



*Could two geeks, shy to
everyone's gaze, finally meet
and give love a try?*

Live, Love... Last

G.A. HAUSER

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Twenty-nine year old Casey Boyd had a routine.

He woke at seven, had a bowl of corn flakes with almond milk, at seven-fifteen. He was showered, shaven, dressed, and at the Bay Area Rapid Transit station by eight sharp.

He caught the same train from his home in Richmond, California, to the Muni station transfer at Embarcadero with his backpack at his feet, and ended up in the Castro district of San Francisco at eight-fifty. By nine he was at his desk, working on updating websites and setting up blogs and creating graphics for clients. He had been the geek in high-school, which hadn't changed in college. His parents encouraged him to play with computers at an early age, so Casey knew how to pull them apart and put them together again. With training and experimenting, Casey learned everything about computers, and knew it was the best way to get a job when the economy was declining and no one was working.

It was just another Thursday in February for Casey. The days were short, the nights long, the weather wet and dreary by the coast, and his mind was preoccupied with his work and little else.

Sitting on the train, Casey pushed his black-rimmed glasses higher on his nose. He stared at the graffiti on the buildings as they pulled into the station in Oakland. He checked his iPhone for weather and news updates and spotted a man he'd seen nearly every day since January first.

The man was shy to his gaze but they did exchange skittish glances.

Casey tried to be discreet as he stared. He liked the color of the man's mocha skin and how they shared the same taste in eyeglass frames. The man wore a backpack, which led Casey to believe he was either a student or worked in a similar field as Casey did, since, he too, had a handheld computer which he also kept checking, just like Casey.

If he had to guess, he'd say the man was around his age, maybe a year younger or older, with closely cropped black hair and a clean-shaven face.

Casey liked how the man dressed. His casual work attire was loose fitted, yet perfectly ironed and spotlessly clean.

Because Casey boarded the train at an earlier stop, he usually got a seat. By the time they arrived at Oakland five stops later, the open spaces were harder to come by. Two people boarded with bicycles and struggled to get them inside the crowded train and out of the way.

Casey watched the man move closer to him as he avoided the clumsy riders and dirty bike tires. From where the man was now, Casey could see the screen of his handheld computer. The man used his thumb to manipulate the icons and apps, much like Casey did. As the train continued its journey, Casey lost himself on staring at the man's hand, the information he was looking up, and his handsome profile.

More commuters entered the train, causing the man to scoot even closer. His gaze met Casey's. Casey tried to smile at him, but the man turned away too quickly.

Casey was seated beside an older Asian woman who was next to the window, while Casey took the aisle seat. As the man inched back in the crowd, Casey was now alongside his legs and had a perfect view of his bottom.

He looked. The beige pants the man wore were fitted nicely on the globes of his ass.

The backpack was a higher-end brand bought in a sporting goods store, again giving Casey the impression he and this man had a lot in common. The desire to talk to this man was strong, but Casey never could begin a conversation with a stranger.

~

Deshawn Jackson may have been looking at his handheld computer, but his attention was on a young man sitting right beside his legs. Ever since he was hired at a computer repair and rebuild center, he had commuted to the Castro District on the same train. He first noticed the pretty, blue-eyed, fair-haired young man in mid-January. After that, he realized the man was on the same train, and even the same car, every weekday.

The first thing Deshawn noticed about the young man besides his pretty face was his glasses. They appeared to be the same eyeglass frames as his.

Deshawn was teased about them by his mother, but in a sweet way. She loved the fact that Deshawn was a straight-A student in high-school and graduated with honors from college. Deshawn enjoyed everything electronic and saved up to buy all the latest gadgets. He dreamed one day of creating his own techno-handheld device that was even more streamlined and resourceful than the generation of gizmos already on the market.

As the train grew more crowded, almost claustrophobic, Deshawn looked down at the young man's lap to see what he was looking up on his own phone. They appeared to have the same applications, and if he strained to see, Deshawn could make out the actual websites this young man was surfing. When the young man looked his way, Deshawn quickly avoided eye contact.

Deshawn was shy. He wasn't used to being approached by anyone, especially men. But the similarities he and this young man had intrigued him. And neither of them spoke to anyone else on the train. Both of them, after transferring to Muni at Embarcadero, got off at Market Street.

On more than one occasion Deshawn had actually followed the man to the Muni, walking directly behind him at the turnstiles. He didn't know if the man knew or not, but it gave Deshawn a sense that he had a friend to commute with. They parted ways once they were on the street level at Market. On his return trip, sometimes Deshawn would wind up on the platform first, and other times this fair-haired man would. But they stood at the same spot, where the doors to the second car opened, and got on together.

Since Deshawn had never seen this handsome man speak to anyone, he had no way to know if he was gay or straight. Even in the Castro District, Deshawn never made assumptions.

If the young man was holding a man's hand, then he'd know. But if he did, Deshawn would be jealous.

The train lumbered on, picking up too many people, in Deshawn's opinion, making the ride very crowded. He wished he was able to sit beside the young man someday. But by the time his stop came, there were no seats left.

Deshawn noticed the guy responding to an instant message. Trying not to be too obvious, Deshawn leaned closer, reading the email address. As he did, he typed it onto his own computer, just so he wouldn't forget. How many times did he try to see that name? Too many. For once he was in a position to read it. CaseyB82. Deshawn saved it. He had no idea why. He just did.

Casey. Was that his first or last name? Eighty-two? If that was the year he was born then they were two years apart.

The train arrived at their station. Deshawn stood still, allowing 'Casey', which was what Deshawn would call him now, to go ahead of him. Yes, Deshawn sensed the impatience of the people waiting to disembark and catch the Muni, but he wanted to let Casey get out.

"Thanks." Casey's blue eyes brightened.

Deshawn said, "No problem." Unfortunately for Deshawn, he was polite, and allowed the older Asian woman to get out as well. That nearly caused a riot behind him, and Deshawn had to hustle to keep track of Casey in the crowd, which heading up the escalator and stairs.

~

Casey walked slowly, looking behind him.

They spoke! For the first time since Casey had seen that handsome man on his train, they communicated. Casey was so pleased the man had allowed him out of his seat, he wanted to thank him. To tell the man how incredible it was.

His leisurely pace was annoying the rest of the commuters who hurried to their connection. Casey kept looking back, wondering if the young man got slowed down because he was being so nice.

Casey got to the Muni turnstile and used his pass to get through. Again he waited, just enough to see if he was coming. Casey knew they both caught the same connection. A pit formed in Casey's stomach that the handsome man's polite act may actually cause him to miss the train.

Arriving at the correct platform, Casey held his iPhone and stared at the staircase. When the train began to appear in the long dark tunnel, Casey grew more worried.

Just as the Muni car arrived and the doors opened, allowing passengers to exit, Casey caught sight of the handsome man,

rushing to make it. Casey stood right in the doorway of the train car, holding back the door making sure it did not close.

The young man spotted his returned kindness and hopped on. They were face to face suddenly, and Casey was tongue-tied and anxious.

“Thanks.” The young man smiled, looking so beautiful to Casey he got goose-bumps.

There were a dozen other passengers all cramming on before the door closed. Finally the train began to move.

Casey stood so close to this man he could feel his warmth and catch a scent of his aftershave or cologne. He was slightly shorter than this man was, so he stared at his chin, simply because he was too nervous to meet his eyes.

They were silent as the train made its way to the next stop, but Casey felt like he was with a friend. He knew this man’s schedule, his clothing, the brand name of his backpack and electronic device. It felt like they were good friends.

The train stopped and more commuters boarded. Casey was nudged against his ‘friend’.

“Sorry.” He met his chocolate-brown eyes and melted.

“Don’t be.”

Casey stared at his eye-glass rims. He couldn’t believe how similar they were to his own. When he realized he’d gotten lost on the man’s details, he found their lips were very close together. Casey licked his, looking at the man’s full mouth, wondering what it would be like to kiss him. The thought made Casey’s palms sweaty.

