



JACKSON'S LAW

a love has no boundaries story

...  ...

VANESSA NORTH

Love Has No Boundaries

An M/M Romance series

JACKSON'S LAW

By Vanessa North

Introduction

The story you are about to read celebrates love, sex and romance between men. It is a product of the *Love Has No Boundaries* promotion sponsored by the *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* and is published as a free gift to you.

What Is Love Has No Boundaries?

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 they 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 Has No Boundaries*.

Whether you are an avid M/M romance reader or new to the genre, you are in for a delicious treat.

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JACKSON'S LAW

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Photo Description

He pulls back his jacket and shirt with one hand, revealing a rock-hard abdomen and hirsute chest. His pink bow-tie hangs to one side, and his pants are undone. A constellation of moles scatters across his body, inviting...

Story Letter

Dear Author,

I've always had a thing for moles. Don't know what it is about them, they just do it for me. I've been through a bit of a dry spell, so it kind of grates that my roommate's asshole of a brother is a wet dream come true. Better to stay away and keep to myself—but then this happens, drunk and smirking, this is what he shows me.

Yes, I want him all over me, but this can only end in tears, right?

Sincerely,

Alex

Story Info

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JACKSON'S LAW

By Vanessa North

Most guys, when they have the apartment to themselves because their roommate is skiing in Vermont with his girlfriend, would maybe have a date over, and take advantage of being able to fuck in any room of the house. But, no. Elliot was hopelessly single. So here he was on a Friday night playing video games in his boxers, and trying to keep his mind off the bombshell Tyler had dropped before leaving.

“Jackson got a job at a law firm in Boston, so he’s looking for a place nearby. If he stops by while I’m gone, could you please try not to be too much of a dick?”

Jackson. Tyler’s asshole older brother, who just happened to have the body and face of a god. The newly-barred lawyer had thick, black hair and a mole on his cheek. Elliot wasn’t sure what it was about moles, but they did it for him. Big time. And the way Jackson moved, like he owned the fucking world, all swagger and ’tude, it was hot. It made it impossible for Elliot not to imagine him in the bedroom. Of course, Jack had to be straight, and kind of a prick, in that arrogant “I’m gonna be a lawyer someday so all my little brother’s friends can kiss my ass” way. Except now he *was* a lawyer, and he was probably even more insufferable. Elliot wasn’t sure how Tyler and Jack managed to have the same parents. Tyler was cool. Jack was *too cool*, and he knew it. It was like Jack had his own gravity, and everyone was attracted. No matter how hard Elliot tried to be immune, he knew it would be all too easy to fall.

Elliot turned off the television and tossed the game controller on the table. Just thinking about Jackson had given him a semi. That was so fucking wrong; Elliot didn’t even know what to do about his ridiculous crush. He avoided Jackson at all costs. He’d managed to pick up extra shifts whenever Jackson visited, see the guy as little as possible. What was he going to do now that Jackson would be living in town? He and Tyler were close; he’d be over here

all the damn time. It was hell being in the same room with the perfect specimen of manhood and not being able to touch.

Elliot reached down and rubbed his dick through his shorts. Mmmm. Nice. He couldn't help but envision Jack down there, teasing him with those full lips and scruffy-stubbled chin. Maybe he'd rub his chin on Elliot's balls and then suck them one at a time into his mouth before going all in for the blowjob. *Yes, please.* The thought pulled a whimper from Elliot's lips and a drop of precome from the tip of his now fully-hard cock. Oh what he wouldn't do to have Jack's lips wrapped around it.

A car horn sounded outside, interrupting Elliot's fantasy. Annoyed, he closed his eyes and tried to ignore it, but it came again, more insistent, longer.

What the fuck, it was almost midnight. Who the fuck would be laying on the horn at this hour?

Elliot looked out the window. A cab had pulled up outside, the driver's door was open and the driver clearly attempting to get someone out of the back seat. He watched as the driver went back to the front and pressed the horn again before returning to his passenger.

Fuck. Elliot grabbed a pair of jeans off the top of the hamper and went to the door. Down one flight of stairs, he found the cab driver hauling a very drunk Jackson to his feet. *Oh, hell.* Even drunk as fuck, Jack looked good. Grey suit, bow tie—did lawyers really think it was cool to wear bow ties? *It is. On Jackson, it totally is.*

“Here, let me.” Elliot came around to Jack's side and wrapped an arm around his waist. Jackson grinned at him.

“Hey Ellie. Tyler said I could come by anytime. S'okay right?”

“This was the address he gave me.” The cab driver shrugged. “I don't know if he's too drunk to find his wallet, but he needs to pay the fare still.”

Are you fucking kidding me? Elliot could see the outline of Jack's wallet in his back pocket. *Really, Jack? Just effing shoot me already.* Taking a deep

breath, he put one of Jack's hands on the roof of the cab to steady him, and then slipped his hand into Jack's pocket.

"Don't get fresh, Ellie," Jack whispered. Startled, Elliot looked into dark brown eyes, which appeared strangely vulnerable. A hint of a smile—or leer—flickered around Jack's lips.

"Just getting your wallet, Jackass. You gotta pay your fare."

"Such a good friend, Ellie. S'why Tyler loves you so much. Like brothers. But you can't be brothers with my brother because then you'd be my brother and I already got a brother."

Elliot bit back a groan. Babysitting a drunk Jackson was pretty much the last thing on earth he wanted to do right now. But he'd promised Tyler he wouldn't be a dick. He tried not to think about how warm Jack's skin was, radiating through the fabric of his suit, or how firm his muscles were *right fucking there* as Elliot pulled the wallet from the pocket. He checked the meter and handed the driver enough cash to cover the fare and a pretty big tip. He could be generous with Jack's money, especially since he'd be stuck with his ass until morning. And not the way he wanted to be.

