



You and a
Billion
Blue
Tiles

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You and a Billion Blue Tiles
by Missy Welsh

Dedicated to the inspiring and supportive members
of the M/M Romance Group on Goodreads.com.

For Trix.

Chapter One

Adam Grindall's eyes strayed toward the clock beside his bed and he groaned. Two o'clock in the morning! He let his head fall onto the book laid open on his desk, his nose in the crease. Sure, he was tired, but thanks to four cups of coffee on an empty stomach, he was also wired. Jittery but exhausted. He had one last final tomorrow in his worst subject and he'd wanted to cram as much Shakespeare as he could. Which had been stupid. He now knew that he either had it or he didn't. He'd probably dream in iambic pentameter now. Maybe that would mean extra credit?

"Oh give it up, idiot," he muttered and sat back. He needed to sleep. Standing up, he intended to turn off his desk lamp and crash into bed. But he felt too twitchy to just drop. Kind of gritty everywhere too. Maybe a shower? He grinned. Maybe a hot shower and a chance to tug one out since he'd be completely alone in there at this time of night? Yeah, that'd work.

The upperclassman's floor of Compton House was eerily quiet for the floor of a dorm housing twelve eighteen-year-old guys. At this time, there were no loud radios, no shouting, no running around. Not even any lights coming from under a single door as he made his way down to the bathroom in the middle of the floor. Just dark hardwood, darker shadows, and the golden glow of eight little outlet lights to guide his steps.

But it wasn't completely quiet because, as he drew nearer, he could hear the sound of water falling on tiles coming from the bathroom. Damn. He paused in the hall, thinking maybe he should just go back to his room. Nothing said he couldn't take care of his tension in there. A chance at an endless amount of hot water, though, and no one bitching about how long he took? After all, each stall did have a glass door and a curtain.

Adam kept going, curious now to see who else couldn't sleep. He pushed open the door, strode inside, and stopped.

Good God.

It was fate. Had to be. Fate wanted him to walk in here and find Lincoln Stone in a shower stall, curtain open and a billion blue tiles making his cream skin gleam even through the light mist of steam. Fate wanted to hand Adam a chance to make the guy he'd fallen so hard for finally see him. Really see him. Fate was like that, but she didn't always give second chances. He had to take this one.

But Adam stood there in his lounge pants, T-shirt and flip-flops with his little bag of essentials just soaking in the sight of the guy who'd been giving him winks and naughty grins for the past two years. Lincoln was all about being a temptation to the boys of the Bennington Academy for Young Gentlemen. Half of upstate New York probably knew about him.

This was their senior year, though, and Adam knew he couldn't pass up this opportunity to finally be with the one guy he actually wanted. Whatever happened -- if someone found out and he had to admit to being gay (at least for Lincoln), if this was just for one night (please, please, please no!), if Lincoln turned out to be the love of his life (yes!) -- he was finally ready to accept that his chance had come and he would take it.

"You know I can see you, right?"

Adam started at the sound of Lincoln's voice over the shower spray. Lincoln had his back to him, but the dark outside the window at head level was a perfect mirror for Lincoln to see Adam standing there like a goob.

"Thought you liked it when people watched you."

Holy hell, look at him manage a cool come-back! He tried to keep himself from grinning even though he blushed.

Lincoln laughed and looked over his shoulder at him. God, that was an awesome pose! He wasn't as broad-shouldered as Adam himself was, but Lincoln had a really great back. That dip of his spine had a very lickable river flowing down it...right into the crack of his ass...

Oh man.

"Yeah, I do," Lincoln said with a grin. "Wanna keep watching, or help me wash my back?" He ran the bar of white soap down over his left butt cheek, though.

Adam gulped and nodded. He could do this. He set down his kit, knocked off his flip-flops, took off his T-shirt, and -- here we go! -- dropped his pants. At least there was no doubt his body was into this since his dick was pumping up like a champ.

What would they do? Blowjob? Yeah, he could get into that. Hell, he'd be perfectly happy if he got the chance to just hold Lincoln for a while. Feel all that pale skin and muscle snuggled up to his body... Rub into him... Touch him...

Yeah, that'd work.

He looked up and caught Lincoln standing there staring, his mouth hanging open a bit. His hazel eyes were fixed right at Adam's groin. Smiling now, feeling a lot more confident that he could give Lincoln a good time -- such a good time he might get to keep him for a while maybe? For the summer at least? -- Adam gave his dick a slow stroke just to watch Lincoln's eyes follow his hand.

And he'd been thrilled at the idea of hot water and his own hand... Ha!

Lincoln looked up and grinned, then faced the window again. He started getting a good lather going on his hands. "Come and get me, big boy."

Adam walked in, kind of thrilled that he managed to do it without falling on his face or something equally humiliating given how much he trembled. This was it. Everything he'd wanted was right there. A hot, beautiful guy with a wicked sense of humor, a sweet body, big brown eyes...and he was actually willing to give Adam a chance!

This was it.

He'd finally get to touch him, kiss him. Could he be good for Lincoln? Maybe impress him a little bit? Do something for him no one else would do? He wondered what Lincoln liked, tried to remember what he'd seen him do in public with the guys he'd dated. But Lincoln really hadn't done that much in public. No big PDAs. He'd held hands with some blond guy once. Adam'd always thought Lincoln might like being taken care of and treated like he was special. He could definitely do that.

Lincoln was special. To him anyway.

Adam fit himself against Lincoln's back, ass, thighs... He slid his hands around Lincoln's waist, rubbing his palms across the satiny wet skin of his belly and up to his chest. He hugged him close.

Oh man. That felt completely...meant-to-be.

Chapter Two

Lincoln sighed as he leaned back into Adam. He closed his eyes and smiled a little. Who knew big, shy Adam Grindall could be this bold? He'd always pegged him as a closet case and figured Adam would creep out of there once he got to college or something, but this? Way better! After all Lincoln's coaxing and teasing, he was finally getting a chance with the sweetest guy on campus.

