

# BETTER THAN TOPPY AARON

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*Better Than Topy Aaron- A Better Than Short*



I was swamped at the office. One of the partners asked me to take the lead on a new government contract, which was both an honor and a pain in the ass. It made for ridiculously long hours. I felt like I was in danger of becoming an absentee boyfriend at home. Aaron was perfectly understanding. His job at the magazine was stressful and required plenty of overtime too. He knew the bigger paycheck often meant a bigger headache.

But I'd learned a couple things over the past three years. As cool as he was being about our lives being a little upside down lately, I knew better than to push my luck when it came to his birthday. It was practically a holiday in our house. No joke. Last year he turned thirty and it was a month long celebration ending with a kick ass gigantic party.

This year, he insisted he was fine with keeping things low key. Though his best friend, Jay, didn't agree.

"Honey, he eats out all the time and you know that boy... if he sees something he wants, he buys it. He has serious self-control issues at the mall. Let's plan a teensy party. I'll help!"

I kindly told him it wasn't in the cards this year and was grateful when Peter stepped in to back me up. But it got me thinking. Jay was right... Aaron didn't need things. If I wanted to do something special, I had to think of something money couldn't buy.

I was shit at voicing my feelings in the best of times. Sure, I told him I loved him all the time but it seemed like there had to be a way to show him.

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ON THE AFTERNOON of his highness's birthday, I walked through the door a good two hours earlier than usual. Getting home before the sun set certainly qualified as surprise number one. Aaron was on his cell phone speaking Spanish. I crept up behind him and kissed his neck, wrapping him in a tight hold from behind.

"*Sí, sí...*Mama, I have to go. Matty's home. I'll tell him. Okay. Bye."

He turned and flung his arms around my neck, pulling my head down to lock our lips together in a fierce kiss.

"Wow! Someone's having a happy birthday." I gathered his smaller body close and cupped his ass.

"Mmm hmm." He purred, cuddling into my chest. He sniffed my shirt before smiling up at me. "You smell yummy. Like a sexy man who's been slaving away at the office all day while I've been out on the town, spending money and lunching with friends."

He gave me a goofy look and batted his eyelashes comically. I chuckled and kissed his nose.

"How is slaving away at the office sexy?"

"Well, it's sexy when I don't have to do it."

"Makes sense. Sort of." I pulled back to loosen my tie and led

him toward the sofa. He sat in my lap and curled his body around me. "I take it you had a pretty good day?"

"It's been heaven. I was awoken to lovely blowjob and was given a gorgeous watch that I've been coveting forever by my insanely handsome boyfriend. And after he left for work, I fell back to sleep only to be continually disturbed by friends and family calling to wish me a happy day. Then it was lunch with Jay, Katie and a few others at that new bistro by the White House, followed by a brief shopping trip. I actually just got home an hour ago."

"Big day." I commented as I nuzzled his neck.

"Yes, and that was my mom on the phone. She wants us to come for dinner next weekend to celebrate my birthday with the family."

"How long is the official celebration this year? I'm just curious...one week, ten days? Because it certainly isn't one day for you." I tickled his sides and licked his neck.

"Cool it! It's my birthday all day today officially, so you have to be nice to me."

"I'm always nice to you." I countered.

"Well, mostly yes. You are."

"Mostly?" I tickled tortured him until he scrambled out of my hold and lay panting with his feet resting over my knee. I yanked at the hem of his designer jeans. "Did you buy new socks?"

Aaron sat up and rolled the denim back to expose a bright blue sock with swirly clouds on it. It was a scene from a famous Van Gogh painting.

"They were a birthday gift from Paul."

"The same Paul you set up Curt with before he and Jack got together?"

"Yes! You know Paul, silly. He stopped by the office yesterday

and— why are you looking at me like that? You know Paul and I are friends.”

“I know, but the guy has a major crush on you.”

“Maybe a little one. I was thinking there’s a guy in our accounting department he might want to meet and—”

“Oh brother. Stay out of his love life, babe.”

“There’s no harm in introducing people.”

“Hmph. Well, Paul’s a nice guy and as long as he knows he can’t have you, it’s all good.”

“I’m taken. He knows it.”

I wanted to say something crazy like “I want everyone to know it”, but I stopped myself at the last second. I pushed his long bangs off his forehead and kissed him instead. When I sat back, we stared at each other wearing matching silly grins.

“Hey... I have something else for you too.”

“Matty, that watch was a fortune! And to be honest, I had a huge lunch. Let’s just open a bottle of wine and eat appetizers. I’m feeling kind of easy tonight.”

“Feeling easy’, eh? I could really take one and run with it. But first, tell the truth... the only reason you’re suggesting appetizers is because you don’t want me to cook.” I put a hand up to silence him when he tried to protest. “I don’t mind. We’ll do whatever you want. But I have an idea...”