"Thanks man. Can you get him up the stairs yourself?" The driver glanced up at the door to Elliot and Tyler's apartment.

"Yeah, I think so. G'night."

Elliot pulled Jack's arm back over his shoulder and hefted him toward the stairs.

"I can walk." Jackson pulled away a bit.

"I'm sure you can, big guy." Elliot wrapped his arm more firmly around Jack's waist. "But I don't want you falling on the steps. You could sue me, it could get ugly."

"I'm a lawyer," Jack announced, as if Elliot didn't know this already.

"I know. Congrats on passing the bar, dude. Too bad you didn't pass right on by the other kind of bar." Halfway up the stairs, Elliot had to pause to catch his breath. Jack was fucking heavy, and not bearing much of his own weight.

“Some guys from the firm took me out. I don't normally.” He gestured at himself. “Fuck, I'm wasted, aren't I?”

“Yeah man. Four more steps, Jack. Can you make it four more steps?”

“Yeah.”

Thankfully, he did. Elliot helped him through the door and sat him down on the couch.

“Thanks Ellie.”

God, he hated that nickname.

“Why do you call me that?” he snapped.

Jack's eyes opened, wide and startled. “Because it's pretty. And you're”—Jack gestured at Elliot—“pretty. 'Cept dudes aren't pretty. Handsome. You're pretty... handsome.”

It should not have made him feel good to be called pretty, but it kind of did. It started out sort of soft and warm in his gut and spread a blush up his chest to his face. God, who would have expected a drunken Jackson handing out compliments? “Um, thanks, but I don't like the nickname very much.”

“You're welcome.” Jack looked down at his black wingtips. “I'm really drunk. But I'll try not to do it again.”

“Yeah. Let me get you a glass of water.” Elliot poured a tall glass from the pitcher in the fridge, grabbing a beer for himself. He'd make sure Jack drank the water before he put him to bed. He popped the cap off his beer and took a swig. Surely the guy couldn't be that far off from passing out, right?

Returning to the living room, he found Jackson struggling with his shoes. *Good grief, the man's a mess.* He set the drinks on the coffee table and knelt at Jack's feet. He slipped off first one shoe, then the other, and set them aside.

“Okay man?” he asked, looking up.

Jackson looked back at him, that same startled, vulnerable look in his eyes as before, when Elliot had fetched his wallet from his pocket in the parking lot. Jackson nodded, and then looked around.

“Where’s Tyler?”

“Vermont. Skiing with Ashley.”

“Oh. So, we’re alone?”

“Yeah, don’t worry, I’m not going to come on to you.” Elliot snorted and moved to sit at the far end of the couch.

“What if I want you to?”

It was bluster... It was bluster... he didn't mean it... Oh God, did he mean it?

Elliot’s gaze locked with Jack’s. Jack swallowed, the motion of his Adam’s apple the only movement in the room until he stood, smirking.

“Yeah. What if I want you to?” Jack’s hands fumbled with the buttons of his shirt, sending one flying across the room as he revealed inch after inch of golden skin covered with hair. He unbuttoned his pants and struck a pose, holding his jacket out of the way with one hand, his other pulling his boxers just low enough to reveal a strip of un-tanned white skin and the dark hair above his cock.

“Do you like what you see, Elliot?”

Oh, damn, do I ever. A glimmer of light caught on the piercing in Jack’s left nipple, but even that couldn’t draw Elliot’s eyes away from the constellation of moles scattered across Jack’s chest. He’d died and gone to heaven. Or hell, because this was Jackson, drunk, and still, as far as Elliot knew, straight.

Spellbound and unbelievably turned on, Elliot stared, feeling heat flush up his spine and tingle along his limbs.

“C’mon, Elliot,” Jackson taunted. “Come and show me what you like.” He shrugged off the jacket and shirt, letting them fall to the floor, and shoved at his pants with both hands. His cock tented the front of his boxers. Straight or not, Jack was aroused. He stepped out of his pants and stepped closer to Elliot, breaking the spell.

God, why the hell did Elliot have to have fucking morals and shit? Yeah, he wanted Jack. Wanted him like a kid wants candy, craving the sweetness of him on his tongue. But not like this. Elliot wasn't about to take advantage of a straight guy looking for a walk on the gay side.

Elliot stood, taking a step closer to Jack. "You're drunk and horny. And not gay."

"Am so." Jack huffed, suddenly belligerent.

"So which? Drunk?" Elliot reached for Jack's arm. "I knew that already, c'mon buddy, let's get you to bed."

"Horny. And gay."

Elliot paused. "Jack, you don't play gay chicken with gay dudes. That kind of misses the point."

Jack's chin just jutted further and he opened his mouth like he was going to protest again.

Oh, to hell with it. Elliot pushed Jack's hard, mostly-naked body against the wall and went in for the kiss. Jack didn't seem surprised, splaying his legs wider to catch his balance and running his hands up Elliot's back. Elliot had expected him to back off, to duck away, but instead, Jack groaned and opened his lips to invite Elliot inside.

Jack tasted like whiskey and Coke, and not nearly enough of it to have him stumbling the way he had been. Elliot drew back, staring. Suddenly, this wasn't about not taking advantage of Jack, but about protecting his own unguarded heart.

Elliot was adorable, staring wide-eyed, his lips all red and swollen from their kiss, opening and closing in shock like a fish. Jack had always thought Elliot's lips were perfect, but he had no idea how much so until he saw them after a kiss. Jack had been attracted to Elliot for years, but only recently worked up the nerve to attempt to get close, only to find Elliot pulling a

disappearing act every time he came around—if not giving him the cold shoulder altogether.

