

## *Cross His Heart* Jade Buchanan

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Billy snuggled closer to Ted, utterly content to be lying on the couch together in sweats and tees, their feet pushed down into the cushions because they couldn't be bothered to cover up with a blanket.

It was the perfect Valentine's Day for them, just a night in, nothing to distract them. They'd already had sex, had gloried in the silence around them, no roommates complaining about something, no loud music playing in the background. It was just perfect.

The front door opened, slamming into the wall before it was closed with a resounding snap. Ted lifted his head, a frown creasing his brow. Billy closed his eyes, hoping that if they pretended they weren't there then Matt wouldn't be able to see them. He knew it was Matt, no way would Chris risk breaking the front door just because he was a little pissy.

"There's nothing fun to do." The voice was husky, boredom practically dripping from it.

Opening his eyes, Billy gazed at Matt, lifting one brow in response. He was practically painted into his jeans, the black tee hugging his chest, brown curls ringing his face and those expressive baby blue eyes just about snapping. Damn, the boy was cute.

"Seriously, all the cute ones are already taken and all the others are too desperate and needy for me." He flung himself into the big flowered chair Chris had inherited from his mom, leaning his back against one arm and draping his legs over the other.

"I thought you preferred the needy ones." Billy tilted his head, not wanting to get off of Ted. His boyfriend made the best cushion.

“Not like this. Seriously, it’s nearly pathetic.”

“Says the man who’s alone on V Day.”

Ted squeezed his arms around Billy, probably silently telling him to let it go. It didn’t take much for Billy and Matt to start sniping at each other. Most likely because they’d known each other the longest out of the four roommates.

Matt and Billy had gone to high school together before landing on the same dorm floor at University. There they’d met Ted and Chris, and the four had become nearly inseparable. Well, Billy and Ted had become nearly inseparable; he still remembered the first time they’d fooled around together. He had fond memories of his dorm room.

Now they were in their second year and the four had decided just to move into a house close to campus. Chris had spent almost all of last year fighting with his dorm roommate and Matt couldn’t help but hit on everything that moved, straight or not, so it was best that he wasn’t around a lot of naked men on a regular basis.

“What are you two doing? Can I watch you have sex or something?” Matt tapped his foot, bouncing his sneaker up and down.

Billy snorted. “Yeah, that’s not going to happen.” Not because he didn’t find the thought of Matt watching him hot as hell, but he really didn’t want to encourage the guy. He knew better, really he did. If they let him watch once, he would want to do it all the time. Well, not that he’d be content to just sit back and watch anyway, Matt was really more of a participant in most things.

Ted smoothed his palms down Billy’s back, rucking up his tee shirt. Billy snuggled closer, knowing Ted was thinking about the same thing. They’d talked about it before, both men more than comfortable with each other and themselves to know that they would be okay with bringing some outside action into their relationship as long as they were doing it together.

The front door opening again captured his attention. “Chris?” What was Chris doing back? He was supposed to have a date tonight.

Silence greeted him for a moment, before the door closed with a quiet click. Matt froze in his chair, even Ted stopped petting Billy.

Chris' morose face appeared in the entrance, peeking in for a moment before he started across the entrance. He was wearing black pin-striped dress slacks and a button up pink shirt, his blond hair slicked back, pale blue eyes downcast. He'd already toed off his shoes, his sock feet barely making a sound. "I'm going to bed."

Matt instantly jumped up. "No way in hell are you just leaving us hanging. What happened, Chris?"

Billy noticed the rose and package of candies in Chris' hands at the same time that Matt must have. The other man stopped halfway to Chris, cocking his head to the side. "What happened with Garrett?" It was a good question; one Billy wanted the answer to as well.

"He had other plans tonight." Chris was quiet, murmuring the words. Ouch, that had to have hurt.

"Fuck, Chris. You okay?" Matt reached out his hand, stopping before he touched Chris.

"Well, I won't be seeing him again, so no, I'm not okay, but I will be. He had some twink over, told me that I didn't cut it anymore. He's an ass."

