

# STARTING FROM HOME

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A DECLAN AND TEGAN SHORT STORY

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**M**y mother handed Tegan a set of keys and opened her arms in a flourish.

“Congratulations, boys. You are now the owners of this adorable bungalow. Other than that awful chandelier in the dining room and the rather outdated master bath, I think this place is a true winner. You have plenty of privacy—” She gestured toward the tall hedges and juniper trees lining the perimeter of our backyard. “—and room to spread out. You’ll never be on top of each other...unless you want to be.”

I snort-laughed. “Did you just make a sex joke, Mom?”

She arched her brow, but kept a straight face. Mom was in real estate agent mode. She didn’t fool around when it came to a sale, even after escrow closed and the sale in question was to her son and his boyfriend. She couldn’t help herself. Selling houses was her lifeblood. It was the very thing that enabled her to buy exclusive designer clothing, eat at high-end restaurants, and travel the world. This was serious shit.

“I’d apologize for my son’s adolescent outburst, Tegan, but you know how he is,” she singsonged.

“I do indeed.”

“And I have a feeling you’re equally to blame.” She softened her words with a conspiratorial wink.

“I resemble that remark,” T quipped as he palmed the house key. “Thank you very much...for everything. Tacky chandelier and all. This place feels like a dream.”

Mom smiled indulgently. She’d always had a soft spot for Tegan. Hell, she’d known him since he was four years old when he’d lived in the house next to ours. He’d knock at our door with grass-stained knees and dried popsicle on his T-shirt to ask if I could come out to play. A quarter century later, that boy was my man. My rock, my lover, my best friend, and by far, the best thing in my life. And for the first time in ages, I actually *had* a few cool things going on.

My band, Jealousy, had a new album, a hot new single, and we were about to head out for our second tour with Tegan’s band, Zero. I’d never had my personal and professional life synch at the same time. The music, the fans, and our steady rise in popularity were nice, but Tegan was my number one. His goofy, lovesick expression told me he felt the same way.

Though at this moment, I’d say he looked more overwhelmed than anything. My mom must have sensed it too.

“See? Dreams really do come true.” She patted his cheek and kissed it sweetly before turning to me. “I’ll check in with you next week, Declan. I left a bottle of Veuve in the kitchen. Celebrate.”

“We will. Thanks for everything, Mom.”

“You’re welcome, darling. I’m dead serious about that chandelier. I’ll find a new one for you.”

“Mom...”

“It’ll be a housewarming gift,” she insisted, wrapping me in a cloud of Chanel. “I’m off. I’ll see myself out. Goodnight, boys. Felicitations, au revoir.”

I waved goodbye then slipped my hand in Tegan's and beamed. "Is this real?"

Tegan pinched my ass. "Did you feel that?"

"Ow." I chuckled, hooking my arms over his shoulders. "Seriously...can you believe we're here? This is ours. Mine and yours. It's going to take me a minute to process this."

"I'm gonna need more than a minute." He kissed my nose before pulling me against his chest.

"Hmm. You know, after Mom and I moved away, I used to dream about buying our old house back. I figured you could come live with me, and we'd continue where we left off. We took the long way around and this isn't the same house, but...it's the right house."

"Yeah, it is. Fuck, I love you." Tegan brushed my hair from my eyes then crashed his mouth over mine.

We broke for air, holding each other tightly, silently acknowledging the significance of the moment.

Tegan and I had come a long way. We'd been the best of friends when we were kids. But we lost the magic for a while. It was easy to blame our mistakes and miscues on crappy communication skills, but the truth was more likely a combination of immaturity and not dreaming big enough. I didn't need anyone to tell me I could be a rock star. I knew I had the talent and the drive. With the right opportunity, I thought I could make my mark in music. But I didn't think I could have Tegan too. He was all I really wanted.

Yet here we were. He was mine, I was his.

We agreed to put our relationship first and to keep it to ourselves. In other words, if our bands ever achieved rock god status like I thought we would—Tegan and I wouldn't be the couple that magazines clamored over to feature on their covers. The public could have our music, but the private stuff belonged to us.

