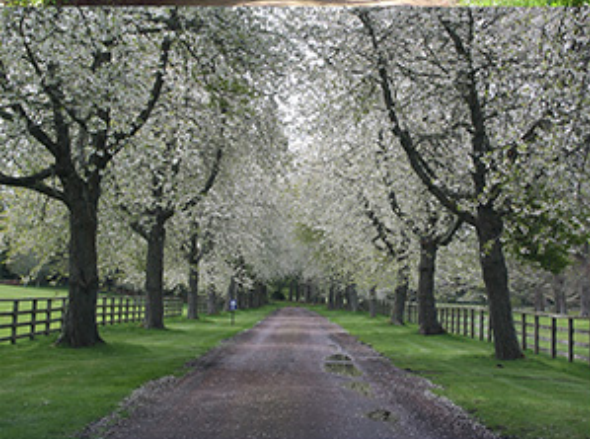


LOVE IS AN OPEN ROAD



Don't Read in the Closet 2015

FALLING FOR HIM

Sara York

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Love is an Open Road

An M/M Romance series

FALLING FOR HIM

By Sara York

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 very slender, well-toned young man poses in front of a dark-blue background. The photo depicts his torso from shoulders down to mid-calf. He's shirtless and wearing fuchsia silk stockings topped with bows and held by a pink garter belt. He's also wearing white lace, low-cut panties over the garter belt.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

My life was nothing but stress, working as a TA, and trying to get my masters... until the packages started showing up, and the online meetings started. I receive packages from him and instructions. I turn on my webcam so he can see me enjoy his presents. I'm standing here thinking over the gifts and our online meetings over the last few weeks while waiting for him to join the chat. My web cam is on and I'm dressed in my newest present, hoping this time that he will finally tell me who he is. I love the way he makes me feel. The things he makes me do are embarrassing yet arousing. He must know me, but I've never seen his face and the voice coming from the computer speakers is not one I recognize.

Who is he? How does he know things about me I didn't know myself?

Please let me find out who he is.

Sincerely,

Falling for my mystery man

Story Info

Genre: contemporary

Tags: barebacking, college, cross-dressing men, disabilities, hurt/comfort, manties, masturbation, secret identity, strong HFN, voyeurism

Word Count: 10,558

FALLING FOR HIM

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Tristan Barnes took off his glasses and rubbed his eyes. He glanced at the clock and groaned. It was coming up on four in the morning, and he still hadn't gotten to bed. Why was he doing this to himself? He should have taken the job he'd been offered after getting his undergrad degree, but he didn't want to work his way up from the mailroom. Graphics design was his life, and he didn't want to spend years slogging away getting coffee and being an assistant if he could make it through grad school and get a better job.

He swiped his hand over his face and pulled up his Internet browser, navigating to the private chat community he'd joined last year. The community was connected to the university, so everyone in the chat was a student of some sort. Would tonight be the night he really started talking to SVS479? They'd exchanged pleasantries, talked on threads, but never shared a private message. He'd thought about the guy, had erotic fantasies, and even jerked off over him, but Tristan was too afraid to start a real conversation.

SVS479 seemed nice, but Tristan was a little afraid he'd be disappointed once he found out what the person behind the computer screen looked like. But should that even matter? He wasn't perfect himself, and there was more to life than looks.

When Tristan was logged in, he clicked on a conversation thread about headaches at work. Though he was still in school, he was working as a teacher's assistant, and that caused him more than enough headaches to last him a lifetime.

When he first joined the group, he picked his screen name thinking it was cute, but the sexual innuendo made him smile and roll his eyes at the same time. Maybe he should choose another name, but he'd been Tbone for well over a year.

Tbone: I had a bad day today. It's four in the morning and I'm still up.

J-down: Dude, you need to get some rest.

Tbone: I'm about to shut it all down.

J-down: Can you sleep late tomorrow?

Tbone: No, not really.

Tristan saw that another user had joined the board, and excitement filled him as he looked to see who all was on. It was SVS479. He smiled and wondered if the man would acknowledge him. He read through another thread on the local minor league baseball team and vowed to attend at least two games before the spring session let out. He was about to close his computer when his private message signal dinged. He opened the window and froze. The message was from SVS479.

SVS479: Tbone, I want you to take better care of yourself.

Tbone: Hey, I just got caught up with work and school.

SVS479: Why don't you go to bed now? You don't need to be on here... unless you want something from me?

Tristan sucked in a breath. He did want something from SVS479, but he wasn't brave enough to ask for a real photograph. The mystery of not knowing what SVS479 looked like was exciting.

Tbone: I might.

Tristan's whole body went hot as he thought of SVS479 naked, his dick erect, his nipples hard. His hands started to shake as they hovered over the keyboard.

SVS479: If you want something from me, you have to do something for me.

Fear spun through Tristan. This was why he hadn't connected before. He'd heard of people going to meet guys they'd met online and getting murdered. He had no idea who SVS479 was, but goodness, talking to the man turned him on.

Tbone: What do I have to do?

SVS479: Go to bed right now and sleep. Tomorrow when you're rested we can chat. I don't want to see you online again until tomorrow evening. And when you do come back here, I want you to report how many hours you slept. You need to stay healthy, and sleep is an important part of being healthy.

Tristan bristled at the command, but SVS479 was right. He needed the sleep. He wouldn't do well in his classes, or stay healthy with all of the viruses students passed around on campus.

Tbone: Goodnight.

Tristan signed off, not waiting for SVS479 to say anything more. After brushing his teeth and using the toilet, he fell into bed and pulled the covers up high, snuggling with his pillow. He wished SVS479 were here, hugging him close. He wanted a man, a real man to hold him, but dating would have to wait until after school. Tristan rolled over and sighed, knowing that his fantasy life wasn't doing him much good. He should stop looking for SVS479 to validate him and focus on graduating and getting a job.

The first thought Tristan had when he woke was of SVS479, then he remembered that he had to get to class. Luckily he had thirty minutes before he had to be across campus. After a quick brush of his teeth, Tristan pulled on clean clothes and raced out his dorm room.