Matt finally grabbed the candies from Chris, stooping to smell the rose before running his fingers along Chris' arm. "Hell, yes, he's an ass. Anyone who gives you up has got to be insane."

Ted squeezed Billy, moving his hand down his back again and along his sweat pants, palming one ass cheek. Billy squirmed, finally raising his head enough to glance at his boyfriend. He lifted a brow. What did Ted want?

Ted smirked, tilting his head to the other two guys before flexing his hand, cupping his palm at the bottom of Billy's ass, that oh-so-sensitive crease that drove him insane even through a layer of cotton. Oh! He loved the way Ted thought.

Glancing back at the other men, Billy licked his lips. "Why don't we all hang out together? We might as well. Chris, you aren't going to your room to play Careless Whisper over and over again so just sit your ass down in here."

That caused Ted and Matt to laugh, knowing Chris well enough to guess that he would be lying in bed with his Wham! tapes if they didn't stop him now.

"Come on, buddy. We'll make a game of it. Hey, let's play." Matt bounced in place.

"Play?" Billy rubbed his cheek along Ted's chest, wondering what Matt was up to.

"Yeah, let's read off the candy hearts and make a game of it. You guys have wine here somewhere, don't you?"

Oh, his friend did have the best ideas. Billy met Matt's mischievous gaze, a smirk just barely evident on his expressive face. Well, well. Seemed Matt and Ted were thinking along the same lines. Naughty boys. He couldn't help but agree with them, though. If Garrett was dumb enough to let Chris go, then his friends were going to teach him that there were other guys out there who appreciated him, who thought he was drop-dead gorgeous, which he was.

What were friends for, after all?

Billy instantly sat up, making for the kitchen and the bottle of red wine they'd opened up earlier. Ted went in the opposite direction, toward the master bedroom that they both shared. What was he up to? Billy noticed that Matt followed behind a few seconds later, the box of candy hearts clutched in his hand.

Grabbing down two extra glasses, he began to fill them, listening for Chris. A shuffling footstep alerted him before Chris sidled up to the kitchen counter.

"I just want to be alone, 'kay?"

Billy shook his head. "Chris, you shouldn't be alone right now. Seriously, Matt was right. Garrett is a piece of shit if he can actually treat you like that. I never did like him."

"You never said anything."

"What was I supposed to say? That I thought you deserved better? Come on, man. I'm your friend, I figured there had to be something that you saw in him that the rest of us couldn't see."

Chris picked up one of the glasses, draining it in one swallow. Geez, it might be easier to relax him than Billy had thought.

"I ruined your night, didn't I? Matt and I were supposed to stay out so you and Ted could have a night alone. I'm sorry, Bill."

"Hey, no worries. We did have a fantastic time alone, so now we can enjoy it with you guys. Not like we can't lock ourselves in our bedroom whenever we want, anyway."

Laughter sounded down the hallway, quickly smothered. Billy smiled, eagerly anticipating whatever Matt and Ted were going to come up with.

Chris frowned, holding his glass out for a refill. "I don't trust them."

Billy leaned around his glass, giving Chris a quick peck on the cheek. "Calm down. They're not going to hurt you."

Grabbing the other three glasses, Billy carried them into the living room, gently easing them down onto an end table. The place looked more like a second hand store with all the mismatched furniture but for some reason it suited them all. He flicked off the TV, which had been turned down low anyway, before knocking a few pillows and the big comfy throw on the floor. Ignoring Chris' silent presence, Billy situated himself in front of the couch, leaning back. He patted the floor beside him, nodding at Chris.

Sighing heavily, Chris handed Billy one of the glasses, keeping hold of his own. "Fine. I'll give you guys a half hour to distract me and then I'm leaving."

"That's fine with me. Now relax."

Ted and Matt reentered the room, Matt still holding the box of candy hearts. Ted grabbed his glass before slumping down beside Billy. Leaning in for a kiss, Ted winked.

