

LOVE'S LANDSCAPES



Don't Read in the Closet 2014

DON'T NAME THE PUPPY

R.D. Hero

Table of Contents

Love’s Landscapes.....3
Don’t Name the Puppy – Information5
Don’t Name the Puppy.....6
Author Bio38

Love's Landscapes

An M/M Romance series

DON'T NAME THE PUPPY

By R.D. Hero

Introduction

The story you are about to read celebrates love, sex and romance between men. It is a product of the *Love's Landscapes* promotion sponsored by the *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* and is published as a gift to you.

What Is Love's Landscapes?

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 these authors 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's Landscapes*.

No matter if you are a long-time devotee to M/M Romance, just new to the genre or fall somewhere in between, 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.

All rights reserved worldwide.

This eBook may be distributed freely in its entirety courtesy of the Goodreads M/M Romance Group. This eBook may not be sold, manipulated or reproduced in any format without the express written permission of the author.

Don't Name the Puppy, Copyright © 2014 R.D. Hero

Cover Design by Goodreads M/M Romance Group
Photographs from Stock.XCHNG
and Public Domain Pictures.net
[Strange Sunset](#) by [robertovm](#)
[Northern Lights over Northern Canada](#) by [dyet](#)
[Sea Sunset 3](#), [Arizona Sunrise](#)

This ebook is published by the *M/M Romance Group* and is not directly endorsed by or affiliated with Goodreads Inc.

DON'T NAME THE PUPPY

By R.D. Hero

Photo Description

Two young men holding kittens in their arms stand next to each other. One is shirtless and wearing a silly beanie with a pom-pom on top. They both hold the kittens gently and affectionately.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

I woke up one day to find a half-naked kid with a goofy hat in my kitchen eating my cereal, but that was just the beginning. He's my roommate's fuck buddy, so why can't my roommate entertain the kid? Instead, he's imprinted on me like some overgrown duckling and now I can't get rid of him or the litter of kittens he's pawned off on me. The worst part is, suddenly I can't imagine my life without him and his stupid hat.

Sincerely,

Ithra

Story Info

Genre: contemporary

Tags: college, barely legal, first time, twinks, friends to lovers, men with pets

Word Count: 11,634

DON'T NAME THE PUPPY

By R.D. Hero

Scott had things planned for that day.

Sleeping—that was his big plan. The day before, he had handed in the rough draft of his graduate thesis, and now this morning he was shuffling down a flight of creaky stairs and pondering whether he was even going to bother taking a shower after making breakfast, or just go back upstairs, burrow under his sheets, and not emerge until Monday.

His roommates, other students attending the college a few blocks away, wouldn't even wonder where he was. None of them were that close, having found the rooms separately through Craigslist. Sometimes Scott wouldn't see a particular roommate for a week at a time, but he knew all their names, and when they did cross paths in the common areas, they would stop and talk for a moment.

But no one would be up this early. Scott loved to sleep—but he was usually up by seven-thirty because he had a barista job, and then he was pretty much shackled to the front of his desk for the rest of the day, preparing and researching. This Saturday—this beautiful Saturday, was the one day during the entire semester that Scott didn't have a shift, or something to work on.

Of course, when the rough draft came back, it would be back to the grind, but he wasn't thinking about that.

He yawned as he turned the corner into the kitchen, and then he paused. There was a boy at the table.

He was bony, pale, and he was eating Scott's cereal.

He could only belong to Paul, with those hickeys all over the back of his neck, and the way he was gingerly shifting from one butt cheek to the other. Not to mention, he was eating in the kitchen. Every roommate ate in their room after cooking their food, there just wasn't enough room during meal times, and the habit had stuck.

Scott leaned against the doorframe, and sighed.

The boy dropped his spoon at that. Blue lemur eyes, very caught-in-the-headlights, looked up at Scott. Pink lips parted, glistening with milk.

“The milk—” Scott said, “—belongs to Chelsea. The Cinnamon Toast Crunch? Belongs to me.”

The kid had some freckles on his face, and his hair was kind of curly. He was also wearing a really stupid orange beanie with earflaps and a pom-pom on the top. Maybe the hat wouldn't have looked so stupid if the kid was wearing clothes, but no, he was naked except for whatever he was hiding under the table.

Which could be nothing at all. Scott could only see the white socks with little red stripes, so at the moment, the tally was stupid hat and socks.

Also... “How old are you?”

Those pink lips crooked into a grin. “Eighteen.”

Scott had to chuckle at that. *Fucking Paul with his fucking jailbait.* Hopefully he checked baby's ID before doing anything raunchy.

Pushing from the doorframe, Scott made his way over to the other side of the table, taking a seat on the uncomfortable vinyl chair across from the kid. He leaned forward with a pointed stare and grabbed the Cinnamon Toast Crunch box. The kid watched, obviously knowing he was a little twinkie thief. He even scooped up some soggy cereal, slid the spoon past his red lips, and then started licking that fucker clean.

Scott snorted. Then, he tilted his head back and poured the cereal straight down into his mouth.

“No milk, dude?”

Scott set the box down. Crunched and chewed. Swallowed. Licked his lips. “Like I said, the milk is Chelsea's.”

“Who's Chelsea?”

Scott tilted his head and considered the kid. *Freshman.* He had that fresh-out-of-high school look, the look that said his mom was still the one buying his Axe deodorant.

“She's one of the roommates here,” Scott said finally. After tossing another handful of cereal into his mouth, he stood up and grabbed a fresh coffee filter from the cabinet. The kid was silent behind him.

“Look,” Scott said with his back to the kid. “There's no point waiting for him, he doesn't come downstairs on Saturday until three—at the earliest.”

“That’s okay.”

Glancing over his shoulder, Scott shot the kid a dubious look. “Did he tell you to stick around?”

The kid just stuck the spoon into his mouth, his lip curling in a sly little way. “Right,” Scott said, turning back to making coffee. Even if they didn’t hang out much, Scott knew his roommate Paul did not find persistence that charming, so the kid was wasting his time. But who was Scott to break some little freshman’s heart? He wasn’t that cruel.

He clicked the coffee machine on, stretched his back out with a grunt, and then went back to the table. By that time, the kid’s bowl was empty, and he was just staring at Scott.

Scott blinked. “What?”

The kid shrugged, and Scott was about to walk out of the kitchen when he heard: “Got anything to do?”

You’ve got to be kidding. “Do I look like a cruise director?” Scott replied. As the words left his mouth, he winced internally. No reason to be an asshole. “Look, there’s a TV through there,” he said, pointing towards the house rec room, “but you should—seriously, you should just go home. If Paul hasn’t gotten your number by now, then it’s not going to happen.”

The kid’s face scrunched with confusion. “Who’s Paul?”

“Paul. The guy you slept with last night?”

“Oh, shit,” the kid said, lowering his voice with a laugh. “I thought his name was Ted.”

Scott raised his eyebrows. Okay, so maybe he was amused by the kid’s cheeky little grin. Also, he was looking forward to seeing the expression on Paul’s face when Scott told him that his latest hook up had completely forgotten his name. Paul prided himself on being a memorable experience.

With the coffee still dripping along, Scott figured he had some time to kill. He took a seat at the table again, resting forward on his elbows. “Did you guys meet at a club?”

