

LOVE Has NO Boundaries



Don't Read in the Closet Event 2013

FOUR SEASONS WITH YOU May Ridge

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Love Has No Boundaries

An M/M Romance series

FOUR SEASONS WITH YOU

By May Ridge

Introduction

The story you are about to read celebrates love, sex and romance between men. It is a product of the *Love Has No Boundaries* promotion sponsored by the *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* and is published as a free gift to you.

What Is Love Has No Boundaries?

The *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* invited members to choose a photo and pen a letter asking for a short M/M romance story inspired by the image; authors from the group were encouraged to select a letter and write an original tale. The result was an outpouring of creativity that shone a spotlight on the special bond between M/M romance writers and the people who love what they do.

A written description of the image that inspired this story is provided along with the original request letter. If you'd like to view the photo, please feel free to join the [Goodreads M/M Romance Group](#) and visit the discussion section: *Love Has No Boundaries*.

Whether you are an avid M/M romance reader or new to the genre, you are in for a delicious treat.

Words of Caution

This story may contain sexually explicit content and is **intended for adult readers**. It may contain content that is disagreeable or distressing to some readers. The *M/M Romance Group* strongly recommends that each reader review the General Information section before each story for story tags as well as for content warnings.

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

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FOUR SEASONS WITH YOU

By May Ridge

Photo Description

A photo depicts two men: their faces close together, eyes closed, radiating contentment.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

This peaceful moment reflects the love and compassion that these two have for each other. How did they meet and find one another? What stage is their relationship, and what sorts of experiences and emotional growth have they had together? (Possible friends-to-lovers, if the muse takes you there.) Any genre (fantasy, contemporary, historical, etc.) is fine if it helps the story flow for you.

P.S. If possible, I'd prefer something without extreme amounts of angst. Also, no non-con/dub-con/threesome/infidelity/cheating, please. Slow burn and romance would be great to read. Please give them an HEA. Thank you so much!

Sincerely,

Marie

Story Info

Genre: contemporary

Tags: friends to lovers, slow burn/unresolved sexual tension, roommates, long time crush, sweet no sex

Word count: 10,696

FOUR SEASONS WITH YOU

By May Ridge

AUTUMN

I – September

“Thanks so much for letting me stay with you while everything gets settled. You have no idea how much I appreciate it.”

Sebastian smiled at him, his green eyes warm with understanding. “It’s not a problem. It’s been a bit hectic for you this past year, hasn’t it?”

It wasn’t a question; they both knew the truth of the statement. First it had been the new job offer: a decent salary, amazing benefits, and pretty good vacation time, complete with a move across the country in order to get it. His mother’s sickness hadn’t made the decision to accept the offer any easier—but his previous job had been dead-ended with no hope of furthering his career and Dallas wanted more in life than a Tech 2 position.

The main deciding factor, of course, had been Joshua. It hadn’t been a particularly messy breakup; amicable for the most part on both sides, but it wasn’t easy to let go of a six-year relationship, regardless of a mutual decision and differing desires as to where the relationship was headed. Dallas had wanted a broader commitment, more long term and official. Joshua had been happy without the husband label, and had no desire to make it official in the eyes of the law.

He missed him, though, even now, even two months later, he still missed Joshua: the way he made coffee for both of them before he left for work, the way the corners of his eyes crinkled when he laughed and meant it—Dallas shook his head, trying to clear the thoughts out. He didn’t want to think about Joshua right then. It was supposed to be a new start—a whole new change.

“It’s a nice place you found out here,” Dallas told Seb, slipping his shoes off in the foyer and looking around. The house was a mid-sized townhouse;

the front door opened straight into the living room and the dining room was attached, with a kitchen and half bath in the back. The stairs led straight out of the entryway, with the bedrooms and another bathroom upstairs. Seb had sent photos when Dallas had confirmed he'd be moving in.

Thank God for Seb.

He and Seb hadn't really kept in touch since high school, although their mothers still met weekly and passed enough information around to keep both Dallas and Seb up-to-date with each other's lives—whether they wanted to know or not. Dallas had been fine with that way of doing things for a long while; Joshua had been a little bit jealous of his high school friends, memories in a past he couldn't possibly be a part of or share. Seb had been Dallas' best friend from the time he was three to the time he was eighteen, and Joshua had been the most threatened by that, even though he'd never actually met Seb in person. Seb had moved out to Calgary after graduating high school, following a career in the lucrative field of oil and gas. It enabled him to buy a house, so when Dallas' mother heard he was looking into a job in Calgary, she'd immediately brought it up.

“Yeah,” Seb replied, and picked up Dallas' last bag, jerking his chin to the stairs. “Let me show you your room, and you can get cleaned up while I finish off dinner.”

“You're the greatest,” Dallas told him promptly, falling into the natural pattern of being around Seb. Even after a decade, the easiness hadn't changed and he was grateful for that. He was also rather relieved that he wouldn't be expected to help cook today, not after driving the six-day journey from their hometown.

Seb laughed. “You must be absolutely shattered. Don't worry; I won't keep you up too late. Dinner, and then you can relax or whatever you want. You have a few days before the job starts, right?”

“Four days,” Dallas replied, and followed Seb through one of the doors upstairs. “Enough time to adjust and settle in, I hope. I'll handle supper tomorrow, if you want.”

“Sure, I’ll leave you directions to the nearest store. You’ll need the bank too, right?”

“Yeah,” Dallas said, and dropped his bags on the bottom of his bed. Seb put the one he was carrying down in front of the dresser as Dallas looked around.

“It’s not much,” Seb started, looking around as well. The bed was a double, with several fleece blankets covering the sheets, and the dresser wood was scraped and roughened, giving it a slightly battered but altogether homey look. The carpet was a little threadbare, but the blinds were clean and the room looked neat and smelled fresh, not dusty as Dallas had half feared when his mother had told him that Seb had a disused second bedroom.

“It’s almost perfect,” Dallas told him, and grinned when Seb shot him a narrow look, one eyebrow raised.

“Almost perfect?”

Dallas shrugged, once again falling into that old, easy habit of teasing Seb. It was as if he’d never moved away, as if the years between them could fall away with just a look. “Well, there’s no Wonder Woman poster on the wall this time.”

Seb laughed at that; the same sudden, half-surprised laugh that Dallas had always managed to draw out, sometimes in spite of Seb’s best efforts. “Sorry, there was no time to shop for one. I’ll get you one tomorrow.”

He turned to go, but Dallas stopped him before he could take more than a few steps out the door. “Thanks, Seb.”