Matt presented the candy hearts with a flourish. "Now, boys and boys, we're going to play a little game I like to call Candy Hearts. Pick a heart, any heart. But, whatever it says on the surface you must do with someone in the room. Got it?"

Chris snorted into his glass. "What, are we in junior high again?"

Billy wrinkled his nose, ignoring the other man. "Who do we do it with?"

"That's where these come in." Matt held out a pile of colored condoms that Ted had picked up advertising his favorite m/m authors. They came in all different colors,

which had made for some fun nights between the two of them. The blue had been Billy's favorite, but Ted preferred the red.

"Blue is Billy, red is Ted, Chris gets orange and my color is green. Everyone takes a heart and a condom." Matt dropped the pile onto the coffee table, scattering the condoms in every direction.

Billy frowned. "Wait, so I pick a condom and have to do whatever it says on the heart to that person, or do they do it to me?"

Ted snickered. "You're making this too complicated, baby."

"Well, I want to make sure I know the rules. Wouldn't want anyone to accuse me of cheating."

Ted slipped his hand down the back of Billy's sweat pants, teasing the top of his ass before withdrawing his hand. "Oh, don't worry about that, Billy. I'll keep you in line."

"Okay, so, Bill has a point. Why don't we say you do it to each other? Everyone agree to that?" Matt looked around, finally nodding decisively. "Okay, I'll go first. Without further ado..."

Matt reached into the package of candy hearts, pulling one out and holding it up. "Kiss me. And my partner is..." He closed his eyes, reaching for the pile of condoms on the coffee table.

Billy licked his lips, smirking when Matt just happened to pick an orange condom. What luck.

Chris shifted in place. "Matt."

Matt slid down onto his knees, reaching out to hold Chris steady. He lowered his head, claiming Chris' mouth before the other man could say anything else. Their lips parted, Matt's tongue traced along Chris' lower lip, tasting the other man before slipping inside. Chris moaned, and Matt retreated with a last parting kiss.

Billy coughed, crossing his legs to hide his growing interest in watching those two together. Damn, that was hot.

“Chris, now it’s your turn. Pick a heart and then pick your man.” Matt licked his own lips, as if he was savoring the taste of Chris.

Chris reached forward, taking a heart. “Lick me.”

Oh, fuck. Pick me, Billy thought.

As if he’d heard the thought, Chris didn’t even bother closing his eyes. He reached forward, snagging a blue condom. Billy might have whimpered but that could have been because Ted slid his hand down into the back of his sweat pants again, teasing the top of his crease.

Chris crawled toward Billy and Ted, not even hesitating before he drew up Billy’s tee, baring his chest. He bent his head, his wet tongue tracing over Billy’s left nipple, the drag of his teeth a glorious pressure. Chris dipped down, teasing over Billy’s belly, dipping into his navel before tracing over the trail of hair that led to his cock.

He couldn’t help himself. Billy thrust his hips minutely, tossing his head back.

Chris lifted up, a wicked smile on his face.

“What the hell was that?” Billy managed to gasp.

“I guess I just decided to get into the game. Your turn.”

Fuck. Oh, this was definitely going to be fun. Billy leaned forward, desperately glad for the supporting hand Ted kept on his lower back. He licked Chris’ smiling mouth, imagining he could taste Matt on the other man. Fanciful thinking, but hell, this was going to be fun. Moving lower, he ran his tongue over Chris’ chin, down his neck, grabbing hold of both sides of Chris’ dress shirt and parting the material enough that he could taste the skin peaking out between the row of buttons.

Chris put his hand on the back of Billy’s head, threading his fingers through his hair. Smiling against the man’s chest, Billy backed up, refusing to give him what he was probably looking for. He wasn’t going to rush this, wasn’t going to undo those buttons and take it further. All in good time.

“My turn to pick now?” Billy reached for a heart, reading it off and grabbing a green condom without pausing. “Kiss me, Matt.”

Matt groaned, bending backward under Billy's assault. They ended up lying on the floor, Billy's wriggling body on top of Matt's, tongues dueling, hands moving over each other, fisting in cotton and touching bare skin.

