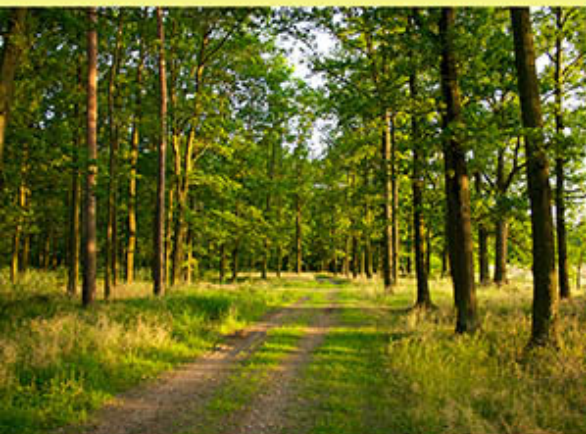


LOVE IS AN OPEN ROAD



Don't Read in the Closet 2015

LUSTING AFTER THE COOK

Erodee

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Love is an Open Road

An M/M Romance series

LUSTING AFTER THE COOK

By Erodee

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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LUSTING AFTER THE COOK

By Erodee

Photo Description

A man dressed in black, hat backwards, is working at a Mongolian Grill as a cook.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

*There he is. Gods, I love it when he cooks. I wandered in here the second day that I was living in this wretched city. A block away from my apartment, the smells emanating from this Mongolian grill drew me in like a fly to honey. The food was decent, and I thought I might come here every once in a while when I didn't feel like cooking. Then I saw him. Hat on backwards, tattoos decorating his delectable skin, and the smile he gave me when I stepped up to the grill with my bowl of ingredients. *swoon**

It's been a month now, and I eat here every day. Either for lunch or for dinner, it doesn't matter to me. I think one of the waiters has realized why I come in. Whenever Darren isn't on shift, he gives a knowing smile and says, "I'll get you a menu, Stefan."

Names can be changed if necessary, but I'd like them to stay the same as in the prompt. I don't really have dislikes except I'm **extremely** picky when it comes to BDSM, so none of that for this story please. Likes (NOT necessary to include in the story, just a helpful list): Sexing, angst, sex, fantasy, sex, switch, sex, food/cooking, and sex. The rest is up to you, dear author. Feel free to contact me if you want more detail. P. S. I love teasers!

Thanks in advance,

Viv Ross

Story Info

Genre: contemporary

Tags: culinary, college, new adult, tattoos, office worker, shyness, new in town

Word Count: 9,164

LUSTING AFTER THE COOK

By Erodee

Chapter One

After having spent the day running around, Stefan was eager to return home. As he walked toward his apartment, he thought about what he would do once he crossed the threshold. He thought it would be better if he took a bath after he ate, because he knew that once he was in the tub it would take him ages to get out of it. Taking a bath was one of his guilty pleasures. When he was searching for an apartment to rent in this zone, one of the criteria that was not negotiable was that the apartment had to have a bathtub. The places where he lived before only had a shower, and it hadn't bothered him until he discovered the bath bomb. It was like a new world opened to him.

Stefan was a few steps away from his apartment when the smell that came from the Mongolian Grill invaded his nostrils. He did his best to ignore it, but his stomach decided otherwise. It seemed that his stomach couldn't bear to be separated for one day from his favorite restaurant. At first he ate there only when he was too tired to cook or when his fridge was empty, but soon he went whenever he could. If someone asked him why he had become a regular of this establishment, he would respond that he simply loved the food and that those who worked there were friendly. He would never admit that the real reason he went there was because he was attracted to one of the cooks, although some people had noticed.

Once he was in front of the restaurant, he couldn't help but look inside to see if he could catch a glimpse of his favorite cook. Stefan told himself that if he wasn't there, he was going home. He was about to give up when he saw him. He was wearing his work uniform, which consisted of a black T-shirt, black pants, and a black hat that he liked to wear backwards. The black clothes showed off the tattoos that entirely covered his left arm. He didn't see him right away, because instead of being near the grill as usual, he was standing near the bar. After he surveyed the dining room, Stefan thought that since there weren't many customers tonight, the cook was allowed to take a break.

Steadying himself with a deep breath, Stefan opened the door and went inside. He sat at his usual table, which was at the back of the room. Stefan liked to sit there because he could look at the cook discreetly, that is to say as discreetly as he could. He was aware that his behavior was a little stalker-ish, but he was too shy and afraid of being rejected if one day he decided to make his attraction to the cook clear.

“I’ll get you a menu, Stefan,” said Martin after he sat.

Martin was one of the waiters, and the only one with whom Stefan talked aside from ordering food. When Stefan told Martin that he was just settling in his new apartment after Martin asked him if he was new to the area, he offered to be his guide. Stefan was glad that Martin initiated the conversation, because he knew that even if he wanted to make the first move, he couldn’t do it. Whenever he tried to get acquainted with someone, he couldn’t find the right words. When he did find them, the moment was gone. Since they had gotten to know each other, they had gone to the zoo and the library, and had done some shopping. Martin was a nice guy with short blond hair, and was the same height as Stefan. He liked to go the gym, and he often invited Stefan to come with him. Sometimes Stefan went with him. He remembered the first time he went to the gym; he was very sore the next day and not in a good way. Fortunately after he went there a few times, Stefan needed less recovery time.

