Only on one condition. You keep your clothes on. Not like in the truck.”

The directions we had been given to the resort were easy to follow. Tall wooden fencing around the property assured privacy, which was a good thing considering the fact that the pool and hot tub were clothing optional. It looked like my nudist mate and I would finally get to spend a lot of time naked together. Not that we didn’t do that in our dorm room all the time, but we had never been outside in the open sun and air naked. We were truly looking forward to it.

Dad had booked us into a one-bedroom suite, which included a full kitchen, living room, and dining room. The two owners, who were lovers, met us and welcomed us to the resort. They told us where we could shop for groceries to fill the kitchen. They also gave us a map of Wilton Manors showing where all the gay night spots and businesses were located.

This was so different from home. There were a couple of gay bars near the university, but Gregg and I didn’t go to bars. We didn’t drink, and it never occurred to us to go to those places, since we weren’t looking to pick up anybody -- and from what we knew, that’s mostly what they were all about. John and Bill, the resort owners, however, told us about several nice gay restaurants and a couple of discos. I looked at Greg when we were alone in the room.

“Do you dance?” I asked.

“Uh ... I never have.”

“Neither have I.” But something made me add, “You want to try?”

Gregg looked at me for a moment like I’d lost my mind. “Okay. It might be interesting. So what do you want to do -- hit the pool, fuck, or go shopping for groceries?”

“I think hit the pool, fuck, go to dinner, and then go to the grocery store on the way back here and then fuck again.”

“Yeah, that sounds like a plan. Just one thing -- can you cook?” Gregg asked.

“Sure, I can cook. My mom started teaching me when I was a little boy. Why? Can you cook?” I asked.

“Fuck, no! My mother wouldn’t let me or my brother anywhere near ‘her’ kitchen. Said she didn’t want us making messes in it.”

“I’m sorry to say this, Gregg, but your mother was a real bitch.”

“Tell me about it,” he said.

“Frankly, I’m glad we won’t be having anything to do with your parents.” Walking over, I wrapped my arms around him. “Anyway, my dad and mom love you; you know that.”

“Yeah, I do. As long as I take good care of their little boy, that is.”

“You do that, Pooh. You do that just fine.”

And then my plan got messed up. Oh, we did make it to the pool, naked and playing like little kids. But we fucked first. The king-sized bed was just too inviting, and we were eager for each other as we hadn’t been able to get off when we woke up because we had to get to the airport. Gregg took the opportunity of having me in his arms to pick me up and carry me to the bedroom and lay me down on the bed. Then he began undressing me, first pulling off my shirt and then my sandals and finally my jeans. I had some workout shorts with me and some cut-off jeans, but Gregg and I decided that we wanted to be nude as much of the time as possible.

After he had me naked, Gregg quickly stripped off his own clothes and joined me on the bed. He pulled me into his arms and we started kissing. Our hungry mouths just couldn’t seem to get enough of each other. Gregg even began licking all over my face and into my ears, which just about drove me crazy with desire -- and he knew it. He had his tongue digging in my ear and I was squirming in his arms with the intense feelings he was causing.

“Mmm ... This really gets to you, doesn’t it?” he murmured in my ear.

“Fuck, yeah!” I groaned.

“You know you’ve got really cute ears, don’t you?”

“No, I didn’t know that. I know you like to stick your tongue in them.”

“I almost want to bite them off; they’re so cute and tasty.” He gave a low chuckle in his throat.

“Gregg, you’re a wrestler, not a boxer,” I exclaimed, pulling my ear away from his mouth.

“Well, if you won’t let me eat those, what will you let me eat?” He gave me a leering grin.

“I’ve got something hard and thick you can eat any time you want to.”

“Now that sounds much more interesting.” His arms left my body, and I felt him pull himself up on the bed until he was over me and licking the head of my cock as his hard cock hung down almost to my lips. It was leaking pre-cum in a steady stream that fell on my lips, and I eagerly opened my mouth and let it all drip inside. I loved the taste of Gregg’s pre-cum, and for a few minutes I just lay there, letting it drip into my mouth while Gregg’s mouth was moving up and down my hard shaft.

I finally pushed my head up and began to lick inside his foreskin, running my tongue around inside his hood, tasting his wet cockhead. I could hear him moaning as I did so. I reached my hand up to the shaft of his cock and began sliding his foreskin up to expose his cockhead and finally the area beneath its flanged head, where my favorite “snack” was created. As soon as I pushed his foreskin back far enough, the ripe, pungent scent of him poured out and I moaned as I breathed deeply of it. Then my tongue began to gather the raunchy treat, tasting his ripeness and loving every second of it.

Finally, it was unfortunately all gone. I knew he would make more, but it was always somewhat sad to me when I had licked him clean. To assuage my sadness, I needed more of his cock. I tilted my head back and allowed his cock to start its descent into my throat. Deep-throating Gregg was one of the sexual feats that I was most proud of. I also knew it was something that Gregg truly loved. I lifted my head and took more and more of him inside my throat until my nose was pressed into his fragrant nut-sac and I was breathing the intoxicating scent of his crotch. He wasn’t dirty. We’d taken a shower this morning before leaving. But that was this morning, and it was now mid-afternoon and this was south Florida in June. It was hot and humid. I loved the way it made us both sweat more.

I could feel Gregg pull off my cock, and then next thing I knew, he had my legs tucked back under his arms and was avidly licking from my ball-sac and deep into my moist, musky butt. He finally settled with his mouth locked to my asshole and his tongue drilling deep inside me as he moaned his satisfaction at the tastes, the scents, and the textures he was enjoying.

I decided that two could play at that game and allowed his cock to slip out of my throat and mouth. I began licking up the shaft to his nuts while pulling his hips down so that his ass would be within licking distance of my tongue. Soon, Gregg and I were engaged in a butthole 69, each of us with our mouths glued to the other’s asshole, licking and sucking each other’s butts like there was no tomorrow. My chest and abs were becoming a slick mess from all the pre-cum that was pouring out of our cocks and coating me. Not that I was complaining. I loved being covered with pre-cum, cum, whatever came out of Gregg’s cock.

Hell, there were even these little kinky thoughts I had about him pissing on me. Of course, people really don't do things like that, do they? But, I had to admit, it did kind of make me hot to fantasize about it. I would never tell Gregg, though. God knows, he might get it into his head to actually do it.