Sebastian turned to shoot him a crooked smile. “It’s my pleasure, Dallas. It’s good to have you here.” He paused, his expression considering something, before he shook his head slightly. “Dinner will be ready in twenty minutes.”

II – October

“Not even just one?”

“Nope.”

“You are *so* harsh. It’s not like they’re going to miss it.”

“And the one kid that doesn’t get candy this year is going to be the *one* child who is vengeful enough to spray paint my front door and toilet paper my garden,” Seb told him, and then continued ruthlessly. “If you’d really wanted candy that badly, you would have bought some yourself; you’ve got no one else to blame.”

“Buying the candy *before* Halloween is for suckers,” Dallas argued, and sighed, resting his chin on his hand to watch Seb separate the candies from the chocolates. “Buying *after* Halloween is the smart thing to do. The *best* thing to do.”

Seb scoffed, and lifted his eyes from the little piles he was making. “Yeah, and I thought you had learned your lesson back in freshman year. *How* many candies did you buy after Halloween? You were *so* sick—”

“—and my mom wouldn’t even write me a note excusing me from class,” Dallas finished, and laughed, enjoying the memory before he furrowed his brow and shook his head. “No, why am I laughing? I don’t think I’ve ever felt so sick in my life, before or since.”

“Not even hung over?”

“Not even then.”

Seb stared at him for a moment, then shook his head and continued dividing, the corners of his mouth tilting up in a tiny, secretive smile. “It didn’t stop you from a candy run the next year,” he pointed out, and Dallas laughed again.

“No,” he replied, and he folded his arms on the table so he could rest his cheek on them, watching Seb through his lashes. “But I didn’t eat them as quickly that time. It took me weeks to finish them all, actually.”

“Ass,” Seb said, and threw a mini-Mars bar at his head. “I distinctly remember asking you if you had any, and you always said you never did.”

Dallas lifted his head, and opened the Mars bar, eating it unabashedly before he gave Seb a cocky grin. “Well, *I* can’t remember those instances; you must be making it up. Anyway,” he continued quickly, before Seb could form a reply, “it’s been a while since I did a post-Halloween run; maybe I’ll do it again this year.”

“Oh?”

“Joshua thought it was a little bit childish. He didn’t put candy out either until I started. He didn’t grow up with it, you know. Halloween, I mean.”

Seb looked up at that, his brow furrowing as he frowned, and Dallas realised too late that his own voice had betrayed him and lowered the mood to a more sombre one.

“All the more reason to go out this year and do it,” Dallas added quickly, and grinned at Seb to prove he was doing all right. He still missed Joshua; it still ached to think about him and what they’d had, but Seb didn’t need to know that. Sebastian just stared at him and Dallas sighed and looked away, trying not to deflate too obviously. “It’s okay, Seb, I just...”

“You know what we could do?” Seb asked before the faltering sentence could trail into a silence that embarrassed both of them. “We could just put the bowl out—with a sign saying ‘*Take just one please*’—and then put nothing in the bowl.”

Dallas arched his eyebrows at Seb. “You sly devil.”

He only got an innocent look in return. He remembered the look quite well; it was a look that Seb used to get away with deeds and pranks since elementary school. It had worked through junior high and high school as well, and had lost none of its potency with age. It smoothed Seb’s features: a quizzical expression, wide green eyes that looked a little hurt... The face was a golden opportunity, and it always made Dallas laugh to see it.

It was no exception this time either.

Dallas broke first, laughing as he shook his head and ran a hand through his hair. “Sneaky jerk,” he added fondly, and the wounded innocence in Seb’s expression increased exponentially. “Yeah, I’m talking to you,” Dallas continued. “You deserve to have your yard toilet papered if that’s the kind of dirty deed you deal out. You can dish it but you can’t take it?”

“You must be a terrible influence,” Seb replied blandly. “Most of my Halloweens proceed like this.” He gestured to the piles of candy, a trick learned from his mother to separate the allergy free candy from the ones that contained peanuts and other potential dangers. Then he looked around and nudged one of the piles towards Dallas, who grinned broadly and scooped it up in his palm. He offered one to Seb as a peace treaty, giving him first choice.

Seb smiled and took a mini-Caramilk bar, his fingertips brushing against Dallas’ palm.

Dallas blinked, and his brow furrowed; Seb looked down quickly and continued his dedicated separating, purposely avoiding Dallas’ gaze.

Dallas ate one of the candies slowly, considering Seb as he sucked on it for a long minute before he looked away, resting his chin on his hand again. He’d surely been imagining things. For a moment, he could have sworn that there had been heightened colour in Seb’s cheeks when he’d looked down again.

But whatever for?

He must have imagined it.

III – November

“I’m just asking how it’s possible to go on a road trip with only one CD in the car.”

“I already told you; my iPod is broken, and anyway, it’s not like we’re going very far.”

“A few hours *is* very far.”

“Banff is closer than you think—and besides, what’s wrong with Frankie Valli? I quite like him. *And* his music.”

Dallas sighed and dropped his head back against the headrest. “It makes you seem even more of an old man, to be honest. Old man music tastes. That would be you.”

Seb’s sudden huff of laughter made Dallas grin, although he kept his face turned towards the window to see how long he could make Seb believe he was genuinely put out by the music choice. He didn’t actually mind Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons; Seb usually listened to them when it was his turn to clean the house. He said the songs put him in a good mood, and they were usually upbeat enough to keep him distracted while he polished and vacuumed. It didn’t matter to Dallas, honestly, but it was still fun to tease him.

“I think you’re just jealous you can’t hit those notes,” Seb told him after a few minutes.

Dallas could hear the smile in his voice and rolled his eyes in response to it, although he was unable to help his own reflexive grin at the sound. “Yeah, that’s right. You caught me. It has nothing to do with the fact that this is the third time we’re listening to this particular song.”

“All right,” Seb said, and Dallas blinked when the music shut off, the sudden hum of the car’s motor sounding much louder. Dallas turned to look at Seb; the corner of Seb’s mouth was curled up in a superior sort of smirk that had Dallas arching an eyebrow curiously. “Well?” Seb asked, shooting Dallas a quick look. “Aren’t you going to entertain me now?”

“Is this your way of asking me to hit those notes?” Dallas teased, and laughed when Seb mock shuddered. “Fine, fine. How shall I entertain you?”

“I’m not the one who needed to turn the music off.”