Adam tucked his head down, and Lincoln actually heard him swallow hard over the sound of the water. He was nervous? Lincoln smiled. How cute was that?

And, really, who *hugged* when they were naked in the shower together? In Lincoln's experience, guys went straight for the goods whenever they got him naked. Mostly, they went for his ass. Sure Adam had a nice, thick rod tucked up on him right then, but he wasn't grinding or talking about sticking it to him. Lincoln was all for riding a guy now and then, but he bet there could be a lot of really awesome things to experience when they didn't rush.

Would Adam be okay with taking their time? Because, suddenly, a few hours of slow and thorough sounded really, really good.

He turned around, sliding his hands along Adam's arms so Adam wouldn't let go completely. Unf, those eyes! Friggin' gorgeous blue and surrounded by long lashes. Would Adam mind that he thought they were so pretty? And shit, add in the pink blush on his cheeks and Adam was like some kind of sweet angel boy or something. The little smile, too... Wow. Lincoln could feel his heart tripping in his chest as he looked up at Adam's face.

"C-can I kiss you?" Adam asked.

Lincoln smiled and pulled Adam's mouth those couple inches down to his as he stepped into the spray of the shower. Oh yeah. Hot water cascading down their bodies and a hot guy tucked up all close to him. Wanting him. Just letting him taste him, too, because Adam didn't go all tongue-battling mouth-fuck with his kissing. Nope. This was all lips. Soft, satiny lips pressing and rubbing on his own while strong arms hugged him into a hard chest.

Damn but not rushing was really nice.

He did have to fix one thing, though. Moving his hips back a bit, Lincoln reached down and got his dick pointing up then aligned it with Adam's before pressing in tight again. Adam shuddered in his arms and exhaled a shaky breath against Lincoln's mouth. Lincoln smiled, opening his eyes and finding Adam looking too.

Lincoln kept his lips just teasing Adam's as he reached down and palmed one of Adam's plump ass cheeks. Oh that was a sweet little gasp! And another shiver! He slowly rubbed into Adam, their slick dicks sliding from the water and a little soap. Adam's big hands gripped at Lincoln's back.

"You feel so good," Lincoln offered. He left a few kisses from Adam's bottom lip to his chin.

"Y-you too." Adam took a deep breath and held Lincoln still against him. Adam's hard dick felt like a piece of smooth wood pressing into Lincoln's stomach. Was Adam really that close to coming?

"You okay?" Lincoln asked.

He nodded a little shakily, closing his eyes and seeming to concentrate on his breathing.

"Are you always this nervous?" Lincoln said with a grin because, come on, the stutters and trembling were adorable.

Adam blinked a few times. "Huh?"

Yep. Adorable.

"During sex," he said and stroked his cheek. Well, both cheeks actually, face and tush. "Are you always this nervous?"

Adam swallowed. Gulped, really. "I... I've never..." He looked away. "I'm sorry," he whispered and closed his eyes. His hold relaxed a little.

Lincoln touched his chin, making him look back. "Never what?"

Those eyes just stared, big and blue and... Turning squinty as he frowned.

He smiled and leaned against him, feeling the warm water tickle down the seam of their bodies. They were almost nose-to-nose now. "Come on. Never what? There's a ton of stuff two horny guys can do together. What have you never and do you want to do it now?"

Oh sweet, another tremble. He was seriously liking those. And the blinks of long, water-spiked lashes too. Amazing eyes.

"Anything."

"Hmm?"

"I've never done anything with another guy." Adam swallowed and his eyes went a little frantic. "Except what we've done so far. And I've really liked that. Just so you know."

Lincoln stared now. That explained a few things, but... Well, shit. A virgin? What did you do with a virgin? Oh, wait a minute...

"Hold on," he said and pulled away some. "You are gay or bi or something, right? This isn't some straight guy experiment, is it?"

Shit and fuck! No, no fuck. Curious straight guys were bad news. Bad! Lincoln had an urge to say that out loud and point a finger at his dick to remind it. He resisted.

Adam's eyes were wide as he shook his head. "I've just never... Um." His cheeks got sudden huge patches of red and he flicked his eyes away to the millions of ugly blue tiles surrounding them. "I've just never wanted to this much before."

"Aw that's so--" Lincoln cut himself off from finishing that sentence, but he did smile and pet Adam's shoulders. Oh nice muscles!

"Good." Lincoln relaxed and got close again. "I don't do experiments." Not after that prick on the lacrosse team last year, anyway.

"Okay."

"Straight guys don't participate. They just expect to get serviced."

Adam got that panicky thing going again. "I don't want that at all!"

Lincoln smiled and smoothed his palms over Adam's shoulders again. Big, round, muscular shoulders. Broad as a doorway. Could Adam pick him up?

"Cool, then. We'll just... Like swap back and forth or something to start, okay? I'll show you something. You do it back. Like that."

"Okay." Now Adam looked relieved. Adorable!

"Let's do some more of that kissing 'cause I gotta say, you and wet and hard is really great." He wrapped his arms back around Adam to keep their bodies nice and snug.

Adam gasped and one of his arms grabbed Lincoln hard over his shoulder and nearly to his waist. His other hand went straight for his ass, almost like instinct, and then Adam rubbed into him. Lincoln sucked in a breath from the slippery friction and the slightly wild expression in Adam's eyes. A second later, Adam's mouth was on his again, but this kiss was a lot more urgent. Virgin smirgin, this was hot!

Chapter Three

Lincoln's tongue was in his mouth. Lincoln's arms were wrapped around him. Lincoln's whole naked, wet and *naked* body was pressed up tight all along his.

It was really happening!

But then Lincoln was squirming and taking Adam's arms away and...up?

"What's wrong?" Adam asked, gasping.