We continued to eat each other's butts until we couldn't take it anymore. I knew one thing -- one of us in that bed was going to get fucked, and I figured it was going to be me. Well, at least I thought that's what was going to happen, until Gregg pulled his mouth away from my ass and rose up on the bed so that I couldn't get at his butt or cock. I looked at him quizzically, and he just grinned. Then he stood up, turned around, and the next thing I knew, he was squatting down and my cock was disappearing up his ass. God! I loved the feeling of his hot, wet butt caressing my cock. It was so hot, it was almost like sticking my dick in a furnace -- but a soft, satiny one. Gregg began bouncing up and down on my cock as I jerked my hips up and rammed my dick as hard up him as I could. He wasn't touching his cock, and when I tried to, he pulled my hand off it and moved them to his tits instead. I pulled at his nips, and he moaned as he rode me harder and harder.

I was soon at the point of no return. I didn't want to come without him, but his rapidly bouncing butt and his hot chute were leaving me no choice. I was moaning and groaning loudly.

"Ahh, fuck! I'm gonna come! Gregg! I'm gonna come!"

"Yeah, babe! Come for me! Shoot that hot load up my butt! Come on! Fuck me good! Shoot that load!" Gregg urged me on.

That did the trick.

"Ahh! Fuck!" I screamed as my hips rose off the bed, jamming my cock as hard up his butt as I could get it and letting loose of all my load deep in his ass.

I finally relaxed enough to lower my hips back to the bed, and Gregg rode me down. He sat there on my still-hard cock.

"You didn't come."

"Nope. Didn't want to come that way. Wanted to get you off."

"So how do you want to come?" I asked.

"Same way."

"You want to fuck me?" I asked.

"Not just fuck you -- I want you to ride me."

"Okay, cowboy. If that's what you want."

Gregg pulled off me and lay down on the bed, holding his hard cock up straight in anticipation of me impaling myself on it. I spit into my hand and lubed both my ass and his cock with it. Then I rose up to my feet in a squat and put the head of his cock at the opening to my ass. I slowly slid down his huge club, and when I finally reached bottom with my ass resting on his pelvis, I wiggled my ass around to get loosened up for what I was sure was

going to be a very short and probably very hard fuck. That was okay with me. I loved it when Gregg really fucked me hard -- and with the muscles in his thick thighs and hips, he could fuck HARD.

I rose up so that about half his cock was buried in my ass. This gave him plenty of room to slam up into me. I put my hands on his massive pecs to brace myself as I felt his hips grinding against me. He started out slowly enough, but he soon turned into a jackhammer -- pummeling my hole with repeated stabs of his cock. Sure enough, his deep ramming had its usual effect, and I was soon so boned that I knew before he blew his load up me, I was gonna blow all over him. The tingling in my balls told me that he was working his usual magic against my prostate, and as I felt his thrusts getting faster and harder, I began to moan.

“Fuck! I’m gonna come again!”

“Yeah, babe! Come for me. Come with my cock up your butt. Come on, Dar! Cover me with your cum, lover!” Gregg begged me, growling deep in his throat as he neared his own orgasm.

“Fuck!” I cried out, grabbing my cock. With one or two strokes, I started hosing down Gregg’s chest and abs with my hot white load.

“Fuck! I’m comin’!” Gregg yelled. I felt his cock slam into my butt one last time and begin to twitch up my hole as he delivered his cum deep inside me.

We both came so hard that it was like we collapsed for a while, me on top of him, glued to him by my own cum and his cock still buried in my butt. His arms came up and wrapped around me as we lay there. Finally we were able to move, and his mouth found mine for a deep, sloppy kiss.

“Fuck, babe, I love your fuckin’ ass.”

“And my ass sure loves your cock in it.”

I slid slowly off his cock and turned to lie down next to him. He rolled over on me until his mouth was above mine. Then his lips came down and took possession of mine as we kissed deeply. I lay in Gregg’s arms as we fully recovered from what was to be the first of many bouts of lovemaking for us at the resort.

“Let’s go swimming now,” Gregg said after a while.

“Sure. After we shower.”

“Why? We can just go naked.”

“Lover, they don’t mind us in the pool naked, but I think they’d mind us getting in their pool covered in cum,” I reminded him.

“Oh, yeah. I guess they would.” He looked down at our bodies, which were still covered in my load.

We showered and went out to the pool. I’d never been swimming naked and neither had Gregg -- but we both loved it. We also had dinner at a beautiful gay restaurant and stopped at a grocery store to pick up groceries, getting back to the resort late in the evening.

As I was putting away the groceries that Gregg had carried in from the car, he came up behind me and slipped his arms around me. He began sliding his hands over my abs and chest.

“Mmm. You feel good. Let’s go for a swim in the moonlight.”

“Just a swim?”

“We’ll see what comes up.”

“Knowing the two of us, I know what will ‘come up.’”

“Would that be so bad?” he asked.

“No, that would be good. It’s always good.”

He buried his face in my hair and I could hear him taking deep breaths of the scent. One of the things that I had discovered was a sandalwood-scented shampoo. I knew my hair was such “a thing” for Gregg, so I continued to use it because he just completely fell in love with the scent.

We stripped naked and walked out to the pool. There was nobody around as we slid into the warm water. The moon was almost full and rising above us in the sky. We swam to the other edge, where Gregg wrapped his arms around me as we stood in the warm water. His mouth sought mine, and we kissed each other like our mouths had been apart for days rather than just a couple of hours. My hands started to travel over his body, feeling his pecs and sliding down to his abs before moving around his waist and down to his muscular ass. His hands had managed to entangle themselves in my wet hair. We both noticed what we’d done, and we started laughing at the same time, which broke the kiss. We’d each gone for the part of the other that we loved best.

“Well, I guess we’re predictable,” Gregg said.

“Yeah. I guess we are. You playing in my hair and me playing with your butt.”

“I do love all of you, you know.”

“Wait until I shave my head and then we’ll see.”

“You do, and I want a divorce.”

His mouth found mine and we were kissing again. There we were -- naked, outside. and kissing. This could never happen at home. Of course, things started to heat up between us and we were both soon as hard as rocks. I reached down and began stroking Gregg’s cock. He started groaning and reached down for mine. I was soon groaning as well as he gently touched me.