A hand grabbed the waistband of his sweats, pulling hard enough to dislodge him. Frowning, Billy looked back to see Ted smirking at him. "I'm feeling a bit left out here. Down, boy."

Blushing, Billy let Ted pull him back to the couch. When he looked back at Matt it was to see the other man snap open the button on his skinny jeans, groaning as he unzipped himself. "Matt?"

"Fuck, these are way too tight for this game. You just about castrated me, Bill. Give a guy some warning next time."

He smiled, reaching down to adjust his own hard-on. Hell, he'd felt Matt's excitement against his leg, so he'd known the man was into it. This was definitely going to be a fun night.

Ted didn't even hesitate before grabbing an orange condom and a candy heart. "What are the odds? Looks like I got a kiss me too."

Chris and Ted met in the middle of their little circle, moaning as both men clutched each other, mashing their lips together, tongues tasting, breathe mingling. Ted straddled Chris' lap, thrusting his hips against the other man. Chris palmed Ted's ass, moving one hand up to cup the back of his head.

They parted, breathing heavily. Ted crawled back over to him, covering the hand that Billy hadn't been able to help but thrust inside his sweats, squeezing his cock. Ted's thumb slid over the leaking head, smoothing out Billy's pre-come. Ted sucked up what was sure to be a mark on Billy's neck, tracing his tongue over his skin before sitting upright, removing his hand.

Billy licked his lips, looking at the three other men. "Who wants to go next?"

He caught the quick look that went between Matt and Ted, both men nodding before Matt grabbed a candy heart. He crooked his finger, picking up a blue condom. "Hey, blue boy, come and get it."

“What’d you pick?”

“My heart says blow me.”

Billy laughed. “No, it doesn’t.”

“Well, why don’t you come closer and check it out? In fact, you can always pick another team player to assist you.”

“That’s not in the rule book.’

“I’m fucking changing the rules, Bill.”

Billy glanced at Ted, seeing the heated look on his boyfriend’s face. Ted smiled, a quick baring of teeth. Oh, that was hot. He needed to cool down here. Quickly grabbing his wine glass, he drained the entire thing, reaching for Ted’s full glass and draining that as well. Nodding, resolutely, his eyes locked on Matt’s sexy little grin, Billy began to crawl across the floor, shimmying his hips to give Chris and Ted a nice view.

Someone grabbed the back of Billy’s sweat pants, pulling them down and baring his ass. He didn’t bother glancing back, assuming it was Ted. At least, that felt like Ted’s hold. A quick glance back confirmed his boyfriend behind him. Billy stopped, quirking a brow.

Ted grinned. “My heart says lick me and oh, look, I happened to pick up a blue condom too. What are the odds?”

“Ted...” Billy moaned.

Fingers touched his chin, bringing his attention back around to Matt. “I believe you’ve already got a destination. Come over here and blow me, blue boy.’

Billy licked his lips, nodding his head. Stretching his body, he leaned toward Matt, held in place by Ted’s firm hold on his hips. A wet tongue ghosted over his ass cheek, driving him mad with need. He lunged the last foot to Matt, burying his head in Matt’s lap, nuzzling the open space where he’d already undone his zipper. The root of his cock was visible. The rest of his shaft was angled up, pressed obscenely against the tight denim. He couldn’t imagine what that pressure must feel like for Matt.

Peeling down the corner of his jeans, Billy exposed the head of Matt's dick, flushed and weeping. Damn, that was a pretty sight. He licked his lips. "I'd like to use my 'phone a friend' option, please."

"What?"

"Chris, you need to help me with this."

It was Matt's turn to moan. His fingers gripped Billy's head tightly, pulling his hair. Billy purred, licking quickly over the plump glans in front of him.

A warm body pressed against his right side, Chris coming in for the win. Billy gripped Matt's dick, angling it out of the confining jeans, holding it out for Chris to taste. Chris immediately leaned in, sucking Matt into that lovely cavern, his lips stretched tight around Matt's flesh. Billy gasped, feeling Chris' lips ghost over his finger and thumb where he was still ringing Matt's shaft. Chris pulled back, releasing Matt with a pop.