Lincoln shook his head, his eyes on Adam's chest. "Nothing. Hold up here for a minute." He flicked a glance up as he got Adam's hands around the shower head.

The position stretched Adam out, made all his muscles tight. He grinned at Lincoln, whose focus was totally on Adam's body. He put that look of desire on Lincoln's face. Him.

"Please touch me, Lincoln."

Even over the sound of the water, Adam heard Lincoln's gasp. Then... Yeah, then he wasn't really listening anymore because Lincoln did touch him. It wasn't just *that* he touched him, but *how*. Lincoln's palms were smooth as they glided down Adam's arms, fingers tracing muscles, and it was slow and kind of...reverent. Like Lincoln was awed.

Was he? Could Lincoln really be as amazed as Adam was?

He had some trouble believing that since Lincoln hadn't ever seemed to be hurting for a date. He could have anyone he wanted. That he was here now, with Adam, said a lot, though. And--

"Oh yeah," he said on a groan as Lincoln's curious fingers found his nipples, both at the same time, and rolled them. He arched into the touch. Having teased them himself, he knew he liked it, but wow was it better having Lincoln do it!

"Sensitive?" Lincoln whispered with a teasing smile.

Adam opened his mouth to say...something, but Lincoln pinched. All Adam could do was groan and push into that biting pleasure. Then it was... He looked down. Oh man! Lincoln was sucking on his nipple, teasing it with his teeth, and that was just so hot. Adam shifted his feet, wanting Lincoln pressed tight to him again because his dick felt like it was about to split, he was so hard.

Lincoln stood up straight, his hands sliding down to Adam's hips, fingers petting the indentations on either side of his ass. He looked happy, just grinning and like he was about to start laughing.

"Not that I'm a size queen or anything," Lincoln said just staring at Adam's dick. "But that is one giant cock you got there."

Adam's chuckle morphed into a shaky gasp when Lincoln stroked him. The warm water let his hand just glide so perfectly. He couldn't help moving against Lincoln's hand when it repeated that slow pull. He also couldn't keep his hands up on the shower head anymore.

Lincoln giggled quietly and leaned into Adam when his arms came down and hugged him close again. Lincoln let his aching dick go, but told him to hold on and reached for that bar of white soap again. He got a good lather on his hands while Adam tried to control his breathing and kept his hands on Lincoln's lean hips. No way was he going to stop touching him now that he could.

Or looking at him either because Lincoln really was gorgeous. Not as clearly defined, a little softer, but that was good. Adam could dig his fingers into his flesh and get a grip on a very bouncy backside. Which he did.

"Get a handful," Lincoln kind of purred, "because I think you're really going to like this."

Adam adjusted his hold on Lincoln's ass so each cheek filled a palm and his fingertips could tuck into the crease where butt met thigh. While Adam watched, Lincoln soaped up his own straining, red-tipped penis and the bare balls tucked up close underneath. Oh hell yeah, Adam liked that! Watching Lincoln touch himself? What wasn't to love?

Then Lincoln pressed up against him, looping his arms around Adam's shoulders, and Adam figured out what the soap was really for.

"Oh God that's good." Their dicks slid on each other and their bellies as Lincoln canted his hips back and forth. Adam worked opposite him, staring into those brown eyes and flexing his fingers against Lincoln's ass as his heart picked up speed and he knew that, right here and now, he was going to come with Lincoln Stone in his arms.

When Lincoln tipped his head back and groaned, his fingers biting into the muscles of Adam's shoulders, Adam also knew Lincoln Stone was going to come with him.

And, holy hell, that was like a dream come true!

He let his hands roam over Lincoln's back and ass while they moved together, just rubbing and sloppy kisses and staring. It was the staring that was really doing it for him. Having Lincoln's attention, his *full* attention, right there on him... He opened his legs a little more, pulled Lincoln in tighter, and joined him in a deep groan of seriously hot pleasure.

"You're beautiful," he had to say as the flush on Lincoln's chest and neck went darker and lit up his face.

"Adam," he said, kind of gasping, before his eyes fluttered shut and his body went tight and, oh God, Adam felt Lincoln's cock jerk against his stomach before liquid heat pumped onto his skin.

Adam held onto him and came too. Just *boom!* and he was trembling and gasping and clutching Lincoln to him as his first real orgasm pulsed through him and stole his mind right out of his head.

The rush took a nice long while to fade, way longer than when he was flying solo, and that was so good too. Lincoln leaned against him, dragging great gulps of air into his lungs with his head on Adam's shoulder. The shower water wasn't really hitting either of them now, and Adam was pretty sure he'd have a checkerboard pattern on his back from pressing into the tiles. He slowly caressed Lincoln's damp skin and just held him, smiling.

Whatever happened now, this had been worth it.

Chapter Four

They ran down the hall clutching their clothes and shower kits to their groins. Lincoln tried not to laugh, but he really did feel kind of stupidly happy. Stand-up shower sex with Adam had been totally amazing! Maybe it was because it was Adam's first time, or maybe it was just because it was Adam, but Lincoln had never felt so... Oh hell this was what giddy felt like. He did laugh then and knew it was actually a giggle.

Adam didn't seem to mind, smiling at him so brightly and following him right on into Lincoln's room. They dropped all their stuff and crashed together, all curious hands, sucking mouths, and renewing erections.

Sucking... Oh yeah, there was an idea!

He pulled back and pushed Adam so he fell back on the bed with an *oomph* and a grin. Wow! Yeah, Adam looked really good in his bed like this.

Smiling, excited, Lincoln got on the bed between Adam's legs and pushed them wider apart. He heard Adam gasp and looked up to catch his eye as his tongue connected with the slightly damp and very warm skin of Adam's big dick. Holding Adam's hips, he felt that hard body shudder and watched Adam's blue eyes go wide.