“I don’t want to make love in the pool.”

“How about the hot tub?”

“How about the bed? I’m a little afraid somebody might come out here to see what all the groaning is all about.”

“Okay, we’ll go inside. But you know we’re going to have to get there with our cocks hard.”

“Oh, I think I can handle that.”

Holding hands, we went back to our suite and back to bed. We made love for most of the night and slept late the next morning. We went out for breakfast and then went to the beach. The two weeks sped by filled with a lot of firsts, like the night we went to a disco and danced with each other for the first time. We weren’t very good at it, but we had fun. I also gave Gregg some lessons in cooking. It was interesting for our roles to be reversed -- for once, I was teaching him something. We had so much fun cooking together that we only went out for dinner a couple of times.

All too soon, we were flying back home. When we arrived back at school, there was a message for us to see Coach Evans the following morning. Since classes were not yet started, we went to the diner for breakfast before going to Coach’s office.

“You know, you cook a lot better than this,” Gregg said as we ate.

“Yeah, and it’s a lot more fun when we do it together.”

“I wonder what Coach wants?”

“I don’t know. I’m sure it’s something to do with the team.”

“Yeah, but why the urgent message?”

“I don’t know. I guess we’ll just have to see.”

And see we did. We went to Coach’s office, and he asked us to sit down.

“I’ve got a problem, Gregg, that I’m hoping you can help with.”

“Sure, Coach. Whatever you need.”

“I was traveling this weekend, scouting wrestling talent. I found this kid who could be one of the best high school wrestlers that I’ve ever seen. I want to bring him on board this year, but he says he can’t come here.”

“Why not?” Gregg asked.

“Well, it seems he knows someone here, on the squad. He says the guy hates him and wouldn’t want him around.”

“Who the hell is it, Coach?” Gregg asked. “I’ll fuckin’ pound him into the mat.”

“I don’t think you could very well do that.”

“Why? Who is it?” Gregg asked.

“You.”

“Me!” Gregg shouted. “What do you mean, me?”

“Calm down, Gregg. I met your brother, Andrew, this weekend. He told me that you hate him. He said he doesn’t blame you because he did something terrible to you. He wouldn’t elaborate. Is it true?”

“No, it’s not. I love Drew.”

“Do you have any idea what he’s talking about?”

“Yeah, I think I do,” Gregg said sadly. “My brother sided with my parents against me. I never hated him for doing it. I knew what he was doing. He was protecting himself from them. If I’d had the chance, I would have told him to do exactly what he did.”

“Well, he obviously feels a lot of guilt about it. I need you to clear this up with him. More importantly, I need you to recruit him for the squad. Let’s say that this is your first assignment as my future assistant wrestling coach.”

“I don’t know how I can. I can’t reach Drew. My parents won’t talk to me, much less let Drew talk to me.”

“I figured that. I contacted your old wrestling coach, who is still coaching and has Andrew on his squad. He’s going to arrange for you to meet with your brother tomorrow at your old high school. Andrew is going to think that it’s me he’s meeting.”

“Coach, do you think it’s a good idea to lie to Drew that way?” Gregg asked.

“I’m sorry, Gregg. I just couldn’t think of any other way to get the two of you together. I didn’t think he’d show up if he knew you were going to be at the meeting.”

“Gregg, didn’t you tell me you’d do anything to see your brother again?” I asked him.

“Yeah. And I do want to. I just don’t want to piss him off along with everything else.”

“You love him, don’t you?” I asked.

“More than anyone except you.”

“And from what Coach said, it’s obvious he loves you. He’s not going to get pissed -- especially when he finally finds out that you’re not mad at him and that you still love him.”

“Yeah, I guess you’re right.” Gregg nodded and then reached out and pulled me close, kissing me gently on my forehead. Then he looked at Coach. “What time do we need to be there, Coach?”

“Andrew’s coach said to be there at around four p.m.”

“Okay. We’ll be there. “

“We? You want me to go with you?” I asked.

“I wouldn’t think of going without you. First of all, I’m gonna need your support on this one. Second, I want Drew to meet the man I love.”

We left Coach’s office and went up to the gym to work out. We then had to let our professors know we wouldn’t be there when classes started the next day because of business we had to do on behalf of Coach Evans.

The next morning, we went to the gym early to work out and then to breakfast at the student cafeteria. I looked down at my tray and remembered the days when I wouldn’t even eat breakfast. I also remembered when Gregg brought me there for the first time after we worked out. I remember my mind was still spinning from the two of us jacking off together.

We left the campus about eight-thirty in the morning and ended up making very good time on the way. We rolled into Gregg's home town about two-thirty p.m. Since we had time, we drove past places where Gregg had grown up. He showed me both high schools, the one he started at and the one he finished at after Jake's death. We drove by the house where he grew up. There was no one visible when we drove by, and Gregg didn't want to hang around, so we left quickly.

Finally, Gregg directed me to a cemetery. I didn't have to ask why. I knew that this was where Jake was buried. He had me drive around the narrow lane that wound through the rows of monuments and gravesites, having me finally park beside a grassy knoll.

He got out of the truck and began walking up the knoll. I followed behind, allowing him to be alone. At the top, there was a large oak tree, spreading its branches over hundreds of feet of ground, making a large shady area. It was there that Gregg stopped, next to a small white headstone. He squatted down beside it and reached out to gently stroke his hand across the surface. I looked down at the headstone. It was very simple -- Jake's name, the dates of his birth and death, and below that just the words "Beloved Friend."

It shocked me. This meant that it was Gregg who'd had the headstone made and placed there. I didn't say anything, but I wondered how that had come about. I watched Gregg as he squatted there, his head down, and I could see tears rolling down his cheeks. I put my hand on his shoulder, and he reached his hand up and covered mine.

"Jake, man, I'll never stop loving you." His voice was low and husky with emotion. "I'll never forget you, but I want you to meet Dar. I love Dar and he loves me. Please be happy for me, Jake. I never thought I'd ever be able to love again, but I can. Dar taught me how."