His days were crazy and half the time he didn't even get a chance to eat. The scent of fresh cinnamon rolls drifted across the quad, and he stumbled. He wanted food now, but there wasn't time to grab anything. Tristan stepped into the art building and hurried over to the vending machine, swiping his card before choosing a bag of pretzels. It wasn't the best choice, but it was better than a candy bar.

"Is that your breakfast?"

Tristan glanced around but didn't see anyone. He moved his foot, bending to grab the food, but ran into something. With a quick glance down, he saw a guy in a wheelchair beside him. Tristan's heart stuttered, and his body grew hot as his mouth went dry.

"Um, no time," Tristan said.

"It's not good for you."

Tristan watched as the guy reached into the vending food drop slot and grabbed the bag before handing it to him.

"I woke late." Tristan took the bag of pretzels and turned away heading for class before glancing back. He should walk away, but he was interested. School was demanding, his classes murder, and work sucked, but he couldn't walk away without saying something. Maybe he was sick or way off base, but he thought the guy was hot. He paused, checking his motivations. Was he talking to this man because he was in a wheelchair, and what did that say about him? He'd never dated anyone who was like that, but he wanted to know more. "What's your name?"

The guy's eyes went wide before he bit his lower lip and nodded. "Stefon, with one F. My parents were Greek."

He stared at Stefon, taking in his dark hair, blue eyes, and the luscious red lips that curved up perfectly when he smiled. The man was beautiful. Tristan wondered what it would be like to kiss Stefon. Shit, he needed to get his libido under control. First some mythical guy on the computer who might even be a girl hell-bent on catfishing him, and now this dude he didn't even know. He was out of control. Tristan checked his watch and groaned.

"Sorry, I have to rush. I'm going to be late."

Stefon waved, his smile lighting his eyes. That smile stuck with Tristan as he taught his class and long into his next class. Maybe he'd seen the man before but had ignored him because he was in a wheelchair. Tristan hated that he might really be that shallow, but what did it say about him being interested now? He knew beyond a doubt that a man like Stefon would be out of his league if he were able to walk. That made Tristan sad. He should forget about Stefon and concentrate on work and school. He already had enough worries on his plate, and he didn't need more.

After a full day of studying and working on his projects, Tristan settled in his bed, propping his pillow behind him. He pulled up his web browser and typed in the URL for the chat room where he'd met SVS479. His heart was thudding, his body heating, and his dick going stiff as he waited for the page to load.

The page came up, and he searched the online members, looking for SVS479. He wasn't there. Disappointment wove through Tristan, and then he noticed his message icon was red.

Tristan let the mouse hover before clicking. The message folder came up, and he saw a note from SVS479. A squeal escaped his lips, and his dick went full hard. He felt like a kid given candy after a year of no sweets. His fingers shook as he clicked on the message.

SVS479: Tbone, I hope you slept well. You know, you need to take care of yourself. Since you were a good boy and weren't online today, I'd like to give you something.

Tristan's heart was racing. He'd pulled his legs up, balancing his computer precariously on his knees. His dick was so hard that he wanted to touch himself, but he wanted the excitement to last and not end too soon. Tristan moved his

computer to the empty space on his bed and rolled to his side, positioning the keyboard so he could type with his left hand while he stroked himself with his right. It was awkward, and he was embarrassed, but he didn't let go of his dick as he typed.

Jerking off over a message from someone he didn't even know was the weirdest thing he'd ever done, but SVS479 turned him on. As he was slowly typing his reply, trying to coordinate stroking himself with forming words, another message came up. He clenched his muscles and stopped breathing for a second. Heat filled him as he read SVS479's next words.

SVS479: I have a gift for you.

Tristan sat up and moved his computer so he could type faster.

Tbone: I was good today, I deserve something good.

SVS479: Do you think you could trust me?

Tristan slowly breathed in through his nose then let the air go, unsure if he should trust a stranger from the Internet. Sure they'd been friends in this chat community for a while, but he didn't know the guy. There were so many stories of bad things happening to people on the Internet, and he knew he should shut it down, but part of him wanted to see what SVS479 wanted.

Tbone: I guess so.

SVS479: I want to send you something.

Now the fear was real. What if this guy was an ax murderer? He was being stupid for even thinking of allowing this stranger to send him something.

Tbone: What?

SVS479: Just a little gift. I understand if you think it's too weird. You don't have to give me your address... I just think it would look good on you.

When he'd joined the community, he'd put up one photo of himself. He should have removed it long ago, but he'd been lazy. Sharing private information wasn't cool, but he did have a PO box for his mailing address, and it wasn't like he couldn't change the box next year. The post office on campus was in a very public area, so he wouldn't be in danger if SVS479 knew his mailing address.

SVS479: Actually, don't give me your address. It's probably too much.

Tbone: No, it's just a little weird. It's a PO box, so it's not like you'd know where I lived.

SVS479: I don't want you to feel scared.

Tbone: It's box 395, at Union Hall. Do you know the zip?

SVS479: Yes, I do. Are you sure it's okay for me to send you this?

Tristan waited a full minute before responding. He had no idea why he was doing this. It was idiotic and crazy stupid for him to have given this total stranger his address. God, he was such an idiot.

Tbone: Yes.

Tristan shut down his browser and shut his computer off. His heart was hammering, and he was sweating. Regret filled him as he thought about what he'd just done. Shame mixed with fear as he stood to get dressed for bed. His dick was totally deflated, and he wasn't going to get it up again. This obsession with SVS479 was getting out of hand. It was totally idiotic giving a stranger his address even if it was only a PO box. The guy lived here, or at least was associated with the university somehow. Maybe he was a remote student, but what if he wasn't? Tristan got up and used the bathroom, talking to his suitemates for a few minutes. They were all grad students living on the cheap. They got along fairly well, but didn't hang out together much.

The next morning, Tristan felt hungover when he woke. He'd slept okay, but worry had caused him to toss and turn. It was Tuesday, so his first class didn't start until after ten, and he had time to actually grab some food.