“Surprise,” Jack whispered. “I—” He swallowed, looking down at where their bodies pressed together. Elliot was in his arms, hot, turned on, *at last*. Moment of truth. “I’m not really drunk. I didn’t think you’d believe me if you thought I was sober. *In vino veritas*, right?”

“You had me fooled about being drunk.” Elliot’s hand ran up and down Jack’s side, fingers tickling as though he were counting the moles. It was nice, comfortable, that caress. “I’m still not convinced you’re gay.”

Fuck. Jack rocked his hips forward, pushing his dick against Elliot’s. “Need more convincing? I could blow you?”

Elliot’s blue eyes got impossibly wider, and then his shoulders started to shake. He was laughing.

“Boy, you really do like to play gay chicken.”

“I’m not playing gay chicken. I want you. I’ve wanted you for a long time. I’m sorry I was kind of a dick to you, but Elliot, I was in law school, it seemed easier to let you think I wasn’t interested than to get involved when I didn’t have time for—”

“For what? Being a decent human being to your brother’s roommate?”

“For a boyfriend.” Jack mumbled, the blush heating his face. *Okay, Jack, way to lay all your cards on the table at once.*

“What makes you think I want a boyfriend, Jackson?” Elliot crowded closer again, kissing Jackson before he could answer. His lips were somehow both firm and soft, gentle and aggressive. Elliot unlocked a need so deep in Jackson, he didn’t know how to respond except in kind. He slanted his lips over Elliot’s, bracketing his face with both hands and taking what he needed.

Elliot pulled back and arched one fine brow, as if waiting for an answer.

“What was the question?”

“What”—Elliot’s hand trailed up Jack’s thigh—“makes you”—gripped his cock and rubbed, *hard*—“think—”

“Right, what makes me think you want a boyfriend? Besides your hand on my... *oh fuck*, that feels good...” And it did. Elliot knew what he was doing with that rubbing hand. Cupping Jack’s balls, rolling them, then easing up his cock with perfect. fucking. pressure. And then it stopped and Elliot took a step back.

“Yeah. Besides that. Because I could do that with a guy who isn’t my boyfriend.”

“You aren’t that kind of guy.” Jack had been paying attention. Elliot was sweet, caring, invested. He knew all the customers at that little coffee shop he worked at, and he always took good care of Tyler. He also hadn’t, in the six months since he and Tyler had graduated and moved into this apartment, had a boyfriend, a fuck buddy, or even a random hookup.

“What kind of guy am I, Jack?”

“The kind who wouldn’t take advantage of his roommate’s drunk brother, even if he was begging for it. The kind who overtips a cab driver, the kind who maybe—just maybe—wants a little more investment in his sex than just getting off.” Jackson reached a hand around Elliot’s waist, pulled him closer. He rubbed the soft, smooth skin he found at the base of Elliot’s spine, splaying his hand into the dimples there. “I think you’re that kind of guy. Am I right?”

Elliot nodded slowly, his hand coming back to trace over Jack’s chest again. “What makes you think that kind of guy wants to be with a guy who blew him off for two years and then came into his house under false pretenses?”

Jack’s heart sank. Then there was that. “I don’t think that. I just hoped.” He let go of Elliot. “Man, I’m sorry. You’re right. Do you mind if I crash in Tyler’s room?”

Elliot grinned, his blue eyes lighting up with an unholy fire, sending a wave of lust to Jackson’s already-hard cock. “Yeah, I mind.”

Then Elliot grabbed Jackson and kissed him, hard, deep. Hell, he tasted good, perfect. His hand trailed down to Jackson's cock again, squeezing, rubbing. Jackson groaned, thrusting into that tempting hand. Elliot was absolutely worth waiting two years for.

"Where?" Jackson murmured against Elliot's lips.

"Bed." Elliot half-shoved, half-dragged Jackson through a doorway and pushed him down onto the bed.

Jackson grabbed Elliot's jeans by the belt loops and tugged him down to the bed, the two of them a pile of thrusting, groaning need. Damn, but he got lucky that Elliot was home tonight. "What were you doing before I showed up?"

Elliot laughed. "Jerking off." He buried his face in the hollow of Jackson's throat, licking, biting, turning Jackson on, and on, and *on*. The world narrowed down to the wet texture of Elliot's tongue on his skin, the suction of his lips, the teasing, tense scrape of his teeth.

"God, that's so hot."

Elliot looked up, a curious glint in his eyes. "That I was jerking off?"

"Well, yeah, but I meant what you do with your fucking mouth, man."

"You haven't seen anything yet."

There was something beyond exciting about having Jackson spread out on Elliot's bed in his underwear, coming unglued at Elliot's touch. *I can't believe he's really here*. Elliot skimmed his hands across the smooth expanse of Jack's chest, tracing the path he'd soon follow with lips, teeth, and tongue. He sat up and looked down at Jackson, whose eyes were closed, his breath coming in rapid pants.

Eight. Eight moles decorated Jack's chest. Elliot leaned down, pinning Jack's arms above his head with both hands, and pressed his lips to the largest one. He nipped and nibbled along tanned skin to the next mole, enjoying the

throaty growls Jack made. "These are so sexy," he whispered, and then he counted them again with his lips.

"You have a thing for moles?" A flush spilled across Jack's chest. "Oh fuck, do that again."

"Oh yeah. Like braille for my tongue." Elliot smiled and obeyed, flicking his tongue across Jack's nipple ring. The noise Jack made was pure sex, something between a groan and a whine, lovely and heavy with need. Elliot took the ring between his teeth and tugged gently.