I squatted down beside my lover and put my arm across his shoulders. Gregg leaned over and rested his head on my shoulder, and we just stayed there, quietly, for a long time. Finally, Gregg kissed my cheek and stood up. He took my hand and pulled me up into his arms and kissed me deeply. Then, hand in hand, we walked down the knoll to the truck. I got into the driver's seat and Gregg climbed into the passenger seat. I didn't put the key in the ignition because I got the feeling that Gregg didn't want to leave yet. He kept looking up at the top of the knoll, so I figured he'd let me know when he was ready to go.

"I bought the grave and the headstone. His parents wouldn't do it. They spent all their money on getting his dad a lawyer to try and get him off. They were going to let the county bury him in an unmarked pauper's grave. I had a college fund, and I took it all to buy the casket, the grave, and the headstone. My parents were beyond pissed at me for doing it, but I didn't care. I loved him. I wasn't going to let him just be thrown in a hole in the ground." Gregg began crying again.

I reached out and put my arms around him. He leaned over and cried on my chest as I held him and stroked his head.

“You did the right thing. He knew you loved him. I’m sure he knows it now. I’m sure he’s watching us and is happy for us. I know he wouldn’t want you to continue to hurt or to be alone.”

Gregg continued to rest his head on my chest for a while. I just held him, knowing now why he was so insistent on me coming with him. He’d wanted to come here, but knew he couldn’t do it alone. After a while, his tears stopped, but he continued to rest against me.

“I have to tell you something, Dar. Please don’t be mad at me.” His voice was small and almost too quiet to hear.

“I’m not going to be mad at you.” I held him tighter against me.

“When I first started falling in love with you, I felt so fucking guilty. Like I was betraying Jake. Then when you told me about how you felt about me, it just made it worse. That’s why I got drunk that night. I hated myself for falling in love with you.”

“I understand. You loved Jake. I wouldn’t expect you to feel any other way. In fact, I wouldn’t *want* you to feel any other way. It’s not in you to betray anyone, Gregg. You’re too honorable for that. If our lives had been reversed, I would have felt the same way. I can’t be mad at you for that.”

“I’m fucking scared, though.”

“About seeing Drew? Why?” I asked.

“What if he really does hate me? What if he can’t stand the fact that his older brother is queer?”

“If that’s the case, you’ll have to deal with it, but let’s not cross that bridge until we come to it, all right?” I asked.

“You’ve got to stay with me, promise? I don’t want to meet with him alone. Not for now.”

“I’ll be right beside you. Don’t worry.”

He raised his head and kissed me gently.

“I think we’d better go, don’t you? We don’t want to be late for this meeting,” I reminded him.

“Yeah, you’re right. Let’s head out.”

He directed me back to his old high school and then led me to the gym. We went downstairs to the locker room. Memories of my high school came back to me as we passed younger guys in the process of getting into their gear for practice. Gregg led me back to where the coach’s office was.

Coach Wellington was nothing like Coach Evans. He was a lot older, and while somewhat in shape for a man in his fifties, he was not in the peak condition that Coach Evans was. He was shorter than Gregg, about five-foot-eight, and bald except for salt-and-pepper hair around the sides of his head.

“So, Gregg, welcome back,” Coach Wellington said heartily, grasping Gregg’s hand. “I’ve been following your career at State. You’ve made quite a name for yourself up there.”

“Thanks, Coach. I owe a lot of it to you. You gave me a good foundation to build on.”

“Well, you have the natural talent for the sport. Drew does, too. In fact, I don’t know how to break this to you, but I think that he’s probably a better wrestler than you are.” Coach Wellington nudged Gregg in the gut and chuckled.

“Nothing would make me prouder than if he was. Coach, I want you to meet Dar Davis. He’s the manager for the team, and my partner.”

I saw Coach Wellington raise an eyebrow at that one. Then he smiled at me and stuck out his hand.

“Welcome, Dar. I have a funny feeling that, even though you’re a lot smaller than he is, you know how to keep this one in line.” He indicated Gregg and then laughed.

Gregg blushed.

“I try, Coach, but it’s not easy.”

“I guess you didn’t stop at home?” Coach asked Gregg.

“No reason to. That part of my life is over. I’ll never go there again. I took Dar up to the cemetery.”

“I’ve been up there a few times myself. Tragic loss. I’m glad to see that you’ve managed to put most of it behind you.”

“With Dar’s help, I have.”

Now it was my turn to blush.

“Well, I’m going out to the locker room to send in that brother of yours. I hope you two can settle whatever this is between you. I know Coach Evans wants him, and I’d love to see him go there.”

“I hope so, too, Coach. That’s why we’re here.”

“Make yourselves at home. I’ll send him in. You still don’t want me to tell him it’s you?” Coach Wellington asked.

“No. I agree with Coach Evans. It’s better this way,” Gregg answered.

Coach Wellington left, and Gregg went over and stood beside the door so that when it opened, Drew wouldn’t be able to see him, only me.

It was only a few moments and the door opened. I immediately recognized Drew. Not only did he look like Gregg, but he was the guy I’d seen at the state championships and who I’d never mentioned to Gregg.

“What are you doing here?” Drew asked, recognizing me as well. “Where’s Coach Evans?”

“He won’t be here. He sent me instead,” Gregg spoke from behind Drew.

Drew almost leaped into the air in shock as he spun around to face Gregg. “Oh, fuck! Gregg!” Drew stepped back to get out of range of his brother.

Chapter Eleven

“Is that all you’ve got to say to me?” Gregg’s eyes were full of hurt.

“What else am I supposed to say? I’m sorry? I know you hate me for what I did, and I am sorry,” Drew said to his brother.

“Drew, I don’t hate you. I never hated you, bro. I love you. I’ve never stopped loving you. I understood why you did what you did. I would have told you to do it, if you’d given me a chance. I knew if you didn’t agree with them, they’d turn on you, too.”

“You knew? No, you don’t know. You don’t know anything. I knew, though. I knew. I knew all about you and Jake. I knew for a couple of years.”

“How ... how did you know?” Gregg was obviously taken aback by this.

“I saw you guys one night. I came home early from my friend’s house, and I saw you two through the front window. You were sitting on the couch and making out. It wasn’t too hard for me to figure out then what those groans I always heard coming out of your room were when Jake stayed overnight. I finally figured out you guys weren’t practicing wrestling holds.”

“So why didn’t you ever say anything?” Gregg asked, confusion showing on his face. “Were you ashamed of the fact that your brother was gay?”