Though they were almost on top of each other in the crowd, they avoided direct eye-contact and touch. Casey was in pain trying not to bump into him as the train swayed. He wanted to, he just was too shy.

When both of their stops finally came, Casey made an attempt at turning around and moving closer to the door. As the train halted, he wove his way out of the standing bodies with the moving ones, and looked back to make sure his friend did as well.

They met gazes. It made Casey smile. Maybe they could talk. Just because he was friendly didn't mean the man would know he was gay.

He deliberately stood still until the man was beside him, then they walked up the stairs to the exit together.

“Some days it's like a cattle car.”

Casey laughed. “Most days.” They left the turnstiles and headed for the stairs up to street level. Casey knew at this point they parted ways. He and his friend took the stairs two by two, side by side, making them both laugh. When they were standing in the chaos and noise of Market Street, Casey smiled. “See you later,” he said, knowing they would.

“Bye.” The man waved shyly, head down, and walked away while Casey moved in the opposite. Casey looked back once, and found the young man doing the same. He smiled and felt a flutter in his belly. It felt very nice!

~

Deshawn liked being done for the day. That meant he could get home and play on his computer. He didn't do anything at work other than work. He had a strict policy with himself to not use company time to do gaming or internet surfing. His parents believed in putting in an honest day's work, no more no less, and Deshawn completely agreed with that credo.

But after work was a different story. His time was his.

As he walked to the Muni station he kept his eye out for Casey. CaseyB82. Was B an initial and Casey his last name? Deshawn wanted to ask, but he was petrified. He didn't want Casey to know he had looked over his shoulder to try and find out his instant email address. It seemed intrusive.

On a usual Thursday night he went home to the apartment he rented. His parents said he could live home until he could afford a better place, but Deshawn liked his independence. He was twenty-six. Too old to be living with his mom and dad.

Yes, the apartment he rented was slightly run down and small, but it was his. He didn't own a car, but was saving for one. For now he used mass transit and his bicycle.

Just as he checked his handheld computer for any news update, Deshawn spotted Casey coming from the opposite direction. Yesterday he would have just headed down to the

platform. Not today. They had smiled at each other. They had spoken. So, Deshawn lowered his pocket computer and waited.

Casey's modest smile made Deshawn tingle. He liked the way his lips curled on the edges and his blond eyelashes fluttered.

Deshawn knew it was obvious now he was indeed waiting for Casey's approach. When Casey met up with him, they both descended the stairs, removing their transit passes from their pockets. Once they were through the turnstile and on their way to the platform, Casey said, "I'm Casey."

Deshawn was glad he had imagined the name right. "I'm Deshawn."

"Great name." Casey gave him a smile as they jogged down the stairs.

Now Deshawn was determining if Casey was gay. Thinking Deshawn had a great name didn't immediately qualify. He tried to find a sign, anything; a rainbow decal on his backpack, maybe a small button that read "Pride". Nope. Nothing obvious. So the game was on.

One of the reasons Deshawn didn't get chatty with men in the subway was because down there one was helpless. If you came across as gay to the wrong crowd, it could be lethal. Though BART security was tighter lately, since there were many protesters clogging up the stations, on occasion Deshawn would see officers. But it was rare.

For the most part, the underground was no-man's land. And if something occurred and you needed help, you would be relying on the kindness of strangers. Since January first, Deshawn only relied on one stranger. Casey.

Suddenly he and Casey weren't strangers anymore. Were they friends?

They stood in the same spot they always did and waited for the Muni. The illuminated sign said six minutes until the train's arrival. It always did when Deshawn timed it perfectly.

Seeing Casey peek at his handheld device, Deshawn asked, "What do you think of the new version?"

"I like it. The screen is easier to read and the apps simpler to navigate."

“I thought the same thing. I’ve been curious what the next generation will bring.”

“My guess is more screen clarity for viewing movies.”

Deshawn nodded. “Yes. Exactly. I think they will have more power as well, for gaming.”

“You got it.”

Casey’s smile was making Deshawn tingle. His hair was feathery, like if you pet it, it would feel like cat fur. It was longer on top than the sides, very conservative, and that haircut with the glasses gave Casey a studious expression, like he was a grad student on a campus. So, Deshawn found courage to ask, just as the train appeared in the dark tunnel. “What do you do?”

“Computer tech work. You?”

The noise of the train arriving blocked out the moment to answer. Deshawn waited for the doors to open, the few people to disembark and for them to enter. There were no open seats, since there never were for the ride back, so Deshawn stood near a pole by the side of the door. Casey stood right beside him. “Same thing.” Deshawn nodded. “Computer tech work.”

The doors closed and the train jerked as it moved. In reflex, Deshawn reached for Casey since Casey hadn’t grabbed hold of the handle yet.

~

Casey stepped back to regain his balance and tried to switch hands with his iPhone to free up a hand to hold on. When he felt Deshawn touching him, Casey lit on fire instantly. Yes, the touch was helpful, not sexual, but Casey had dreamed of he and Deshawn touching for a nearly six weeks. Using his free hand, Casey clasped the pole from behind Deshawn’s back which made them feel as if Casey had his hand around Deshawn’s waist. They could so easily lean on each other. And if Casey hadn’t struggled not to, they would be.

The rumble of the train made talking slightly harder. Of course Casey could nibble Deshawn’s ear from where he was, and the urge to do it was overwhelming. As the train car stopped and started, Casey couldn’t prevent getting nudged into Deshawn. “Sorry.”

Deshawn smiled sweetly. “It’s okay.”

Casey moaned in his head and wanted so much to brush up against Deshawn, again and again. “So...uh, you live in Oakland?”

“Yes. Very close to the train station. Where do you get on?”

“Richmond.”

“Oh. That’s only five stops away.” Deshawn smiled again.

Casey wanted to ask him for a date. *Hey, how about we get together on Saturday? See the latest techno flick?*

The amount Casey craved to ask Deshawn out was painful.

They stayed quiet for the rest of the Muni ride, until their transfer station to BART arrived.

Casey waited for Deshawn and once again they walked side by side. “I’ve seen you on the train for over a month.”

“I started the new job the beginning of January.” Deshawn adjusted his backpack on his shoulder.

“I wanted to say hi, but I’m just not good at it.”

“Me too.” Deshawn climbed the staircase and they kept pace to the BART turnstiles. In sync they swiped their cards and the plastic guards opened like two swans fluttering their wings.

~

Deshawn knew if they were going to get to know each other, he had to act quickly. His stop came before Casey’s on the rail line. Yes, he could just go home, put his dinner into the microwave oven, and play computer games all night, or...

They kept exact pace down the stairs, as if they had a choreographed dance routine, to the lower platform. Like twins, they stood at the same spot on the platform where a door was marked to stop.

“Do you live at home?” Deshawn decided to tread carefully around any relationship questions, though he was *dying* to ask.

“No. I have a cheap, one-bedroom apartment. It’s crappy but at least it’s mine.”

“Me too.” Deshawn looked down at his brown loafers. He liked them shiny. When he did, he noticed a gleam on Casey’s lace-up black shoes. It made him smile again.

“What?”

“I like your shoes.”

Casey glanced down. "They need a shine. I usually do them on the weekend."

"Me too." Deshawn garnered up his courage, pushed his glasses higher on his nose and asked, "Do you live alone?"

"Yes, you?"

The reply was so quick, Deshawn took a moment to catch up. He said, "Yes. Alone."

They both nodded in acknowledgement.

The question of sexuality loomed. Why wasn't there an obvious sign? Deshawn was very nervous about tossing that out there. The last thing he wanted was for Casey to go cold on him, avoid the same train cars, or worse, give him nasty sneers. There were some horrible people in the world and Deshawn didn't want a run in with one.

Then Casey asked, "Do you have a girlfriend?"

They were getting closer to an answer to their riddle.

Deshawn took a leap of faith. Casey appeared so sweet and harmless. He braced himself for the kindness to morph into violent hatred. He'd felt it before simply for being black. Being black and gay? Deshawn was very careful indeed. But something about Casey felt safe.