Martin walked toward him with a smile on his face and a menu in his hand. Stefan knew that Martin was glad to see him and that he was up to something, probably a way to convince him to go the gay club with him. Martin had asked him to go with him this Saturday, and Stefan told him that he would think about it.

“So concerning Saturday, are you up for it?” asked Martin while he placed the menu on the table.

“Maybe... I don’t know,” said Stefan.

“My intuition tells me that you will go with me, especially after I tell you that Darren will be there.”

“Darren?”

“Darren, the reason you come here every day, even when you are tired.”

Stefan could feel his cheeks becoming red. He had tried to hide his attraction toward Darren, but Martin had seen right through it from the beginning. Sometimes when he was supposed to be looking at the menu to decide what he wanted to eat, his line of sight deviated toward Darren. Martin had caught him staring at Darren a few times.

“Are you sure? How do you know that he will be there?” asked Stefan.

“He asked me what I was doing this weekend. When I told him that I’d be at the club, he asked if he and one of his friends could come with me. He wanted

to go out, but his car was at the garage so I said that I could take him and his friend. I also told him that you might come with me, so what do you say?"

Stefan remembered the time when Martin asked him if he had a crush on Darren and Stefan couldn't deny it. Following this revelation, Martin insisted that Stefan go with him to the club because sometimes he saw Darren there. Stefan knew that he couldn't pass on this chance.

"I guess that I will say yes. I'd be stupid to pass on this opportunity."

"Yes! I can't wait! I'll call you to give you the details later. So what do you want to drink?"

"I will have an iced tea and..."

"You'll take a bowl, I know," said Martin with a smile.

Without waiting for Stefan to say another word, Martin took the menu as he walked toward the bar to place his order. As soon as Stefan saw that nobody was near the buffet, he got up and walked toward it. He took a bowl and put the ingredients that he wanted inside: chicken, rice noodles, meatballs, onions and egg, coated with a teriyaki sauce. He chose rice as a side dish. When he was sure that he had everything he wanted, he walked toward the grill. While he was walking, he saw that Darren was back at his post and smiling at him.

"Hello!" said Darren

"Hi!" said Stefan while he was putting his bowl into Darren's hands.

Darren turned around to put the contents of the bowl on the grill. Stefan couldn't help looking at Darren's bubble butt. His favorite part to watch on a man was a butt, and he couldn't help imagine what it would feel like if one day he could touch Darren's buttocks. Once Stefan had memorized the behind of his dreams, he forced himself to look toward the street so he wouldn't be caught.

"It seems that we will see each other this weekend," said Darren.

At first Stefan wondered what he was talking about, but he remembered what Martin had said a few minutes before.

"Apparently," said Stefan while smiling.

"I don't think that I've seen you there before."

"It's because it will be the first time that I've been there."

"Really?"

“Yes. It’s only been a few months since I moved here. I’m discovering the area slowly but surely with the help of Martin.”

“I see. I often go to this club to decompress, but my car is at the garage and the one person who wanted to come with me doesn’t have one. Luckily for me and my friend, Martin agreed to drive us there.”

Darren turned around and put Stefan’s bowl on the counter.

“How do you manage without a car?” asked Stefan.

“I live not far from here so I don’t need a car to go work, thankfully. For the other things I can count on my brother and my friends.”

“Good... I better eat before it gets cold.”

“Yeah, so I will see you Saturday.”

“Exactly.”

Stefan took his bowl and returned to his table. After his conversation with Darren, Stefan thought that the odds were good that Darren would succumb to his charms. Otherwise he would try to find someone else, because it had been about six months since his last hookup. Of course he wanted to satisfy his needs, but he also wanted to have someone to sleep next to him, to hug him. He knew his social life was nonexistent since he had moved far from his family and friends, and his new job as a personal assistant in an advertising company was taking most of his energy. Unless he became friends with his boss or had an office romance, which was not an option because he wanted to keep his professional and personal lives separate, he would wait until work was less demanding to make new friends.

Stefan looked at Darren again before sitting. He hoped that he would have his happy ending Saturday night.

Chapter Two

As Stefan rummaged through his wardrobe in his underwear, he thought that he would never find something to wear. And if he didn't hurry up, he wouldn't be ready when Martin came to pick him up. He had had three days to think about what to wear and he still couldn't make a choice. With time against him, he finally settled on a tight-fitting black shirt and blue jeans, checking to make sure that they were in good shape and clean. Once dressed, he decided to go to the bathroom to try to tame his curly brown hair one last time. He was fixing his hair when he heard a loud noise. It took time for him to realize that the noise was someone knocking on his door, because usually you had to be buzzed in if you didn't have a key. The front door must have been left open. So he looked at himself in the mirror one last time to see if all was good. Once he was satisfied with the result, he walked toward the front door of his apartment.