“Yeah, it’s a pity the radio doesn’t work out here. The scenery’s almost worth it though,” Dallas mused, reaching forward to fiddle pointlessly with the radio before he sat back again, looking out the window again. The mountains rose up high on either side of them, the tall pine trees helping to block out most of the sun. The lakes were something to behold whenever they passed them; Dallas had made Seb stop by each and every one so far. The long stretch of white ice, surrounded by mountains, the marks of the ice skaters on the surface—it was unlike anything Dallas had ever seen before.

“I’ll bring you out here in summer time,” Seb replied, and stifled a yawn. “The lakes look even better when there’s no ice. *Such* a colour, and the clarity of the water... They’re something stunning to behold.”

“Joshua always wanted to see the lakes in summer,” Dallas said, quite without thinking. He regretted it immediately. Seb had a tendency to go quiet whenever Joshua was brought up, not that Dallas blamed him. It had to be awkward to hear about somebody that he didn’t know, and never had known, and somebody who had been such an important part of Dallas’ life for so long.

Joshua, as a boyfriend, had been jealous of Seb’s memory as Dallas’ best friend; Dallas had to wonder if Seb, as a best friend, was a little jealous of Joshua’s ghost as an ex. He was about to say something, to ask, or to reassure, even Dallas wasn’t certain which, when Seb cleared his throat and turned his head to smile at Dallas.

“So you ready to face the Western Canadian winter?”

“It’s definitely not going to be as bad as the Eastern Canadian kind,” Dallas retorted, and looked out the window again, idly marvelling at the inborn Canadian trait of talking about the weather in uncomfortable moments. Sometimes he thought he should talk to Seb about Joshua, try to erase this awkwardness surrounding the topic, but he didn’t know how to bring it up. He didn’t think Seb would be remotely interested. It would have been easier if Seb had had a similar story, so that they could at least mention their own problems

before moving to another topic, but as far as Dallas could tell, Seb hadn't had a serious relationship for years.

Not since college, in fact.

"Toll gate coming up," Seb said after a few minutes of silence that had grown increasingly awkward. "Once we pass through, we'll be in the National Park. Keep an eye out for animals, you might get lucky and see something wild."

"Bears?" Dallas asked easily, perking right up.

Seb laughed. "No, unfortunately they're not likely this late in the season. I promise," he added quickly, obviously seeing Dallas' disappointed expression. "I will bring you back this summer, and we'll see if we can find you a bear—and maybe even a moose."

"I'm going to hold you to that," Dallas replied cheerfully, grinning at Seb. Sebastian's return grin had an odd quality to it, but before Dallas could think to ask if anything was wrong, they were pulling in to the tollgate, and he forgot about the expression during the search for the cash.

WINTER

IV – December

“Yeah, Mom... mhmm. No, I know. *Yes*, your present should arrive in time. I know. I know, it sucks, but—well, yeah. Okay. Okay. I love you too. Bye.”

Sebastian looked up as Dallas hung up and sighed, flopping back down on the couch and reaching for the remote on Seb’s lap. “Good conversation?”

“It’s only the fact that I promised her present would be worth me missing Christmas dinner that’s keeping her from spending money she doesn’t have and flying out here to be with us.”

“Yeah, I had to convince my mom not to try either,” Seb replied, and grabbed the remote back to start channel flipping again. “It’s a pity you can’t get the days off though.”

“Let’s be honest, it’s not like I’d be able to afford the flight back home yet either,” Dallas said, idly watching the television screen. Sebastian stopped flipping the channels on one of the musical concerts that were on all the stations during the holiday time. It was some choir or other, Dallas didn’t really care. It was a plethora of red and green and white, and he turned his head to watch Sebastian watch it instead, smirking a little at the small smile on Seb’s face as he watched.

Sebastian noticed, and arched an eyebrow at Dallas. “What are you looking at?”

Dallas shrugged, smiling; he was unable to put the emotion to words but it was somehow comforting to know that Sebastian was still Sebastian even after so long, and so much time spent so far apart. There were a few times when he’d noticed differences in Sebastian’s habits, and he felt guilty for not knowing when they had crept into Sebastian’s routines.

Dallas was his best friend; he ought to have kept in touch without the aid of their mothers. “Nothing, just enjoying the view.”

Seb blinked, his brow furrowing before he arched his eyebrows, and Dallas laughed, suddenly struck by how odd the statement might have sounded to Sebastian. It was something they'd said all the time when they'd been caught daydreaming and staring into space; but he hadn't used the phrase for a long time himself. He could only imagine Sebastian hadn't used it for even longer.

"Sure," Seb replied after a minute, and then cocked his head to look at Dallas. "Hey. I was just wondering... what were your plans for when you moved out?"

Dallas blinked at him, before he lifted a hand and shoved it through his hair, the words hitting hard for some reason. "I—I hadn't actually thought of—you need me out?"

"What? Oh. No. No, no, no, that's not what I meant. I was actually asking—I mean. You help out a lot with dinner and cleaning and stuff, and I was wondering—it'll give you some time to save up money for a place of your own if you want, but I was wondering if you wanted to become my official roommate, rather than a friend who's just staying while he finds his feet in a new city."

Dallas stared at Sebastian for a long minute, then laughed, and leaned back against the couch again. "God, you scared me for a minute," he teased. "I thought you wanted my room back, or wanted to invite men over or something."

Sebastian gave him an odd look, but it was accompanied by the huff of unexpected laughter. "Men over? Please, when have I invited any men over with you here?"

Dallas cocked his head. "You know, you don't have to hold back on my account. I can always stay in a hotel for a night or two if you needed me to, once you start dating—"

"Can we stop talking about this, please?"

Instead of the smile Dallas had almost expected to see from his teasing, Sebastian's face was tense, his expression tight as if he was scared of leaking whatever feeling he was hiding out into the open so that Dallas could dissect

it. Dallas knew his best friend though; he knew when to seriously leave a topic alone and when it might be pushed without repercussions. Dallas watched Seb for a moment, then shrugged and turned back to the TV. “I think I’ll take your offer. I like staying here. It’s nice being here with you.”

Sebastian smiled a little at that, at least. “I like being with you too.”

V – January

“I hate winter,” Dallas muttered, and dropped his head down on his forearms again, groaning as Seb just patted his back sympathetically. “Why do the roads conspire to make my life difficult? And why doesn’t the city *do* something about it?”

“Dallas, it only started snowing ten minutes ago. And besides, you weren’t planning on going out again, were you?”

“On the contrary, I have a hot date later tonight,” Dallas replied, and was surprised when, instead of laughing, Seb kind of flinched and stared at him, wide-eyed.

