



Christening



by Shae Connor



ADRIAN was as meticulous as Tucker was haphazard. It applied to nearly every aspect of their lives, and most of the time it worked out quite well. Adrian kept things in order, reined Tucker in, and Tucker pulled Adrian out of his shell, softened his sharp edges.

That explained why Tucker was currently covered with at least two dozen smears of mocha-colored paint while Adrian remained relatively paint-free. Also why Adrian had taken charge of the edgework and left Tucker wielding the roller in the wide-open spaces.

Their landlord, initially reticent to rent to a gay couple, had actually softened up toward them enough—or feared a lawsuit enough—to allow them to paint the living room of their new apartment. Deciding on a color took nearly as long as deciding on a mattress (Adrian liked firm, Tucker liked soft; Adrian persuaded Tucker over to his side by whispering a graphic-for-him description of the benefits of a firm mattress), but as usual, they'd managed a compromise. Adrian carefully covered the floor with drop cloths before he let Tucker crack open the first can, figuring (and rightly so) that to do otherwise would be akin to letting his three-year-old nephew loose in the room with finger-paints. Permanent ones.

Tucker had insisted on picking the painting music and was currently bopping along to some dance remix of an '80s

song that sounded only vaguely familiar to Adrian's ears. He couldn't say that he minded, considering he was being treated to the sight of his boyfriend's ass shaking under faded cut-off jeans, his bare feet sliding back and forth to the synthesized rhythm. Dancing might not be their forte, but talent didn't matter to Adrian when he got a view like the one of Tucker's body swaying a couple of feet away.

Adrian blinked and tried to focus. Just another hour or so and they'd have the first coat done, and while it was drying they could pursue other... pursuits.

He glanced over at Tucker again, only to find him making little circles with his hips as he sang slightly off-key. Adrian gulped, his resolve to finish weakening.

Dammit. He was shacking up with a little minx, is what he was doing. And a horny little minx at that.

Adrian bit back a grin. Not that he had any complaints. Well, except that they actually had to leave the bedroom occasionally.

Adrian caught Tucker attempting some sort of hip-hop booty-shaking move. He bit back something other than a grin and concentrated on his painting.

ONLY forty minutes to finish. Tucker's painting style might not be textbook, but it got the job done with a minimum of wasted time and energy, and with no obvious drips or missed spots. Tucker himself was covered with paint, but that was to be expected.

Tucker grinned as he set the roller down into the pan. “So now what? We’ve got to wait at least two hours for this to dry.”

Adrian set aside his brush (he’d deliberately bought two of almost everything to minimize cleanup) and squatted to cap the paint can. “Well, we could get cleaned up and go get some lunch,” he said, tapping the edges of the metal lid with his fist. “Or we could—”

“Clean up?” Tucker interrupted, grin in place, eyebrows raised just so, hips swinging in Adrian’s direction. “As in... shower?”

Adrian fixed him with a mock-stern glare. “You realize we do have another coat to finish today.”

Tucker kneeled in front of him. “We have time.”

His kiss literally bowled Adrian over, rocking him back onto his heels and then further over onto his back, pressed against the canvas-covered floor below. Tucker laughed against Adrian’s lips, hands sliding under Adrian’s T-shirt, toes pressing against the tops of Adrian’s feet. Adrian was glad they’d opted for minimal clothing, ostensibly due to heat and ease of movement, but it made the stripping part of this exercise much, much easier.

In no time flat they were skin-to-skin, tongues and cocks dueling as they rolled together, snickering and teasing. If he were forced to choose, Adrian would probably say this was his favorite kind of sex with Tucker: playful and laugh-filled, Tucker’s smile lighting him up from head to toe. Of course, ask him another day and you might get a different

answer, but right then he couldn't imagine anything else.

Adrian had no problem with breaking in the living room floor, either. After all, they'd already broken in the bed, barely a half hour after it was delivered the afternoon before. (Tucker still hadn't admitted who financed the purchase, their only brand-new item of furniture so far, but Adrian strongly suspected it was Tucker's elderly and wealthy aunt, the not-so-secret romantic.) The kitchen counter saw its first action—a blowjob-off that ended in a tie—the day they signed the lease, and they'd christened the shower together late last night. Why shouldn't the floor be next?

The downside of the current plan was that they didn't have supplies handy for anything too involved, but Adrian decided that was okay, since they had that nice new bed for later. Instead, Adrian just gave Tucker a push so he landed on his back and covered him with his own body, reaching down to wrap one hand around their cocks.