“Oh? What is it?” His smile was childlike and infectious. I wanted to laugh, but a sudden bout of butterflies made it difficult to string a coherent sentence together.

“Uh, well...”

Aaron shifted on the sofa so he was sitting cross-legged facing me. His expression was curious. “Should I guess?”

“I don’t know if you can. I don’t think you— Okay, go ahead and guess.”

“Hmm. Is it big, small, home grown? Does it come in a bottle?”

“Um...”

He cocked his head to the side waiting for me to continue. I wished he just knew what I was thinking without me having to say the words aloud. I took a deep breath and looked over at my gorgeous boyfriend. He looked sexy as hell in those jeans and a green Oxford shirt that made his hazel eyes pop. His hair was mussed from playing around and— fuck, I wanted him.

“Aar, I ...” I bit my lip and reached out to touch his hair. “You are the most beautiful— I...”

He smiled sweetly at the compliment, sensing I wanted to say more. “What is it, Matty?”

“I was thinking, if you want... I mean, you might not want it and that’s okay too. But if you do...I want you to have...me.”

I had to be bright red. I could feel the heat rush up my neck to cover my face. God, I was so hopelessly incompetent with words sometimes. It took me a full twenty seconds to muster the courage to glance at Aaron. I wasn’t sure what I expected but it wasn’t the shit-eating grin that split his face in two as his lovely eyes sparkled with humor.

“You are really cute, Matty.”

“Cute?” I still felt self-conscious but at least he knew what was on my mind now.

“Most of the time I think you’re hot as hell, but every once in a while, you have this sweet boyish something about you that absolutely melts me.” He shifted closer to me and hooked his legs over my thighs.

“Thanks. I think.”

“Hmm. Thank *you*. But I don’t want you to feel like you have to do anything you don’t really want to. I just love that you offered.” His voice was completely sincere and his eyes were warm with the sentiment.

I swallowed hard and shook my head. “Look, I won’t lie... I am nervous, but I want—oh man, I suck at this stuff, Aar.”

I couldn't explain. I didn't have the words. It was so frustrating.

"Suck at what? I don't understand."

Okay, here goes. I had a feeling it would take me some time to get to the point, but he asked for it.

"Aar, it's kind of like a last frontier for me in a way. I ... I trust you, I love you and I want to give something of myself to you...to, I don't know, be vulnerable for you."

I could tell my last choice of words wasn't my best effort from his expression. Thankfully I'd learned over the past couple years when it was best to just shut up.

"Matt." I was right. Matt, instead of Matty, meant trouble. "I'll give you the benefit of the doubt because I know you're trying to say something nice, but I have a question for you."

I nodded, grateful for the reprieve.

"Do you think of me as vulnerable because I actually enjoy... I'll use plain language here...having you fuck me?"

"No, of course not."

"So, you aren't really suggesting that you're the guy and I'm the girl in this relationship, correct?"

"Aaron, you know I don't think that way." I wanted to roll my eyes, but wisely refrained.

"I think so, but I want to make it crystal clear that I love *everything* about sex. And I particularly love being on the receiving end. I love being underneath you, I love when you're behind me or on top of me or when I'm riding you. I love it all. And since you've never experienced it, you are probably still grappling with pre-conceived notions of "who's on top". That isn't how it works in real life though. Unless of course the two people in a given relationship want it that way. But if you think you're doing me a favor, then don't."

"Baby, I've never thought of you as anything other than a strong, amazing, smart, sweet and fucking gorgeous man." He

uncrossed his arms and gave me a lopsided grin. “Actually that’s not completely true... I also think you’re high maintenance, headstrong and a little obsessive at times, but it’s your birthday so— ow!”

He smacked my arm and re-crossed his. “Very funny.”

“Aar, I want you, I need you and—” I made a swirling hand motion reminiscent of something he might do before continuing, “I love you, but those three words... they aren’t enough sometimes. You’re my other half. I want to know every piece of what it means to be with you. I don’t want to hold myself back from giving you everything. If you want it. Does that make sense?”

I moved his hair away from his eyes and brushed a tear from his cheek before pulling him into my arms. I held him close for a long moment until he pushed away.

“That was beautiful. *Te amo*, Matty.”

I kissed his nose then cupped his dick through his jeans before leaning in to bite his earlobe playfully. “What do you say? I’m offering you my ass. Are you interested?”

Aaron threw his head back and laughed. His eyes crinkled in amusement. His handsome face was bright with humor and something a little more special. Something just for me.

“Oh yeah...I’m interested in your ass. Come on, baby, let’s have some fun.”

He jumped off my lap and pulled my hand, leading me toward our bedroom. He started disrobing the minute he was through the door. His shirt hit me in the head and I almost tripped over his shoes. I was walking in a trance and Aaron was the man in charge. He stood naked and proud in the doorway as he turned to give me one of his signature beautiful smiles. I swallowed hard as I fumbled with my belt buckle, but I couldn’t tear my eyes from him.