"I...I don't date girls." Deshawn winced as if waiting for the venom.

"Phew." Casey laughed, sounding very nervous.

Before Deshawn could get a follow-up sentence to that one-word answer, the train arrived, noisy, vibrating the area. They entered the car after some commuters got off, and again, stood together at the opposite side of the car, holding onto the pole.

Deshawn waited for Casey to clarify. When Casey appeared distracted Deshawn asked, "Do you date girls?"

"No." Casey didn't smile, as if he were hesitant about revealing who he was as well. Even in the liberal area of California where they worked, each of them appeared very leery. And with good reason. There were nutcases out there, more now than ever, who seemed to think men loving men was cause for hatred, discrimination, or worse.

"So...do you have a boyfriend?" Deshawn was so far out of his comfort zone with this conversation he was sweating under

his coat and shirt. His glasses kept sliding down his nose so he had to keep pushing them up.

“No. You?”

The train car shook as it took off, making them adjust their stance wider and their shoes touched. Deshawn liked it, so he didn't move. Neither did Casey.

As the noise grew inside the car, Deshawn leaned to Casey's ear. “No. I'm alone.”

Casey nodded, and they met gazes. The communication and understanding was instant. Deshawn noticed smudges on Casey's glasses, and he wanted to take them and wipe them for him. His vision moved to Casey's mouth, and he saw Casey's nerves as Casey bit his lower lip.

A long moment passed until they pulled into the next station and the noise abated. Deshawn asked, “You...um...do you have to head right home?”

“Not really. Why?”

A mass of nerves kicked in and Deshawn struggled to ask Casey to come to his place for dinner.

The train moved on and they brushed arms. Deshawn got quiet, afraid Casey wouldn't say yes.

~

Casey assumed if Deshawn and he were as alike as he suspected they were, then asking someone who was a stranger eight hours ago to come over, was nearly impossible. Casey had a feeling it was up to him, since Deshawn's stop was first. If he let Deshawn go, he'd kick himself his whole way home. Since they both lived close to a train station, Casey knew he could easily get home after an evening together, and be home for waking up in his bed for work the next day.

“Why did you ask if I needed to head home, Deshawn?”

He shrugged, pushing his glasses higher.

“I can hang out with you. Is that what you want?” Casey felt sweat break out on his skin. He couldn't remember the last friend he wanted to sleep with. Maybe it had been since he was in college in Berkley.

“Sure. Maybe we can order pizza. Do you play games?”

“Oh heck yeah.” Casey laughed. “Tell me your favorites.”

A look of passionate joy washed over Deshawn's handsome features. "Immortal Beloved, Vampire Blood, Wizards and Woodworms..."

"O.M.G!" Casey laughed. "How high a level have you gotten in Wizards?"

"I've topped emperor triple crown."

"Me too!" Casey felt his blood pump. "You know the magic owl is the key there. You just have to fly to get it fast, before the Zagbor eats it."

"You do!" Deshawn laughed. "I finally figured that out. Where were you a week ago?"

The train slowed and the momentum made Casey lean toward Deshawn. He didn't fight it, pressing against his side for both balance and lust.

Deshawn pushed back just enough to communicate his interest. Casey was about to burst he was so excited.

"I'd love to play Wizards. I was going to when I got home." Casey moved away from Deshawn as the train came to a halt. He didn't want anyone else to notice them touching. Not only could they be persecuted for being gay, the mixed race thing could be another issue in an ignorant zealot's damaged brain.

"Sweet. Me too. I have a few online buddies I game with."

"Dude! You and me against them! What's your gamer name?" Casey was so pumped he felt as if he was hopping up and down in place.

"Knight-hawk."

"You're Knight-hawk?" Casey said loudly, then lowered his voice, "I'm Dark-knight!"

The look of astonishment on Deshawn's face was priceless to Casey.

"I know you!" Casey poked Deshawn's shoulder. "I've been playing that game with you since Christmas."

"That's when my parents gave it to me." Deshawn moved closer to Casey as a woman brought her bicycle on board.

Casey was beaming at Deshawn. "I know you. I love your avatar. How did you get that amazing combination of wings and muscles?"

"Just got it. Yours is very sexy." Deshawn lowered his voice and appeared shy.

As the train moved on and made noise, Casey whispered in his ear, "I've jacked off to your avatar."

First Deshawn appeared surprised, then a look of lust entered his dark eyes. "Being your ally will rock."

"I'm super pumped. I can't believe I've met Knight-hawk in the flesh."

"This is my stop. You coming over?"

"Yes!" Casey made sure he had his backpack, but it was still on his shoulder. He was so excited and distracted he couldn't think. They left the train and walked the cement platform to the stairs.

"This area looks rough," Casey said as he read all the gang graffiti. "Just like my area of town. I guess that's where the cheap rent is."

"I don't go out late. My apartment house is pretty good. I have a ton of electronics and no one's broken in."

"Yup," Casey said as they walked out of the BART parking area to the streets. "Litter everywhere. Just like by me. I wish they could keep the streets clean."

"Everyone's broke. They barely have enough money to put cops on the street. The last thing they give a shit about is illegal dumping and graffiti." Deshawn shifted his backpack to the opposite shoulder so they could walk closer together.

"Yeah. I guess one day I'd like to make enough money to move into a neighborhood that cares, ya know?"

"Me too. I try not to see it, but I still do."

Casey sidestepped dog droppings and looked around. "It feels exactly like my neighborhood. Even at five o'clock, because it's dark, it's not cool to hang around for very long."

"I know. I just mind my own business and don't dawdle. I live right there."

"Oh. Cool. You are close to the station."

"It's why I chose it." Deshawn used a lobby key and opened the door, making sure it closed securely. "They have cameras." He pointed. "They do make an effort."

"Sweet. My place isn't that high tech. Wish it was." They used the staircase up one floor. Casey followed Deshawn. He

could hear a television set from another unit and smell cooked food; steak or something meaty.

~

Deshawn opened his apartment door, allowing Casey to enter. He was a clean freak, so there was no need to be embarrassed. He closed the door behind them and said, "My humble abode."

"Yup. Just like mine. You know, it's kind of eerie."

"What? My place is eerie?" Deshawn put his backpack down, took off his jacket, then removed the plastic containers he used for his lunch out to rinse in the sink.

"No. I mean, eerie how similar we are." Casey put his backpack on the floor by a sofa, removed his jacket, and immediately stood in front of a rack of movie DVDs. "I love *Ghost-Heathens!* Holy shit, Deshawn! You have so many of my favs on Blu-Ray! Gaak! You have the whole boxed set of *Being Screwed!* No way!"

"Yeah. I went for it with my aunt's Christmas gift last year. I had to have it."

"I think I've seen them all, but I don't know." Casey took the box off the shelf and Deshawn could see him read the information. "Have you seen the cast interviews?"

"Yeah. They have a ton of uncut stuff on that DVD set." He wiped his hands on a towel. "They have everything that was censored by the sponsors. You know, before the show was picked up by the gay ones."

"I bet they cut it up really bad."

"They did. I can't believe how really gay the scenes are without the edits. I mean, you actually see the guys getting a hard-on when Gavin bites them."

"No way!" Casey sat on the sofa and took the DVD set out of the sleeve, reading the inside paperwork.

Deshawn sat beside him, leaning on his shoulder. "It has an extended interview with Alexander Richfield where he talks about being an out actor in Hollywood. It's very moving."

"I am so jealous. This had to be like fifty bucks."

"Yeah. It was. I splurged." Deshawn smiled. "I have to wipe that smudge off your glasses."

Casey laughed. He pushed his finger into Deshawn's lens. "You do realize yours is worse."

Deshawn laughed and swatted Casey's hand playfully. They took each other's glasses off and wiped the lenses on their shirts simultaneously. It made Deshawn smile so hard his cheeks hurt. He put Casey's glasses on and looked around. "No way. I can see with yours. I thought I had the worst eyesight but you must be as bad as me."

Casey did the same, trying Deshawn's on. "Damn, Deshawn. This is too friggin' funny."

