

Gian's First, Part 1

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Part 1

Moving to America was never going to be easy. But the twins had done their best for their parents, and their parents had done their best for the twins.

In truth, the transition hadn't been as awful as Gian had expected. Gian and Santino were functionally bilingual. Functionally, enough to get by. But Gian's and Santino's grasp of English was far from perfect, but they were able to enroll in school easily. They were the oldest in their class, a year 'behind'. Their accents were mocked. They were excluded. At first.

Then the brothers started to fit in. Youthful resilience and persistence paid off. They adjusted to the way things worked in America. They got back to hobbies and a number of video game consoles. They made friends. Gian was faster at it, far more social and outgoing than Santino. Living near their school helped. There were plenty of others their age living in the same area.

Their very first American friend was Geraldo, their next door neighbor. The raichu was only a few months younger than the twins, yet in the grade beyond them. The twins and Geraldo were quite opposite in appearance, however. Two toned, athletic, scaled dramon compared to a significantly shorter and chubbier rodent. Geraldo's mother, Angelica, had come to welcome the Rosato family soon after they arrived. The large raichu had walked over with a tray of empanadas and a gift of gab. Geraldo had been begrudgingly in tow.

As wonderful a woman as Angelica was, she had the strong opinion that videogames were a waste of money. A horrible thought, if one were to ask the twins. Neither Angelica, nor her husband Luis, had much money growing up. And while they were comfortable now, Luis owning and running a mechanic shop, their lifetime had left them tight with the purse strings. At least, for 'frivolous' things like video games.

The twins offered to play Goldeneye with Geraldo while the parents talked (and talked, and talked, and talked. Angelica didn't seem to need to breathe to keep talking). Angelica left a little while later, while Geraldo stayed over until he was called home for dinner. The three had hung out practically daily ever since.

The twins were among the few that didn't tease Geraldo about his weight- though most couldn't a couple years after the twins moved to America. Geraldo shot up and was suddenly a twink in middle school. By that point, Geraldo was spending more time with Santino than Gian. Gian felt a little sad their hours of gaming were steadily dwindling. The changes felt natural, correct, and Gian felt wrong to fight it. Especially when he had more friends. Friends he'd hang out with after school or meet up with on weekends. Santino had so few. Geraldo, and then his girlfriend, Samantha.

In a way, Gian was jealous of how close and deep Nathan and Santino's friendship seemed to be. Jealous that Santino was getting close with Samantha. Gian didn't have anyone like that. But it seemed fair, to have many more friends, than a couple deep connections.

After two years of hanging out, making new friends, and getting used to a new life, Gian felt like the move had been a blessing in disguise. Life had become so much more fulfilling, living free of the constraints they had in Italy. They continued to fence, to exercise, to be good students. But the twins had so much more freedom, so much more autonomy, so much more friendship and time to be themselves. Santino could even date Samantha, a rapidash in the same grade as the twins.

So many things they never had in Italy, that would never be allowed in Italy, under the watchful eyes of their grandfather.

In a way, it seemed things couldn't get better.

And then along came Nathan.

Nathan, alone, made life in America worthwhile.

Nathan was a tan yoshi. Much like Gian, he had moved internationally, arriving in America about three years after Gian had. The cultural transition was a little easier for Nathan. Moving from Australia, he spoke English as his first language. Only language. A monoglot, but he spoke the one language that mattered. His accent still garnered him mocking. But the mocking wasn't really the bad part.

Nathan had also come to America because of a death. A story fitting for one of Angelica's telenovelas.

Nathan had grown up in Australia with his father. Nathan's mother, June, had met Richard while on vacation. June was an attractive green Yoshi, and she was smitten the moment she saw Nathan's father, Richard.

Richard was a tall, strapping Yoshi who shared the same tan color as Nathan. The 'smitten' was strongly influenced by a lot of alcohol and the passionate rage of spring break. On a completely different continent, June broke free from the strict, religion-influenced, behaviors she maintained in America. Away from her family, from her Catholic college, she experienced freedom to let go in a way she had never before.

Six weeks later, June discovered she had come home with something extra. Someone extra. June knew the father was Richard. He was the only one she'd had sex with. A lot of sex with.

A high international phone bill and many frustrating conversations, June was able to get in touch with Richard. Such an emotional and painful conversation ensued. She didn't want a

child in any way, but an abortion was impossible. Incompatible with her beliefs. But that's what she thought she must do. To damn her own soul, for the sake of her and a child's life.