And this home marked a symbolic beginning for us. A new start and a bright future. We were both very ready for it.

I stepped out of T's arms and kissed his tattooed hand. "Want to explore?"

"Lead the way, baby."

I tugged him along the gravel pathway, gesturing toward the small structure opposite the main house. "We can use the pool house as a studio. There's plenty of room for your drums and our guitars. Probably even a few floatation devices. I'll get a unicorn for me and a pink flamingo for you. Thoughts?"

"I don't want a fuckin' flamingo," he huffed.

"What kind of floatie do you want?" I asked, opening the glass door to the great room of our Spanish-style bungalow.

"Well, if I had to choose, I'd get an armchair floatie with a cupholder."

"Boring. You'll want to borrow my unicorn. I might as well get two." I glanced around the barren space, mentally planning what should go where. "We need furniture."

"Yeah." T widened his hands like a director on a movie set. "Should we put the flat screen above the fireplace or on that wall?"

I shrugged. Interior design was not my jam. "No idea. We're going to need help decorating."

Tegan scoffed. "Oh, c'mon on. We can do it ourselves. There's no hurry. We can take our time figuring out what we like. And we have some stuff. My old sofa can go against that wall, TV over there, and maybe a treadmill and workout bench on that end."

I set my hands on my hips and scowled. "We already talked about that. Home-gym goes in the garage."

"All right. I'm cool with that. But I have some extra art we can put up in here. We can hang my Pink Floyd poster—"

"Oh, hell no, we can't," I intercepted. I knew he was kidding, but just in case, I added, "This is a grownup space."

“Pink Floyd is totally grown-up.”

“Not happening, T.”

“Fine,” he chuckled, wandering into the adjacent kitchen. “This might be my favorite room in the house.”

I opened a couple of cabinets then stared out the bank of windows at the yard. The late afternoon sunlight glittered across the pool, casting an ethereal glow. The mix of blue and green jewel tones reminded me of a landscape painting. So pretty. The interior, on the other hand, definitely needed a little TLC. Nothing too serious...just some painting and minor electrical work. Some of the lighting was a bit ornate for our taste. My mom was right about the crystal chandelier in the dining room. It had to go.

The house had good bones though. High ceilings, beautiful light hardwood flooring, arched doorways, a state-of-the-art kitchen, and a ginormous master bedroom.

“What about our room?”

Tegan wagged his brows. “Let’s check it out.”

We moved hand in hand down a short hallway to the master suite. Honestly, there wasn’t much to see. It was a bare canvas with a ton of potential.

“I don’t love the yellow walls,” I griped.

“This is a rough shade too. What color do you want in here?”

“Um...white or maybe blue? We have till Monday to decide. The painters will be here at eight a.m. With any luck, we’ll move in a week from Saturday.”

Tegan draped one arm over my shoulders. “Are we hiring movers or asking our friends?”

“We don’t have much. Gill is gonna be out of town, but Bobby J and Cade would help us.”

He nodded absently. “Hey, speaking of Bobby J...what’s up with him and the intern?”

I grinned like a fool and stepped aside to peek at the bathroom. "I have no idea, but something is definitely up."

And I was curious as hell. My guitarist was a big bear of a man with a fun-loving, naughty streak. I wouldn't have thought shy, bookish boys were his type. However, we'd all noticed Bobby J hung out in the office at Scratch Records more often.

Tegan snickered. "If I had to guess, I'd say he has a pretty big crush on Cody."

"I think you're right. He has a goofy look on his face all the time lately. It's pretty damn cute." I leaned against the doorjamb and crossed my arms. "Do I look at you like that?"

"Yep, but more like this." He fluttered his eyelashes with a dreamy sigh until I busted up laughing.

"Nah, more like this..." I arched my brow and gave T a lecherous onceover, lingering on his crotch.

He cupped his junk. "You want this?"

I nodded enthusiastically. "Always. In fact, I'm thinking of all the sex we're gonna have in this room."