"I'm coming, I'm coming," said Stefan before he opened the door. After he opened it, he nearly came. He couldn't believe what he was seeing. Darren was in front of him. He was wearing a green button-down shirt and blue jeans. Stefan stared at Darren, almost gaping. After giving him a once-over because it was the first time that he had seen Darren in normal clothes, Stefan forced himself to say something.

"Sorry for the wait. I was in the bathroom and... You are alone... not that I'm not happy to see you," said Stefan.

"Martin and my friend Derek are waiting outside in the car. We couldn't find a place to park."

"In that case, I better hurry up. I just have to pick up a few things then I will be ready to go."

Stefan turned around then went to his bedroom to fetch his wallet, and put it in the front pocket of his jeans. On the way back, he stopped by the living room to pick up his keys and phone that were on the coffee table. He took one last look around him to make sure that he wasn't forgetting something, then walked toward the front door to join Darren.

"I'm ready!" said Stefan.

"One Jack and Coke, please," said Stefan to the bartender.

This was his second Jack and Coke since he had arrived. Once the bartender handed it to him, he began to drink it slowly as he looked around the club. While he was watching Martin and Derek dancing together and Darren dancing with someone else, he couldn't help but think that he should have stayed at home. Yet the evening had started well. They were all dancing together for a while, then Martin and Derek moved closer to each other. Stefan danced closer to Darren, hoping that it could speed things up between them, when someone went to dance between him and Darren. Needless to say the stranger was more interested in Darren than him. Tired of being the third wheel, he thought that the best solution for the time being was to go to the bar.

After he finished drinking his Jack and Coke, Stefan thought that he needed to do something to grab Darren's attention before it was time for him to go home. After he surveyed the dance floor, he came to the conclusion that the only thing that might do the trick was to take off his shirt. The problem was that he wasn't drunk enough to do it without caring what other people would think of him shirtless. And he didn't want to be drunk because he wanted to be in full command of his faculties. He gathered his courage. After taking a deep breath, Stefan decided to do it since he had nothing to lose. Stefan took off his shirt and tucked it into one of the back pockets of his jeans. Once that was done, he walked toward the dance floor to rejoin his friends.

"I can't believe it! You're shirtless!" said Martin.

"I can't believe it myself but it's for a good cause," said Stefan.

"I bet," said Martin before he gave Stefan a wink.

Stefan was dancing for a while when someone grabbed his waist from behind. For a second, he stopped what he was doing and looked down. Stefan saw an arm that was covered in tattoos. He thought that he must have seen it somewhere before, so to confirm his suspicion, he turned around. He found himself looking at Darren.

Darren shouted in Stefan's ear, "You lost your shirt."

Instead of answering, Stefan showed him where he put his shirt then resumed dancing. He tried to behave as if Darren wasn't having an effect on him, but failed. He couldn't stop looking at him. Darren must have felt that Stefan was watching him because when he met his eyes, he smirked at him. Feeling that he had to take this opportunity, Stefan approached Darren.

"You are a great dancer," shouted Stefan.

"You are not bad either," responded Darren.

“I have the basics covered. I wish I could move my hips like you.”

Stefan looked at Darren’s hips, especially the area that was between the top of his jeans and the bottom of his shirt, because each time Darren moved he could see more and more bare skin. Without realizing, Stefan licked his lips. Before he could think about what his next move would be, Darren grabbed his waist again and held Stefan against him. Stefan froze for a moment, then forced himself to relax as he followed Darren’s lead.

After dancing together for two songs, Stefan worked up the nerve to slide his fingers into the back pockets of Darren’s jeans. Once he did that, Darren edged one of his legs between Stefan’s legs and pressed their bodies together. Stefan couldn’t hide his excitement anymore and soon he felt that Darren couldn’t hide it either. Afraid of breaking the spell, Stefan didn’t make another move. He didn’t want this moment to end, but Darren had another idea. He began to rock against him. Stefan tried his best to resist the temptation to do the same. As much as he wanted to grind against Darren, he restrained himself, mainly because he didn’t want to come in his pants. Darren’s movements became more pronounced; a moan escaped Stefan’s lips as he shuddered. Stefan hoped that Darren hadn’t noticed, but the fact that Darren put his hands on Stefan’s hips and pulled him closer showed that he had. Unable to resist any longer, Stefan surrendered.

“Do you want to take a break?” asked Darren.

Stefan didn’t respond and didn’t move. He felt very good in Darren’s arms. He was in his own bubble, but unfortunately it burst when Darren nudged him.

“What did you just say?” said Stefan, keeping his head on Darren’s shoulder and his eyes closed.

“I asked you if you wanted to take a break.”

“It might be a good idea.”

After Stefan answered, Darren took a step back. Stefan shuddered at the loss, then opened his eyes to look at him.

“Follow me,” Darren said with a smile.

Darren turned around and walked off the dance floor. Stefan trailed behind him when suddenly Darren came to a stop. He almost ran into him.

“There is not much free space,” said Darren.

Darren sat on the sofa. Before Stefan could say something, he found himself on Darren's lap. Stefan looked at Darren with wide eyes and remained motionless. He was wondering what Darren would do next.

"So are you enjoying yourself?" asked Darren with a smirk.

"As if you didn't know," said Stefan while laying his head on Darren's shoulder.

"I still can't believe that it's your first time here."