I could see the pain in Gregg’s eyes as he asked this question. I didn’t know what I could do at that point, so I kept out of it. It had to be between the two brothers.

“No, I wasn’t ashamed. I didn’t know what to say. I didn’t know what to do. I did side with them and say all those terrible things because I didn’t want them to turn on me. But not because of why you think. I didn’t want them to think I was like you.”

“That’s what I figured, Drew,” Gregg insisted. “I didn’t want them thinking that, either. And they would have if you’d tried to defend me.”

“But I was. I am. I’m just like you.”

“Wha... what are you saying?” Gregg asked, again so confused it showed on his face.

“That I’m just as gay as you are,” Drew said.

There was dead silence as that statement sank in. Gregg looked at Drew, and I knew he was trying to find something in Drew’s face that would tell him if Drew was lying or not. I figured he wasn’t. It wasn’t the kind of thing you lied about -- maybe you lied trying to hide it, but you sure didn’t lie saying you were.

“Oh, God, bro, why didn’t you ever tell me?” Gregg asked.

“I was scared. And I was ashamed.”

“Why? What were you scared of? You knew I was gay.”

“I wasn’t ashamed of being gay. I was ashamed that I was jealous of you. You had Jake. I had nobody. I wanted somebody to love me,” Drew suddenly cried out and began sobbing.

Gregg quickly crossed to his brother and put his arms around him. I could see Drew stiffen at first, but then he grabbed hold of Gregg and hugged back as he rested his face against Gregg’s chest and sobbed his heart out. Gregg just stood there, holding his brother. After a few moments, Gregg took Drew’s face in his hand and started rubbing their heads together. I found out later that this was something they’d done to each other since they were children, whenever one of them needed comforting. Drew finally stopped crying, but Gregg continued to hold him.

“Oh, bro, I love you so much. I was so afraid I’d lost you forever. I kept expecting you to write or to come to me. I didn’t know what you were feeling until Coach Evans told me that you said I hated you. I don’t hate you. You’ve got to believe that.”

I finally spoke up. “He did come to you, Gregg. He came to the state championships. I saw him up in the stands at every one of your matches. I thought then that he looked so much like you, but I figured it was a coincidence. I figured that if it was your brother, he’d come down and see you, but he never did.”

Drew looked around at me. “You’re the team manager, aren’t you?”

“He’s more than that. This is Dar. He’s my lover, my partner in life.”

“Oh,” Drew said quietly.

“What’s wrong?” Gregg asked, evidently not understanding his brother’s reaction to this announcement of our relationship.

“You’ve still got somebody and I don’t,” Drew said, and I think both Gregg and I could hear the misery and longing in his voice.

“Bro, if that’s what you want, it’s gonna happen. I promise you. You just have to be ready to open your heart when it comes along. I almost lost Dar because I was still trying to love Jake. But Jake’s gone. I needed Dar to love me and to let me love him. And you’ll find someone who needs your love.” Gregg hugged his brother tightly to him.

“Promise?” Drew asked.

“Promise.”

And they hugged again. Then Drew pulled away from Gregg and turned to me.

“Dar? Like in *Beastmaster*?” he asked.

I almost laughed out loud. “No, like in Darwin. It’s a long story.”

Drew walked closer to me. “I guess if you’re Gregg’s lover, doesn’t that make you kind of a brother-in-law?” he asked

“Yes, come to think of it, I guess it does.”

Drew moved up to me and hesitantly put his arms out. I put my arms around him and we hugged. It was almost like hugging Gregg. Then Gregg moved over and put his arms around both of us. We stood there for a long time, just holding on to each other.

“God! I hope nobody from the team sees this,” Drew said finally, and we let go of each other.

“Speaking of the team, I am here to recruit you. That’s for real. Of course, I don’t know how you’ll feel about the coach you’ll be dealing with.”

“What do you mean? I think Coach Evans is a great coach and a great guy.” Drew looked confused.

“Yeah, he is. But he’s going to become the athletics director as well next year. There will be a new assistant head coach the following year, and I don’t know if you’ll want to be coached by him.”

“Why? Who is it?” Drew asked.

“Me,” Gregg said.

“Oh, my God, are you kidding?” Drew exclaimed.

“Nope. Coach Evans asked me to take over for him as assistant head wrestling coach when he moves up to athletics director.”

“Fuck, that’s incredible. You must be so psyched.”

“Actually, I’m pretty scared. It’s a lot of responsibility, but I figure with my lover there and my bro, I can handle it. What do you say? You in?”

“Fuck, yeah!” Drew said and threw his arms around his brother.

Gregg hugged Drew and then reached out his arm to me. I let myself become part of the hug again.

“I don’t want to go home,” Drew said, and we pulled apart from the hug.

“I understand. I don’t want you to go home. But I don’t know what else you can do.”

“Look, it’s only another week until graduation. I’ve already had all my exams, and the graduation ceremony is just a formality. I’m eighteen now; I don’t have to have permission to leave. Why can’t I go back with you?” Drew asked.

“But, bro, what about your stuff?”

“I’ve got an idea. There’s not a lot that I want to take with me. You guys are gonna stay over in a motel, right?”

“Well, I guess we could. We didn’t think about it. We can drive back tonight or stay over.”

“How about this? We move my stuff out tonight, I spend the rest of the night at the motel with you, and then we go back to the university in the morning,” Drew said.

“That does sound like a plan, but I don’t know where you’d stay once we got you back to the university. I think I need to call Coach Evans and find out if there’s anything he can do.”

“There’s the phone.” Drew pointed to it on the desk.

Gregg picked up the phone and dialed Coach’s office at the university.

“Hello, Coach? I’m here with Drew. He wants to come now ... Yeah ... Tomorrow morning ... No, he’s eighteen ... What he’s gonna need is housing, Coach ... Yeah, that would work ... Can you handle that by the time we get there tomorrow? ... Okay, we’ll see you then.”

“So what did he say?” Drew asked.

“He said to come on to the university. He’d work out housing and a meal ticket by tomorrow. He’s going to have some summer workouts with prospective recruits for the squad, and he’s going to put you to work helping him with them.”

“Cool!” Drew exclaimed. “Then all we need to do is get me the hell out of this town.”

“Okay.” Gregg beamed, and the two brothers high-fived each other. “Hey! Is that little motor court place still on Montgomery Road?”