“Yeah,” the kid replied. “Wanna see my fake?”

Scott snorted. “Sure.”

The kid leapt up from his chair—*ah, briefs*—and ran out of the kitchen. While he was gone, Scott chewed through another few handfuls of cereal, and

then watched with interest as the kid reappeared, hopping from one sock-covered foot to the other as he tried to pull a tight pair of jeans on.

“Ted still asleep?” Scott asked idly.

The kid smirked. “Yeah,” he said. His jeans were like a second skin on those slim hips, and Scott figured they must be the kid’s pride and joy—baby’s first club jeans.

“Here,” the kid said, stretching to slip his hand into his pocket, giving Scott a good view of the supple skin below his belly button. He pulled the fake out and slid it forward on the table. “I paid fifty bucks for it.”

Danny Green it read. Danny was twenty-two, born in Michigan, and had brown eyes.

Scott looked up at the blue-eyed eighteen-year-old in front of him. “They seriously don’t give a shit as long you’re cute, huh?”

The kid threaded his fingers behind his head, and bit his lip in a cocky way. *Little shit*. “So you can’t remember Paul’s name,” Scott said. “But you’re sticking around anyway.”

“I guess.” The kid slid back onto his chair. “No rush, right?”

Scott grunted. He ran his hand through his hair just as the coffee machine beeped, and he was thankful that there was something he could do, rather than just sit there with the strange kid. He got up, and pulled a cup from the cupboard, but then manners got the best of him, and he glanced over his shoulder, waving the cup around.

“Yeah, thanks,” the kid replied, his tone perky. Another phenomenon that Scott would never understand was how Paul managed to find all these early risers who would leave before he even got close to consciousness.

He grabbed a second mug and set both on the counter. “I hope you like it black,” he said, “’cause we’re not hijacking any more of Chelsea’s milk.”

“What if I leave a five?”

Well, whatever. Scott yawned and scratched at the small of his back as he poured coffee into the first mug. Turning, he set it down on the table. “Fine. Sugar, too?”

The kid smiled at him, and Scott rolled his eyes, going over to his designated cabinet to pull out the small jar of sugar he kept for when his sister

came to visit. By the time he got back to the table, the kid's coffee was milky brown and nearly spilling over. He took the sugar from Scott, and dumped in at least two tablespoons worth.

"Sweet tooth, huh?" Scott said with no real judgment.

"Yeah." The kid gripped the mug with both hands and brought the brim to his lips.

Letting out a huff of amusement, Scott went back to the counter to pour his own cup, and then he took his seat at the table again. As soon as the bitter taste of the coffee hit his tongue, he felt his brain start to rev into gear. "That's good," he murmured, licking his lips.

"So, you're one of Ted's—Paul's roommates?"

"Yep." Scott took another sip of coffee.

"You ever, uh, go out with him?"

"You mean to the club?"

The kid nodded, watching him pretty closely, and Scott realized that he was being vetted for gayness. "Yeah, once or twice."

"Oh, cool." The kid scratched at the surface of the table. "That was actually my first time there."

"Oh, yeah?" Scott spoke nonchalantly, trying to suppress a smirk. What if Paul had deflowered this kid and was going to wake up to an armful of clingy brat?

"Yeah, I thought I really needed the fake first, so that took a while, you know? I didn't really know who to ask about it, but my roommate finally hooked me up. I think he did it to get me out of the room for a night, though." The kid suddenly stopped talking, and twitched as he swiped at his nose with a sniff.

Scott cocked an eyebrow. *Self-conscious? Ok, kind of cute.* "Come on, dude," he said coaxingly. "Can't stop there."

The kid's gaze darted up to Scott, and then his lips spread into a tentative smirk. "Well, so I get there, and guys were all up on me. It was awesome."

Sitting back, Scott crossed his arms with a laugh. "I bet. Fresh meat, tight ass. Jailbait."

“Hey! I’m legal.”

“Mhm.” Scott tilted his head. “So, how did Paul win your fair hand?”

There was a flicker in the kid’s gaze, but then he just waved his hand nonchalantly. “Well, you know. The dude was drooling over me all night. I thought I’d give him a handout.”

Uh huh. Even if Paul had wanted this kid, he wouldn’t have been desperate about it. Scott knew that much. Before he could decide whether to play along with the kid’s story, he heard the *thud thud* of someone coming down the stairs and glanced over just as Paul came into the kitchen.

His eyes were bloodshot, he was wearing a pair of wrinkled boxers, and he stopped for a moment, looking from Scott to the kid.

The kid sat up a little. “Hey—”

“Nice, Buckley,” Paul said with a low whistle. “Didn’t think you liked them so hairless.”

Oh, shit. Seriously? Scott’s eyebrows pinched and he couldn’t help glancing at the kid. And, there it was. Crestfallen.

Like the oblivious douche that he was, Paul walked past them to the counter where he grabbed a mug and started to pour from Scott’s coffee. Then, he froze mid-pour, set the coffee down with a *clank*, and pressed the tips of his fingers between his eyebrows. “Shit,” he groaned. “That hat.”

He turned, and leaned back against the counter. “Sorry, Travis.”

Wincing, Scott tried not to smile with second-hand embarrassment. Leave it to Paul to remember the name and not the face.

The kid—Travis, if Paul had even got that right, licked his lips. “No problem, dude, I was completely out of it this morning, too.”

“Yeah?” Paul had affected a friendly tone, reaching back to grab the coffee he poured. He kept one hand wrapped around his middle and crossed his legs. But Scott could hear the slight twang of annoyance in his voice. “So, uh, you need a shower or something before you go?”

The smile died on Travis’s face. He immediately looked down, rubbing the back of his head. “No, I’m good, uh—” He stood up, his chair clattering backwards. “I’m gonna bounce, my roommate’s probably freaking.”

“Okay,” Paul replied. “See ya.”

Hiding his face, the kid skittered out of the room, and after a moment, Scott heard the front door slam shut hard enough to shake the house's frame. He sighed. "Real cute, Paul. You are one charming motherfucker."

"No," Paul replied, smiling a little. "The word you want is benevolent. He had a good time, now he's learning the ways of the world."

"He just ran out of here with no shirt."

Paul hid his grin behind his cup, and Scott shook his head. "Heartless," he said, standing up. "Completely heartless."

"I have his number."

Scott cocked an eyebrow at that. "You're gonna play mind games with some freshman?"

"Not mind games, dude," Paul replied lightly, "Just—you know. He was cute, so I might keep him hooked for a while."

"You did get that he was probably a virgin, right?"

Paul just smirked at that.

About twenty minutes later, wallet in hand, Scott stepped out onto the front porch of the house with a serious need for donuts. He had changed into a tattered pair of jeans and a plain white tee, although he had contemplated going in the sweats he had been wearing before. But he had to draw a line somewhere.

Slipping the key to his bike lock out of his back pocket, he stopped when something orange caught his eye. Orange and furry.

When he realized what he was seeing—that stupid hat—he heaved a sigh and palmed his forehead. *Not my problem. Not my problem. Not my problem.*

"Fuck." Returning the key to his pocket along with his wallet, he jogged down the steps of the porch, and strode over to the brick wall separating the Victorian's yard from the property next door.

Travis was there, by the wall. He was standing on top of a stone flowerbed that jutted against it, leaning forward and peering in between the narrow space between the house's garage and the wall. He was still shirtless.

