

# Heart Laid Bare

**Rated:** NC17

**Pairing:** Adam/Tommy

**Word Count:** 16,500

**NOTES:** College AU wherein Adam is a theatre major who works as a nude model for figure drawing classes, and Tommy is a music major who needs one last elective to graduate. Also there is coffee, an intimidating OFC or two, and bedazzled hats.

Mrs. Jennings had a voice like a scratchy record, skips and repetitions included. Tommy let his eyes drift over to the poster above her desk, of Garfield flashing a huge grin and an enthusiastic thumbs up above the slogan *I DON'T DO ORDINARY!*

Tommy sighed. His eyes wandered to the window.

“Tommy? Did you hear what I just said?”

Tommy’s eyes snapped back guiltily to his academic advisor. “Um, yes?”

Mrs. Jennings did not look convinced. “So then it doesn’t

trouble you in the slightest that you will not be graduating in the spring? That's not a cause for concern?"

Tommy did a double take. "Wait, what?"

"As I already said, unless you add another class this semester you will be three credits short and—"

"No, no way!" Tommy felt himself beginning to panic. "I have to graduate this term, my financial aid—"

"Which is exactly why you need to take eighteen credits. This situation is still fixable if we act now, but since we're already a week into the term I need to force add you into another elective as quickly as possible. Are you ready to look at what classes are still available?"

Tommy nodded with relief, heart still beating too abnormally fast to consider just how much taking six classes his last semester was going to *suck*. He scooted his chair closer to Mrs. Jennings' cluttered desk, peering over her shoulder at the computer screen.

"Anything music related is good," he assured her, and she frowned, squinting as she scrolled.

"The only music course still open is music theory, which of course you've taken already as one of the requirements for your major. I'm afraid you're going to have to be a bit more flexible."

Tommy frowned. *Shit*. "Okay, um. I heard there were some cool classes where you pretty much just watch movies and talk about them, film study or whatever."

“Yes, and they’re extremely popular for that reason.” She clicked another link, shaking her head. “Completely full.”

Tommy chewed his lower lip, sitting back in his chair.

“Okay, what electives are open, then? Just as long as it doesn’t require writing papers I’ll take whatever.”

“Do you have any interest in art? There’s a beginner’s pottery class open that meets at 8:00 Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.”

Tommy groaned. “8 *AM*? Yeah, no. Are there any like, regular drawing classes? I used to be pretty good at drawing in high school.”

Mrs. Jennings started to shake her head, before hesitating.

“Well, actually, I met with a student this morning who has decided to withdraw for the semester due to a family issue. She was enrolled in Figure Drawing 1, so there will be a spot open as soon as her paperwork is processed by the registrar. I should go ahead and force-add you now if you’re interested, it’s an extremely popular class.”

“Figure Drawing? Is that like, drawing naked chicks?”

Mrs. Jennings gave him a withering frown. “There are *life models*, yes.”

Tommy perked up a little, leaning forward to gaze at the screen. “When does it meet?”

“6:30-9:30 on Wednesday evenings.”

“Sold!” Tommy said happily, and Mrs. Jennings turned her disapproving gaze back to the computer as she opened the course link.

“I’ll send an e-mail to the professor today, and alert her that she will have a new student starting tomorrow. You may want to show up a few minutes early, so she can get you caught up on what you missed in last week’s class.”

“Oh shit, I’m supposed to work tomorrow,” Tommy said aloud, and Mrs. Jennings’ grim expression grew even more disapproving at the curse.

“Um, sorry. It’s just, my boss is going to kill me when I tell him I can’t work Wednesdays any more.”

“It’s not too late to add a different class instead. There’s a Victorian Poetry course still open that meets-“

“No, that’s okay,” Tommy said quickly. “Really. I’ll make Wednesdays work.”

Mrs. Jennings turned back to the computer, and subtle as it was Tommy was almost positive that he saw her roll her eyes.

The Figure Drawing 1 class was located in Fair Haven Hall, known as the smaller, uglier bastard sibling of the main art building, which was huge and imposing and modern and undeniably *artsy*. Fair Haven Hall was actually an old Victorian house that CCNY had bought and appropriated when the campus expanded. Tommy had never been inside before and it kind of reminded him of a haunted house in an

old movie, which was awesome. Decidedly less awesome was the huge flight of steps he had to hike up to get to the studio, because Fair Haven had no elevator.

Tommy was panting by the time he reached the huge, loft-like studio in what was once the home's attic, and it was 6:24.

"You must be Mr. Ratliff," a small, perky woman about his mother's age said cheerfully, waving him over. Her graying blond hair was tied up in an elaborate knot and she wore brightly colored glass earrings in the shape of little birds. "I'm Professor Talley but you can call me Mara."

"Tommy." He looked around curiously. The class was predominantly female and very full, just as his advisor had promised. Some of the students were clustered in small groups talking but the majority were already sitting on stools beside easels fitted with wide sketch pads.

"Here's a syllabus you can look over while we're waiting on our model to change. If you have any questions you can speak with me after class, okay? That's your easel in the corner. Every class will follow the same structure. The first half will always be studio time, and then the second half of class will be lecture."

Tommy frowned a little at her last sentence. "Oh, so we're not drawing the whole time?" Mara narrowed her eyes at him. "There are various components to any worthwhile art class, Mr. Ratliff." For a tiny woman she definitely had a handle on *imposing*.

“Ah, okay, thanks.” Tommy felt suitably cowed. He took the syllabus and started across the room to where Mara had pointed, and a cute girl with a messy pony tail and a vaguely familiar smile looked up from the neighboring easel.

“Hey, I know you! We had Biology 101 together my sophomore year. Tommy, right? You were the one who fell asleep while we were supposed to be dissecting baby pigs, and you had your sleeve sticking in the formaldehyde. That was gross.”

“Um,” Tommy said, “Okay?” The girl laughed.

“It’s Charlotte. It’s okay that you don’t remember. You were hungover pretty much every day, so.”

Tommy blinked at her. “Ah, I’m not a fan of morning classes? And I was pretty big on partying that year, I guess.”

“Duh,” Charlotte said easily, testing the point of one of her fancy looking drawing pencils. “So why are you in this class? You don’t really seem like the artistic type.”

“Hey, I’m a *music* major,” Tommy said indignantly. “And I used to draw all the time in high school. That’s how I stayed awake in all my classes. You should see my old notebooks.”

Charlotte looked sceptical. “How come you didn’t show up to the first class then?”

“It was kind of a last minute thing,” Tommy admitted, picking up one of the pencils on the ledge of his own easel. “I needed another credit.”

“And you thought, hey, a class where I have an excuse to stare at naked chicks, score!”

*Ouch.* “No, it wasn’t like that,” Tommy protested. Charlotte raised an eyebrow. “Okay, maybe a *little* like that,” he admitted.

“Well, you’re going to be disappointed, then,” She said cheerfully. “At least for the first half of the semester. Because we’re studying male form first, *then* female.”

“Oh.” Tommy shrugged. “That’s cool, I guess.” Charlotte was looking at him skeptically again, and Tommy had to chuckle. “What? I’m not *that* much of a jerk!”

She grinned too. “Good. Because three hour classes drag on forever, ugh, and I’d hate to be stuck in a corner next to an asshole.” She smirked. “Of course, I’m sure Adam will make class interesting anyway.”

“Adam?” Tommy asked dumbly, and Charlotte gestured towards the front of the room, where her eyes were already fixed.

Tommy looked up and his mouth opened slightly, eyes locking on the tall man talking animatedly to Mara. He was wearing a thin, loosely belted black robe and *clearly nothing else*, and he had the kind of bold, commanding presence that only came to someone who was used to being watched.

“He’s a drama major, get’s the lead in all the musical theater shows. But he’s gay, damn it,” Charlotte said wistfully. Her

eyes snapped briefly back to Tommy's face when he didn't answer, critical. "Ooohh, does that weird you out? I bet it does."

"I thought I already told you I wasn't an asshole?" Tommy muttered, distracted. Mara was calling the class to attention and saying...something, but Tommy couldn't seem to pull his gaze away from Adam. Adam was glancing around the room, curious and cheerful, already starting to untie his robe as he moved towards a vintage-looking chaise sofa. His eyeliner-lined eyes landed briefly on Tommy and his lips formed a ridiculously sexy smirk that made Tommy's mouth open a little wider. Tommy shut his mouth abruptly, and Charlotte chuckled.

"Okay, maybe not so weird for you after all," She whispered.

Adam's smirk morphed into an impish little grin just before he turned his back to the class and dropped his robe, and suddenly Tommy's maybe-sort of-a little-bisexuality became a lot less hypothetical.

Tommy watched as Adam stretched languidly over the chaise, resting on his stomach with his left elbow folded on the arm rest and his chin propped up so that his face was in profile. Mara was still giving instructions about... *something*, but all Tommy could do was stare.

He had seen naked guys before of course, even if he wasn't usually in situations where it was socially acceptable to look for anything longer than a second. Tommy had watched his share of gay porn too, even though girls were his main thing. But the men in the videos he had seen were all either



twinky guys his own size or big plastic jocks with rippling muscles. This guy, Adam, was something in between. He was big, kind of giant actually, or at least he had looked so standing next to Mara. He was broad shouldered and solid, but his arms were sculpted rather than muscular, and his waist looked a touch too soft to be concealing a six-pack. His ass was round and kind of perfect, and his legs were acres long. Tommy finally pulled his gaze from Adam's body, miles of pale, creamy skin decorated with thousands of tiny, ridiculously cute freckles—to stare at his profile. His face...like his body...was an odd mix of traditionally masculine and sleekly sensual. His black hair was thick and shiny, and he had full, soft-looking lips that—

“You know, you might want to actually *pretend* to draw,” Charlotte said conversationally. “Not that I’m not enjoying watching you drool over Adam Lambert— it’s definitely hot.”

Tommy's eyes snapped quickly back to his easel, his cheeks heating.

He picked up a pencil with shaky fingers, trying to force his mind to focus. He started a careful, curving line that he hoped would somehow magically start to resemble Adam's smooth, broad shoulder, still blushing.