Okay. There was something really awesome about being somebody's first everything if he looked at you like that. *Really* awesome.

Since Adam wasn't fully erect yet, Lincoln was able to get all of him in his mouth. While a startled sound left Adam, Lincoln concentrated on the merging scent and taste of clean, warm, horny boy. He moaned around his mouthful, feeling Adam's penis stretching for his throat. Oh he loved that! The slightly salty tang of desire and that thick meat hardening in his mouth... He moaned again and Adam answered, already sounding overwhelmed.

Grasping the base of Adam's cock, Lincoln pulled back, keeping up the sucking until he got to the head. Eyes on Adam's amazed face, Lincoln grinned and used his tongue to tease Adam's slit and that truly fantastic spot just below it. Adam twitched and gasped, his hands crumpling up Lincoln's bedding. He bit his bottom lip, his dick now like a hot club in Lincoln's hand, and let out a whimper.

Lincoln just had to kiss him. He surged up over that muscular body and felt his own hard cock catch on Adam's balls. They both gasped just before Lincoln latched his mouth onto Adam's and tongue-fucked it. Adam grabbed him close and tight, moving his hips so the top of Lincoln's dick rubbed into Adam's tightening sac and the bottom of Adam's dick rubbed into Lincoln's belly. God! He could so get off on doing this! Just kissing Adam and feeling him all hot and hungry under him...

But Adam wrenched his face away and said, "Lemme do it too."

"Huh?"

"I want to suck you too."

Lincoln swallowed and laughed even as he nodded kind of frantically. "Oh hell yeah. Sixty-nine."

"Oh God," Adam said and managed to skim his big hands all over Lincoln's body as he turned around. "Oh Christ," he said when Lincoln had his groin hovering over Adam's face.

"You sure? This okay?" *Please let it be fine!*

"Yeah," Adam said, looking down at his face now. "Oh hell yeah." Then he pulled Lincoln down with both hands on his ass and opened his mouth to take in his dick.

A startled cry left Lincoln as he shuddered because, while there might not be a lot of technique going on down there, Adam knew a thing or two about suction. Seriously enthusiastic suction! Jesus, but Adam liked what he was doing. Which reminded him...

Lincoln pointed Adam's dick up to his face, adjusted his position so he'd be less likely to smother Adam, then took that gorgeous, straining, dripping dick back into his mouth. Adam moaned around his own mouthful, making Lincoln moan back, which made Adam moan again-- Christ, this was not going to take long at all!

So he slowed himself down, just licking, and maybe Adam was paying attention because he started doing the same. Lick, lick, lick. Slow swipes and little, darting tastes. Lincoln had to smile since it kind of felt like Adam was doing as Lincoln had said in the bathroom and giving back whatever Lincoln did to him. Taking the lead then, Lincoln got Adam to tip toward him more, then Lincoln started licking at the taut, soft skin of Adam's balls.

Adam gasped then moaned quietly before making Lincoln move into a better position for him to return the favor. Lincoln licked and Adam did too. Lincoln sucked and Adam did too. But when Lincoln moved back to get another taste of Adam's cock, Adam moved and was suddenly licking behind Lincoln's balls.

Lincoln panted, forgetting what he'd been intent on doing as soft, wet muscle wiggled and swiped at his perineum and sent a gush of warm sensation flooding his already hyper-aware body. He could feel the puffs of air from Adam's nose on his hole as Adam breathed and then Adam's tongue was there.

"Oh Christ, Adam!"

Adam paused in his licking of Lincoln's hole. "This okay?"

"Yes," he said into Adam's groin. "Please don't stop."

"Won't stop. I like it. You actually taste good."

"Thank--" You? God? Whatever! He couldn't think with Adam's firm, silky tongue lapping at his asshole like that. He curled his body, adjusted his legs, so Adam could reach it better.

Adam made a sort of appreciative noise and doubled his effort.

Lincoln felt himself shaking, his eyes squeezed shut and body tense because that was an absolutely unexpectedly marvelous feeling right there. He'd had no idea, while watching porn, that it would feel so fucking good to have someone actually do this to him!

God bless Adam. God bless Adam's tongue. The tongue wiggling *up inside him* like Adam really did love what he was doing down there. Which was going to make Lincoln come. Like right now!

He grabbed his dick as Adam's tongue pushed inside like a tiny, wet jackhammer. Two pulls and Lincoln was shooting cum all over Adam's chest. White streamers just flew out of him as his back bowed and his breath caught tight in his chest. Then he couldn't stop himself from falling over, his head smacking into Adam's thigh. He let go of his still-pulsing dick and just rested for a minute since Adam was petting his thighs, ass, and lower back like he didn't mind.

After a while, Adam said, "So that was good, huh?"

Lincoln chuckled. "Oh, you know, it was okay."

Adam's hands stilled against the back of Lincoln's thighs. "I'm sorry. Do you... What do you want me to do?"

Lifting up, Lincoln frowned down Adam's body to see his face. Oh damn. "No, Adam. That was totally sarcasm."

"Oh." He smiled a little.

Lincoln got up carefully, turning around to sit on the bed between Adam and the wall. He leaned over him and cupped his cheek. "That was more awesome than I thought it would be." He hesitated a second as Adam's smile got bigger, but if Adam could lick him, Lincoln could definitely kiss the mouth that had done it. He gave him a quick kiss. "Thank you." Then he kissed him some more. Sure there was an added flavor that hadn't there before, but it was kind of a good one. Would Adam taste the same way?

Mentally, he rolled his eyes at himself as he realized he'd completely left Adam hanging. Nice. Way to set an example, moron! He pulled back, looked down at that sweet face, and knew exactly what he wanted to do with Adam right now.

Despite only doing it once before, he knew this was right. The perfect thing. Adam was so giving, he now knew, just wanting to please and make Lincoln happy. Well, he'd done that. Really well! So now Lincoln would give back in the most awesome way he knew how. Wasn't like it'd be a hardship or anything either. He felt loose and cool, but still horny as all hell.

