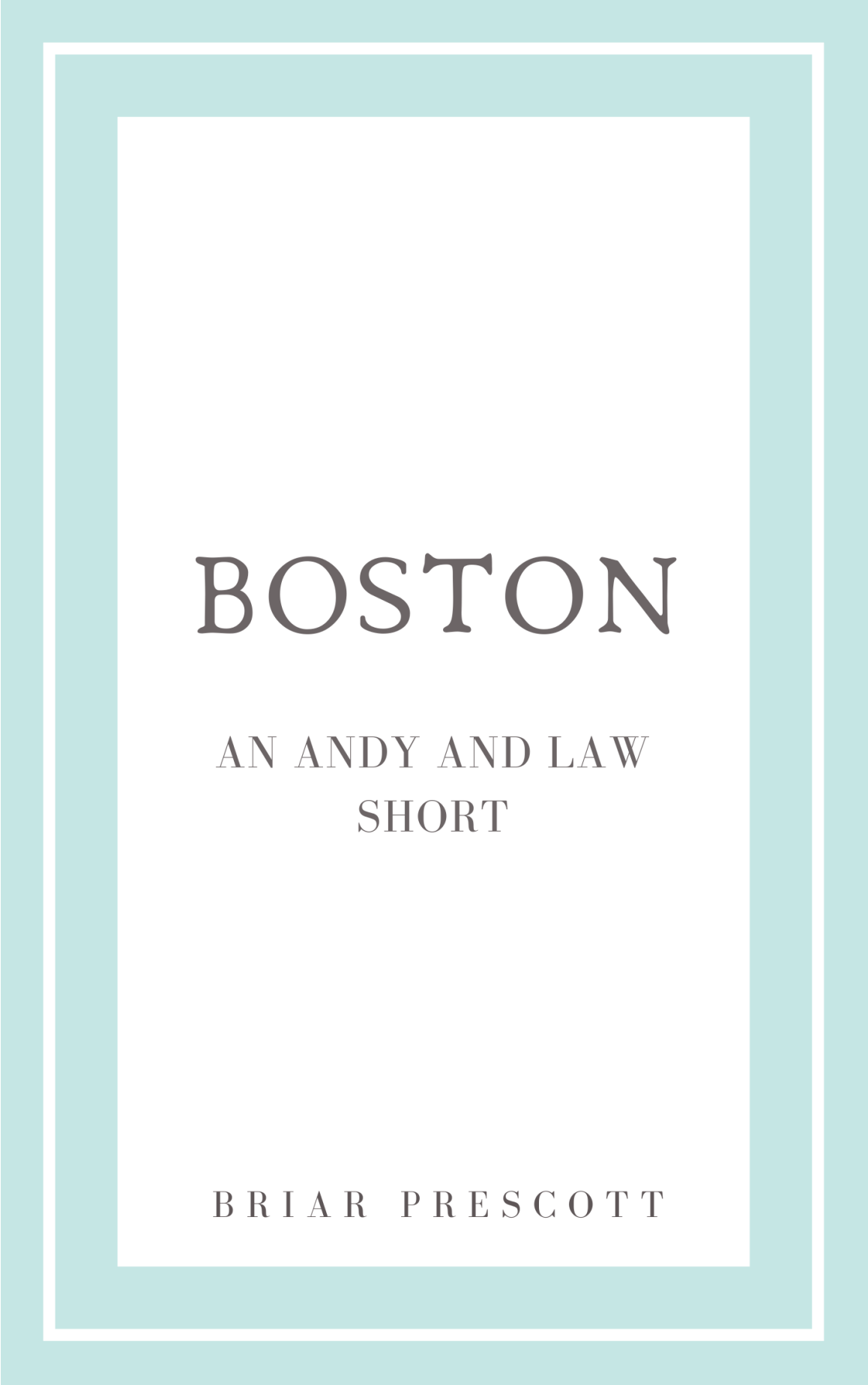


The entire text is enclosed within a double border made of teal lines. The outer border is slightly thicker than the inner border.

BOSTON

AN ANDY AND LAW
SHORT

BRIAR PRESCOTT

Andy

I cock my head to the side and study the piece of furniture in front of me. I'd like to pat myself on the back because the bed frame looks pretty good. Just like in the picture that came with the instructions, in fact.