But June had to tell someone, someone who could tell June it was the right thing to do. But it wasn't a topic she could confess in church, or speak to her family about it. Not even her college peers. It was sure to get back to her family. Richard would have to carry the burden of her decision with her.

But Richard didn't do that. Richard didn't want her to get an abortion. He consoled, he discussed, he pleaded that she not do it. He would take care of it. He would take care of everything. He could fly to America, he could give her money, he could take his child back to Australia and never burden June again.

Between June's beliefs, and fear of getting an abortion, it didn't take much convincing. Richard showed up, did everything he had promised, and disappeared back across the world, to never bother June again.

Nathan had the most loving father raise him for twelve years. Twelve amazing years, a childhood any person could hope for.

Then Richard had died.

Nathan had never given Gian too many details. Something to do with a medical complication. It wasn't important, Nathan would say; it had happened, and the past can't be changed.

Richard's parents had passed young, and the only other relative in Richard's small family was his younger brother, Ron. But Ron wasn't ready to, or capable of, caring for his nephew.

Ron had done what Richard promised he never would. He found June.

And then Nathan was shipped to America. A fate Gian knew all too well.

Nathan was to be cared for by a mother he didn't know. Nathan figured June had taken him in to have some sort of family. After Nathan's birth, June had never found someone. June lived alone, a middle-aged business woman. She was sure to tell Nathan how his father had ruined her life, that it was his fault she was still alone at this age.

June had destroyed every photo and item of Richard that Nathan had brought.

She wasn't an awful parent. An absent parent, more than anything. Nathan had been raised rather self-sufficient, so it worked out for everyone.

And then Nathan showed up in Gian's class.

Nathan showed up in Gian's life.

On the first day of the school year Nathan had been guided to class by an office secretary. Just as he stepped into the room Gian had been overcome by-

...

Something.

Gian was captivated, his heart sped up, he could feel that he was blushing.

When he made eye contact with Nathan, the floor fell away.

Gian was in freefall, the world fading away, only a gorgeous tan Yoshi remaining.

Gian had quickly volunteered to help Nathan out, get him familiarized with the school's layout and schedule. Having been an international transfer student himself gave Gian a great excuse.

Gian and Nathan bonded immediately. Over video games, how weird America was, having weird families. With June being so hands-off, Nathan had the freedom to visit Gian and hang out at the twin's house as he liked, or have Gian over whenever he wanted, so long as they weren't bothering June.

Even Santino liked having the Yoshi around. After just a couple months of hanging out, Nathan had gotten Santino to laugh. Gian's jaw had practically hit the floor.

But the prior trend continued, and a group of four transitioned into two groups of two. Gian and Nathan usually hanging out and doing their own thing while some combination of Santino, Sam and Geraldo, did the same.

Gian spent as much time as he could with Nathan. Hanging out between classes, at lunch, after school, having one stay the night at the others' house.

Naturally, when Nathan had joined the track team, Gian had followed him into it.

A busy life, but a good life. Full of family, friends, athletics, school... everything Gian could hope for. And yet... he hoped, pined, for something more.

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Gian had always been athletic. His family had pushed both Gian and Santino since they were young. To use the athletic prowess God had blessed their blood line with. They were among the most fit at school, and most places they went.

Track should have been easy. It was just running.

'Should' didn't mean 'was', though. Track was the reason Gian was laying back on the couch, his legs aching. Gian was fit. But Santino and Gian would go and jog, at most, a couple miles. Track was an entirely different beast. Especially when Gian followed Nathan into distance running and cross-country.

Piled atop their longer summer fencing practice, Gian was getting a bit more worn out than he had expected. But thinking back to Nathan's miss-matched eyes, giving him puppy eyes, asking if Gian was going to join track as well... Gian had few regrets.

It gave them something new to do together, another excuse to spend time with one another.

Track also meant that Gian got to see more of Nathan, in every sense. Time spent together, and sneaky peeks while Nathan was changing in the locker room. And boy, what a sight to see. Running as a hobby had gifted Nathan with a gorgeous body, toned and sleek. Gentle musculature, that Gian would love to feel. Just... to let his hands explore over Nathan, to trace along the seam of dark tan and cream...

Gian didn't know if what he felt for Nathan that first time... the free fall, the loss of space and time... If that was a crush, love, or just a bizarre episode. But Gian certainly had a crush now. More than a crush. He found himself fantasizing about Nathan often, from the mundane to romantic and more ... intimate fantasies. Thinking of them made Gian blush and his shorts get tighter.