"You mean in this house," he corrected. "I promised to tie you up, blindfold you, and fuck you till you can't remember your name. I need to deliver."

His husky tone moved through me like honey. I closed the distance between us and licked his bottom lip.

"Yeah, you do."

“I’m good for it. I promise.” I crashed my mouth over Declan’s and didn’t pull back until we were both breathless. “Let’s go, baby.”

Declan furrowed his brow. “You’re gonna make me wait?”

“Yep. We need to swing by the office to grab some boxes and stop by the market on our way to your place. Or maybe we should order takeout instead. I don’t feel like cooking, but I’m hungry. Plus we can spend more time packing.”

“And they say romance is dead,” he deadpanned.

“We can eat naked,” I offered.

“Deal. Be sure to remember the champagne on the way out. It’ll go nicely with our Big Macs.”

“No fast food.”

“You just said ‘Let’s get takeout.’ I vote hamburger and fries.”

“Healthy takeout, not crap.” I massaged his nape as he steered us toward the kitchen.

He gasped in faux dismay. “Big Macs are not crap.”

“They’re king of crap,” I argued, rescuing the bottle of bubbly from the kitchen counter.

“Help. I’m in love with a health nut,” Dec grouched.

“You can play with *my* nuts after dinner. Better?”

“Much,” he snorted, locking up before meeting me on the driveway. “I feel like you just wrote me a love song.”

“I’m not the writer in the family. You are. I’ll stick to bangin’ on drums and...bangin’ you.” I winked as I opened the passenger’s side of my beater SUV, opening the door for him with a flourish.

I expected laughter or an eye roll. What I didn’t expect was his look of absolute adoration. Dec snaked his arm around my waist and hugged me. “Thank you.”

“Uh, you’re welcome?” I kissed his temple. “I think you need your hearing checked.”

“No, I don’t. You said ‘family.’ And you’re right. We’re family.” Dec gestured toward our new house. “That’s ours. That’s where we’re going to build our life. This feels...big.”

“Yeah, it does.” I waited a beat then blurted. “Hypothetical question—do you think you’ll want to get married some day?”

Declan whirled around. “Are you asking?”

“Dude, even I can do better than a driveway marriage proposal,” I huffed sarcastically. “I was just wondering if it’s something you want.”

“Yeah, it is. What about you?”

“Yeah.” We shared a sappy smile. “Rings don’t matter to me, Dec. It’s enough to know you’re mine.”

“I am. Always.”

I chuckled when his stomach grumbled on cue. “C’mon, I’m gonna feed you.”

He pressed his lips to mine before sinking into the passenger seat. “I still vote Big Mac.”

“Of course you do.”

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WE OFFICIALLY MOVED into our new house two weeks later. Truthfully, we didn't have much to move. Neither of us owned any furniture worth a damn. But I had a nice flat screen, Dec had some appliances and dishes, and we both had a ton of instruments.

"Where do you want this box?" Bobby J shifted the huge box in his arms.

"You mean the one labeled 'kitchen'?" Dec tapped the side of the box.

"Ah, let me put this in the *kitchen*, asshole. I need to free up both of my hands to flip you off properly."

Dec snickered. "Sorry, I couldn't resist."

"Offer me a beer and I might forgive you," Bobby J suggested.

"You got it," Dec said, heading for the fridge. "T, you want one?"

I glanced up from my tool box and nodded. "Yeah, thanks."

"Ky and Justin have the last two boxes. Might as well pull out a six-pack." Bobby J sat on the barstool at the island, turning to inspect the great room before zeroing in on me. "What the fuck are you doin'?"

"I want to put up the brackets for the flatscreen and hopefully mount it too. With your assistance," I added with a winning smile.

Bobby J chuckled. "This is a lot of manual labor for an average Saturday. You might need to throw in a pizza, T-bird."

"We can do that. In fact, we were planning on it." I stood, brushing my hands on my jeans before calling to Dec. "Hey, baby, maybe we should place the pizza order now. Want me to do it?"

"No, I'll take care of it. Pepperoni, mushroom, onion, pineapple..."