"I moved to the area nearly three months ago. Since I didn't know anyone, I didn't go out much apart from work and to go the restaurant where you and Martin work. Fortunately, Martin took pity on me and offered to be my guide. After spending some time together, I can say that now we are good friends."

"I see. I'm not from here either. I moved here because I chose to go to this university. Two years later, my younger brother did the same. I live with him and two other people in a house."

Surprised to hear that Darren was still going to the university because he thought they were the same age, Stefan looked up.

"How old are you?" asked Stefan.

"I am twenty-three. And you?"

"I am twenty-seven. I feel old all of a sudden."

"Really? You are only four years older than me."

"You'll understand when you turn twenty-five," Stefan said while smiling.

There was a moment of silence as he saw Darren open his mouth a few times as if he wanted to ask something but thought better of it. Stefan wanted to continue to talk to Darren so he began to think about something he could ask him. When he was about to ask him a question, Darren spoke.

"There is something that I wanted to ask you... Do you go to the grill because you like the food or is there another reason? Or both?" asked Darren.

Stefan looked at him in shock, then he thought about what he was going to tell him. Stefan decided to not beat around the bush.

"Straight to the point, I like that. At first, I went to the restaurant because I had nothing left to eat at home or because I was too lazy to cook. Then I saw you."

"You saw me?" asked Darren.

“Yes. The first time I saw you, I was attracted to you. I wanted to see you again, so I came to the restaurant when I could. I was hoping that you would notice me and I guess it worked. Needless to say, I have a crush on you.”

“What do you like about me?”

“I like the way you smile at me when I walk toward you with my bowl. I like looking at your tattoos and trying to guess what they are. I like staring at your ass.”

“I guessed that you had a thing for my ass. Not that I am complaining.”

“I am so embarrassed,” said Stefan.

“Don’t be. I have a confession to make too. I am interested in you.”

“You are? Because before I took off my shirt, you didn’t seem really interested in me.”

“It was because I wanted to make you jealous, to make you react. Childish, I know. In any case, you caught my attention and the more I saw you the more I wanted to spend time with you. In the future I would like to see you outside of the restaurant, which goes without saying.”

“I agree. That way, we can get to know each other. I can’t believe this is happening.”

“Me too. I was looking for an excuse to spend some time with you when I heard Martin say that you were going with him here whether you liked it or not. So I took the opportunity to ask him if my friend and I could come with him. It’s the best thing that’s happened since my car broke down.”

“What happened to your car?” asked Stefan.

“The gasket decided that it had had enough. I hope that I’ll be able to get it back next week. Luckily for me, I always find someone when I need transportation. When I have free time, I’ll throw a party to thank my friends. You will be invited of course.”

“Thanks, and if you need help, you can ask me.”

“I will. Thanks.”

They fell into a comfortable silence, then Darren’s right hand found its way around Stefan’s neck. Darren’s face was barely an inch from Stefan’s face. Stefan licked his lips while focusing his attention on Darren’s mouth. Stefan couldn’t resist giving him a peck on it, then Darren did the same to him. Stefan

parted his lips after Darren licked his lower lip to indicate that he wanted more. Darren seemed to understand what Stefan wanted him to do because he began to kiss him. Slow at first, then the pace quickened. They were lost in each other until they were out of breath.

“You are killing me. If we don’t stop, I’m going to come in my pants,” said Darren.

“I’m in the same condition. I think it would be best if we went back to the dance floor.”

“It might be a good idea if we can keep our distance.”

“You’re right. In that case I’m going to find Martin.”

“And I will go check on Derek.”

Back on the dance floor, Stefan started looking for Martin. It didn’t take long to find him because the crowd began to thin. He stood in front of Martin to make sure that he could see him. When Martin recognized him, he smiled.

“So how is it going?” asked Martin.

“All is well for now, and you?” asked Stefan.

“I’m getting tired and I’m thirsty. I think that I will go have a drink.”

“I will go with you.”

He and Martin went to the bar, where Martin ordered a lemonade and Stefan did the same. Once they had their drinks, Martin took a sip before asking Stefan what happened between him and Darren.

“All I can say to you is that he is interested in me. We want to spend some time together and after we talked, we kissed,” said Stefan.

“I’m so happy for you. I hope that it will work between the two of you.”

“I hope so too. One thing is sure, I have never been so horny.”

“You could ask Darren to help you.”

“I could, but I prefer to wait until we go on a date together. So until then my right hand will suffice.”

“Not for long,” said Martin.

“If Darren and I get better acquainted, I can assure you that my right hand will take a well-deserved vacation in this domain. Now that I might end my celibacy, I want to know if someone caught your eye tonight.”

“Derek, Darren’s friend, is interesting. I think I would want to see him again.”

“Don’t tell me that we might go on a double date in the future!”

“The horror! All I can say is that he doesn’t leave me indifferent. I’ll see how it goes.”

Stefan was about to say something when he saw Darren and his friend approaching them. When Darren noticed that Stefan was looking at him, he smiled at him. As Darren took the last steps that separated them, Stefan couldn’t take his eyes off him.

