



*Ass Over
Teacup*

Jackie Nacht

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Love Has No Boundaries

An M/M Romance series

ASS OVER TEACUP

By Jackie Nacht

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.

Words of Caution

This story may contain sexually explicit content and is **intended for adult readers**. It may contain content that is disagreeable or distressing to some readers. The *M/M Romance Group* strongly recommends that each reader review the General Information section before each story for story tags as well as for content warnings.

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

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ASS OVER TEACUP

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Photo Description

Picture is of sexy dark haired man taking a shower. He's tangled in the transparent shower curtain and falling ass over teacups.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

My friend Ulysses has always been a bit of a klutz but he seemed to be getting his act together better recently. Burdened by that name, he's always allowed himself to be bullied and take a back seat to everyone else. Added to that, he trips over his own feet or stutters when he meets a hot guy. This spectacular fall is just one more thing to make the poor guy think he's doomed. He was getting ready to go on a blind date tonight and now I just had to call the paramedics instead. What's a guy to do when he just can't stay grounded?

Sincerely,

Barb

Story Info

Genre: contemporary

Tags: friends to lovers, hurt/comfort, cute, accident prone MC, unethical boss, college, internship, HEA

Word count: 11,432

ASS OVER TEACUP

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CHAPTER ONE

As Ulysses tore ass down the street, he still could not believe his car had died three blocks from the office building where he was interning. He'd barely gotten the vehicle to the side of the road before it died a very dramatic death with smoke and all. To add another blow to his morning, the rain had started early and he was getting soaked. Add stepping into a pothole filled with muddy water, and Ulysses wished he could chalk it up to a bad day. However, this was pretty damn typical for him.

Making his way to the door, he tried to shake off some of the remnants of rain but was unsuccessful. *Please*. He thought of the budget he had to present for the department heads he was interning for. This was his big project to show the other accountants and directors what he was made of. If they liked his work, he was pretty much guaranteed a job there when he graduated. And he wanted to work here, he loved the company, environment, and most of the people. He just needed to get through this important day and be smooth, confident, and graceful. In other words, completely opposite of what he was.

Sliding his way on the linoleum in his dress shoes, he finally made it to his desk and sat down only to feel the water soak into his boxer briefs. *Excellent!* Trying to push the bad karma behind him, Ulysses tried to find the folder that contained the budget proposal that he was going to present with his boss. Rummaging around his desk he came up empty. What the hell?

Standing up, he walked out of his cubicle and to the one belonging to the woman who worked as a cost accountant there. She was in her mid-forties, but with her long dark hair, she looked much younger than her age. She had taken Ulysses under her wing from day one.

“Hey Richelle. By any chance have you seen my budget proposal?”

“Yep, Luke came by your desk at seven this morning and took it. He’s been in a meeting with the directors and CFO’s for the last hour.” Richelle gave Ulysses a sympathetic look.

“But... I thought I was supposed to present that? It’s my final project for my internship.” Ulysses could feel his throat drying up. If he didn’t present his project, he could kiss his possibilities of getting a job there goodbye.

Richelle stood up and came over to stand by the cubby wall with him. “Sorry, sweetie. I think Luke is presenting it now.”

“Um... should I go in there and help out?” Ulysses began biting his nails, a completely unprofessional thing to do at work.

“I would wait until he gets out. That’s just my advice though. It will look better to approach him afterward than to walk into a meeting full of CFO’s and directors soaked head to toe. If Luke snowballs you on this, I’ll help you get the recognition and credit you deserve for your internship. Okay?” Patting him on the shoulder, Richelle turned and began crunching numbers once again.

With nothing to do, Ulysses sat there trying to make himself look busy. He got up once to get Richelle and himself a cup of coffee, making sure to carry both with lids on since he’d burned his hands enough times on the coffee runs. Other than that, he flipped through work he had done earlier in the internship, trying to keep his thoughts away from what was happening down the hall.

Three hours later, the conference room doors opened and the heads of the company walked by, patting his boss on the back while he yucked it up with some of them. Ulysses’ stomach turned at the scene. Not a single one acknowledged him as they passed his cubicle on the way to their offices. There was only one reason for that... His boss had taken credit for his work.

God, his stomach hurt. He felt like he might actually lose the bagel he had eaten that morning. Why did this always happen to him? Did they look at him and think they could just bulldoze over him? Was it his name? He’d lived with that stigma for his entire life. From being teased in grade school, to getting hell in high school, his name was the catalyst for his life’s goal of trying to be invisible. Too bad his coordination usually tripped him into the spotlight.

This was the only time he really wanted that spotlight, when he'd nailed the budget and could finally show that he knew he had it together. *Nothing like the carpet getting swept out from underneath you.* Ulysses sat, staring down at his desk for a moment, just praying that lump wouldn't choke him to death.

Ulysses had this sudden need to call his friend and roommate Brent but immediately tossed the idea out. He'd actually need the ability to talk, and right now, that wasn't possible. Plus, lately he had been having trouble viewing Brent as a friend when he wanted so much more. With as bad as he felt, he didn't need any confusing deep emotions brought into the mix.

Richelle came by his cubby. "Wanna go to lunch?"

Ulysses just shook his head.

Richelle walked closer. "C'mon. You need some air and it's my treat."

Pushing back, Ulysses stood without saying a word and followed her out of the building. Across the street was the diner they frequented. The place was crowded, but they were able to find a two-seater booth in the back. They didn't need to look at menus. They were two peas in a pod and always ordered the breakfast special for lunch.

"So..." Richelle started.

Blessedly, the walk had seemed to dislodge the ball in his throat. "So?"

"You know Luke won't get away with it. Those executives are too sharp. It's only a matter of time." Richelle leaned back as the waitress placed a coffee on the table. "Thank you." Richelle said to the waitress before she began pouring a generous amount of sugar in her coffee.

Ulysses thanked the waitress as his own drink was placed in front of him. "We'll see." He knew he was pretty small potatoes in the whole scheme of things and that might not garner him any notice in the situation.

"So, let's talk about something more pleasant. You busy tonight?" Richelle gave him one of her devilish grins. What in the world was she up to?

"Ugh... pizza and TV night with Brent." Ulysses looked forward to his Friday night ritual, but at the same time, it drove him nuts. He could feel

himself getting closer to his friend, but the guy wanted to chum around. Ulysses rubbed the back of his neck, knowing he would once again have to fight his attraction all night long, while his friend had a way of teasing him within an inch of his life.

