



NICO JAYE

THE
FRAT BRAT

DON'T READ IN THE CLOSET 2015

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Love is an Open Road

An M/M Romance series

THE FRAT BRAT

By Nico Jaye

Introduction

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

What Is Love is an Open Road?

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 is an Open Road*.

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.

Each year, a dedicated group of Volunteers from the M/M Romance Group work hard behind the scenes to bring these stories to you. Our Editors, Formatters, Proofreaders, and those working on Quality Assurance, spend many long hours over a course of several months so that each Event is a success. As

each and every author also gives freely of their time and talent, it was decided that all edits suggested may be accepted or rejected by the author at any given time. For this reason, some stories will appear to be more tightly edited than others, depending on the choice of the author.

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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Photo Description

A black-and-white close-up of an attractive young man wearing a dark blindfold. His expression is stoic—not fearful, but also not excited. He isn't wearing a shirt, and, based on the upper chest area that is visible, he's muscular and fit.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

I am taking part of a punishment... scratch that, I'm being forced in this punishment. We, the seniors, placed a bet with the juniors of our fraternity to see who could raise the most money. Guess who lost? Now, each senior is placed in a separate room where our supposed punishment will happen. Walking into my assigned room, I notice two unusual things: a blindfold and a note that says "Sit down and put the blindfold on.—Secret Admirer"

I don't like three-ways or more-ways. Try not to go too far into bondage, but I'm not against it if that is where the author sees this story going. I'm more a sap/happy reader.

Thanks!

S.N. Kat

Story Info

Genre: contemporary

Tags: college, fraternity, gay for you, first time, secret crush, Asian, teasing, blindfold, pornstastic, fluff

Word Count: 11,472

Author's Note

A big thank you to the M/M Romance Group for hosting this fun event. Thanks also to S.N. Kat for providing the inspiring letter and to H. and L. for the lightning-fast beta reads. This story is dedicated to all of us who've experienced hopeless crushes. May there always be hope. ;) Thanks for reading!

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“Next!”

Straightening from his crouch over a soapy bucket, Kyle flipped back his damp dirty-blond bangs and ran a forearm over his brow. He took a step away from the white Civic they’d been working on, which was now sparkling clean. The car pulled out of the front drive with the cute girl behind the wheel giving them a little wave farewell. Kyle winked at her, resting his hand on his cocked hip as he took a much-needed break from this physical labor of the nonsexual variety.

Colin, standing next to Kyle and shaking his broad shoulders out, turned toward the frat brother who was collecting their earnings at the sidewalk. “Grady! How much so far?”

Grady, who by virtue of being the chapter’s president was the only one of the seniors not getting all wet and wild today, rifled through the bills in the cash box he held. Grady shrugged and looked up. “Dunno. Think we just passed three hundred, maybe?”

“Hey, that’s not bad!” Louis said from across the way as a dusty, dark blue hatchback pulled into the driveway.

“Yeah, but the wet T-shirt thing seems to be working for the juniors,” Grady said begrudgingly. “That whole keep-’em-guessing sort of approach.”

The seniors, by comparison, were all shirtless. However, while Kyle normally would’ve appreciated the way the unusually warm March sun glinted off all of that toned muscle so close by, he found himself wishing he were on the far half of the drive instead. Unable to help himself, Kyle glanced over to the other side, where the juniors of Delta Sigma Mu were hard at work. His eyes drifted over their wet T-shirts, and when his gaze landed on Dice, he licked his suddenly dry lips. Dice’s jet-black hair was spiky with wetness, and his damp white T-shirt was nearly transparent.

Oh my God, are those nipple bars? How did I not know he had those?

Kyle mentally added the piercings to his growing file of Things He Absolutely And Unequivocally Found Fascinating About Daisuke “Dice” Keto.

When Dice had shown up at Delta Sig during rush week at the beginning of fall semester, the Japanese-American transfer student had caught Kyle's eye—and not because it was unusual to have a transfer student rush their frat. There'd been something about Dice that stood out among the others, and it hadn't just been the intriguing bulge down his right trouser leg, of which Kyle had caught a considerable glimpse.

No, there'd been something about Dice's quiet strength and the initiative he'd shown in bringing fresh ideas to the table that would take Delta Sig to the next level in its goal of producing men of quality character and leadership abilities. The other brothers had been impressed with Dice's innovation and the flawless grade point average he'd brought with him.

Kyle, on the other hand, had found *everything* about Dice impressive. In a rather messy, “kept Kyle busy in the house's shower for longer than his allotted fifteen minutes every morning” kind of way.

However, even though Kyle was out to his brothers and they'd always been tolerant—if not outright supportive—of his love of cock, he'd known that acting on his appreciation for Dice, a then pledge and now fellow frat brother, would probably be crossing a line.

Which meant Kyle just sidled up to that damn line as close as he could, as often as he could, instead.

Even today, he'd put on his Andrew Christian briefs, knowing the thin gray elastic of the waistband, along with a sliver of electric purple mesh material, would be visible at the edge of his low-slung jeans. The corner of Kyle's lips ticked up as he thought about ways he could bring himself within Dice's scope of vision. He hooked his thumbs into his belt loops and hitched his jeans down a smidge.

Hey, maybe we'll get some more tips with an extra inch of skin. I'm all for helping—

“Fenton!”

Guiltily, he looked toward Colin, but he overshot his mark—*deliberately?*—and ended up catching Dice's curious gaze. Kyle gave him a lopsided grin, winked, then blew him an air kiss, to which Dice rolled his eyes. Satisfied Dice had acknowledged his presence, Kyle turned to Colin and lifted his brows.

“You rang?”

Colin snorted and tossed him a large scrub sponge, which Kyle caught easily against his chest. “Some time this century, yeah? We could use your muscles on this one.”

Kyle squeezed the sponge so water drizzled down his firm abs and flexed said muscles dramatically. He grinned when the girls in the front seat of the blue Focus visibly fluttered.

“Anything for you, Team Delta Sig Seniors. Anything for you.”

Unfortunately, “anything” apparently wasn’t enough.

“Five hundred forty. Five hundred sixty. Five hundred eighty!” Dice, the head of Team Delta Sig Juniors, announced their total and slapped the last twenty onto the stack of cash on the table. “Which means we beat you by thirty bucks.”

Kyle silently basked in the glow of Dice’s shit-eating grin, even as the seniors around him bitched about their loss in the fundraising challenge.

“Damn it, I *told* you Grady should’ve been washing. He has those tats chicks always dig.”

“Man, seniors have never lost to the juniors before. What the hell?”

“So close. So damn close.”

Everyone quieted down when Grady cleared his throat loudly. He sent Dice an appraising look and, ultimately, offered him his palm with a rueful smile. “We got beat fair and square, and I respect that,” Grady said as Dice shook his outstretched hand. “So, what do you guys want? We had you pay for steak dinners the last time you lost a fundraiser. And then there was that time you had to wear only body paint to the Stanford game after you lost our basketball tourney.”

Because of a job interview down in L.A., Kyle hadn’t made it to that particular game, which he heartily regretted. God, if he’d been here, he’d have known about the nipple bars *four weeks ago*. How the hell had he not seen Dice shirtless all this time?