He had dropped his pencil a total of three times when Mara finally worked her way to his side of the room, looking over Charlotte's shoulder and making vaguely approving noises.

And of course she chose to arrive behind Tommy at the exact moment he was attempting to draw the rounded curve

of Adam's ass, blushing so hard his face felt nuclear. She watched him for several minutes, which at least helped him focus on that part of Adam's anatomy without fixating like a pervert.

"You seem to be having a little trouble concentrating," Mara observed, and Tommy dropped his pencil again. He heard Charlotte snickering as he quickly retrieved it.

"This is all just...kind of new to me, that's all." Tommy mumbled, and Mara nodded shortly.

"Well, you're doing fine for a beginner. You need to put a bit more emphasis on shading, and you need a bit more fullness here." Mara pointed to Tommy's sketch of Adam's ass and Tommy swallowed.

"Um, okay. Thanks."

"You're totally not used to being into guys, huh?" Charlotte whispered conversationally. "They say everybody's at least a little bisexual, and I'm pretty sure I would find Adam Lambert hot if I was an *amoeba*, so."

Tommy looked at her. "You're kind of weird."

"Says the guy having a mini-sexual identity crisis in a Figure Drawing class," Charlotte said cheerfully, and Tommy scowled at her.

Finally, he went back to drawing, concentrating on Adam's (ridiculously long, smoothly muscled) legs. He was surprised at how well the sketch was coming together, and how cool it felt just to draw again, when he was able to keep

himself on task.

Tommy sketched Adam's profile carefully, struggling to get the shading just right over his cheekbone.

Adam was beginning to look restless, fidgeting slightly on the sofa. He started to hum under his breath, lilting and pretty.

"Adam," Mara said patiently from across the room, her face indulgent and a little fond. "Oops, sorry." Adam flashed a big, winning smile at the class, before forcing his face to appear serious again.

And Adam smiling was...Tommy wasn't quite sure how to deal with the feelings in his chest. He bit down on his own lip, *hard*, and forced himself to stay focused for the rest of the session.

"Want me to introduce you?" Charlotte asked cheerfully, after Mara announced a five minute break between studio and lecture. "I know Adam a little. I had a class with him last year and *HE* actually stayed awake during it to talk to people, so."

Tommy shook his head quickly, trying not to watch as Adam—back in the robe now thank God—walked towards the small bathroom to change. "No thanks. I have to, ah, go get a drink from the machine."

"He used to have a boyfriend who was like, stick-skinny with lots of trashy tattoos, so you probably have a chance. You sure?" On that note, Tommy started for the door. "Spoil sport!" Charlotte called after him, and Tommy

ducked out the door quickly before Adam returned to the classroom.

Tommy spent the subsequent days trying not to think about Adam Lambert, and the tiny bit of success he had with that plan was eradicated on Sunday night when Adam walked into *Sunshine Coffee*.

Tommy's initial reaction was panic, followed by several layers of humiliation, starting with *Oh my God that's the guy whose naked ass I stared at for over an hour* and quickly progressing to *Holy shit the guy whose naked ass I stared at for over an hour is going to see me in my 'Shots of Sunshine' hat*.

Sure enough, Adam's reaction to the inside of *Sunshine Coffee* was pretty identical to everyone's who walked into the misleadingly bland brick building for the first time. The interior walls were a bright, garish yellow, accented with huge red, orange, and gold suns. And painted in the center of each sun was a white coffee cup, some with a few drops of brown liquid spilling over the edge or decorated with pink or red lipstick prints. The furniture was all red—red vinyl diner booths and barstools (left over from when the building had been in actual diner), two plush dark red couches, and tackiest of all, two chairs in the shape of scarlet high-heeled shoes. (“It’s kitschy!” The owner was fond of saying. “So ostentatious it’s charming!”) That was his opinion of the employee dress code as well, which included a piss-yellow t-shirt with the coffee shop’s logo and two vintage coffee cups with cartoon limbs and big, heavily-lashed eyes dancing like can-can girls. The t-shirts paled in comparison to the ball caps though, which had been

bedazzled with sparkly suns and bore the proud slogan:  
"LET US POUR YOU A SHOT OF SUNSHINE!"

"So...wow?" Adam said a little dazedly, looking around the coffee shop with wide eyes. "This is kind of amazing." His gaze landed on Tommy, and he did a double-take which was almost comical. "And, hey! I know you!" He trotted over to the counter, apparently oblivious to the fact that Tommy was about to have a small stroke. Adam swung his messenger bag onto a barstool and hopped onto the one beside it, grinning. "From the art class Wednesday night, right?" And then almost in the same breath, "Wait, should this be awkward? Oh, it totally is, right? Sorry."

Tommy just stared at him. It was kind of hard not to stare at Adam, even when he was wearing clothes. His eyes were gorgeous up close, a clear, sweet blue and lined with smudged black liner. His cheeks were flushed from the January cold, and he was wearing a dark green scarf practically up to his chin, his black hair wildly tousled by the wind. Tommy looked away quickly.

"Hey, I should be the one embarrassed, not you." Adam said cheerfully, unbuttoning his coat. "I can't immediately picture *you* with your bare ass hanging out." He smirked in a way that possibly implied *unfortunately*.

"No, but from now on you're probably going to picture me wearing dancing coffee cups and a bedazzled hat," Tommy said a little mournfully, and Adam laughed.

"Maybe. But I am enjoying the awesome irony of the fact that you're dressed like that with like, every cheesy horror-movie villain ever tattooed on your arms. That's kind of

amazing.”

“Hey, what do you mean cheesy?” Tommy hastily rolled his sleeves down, just in case his manager popped out of the back. “And I’m supposed to keep them covered, I just forget.”

“Sure you do,” Adam chuckled, eying the cuffs of Tommy’s shirt sleeves, which were embroidered with little glittery suns. He offered Tommy a large hand with ink stains at the fingertips and chipped black polish on the nails. “Adam Lambert.”

“Tommy Ratliff.” Tommy motioned to the shop around him. “Welcome to my own personal hell.”

Adam laughed, yanking off his scarf and looping it over the coat already draping the seat with his messenger bag. “Oh come on, it’s not *that* bad. It has lots of character?”

At Tommy’s expression Adam laughed again. “Well, at least it’s a job, right? We all gotta pay the bills somehow.”

Tommy swallowed, trying not to think too hard about what Adam in particular did to earn money. “So, um. What can I get for you?”

“Hmm, I don’t know.” Adam stared at the menu board critically. “I’m a pretty big tea fan but I’m supposed to meet friends later, so I should probably get something with a lot of caffeine tonight.”

“Shot of espresso?”

“Nah, too boring,” Adam made a face. “I want to try something weird.” He squinted at the board. “Frosty the JOE man, *really?*”

Tommy hated his life. “Yeah, my manager came up with that one. You know, a play on the whole ‘gimme a cuppa joe’ thing.”

“Yeah, I got the attempt at witty wordplay,” Adam smirked. “Espresso, white chocolate mocha, milk and crushed ice, sprinkled with a crushed candy cane,” he read aloud. “Well shit, I’m sold. It was definitely the crushed candy cane that did it. Tell me that’s as awesome as it sounds.”

“Ah, it’s pretty popular?” Tommy started towards the blender. “Never had it myself.” “Wow, you kind of suck at this.” Adam mused. “How can you not have tried the specialty drinks? And way to sell the product with enthusiasm, wow.” The coffee shop was empty except for a girl reading in the back corner, so Tommy playfully flipped up his middle finger as he poured ice into the blender.

“And definitely lacking a bit of the sunshiny personality one would expect from such a cheerful locale,” Adam continued. “Shot of sunshine, my ass.”

Tommy would probably have laughed at that but Adam had said “ass,” damn it, and now he was back to thinking about what Adam looked like naked and feeling like a perv.

“So, um, are you gonna want whip cream?” Tommy managed, adding the espresso into the blender.

“Always.” Adam said with a naughty little grin, and for a

second Tommy was positive that he was going to add a dirty joke. But Adam seemed to think better of it, and Tommy switched the blender on high before he could change his mind.

He could feel Adam watching him the entire time it took to make the drink. Adam's stare was...intense.

"Libra?" Adam asked finally. "You seem really mellow. Or Taurus? You're a Taurus, aren't you?"

"Huh? Um, Libra."

"I knew it! I'm an Aquarius!" Adam looked at him expectantly, as if that was supposed to mean something to Tommy.

"Oh, um, okay? I don't know much about astrology stuff."

"You should," Adam said earnestly. "It's crazy how much you can discover about yourself. What time of day were you born?"

"No clue," Tommy had to smile, Adam's excited grin was so infectious. "I'll have to get back to you on that. " He gestured to the mug rack. "For here or to go?"

"To go, I have to get home and change."

Tommy thought Adam sounded a little bummed about that, but it was probably his own wishful thinking or projecting or something. Tommy poured the thick concoction into a plastic to-go cup, and tried to block Adam's view of the workstation when he grabbed not one but two mini candy



canes to crush and sprinkle on top. He grabbed a lid and straw as he started over to the counter, putting the drink down before turning towards the cash register.

“You know, I’ve passed this place a hundred times on the way back from theater practice, but I always go to the Starbucks up the road instead. But now I’m totally going to stop in more often.” Adam took a long pull from the striped straw. “Wow.”

“Good wow or bad wow?” Tommy asked, accepting a ten dollar bill from him and entering in the amount to make change.

“Good wow for right now, bad wow when I’m doing an extra thirty minutes on the exercise bike tomorrow.” Adam grinned devilishly, taking another sip. “I don’t think I need to tell you why I can’t really get away with a couple unsightly extra pounds at the moment.” He shoved the cup practically in Tommy’s face. “But, hey, try this! That way when your next customer asks if it’s any good you’ll have an actual opinion.”

Tommy blinked, his mind hazily trying to follow Adam’s spastic changes in topic. His eyes fixated for a second on Adam’s large hand, freckled with chipped black nail polish and several heavy rings. “Um, okay.” He reached for another straw, unwrapping it and shoving it into the lid beside Adam’s.

“Wow, that’s really rich,” Tommy managed, swallowing the sweet, thick mixture. “It reminds me of a Wendy’s Frosty, but coffee-flavored.”