"Hey there, buddy," Scott said, coming to a stop and stuffing his hands into his pockets as he observed Travis, who jerked upright and nearly slipped off the

flowerbed. When those blue lemur eyes focused on Scott, Scott saw that they were red-rimmed. "What are you doing?"

Travis sniffed, and wiped at his nose. "Kittens."

Too caught up with Travis actually crying over Paul, Scott blinked. "What?"

"Kittens," Travis replied with a shaky voice. "I heard them when I was leaving."

"Uh—" But then Scott heard it too, a faint mewling. Several of them.

Travis stared at him. "What do we do?"

We? Scott pinched the bridge of his nose. *Send the kid home, dude, just—* Scott sighed. "Okay," he said. "I'm going to run back inside for a moment, you just stay here." *There goes my day off.*

He ran back inside, clambered up the stairs to his room, and then uselessly walked in a circle for a moment, trying to gather himself. *Kittens.* What did people do when they found kittens? Stopping, he drew in a long breath, and then told himself to take one step at a time.

First, he went to his dresser and pulled a shirt out for Travis.

Then he ripped his pillowcase from the pillow, and flipped it and the shirt over his shoulder. He thought about that space between the wall and the garage with its brambles and cobwebs, and decided to bring a sweatshirt just in case.

Back outside, he found Travis kneeling against the wall making cooing sounds. When Scott approached him, he looked up. "There's a mama-kitty there."

"She won't come out?"

Travis shook his head. "I think she's feral." He bit his lip. "Should we just leave them with her?"

"I'm going to check and see how big they are," Scott replied.

"Oh."

Sighing, Scott tossed the shirt and pillowcase at Travis, who caught them with a surprised jerk, and then pulled the sweatshirt over his head.

"You're really gonna climb back there?" Travis asked.

Scott nodded, considering the mass of bramble.

“Cool, dude.”

Chuckling at that, Scott stepped up on to the flowerbed, and braced himself against the brick wall as he tried to figure out a plan. There were a ton of rose branches in the way, and now that he was up there, he could see the cat Travis had been talking about. She was crouched up on the top of the wall, staring down at Scott.

“Okay,” he said, mostly to himself. He reached back, and felt the pillowcase placed in his hand. Curling his fingers around it, he pulled his arms in close to his chest, ducked his head, and stepped forward.

The branches scratched at him only a little bit as he angled himself through them, and the cobwebs felt nasty against his skin, but he didn't have to go very far before he came to a slight clearing. There was a pile of trash at his feet—bags, old clothing. And nestled in the middle of it all were three little black, squirming puffs.

He didn't waste time, kneeling down and picking one up. He held it close, judging the size, which was just about the same as the kittens he had seen at the pound once, six weeks old at least. Old enough that they could be taken away from their mom.

Gently slipping the mewling creature into the pillowcase, he moved on to the next two until all three were safely in the bag. Standing up, he wiped at his brow, and then turned for the return trip.

Travis was earnestly shifting from one foot to the other when Scott finally broke free from the brambles. “How many?” he asked almost breathlessly.

“Three.” Cradling the pillowcase bundle in his arms, he jumped down from the flowerbed. He knelt, placing the bag on the ground, and held it open. “Take a look.”

Travis crouched too, leaning over the pillowcase. One of the kittens was trying to scramble out of the bag, perched atop the other two wriggling puffs. Reaching in, Scott carefully slid a finger over the little guy's head. He was squeaked at, and he let out an amused huff.

Travis reached in too, his fingers brushing against Scott's. “If he gets out of the pillowcase, he's gonna be christened Houdini.”

Scott looked up at Travis. “Dude, don't name them.”

“It doesn't hurt anything. We need to tell them apart.”

“Why do we need to tell them apart?”

But Travis's attention was already focused back on the kittens, and he cooed at them like a mother hen. Scott rolled his eyes, stood up, and brushed his pants off. He noticed the mom-cat curled up on the fence, still watching them avidly.

“Sorry, Mama-Kitty,” Scott said. “It's better this way.” Still, he felt a jolt of guilt.

“What do we do now?” Travis was staring at Scott with an expectant look.

There's that “we” again, Scott thought, but found that he wasn't too annoyed at Travis's forwardness. “We'll have to take them to the pound,” Scott replied.

Travis pulled a face.

“Well,” Scott said, “let's bring them inside, at least. I'll look up the number and ask what we're supposed to do.”

Travis nodded at that, but Scott could see the stubborn set of his shoulders as he lifted the pillowcase and stood up. He kept the kittens clutched against his chest as he took a step around Scott and headed back towards the house. With a sigh, Scott followed.

“Hm.”

“What?”

After spreading a towel out on the living room floor, Scott had tasked Travis with keeping the kittens corralled there while he sat on the couch and scrolled through pet rescue websites on his phone. None of it looked like good news. Phrases like *best chance for survival is your ability to foster them* and *sheer amount of kittens during high kitten season means a lack of space* were making him frown with increasing intensity.

“Nothing.” Scott ran his fingers through his hair and dropped his head back against the couch. This was not what he had planned for his day off.

He slid down onto the floor next to Travis, and picked up one of the kittens. He was surprised by how sociable they were. The one in his hands mewed at him and stuck its tongue out.

“Okay,” he said firmly as he set the kitten down. “Here's the plan.”

“Okay,” Travis replied, like a soldier reporting for duty.

“There’s a couple of numbers to call, we have to find out if there’s any foster homes willing to take them in...”

Travis must have heard the hesitation. “But?”

“But this is high kitten season, and there probably won’t be any open spots.”

“Shit.” Scott looked over at Travis to see the kid nuzzling his forehead against one of the kittens. “Can’t we keep them?”

“You live in a dorm, dude,” Scott replied.

“Oh, yeah.” Travis glanced up at him with a grin. “But they’re so small. Who would notice?”

Scott playfully shoved his face away. “You can’t keep them. I don’t have time to keep them. We have to find homes.” As the words left his mouth, Scott realized he had volunteered Travis to help without really knowing if he was down for that. It wasn’t like he was a resident.

Groaning in protest, Travis wrapped all three kittens in his arms and pulled them in close to his chest. “Fine,” he said, his lips jutting out in a pout.

“You can go home,” Scott said. “I’ll do it.”

“What?” Travis sat up suddenly, leaning in towards Scott. “No way! I found them.”

Scott could practically hear the *they’re mine* in Travis’s voice. “Okay, okay,” he said, holding up a placating hand. The thought that Travis was doing this to keep in close proximity with Paul had crossed Scott’s mind. He hadn’t forgotten that crestfallen expression when Paul had acted like an asshole.

Well, what could it hurt? It’s not like Scott had the time to take care of them.

Visibly relaxing, Travis stretched back out onto his side. “So who do we call first?”

Scott grabbed his phone. “The local shelter.” He dialed the number and held the phone to his ear.

The person on the other end was nice, although her voice turned a little strained when Scott said that he had taken the kittens immediately after finding them. But he was able to assure her that they were old enough, and she

hummed as she went through a list of foster homes. There weren't any available.

"Thanks," Scott said, and hung up. He dropped the phone in his lap. "Shit."

"Listen." Travis had sat up again, his expression serious as he stared at Scott. "If you keep them here, I'll take care of them, okay? Until we find homes."