"Oh, *fuck*." Jack's hips pistoned, humping the air between them. "Don't stop."

"I have no intention of stopping." Elliot attacked the moles with his lips again, letting go of Jack's wrists so he could run his hands all over that perfect chest. Hair... moles... piercing. He gave each one deliberate attention, his own arousal building as Jack squirmed and whined under his hands and mouth. He reached down and tugged at Jack's boxers, letting his knuckles brush over Jack's erection.

"Off," he whispered, and sat back on his heels to watch Jack comply.

As soon as Jack was naked, he turned and reached for Elliot's jeans, taking the initiative for the first time since he'd bared his chest in the living room. No sooner had Elliot's boxers and jeans cleared his feet, Jack was pushing *him* down to the bed and kissing, licking, biting everywhere. *Oh, fuck yes. This.* This was what Elliot wanted. Jack to take control, Jack to make *him* groan and beg.

"Oh, God." Jack's voice was hoarse. "Do you have any fucking idea how long I've wanted to—" he broke off with a groan, fisting Elliot's cock in one hand and leaning over to take the tip in his mouth.

Wet heat enveloped Elliot, sending a jolt of liquid desire straight up his spine and tingling along his limbs. He couldn't help himself, he buried both hands in Jack's hair and thrust up into his mouth. Jack's hand around the base of Elliot's cock kept him from thrusting too deep, and a rumbling hum which might have been a laugh sent Elliot bucking again with need.

“Fuck, Jack...” Elliot trailed off into a whine.

“Mmmm...?”

Oh, hell. Elliot pulled Jack's hair hard, forcing him to look up. “Do you top?” he asked, breathless with want, and knowing if they were going to do *that* he wanted to save his orgasm as long as possible.

“Whoa, really?” Jack grinned, his expression every bit as excited as a kid's on Christmas morning. “You'd let me?”

“Are you fucking kidding me? Hell, *yes*.” Elliot closed his eyes for a moment as he imagined the feel of Jack's chest hair brushing along his spine as he fucked into him. The idea was so hot it made him shudder. And then maybe later, they could do it face to face, and Elliot could count the moles again...

“I didn't think—” Jack broke off with a rough, growly sound and lay down over Elliot, kissing rough and sweet along his jaw before seizing his lips. He pulled away, whispering, “I promise I'll make it amazing.”

Elliot grinned up at Jack. “I believe you.” It was already amazing, just sprawling out together like this, skin upon skin. “Condoms are in the drawer.” He gestured toward the table next to the bed.

“I'll get to those in a minute.” Jack growled. “First, roll over.”

God, who knew words could be foreplay? Elliot laughed, feeling light as air as he did what Jack told him.

“On your knees.” Another growl.

“Unnnh,” Elliot groaned as he felt Jack's hands close on his hips, pulling his ass upward, spreading him open, exposed. He felt Jack's stubble whisper across one cheek, not hard enough to scratch, just enough to let him know Jack was there, to raise the hairs on his body, to light every nerve ending on fire with need.

And boy, did Jackson deliver. Elliot was so shocked when he felt the tip of Jack's tongue teasing his hole, he jumped—or he would have, if Jack hadn't pinned him down with one hand.

“Hold still,” Jack whispered, his breath warm against all of Elliot’s happy places. Jack’s head dipped lower and he sucked one of Elliot’s balls into his mouth.

Elliot tried to hold still, he really did, but how many fucking hands did Jackson have? One reached around to jack him slowly, another teased and tickled and pressed *right fucking there* against Elliot’s taint, massaging his prostate from the outside. Then tongue and fingers slid up together to tease gently against Elliot’s entrance, softening him, opening him.

Elliot heard the drawer sliding open—no fuck, how many hands did the man have, for real? There was a muttered curse right against his ass, and then both hands and mouth disappeared for a moment.

“Don’t move.”

Move? Elliot could barely *breathe*. Had Jackson really tried to grab the condoms with his feet? Suddenly, Elliot was touched, overwhelmed by the idea that Jack had been so eager, so excited to caress *him*, that he had been loathe to take his hands away, even to retrieve the condom. It was clumsy. It was sweet. It was *hot*. And it was funny. Elliot snorted a laugh, the held breath rushing out of him in a chuckle.

Suddenly a condom dropped onto the bed, just *there* in Elliot’s line of sight, and the laugh turned into a moan.

“Something funny, Ellie-ot?” Jack sing-songed, and the lube bottle hit the bed next to the condom.

“Hmmmmmph.” Elliot half-chuckled, half-groaned into the bed.

“Good, I like it when you laugh.” Jack leaned close over Elliot’s shoulder and kissed him, all clumsy tongue and laughter between them. When he pulled away, his smile was bright enough to light the room. He reached for the lube. “I... um. I don’t have a lot of experience with this.”

Elliot rolled onto one side and grinned up at him. “You’re doing fine. I like that bossy ‘don’t move’ stuff.”

Jack grinned. "Yeah? I like how you like it. You get harder. There is nothing that isn't hot about that."

"So do something about it already, Jackass."

Jack opened the lube bottle. "Get back on your knees."

Want rushed into Elliot's belly. Yeah, he totally did get harder too. He rolled back onto his stomach and pushed up onto his knees. A slick fingertip at his hole, a moment of hesitation, then *oh, God*, Jack pressed inside. Elliot groaned again. Jackson leaned close, kissing along Elliot's spine, over his shoulder.

"So sexy, Elliot."