“See! Now you know exactly what to tell people when they ask!” Adam looked so triumphant that Tommy had to smile back.

Adam dropped a generous tip into the tip jar and beamed at him, eyes lingering a little on Tommy’s mouth when he swiped his tongue over his sticky lips. “So, I guess I’ll see you Wednesday, huh?”

*Not as much as I’ll see of you*, Tommy’s traitorous mind replied, and Tommy managed a weak nod. “Yeah, have a good night.”

Tommy watched Adam start away with his sensual, imposing stride, the effect of which was totally ruined when he turned back at the door with a cheerful, sweet wave and dorky smile.

Tommy stared after Adam for several minutes, gradually acknowledging the fact that he might just have his very first crush on a guy.

“Ooohhh, pretty!” Charlotte said shrilly, the second she looked up and saw Tommy. “Who knew you were the eyeliner kind of boy? Is that for Adam?”

“Shhh!” Tommy said in horror, eyes darting to the front of the room just in case Adam had chosen that minute to stroll in or something. And then, as an afterthought. “I happen to *like* wearing eyeliner, okay? I just don’t always have time to do it.”

“Uh huh.” Charlotte smirked at him, clearly unconvinced. “Your outfit’s a lot cuter than last week’s too. I can practically see the dimples on your ass in those jeans.”

Tommy glared at her. “You’re really fucking creepy, you know that?” Charlotte grinned. “I’m not the one trolling for ass in art class, though.”

“Only because you know he’s gay and you’d have no chance,” Tommy muttered, before realizing he had failed to deny the accusation.

“True,” Charlotte grinned, before looking back at the front of the room and elbowing him. “Look up.”

Tommy did, heart beating a shade too fast.

Adam was wearing the same black robe and listening amiably to Mara, who was talking animatedly about poses and gesturing to the chaise. He felt Tommy’s gaze and looked up briefly, beaming in his direction and shooting him a little wave.

Tommy looked away quickly, beginning to fiddle with his drawing pencils as Charlotte gave an indignant squeak beside him.

“What was *that*? How does he know you all of a sudden?”

“He came in the coffee shop where I work,” Tommy whispered fiercely. “Now hush!”

“Oh my God, how very rom-com!” Her eyes lit. “Or... maybe bad porno? Which?”

“Neither. He got his drink to go, so we just talked for a couple minutes, that’s all.”

“I don’t know why I find all this so hilarious,” Charlotte said thoughtfully. “Maybe because I thought you only dated girls.”

“I *DO* only date girls,” Tommy protested, shrugging his shoulders helplessly. “I mean, I’ve found guys hot before but it was never anything—“

Mara called the class to attention and Tommy looked up guiltily, glancing around quickly to make sure that no one was standing close enough to overhear. But their easels were the only two tucked into that corner of the room and the rest of the students were focused on Mara, waiting patiently for class to begin.

“Today will be a longer session beginning with the use of an exploratory line, which is as you know from reading chapter three, an indirect approach to the contour. The adjacent lines are followed until they intersect the contour, the edge between the figure and the background is faded back through use of the eraser to cut across marks before drawing further into the form.”

Tommy’s mouth dropped open, and Charlotte giggled. “Someone didn’t do his homework.”

“I forgot there was a textbook for this class,” Tommy whispered, realizing he probably should have done more than briefly glance at the syllabus.

“Yep. And there’s a couple papers we have to write later in the semester too, that cite the textbook. So you’d better buy it.”

“Papers?” Tommy asked dejectedly, and Charlotte giggled again.

“Did you seriously think that all you had to do for this class was show up and look at naked people and—“

“Excuse me,” Mara said sharply from the front of the room, her eyes narrowing on Tommy and Charlotte in a way that made them both shrink back. “If there are any questions about today’s assignment, feel free to share with the class.”

Tommy shook his head rapidly and Charlotte mouthed *sorry!*, and Adam looked amused from his spot beside Mara.

Mara’s gaze moved up to Adam’s face. “Whenever you’re ready.”

Tommy forced his eyes away as Adam untied the robe and started towards the chaise. Adam was already posed—lying on his side with his head propped up on one hand, the whole front of his body exposed—when Tommy finally let himself look. He swallowed hard, eyes skittering almost immediately back to his blank sketchpad.

“Hmmm. Wonder if he’s a grower as well as a shower?” Charlotte whispered thoughtfully, and Tommy purposely ignored her. He raised a shaky hand and began to sketch, trying to reproduce the proportions of Adam’s long waist and the lean curve of his hip. He refused to look anywhere

else but at the specific feature he was drawing, and if his mouth went a little dry when it was time to study Adam's mile-long, gorgeous thighs and calves that wasn't really something he could help, was it?

Tommy purposely decided not to focus any more attention on the lower half of Adam's body. It was hard enough to sketch his broad shoulders and powerful chest and attempt to capture the sheer *size* of him without thinking about what it would feel like to roll around in bed with someone that much bigger and lankier.

An hour in Charlotte shifted to sneak a peek over Tommy's shoulder at his easel. "Not terrible...for a Ken doll. You do know you're going to have to draw his dick too, right?"

Tommy glared at her. "I just haven't gotten to it yet, okay?"

Charlotte snorted, and Tommy frowned and went back to outlining Adam's body. He had decided to hold off on all the shading and contouring stuff until he had a full outline he was satisfied with, but Adam's hands were giving him trouble. He couldn't quite seem to get the proportions right, and after a few minutes of trying Tommy gave up and started working on the features of his face instead. As he sketched Adam's eyes and brow he couldn't help but picture in his mind what Adam's bright blue eyes looked like up close, and as he focused on his full, slack lips it was impossible not to think about the same mouth smiling.

Adam was staring straight ahead and not looking at any of the art students, which Tommy was thankful for. He had finished his basic outline of Adam's face and hair which meant that all he had left to do was the hands that he

couldn't seem to conquer and Adam's dick. Tommy chewed his lower lip and let his eyes slowly travel down the length of Adam's body.

Adam was...big. Like, *really big*, considering he wasn't even hard. He was also gorgeous and smooth and obviously waxed, with just a thin, neat trail of hair leading down from his navel that was a few shades lighter than the hair on his head. But everything about him was just so *BIG*, his cock and balls and firm, thick thighs, the only part of his body that looked really muscular. Tommy wasn't even remotely used to being in a situation that required him to openly stare at another guy's junk, and he felt his face heating a little as he raised his pencil back up to his drawing.

Except...maybe Adam's dick wasn't actually as huge as it looked to Tommy and it was just, like, the angle or something? *Or your own pervy mind* a mean little voice inside his head added, and Tommy frowned to himself and blushed harder as he slowly began to draw.

He wasn't very generous with the proportions because the last thing he needed was Charlotte taunting him about drawing Adam's dick super-sized, but there was really no way he could avoid staring fixedly. For just an instant Tommy thought he felt Adam's eyes on his face, and his startled gaze skittered up guiltily. Adam's eyes were fixed on the wall straight ahead of him again, but his mouth was twitching slightly, like he could just barely resist a smile. When Tommy was finally able to force his eyes back down he thought Adam looked even fuller and larger than before. He looked a touch...*swollen*.

"Hmm," a voice said from directly behind Tommy and he

jumped back almost an inch, nearly landing on Mara's toe. "Oh, um, sorry," Tommy managed, flustered, and Mara continued to peer at his drawing. "You must not like Adam very much," she said finally, tone completely deadpan but with a small, almost imperceptible smirk. "That's it for tonight, folks!" She called loudly, stepping away from Tommy's easel and back towards the front of the room.

Tommy watched her indignantly, trying to make sense of her comment, and then Charlotte was giggling beside him.

"She means you made his dick too small," Charlotte whispered. "Duh."

Tommy gaped incredulously as Mara handed Adam the robe, which he simply draped over his lap as he sat up and stretched, not immediately bothering to put it on. He looked up and met Tommy's eyes with a small smile and Tommy looked away quickly.

"We will take a five minute break now before concluding tonight's class with a lecture and slideshow on spatial perspective." Mara announced, as the nerves in Tommy's stomach begin to multiply.

As Adam slipped back into his robe he continued to look at Tommy as if he was going to come over and talk to him, but Tommy refused to meet his gaze, packing up quickly.

"I'm beginning to think you have issues," Charlotte mused.

"Bathroom," Tommy muttered, and made a bee-line for the door. He didn't really have to go so he took a brief walk



around the upper level of Fair Haven Hall instead. There were no other night classes held on Wednesdays and the whole upstairs was dim and deserted, the distant voices of the other art students milling around in front of the classroom the only noise.

Tommy shoved his hands in the pockets of his jeans and tried to decide what exactly was wrong with him. He hadn't expected to become interested in a guy, hadn't even really had a reason to explore the attraction he occasionally felt for men. And despite the fact that Tommy was for the most part comfortable thinking of himself as bisexual, becoming a little infatuated with a guy who he spent one night a week observing naked in a roomful of other people was a little overwhelming. And so was Adam himself. It was not just the fact that he was twice Tommy's size physically (with women Tommy was usually drawn to girls who were small like him, so he had never been with someone who could so easily overpower him) but the fact that everything about Adam just seemed so *big*. His body, yes, but also his presence, his personality, his enthusiasm and charisma.

When Tommy finally walked back into the classroom Adam was gone, and Mara had already started her lecture. Tommy apologized under the heat of her disapproving glance and shuffled toward the stool by his easel, feeling like everyone was staring at him.

When Sunday rolled around Tommy was stuck working another closing shift by himself, which sucked except that the place was mostly dead on Sunday nights and he could

get homework done.

It had been a little after nine when Adam Lambert strolled in after play practice the previous week, and there was just a tiny, *tiny* voice in Tommy's brain hoping that he might decide to stop by this Sunday too. He pushed the idea away quickly, because there was no way Adam would want to after Tommy acted like an idiot on Wednesday, and it wasn't like Tommy would know what to say to him even if he did.

But that didn't keep him from feeling a little disappointed when 9:30 rolled around, and the only customers were two teenage girls in the back corner, giggling over something on a laptop covered with *High School Musical* stickers.

