

I looked around and saw the entrance to a T stop ahead and across the street, so I veered toward it.

He pulled me back before I could step off the curb. “Hey! This is Boston! Don’t cross without looking.”

I blinked at him. “I looked.”

“Oh.” He blinked too. “I...sorry.”

I couldn’t help smiling. I liked that he cared. “No prob.”

I made sure he saw me look both ways before I pulled at his hand to cross the street, and this time, he didn’t stop me.

When we were inside his small, neat living room, he dropped his jacket on a nearby chair, and I put down my bag.

“It’s up to you what we do now, Davy.”

He was facing me, waiting for me to say or do something, looking even more gorgeous than when I’d first seen him, and I realized yes, I could do what I wanted—kiss him.

So I did.

“Wow,” he breathed when we broke for air and for me to take off my glasses. “Why did we waste all that time out?”

I wanted to laugh, but I was still panting. “We had to get to know each other.”

“Yeah. We did.” He angled his head. “I want to kiss you all night.”

That sounded good to me. I nodded and kissed him again.

When we broke the next time, my cheeks felt a little scraped from his stubble, but I didn’t care about that, not with his hands pulling my shirt out of my pants. I’d already pulled his up and had my hands on his bare, warm skin.

“Wanna sit down?”

I glanced at his couch. It looked comfortable enough, and I wasn’t sure I wanted to go into his bedroom quite yet. “Any chance of anyone walking in

on us?”

His hands started tracing patterns on my skin, and I found myself breathing even harder. “No, so whatever you want to do, wherever you want to do it, we’re good.”

I tried to think about what items on my list would be reasonable to try next, but I couldn’t think too well, so I just did what I wanted to do, which was to touch his back and kiss his neck.

He moaned, then took a deep breath and pulled me over to the couch and down on it. “That’s better.”

And he started kissing me again.

The next time we broke, both of our shirts and undershirts were off, and I’d learned that I liked having my nipples stroked just about as much as Jamie did.

“I really want you in my bed.” Jamie’s voice was hoarse. “Please.”

That sounded great to me. I nodded and tried to stand, which didn’t go too well, but after a moment I got the hang of it. Jamie took my hand and headed out of the room, went by one door—“The bathroom,” he pointed out—then opened another door. “My room.”

I looked around the room. Another small room, but with a big bed in it.

Oh.

He was inside already. “C’mon in, Davy.” He sat down on the bed and patted the dark blue blanket next to him. “It’s nice and comfortable.”

I walked over to him, and he smiled up at me. I did like his smile. “You have a nice room.”

“Nicer with you in it.”

“Thanks.” I sat down next to him and decided I wanted to make the next move. “Want to kiss some more?”

His smile turned into a happy grin. “Oh yeah.” He turned his body to face me and started kissing me again.

It didn’t take long for us to end up stretched out on the bed, rubbing against each other, touching each other,

and yeah, kissing like we were never going to stop.

This was more than I'd ever thought I'd get, and I loved it. But was it enough for Jamie?

I broke away from him and rolled over onto my back. "Jamie?" It was hard to talk, but I had to try.

"Yeah?" He looked at me with dazed eyes. "Something wrong?"

"No. Are you...do you like this?"

He smiled. "Davy, I *love* this. We can do this all night, nothing more, and I will be the happiest guy in the whole damned city, I promise you."

"I like this too. But I thought maybe you'd want more."

"It's your first time, right?" I nodded. "Worry about what *you* want, not what I want. I have what I want."

He sounded so sure that I had to believe him, and I decided I would do what I wanted, and now. "All right." I reached down to my pants. "I want to be naked with you."

His eyes widened. "Wow. Yeah. Oh yeah."

"I want you naked too." I lifted my hips and pulled off my pants and dropped them on the floor.

He grinned and undid his belt. "You got it, Davy."

"Not yet I don't."

He pulled his jeans off. "Now you do."

His body was gorgeous. I hoped he liked how I looked, but I thought probably so since his cock was standing up, just like mine, but not like mine. I reached over to touch it—velvety, hot, perfect—and he moaned. I looked up at him. Yes, he liked this. So I wrapped my hand around his cock and squeezed and got another moan out of him.

"Can I touch you?" His voice was hoarse, and his muscles were tensed. "God, Davy."

I was really hard, and I liked the thought of him touching and stroking me. "Yes." Then I gasped as his warm fingers circled my cock.

This was so, so much better than touching myself.

It was like flying. I closed my eyes and arched my back. Was I going to come just from this?

“Yeah,” I heard Jamie breathe. He kept working me. How did he know just what I liked? “God, yeah.”

Then I cried out and shot.

Now it was over. Dammit.

I felt a kiss on my cheek and Jamie’s warm body pressing against mine. “Thanks.”

Why the hell was he thanking me? I opened my eyes to find that he was smiling.

“Sorry. I’m not usually that quick, but you got me so hot...” He shrugged, still smiling. “Hell, I’ve been on the edge of coming just about all night. I guess I’m lucky I lasted this long. Promise next time I’ll last longer, unless you like me this way.”

I realized my hand was sticky. He’d come too, then. I’d made him come.

I smiled. “I like you any way.”

“Great.” He reached over and grabbed some tissues and handed them to me, then got some for himself. “I hate to say this, but I have to get some sleep.”

I tensed. Was he going to ask me to leave?

He tossed his tissues into a wastebasket by the door. “You ready to sleep too?”

He wanted me to stay. “Yes, you wore me out.” I smiled at him.

He laughed. “I like that.”

“And I wore you out.”

“Yeah, you did.” He pulled down the covers on his side, pushed the blanket to the end of the bed, and pulled the sheet over himself. “I can set the alarm for you if you like.”

The cool sheets felt good against my skin. “No, thanks. I’ll wake up when the sun comes in.” And it would, since there were no blinds or curtains on the window. Not that I minded.

He laughed softly. “I won’t, so make sure you wake me, okay? I was hoping we could shower together, and I want to buy you breakfast.”

“I’d like that.” It wouldn’t matter if I came in a little late. People came in a little late all the time and just worked through lunch or stayed later.

He smiled at me. “We’ll get to the rest of your list next time.”

“Yes. Fine.” I turned over, smiled into the pillow as his arm came around my chest and pulled me against him, and closed my eyes.

We really would have a next time. I had found my courage, and I was so glad.

The End