He snapped his fingers and pushed open the bathroom door. “Chop chop, I’ll get the shower started.”

Huh?

“I thought you wanted...”

“Matty, you’re too tense. Let’s take a shower. We can wash away your worries in a hot steamy water. I’ll let you wash me too... since it’s my birthday,” he said with a wink.

The master bathroom in our condo wasn’t particularly large, but it was new and boasted state of the art features such as glass tile, modern fixtures and a shower big enough to use at the same time. Aaron had decreed this to be the one room we could leave painted white as it offset the marble countertops perfectly (his words, not mine). In fact, he wanted to keep everything white. He said the textures spoke in this room, not the colors of the towels. I’m pretty sure I tuned him out then. All I cared about at the time was not having to paint yet another room. Aaron had very exacting tastes. He mulled over paint swatches for days before making choices. It drove me crazy at the time, but I had to admit, we had a beautiful home. With a nice white bathroom.

And I was obviously thinking about paint swatches because I was freaked out that I was about to give up the last shred of my gay virginity. I wanted this, but...

I found Aaron in the shower and stopped to admire him. He looked sleek and toned under the spray as water sluiced through his dark hair and over his olive skin. I opened the clear glass door and joined him. I set aside my worries as we washed one another quietly and ended up playfully groping and making out until the water cooled. We used the huge white bath sheets to dry ourselves before heading for the bedroom. I tied a smaller towel around my waist and watched Aaron move around the king sized bed. He pulled back the navy duvet and laid on his side.

My mouth went dry and my feet felt glued to the floor. I was

nervous as hell and glad I'd covered my dick. The erection I'd sported in the shower was long gone. My penis wilted at the thought of what we were planning to do here. Aaron patted the empty space next to him then crooked his finger in invitation.

"Come on, honey. I won't hurt you," he snickered. The little asshole.

I made a production of removing my towel as I sauntered toward his side then blindsided him by jumping on him and flattening him with my larger frame. I decided he deserved another round of tickle torture while I was at it.

"Okay, okay! I can't breathe!" he gasped, pushing at my shoulder.

We eyed one another for a long moment, grinning like a couple of idiots. I bent to kiss him. He sighed and it was all the encouragement I needed. Being naked with him, touching him, holding him was pure heaven. Our kisses deepened and I felt the blood rush south toward my hopeful cock. Aaron noticed and began to stroke me slowly but firmly. I grew rock hard in his hands in what seemed like seconds flat. I tried to reach for him, but he pushed me until I lay flat on my back. Then he crawled over me and straddled my thighs. He pointedly ignored my dick and began a thorough exploration of the rest of my body. He played with my nipples, biting, sucking and pulling at them until I groaned aloud. His hands were everywhere. Up and down my chest, around my waist, over my ass, down my thighs and finally, finally he came back to my aching cock.

He smiled up at me seductively before dropping his head to devour me in one fell swoop. My breath caught and I strained not to let my hips fly. It wasn't easy. Aaron was a master, and one of his favorite things was giving head. I was blissed out, moaning his name as he licked, sucked and rolled my balls before returning to my dick. I felt the slightest bit of pressure at my back passage and stilled completely. It wasn't unpleasant, just

unexpected. Aaron didn't stop stroking or sucking. He kept his finger at my hole as he worked me over. As the pleasure built, the extra pressure became a major turn on. I found myself wiggling my hips in the hopes of gaining a little more friction.

"Good?" He looked up at me.

"Yeah."

I felt him shift but his hands were still on me, rubbing, kneading and exploring. I wasn't surprised to feel the unmistakable cool wet sensation of lube as he moved his fingers gently over my hole. I instinctively tightened my muscles and threw my arm over my eyes.

"Matty, open your eyes. Look at me." I gulped but did as he asked. "Just relax. I'll take care of you. I promise."

I nodded and took a deep breath. I was being an idiot. Aaron did this all the time for me. I made an effort to let myself drift and let go as he massaged my opening. The tension began to fade and I felt myself relax as he pushed one finger inside me.

"Feel okay?"

"Yeah."

We'd done this part before. Not often, but he'd had a finger in my ass a couple times and yeah, it felt great once I loosened up, so to speak. Getting me there was the time consuming part. I gave myself over to the sensations below as I reached for my dick. He added more lube and a second finger, then covered my hand and took over. The full feeling was odd at first but... good. And when he bent to lick and suck me while his fingers moved in my ass, I went crazy. He found my prostate and began a wicked massage that had my hips flying off the mattress.

"Stop. I'm gonna cum if you keep going." I glanced up at him with sweat beading my forehead. "Don't you want to..."