Tommy sighed and went to run a rag under the faucet, figuring he might as well start the slow process of closing up.

He was scrubbing the first table surface when the annoying little bell over the door tinkled and Adam trotted in wearing tight black jeans and the same gray pea coat and thick green scarf, cheeks flushed from the cold.

Tommy felt something flutter in his chest as he forced a smile. "Hey."

"Hey! You're still open, right?"

"Yep, until ten." Tommy dropped the rag down on the table and went quickly back behind the bar, as Adam eased out of his coat and plopped down onto one of the bar stools.

"Same thing as last week?"

“Hell no,” Adam shivered visibly, rubbing his arms. He was wearing a thin dark gray sweater made from yarn that had a kind of metallic thing going on, so it looked silver at certain angles. Tommy liked how Adam looked in clothes too, he realized. And he liked that he sort of knew a secret, being able to picture what he looked like beneath all those layers.

“I definitely need something hot this time,” Adam was saying, rubbing his arms. “Besides, I hate getting the same thing twice until I’ve tried everything once.”

“We have a chocolate-cherry mocha that a lot of people order,” Tommy said quietly, and he actually felt *shy* around Adam, which was just ridiculous. A couple beers would do wonders for his confidence, and it sucked that the only two environments where he ever saw Adam Lambert were not even remotely conducive to a nice buzz.

“Sounds awesome,” Adam said cheerfully, but he didn’t say anything else while Tommy started making his drink.

“For here or to go?”

“Um, I’m not in a hurry? Unless you’d rather I got it to go, which is fine too.” That made Tommy look up, surprised.

“Why would you say that?”

But even as he asked he realized he already knew the answer, and sure enough Adam just shrugged his shoulders kind of sheepishly and said, “You sort of tore out of the classroom the other night like every horror movie creeper

from your tattoos was chasing you. Or, you know, like you could tell I was going to come over to talk.”

Tommy felt completely, utterly like shit now. It wasn't *Adam's* fault that Tommy was having a hard time dealing with the fact that he was apparently not only fully bisexual but a size queen.

“I...really had to pee?” Tommy attempted half-heartedly, and Adam raised an eyebrow skeptically. Tommy sighed. “Okay, I maybe freaked out a little. I don't really even know why.”

Adam nodded and he was smiling slightly, but he still looked sad. “You obviously know Charlotte, who I love by the way. She cracks me up.”

“Um, kind of? We had a class together once, apparently, and now she's...”

“All up in your personal space like you're old high school BFFs and she has a right to rag on you, yeah, I know. It's part of her charm.”

“That's one word for it,” Tommy muttered, and Adam chuckled, even though his smile still looked strained.

“Anyway, I don't know what all she's told you about me, but I thought maybe she told you I was gay? And that maybe you thought I was going to hit on you, and that was why —“

Tommy looked up, stricken. “No! Shit! I promise that's not it, I'm not some kind of homophobic asshole, really!”

Adam let out his breath quickly, his smile instantly more genuine. “Okay. Sorry.”

Tommy was trying to figure out how to explain further but Adam waved him off, mercifully changing the subject.

“So, I’m guessing you haven’t tried this drink either, huh?”

“I’m kind of a plain black coffee person,” Tommy admitted as he reached for the bottle of wild cherry syrup, and Adam groaned.

“Tragic.”

Tommy grinned to himself and didn’t answer, and he could feel Adam’s gaze on him again. Out of the corner of his eye he saw the two teenage girls get up to leave, and he felt a little trill of nerves and anticipation, because that meant he would be alone with Adam for the first time.

When a Christina Aguilera song came on the radio Adam started singing along, and Tommy raised an eyebrow as he brought the drink back over to the counter.

“You’re good.”

“Thanks.” Adam reached for the mug, piled high with whipped cream and a cherry. “Gimme!”

Tommy chuckled and handed it over, and Adam happily licked the whip cream and popped the cherry into his mouth with a happy little groan. Tommy gaped at him and Adam

smirked, not even the least embarrassed. “Sorry, I’m such a whore for these things.”

Tommy bent down to open the mini fridge, reaching for the maraschino cherries. “Here. I forgot how much you like your garnishes.” He spooned out three more cherries and dropped them onto the whipped cream, and Adam beamed at him.

“Thanks!”

“So um, Charlotte said you’re a theater major? That you’re in a lot of musicals and stuff?”

“Yeah, we’re rehearsing for *Rent* right now. I’m playing Roger.”

Tommy had no idea who that was but he nodded. “Oh, okay. That’s cool.”

Adam chuckled. “Not a musicals guy, huh? Shocker.” He ate another cherry. “I love theater but it’s not my only thing. I just love singing, whatever the genre.”

“Yeah,” Tommy said honestly. “I get that.”

“Do you sing? You’re a music major, right?”

“Nah, but I play guitar. I’ve been in a few local bands, but I’m kind of in between gigs.”

Adam nodded enthusiastically. “Right. That’s really cool.”

“It would be cooler if I was getting paid to play right now instead of selling coffee in a bedazzled hat,” Tommy said glumly, and Adam chuckled.

“Yeah, well, at least you’re getting paid to wear *something*.” Adam teased, taking another lick of whipped cream.

Tommy didn’t think he was blushing this time, and he actually managed to keep looking at Adam, so he was counting that as progress.

“So, um. Isn’t it weird at all? Getting naked in front of a room full of people who are completely dressed and staring at you?”

Adam shrugged, eating his last cherry slowly and with relish. “It was the first time definitely, but now I’m pretty used to it. And it’s all about art, you know? Artistic expression and creativity, and it’s really cool to be a part of something like that. I mean music, theater, that’s *MY* thing, but it’s neat being able to participate in a different form of art too.”

“Huh.” Tommy thought about that. “Yeah, I guess. I would still be way too freaked out, though.”

Adam shrugged. “It’s actually really empowering? I was this total little ginger fat kid growing up, and I pretty much hated everything about my appearance. I got a lot of shit in my high school, and locker rooms were the worst. So I guess you could say this is kind of me reaching for the opposite end of the self-confidence spectrum? I mean, I know my body still isn’t perfect but I’ve worked really hard to be okay with things, to *own it*, flaws and all.”

“That’s kind of awesome,” Tommy said honestly, trying, and failing, to picture Adam the way he described himself in high school. “I really admire that, actually. And for the record I don’t think you have any, um, anything to be worried about at all. Anywhere.” And okay, now he was blushing again, damn it.

But Adam was beaming at him, pleased and kind of shy, and he lowered his eyes as he took a small sip from his mug.

“Oh, wow. This is really good.” Adam pushed the mug towards Tommy. “Here, you have to try a sip.”

Tommy raised an eyebrow but didn’t bother protesting, because he had the feeling that Adam was the type to worry an issue cheerfully and endlessly until he got his way.

He lifted the warm mug with both hands and took a sip from the other side, making a face at the overwhelming sweetness.

Adam’s eyes were sparkling with mirth and he gestured towards Tommy’s upper lip. “Whipped cream.”

Tommy wiped quickly at his mouth but Adam shook his head, chuckling when Tommy tried again. Finally, Adam leaned across the counter and tilted Tommy’s chin upwards with a big, warm hand, a couple long fingers rubbing over Tommy’s lip.

The gesture caught Tommy by surprise and he didn’t have time to prepare for the reaction Adam’s forceful touch triggered in him. His knees buckled a little and he sagged



against the bar, his mouth opening with a soft, wet gasp as Adam's fingers brushed the crease between his lips.

Adam's eyes went instantly dark and he didn't let go of Tommy's chin. They stared at each other for what must have been only seconds but felt infinitely longer, and then Tommy's cell phone vibrated in his apron pocket and he jumped back several inches.

Adam chuckled and rubbed the back of his neck, shaking his head a little.

"S-sorry," Tommy muttered, and hit *talk* quickly. Even as he was lifting the phone to his ear he realized that he should have hit *ignore* instead. But the fact that he could apparently add "submissive partner material" to his bisexual size-queen résumé had him thinking a little unclearly.

"TJ are you on your way?" Mia's loud, throaty voice practically roared through the phone, and Tommy winced. "Get your hot ass over here, I'm half drunk already and I neeedd you!"

"I'm leaving soon," Tommy shot a glance at Adam, who had obviously overheard and was giving him an apologetic smile and backing up another step.

"I didn't mean to hold you up," Adam said as soon as Tommy had hung up, gesturing to the stack of plastic to-go cups. "If you don't mind pouring my coffee into one of those I'll get out of your hair."

"You didn't," Tommy said quickly, feeling flustered. He felt like he should explain that Mia was just a friend but that

would sound like he was *asking* Adam to hit on him, and he would feel like a complete ass if he was reading Adam wrong. Just because Adam was gay that didn't mean he would automatically be interested in any guy—especially one whose experience with guys consisted of a couple drunken almost-handjobs.

If Adam *had* assumed that Mia was Tommy's girlfriend it certainly didn't seem to faze him. When he took the to-go cup from Tommy he was smiling lightly, already turning towards the door.

“Nice talking to you, Tommy. I guess I'll see you next week.”

“Yeah, okay,” Tommy mumbled, and as he watched Adam walk out the door he couldn't help but feel like he had missed out on something important.

The following Wednesday Mara led them through a succession of exercises she called Gesture Drawing, instructing Adam to make a series of different, brief poses for three minute intervals. Adam seemed to have infinitely more fun with that sort of posing than lying still, and his poses got increasingly ridiculous as the evening wore on. He was so dramatic in his gestures and obviously pleased when they earned a few titters of laughter from the usually somber art students, that even Mara cracked a few grins and didn't chastise him. At least, not until he tried to pose standing on his head, which was apparently where she drew the line.

Tommy had managed to catch Adam's eyes a few times

over the course of the evening and Adam had given him a friendly smile each time, but when the posing portion of the class ended Adam gave no indication that he was planning to walk over to Tommy. He went to change and came back into the room briefly to talk to Mara and then to one of the other students who he seemed to know.