“You—you have a date?”

Dallas frowned and immediately felt guilty, although he wasn’t sure why. “Yeah, a hot date with Erica. You know. From work. We’re going out for drinks to celebrate the presentation we had to do on Tuesday. It was a great success.”

“Oh,” Sebastian said, and stared at him for a moment, his cheeks a little red. “I—I thought you meant an actual date. Not,” he added quickly, eyes wide as he caught himself, stopping the words short, “Not that there’s anything wrong with that, I mean, you can date whoever you want and I—”

Dallas broke in, shaking his head, trying to alleviate the sudden panic he could see in Seb’s eyes even if he didn’t understand the reason behind it. “No—no, I’m not interested in dating—I mean, I don’t want another boyfriend...”

They stopped talking at about the same time and stared at each other silently for a long minute. There had been more of the silences lately, although Dallas wasn’t sure where they were all coming from. He wasn’t even sure how to bring it up either. It didn’t seem like there was anything that Seb had any reason to be worried about—and yet, he clearly was worried about something.

“Is... is everything okay?” Dallas asked softly, and Seb just tilted his head and smiled at him.

“Yeah, everything’s fine. I just—I don’t know. I’m concerned, I guess. I mean, you say you don’t want another boyfriend, and I can understand that, I just... never mind,” Sebastian laughed, the sound brittle in Dallas’ ears. “I don’t even know what I’m trying to say anymore. Just pretend I never said a thing.”

Dallas frowned and watched him, but Seb ignored his gaze and continued preparing dinner. He was making mashed potatoes currently, and Dallas sighed and got to his feet, moving into the kitchen and bumping his hip against Seb’s to nudge him out of the way. “I’ll finish the potatoes; you get the sausages ready, hmm?”

“Don’t you have to leave soon?”

Dallas shot the clock a quick glance, and shrugged. “There’s time enough to get there. It’s not snowing *that* badly.”

Sebastian laughed, but he moved over to let Dallas take over the mashing. “You’re pretty fickle tonight, aren’t you?”

Dallas hummed in agreement, his brow furrowing as he stared down at the potatoes, going over the conversation again in his head even as he tried to decide how to bring it up to Sebastian. He wasn’t sure why Sebastian was concerned, but maybe it was something like the same kind of jealousy that he felt towards Joshua. Maybe he was worried about being replaced or something; they’d been friends for a long time, and had been apart for a long time, so maybe Sebastian felt threatened of losing Dallas’ company again. It was the only thing he could think of that would explain the concern.

They worked in silence for a few minutes, and then Sebastian moved closer to drop some minced garlic into the potatoes. He smelled good, from that close, and Dallas turned his head to smile at Seb. Seb was watching him, his eyes warm again, and Dallas shifted unconsciously, moving closer before he even registered the movement.

Seb’s green eyes widened, and he stepped back quickly, dusting his hands off as he hurriedly moved back to the stove. “I think the potatoes are good now,” Seb said hastily, and Dallas frowned.

“Seb, you know I’m not looking to date anyone right now, right?”

Sebastian stilled, and then looked over his shoulder, shooting Dallas a small smile. “I know that.”

“And you know you’ll always be my best friend, right?”

“Mhmm,” Seb hummed, and turned back to the stove.

Dallas frowned, still feeling uneasy, but he couldn’t put a reason to it. He shrugged. “Well, then you have nothing to be concerned about, okay? As my best friend, I’m not going to be replacing you anytime soon, and Erica’s quite nice. You can even come with us tonight if you’d like.”

Sebastian stilled again, watching the sausages cook before he simply hummed in agreement. “I know. Thanks, but I think I’ll stay home tonight.”

“You all right though?” Dallas asked, brow furrowing. “You’re not still concerned, right?”

“Of course I’m all right. Why wouldn’t I be?” Sebastian replied, but he still wasn’t looking at Dallas, and Dallas couldn’t help but feel worse than he did before.

VI – February

“So that was an awesome Valentine’s Day dinner,” Dallas mumbled, his face pressed against Seb’s shoulder. Seb was wearing his favourite leather jacket, and he smelled so good; like leather and heat and the sharp, spicy scent of his cologne. “I like our friends, them’s good people.”

“They are very friendly, yes,” Seb replied. His words were short and clipped; he was trying his best to sound not as drunk as he actually was, Dallas knew. It was the habit he’d had since they’d been sneaking beer from their parents’ fridges in high school, and some habits just never changed. Fortunately, he knew how to fix the overly prim and proper manner.

“Here,” he said suddenly, and draped an arm over Seb’s stomach, only half noticing the way Seb tensed up at the touch. “Let me get your seatbelt.”

“I am already buckled in,” Seb protested, and Dallas lifted his head with a huge grin as he ignored what Seb was trying to say—and just started tickling him instead.

Seb had always had very ticklish sides; his ribs especially were the most dangerous place for him. It was even funnier when he was a little bit tipsy. Seb gasped and made a high-pitched sound, two octaves higher than his usual speaking voice, and he started to flail in an attempt to free himself or escape. Dallas refused to be moved, putting more effort into tickling Seb until Sebastian was gasping for breath and Dallas was more than half draped over him. It was only then that he stopped, laughing hard enough that the cab driver might have thought that Dallas was being tickled in return.

Sebastian had slumped back deeper into the seat, and was working on regulating his breaths again, and Dallas decided that moving would require too much effort. He stayed where he was instead; Seb had a very comfortable chest after all, and it was pleasant in a soothing kind of way to listen to Seb’s heartbeat under his ear. They stayed like that, in comfortable silence, for a few kilometres before Sebastian caught his breath back. Dallas just listened to his heart, waiting for his mind to stop reeling from the exertion. He made a small, surprised sound when Seb’s hand started running up and down his back before he hummed quietly in soft approval.

It was comforting, and sweet, and made him relax even further. It had been a good night. Sebastian had come out with him and Erica, and her husband, and they'd enjoyed a great meal and a lot of delicious drinks.

Sebastian's hand paused on his back and he sighed, making Dallas tense a little, because one of Seb's other habits after drinking was talking about things that Dallas usually didn't want to talk about. He tried frantically to think of ways to deflect the upcoming conversation, but he'd let Sebastian's hand lull him too far, and it was too late to even make the attempt. "You are doing okay without Joshua?"

"I had my chance with him," Dallas replied slowly, not lifting his head in the hope that maybe it would spur Sebastian to change the subject again. "I miss him, yeah, but I had a good time with him."