After classes, he swung by the post office and worried the entire way there until he opened his box. It was just the usual stuff, and a letter from his mom. He was being an idiot. He should totally forget SVS479 and move on, but he didn't have a guy to move on with. If he met someone, maybe it would be easier to quit his addiction to the computer chat room and SVS479.

Wednesday went smoothly, and he didn't log on to the chat community. He was more than a little embarrassed that he'd shared his address with a total stranger. It was an idiotic thing to do.

When he went on Thursday after class to check his mail, he was so wrapped up thinking about his project that he'd forgotten he'd given out his address. He picked up the large envelope from the window after handing over the card he'd

received in his box, then ripped open the top of the envelope and glanced in. His whole body heated as he spied the red lace. Tristan folded the envelope in half, all the while staring at the ground. His whole body warmed, and he had to fight not to glance around. No one knew what was in the package, and he wanted to keep it that way.

Tristan headed back to his room, checking over his shoulder to make sure he wasn't being followed. Once inside, he pulled his shade closed and flipped on the light. He unfolded the package and poured the contents onto his desk.

Along with the red lace underwear was a note. He picked up the slip of paper and read it twice, his heart racing as he mulled over the words.

Please put these on and take a photo. Send it to me. I swear I won't share.

Tristan went to the bathroom in his suite then raced back into his room, shoving the lacey material into his drawer before locking his door and going back to the bathroom. It took him more than five minutes to pee because his dick was so hard.

Why was he hard?

SVS479 was clear on what he wanted. That's why he was hard. The guys who shared the bathroom, kitchen, and den with him were out for the rest of the day. This was the perfect time to slip on the underwear and take the picture, but could he actually post it?

Once in his bedroom, he locked the door to the shared bathroom, assuring him privacy, and pulled out the underwear, staring at it for at least five minutes before slowly removing his shirt and shoes. Barefoot, he stood with his pants open, his fingers tracing over the hard ridge of his cock. He knew what he was going to do, but still he waited.

Tristan closed his eyes and blew out a breath before shoving his pants and underwear to the floor. With shaky hands, he picked up the lace and slid it over his feet then pulled the material up his legs to his waist. He glanced down at his obscenely hard dick covered with red lace. For a moment, he wondered if this was what SVS479 was looking for then he rolled his eyes. Of course, this is what the guy was looking for.

He snapped one picture then made sure both the bedroom door and his bathroom door were really locked before spreading out on his bed, keeping his phone close by. It wasn't going to take long to make him come, and he was

going to catch it all. Maybe SVS479 wouldn't want a blow-by-blow account, but he wanted the photos.

The first slide of his fingers over his cock had him moaning and arching up off the bed. Instead of taking a photo, he decided to film the event. It was stupid, but he couldn't stop himself.

After turning on his phone and switching it to video, he pointed the camera at his dick and started stroking himself. From the angle he was filming, no one would know who he was. It was exciting and made him harder. He imagined guys getting off from his video. Their cum leaking down their dicks, spraying on the floor and all over their hands. The images running through his mind had him on edge fast. He came hard, his spunk filling the underwear and leaking out of the tiny holes in the lace.

Once he was able to think again, he stopped recording the video then got up, removing the lace. Embarrassment made him warm, but after grabbing a washrag to wipe off the rest of his spunk, he sat on the edge of his bed and watched the video.

Sweat beaded on his brow as he listened to the little grunts and moans from his own lips. He was getting hard again as he watched himself come. Good Lord, that was the best porn he'd ever seen, and he'd been the one doing it. He glanced around, wondering if anyone else knew what he was doing. Of course he was alone, so no one had any idea he was making one-man porn, so he watched again, then came, dumping his cum into the washrag.

He'd made sure no one would be able to identify who he was or where the video was taken before he plugged his phone into his computer and uploaded the pictures and video. After they were on his computer, he turned and snapped a shot of the lace underwear lying on the ground and uploaded it too.

Tristan was nervous as he opened up his browser and typed in the URL for the chat group. His message icon was red, and he pulled it up, smiling to himself as he read SVS479's note to him.

SVS479: I hope you're doing well. I haven't seen you online, so I guess that means you're studying. Have a great day.

Tristan felt giddy as he clicked on the reply line and uploaded the pictures and the video. As the video loaded, he thought about quitting his browser and stopping the upload, but he wanted to see what SVS479's reaction would be.

After he'd loaded the photos, he'd almost recovered enough to breathe evenly. It was in SVS479's court now.

Tristan picked up the lace underwear and rinsed them in his sink before blotting them dry with his towel. He didn't want them to get moldy, so he placed them on a hanger at the back of the closet, leaving some space so they could dry. It was a bit dangerous leaving them out like this, but the guys he shared his space with respected him and didn't come into his room without permission.

After brushing his teeth and pulling on his regular underwear, he plopped down on his bed and pulled up his browser, going straight to the chat room. The message icon was red. He stared at the icon for a long time before clicking it.

SVS479: Wow! You are so beautiful. I never imagined you would treat me to a video. I'll treasure it forever. I'm so hot and turned on by that. I can imagine you in my arms, our legs wrapped together, your body pressed against mine. We'd kiss, gently at first, then you would open for me. Tbone, I can't describe how wonderful you made me feel.

Tbone: I want a picture of you.

The pause was long, and he was about to fall asleep when he noticed the reply.

SVS479: I'm not sure that's wise. You're so beautiful, and I'm not. I'm afraid you won't like what you see.

Tbone: Would you think about it?

SVS479: I sent you another package. I know it may seem like a lot, but I had already mailed it before you sent me your photo and video. Which I need to say again how freaking hot that was. Just thinking about it is making me hard again.

Tbone: I'm hard too.

SVS479: Do you like to suck dick?

Tbone: God, yes.

SVS479: How do you suck?

Tristan shifted on the bed, groaning before tossing his underwear to the floor and grabbing a washrag out of his drawer. He was going to need to buy more rags if he kept chatting this way.

Tbone: I like to lick up and down a guy's length before I suck it in.

SVS479: Are you touching yourself?

Tbone: Yes.

SVS479: Do you have any clothes on?

Tbone: No.

SVS479: Lick your palm and run it over your cock, pretend that it's my hand.

