

A romantic scene featuring two people. The person on the left is wearing a green and white plaid shirt with the sleeves rolled up. The person on the right is wearing a green t-shirt. They are holding hands, with the person in the plaid shirt's hand resting on top of the other's. The background is dark and out of focus, suggesting an outdoor setting at night. The overall lighting is warm and intimate.

LOVE'S FIRST

Kiss

Jambrea Jo Jones

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Love's Landscapes

An M/M Romance series

LOVE'S FIRST KISS

By Jambrea Jo Jones

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.

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LOVE'S FIRST KISS

By Jambrea Jo Jones

Photo Description

Two men in bed under white covers. A tattooed guy is kissing the other guy on the cheek. It is a tender cuddling moment.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

I have been a good boy all my life. Top two percent in high school, band and math nerd, went to University on an academic scholarship. I was never a nerd. I was just an invisible boy. I never even kissed a boy (or girl) until my second year of college. I guess you could say I was a bit on the naive side. Overall, it served me well most of my life. I was alone, but I was happy... wasn't I?

One day I was working on a client's website while sitting in my favorite chair at my local bubble tea shop (no coffee for me), and in walked the most beautiful man I have ever seen. The sleeves, the beard, the dark hair, the mesmerizing blue eyes. I couldn't stop staring. Of course he was straight, he had to be, no one THAT beautiful could possibly be gay, much less want little invisible me.

Tell me how we get from first blush to happily ever after, please?

Sincerely,

Brandilyn

P.S. Contemporary, please. No BDSM. Sex scene not required.

Story Info

Genre: contemporary

Tags: bubble tea, established couple, geek, sweet/no sex, tattoos

Word Count: 4,666

LOVE'S FIRST KISS

By Jambrea Jo Jones

“Quinn, do you remember the day we first met? You were so cute and you wouldn't really look at me. I could tell you were shy and your face was a little red. I just wanted to eat you up.” My boyfriend, Cord Peterson, wrapped his arms around my shoulders and pulled me closer. We were snuggled in our fluffy, white comforter, and I was all toasty warm, not wanting to move.

Cord made it better when he kissed my cheek, his beard scraping my face. I loved the way it felt against my skin. I would never get tired of being in his arms.

We were spending a lazy Sunday in bed; we didn't do it often, but it'd been a long week. I'd had a picky customer, and he'd had a busy week at the tattoo shop. Next week was looking to be just as hectic so we were taking time to just relax and had no plans to get out of bed before noon. He was still in his boxer briefs, but I was hoping to get him out of them. Usually we slept naked, but last night he'd been so exhausted I got as many clothes off of him as I could and put him to bed. The last tat he'd done had been over eight hours; what I *should* be doing was giving Cord a rub down, but I was too content being in his arms.

Cord's question made me think. That first day. I could remember it like it was yesterday.

Three Years Ago

I settled into my favorite chair and opened my laptop, ready to get down to work. Most days I could have the quiet corner in the back of the shop. I was always disappointed when someone else chose to sit there because I'd come to consider it mine.

Today I didn't have to worry about that. I was in my spot and ready to work. It was going to be a good day. I could feel it. I could see the whole place from that chair and my back was against the wall. In the middle of the coffee house there was a section of chairs and couches and while comfortable, they weren't conducive to work. I liked not having to worry about someone

hovering behind me. The work I did wasn't sensitive, but I'm a private person. Plus, I owed my clients that small bit of security.

I loved my little home away from home. I could work and not feel so alone. The employees knew me by name, and it was almost like having friends. I didn't have a lot of friends in the real world. Most of mine were found online. I have met a few of them in person, but it was only once a year at a convention. I have a guilty pleasure—I love to read gay romance. I might never find a true love, but reading about it made me happy. All my friends read the same thing, so it was wonderful to get to talk to them in person once a year.