It was a fucking travesty, that’s what it was.

“So what’ll it be?” Grady asked, stepping back and crossing his arms. “Pizza for a week? Lawn duty next month?”

Dice looked at the seated and standing juniors, who were scattered around the far area of the living room that spilled into the kitchen. He turned back to Grady, smiling widely. “Allow me to confer with my team on the momentous occasion of our win.”

Grady snorted a laugh and waved an arm. “By all means.”

As the juniors huddled on their side of the room, Kyle was torn between trying to eavesdrop from his place by the door and paying attention to what some of the other seniors were saying. He caught just a few phrases from the juniors’ side (“... laundry...” and “... shoe collection...”) before turning back to Louis, who was leaning on the other side of the doorjamb.

“Whatever they come up with can’t be that bad, right?” Louis furrowed his brow and glanced at Drew, who was seated on the arm of a raggedy leather couch.

“Dunno, man. We *did* make them clean the whole house for a month last time...” Drew chewed his thumbnail.

Grady piped up. “During the foam party, too.”

All of them cringed.

“Well, as long as they don’t put us in lace thongs like the seniors did last year,” Colin said, squirming slightly in his seat on the couch. He shot a look at Kyle. “No offense if that’s your thing, man.”

“None taken.” Kyle smirked and gave each of them the once-over. “And it’s not like being gay makes me the only candidate for that particular kink.”

He smothered a dark chuckle when he noticed Louis turn bright pink and shuffle his feet amidst the other guys’ protests.

Two loud claps sounded, and the words “All right!” filled the room.

Turning to face forward, Kyle didn’t want to waste a moment of this excuse to stare openly at Dice. He watched closely as Dice took center stage again. Dice had changed out of his wet T-shirt and now wore a black hoodie that hid those delightfully perky pierced nipples.

Bet they’re delicious.

Clearing his throat and trying not to spill heart eyes all over the room, Kyle made an effort to pay attention to what Dice was saying.

“... Tyrone here needs help with shining his completely ridiculous sneaker collection.” Dice gestured toward Tyrone, who obligingly rearranged his feet to

draw attention to the outrageous orange and purple designs on his shoes. “Mikey hasn’t done laundry in a month. Joey needs to put together something awesome for his anniversary with Ann, and he has to be in two places at once to reserve shit. Basically, we all decided we needed an extra pair of hands. So, considering this is the first and only time this year the juniors have beaten the seniors—*so far*,” Dice said with a cocky grin, “your punishment should be something unprecedented. Which is why we decided each one of you will be assigned to a junior next Saturday afternoon for four hours to help him in whatever way he wants.”

Kyle’s brows shot up.

As far as “punishments” went, it wasn’t terrible, and it sure as hell beat cleaning the house’s four bathrooms for the next month using only toothbrushes and socks. The punishment was definitely unusual, though, and he wouldn’t mind a few more details.

All around him, Kyle heard groans.

“Damn, man, can’t you at least narrow that down a little?”

“Yeah, I ain’t wearing no stinking lace thong again!”

“Wait, wait, wait, Col. How exactly do you think wearing a lace thong would *help* one of our junior brothers?”

Dice clapped his hands loudly again and held his arms up. The room slowly fell into silence. “Guys, guys, the mystery of the whole thing is part of the bet, okay?” Dice explained. “But we won’t make you do anything unless you’re willing and able. Agreed?” He turned to Grady and held his hand out.

With a glance at the seniors, who had quieted down and were now nodding, however reluctantly, Grady stepped forward and took Dice’s hand. “Agreed,” he said, shaking it. “Where and when?”

With a final shake, Dice stepped back and scanned the room. Kyle couldn’t be sure, but it seemed like Dice’s gaze lingered on him.

Jesus fuck, what’s that about? Is my Andrew Christian still showing?

Kyle peeked surreptitiously down and saw his electric purple was tastefully hidden away. By the time he looked back up, Dice was addressing the room again.

“You’ll get your assignments and instructions by Friday. All you have to know right now is to keep Saturday afternoon open.”

Keeping Saturday open meant Kyle had the rest of the week—the full Monday through Friday—to find something to do outside of his classes and chem labs.

Or *someones* to do. You know, if you wanted to get technical.

And if that meant getting to flaunt his most flattering skinny jeans in front of his unattainable Mr. Stoically Straight crush, then who was he to complain?

It wasn't like Dice had told him to stop...

Luck was on Kyle's side Monday afternoon. The house was pretty quiet, and Kyle was back for a break between his classes when he caught Dice with a bowl of cereal in the kitchen, his hair still damp from a recent shower. He knew the business school held a lot of their classes in the evening, so Dice had an unusual schedule compared to the other guys. Kyle made sure to do some deep breathing as he walked by Dice, who was seated at the sturdy kitchen table.

He loved the smell of the hibiscus rose shampoo Dice used. He'd once tried to figure out the brand, but because the label was all in Japanese, he'd struck out. Asking Dice hadn't helped, either, since he'd simply said his mom would send him packages of the stuff, so Kyle had to get his fix when he could.

"Eating something yummy?" Kyle asked, putting his hands on the back of Dice's chair as he pretended to look over his shoulder. He took a deep breath and tried to suppress his sigh at the delicately sweet floral cloud.

I have no shame. None.

"Wheaties." Dice looked up from his magazine—*Newsweek?*—and met Kyle's gaze with lifted brows.

"Wheeeeaties," Kyle sang as he moved into the kitchen. He poked his head into the fridge, pulled out an orange, then sat back at the table. As he began to peel the fruit, he watched Dice turn back to the open page of—*yup*—*Newsweek*. The sharp citrus aroma filled the air as Kyle repeated the word again, causing Dice to glance up. "Wheeeaties. Good for building up those big muscles, D.K." Kyle trailed a finger along Dice's exposed forearm, leaving a three-inch stripe of orange juice.

Dice sent him a bemused look and shifted out of reach. "Or I'm just hungry, and this is an easy way to fix that. And now you got me all sticky."

He narrowed his eyes, then lifted his arm and licked the spots of juice clean. Kyle followed the movement intently, catching the way Dice's tongue swept against his smooth, golden skin.

Kyle gave a tiny shiver. He wouldn't admit it, but he might've drooled a little.

Recovering enough to pop an orange slice into his mouth, Kyle waggled his fingers in Dice's direction. "My fingers are sticky, too. Wanna help me lick those?"

Gently batting Kyle's hand away, Dice rolled his eyes. "From the stories I've heard, there's nothing wrong with your own tongue," Dice said wryly before turning back to his cereal. "Besides, God knows where those have been in the last twenty-four hours."

Considering Kyle had spent forty minutes last night digging for his P-spot with his new toy while using up a considerable amount of the house's bandwidth, that point was admittedly valid.

"Oh c'mon, I've washed my hands since then," Kyle teased. At Dice's pointed look and wrinkled nose, Kyle huffed out a loud sigh. "Fine. I'm used to cleaning up after myself, anyway."

However, he couldn't help slipping in an obscene slurping noise or two in doing so.

The opportunity was simply too good to pass up.

Delta Sig was a pretty awesome place all around.