"Would you like to fuck me, Adam? Because I'd really like it if you would."

Chapter Five

"Seriously?" Adam knew he kind of squeaked that one word, but holy shit!

"Yes," Lincoln said, giggling at him. "Definitely."

What little bit of excitement that had waned from Adam's erection came flooding back. He sat up and twisted around, his cock pointing right at Lincoln like it knew exactly what was on offer.

"You're sure? Because you just" -- he waved his hand at the evidence on both of them -- "you know like a minute ago."

Lincoln laughed again and gave him another kiss like he thought he was just so cute. Jesus, but a happy, giggling Lincoln was amazing!

"I'm sure. And I'll 'you know' again."

"Yeah?"

"Look at you! All this hard muscle on top of me," he said, giving Adam's biceps a squeeze. "And that dragon pounding into me? Of course I will!"

Adam felt himself puffing up from that ego boost and knew he probably grinned like a damn fool, but no way was he going to turn down this offer.

They moved around, Lincoln getting onto his back with his legs spread on either side of Adam now on his knees. When Lincoln pulled his legs back, showing off his semi-hard dick, tight balls and that pink wink still wet from Adam's tongue, Adam couldn't stop the shiver of need that shot through him. Oh yeah. He wanted this.

"Lube and condom," Lincoln said, pointing at the little wooden bedside table sitting under the window beside them.

He got both out, then Lincoln set the condom on his own chest and opened the lube. Glad Lincoln knew what to do, Adam happily surrendered two of his fingers when Lincoln asked for them. A big glob of clear stuff later and Adam was gently petting Lincoln's hole before easing inside as instructed.

"Oh wow. You're all hot and soft in here."

"And wet and loose after what you did to me." He wiggled his hips, making Adam's fingers brush left and right inside him.

Adam just watched for a moment, amazed all over again about where he was and who he was with and what he was doing. He looked back up to Lincoln's face. He looked kind of peaceful even with his eyes so dark and hungry.

He had to swallow before he could say, "It was really that good?"

Lincoln grinned. "You made me come doing that, Adam."

"You stroked off. I felt that." He grinned back, though.

"Barely," he said and chuckled. "I was mostly holding on so it wouldn't fly off!"

Holding on sounded like a good idea, so Adam got a gentle grip on Lincoln's half-hard dick and slowly stroked that silky, warm flesh. He matched the move to each plunge of his fingers, and found himself totally captivated by the way Lincoln started to undulate that lean body with him. Adam watched as Lincoln swayed back and forth like a dancer, his eyes closed and lips parted, looking like he was just blissfully lost in sensation. He was beautiful.

"You're beautiful," he whispered.

Lincoln smiled up at him, a little lazy grin that said he just felt so good right now. Felt good because of what Adam was doing to him. Adam had to smile back. It was such a rush knowing he could make Lincoln look like that.

"More lube, then you," Lincoln said quietly. "Okay?"

Adam nodded, refocusing since this was important. Lincoln reached for the condom, then tore it open, while Adam got a big glob of lube on his fingers and gently rubbed it around that bright pink opening. Oh wow. This was it! Thank God Lincoln handled getting the condom on him because he probably would've torn it. Lincoln then grinned at him and took Adam's hand, using the extra lube to coat the condom and make him give himself a squeeze. He laughed at him and pushed his hand away before lining himself up as Lincoln lifted to meet him.

"Just go slow. I'm ready and everything, but I still need you to go slow." Lincoln looked really serious about that, so Adam nodded and did his best to obey.

Was not easy. At all. Because the instant Lincoln's body closed around the head of his dick all he wanted to do was thrust. Talk about animal instinct! He had to actually concentrate to keep himself in check! It helped to watch Lincoln and see that there was some struggle happening for him even as he moved to take more of Adam and pull him closer.

"God, Lincoln."

"I know. Fuck."

"Does it hurt?"

"Kinda stretchy. Full." He looked like he was in agony -- Adam could kinda relate -- but then he moaned. "Move a little. In, out. Deeper."

So Adam did and was totally grateful that he could because Jesus! It felt so brilliantly good! Hot and tight but so slick and smooth...and tight...and it was Lincoln too. Lincoln!

Adam smiled, betting he looked like a dork as got himself all the way in and Lincoln groaned and arched his back like he was in ecstasy already.

"Move," Lincoln said, his hands on Adam's hips and his eyes fever bright. "Move you-- Grind." His hands tugged, so Adam moved.

"Oh fuck," he said and moaned right along with Lincoln. Was he squeezing him? The back and forth, that tight clasp, and a squeeze-release-squeeze... "Oh fuck yeah."

Then Lincoln pushed up into him and Adam couldn't *not* thrust now. He managed to keep it slow at first, managed to watch Lincoln. When Lincoln's hands dug into his thigh and scratched down his chest at the same time, though, Adam couldn't help taking off.

A steady stream of encouragement and a lot of meeting his thrusts from Lincoln let him know he was doing everything right. Assured and totally confident, Adam closed his eyes and leaned over on his fists, just letting his hips buck over and over again on pure instinct.

He felt Lincoln moving differently and opened his eyes to see him tugging on his cock and panting, his head tossing back and forth on the bed. Adam knew what was coming and smiled for knowing he was the one making Lincoln lose it like this. Him! Making Lincoln gasp and grunt and writhe under him. For the first time in his life, Adam felt invincible.

Then Lincoln let out a wail and his dick shot a stream of cum across his chest. Adam paused, startled and amazed by that visual and the spasmodic clasp of Lincoln's ass on his own dick.

"Don't stop," Lincoln said. "Please! Oh God!"

Adam thrust some more, steady and deep, watching Lincoln's hand pump out four more white splashes from Lincoln's bright red dick onto his flushed belly. Lincoln's body twitched all around him as he strained and gasped, until he gave a loud whine and slumped into the bed like he'd died.