And it wasn't like I was a complete hermit. I did have face-to-face client meetings from time to time, but the cool thing about being my own boss was I set the terms. That made me more comfortable because I could be in charge of the situation. I knew what would happen going into a meeting.

Today was like any other day. I had my laptop open, the client's information at the ready so I could get started on their website, when he walked in. Him. A guy I'd never seen before. That wasn't the thing that made me stop what I was doing and stare. Nope. He was the most ruggedly beautiful man I had ever seen. He was in a white tank top that showed off his muscular arms that were decorated with tattoos. I was pretty sure they called that a sleeve, but I'm not a hundred percent up on the lingo. I'd have to look it up. He had a well-groomed beard with dark hair. I wasn't close enough to see his eyes. Not yet.

He had to be straight. No way would someone like that go for someone like me even if he was gay. I'm invisible, a scrawny nerd. Not that I liked to think about myself that way. I didn't think I was a nerd at all, but others seemed to. Kids could be cruel, and it still haunted me. I liked to keep to myself and study, not party. Of course, I wouldn't have said no if I'd been invited, but there was always the fear it was a joke, and who wanted people laughing at them? Not me. I'm still pretty much the same as I was in school—good at math and other “nerdy” type things.

I don't even remember getting up, but the next thing I knew, I was in line behind the gorgeous man I wanted to climb like a monkey, naked. He smelled heavenly, but I needed to back up before he really thought I was a freak. God, I had no idea what had come over me. I really wanted to see what color his eyes were. If he would only turn around.

Please turn, please turn, please, please, please.

As if he'd heard my internal whiney baby, he turned to look over his shoulder and gave me a grin. Holy fuck he had a beautiful smile and the most mesmerizing blue eyes I had ever seen. The moment was over in seconds and he'd turned back around. It was his turn to order. I should have said something. Anything, but my tongue was tied. What could I possibly have said to the wickedly handsome stranger that wouldn't sound stupid? I mean—the only thing I could think of was... you're purdy. Social situations have never been a strong suit of mine. Telling him I'd like to lick those tattoos would probably be a bad idea as well, especially if he was straight. I really didn't want to get punched in the face today. Or any day.

I counted it as a lost opportunity. I'd just get my bubble tea and head back to my little sanctuary in the coffee house. I had work that needed to be done. I really should be focused on the website that was due tomorrow not the hunka-hunka burning love in front of me who could break me in half if he wanted to. God, look at those muscles. I wanted to lick the tattoos. Was I drooling? I wiped at my mouth just to make sure.

The man moved down the counter to wait for his drink to be made, and I was up.

"Hey, Quinn. Pineapple bubble tea for you?" The barista, Brandilyn smiled at me.

I gave her a grin and a nod. They really did know me so well here. It was nice and safe after the out-of-control feeling I'd had about the stranger.

"You know, you should try the taro. It is so yummy." Brandilyn winked at me.

"No way. I'll stick with my fruity goodness." I shook my head.

"You'd still be drinking lattes if I hadn't introduced you to them." She shook her finger at me.

"True, but I like squishy balls that pop in the fruity ones, I don't think I'd like the chewy balls." I was firm on that. I really didn't even want to think of the taste.

A snort from my left made me look over, and my face heated as I realized what I'd said.

"Fine. Have it your way. Pineapple bubble tea coming up." Brandilyn turned to give my order to the workers behind her.

I didn't know what to do with myself. If I moved over, I'd be closer to the guy and I was already so embarrassed. I wasn't a kid who would snicker any time someone said balls—wasn't sure if I should laugh. It was kind of funny. He'd laughed. And I *had* said balls. Now all I could think about was his and what they'd look like. How would they taste? I was so screwed. I just needed to slink back to my table and forget about the stranger.

My drink was set down on the counter, and I reached for it. My total focus was on picking up that drink and going to the table. The next thing I knew my tea was dripping down the front of hunky-dreamy guy's tank top. If I wasn't blushing before, I sure as shit was now.