“Yeah, it’s still there and I’ll bet it’s cheap.”

“Good, let’s go over there and get a room. You have to be home soon, I figure?” Gregg asked Drew.

“Yeah, in about an hour.”

“That’s enough time to get us registered, and then we’ll drop you off at the house. You tell me what time you think it will be safe.”

“Mom and Dad have to be at this church thing tonight at eight. If you come by about nine, I’ll be ready.”

“Okay, no problem, bro.”

We drove over to the motel. It was indeed an old motor court, with individual cottages around a central area. There was a vacancy sign, and we were able to get a room for the night with two double beds for thirty-five dollars and a promise not to be loud. We then drove Drew back to the house he and Gregg had grown up in, dropping him off a couple blocks

away so that there was no chance of his parents seeing Gregg. Leaving Drew, we headed back for the motel. On the way, we stopped at a Burger King and got some take-out for dinner.

Since we had several hours before we would pick up Drew, after we wolfed down the food, Gregg and I did what came naturally to us. As Gregg threw away the papers and cups from dinner, I began to undress so that when he turned back around, I already had my shirt off.

“Hmm ... I see your idea of dessert and mine are the same.”

“Well, I figured that you were going to want to make love sometime tonight, and we can't very well do that with your brother in the room with us.”

Gregg walked over to me, put his arms around me, and leaning down, began to suck and nibble at my shoulder.

“You've got that right. I ain't sharin' you with nobody. Not even my brother.” Gregg began to lick inside my ear.

He knew how this affected me. I started moaning and stiffened up.

“Mmm. That really gets to you, doesn't it?” Gregg chuckled as he finally pulled his tongue out of my ear and kissed me gently on the neck again.

“God! What are you trying to do? Fuck me, or drive me crazy?” I asked.

“Actually, I was thinking about you fucking me.”

“Then stop doing that, because I'm going to come all over the floor and then you're out of luck.”

“Okay. I'll be good.”

“Oh, yeah, that'll be the day.”

He let go of me, quickly stripped off all his clothes, and then lay face down on the bed with his legs spread.

“Is this 'good' enough for you?” He winked.

“Fuck, yeah! That's plenty good enough,” I exclaimed as I walked over to the foot of the bed and climbed onto it between his legs.

My favorite position. Between Gregg's legs with my face buried between the cheeks of his butt. First, I could savor the dark, sweaty, musky scent of his ass -- something that, over time, had become almost an aphrodisiac for me. Then I could feast on the tastes of his succulent cleft and hole as well as feel the smooth, slick tissues inside of him. It still blew me away when I was able to taste inside of his body.

I began to lick and suck at Gregg's hole, and he was soon moaning and pushing his butt back against my face. He loved having me eat his ass, especially when it was a prelude to my fucking him. While I didn't fuck him anywhere near as often as he fucked me, it was not because it wasn't pleasurable to me. On the contrary, I think the fact that I didn't do it often heightened the delight I took in doing it. Most of the time, as long as Gregg and I were

making love, I didn't care who did what to whom. Over time, we'd seemed to naturally evolve into Gregg usually fucking me. This had nothing to do with any kind of role-playing between us. Gregg loved to fuck more than he loved getting fucked; I loved being fucked more than I loved fucking -- but that didn't stop us from switching things around on occasion.

My tongue worked itself eagerly into Gregg's hole. I tasted the dark muskiness of him and moaned into his butt. He reached back and spread his cheeks further so that I could go even deeper into his chute with my tongue. I was blissing out on the taste of him and had to be careful. I could so easily come this way, just eating his butt while my cock hunched against the bed. Gregg, in fact, almost made me lose it by moaning out encouragement to me.

"Yeah! Fuck, yeah, babe! Eat my fuckin' butt. Ream my ass with your tongue. Fuck! I want your cock inside me so bad," he moaned.

I had to stop, or I would have lost my load right then and there. I pulled my face out of his butt and rose up over him, my cock pressing into his cleft. I brought one hand to my cock and positioned it at his hole. Then I began to slowly push inside of him.

"Ahh, fuck, yeah! Shove that cock all the way up inside me." Gregg moaned as I proceeded to obey.

Once I bottomed out in his ass, I had to stop. I was nearly coming again, and the tight heat and wetness of his ass were not helping me to hold off. I lay down on Gregg's back, leaving my cock buried in his butt, and began to lick and bite at his sweaty skin. He moaned and flexed his muscles as I did so, even wiggling his ass in delight. My hands slid across his shoulders and down his arms, feeling the incredible musculature and the softness of his skin. As my right hand came around the front of him, he reached out with his mouth, sucked in two of my fingers, and began sucking on them. Now it was my turn to moan at the feeling of his hot, wet mouth sucking on my fingers as his hot, wet ass gripped my cock.

My cock did finally calm down, and I pulled my fingers from his mouth and rose back up until my upper body was supported on my hands and stiff arms. Then I began to slowly move my cock in and out of his butt. We were both groaning at the feelings as I began to increase both the speed and the power of my thrusts into him.

"Yeah, babe! Fuck, yeah! Pound my hole! Fuck me HARD!" he begged.

I was soon fucking him as hard and as fast as I could. I knew it was going to make me come quickly, but I didn't care at that point. I could feel Gregg's prostate getting bigger and harder as my cock rubbed against it, so I knew there was a very good possibility that when I came, so would he. But I was wrong -- he came first.

"DAR! I'm coming!" he cried out, and I could feel his butt-muscles clamp down on my plunging cock.

That's all it took. I shoved my cock as deep inside him as I could get and pumped my load as far up his chute as my cock could reach.

“Take it! Take my load!” I yelled as I showered his guts with my cum.

I collapsed on top of his back, my cock still buried in his butt. I wrapped my arms around him as I got my breath back. Gregg was perfectly content to lie there with me on top of him. Even though I had managed to put on maybe twenty-five pounds of muscle, I still weighed less than a third of what Gregg could bench press. However, I got up because I wanted to be in his arms. I moved next to him and he reached for me, wrapping me in his muscular arms.

He finally rolled over onto his back and we took a nap, my head resting on Gregg’s chest, his arm wrapped around me. For someone who grew up an only child, never sharing anything, much less a bed, with anybody -- I had become incredibly comfortable with sleeping with Gregg. It really did seem like we were made for each other the way our bodies just seemed to mold themselves together. I loved sleeping with him almost as much as I loved making love with him. To feel his warmth, his strength, and his scent all around me made me happier than I could ever remember being in my life.