Tommy spent his brief break still sitting at his easel, trying to pretend like he wasn't watching Adam, and listening to Charlotte chuckle and snort about how it was "*Omigod so totally obvious that he was staring at Adam.*"

Adam felt Tommy's eyes as he started towards the door and he lifted his hand in a brief wave, eyes friendly and sweet, but his eyes looked a touch distant.

Tommy waved back and managed a smile before he started packing up his pencils, trying, and failing, not to feel dissatisfied.

Tommy was surprised (and pathetically, *relieved*) when Adam showed up at the coffee shop after practice again on Sunday. There were a few customers still loitering in various corners and there were no more intense, sexually charged moments, but Adam stayed long enough to finish his Maple-Chai. Adam was smiling and cheerful, prattling on endlessly about music and astrology and dozens of random topics, but Tommy couldn't help feeling disappointed about the fact that Adam had so obviously regulated him into *friend mode*.

When Adam stood to go he reached over and gave Tommy's shoulder a friendly, affectionate squeeze, and it was embarrassing how such a small gesture left him literally

*breathless*. But Adam's hand was large and warm, his fingers slender and strong, and as Tommy watched him leave he could not help but think about what they might feel like on other parts of his body.

That night, Tommy jerked off to thoughts of Adam Lambert for the first time.

He had thought about Adam naked before of course, and there had been times when images burned into Tommy's mind during art class had popped up as he was chasing orgasm, but he had always at least attempted to push them out. He still felt like a complete asshole for jerking off to fantasies about the life model in his art class, but it was *Adam* that Tommy couldn't get out of his head. The way his eyes had gone dark when he had looked like he wanted to kiss Tommy that night, the wet, swollen look of his bottom lip because he kept biting it, his firm grip and confident, sensual smile.

Tommy knew the basics of gay sex but he could not quite imagine what actual sex with Adam would be like...except for a vague, tingly imagining of what a cock that huge would feel like splitting him open. (A thought which was alternating hot and terrifying, depending on how turned on Tommy was at the time.) More often, he fantasized about just being naked with Adam, touching and kissing and rolling around in bed with him, the long, languid, smooth planes of his body pressed against and entwined with Tommy's limbs. But the fantasy that Tommy had most often, the least complicated and the one that got him off quickly without any confusing questions popping into his brain about what *exactly* he was feeling, whether it was just lust or a crush or something deeper, was the fantasy of

Adam touching himself.

In Tommy's fantasy Adam was always completely naked, stretched out on the chaise lounge in the art room, but posing for no one but himself. In Tommy's mind Adam was the type to take his time, to lightly touch himself all over before he even started to stroke his dick. He could picture Adam rolling his long fingers slowly over his own chest, lavish little pinches and tugs of his nipples that made his cock tremble and leak against his stomach. He thought Adam would be the type to even tease *himself*, taking his body to the edge repeatedly without release until he was literally shaking from over-stimulation, strung out and writhing against the cushions with abandon. So when Tommy got himself off on fantasies of Adam, he tortured himself the same way, not bringing his hand down to his cock until the Adam in his head finally started to jerk himself. And when he finally did come, picturing Adam's face locked in the shocked moment of orgasm, hips shuddering forward as he came explosively all over the chaise lounge, Tommy came so hard he nearly blacked out.

Tommy told himself that fantasies were just that and nothing to be concerned about, but he felt like an absolute shit heel when the same thoughts started entering his head during art class. He *tried* to separate that Adam, the sweet, *friend* Adam who was posing as a form of artistic expression and hung out with him at work, from the Adam who put on a nightly one-man porn show in his head, but it wasn't happening.

"You are so fucking pathetic," Charlotte said conversationally, as Tommy walked her back to her dorm after class. He wasn't exactly sure how she had suckered

him into the habit of escorting her home every week like some chivalrous dumbass.

“Gee thanks, Char, tell me more,” Tommy said wryly, hands in his pockets and slouching against the cold as they walked. She’d somehow managed to bogart his jacket too, the bitch.

“It’s just pitiful, is what it is. You have it so bad for the guy that you pop a damn boner every night in class—which I do *not* need to see when I’m trying to concentrate on capturing the perfection of *Adam’s* junk, by the way—but you’ve managed to convince him that you’re not interested. Which okay, maybe doesn’t speak well of Adam’s intellectual abilities either but I’m pretty sure you’ve still got him beat in the moron department, so you deserve each other.”

Tommy sighed. “You’re such a sweet talker, you know that?”

“I originally thought your problem was gay panic, but you don’t really seem like enough of a douche to freak out for *this long* over developing a craving for dick, so...” Charlotte paused on the campus path and started to unfasten her knapsack. “Now I’m thinking it must be gay *sex* panic, because I mean, if I had even as much chance as a popsicle in the flames of Hell of getting fucked by a dick that size my uterus would probably shake like a whore in church and try to hide under the pews or something.”

Tommy blinked at her. “Um. What?”

“So anyway, I got you something.” Charlotte reached into her knapsack and pulled out a long rectangular plastic

package and handed it triumphantly to Tommy.

“Holy fuck!” Tommy looked around in horror, pushing Charlotte’s hand down between them even though it was dark and the path on either side was empty. “You can not be for real. Seriously, my entire friendship with you consists of nothing but a series of moments when I expect some low-rent college version of Ashton Kutcher to jump from behind a bush or piece of furniture with a video camera.”

“I mean, obviously it’s not as big as Adam,” Charlotte continued, as if Tommy had not spoken at all. “But I figure you have to start somewhere, right? And sorry about the neon pink thing, but the vibrator selection was pretty paltry, really.” She slipped the box into Tommy’s bag. “Nice selection of dildos though,” she added as an afterthought. “Oh, and you might want to stop by the drug store for some lube.”

“Oh for fuck’s sake,” Tommy clapped a hand over his eyes. “How is this my life?” But he let the vibrator stay in his bag, and Charlotte smirked at him.

The next Wednesday Adam trotted over to Charlotte, and as a result, towards Tommy, before he had even had time to change into his robe. He was wearing what were probably girl’s jeans and a slinky midnight blue sweater, and he was so gorgeous that Tommy was literally speechless. Adam grinned at him as he hugged Charlotte, whose hands were just a little too low on Adam’s waist, in Tommy’s opinion.

“So did you like it?” Charlotte asked, clearly pleased with herself, and Adam nodded enthusiastically.

“I *did*! And they look so good from a distance, so bright and eye-catching, which is perfect. You’re brilliant, baby.” He kissed her cheek, giving her another squeeze.

“Wait, what?” Tommy hated feeling left out of things.

“Char designed the poster for *Rent*, they’re up all over the quad,” Adam said happily. “Opening night is Friday.”

“I am so there,” Charlotte grinned. “My suitemates are going too.”

“Yay!” Adam’s grin was infectious, his eyes an even deeper blue beside the navy sweater. “You should come too.” Adam smiled at Tommy, before turning back to Charlotte.

“Tommy had never even heard of *Rent* before, can you believe it?”

“Yes,” Charlotte said flatly, and Tommy glared at her.

“It really is a great story, and I think it’s going to be a good show,” Adam looked almost shy for a moment, which was uncharacteristic enough to mess with Tommy’s head. “You could bring Mia if you want. Do the whole ‘dinner and a show’ date night thing.”

Mara called Adam's name then, impatient, and Adam shot her an apologetic wave. “Gotta go change, guys!” he said quickly, trotting off to grab his robe as he started slipping the rings off his fingers.

“Stupid,” Charlotte whispered fiercely, as they approached their easels. “You are so stupid, stupid, stupid.”



Tommy pretended to be vastly interested in his charcoal, trying to tune her out.

“You are utterly *hopeless*. You actually let him think you have a *girlfriend*, that’s how fucking terrified you are? You are such a damn wuss.”

Tommy turned angrily, her words striking too deep. “Look, I don’t even know that he would be interested, okay? It’s not like he’s exactly made an effort either!”

“Yeah, because you let him think you have a *girlfriend*, you idiot.”

Tommy looked away, cheeks heating, and he didn’t have an answer for that. She was completely fucking right, and they both knew it.

Adam came out of the changing room in his black robe seconds later, and Tommy could tell Mara was getting ready to start class, but he didn’t care. He walked quickly towards the front of the room and straight for Adam, who looked up in surprise when he saw Tommy approaching.

Tommy grabbed his arm and pulled him towards the side of the room, looking up and speaking in a low voice as his pulse pounded. “Listen, um, Mia’s not my girlfriend. We’re just friends. I don’t actually have a girlfriend at the moment.” Tommy took a deep breath, steeling his shoulders a little. “Or um, a boyfriend either.”

Adam’s eyes widened and he stared at Tommy, speechless. But then Mara was clapping her hands together to get the

class's attention, and Tommy had no choice but to turn around and head back to his easel and towards Charlotte, who was watching him with satisfaction.

Tommy stayed numb for the rest of the studio session, and while his artistic ability was average at best he felt especially inadequate that night, unable to focus on anything but his brief exchange with Adam. Adam was posed facing away, sitting with his legs crossed in the direction of the door so that they could focus on the lines of his back and shoulders, so there was no way for Tommy to gauge what he might be thinking.

But as soon as the posing session was done for the night and Mara announced that it was time for break Adam was up and slipping into his robe, his eyes seeking out Tommy. Charlotte shoved him forward and Tommy tripped a little, but he followed Adam over to the side of the classroom anyway.

"So um," Adam said softly, his eyes open and unguarded as he rubbed the back of his neck and smiled at Tommy. "I've got a show every night this weekend and Friday, there's an opening night get together thing the whole cast goes to, kind of a tradition. But Saturday night, if you maybe wanted to come see the show then, we could hang out after? Get drinks somewhere, or I could buy you a late dinner?"

Tommy's heart was beating fast and he was 99% positive that he was scheduled to work Saturday, but didn't really give a fuck. "I umm, I could probably do that, yeah."

Adam's grin widened, his whole face lighting beautifully. "Awesome! No pressure of course, but it would be great if

you could make it. Show starts at seven.”

They smiled at each other for several moments, Adam’s eyes sending what felt like literal waves of warmth through Tommy’s body, and finally he chuckled self-consciously, motioning vaguely back in the direction of his seat.

“I should...”