"Astigmatism right eye, twenty-forty in left." Deshawn took off Casey's glasses, holding them for him.

"Astigmatism in right eye, twenty-fifty in left. I win." They swapped glasses, putting them back on.

"I should call for a pizza." Deshawn brushed his pants legs to get the creases out. "What do you like?"

"Uh, it's kind of weird." Casey kept hold of the boxed DVD set on his lap.

"Well? Like what? I don't do anchovies."

"Ew no. I like mushrooms and meatballs. I like it better than pepperoni."

Deshawn shrugged. "Sounds good. Can we get extra mozzarella?"

"Hell yeah." Casey took out his wallet. "Usually runs around sixteen dollars."

"Yeah. Usually."

"Here's nine, for the tip." He counted out cash and put it on a low slung coffee table with gaming controls and wires all over it.

"Great."

~

While Deshawn used the phone to call for their pizza, Casey shook his head at the collection of games and DVDs. It was so similar to his own, he couldn't wait to bring Deshawn to his place to show him. He put the collection of DVDs from *Being Screwed* back into the box, knowing it was too expensive to ask to borrow. He hoped one weekend night he and Deshawn could have a *Being Screwed*, Alexander Richfield weekend.

Listening to Deshawn order their pizza, Casey got lost in the games on the table and a pad with Deshawn's notes as well. They both kept track of opponents, game scores and odds of

winning. Math. He'd found a partner in math. He picked up the notebook and laughed as he read the calculations, which were similar in technique to his own.

When Deshawn got off the phone he said, "Are you thirsty?"

"Sure. Whatever you got is good."

Deshawn brought over a bottle of pure fruit juice and two glasses with ice. He poured and just seemed to notice Casey's interest in his calculations.

"Is it all gibberish to you?"

"No. I understand it all. Hey, were you a fan of *Numb3rs*?"

"Yes! O.M.G. Why did they cancel that? Was the best show on regular TV."

Casey took the glass and sipped it. "Mm. Pomegranate and pineapple. Perfection. All the vitamins as well as the antioxidants." He replaced the glass on a coaster on the table.

"My calculations discovered this pairing is the winning combination for covering all the essential bases for advanced health."

"I also take D, Calcium, Biotin..."

"Fish oil with omega three..." Deshawn added, "Zinc, acidophilus..."

"Primrose and Co-10!" They high-fived over their heads.

"I think people need to do their research on disease prevention." Deshawn sipped his juice, leaning against Casey who had the notebook of calculations on his lap.

"Let me see what you did." Casey read through the formula. "Hmm. You used a cipher code and pi as the tangent in an algorithm."

"It gives me the likelihood of behavior of certain players. Here's yours." Deshawn flipped a page and a print out of Casey's avatar was with his codes.

Casey read the math and shook his head. "You nailed my strategy but you left out the chance for variance on the days I begin at the top."

Deshawn put his juice down and shifted his knees to face Casey. "I can't believe I'm sitting next to Dark-Knight. I was so hot for you."

Casey picked up the picture of the avatar and held it next to his face. "Like totally disappointed?"

Deshawn's expression changed and he lunged for Casey's mouth. Their glasses met with a clack and it made them both stop short.

"Sorry." Deshawn looked so nervous.

Casey put the notebook down and took off his glasses, setting them on the notebook. Then he reached for Deshawn's and did the same. "Can we try it again?"

Deshawn appeared relieved. More slowly, they reached for each other, touching lips. Casey moaned and caressed the back of Deshawn's head, pulling him down on top of him on the sofa.

~

Deshawn was trying to restrain himself. He and Casey barely knew each other, but the kinship was beyond belief. How many nights had Deshawn been alone, thinking he would never find another man who understood him, tolerated his idiosyncrasies and could relate on a deep level. Casey even got his math!

Yes they had just spoken real words in the "real" world, but Deshawn knew Casey for months, knew his avatar and loved him, knew his cyber-demons, his war-heroes, and every character Casey had ever created. They had been gaming together for months, and now that Deshawn could see who was behind those macho warriors, he was more excited than ever. Casey was just a guy. A guy just like him. Slightly awkward, a complete geek, and lonely.

The touch of Casey's mouth, Casey's tongue on his, made Deshawn's cock throb in his pressed trousers. This wasn't his first time with a man. But it had been since college that Deshawn had any physical fun. He was choosy, and shy. So his partners were few. But no one inspired the heat and excitement that Casey did. No one up to date.

Deshawn shifted on the sofa so their crotches touched. The first pressure of their two stiff cocks riding over each other was electric. As if all the video games he had played previous to them meeting had merged into one ultimate gaming hero.

He didn't even know Casey's last name yet, but the taste and touch of him was like they had known each other forever.

Casey held Deshawn by his jaw, sucking harder on his tongue and whimpering loudly. Deshawn never made love to a man on

the first date but he was growing weaker by the moment. Casey rubbed hot friction from underneath, making their cocks meet and flip over and around each other.

Casey's hands smoothed down the back of Deshawn's neck to his back, then to his ass where he cupped both of Deshawn's cheeks tightly.

Deshawn moaned and parted lips so he could breathe deeply. They stared at each other, panting and looking like mirror images in the desire.

Very quietly Casey said, "I'm negative, Deshawn."

"Me too." He nodded.

"Am I moving too fast? Saying that?"

Deshawn shook his head. "No. I'm glad you said it." He dug his fingers into Casey's hair, knowing it would feel like soft cat fur, and it did.

Casey slowed down, caressing Deshawn's face, tracing the line of his nose and lips. "You are so gorgeous."

"Have you ever been with a black man before?"

Casey shook his head and bit his lower lip. "But I want to. I thought you were fantastic the first time you stepped onto the train in Oakland back in January." Casey rubbed their cocks together. "I fantasized doing things to you."

"Doing what?" Deshawn kept caressing Casey's hair, leaning up on his elbows so they could talk.

"Sucking you. Letting you screw me up the ass. Kissing you."

Deshawn's cock throbbed against Casey's. "Me too."

"I could kick myself for being so shy. Waiting so many weeks."

"Yeah. I'm feeling that way as well. But. At least here we are."

"I know we shouldn't screw the first time. Right?"

Deshawn felt Casey's cock pulsating and wasn't sure he didn't want to. He shrugged. "I guess we should see how it goes."

"Yes."

Deshawn got lost in Casey's blue eyes, then the lobby intercom buzzed. They said in harmony, "Pizza."

Slowly Deshawn slid off of Casey, putting on his glasses. He stood and pushed at his erection, not wanting to show it off to a

pizza delivery boy. Deshawn took the cash from the table and said, "I'll be right back."

"Do you want me to come?"

"No. I got it." He tucked in his shirt and left the apartment.

~

Casey rubbed his palm over his cock when Deshawn left. He stared at the off-white ceiling and imagined sharing their bodies. It wasn't often Casey felt confident enough to get naked and make love. He was self-conscious and hadn't much experience. But he had made love. He wasn't a virgin. He knew what to expect and had kissed a few boys before.

The connection he felt to Deshawn was giving him courage to go with his heart. Not many men before Deshawn understood him. *I jacked off to your avatar!* It made Casey laugh now. He sat upright, sipping the delicious juice, reading the label of the bottle to help calm his body down. When Deshawn was on top of him, Casey imagined Deshawn *in* him. And that thought made him very excited. He finished his juice down to the ice and heard Deshawn returning. He entered, balancing a pizza box in one hand, opening the door with the other.

"Did you have enough money?"

"Our calculations were accurate." Deshawn put the pizza down on a small folding table with two folding chairs around it. He removed two plates and served slices on them, bringing them to where Casey still sat on the sofa.

"I usually surf the net or something while I eat." Deshawn folded the pizza in half to bite the tip.

"Me too."

"Wanna play a little after this?"

Casey stopped chewing. "Play Wizards?"

"Yeah. Oh, you thought I meant—"

"No. Wizards would be cool. I agree we should slow down." Casey ate a big bite of pizza. "So, what do you think about the meatballs?"