"Sometimes—sometimes I think you need a new boyfriend. To help you forget him."

It was almost sweet, but entirely unnecessary. "Nah, I'm okay. I don't really want another long relationship at the moment. I've used my chance."

"You can only have one?"

"Well," Dallas started, and then huffed out a tiny laugh. "It's not exactly a rule, but I don't think I'll find anyone who fit me as well as Joshua did."

Sebastian's heart thudded under Dallas' ear, the steady rhythm of it loud enough that Dallas had difficulty hearing Sebastian's next question, although that might have been the fact that Sebastian spoke even quieter than usual to ask it. "You think that this unknown person does not exist, or have you just not found him yet?"

Dallas shrugged one shoulder, not willing to think about it. He nestled in closer to Sebastian instead, trying to get more comfortable. "It's not that, it's just... it feels like I had my chance, and I blew it. If Joshua was the *one*—and I thought he was, for all those years—then that would make everything I had—everything I did when I was with him, and who I was—if there's somebody else, then that makes my whole relationship with him a lie."

Sebastian was quiet for a long time after that; the silence dragged out long enough that Dallas had almost fallen asleep by the time Seb finally replied, “That is stupid.”

He obviously hadn’t explained it well enough. That was what happened when Sebastian wanted to have a deep conversation about feelings when they were both drunk; points were missed, and they each thought that the other was an idiot. Dallas sighed and reluctantly lifted his head, feeling oddly petulant that he had to move when he’d been so very comfortable. “You’re too drunk to understand, and I’m too drunk to explain it to you properly so—”

“I don’t want to hear it,” Seb argued, and Dallas frowned at him before he rolled his eyes. Of course Sebastian wouldn’t want to hear it, even though he’d been the one to start the conversation and all Dallas had wanted to do was fall asleep on Sebastian and get home. He opened his mouth to tell Sebastian that, but Sebastian must have mistaken what Dallas was going to say because he stopped Dallas from saying it—he leaned in and kissed him.

Dallas blinked, wide-eyed with shock as Seb’s lips moved against his own. He catalogued sensations without even thinking about it: the soft, hesitant way Seb kissed, the slight scratch of his stubble, someone’s hitched breath, his own pulse ringing in his ears. Sebastian leaned back again after a short minute, his eyes closed to avoid Dallas’ gaze, and Dallas could only stare at him.

“Seb?” he asked quietly. It didn’t feel like he was drunk anymore, although his mind was still reeling. He wasn’t sure it was the effects of the alcohol though; he had the sinking suspicion it was simply an effect of Sebastian. He also knew that if he didn’t ask about it now, then his opportunity would pass, because Sebastian was adept at switching subjects when sober, and he didn’t get drunk all that often. “Sebastian, do you want to look at me for a minute?”

“I feel sick,” Seb said suddenly, and his hands scrabbled at the power button to try and open the window. Dallas watched for half a second, then hurriedly leaned forward and asked the cab driver to stop the car. He did and Seb scrambled to undo his seatbelt, throwing the door open as fast as he could, and the moment passed.

SPRING

VII – March

“How was work today?”

“It was fine,” Dallas replied, and debated telling Sebastian the latest story in one particular admin assistant’s ongoing saga to try and seduce the CFO’s son. She was a sweet girl, Dallas was rooting for her, and Sebastian had been as well, before—

Well, before Valentine’s Day.

Sebastian had already gone back to dicing the tomatoes whilst Dallas was thinking, and Dallas sighed and sat down at the kitchen table to watch him, wondering just how to fix the problem. It was difficult, after all, to fix a problem when Sebastian refused to admit there was a problem to be fixed.

Sometimes, Dallas thought he’d imagined the kiss. But he vividly remembered Sebastian being sick as a dog by the side of the road, and then being just as sick by the time they got home. He’d had the flu on top of the hangover the next day, and Dallas had had his hands full trying to keep Seb hydrated enough over the following week when Sebastian had to be the worst patient who ever existed. Petulant and begrudging even the slightest effort to make him do something he didn’t feel like doing—but that hadn’t been as bad as the fevered apologies and Dallas was just glad that Sebastian wasn’t still sick.

Three weeks after the kiss, though, and they still hadn’t talked about it.

Dallas was fairly certain he knew what the problem was, although he wasn’t going to act on it without some confirmation. The signs were definitely all there though. Each look Seb shot him from the corner of his eyes, the way Seb smiled—hell, even just the way that Dallas could draw the unexpected laughter from him so easily—he was a fool for not noticing it sooner.

Sebastian had the biggest, most obvious crush on him that had ever existed, and Dallas didn’t know what to do about it.

He loved Seb, he really did. But to start a relationship—when it had been hard enough to break up with Joshua, and Joshua had *not* been his lifelong friend... How could Dallas possibly go through life without Seb?

Even separated, they'd each known that the other would always be available if needed. Sebastian had offered to give Dallas a room simply on the knowledge that he would need one. Their whole lives had been made of similar sacrifices and offers and to not have that, or even the option anymore, if they broke up... the thought was terrifying.

The other option, of course, was to linger in this soul-sucking limbo for the rest of their lives—or until one of them broke. Dallas honestly wasn't sure which one would come first, but he knew neither sounded like a pleasant option.

Dallas sighed, and dropped his head to the table with a loud thunk. It didn't help, but the noise was satisfying, so he did it again. And then he did it again, and he was lifting his head for a fourth time to do it again when Sebastian pressed his palm to Dallas' forehead, holding it up.

“What on earth are you doing? I thought you just said work was fine.”

“It is fine,” Dallas mumbled, resting his head against Seb's hand, liking the way it felt against his forehead. It was the first time Sebastian had touched him in weeks; he'd never noticed how physically close they were until Sebastian halted all contact. “I just—it's just been a long month, that's all.”

“Hate to tell you, but it's really only just started,” Sebastian replied, but there was a hint of a smile in his voice, and Dallas' heart leapt behind his ribs. He sat up straight, and Sebastian dropped his hand from Dallas' head, preparing to go back to the counter when Dallas grabbed his wrist and held on tight.

Sebastian looked down at his caught wrist, and then lifted his gaze to arch his eyebrows at Dallas. “Yes?”

“I miss you,” Dallas said earnestly, ignoring the vague sense of embarrassment that crept over him, and he hoped that he wasn't blushing. Sebastian stared at him like he wasn't making any sense, and Dallas

swallowed, licking his lips nervously before continuing. “I feel like—there’s this wall between us now. And I don’t want there to be, Seb. I miss you. I miss what we had. Are we really going to be the cliché and let one drunken moment screw us up forever?”