Bobby J cracked open his beer then set it back on the island theatrically. “What the fuck?”

Dec pulled his phone from his pocket and leaned against the counter. “Ha. I’m kidding, big guy. Don’t worry. No pepperoni, but I’ll double the mushrooms and pineapple.”

“The man buys a house and turns into a comedian,” Bobby J groused without heat.

“I’m going to order two pizzas. I’ll get a meat lovers supreme and we can throw some veggies on the other one. No pineapple, I promise. What’ll it be?”

“Nothing. I can’t stay, but I’ll come by to help with the TV tomorrow if you still need me.”

“Wait up. You were the one who suggested pizza,” Dec reminded him.

“Ask Ky and Justin.”

“Ask us what?” Justin barreled into the room, setting a box on the floor before joining us in the kitchen. “By the way, a delivery truck just pulled in front of the house.”

“Awesome! I’ll deal with them. T, will you order the pizza?” Dec asked, skirting the island.

“Yep.” I checked out his ass until he disappeared from view then joined our friends, thanking Ky when he slid a beer to me. “Who’s staying and what am I ordering?”

Justin and Ky gave me a thumbs up along with their toppings of choice while Bobby J typed a message on his cell.

“I gotta run.” He slugged the last of his beer and belched before standing.

“Hot plans?” Justin waggled his brows as he flopped onto the seat Bobby J vacated.

“Yup. See you, boys.” He gave a round of fist bumps and pulled me in for an impromptu bro hug. “Hey, this is a great place and you’re good people. I’m happy for you guys.”

“Thanks, man.”

I caught Ky and Justin's knowing look as Bobby J walked away.

Justin raised his beer in a mock toast. "Somebody's hot for the intern."

"Good for him, but does he really think we don't know about him and Cody?" Ky asked.

I shrugged. "He'll tell us when he's ready. In the meantime, I'm all for sexy time."

"We know," Ky snorted. "We saw the brand new four-poster bed in your master. Looks like your new mattress was just delivered. You're set."

"Mmm. You know, I don't think I've ever had sex on a four-poster bed. That ain't right," Justin said thoughtfully. "Think of the countless possible kinky mischief you can get into. But I have questions. Do you tie him to one post or two? How long of a rope do you need? And what kind of rope?"

"Right? There's a lot to consider," Ky commented conversationally. "Do some research and let us know how it goes, T."

"Hmph. Do your own fuckin' research. I'm ordering pizza and kicking you out," I huffed.

Ky grinned. "Got it."

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DEC and I were too exhausted to do any four-poster sexy research later that night. I honestly didn't think I'd be up for anything. Moving sucked.

Our day had started way too early and it had been physically demanding. I wasn't sure my dick was operational until Declan dropped to his knees in the shower. Water sluiced over his handsome face as he met my gaze, wrapping his fingers around me.

Sure, I was tired, but I wasn't stupid. And if my extremely hot boyfriend wanted to suck my cock, I certainly wouldn't refuse.

Here's the thing...I'd give Dec anything he wanted. He didn't even have to ask. I'd spent too many years pushing him away. I'd never make that mistake again. I'd made it my life's goal to make him happy and make sure he got whatever he needed. That included my dick.

I braced my left hand on the cool tile and slipped my fingers through his wet hair.

"You gonna stare at it or suck it?" I growled.

Dec grinned before twirling his tongue over my wide mushroom head then swallowing me whole. He jacked himself as he worked me over, stroking, licking, sucking...and driving me wild. I pumped my hips, fucking his mouth the way I knew he liked it. I thought I knew where this going. I'd come in his mouth, he'd kiss me dirty, letting me taste myself on his tongue while I fingered his hole till he blew his load. We'd wash each other under warm water, dry off, fall into bed, and stare at each other, wondering how we got here.

That wasn't quite how it went down.

Dec sucked my balls, one at a time. He lifted them, flicking his tongue over the sensitive skin underneath. His nose was practically buried against my left thigh. I didn't think much of it when he pushed at my legs, wordlessly asking me to spread them apart. I simply obeyed. I was rewarded a second later with a finger probing my ass.