It wasn't exactly something Gian wanted, or had hoped for. Gian had always felt a little different. As he grew, Gian had figured out why. He wasn't attracted to women. At this point, Gian was well aware that he was gay. Most of the time. Now and then he would think about it... maybe convince himself... but no, he knew it. Deep down, Gian knew he hoped for a life with another male. He hadn't told anyone. His family would support it, he was sure. But it was such a scary idea to come out and say it.

But it was true. And Gian knew all too well the male that he was most attracted to was his best friend.

It was sweet torture, getting to spend so much time with the one he wanted so bad. The one that he loved.

Gian knew Nathan would take it in stride. Gian knew Nathan would never want to hurt him, or hate him. And Nathan would never hate Gian for being gay.

But that knowledge wasn't enough.

If Gian came out, Nathan would surely confirm he was straight. Crushing any hope Gian could have of being with Nathan. And Gian wasn't ready to face that. Not when he spent so much time fantasizing about what they could be.

The racing thoughts were enough. Gian took a deep breath, letting out a slow sigh. Setting those pestering thoughts free, as he had been taught to.

For now, Gian was just going to relax and recover. He had done hours of fencing with his father and Santino that morning, then ran with Nathan in the afternoon. And now he was little more than an exhausted puddle of 'dramon on the couch. His sweat had mostly dried on the walk home, so he could sprawl on the couch without worry.

It wasn't as bad as the start of the summer, at least. Gian had been pretty sure the coaches were trying to scare off anyone not dedicated enough to stick with the program. Gian's legs had

been useless after the first day of practice. That day, everyone had to run. Even the large field athletes. The teammates who were very blatantly not built for running.

These days, Gian would feel fine an hour after practice. He had taken to running with more ease than he had expected. And he had found how freeing running was. When he was running, Gian could escape anything on his mind. All of the overthinking and worrying and fears were left behind when Gian ran.

And it was nice cardio. Gian was even spared time from training and fencing.

All around, Track was a lot more than just spending time with and ogling Nathan.

But spending time with and ogling Nathan was by far the best part of Track. Of every day. Of life.

So many times Gian's reality had faded away, and fantasies of what could be had run with abandon, imagining far off futures. Gian and Nathan together, renting a place. Getting married. Going on amazing vacations.

Gian was far too in his own head. All of the thoughts that Gian escaped when running. He was quickly pulled back to the present as he heard a flush. Gian's eyes turned down to his middle. He lifted his hips, adjusting himself and his shorts, trying to make his excitement less apparent. A random boner at school was bad enough, but when it was just Nathan and himself... Gian would die. Luckily, he was practiced at making things less obvious. And just in time. Gian was just settling back in when Nathan turned the corner, returning from the bathroom.

Gian lifted his legs, resting his soles on the middle of the couch and curling his tail up toward himself, so the third couch cushion was available for Nathan. The Yoshi sat back, dressed in just running shorts, just as Gian was.

Gian curled his tail to the side, letting it hang off the couch. He left his legs there, knees bent, so he wouldn't crowd Nathan. Gian nabbed the television remote, not finding much interest in what was on. And giving himself a distraction from Nathan and his perfection.

"How're your legs doing, Giancarlo?" Nathan asked, teasingly drawing out Gian's name.

Gian rolled his eyes in response, before looking back to Nathan. "Why? Why Giancarlo?"

Nathan had a big, shit-eating grin plastered over his muzzle. “Because it gets you all huffy.”

Gian just stared in silence. His eyes narrowed a little. Doing his best to glare, but only coming across as cute. Gian sighed out and rolled his head back to the television. It wasn’t that Gian disliked his proper name. But it felt weird, when everyone else called him Gian. Having Nathan do something different felt... special. Intimate. Teasing.

“Alright.” Nathan continued, reaching a hand out and resting it atop one of Gian’s knees. “How are your legs doing, Gian?” Nathan asked again. But it wasn’t really any better. Nathan still saying the ‘Gian’ teasingly. Or playful.

Something.

It just didn’t sound like normal ‘Gian’. Or Gian’s want for something added the something.

Gian changed the channel again before looking back up to Nathan. Gian wiggled the leg that Nathan’s hand rested on side-to-side.

Long ago, making eye contact with Nathan had been jarring. Perhaps that contributed to the ... whatever it was the first time Gian laid eyes on Nathan.

It became even more of a shock when Gian learned that Nathan’s mismatched eyes, left blue and right green, were naturally that way. The difference wasn’t due to colored contacts, as Gian had originally assumed.

Two years later, Nathan’s eyes seemed so normal. Gian’s chest felt tight every time he looked into them. He loved gazing into them.