Sebastian stared at him for a moment, before his cheeks went red, and he pulled his wrist away without a word, going back to the counter again. Dallas groaned and dropped his head back onto the table. The *thunk* was distinctly less satisfactory, and he just let his cheek rest against the table for several long minutes before Sebastian cleared his throat.

“I... want to apologise for—I didn’t mean to—to screw us up, I was drunk and... well. I’m making bruschetta for appetizers tonight. You can help, if you want?”

Dallas thought about it for a moment, and then lifted his head again, giving Sebastian a smile. It wasn’t talking about the real issue, but Sebastian was avoiding his gaze, and if he pushed too hard, the olive branch would be retracted back into the awkwardness. He’d take what he could get, and bide his time in the meanwhile.

“Sure,” he said, and pushed his chair back. “Did I tell you about Suzy’s latest attempt with Jared?”

Sebastian glanced at him, and smiled as he shook his head and focused back on the tomatoes. Dallas’ heart thudded out of rhythm, and he smiled back.

It was a start.

VIII – April

“Why do they do this to me?” Dallas moaned, and rolled over onto his back to stare up at the ceiling. It was more comfortable that way, and besides, it gave him the added benefit of taking his weight off his stomach.

Sebastian kicked a foot forward to nudge Dallas’ side, and Dallas flopped a hand lazily with his best effort. “Why do you do it to yourself, you mean,” Seb retorted, but he was grinning, and the fact was obvious in his voice. “As I recall, nobody was making you eat all the chocolate.”

“If they hadn’t wanted me to eat it, then they wouldn’t have put it *all* on sale.”

“I’m sensing a pattern here with you and holidays involving candy. And chocolates. In fact, junk food in general.”

“Not true,” Dallas argued, and opened his eyes to arch an eyebrow at Sebastian, smirking at him triumphantly. “I didn’t stuff myself after Valentine’s Day.”

Sebastian stared at him, eyes a little wide with surprise, and Dallas realised belatedly what he’d said. He didn’t take it back, though.

He’d formulated a whole new plan; one that involved getting Sebastian used to the idea that Dallas didn’t hold it against him and that it wasn’t actually an issue between them unless Sebastian made it an issue. It seemed to be sinking in slowly, because Sebastian took a moment to get over his surprise, and then he offered Dallas a slow kind of smirk that had a rush of heat flooding through Dallas that had nothing to do with chocolate bliss.

“Could it be that there’s a holiday you’re not going to exploit for all the candy you can get the immediate day after?”

“Maybe,” Dallas allowed, and closed his eyes again. “It doesn’t help that I didn’t really have anyone to give chocolates to on Valentine’s Day.”

A brief silence answered his words, and Dallas mentally counted to ten before changing the subject, congratulating himself on a job well done. Sebastian would have to get used to the fact they kissed if Dallas kept on

reminding him about it. Maybe—there was the slightest possibility too, that it might happen again.

Dallas was half sure it would happen, he just wasn't sure how. Seb hadn't gotten drunk on St. Patrick's Day; and the next genuine excuse that Seb might take to get drunk was Canada Day in July, and Dallas honestly didn't know if he could wait that long.

"So when are you taking me to Banff again?" he asked instead of pushing the topic of Valentine's Day again. "You promised me bears and moose, remember?"

"Think it's still a little early," Seb replied lazily, and nudged his foot against Dallas' side again. Dallas did the same lazy hand flop, prompting a small laugh from Seb. "And honestly, I'm not even sure you'd make it out the door in this state. You might want to give yourself a few weeks to digest all the chocolate. You might also want to pick up a gym membership."

"Yeah, you want me looking good?" Dallas teased, and cracked one eye open to catalogue the shade of red that Sebastian blushed. Surprisingly, Sebastian didn't go red until he caught Dallas looking at him.

"Why do you insist on... you know what, never mind," Sebastian said, and pushed himself to his feet. "I'm going to make myself some lunch. I'd offer you some, but I have my doubts you'd even make it to the kitchen."

"Mock me if you want," Dallas replied smugly, and closed his eyes again. "I have all weekend to get up if I need to, and I am much happier than you are right now. Chocolate is an excellent instigator of bliss, I'll have you know. You're just grumpy because you didn't have the forethought to buy as much as I did this year."

"Keep telling yourself that," Seb muttered, but he was laughing when he stepped over Dallas and walked to the kitchen.

IX – May

It started out simply enough. Dallas had been talking about their next planned trip to Banff, where they'd be staying, and if they could afford the luxurious Banff Springs Hotel. He'd always wanted to sleep in a castle, and Sebastian had all but promised him the next time they came they would.

"It would make an excellent Valentine's Day trip, it's a pity we didn't go back then," Dallas told Seb idly, hanging his coat up as he continued a conversation started in the car. He was expecting Sebastian to laugh and go through to the kitchen to start planning dinner.

He wasn't expecting Sebastian to stop in the middle of the living room and glare at him. "Would you quit it, please?"

Dallas blinked at him, frozen where he was, still by the doorway and taking off his shoes. "What?"

"Quit it. Just stop bringing up Valentine's Day, and I promise, you'll never have to kiss me again. All right? I can't stand the way you keep on bringing it up and then—you know what, forget it. Just stop talking about it, all right?"

Dallas frowned and straightened, moving closer to Sebastian and furrowing his brow. "No, I won't. I just *want* to talk about it, but you never seem to want to so what can I do but bring it up all the time? It happened *months* ago but you never want to acknowledge it so what am I supposed to do?"

"What's the big deal? Why do you insist on bringing up what's actually a *painful* memory for me and then—and then you just *ignore* it, and change the subject! Every single time, Dallas. You don't even let me talk about it once you *do* bring it up!"

"*Painful*—are you telling me that kissing me was so awful that you want to forget about it that badly?" Dallas retorted. "If that's the case, just—fine. Fine, I'll stop bringing it up and we can go back to the awkward silences and terrible pauses that we went through back in March."

"*No*, you idiot, I'm telling you I've liked you for years—so the least you can do is have the decency to tell me the truth and stop your stupid game. You keep on bringing it up, you keep on wanting to talk about it so—do you like

me too, or are you just carrying out more of your ‘*Desensitize Sebastian*’ plan?”

Dallas blinked, and Sebastian rolled his eyes.