Tristan moaned as he gripped his dick and thrust up. His computer slid to the side, and he reached for it, holding it steady. He closed his eyes, pretending to be with another guy. It didn't take much for him to come. When he opened his eyes he blinked at the computer, seeing that his partner in lust had typed out a message.

SVS479: Are you there... tell me, Tbone, did you come?

Tbone: Yes. God, that was amazing. I don't even know what you look like, and I really want a picture of you. Please think about it. I want to see you.

SVS479: Sleep. I won't be around this weekend, but I'll catch up with you on Monday. Send me another video once you get my next package, then I'll think about sending a photo.

Tristan slept well and woke early. He raced off to the art building but stopped by a food cart and picked up a breakfast sandwich and a piece of fruit. At the entrance to the building, he ran into Stefon.

"Hey, better choices, I see."

He smiled and nodded, chewing his breakfast sandwich. "I took the time to get some real food."

"It's important to eat well."

The night before, when he'd been jerking off to some stranger, he'd forgotten about Stefon, but now that he was here with the guy, he wondered why he'd gotten so excited by some stranger. He should make an effort to get to know someone he could touch.

Tristan shrugged. "I'm trying. I just get so busy."

“I totally understand.”

Tristan was going to keep moving but stopped and stared at Stefon. The guy was very good-looking, and Tristan would be lying to say he wasn't interested. “So Stefon, would you like to go see a movie this weekend?”

Stefon's eyes grew wide, and a smile turned up the corners of his lips. “Oh, wow, that would be great, but I can't.”

“Oh.” Tristan hadn't felt so dejected in ages.

“No, it's not that I don't want to. I have... dang, I have a doctor's appointment at the hospital, and it's going to take a while. I'm not sure how long...”

“What's going on?”

“This is why I don't talk about it. I don't want people feeling sorry for me.”

“I don't feel sorry for you, I'm just concerned. Do you have someone to go with you to the appointment?”

Stefon shook his head. “My family lives in Virginia.”

“Can I stop by and sit with you?”

“It's really not necessary. It will be half the day or more. You'd be bored.”

Tristan placed his hand on Stefon's shoulder. “I'd like to be there. I mean, if it's okay with you, and I can bring stuff to study.”

Stefon blinked and glanced away. They were silent for a few seconds, and Tristan realized that he'd probably asked too much.

“I'm sorry. I know we don't know each other. It was wrong of me to ask.”

Stefon reached out and took his hand. “No, it's just that my friends who knew didn't even ask if they could come. Maybe it's because I put up walls. I should be more open, but...”

Tristan squatted and made himself eye level with Stefon. “Hey, I'd really like to be there. And I'd really like to get to know you.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes.”

Stefon bit his lip and nodded. “Okay, but first I need—”

“Crap, my class is about to start. I've got to run. What time should I be there, and is it at the hospital off Columbia?”

“Yep, in the west wing, the orthopedics waiting room at nine in the morning.”

“I’ll be there. Gotta go. See you tomorrow.”

Tristan ran off, not even glancing back. Guilt made Stefon’s shoulders sag. He should have told Tristan about the chat room. He’d been such an idiot. There were so many things he should have done differently, but he’d been rejected over and over again and no longer trusted that anyone actually wanted him. Dating was scary, and most guys only wanted him for the freak show, not a real relationship.

Last year, he’d seen Tristan and vowed to get to know him, but the guy never looked his way, and it was difficult to catch up to a guy who could dash down the halls, race up stairwells, and otherwise squeeze into tight spaces to escape crowds. He’d spent the last two months just trying to find a way to talk to Tristan. Now the guy was going to show up at his doctor’s appointment. He almost regretted contacting him through the chat room. God, he’d made a huge mistake.

Online he could pretend to be powerful. Guys respected him in the chat room because they didn’t know he was a cripple. He hated that word, but that’s what he was. His legs were useless, and he’d never be able to walk, or live on the second floor of a building without an elevator at his disposal, or ride a normal bike, or so many other things everyone took for granted. He’d never take a shower standing, or even be able to really top a guy. At least his dick still worked, but then guys slept with him because his legs didn’t work but his dick did. They didn’t want him, just the conquest of having a cripple and bragging about nailing him.

Humiliation washed over him. He’d done that shtick too many times, and assumed Tristan would be the same way, so he’d hidden behind his computer, being an ass before Tristan had a chance to prove him right.

The reality was that as he grew older, he would require assistance just to take care of his basic needs. People didn’t want to saddle themselves with eventualities, and that led to circumstances that were seen as problems. He didn’t blame most guys, but it would be nice if someone actually liked him for himself instead of treating him like a circus monkey only there to perform and then bugging off once reality hit.

He should send Tristan a note, but fear held him in check. Tristan would be mad at him. It sucked. He never should have asked Tristan to model the underwear. It had been a dick move, one that he regretted.

That night, he checked his messages, waiting for a note from Tristan, but the guy never logged on. As a last ditch effort, he sent a note, telling Tristan he had something to share that might change everything. He didn't reveal the truth, but his note would raise questions.

Tristan picked up his mail and realized that he'd received another envelope. This time he didn't open the package until he got back to his room. Once alone, he tore open the package and dumped the contents on his dresser. Red stockings and white lace panties lay on his desk in a heap. His dick started to throb before he even had his pants unzipped. He wanted to put them on, but just touching the material made him come.

He dropped to the floor and wiped the cum from his hands as he thought about Stefon. He shouldn't be doing this. The stranger on the computer wasn't ever going to be someone he could date. Stefon was a real-life guy who was someone he could possibly be with. It was ridiculous to keep going back to a person on the computer who was most likely fake.

Tristan didn't have the heart to toss the lace underwear in the trash, but he did shove them to the back of his drawer. It was late, and he needed to sleep, but he ended up tossing and turning for a bit, wanting to log on and see if SVS749 had left him a message. He didn't get out of bed, though, because he had to meet Stefon at nine, and he wasn't going to let the man down.