Adam stopped thrusting, oddly content like he wasn't in a hurry anymore, and leaned down to kiss Lincoln's swollen lips. Lincoln's smile was lopsided and he chuckled weakly.

"Holy damn that was good," he said, then laughed at the cum all over his chest and stomach.

Adam rubbed a little of it into Lincoln's chest and grinned. "You're covered in it."

"You too," Lincoln said, smiling back, and smoothing his fingers down Adam's chest.

He was and, for some reason, knowing it was Lincoln's cum making him so filthy dirty was a total turn on. He snapped his hips involuntarily and gasped, not sure if he was supposed to stop now.

"Yeah," Lincoln said. "Fuck me 'til you come."

Watching him, hearing him, had Adam stepping up to the plate. Lincoln looked at him, his brown eyes seeming totally focused on him, absolutely intent. Both his hands slid up Adam's stomach and chest, caressing him.

"Do it, Adam," Lincoln said, sounding breathless. "Come on."

He felt Lincoln squeeze on his cock and had to push in all the way and stay buried deep as wave after wave of startling heat surged through him. He couldn't even gasp a breath and his whole body felt like it might break, but fucking hell it was so perfect!

Finally managing to breathe again, pant again, Adam shuddered a few times and could feel Lincoln touching him kind of gently. A spike of intense pleasure suddenly shot through him

again, making him nearly topple forward as he groaned. Lincoln's hands braced his shoulders, and Adam opened his eyes.

"Damn, that was hot," Lincoln said with a smirk. "You gonna live?"

Adam managed a strained laugh. "Yeah." He took a deep breath. "Fuck, I feel good!"

Lincoln laughed and damn if Adam couldn't feel it like a vibration all around his super-sensitive dick. It made him twitch.

"I think I need to--"

"Just go kinda slow."

Adam did, shivering once as he slipped free. He got the condom off and pitched it into the wastebasket under Lincoln's desk.

Lincoln groaned a little. "Oh big boy. Big, big boy."

"You okay? Need something?"

He shook his head, smiling softly. "A little achy, but it's good." He opened his arms to him. "Really good."

Adam moved around so he could lay next to Lincoln and cuddle him up. Yeah, that felt nice. Just breathing and resting and holding. They could probably stand to take another shower since there was lube and cum all over the place, but he didn't want to move. Didn't want this to end.

Not yet.

"Best Thursday night ever," Lincoln said then sighed contentedly and snuggled a little closer into Adam's side.

Adam frowned. Best Thursday night ever? What did that mean? Not best night ever, but best *Thursday*. His heart started pounding as he realized... Oh God. As he realized that this was just an awesome way to spend a night for Lincoln. Something fun to do. Get their rocks off together, sleep for a while, no big deal.

He swallowed hard and held just a little tighter to Lincoln's warm body. Well, he'd told himself he'd be happy with whatever he got. Whatever time and experience Lincoln was willing to give him, he'd said he wouldn't regret it. That it would all be worth it.

He just hadn't expected unrequited love to hurt so much.

Chapter Six

Morning. Usually, Adam didn't hate them, but today was so very different.

Time's up.

Despite Lincoln still being curled up in his arms, just tangled with him and all warm and comfortable, Adam felt his heart breaking a little bit more now that the sun was up and their night together was just...over.

He didn't want to leave, not yet, but his bladder was begging and having Lincoln's thigh across his belly wasn't helping. He was, at least, on the right side of the bed so he could slowly wiggle his way out of Lincoln's hold on him. He felt instantly cold and alone as Lincoln snuggled into his pillow and sighed.

Adam found his pants in the pile on the floor and put them on. Still worth it. Everything they'd done, just the fact he'd finally gotten to be with his...crush was worth the ache in his chest and the sting in his eyes.

Suddenly, Lincoln's hand came out from under the cover and waved around before finding Adam's leg. He got a grip on Adam's pants, near his knee. "Where're you--" Lincoln stopped to clear his throat and there was more movement under the covers. "Where are you going?"

"The bathroom?" First, anyway. Then he'd go to his own room and cry himself back to sleep. Dream about their night. Wish he was what Lincoln wanted to keep for more than a Thursday night.

Lincoln grunted and let him go, curling his arm back under the covers. Adam turned to leave, aching worse for having been released so easily.

"Herbyack."

Adam paused. "What?"

More throat clearing, then, "Hurry. Back."

His heart felt like it fluttered in his chest. He put a hand over it and-- Ow. Oh look at that. He had a hickey on his chest. And two more on his stomach. Good grief!

"Lincoln?"

Some grumbling. Not a morning person, obviously.

"What do you mean?"

"Fuck," he said before the covers flew back. "Now I've gotta piss."

Lincoln swung around to sit on the edge of the bed and rifled through the clothes on the floor. He picked up his blue T-shirt. Dropped it. Picked up his gray briefs and stood. One hand shot out to the nightstand when he wobbled trying to put the underwear on. He laughed at himself when he discovered he'd started to put them on backwards and went through the motions of switching them around.

Adam just watched. They were...going to the bathroom together? Was that significant somehow? It really didn't seem likely. And he kind of didn't want Lincoln to see him now as he was on the verge of breaking, but...

Lincoln finally straightened up, scratching at his balls and the spiked-up hair on his head. He shuffled over to Adam. "Bathroom's through the door and down the hall."

Adam turned and opened the door. "I know that."

"Then let's go." He punctuated that with a smack to Adam's ass.

A blush heated his face as he walked down the hall. How ridiculous was it that even *that* kind of attention from Lincoln had him wanting to cheer?

"Well, well," someone said up ahead.

Adam looked up and that cheering feeling went up in flames as he saw buff, blond Carter Bangs coming out of the restroom in nothing but his boxers and a knowing grin.