"Love it. But the extra cheese is what kicks it."

"Yeah. It does." Casey winked.

~

Deshawn was impressed when Casey offered to wash the dishes. He didn't have a dishwasher, but with only him living there, he didn't feel he needed it. It was a waste of water.

Not only did Casey offer to clean up, he washed the dishes as well as Deshawn would himself. Deshawn was very particular about certain things.

The kitchen neat and tidy, he took off his shoes and set them near the door side by side, then began to ready their game, getting them online with his laptop and setting it on the coffee table with two gaming controls.

Casey took off his shoes and placed them alongside Deshawn's, in a straight row. That pleased Deshawn. He bent one knee under him and held his controls in his hands. "Prepare to log on Sir Dark-Knight."

"Ready when you are, Sir Knight-hawk." Casey sat beside him, looking as eager to play as he was.

The program loaded and they were able to see who was online and playing.

"Wormwood-prince. He's a bastard. Watch him." Casey began working his avatar as it showed up on the screen.

"He teams up with Dawn-wolf a lot. She's wicked."

"Wow, look how many are online. Nice!" Casey began battling a few demons that showed up on the screen. "God, your avatar gets me so fucking hot."

Deshawn chuckled, thinking the same of Casey's. "Come with me. Let's take that door. I know it leads to the next level."

Both their muscle-bound avatars began running away from the other combatants.

"Let me take care of Dawn-wolf. She's making a dash for us." Casey's hero spun around and threw daggers at the other avatar.

"I have the door open. Let's go." Deshawn's character jumped through.

Casey threw one more dagger at the female character and followed. "Right. This level has three hidden doors."

"I know. One right here." Deshawn noticed Casey shift his hips and glanced down at his lap. His erection was visible through his black work slacks. Deshawn felt his own pressing

against his zipper. Having his gaming hero beside him was pure distraction.

“Look out!” Casey worked the controls frantically. “Zagbors coming out of the wormhole!”

Deshawn used his secret cache of weapons to dispatch them. He heard Casey choke. “What did you do? How did you do that?”

“Once we hit this level we have more power. Use your wristbands to send firestorms.”

“God! I love you! You are so amazing!” Casey began sending out fireballs.

Deshawn felt his face burn with affection. Yeah, Casey only said he loved him because of the game, but it still felt nice.

They played for an hour, winning since they had paired up and none of the other players appeared to have a partner. Deshawn had played cyber-games enough to know most of them were loners, hanging out in basements and bedrooms, doing this because there was nothing better to do. How many people met their avatar star players and teamed up? No one. Maybe friends appeared together on occasion, but the norm were single players, trying to form allies, most of the time unsuccessfully.

“Dude! We killed them all!” Casey pumped his fist into the air.

“We did! Looks like to the victor go the spoils.”

Casey slouched on the sofa, his legs straddled wide. “Love playing with you.”

Deshawn touched Casey’s leg. “I love playing with you too.”

When they met eyes, Casey shot Deshawn a very heated look. He bit his lip and spread his legs even wider on the couch. Deshawn knew they had a hard-on most of the time they were playing. But seeing Casey’s bulge under his slacks was too much temptation. Deshawn took his and Casey’s controls and placed them on the coffee table. Casey rested his hands on his lap, as if allowing Deshawn to decide for them.

Deshawn faced Casey on the couch, touching his arm, smoothing his hand from his elbow to his shoulder.

“I really like you, Deshawn. Though I want to do stuff with you, I will respect what you decide. Do you want me to go home?”

Deshawn checked the time. It wasn't even eight yet. “Not unless you want to go.”

“I don't want to. No way.” Casey rolled to his side so they faced each other. He reached up and took off Deshawn's glasses, setting his and Deshawn's side by side on the coffee table. Then Casey reached behind Deshawn's head and began urging him to his mouth.

Deshawn knew if they kissed again, he wasn't going to be able to control himself. He'd been ogling Dark-knight's huge pecs and bulging crotch. Now he could actually touch Dark-knight's bulging crotch. No, Casey may not have the body of a superhero, but he had the heart and mind of one.

Deshawn decided to allow this night to go where it would go. How often do you meet your perfect mate in life? The areas he and Casey overlapped were amazing to him.

When their lips touched Deshawn knew it was right. And whatever they did, he would hold no regrets.

Casey opened Deshawn's mouth with his tongue, coaxing Deshawn's tongue into his so he could suck it. When Casey began working his tongue in his mouth like a cock, Deshawn's cock filled his pants, making his briefs damp. Casey's hands rested on Deshawn's groin. The heat was making Deshawn's pulse rocket.

Casey unbuckled Deshawn's belt, stopping. Then he opened the button and zipper, waiting.

Deshawn whimpered into Casey's mouth and dug his hands into Casey's hair.

Casey asked, lips to lips, “Okay?”

“Yes.”

Casey began to unbutton Deshawn's shirt. Deshawn had always felt scrawny, so he became nervous. He allowed it, feeling Casey run kisses down his neck as his shirt spread wide on his chest. Deshawn's ribcage rose and fell rapidly with anxiety, but he was so excited, he just let Casey go and do what he wanted.

Casey kissed his way to Deshawn's dark nipples, tickling them with his tongue. "You are so beautiful."

It was what Deshawn needed to hear. He let go some of his worry and watched Casey nibble his way down to his belly button.

"Casey, I am so hot...it's not going to take much."

"It's okay." Casey parted the zipper flap and used one finger to pull back Deshawn's boxer brief waistband. "Can I suck it?"

"Yes." Deshawn tried to slow his breathing but there was no way. When the head of his cock appeared from his clothing, it gave Deshawn a jolt of terror and lust simultaneously.

Casey ran his finger over the dark head and under the ridge, then he aimed it at his mouth and engulfed it.

Deshawn arched his back and hissed between his teeth. He wanted it to last but knew that was not going to happen. As Casey drew his cock deep, he inched Deshawn's pants and briefs lower and lower.

Deshawn raised his hips up off the couch, allowing Casey to pull his clothing to his thighs. When his entire cock and balls were exposed, Casey took a look, touching the base and stroking it.

"Okay?" Deshawn had no idea what Casey thought.

"More than okay. Your body is perfect."

Deshawn wasn't going to argue. He didn't agree, but he didn't argue. Casey mixed touching and staring at Deshawn's cock, with sucking the head and going deep into his throat. It was the right combination to keep Deshawn on the edge and not miss out on a nice blowjob because he came too quickly.

"Casey, wow. That is so wonderful."

"I could do this all night." Casey held the base of his cock and ran his mouth up and down the length.

~

Casey smoothed his fingers over the black pubic hair growing from under Deshawn's naval to his cock. He loved the coarse curls and the dark color of Deshawn's cut cock and low-hanging balls. It was like fine velvet or rich cocoa, and the contrast with his pale hand made Casey's dick pulsate in his pants. He inhaled the scent of Deshawn's body, which combined with his musky

soap aroma. The taste of his cock was like honey to Casey's mouth. He used his tongue to dip into the slit of the dome-shaped head, and moaned at the tang of his pre-cum. Though he would love to sit on this cock and feel it deep inside him, Casey thought this was the right way to begin their sexual relationship. So, he began sucking like he meant to make Deshawn come. He craved a mouthful from him and knew how to get it.

"Casey. Wow. I'm getting close."

Casey felt Deshawn's thighs tense and his cock grow thick. Casey moaned and jerked his hand on the base as he sucked his length to his right hand. With his left hand, Casey smoothed his fingers up Deshawn's chest to his nipples, playing with them.

He felt Deshawn's cock throb and heard him moan. The first spray of cum landed on Casey's tongue. He fisted Deshawn as fast as he could now, swallowing the load as it entered his mouth. He was going insane, crossing his legs and shifting all over the couch as the craving for satisfaction became intense. He milked Deshawn's cock, lapping at the drops that appeared at the tip. Deshawn was panting, slouched low on the sofa, recovering.