“Not nearly as bad as they used to. Tender. My feet still kill me, though. You could have told me cross country was so rough.” Gian whined, feigning the suffering to be far worse than it truly was.

Nathan was about to respond before Gian cut him off, continuing, “Yes, I know. Get new running shoes. I just forgot to, and... Well, getting to the mall and all is a hassle.” A mix between defensive protest and playful barbing.

“Mmmhmm.” Nathan snorted, giving a role of his own eyes.

Of course, Nathan was just fine. He seemed to be made for running. Gian's tongue tip dabbed out at the Yoshi before he turned back to the television. He'd landed on the SciFi channel. He was about to change the channel again, but he felt his legs get gripped and pulled.

Gian looked down as Nathan pulled him his ankles, making Gian's legs extend. Gian couldn't possibly fight his crush's grip. Meaning Gian's feet landed in Nathan's lap. Nathan's hands left Gian's ankles, then moved down to Gian's feet.

Nathan's thumbs started to massage at the balls of Gian's feet, Nathan's fingers caressing along the top.

Gian was dumbstruck. This was something shockingly new and different. And how amazing it felt was even more shocking.

A shiver passed up Gian's spine, then down his tail. His toes curled in response to the firm presses, to the kneading circles down along the sides of his feet, toward the heel. Nathan's hands were wonderfully warm against his feet, the thumbs making the sole feel so relaxed and the pain ebb away.

"You... uh... don't have to do that, I'll be fine." Gian muttered, sure his cheeks had a nice red color to them.

It felt far too good. Nathan's response was to push firmer with his fingers, earning a little groan from Gian. Gian gritted his teeth, eyes narrowing as he realized just how good it was feeling. He'd adjusted himself to try and hide his arousal. But the massaging was doing a lot more than just thinking about Nathan had done.

Gian could feel his tail tip squirming around against the front of the couch, then down on the floor. Gian's thoughts returned to memories of spontaneous boners. Yes, bad enough when at school or hanging out. Worse, if it was during PE. The worst used to be having one with Nathan around... but that was left behind.

No, the worst was certainly to get one now, because of Nathan's rubbing, and it was just the two of them... Gian's heart pounded in his chest. He stared at the television, not really seeing what was on. Hoping that Nathan would be doing the same.

"Where'd you learn to do that?" Gian asked, doing his best to control himself. To sound like it wasn't rocking his world, like this was something normal to Gian. To do anything to force his highly trained body to listen and abort his growing excitement.

“Dad would get real sore after work, and I wanted to help out. The shoes they supplied were crap, so... I did this for Dad after real long work days.”

“Neat.” Gian rumbled, tail tensing and relaxing over and over. Gian’s claws digging into his own palms. Anything he could think of to subvert his blood flow. It was going well, Gian told himself. Just so long as Nathan didn’t notice what Gian’s shorts struggled to hide.

Of course, these things never work out the way we want them to.

Gian heard a soft chuckle, Nathan’s tail giving a little ‘thump’ against the couch.

“I hadn’t realized your feet were that sensitive.” Nathan teased, his voice lowered even though they were the only ones in the house. Whispering, like he feared being caught.

Gian finally forced his gaze away from the television. When he looked over, he didn’t meet Nathan’s eyes. Nathan was staring down at the now obvious erection down Gian’s thigh. Gian quickly tried to turn to hide it, but Nathan was still holding onto his feet.

“It’s... Sorry, I’m not like... You know, sometimes they just happen...” Gian scrambled, anything to excuse it, eyes turning away from Nathan to stare at the couch. His breath caught in his throat, his heart raced. Just focus, just breathe, as he had learned so long ago. Just steady himself. To not cry as emotions and adrenaline flooded him.

Nathan chuckled again, his hands moving. His fingers spread Gian’s toes, then slipped between them, gently squeezing at the end of Gian’s feet.

“It’s alright Gian. I... like making you feel good.” Nathan cooed, his voice still lowered.

Then there was silence. It stretched on and on. Then Nathan began rubbing again, the only sound was Nathan’s thumbs working against Gian’s soles. Gian slowly looked back, his heart still thudding away inside his chest. Nathan was looking down at Gian’s feet, working away. When he caught Gian looking out the corner of his eye, he looked back up. His mismatched eyes looking into Gian’s. Nathan gave a sweet, reassuring smile, before his gaze turned back down to Gian’s feet.

“You’re uh ... big.” Nathan laughed, trying to play it off, but coming off awkward. Nathan peeked out the corner of his eye, finding Gian practically scarlet. Gian quickly covered his eyes with a hand, as though he could disappear that way.