When Kyle's dad had mentioned he should consider rushing the same frat that had given his dad a major leg up in connections upon graduation, Kyle had been skeptical. He was gay and didn't really color inside the lines well. Why would he want to be in a frat and why would a frat want him in it?

Once he'd had a chance to get to know Delta Sig's mission and some of the guys, however, it became clear this particular frat was not at all what he'd expected. With a mission statement focusing on achievement, leadership, and integrity, Delta Sig sought out men who would make an impact on their fields, regardless of race, color, religion, or—yes—sexual orientation. The message of diversity and acceptance could've been lip service, but Kyle quickly found that being in Berkeley had its advantages, too.

Students at Cal knew what they were getting into by coming to a university famous for its radical and forward-thinking reputation. Delta Sig brothers were no different. As long as Kyle had something to bring to the table—and with his salutatorian status and chemistry savant brain that had won him youth science awards since his preteen years, he had plenty of that—the brothers of Delta Sig had welcomed him with open arms.

Platonically open arms, that is.

Alas, as much as he might get his rocks off on FratBoyFuck.com, Kyle wasn't about to muddy up the waters of brotherhood by dipping his pen(is) in the house ink. Or having someone dip theirs in his.

He'd been quite content to find his liaisons elsewhere, and his frat brothers had become family. With San Francisco just across the bay and a whole campus of out and proud hotties, there'd been more choices than he could handle, anyway. In fact, ever since Kyle had begun living in the house his junior year, he'd even brought home some of his conquests and been the recipient of a congratulatory jab of the elbow to the side the next day.

He'd been quite content, that is, until Dice came along.

Much to his dismay, the transfer student's appearance this past fall had gotten under Kyle's skin. He'd taken notice of Dice in a decidedly nonplatonic way that made Kyle want to purr and rub against him and scratch marks down Dice's back in equal measures.

Dice had commuted at first, and things had only grown worse—or better—this semester when he'd moved into the house. Kyle now had to see Dice every day. Had to smell him, hear his voice, and see those beautiful brown eyes.

And, damn it, he had to see Dice go out on dates.

It didn't happen often—Dice wasn't much of a dater, apparently—but it happened enough that Kyle gnashed his teeth whenever he caught the scent of Reaction by Kenneth Cole.

Kyle had excellent taste; of course he knew what cologne Dice was wearing. He'd silently applauded Dice for having the good sense not to Axe—Kyle had encouraged a new brother or two away from that route over the years—at the same time he'd wondered who the mysterious lady was. Kyle never found out because Dice never brought his dates home, but he couldn't help thinking those dates were lucky.

Needless to say, Kyle was frustrated.

Damn right, he was frustrated.

While the other brothers were always quick to shut Kyle's light teasing down, laughing it off with him as the silliness he'd intended it to be, Dice simply gave him that enigmatic look, never quite reacting in the way Kyle expected. There was just something about Dice...

And that something made Kyle want to nudge him just a little bit harder.

Because, with the way Dice starred in his X-rated fantasies, Kyle was abso-fucking-lutely sure that Dice was no brother of his.

Tuesday's encounter occurred in the house's entryway in the early evening. Kyle was on his way out, dressed for a gym trip that would hopefully be more than just one type of workout, when Dice came through the door with his backpack over his shoulder and a few things in his hands.

"Oomph!"

Kyle rounded the corner and ran into a wall of muscle and an oddly sharp object that poked his stomach. Squinting down, he saw it was only a teal textbook. *Business Communications*, it looked like.

"Oh! Sorry, D.K." Kyle tried to sidestep out of the spot, but he was stuck between Dice's body, the stair rail, and the entryway wall.

"No prob, but I think—yeah, I dropped something. Hang on."

Looking farther down, Kyle saw a large padded bubble mailer on the hardwood floor. "Here, let me get it."

Crouching, Kyle snagged the thick plastic envelope. As he straightened, he did a visual sweep upward of Dice's shoes (real leather, nice), jeans (dark and clean), thighs (thick), and bulge (to the right, as per usual). Kyle finally stood and met Dice's gaze, catching an eyebrow that ticked upward at that same moment.

Kyle smiled widely and balanced the parcel on Dice's stack of books. "Here you go."

"Thanks. Now, I just..." They did a brief shuffle as, his arms full, Dice tried to get past Kyle while Kyle tried to move past him toward the door. Finally, they were able to switch spots, but not before Kyle managed to get another whiff of hibiscus rose.

“You’re welcome,” Kyle said, his hand on the doorknob. “It was a pleasure handling your package.”

Dice shot him a quick look, and Kyle offered up another grin before slipping out the door.

As he stood on the front stoop, Kyle adjusted his own package inside his running shorts. They were tight and made his ass look downright edible, as he’d discovered from experience over the years.

That was a good thing because, with thoughts of handling Dice’s package filling his head, Kyle needed to find a “workout” partner, stat.

Wednesdays and Saturdays were Pride Night at The Forum, Kyle’s favorite lounge. Sure, he had a favorite gay dance club, too, but The Forum was something special.

First of all, the place was low-key without being scrubby. The lights were low, and the eclectic pop-slash-R&B-slash-alternative music the DJ played wasn’t too loud. The lounge was a little off the beaten path, and you had to go through a seemingly abandoned toy shop to find the entrance. He’d always found that part fun. On top of all that, the place offered great nonalcoholic drink options in addition to their impressive regular menu.

Kyle was that rare clubgoer who didn’t get down with the alcohol. He knew what it did to the body chemically, and that just wasn’t something he signed up for. Besides, he liked to know exactly what he was doing.

Or whom he was fucking, to be more accurate.

He’d had a good—*ahem*—workout the evening before at the gym with a blond god whose ass you could bounce quarters off. They’d exchanged blowies in the shower, and it’d been quick, wet fun. He was ready for some Wednesday night action, though, and his friend Kevin, who was coming in from the City, was always a great wingman.

After dabbing on some Armani Code, Kyle finished getting ready in the tiny attic nook he called home. The Delta Sig house was a decent size with six bedrooms, but there were also nearly a dozen brothers living there. Most of them had to share rooms, so Kyle considered himself lucky to have drawn the straw for the attic space. While it didn’t offer the most headroom—even at five foot ten, he had to be careful not to brain himself on a rafter—it was private.

And it was his.

Kyle shut his door and descended the compact spiral metal staircase, taking care with the tricky last step. It wouldn't do him any good to face plant before the night began.

In the kitchen, he grabbed a glass of water and saw a few of the guys sitting in the living room, watching a sports game on TV. Dice was there, but he seemed more glued to his phone than the action on the screen.

Kyle took a sip of his water and watched from the doorway. "Hey, guys, what's the score?"

"Warriors leading OKC by ten in the third quarter," Phil said absently, naming the local professional team. Kyle's dad had taken him to a Warriors game when he'd been in San Francisco for a work conference last year. Phil glanced over from his spot on the couch. "You heading out?"

"Yeah, gonna check out The Forum."

"Lucky!" Joey grumbled from his spot in the large armchair by the window. "Got a ten pager due tomorrow or else I'd be over at Ann's for some private tutoring." He gave them an exaggerated wink and leer.