"Caught you too, huh?" Carter asked, crossing their path on his way to his own room. "Did you have fun?"

He didn't sound hostile, but not nice either.

"You mean you and Lincoln--"

"Gross! No. We all knew you were gay, Grindall, and figured it was just a matter of time before Slutty Stone caught you too."

"Oh fuck off, Carter," Lincoln said like he was bored as he continued shuffling toward the bathroom. "Nobody cares what the micro-dicks of the world have to say."

"Fuck you!"

Adam wanted to say something, or move at least, but his mind was stuck on the fact he'd never fooled anyone, had just been officially outed, and... Slutty Stone?

"Come on guys," a new voice said, and Adam turned to see tall and skinny Josh Coen coming out of the bathroom and holding the door for Lincoln. "The sun's barely up. Keep it down."

"Yeah," Adam finally managed. "Use your inside voice, Carter."

Lincoln snorted as he went into the bathroom. Adam hurried over to follow, giving Josh a grateful smile for holding the door and being cool. Josh just rolled his eyes and told Carter to shut up when he asked if Josh had heard what Lincoln called him.

In the bathroom, Lincoln was just standing in the middle of the floor and staring at his toes. No one else was in there.

"Are you mad?" Lincoln asked, looking at him from the corner of his eye.

"No." Why would-- "Oh. No. Surprised that everybody knew, but I wasn't, like... Trying to keep it a secret forever or anything."

Lincoln smiled then and playfully bumped into him before walking over to the urinals. He didn't hesitate to push his briefs out of the way and scoop out his dick. Adam, once again, just felt awkward. He'd never be able to pee with Lincoln right there, but he walked over anyway and went through the motions.

"I'm not you know," Lincoln said and started pissing.

"Not what?"

"A slut. I've only done what we did one other time, months ago, and he doesn't even go here."

"Oh. Okay." He felt himself smiling now. He was special, then. That was awesome. He glanced down to look at Lincoln's dick in his hand and remembered seeing cum fly out in great, white spurts. He might actually be one of only two people who'd ever seen that.

Lincoln chuckled, the sound rougher from sleep. "You like watching me piss?"

Adam felt his face heating as he snapped his gaze to the wall in front of him. Good grief! He'd actually been staring.

"No."

Lincoln giggled. "The mouth says no, but the eyes were wah-tching."

"Shut up. I was just... Remembering."

He snorted. "At no point did I piss on you."

Adam laughed even as he blushed hotter. "I was remembering...something else shooting out of there, you dork."

Lincoln giggled as he tucked his dick away and flushed the urinal. "'Something else.' You're so cute." He leaned over and gave the ball of Adam's shoulder a kiss before wandering to the sinks.

Adam felt pretty certain he peed then out of shock. Did Lincoln like him? Like really like him? Like more than a great Thursday night kind of thing?

Finished, Adam did his pants back up and flushed before going to the sink beside Lincoln, who was now attempting to do something with his hair and was apparently unhappy with the slightly bloodshot look of his eyes.

"Ugh," he said to his mirror image. "That's what I get for staying up late and getting up early."

Adam almost apologized as he finished washing his hands. But he wasn't going to do that. No way. He still had no regrets.

Then Lincoln lay his head on Adam's shoulder. "I'm glad I did, though. Stay up so late, I mean. If I hadn't been so restless, I'd have been sound asleep when you walked in here." He smiled so sweetly at him in the mirror, their gazes locked.

Adam memorized that look and smiled back, resting his wet hands on the sink and his head on Lincoln's. It felt so...close. Connected. Maybe like how it felt to be a couple? Then Lincoln reached around and pinched Adam's ass, making him gasp, before Lincoln danced away toward the door.

Apparently, they could be friends. Adam dried his hands and knew he'd take that. Affection and friendship with Lincoln? It was better than nothing at all. And he'd have some amazing memories of his first everything with Lincoln too.

They left the bathroom and Adam headed to his room as Lincoln stopped at his own door.

"Where are you going?" Lincoln asked behind him.

Adam turned around and pointed. "My room?"

Those hazel eyes swept over his face, then Lincoln ducked his head, frowning. "Oh." He crossed his arms.

Was he uncomfortable? Disappointed?

"Lincoln?"

He didn't look at him. "What?"

"I don't know."

He sniffed and cleared his throat. He shrugged. "Whatever." He opened his door and went into his room. The door closed kind of hard.

What was that about? Damn it. He was going to have a fucking heart attack from all these up and down shots of adrenaline.

Adam opened Lincoln's door and found him sitting on his bed, elbows on his knees and head in his hands. When he looked up at Adam... Were those tears in his eyes?

Adam got on his knees and then forced room for himself between Lincoln's legs. He sat back on his heels and just looked up into that handsome face. Lincoln stared right back at him, looking wary and... Aw! He really did look sad.

Why wasn't he saying anything?

"It's not working," Adam whispered, needing Lincoln to talk and to stop looking so hopeless.

"What?"

"Our psychic connection. You're going to have to say it out loud."

Lincoln chuckled, shaking his head. That was better. But then his fingers slid up the back of Adam's neck and into his hair before pulling him closer. He pressed their foreheads together and sighed with his eyes closed.

"I want you to stay," he said, his voice quiet. "But... Not just... You know. For right now."

Adam's first instinct was to shoot up and grab Lincoln in a bear hug, never let go, and declare his love right then and there. He managed to hold in the last bit, but he gave in to the first part.

Lincoln's breath whooshed out of him on impact, but then his arms settled around Adam's back. One came to rest again on the back of his head.

"I'll stay."

"Yeah?"

He nodded, rubbing their cheeks together. "Definitely."

"Most guys don't want--"

"I do," he said because he didn't want to know what any other guy did or didn't want. *He* just wanted Lincoln.