He glanced up to gauge my expression, smiling when I licked my lips and reached for the lube. Yeah, we had a bottle of lube in the shower. Laugh if you want, but preparedness paid off.

I stepped out from under spray and was about to pour lube onto my palm when Dec plucked it from my fingers and stood.

"Turn around. Both hands on the wall," he commanded huskily.

Fuck me. I didn't hesitate for a moment. I obeyed.

He rewarded me, licking my shoulder, my neck, and my ear, whispering nasty, sweet nothings as he massaged my entrance, slipping a single digit inside...then another. My breath came in short needy pants followed by a low groan when he pushed his cock in my hole, inch by glorious fucking inch.

I closed my eyes in surrender, loving the feel of his chest on my back and his hands roving my body...tweaking my nipples, sliding down my stomach and along my sides. He rested them on my hips and upped the tempo.

“Fuck, you feel good,” I hummed, palming my aching dick.

Dec slapped my ass. Hard. “Mine. Let go.”

I craned my neck to give him a dirty look. He kissed me roughly to shut me up...and it worked. Although to be fair, I needed both hands to brace myself when he turned up the heat, pistoning double time. Dec curled his fingers around my shaft, wrapped his free arm around my waist, and fucked me senseless.

I didn't stand a chance. I came like a freight train, roaring with the force of my release. Dec kept moving. He slammed into me, chanting my name when his orgasm hit him. He trembled wildly and clung to me, pouring himself inside me. It took a minute or two for my breathing to return to normal.

Dec pulled out gently and reached for the soap. He wordlessly lathered up, washing me, then himself. I turned to face him, kissing him soundly before giving him a rueful once-over.

“What got into you?”

“Technically, *I* got into you,” he corrected with a laugh.

“Good one. And now that we've officially christened our bathroom, I think we're going to like our new house.” I shampooed his hair and a poof on the top of his head with the excess suds. “I thought you might want to start in the bedroom.”

“We've already done it in the bedroom,” he reminded me.

True. We'd screwed around in nearly every room in our new home. Kitchen, pool house, garage, guest room...

"But we've got a new bed. A sweet one too." I waggled my brows lasciviously.

Declan stepped under the water, rinsing the shampoo and soap away before smiling at me. "I've got big plans for it."

"Ah, yes. Ropes and blindfolds. I remember."

He turned off the spray and gave me a wicked grin. "That bed is a fantasy machine."

I snort-laughed. "Are you telling me you insisted on that bed only because you want to get tied to the bedpost?"

"Are you telling me you didn't know?" he countered, tossing me a fluffy white towel.

I dried off quickly and stepped behind him, studying our goofy expressions in the mirror. I liked us together. We fit. And the pieces that didn't fit complemented each other well.

"I thought you liked the way it looked too."

Dec nodded, his eyes full of mischief. "Of course. I like it when attractive pieces are useful too."

"Are you calling me attractive and useful? Like...a toaster?"

"Toasters are not attractive, T. You're more like a warming drawer. Unassuming, yet hot and sexy." He tried, but couldn't keep a straight face.

I swatted his ass with the end of my towel. "Looks like I need to google 'how to securely tie your boyfriend to the bed'."

"Tying me up is the easy part. What are you gonna do with me after that?"

"Guess you'll find out."

## DECLAN

**T**egan tossed his towel at me and swaggered into our room. I fixated on his broad shoulders and tapered waist. And yeah...his ass. That was mine. Mine, mine, mine. I grinned, setting the towel on the marble counter and grabbing my toothbrush. I accidentally took T's. I held it for a moment, studying the bristles—like a true creeper—before dropping it in the cup holder and picking up my own. I brushed my teeth methodically as I let my mind wander.

My thoughts were oddly possessive. His things, my things, our things. I was especially hung up on the word 'ours' tonight. His toothbrush belonged next to mine in *our* bathroom in *our* house. Weird, I know—but the writer in me labored over words and concepts. The concept of "us" inspired me like nothing ever had.

