

# *Being Neighborly*

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Rory snarled, tossing his knife on the table in front of him. He couldn't even think with the racket outside, and he'd just carved lopsided eyes again! At this rate, his jack o lantern would either have the biggest eyes in the history of pumpkins as he attempted to repair it or he'd have to figure out how to make pumpkin pie. Did you even use the whole thing?

Gaining his feet, he stomped over to the window, peering out into the street. The block of duplexes was normally quiet, which is why he loved living here so much, but the large moving van and the parade of men made things a little hectic. Looked like his new neighbor was here.

Rory wasn't sure if he would even like the new addition to the street, especially since he'd gotten along so well with Mrs. Baker, but it would probably be a good idea if he went out and played nice. The two houses shared a driveway and a wall, but thankfully it was concrete so he could barely hear noise from the other side. Well, he couldn't hear Mrs. Baker but she was 70 if she was a day and hadn't even owned a television so who knew what would happen with the new folks.

Stalking to the front door, he paused to slide his feet into his sandals. They weren't exactly weather appropriate but he didn't want to waste anyone's time. Just go over, say hi, and come back home. Throwing open the door, Rory shivered at the blast of cold air, pulling the sides of his hoody closer together, zipping it up and thrusting his hands into the warm pockets. Leaves crunched underfoot as he stepped outside. He loved this season. Only four more sleeps and the big day would be here, kids running up and down the street, going door to door. At least this year there wasn't any snow on the ground. When he was a kid his mom had made his costumes a size larger so he could wear them over his snow suit. And didn't that make him feel old.

Practically skipping down his porch, he looked over the dozen men unloading the moving van, trying to guess at which one was his new neighbor. They were all tall, dark and studly, so he'd be quite happy no matter what he got.

A slim figure broke off from the rest, stepping closer to Rory. He was bundled into a thick cable knit sweater, and dark denim covered his long legs. A shock of black hair covered his head, the strands seemingly having a life of their own, falling into his eyes with every step. The man lifted an impatient hand, brushing back the locks. He glanced up, smiling sweetly at Rory.

"Hi, you live here?"

Rory nodded, slowly perusing the guy in front of him, licking his lips before dredging up a smile. Damn, the guy was cute. "I'm Rory."

"Hi, Rory. I'm Christopher, but everyone calls me Kit. I'm moving in next door, so I guess that makes us neighbors."

Kit bounced -- fucking Christ, he actually bounced -- smiling widely. Rory chuckled, half turning to hide his obvious pleasure. Rory's jeans might be a bit baggy, and his hoody was a little big, but there was no denying he had half a woody just staring at Kit. Didn't help that he was probably blushing. He cursed his fair skin and red hair some days.

"Kitten, get your butt over here and help us."

Kit grimaced. "Okay, let me rephrase that. Everyone calls me Kit except that butt head." He turned around and placed his hands on his hips. "I'm just taking a break, Matt."

The guy who'd yelled stepped up, an almost exact replica of Kit, only older. They were obviously brothers. Rory's excellent detective skills were confirmed when Matt held out his hand.

"Hi, I'm Matt, Kit's brother."

"Hi, I'm Rory."

"Well, Rory, I'll probably see you around here. No one wants to let Kitten go off by himself without keeping a close eye on him."

“Kitten?” Rory grinned, enjoying the grimace on Kit’s face. He had older brothers himself, so he completely understood that exasperated kill-me-now look.

Matt reached out to ruffle Kit’s locks. “It’s because he acts like one.” Sizing Rory up, Matt suddenly turned into Protective Older Brother. “So, how old are you, Rory?”

“Matt!”

Rory ignored Kit, studying the older man. “I’m 25.”

“Hmmm... Kit here’s only 18. Do you party much? Throw beer around, that sort of thing? You’re a little old for the college crowd but you never know this close to the university.”

“Matt!”

“No, I don’t party much, at least not at home. And I’m in grad school, thanks.”

“Really?” Kit bounced again.

Rory groaned, quickly coughing to cover it up. He nodded. “Anthropology.”

“Oh my God! Me too! That’s my major! At least, that’s what I’m picking. I’m loving Anth 203 so much, I definitely think it’s what I want. What’s your thesis?”

Grinning, Rory couldn’t help himself. Kit was just too damned cute with his wide eyes and charming smile. Like a little puppy. Rory wanted to pet his head for being a good boy. And there he went again, his softening cock perking back up again at the thought of running his fingers over Kit’s creamy skin, seeing if his hair was as soft as it looked.

“I’m interested in the anthropological perspectives of religion. My thesis is in cultural anthropology and the belief in the supernatural in industrial societies.”

Both Kit and Matt took a step back. Weird. Matt grasped Kit’s elbow, steering him away. “Cool. Well, we better get back to moving Kitten here in. I’ll see you around.”

Rory shook his head, unable to tear his gaze away from the spine-tingling sight of Kit walking away. His backside was almost as appealing as his front side. Although, he certainly was pretty. Probably straighter than an arrow, but that would just be Rory’s luck.