I don't know why people complain about IKEA assembly so much. It was easy-peasy. I throw the screwdriver into the air. It does a full three hundred and sixty degree flip, and I catch it.

My mouth drops open as I look around me. I am on fire today. Did anybody see that? Anybody at all? But no, I'm alone in the bedroom, so no chance of witnesses who'd be awed by my dexterity. Bummer. And I can already tell that nobody will believe me when I brag about it to my family later in our weekly video chat. Law and I should really invest in some video equipment. Then again, I'd have to set it to film twenty-four seven for there to be even the slightest chance that something awesome would be recorded, and considering my usual luck, I'd probably just end up creating a livestream of porn.

So there goes that plan. Letting go of the bragging rights is bitter sweet.

"We'll always have the bedroom," I tell the screwdriver as I place it down on the floor before I move to wrestle the mattress on the bedframe.

There. Done. Bow to your overlord, peasants, because Law and I can sleep in a real bed tonight.

It's our fourth day in Boston. There are still a few weeks left before school starts, but we've moved in early because we wanted to spend some time together, just the two of us, before Law starts his new job as an assistant coach of the Reading Royals.

Yup. That's Reading, freaking Pennsylvania. *Fucking Reading*. Come September, we'll be living six hours away from each other, and you know, I'm not exactly ecstatic about it, but in all fairness, we both knew Law getting a job in Boston was a long shot.

So yeah, that's happening. It's fine, though. There'll be a lot of driving in our future, and I'll miss Law like crazy, but I'm determined to be an optimist. Reading is three hundred and fifty-three miles from our apartment and while far, the distance isn't insurmountable. Law could have just as easily ended up in Colorado, and that would have really put a damper on my life.

Anyway, it's a necessary step in Law's career. The fact is, you want to get to the top, you have to pay your dues, so I will put on my happy face and not make the move even more difficult for him.

I'm getting a tiny bit mopey, but luckily, as if sensing I need him, Law arrives back home to distract me.

The front door bangs open as he barrels in, back from his morning run, which I did not join because, well, fifteen miles. I mean, I have to give the guy props for asking me to go with him. It was sweet. But at the same time, I'm a bit worried about my boyfriend's mental state because expecting me to go and run fifteen miles at seven in the morning is very clearly optimism bordering on lunacy.

"Babe?" he calls loudly, and even though I've always been an adamant opponent of cutesy nicknames, I have come to realize that Law can call me anything he wants. I'm pretty sure he could pull off Snugglemuffin.

"In the bedroom."

He doesn't reply, but I hear him moving around and then the shower turns on. Our apartment is small with a tiny living room and a bedroom that basically only fits the bed and a dresser, but it's enough for us. Law's parents have offered to cover the rent of the Reading apartment, so that makes things a bit more manageable financially.

In about twenty minutes, Law appears in the doorway. He's wearing a pair of jogging bottoms and nothing else, and I approve. I so approve. Now that I think about it, shirtless should be the official uniform of this apartment.

"Hey, this looks great," he says when he sees the bed. He wraps his arms around me from behind and kisses me on the side of my neck. I turn around and press my mouth to his.

"Did you bring food?" I ask once I'm done kissing the fuck out of him. The last few days, I've successfully managed to turn all our kisses into make-out sessions. I have a plan, you see. The fact is, if Law is going to spend his days three hundred and fifty miles away from me, there'll be considerably less kissing in my future, and I love kissing Law, so I'm stocking up.

But now I'm hungry. Last night, instead of grocery shopping... Well, let's just say we got distracted. And this morning... we kind of followed the same pattern.

"Pizza," he says, and if my boyfriend bringing me junk food for breakfast isn't a sign of true love then I don't know what is.

“With ham?” I ask hopefully.

“With ham, blue cheese and pineapple. And I also crunched some potato chips on top.” He smiles at me affectionately and I steal another kiss for my supply.

My eyes round as the description of the pizza registers. “Oh my God, you brought me Andy’s Assassination?” I ask.

He waggles his brows as he turns around and heads to the kitchen nook where two pizza boxes are waiting on the counter. I open one and almost swoon because my boyfriend has just brought me the pizza that I described to him when he was still actively stalking me, trying to convince me to tutor his hockey team.