“Yeah,” Adam agreed, with a devilish twinkle in his eyes. And he managed to say that one syllable in a way that suggested that if Tommy did not go back to his easel there was a very good chance that Adam was going to grab him and kiss him—or do considerably more—right in front of his classmates.

Tommy couldn’t quite wipe the smile off his face as he stumbled back towards Charlotte, glad he was still wearing his charcoal streaked smock since his body had decided to voice its own excitement for Saturday night.

“I hope you’ve been practicing with the gift I gave you,” Charlotte said smugly, looking way too pleased with herself. “Because something tells me you are going to need the prep.”

“Shut the hell up, Char,” Tommy said lightly, but he looped an arm around her waist to hug her anyway.

Tommy spent enough time on his hair and make-up that he actually started feeling pathetic, for what was definitely not the first time that day. The morning had practically started off embarrassing, because Tommy had sat bolt upright in bed with the question of whether or not he should buy Adam

flowers already in his head.

Tommy had been to exactly one play in his life and that was in high school, to impress a girl he was dating who had friends in the drama department. When the play was over and everybody was bowing some guy stood up and handed the girl with the lead part roses, and Tommy's date had actually *squealed* in envy and delight, chattering on for several minutes about how lucky she was and how awesome her boyfriend had to be. But Adam wasn't a girl and it wasn't like Tommy was actually his boyfriend (*yet*, a tiny, hopeful voice in his head said meekly) and Tommy would definitely feel like a complete tool getting up in front of everybody like that anyway. He could always get flowers and leave him in his car to give Adam after or something, but nope, he was pretty sure that would still make him feel like a gigantic tool.

So instead Tommy had decided to visit a specialty store he had passed a few times on various errands in the city. It was a gourmet food store with a huge selection of exotic teas and flavored coffees, and Tommy picked out the small sample sizes of the weirdest, most unique flavors he could find. The clerk (who probably took one look at Tommy and pegged him as having much less exotic taste) asked if he was buying a gift, and Tommy nodded slightly, somehow still managing to feel like a tool. But the woman, who looked old enough to be his grandma, just smiled knowingly and reached for the ribbon.

Tommy left the store with a small paper bag decorated with stenciled leaves and green velvet ribbons, filled with little boxes labeled things like caramel-apple flavored coffee and white chocolate-apricot tea. If nights spent experimenting

with a vibrator up his ass and lusting after a six foot tall musical theater student hadn't served to make Tommy feel sufficiently gay enough, this experience certainly did the trick.

Tommy had briefly considered asking Mia to go with him to see the show, but that would have meant telling her the whole story and Tommy wasn't really ready to let any of his friends meet Adam. It wasn't something he was dreading, really, in fact he was a little surprised at how chill he felt about identifying as bisexual. It was more about how frighteningly weighty his hopes already were about what could happen with Adam, without adding any complications to the situation. He wanted to be confident that Adam really liked him and be officially dating him before introducing him around.

Sitting in the packed theater, watching Adam and the other performers come back on stage to thunderous applause, Tommy was deeply grateful that he had decided to go alone. He knew that he had been staring slack-jawed at Adam the entire time he was on stage, from the first moment that he had opened his mouth to sing. Adam's voice was so ridiculously, ridiculously good that it had taken the whole first scene for Tommy to grasp what he was actually hearing, and that it was *Adam* singing that way and not some awesome, supernatural hybrid of the ghosts of Jeff Buckley and Freddie Mercury. By the next scene Tommy had moved on to a mix of jealousy that anyone could be simultaneously that damn blessed in the vocal department AND have a huge cock (because seriously, who the fuck deserved that kind of luck?) and awe when he remembered that guy on stage was going on a date with *him*. By the third scene, Tommy was so invested in the story that he stopped

thinking about anything else at all. (Except maybe for a few moments when Adam got so passionately into the song he was singing that he started sort of sensually rocking back and forth, hips writhing, because *yeah*. ) And if his eyes were a little damp in a few scenes, well, why not add *cries at musicals* to his ever-growing list of Adam Lambert-related revelations.

The applause for Adam was absolutely *deafening*, and as Tommy stood clapping with the rest of the audience he felt prouder than he had any right to be. His heart was racing as the crowd surged out of the theater at a molasses pace, into the hall where all the performers had gravitated to meet friends, family and fans. Adam was absolutely swarmed and his gaze swung fruitlessly around the crowd a few times, and Tommy really, really hoped Adam was looking for him. But Tommy was content to linger on the periphery of the crowd for a little while longer, watching as Adam was repeatedly hugged by people who seemed to know him and almost equally manhandled by people who obviously didn't, shaking hands and posing for pictures with a plastic smile but happy, bright, eyes.

The crowd started to thin gradually and Tommy was starting to contemplate the best route to Adam when a small, pretty guy wearing pants that looked thin and tight enough to be girl's leggings pushed his way in front of Adam. Adam's eyes lit up with recognition and he opened his arms in delight, and Tommy watched, frozen, as the smaller man practically sprang into his arms. Tommy picked up the words "proud" and "baby" as the guy's arms wrapped around Adam's neck and then they were kissing deeply.

Tommy turned away quickly, pushing his way towards the

door and no longer caring if he was rude as he moved through the crowd. He felt like an idiot, the worst kind of pathetic loser, and he couldn't believe how much it *hurt*.

Tommy took a few quick, deep breaths of night air before forcing himself forward in the direction of his car, not letting himself look back even once.

The thing was, no matter how many times Tommy replayed all the conversations and weird, almost-moments he had with Adam, he couldn't quite picture Adam as the kind of asshole who would purposely lead him on when he already had a boyfriend. And that sucked, because Tommy thought things would be a whole lot easier if he could just hate Adam.

But what was a hell of a lot more likely, in Tommy's mind, was that he was a pathetic loser with an unrequited crush, who had simply read way too much into everything. Adam liked him, Tommy knew that, but it was now clear that what Adam had been offering was only friendship, and the rest had been a complete invention of Tommy's imagination. He was embarrassed to have actually believed that a guy like Adam would waste his time on a scrawny wannabe musician who wore metal shirts and perpetually needed to get his dark roots done, and who had never even sucked a dick. In retrospect that idea was blaringly silly, and the reality slapped him every time he pictured the pretty, perfectly styled guy who had climbed Adam's body like a favorite, familiar tree.

The following Wednesday Tommy purposefully went to

class late, so he could avoid talking to Adam, and at least *delay* interrogation by Charlotte.

He felt several pairs of eyes on him as he shuffled over to his easel, including Adam's and Charlotte's, and Mara's annoyed gaze. Adam was posed on his back with one knee bent and his arms beneath his head, face positioned towards the front of the room and therefore, thankfully, away from the students.

Mara was hovering nearby and Tommy fumbled with his pencils, trying to keep his hand steady as he began to sketch under her watchful gaze. It was impossible not to look at Adam's body now, spread out so beautifully open, without thinking about it being sucked and nibbled by that pretty boy from the theater. Tommy took a deep, shaky breath and forced his mind to just shut off, doing his best to reduce the body he had fantasized about for so long to nothing more than a series of curves and lines.

"What in the fuck is wrong with you?" Charlotte hissed, practically the second Mara announced a break.

"I don't want to talk about it," Tommy mumbled, and he started towards the door with his head bowed low and without making eye contact with anyone.

He was almost to the front of the classroom when Adam stepped into his path, and Tommy had to stop short to avoid crashing into him.

"Um, hi," he mumbled, eyes skidding quickly up Adam's face, to his plastic smile.



“Hi.” Adam fidgeted a little, hand coming up to rub the back of his neck, black robe swishing around his calves at the movement. “So...Saturday? Did you just...change your mind or what?”

There was no way to explain why he would show up to the show but then take off without keeping his plans with Adam without admitting how disappointed and pathetic he had been, so Tommy just shrugged.

“Okay, I get it,” Adam said quietly, and Tommy tried not to hear the hurt in his voice.

“I um, gotta go,” Tommy muttered, looking everywhere but at Adam’s face. “Need a bathroom break before the lecture starts.”

“Right,” Adam moved out of his way, and Tommy mumbled something that sounded vaguely like *see ya* before bolting into the hallway.

He managed to wait until the last possible moment to slip back into the classroom, and he was starting to get used to seeing Mara’s looks of disapproval. Watch him not even be able to pass the class after all this bullshit, that would be the final cosmic *fuck you* of the whole situation.

As Mara’s lecture ended Tommy could tell Charlotte was practically foaming at the mouth so he sighed and turned to her before she could even get a word out.

“I went to his show and before I could get over to talk to him afterwards he started making out with some guy who is

actually in his league, and they were all over each other and I got the fuck out of there, okay?” Tommy was whispering but the words still hurt almost physically to say, scratchy and terrible in his throat. “Now can we please never talk about this embarrassing fucking mess ever again?”

Charlotte’s eyes were wide and she looked suitably chastened. “Oh shit, Tommy I’m so sorry! I hadn’t heard anything about a new boyfriend, and I really thought he was into you! Shit! Are you sure it was really like *that*? Maybe if I ask him—“

“No!” Tommy said quickly, grabbing her arm. “No Char, *seriously*. Even if he asks you about me or something promise you won’t say a fucking word about this conversation or about any of it to him or anyone else, okay? I really just want to put the whole thing behind me. It was just a misunderstanding, anyway. I thought he was looking for more than friendship and I was wrong, the end.”

Charlotte bit her bottom lip unhappily but she nodded, and Tommy sighed in relief. “Okay, thanks.”

“No problem, babe.” She leaned over to squeeze his hand and give him a soft kiss on the cheek, and Tommy let her hug him for a long minute before pulling away.

The following week was Adam’s last posing session, a fact that filled Tommy with almost equal amounts of sadness and relief. Adam hadn’t come back into

## *Sunshine Coffee*

again—now that practices were over it wasn't like he had any other reason to be on that end of campus—but Sunday nights still dragged on a hell of a lot slower than they used to.

Adam was stretched out on his back in the same pose as the previous week, because their final rendering of the male form was the largest grade except the midterm exam, and they needed two full sessions to work on detail and shading.

“I'm not going to finish,” Tommy worried out loud, glancing at the clock as Mara peered over his shoulder.