Louis rolled his eyes from his spot on the floor, where he sat with his back against the couch. "More like she'd be tutoring you, dumbass." Phil leaned forward to give Louis a high five, and Joey scowled. When Louis looked up at Kyle, he gave him a friendly smile. "Have fun. You look great."

"Thanks, Lou," Kyle said, flashing a quick grin before vogueing a few poses. "Let's just hope there's a hot guy who can handle all of this greatness."

It was then that Kyle noticed Dice was dressed to go out in jeans and a black polo, unlike the others, who were in various states of sweats, shorts, and hoodies. Dice was across the room, so no trace of Reaction by Kenneth Cole... yet. Even so, Kyle tried to ignore the flutter of jealousy that arose at the idea of a possible date.

After downing the rest of his water, Kyle set the glass in the sink and got ready to leave. "All right, I'm heading out," he said to nobody in particular, straightening the cuff on his velvet navy blazer as he made his way through the living room. The guys mumbled their farewells, ducking their heads around his passing body in their efforts to watch the game. As he walked by Dice, Kenneth Cole didn't make an appearance, and Kyle did a little victory dance inside. "Don't wait up," he called from the foyer.

When he turned to shut the door, he caught Dice's eye. "But you can wait up if you want to," Kyle murmured under his breath, doubtful Dice would even hear. Dice only lifted his brows quizzically and turned back to his cell phone, leaving Kyle to seek his pleasure elsewhere.

"*Shhhhh*... the guys might be asleep."

"It's just—I've never been in a frat house. Not even for a party," Kevin whispered, his eyes wide.

It was almost one in the morning, and they'd both found their own mutually satisfying—if fleeting—encounters in the alley beside The Forum. Kevin would've been cutting it close if he'd tried to catch BART at this hour, so Kyle had convinced him to stay over. It hadn't been difficult since tomorrow Kevin would've had to make the commute from San Francisco to Oakland for work, anyway.

Kyle let them into the house and quietly shut the door. The entryway light was on, but nobody was in the living room. "It's not that different from anything else."

"Yeah, but it reminds me of the beginning of a porno. I can practically feel the testosterone seeping into my pores," Kevin said softly, a note of excitement in his voice not quite smothered by his hushed tone. "Isn't some hot guy supposed to walk out of the kitchen right now and demand I get down on my knees?"

Kyle rolled his eyes and was about to make a snarky remark when there was the sound of the refrigerator door closing. His lips were still parted on that comment as Dice came into view, carrying half of a deli sandwich and wearing a tight white muscle shirt through which Kyle could see Dice's nipple bars now that he knew to look for them.

"Fenton," Dice said as he slowly walked through the darkened living room. He looked past Kyle, and his eyes narrowed. His gaze shifted back to Kyle, his expression unreadable. "I'd ask if you had a good evening, but it looks like it's not over yet."

Kyle's brows shot up, and his mouth snapped shut. He watched as Dice started up the stairs. "What? No—I—wait—"

"Uh, hi, I'm Kevin," Kevin was saying, giving Dice a smile and a little wave as he passed them. "This isn't what it looks like..."

“Just keep it down, okay?” Dice said, pausing halfway up. His gaze landed on Kevin once more before locking with Kyle’s. “In case you weren’t aware, Sam’s and my room is right under yours, y’know.”

Before Kyle knew it, Dice disappeared up the stairs and around the corner.

A light shove to his shoulder broke Kyle out of his stupor. “Huh, what?”

“Kyle,” Kevin hissed. “If I wasn’t here, that porno *would have been a reality.*”

Giving Kevin a look, Kyle shook his head out of its unexpected-encounter-with-Dice daze. “What are you talking about?”

“I’m *saying* that he would’ve had you on your knees right the fuck now if you were alone.”

“*What?* Don’t be stupid, Kev,” Kyle said. “Dice is so fucking straight; he dates girls all the time. Trust me on that.”

“Uhhh, that may be true,” Kevin said slowly. “But my gaydar says otherwise, and he nearly scorched me with that look he sent my way. If looks could kill, girlfriend, I’d be six feet under.”

“Yeah, right. Now I *know* you’ve had one too many cosmos,” Kyle said with a grin and a nudge. He ushered Kevin upstairs and in the direction of the bathroom so they could get ready for bed. “C’mon, time for bed, old man.” Kyle handed him a towel and an extra toothbrush from his shelf in the linen closet.

Kevin lifted his finger imperiously. “Hey now! I’ll have you know I’m only fourteen months older than you. *Hardly* an old man.” Kevin cleared his throat loudly and stepped into the bathroom. “That doesn’t mean, however, that I won’t take primping duty first. Age before beauty and all,” he said with a cheeky grin as he shut the door in Kyle’s face.

Chuckling under his breath, Kyle went down the hall toward his spiral staircase, glancing at Dice’s shut door on the way. Shaking his head at Kevin’s outrageous theory about Dice, pornos, and gaydar, Kyle climbed the stairs.

He couldn’t help wondering, however, just how fucking different life would be if he really did have a shot with Dice.

On Thursday evening, Kyle slung his messenger bag over his shoulder and went into the kitchen for his water bottle and a snack. After tucking away his

water and fastening the clasp, he walked into the living room with an apple in hand. It was his lucky day—*evening?*—because Dice and Louis were there, watching some TV.

Dice glanced up when Kyle entered the room. “Wow, you’re packing quite a load.” In the large armchair, Dice took a bite of his omelet and eyed Kyle’s stuffed messenger bag.

And, oh, sometimes he just makes it too easy.

“Oh, this is nothing compared to my usual,” Kyle said with a waggle of his eyebrows. He deliberately trailed his hand across his hip and grinned. That got him yet another eye roll from Dice and a snort from Louis, who was sitting on the couch and watching some singing reality show.

“Late night tonight?” Lou pulled a handful out of his bag of microwave popcorn.

“Oh yeah. Long hours of chemical reactions and covalent bonds,” Kyle said suggestively, winking as he tried not to laugh at the description of his lab work. “Things might just get explosive.”

“Sounds messy.” Dice’s tone was unreadable, and a close look at his face revealed nothing more than his usual cryptic expression.

“If I’m lucky.” Kyle gave him a wide grin and took a bite of the apple in his hand. “Well, I’d better jet, but you boys have a good evening. Think of me if you have some fun.” He caught Dice’s gaze and arched a brow.

Nothing. It’s like he’s made of stone, damn it.

At this point, Kyle was resigned to such a nonresponse, but he figured it was better than an outright “no.” And, hell, even the idea of Dice thinking of *him* when he was having fun was enough to fuel a midnight jerk or two.

Honestly, he’d take what he could get.

Until finally, he got a reaction on Friday.

Kyle was just coming down from his tower to head to class when Dice’s words stopped him in his tracks.

“Jesus Christ, Fenton, what the hell do you keep dropping up there, anyway? *Anal beads?*”

The hallway, busy with the guys getting ready for their afternoon classes or activities, went dead silent, and Dice flushed red when the ramifications of what he'd said came to the fore.