We woke up about seven p.m., and I knew what we needed to do -- feed Gregg. The love of my life had a metabolism that required constant refueling, whether from working out, wrestling practice, or keeping up with his sex drive. We got in the truck and headed out to a diner Gregg knew on the other side of town where there was no chance of running into his parents.

“So what are we going to do with Drew?” I asked.

“What do you mean?”

“Well, where’s he gonna stay?”

“Coach is arranging a dorm room for him. Don’t worry, it’s not our room!”

“Good. As much as you love your brother, and I’m sure I will, too, I don’t want to share you with him.”

“No problem. I don’t want to share you, either.”

“You know, there is something we should begin to think about.”

“What’s that, babe?”

“Where are we going to live?” I asked.

“What do you mean? We’ve got our room.” He looked at me, confusion all over his face.

“Yeah, until we graduate. Have you even talked to Coach about how much you’re going to be making as a wrestling coach? We have to think about where we’re going to live.”

“No, we haven’t talked money. I’m not sure it’s going to be much. After all, I’ve just graduated. I can’t expect what they were paying Coach.”

“Well, we need to start looking around, and you need to talk to Coach about how much you’re going to be making.”

“Babe, look, as long as we’re together, I don’t care where we live.”

“Why did I figure that was coming? Okay, I’ll make a deal with you -- you find out how much you’ll be making, and I’ll start looking around for somewhere for us to live.”

“You’ve got a deal.”

“Actually, there’s something else we really ought to do.”

“What else?”

“We should talk to Dad.”

“What about?” Gregg asked.

“Money. What we should do with it. How we should budget, save, stuff like that. He does know about all that stuff, after all.”

Gregg got a very thoughtful look on his face. “You know, that’s a really good idea. I’ve never had money to worry about. I have to admit, I don’t know the first thing about how to really handle it. And I have the feeling that Dad would love us asking him, don’t you think?”

“Yeah. I do.” I looked at him thoughtfully. “You always care about everybody else’s feelings. You know that? Do you ever worry about your own?”

“Nope. I leave those to you.”

Okay, so much for the “dumb jock” idea. Gregg seemed to always know the right thing to say -- especially to me.

It was about eight-thirty when we left the diner. Gregg figured it would take twenty minutes to get to his parents’ house. We pulled up and saw no cars out front. We parked across the street, and Gregg led me around the back of the house. He knocked at the back door and Drew appeared shortly.

“God! You guys scared me. You’re early.”

“Sorry. You ready?” Gregg asked his brother.

“Yeah. Just a couple of boxes and two duffels. My whole life, and it only took me about half an hour to pack.”

“Bro, your life is just starting.” Gregg put his arms around Drew and kissed him gently on his cheek.

Drew returned the kiss, reaching up and putting his arms around his big brother’s neck.

“There wouldn’t be a life for me except for you,” Drew told Gregg quietly.

“You just hang on. Everything is gonna turn out just fine. We’ll get you back to campus, and all this will fade into just a bad memory.”

We went to Drew’s room to get his stuff. As we walked through the house, I got a picture of what Gregg’s life had been like there. The house was poorly furnished -- the lack of money very apparent. The art on the walls were all those terribly ugly religious pictures with Jesus in just about every one of them, most with eyes that followed you. What a horrible place to grow up.

“Anything of yours that you want?” Drew asked Gregg when we got to Drew’s room.

“I’m sure they threw everything away.”

“No, they didn’t. Take a look in that box.” Drew pointed to a box on the floor.

Gregg squatted down and opened it. “Oh, my God.”

“What is it?” I asked.

He turned around, clutching a stuffed animal that kind of looked like a dog, but which had definitely seen better days.

“This is Bruno.” Gregg’s eyes were shining.

Okay, this wasn’t hard for me to figure out. That stuffed animal was everything to this boy from the time he was very little. I walked over to him and reached up to gently pet Bruno.

“Hi, Bruno. Glad to meet you. I’ll bet you kept Gregg company and kept him from getting scared when he was a little boy.”

“Yeah, he did. But you’ve got that job now.” Gregg’s voice was almost a whisper. “I never thought I’d see him again.”

“Come on. Let’s get going. I want to get out of this place.” Drew was obviously anxious.

We picked up the boxes and duffels and headed out to the truck. Drew climbed into the jump seat and we took off for the motor court. It was strangely quiet in the truck on the way there. Neither Gregg nor Drew were speaking, both lost in their own thoughts. When we got back to the motor court, we left everything in the truck except for the box of Gregg’s stuff and one of the duffels. Gregg sat down on one of the beds and opened the box again. Besides Bruno, who I finally figured out was a stuffed St. Bernard, Gregg pulled out a number of medals and ribbons and small trophies, all from his early wrestling career. It seemed, from the dates, that he had been involved in wrestling since he was about twelve.

Gregg reached looked down in the box to see what was left and froze. He reached in as though there was a poisonous snake that was going to bite him. He slowly withdrew from the box a small picture frame. Behind the glass, I could see a photograph. Two smiling boys. One was obviously a much younger Gregg -- probably about fourteen from what I could see. The other boy was smaller and slimmer. His hair was long like mine, but blond. Their grins and their arms around each other’s shoulders pretty much told the whole story. Without being told, I knew who the other boy was. This had to be Jake.

Gregg just sat staring at the picture, and I could see tears falling from his eyes. He looked over at Drew. “How did you get this?” he asked, his voice husky with emotion.

“The day we found out about ... well, about the killing and your letter, I figured that Mom and Dad would have a fucking fit about everything. Knowing them, they would have destroyed it if they could have gotten their hands on it. I knew they’d look through your stuff, but not through mine. I hid it so I could keep it for you. I figured you’d want it back sometime,” Drew explained.

Gregg looked down at the photo again and then silently handed it to me. I looked at the picture and could see the love between the two boys. I could also see that there was more than just a passing resemblance between Jake and me. It didn't bother me. Each of us has a "type" of some kind. I just figured that Jake and I fit into Gregg's.

"He was very beautiful," I noted.

"Yeah. He was. He looked a lot like you. I never really realized that before."