“Go out with my nephew, Gavin. He saw a picture of you and actually asked me to ask you out or get your number so he could. An anomaly, I assure you, since he won’t talk to anyone about his boyfriends. Nothing has changed between you and Brent? You are still just friends?” Richelle said gently.

Moodily, Ulysses replied, “Yes, we’re just friends—I’m not sure I should go out with your nephew. My heart might not be into it, and it’s your family. Doesn’t seem fair or right.”

Reaching across the table, Richelle took his hand. “Just give yourself a night out. I told Gavin about you... and Brent. Maybe this is what you need to figure out if you really do want more with Brent or if you need to move on. Gavin isn’t going into it blind, I assure you. We had a long talk about it, and he still wants to take you out. Now, do you want me to tell him no or yes?”

The moment was broken by their food being brought to the table. Glancing down at his eggs, he considered his answer. Richelle was being nice but he knew his feelings for Brent were true. He really had fallen for his friend, but if his friend didn’t return his affection, where did that leave him? Although the thought of tonight, trying to pretend he felt something less than he did, when his day had already been so bad was more than he could bear. Maybe he could just talk to Gavin and find a friend even though this would be considered a blind date. Whatever it was, he needed a night where he wouldn’t feel the longing for his friend.

“Okay.” Ulysses whispered even though his heart felt the wrongness of that single word to the very core.

CHAPTER TWO

By the time Ulysses finished the day, he was already regretting his decision to go on the date. He didn't want to offend Richelle so he would just have to go out and be as polite as possible. But he was sure he would have a horrible feeling in the pit of his stomach all night long. This wasn't going to help him move past Brent. If anything, it just reinforced that his feelings were that much deeper than even he realized.

Richelle was nice enough to give him a ride home since his car was still on the side of the road. Outside of a few pats on his shoulder, she left him to his thoughts. She was a sharp lady and wasn't fooled. Ulysses knew that she was just trying to help him out, but his heart just wasn't in it. They pulled up into the driveway of house that Brent and he rented, just a short walk away from the campus.

Ulysses unfastened his seatbelt before he turned to look at Richelle. "Thanks for the ride."

Richelle gave him a soft smile. "Do you want me to call Gavin and cancel, sweetie? You don't look like you're quite up to this."

God, she was being so nice. "No, I think it will be nice to go out and have dinner with him. Maybe I could use another friend."

Leaning over, Richelle hugged him. "Gavin's a good kid. If friendship is what you want, that's what he'll give. Have fun tonight."

Ulysses stepped out of the car, and then walked up to the house before turning and waving goodbye. Opening the door, he knew at once that Brent was home. The television was on, and he could hear Brent in his bedroom singing a song... badly. Ulysses took off his shoes, smelling the usual Friday pizza that he would not be partaking in tonight. It was going to be okay, or at least if he told himself that enough, he might actually believe it.

Even after Brent had graduated, they'd decided to rent the house together. While Ulysses still had one more semester to complete, Brent was done with his schooling. Brent did the major/minor thing, while Ulysses decided to

double major. Four and a half years wasn't so bad, and with the field of finance, he could find something quickly once he graduated in the winter. He would have had a little more confidence if the day would have gone a little better. A lot of people who did an internship tended to find a place within the company after they graduated. Brent did, Ulysses was questionable now at best.

Glancing at his watch, he saw he had about an hour before Gavin would be coming to pick him up. He needed to take a shower and wash the day away. Looking down, he began untying his tie while he made his way to his bedroom, trying to unknot the sucker that's only goal was to strangle him. He only made it halfway there before he ran right into Brent. He tried to steady himself and failed, landing on his ass on the hard wooden floor.

Brent made an attempt to grab him and missed. "Sheesh, you all right, Ulysses? Sorry about that."

Ulysses ungracefully scooped himself off the ground. "Don't worry about it. Wasn't watching where I was going. You okay?"

"I'm fine. Well, go get in some sweats. Pizza's here and I already bought a couple new movies for tonight." Brent beamed at him.

Brent was the epitome of masculinity and sexiness all rolled into one. At twenty-three, Brent was just a hair over six feet, just like Ulysses. While Ulysses wasn't a slouch in the gym, Brent packed on the weights to create defined heavy muscles so that you could bounce a quarter off his body—or Ulysses, as of a few seconds ago. Cerulean eyes outlined in violet with dark lashes that would look almost feminine if they weren't surrounded by a handsome chiseled face and constant five o'clock shadow. Brent meticulously styled his dark brown hair every morning only to make it look like he'd just had a wild time in bed with someone that had a fascination with running their fingers through his hair. Oh, how many times Ulysses wanted to actually be the one to do it and not the product in the bottle that Brent used.

Trying to pull himself out of the trance of the blue eyes before him, Ulysses attempted to talk, which was never a good thing when he got lost in Brent's eyes. "Um... I can't tonight. I... ah... got a date."

Brent's dark eyebrows rose up in astonishment. "What?"

"Richelle set me up on a... blind date." Ulysses rubbed the back of his neck, feeling the tension begin to build there.

Brent furrowed his dark brows. He almost looked pissed at Ulysses' admission. Was it because Brent hated the fact he was going on a date and missing Friday pizza and a movie? Or was it more? God, he wished it was, but Ulysses knew he was hoping for a damn miracle at this point. If Brent hadn't shown any feeling more than friendship by now, he wasn't going to.

Without saying a word, Brent walked past him and made his way to the living room. This was just turning into one big clusterfuck of a day, and he hadn't even gone on the damn date. Angrily, Ulysses walked to his room, yanking off his clothes.

He didn't know what Brent's problem was, and right now, he was mad enough to not care. He walked bare-assed down the hallway to the bathroom they shared then turned on the shower to get the water warm while he brushed his teeth at the sink. Spitting out the paste, he turned and fought with the stupid curtain before he finally climbed over the tub rim to get into the shower. The curtain was the bane of his existence. The thing was too long and he endlessly stepped on it when he showered.

Ulysses leaned his head back and soaked his dark hair. Man, he needed to get a cut. With it wet, his hair was reaching his neck, which wouldn't do in the professional environment he was working in. He went through the mechanics of washing his hair and rinsing, then began washing his face and felt the five o'clock shadow. He needed to shave but he'd left the razor on the sink. Should he just let it go? Nah, he would be rubbing his hand across it all night, because it would bother him.

Opening up the curtain, he leaned out to grab his razor. The razor was just inches from the tips of his fingers, so Ulysses went up on his toes and inched

to the edge, stepping on the curtain. Just as he reached the razor, the curtain slipped on the bottom of the tub, sweeping his feet out from under. Grabbing the curtain with his right hand and trying to catch himself with the left, his head narrowly missed the faucet but slammed into the lip of the tub and then the bottom. He landed on his left arm funny and felt a white hot pain shoot into his shoulder and head.