"Travis—"

Scott's phone rang, and he looked down to see that it was the animal shelter calling him back, and quickly answered it.

The woman had a number for Scott that she had forgotten to give him. It wasn't for a foster home, but it was a guy who spent a lot of time dealing with feral cat colonies, and he would set Scott up with all the food and litter he would need. She gave Scott the number, apologized one more time for not being too helpful, and then hung up. Scott stared at his phone.

"What was it?" Travis asked.

Scott tried to picture taking care of the kittens himself, but he knew he wouldn't be able to do that alone until he found homes for them. Then, he imagined having Travis—who was pretty much still a stranger—come over every day to help.

Fuck

"All right," Scott said. He licked his lips and then stared straight into Travis's eyes. "Do you swear—fucking *swear*—that you won't flake out on me for a couple of weeks?"

Travis's blue eyes widened with excitement. "Totally, dude."

A wet tongue touched Scott's fingertip. The kittens were clumsily roaming the towel. They were pretty cute, but they would need a ton of attention. Well, Travis was easy on the eyes, in an eager sort of way, and he probably would be helpful with the kittens. Plus, Paul would flip a bitch, which was really appealing.

Scott smiled a tired smile. "Okay. Let's do it."

The guy looked like Santa Claus—with his giant white beard.

He drove up in a ratty old pick-up, stepped out, hitched up his coveralls, and took a wide view of the house before his eyes finally landed on Scott and Travis. “You the boys with the kittens?”

“Yes.” Scott held out his hand. “Scott Buckley.”

The man grunted, but he took Scott's hand and shook it. He had a skeptical gleam in his eyes. “I've brought two packs of wet food, a bag of kitten litter—*don't* use the normal kind, they can get stuck in it—and a kennel. You have to give back the kennel.”

“Uh...” Scott said, slightly lost. “Okay.”

The man grunted again, and turned back towards his truck. “They can get their shots at eight weeks, or two pounds. Don't forget about that, or tell the person who adopts them about it.”

“Okay,” Scott replied with more conviction. Travis was hanging back at his side.

“Well?” The man had pulled the back of the truck open, and stared at them. “Do you want the stuff or not?”

“Oh, right.” Scott jumped forward and took the bag of litter the man was holding out for him. He turned and jogged up to the porch where he set the bag, and then returned to the truck, Travis passing him with the packs of cat food. The man had the kennel waiting on the edge of the truck bed for Scott—it was obviously made for a large dog. “I built a shelf inside,” the man said. “In a few days, they'll be climbing all over the damn thing.”

“Thanks,” Scott replied.

“This is a good thing you're doing,” the man said, “but make sure you don't fuck it up, forget to feed them or whatever. Don't get lazy.”

“We won't!” Travis chirped from behind Scott. He walked up, slinging an arm around Scott's shoulder. “We're totally dedicated to raising these kittens.”

“Mhm.” The man stepped back, leaving room for Scott and Travis to grab the kennel together. “Give me a call when you can give that back.”

“Thanks for the help,” Scott called over his shoulder, but the truck's engine had already started and he heard the man drive off. Travis shot Scott a look, and they both chuckled. “At least we're getting this shit for free.”

“Yeah, good point,” Travis replied.

They carried all of the stuff into the house and up the stairs where Scott had placed the kittens in his laundry hamper. He cleared his dresser and they hefted the kennel on top. Inside, there was the shelf the man was talking about, plus the bottom and one wall had squares of carpet attached, and an empty cardboard box lid that Scott guessed was for the litter.

Travis whistled. "Pretty nice set up."

"Yeah." Scott grabbed the box lid. "You get the kittens, and I'll set up the litter."

"Got it."

They set to work making the kennel comfortable for the kittens, bumping into each other as they placed the litter, a bowl of water, and then finally the kittens themselves inside.

"So should we like, put up flyers or something?" Travis asked, one arm stretched into the kennel as he slid a finger down one of the kitten's backs. "You know, around campus."

"No," Scott replied. "We should probably ask friends first, and then get them to ask other people. I don't want some weirdo taking the cats." He watched as all three kittens piled up together towards the back of the kennel. The excitement of something new happening must have worn off, because they were mewling pitifully and looked kind of frightened.

He grabbed the towel Travis had been using to keep them on, and covered the kennel with it. "Let's let them sleep for a while."

When he turned, he almost bumped into Travis. They blinked at each other.

"What now?" Travis asked, rubbing his arm as he swayed a little close to Scott. Before Scott could even reply, he then said (with a clearly leading tone), "I should probably get back to the dorm."

Scott's lips quirked. Glancing down, he could see Travis's clothed toes curling into the carpet. "You want donuts?"

The wide grin was instantaneous. "Yeah, dude!" And then Scott caught the slight flicker in his eyes, Travis glancing at the bedroom door.

Oh, right. There was a reason Travis was so keen to stick around, and it wasn't the kittens... or Scott. "You'll see him again."

To Scott's surprise, Travis's cheeks turned a little pink. Then he clasped the right earflap of his hat, tugging it slightly. "Whatever, man. I was ditched."

“He told me he kept your number.”

Travis dropped his grip on the hat, his lips parting. But then he shrugged, his gaze going to the side. “He had his chance.”

“Okay, dude,” Scott said teasingly, and then laughed when Travis stuck his tongue out at him. “Let’s get going.”

Scott let out one big content sigh, and slouched back against the plastic yellow bench seat. In front of him: one chocolate-glazed old-fashioned, and one regular-glazed old-fashioned.

In front of Travis... seven donut holes and a bear claw.

“Why seven?” Scott asked with amusement.

Travis was lining them up, three cinnamon-covered ones, two sprinkles, and two glazed. The bear claw was set to the side like an afterthought. He was bent down eye-level with the donut holes, and his gaze moved up, his lip curling into a grin. “Why not?”

Snorting, Scott just shook his head. “Yeah, why not?” He took a bite of the chocolate-glazed, and then wiped the crumbs from his mouth, watching as Travis dropped his head back and tossed a donut hole in the air. He caught it between his teeth and then looked over at Scott, his eyes twinkling. He was slow to take a bite of the donut hole, clutching the uneaten half between his fingers. “So you and Paul aren’t friends?” he asked after swallowing.

Scott nodded. “Roommates, acquaintances.”

Licking his finger, Travis’s eyebrows knotted in concentration. “Ever fuck each other?”

“Nope,” Scott replied evenly. “Haven’t even seen him naked.”

That got a snort out of the kid. “He’s hot. And hung,” he said with an authoritative smugness that had Scott smiling.

“He has his fans.”

“Yeah, I bet,” Travis replied wryly.

Scott considered Travis. “I, uh. I don’t know what to tell you, dude. Are you like heartbroken over this? It was just a club hookup, you know?”

“I’m not heartbroken,” Travis replied, his lip curling up. “I just wanted another chance to ride that dick.”

Scott nodded—really, *really* trying not to laugh at Travis. Every time the kid opened his mouth and said something with all that teen boy bravado, it just made Scott want to ruffle his hair. “Oh, yeah?”

“Yeah.” Travis’s eyes were glittering mischievously as he leaned towards Scott. “Another chance to ride it. Suck it. He fucked me four times last night.”