He felt Lincoln swallow and smiled, loving that he was getting to him like no one else ever had. Which was their dumb loss because Lincoln was just...everything.

"You got any classes today?" Lincoln asked, still holding onto him.

"One at ten o'clock."

Lincoln's knees hugged him now too. "Mine's at one and another at three."

"Okay." He wiggled closer and felt Lincoln kiss his neck. "You want to get breakfast?"

"There's donuts in the top cabinet by the closet. Liberated them yesterday."

"That works." But he didn't let go.

"Should have some protein too, though."

"Oh. You want to go to the commissary then?" He could do some eggs. Bacon too or--

Lincoln turned his head so his lips could play with Adam's earlobe. "Semen's full of protein. Did you know that?"

Adam shivered. "No, I didn't...know that."

"Wanna sixty-nine again?"

"Good grief."

Lincoln chuckled, reached down, and gave Adam's butt a firm squeeze.

Adam didn't know why right then, as his dick started plumping in anticipation, was a good time to make one last thing as clear as he could to Lincoln.

"You know," Adam said, leaning back to cup Lincoln's face, "I don't live that far from you and I'd like to keep seeing you over the summer."

Lincoln's brown eyes searched his face. "You mean like dating?"

"Not *like* dating." He took a breath and just put it out there. "I want to be your boyfriend, Lincoln."

He swallowed hard again, but he smiled and it was kind of shy and sweet. He nodded in Adam's hands, his own pulling Adam closer. They kissed and it just felt...romantic. Intimate. He'd all but told Lincoln he loved him and Lincoln had kind of said it back.

He pulled back a bit, wanting to see those glassy brown eyes again. Lincoln chuckled like he was a little embarrassed and a little giddy, then he said, "I am going to have so much fun with you this summer."

"Definitely," he said even though he was going to do his best to get to spend the summer, fall, winter, and every other season for a really long time to come with Lincoln.

Chapter Seven

10 Years Later

"Adam?" Lincoln called as he came through the back door and into the kitchen. "They still didn't have your ice cream, so I got stuff for root beer floats." He smiled to himself about that brilliant idea. Hadn't had one of those in years, and Adam loved them.

He wasn't really concerned when Adam didn't answer or appear while he put away the single bag of grocery items they'd forgotten to get on their last trip. Adam had been acting weird all day, sending Lincoln out on errands and trying to be sneaky about something. Considering it was their tenth anniversary today, Lincoln went along with it and didn't ask questions.

Except, now that he'd noticed, it kind of smelled like fresh paint and something sort of earthy.

"Adam?" he called again as he headed out of the kitchen toward the front of their house.

"Where are-- Ah!"

A big grin lit Adam's face as he popped around the corner, his breathing up like he'd run down the stairs from the second floor.

"What are you up to?" Lincoln asked, unable not to grin back. "And what do you have all over you?" He reached out and got a tiny speck of something muddy and white off Adam's cheek.

"I have a surprise for you."

"No kidding. You're sort of vibrating."

And he was so adorable in his excitement that Lincoln just had to lean in and kiss him. It was still his most favorite thing to do with Adam. Hold him and kiss him. For hours. Days! Just have those strong arms around him and Adam's so-talented mouth teasing and caressing. And here was that earthy smell. Like...grout?

Adam pulled back. "Come upstairs with me."

"Oh yeah," Lincoln said, hearing the huskiness of his own voice. He ground his suddenly swelling erection into Adam's.

He chuckled at him. "Not for that. Well, not yet anyway." He stepped back, catching Lincoln's hand and turning to tug him along. "Want to show you my surprise first."

"Will it involve washing you? Because you've got little white dots all over you."

Adam smirked over his shoulder as they went up the stairs. "It might."

Lincoln winked at him and goosed him since Adam's ass was right there, practically in his face. He leaned in to get a bite of that still-amazing bubble, but Adam took the last few steps double-time and got out of reach.

He led Lincoln right up to the bathroom door.

With his hand on the knob, Adam blushed a little and said, "When I heard the Academy was remodeling our old floor in Compton House, I went and... Well, I took some stuff off their hands."

"What kind--" He stopped to gasp when Adam opened the door.

Their formerly plain master bath was now floor-to-ceiling tiny white tiles with a smattering of unmistakably familiar little blue ones randomly mixed in. The blue became more concentrated the closer it got to their bathtub shower until the entire back wall was all blue tiles.

"Adam," he whispered and turned to find his husband looking sheepish in the doorway.

"One of the best moments of my life involved you and a billion blue tiles." Adam smiled so sweetly, still looking like the boy he'd been all those years ago. A deeply tender look in his eyes had Lincoln's heart stuttering. "I loved that night and I've fallen more in love with you every minute since then."

Lincoln went to him and cupped his face to kiss his lips with all the amazement and love he felt inside him. Then, staring into those blue eyes, he said, "It's perfect. I love you so much, Adam."

"Happy Anniversary," he said with a grin.

"And I know just how to celebrate." Smiling, he tugged his t-shirt over his head and gave Adam a look over his shoulder. By the hunger in Adam's eyes, he knew his husband still thought he had a hot body. "Wanna wash my back?"

Adam's chuckle was deep and wicked. "And everything else too. We'll have to take a bath, though, because the grout's not dry yet."

"I don't care. I just want you and water and bubbles."

They got undressed quickly, laughing at each other like the kids they'd been back then. Adam got the water going, filling the tub, then Lincoln added the bubbles.

Lincoln took another look around, noticing that Adam had redone the fixtures and painted the trim. They even had new blue and white towels and a couple cobalt glass pieces now. He turned back to Adam, falling in love with him all over again.

"Here's to ten more years," Adam said, then bopped their dicks together like clinking champagne flutes.

Lincoln laughed, the sound almost echoing against the new tiles. He snuggled up to Adam and kissed his smile as the water filled the tub. "I'll drink to that," he said and started kissing him.

THE END