"Fuck, Garrett really is a douche bag," Matt groaned. "Fuck, did you do that for him?"

Chris smiled, lifting a hand to wipe the saliva off his chin. Billy pushed forward, mashing his lips against Chris', unbelievably turned on at the sight of those lips the way they'd just been filled with Matt.

Ted chose that moment to lick Billy's ass again. He'd been holding back while Matt had been having fun, most likely captivated by the sight of Chris sucking the other man. Heck, Billy knew it was enough to distract him. Obviously meaning to make up for his slight, Ted pressed his face into Billy's ass, licking his hole, arrowing his tongue to give Billy the most fantastic feeling.

He gasped, shifting his hips, crying out. "Ted, Ted, Ted, Ted... oh, God... Ted!"

"Fuck man, I want to learn how to make him cry out like that." Matt's voice was rough, his fingers gentle where they traced over Billy's lips.

Answering the man's silent plea, Billy leaned forward, burying his head in Matt's lap, licking and sucking over his shaft. He cried into Matt's dick with every thrust of Ted's tongue, unable to stop the sound.

A hard presence was suddenly tickling his skin beside Ted's tongue, one of his boyfriend's fingers coming in to play.

"Oh, yeah, man. Finger him, Chris. He likes that," Matt groaned.

Billy's eyes widened, he moaned around Matt's dick. Someone wrapped their hand around his aching cock, finally paying attention to it. Oh, oh, that was Chris... he knew exactly how Ted felt and that definitely wasn't Ted. Billy bucked his hips, screaming, releasing his grip on Matt's dick and tossing his head. "Fuck, oh, God... oh God..."

He couldn't stop, couldn't breathe, couldn't see as his body tensed, his cum milked out of him by Chris' finger in his ass, his hand pumping Billy's cock, Ted's tongue licking and sucking around his hole.

"Yeah, that's it... make him moan, Chris. Billy, give me your mouth, babe. I need to cum."

Billy barely managed to wrap his lips around the head of Matt's cock before his friend was freezing, hot cream filling his mouth in pulsing jets. Billy ran the flat of his tongue on the underside of Matt's dick, coaxing the seed from him. Finally, he pulled off the other man with a gentle lick, smiling up at a sated Matt.

A loud groan and a splash of heat on his ass heralded Ted's orgasm. Billy slumped forward, his head in Matt's lap, Ted blanketing his body from above.

"Get your ass over here, Chris." Matt seemed to be the only one with any energy. Billy peaked up at them. Seeing Chris standing over Matt, his hand buried in Matt's locks, his own head tossed back while his thick cock shuttled in and out of Matt's mouth. Oh, oh, that was... hell, his own cock was going to start perking back up here without too much trouble just at that sight. They were so damn beautiful together. Chris still had his dress shirt done up, his pants were hanging half off his hips, his cock was red and shiny with Matt's saliva.

Billy lifted a hand, rubbing the back of Chris' calf, joined in seconds by Ted's hand.

“Come on, Chris. Cum for us. Fuck his face and give him what he wants,” Ted whispered. He nuzzled Billy’s neck, angling up and tugging at Billy’s earlobe with his teeth.

Chris gasped, his hips jerked once, twice before he froze with just the head of his dick in Matt’s mouth. A tiny dribble of white escaped Matt’s lips, running down his chin. Billy lifted himself up, catching that seed with his finger, sucking it into his mouth.

“Oh, wow. Best Valentine’s ever.” Billy turned his head, meeting Ted’s descending mouth with his own. They kissed, languidly, lazy. Matt’s hand landed on the top of his head, petting him gently. He was vaguely aware of Chris collapsing to the ground beside them, the sway of Matt’s body indicating the two men were now pressed up against each other.

Billy snuggled closer to Ted, utterly content to be lying draped over Matt, their feet tangling together because they couldn’t be bothered to cover up with a blanket.

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