Grady, who was coming out of the steamy bathroom, cleared his throat loudly. "Dice... this is an inclusive house—"

"It's okay," Kyle said quickly before turning to Dice, who still wore a blush on his cheeks. Kyle tried to hide his glee that he'd finally gotten a rise out of him. "I'm a chem major, and we do a lot of modeling. I was just going over some structures before today's quiz in my Chem 140 lab."

"There! See, chem major. Everyone knows that about Fenton," Colin said, his relief clearly evident. "Now, can we get back to what we were doing? Some of us have class in twelve minutes."

Shit, he's right. Gotta book it, but first...

As the guys resumed their activity, Kyle stopped Dice with a hand on his toned forearm. In response to Dice's inquisitive look, Kyle's eyes crinkled on a mischievous grin. "Besides, I take *much* better care of my toy box than that."

With a last squeeze to Dice's arm, Kyle winked and slipped around the corner to dash down the stairs to class.

He wore his own shit-eating grin the entire way there.

The note was short and typed on a sheet of standard white paper, folded in half.

To fulfill the bet from the Delta Sig fundraising challenge, go to your room at 2PM on Saturday. Take a shower first.

Kyle found it on his mail stack when he got home Friday night from class.

Yes, Friday evening classes sucked big time. However, beggars couldn't be choosers, and he was just happy they'd finally offered this Quantum Mechanics and Spectroscopy course during his time at Cal. The last time it'd been available, he hadn't had the prereqs done yet. The class was awesome, but challenging, and combined with the quiz he'd had in O. Chem, his brain was a little fried.

Kyle reread the note and then looked around. Nobody was there, so he took a peek at Grady's mail slot, which was right below his.

Yep, another folded piece of paper.

Shrugging, Kyle slipped the page into the pocket of his messenger bag and headed up to his room. There was nothing he could do about it, so might as well find a way to relax and enjoy his night.

Pausing on the first landing, Kyle glanced at Dice's room, and an evil grin spread across his face. He took the stairs up to the attic with renewed vigor, reminded of this morning's confrontation—and that he had a toy box full of treasures awaiting him.

Kyle tugged down the hem of his gray tank and ran a towel over his damp hair once more. The instructions were simple and vague, so on Saturday at half past one, he had gone downstairs to shower in one of the house's four bathrooms. While he'd soaped up, he'd speculated idly on what his extra set of hands would accomplish today.

And why the showering?

Maybe someone needs me to escort their mom to tea. Or take their sister shopping. Who knows?

Shrugging it off, Kyle decided not to waste energy on something he couldn't predict. At five till two, he pushed the door to his attic room open and paused on the threshold.

In the center of his small green area rug, where he definitely had *not* left it when he'd gone downstairs to shower, was the slipcovered folding chair he used as a desk chair—minus the slipcover. Because they were usually covered, the chair's wooden slats were in good condition, the pale birch smooth and solid. It faced away from the door, leaving anyone sitting there vulnerable with his back to the room's entrance. Kyle stepped inside and shut the door. Walking closer, he saw a note and a length of black cloth on the seat.

Another note? What are we, the Hardy Boys?

Picking it up, Kyle unfolded it and read. His eyebrows shot up like rockets.

Sit down and put the blindfold on. —Secret Admirer

What the...?

Kyle looked around, but it was easy to see in the cramped space that his room was empty.

A “Secret Admirer,” though? Among the juniors of Delta Sig?

His heart started racing the second he considered it could be Dice. But no, Dice was straight as an arrow... wasn't he? If Lou weren't a senior, Kyle might've considered him since Lou had always given off a vibe, but no... maybe Chris? Tyrone?

Well, ruminating on it was pointless. Flattering though it might be to have a secret admirer here at Delta Sig, he just couldn't bring himself to feel that way for his other fraternity brothers. They were—they were *family*.

Except Dice, of course, but Kyle wouldn't get his hopes up.

He remembered distantly the promise Dice had made that the seniors would only be subjected to a punishment they were “willing and able” to fulfill. Considering the apprehension he felt about the whole thing, Kyle was pretty sure he could excuse himself from it all without consequences.

Hopefully, whoever it was wouldn't take it too hard or be offended.

After setting aside the cryptic note on his desk, Kyle picked up the black cloth and sat down on the chair. He eyed the blindfold a moment, then figured... well, he could always just wear the thing and not disappoint his secret admirer right off the bat.

Slipping the black cloth over his eyes, Kyle tied the two ends snugly behind his head. Whoever had picked it out knew what he was doing; the thick material didn't let in a ray of light from the set of dormer windows on the far wall.

Settling into the chair, Kyle let his senses wander. He could hear leaves rustling from the tree outside the windows, and the faint woody smell of his own shower gel drifted on the air.

Kyle leaned back and, superfluously, closed his eyes behind the blindfold.

Now, all he had to do was wait.

He didn't have to wait long.

Kyle didn't often have visitors come up to his tower—at least, nobody who wasn't already accompanying him or who wasn't simultaneously pawing off his clothes—so the sound of footsteps on the metal stairs behind him drew his attention immediately. He sat up straighter, straining to hear any other clues, as he counted the number of steps.

... *Twelve, thirteen, fourteen.*

The distinct treads—audible, but soft, like the person wasn't wearing shoes—paused at the top outside the door. Despite his prediction nothing would come out of this encounter, Kyle couldn't help the curiosity burning inside him to know who exactly stood on the other side. He gripped the sides of the chair seat and waited.

There was a perfunctory knock before his mysterious caller turned the knob and pushed open the door with a soft squeak of the hinge.

Snorting under his breath, Kyle tilted his head to the side to snark over his shoulder. "Just couldn't wait for me to actually *invite* you in, huh?"

The footsteps paused, then the door clicked shut.

"And here I thought, after what you've been telling me the last few weeks, I wouldn't need an invitation at all."

Kyle's heart stopped.

He would've sworn he felt it skip several beats before it finally remembered how to work again and began to pump triple-time.

That voice?

He *knew* that voice. But...

The thought was washed away at that moment when the definitely *nonstranger* came to a stop behind Kyle, gripped the chairback, and leaned forward, bringing with him a faint aroma of hibiscus rose and—*am I imagining this?*—Reaction by Kenneth Cole.

"Do you know who I am, Kyle?"

And dear God.

Behind the blindfold, Kyle shut his eyes, inexplicably turned on by the sound of his name on Dice's lips. There'd been another Kyle at Delta Sig in the class before his, so he'd always gone by "Fenton" around the house. But now...

The next words came from much closer. Dice's breath was a soft puff against Kyle's ear that made him shiver.

"Do you?"

Clearing his throat, Kyle tried to get his voice box to work after the shocker that was *Dice Keto*, in his room, identified as his *Secret Admirer*. The surprises just never stopped.

“Yeah. Yes.” Kyle swallowed past his dry throat. His pulse was hammering, and his cock was in a state of semi-arousal, not convinced this was actually happening, but pretty sure it wanted to come along for whatever ride they were on.

Kyle spoke up. “D.K. Daisuke. Dice.”

Dice chuckled softly, and there was a rustling of clothes as he straightened. From where he held the chair, the warmth of his fingers still pressed against Kyle’s back through his tank top. “Yes, you’re right. Of course you’re right—you’re very smart.”