“Wow, four times?” Scott replied amiably, with only a hint of sarcasm.

Travis’s lips quirked. “Could you do better?”

“Probably not.”

Silent for a moment, Travis just scratched his fingernail against the surface of the table. “How old are you?”

Scott’s eyebrows rose. “Twenty-two.”

“And you’re a graduate student, right?”

Nodding, Scott crossed his arms. “Are we getting to know each other?”

Travis laughed. “Yeah, dude. We have a family now.”

“Speaking of which,” Scott replied, “we should probably go back and check on them soon.”

“You want me to come with you?”

There was definitely a hint of hopefulness in Travis’s voice—he obviously hadn’t given up on Paul quite yet. “Yeah, you got somewhere to be?”

Travis quickly shook his head.

That day came and went.

With the rough draft of his thesis returned, Scott was back to the research-and-job grind, with only a spare moment to marvel at how much free time Travis had. Every day, the kid was at the house in Scott’s room, with maybe a textbook that he skimmed for thirty minutes before pulling the kittens out and tumbling around on the floor with them.

“He is cute,” Scott’s friend Carrie said one day—with Travis in full earshot. Carrie was leaning back against Scott’s desk, watching Travis, while Scott was scanning pages of a text she had loaned him.

“Thank you!” Travis said. Scott couldn’t see him, but he could hear the coy playfulness.

“Are you gonna keep him, Scott?”

“Shut up.”

Carrie *hmm'd* at him and stepped away from the desk. “How are you liking college?” Scott heard her ask Travis.

“It’s awesome.”

“I loved being a freshman,” Carrie said with a sigh. “I met Scott my first year, too.” Then, she said in a stage whisper: “Maybe he preys on them.”

“Carrie...”

Both Carrie and Travis laughed, while Scott grumpily tuned them out, willing his old-ass scanner to move just a little bit faster. “Fuck it,” he groaned, pulling his phone out and taking a few snapshots of each page. He shut the book with a snap, and turned. “Ok, done.”

Carrie smiled at him. “A.K.A. get out?”

“I have four thousand words to write tonight, if I want to keep up to schedule, I can’t be distracted,” Scott replied, already ushering her towards the door.

“And what about the puppy?” Carrie giggled, leaning her weight back against Scott’s hands and dragging her feet. “He doesn’t count as a distraction?”

“He’s an exception.”

“Mhm.”

When they were downstairs, she kept Scott from closing the front door. “Look, you allotted me one meddling female friend conversation a month, so I’m enacting that now. Is he a possible boyfriend?”

Scott stared down at her. “Seriously?”

“I don’t know,” she replied, eyes glinting with amusement. “You haven’t dated anyone since the Hulk—well, and Hulk Two, but you said that wasn’t really dating.”

“I’m not dating the puppy,” Scott replied. “Pretty much, I’m babysitting him until either *A*, the kittens are gone, or *B*, Paul feels like seconds.”

“That’s just mean.”

Is it mean? Scott frowned. He hadn’t meant for the words to come out so... bitterly. He rubbed the back of his neck. “I’m dating my thesis.”

“Yeah, yeah.” Carrie started to step away, down the porch with a wave. “The cruel mistress. Not exactly a long-term relationship.”

“Go away.”

Carrie flipped him the bird over her shoulder, and Scott laughed as he shut the door.

Back upstairs, he found Travis lying on his bed, shirtless. Scott could see his rib cage; he definitely still had that gawky teenager thing going on, like eventually he might grow into those big feet of his. He was holding one of the kittens aloft, and humming *The Circle of Life*. “Simba—” he said suddenly, in a deep voice.

“No naming.” Scott walked over to his desk and sank down in his chair. Despite his conversation with Carrie, he was not feeling quite so loyal to his thesis; in fact he kind of wanted to burn the whole thing in a fire.

“No naming,” he heard Travis mimic in an obnoxious voice. He turned to see the kittens were all crawling around the bed while Travis had flipped around to his stomach, his feet crisscrossing in the air. He was looking at Scott.

“What?”

Travis quirked a grin. “I like your friend,” he said.

“Because she said you were cute.”

“She can state the obvious really well.”

Scott grunted, but he was smiling. He slid his ass down a little in the chair, slumping. “Fuck, I am so tired.”

“Come here.”

Looking back up, he saw that Travis had shifted to a sitting position, and was holding his hands up while wiggling his fingers. “Back massage.”

Scott didn't need to be told twice. He was on the bed in a second, his back to Travis. Hands gripped his shoulders, fingers searching for the knots. Scott groaned again, but this time from pleasure.

“Dude,” Travis laughed.

“What?”

“Is your massage groan the same as your sex groan?”

“Fuck off.”

“I think I popped a woody.”

“Dude—” Scott swung back, knocking Travis over on the bed. He quickly straddled him and went straight for under the armpits, tickling mercilessly. Travis shrieked, his eyes squinting shut as he tried to wiggle away from Scott.

“Okay!” he laughed. “You win. You win.”

“What do I win?”

Travis reached around and grabbed one of the kittens, pushing it against Scott's face. It licked his nose. “Kittens.”

“I already have that.”

There was a pause, a spark of trouble in Travis's eyes, his lip curling, and then he was setting the kitten down—and before Scott knew what was happening, he suddenly found himself shoved to the side, then shoved down, Travis's weight resting on top of him. “I said I was going to give you a back massage, so you're getting a back massage.”

Immediately, Scott felt Travis sharply pinch his ass cheek. “Oh, fuck you.”

Laughter, and then hands gripped his shoulders again. It took a few minutes, but then Scott was able to relax into it, into the way Travis was kneading along his spine. Every few seconds he also felt a set of kitten paws skitter across his back.

When those fingers became less massage-y and more explore-y, Scott grunted. “Okay, get off me. I've got four thousand words to write.”

But then there was a sound at his bedroom door. “I don't know, dude,” came someone else's voice—Paul, Scott realized belatedly—“Taking a break might be worth your while. I say that from experience.”

The thing was, Scott knew Paul wasn't being malicious. He was just being him in his everyone-has-sex-with-everyone big happy family kind of way. But Travis didn't know that, and Scott felt the way he stilled above him. He pushed up, and looked over at Paul. “Did you need something?”

“Well, it's Friday and I was gonna ask if you wanted to go out—” Paul smirked, “—but I can see you're eating in.” He gave a salute. “I'll hit you up later... See ya, Travis.”

With that, the door clicked shut. And before Scott could even get a word out, he felt Travis's hot breath against his ear. “I thought you weren't friends with him?”

"I'm not." Scott sat up, gently pushing Travis off of him. "I told you before, we go to the club together sometimes." Travis had sat back, leaning against the wall with the kitten in his lap. Scott considered him. "Do you want me to talk to him about you?"

Travis looked up, and actually seemed surprised. "What?"

"Do you want me to ask him—" Scott was very close to rolling his eyes at how *Sex and the City* he sounded, but whatever, "—what he thinks about you?"

Of all things, he was not expecting Travis to scowl at him.

"What?"

"Nothing." Travis scuttled around Scott and went to the kennel, returning the kitten to its siblings. "Yeah, dude. Why don't you ask him that?"

"Do you want me to?"

With his back to Scott, Travis's expression was hidden. "You can if you want."

