

Homo erectus
Jade Buchanan

All rights reserved.

Copyright ©2008 Jade Buchanan

Warning: This e-book file contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language which some may find offensive and which is not appropriate for a young audience. Changeling Press E-Books are for sale to adults, only, as defined by the laws of the country in which you made your purchase. Please store your files wisely, where they cannot be accessed by under-aged readers.

Ricky burst through the door, throwing his bag to the side. The contents spilled out onto the floor, an orange escaping and rolling into his path. With a grin, he bent over and scooped it up. Tossing it idly in one hand, he scratched his belly with the other.

“Well, whadya know, you can multitask.”

Ricky made a face at Josh, his roommate, throwing the orange at him. Josh laughed, ducking the fruit missile targeted at his head. Considering the other man, Ricky walked further into the room. He now had a few hours to kill and he knew exactly what he wanted to do with them.

Josh was sprawled out on the couch, a book in hand. He was watching Ricky out of the corner of his eye, following his progress. God, that was hot. His lids were lowered, just a sliver of blue was visible. “I thought you had class.”

“Cancelled.” Ricky sniffed, pushing Josh’s legs to the ground so he could sit at the end of the couch. He shrugged his shoulders, letting his head fall back to rest on the top of the cushion. He slumped, crossing his legs at the ankle and crossing his arms.

Grinning, Josh lifted his feet, placing them in his lap. “Cancelled? O’Halloran sick?”

“No idea. Got there five minutes before class and there was a note taped to the door.”

“Cool.”

“Not really. I really wanted to go to that class. We were supposed to cover *Homo erectus* and I actually did the reading last night, if you’ll remember.”

“Buddy, you’re sad.”

Ricky let his arms drop to his lap. He pinched Josh’s toe before pushing his legs off the couch again. “Thanks a lot.”

Josh laughed, lifting his legs to once again put them in Ricky’s lap. His foot rubbed over Ricky’s dick, and he tensed. Josh grinned, moving his foot again. Ricky placed his hand on Josh’s foot, intent on pushing it off again, but it felt too damn good. Groaning, he tilted his hips, his cock

growing hard under the firm pressure. His eyes closed and he caressed the soft skin of Josh's foot, subtly pressing down to get more sensation on his erection.

"Pretty sure I've just discovered *Homo erectus*. They should mount a monument of me outside the uni in celebration of my great discovery."

"Josh, you aren't that big. Calling it a monument is grossly over-exaggerating."

"Hey!"

Josh sounded so indignant. Ricky laughed. "So, what have you been doing all day, oh great-and-monumental-one?"

Josh snorted, wiggling his toes against Ricky's dick, making him arch up and groan loudly. "I've been talking to Uncle Mitch."

Distracted from what Josh was doing to his lap, Ricky sat up straighter. "Yeah? He going to let you come live with him?"

"Nah, said it wasn't his choice, but if we really needed to, he'd find a way to clear it with his boss."

"That's so fucking cool, working for a sex toy company."

"I think he was calmer. And someone else answered his phone."

Ricky frowned. "You think he has a partner?"

"Well, it was a guy, and we all know why Uncle Mitch left the pack in the first place."

Ricky nodded, biting his lip. He knew why Josh's uncle had left. It was the same reason he and Josh had left home. They didn't want to have to do their duty and breed one of the female werewolves. Kinda hard to do that when you were wishing they had a dick.

"Fuck, baby, enough of Uncle Mitch. Get your ass over here."

Happily complying, Ricky threw himself down over Josh, nuzzling his neck.

Josh unsnapped his jeans, pushing them down his thighs before moving his long fingers to the sweat pants Ricky was wearing.

Ricky groaned, pressing into Josh's hand. Josh's fingers wrapped around Ricky's shaft, stroking. Shuddering, Ricky pulled away. He didn't want this to end before it began. Josh went to his head faster than any alcohol he'd ever tried, got in his pores, took over everything. He wanted this to last.

Josh pulled off his shirt, stretching out his lean body beneath Ricky. He almost swallowed his tongue at the play of muscles along Josh's chest. He was larger than Ricky, more developed muscularly. Ricky still had a hard time believing Josh was into him. They'd grow up together, friends since birth, practically. He'd always known though, that Josh was the one for him.

Ricky whimpered, sliding down Josh's body, running his palms down the flat belly before

stopping to look at the flushed cock in front of him.

“That’s it babe, get me nice and wet.”

Growling low in his throat, Ricky stuck out his tongue, swiping it along the head of Josh’s cock. He raised his head, meeting Josh’s gaze. The other man was flushed, panting. Fuck, they affected each other like no one else ever had. If they didn’t have to go to school, he figured they’d just lie here all day, devouring each other.

Ricky licked up and down Josh’s shaft, getting it nice and wet, just like Josh had told him. He sucked the head into his mouth, laving it with his tongue, drooling over the piece of meat.

Josh twisted, leaning over and reaching for something under the couch. The action pulled his chest, showing off the muscles in stark relief. Ricky whimpered.

“Enough. Climb aboard, Rick.”

Ricky scampered up, there was no other word for it. Eager to be impaled, he was nearly ready to beg for it. Straddling Josh’s lean hips, he arched his back, placing his hands flat on Josh’s chest.

Grinning wickedly, Josh uncapped the lube, getting his fingers wet. Throwing the bottle somewhere on the floor, he reached around Ricky, unerringly finding his ass. He pressed one long finger in, his eyes narrowed. Ricky panted, pushing back on that digit. “I don’t need it, Josh, just do it already.”

“You sure?”

“Fuck, you’ve already had me today. Just do it. Please...”

Josh took him at his word, removing his finger and impaling Ricky in one smooth move.

Ricky cried out, eyes closing, arching his back to get more of Josh. He never wanted this to end. Every time they fucked, he wished it could last forever. Unfortunately, Josh was a little more impatient than him. It was as if once he felt Ricky’s body close around him, he couldn’t hold on any more.

They moved in union, panting, whispering words of love. Ricky blinked down at Josh, curling his fingers into Josh’s pectorals. He cried out when those long fingers wrapped around his cock, pulling in time to his thrusts. Ricky came first, unable to hold back when Josh was jerking him. His eyesight blurred, and he screamed out his pleasure. The scent of his release washed over him.

Josh was next, pumping his hips hard into Ricky. If he wasn’t were, he’d have bruises all over his body from doing this with Josh. Damn, the other man was strong. Josh froze, tossing his head. Ricky groaned at the wet heat of Josh filling him, branding him.

They both collapsed, Ricky on top of Josh, snuggling together.

“Damn, hope O’Halloran cancels class every day.” Josh’s voice was amused.

Ricky grinned. “He didn’t.”

“Baby...”

“What? I couldn’t feel you anymore. You know I need to feel you in my ass or I just go nuts.”

Josh rolled them over deftly, keeping them on the sofa. “You’re insane.”

“I’m yours.”

“Damn right you are.”

Ricky nuzzled into Josh. He’d always be his. No matter what lay ahead. He’d always be Josh’s.

<http://www.changelingpress.com/author.php?uid=90>