Casey dried his cock off with his hand and sat back, staring at Deshawn's exposed chest and male anatomy. He was so turned on by Deshawn's body he was about to explode. He reached into his own pants and felt damp heat and his cock, stiff and hungry.

"Your turn." Deshawn reached for Casey.

Casey made a noise of relief and rested backwards on the arm of the sofa. He allowed Deshawn to do for him what he had done. He couldn't wait for Deshawn to get his cock into his mouth. Casey had a feeling he wouldn't last. Just the idea of Deshawn sucking him was making him close to a climax.

~

Deshawn eagerly opened Casey's shirt and pants, spreading wide his cotton shirt and getting his first glimpse of Casey's rose colored nipples and hairless chest. He ran his fingers over the little nibs but his focus was on Casey's cock. He opened Casey's belt and zipper, just as Casey had done to him, and noticed Casey had the same taste in boxer briefs. He kept the comment to himself so he didn't ruin the mood. Casey was already tugging his pants down to his ankles in anticipation. When he yanked one

leg completely off and spread his legs wide, Deshawn got the view he'd been craving.

Casey's balls were pink, a small sac with two oval balls visible through the thin skin. His cock was average in length and width, and perfectly circumcised with a round, mushroom-shaped head and pale skin along the length. He'd had white men before but thought Casey's cock was ideally proportioned to his body.

He estimated Casey to be around five foot nine, so his cock fit his proportions nicely.

Instead of stopping to admire it all night, Deshawn made himself at home between Casey's legs and began sucking Casey's balls into his mouth and using his fingers to stimulate under the head of Casey's cock.

"Oh, God, Deshawn. That is unreal."

Deshawn had no idea which one of them had more experience, but Deshawn wasn't reluctant any longer. After Casey gave him a blowjob, he felt closer to Casey than he did to anyone else he knew. And to Deshawn, that meant the world.

Once he had given Casey's balls a good sucking, Deshawn pushed Casey's legs back and exposed his rim.

Casey panted for air and said, "You can fuck it. You can. I want you to."

Deshawn's cock throbbed at the invitation. Though he would think about that seriously when his cock revived from its climax, he had other things on his agenda. He was about to rim his avatar hero. *Dark-knight! You are the king!*

Deshawn burrowed between Casey's ass cheeks and Casey let out a whine/whimper combination that made Deshawn think it may be his first time.

Deshawn lapped at his rim, humming in delight as Casey groaned, "Oh, God. Oh, God..."

The more Deshawn enjoyed Casey's body, the hotter he got, and the idea that he was invited in only made it more enticing. He tried to remember where his rubbers and lubrication were. He'd not used either in months.

Forgetting that for the moment, focusing on pleasing Casey, Deshawn nibbled on the root of Casey's cock and made his way back to his balls and then his stiff length.

Casey was limp on the sofa, looking soft and pliable as if he would do anything. Deshawn knelt upright, pulling on Casey's cock. "No one's done that to you before, have they?"

"No. O.M.F.G." Casey held his heart and panted.

Deshawn smiled. "Should we?"

"Yes! Deshawn, I want to. I don't feel like this is a first date. I know you want to see me again, right?"

"Fuck yeah!" Deshawn tightened his hold on Casey's cock.

"Then?" Casey gestured to his ass. "I'm good."

"You want me to give you a blowjob first? How should we do it?"

"I want to come with your dick in me. I can jack off while you fuck me."

"Wow. Hang on!" Deshawn stumbled off the sofa, grabbing at his pants which were around his hips. "Don't move!"

"I'm not going anywhere! Are you kidding me?"

Deshawn raced out of the room looking for his supplies.

~

Casey kept his cock hard, playing with it as he looked at Deshawn's CDs, DVDs, computer games. They were kindred spirits. Same work schedule, same hobbies...it was eerie. Downright eerie. Deshawn returned with a strip of condoms and a bottle of lubrication. He set them aside and hopped out of his pants and boxer briefs, leaving on his brown socks. He tore open a condom and jacked his cock hard as he stared between Casey's legs.

"Are you a virgin?" Deshawn asked.

"No. And I play with dildos." Casey never thought he'd tell a soul that. His cheeks burned hot. "Swear to me you won't tell anyone I told you that."

Deshawn crossed his heart. "On the Wizard's black crystal woodworm staff."

"Okay." Casey believed him. That was a big vow to make for a Wizard and Woodworms gamer.

Casey held his knees and tried to open his body. "Is it going to work here on the sofa?"

“No.” Deshawn grabbed Casey’s hand and raced to his bedroom, Casey assumed. Casey tripped over the pants that still hung on one leg, trying to shake it off as he rushed. When Deshawn turned on a light, Casey stopped short at the flat screen computer and panels of electronics all over the room. “I have the same set up!” he gasped as he spoke.

“Later.” Deshawn directed Casey to lay on his back, his legs parted and his knees close to his chest. Deshawn left the room, returning with the lubrication. It wasn’t the most graceful performance two people about to make love could do, but they knew they’d get the job done.

Deshawn knelt between Casey’s legs and used the gel on both of them. When Deshawn pushed his fingers into Casey’s ass, Casey howled and thrust his hips off the bed.

“Dude! My neighbors!”

Casey covered his mouth with his hand and moaned into his own palm. He loved getting anal sex and hadn’t thought he’d have it again for a long time.

Once Deshawn got him prepped, opening him up and making Casey squirm all over the bed, Casey grabbed his own cock and began fisting it.

“Wait for me. Hang on.” Deshawn closed the gap between them and pushed the head of his cock against Casey’s ass.

Casey shivered and pinched his cock so they could come together.

“You holding back?”

“Yes,” Casey squeaked out.

Deshawn thrust in, catching up, fucking Casey with enthusiasm.

Casey felt his skin catch on fire and his balls churn up the load. He cupped his nuts in one hand and surrounded his dick in the other, and felt each part of his body come alive with pleasure, seeing ropey veins bulging, and clear fluid seeping from the slit. “Oh God. Ya close?”

“Go for it.” Deshawn drove deep and hard choking on his climax.

Casey sprayed cum all over his own chest and neck, fisting himself for the rest of the orgasm, gasping, huffing, and rocking on the bed.

~

Deshawn lowered his head to catch his breath. He stared at his dark dick in that pink puckered rim and felt his cock throb again. He pushed inside deeply and slow, then drew his dick out completely. The reservoir of the condom was full even after coming once already. "I can't believe how good that was."

"I'm in shock." Casey didn't let go of his cock and balls, holding both still in his hands while his chest heaved.

"Wow. Casey...I don't even know your last name." Deshawn began inching backwards so Casey's legs could drop to the bed.

"Boyd."

"Jackson."

"Wow. Stranger sex?" Casey laughed, but he was still breathing hard.

"You think we're strangers? I feel like I've known you all my life."

"Yeah. Weird huh? I never do this. I swear, Deshawn. I never go with a guy this far on the first date."

"I hear ya. I'm the consummate geek. I'm afraid of my own shadow." He tugged the rubber off.

"Me too. Am I too thin?"

Deshawn coughed and then laughed.

"Oh, no. Don't laugh at me."

"No. Dude! I was going to ask you that!" Deshawn used a tissue from a box he had on his nightstand to wrap up the condom. He tossed the box at Casey and Casey swiped at the spatter on his chest.

"I really like you, Deshawn. I'm praying to the goddess of Woodworm you are going to see me again."

"You don't have to pray. I'm right there with you. I want you in my life." Deshawn dropped to his back, lying side by side with Casey, staring at the light fixture on his ceiling. I can't believe we have been commuting on the BART and Muni together since January and have just now got the nerve to talk."

“Hey, just in time for Valentine’s Day.” Casey laughed, placing his dirty tissue on top of the pile Deshawn made with his.

“I wish you could stay.”

“I don’t have clean clothing, or my shaving shit.”

“Can you stay maybe over the weekend?” Deshawn reached out his hand.

Casey took it. “I would love to. Can you imagine a weekend of gaming, computers and fucking like that?”

“Where you been all my life, Casey Boyd?”

“Looking for you online, Deshawn Jackson.” Casey brought Deshawn’s hand to his lips.