For a second, all Ulysses could do was try to breathe and get reoriented. The pain in the back of his head turned his stomach. The shower was still spraying down over his body and face, making it hard for him to breathe. He was going to drown and there was not a damn thing he could do about it but lay there paralyzed in shock.

The door to the bathroom slammed open, and Ulysses winced at the noise. “Ulysses, what the hell... oh shit.” Brent came over and looked down at him in alarm, turning the handles above his head and making the water shut off. Thank God. At least he couldn’t add drowning to his list of accomplishments today.

“Hang on, let me go get a towel. Don’t move.”

Not if the house was on fucking fire, Ulysses thought. He didn’t know which was worse, the pain in his shoulder or head. Brent came running in, and Ulysses thought his buddy was going to cover him up with the towel. He didn’t expect him to take the towel and reach for the back of his head.

“What on...” Ulysses groaned.

Ulysses didn’t even get to finish the question. Brent ran out, and a second later, he was back with his cell phone, dialing it frantically.

“Hello, 911? My friend fell in the tub and his head is cut open in the back.”

Brent went on, but Ulysses ignored him as he attempted to touch the back of his head with his right hand. Feeling his wet hair, he pulled back to see the fingers covered in blood. Never good with blood—if Ulysses hadn’t been flat on his back, he would have passed the fuck out. He hated the sight of blood.

“Oh shit.” His stomach turned, and he took great gulping breaths to try and keep himself from throwing up. This was not good. How in the hell did this always happen to him?

Brent stayed on the call but kneeled next to the tub. “They told me not to move you. They should be here in a few minutes. How’re you doing?”

“Ugh... dunno... can I... have a pair of shorts or something?” Sheesh the last thing he needed to add to his day was having paramedics see his naked ass sprawled out ungracefully in the tub.

“Yeah, I can do that. I’ll be right back.” Brent reached down and grabbed his good hand. “Please don’t move, okay? I’ll be right back.” With one final squeeze, Brent shot out of the room to retrieve him a pair of shorts.

The pain was intensifying, and he felt like his head split in two. Brent came in a minute later with a soft pair of blue mesh shorts. “I’m just going to slide these on. Please don’t move. Shit, I need to wrap the towel around your head first.” Brent dropped the shorts next to him and very carefully wrapped the towel around his head instead of just placing it against the wound like before.

Ulysses glanced up into Brent’s worried eyes. “I’m okay, you know.”

“I hope so. I think you’re going to need stitches, and your eyes are dilated. I think you have a nasty concussion.” Brent went back to the shorts, slowly working them up his legs and finally over his hip.

Brent came back up and sat next him. “Keep talking to me, okay?”

“O... kay.” Ulysses felt a little lightheaded even lying down. The room began to spin. He tried to move his left arm to steady himself and cried out in pain.

“Ulysses, you need to stay still. C’mon, just focus on me.” Brent grabbed his right hand again.

“Hurts,” Ulysses whimpered. The shock of falling was finally gone, and all that was left was the blinding pain. He tried... he really did... to focus on Brent, but the pain seemed to take front and center of his brain and scream for all his attention.

After what seemed like an eternity, there came a knock at their front door. Brent ran to get it and made his way back in, followed by two paramedics. Ulysses was in so much agony now he didn't even feel embarrassment as the two men assessed the situation. They began working on him, putting on a neck collar and looking over the injured arm before wrapping his bleeding head. Their voices were soft as they communicated to one another while they got him ready for a backboard, working efficiently and in sync with one another.

Ulysses locked eyes on Brent, who stood back by the opening of the door, wringing his hands in worry. "I'm okay," Ulysses croaked out. Wow, he sounded like hell.

Brent just nodded and tried to give an encouraging smile that didn't reach into his blue eyes. They got him loaded up on a backboard and made their way out the house, followed closely by Brent. As they descended the steps, a car pulled up in the driveway. Man oh man, this day couldn't have gotten any worse... his date had just arrived.

This was just a nightmare, Brent thought. His best friend had always been on the clumsy side, but what he had just walked in on was a cherry topper he had never wanted to see.

Since the beginning of this year, Ulysses had slowly stumbled his way right into Brent's heart. He wasn't even sure when it happened, but it wasn't overnight. They had been friends all through college, but this year, his heart was definitely interested in Ulysses as more than just friends.

His mother knew all about it. Brent needed to talk to someone. She couldn't understand why he didn't just tell Ulysses how he felt. All Brent could do was try to explain that it was hard to tell someone he'd been friends with that he'd developed deeper feelings without worrying that the outcome would go abysmally. He cherished their friendship, but he knew time was running out. Especially judging by how utterly pissed off he'd gotten when he'd heard that Ulysses was going out on a date.

Now was not the time to be thinking about that. Ulysses was being carried through the house on a backboard. He needed to think about what he should take to the hospital with him. Running into the kitchen, he grabbed his keys, wallet and cell phone. Brent would need to call his mom and let her know what happened. He also needed to call Ulysses' parents too.

Following the paramedics out the door, he noticed a sleek-looking black car pull into the driveway. Nerves already shot from seeing Ulysses' blood all over the bathroom, he wasn't sure how he was going to handle this guy.

The guy stepped out of the car, and he could swear he'd stepped right off a runway. High fashion boy just looked around, confused for a minute, until he made eye contact with Brent. He began walking to him with his hand outstretched. Brent went to shake his hand and then noticed Ulysses' blood on his hand and pulled it back.

“Sorry.”

“I'm... ugh Gavin. Are you Ulysses?” The guy looked over as Ulysses was secured onto a gurney and wheeled toward the ambulance.

“No, Ulysses is indisposed at the moment. Can I have him call you later?” Brent looked back, seeing that they were loading him in. He needed to get moving.

“Was that him?” Gavin asked incredulously.

“Yep, sorry but I gotta go. I'll have him call you.” Brent turned to see the ambulance getting ready to pull away. Running over to his car, he jumped in, waiting for Gavin to get out of the way so he could pull out and follow the ambulance to the hospital.

Sweat was building on Brent's brow, and he rubbed it with his inner elbow. He would need to clean his hands when he got to the hospital. He just could not believe this had happened. He was going to throw that damn shower curtain away as soon as he got home.