"Oh my god! I am *so* sorry." I reached for some napkins and did my best, but nothing was working. I only managed to squish the little balls into his shirt. It might have started out white, but it was now a yellowish color.

"Hey. Stop. It's okay. I should probably introduce myself before you finish feeling me up." The guy winked at me.

"Um—I—just—here." I thrust more napkins at him.

"I'm Cord Peterson. And you?" Cord held out his hand.

"I'm—sorry."

"Funny name you've got there." Cord was smiling.

I will be the first to admit it scrambled my brain.

"No. I'm Quinn Weston." I was such an idiot.

Now the drop-dead gorgeous guy was going to walk out and I'd never see him again.

"Nice to meet you, Quinn. I'm new around here. Just opened a shop around the corner. You wouldn't mind if I shared a seat with you, would you?"

He wanted to share a seat. With me? This was in no way possible. I looked around the shop to make sure I wasn't on some gag show, but I didn't see any cameras. They do make them small these days. Was someone pulling a prank on me? But—who did I know that would do something like that. No one.

"Well—if you don't want to, that's okay. I'm not coming on too strong, am I?"

I blinked and looked around again. Brandilyn was grinning at me, and I noticed she wasn't the only one. I couldn't speak. What the hell was wrong

with me? Cord turned to walk away. This wasn't how it was supposed to be. He was going to leave with no contact, but first contact *had* been made. I should do—something.

“Wait!”

Great. I'd shouted, but what next. *Show him to your table.* Right. My table. Yes.

Cord turned around. I had to talk and get out of this odd state I was in.

“Yes?” Cord raised his eyebrow.

“My table.” I pointed toward the back.

“Quinn, I'll bring you another tea in a sec.” Brandilyn motioned for me to go away and mouthed, *he is hot.*

God, I hoped Cord hadn't seen, but when I looked over he was grinning. How could this be a good thing? I should just slink away now. But I didn't. I led the way to my table and hoped I could carry on a decent conversation.

Present Day

“I thought for sure you were going to laugh at me.” I snuggled into Cord's shoulder, fiddling with his underwear. It really needed to come off.

“And I thought for sure you'd let me walk out without talking to me.” Cord kissed my forehead.

“I was embarrassed.” He knew I was because I'd told him time and again that I never thought we would work because of what a klutz I was on that first meeting. I'd been sure I'd scared him.

“And I was the one wearing that awful tea crap you love.”

“It isn't awful.” I sniffed. That tea had brought us together. I was sure of it. If I hadn't spilled it, I never would have talked to him. I would have gone back to my corner and pined away for him.

“Yes, it is. With those weird little ball things and why do they call it tea? It's more like a fruit drink or something.”

“I don't know. I do know I was happy you stayed that day and talked to me.”

“I’m happy you agreed to an actual date.”

The date. I remembered it well. It was the next night. We were celebrating the fact that I had the website done. He’d insisted. I didn’t balk—too much. Who would? He was a hot guy and interesting to talk to. Still was.

Three Years Ago

What the hell was I going to wear? It was my first date with Cord, and I was running late. I shouldn’t have been. I work from home. I run my own hours, but I’d gotten lost in some code and it took the beeping from my phone alarm to get me out of my daze.

I took a quick shower, washing all my bits and parts. I wanted to look nice, but not like I’d spent hours trying to impress. Which was a good thing, since I only took about thirty minutes. The doorbell rang before I was ready for it, but it was now or never.

I was unprepared for what I saw. Cord cleaned up very well. He had on a button-down shirt, and if I hadn’t seen him before in a tank top, I would have no idea about the lovely artwork on his body. I wondered if there was more and if I would get a chance to explore it anytime soon.

Of course, I was jumping the gun a little. I wanted the first date. I mean, I could just invite him in and jump him, but I kind of wanted to get to know him a little better first.

“Wow, you look great.” I looked him up and down and hoped I didn’t drool. What was it with me and the waterworks around him?