“No,” Mara agreed. “But you can stay after the lecture, or come into the studio tomorrow if you'd rather. You won't be the only student who needs to do a bit more work with shading and contouring, so just concentrate on the aspects you are least likely to be able to render from memory.”

Tommy was pretty sure he had every inch of Adam's body locked away in his memory but of course he didn't say that, just nodded and went back to shading.

When the studio session was up Mara reminded everyone of what they already knew, that it was Adam's final posing session and that after midterms they would begin to study the female form.

Adam waved and said “Bye guys!” with a bright smile, and Tommy had to look away. He didn't say a word even when practically the whole class was saying goodbye to Adam, and Charlotte reached to give his shoulder a light squeeze.

“Hey!” She leaned over to whisper in his ear to distract him from watching Adam walk out the classroom door. “Look at the bright side! From this point on you get to look at tits every week, yay! Of course, I heard the model was a friend of Mara’s and like, *fifty*, but maybe she’s Demi-Moore fifty instead of Hillary Clinton fifty?”

Tommy had to chuckle at that, and he bent to pull a notebook out of his knapsack to take notes about the midterm exam.

There were two other students who decided to stay late instead of coming back on a different day to finish up their portraits, a guy named Robert who wore glasses and a ponytail and looked like the traditional starving artist, and a small brunette whose name Tommy didn’t remember. Mara told them that whoever left last needed to remember to lock up and then headed out, leaving the three students to work in silence. The girl only needed about fifteen minutes to finish her shading and Robert lingered about twenty minutes longer, nodding to Tommy as he packed up his bag to leave.

And then Tommy was alone in the building. Alone in almost eerie silence, broken only occasionally by the distant sound of cars on the road that circled campus. The night was tar-black outside the art room window and Tommy supposed most people would have thought the setting creepy, but he found it dream-like and oddly peaceful.

He put his pencil down and used just the tip of his finger to smudge and blur shadows into the creases of Adam’s thighs, and tried not to think about the real man, or his pale, freckled skin.

When Tommy heard footsteps minutes later he didn't initially look up, because he assumed Robert had just forgotten something.

So when it was Adam who opened the door instead and their eyes met, Tommy thought they probably looked equally shocked.

"Oh um, I...thought you would be Mara?" Adam rubbed the back of his neck nervously, gesturing in the general direction of the chaise lounge. "I think I left one of my rings somewhere, and I was going to just come back and try to find it tomorrow but I was driving back from dinner at a friend's and saw a light still on so I thought maybe I could save a trip." Adam shut his mouth quickly to keep from rambling further, and Tommy managed a tight smile.

"Right. I'm just finishing up some shading, since it's a big grade and all. But sure, go ahead."

Adam nodded and went quickly to the chaise, getting down on his hands and knees to peer under the small table where he usually put his jewelry before posing. The tension in the room was palpable and Tommy's fingers shook as he smudged shadows around the broad shoulders of the Adam in his portrait, and did his best not to look as the real thing bent forward further to feel blindly under the couch.

"Aha!" Adam said after a minute, momentarily jubilant. "Found it!"

Tommy nodded tersely, lips frozen in the same small, thin smile, and he felt Adam's gaze linger on his face a moment

before he stood to his full height and slipped it on his finger.

“Well, sorry to bother you.” Adam said simply, and there was hurt in his voice that he quickly pushed away. “Take care of yourself, Tommy.”

He was almost to the door when Tommy heard himself speak, a soft, mumbled sound that was meant to be Adam’s name.

Adam looked back, chewing a little on his bottom lip. “Yeah?”

“I just.” Tommy took a deep breath, briefly closing his eyes before forcing them up to Adam’s face. “I just wanted to tell you that I did come to your show that Saturday, and I loved it. You were amazing. Your voice is just ridiculously good, really. I just, felt like I should tell you that.”

Adam looked confused. “But—“

“I left before you saw me because when I was about to come up to you I um, saw that guy kiss you. Your boyfriend, I guess?”

Adam’s eyes widened. “Tommy—“

Tommy put a hand up quickly. “No please. Just let me get this out, okay? I kind of suck at this stuff.”

Adam shut his mouth, but his eyes were wildly unhappy. He nodded, and Tommy plunged forward.

“I lied about going because I was embarrassed. Embarrassed

for rushing off like that, for getting upset. I just... misunderstood is all. I thought...I thought when you talked about getting dinner after that you were asking me out. You know, that you were *interested*. In me.”

“That is pretty much the reason people ask other people out on dates,” Adam confirmed, smiling, and Tommy looked up in surprise.

“Oh so like...as a casual thing? You and that guy aren’t um, exclusive or whatever?”

“I don’t do anything casually,” Adam said simply, moving closer now, and Tommy could not quite identify his tone. “Which is actually the main reason why that guy you saw is my *ex*. He wasn’t interested in commitment. And believe me, he kisses lots of people like he’s trying to eat their tonsils, not just me. It’s kind of his thing. We’re still good friends, but that’s all.”

Tommy was breathing hard now, both from Adam’s close proximity and his words, which were slowly starting to take root in his flustered mind. “So then...”

“Yeah,” Adam said simply, close enough to touch Tommy if he raised his hand. “And do you want to know something else?”

Tommy just stared up at him, and Adam smirked. “*Sunshine Coffee* sucks compared to *Starbucks*, no offense. But it wasn’t the coffee I kept coming back for.” Adam took one last step forward, and he was definitely in Tommy’s personal space now. Tommy wondered vaguely if Adam could tell how fast his heart was racing. “Also?” Adam

leaned forward, voice gone slow and sensual, like rubbing together sheets of rough silk. He was so close that Tommy could feel his soft breath on his face, mouth only inches from Tommy's lips. "You really, really don't want to know some of the disgusting, un- sexy things I had to think about to be able to lie here naked in a room filled with twenty people watching, because I could only feel *your eyes* on my skin."

Tommy let out a small gasp and then they were both surging forward too fast, lips colliding desperately. It was either the most amazing, or most terrifying kiss Tommy had ever had, all teeth and tongue. Then Adam's hands came up to position his chin, and it was suddenly so good Tommy couldn't focus on coherent thoughts. Adam used his whole body when he kissed, not just his hands and lips but the whole long, solid line of his body, which was guiding Tommy backwards to the chaise even as Adam devoured his mouth.

Tommy toppled back onto the couch that had played a supporting role in so many of his fantasies with a kind of un-dignified grunt, and then Adam was on him, kissing him again with one hand resting on Tommy's throat, not pressing down but just *there*.

"W-wait," Tommy gasped around Adam's tongue, and Adam jerked back quickly, breathing hard.

"Too fast?" Adam looked a little like he might cry but he forced a reassuring smile, finding one of Tommy's hands and squeezing it. "We can, we can just make out tonight if you want, or...or stop completely if you don't—"



“Fuck no!” Tommy said quickly. “I want everything, believe me. I just think, you know, *breathing’s* good too.”

Adam laughed sheepishly, shifting so that he wasn’t boring Tommy down into the couch cushions. “Sorry. I can maybe be a little overly topky at times.”

“No shit, really?” Tommy rolled his eyes but he didn’t think he could stop smiling even if he tried.

“It’s just,” Adam looked into his eyes then, gaze so earnest and blue and clear that Tommy’s breath stuttered a little. “I’ve wanted you for a really long time. Like, really *badly*.”

“Me too,” Tommy admitted, “You have no idea how many times I fantasized about you naked on this couch, but with me allowed to *touch*.”

“I think I can make that happen,” Adam smirked, immediately slipping off his shirt. Tommy just stared, blissfully aware that as often as he had seen Adam naked, he had never actually gotten to watch him undress. He watched the slow, tantalizing slide of Adam’s tight jeans down his legs, and when the black boxer briefs followed Tommy gripped his shoulder and yanked him down to sit on the couch, dropping to kneel between Adam’s spread legs and slide them the rest of the way off his ankles.

Adam’s eyes were dark and he spread his thighs without hesitation, everything about him big and lean and overwhelming where he loomed above Tommy. Tommy slid his palms up Adam’s legs to grip both thighs, surging up to kiss him again before sliding his lips down Adam’s throat. Adam murmured sweetly as Tommy nuzzled below his ear

and kissed his neck, his big hands smoothing over Tommy's back encouragingly. Tommy licked down his throat to the freckles on the smooth plane of his chest, tasting salty-sweet skin. As he licked over a nipple Adam groaned, pulling Tommy's face harder against his chest. Tommy sucked and nibbled obediently, and the nipple almost instantly pebbled against his tongue as Adam's breathing quickened. His hands were rough in Tommy's hair, fingers trembling against Tommy's scalp as he nipped and sucked harder. When Adam maneuvered Tommy's lips eagerly to his other nipple Tommy almost laughed, because Adam's control freak thing would be funny if it didn't have Tommy so turned on. He gave Adam's other nipple the same treatment willingly, but one hand was already slipping up the inside of Adam's thigh.

"Oh fuck," Adam mumbled, when Tommy's impatient hand finally slipped around his cock. Adam closed his eyes and let his head tilt back over the headrest, breathing hard as Tommy gave him an explorative stroke.

"I've thought about this," Tommy said softly, squeezing a little just to feel the hot, hard flesh twitch reflexively in his hand. Tommy stared fixedly as he jerked him, and distantly he noted that finally getting to touch *Adam* was what filled him with awe, and not weirdness about touching another guy.

"I've thought about this too," Adam murmured, and then he was pulling Tommy up and into his lap, kissing him as his hands worked open the button of Tommy's jeans. "Sorry," he mumbled dreamily against Tommy's lips, as his hand slipped briefly inside the flap of Tommy's boxers to stroke him. "I'm not very patient." He tugged at Tommy's shirt

with his other hand, and Tommy chuckled, tugging it off as Adam worked his jeans down his thighs.

“You do kind of have the caveman thing down, yanking me into your lap like that.” Adam grinned, clearly unrepentant. “I couldn’t help myself. You’re just so tiny!”

“Comments like that are definitely not the way to get yourself laid,” Tommy huffed, and Adam’s grin deepened, his hands coming down to cup Tommy’s ass and pull him closer.