His alarm rang, and he jumped up, not even thinking about hitting snooze. During his shower, he thought about SVS479 as he jacked off, but he pushed thoughts of the guy away and focused on Stefon. He walked over from his dorm, and at eight-fifty, he stepped into the waiting room where he was supposed to meet Stefon and breathed out a sigh of relief as he saw his friend.

"Hey," he said as he took a seat beside Stefon.

"I was nervous that you wouldn't show."

"I said I'd be here."

"I know, but I... never mind."

"Hey, I'm not going to ditch you. How long do you think the appointment will take?"

“They usually run three hours.”

“Good, we’ll go grab some lunch after.”

“You don’t have—”

“I don’t know exactly what you were going to say, but don’t finish that sentence. I’m here because I want to be here.”

“Okay, so first they have to do an MRI. You can’t be in the room for that. Then the doctor will chat with me.”

“I’m up for that.”

“Do you have your phone or something to read? My mom always said these appointments were boring.”

Tristan nudged his shoulder. “I brought an iPad with my textbooks and notes already loaded. I figured I’d study while the doctors kept you busy.”

The door opened, and a nurse stuck her head out. “Mr. Caras, we’re ready for you.”

Stefon looked nervous as he glanced to Tristan. “It’s showtime.”

Tristan stood and walked behind Stefon, unsure if pushing his wheelchair would be appropriate or not.

“You can change in here. If your friend would like to help you, he can go in too.”

Tristan tried not to act shocked, but his gaze flew to Stefon’s and his breath caught in his chest. Stefon glanced at him, but his look turned to disappointment when he saw what must have seemed like panic clearly evident on Tristan’s face.

“Oh, I didn’t think I’d be able to go in. I’ll help, if that’s okay with you, Stefon.”

Stefon nodded before rolling into the changing room. Tristan shut the door behind them and stared at the floor, letting his gaze slowly rise to meet Stefon’s wide eyes.

Tristan sat on the bench beside Stefon and placed his hand on his shoulder. “I’m sorry if this is too forward.”

“No, it’s okay. It takes me a while to get undressed in these tiny cubicles. If I were at home, I could lie on the floor or in my bed like usual.”

He nodded and let his fingers slide down Stefon's arm. "Just tell me what you need, and I'll do it."

"My pants."

Tristan froze. "I don't know what to do."

"Let me loop my arms around your neck and then while I'm holding onto you, pull my pants down over my hips. I'll need my underwear removed too."

"Okay." Tristan stood in front of Stefon and bent at the waist, waiting for Stefon to get a good hold on him. He lifted up, taking the weight of his friend. It was harder than he thought it would be to remove Stefon's pants, but he got them off after a bit of a struggle.

He gently lowered Stefon to the chair and straightened when Stefon dropped his arms. The air was strained, and he hated the unease that had settled between them. Stefon wasn't looking at him; instead, his jaw was set, his eyes downcast. Tristan squatted in front of Stefon, and put his fingers under Stefon's chin so they were looking at each other.

"Hey, let me help you."

Stefon scoffed, his cheeks going red. "I hate that I need help."

"I want to be here for you."

"It's difficult. I haven't had anyone—hell, no one has ever cared."

"I'm not the others. Just let me help."

Stefon nodded, and Tristan went to help him with his shirt, but Stefon pushed Tristan's hands away. Their gazes met, and Tristan sucked in a sharp breath.

"Sorry, but I need something to cover my lap," Stefon said.

Tristan glanced down and saw that Stefon was hard. He nodded and grabbed one of the sheets that had been left on the bench and gave it to Stefon, who placed it over his erect cock. The air grew thick as he leaned in and lifted Stefon's shirt, revealing his pale chest. Tristan held back the groan threatening to come out by biting his lip. Once the shirt was free, Tristan tried not to look at Stefon's body, but he failed miserably.

Pale skin over sculpted muscles ran from his shoulders down to his lap, which was covered by the sheet. He swallowed, and his gaze snapped to Stefon's face, heat filling his cheeks as their eyes met.

They stared at each other for a long moment. Tristan heard a noise and reached for the gown, helping Stefon put it on and tie the strings behind his neck and at his lower back.

He ran his fingers over Stefon's back almost to the smooth skin near the top of his butt cheeks. Stefon glanced over his shoulder, their gazes meeting. They were both breathing hard, and he wanted to kiss Stefon. He lowered slowly, inching closer to Stefon's lips when a knock sounded on the door.

"You two almost done?" the nurse called out.

"Yes. We're coming out," Tristan said.

He straightened and moved behind Stefon's wheelchair before reaching around and opening the door. Stefon wheeled himself out, and Tristan followed, wondering how long it would be before they kissed.

Maybe Stefon didn't really want to kiss him. He just assumed Stefon was interested. Perhaps he wasn't gay, but that wasn't the vibe Tristan was getting.

"Okay, Mr. Caras, would you like your friend to help you onto the table?"

"If that's okay." Stefon glanced up at him, his brows bunched.

"I'd be happy to help." Tristan smiled, hoping his worry didn't show. This was way more intense than he thought it was going to be. The MRI machine was huge, almost taking up the whole room, and the place was stark. He wondered how the patients stayed sane. How could anyone stay sane when they had to deal with stuff like this?

The nurse placed a blanket on the table that stuck out from the machine and smoothed it out. "Okay, Mr. Caras, up you go."

Tristan lifted Stefon and placed him on the table, slowly lowering his head so he was lying where the nurse wanted him to be. He grabbed the extra blanket from the nurse and covered Stefon, tucking him in. The nurse adjusted the machinery as he stared into Stefon's eyes. The man looked so vulnerable and small lying amongst the heavy equipment. Tristan lowered and brushed his lips over Stefon's forehead.

"I'll be just outside. When you're done, I'll help you get dressed."

The nurse gave Stefon a few instructions and then ushered Tristan outside.

"You can sit over there. I'll tell you once the tests are done."

"Thank you."

At first he was too nervous to do much more than stare at his iPad. Then he started reading for one of his classes, making notes as he went along. After a bit over an hour, the nurse came and tapped him on the shoulder.

“He’s done.”

“Okay.” Tristan jumped up and shoved his iPad in his bag before stumbling around the chairs to follow the nurse. He was nervous as heck to see Stefon again. He didn’t really know what was next, but he wasn’t going to bail on his friend.