“Do you two want to stay a bit longer or do you want me to take you home? I am a little tired but it won’t bother me to stay a little longer. So what do you want to do?” asked Martin.

“I want to go home if that’s okay with all of you,” said Derek.

“It doesn’t bother me,” said Stefan.

“I’m getting tired, so even if I want to stay I think it would be best to go home. I don’t want to start the week in bad shape,” said Darren.

“In that case, I will take all of you home,” said Martin.

Stefan and Martin followed his friends after they finished drinking their lemonade. Before leaving the club, Stefan put his shirt on because he didn’t want to catch a cold. Once outside, they walked toward Martin’s car. After Martin told them that it would be better that he drop off Stefan first, he opened the door. Stefan went to sit in the backseat. He was pleased when Darren did the same. Stefan wanted to be with Darren as much as possible before the night came to an end.

When they arrived in front of Stefan’s building, Martin parked his car. Before Stefan got out of the vehicle, Darren said he would accompany him, so Stefan said good-bye to Martin and Derek. When Darren reached Stefan, he took Stefan’s hand as they walked toward the building without saying a word. After taking the elevator, they headed toward Stefan’s apartment. Once they arrived at their destination, Stefan opened the door, then turned around to face Darren.

“I had a good time with you,” said Stefan.

“Me too. I wanted to ask you if you could give me your number so we can see each other again.”

“No problem.”

Darren took his phone from his pocket and entered the number Stefan gave him.

“I will contact you soon,” said Darren.

Before Darren left, they exchanged one last kiss.

Chapter Three

The next day, Stefan was on cloud nine. He couldn't help but think about what happened last night every time his mind wandered. The kiss was better than he imagined and if they hadn't been in a public place, things between them would have become increasingly hot. Stefan was a little disappointed that he couldn't have explored Darren's body like he wanted to, but at the same time he was glad because he wanted to get better acquainted with Darren before they became more intimate. They also agreed on the fact that they wanted to see each other outside of the restaurant. Stefan was eager to see Darren's wardrobe, because until that night he had only seen him in his uniform. He wanted to see where he lived, the places where he liked to hang out. He hoped that Darren wanted the same things that he wanted.

Now that they were on the right track to becoming boyfriends, Stefan didn't need to go to the restaurant every day as he had been. Stefan was hoping that Darren wouldn't wait long before contacting him. He should have asked him for his phone number at the same time Darren asked for his. In a way that was not so bad, because Stefan knew that if he had Darren's phone number, he would have already called him to see when they could see each other again. He didn't want to appear needy. The ball was in Darren's court and all Stefan could do was to wait.

Monday came faster than he wanted. When his alarm clock woke him, he did his best to ignore it, but it was persistent so Stefan got up. Stefan was dragging his feet this morning. He didn't want to tackle the day because at the end of the day, he knew that he wouldn't be able to resist going to the restaurant. He wanted to see Darren and he didn't want to be disappointed in case Darren didn't work tonight.

Stefan's mood improved during his lunch break when he saw that he had received a message from Darren on his phone. Darren was asking him if he had recovered well from his weekend. Stefan answered that he had recovered, and that he'd had a good time with him. Stefan placed his phone on the table then picked up his sandwich. He was about to take a bite when his phone rang again. He looked to see who was contacting him. When Stefan saw that it was Darren, he immediately put his sandwich on the table to see what Darren sent him. Darren was asking him if they could see each other on Wednesday. After he

checked that he had nothing to do on that day except go to work, he told Darren that he could see him.

They agreed that it was more convenient to meet at the university on Wednesday, so after finishing his workday Stefan took his car to go to the meeting point. Stefan was a little nervous and he hoped that everything would be fine. When he arrived at the university, he parked the car and looked around for Darren. After a while, Stefan saw Darren. They locked eyes; he smiled at Stefan then quickened his pace.

“Hey!” said Darren, after he kissed Stefan on the mouth.

“Hello! How are you?” asked Stefan.

“I’m fine, thanks. I’m happy to see you and the garage called me to tell me that I can retrieve my car tomorrow.”

“That’s great and I’m happy to see you too. So what do you want to do?”

“I have to buy a few things if that’s okay with you?”

“So you wanted to see me because you needed my car.” Stefan pouted then said with a smile, “Don’t worry, that’s okay with me.”

“Thanks, and I assure you that I really wanted to see you. It’s just that I am not very mobile at the moment. It’s frustrating,” said Darren.

“I understand.”

“And there was something else I wanted to do, and I was wondering if you wanted to do the same,” Darren said as he approached Stefan.

Stefan and Darren found themselves face to face. Darren looked at Stefan mischievously. Stefan sighed, then he wrapped his arms around Darren’s neck. As soon as Darren opened his mouth a little, Stefan pressed his lips against Darren’s. The kiss was slow at first, and then it peaked in intensity when Darren pushed his tongue into Stefan’s mouth. Stefan pressed his body against Darren and ran his hands through Darren’s hair. Stefan knew that he should stop this before it went too far, but this kiss had the power to make him forget his surroundings until he heard someone whistle at them. Stefan ended the kiss with regret, then he butted his forehead against Darren’s.

“Whoa!” said Stefan.

“It was nice,” said Darren.