“Thanks. You look great too. Ready for dinner?” Cord grinned at me.

I almost melted and said *take me*, but I was good. I grabbed my keys and wallet off of the table by the door and locked up.

“Yes, I’m starving. There is a great place off of Lima; you want me to drive?”

“You’d better. I’ll get all turned around. I had to GPS it to get here.”

“No worries, you’ll get it. And to be honest, my GPS is a good friend.” I laughed.

It had the desired effect because Cord laughed too. We got into my SUV and headed to the restaurant. I hoped he liked it. It was one of my favorites

because I could get sushi and steak. We kept conversation light on the way to the steakhouse.

“Have you lived in Fort Wayne long?”

“Most of my life. My folks split when I was younger and I moved out of the state with my mom for a bit, but ended up moving back to be with my dad. It was hard, but my dad and I are close. My mom moved back a few years ago, which is very nice. How about you?”

“I followed a friend. She'd lived here before and liked it. Said it was a nice place to open a shop so we did. I'm a military brat so I don't have one real place I'd ever called home.”

“That's sad.” I chanced a quick glance at him.

“Not really. I'm happy now. It's nice here. Big town with a small-town feel. The company isn't bad either.” Cord laid his hand on my thigh.

I had to force myself not to jump. God, I wanted his hands all over me and we were going out. To eat. In public. *Idiot*. We could be in my room right now doing the naked mambo. But no, I wanted to get to know him better. Crap. I was going to have to calm down or I'd have a boner showing when we walked into the restaurant.

“I. You.”

“You okay, Quinn?”

I cleared my throat. Would I ever *not* be embarrassed around him? That is if we even made it past this stage. Maybe it'd be a one-time thing. I was jumping the gun. I knew it.

“I'm good. Just...” I gestured down at my leg.

Cord took his hand away, and I missed the warmth.

“Sorry.”

“No. Crap. I'm sorry. It's just—” *Don't say it, don't say it, don't.* “I really like you and—” I pointed to my crotch. “I don't want to go into the place—you know...”

If I wasn't driving I would have hit my head on the steering wheel. Repeatedly.

“Oh. Oh!” Cord grinned and put his hand back.

Neither of us spoke for a few minutes, but it didn't matter because we were at the restaurant. Things would be better now, and I'd stop making a big deal out of small things.

"Looks good." Cord took my hand and led me inside.

I hoped my palm wasn't sweating. I closed my eyes and took a deep breath. I could do this.

"I hope you like it. It's one of my favorite places, but I don't go out a lot."

"I'm sure I'll love it." Cord squeezed my hand.

The hostess sat us down at a big table with the grill in the middle. There were a few other people around it, but we had one side to ourselves. We could have gone to a booth, but I liked the grill and watching them cook. It was fascinating. Like a dinner and a show.

Cord rolled up the sleeves on his green, checkered shirt. He had nice forearms. I licked my lips and he caught me staring. I bit my lip and looked into his eyes, leaning forward when the waitress stepped up to the table. The attraction between us was strong, but it would have to wait. I wanted to know how his lips would taste and I wanted his strong hands to touch me all over. And I was getting hard again. I blinked and got my mind back on focus.

I ordered a drink, and we went ahead and let the waitress know what we'd like for dinner. There wasn't much to the menu.

"Um—next time we'll have to get a booth and eat the sushi. It's really good, but this meal is very filling."

"I love sushi; it's a date." Cord winked at me.

"We haven't even finished this one."

"Doesn't matter. I know I'll want many, many more dates with you." Cord bumped our shoulders together.

I finally started to relax. He wanted another date with me. *Me*. It helped that Cord was very easy to talk to and we seemed to share a taste in music and movies.

Before I knew it, the food was being cooked. The chef was tossing food and chopping it all up. The flame was high and hot; it helped cover the flush I had gathering. I was ready for more than food. I was ready for Cord. Naked in my

bed. For now, I pushed my plate forward for the fried rice and waited for my steak to be finished. The food was good, the company better.