When they entered the room with the MRI, Stefon looked like he’d been asleep. Tristan moved to stand beside him as he blinked his eyes open. Something inside his heart melted as he took Stefon’s hand.

“Hey, I have your chair here. When you’re ready, I’ll help you into it.”

Stefon rubbed his eyes then stretched. “Thanks. I need to stop by the bathroom before I get dressed.”

“Sure.”

Tristan helped Stefon into his chair then took him to the restroom, waiting outside until the door opened. Once in the changing room, he pulled out Stefon’s pants and underwear, helping him guide his legs into the leg holes of the underwear.

“It might be easier to do my pants at the same time, that way you don’t have to pick me up twice.”

“Whatever is best for you.”

Stefon placed his hand on Tristan’s shoulder. “Thanks. You helping me means a lot.”

“Anything you need, I’m good with it.”

“Okay, so help me into my pants then I can get my shirt.”

Tristan nodded but didn’t bend to help him with his pants. “Could I help you with your shirt too?”

“Um, I guess.”

“Thanks.” Tristan was careful when he pulled up Stefon’s pants and underwear, making sure not to move too quickly. After lowering Stefon, he helped him zip and button his pants. Then he grabbed Stefon’s shirt and

arranged it to go over his head. Stefon held up his arms, and Tristan guided the material over his head and down his body. They were close, his face next to Stefon's, so he slid his lips over Stefon's cheek. Excitement flew through him as he stood. Their gazes met, and Stefon blushed as he moved his shirt, straightening the material.

"I guess we need to go out," Tristan whispered.

"Sure." Stefon sounded as lost as he felt.

He opened the door, and the nurse was waiting for them. "Okay, now up to see the doctor. It was nice to meet the two of you."

"Thank you," Stefon said. His voice was low, and he sounded almost hollow. Tristan didn't like that he seemed upset.

"Thanks. I'll take him up from here." Tristan pushed Stefon's chair to the elevator and pressed the buttons, waiting in silence until the door opened. They loaded on, and Stefon pressed the button for the third floor.

"Have you seen this doctor yet?" Tristan asked.

"No, my physician in Virginia recommended him." The elevator stopped, and they both got off, Stefon wheeling himself. "It's suite three twenty-one."

Tristan moved ahead of Stefon and opened the door. The reception area was empty and Stefon only had time to sign in before they were led into the doctor's office.

"Mr. Caras, I'm Doctor Burks. And who is your friend?" A middle-aged man greeted them as they entered the office.

"I'm Tristan Barnes, a friend of Stefon's."

"Good, good. Okay, Stefon, we have a lot of information to cover. Your friend, is he going to stay?"

"Yes, I would like that," Stefon said.

He eyed Tristan then nodded. The doctor moved to a wall where video screens were set up at the level where it would be easy for Stefon to view.

Tristan stood behind Stefon and the doctor, unsure if he really should be in the room. The doctor displayed one image and then another before sitting in a chair beside Stefon.

"Okay, so I like how your spine looks. I know we just had the scans done, but they were feeding them up to me as they finished. I see real promise here.

There's a study I think you would be perfect for. It's new, experimental, and it may not result in anything concrete, but we're hopeful. We're looking for young patients with your profile."

Stefon said nothing, just sat with an impassive look on his face. Tristan placed his hand on Stefon's shoulder, squeezing gently. He didn't like how muted Stefon seemed.

"I have to disclose that the study is using stem cells to regrow spinal tissue. It's very promising."

The news sounded good to Tristan, but Stefon stiffened and only nodded. He hated seeing his friend this way and thought that maybe he should leave to give him some privacy.

"Like I said, I'm very pleased with your spine. I think we can make great progress." The doctor pulled up another image, and his smile turned to a frown. "But on the image of your left leg, I found something I'm not too pleased with."

Stefon relaxed, having the opposite reaction to what Tristan thought he would have. Tristan grabbed a chair and pulled it up beside Stefon, taking his hand. Their gazes met, and Stefon looked haggard, his brows bunched.

"There's a mass about three inches below the top of your left knee. It's big and impinging on the bone. It doesn't look good. There's a possibility that the leg will need to be removed. I'd like to do a biopsy on Wednesday."

Stefon said nothing, only nodded. Tristan wanted to say something, but this wasn't his place. He took Stefon's hand and held it, moving closer to his friend. For a long moment, he wondered if Stefon was upset he was there, but then Stefon shot him a glance that was full of emotion.

"Okay, I'll have my nurse set up the appointment with you for Wednesday. Do you have any questions?"

Stefon opened his mouth then closed it. Tristan squeezed his hand, hoping to give him comfort. Finally, Stefon spoke.

"What's the point of gaining back feeling in my legs if I lose the lower half of my left leg?"

"Let's not get too far ahead of ourselves. I know I said we might need to remove it, but we need to take the biopsy first. I just don't want you going into this without all of the information. I figure that you're an adult and can make adult decisions."

Stefon nodded, his body stiff again. Tristan cleared his throat and sat forward. The doctor glanced to him and smiled, nodding.

“You said his back looks good. Is there any activity he should refrain from?”

The doctor chuckled, and his face turned pink. “He can roll around in bed and wrestle a bit, as long as he isn’t slammed to the floor or against the wall. If he fell off a horse his spine could be further damaged, but going about normal life won’t hurt him.”

Tristan’s face was hot, and Stefon’s was red. The doctor looked embarrassed as he cleared his throat and pulled up the scan of Stefon’s back.

“I’m glad that you brought your boyfriend, Stefon. Being alone isn’t a good thing. The two of you can enjoy your relationship. Stefon, if something feels weird or if you’re uncomfortable, speak up. And I probably don’t really need to tell you this, but Stefon can’t necessarily feel everything. You’ll need to use plenty of lube.”

Tristan nodded and his face heated again. They hadn’t even kissed and already they were getting a lecture about sex. The doctor stood up and moved to his desk before returning with a slip of paper for Stefon.