The words—the praise—seemed to settle into Elliot's chest, swollen, warm. Jack worked his finger in and out, stoking that warmth into something hotter, bigger, adding a second finger when Elliot would have begged. A rough hand grabbed his cock, pulling it down and back, and then Jack's lips closed over the tip. The combination of the rough handling, the discomfort of the angle, the mouth on his cock, and the fingers in his ass catapulted Elliot to a whole new level of arousal.

"Please."

Jackson let Elliot's cock slide out of his mouth and pulled his fingers back. The condom disappeared from Elliot's view, a quick crackling noise and then he could feel the press of Jack's dick at his hole.

One hand steadied his entry, the other rubbed gently along Elliot's back. He gasped at the burn and sting as Jack stretched him, pushing deeper only when Elliot pressed back against him, his body yielding at last.

"Oh." Jack's voice was full of wonder and tension as he slid his hands up Elliot's back, down his arms to grip his hands, interlacing their fingers. "You feel so fucking good," he groaned into Elliot's ear, the sound hotter than anything Elliot had ever heard. Jack's hands shook as he began to thrust into Elliot, and the idea that he, Elliot, could turn Jack on so much, brought that

rush of warmth back to his belly. It was so much more than sex all of a sudden.

He turned his head to the side, angling for a kiss, and Jack obliged. It was uncoordinated and sloppy, tongues tangling on a groan, and it was all that much sexier for it.

“Fuck me harder,” he demanded, and Jack’s hands fit to Elliot’s hips, holding him in place.

“Jack yourself off.” Jack ordered, and Elliot huffed a laugh as he reached to do exactly as Jack asked. He wanted it to last but when Jackson changed his angle, it sparked a jolt of heat through him.

“Oh, that’s it, isn’t it?” Jack whispered when he saw Elliot let go of his cock to grip the sheets with both hands. He shoved back at the same angle, grinding himself against Elliot’s prostate along the way, and Elliot bit the pillow.

“Now, Elliot, put that hand on your cock and work it until you come all over your sheets.”

The bossy order, the grind, Jack’s hand wrapping Elliot’s fingers around his own dick, it all rushed through Elliot hard and fast, hot and swollen.

“I’m com—oh fuck!” Elliot’s world exploded in pleasure, his eyes slamming shut and his breath wrenched from his body. Arm too wobbly to support himself, he sank down to his elbow as shudders racked his body and his come splashed across the sheets, just like Jack had told him to do.

“Sensitive.” He grunted, not wanting to lose the contact but overwhelmed.

“Fuck.” Jack pulled out, and Elliot felt him move up, over him, shucking the condom as he grunted and then let out a low groan and came all over Elliot’s back. *Marking me.*

Jack rolled Elliot over and collapsed on top of him, two sweaty bodies sliding together, a heady, passionate kiss, fingers tangling in hair, and ragged breathing slowly leveling.

“Shower?” Elliot suggested, his back sticky with come. Jack nodded, his eyes closing. “Yeah. You go first, I’ll change your sheets if you tell me where you keep your clean linens.”

Elliot grinned, oddly charmed. “You don’t have to do that, Jack. We’re just going to mess them up again in a couple hours when you wake up with a hard-on in a strange bed. Throw a towel over the wet spot and I’ll change them tomorrow.”

Jack’s eyes flew open. “Oh, okay. I guess we’ll share that shower then.”

When Jack woke up with a hard-on in a strange bed, he was glad to find Elliot’s body close, warm and hard. He pulled Elliot even closer, rocking his erection against the cleft of Elliot’s ass.

“Mmmm.” An interested sound came from Elliot before he lifted his head from the pillow. “I will so blow you in the morning if you jerk me off while you do that.”

Holy fuck.

“Perv,” Jack teased, grabbing Elliot in one hand and starting a gentle, stroking rhythm.

“You love it.” Elliot groaned, thrusting, the motion of his hips pressing him back against Jack’s cock and then forward into his hand.

Yeah, I do, Ellie. Jack increased the pressure, squeezing a bit and collecting the precome from the tip, sliding it over the shaft as Elliot ground back against him. When Elliot gasped and shuddered, coming in Jack’s hand, the noises he made blew Jack’s mind. He let go of Elliot’s dick, grabbed his hips and pressed his ass cheeks together, increasing the friction as he rutted against Elliot. Heat, rub, tension, the drag of Elliot’s skin on Jack’s cock, and then everything went white there in the dark as his brain tried to process the overwhelming need that racked him a moment before he came.

“Sorry,” he whispered, still shuddering as he moved to kiss Elliot’s neck and wipe ineffectively at his back with the towel.

“I’m not.” Elliot sighed. “Just snuggle close enough so I don’t get cold. Fucking whole bed is a wet spot now.”

A few moments later, Elliot’s breathing slowed and evened, and Jack realized he’d fallen back to sleep. Smiling, he gathered Elliot close and chased his own dreams.

He woke with empty arms. So much for the promised blowjob. He looked around, seeing no sign of Elliot anywhere. *Gotta piss.* He crossed the hallway to the bathroom where he and Elliot had showered the night before, reached into the shower and turned it on before turning to the toilet. There, taped to the lid, was a note. Jackson smiled. How very Elliot.

Jack—had to go to work, figured I’d let you get your beauty sleep. We should talk. Come by for a coffee? On me? You can raid my closet if you don’t want to walk of shame it. Apartment key is on the kitchen counter. XO, E

The coffee shop was about a half mile from Elliot and Tyler’s apartment, so Jackson took Elliot up on the closet-raiding offer. He found a T-shirt which fit pretty well, if a little tightly, and a pair of athletic shorts. He ended up borrowing Tyler’s flip-flops though—Elliot’s feet were smaller than his, and no way was he wearing his wing tips with shorts.