Words popped into my head out of nowhere, swirling then falling neatly into place. By the time I'd rinsed my mouth and reached for the towel, I'd written a song. Don't be overly impressed. It wasn't ready for prime time, but it was a beginning. Any other day I'd share it with him immediately. Tonight, I kept it to myself.

And when I climbed into bed next to Tegan, I rolled sideways to face him and blurted, “We have to go shopping tomorrow. Do you realize we don’t have a bath mat?”

Tegan chuckled. “Geez, I feel bad. I promised to buy you one, didn’t I?”

“You did. But this one is for both of us.”

“True. We can order one online now and have it shipped to us by—”

I shook my head when he reached for his iPad on the nightstand. “No, we need other things too.”

“Like what?”

“A juicer, a picture framing kit, a Roomba...”

Tegan narrowed his gaze suspiciously. “A Roomba?”

“Yeah, one of those cute mini vacuum cleaners.”

“I know what it is.”

“I’ve always wanted one.”

“Hmm. We can get that online too, you know.”

“Yeah, but we also should get one of those attachment lights for the barbecue. We might as well go and get it over with at once.”

Tegan let out a resigned sigh, gently setting his fingers over my eyelids. “Go to sleep, Dec. You’re very sleepy.”

“I am?”

“Very, very sleepy.”

I snort-laughed then lay my head on his chest and closed my eyes.

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WE POSTPONED our shopping excursion till the following weekend. We were both too busy preparing for our upcoming tour to spend much time thinking about gadgets for the house. I let Tegan order a few things online...like the bath mat. I wasn’t

overly invested in going to a home goods store, but for some reason, it seemed important to physically purchase a few items together. To me anyway.

“This should take ten minutes tops. Do you have the list?” Tegan asked, holding open the door to the hardware store.

“I made notes on my cell.” I made a beeline for the row of barbecues near the entry. “These are nice.”

“We have one.” He wandered toward the accessory section and pointed at an attachable light. “Is this what you were talking about?”

“Yep. You’ll need it when you grill at night.” I grabbed the box, a cookbook, and a box of cleaning tools then moved to the next aisle.

Tegan caught up with me in the small appliance section. “What’s with the cookbook?”

“I thought you might want to try some new recipes.”

“Me? Am I doing all the grilling?”

“You’re better at it than I am,” I replied absently before angling my chin meaningfully at the shelf. “Which juicer do you want?”

“Um...that one. It’s kind of expensive though. Maybe we should wait on it.”

“Wait for what? Get it. No time like the present.” I sauntered to the end of the row and stopped in my tracks. “Roomba! Let’s get this too.”

Tegan picked up the juicer box and set it down again. “Hey, slow down. We can’t get that, Dec.”

“Why not?”

He pushed a wayward strand of hair behind my ear then kissed my cheek. “Cause we just bought a house. We can’t afford unnecessary two hundred dollar items. We’re not in a good place financially to splurge.”

I bit my bottom lip and cocked my head. “We aren’t?”

“I’m not trying to be bleak, but I’m tapped out until I get my next royalty check. I’m assuming you’re in the same boat.” He waited a beat then added, “Are you? No, you don’t have to tell me. Sorry.”

“Why are you apologizing?”

He shook his head. “I don’t know. It feels weird to talk about money. Get the juicer and the Roomba. I can pay you my share next month if that’s cool.”

I stared after him, slightly baffled. Nothing good happened when you postponed money conversations. It was best to get this out of the way. I set the barbecue goods on an empty shelf and went after T.

I found him two aisles away, checking out picture framing kits. “Hey.”

He rattled the small box in his hand as I approached. “This says it supports up to fifty pounds. What are we hanging?”

I waited for the old man wheeling a small cart at the end of the row to turn the corner before replying. “I have no idea. Look, I don’t really care about buying anything. I was sort of hoping to open the whole ‘his, mine, ours’ conversation.”

Tegan cocked his head. “Huh?”

“We’re not roommates, T. We’re partners. I don’t want to divide expenses and keep track of every dime we spend or—”

“Hold up, partner. That’s exactly what we have to do to make the mortgage.”