Kyle’s lips twitched up. Yeah, he was, but most people not in his field wouldn’t know it.

“And do you know why you’re here?”

A smile spread across Kyle’s face, and his voice held a playful note. “Because you have a crush on me.” He was giddy at the very thought of it.

Dice snorted a short laugh. “Also true. But it’s been secret—very secret—and I’ve had to watch you prance around with your dates and hookups for months. Do you know how that feels, Kyle?”

Kyle’s breath caught, and he thought of how he’d felt all those times when Dice went on his own mysterious Reaction-by-Kenneth-Cole outings. “I—I didn’t know. Why didn’t you say something?”

“When it looked like you were bent on fucking your way through Berkeley? What good would it have done?”

“I would’ve stopped. For you,” Kyle said softly. He felt vulnerable and exposed—and not just because he was blindfolded with Dice standing over him. His usual encounters were all physical; emotions just weren’t something he’d dealt with much in the past.

There was a long silence, and Kyle wasn’t sure if Dice had heard him. Just when he was about to backpedal, Dice spoke up.

“Would you still?”

Kyle’s pulse picked up again—*Jesus Christ, this can’t be good for my heart!*—and he nodded fervently. “Yes. Absolutely. I—I didn’t even know that was on the table.”

Dice moved to stand in front of him, and Kyle felt Dice’s legs brush against his knees. He spread his legs wider, giving Dice more room to get closer.

Please get closer.

“I didn’t know if you’d be interested,” Dice said finally. “This was the only way I could think of to get your attention away from your cloud of chem classes and club hookups.”

Warm fingers slid under Kyle’s palm, lifting his hand from the seat. Kyle thrilled at the skin-to-skin touch, loving how that little contact could arouse him so much more than the perfunctory hookups he’d indulged in all these times. Dice laced their fingers together and gave him a light squeeze.

“Well, you have my attention now,” Kyle said. “Can I—can I finally lose the blindfold?”

Kyle wanted to see Dice. He wanted to see, touch, and taste, actually.

Dice hummed thoughtfully. “I think...” he said slowly, one of his fingers rubbing against the back of Kyle’s hand. “I think not. We still have the issue of your fundraiser bet, y’know. As long as you’re willing and able to fulfill the punishment, I thought we could have a little fun...” Dice’s voice trailed off.

Kyle’s skin flushed hot, and his imagination leapt to a thousand illicit places.

Fun with Dice? Sign me the fuck up!

“I’m willing and able!” Kyle said quickly. He thought for a moment before adding, “My safe word is ‘ionic bond.’”

Dice let out a sudden laugh. “What?” he asked, his tone surprised. “I’m pretty sure you won’t need that, but thank you. That’s... reassuring.”

Kyle was disappointed when Dice released his hand at that moment. There was another rustling and a brief waft of Reaction before Dice returned to his place between Kyle’s parted legs.

Then Dice took both of Kyle’s hands and placed them on his bare skin.

Oh my God.

Warmth. Smoothness. Firm muscle underneath.

Kyle’s fingers tightened reflexively, and Dice held his hands in place.

“We did say last weekend that each of us juniors needed an extra set of hands, and I seem to have this problem, actually,” Dice said in a low voice. “There’s this guy I really like—you could say I’m a secret admirer of his—and he keeps flaunting all of his conquests and flirting with me. I didn’t really know

what to make of it, since I'd never been into guys before, but I was damn horny all the time. Maybe you could show me exactly what it is this guy... what *you* wanted."

Kyle swallowed thickly, and his mind raced at the possibilities. This was Dice—*Dice*—at his very fingertips. His cock jerked to life in his sweatpants, obviously wanting a part of this action.

But, oh God, Dice had never been with a guy before. This? This was charting new waters, and Kyle felt inordinately proud of being the one to navigate them for Dice.

Dice deserved only honesty, and Kyle was ready to give it to him.

When Dice's hands fell away, Kyle kept his hold on him. Pulling him even closer, Kyle slowly spread his fingers wide, feeling his way along Dice's torso.

"This. This is what I wanted," Kyle said, his voice rough. "I wanted to touch you so bad. I still do. God, you, your skin, your everything—you're beautiful. And when I saw *these* last weekend, I got hard so fast, I think I got light-headed."

Kyle reached Dice's pecs, and his fingers brushed the bars piercing Dice's nipples. Dice's gasp was sharp, carrying with it arousal, surprise, and desire. Sweeping his thumbs over the metal-pierced nubs, Kyle rubbed softly and felt them tighten into stiff peaks.

"I want to put my mouth on them. I want to put my mouth on all of you. And I want your mouth on me, *everywhere*, and oh God, I'm so fucking hard right now," Kyle admitted breathlessly, squirming for a moment.

Dice moved back, breaking Kyle's hold, and Kyle's fear he'd gone too far, too fast, sent a wave of ice through his veins.

"I'm sorry, I—*mmph*."

Suddenly, Dice's mouth was on his.

Dice pressed his lips, surprisingly supple and not at all chapped, to Kyle's, and his fingers gripped Kyle's chin, causing the short stubble to prickle. Kyle rebounded quickly and lifted his own hands to cradle Dice's jawline, which was shaved smooth.

He was kissing Dice. Better yet, Dice was kissing *him*.

And it was fucking fantastic.

After maneuvering Kyle's legs closed, Dice sat, straddling Kyle's thighs and—*Jesus fucking Christ*—bringing his hard bulge within immediate proximity of Kyle's own stiff cock. When Dice pressed against him, Kyle moaned softly into Dice's mouth. Kyle shifted his hands, reaching down again to thumb softly at the nipple bars that had haunted his fantasies throughout the last week.

When Dice gasped, Kyle took the opportunity to explore Dice further. Dice's tongue met his, and Kyle didn't think twice before stroking it and sucking it into his own mouth.

Dice mumbled something against his lips and moved his hands from Kyle's face to caress his back.

"Huh?" Kyle's attention had definitely been elsewhere.

Dice cleared his throat before speaking again. "Do you care about this shirt?"

Kyle needed a moment to remember what shirt he was actually wearing. "Uh, no... it was part of a six pack, actually—"

Dice grabbed the neckline and ripped.

As the shirt tore down the center, the cool springtime air touched Kyle's newly revealed skin. He shivered, both from the sudden exposure and the sheer need that raced through him at Dice's show of strength.

"You could've asked me to take it off." Kyle's teasing smile slid off his face when Dice's lips began to nibble down his neck. "Unnnngh. Good. It's good."

"Yeah," Dice murmured against his skin, his voice slightly breathless as he helped Kyle out of the ruined tank top. "I've never done that before. It was pretty awesome."

Dice's hands on his bare skin hit Kyle's senses like a rocket.

The light touch to his body, combined with the unexpected little pinches to his own nipples, had Kyle squirming in his seat and gripping Dice's shoulders. Kyle wasn't a full-body waxer—he believed in keeping things tidy and impeccably groomed, but didn't get rid of all of it. As Dice explored the dusting of hair on his chest, smoothing his fingers along Kyle's pecs and down his fuzzy abdomen, Kyle whimpered softly at his touch.