The morning air was cool as he walked to the coffee shop, mulling over Elliot’s note. *We should talk.* Was this where Elliot would give him the “it was fun, let’s be friends” speech? He did sign it XO, so there was that... Fuck it. No use worrying about it now. Easier said than done.

The coffee shop where Elliot worked had windows on two sides, and Jack could see Elliot behind the counter as he approached. Elliot was smiling at an older man, gesturing broadly with his hands as he described something. Finally the man nodded and Elliot’s smile widened. Jack loved the way Elliot put everyone at ease, it was part of why he enjoyed Elliot’s company. Maybe now Jack could turn off his insecurities and the bluster they brought out.

Pushing open the door, Jack waved to Elliot, who grinned back and gestured him over to the counter.

“Hey.” Jack smiled.

“You look fucking *hot* in my T-shirt,” Elliot whispered, leaning close. Then more loudly, “What would you like?”

Jack looked at the menu, then back at Elliot. “I don’t know, just coffee?”

Elliot studied him for a moment, serious, then nodded. “Just coffee.” Turning away from Jack, Elliot called over his shoulder, “Hey Lisa, I’m taking a break.”

Elliot poured two cups of coffee, and then walked around the counter to hand one over.

“Thanks, Ellie. Elliot.”

Elliot wrinkled his nose at the nickname, but smiled again. “Now that I know you’re not making fun, I don’t mind ‘Ellie’ so much. C’mon, let’s go sit outside.”

Once outside, they sipped their coffee, staring at each other in awkward silence.

“How come I didn’t know you were gay until last night?” Elliot asked finally. “I mean, I never saw you with a guy before, you never mentioned it, and I’ve been living with your brother for two years and *he’s* never mentioned it.”

Oh here it is. Jackson blushed.

“I wasn’t out. I’m still not really out to everyone. I mean, my family knows and my close friends know, but I’m pretty private about my personal life at work and school. Tyler would never have outed me to you without my permission. I know it was probably wrong to let you think—”

“Hey.” Elliot stopped him with a hand over his own. “It’s not wrong. Coming out is personal. I’m glad you finally told me, because now I don’t have to feel bad about my inappropriate straight-guy crush, but you shouldn’t

feel bad about not doing it sooner. I'm curious, I mean, you totally knew I'm gay, so why didn't you?"

"Elliot, I'm not like you. I don't..." Jackson looked down at his coffee cup. "I don't have all this self-confidence like you."

One of Elliot's eyebrows rose. "Jack, you're the most confident guy I know. To a fault even. I always thought you were cocky as hell."

Jack frowned. It would come across that way to someone who didn't really know him, wouldn't it? And he wanted Elliot to know him. He looked up, meeting Elliot's gentle gaze.

"Is that what it looks like? It's an act. I bluster because... because if I didn't, people might see me the way I really am."

"What are you scared of? I kind of like you this way. Not calling me names or punching my shoulder, just hanging out and talking. It's nice, Jack. *You're nice.*"

"So what did you see in me when I was being cocky? You said you had an inappropriate straight-guy crush?"

"Honestly, it's kind of like gravity." Elliot laughed. "Jackson's Law. You're pretty irresistible. Pissed me right off too."

Jack tried to hold back the smile, the rush of warmth at the compliment. "Jackson's Law." He grinned. "That's gonna make me even more cocky, you know."

"Yeah." Elliot rolled his eyes. "So, your brother and Ashley will be coming home tomorrow. I would like it if you spent the weekend. But, if you don't want this to last past the weekend..."

"I do." Jack took Elliot's hand, trying not to be freaked out about the idea of holding another guy's hand in public. "I want that."

Elliot smiled again. "Okay then. Why don't you come over for dinner tonight around six?"

"Okay." Jackson agreed. "Yeah. I'd like that. Can I bring anything?"

Elliot shook his head. "Just you."

Jack felt warmth filling him from the inside out. He pulled out Elliot's apartment key. "Okay then. Here's your key back. Thanks for letting me sleep in."

A completely evil grin broke out on Elliot's face. "I wanted you to rest up for completely selfish reasons."

Jack laughed. "Well then, you're welcome."

Walking away from the coffee shop, Jack couldn't help but look back over his shoulder to watch Elliot return to work. Could it really be this simple? He could just be himself, and Elliot would want him? After two years of avoidance, could he really make this work?

Elliot was just wiping down the counters at the end of his shift when his phone rang. He glanced at the display. Ashley?

"Hey Ash, what's up?"

"Elliot, Tyler had an accident on his snowboard this morning. He broke his leg, we've been at the ER all day."

Fuck. "What the hell? He's okay though, just a broken leg?"

"He doesn't have any internal injuries or a concussion or anything, but I wouldn't say he's 'okay'. He's got a full-leg cast and if he weren't all doped up on pain killers he'd be ornery as hell." Ashley sighed. "He's passed out cold right now."

Yeah, Elliot could just imagine. Poor Tyler.

"Listen, we're on our way back to my place, maybe you can bring him some of his stuff. There's something he needs to talk to you about anyway. And, I'm driving, can you call his mom?"

"Yeah, what time do you want me to come over?"

"We'll be home around six. Thanks Elliot."

Well, there went his dinner plans. He called Jackson.

“Hey. Miss me already?” Jack’s voice had a teasing edge to it, playful.

“I hate to do this, but I kind of have to bail on our plans.”

“Oh.” Jackson’s disappointment was palpable, even through the phone line. “Okay, well, we can...”