“Oh yeah? Will this help my chances?” Adam went to work enthusiastically on Tommy’s neck, somehow knowing instinctively which spots would be the most reactive to his lips and tongue. Tommy groaned and rocked forward a little, his hard cock brushing over Adam’s stomach and smearing it with pre-come.

“Do you have—“

“Mmhm,” Adam assured him, placing a row of small, nibbling kisses up the underside of his jaw. “In my bag. Bring it to me?”

Tommy nodded and pulled back with effort, and tried not to feel self-conscious as Adam’s hot gaze followed him across the floor. As soon as he handed the messenger bag to Adam he was tugged back down onto Adam’s lap, and Tommy straddled his legs awkwardly to avoid a face-plant. Adam grinned a little, devilish. “Sorry.”

“Like hell you are,” Tommy muttered, but he was smiling as

their lips met again. Adam's kisses were the type to get lost in, wild and dynamic, with lots of tongue.

"Ever done this before?" Adam nipped his ear lobe as his slippery fingers rubbed into the crease of Tommy's ass, before running his tongue over his earrings.

"A little," Tommy admitted, "by myself." He sucked in his breath when Adam's finger breached him, lowering his face against Adam's broad, bare shoulder.

"Hmm, that's a hot mental image," Adam mumbled, sliding the finger slowly in and out. "How many fingers?"

"I've, t-two," Tommy managed, "two sometimes." He decided anecdotes about Charlotte the pink vibrator-gifting-fairy could wait for another day.

"I'm going to give you three," Adam pressed a kiss into Tommy's sweaty hair. "Gonna take good care of you, baby."

Two months ago Tommy wouldn't have been able to envision a situation where someone said something like that to him and he didn't roll his eyes and flip them off, but somehow when Adam said it Tommy's stomach did an eager little jump and the warmth inside him spread. If he was a cat he would have purred.

Adam was up to two fingers now, twisting them smoothly as he stretched him. "Sit back, baby," Adam said softly, as he pulled out again. "I want to see your face."

Tommy wasn't sure how he felt about that plan but he obeyed anyway, straightening with his knees still braced on

either side of Adam's hips, his thighs trembling.

"Oh fuck," he muttered, when he felt three fingers start to breach him for the first time. "Your fingers are a hell of a lot bigger than mine," he added, grimacing, and Adam chuckled.

"Sorry. Do you want me to slow down?"

"Huh uh." Tommy closed his eyes and concentrated on taking it, on relaxing his muscles and accepting the intrusion. His lips parted as he slid down over Adam's knuckles, and he heard Adam moan softly, breathless.

Tommy's eyes slid open in surprise because Adam's cock was still untouched, lying flushed and slippery against his stomach. But Adam's eyes were glassy, his bottom lip red and wet from where he had been biting on it, and Tommy slowly realized that was all because of *him*.

"Hurry," Tommy whispered, as Adam's fingers worked him farther open. "Hurry, Adam."

"Can't," Adam managed, pushing still more lube inside him, "I want it to be good for you."

"Just fuck me, Adam, seriously," Tommy could hear the edge of a whine in his own voice and didn't care, gripping the back of the couch so that he could get leverage to push himself back on Adam's fingers.

Adam groaned a little, watching with huge, unblinking eyes as Tommy rode his fingers. "I want you to start out in my lap, slide down onto my cock," he murmured, and Tommy

nodded eagerly.

Adam pulled his fingers out too quick and Tommy grunted, pushing his shoulder roughly in punishment as Adam grabbed for the condom. Tommy pulled back to watch as Adam slid it down his flushed, thick erection, which looked about the size of a small tree when he considered where it was supposed to go.

“Go at whatever pace you want, baby,” Adam assured him, pausing to kiss Tommy again as he slipped his fingers down to grip Tommy’s narrow hips. They were sticky with lube but warm and solid, and reassuring as Tommy reached to clutch Adam’s shoulders.

Adam took one hand away to position himself at Tommy’s entrance, and Tommy sucked in his breath when he felt the smooth, warm head slide against his hole.

“Oh fuck,” he mumbled, shutting his eyes as he bore down and momentarily panicking when it felt like he was about to be split open. “Adam—“

“Shhh...slow down, baby.” Adam tilted his face up to nuzzle under Tommy’s chin, kissing his exposed throat. “You’re okay.” His strong hands were gripping Tommy’s hips again, holding him still.

Soon Tommy was calm enough to move and he gulped in air as he felt his body start to give around Adam’s thick length, sucking him deeper instead of rejecting the intrusion. It still hurt when he sank over the rim of Adam’s wide, flared head but then he was sliding down smoothly, Adam’s hands keeping him from sinking too fast.

When he was sitting on Adam's lap with his entire cock inside him Tommy felt full and strange, surprised by the warmth and heaviness inside him more than by the dull ache he had already expected.

Adam was talking to him softly, rubbing his hip bones and the crease of his thigh, pressing small, quick kisses along his jaw line.

After a moment Tommy started to move, explorative and clumsy, and it felt so good he shivered beneath Adam's warm palms. His hard cock bounced against his stomach and he shook all over when Adam reached to stroke it, which made the feeling of Adam inside him go instantly from good to *amazing*.

"You're so fucking tight," Adam said through gritted teeth, his whole body strumming with tension. Tommy watched the lean muscles of Adam's arms, shoulders and chest straining, and he reminded him of a panther or some other large cat pacing in a cage but ready to strike. That thought—how hard it was for Adam to hold back, how much he clearly wanted to fuck Tommy into the floor—was so hot Tommy could barely stand it.

"I'm ready," Tommy stuttered, short nails digging into Adam's shoulders as if he was hanging on for dear life. "Do whatever you want to me."

And Adam actually *growled* at that, which would have made Tommy laugh if the sound didn't instantly burrow down low in his belly, sharp and hot.

Adam lifted him up and off his cock quick enough to make Tommy gasp, flipping their positions so that Tommy was sprawled on the chaise and Adam was above him, grasping his calves and lifting his legs quickly. Tommy struggled to brace himself as Adam pulled his hips upwards and his legs were pinned on either side of Adam's waist. Adam slid in wildly and Tommy literally stopped breathing for several seconds, gulping in air and fumbling for a hand-hold.

"Fuck me," he urged, garbled, and Adam did, sliding partly out and then in again hard and fast. He shifted Tommy's hips forcibly and slammed in even harder on the next stroke, and the pressure against his prostrate was enough to make Tommy cry out.

Adam rocked into him still deeper, his expressive, open face slack and almost stunned with pleasure. He was moaning, sharp and eager, and he plunged forward still deeper until Tommy was making as much noise as he was. Hearing Tommy's sounds made Adam even wilder, and he worked fervently to turn his gasps and low groans louder, hips thrusting forward desperately without any measured rhythm.

Tommy felt the pressure building low in his groin, so deep he thought he could feel it curling around his spine. Adam was stripping his cock so roughly now that even the slightest increase in pressure would have tipped the scale from pleasure to pain, but it was just right. Tommy clutched Adam's shoulders frantically, gasping, and Adam lowered his head and thrust still faster. He was close to orgasm now, too caught up in sensation to stop, and he tried to warn Tommy with a breathy half laugh, half groan.



But Tommy was already spilling over his fingers, coming hot and thick all over Adam's fist as the orgasm slammed through him. Adam moaned brokenly and at first Tommy thought that they were coming together, but Adam was still moving desperately, his wide eyes glued to Tommy's face. Tommy went completely boneless and closed his eyes as his body was seized with small, involuntary shudders, tiny raw spikes of pleasure shooting through his body with Adam's every thrust. Tommy's eyes were still clenched shut but he heard Adam's breathy shout as he came inside him, fingers vice-tight on Tommy's hips.

After several frozen, panting moments Adam slipped out and slid down onto the floor between Tommy's limp legs, pulling off and tying the condom. Tommy's head was lolling drunkenly over the back of the couch and he didn't even shift when Adam's hot, stubbled cheek came to rest on his bare thigh, his breath tickling over-sensitive skin.

"Holy shit," Tommy managed, and Adam shifted until he could press kisses along the sweaty crease between Tommy's thigh and groin.

"Umhm," Adam agreed, and one hand slid down to cup Tommy's soft cock and balls possessively.

"Fuck!" Tommy jerked forward at the shock of even such gentle pressure, and Adam grinned up at him. He pulled Tommy forward even farther to the edge of the couch, pushing his legs open wider with an expression that somehow managed to be both forceful and sweet. He stared with fascination for a few moments, before stroking his thumb over the swollen, flushed skin of Tommy's stretched hole.

“So fucking gorgeous,” Adam whispered, face close enough that Tommy could feel his warm breath. “Next time I’m going to rim you first, until you’re *begging*. Or maybe that’s how I’ll wake you up tomorrow.”

Tommy had to grin at that, and he chuckled, one hand sliding into Adam’s thick hair. “So I guess that’s your way of asking me over to your place to spend the night?”

“Maybe, unless you want to sleep right here?” Adam tilted his face to look up at Tommy with mock seriousness. “I hope there’s not an 8am class.”

“Yeah, no. I think doing the walk of shame out of the art building would be a new personal low.”

Adam grinned. “Okay then. My place it is.” He slipped out of Tommy’s grasp to stand, naked and gorgeous. “But first I want to see your masterpiece!”

“Um,” Tommy started, but Adam was already trotting over to his easel. “Huh,” Adam began, cocking his head from side to side. “It’s...hmm.”

“I promise I’m a much better musician?” Tommy offered helpfully, and Adam looked considerable relieved.

“Good to hear.” Adam got a running start and tackled Tommy back onto the couch, big and bare and warm, and Tommy looped his arms around Adam’s waist as he kissed him.

“Tomorrow night,” Adam murmured, mouthing down Tommy’s throat. “We’re going on a real date. I’m going to spoil you so fucking bad.”

“Will there be coffee on this date?” Tommy teased, shifting his chin a little to grant Adam better access. “You know, in keeping with the theme and all.”

“Maybe,” Adam grinned, nipping at his collar bone. “But I guarantee it will end with nudity.”

“Okay, that works,” Tommy said happily, and he felt Adam smirk against his skin.