“I will hate this bed when you go.”

Casey rolled to his side and caressed Deshawn’s chest. “We didn’t even get our shirts or socks off.” He started to laugh.

Deshawn looked down at his feet and chuckled. “You wear boxer briefs! I wear boxer briefs!”

“We are so perfect for each other.”

“Yin and Yang. You are the bizarro me.”

“I’m your picture negative.” Casey rested his knee over Deshawn’s hip. “If I lay here, I’ll be out like a light.”

“I’ll walk you to the train station.”

“You are the best, you know that?” Casey hugged Deshawn.

“You took the words right out of my mouth.”

~

Friday morning Casey was up at seven, had a bowl of corn flakes with almond milk at seven fifteen, was showered, shaven, dressed, and at the BART station by eight sharp. He looked at his iPhone for updates on the weather and traffic, feeling the cold foggy February morning like it was springtime. He was in love. Yup. In love.

His phone buzzed and he was stunned to see a text message from *DeshawnJ80*. It read, “*ten minutes and counting*”. Casey knew that was the time it would take until the train made it to Oakland’s station and Deshawn would get on the train.

Casey did nothing but think of Deshawn all night. Luckily he didn’t have Deshawn’s email address, or they two of them would

have been texting, connected on the computer via webcam, and not sleeping a wink. But having Deshawn text him was a thrill.

“ten, nine, eight...” Casey typed back quickly on his phone’s keyboard. The train pulled into the station and Casey wanted to save Deshawn a seat. He put his backpack beside him and hoped no one got hostile. It was only five stops, surely he could save it.

While he rode the train toward his man, he kept in contact with him. “I couldnt sleep all night thinkn bout u.”

Deshawn wrote back, “me 2. So much like me u r.” A second later Deshawn added, “yoda said that.”

Casey laughed out loud and then noticed someone looking at him. He controlled his hilarity and typed, “savin a seat. May be killed.”

“ooo scareee.”

“one more stop...I’ll act nuts 2 keep em way.”

“just look gay.”

“ha ha.” Casey had never thought the journey between Richmond and Oakland was so long before. But when Deshawn’s stop came, the seat was still saved. Deshawn boarded and didn’t hesitate. They knew where each other sat, where they ended up in the train, everything about each other.

Deshawn dropped down heavily, his backpack at his feet just like Casey’s and they grinned at each other.

“I want to kiss you hello.” Casey didn’t dare.

Deshawn sent a cyber kiss. Casey sent one back.

“So, you’re going to stay tonight?” Deshawn asked, speaking close to Casey’s ear in the noise of the train.

“I brought clean briefs, and some toiletries. So, I’m ready. Are you?”

“Are you kidding me? Gaming all weekend with Dark-knight? I couldn’t ask for a better time.”

Casey took Deshawn’s glasses off his nose and cleaned them.

“Was I smudged?”

“Yes.” Casey handed them back. “How do mine look?”

Deshawn put his on and scrutinized Casey’s. “Passable.”

“I just wiped them at home.” He pushed the glasses higher on the bridge of his nose. “Can we have a *Being Screwed* marathon too?”

“Absolutely. I haven’t watched the second season through yet.”

“Sah-weet.” Casey felt as if he were filled with light. He looked around at the rest of the commuters. He used to feel like he was surrounded by couples and he was the only one alone. Now he noticed all the lonely people and felt sorry for them.

“Where do you eat lunch?” Deshawn asked.

“At my desk. You?”

“Yeah. At my desk.”

“You ever think of getting a tattoo?” Deshawn pressed their legs together.

“I thought about getting my avatar on my back.”

“I thought about it too. If we do, let’s get each other’s.”

“Oh, dude.” Casey whistled. “I’d want yours where I can see it. That way when you’re not there…” He moved his hand like he was masturbating.

“You think this is a flash in the pan?”

Casey shrugged. “I don’t want it to be. But you and I are realists. It’s all about math and probability.”

“I did the calculation using our overlapping personality traits.” Deshawn took a pad out of his backpack pouch. He flipped pages. “Judging from just what I know about us already, I showed a seventy-five percent chance of long-term viability.”

Casey reached into his pack, retrieving his pad. “I was over eighty. What traits did you include?”

“Well, I don’t know how you live. Are you neat?”

“And tidy. I also have my CDs and DVDs alphabetized like yours.”

“See you knew factors I didn’t.” They swapped pads.

Casey read the calculations. “Yeah. I used the same formula. Did you go to Berkeley?”

“I did. But I graduated two years before you.”

“Professor Manning?”

“Yup. He’s the math wizard.” Deshawn made a sign with his hand; the index finger and pinky up and the rest of his hand in a fist. They bumped knuckles, saying, “Wizard woodworm trust, live, love, last,” at the same time.

A woman holding a bike helmet raised her eyebrow at them.

“We’re such geeks,” Casey said, laughing.

“Yeah. Let ’em laugh. We’ll rule the planet.”

“Dude.” Casey knocked knuckles with him again.

~

Deshawn knew they had a long way to go until the Muni connection. He put his pack on his lap so he could hold Casey’s leg under cover. Casey put his hand on top of Deshawn’s so they could ride, holding hands, but no one would see. Their shoulders connected, their legs were pressed together, Deshawn couldn’t be happier. He was looking forward to a weekend of fun with Casey, something Deshawn hadn’t felt in a very long time.

He was pumped.

They used their free hands to check their handheld devices, smiling at each other as they did.

~

Friday was here, and Friday was gone. Deshawn waited for Casey at the Muni station on Market Street. Even in the fall and winter, the Castro came alive on Friday nights and weekends. It wasn’t raining, but it was cool and breezy. Male couples began to click into party mode as the bars opened and the clubs and theaters came to life. Deshawn inhaled the sea air and smiled.

Life used to be depressing. He felt as if he were standing still and the world spun without him. With someone like Casey in his life, Deshawn felt so alive it was as if he was sizzling with sparks.

The moment he spotted Casey coming his way, the streetlights lighting him up like the angel he was, Deshawn grew hard in his slacks.

He glanced around the area, and was thrilled at how many male couples were playing, holding hands, and laughing together. There were places in this country where men could live, love and laugh. Pockets of sanity in a scary world.

Though Deshawn’s parents loved him and were proud of who he was, his mother feared for him. Being a minority and gay was like a double whammy. But Deshawn knew if he kept a low profile and lived, loved and laughed in the Castro and in private, he’d be fine.

So, with that in mind, and the wonderful gay male energy surrounding him, the minute Casey was in striking distance,

Deshawn kissed him. When he leaned back to see the result and the stunned look on Casey's face, Deshawn laughed and twirled around.

"Deshawn Jackson! Where did that come from?"

"I got more where that came from." Deshawn was thrilled to see men smiling at him. Not a hostile sneer for miles. He loved the area he worked.

Casey hugged him and they spun around in a circle just because they could.

"We better hurry!" Casey held Deshawn's hand and they galloped down the stairs to the turnstiles, seeing who could get through the fastest. They sprinted to the platform, laughing like Deshawn could not remember laughing before.

He and Casey bumped hips as they stood in their spot for the train, giving each other the lustful eye of a lover, hot for a session of pure romance and love.

The train made its noisy approach and Deshawn felt Casey gearing up for a sprint inside the car. They tried to be patient as a huge load of revelers disembarked to play in the Castro's rainbow light. After all, it was Valentine's weekend. The day when Cupid shoots his arrow into everyone's bottom.

The path cleared and Deshawn held Casey's backpack, preventing him from dashing off without him. Casey dragged Deshawn like a pack mule to the spot they often stood on the opposite side of the open train door.

They didn't hide their affection. Not yet. Not now. Not while gay men surrounded them. Not while people who lived in a tolerant society protected them. So they stood close, connected, but didn't go too far. Just enough to communicate to each other their love and passion.

~

Casey knew his enthusiasm for Deshawn was still riding high. But of course, it was only day one and two. And even after the weekend, it would only be day three and four of a newly budding relationship. But Casey had a feeling. Oh, yes. He knew this one was a keeper.