After hearing that, Stefan tickled Darren.

“Okay, it was hot and we should get going before I am unable to control myself,” said Darren.

“I wouldn’t mind if you lost control, but I’m not really into exhibitionism.”

“I will remember that for the future. So I wanted to go to the mall if you don’t mind. I have to buy some books for my class, then after, I thought we could eat something before you take me home,” said Darren.

“That’s okay with me,” said Stefan.

Stefan turned around to open his car; as he was about to put the key in the lock, Darren rubbed his crotch against his ass. For a moment he was stunned, then when he saw Darren walking toward the passenger side of the car, he shook his head to clear his naughty thoughts.

After Darren bought his books and they ate, Stefan took him home. Darren had told Stefan that he was living in a house near the university with his brother and two friends. Stefan told Darren that he had never lived with anyone. He was tempted to find a roommate when the end of the month was hard, but he was afraid of being stuck with someone that he couldn’t stand. It probably didn’t help that he read stories on the net of people who complained about their roommates. Darren confessed that sometimes it was hard, especially when nobody wanted to do the household chores or when you heard things that you didn’t want to hear. He preferred someone like that instead of a roommate that didn’t clean after himself in the bathroom. Stefan agreed with him on that.

Once Stefan parked his car in front of Darren’s house, they took his bags out of the trunk and walked toward the house. Darren opened the door, then he motioned to Stefan to follow him. While Darren was closing the door, he told Stefan that he could go to the kitchen that was on his right.

Stefan and Darren were sitting on the sofa and watching the television after they put away what Darren had bought. While Darren was trying to find something interesting to watch, Stefan was watching Darren, because at the moment he was the most interesting thing to him. Stefan took his time looking at Darren’s features. He noticed that Darren had a strong profile. Stefan was so focused on watching Darren’s jawline that it took him a moment to notice that Darren was staring at him.

“Come here,” Darren said softly.

Stefan nodded before he got up and straddled Darren. Darren slipped his arms around Stefan's waist, and Stefan moved his hands to the back of Darren's head. While he was running his hands through Darren's hair, he felt Darren's hands caressing his back.

"You are beautiful," Stefan whispered.

"You are not bad either," said Darren.

Darren brushed his lips against Stefan's. When Stefan's lips parted, Darren took the opportunity to kiss him. Suddenly Stefan couldn't get enough, pressing his body against Darren's. After Darren ended their kiss, he moved his hands down to grab Stefan's ass. Stefan couldn't help but move his hips. He moved his hands down to caress Darren's chest then they continued their way to cup his cock. Stefan heard Darren moan before Darren initiated another kiss between them.

"We should go to your room," said Stefan after breaking the kiss.

"Nobody will walk in on us, I promise. My roommates are all busy doing something. I checked," Darren said.

"In that case..."

Stefan unbuttoned Darren's jeans then pulled the zipper down. Stefan went to lick Darren's jaw line while one of his hands wrapped around Darren's cock. Darren took advantage of the fact that Stefan was taking care of his manhood, and he slid his hands into Stefan's underwear. Darren massaged Stefan's ass, which caused Stefan to moan.

"Open your pants," Darren said to Stefan.

Stefan complied then he quickly put his hands back where they were. While Stefan was jerking off Darren, Darren ran his tongue down Stefan's chin, depositing small kisses on Stefan's neck before sucking on it. Darren could hear Stefan let out small sounds of pleasure.

"Darren... Oh, Darren," Stefan moaned.

"Stefan," Darren moaned in turn.

Stefan nibbled Darren's collarbone before he put his head in the crook of Darren's neck, then he took their cocks into his hands. When their cocks came into contact, Stefan whimpered and he heard Darren groan his name loudly. Stefan quickened the pace, and their breath quickened in response. Stefan nearly lost his control when Darren's fingers brushed his hole.

“I’m close,” said Stefan to warn Darren.

“Me too,” Darren said.

A few strokes later, Darren came while screaming Stefan’s name. Stefan came soon after, then he closed his eyes. He was suddenly tired.

“We should go to the bathroom to clean ourselves but I don’t want to move. Even if I wanted to, I don’t know if I could,” said Darren.

“I don’t want to move either. You will have to carry me,” said Stefan.

“You are the oldest so it should be you who carries me.”

“Don’t remind me,” Stefan grumbled.

“You are the oldest but you are not old. I must say that you have good stamina.”

“Good to know. I was worried that I wouldn’t last long because it’s been a long time for me.”

“How long?” asked Darren.

“Six months, more or less. And you?”

“Four months, and it wasn’t memorable.”

“I hope that when we do go all the way, it will be amazing,” Stefan said with a smile.

“I hope so too. So what do you think about spending this weekend together?”

“I think that it’s a great idea. You could come spend a night at my house.”

“If that’s okay with you, I’ll come Saturday then leave Sunday.”

“No problem. I will make you try my cooking.”

“And I will bring a dessert.”

“I thought you were supposed to be the dessert. I’m kidding.”

“You’re sweet,” Darren said after he kissed Stefan’s forehead.