Fifteen minutes later, the ambulance pulled up to the entrance and Brent made a beeline to the visitor parking area. Getting out, he ran to the emergency entrance. Upon entering, Brent found a nurses' station.

"My friend was just brought in, Ulysses Carmichael. Can you tell me where they might have taken him?"

"He's waiting to be checked out by the doctor. If you give me your name, you can have a seat in the visitor's waiting room and I'll call you when he can see you."

"Oh... okay. Brent Saunders." Brent hooked a thumb over his shoulder. "Is the waiting room over there?"

"Sure is. I'll come get you when I hear something."

"Thank you," Brent whispered.

Walking over, Brent sat down in one of the vinyl seats. The place was surprisingly pretty empty. Glancing around, he saw a vending machine and the news on a television that was mounted in the corner. Too twitchy to sit, he found a restroom and went in to wash the blood off his hands and rinse his face.

Sheesh, he was shaking like crazy. Making his way out of the restroom, he fished out a couple quarters, needing to get some food in him even though his appetite was completely gone. His sugar level had plummeted, and seeing his friend hurt had him trembling so badly he could barely get the quarters in the slots. Selecting a pack of peanuts, he sat down on the hard seats, waiting for news of his friend.

Two hours later the nurse came up to him. "Mr. Saunders?"

"Yes, that's me." He put the magazine he'd been flipping through down and rose to stand in front of her.

"You can go see Ulysses now. Please follow me."

"Thank you."

Brent followed the nurse down a hallway and to the elevators. “Go up to the fourth floor. He’s in room 413. If you get lost, a nurse can help you find him.”

“Thanks again.” Walking into the elevator, Brent pushed the button and took the longest ride up in his life. The fact Ulysses was in a room meant he was at least there for the night. Never a good thing.

The elevator chimed and he walked down the squeaky hallway, looking at the numbers above the door. Brent finally found room 413 and made his way inside. The sight of his friend on the hospital bed had his heart beating out of his chest.

Ulysses’ face was as white as the sheets he was tucked into. His shoulder was in a brace and he looked uncomfortable as hell. His dark hair was matted and tangled and Brent had no clue what was going on in the back where he had hit his head since the back was facing away from the door.

Slowly walking over, Brent took a seat in the chair by the bed. Ulysses’ green eyes slowly opened. “Hey,” he croaked.

Brent couldn’t resist, he grabbed Ulysses uninjured hand, rubbing the soft skin. “How you doing?” Brent whispered. He definitely didn’t want to talk too loud. With a head injury, Ulysses’ head must be killing him.

“Oh you know, just decided to take my klutziness to a whole new level with a concussion and a dislocated shoulder. Why does this always happen to me? God, I’m such a mess.” Ulysses’ eyes got shimmery with tears.

“You’re not a mess. We just can’t have land mines in the house anymore. Do you know how many times I’ve gotten tangled up in that curtain? It could’ve happened to anyone. And that damn glass coffee table is going too. Our bruised shins can’t take any more punishment. We’ll get a soft ottoman.” Brent stroked a stray dark hair back. It was more than he had ever done with his friend, but he could feel his guard slipping, and his true feelings were coming to the surface. He cared about Ulysses and seeing him in this condition not only hurting physically, but emotionally, shredded him.

“Sorry you had to wait so long. You want to go home and get some sleep?” That was Ulysses for you. Lying in a hospital bed hurt and still worried about others.

“No, if it’s okay, I’d prefer to stay right here with you.” Brent kept on stroking Ulysses’ hair.

“They give you something for your shoulder?” Brent asked.

“Ugh... yeah. They gave me some pain medicine and it’s making me kind of loopy. They’re keeping me overnight to watch the concussion. Fifteen stitches in the back. They had to shave part of my hair.” Ulysses looked at him, his eyes drooping.

“It’ll grow back. Don’t worry about that.” Brent bent down only inches from his friend’s forehead and decided what the hell. He leaned the rest of the way and placed a gentle kiss right above the brow.

Ulysses sighed. “I wish you were mine.”

Brent watched his friend in shock for only a few moments, but that was all it took before Ulysses fell back asleep. Well, even if that statement was drug-induced, there was a lot of truth behind it. For Brent, that was all he needed to hear. If both of them had these feelings for each other, there was no need to hold back any longer. He was going to take their relationship to the next level.

CHAPTER THREE

Ulysses woke feeling like he had been run over by an eighteen wheeler. Looking around, he was disoriented for a few minutes before he remembered the several times a nurse had come in to wake him up because of the concussion he had gotten falling in the tub. Feeling pressure in his hand, he glanced down to see Brent slumped over onto his bed, holding it.

The room was dark, which meant that it was still the middle of the night. Ulysses needed to wake Brent, and insist he go home and get into a nice, comfortable bed.

“Hey, Brent,” Ulysses whispered.

Brent raised his head, rubbing the back of a no doubt stiff neck. “Do you need me to get the nurse? Are you hurting?” Brent eyed him with such concern that Ulysses was completely blown away by the tenderness.

He was hurting, but he was more concerned with Brent right now. “You look so uncomfortable. Why don’t you go home and get some sleep. Have you eaten?”

Brent reached over and stroked Ulysses’ tangled hair. His long fingers felt amazing running through it. “I’m all right. If you want, I’ll go pick up some egg sandwiches in the morning if your doc okays it. Let me get you a nurse. You’re gritting your teeth.”

Ulysses didn’t even realize he was gnashing his teeth until it was pointed out to him. Brent reached over and pushed the nurse’s button.

The PA clicked. “Can I help you?”

Brent cleared his throat, “Uh... my friend is in pain. Is there any way someone can come and bring him some medication for it?”

“A nurse will be right in.”

“Thank you,” Ulysses replied.

He sat there, staring at Brent for a couple minutes, soothed by his friend just being next to him. Brent reached over and began rubbing his thumb on the

back of his hand. Something fluttered in Ulysses' stomach that had nothing to do with pain and all about the fact that Brent was touching him in what seemed to be more than just a friendly gesture for the very first time.

He glanced up at Brent's eyes and saw there was warmth in them that seemed to be showing a whole hell of a lot more than friendship. Those beautiful cerulean eyes showed a deep care that Ulysses had never seen in them before. For the first time, he locked eyes with his friend and dropped all his barriers to show everything he had been feeling for Brent but was too afraid to reveal for fear of killing the friendship. Brent's eyes softened, and he leaned forward to place a soft gentle kiss to his lips.