“I know you, Dallas. You think I can’t tell what you’re doing? Bringing up Valentine’s Day at every plausible opportunity, but never actually talking about what happened?”

“I was waiting till you were ready to talk about it, you ass,” Dallas retorted, his brow furrowing. “And wait a minute; you’ve liked me *how* long? What kind of *like* are we talking about here?”

“Since junior high school if you must know, and honestly, how many different likes do you think there are? I can only think of one real definition to apply here.”

“Shut up and just tell me straight for once, Seb,” Dallas told him, and Sebastian closed his mouth with an audible snap. “No, seriously. Just—I’m tired of tiptoeing around you. I was trying to get you used to the idea, but you keep getting all twitchy when you’re uncomfortable and I didn’t want you to try and dodge the topic anymore, so I was building you up to it slowly—”

“Building me up to it *slowly*?” Sebastian repeated incredulously, his eyebrows arching up so high they almost hit his hairline. “What kind of guy do you take me for? Do you think I’m that stupid, that I couldn’t tell and—God, that is *so* insulting, Dallas, what the hell were you think—”

“Yes!” Dallas snapped, and shoved a hand through his hair, rolling his eyes. “Yes, all right, I had a plan, and it *worked*, all right. Getting you to talk about something you don’t want to talk about is *worse* than trying to herd a flock of cats to water to drink or whatever—”

The worst thing about Sebastian, Dallas realised, the *very* worst thing about him was the fact that the small huff of laughter that surprised Seb as much as it delighted him *always* made Dallas laugh as well. He couldn’t help it, he laughed as well, until he could barely stand anymore, leaving Dallas sitting helplessly on the couch as he laughed, curled up against Sebastian’s side. “I hate when you make me laugh and I want to be mad at you.”

“Yeah, well, I hate your ridiculous little plans when you try and be so subtle about it and fail so miserably that it’s obvious to everyone—”

“Yeah, yeah, shut up already,” Dallas mumbled, and dropped his head to rest on Sebastian’s shoulder. “I can’t believe you’ve liked me since junior high. What the hell kind of taste do you have? I remember me in grade nine. You must be joking.”

“There’s no accounting for taste,” Sebastian replied dryly. “Honestly, I couldn’t tell you either. Maybe it’s because you get under my skin and stay there.”

“Well,” Dallas mused, and lifted his head to look at Sebastian, smiling a little. “I guess if I have to be somewhere, that’s where I’d want to be.”

Sebastian rolled his eyes, but the corners of his mouth were curled up in a crooked smile. “That’s awful.”

Dallas just laughed. “What, you think so? I have more lines, if you want. What about—”

Sebastian kissed him.

Dallas thought briefly that he ought to be upset about being interrupted by kisses all the time, but if he was being honest with himself, he really quite liked it. Lifting a hand to cup Sebastian’s cheek as he kissed him, he deepened the kiss until Seb was moaning into his mouth—and then Dallas pulled back.

Sebastian looked at him, his expression looking a little bit wrecked; his eyes were bright and his lips were parted, and he obviously wanted more, and Dallas wanted to give him more, but first he had to clarify something. “It’s important,” Dallas murmured, and Sebastian blinked. Dallas watched, fascinated, as Sebastian’s gaze snapped back into focus.

“What is it?” Seb asked, his voice just as quiet.

Dallas smiled a little, and tilted his head. “You get under my skin too.”

Sebastian watched him for a moment, and then cocked his head. “Even though you’ve already had your *one* in Joshua?”

Dallas groaned. “Oh God, don’t bring that up. I was drunk, I didn’t explain it properly. I just meant that—”

“I know,” Sebastian said, and arched his eyebrow at Dallas. “But I prefer the analogy of closing a chapter in your life—and starting a whole new book.”

Dallas groaned, and rolled his eyes. “Now who’s got the bad lines—”

Sebastian just huffed a laugh—and Dallas kissed him instead.

SUMMER

X – June

“What’s all this?” Dallas asked, looking around in some bewilderment.

Across the kitchen, Sebastian’s cheeks went a little red, and he looked away, shoving a hand nervously through his hair. “It’s—well. Good morning.”

Dallas laughed, he couldn’t help it. There was a warm happiness sending a thrill through him, and it would accept nothing less than laughter. It also had the added bonus of making Sebastian blush even darker, and Dallas moved forward quickly before Seb could mumble an excuse and escape. He caught Sebastian’s hand and tugged Seb closer against him, tilting his head to press a light kiss to Sebastian’s mouth. “What is this all for?”

“Well,” Sebastian started, and then shook his head. “Never mind. It’s stupid. Forget I—”

“I will not forget, and honestly, if you don’t tell me what this is all about, I’m never going to let you forget it for as long as you live.”

Sebastian gave him a crooked smile for that threat, and then shook his head, rolling his eyes deliberately. “Well, it’s nothing, really. It’s just, we’ve been dating for two weeks now, so I just...”

Dallas looked at Sebastian for a long minute, and then turned his attention back to the kitchen table. There were plates of food, most of his favourites: pancakes, strawberries, sliced up watermelon, and grapes. There were thick slices of what smelled like fresh bread, and a pan of butter, and there were two huge mugs full of coffee, the scent of it nearly drowning out the fresh baked bread. “You... you did this all for our two-week anniversary?”

Sebastian rolled his eyes again. “Oh, shut up. If you don’t want it, then at least stop teasing me about it—”

Dallas laughed again, he couldn’t help it. He also couldn’t help wondering at Sebastian, being so sure of himself one moment and then vulnerable enough

to feel defensive the next moment. There was only one thing that could enable the switch between emotions so very fast. “You must really love me, huh?”

Sebastian glared at him. “I’m going out for a run. Eat it, or don’t, I don’t care—”

He didn’t get any further; Dallas stepped closer and tilted his head up to kiss him again, bringing a hand up to curl around the nape of Sebastian’s neck. Seb moaned against his mouth and sank quickly into the kiss, his arms curling around Dallas’ waist to pull him in even closer. They kissed for a few minutes, luxuriating in the contact before Sebastian seemed to remember something and he pulled back a little.

He was breathless, his eyes a little dazed and his hair mussed up from where Dallas had been running his fingers through it, but his expression was open enough to make Dallas’ chest ache in response. “I do, you know.”

“Do what?” Dallas murmured, kissing him lightly again. He kept on kissing him when Sebastian remained quiet, following a trail down Sebastian’s jaw and down the line of his throat, enjoying the taste of his skin and the way the stubble felt against his lips, the way Sebastian smelled of soap and aftershave. “Seb?” he asked again, after a few minutes had passed.