“Jack, it’s not that I don’t want to cook dinner for you, I totally do. But Ty and Ash are coming home early because Ty broke his leg.”

“Fuck. Why didn’t you tell me that part first?”

“Sorry. It’s weird, you being his brother and my—whatever you are. I’m going over to Ashley’s house to bring him some of his stuff. I gotta go, I gotta call your mom.”

“I’ll call her, Ellie. What time are you going over there?”

“Six-ish.”

“Okay, I’ll probably drop by too. Need to make sure Ty’s okay.”

“See you there.” Okay, that was weird. Elliot hung up the phone. One would think after they’d slept together, Jackson would be a little easier to read, but he was just as puzzling as ever. Elliot hung up his apron and clocked out, unease settling in his chest.

Ashley’s apartment was in the same neighborhood as Tyler and Elliot’s, a short walk away, but Elliot took the car so he could bring Ty a suitcase full of clothes. As he approached the front door, a twinge of nerves hit, an echo of the unease from earlier that afternoon. The door swung open before Elliot could knock, and Jackson pushed it wide, holding it open for him.

“Hey, Ellie!” Jackson punched his shoulder and grinned jovially in that grotesque parody of affection men used to keep each other at a distance. “C’mon in.”

What the actual fuck? Elliot’s stomach turned. He tried not to let the hurt show on his face as he pushed past Jack and into Ashley’s apartment, dragging

the suitcase behind him. A quick glance over his shoulder showed no change to Jack's expression. It was carefully blank and unemotive. "Ash ran out to get Ty's prescriptions filled. He's on the couch."

Well, fuck you too.

"Hey, Ty." He greeted his friend, who was sprawled across the couch with his leg propped on what appeared to be a million cushions. Ashley's cat sat on Ty's chest, flicking her tail and contemplating whatever evil shit cats contemplated.

Tyler looked up and gave him a dopey, if exhausted, grin. "Hey, Elliot. Best fucking weekend of my life. Worth the broken leg. Ash said yes."

Elliot stared, jaw dropping open. Was Tyler really telling him he was getting married? What about their apartment? He'd have to find a new roommate who didn't mind living with a gay-barista-grad-student.

"Um... what?" *Great, real smooth, Elliot.*

"Those two crazy kids are getting married. You know, that thing straight people do?" Jack laughed from the doorway. "Congrats again, Tyler."

"Yeah, congrats." Elliot tried to muster some enthusiasm, even though he could clearly read the writing on the wall. And what the fuck was that "straight people" bit supposed to mean?

"So, I have to stay with Ashley until I'm out of the cast and not on crutches anymore. I know we have six months left on the lease, but, since Ash and I are getting married, I thought maybe..." Tyler trailed off, his face flushing, before he found the resolve to ask "Well, would you mind if Jack takes over the rest of my half of the lease? It's just six months."

Would he mind? Of course he fucking minded. The guy had fucked him last night and given him pretty words this morning, only to blow him off completely in front of Tyler. Not that Tyler had any way to know about any of that unless Jack had... *Oh fuck, had Jack told him?*

"Well, maybe Jackson and I should discuss it before we make any decisions. I mean, it would be tight trying to swing the rent by myself, but—"

“Don’t be ridiculous, Ellie.” Jackson came to stand beside him. “I need a place to live, you have a spare room. You know I’m good for the money.”

Elliot whirled to face Jack, all the hurt and anger he felt collecting in two bright red spots on his face. “Maybe I don’t want your fucking money, Jackson. I actually enjoyed living with your brother, so forgive me if I am not thrilled to trade him in for someone like *you!*”

Jackson’s head rolled back as if Elliot had slapped him. “What the fuck is that supposed to mean? I thought—” He glanced over at his brother, who watched them both with a puzzled expression on his face. “Excuse us, Tyler.”

Jack grabbed Elliot’s arm, *hard*, and dragged him into the hallway.

“That fucking hurts, Jack.” Elliot wrenched his arm away. “Do you think you could possibly get over yourself long enough for me to say goodbye to your brother?”

“Elliot, don’t—”

The front door opened and Ashley walked in on the two of them standing in the hallway, glaring at each other. It took her no time at all to figure out what had happened.

“O-kaaaay. There is a little too much unresolved tension in this hallway.” She brushed past them, knocking Elliot into Jackson, who steadied Elliot with a hand on his shoulder. “I assume Tyler told you our news and didn’t find a tactful way to suggest Jackson take over the lease?”

Elliot nodded. “I’m really happy for you guys, Ashley.”

“Thank you, Elliot.” She smiled. “I’m sorry if the accident and our engagement have put you in a bad place, but if you two need to talk this out, I’d appreciate it if you did it elsewhere. Tyler needs his rest.” She looked pointedly at Jackson’s hand, still on Elliot’s shoulder. “And maybe you should talk about that too.”

Elliot groaned. Ashley saw too much. Always. He turned to look at Jackson again. “Home?”

Jack nodded, a muscle twitching in his jaw. “I drove here.”

“So did I.”

“I’ll follow you then.”

Elliot said his goodbyes to Tyler and Ashley and returned to his car. Living with Jackson? After the hot-and-cold routine today? This could only end badly.

Jack wasn't sure how he'd fucked up, but clearly he had. He really wasn't good at any of this relationship shit. When Ty had asked him to take over the lease, he'd been so excited to tell Elliot, but then... what the fuck had happened? They hadn't had a chance to discuss how they would tell Tyler about their relationship—was it even a relationship? Fuck that word—so he'd just tried to play it like nothing had changed.

Fuck. Law school was easier than navigating an honest-to-god relationship with Elliot. Maybe they should go back to avoiding each other. Again.