I grab a slice and close my eyes as I bite into it. I may have come up with those toppings on the spot, but now that I taste it, I must say, it’s damn good. Or I’m just really hungry. Either one or the other.

“You’re pretty much the perfect man for me,” I mumble through a huge mouthful of food.

“That is the sexiest those words have ever sounded,” Law deadpans, barely holding back his smile.

I swallow. “I’m showing you my true colors now that we live together. Dude, the honeymoon phase is over, so I’m thinking it’s only fair you get to find out what kind of a mess you’ve gotten yourself into.”

Law steps closer and wraps his arms around my waist. “We’ve been practically living together for the last year already. If this is some kind of a plan to scare me away, you’re out of luck. Face it, you’re stuck with me.”

“Ah damn it.” My smile is huge as I pull his lips to mine. The kiss tastes of pineapples and Law and love, and I immediately want more, so I slam the lid of the pizza box shut and take Law’s hand in mine. Breakfast can wait. I hear fasting is good for the metabolism anyway.

I drag Law to the bedroom, not that he puts up any resistance, and by the time we’re standing by our new bed, I’m practically wrapped around him, our mouths fused together.

Law’s hands are on my ass, pulling me even closer, while I’m wrestling with my T-shirt. Finally, I manage to pull it over my head, and with a little bit of effort, we clear the last hurdle—pants—as well.

I wrap my palm around Law's shaft and start stroking, and Law moans into my mouth. My palm travels over his sun-kissed skin, all golden from the month we spent in Vermont at my family home before we came to Boston. It had been the perfect end to the summer, and we didn't even have to stay in the attic room because Law, the genius that he is, booked us the biggest bedroom for the next five years in advance. I don't think I've ever loved him more when he informed me that mom approved his dibs. I mean, I *know* my boyfriend is the sexiest person on the planet, but that cunning move, complete with Ian's outrage at the news added a whole new layer of hotness to Law that I didn't even think was possible.

"Fuck, this feels good," Law groans as I slide my thumb through the precum that has gathered at the tip of his cock. I smile at the desire I hear in his voice. I love how much Law wants me and that he doesn't hesitate to let me know every chance he gets. He's very open in his love for me, and he expresses that with every kiss and touch and caress. Law makes me feel desired and wanted, and over the course of our relationship, I've learned to do the same for him and not shy away from letting him know how much I want him.

It's still kind of hard to believe we ended up here. That the annoying seat-stealer turned out to be the love of my life, but I'm thankful for every second that led us to this moment.

Law

"We should burn your clothes," Andy murmurs breathlessly against my lips, and it's a testament to how well I know him that I don't even have to ask him to clue me in on his thought process. I'm guessing me sans clothes the whole time means better access to my body, so obviously the right way to go about this is to, well, destroy the clothes.

"And here I thought you wouldn't want anybody else to see me naked," I tease as I tear my lips from his and start planting small kisses all over his neck and collarbone. Andy tilts his head to the side and sighs happily. His fingers go to my hair and I love the way he's combing through it, clutching the strands every once in a while when I hit an especially sensitive spot.

Andy's cock is rubbing against mine as we move, sending delicious shivers through my whole body.

"Wanna test out the bed?" he asks, and I wholeheartedly approve of this plan.

“Hell yes!”

So without further ado, we lie down.

“Wait, wait, wait,” Andy groans in between kisses. “The lube.”

I jump off the bed, and Andy laughs as he watches me sprint to the mountain of boxes and suitcases that decorate the corner of our bedroom. Luckily, we’ve already unpacked some of the essentials, so we won’t have to have a repeat of our first night here, when we had to put a stop to the reenactment of every dirty fantasy I’d had about Andy over the summer—a houseful of family members is not conducive to good sex life—for an hour as we both went through, what felt like a million boxes before Andy finally located the lube.

I climb back on the bed and cover Andy’s body with mine. I align my hips with his and rock against him. Andy wraps his legs around me, and we moan in unison at the exquisite feel of our cocks rubbing against each other.

“I want you more every single day,” I whisper against Andy’s shoulder.

“Good,” Andy replies breathlessly. “I need you so bad.”

God, I want him. Before Andy, I never understood the real magic of having a steady partner. Somebody you knew in and out.