Sebastian cleared his throat, and lifted his head to meet Dallas’ eyes fully, his own gaze intent. “I do really love you.”

It was difficult to breathe for a moment; Sebastian’s eyes were so green and bright with affection and—and *love*, and Dallas could do nothing but stare at him for a long eternal moment. “I know,” he whispered eventually, forcing the words out. He had to clear his throat before continuing, “I really love you too.”

Sebastian just looked at him for a few seconds, processing the words, and then he kissed Dallas again. It was harder this time, deeper and more demanding, but Dallas gave everything Sebastian asked for and more. The kiss went on and on, gaining heat and escalating until breakfast was forgotten.

It was fine though, was Dallas’ last thought. Even pancakes could be eaten cold.

XI – July

Dallas sighed and flopped on his back in the middle of the living room, laughing when Baxter bounced over towards him, rolling onto his side to avoid being licked by the enthusiastic puppy. “You spoil him too much,” he teased, and Seb looked down at him from where he was currently dusting the top of the bookshelves.

“I don’t know how you figure that, you’re the one always letting him use you as a chew toy.”

Dallas grinned up at him, his eyes crinkling at the corners, and Sebastian winked and turned back to the shelves, wiping away the last of the wood polish. “Maybe we ought to take him out this afternoon. He’s been cooped up with us in here all day.”

“Well, *some* of us have been cleaning all day,” Seb started to say, then stopped and turned to watch Dallas suspiciously as Dallas got to his feet, tucking the puppy under one arm. “What?”

“Nothing,” Dallas said, and put Baxter down before he came closer to Seb. “Why are you so suspicious of me, anyway?”

“Because you’re about as trustworthy as a—Dallas, I swear, if you tickle me, I’m going to spray wood polish on you—”

“Would I do something like that?” Dallas asked innocently, affecting a wounded tone of voice—before he lifted his hands and jabbed his fingers into Sebastian’s sides. Sebastian yelped and scrambled away, wielding the spray can like the weapon it was as Dallas advanced again, a cocky grin on his face. “Come on, Seb, what’s the harm in a little tickling? It’s almost as if you—”

“Back, you,” Seb told him. “Fine. Fine, we’ll go out. We’ll take the dog and go to the park or something, I don’t know.”

“There, that’s all I wanted to hear,” Dallas said happily, and winked when Sebastian sighed.

There wasn’t much more to clean, and with Dallas helping again it went a lot quicker. They left for their walk, Sebastian humming Frankie Valli under

his breath as Dallas tried to keep Baxter to stay to heel. Baxter meant well, but he was still young and his excitement at new smells sometimes left Dallas tripping over his own feet trying to hold the retriever back. He'd been an easy decision to make to complete the family, especially since Sebastian had always wanted a dog. Dallas had picked him up from the pound the week before Sebastian's birthday, but they'd had the talk beforehand. The *whole* talk, so Dallas finally had a wedding to look forward to in the distant future.

Baxter was just as excitable at the park, especially once he'd caught sight of all the children at the ice cream stand. Sebastian just grinned when Baxter tried to pull Dallas closer, and Dallas could only grin when Sebastian told him to stay put with the puppy, going to get the ice cream for them. Seb gave Dallas the ice cream, his fingers brushing against Dallas' in a way that sparked pleasant warmth in the pit of Dallas' stomach. Seb smiled at him, and then turned away, but Dallas watched him for a moment before he hurried forward and grabbed Sebastian's hand, giving it a light squeeze.

Sebastian smiled, and squeezed back.

XII – August

“I can’t believe we’ve only had him for two months and he’s still demanding to sleep with us,” Sebastian muttered, pulling off his T-shirt on his way to bed. Dallas glanced up from his book and cocked his head; right on cue there was a long, lonely whimper at the base of door. Dallas pouted at Sebastian.

Sebastian scowled and pointed at him, and then at the door. “No. No, I refuse to let him into the bedroom until we are ready to sleep, at the very earliest.”

“Oh, are you not ready to sleep yet?” Dallas asked innocently, arching his eyebrows and setting his book down on the bedside table so that he could watch Sebastian continue getting ready for bed. “I thought you’d had a long day at work.”

“Only when it comes to walking the brat,” Sebastian replied, smirking at Dallas when Dallas just laughed. “Besides, I was making dinner.”

“You do have a way with the steak,” Dallas murmured and shifted onto his knees, crawling forward as Sebastian sat on the edge of the bed and resting his chin on Seb’s shoulder. “That’s not the only thing you have a way with, of course,” he added, and smirked, pressing a small kiss to Seb’s warm skin.

“Yeah, apparently I have a way with you too,” Seb replied quietly, turning his head enough to press his forehead to Dallas’ temple.

“Mmm,” Dallas hummed, content to stay like that for a moment before he shifted again, rising up on his knees to drag his hands up Sebastian’s back, his fingers curling against Seb’s skin.

Seb sighed and leaned back into the touch, only to tense when Dallas flexed and uncurled his fingers, grazing his fingertips against Seb’s sides. Sebastian flinched, that small, shocked huff of laughter making Dallas grin against Seb’s throat.

“Quit it,” Sebastian muttered, and Dallas shook his head and straightened, pulling his hands back as Seb twisted to face him better.

“Why don’t you make me?” Dallas taunted, and laughed when Sebastian lunged, knocking him onto his back and crawling over him, his smirk positively wicked. “Oh, is this how it’s going to work?”

“Absolutely,” Sebastian mock growled, and leaned down. The kiss was lazy and deep, but it successfully quieted Dallas, who could only lift his hands, pressing his fingertips into Sebastian’s skin and pulling him down against him. Dallas loved the warm weight of him, the way he kissed as if they had all the time in the world—and the way he could prompt a sudden desperate need simply by shifting just the right way to make the kind of friction Sebastian went crazy for.

The best thing though—the absolute best thing—was the way that, when they kissed, there was no need for words, no need for anything but each other, and the rest of the world ceased to exist.

Out on the landing, Baxter fell quiet, but neither of them noticed.

THE END

Author Bio

May Ridge lives in Western Canada, and has been writing for over a decade.

She is a primarily a writer, but one cannot be a writer without the love of reading, and that's how it all started for her. Reading so many beloved books over her lifetime has prompted a passion for characters in her. There comes a point where another person's characters just aren't enough anymore, and that's what sparked her interest in writing.

Now she has many characters and plots constantly in her head, and the hardest thing to decide whose story is going to get discovered first.

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