"Oh yeah," Tucker gasped out as Adrian gave a long, slow pull. He grinned, one hand digging into the hair at the base of Adrian's skull, the other palming one of Adrian's bare ass cheeks. "You know what I like."

Adrian chuckled against Tucker's swollen lips. "I know what *I* like," he said. "Just our luck it's what you like, too."

He twisted his wrist and pulled again, watching with fascination as Tucker's mouth fell into a soundless "O" and his eyes slid shut. Adrian dipped his head and sucked on a spot just below Tucker's ear that he'd come to know very, very well over the past couple of years. Right on cue, Tucker let out a cross between a yelp and a moan that Adrian had

also come to know very, very well, and which he also knew embarrassed his boyfriend a little. Adrian snickered and sucked again.

This time after he made that sound, Tucker smacked Adrian's ass. "Jerk," he said raggedly. He smacked again, harder, and this time it was Adrian who made an embarrassing sound.

That's enough of that, Adrian thought. *For now, anyway.*

He drew his knees up and slid his free hand under Tucker, pulling their chests together before sitting back on his heels. Tucker let out a surprised sound very much like the one he'd been making a minute earlier, but he reacted quickly enough to help pull himself upright, settling into Adrian's lap and bracing his feet against the floor.

Adrian readjusted his grip, started his hand back into motion between them, and dove into Tucker's mouth. Tucker met him enthusiastically, his talented tongue stroking along Adrian's, moans sounding from deep in his throat. The hand that was still on Adrian's ass clenched and loosened with the rhythm of Adrian's strokes, increasing in both speed and intensity as Adrian brought them both quickly to the brink.

"Jesus *fuck*," Tucker shouted as he ripped his mouth away from Adrian's and filled the room with his cries of release. Adrian gasped into Tucker's neck as he followed, his hand's movement stuttering and jerking as their come spurted and mingled between them.

Adrian's knees gave out, and he sank to his side on the floor, pulling Tucker down half on top of him. They panted

together, the ability to breathe normally returning gradually.

“Well.” Tucker always seemed to be the first to manage post-coital speech, but then, about the only time he was silent for more than a minute at a time was when he was sleeping, kissing, or sucking cock. “That was... stimulating.”

Adrian curled an arm up and ran his fingers into Tucker’s hair. He hit a tangle, looked down, and laughed when he realized it was a blob of paint. “Jesus, Tucker, I think you got as much on you as on the wall.”

Tucker turned his head, propping his chin up on Adrian’s chest. He grinned and raised that eyebrow again. “Lucky for me, I have a boyfriend who loves helping me get clean after a hot, sweaty workout.”

“Mmm.” Adrian rolled them over again, pressing Tucker against the floor, Tucker’s arms and legs coming up around Adrian automatically. “It’s not usually paint you need washed off of you.”

Tucker glanced down and then back up, grinning wider. “Looks like there’s plenty of *that*, too.” He shifted his hips, and Adrian felt things stirring back to life. “Unless you’d like to add another layer before we get to the cleanup stage.”

Adrian rested his weight on his forearms and brought his hands up to push back Tucker’s tousled, sweat-damp hair. He rained kisses across Tucker’s face, relishing the little gasping moans he got in response. Tucker’s hands were on his ass again, and Adrian decided he really wanted to give that new bed another workout.

He pulled away, trying not to laugh at the disappointed

sound Tucker made. “C’mon,” he said, pushing back onto his knees and then bouncing into a squat. “Let’s go get that paint and stuff off, and then we can spend the rest of the drying time somewhere a little softer than the floor.”

Tucker pushed up onto his elbows and looked up at Adrian, eyes wide and soft. “Hey, Adrian?”

Adrian paused at the change in Tucker’s voice, gone thick with emotion. “Yeah?”

Tucker smiled slowly, glowing with something Adrian could only describe as pure joy, and Adrian’s heart leapt in his chest. “I love you, y’know.”

Adrian’s eyes were suddenly wet, and he had to swallow hard before he could answer. “Yeah,” he said hoarsely. “I know.”

He held out his hand, and Tucker took it, letting Adrian pull them to their feet. Adrian slid his other hand around Tucker’s waist and pulled him into a hug, swaying them gently. He pressed his lips against Tucker’s ear. “I love you too, y’know.”

He felt Tucker’s smile against his shoulder. “Yeah,” Tucker said. “I know.”

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