He sat in his car for a moment, watching Elliot go up the stairs and into his apartment. When he'd finally collected himself enough he thought he might be able to speak without dropping the f-bomb, Jackson took the stairs two at a time and paused outside Elliot's door—maybe their door?—his hand raised to knock.

Just as Jack's fist was about to fall against the door, Elliot ripped the door open and grunted “Come in.”

Elliot walked into his own apartment, letting the door start to swing closed again. Jack pushed his way through.

“Elliot, would you just stop and tell me what I did wrong so I can apologize, suck your cock or something and move on?”

Elliot whirled around. “You want to live here, Jackson?”

Confused, Jack nodded, but halfway through the nod started shaking his head. “Only if you want me here.”

“Good, problem solved, get the fuck out.”

Everything awesome about the past twenty-four hours was crumbling into a pile of festering shit faster than Jack could pull it together.

“What the hell happened between this morning and now?” Desperation cracked his voice.

“You really don't know?” Elliot's face scrunched up. “Really? All you ever had to do was be nice, Jack, and I would have been yours. Jackson's Law—fucking irresistible, no matter how obnoxiously he treats me. This morning, I thought maybe you understood that, but no, here I am a punch line in whatever joke you're pulling.”

Jack stared at Elliot, trying to recall what exactly he had done when Elliot arrived at Ashley's apartment. “What did I *do*, Elliot? Because, honestly, I would do anything if I could take it back.”

Elliot's hands fisted in the air for a minute before he exhaled, the tension leaving his shoulders in one big slump.

“You acted like nothing had changed for you, and everything had changed for me.” His voice was quiet, resigned. “I get that you aren't out, but when it's just us and family, I don't want to be a secret.”

“Jesus, Elliot, you think nothing has changed for me? I wanted this to be just between us until we had talked about how we were going to tell Tyler. You aren't a secret. You're special to me, you're *perfect* to me. I just don't know how not to hurt you.” Jackson grasped at the only thing he had left—the raw, honest truth. “I want you. I want to be with you. I think living with you would make that wicked convenient, but I don't want to hurt you anymore, so you're going to have to tell me how to make this right.”

Elliot moved closer, and the air seemed to grow thick and heavy between them the nearer he came. Tension mounting, Jack wasn't sure if he should reach for Elliot or stand his ground.

In the end, he reached, and Elliot met him half way. His hand curled in the softness of Elliot's hair, and Elliot's hand wrapped around his neck.

“I want...” Elliot whispered. “Promise me this is real. It's not a joke.”

Jack nodded. "Never. You are not a joke."

A long desperate moment hung between them, and then Elliot's lips were pressed to Jack's, sliding, seizing, tasting. Jack gripped Elliot tighter, pulling him close enough to feel his growing arousal.

"Want," he growled.

"Your room." Elliot grinned. "I just washed the sheets in mine."

Their clothes hit the floor in the hallway as they pushed into what had been Tyler's room just that morning. *My room*. It felt right, good, to be sharing space with Elliot. Crazy good. Yeah, he'd have "his room" but he doubted he wouldn't be sharing a bed.

When they landed, naked, on the bed, gasping and reaching, Jack pushed his dick into Elliot's hand and groaned into his mouth. Elliot broke the kiss and grinned. "I think I owe you a blow job." He winked, and then slid down Jack's body, licking and nibbling as he went. He sucked a hard kiss over Jack's nipple, tugging the ring and shooting an arc of heat straight to his cock.

"Oh, god, Ellie..."

Eyes squeezed closed, Jack tried to hold back a groan as Elliot's mouth traveled across his chest, plucking a kiss over each of his moles, all the while stroking his cock. "I fucking love your mole fetish."

Elliot laughed against his chest, the sound and the softness of his breath tickling.

And then, without warning, liquid heat engulfed Jackson's cock as Elliot took him in his mouth and introduced him to the meaning of the word "longing."

"Oh, hell." Jack thrust up, against his own will, into Elliot's throat, but Elliot just relaxed the muscles and took him in, squeezing hard around the base of his cock.

And then Elliot's seduction began in earnest, a swivel of his tongue, a hard suck, a fist sliding along Jack's shaft. Heat built furiously fast and sharp, and Jackson found himself biting the heel of his hand to keep from shouting.

Elliot pulled off long enough to take a breath and demand “Give it to me, Jack. Give me your voice, you fucker.”

When Elliot's mouth closed around the tip of Jack's cock, Jack's world went dark and bright at once, exploding in an intense fury behind his eyelids.

Elliot stayed with him, sucking, stroking, gently returning him to himself with every soft movement.

“Ellie...” Jack reached for him, wanting to do something, anything, to return the favor.

Elliot smiled, sheepish. “I, um...” He gestured down at his softening cock. “I kind of couldn't help jerking off while I sucked you.” He crawled up into the bed, pulling blankets around both of them. “But maybe in a few hours you can wake me up and we can go make use of the condoms in my room.”

Jackson smiled. “Yeah. So, this is good, we're good?”

“No, we're fucked. We're going to have to find some way for me to pass my classes and finish my degree with your distracting self in the house. But as long as you don't ever blow me off like that again? Yeah, we're cool.”

“I won't, I promise.”

“Hey, Jack?” Elliot's voice was hoarse from deep-throating him, and slurred from the post-orgasmic sleepiness.

“Yeah?”

“Best damn game of gay chicken ever.”

THE END

Author Bio

Vanessa North was born in New England but moved to the South as a teenager. She reads voraciously, writes obsessively, and takes thousands of photos of the people she loves.

She lives in Northwest Georgia with her husband, twin boy-children, and a very, very large dog.

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