"That's not exactly an answer." Scott crossed his legs, and rested his hands in his laps. "You know, after the kittens are adopted, you're not gonna have much more of a chance."

At that, Travis turned around suddenly. "What?"

"Well I mean, there won't be any excuse to come here," Scott continued, "so if you're planning on trying to seduce him again, or whatever, you might want to get moving."

Travis stared at him. "Are you serious?"

Eyebrows knotting, Scott nodded.

For a moment, Travis just continued to stare at him. And then he licked his lips. "I'm going," he said suddenly. With that, he turned and shut the kennel door and locked it. "I have homework to do."

Scott was now completely lost. "Wait, Travis—"

But Travis was already out the door, which he loudly slammed closed behind him.

"Should we wear suits?"

Scott, who was fixing the buttons of his shirt in the mirror hanging off his closet door, glanced over at Travis. “*Why* would we need to wear suits?”

“I dunno—” Travis was sitting cross-legged on Scott’s bed, hands folded in his lap as he watched Scott. “—kinda feels like marrying our kids off, or something.”

With a long sigh that was mostly put on for show, Scott turned back to his reflection. “This dude has to impress us, Travis. Not the other way around. I’m not handing the kittens off to some guy who’s going to feed them to his pet snake.”

In the mirror, he saw Travis slide off the bed and approach him. Travis circled around until he was in front of Scott, and smiled at him as he slid his palm down Scott’s chest. “You sound like a dad on prom night,” he said slyly.

Scott found himself caught staring into Travis’s cheeky gaze. He pushed the fingers fondling his top button away, and took one last glance in the mirror. And saw that his cheeks were slightly flushed.

It was a few days after that tense night, and Travis hadn’t said anything about it. In fact, the next time he showed up at Scott’s place, he was all grins and six-packs of Monster. “For you,” Travis had said, “and your all-nighters.”

Scott figured it was some kind of *mea culpa*, but he was still a little lost. Especially with how touchy-feely Travis continued to be.

Thankfully, his cell beeped, and he fished into his pocket for it. There was a text from the dude saying he was waiting outside. “Okay,” Scott said, looking up at Travis. “I’ll go let him in. You take the kittens out and keep them on my bed. Get them to act cute.”

Travis shot him a dubious look, but Scott ignored him and headed downstairs to the front door, which he opened after a long inhale.

He—almost—licked his lips. Standing on the front porch was a tall, tall, *tall* dude with compact muscles and a square jaw lightly dusted with stubble. He was wearing a neon tank top and backwards hat, the kind of douchebag uniform, which always incited disdainful arousal in Scott’s gut.

“Hey, man,” the guy said. “I’m Mike.”

“Uh, yeah,” Scott backed away from the door and let Mike walk in. Scott had to tilt his head up to see the guy’s face. “Kittens, huh?”

“Right?” Mike laughed, his white teeth showing.

Scott let out a chuckle of his own, and nodded up towards the stairs. “C’mon, they’re in my room.”

“This isn’t one of those Craigslist murder scams, is it?” Mike said as they walked up.

“Yeah, man, you caught me. The Kitten Killer.” Good thing Mike was behind him, as Scott grimaced at his own cheesiness. He was not a man meant for one-liners.

“Good one,” Mike said, his voice full of wry humor.

They walked into Scott’s bedroom to find Travis sitting very politely on the bed with one of the kittens in his lap, while the other two tussled behind him. Travis’s gaze moved from Scott to up beyond Scott’s shoulder. His lip curled. “This guy?”

Scott wanted to press his palm against his face, but instead he shoved Travis out of the way, and gestured down at the kittens as he said to Mike, “They’re about eight weeks old, you’ll have to get their shots and neuter them.”

“Are they for your girlfriend?” Travis cut in.

Mike looked amused. Licking his lips, he went to the bed, scooped up a kitten, and deposited it on his rounded shoulder. “For me, little man. Finally got an apartment that allows pets.” As he finished speaking, he changed the direction of his words from Travis to Scott, who was watching with amazement at how the kitten balanced itself enough to start chewing on Mike’s hair.

“You go to school here?” Mike asked.

“Graduate student,” Scott replied. After a second, he said, “You?”

“Senior.” Mike lifted the kitten off his shoulder, and held it against his chest. *He had to lift to have a chest like that*, Scott thought. *Christ, am I drooling?*

He realized Travis was watching him watch Mike, and cleared his throat. “Anyway—uh, I’m really hoping I’m not sending this kitten to certain doom or something.”

“Well—” Mike said, his tone maybe suggestive, “—you could swing by my place. Check it out, if you want.” He stepped towards Scott then, stood over him and looked down at him with a clear message in his eyes.

“Can I come too?” Travis’s voice piped up.

Scott blinked. Then he looked down at Travis, who was kneeling on the ground, kittens in his arms, faced cocked in a mischievous way.

Chuckling, Mike handed the kitten back over to Scott. To Travis, he said, “Sorry, little man. No plus-one on that invite.”

Ooooooh wow, okay. Scott was being picked up. “So, I’ll call you,” he said.

That earned him a slow grin. Mike reached out, apparently to pet the kitten, but his fingers brushed against Scott’s chest. “I really like this one.”

“Great,” Scott said, his voice coming out in a raspy squeak. The guy’s biceps were as big as Scott’s thighs. Imagining being thrown down by that set of guns—Scott gulped a breath, and then quickly dropped the kitten down next to Travis. “I’ll show you out.”

Back downstairs, he opened the door for Mike, who paused as he was passing through. They exchanged dates for when Scott could drop by to check out where the kitten would be living, and then right when he was about to say goodbye, Scott nearly bit his tongue when Mike grabbed his arm and gave it a firm squeeze.

“I’m looking forward to it,” he said, letting go and turning to walk down the porch steps, whistling as he went.

Scott only stared at his retreating back for a moment before carefully shutting the front door and leaping back up the stairs. He burst into his room and jumped onto his bed so he could peer out the blinds of his window as, down below, Mike climbed into a humungous truck.

Glancing over his shoulder, he stared at Travis. “That guy was hitting on me, right?”

Travis was half-leaning against the dresser, more turned towards the kennel where the kittens were, his expression hidden from Scott.

“Dude,” Scott said insistently.

Travis scratched the back of his neck.

“Dude!”

Suddenly, Travis whirled around. He stalked towards Scott, slid his knee up onto the bed, and then sidled up next to Scott and looked out the window too, but Mike was already gone.

Scott stared at him, the way he had one slender finger pressing a slat of the blinds down, his gaze hooded. After a second, he sighed and settled down on his haunches to look up at Scott with his wide blue eyes. “Are you really gonna let that frat bro have one of the cats?”

“He seemed okay,” Scott replied, a little deflated that Travis had completely ignored the hitting on thing.

“Yeah, whatever.” Travis dropped the blind and flopped down on his stomach.

Scott stared at him. “What are you angry about?”

“Nothing.” And then, after a second, “Are you going to visit his apartment?”

“Well, yeah,” Scott replied, still a little confused. “I mean, if there’s trash and shit everywhere, obviously I can’t let him have the kitten.”

“Okay.”

Scott wanted to ask why Travis was acting like this. But he felt like he knew, and it was obvious, and maybe he shouldn’t play into Travis’s game. On the other hand, that could just be wishful—*wishful? Really?*—thinking and maybe Travis was just pissy about one of the kittens being adopted.