“In a literal sense...yeah. But wouldn’t it be easier to just have one account? Why keep everything divided? If I buy a Roomba on my credit card, I’m assuming you’ll use it too. I’m not going to invoice you half the amount. It feels...wrong.”

Tegan scratched his stubbled jaw. “I feel like you’re saying one thing, but you mean something else. We’re not just talking about a Roomba, are we?”

“No. I’m trying to say...” I cleared my throat and blurted,

“What if I used your toothbrush? Would you care?”

“No,” he answered immediately. “Did you?”

“No, but I wrote a song about it the other night.” I cleared my voice then sang, “I used your toothbrush. It’s time to get a new one from the pack. I let you have the red. I’ll take the black.”

Tegan snickered. “You’re a little insane today.”

“Maybe, but I’m making a point. What’s mine is yours. We own shit together now. Wouldn’t it be easier to pull our major resources?”

“Like married people?”

“Yeah...yeah,” I hedged. “Married people.”

He smiled at the teenager who passed by then leaned in and whispered. “Are *you* asking me to marry you now?”

I unleashed a megawatt grin. “Should I get down on one knee?”

“Fuck, yes.” He tugged my T-shirt when I lowered myself to kneel. “But not here. We’re not getting engaged at a fuckin’ hardware store. It’s even worse than doing it in our driveway.”

I threw my arms around his neck and laughed. “Don’t worry. I’ll do right by you. I want to be completely tied to you. We already are.”

“Yeah, we are.” Tegan smiled. It was incandescent and beautifully raw. He held me close for a moment then kissed my cheek. “Speaking of getting tied up...let’s find some rope.”

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AN HOUR LATER, I was buck naked, lying flat on my stomach sucking my man’s dick like life depended on it. Tegan raked his fingers through my hair as he praised my cock sucking expertise. I licked his length then tapped it against my lips.

“You like that?” I asked.

“Too much.” He pushed my forehead. “Get me the rope.”

I swallowed hard and nodded. We bought the softest rope we could find and spent the fifteen minute ride home discussing sexy options like we were contemplating what to make for dinner.

“Tie me to the headboard, face down,” I’d suggested.

“We should use the bedposts.”

“True. I’ll google some ideas.” We laughed hysterically at some of the entries, but by the time we pulled into our garage, we were both horny as fuck.

We left a trail of clothing and shoes on the way to our room, pausing occasionally to grope and claw at each other. But now that we were on our four-poster bed with our dicks at full mast, and fifty feet of cotton rope, and a pair of scissors between us, I honestly wasn’t sure where to begin. I just wanted him inside me.

“On your back. Finger your hole,” Tegan commanded, sitting on his heels to cut the rope into four pieces.

I grabbed the lube from our nightstand and poured some on my fingers. Then I spread my legs wide and massaged my entrance with one hand, stroking myself with the other. I watched him with hooded eyelids, gently pressing a single digit inside. Tegan tossed the pieces beside me and dropped the scissors into the open drawer. He grabbed a piece rope, licking his lips as he straddled my chest. His dick was inches from my mouth.

I whimpered with need. “Move closer. Let me have it.”

“Not yet. Give me your left hand.”

I did as I was told, making sure to use the opportunity to add a second finger. He tied my left wrist to the bedpost securely then motioned toward my right hand meaningfully. He held eye contact as he sucked my fingers. I swore my eyeballs rolled backward like a cartoon character. It might have been the sexiest fucking thing ever.

Tegan secured my other wrist before jumping off the mattress. He brushed his hands off and walked around the perimeter of the bed.

“What are you doing?” I asked hoarsely.

“Checkin’ out my handiwork. Test the rope. How does it feel?”

“Good. Now what?”

“Just relax.” He disappeared into the walk-in closet.

“Relax? I can’t relax.” I tried to sit up, but he’d done a decent job binding me. The ropes didn’t hurt, but they pinched enough to encourage submission. This was what I wanted, I reminded myself. To be tied up and—oh.