“My phone number is on the front. My nurse will set up your appointment. It will be early, and you can’t eat before the procedure. It will be quick, and we’ll try to do it without sedating you, but we might decide to put you under if we need to. Once we know if the mass is cancerous or not, we’ll make a plan.”

“Okay,” Stefon said.

“We have a great oncology department here, and the best surgeons in the country. If you would like to have another doctor, we can arrange it.”

Stefon shook his head. “No, I like you.”

“Good, I like you and your boyfriend, Tristan. We’ll work together as a team.”

“Thank you,” Stefon said.

“Thank you.” Tristan stood and shook the doctor’s hand.

Stefon followed him out of the office and set up his appointment with the nurse. They didn’t speak on the walk back to Stefon’s room. He didn’t even hesitate when he picked Stefon up and carried him to the bed.

“Do you need to use the restroom?” Tristan asked.

“Not yet.”

“Okay.” Tristan stretched out next to Stefon and spooned him, pulling him close and not letting him go.

Stefon held his body stiff, not relaxing at all. Then he slowly let the tension go. First one muscle group, then another eased, and their bodies melted together. Then the tears came trickling in before becoming stronger and turning into a full-blown crying jag, but Tristan didn’t let go.

Eventually Stefon’s tears faded, and Tristan helped him to the bathroom then waited, leaning up against the wall, his brain not focusing on one thing for more than a few seconds.

Stefon opened the door, and their gazes met. “You should go,” Stefon mumbled.

“Why?”

Stefon’s face twisted into a mask of pain and anger. “Just leave.”

“No.” Tristan couldn’t walk out on Stefon, not with him having just found out that he had a mass growing in his leg.

“What, you want to fuck a cripple? Is that it? You’re gathering stories you can tell your friends so everyone gets a good laugh?”

Stefon wheeled his way past Tristan and into the little kitchenette. Tristan followed. Stefon’s movements were jerky and filled with anger. After grabbing a glass from a lower cabinet, Stefon spun around and faced Tristan, anger shining in his eyes. Tristan could work with anger, the earlier dejected Stefon that lay in his bed crying, that was scary.

“I’m sick. My life sucks. Just leave, why don’t you?” Stefon spit out.

“Oh no, you’re not getting rid of me that easily. I’m not going to run, and I’m not here to make fun of you. I’m here because I care.”

“But you don’t really know me. I’m not a good person.”

“Really? Is that the way you’re going to play this? I don’t buy it.”

“You heard what the doctor said, it’s going to get worse. It always gets worse.”

“Nope, he said it could get better.”

“But you don’t know what I’ve done.”

Tristan took a seat at the table and flipped on the kitchen light. “Tell me so it’s out in the open.”

Stefon rolled his eyes. “You’re so fucking annoying.”

“Tell me something I don’t already know.”

Stefon’s face turned red, and he shut his eyes, shaking his head. “I’m not a good person, and I’ve done something wrong. I don’t know if you’ll forgive me.”

Tristan paused, not sure if he heard Stefon right. They hadn’t known each other long enough for Stefon to have done anything.

“Hey, I’m sure we can work through whatever has gotten you so upset.”

“No, see that’s the thing. You’re being too nice and understanding. I don’t deserve nice.”

“Just tell me what it is.”

“Fuck, I can’t. I’m too embarrassed.”

Tristan grabbed Stefon’s hands and noticed that he was shaking. “Babe, tell me.”

Stefon shivered when their gazes met, but he didn’t look away. “I have a... fuck, this is hard.” Stefon looked down at the ground, and his voice dropped. “I-I have a—fuck, guys don’t want to be with me. I needed an outlet. God, all I wanted was a relationship, but no one ever looks at me as a potential partner. I’ve tried. I’ve dated, but they don’t want the baggage once they realize this is permanent—and don’t bring up what the doctor said. I’ve heard it all before, and I don’t hold out much hope.”

Tristan nodded and moved closer to Stefon, holding his hand and squeezing. Stefon looked away, his shoulders slumped.

“You’ll never forgive me. I fucked up. I never should have done it once I realized—once I realized you were nice.”

A trickle of awareness mixed with foreboding wove its way through Tristan, making his hair stand on end. “Done what?”

“I needed something, so I set up a profile on UniChat.”

Tristan's body heated, and the video flashed to mind. He knew whoever had sent him the red lace had been from the university. Their gazes met, and he knew what Stefon had done. No words were necessary.

Heat filled him, then pain twisted through his body. Embarrassed and angry, Tristan stood and moved quickly away from Stefon.

"Running from me isn't fair. I can't catch up."

Tristan paused and closed his eyes. "I won't run. I just—let me guess, you're SVS479? How long were you watching me?"

"I'm sorry. It's just that you never looked at me. Last year, I tried to talk to you on multiple occasions, but you totally ignored me. Then I set up the profile, and a few months later I realized the guy I was chatting with, Tbone, was you. When I found you in the art building, and I talked to you—God, I couldn't believe it."

"The video?"

"On my computer, and I'll never share it with anyone."

Tristan's body was vibrating with anger and embarrassment. He knew when he took the video that he was sharing it with a real person; he just didn't think he would ever have to face that person, not really.

The sound of Stefon's chair moving drew closer. Then Stefon took Tristan's hand, and he thought about pulling away for a few seconds, but this was the man he'd fantasized about, jacked off to, and sent photos to. He liked the Stefon he knew, and the man from the chat room. Maybe it was insane to stay, but something more than sex was between them, and he wanted the chance to see if they could have something more than just a few fuck sessions.

"Did you really come when you watched that video?"

"So fucking hard, you wouldn't believe it. Since the accident I've had orgasms, but damn, that was amazing."

Tristan looked at Stefon, and his body jerked from the impact. He may have been embarrassed, but he wanted to be with Stefon. Without any hesitation, he scooped up Stefon and carried him to the bed, gently laying him in the center. He said nothing as he stretched out above Stefon, his fingers stroking the soft hair at his temple.

"Tell me, you're not trying to make fun of me or take advantage of me," Tristan said.

“No! Never. I’ve dealt with guys who’ve done that to me. I like you. I know we don’t really know each other, but don’t walk out on me,” Stefon begged.