Scott sighed. He just didn’t know.

So Mike’s apartment was fine. Scott went over there and found himself shoved against a refrigerator, tongue down his throat. He wasn’t as into it as he thought he would be, and backed out.

Mike seemed disappointed, but he still wanted the kitten. In fact, he wanted two of them so they could play together.

Scott called Travis and asked him to bring them over. When Travis showed up with the two kittens, he was sullen. He stared at Scott, stared at Scott’s lips which Scott realized might be a little swollen. *Fuck.*

But then Travis just shoved by Scott—placed two last kisses on the kittens’ heads—and then handed them off to Mike. “Get their shots done,” he said with a sour face, and then turned right back around and stomped out of the apartment. Scott stared dumbly in his wake.

“That kid really doesn’t like me,” Mike said affably.

Scott looked down at his feet. *What the fuck am I even doing?*

A few days later, Travis was in Scott's room when Scott got back from the café. He was sitting on the ground with the towel spread out, and obviously having a hard time keeping the adventurous kitten out of trouble. It had its face buried in Scott's tennis shoe.

"Hey," Travis said, grinning up at Scott.

Scott nodded, feeling slightly apprehensive... but Travis seemed normal, so. He carefully stepped over the two of them, and dropped his backpack on his bed. "One glorious day, I will never have to make someone else coffee again."

"Sucky day?"

Groaning his response, Scott sank down next to Travis, and leaned back against the bed. "Not as bad as some." He looked over at Travis. "My manager thinks her cousin might want the last kitten."

"Sweet!" Travis scooped up the kitten caught in Scott's shoe, and nuzzled it close to his face. When he caught Scott looking, a sly little smile curled on his face. He set the kitten down, and slid sideways until his thigh was touching Scott's. "Are you stiff?" he said with a sweet voice. "I can give you a backrub."

Scott raised his eyebrows. *Tempting. But.*

He moved his gaze upwards. "What's with that hat, anyway?"

There was a slight flicker of frustration in Travis's eyes, but then his jaw set. "Oh, this?" he said lightly, pulling the beanie from his head. He pushed up from his sitting position, and then turned to drop a knee over Scott's legs so that Travis was straddling him. "My mom made it for me."

He held the hat right in front of his groin, which was exactly eye-level with Scott's face.

Scott looked up, making sure he had a not-impressed look on his face. "Oh yeah? How sweet?"

"Definitely sweet." Travis moved down until his ass was resting on Scott's thighs. "Sweet runs in the family."

"Hold on." Scott knocked Travis to the side, and scrambled to his feet just in time to keep the kitten from sneaking into his closet. When he turned around, kitten held safely against his chest, he found Travis sitting there with a scowl. "Do I have to fucking open your fly with my teeth or something?"

Despite everything, a laugh bubbled up Scott's throat. "What?"

Travis's face was red, his eyebrows knotted. He was still on the ground, but he scrambled up, rubbing his head and knocking his hat off in the process. He tried to catch it as it was falling to the ground, but he missed, which only made him flush a deeper red. "*Fuck*," he hissed.

He wiped his face with both hands. Turning, he looked at Scott. His gaze was flat as he reached out. "Here."

Nodding, Scott handed over the kitten. First, Travis nuzzled it, and then he reached into the kennel and set it down, closing the door. With his back to Scott, he said, "Is Mike the type of guy you like?"

Well... "Yeah."

Travis turned around then, and Scott saw just how angry he looked. "I like you, you know? I don't like fucking Paul, he was a douchebag and a one-night stand. I don't know what to—" He paused, biting his lip. "But you're all ready for me to get out, as soon as the kitten is out. You don't care."

Scott kind of reached out towards Travis. For a second, he thought he might comfort him. But then he realized that Travis couldn't be comforted. He wanted something from Scott that Scott never had to give. Scott wasn't that guy, he wasn't the smooth, aggressive guy like Paul. He was just Scott.

"I do care, Travis," Scott said. "I like you a lot, you're a good kid. I can't be what you want, but I'll be your friend."

Travis laughed ruefully at that. "I like you so much," he said quietly.

Scott couldn't meet his gaze, and just stood there in self-disgust as he heard Travis walk across the room and leave.

Major upside to going to the club with Paul: it was too damned loud to hear whatever Paul was yammering on about. Not that Scott expected Paul to hang around him for too long, not when there were so many shirtless, sweaty boys out there on the floor.

Scott wanted to stay at the bar and brood, but it was blocked by a swarming mass of bodies too. *Why did I come?* Well, obviously he was hoping for something to happen, he had taken the effort of putting on his tightest black shirt and most flattering jeans.

Suddenly, a drink glass was pushed into his hand, Paul smirking at him. He said something like “Lighten up,” or “Get laid,” or whatever. Usually Scott would have rolled his eyes at him, but this time he brought the rim of the plastic cup to his lips and took a long swig of—well it tasted like cake, anyway.

“More?” Scott said. Paul laughed and handed over his cup as well. Scott knocked it all back within minutes.

He was yanked forward, and dropped the cups in surprise. Paul had a firm grip on his wrist, and dragged Scott deep into the crowd.

By that time, the drinks hit and Scott felt a knot of tension in his chest release.

Hell. He was about to earn a graduate degree, he had a few interviews lined up, and at least one employer that definitely wanted to hire him. Life was fucking good. Life was not going to be dragged down by a bratty freshman in a stupid hat who had been avoiding Scott for weeks now.

He danced with Paul at first. Felt Paul's hands rub up his sides. Those hands had touched Travis. They were strong, and self-assured.

And then they were gone.

Paul was looking over Scott's shoulder with raised eyebrows. Scott was about to turn his head when he felt a chest press hard against his back, arms circle his waist, teeth graze along his neck.

“The fuck—” he jerked, but the arms held him steady. Scott felt whoever it was grind a hard cock against his ass.

Paul was smirking.

Fuck this. Scott tried to shove his elbow back, but the guy behind him caught his arm. “C'mon, puppy.”

Scott knew that voice. Even if it was shouting and right close to his ear, he knew it. *Travis.* Travis with his gawky body was holding Scott tight and grinding his hard cock against Scott's ass. He was gripping Scott's arms, keeping him from moving.

He didn't want to fight it. That was for fucking sure. But he also knew this wasn't what Travis liked.

He elbowed back, and spun around to see Travis clutching his gut with an annoyed expression. The music was too loud to have a real conversation, but

Scott grabbed at Travis's collar anyway, and jerked him close to yell into his ear: "I told you. I can't be what you want." *And you can't be what I want*, Scott left out, but he knew Travis would be able to glean that on his own.

But Travis grinned at him, which Scott was not expecting. Then Travis leaned forward and kissed him.

It was an all-encompassing kind of kiss. An arms wrapped around Scott's body, hands groping his ass, hard cock pressing against hard cock kind of kiss. Travis shoved his tongue right in there, bit Scott's lip. Fingers dragged up Scott's back, leaving painful streaks. But he was *so* hard. He may have whimpered.

Travis pulled back, and there was that cheeky grin. "How the fuck do you know what I want?" he yelled over the music.

Scott was reeling. The only steady thing at that moment was Travis's grip on his body.

Leaning in very close, Travis said into Scott's ear, "I want to fuck you."