If he wasn't careful, he'd come in his pants from Prolonged Dice Exposure.

“It’s so soft,” Dice said, a note of curiosity and wonder in his voice. Given Kyle’s earlier explorations, he was reasonably confident Dice’s own chest was smooth.

Kyle cleared his throat, but his voice came out somewhat ragged nonetheless. “A little different from what you’re used to, huh?” He couldn’t help thinking of Dice’s *female* dates. The train of thought cut off abruptly when Dice shifted back to lick at Kyle’s right nipple.

“Mmph.” Dice grunted and moved to the left one. “Different, yeah, but I could get used to this. Definitely.”

Kyle’s head tilted back, and he tried to breathe through his sharp arousal. It didn’t help much that all he smelled was Dice’s distinct shampoo and the recognizable scent of masculine sweat and precome. His cock was about to pierce a hole through his sweats, and Dice’s hardness, which now rubbed along Kyle’s thigh, seemed to be in the same state.

He’d have reached for Dice’s cock by now, but he still knew, in the back of his mind, that this was all new to Dice. It’d be at Dice’s pace, and if that pace meant death by blue balls while they lingered at second base, then so be it.

Dice straightened and pressed a kiss to his lips. Without warning, Dice’s fingers were on the blindfold, and he pulled it off, leaving Kyle to blink rapidly at the sudden influx of light searing his retinas.

“Uh... what...?”

“I changed my mind about the blindfold,” Dice said. “I decided I want you to watch me.”

“Watch you...?” Kyle squinted against the afternoon sun as Dice—*Dice!* *With his thick black hair, smooth golden skin, and fucking nipple bars! I have actual, visual proof!*—slid off Kyle’s lap to kneel between his knees.

“Yeah, I want you to watch so you can tell me if I’m doing it right. Y’know, since I’ve never done this before or anything.” Dice hooked his fingers into Kyle’s waistband and began to tug his sweats and boxer briefs down.

Kyle lifted his hips automatically, even as his brain tried to get back online with the fact that Dice was taking his fucking pants off and shoving them to his ankles. “You—uh, we don’t have to do anything else, you know. I know this is a lot alr—*unnnnngh.*”

Dice curled his hand around the base of Kyle’s cock, and, with his vision finally returned, Kyle could just stare.

“Didn’t you say you wanted my mouth on you?” Dice said with a sly look.

Kyle nodded, helpless to do anything but watch.

After a visible swallow that caused his Adam’s apple to bob, Dice glanced up to meet Kyle’s gaze and leaned in. Ducking his head at the last moment, Dice took the crown of Kyle’s cut cock into his mouth.

His hot, wet mouth.

“*Fuuuuuuuuuuuuck.*”

Kyle’s lids dropped to half-mast, and he tried not to buck up into that slick heat. Dice sucked his cockhead a moment more before pulling back up.

“Hrmm. Different,” Dice said, licking his lips. He looked between Kyle’s cock and the expression on his face, which Kyle was sure was borderline worshipful. Dice cocked an eyebrow and gave him a wicked look. “I think I should try that again.”

Dice bent forward and licked along Kyle’s cock, his tongue sliding up the length and catching under the head.

“Fuck yeah,” Kyle breathed, reaching for Dice’s broad shoulders.

“Is this okay?” Dice murmured, his lips brushing across the tightly stretched skin of Kyle’s dick.

“So okay,” Kyle said, glued to the sight of Dice nuzzling his cock. *Holy fuck.* “I’m going to fucking come any minute, Dice.”

“Yeah?” Dice said, his smile pleased and a little smug. He sucked Kyle into his mouth once more, lavishing the crown with spit and causing Kyle to bite back a sudden cry of pleasure. When Dice pulled off, he glanced up again. “What... what should I do for that to happen?”

As he caught his breath, Kyle debated. *Well, here goes nothing.* “You—you could maybe play with other stuff. Down there.” Kyle swallowed hard and figured *fuck it.* “My balls... or my ass.”

“Of course,” Dice said softly, almost to himself. He switched hands at the base of Kyle’s cock and leaned forward, taking the head into his mouth and sucking. His other hand came up to massage Kyle’s balls, and holy fuck it felt sublime.

“Oh God, yes. Fuck yes. Keep fucking... keep doing that, Dice...” Kyle’s gut clenched, and his orgasm was so fucking close. “I’m gonna fucking come soon, Jesus Christ.”

Dice released Kyle's cock with a slick *pop* and ducked his head to mouth at Kyle's sac, his hand pumping Kyle's stiff length while his spit provided the lubrication. He took one ball, then the other, into his mouth, and that was fucking it.

Kyle was done.

"Unnnngh. Unngh. Fucking... fucking coming..."

Kyle's groans were primal as his orgasm shook his body. He tried to keep his eyes open to watch Dice, but all he saw was that first shot of come striping across Dice's hair and that was a fucking turn on in itself. Kyle squeezed his eyes shut as his cock jerked one more time, happy and sated.

Kyle's eyes flew open when Dice licked the sensitive head. At his look, Dice's tongue darted out to wet his lips, and he shrugged.

"I was curious."

With a growl, Kyle reached for Dice and pulled him forward. He kissed him hard, tasting himself on Dice's tongue when he slid his own past Dice's lips. Dice's groan had Kyle tongue-fucking into his mouth, loving every little gasp and noise Dice made.

"Curious," Kyle repeated against Dice's lips. "Curious enough to make me fucking come."

"Yeah," Dice said, his shit-eating grin firmly in place. "That was all me."

Kyle kissed that grin off his lips one last time before pushing Dice back. "Stand up. It's fucking my turn."

Dice's expression lit up, and he straightened as Kyle shoved the wooden chair back with a clatter. He fell to his knees and inched forward, grateful for the slight cushioning the area rug provided.

Dice's bulge was tenting the front of his navy sweatpants. With a glance up, Kyle caught the excited look in Dice's eyes. Kyle's lips curled up at the corner, and he pulled Dice's pants and boxers down his muscular thighs.

And holy shit. Dice's cock was fucking thick. Not remarkably long or anything, but Kyle's hand could barely make its way around the girth. He was cut and just... *thick*. His slit was gleaming with precome, the flared head jutting out and distinct.

Unnnnnngh. That'll feel good going in.

Kyle's muscles clenched in anticipation.

Scolding himself for getting distracted, Kyle took a deep breath. He loved the smell of Dice's everything, apparently, because the musky richness of his cock made Kyle salivate.

Deciding to put that spit to good use, Kyle leaned forward and took Dice's cock into his mouth, swallowing around it and not once stopping until his nose pressed up against Dice's dark pubes.

Dice's cock in his mouth felt fucking good.

Dice let out a strangled noise, and his hands hovered in Kyle's peripheral vision. Reaching up, Kyle grabbed Dice's hands and placed them on either side of his head. Dice got the message and held on, freeing Kyle to steady himself with hands on either side of Dice's hips. He extended his tongue to lick what he could and caught the crevice between Dice's balls and cock.

Kyle pulled back with a gasp, a string of spit trailing from his mouth. "You good?"

"Yeah."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah." Dice grinned at him. "Better when I had my cock in your mouth, actually."