"He's got long hair, too. Did he grow it for you?" I asked.

Gregg gave me a small, sad smile. "Yeah. I told him it would look good on him, and it did. When he found out how much I was into it, he kept it that way. Told me he would never cut it short again -- and he didn't."

"You got him to grow it? I never knew that. Why?" Drew asked.

Gregg blushed at his brother's question and seemed too embarrassed to answer. Drew looked at me.

"It would seem that your brother has this very serious hair fetish. He seems to prefer guys with long hair."

"Oh. Is that why you wear yours long?" Drew asked.

"No. I always wore it this way. It just was a lucky coincidence. Kind of like me getting roomed with Gregg to begin with."

"Is that how you guys met?" Drew asked.

"Yeah. I showed up late for the fall term because I'd gotten sick. By the time I arrived on campus, the only place left for housing was in the jock dorm. The guy who was supposed to room with your brother had been injured and lost his scholarship."

"That's not exactly the case," Gregg spoke up.

"No? What did happen, then?" I asked.

"Well, he was a jock, of course. Did track, if I remember correctly. He had this girlfriend who got him involved with drugs. Crack. He ended up getting caught buying dope by campus security, and they expelled him. Thank God they caught him someplace else on campus. I'd already caught him smoking that stuff in our room once, and I told him I'd fuckin' beat the crap outta him if he ever brought it there again. As it is, I probably should have turned him in, but I just couldn't bring myself to do that. I figured he'd get caught and he did. Fucked up his whole life. I heard his parents had to spend a lot of money to get him off from the drug charges the university filed."

"Shit! You were lucky. If they'd found it in the room, you'd have had a hard time proving it wasn't yours," Drew said.

"Actually, he wouldn't have had a hard time at all," I told Drew.

"No?"

“No, a blood test would have easily shown that there was none of the drug in his system,” I explained.

“Well ... that may have been true, but there still would have been the suspicion.”

“Not really. We’re blood tested all the time for illegal substances, especially any kind of dope or steroids,” Gregg told his brother. “That’s something you’ll have to get used to.”

“Oh! Steroids. I didn’t think about those,” Drew said.

“Yeah, well, don’t. I catch any guy on the team doing those, and he’s gonna be looking for a good physical therapist.” Gregg had an evil grin on his face as he said this.

“Hey! I don’t need any business,” I assured him.

“Is that what you are? A physical therapist?” Drew asked me.

“It’s what I’m going to be when I graduate. I was going to be a nurse, but since your brother got me back involved with sports again, I decided I’d be better off doing physical therapy.”

“So you two got roomed together. What was it? Love at first sight?” Drew asked.

Gregg and I looked at each other and burst out laughing.

“I guess you could say that.” We were both desperately trying to stop laughing.

“Hey!” Gregg said. “It was. I know I fell for you the moment I saw you.”

“Yeah, I fell for you the moment I saw your butt.” I giggled.

“Huh?” Drew asked, looking at me.

“Your brother, in case you didn’t know this, doesn’t particularly care for wearing clothes.”

“Oh, fuck, I knew that. Mom and Dad were always yelling at him for running around naked. I’m the same way.”

“Well, the first time your brother and I met, he was naked and his back was to me. The first thing I saw was his beautiful bubble butt. I went immediately hard.”

“Yeah, but it wasn’t that easy,” Gregg reminded me.

“No, it wasn’t, was it?” I said, calming down.

“We almost fucking blew it entirely,” Gregg said to Drew.

“How?” Drew asked.

“Because we couldn’t bring ourselves to tell each other that we were gay and how we felt about each other,” I answered Drew.

“So what happened?” Drew asked. “How did you two finally get together?”

“My dog died.”

“Huh?” Drew looked at me like I’d taken leave of my senses.

For the next couple of hours, Gregg and I told him the whole story. Well, not the whole story. We left the private parts out, but there was a lot that we could still tell him.

Finally, we all got tired and decided that we could talk more in the morning as we drove back to the university. Gregg and I curled up together, and Drew took the other bed. It was the first time in a long time that Gregg and I went to sleep without making love, and what would be worse was that we couldn't do it in the morning, either.

Actually, that turned out not to be exactly true. Drew slept in like a log, and while he did, Gregg and I, both early risers, slipped into the bathroom and showered together. Of course, the shower was always one of our favorite places to play, and we both got a breakfast treat of pure protein from each other's cocks while we showered. I don't think Drew heard us because he was still asleep when we finally came out, and luckily there was still plenty of time for the hot water to recycle for him.

During the ride back to the university, Drew told us about what his life had been like in the last three years without Gregg at home. He told us about all the lectures he got about what shame Gregg had brought on the family, told us how he was dragged to church to learn about how he would be damned to hell if he ever became gay. Of course, he already was. He'd had to endure all of this without the support of his brother. Drew had really believed that Gregg hated him for what he'd done. He also knew his parents would never allow contact with his older brother anyway. If they found out Drew had even tried to contact Gregg, this would have caused suspicion that Drew was gay as well, and Drew knew that his parents would probably throw him out just on that suspicion.

"Well, they won't have any suspicions now. Not after the letter I left."

"What letter?" Gregg asked.

"I left them a letter telling them that I was leaving and that I was a cocksucker."

"Oh, fuck, bro! You didn't." Gregg looked at Drew in shock.

"I sure the fuck did. That ought to give them something to think about. Both of their sons turn out gay despite all of their bullshit."

"Well, I guess that takes care of that." Gregg shrugged his shoulders. "Ain't no way either one of us is ever going to be invited home again."

When we got back to school, we took Drew to Coach's office. Coach Evans was there to welcome Drew to the university and, especially, to the wrestling team. Drew seemed to be a bit overwhelmed by it all.

"Drew, I can see this is somewhat disconcerting for you, but you have your brother and Dar to help you. And I think your new roommate should be a lot of help, too."

"Who's his roommate?" I asked Coach.

"Vince," Coach Evans said.

Gregg and I looked at each other and broke out laughing.

"Well, he wondered if I had a brother."

 THE END 

Bobby Michaels

Bobby Michaels has been writing since he was 14 years old. A Gay male with a lot of romantic and erotic experience from his own life to draw on, he is a well known writer of Gay male erotica under another pen-name with a fan group of more than 3,000 members from around the world.

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