“Gian...” Nathan cooed, smiling brightly again. “It’s okay. Don’t like... worry about it. It looks nice, you should like... be proud of that.”

The comments only made it worse. Gian was starting to consider whether God really existed or not. There was no way a benevolent deity would do this to him. There was no way he had enough blood in his body for his face to feel this hot and to still have an erection. Worse, it felt like he had slipped past the hem of his boxers, and the way his shorts were lifted toward his hips...

“I ... Guess this is a good time to bring up...” Nathan mumbled, his voice quavering. He looked up to Gian once more, an uncertain smile gracing his muzzle. Gian spread his fingers, his eyes meeting Nathan’s, staring back into them. Gian’s heart pounded like he was mid-run again. Worse. So much harder.

There was just so much sweetness, affection, in Nathan’s blue and green eyes. And nervousness. And fear. Gian had been so distracted by his own situation, his own panic, he had failed to notice Nathan was going through the same emotions.

Nathan turned to look down at Gian’s feet again, shying away from Gian’s gaze.

“I... like making you feel good. This is nice. And uhm...” Nathan trailed off. His hands still moved, but they were more gentle caresses than the initial massaging.

Gian’s brain raced. There was no way that Nathan was doing what Gian had wanted to do so badly. An odd, fluttery feeling spread through his chest and stomach. He was so excited, so nervous. A strange, surreal feeling he had never known before.

“I like you. Like... Really like you. It’s dumb. You’re probably not gay and you don’t like... look at guys all that often or anything, and I’m totally fine if like... you’re straight. I won’t like, try and do anything, but I just wanted to let you know because it’s been on my chest for so long and I feel like it’s like... lying to you if I don’t tell you and.” Nathan was talking so quickly, but silenced himself as Gian’s tail raised, moved closer, pressed to Nathan’s lips.

“I like you making me feel good too.” Gian replied, realizing it sounded weird. He used his tail to press at the side of Nathan’s muzzle, guiding Nathan to look at Gian once more. Gian smiled, the same affection in his expression as Nathan had. For some reason, Nathan’s mismatched eyes looked so much more beautiful all the sudden.

"I'm... actually... probably gay? I definitely... look at you. Like, that way. And I like you too." Gian mumbled. He wanted to proclaim it, to proudly shout it from mountain tops... but it was just a pathetic murmur.

A pathetic murmur was plenty.

Nathan's eyes lit up, the Yoshi smiling in a way Gian had never seen before. The panic and nervousness had peaked in both, and now it was just... wonder, relief, such a freeing feeling to no longer keep their shared secret inside.

Nathan moved his hands off Gian's feet, taking Gian's tail between them. He stroked along its smooth length, nuzzling at the tip. It had always been a point of envy for Nathan. Gian's long, beautiful tail, compared to Nathan's shorter, useless one.

"So... Can I keep rubbing?" Nathan asked, a touch of mischief and desire in his voice.

Gian looked to the clock, the very tip of his tail curling back and forth.

"... Just a little. I don't want to be..." Gian gestured to his waist, "When Santino gets home soon."

Nathan snorted and laughed, nodding. "Yeah, that's a good point. Uhm... well, maybe if I stay the night?" He freed Gian's tail, resting his hands on his feet, just caressing gently along the tops.

"Sounds good to me." Gian squeaked, feeling his face get warmer again.

"Sweet. How about... Tekken?" Nathan offered.

"... Hell yeah!" Gian turned and sat up. It was a rare treat that Nathan was willing to get his ass kicked in one of the games Gian was so good at. Gian was about to push himself up, off the couch, before Nathan's voice stopped him.

"Hey Gian?" Nathan asked, his voice soft.

When Gian turned to see what was up, Nathan leaned forward. Time moved slower as he approached, Gian frozen where he sat. Their lips met, and Nathan leaned in closer. His hand rested on Gian's thigh as they kissed. Gian's first real kiss.

Nathan held it for a short moment before breaking it. When he leaned back and opened his eyes, they looked uncertain, questioning. Gian smiled in return, causing another wave of relief to fill Nathan.

“So... you’re my first boyfriend?” Gian asked, his face still flushed.

“If you’ll let me be.” Nathan returned, suddenly confident again, speaking with his usual passion.

“I’d like that.” Gian nodded, still flushed. He quickly made his way to the entertainment center, feeling like he was floating, like his head was among the clouds. So distracted it took him a minute to get it together, to set up the console so he could virtually destroy Nathan.