"Because guys like to stick their dicks into things."

"Yeah."

"And I haven't been able to stick my dick into anything yet."

"Yeah, I get it."

"Scott, I like you so much."

Scott smiled a little as he stumbled down the sidewalk, Travis at his side. They had already gone down seven blocks, six more to go until they reached the college's dorms. "I like you too, Travis."

Slumping his weight against Scott, Travis sighed. "Will you let me stick my dick in you?"

"I will."

Travis started giggling then. "When I first met you, you know that morning? You had this hot stubble going on and you were wearing those sweatpants. I thought, *daddy*. Like that just popped in my head."

"Dude, I'm only five years older than you."

"I know."

Scott frowned. "So you want a daddy?"

"No!" Travis's words were slurred, but adamant as he gripped Scott's chin and made Scott look at him. "Fuck off, dude. Stop trying to ruin this."

Scott grinned. He couldn't help it. Travis was so cute. Travis wanted his ass. "I can be a daddy."

"Fuck you."

"You wanna fuck daddy?"

"Seriously, fuck off."

Scott saw the dorm building looming up ahead of them. Thank God, because it was reaching two A.M. and he didn't want to be robbed or whatever. He grabbed Travis's arm, and pulled him along. "Oh yeah," Travis said. "You're aching for it."

"Shut up."

In the next moment, a sharp swat hit his ass, and Scott yelped. Travis grinned at him from under the lamp light. "I think I'm gonna have a lot of fun learning what I like, you know?" he said playfully.

Scott scowled. *Shithead*. He kept walking, ignoring Travis.

An arm wrapped around his waist. "I think I could like what you like, Scott."

Scott's cheeks were so hot. He didn't know what to do, but he knew that he was supposed to know what to do. Instead, he found himself being herded along by an eighteen-year-old freshman. Towards the freshman dorms. "They're gonna arrest me," he said.

"Nah, you're my guest."

They had reached the doors to the dorms. Travis clumsily fished through his pockets, giggling all the while, and finally pulled out an ID card, which he slid through the scanner. The door unlocked, and he shot a triumphant grin at Scott. Then he grabbed Scott by the wrist and dragged him along.

"What about your roommate?" Scott asked feebly.

"Gone to some football conference."

They had to take an elevator up two floors, and then Travis dragged Scott down a badly lit hallway until they reached a door where Travis slid his ID again. The lock clicked, and he shoved the door open.

Déjà vu. Scott recognized the messy-as-fuck dorm room. The brick walls, the nothing. Just two beds, two desks, and two dressers.

Travis didn't give him time to chicken out, just dragged him forward to the left bed and shoved him down. "Hold on," Travis said, and went to the other side of the room. Scott blearily watching him fish around his roommate's dresser until he came away with condoms and a sachet of lube. He was grinning.

"Okay," he said, standing over Scott. "I'll be honest. I liked being fucked in the ass, it was a lot of fun. And I was totally on board to do that again with you. But now that I know I'm gonna be pounding into you, fucking you, you know? Like—"

He exhaled. "I want to make you scream."

"That's ambitious," Scott replied lazily, his hands shaking. He could just *feel* the way Travis was standing over him while he lay there vulnerable.

"Take your clothes off," Travis said.

Scott was not coordinated, but somehow he managed to shimmy out of his jeans, out of his tight polo shirt. He was naked inside a freshman dorm room, had this eighteen-year-old brat standing over him, a smirk on his acne-speckled face probably because he was about to fuck a dude.

"Underwear too."

Must have realized he could just order Scott around, and Scott would be drooling for it. The briefs were kicked off, flung somewhere in the general vicinity. Travis was still staring down at him, inspecting him.

Then he was on Scott.

He had crawled onto the bed, crawled over Scott. He was still fully dressed, and he pressed his clothed body against Scott's naked skin. He kissed Scott, slid a knee in between Scott's thighs. "You don't know what the fuck I want," he said, repeating his words from earlier that night.

"You want me."

There was a laugh. "Then I guess maybe you do know what I want."

A nip at Scott's neck, fingers sliding along his ass crack, a general persistent command for him to flip over so that he was on his stomach. Travis obviously wanted him on his stomach, so Scott obeyed. He pressed his face into Travis's pillow, smelled that boy sweat. He was so hard.

Fingers breached him. “*Fuck*,” he groaned. “Just fucking stick your cock in me.”

“Really?”

“Yes, really.” He made sure to say those words so that they were dripping with disdain, so that Travis would be egged on to slide over Scott, push his whole weight down onto Scott. There was the sound of a zipper being undone. Hopefully Travis had remembered to put on the fucking condom.

Scott felt the blunt head of Travis’s cock push against his hole. And then no going slow, no waiting to adjust. Travis just shoved in there like a fucking virgin amateur—

Scott would have laughed if it hadn’t hurt like such a bitch. This is what he got for drunkenly letting some brat fuck him.

And fuck Scott he did. He gripped the mattress and then just *pounded*, over and over, his hard cock reaching deep. Scott realized that Travis was too far gone in his first fucking-an-ass experience, and probably Scott’s relief would have to be self-managed. He gripped his cock and started jacking.

“Fuck, Scott,” Travis breathed above him. “It’s so—tight. It’s so—” He let out a little whimper, his hips moving erratically.

He came first. Scott felt it, the way he tensed up and cried out.

Then Scott came. Nothing earth-shattering, but somehow gratifying with the way Travis’s adoring moans rang in Scott’s ears.

They lay like that, all sweaty and spent. At least Scott was, but he could feel Travis getting hard again within minutes. *Hm*, he thought, *not bad*.

Not bad.

“Now I don’t have any name ideas.”

Scott turned from the computer to look at Travis lounging on his bed with the last kitten. “What?”

“Well, you said no naming so many times... now we have a kitten without a name.”

“You’re gonna blame me, huh?”

And there was that cheeky grin. “I’m just saying.”

“You’re just saying,” Scott repeated, standing up and advancing on Travis. He slid one knee onto the bed, then the other, and dropped down on his hands to crawl towards Travis. He made like he was going to kiss Travis, but then at the last second he ducked his head and laid a kiss on the kitten’s nose.

A hand landed on his ass, and he winced. Then he looked up at Travis with a grin. “I’m gonna miss you this summer.”

Travis’s smile fell. “Let me stay with you.”

“No.”

“Scott!”

“No,” Scott laughed, even as Travis carefully set the kitten on the ground—and then lunged at Scott, knocking him on his back.

“You ass,” Travis whined. “Let me stay.”

“Pay rent, then,” Scott replied. Teeth nipped down on his neck, and he let out a choking laugh. Fingers danced up his sides, pinched at his nipples. He let Travis kiss him fully then, enjoyed the way Travis’s weight pressed down on him.

Enjoyed the way Travis needed him.

Enjoyed the way he needed Travis.

Okay, then, Scott thought. Okay.

The End

Author Bio

R.D. Hero lives a life completely dedicated to m/m. When she isn't spending time sifting through multitudes of yaoi looking for the rare perfect one, she's writing slash online. Once in awhile, if she has to, she goes out into the real world to do unsavory things like "college" and "socializing". Mostly though, she prefers to stay in her cave with her boxer, Brandy.

Contact & Media Info

[Email](#) | [Website](#)