Pulling back, Brent just continued to stroke Ulysses' hand until the nurse came in a couple minutes later. She attached the meds to the port on the IV tube that hung from a bag of saline then it slowly worked its magic juice into Ulysses' system. His body warmed almost immediately, and the pain just seemed to melt off the hospital bed.

After a few moments, Brent whispered, "Better?"

"Yeah," he sighed. "You gonna stay?"

"Yep, all night." Brent stroked a stray hair back off his forehead.

"Come up here with me."

"No, you're too sore." Brent protested.

"Please." He pleaded with his eyes.

Brent let out a soft breath and rose from his chair, gently climbing up onto the hospital bed with him. Ulysses haltingly moved over, careful with his shoulder. Lowering himself on the bed cautiously, Brent faced him and stroked his cheek. He leaned in, giving one more gentle kiss, his lips soft and full. "Get some sleep, Ulysses. Tomorrow when we go home, we can talk about what this is between us."

Ulysses closed his eyes. "Us?" he mumbled.

He felt one more kiss on his forehead. "Us, Ulysses. I saw it, you saw it. Let's not waste any more time hiding behind our fears. Okay?"

“Okay,” he whispered before the medication did its job and pulled him under.

The next morning, Brent stood off to the side as a whirlwind of activity went on in Ulysses’ room. Doctors came in and checked on the dislocated shoulder, along with the wound on the back of his head. He was declared able to go home if he had someone to watch over him and help him out for the next couple days. Brent volunteered without even batting an eyelash.

Discharge took some time, but once Ulysses had the papers, Brent ran out and got the car to pick him up at the entrance. Ulysses was waiting in a wheelchair, red-faced with embarrassment while a nurse stood behind him holding the handles. As soon as Brent pulled up, Ulysses stood and walked over to get into the car. Brent barely got to the passenger side to open the door in time.

Once inside, Brent glanced over to see that Ulysses’ eyes drooped with exhaustion and from the medication that he was still taking. Brent drove to the pharmacy and filled the prescription for Ulysses while he stayed in the car. Once finished there, Brent traveled down the street to get some breakfast sandwiches. Ulysses slept through the entire ride home.

Pulling into the driveway, Brent unloaded the car first and then came back for Ulysses. “Hey, we’re home.”

Ulysses lifted droopy lids, accepting his help out of the car. The journey to the house was a slow one, but they finally made it inside. “Room or couch?”

“Couch please,” Ulysses said around a yawn.

Brent steered him over to the old but comfortable couch. He made his way back to Ulysses’ room and gathered pillows and blankets. Coming back in, he made a nest around Ulysses, careful of his shoulder and head. He grabbed the food and placed the sandwiches, along with drinks from the fridge, on the table in front of them, then opened a sandwich and handed it to Ulysses.

“Thanks, Brent.”

Brent turned on the TV and grabbed his own sandwich. Going over to the DVD player, he loaded it up with the movies he had bought last night for their movie night that never was.

Settling in for a quiet Saturday of watching television with Ulysses shouldn't have appealed to him as much as it did, especially since Ulysses was hurt.

After he finished eating, he grabbed Ulysses' ankles and placed them on his lap, idly stroking them while the movie played. They had watched movies many times, but they usually sat on their own end of the couch. The simple change of just a small touch seemed to be a weight lifted off Brent's shoulder. This felt... right in so many ways.

He had wanted to touch Ulysses like this many times. Turning his head, he looked at his friend, who was watching the movie with a small smile on his face that had nothing to do with what was playing and everything to do with them. Ulysses glanced over with heavy eyes, but the message was loud and clear. He was good with this.

One movie went into two. They talked about Ulysses' day yesterday—from his car conking out on him, to his boss taking his work, to reluctantly accepting the blind date. The entire time, he kept stroking Ulysses' ankle and calf in comfort. Internally, he was seething at all the hard work Ulysses had done to then have nothing to show at the end of his internship.

Brent's own internship was leading him right into a job after the summer, so he knew how important it was to show his skills. It was an opportunity that Ulysses was going to miss out on because of some dick he worked for.

Halfway through the second movie, Ulysses fell asleep again. Brent got up and went to his phone and made a call to a towing company to get Ulysses' car in the shop. He was going to need to have a car eventually, but Brent was more than happy to take him in while his car was being fixed. He sent an email explaining the car situation to his boss, letting him know that in the morning he would be helping his friend get to work across town.

Reaching into the cupboards, Brent decided crackers and a can of spinach were not going to cut it for dinner, so he had to make plans to order in or run out real fast to get some food. Deciding they should just have food in the house, he grabbed his keys and made a quick run to the store on the corner, picking up only the essentials, not wanting to leave Ulysses for very long.

Fifteen minutes later, he walked in with two bags and spotted a very mussed up Ulysses on the couch. By the looks of it, opening up the door must have woken him up because he rubbed his face and looked disoriented.

“What time is it?” Ulysses mumbled out, half asleep.

“Just a little after five. I was going to make spaghetti for dinner, and got stuff to munch on tonight.” Brent walked over to the kitchen, which still had a view of the couch and Ulysses, then began unpacking the groceries. Ulysses winced and moaned as he tried to maneuver into a more comfortable position on the couch.

“Do you need me to get you another pain pill? You’re way overdue.”

“Please,” Ulysses whimpered. Brent silently berated himself for not giving him one before he left. He was going to need to make sure that Ulysses took them for the next couple of days. After that, Ulysses could manage his pain when he was able to get up and move around more. But for right now, Brent would keep a closer eye on it and make sure his man didn’t wait too long. *His man*. Yeah, that sounded right.

Grabbing a glass of water, he shook out a pill and went over to Ulysses. Ulysses took it and swallowed. “Thank you.”

Brent pushed Ulysses’ hair off his forehead. *What the hell*. Brent leaned down and gave him a soft kiss. Ulysses’ lips were warm and swollen from sleep. Brent licked the warm lower half before reluctantly pulling away. There would be time for this later, but right now, Ulysses needed to heal. When he was feeling better, Brent had a feeling both of them would have a whole lot of trouble keeping their hands off each other.

“Brent,” Ulysses whispered.

“Hmm.”

“Was it the concussion or did you really mean you want to be more than just friends with me?”

“I meant it. How do you feel about that?” Brent thought he had seen it in Ulysses’ eyes a few times but chalked it up to his own feelings clouding his judgment.

“I’ve wanted to be with you for a while but was too afraid of killing our friendship. Our friendship is really important to me.” Ulysses sighed and leaned back on the pillow to get a better view of him.

Brent walked around the couch to sit next to him. “I think if we’re both feeling this way, we need to give it a try.” Stroking the soft hair he continued, “We’ve been friends for so long we should just go for it. I think it’s going to be pretty damn successful.”