Chapter Four

Friday night, Stefan found himself at his favorite restaurant. He hadn't been back since last week and he had to admit that he missed it. He knew that Darren was working that night, as well as Martin. The main reason for his presence at the Mongolian Grill was because after it closed, Martin was going with Stefan to his apartment. Martin wanted to know what had been happening with Darren, and Stefan wanted his advice for the weekend he was planning to spend with Darren. He didn't want to fuck it up. Stefan couldn't deny that he was happy to catch a glimpse of Darren, and it seemed that it was reciprocated because after he gave his bowl to Darren, Stefan received a quick peck on his lips from him.

After the restaurant was closed for the night, Stefan was waiting for Martin out front with Darren. Stefan was leaning against the wall with Darren in front of him. Stefan couldn't help staring at Darren's lips while wondering what they might do to him when they were together that weekend. Then he saw the corners of Darren's lips turned up, so he looked him in the eye to see what could have caused it.

"You know, if you don't stop looking at my lips, I won't be able to resist you any longer," said Darren.

"And if I don't want you to hold back?" Stefan asked.

Darren groaned, then pressed against Stefan.

"You're so tempting. It's just that I don't want to begin something when I know that I won't have time to finish it. Fortunately we will see each other tomorrow," said Darren.

"I can't wait. Are you still staying the night?" asked Stefan.

"Yes, and I'm still bringing dessert."

Before Stefan could say something else, he heard the sound of footsteps coming closer, so he turned his head to see if it was Martin.

"I'm ready to go, if you are," Martin said to Stefan with a smile.

"I'm ready," said Stefan, turning to Darren. "So I will see you tomorrow?"

"See you tomorrow," said Darren.

Before leaving with Martin, Stefan said good-bye to Darren after he gave him a quick peck on his lips.

While Stefan was shopping the next afternoon, he remembered the conversation that he and Martin had had the previous night so he would not forget anything. For dinner, Stefan opted to start with a salad of tomatoes and mozzarella, with a mustard vinaigrette dressing. A salad without sauce was bland, according to Stefan. The main course would be a hamburger with potatoes cooked on the stove. Stefan chose this dish because it was easy and unsophisticated. He didn't want to set the bar too high for the next time he cooked for Darren. The disadvantage of this dish was that the potatoes required a lot of prep time. But after he put everything in the pan, it should go fast.

Even though Darren told him that he would bring dessert, Stefan still bought some ice cream, knowing if they didn't eat it that night, he could always save it for another time. Since Darren was spending the night, Stefan bought things to eat for breakfast and other things that he usually bought when he was doing his grocery shopping, because his fridge was almost empty. Once Stefan finished putting the food in the shopping cart, he went to the aisle where he could find drinks. He took a bottle of apple juice, a bottle of red wine, and a few bottles of beer. Personally Stefan wasn't a big fan of beer as it left a bitter taste in his mouth, but Martin said that seeing that he didn't know what Darren liked, it was for the best to choose beer because almost everyone likes to drink beer. Before proceeding to the checkout, he went to the aisle where he could find the lube and condoms. Stefan hoped that they would come in handy tonight.

Once Stefan came back to his apartment, he immediately put the groceries away before he took off his jacket, and put the lube and condoms in the nightstand by his bed. While he was doing that, he thought that no matter how often he bought lube and condoms, he couldn't help but be embarrassed, especially when the cashier had the items in his hands. At least he could say that if the opportunity to become more intimate with Darren arose that evening, he would not be caught unprepared. Then he came back to the kitchen so he could put the potatoes in the pressure cooker.

Stefan was washing his hands in the kitchen when he heard the ring of the intercom. He looked at the clock to see what the time was. It indicated that it was 6:26 p.m. Thinking that it was Darren waiting outside, he dried his hands before walking toward the intercom to answer it. When Stefan heard Darren's voice, he couldn't help but smile as he pushed on the button to buzz him in. All of a sudden, Stefan felt nervous. He was asking himself if he should open the door then wait for Darren on the doorstep or wait for him behind the door until

Darren knocked, choosing the first option. Stefan opened the door then leaned against the side of the frame so he could see Darren approaching. A few seconds later that seemed like minutes, Stefan heard the elevator doors open and saw Darren coming out of it. Darren was wearing black jeans with a blue sweater; he had an overnight bag in his left hand and a plastic bag in his other hand. Stefan thought that the dessert was in the plastic bag. When Darren saw Stefan, he walked toward him.

“Hey!” said Stefan.

“Hey!” said Darren.

“Are you ready to spend tonight with me?” asked Stefan.

“More than ready. For dessert, I bought a strawberry cheesecake. I hope that you like that.”

“It’s one of my favorite desserts. The other ones are yogurt cake and chocolate cake.”

“That’s good to know.”

“Come inside,” said Stefan after he motioned to Darren to enter his apartment before him.

Once inside, Stefan closed the door then told Darren to follow him. Stefan went to the kitchen so Darren could put the cake into the refrigerator. After Darren did that, Stefan asked him if he wanted to put his overnight bag in his bedroom, then showed him the way.

“As you can see, this is my bedroom,” said Stefan.

Darren looked around as he put his bag on the floor near the bed. He took a few steps toward Stefan so that they were now face-to-face.