Turning himself, Rory walked back into the house, his mind turning from his delectable new neighbor.

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“Oh, yeah. God, yes, uh... fuck, yeah. Ugh, Kit! Suck my dick...”

Rory closed his eyes, tossing his head. He was spread out on his bed, cock in hand, relieving a little frustration after watching Kit bend and twist all day. Did his jeans have to be so tight? Rory was definitely going to have to go shopping tomorrow for new pumpkins. His old batch was completely ruined.

Sliding his palm up his slick shaft, he groaned. “Oh, yeah. Ugh...”

“Mrrow...”

“Kit, fuck, yeah...”

“Mrrow...”

Whoa, wait a minute. What the heck? Rory paused, trying to get a smidgen of blood to flow back into his brain. Was that just a...? Opening his eyes, he met the golden gaze of the black cat staring into his window. His open window. Protected only by the screen that did nothing to hide Rory from his view.

“What the fuck?” Eyes wide, he began to scramble for his covers. Sure, it was just a cat, but seriously... kinda creepy to be watched like that.

The cat arched his back, obviously just as startled. He tried to turn around and obviously overcompensated. Rory watched in horror as the cat began to slide on the slanted roof outside his window.

“Mrrow!” The cat threw himself backward, hitting the screen of Rory’s window. The screen popped out, and the little body fell into Rory’s room with a thump.

Rory cursed, gaining his feet, unable to see the cat for a moment until he got himself untangled and on the ground. Peering around the end of his bed, he stared dumbly at the creature at his feet.

“Ummm... hi. This isn’t what it looks like.”

“Kit?”

The cute boy from next door peered sheepishly up at Rory. He suddenly blushed, ducking his head.

Looking down, Rory realized he was standing there buck naked in all his glory. All his glory. His dick hadn't gone down yet. Rory started to pull the blankets off the bed again, but then he really got a closer look at Kit. The younger man was sprawled on his bedroom carpet, his legs askew, his hair tossed around and falling into his eyes. Every inch of him was pure creamy goodness, especially the little magic wand between his legs. It practically screamed come-play-with-me.

“What the hell, Kit?”

“I can explain everything.”

“Okay. So, what? You're a shapeshifter or something?”

“I'm a sh... uh... yeah. What you said.” Kit frowned, obviously expecting him to freak out. Rory had to admit it was a bit weird, but he'd seen his share of weird since he'd started studying the supernatural for his graduate work. This was nothing in comparison to some of the stuff he'd come across.

Rory crossed his arms. “So.”

“So?”

“You all moved in?”

Kit frowned, obviously confused. “What?”

“I'm going to assume you're all moved in since you decided to go exploring the neighborhood and all. I gotta tell you, I was planning on giving you a welcome wagon basket but this isn't quite what I expected.”

“No! It isn't what it looks like, I swear... it's just... I mean...”

“It looks like we have a peeping Kit in the neighborhood. You want me to leave my blinds open all the time from now on? It'd be the neighborly thing to do, right?”

“No... I mean, yeah, that would be nice...” Kit shrugged, hiding his head.

Rory snorted. "What, was I too loud or something?"

"I heard you when I was trying to make my bed. I was curious. I just meant to peak in. Didn't mean to just barge in like this." Kit's head snapped up, panic racing across his features. "Don't tell my brother! Please, I'm not supposed to... the only reason they let me move out was... was because I told them I could control myself. I didn't mean to... Please?"

How could he say no to that face? Rory grinned, finally reaching for a blanket and handing it to Kit. "Come on, cutie. You want to watch a movie or something?"

"What? But you... you were... don't you want to...?" Kit slowly gained his feet, holding the blanket in front of him.

"I don't put out until the end of the first date, Kitten. You watch a movie with me first and maybe I'll tap your ass at the end as a thank you." Rory reached out, running his fingers along said ass. Damn, that was smooth. He turned, ignoring the startled squawk behind him. Yep, definitely a virgin. Chuckling, Rory grabbed a pair of sweats from the floor, slipping them on and adjusting his dick so it wasn't quite as annoying. "Kitten, you coming?"

Kit grimaced. "Apparently not."

"Nice one, cutie. Come on, like I said, I put out after the first date. If you're really lucky I might just decide to give you a little something extra special."

Kit quickly wrapped the blanket around his waist, pacing toward the door. "How long does a date last?"

Laughing, Rory followed the swaying hips down his stairs, already thinking ahead to the shortest movie he had in his collection. Yep, he wouldn't be able to hold out very long before getting inside that. It would be worth it, though.

Kit twirled at the bottom of the stairs, grabbing Rory behind his neck. Rory acquiesced, moaning his approval into Kit's mouth, their lips sliding together smoothly.

Just when he was thinking he might need to surgically remove Kit from his body -- when did the kid get ten hands? -- Kit backed up. "Thanks."

Bemused, Rory shook his head. "For what?"

"For the neighborly welcome. I think I'm going to like it here."

Rory laughed, swatting Kit on the ass. "I think I'm going to like it here, I mean, having you here too. Yeah, definitely going to like it."

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