Ulysses smiled. “You might want to be careful. My clumsiness could be contagious.”

Brent laughed. “I’m willing to take the risk.” He leaned down and gave Ulysses one more soft kiss before getting back up to unpack the rest of the groceries and prepare dinner.

Spaghetti basically consisted of a jar of sauce and boiling some noodles, but that was really all his cooking prowess allowed. Ulysses, although he did have a grease fire here and there, was the one who could cook. Hell, sometimes they were willing to take the risk and let him have at the kitchen while Brent sat with a fire extinguisher in his lap watching him. Okay... well, maybe not a fire extinguisher, since they didn’t own one, but a big damn box of baking soda.

Brent was stirring the noodles when he heard Ulysses shuffle into the kitchen to sit at the counter/pseudo dining table. He slid onto the stool, resting one elbow on the counter while the other arm was tucked into the sling.

“You shouldn’t be up. I was going to bring it out to you when I was done.” Brent went over to help Ulysses back to the couch but Ulysses put up his hand, stopping him.

“No, I want to eat sitting up. I’m uncomfortable lying out there. Once I have some food and the meds start kicking in, I’ll be ready to go back, but I need to stretch my legs for a while.” Ulysses leaned his chin on his hand and began to watch him cook.

They fell into a comfortable silence as Brent finished making the meal and served him a heaping plate of the noodles with red sauce. By the end of the meal, Ulysses was leaning a little to the left, falling asleep in his chair and almost doing a face plant into the plate that still had a bit of spaghetti in it.

“How about a bed tonight?” Brent helped Ulysses up, walking him down the hall.

“Will you sleep with me again?” Ulysses mumbled.

“Yeah, let me go clean and lock up, then I’ll come back and sleep there with you.”

Ulysses turned and grabbed him by the nape of the neck, meeting him eye to eye. Licking his lower lip, Ulysses leaned in and initiated a kiss for the very first time. Tilting his head, Brent deepened the kiss, moaning at the flavor of their shared dinner and Ulysses’ own unique taste.

Brent felt himself being pushed lightly into the wall behind him as Ulysses molded himself to him. The sling got in the way, but Brent could feel both of their cocks rubbing against each other. Groaning, he pulled out of the kiss.

A small bead of sweat had built at Ulysses’ temple. Brent took a deep breath, trying to get his arousal under control. No fucking way was he going to be able to, though.

“We are going to do this.” Brent framed Ulysses’ face with his hands as Brent leaned in to kiss him again. Stroking Ulysses cheeks. “Just not today. You’re hurt and in no way are you in any shape to do anything right now. I

care about you and we will do this when you're not in any discomfort. I can wait until you're better."

He wiped the beads of sweat off Ulysses' forehead.

Ulysses leaned forward and moaned into his shoulder. "God, I want you. I'm worried that after a couple days you'll regret it."

Squeezing Ulysses closer, Brent admonished, "Not gonna happen, okay? I regret us not getting together sooner. If we have to wait a couple of weeks to get physical, it won't kill me. It won't kill you either."

"It may," Ulysses grumbled.

"It won't, but your shoulder and head won't take us pounding each other into the mattress." Brent laughed as Ulysses gave him the stink eye, pulling out of his arms.

"You suck, Brent!" Ulysses marched off into the bedroom.

Chuckling, Brent yelled back, "Not yet, but I will."

Brent followed Ulysses in the bedroom, still laughing, and helped him into the bed, stacking pillows around his injury. "I'll be right back."

After getting the house closed down Brent went into his room and took a quick shower, then found a pair of shorts to sleep in. By the time he got back into Ulysses' room, he was sound asleep.

Brent crawled in and got as close as he could without injuring his man, and soon found himself losing himself to sleep.

CHAPTER FOUR

“I still don’t think you should be going in,” Brent yelled from his room.

Ulysses had heard it all morning long when he’d insisted on going into work today. His head was feeling much better and his shoulder—well, while it still hurt a lot, it wasn’t getting any better with him sitting on the couch. He needed to call the doctor this morning because he had a feeling he was going to be doing some physical therapy before it was all said and done.

Sighing, Ulysses replied back, “I’ll be fine.”

Brent leaned his head in while tying his tie. “Just call me if you need me to come pick you up at lunch. I already emailed my boss all the details. He’s cool with it.”

But Ulysses’ boss, Luke, wouldn’t be okay with him taking the day off, and that’s why he was going in. Luke needed help with the forecast coming up, and would be leaning on Ulysses heavily. No, he would go in, do his work, and then come home and crash later.

“I’m ready to go.”

Brent looked like he was about to protest, but instead walked into the kitchen to grab his keys and wallet while grumbling under his breath. Ulysses knew why. He looked at himself in the mirror this morning and saw that he looked like shit. His eyes were a little purplish underneath, and for the life of him, he couldn’t style his hair right with the stitches in the back. His dress shirt had a new accessory of the sling, which got pizza sauce on it last night when he dropped his slice. The stain was a testament to his unflappable grace... *not*.

Brent drove him right to the front door of his job. “Call me and I’ll come get you if you can’t make it.” Ulysses started to tell him he would be fine, but was cut off. “No, don’t even say it. If you are feeling bad, you need to come home. You’re not going to get better by working yourself too hard.”

Dreading the day, Ulysses walked into the building, a small headache already present. Sitting at his desk, he let out a puff of air and looked down,

lost at what to start with. Apparently, Luke had already been by this morning, and numerous files were stacked for him to work on.

He had just begun to work on the first file when he heard a throat clear behind his back. Ulysses turned in his chair to see Mr. Lewis, the Vice President of Finance, standing there. “Can I help you, sir?”

“You all right?” Mr. Lewis eyed him in concern.

“Huh?” *Nice...* Ulysses thought to himself. Way to sound professional to your boss’s boss.

Mr. Lewis made a gesture to the back of his head. “The stitches in the back of your head? And your arm.”

“Oh, that. I fell this weekend. I’ll be all right. It won’t hurt my performance, sir. I promise.” Ulysses could feel his nerves ratcheting up. He hadn’t ever talked to Mr. Lewis one on one before. He only had encounters when he was on the sidelines while his boss talked.

Mr. Lewis smiled back at him. “I didn’t think it would. If I could have a moment of your time, I’d like to meet with you in my office.”

“Sure.” Ulysses rose and followed Mr. Lewis down to his office, wondering what in the world was going on.