“I think that it’s a little too early to eat, so what do you think about having an appetizer?” asked Stefan.

“It depends on whether you are on the menu or not,” said Darren.

“And if I say that it can be arranged?”

“In that case I’m very interested.”

Darren pushed gently until Stefan’s legs hit the bed, then understanding what Darren wanted to do, Stefan let himself fall on the bed. Shortly after he stopped bouncing on the bed, Darren was on top of him. Darren pushed himself onto his elbows and stared into Stefan’s eyes for a moment, then initiated their

kiss. It started slow, then the rhythm increased when Stefan wrapped his arms around Darren. Stefan could feel Darren's hard-on, and he was sure that Darren could feel his.

"I want to taste you," said Darren after breaking their kiss.

Stefan nodded to tell Darren that he could do what he wanted to do. Darren unfastened Stefan's pants before he took them off. His underwear followed soon after that. Stefan saw Darren lick his lips before he lowered his head in the direction of Stefan's cock. Darren licked his cock from bottom to top, staring up at him. Stefan couldn't take his eyes off Darren. He was mesmerized. When Darren took his manhood into his mouth, he closed his eyes and moaned. At that instant, all that mattered to him was that Darren didn't stop what he was doing, and he was doing his best to prolong this moment as much as he could.

"I'm close," said Stefan.

Shortly after he said these words, he could feel Darren accelerating the rhythm. Stefan began to fuck Darren's mouth.

"I'm going to come," Stefan said in warning in case Darren didn't want to swallow his cum.

Stefan gripped the sheets and arched his back, moaning loudly as he came. After he finished his release, he let himself fall down on the mattress. While he resumed his breathing, Darren was cleaning him. When he kissed him, Stefan could taste himself on Darren's tongue.

"Your appetizer was very good. I can't wait to taste it again," Darren said with a smile.

Stefan opened his eyes and smiled at Darren.

"And I can't wait to taste yours," said Stefan.

"If I weren't so hard right now, I would let you, but when I come, I want to be inside you. So are you up for more?"

"Yes, but take it slow. It's been a long time."

"Don't worry, I will get you ready. Do you have lube and condoms?" asked Darren.

"I put them there." Stefan pointed towards the nightstand.

Darren nodded before he opened the drawer of the nightstand. He took the lube and a few condoms and put them on the bed near Stefan's right hip. Darren

stepped back until he found himself between Stefan's legs as he took off his sweater and the T-shirt that he was wearing underneath it. Stefan did the same with his shirt. After he removed his last piece of clothing, he forced himself to relax as he spread his legs.

"You're so hot. I'm going to rim you, then I'm going to open you with my fingers. And once you are ready, I'm going to fuck you," said Darren.

Stefan whimpered in anticipation. He gripped the sheets once again when Darren began to rim him. Stefan was so lost in his pleasure that he didn't hear the click when Darren opened the lube bottle, and he almost didn't notice that Darren had stopped rimming him.

"I'm going to prepare you with my fingers, and once you are ready I will replace them with my cock. Stefan, tell me if you would like that," said Darren.

"Do it! I want you," said Stefan.

Darren chuckled before he circled Stefan's hole with his fingers that were covered with lube. Stefan spread his legs as far as he could, then he forced himself to relax. When Darren slipped one of his fingers inside him, Stefan gasped then moaned. Stefan writhed when Darren slipped a second finger inside him. He couldn't help but fuck himself on Darren's fingers when a third entered him.

"Darren... I'm close. I'm ready," said Stefan.

Just then, Darren withdrew his fingers.

"No!" said Stefan.

"Be patient. It's just that I want to be inside you when you come."

Stefan nodded. Darren took off the rest of his clothes, then rolled a condom on his dick. He positioned himself between Stefan's legs again. Darren put Stefan's legs on his shoulders before he entered him slowly. He stopped himself a moment when his cock was completely inside Stefan's hole.

"You are so tight. Are you okay?" asked Darren.

"Yes. You can start moving," said Stefan.

With Stefan's permission, Darren began to move. He was thrusting slowly while he leaned forward to kiss Stefan. Stefan put his arms around Darren's neck.

"Oh, fuck! You're so deep inside me," said Stefan.

“You feel so good.”

“Fuck me harder, please. Fuck me.”

Darren grabbed the back of Stefan’s knees then he leaned them forward. He kissed him before he began to thrust harder. Stefan trembled and did his best to meet Darren’s thrusts. Feeling that he was close, he slipped his right hand between their bodies to stroke his cock.

“Darren, I’m close. I’m going to come.”

“Go ahead. I want to see you come,” said Darren.

Stefan screamed Darren’s name while he came. Darren followed soon after, then he let himself fall forward.

“That was intense,” said Stefan.

“I don’t think I can move,” said Darren.

“Me too, but since it’s not every day that I receive a handsome man at my home and cook him dinner, we will have to move in a moment.”

“Then after we eat, we could do that again.”

“And again.”

“And again. I want to be with you for a long time.”

“Me too, boyfriend,” said Stefan with a smile.

The End

Author Bio

A French girl who likes to read, to write and sometimes cook while listening to music.

Contact & Media Info

[Email](#)