He and Deshawn kept smiling at each other, touching each other discreetly. Nothing overt, especially as the distance

between them and the wonderful Castro District became larger. Even on the outskirts of San Francisco, tolerance was replaced by ignorance, and men could not show their mutual love openly.

So as the train stations passed, and they transferred onto the BART, they stood apart and were less open. It was survival, it was necessary.

Finally, Oakland, with its graffiti covered walls and run down alleys appeared. In the dark winter night, they huddled close as they walked the short jaunt to Deshawn's apartment.

Casey couldn't wait until they were alone. Alone to play for a few days. To forget work, and game, watch their favorite videos, eat their favorite foods, and have sex.

The moment Deshawn opened the door to his unit, Casey threw off his pack, kicked off his shoes and grabbed his man.

Deshawn caught up quickly, taking off his backpack, shoes, and receiving that kiss Casey knew Deshawn had been dreaming about all day.

They didn't feel like strangers any longer. They felt like lovers.

"Sex?" Casey asked, taking off his own shirt.

"Sex." Deshawn agreed, mirroring Casey as he also began to undress.

Casey left a trail of his clothing as he backed into the bedroom, kissing and moaning against Deshawn's mouth the whole way. Once they were both nude, Casey held Deshawn and leapt on the bed with a bounce, spreading his legs as he lay on top of him. Under him Deshawn squirmed on the bed, running his hands all over Casey's skin, up his back to his hair, down his spine to his ass, and thrusting his cock between them.

Casey parted from their kiss for a deep inhale and looked down at Deshawn's slender body. "Makes me hungry."

"For?" Deshawn took off both their glasses and set them on the nightstand.

"You." Casey sat up, jerked Deshawn's legs forward and spread them.

Deshawn began laughing and happily obliged.

"Right. My turn."

"First time giving too?" Deshawn sounded surprised.

"Yup. Wish me luck, Knight-hawk."

“Live, love and last, Dark-knight.”

Casey dove between Deshawn’s legs, making Deshawn jump before he relaxed.

~

Deshawn moaned as Casey explored his rim and balls with his tongue. “A fine master of the art, you are.”

The laugh from Casey was against his bottom and made Deshawn smile. “Mm. Casey Boyd...yum yum.” He wriggled and tugged on his stiff cock.

Casey spent a nice amount of time sucking Deshawn’s balls and ass and then sat up. “I’m about to come.” He cupped his cock. “I think I get hotter doing shit to you than you do when I do it.”

“Nope. Think again, young wizard. I’ve been running numbers in my head to hold back.”

“Which equation?”

“Relativity. It’s the easiest to remember.”

“Fine. Let’s fuck so we don’t have to hold back.”

Deshawn pointed to the supplies already out on the nightstand.

“You are efficient, kind sir.” Casey put the condom on Deshawn’s cock.

“You prefer bottom?” Deshawn was pleasantly pleased. He preferred to top.

“Yes. Okay?”

“Add that to our compatibility equation.”

“Will do.” Casey got on his hands and knees beside Deshawn. “Your steed awaits, sire.”

“Indeed.” Deshawn crawled behind Casey, coating his cock with gel. “I shall enjoy the ride.”

Casey lowered to his elbows and wriggled his bottom.

Deshawn knew this was too good to be true, but the law of probabilities was growing strong between them.

He pushed the head of his cock inside Casey and heard their moans echo each other. “Oh, my. I am so close already. Why do you make me so hot?”

“You don’t have to hold back for me. Go for it.”

Deshawn made his way deeper until he was as far as he could go. He gave a few good thrusts first, then reached around Casey's hips and ran into a stiff cock. "Ready, my reliable stallion?"

"Yes, Your Highness. Fly me to the moon."

Deshawn gripped Casey's cock and worked it in time with his hip thrusts. It didn't take long. Between the friction on his cock, the heat and scent of his lover, and holding his man's cock, Deshawn was riding the edge. "You close?"

He heard Casey make a grunting noise, reach for a handful of tissues and catch the cum as it shot out of his cock. Deshawn closed his eyes and ground into him as the orgasm shook him, amazed Casey even thought about not getting spunk on the bed.

"*Oaahh, gaad.* That was amazing..." Casey's voice was muffled by the pillow as he still had his ass high and his head low.

"So good." Deshawn pulled out and exhaled a deep breath. "Thanks for saving a change of sheets."

Casey sat up to look. "Yup. Got it. We should remember to put a towel down. I almost forgot and blew jizz all over the place."

"I should suck you first." Deshawn climbed off the bed, putting on his glasses and removing the rubber.

"The combinations are endless." Casey put on his glasses and rolled off the bed. "If you count hand-jobs, blow-jobs, rimming, tea-bagging, and the numerous positions for anal sex, we could go on for a year without repeating the same act twice."

"Let's begin recording our acts." Deshawn dropped the used condom into the bathroom wastebasket and washed up as Casey waited his turn.

"We can do it in code so no one will know." Casey tossed out the dirty tissues and washed his hands, cock, and bottom.

"I'll help you. I've been developing an elfin code."

"Perfect."

"Time for Chinese food and a *Being Screwed* marathon?" Deshawn found his briefs and put them on.

Casey held out his hand, index finger, thumb out, and they knocked knuckles. "Live, love and last."

"That's our credo now. We will last. It's in the math."

Casey dressed, picking up his clothing as he went into the living room. “I know. And if you add our preference to top or receive, we probably come closer to ninety percent.”

“You do the math. I’ll order the food.” Deshawn took a menu from his favorite restaurant off the refrigerator.

“Let me guess,” Casey said, sitting on the sofa, opening his pack to get a pad and pen. “Shrimp fried rice and sweet and sour chicken.”

“Two of my favs.”

“I’m adding that to the equation.”

Deshawn put his phone to his ear. He knew this love was here to stay. It was written in the stars.

The End

About the Author

Author G.A. Hauser is from Fair Lawn, New Jersey, USA. She attended university at The Fashion Institute of Technology in NYC, and has a BA in Fine Art from William Paterson College in Wayne NJ where she graduated Cum Laude. As well as degrees in art, G.A. is a Graduate Gemologist from the Gemological Institute of America (GIA). In 1994 G.A. graduated the Washington State Police academy as a Peace Officer for the Seattle Police Department in Washington where she worked on the patrol division. She was awarded Officer of the Month in February 2000 for her work with recovering stolen vehicles and fingerprint matches to auto-theft and bank robbery suspects. After working for the Seattle Police, G.A. moved to Hertfordshire, England where she began to write full length gay romance novels. Now a full-time writer, G.A. has penned over 140 novels and short stories. Breaking into independent film, G. A. was the executive producer for her first feature film, CAPITAL GAMES which included TV star Shane Keough in its cast. CAPITAL GAMES had its Film Festival Premiere at Philly's Qfest, and its television premiere on OutTV. G.A. is the director and executive producer for her second film NAKED DRAGON, which is an interracial gay police/FBI drama filmed in Los Angeles with the outstanding cinematographer, Pete Borosh. (also the Cinematographer for Capital Games)

The cover photographs of G.A.'s novels have been selected from talented and prolific photographers such as Dennis Dean, Dan Skinner, Michael Stokes, Tuta Veloso, Hans Withoos, and CJC Photography, as well as graphic comic artist, Arlen Schumer. Her cover designs have featured actors Chris Salvatore, Jeffery Patrick Olson, Tom Wolfe, and models Brian James Bradley, Bryan Feiss, Jimmy Thomas, Andre Flagger, among many others.

Her advertisements have been printed in Attitude Magazine, LA Frontiers, and Gay Times.

G. A. has won awards from All Romance eBooks for Best Author 2009, Best Novel 2008, *Mile High*, Best Author 2008, Best Novel 2007, *Secrets and Misdemeanors*, and Best Author 2007.

G.A. was the guest speaker at the SLA conference in San Diego, in 2013, where she discussed women writing gay erotica and has attended numerous writers' conventions across the country.

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