Mr. Lewis gestured him in with a wave of his hand through the doors, and Ulysses sat, rubbing his hand nervously on his slacks. He stared as Mr. Lewis sat down with a small smile on his face, leaning back and relaxing.

“So, I have a couple questions for you,” Mr. Lewis started out, and then for the next half hour the two of them went over the budget from last Friday’s meeting. He answered all questions proficiently, since he knew the budget front to back, even going so far as to expand on some of the questions. He wasn’t sure what it was all about, but he wasn’t going to question Mr. Lewis.

“Thank you, Ulysses. There were just a few things that were unclear to me, and I thought you would be the perfect person to go to for answers to my questions.”

He wasn’t sure how to reply to that, so he just sat there and nodded.

“You’re graduating in the winter, is that correct?”

Ulysses’ eyebrows went up. How did he... “Yes, I had to stay an extra semester since I double-majored.”

“Excellent. Make sure to send me your resume before you graduate. We have a high-potential program for people such as yourself who can become leaders in the company. Oh, and call me Patrick. We’re colleagues.” Patrick chuckled, reaching into his desk and pulling out his business card, handing it over to him. Ulysses winced in pain when he glanced down at the card.

“Do us a favor, take a couple of vacation days to heal up. I’ll let Luke know you’ll be in on Wednesday. I’ll inform him he can take over your stuff until you’re back.” Patrick smirked.

Ulysses stared down at his shoes thinking, *Ooh, he was going to punish the poor bastard.*

Ulysses almost felt bad for Luke but... didn’t. Luke shouldn’t have taken credit for someone else’s work and then tried to pull the wool over some very sharp people. Bite you in the ass every time.

Ulysses stood up, and shook the man’s hand. “Thank you, Patrick. I’ll see you on Wednesday, and I’ll make sure to get my resume to you before I return for my last semester.”

“Two weeks left?” Patrick inquired.

“Yes, then just four months more school.” Ulysses couldn’t wait.

Patrick clapped him lightly on the uninjured shoulder and walked him out of his office. Fate had it in for Luke on this fine Monday morning, because he was laughing it up, walking by at the moment. Dear Lord, the color drained from Luke’s face as he saw Ulysses come out of Patrick’s office. Turning, Ulysses spotted Patrick giving the most knowing look to Luke. How they were going to handle the situation, Ulysses didn’t know. It wasn’t his problem anymore.

Walking to his cubicle, he took out his phone to text Brent.

Can you come get me? Patrick gave me two days off.

A few seconds later, his phone vibrated.

Be there in ten.

Ulysses got up to leave and Richelle was standing at the opening. “You doing all right?”

“Yeah, I had a bit of a slip and fall.” Ulysses lightly touched the back of his head where the stitches were.

“I heard. I was going to call, but I heard from Gavin that you were in good hands.” Richelle giggled like a teenage girl.

“Yeah, yeah... Brent took care of me.” Ulysses could feel the blush creeping into his cheeks.

“Good,” Richelle said softly and came over to gently hug him. “I’m happy for you, sweetie.”

“Thanks, Richelle.”

Ulysses left to make his way outside and wait for Brent. The morning was beautiful and it would do him some good to sit in the sun, even if it was for a few minutes. He really didn’t have to wait long though. Brent pulled up just a few minutes later, a look of concern on his face.

“You okay?” Brent’s gaze scanned his face. He hoped he didn’t look any worse than this morning, but with the way Brent was looking at him, maybe he did.

“I’m fine. I had a meeting with Patrick this morning. Seems that Luke wasn’t able to answer all the questions in the Friday meeting on” —Ulysses made air quotes with one hand—“his own budget. Threw himself under the bus.”

“Yeah, if you’re going to steal someone else’s work, you better know your shit when presenting it. At my office, they would have fired him for being so unethical.” Brent shook his head, obviously showing his disgust.

“Well, I’m not sure what they’ll do to him, but it’s not my problem anymore.” And it wasn’t. He trusted the higher-ups to take care of it now that

he'd gotten the recognition for his work. His hard work through this internship would not go unnoticed, and that's all he cared about.

A short drive and Brent was dropping Ulysses off. "You need me to stay home?" Brent got out of the car and opened up the door for him.

"No, I'm just going to take a nap and make myself some lunch." Ulysses went to walk toward the house but was stopped by a hand on his arm.

Brent leaned in and took him in an achingly soft kiss. Brent melded their bodies together, causing a heat to course through Ulysses' body that had nothing to do with the sunshine. Brent licked his lower lip and Ulysses moaned, allowing him entrance. Tongues dueled and bodies began to rub against each other.

Brent pulled back. "We can't get carried away. Go in, call the doctor and get your shoulder better."

"You mean you're not going to touch me until my shoulder's healed?" Ulysses choked out. He was aching and hard.

"I didn't say anything about total hands off, Ulysses, but we are going to have serious limitations." Brent stroked the sling.

Ulysses sighed. "Okay, I'm going to call them today... before my nap." *Spoilsport.*

Laughing, Brent got back into his car. "Do what you have to!"

Surly and horny, Ulysses charged up the stairs, tripping on the last step. *Dammit!* He had a mission to get better, and his clumsy butt was not going to make his recovery last longer. Going straight for the numbers on the fridge, he found his doctor's. Opening his phone, he dialed. After getting through the various numbers that needed pressing to get to a receptionist, he said, "Hello, I'd like to make an appointment."

CHAPTER FIVE

Four very long weeks later

Yanking off his tie, Brent made his way into the house. It had been a long-ass week, and he was ready to do some relaxing with Ulysses. God, things were going amazingly between them. His internship had turned into a full time position, so the two of them had kept the rental. With Ulysses back in school for his final semester, Brent made sure his roommate would only have to pay peanuts. Ulysses insisted on paying something, so Brent relented... grudgingly.

Between physical therapy and school, there was no way Ulysses could get a job right now. So all the money he saved over the summer was going into food and rent. It was only short term, though. According to Ulysses, he'd turned his resume on his last day, and Patrick Lewis was holding a part-time position for him when he was done with physical therapy. The absolute joy on Ulysses' face when he came home on his last day had them going out to celebrate that night.

And that's where Ulysses was now, at physical therapy. Brent was anticipating this day as much as Ulysses. He was waiting to get the all clear for physical activity. Oh sure, they had done some stuff, but they couldn't very well make love when his shoulder was injured. Well, they could, but it would hurt like hell. So, they both chose to wait and gave mutual hand jobs and oral sex to keep them from going out of their ever lovin' minds.