I get it now.

Andy is like a part of me. I can follow his body language like it’s something ingrained in me at birth.

I know exactly how to stroke his cock to make him lose his mind. I know that when I run my fingertips down his crease, he’ll shiver in need. I can anticipate the sounds he’ll make as I push the tip of my forefinger against his hole. I know how to tease him with my touch to make him push against me, seeking out the contact. I have a vault of information about Andy, and I know how to use it.

I pull my hand away, and Andy whines in protest, mouth slightly parted, eyes shining with lust, his hair in crazy waves around his head, all needy and aching for me. I slide my thumb over his bottom lip and his tongue peeks out, tracing the invisible line I’ve just created.

I grab the lube and pop it open, coating my fingers and kneel between Andy’s legs. Our gazes catch and hold as I prepare him. The erotic moment is made even better by the familiar intimacy between us. Andy is so sincere and trusting in his desire as I tease him open. He rocks his hips off the bed as he tries to get closer.

“Fuuuck,” he drags out as he wraps his hand around his cock. The sight of Andy stroking himself makes the desire humming in my blood ten times more intense. “Please, Law,” he says, his lust-filled gaze beckoning me forward, and as it always is with Andy, I’m unable to resist.

I lean forward, positioning myself and start working myself inside Andy’s body. He sighs happily as I sink all the way inside him. It’s hot and tight and just as mind-blowingly awesome as it always is.

Andy cups the back of my head and seeks out my mouth. We devour each other. Our tongues tangle and Andy hums in pleasure as more precum leaks between us, making everything slippery and slick and so damn good.

I lean forward, balancing on my forearm. My palm slides down Andy’s side, and when he clenches around me, I fucking see stars.

“Move,” he orders breathlessly, and I happily oblige.

“Oh fuck,” I groan, enjoying the fact that now that we’re not in Vermont anymore, we can be as loud as we want to, and we don’t have to try and suppress the sounds of pleasure to avoid all the smartass comments and teasing that would definitely have followed if we’d given Andy’s siblings an earful.

The bed thumps against the wall as I pick up the pace. Andy looks up at me, all happy and needy, basking in his pleasure. His breathing quickens as he links our fingers above his head. My mouth latches on to the sensitive skin of his neck.

“Law,” he whispers, repeating my name over and over again as I push into him. His cock is leaking between us, sliding against my abdomen.

“Jesus fuck, too good,” I chant as our movements grow more frantic, both of us hovering on the edge.

I can feel Andy’s muscles tense as he buries his face into my neck. His whole body shudders, and then his cock pulses between us. I’m not far behind as I give one more thrust and gasp as I empty myself inside Andy’s body.

It takes me forever to come down the blissful high. Andy caresses my back as I lie on top of him, every once in a while planting tiny kisses on my temple.

“Best part of my day,” he mumbles happily.

I lift my head and look at his smiling face.

“Sex?” I ask.

“Well, that, too. But you. You’re the best part of my day,” he says. “Best part of my life, actually.”

At those words, the reality of what is going to happen in a couple of weeks suddenly crashes down on me. Once September hits, I’ll be living hundreds of miles away from Andy. How the fuck will I manage that?

I’ve successfully pushed the thought of my new job and the consequences it has on our lives to the back of my mind this summer, but it seems that it’s time to face the reality.

My sudden distress must be painted all over my face because Andy frowns. “What?” he asks.

“I have to live in fucking Reading,” I say, my voice both startled and hollow at once. Thoughts are binging around in my head like thousands of Ping-Pong balls. I swallow hard, trying to get rid of the lump of agitation that is lodged in my throat.

“I don’t think I should do it. I should call them and quit.” I’m ready to climb off the bed and go get my phone right this second, but Andy stops me with his palm on my cheek, forcing me to meet his gaze.

“You’re not going to quit,” he says.

I lick over my lips, trying to calm my breathing. I’m not that successful. I swallow hard.

“But fucking Reading,” I repeat.

Andy snorts, and I’ve got to be honest, I don’t see anything funny about this situation.

“I’ve been calling it *fucking Reading* in my mind ever since we decided this job was the right move for your career,” he explains with a chuckle.

See, that’s one of the things Andy does so well—he makes the bad moments better. I watch his smiling face, and the lump in my throat finally goes down.