Tegan waved a black bandana as he made his way across the room. He neatly folded the material before tying it over my eyes.

“Can you see?”

“No,” I assured him in a sex-graveled tone.

“Good. You trust me, right?”

“Yes.”

Tegan pressed his lips to mine then whispered in my ear. “I love you. I’m gonna make you feel good, baby. You don’t have to say a word. Just enjoy.”

He licked a path along my jaw, down my neck and across my clavicle. He flicked my nipples with his tongue then sucked each one. Not gonna lie, that was torture. My nipples were super sensitive and T knew it. The caress of his breath and the feel of his strong, calloused hands moving down my sides, then resting on my hips sent a wave of desire through me.

Then his hands were gone.

“Please,” I begged when I heard the click of a bottle opening followed by the husky sound of his low chuckle.

“I’m right here. Right...here.”

Tegan sucked the tip of my cock just as he pushed a lube-slicked finger inside me. My breath hitched at the dual sensa-

tions. He twirled his tongue lazily around the tip, teasing me relentlessly before adding a second digit...and a third. Fuck, he was good at that. I keep my gaze on the slit of light under the bandana and rolled my hips, trying to get a little bit of everything. I wanted his talented mouth and his probing fingers.

My senses were almost unbearably heightened. I couldn't see a thing, so I felt everything more keenly. The way he licked, hummed, sucked, pushed, and pulled. I writhed shamelessly in a quest for more, more, more.

And just to be sure he knew it, I chanted, "More. Fuck, I need more, T. More."

He pulled away again. My dick pulsed against my lower abs with a heartbeat of its own and my ass twitched in anticipation. I listened closely, tugging at the ropes like that might help me see.

Tegan tsked. "So impatient. Do you have any idea how hard I am right now? You're so fucking beautiful, Dec. You're mine. Say it."

"Yours," I rasped as he set his cock at my hole. "Oh, fuck."

"That's right. Mine."

He sealed his lips to mine as he made his way inside me. He moved slowly at first, rocking his hips in a steady motion. I couldn't use my hands to touch him or pull him closer, so I used my legs. I locked my thighs around his ass and dug my heels in, wordlessly asking him to up the tempo. T got the message. He rose above me, bucking his hips relentlessly. Sweat dripped on my forehead. I couldn't do a thing about it.

And somehow, that was so completely carnally hot and dirty. I knew I was a stroke away from losing it.

"Touch me, T."

He curled his fingers around my shaft and *bam!* Cum splattered across my chest. Tegan ripped off the blindfold with a manic grin before crashing his mouth over mine and riding me to the finish line, pumping himself into me with roar.

We panted heavily in between kisses and soft laughter. Great sex did that to you sometimes. It made you giddy and goofy. That was how I felt at that moment anyway. Giddy, goofy, and very fucking grateful.

Tegan pulled out gently, crawling over me to untie my wrists. He massaged them before falling onto the pillow beside me.

“That was the best fucking fantasy ever. And this is the best bed I’ve ever had. Ever,” he gushed. “And you’re the best boyfriend, partner, lover, friend, someday fiancé on the planet. Did I tell you I love you?”

I grinned. “You mentioned it.”

“Believe it. It’s true.” He propped his head on his elbow and continued. “Remember when you told me that you used to wish you could buy your old house so we could live together?”

“Yeah?”

“I wanted the same thing,” he said softly.

“You did?”

“I couldn’t say it and I never allowed myself to go there. It would have seemed like a crazy dream.”

“It’s not. It’s real.”

He nodded. “I’m gonna buy you that Roomba *and* the unicorn floatie for the pool.”

I busted up laughing. “Geez, you really do love me.”

“Yep.”

“I love you too, T. You’re my home.”

We shared an unapologetically goofy grin and let the sounds of our new home take over. The distance hum of traffic, leaves rustling in the breeze, and creak of the hardwood floors...I’d learned a long time ago that home wasn’t just a place. It was people. He’d been my center of gravity since we were kids. He’d always been home and an important part of my past. And now he was the brightest part of my future.