Kyle snorted. "Bastard," he said with a smile, then leaned in to suck Dice back into his mouth—where he belonged.

Bobbing his head on the thick crown, Kyle reached for Dice's balls and massaged them gently. When he deep-throated him again, Dice gripped his hair and jerked his hips forward. Glancing up, Kyle saw Dice wince.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to..."

Kyle had an idea.

And it made him fucking horny.

After pulling off Dice's cock, he licked his lips. "It's okay. Go on. Fuck my face." At Dice's shocked look, Kyle grinned. "I'm a big boy. I can handle it."

Kyle positioned his open mouth at Dice's shiny, blunt head and looked up expectantly. "I'm waiting..."

Dice gave a carnal growl and pushed his cock past Kyle's parted lips. "You're such a fucking brat, you know that? *Mmmmm*... But damn do you feel good."

When Dice began to stroke in and out, filling Kyle's mouth and breaching his throat, Kyle watched Dice's face, loving the expressions of ecstasy flitting across it and loving even more the fact that he'd put them there. A cloud of Dice surrounded his senses: taste, touch, scent, sound, and sight.

Everything was Dice, and it was fucking amazing.

"God, Kyle." Dice's voice was low, rough with need. "God... that's it. Fucking take it. I'm going to come right down your throat."

With no other way to respond, Kyle nodded almost imperceptibly, hoping Dice would feel it. Dice's lips parted, his gaze going dark with heat. "Yeah," he whispered harshly, fucking into Kyle's mouth with purposeful thrusts. "Yeah... almost... oh God."

On the next push, Kyle sealed his mouth around Dice's shaft. Dice held his hips in place and gave a guttural groan, his cock jerking in Kyle's mouth. Hot liquid pooled at the back of his throat, and Kyle swallowed it all down, taking as much of Dice as he could into him.

When Dice pulled back with a shaky breath, Kyle was saddened to lose that deliciously heavy weight against his tongue.

His disappointment didn't last long, though, because Dice reached under his arms to lift him up into his embrace. With an unexpectedly gentle touch, Dice brushed the hair back from Kyle's forehead.

"Now I'm thinking I'm an idiot for not saying anything sooner," Dice said, a smile playing on his lips.

Kyle's smile in response was teasing. "So many missed opportunities, Dice Keto. And by opportunities I mean orgasms."

Dice snorted a laugh and leaned in for a kiss.

Mmmm. Kissing Dice. I could get used to this.

When they parted, Dice spoke up again. "Well, now that I know what it's all about, we'll have to make up for lost time."

"Oh, that's hardly what it's *all* about."

"Oh?"

At Dice's raised brows, Kyle grinned wickedly. "I mean, I *do* have an entire toy box to play with..."

The rest of the afternoon wouldn't be a remake of *Boys in Toyland*, unfortunately. Their cuddle time, though, was right up there with Kyle's fantasies.

After a little clean-up—Dice might've still had Kyle's come in his hair, and Kyle was indescribably pleased about that—they found their way under the covers of the full-sized bed in Kyle's room. It was a tight squeeze for two grown men, but a full mattress was the biggest that'd fit going up the spiral staircase.

Besides, Kyle appreciated the excuse to huddle closer. He smirked at Dice when Dice grabbed his hip and pulled him forward.

Naked cuddling was the best.

Kyle glanced down to watch his finger as he traced a line along Dice's pec to one of his nipple bars. He looked back up and caught Dice's gaze. "So... like, what? Are you gay?"

Dice said nothing for a moment and watched Kyle with his warm brown eyes. Finally, Dice pressed his hand over Kyle's wandering finger, holding it there against his chest. "I don't know. Other guys do nothing for me, but you... you do everything."

A flush of pleasure spread through Kyle, and he grinned at Dice. "I *am* pretty awesome."

"Y'know, I got so jealous when you paraded your awesomeness around and it wasn't for me." Dice's scowl was playful, but Kyle could tell it held a note of truth. "It was for... other guys."

Kyle swallowed thickly, his smile falling from his lips. He searched Dice's gaze, hoping his expression conveyed his sincerity. "I meant what I said, you know. If you'd asked me to stop, I would've. And... actually, it was for you, too." Kyle's lips quirked up at his admission.

"You mean that? Still?"

"What do you mean 'still?'" Kyle asked, his brows shooting up. "I meant it before, and I mean it now. I didn't think I had a shot with you, but that didn't stop me from egging you on, anyway. Not my fault you didn't say anything before."

"No, that's all on me." Dice smiled ruefully.

"Yep, all on you." Kyle smiled back, softening the words. His look turned mischievous, and he stretched languorously, not missing how Dice's gaze

followed the movement of his torso. “Of course, if I do stop going out like that, you’ll have to keep me in the manner to which I’m accustomed.”

Dice let out a bark of laughter. “Oh, is that so?”

“Absolutely,” Kyle confirmed, making no attempt to keep his enormous crush from shining out through his gaze.

“And what would that involve?”

“Ohhhhh, I don’t know,” Kyle said slowly. He shifted until he was facing the same direction as Dice and scooted back a smidge. “A little cuddle time.”

“Oh yeah?” Dice hooked his arm around Kyle’s waist.

“A lottttttt of cuddle time. And *other* times.”

Dice snorted a laugh, and Kyle grinned. Dice’s hand was warm against his belly, and it felt *awesome*.

“I can’t wait until I get to be your first,” Kyle said smugly, nestling into Dice’s arms and arching his back for good measure. The thick bulge that pressed against his ass cheek was oddly comforting.

Dice growled low. “As long as we’re both each other’s last for a long time to come,” he said, giving Kyle’s ear a sharp nip in emphasis.

Kyle yelped at the bite, but it was mainly for effect. He hummed under his breath encouragingly when Dice soothed him with a soft suck to his lobe.

“We will be. I meant what I said, Dice Keto. I’m not going anywhere.”

Dice hugged him close, and his voice held a possessive note that sent a shiver of pleasure down Kyle’s spine. “Neither am I, Kyle Fenton. Neither am I.”

Kyle grinned to himself.

Not even in his most farfetched dreams had he imagined this would happen, but he was ready. Oh, he was *so* ready.

The End

Author Bio

Nico Jaye is a fan of all things HEA and has dragged her romance collection along for her moves from San Francisco to Los Angeles to Chicago to New York and back. She thinks reading is awesome and loves that she can hang out night after night with crinoline-wearing debutantes, brawny firemen in suspenders, and werewolf shifters with Scottish brogues. Her favorite stories are those that marry smut and fluff (a.k.a. smuff) into a gooey ball of HEA and fuzzies.

An overall feline enthusiast, Nico secretly (or not so secretly?) adores Hello Kitty, cat GIFs, spontaneous traveling, pretending to be crafty, emoticons, hot menfolk, and parenthetical statements (not necessarily in that order). After starting as the pitcher for Team Awesome (literally) and visiting places like South Africa, Oman, and Fiji, Nico discovered that letting the boys in her head tell her where they want to go could actually be the most exciting journey of all.

If you'd like to read more by Nico Jaye, then please feel free to check out her website for online freebies and additional information about other publications. Happy reading!

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