Tristan lowered and brushed his lips over Stefon’s. They both moaned as Tristan rocked against Stefon, his cock growing harder with each brush of flesh against flesh. They parted, and Tristan stared down into Stefon’s eyes, searching for answers, the truth, or maybe just something that showed he cared.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to hurt you. I just—I have issues with getting it up and keeping it up. The lace helps, and the lace on you. Fuck! That was the hottest thing I’ve ever seen.”

“So if I wore it for you…”

“Would you?”

“Yes.” Tristan would. It shocked him that he would gladly wear lace panties and stockings for Stefon, but he would. Just thinking about showing Stefon the underwear in person was making him hotter.

“I have another pair I didn’t send.”

“Where?” Tristan asked.

“Bottom drawer of my dresser.”

Tristan hopped up and stripped out of his clothes. Stefon gasped, his eyes wide. They were moving fast, but Tristan was about to blow, and he wanted Stefon inside of him. He slowed down and stroked his cock, watching as Stefon grabbed his dick through his clothes and started stroking.

“So fucking hard for you,” Stefon ground out.

He reached into the bottom drawer and pulled out black lace. Stefon groaned and gripped his dick harder.

“Do you have condoms?” Tristan asked.

“No.”

Tristan closed his eyes and bit his lower lip. “I’m good. I’ve not slept with many guys, and I’ve always used a condom. I don’t get much action.”

“They take my blood all the time. You saw that today. If I had anything, I’d know. It’s been forever since I’ve actually had sex, like when I was a sophomore, so almost three years. I’d know.”

“I don’t need much lube. I can take you with just a bit of spit.”

“What?” Stefon went up on his elbows and Tristan realized that being with Stefon would be different than with other guys.

“Fuck me, please.”

“I’ve... when the wreck happened, I wasn’t sexually active. I’ve never...”

Tristan took a step closer. “I want you to.”

“But, I have... what if I can’t keep it up?”

“Then we’ll switch to jerking off.”

“Are you sure? Most guys—”

“Stop right there. I’m not most guys. I’m willing to dress up in women’s underwear for you. Hell, I’d even wear a bra for you if you wanted.”

“Shit, you’re serious?”

“Yes.” Tristan slipped his legs into the black lace underwear and pulled it up, mostly covering his hard dick.

Stefon turned red and lay back, stroking himself as he stared at Tristan. It made him even hotter watching Stefon get excited. He moved to stand beside the bed.

“Touch me,” Tristan said.

Seconds passed before Stefon reached out and smoothed his hand over Tristan’s stomach to the black lace. Their gazes stayed connected as Stefon trailed his fingers over Tristan’s hard cock. He could easily come if he weren’t trying to hold back.

Tristan let his gaze travel down Stefon’s body. They needed to get Stefon undressed. He tugged Stefon’s shirt up, pulling it over his head. Then he moved to Stefon’s pants, undoing the button and zipper before he pulled the material over Stefon’s hips.

“Damn, your cock is so perfect,” Tristan said.

“You saw it earlier.”

“No, I didn’t look. I wanted to, but I didn’t want to disrespect your privacy.”

“Why are you so good to me?”

Tristan shrugged. “No clue, maybe it’s because you gave me such good gifts.”

Stefon snorted. "I gave you girl's underwear."

"Sexy, lacy panties. Fuck, you make me so hard. I need you in me. We're both clear, you've been tested, and I've been tested. We can use spit for lube. I want you inside of me, now."

Stefon glanced down at his own cock then back to Tristan. "Are you sure?"

"Yes." Tristan shoved his underwear off then straddled Stefon, kissing him as he rubbed his dick over Stefon's chest and belly. He spit in his hand then stroked Stefon's dick before lining up so his pucker was over Stefon's dick. He pushed back and felt Stefon pop in. It was amazing and wonderful, his body accepting Stefon like he belonged.

Stefon sucked in a breath as he stared down at their bodies. "Fuck, so hot."

"You feel so good."

"I wish I could feel."

"It's great. You're so hard and big. And you're hitting just the right spot."

Stefon groaned as he gripped Tristan's waist. "I can't believe that I'm in you."

"So fucking good."

"I think I might come," Stefon growled.

"Come for me, babe. You make me so hot."

Tristan arched his back as Stefon grabbed his dick and began stroking him. He was riding Stefon's dick, his balls pulling up tight as he slid down Stefon's cock. The stiff rod brushed against his gland, and he lost it, coming hard. Stefon's fingers dug into his leg as he pulsed deep inside of him. They were both breathing hard as Stefon slid out.

He dropped to the bed beside Stefon, placing his hand on Stefon's chest. "That was amazing."

"Thank you."

"It was my pleasure."

Stefon turned and kissed Tristan's nose. He closed his eyes and pain flashed across his features.

"Is everything okay?"

“Yeah,” Stefon said.

“That sounds like a lie.”

“It’s just that this is when most guys leave.”

Tristan hugged Stefon close. “I’m not going anywhere.”

Stefon snuggled in closer, his hand on Tristan’s. “It’s going to be difficult.”

“Maybe, but I think being with you will be worth it.”

Stefon pulled back and had tears in his eyes. “Why are you being so nice?”

“There are no guarantees in life. We’ll figure it out. We’ll get through this. I don’t know what’s going to happen or if you’ll get tired of me and kick me to the curb, but I do think this is worth it. You’re worth it.”

“Damn, you know exactly what to say to make me feel good.”

“I’m not just saying it to say it. I want you.”

Tristan was scared but he wanted Stefon. The guy was hot, and he liked him. Maybe it wouldn’t work, but maybe they could fly together. Stefon was worth taking a chance on, that much Tristan was sure of. Everything else would work itself out with time.

The End

Author Bio

Writing is Sara York's life. The stories fight to get out, often leaving her working on four or five books at once. She can't help but write. Along with her writing addiction, she has a coffee addiction. Some nights, the only reason she stops writing and goes to sleep is for the fresh brewed coffee in the morning. Sara enjoys writing twisted tales of passion, anger, and love with a good healthy dose of lust thrown in for fun.

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