“Great minds,” I say before I squeeze my eyes shut for a second. “So I’ll quit. I’ll find something in Boston. High school hockey. I mean, it’s Massachusetts. Even high school hockey is good in these parts. I’m sure I’ll find a way to make it work.”

Andy is shaking his head even before I’m halfway done with my babbling. “You’re not quitting.”

“But... fucking Reading,” I repeat weakly.

“Not quitting,” Andy says. “I have it all figured out. I took both of our schedules and I made a spreadsheet and, well...” He nudges me, so I roll myself off of him. Andy climbs out of the bed and goes and takes something out of his suitcase. “Here.”

He hands me a... calendar? I open it and suck in a breath as I quickly leaf through the pages. Each month has a photo of the two of us. There are several of us in Vermont when we visited Andy's family. There's the formal-looking shot from my parents' Christmas dinner, both of us in suits, looking dapper, even though Andy spent hours beforehand, grumbling about the fact he had to wear one. That had lasted until I promised that I would take him to a hotel later and do very dirty things to him with his tie.

There's also one from when we went hiking with Falcon. That might be my favorite photo of us ever. Andy has jumped on my back, and I'm looking at him over my shoulder, both of us smiling like lunatics.

I fucking love it.

But I quickly learn that that's not what the calendar is about. The photos are just a bonus. Andy points to the dates. "See? I've color coded everything. These are all the days I'll spend in Reading, and here you can be in Boston..."

He has a whole system in place, and now that I've calmed down a bit from my freak out and look at Andy's plan for the next year of our lives, the future turns marginally brighter. I mean, yeah, there are weeks when there's only one day where we'll be able to see each other, and to pull even that off, we have to meet in the middle, both of us making the hundred and fifty plus mile trip to some place like Bridgeport or Stamford.

But there are also pages in this calendar that look much better, with Andy spending more time in Reading or me being able to come to Boston for longer stretches of time.

"...and, I mean, driving is cheaper, but I think, if we budget then we can totally afford some flights. It's like an hour from Boston to Philly and then—"

I stop Andy with a kiss. He wraps his arms around me and reciprocates enthusiastically. Once we come up for air, I'm considerably calmer.

"Thank you," I say.

"For what?"

"For being you."

Andy laughs. "You're welcome. And thank *you* for freaking out. I kind of like being the mature, levelheaded one for a change."

He pushes himself to his knees and climbs on top of me, straddling me. He kisses me, and hell yes, it looks like we're going for a repeat performance.

But just as I sink my fingers in Andy's hair, the bed makes a loud groaning sound as something gives out and the mattress with us on top crashes to the floor. Our heads slam together with a loud thud, and Andy curses. Even after we've stopped falling, we both stay completely still as if anticipating there'll be a second wave.

It's kind of ridiculous. There's nowhere else for us to fall. Except maybe into our downstairs neighbors' living room, but I'm pretty sure the floor will hold for now.

Eventually, Andy glances to the left and then to the right, and the look on his face, the mix of absolute bewilderment and disbelief, is so funny that, even though I want to be a good boyfriend and ignore the hilarity of the situation, I can't do it. Laughter bubbles up from deep inside me until I'm laughing so hard that tears are running down the corners of my eyes.

"Oh my God," Andy says, still with the stunned look on his face. "We fucked the bed up. Literally."

"Baby," I say, trying to gather myself. "Is there any chance you didn't put the bed together correctly?"

Andy looks extremely affronted at that suggestion. "No. It was the perfect assembly. I could do this for a living. People should pay me to do this shit. I'd be like... the IKEA Guy." He widens his arms and sings loudly and very much off key, *"Whether your name is Mike or Leah, when you're having trouble with IKEA, call the IKEA Guy!"*

"Did you just come up with it on the spot?" I ask.

He looks to the side. "I might have perfected it while I put the bed together."

"And were there, by chance, any screws or bolts that might have been left over?"

"Well, sure, but they put some of those as extras. You know, in case you lose some."

And I'm off again. Andy looks at me with a sour expression. "This story will never leave this room," he eventually says.

I zip my lips, and then Andy snorts and kisses me.

And as I wrap my arms around him, the broken bed is the last thing either of us thinks about for the foreseeable future.