Present Day

“That was a great first date. Still one of my favorite restaurants.”

“Good, we’re going there for lunch today.” Cord rolled us so he was on top of me.

I cradled his face in my hands.

“Sounds like a plan.” I ran a finger over his lips. God, I loved this man.

He made me a better person. I still did silly stuff, but now I didn’t worry because Cord loved me because of my silly quirks.

“Maybe we can relive that kiss.” Cord rubbed our noses together.

“Nothing will ever compare to the first time you kissed me.” I stared deep into his eyes and rocked my hips into his.

“I kissed you? I think you’ve got that backwards. I believe you *attacked me*.”

“What?” I wrestled with Cord, laughing.

Not that I could move him, but I knew his weakness. I tickled him. Ran my hands up his side and dug into his sensitive spot. He squirmed around the bed until finally he was at my mercy.

“Now—who kissed who?” I grinned down at him.

Three Years Ago

Dinner had been nice. One of the better ones I’d had in—well, awhile. I don’t date much because I worry too much about what people will think. Now I was relaxed. The couple of beers at dinner had helped. I’m a lightweight. I parked the SUV and took off my seatbelt, turning toward Cord.

“I had a great time. Thanks for asking me out.” I messed around with the seatbelt, not looking at Cord.

Would we kiss? Should I just shake his hand and go? It had been so long, I didn’t know the protocol. I could invite him in for coffee. I was more than ready to get a little bit physical.

“Me too. So—are you free tomorrow?” Cord had his hand under my chin and forced me to look up.

It was dark in the car, the streetlights throwing a soft glow. It was almost like we were in another world. I licked my lips and he was staring at them. I leaned forward. It was going to happen. Cord brushed our lips together; all the while his fingers gripped my face as if he was afraid I would move. I had no plans on that. I shifted into a better position and pressed our lips tighter together, licking at the seam of Cord's mouth. I wanted inside. He must have had the same intent because soon we were dueling with our tongues. I'd push into his mouth and he'd push back into mine. I moaned and melted against the seat, the middle console pushing into my skin.

I grabbed the back of his head and tried to pull him over into my seat.

“Shit, shit.” Cord was struggling.

I didn't want him to go away, but he was soothing me.

“It's okay, Quinn. Stupid seatbelt.”

It hit me then what had happened. He'd still been buckled into his seat and I'd forced him closer to me.

“Sorry. Sorry.”

“No, don't be sorry.” Cord rubbed my lips.

My cock was so hard. I wanted us both naked.

“I had a really great time. Tomorrow, we'll do it again.” And Cord was out of the car.

I think I whimpered.

Present Day

“You're just lucky you texted me before I got out of the car.” I smiled down at him fondly. “And I think that first kiss was both of us.”

“That kiss scared me. I knew right then I'd fall in love with you and it wouldn't be a hard fall.”

“You say the sweetest things.”

“And I mean every single one of them.”

“I know,” I whispered against his lips.

There was no mistaking the love between us. That was love's first kiss, and I would forever remember it. And we'd have another first tonight when I asked him to marry me. It might not be legal in Indiana—yet. But he was going to be mine forever so we could continue to share every first we could.

“I love you.”

“I love you too.” I closed my eyes and snuggled. I didn't want to move from that spot. I loved remembering everything about our many firsts.

Tomorrow we would have another. He was giving me my first tattoo. Cord had finally talked me into it. We still had many more firsts to come.

The End

Author Bio

I wanted to be the youngest romance author published, but life impeded the dreams. I put my writing aside and went to college briefly, then enlisted in the Air Force. After serving in the military, I returned home to Indiana to start my family. A few years later, I discovered yahoo groups and book reviews. There was no turning back. I was bit by the writing bug.

I enjoy spending time with my son when not writing and love to receive reader feedback. I'm addicted to the internet so feel free to email me anytime.

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