

Fair Game – a Titan and Chandler Vignette

“I won fair and square. So take off your clothes. All of them.”

Titan scowled. Shit. He couldn't believe Chandler won the bet. How the hell did he win by picking out the teams by the design of their uniforms? Double fuck. He was the NFL expert in this family. He held out his hand and wiggled his fingers. “Let me see that again.”

Chandler laughed and moved into Titan's space. Rubbing chest to chest, he bent his head near Titan's ear, holding back the piece of paper with the pool results. “You're a sore loser. Just give in already. I want to see you *buttnaked*.”

A shiver coursed down Titan's spine. Chandler's sultry voice always got him instantly hard, and this time was no exception. Now he'd have to strip with his dick half cocked. He glanced at the stool in the middle of Chandler's studio. A blank canvas was set up on an easel with a table next to it with brushes, paints, and various art supplies.

“Okay, but promise me you'll not show it to anyone.”

Chandler licked Titan's earlobe then gave it a nip. “That wasn't part of the bet.”

Titan stepped away from his lover. He gave him the evil eye but started unbuttoning his shirt, grumbling under his breath.

Standing naked he crossed his arms over his chest. “Where do you want me?”

Chandler turned from the easel and a grin spread across his face as his gaze zeroed in on Titan's cock poking straight out. “I never get tired of looking at you, lover.” He turned back to the easel and taped a large sheet of paper on the canvas. Back to business, he ordered, “Sit on the stool.”

With all of his NFL fame, and now his infamous popularity after coming out of the

closet, Titan had never enjoyed being in the spotlight. Certainly, he didn't want to be painted nude, but a bet was a bet. He never for one second believed he'd lose to Chandler. The guy couldn't tell the difference between a punt and a kick-off, let alone understand the rules of game. Football was his area of expertise, for fuck's sake.

Titan sat stiffly on the stool, not sure where to put his feet. Exposed and self-conscious, he squirmed to get more comfortable, failing miserably. "How long do I have to sit here?" When he was a child, he'd posed for his grandfather, and still recalled the agony of sitting still. "I'm already antsy."

Chandler came up to Titan. He gently pushed back on his shoulders. "Let me position you. Relax." He tapped Titan's right knee. "Put your foot on the bottom rung."

Chandler's touches buzzed across Titan's skin. When Chandler adjusted Titan's sac so his balls hung freely, Titan jumped. "Okay, hold on now." There was nothing he could do about his erect cock. With Chandler so near, touching him, his hard-on blazed. Grabbing Chandler's wrist, he growled. "God, let's fuck instead."

Chandler smirked, and slapped away Titan's hand. "After I'm finished."

Titan's gaze glued onto Chandler's backside as he sauntered back to the easel, enjoying the view of that tight firm butt. His hand slid over his dick and fired up his already pent-up lust. He massaged his cock, building the tension in his groin.

Even after a year of living together, the man still drove him insane. That damn tease.

"I'm going to draw a few preliminary sketches." Chandler informed him as he picked a piece of charcoal. "After that, you're free to go." His brows rose to his hairline when he spied Titan stroking himself. "Ah, your hand? Maybe you should move it to your thigh?"

Caught!

The tip of Titan's ears burned. He placed his hand on his thigh. Clearing his throat, he thought about his mom walking in on them. Okay. That helped his situation, his dick deflating.

“What about the painting, don't I have to pose for that?” he asked, trying desperately to focus on something besides wanted to spear his dick in that luscious ass. Oh fuck. Again, his dick stirred but he clamped down on his thoughts and conjured up his mom, again.

Ah, better.

Chandler had no clue how much he was suffering!

“I'll choose one of my sketches and then paint from that.”

Titan sighed, resigned to his fate of sitting quiet.

Time slipped away.

He did enjoy watching Chandler create, getting lost in the process, all of his focus on his art. And when those brown eyes took him in, well, it was...sexy to have his lover's attention on him in such a powerful way.

His lust subsided into a slow burning need. He'd get his way afterwards, his treat for posing. Chandler never teased without coming through, always fair. A trait he loved about his partner. He never questioned how lucky he'd been finding such a man. He accepted it and cherished Chandler. Mostly, he let his actions say how much he loved him, but sometimes, Chandler liked to hear the words.

Titan smiled at his artist. “I love you, babe.”

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