"Yes, I want to..., but it's my birthday. We're doing this my way." His tone was light but there was no mistaking the longing in his voice.

I laid back and let him do whatever he pleased. I was the perfect combination of completely malleable and extremely horny. I writhed shamelessly under him as he stroke, rubbed, licked and sucked every erogenous zone within reach. I felt that familiar tingle and knew I wouldn't last. I tried to warn him but he wouldn't stop. I came so hard my head spun. He swallowed every last drop.

I struggled to right my breathing, thinking I really was a total fuck up sometimes. I wasn't a fucking teenager. I should have been able to control myself, but no... I was red-faced with embarrassment when I rolled on my side to apologize and hopefully offer a reciprocal blow job. I realized immediately that Aaron had something else in mind.

"I was going to say sorry, but something tells me you've got plans for me."

He grabbed the lube and coated his rigid cock then flashed a pirate's smile. "As a matter of fact, I do."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Get on top of me."

I nodded but my limbs felt heavy, like I was moving under water, maybe hoping for a reprieve. I hadn't changed my mind, but Aaron was well endowed. He wasn't as big as me, but he was still thick and long and just then, he was really hard. I was intimidated at the thought of having him inside me. But I obeyed.

I straddled his thighs and felt his prick ride between my crack. It was a sexy feeling, and my spent penis began to notice that maybe something fun was taking place. Aaron smiled up at me, encouraging me wordlessly to move. I took a deep breath and reached behind to place his cock at my puckered entrance.

"Feels so good, Matty. Go slow. Breathe." I moved lower and felt the head his dick nudge my hole. "Keep going," he commanded. When I shifted back, I felt him inside me. Just the

head of his cock. I sucked in a breath and moved lower on his shaft. It hurt.

“Shh. Stay still for a second. Now move again.”

I did as instructed taking a little more of him inside. It hurt more. My instinct was to pull off and call it a day. Obviously I was meant to be the top and that was fine because Aaron liked to bottom. It was a win all around. But he wouldn't let me give up. He kept talking me through the initial discomfort, telling me to breathe, telling me to go just a little further. He said I felt good, and that alone made me want to keep going. I wanted him to please him.

My knees went weak as I sunk deeper onto my lover's cock. I could feel myself stretch to accommodate him. Pain gave way to pleasure. The intense kind that made your breath catch until I realized he was completely inside me. I looked down at him in surprise.

He chuckled softly. “You feel amazing, but you have to move. You're torturing me.”

I did as he asked. I rolled my hips experimentally, then up and down. It was incredible. I felt electric and on fire, full of him, connected to him in a way I never had been before. As I gained confidence, I set my hands on his stomach and massaged his torso before reaching up to twist his nipples.

“Don't. I don't wanna come too soon.”

I stilled my hips and bit my lip.

“Do you want to change positions? Do you want to be on top of me?”

“Yes.”

I carefully unseated myself before flopping to my back on the cool white sheets. Aaron grabbed the lube and applied a little more to both of us before lining his cock at my entrance and gently pushing himself inside. We groaned in unison. He

pushed my thighs apart and leaned over to touch his lips lightly to mine.

“Matty, *te amo*.” He whispered, his wet forehead resting again my cheek for a second.

“Love you too.”

He shifted his weight forward and began moving in a steady rhythm. We were both burning with need and desire in no time. I wanted him to let go and really feel him move inside me. I grasped at his hips and held him close as I gazed into his eyes.

“Baby, fuck me. I want it. I want you.”

“Oh my God. Yes!”

He was losing focus. I could tell he was on the edge. He drew up slightly, balancing his weight on either side of my hips as he let go and fucked into me like a man possessed. He changed his angle and found my prostate again. The effect was instantaneous. Lightning bolts of sheer pleasure shot through me, and my dick surged in response. I stroked myself as he fucked me hard. Unbelievably I came for a second time. I cried out and reached for him, but he was right behind me, lost in his own release. He bucked his hips into me again and again until the tremors subsided. Then he flopped on top of me and buried his head in my shoulder.

I held him close, listening to our breathing and loving the weight of his spent body covering me. I could feel his cum drip from my hole and I had to admit I wasn't as grossed out as I thought I might be. It was kind of awesome actually. I smiled and squeezed my lover a little tighter.

“Are you okay?” I heard him whisper into my neck, sending a shiver through me. I pulled back to see his face. His eyes were closed, but I knew that my answered mattered.

“Better than okay. Much better.”

“Me too.” He propped himself on my chest and looked

deeply into my eyes. “I’ve never done that with anyone I cared about. The fact that I love you is... well, kind of the best birthday present ever, Matty.”

I kissed him. I’m no good with words and that moment was too perfect for me to do anything more than lay back and marvel at how wondrous and life affirming love could be. I was overwhelmed by what I felt for him. The moment spoke for itself. I didn’t need to say anything more.