Walking into their bedroom, because yeah, they were sharing a bed now, Brent decided a quick shower would do him a world of good to wash away all the tension from the week. Shedding his clothes, he entered the bathroom, turning on the water to get it nice and hot. Stepping in, he moaned as the hot water cascaded down tight muscles.

Brent had his head thrown back and was washing his hair when he felt a draft. Peeking one eye open, he watched as Ulysses stepped into the tub in front of him. They had replaced that piece of shit shower curtain and got a new one that fit the tub much better. Plus they added rubber flowers on the bottom

of the tub to prevent slipping. It looked tacky, but at least no one would fall ass over teacups anymore.

Ulysses reached up and took over scrubbing the shampoo into Brent's hair, adding a nice massage with his strong fingers. Groaning, Brent commented, "I see you're using both arms."

"Yep, I just got the all clear. Step back." Ulysses rinsed Brent's hair, and then Brent felt full lips begin to suck on his neck. Heat rushed to his groin and he could feel his cock thicken.

"God, that feels good," Brent moaned.

"We're both going to be feeling really good tonight and this entire weekend. You're mine now." Ulysses smirked into his neck.

Brent was amazed to see that in just a few short weeks Ulysses had come into his own. A little turnaround at work and disclosing their feelings to each other seemed to make a world of difference. Hell, Brent felt different too. There was no weight of worrying that their friendship would be destroyed if he expressed himself. Ulysses must have been the same way.

They washed quickly, since the tub was still too small for them to do anything. Rinsing, they got out and Brent helped Ulysses. He couldn't help it, Brent had trouble with the lip of the tub too, and he didn't ever want to see Ulysses hurt like that again. Brent knew Ulysses wasn't spun glass but it didn't hurt him to be a gentleman... right?

Brent snagged a towel off the counter, then wiped Ulysses and himself down. He was hard and aching, making him rush and miss a few droplets. Without thinking, he leaned in and licked one off of Ulysses' shoulder. Then he lowered himself, seeing the wet cock, and decided that he would do a much better job than the towel.

Grabbing the thick, hard cock in front of him, he slowly licked away the water droplets.

"Shit that feels so good," Ulysses groaned out.

Brent continued to lick and suck, swallowing the cock all the way to the root. He loved the taste of Ulysses.

“Brent... need to stop... or I’m gonna,” Ulysses choked out.

Brent pulled back, giving one last slow lick to the tip before standing up to see Ulysses heaving in pent-up passion.

Ulysses held his hand as he guided them toward the bed. Brent watched as Ulysses lay down on the bed with a welcoming smirk. Walking over to the nightstand to grab supplies, he almost tripped over his own damn feet when Ulysses grabbed his own cock and gave it a few strokes while arching his back. *Damn*. Fumbling his way through the drawer, Brent grabbed the box of condoms and lube before climbing up onto the bed next to Ulysses.

Uncapping the lube, Brent poured a small dollop onto the tips of his fingers and replaced his hand with Ulysses’. Feeling the heated flesh of Ulysses’ cock was sending his body into overdrive. But since they had been patient this long, there was no way in hell he was going to ruin it with last minute rushing.

“Feels good, Brent... hmmm... more *please*.” Ulysses keened the last part.

Brent sat up to get a better angle, using both hands on Ulysses’ cock at first, then took one greased hand and began circling his entrance. Watching for signs of discomfort, Brent breached Ulysses with the tip of his finger. He worked the finger all the way in, and then used two fingers, scissoring them until Ulysses was pushing back on the digits. Adding a third finger was driving Brent to the brink when Ulysses began to fuck himself on them.

Shakily, Brent removed his fingers to Ulysses’ protests and tore open a condom. *Damn*, his hands were shaking so bad he could barely glove up. Finally, after a few attempts, the condom was on and he spread Ulysses’ legs, making room for himself.

Lining up his cock, Brent began to slowly push in.

“More, Brent. Please!” Ulysses shouted.

“Need to go slow. I don’t want to hurt your shoulder.” Brent groaned when he sank in another inch.

“I can take it. Harder.” Moaning, Ulysses threw his head back on the pillow, squeezing his eyes shut in obvious frustration.

Trying to meet his lover halfway, Brent did a slow glide until he completely bottomed out. Ulysses’ eyes shot open, pupils dilated, and for a few seconds, Brent thought he’d hurt him until Ulysses grabbed his own cock and began to stroke it.

Brent only made a few pumps of his hips before he felt the warmth of Ulysses’ cum hit his stomach, and glancing down, watched a shot hit Ulysses in the chin. Seeing that and feeling Ulysses clamp down on his cock was more than he could take. Huffing out a breath, Brent pumped one more time before he started to climax into the condom.

Ulysses reached up for Brent and together they claimed each other’s mouth in a deep kiss that was anything but gentle. They grabbed at each other’s hair to get impossibly closer, and Brent felt himself get a little hard just having his hair pulled. Learning something new, he would have to tell Ulysses hair pulling was definitely his new hot button.

Careful not to hurt Ulysses, he pulled out, and rolled off to retrieve a towel to clean them up and remove the condom.

“Forget it, Brent. We need another shower.” Ulysses chuckled. “We have lube all in our hair.”

“As long as we do it together. I wouldn’t want you to fall again.”

Ulysses gave him a smile that showed so much love it almost took Brent’s breath away. Sure, they knew they both loved each other, but had never said it aloud. Everyday actions for the past month were the big tell for them.

Ulysses got up and pulled Brent into his naked body. “I won’t fall. I’ve got you now to catch me. Right?”

Brent hugged Ulysses to him and whispered, “I don’t need to catch you anymore, you are more than capable on your own two feet, but I can stand next to you and... love you.”

Ulysses squeezed him tight. “Love you too, Brent.”

Pulling back, Ulysses gave him a small kiss on the lips. Then they showered and got ready for their Friday night pizza and a movie.

THE END

Author Bio

Short, sexy and sweet—where a little love goes a long way.

That's the best way to describe Jackie Nacht's stories. I was introduced to M/M Romance through my sister, Stephani, and read it for years. Then, I thought it was time to put my own stories on paper. I began writing short and sweet stories that ended with a happily ever after... and sometimes more than one, in the case of my YA Fork in the Road series, which has interactive endings.

Thinking back to my own book addiction, where there were many nights I stayed up way too late so I could read just one more chapter—yeah, right—I decided to write short romances for young adults as well as adults. Hopefully, they will give high school and college students, or working men and women something they can read during their lunch hour, in between classes or just when they want to briefly get away from the daily stresses of everyday life.

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