



Easter Sunday

by Jessica Frezly

Mal paced about his loft, fussing with the jacaranda that stood in vases on the table in the entryway and on the linen swathed dining table. The effulgent purple blooms were the antithesis of his rather Spartan taste. They stood out in stark contrast to the browns and neutrals with which he'd decorated his home, but Tom had mentioned once in passing that his mother adored them. Mal had to visit five different florists before he could find fresh jacarandas, but he'd do much more if it would guarantee a successful, or at least non-disastrous, outcome for the days "festivities."

Just who celebrated Easter anymore, anyway? Christians, he supposed. Mal was not a Christian. His father had been Jewish, but not observant. His mother was a Unitarian Universalist. Well, that was slightly Christian, he supposed. But they'd raised Mal to be a free thinker. He'd never been baptized, never been to church or synagogue. Easter to him meant Friday off from his teaching job and half a day of classes on Monday. But here he was, hosting Easter dinner for his -- the word still astonished him -- his *boyfriend's* parents.

“In accordance with the traditions of my people, I should order in Chinese and conduct a panel discussion on the theme of rebirth in world-religions,” he muttered, pausing before the mirrored door of the hall closet to straighten his tie and frown at his reflection. He was too tall, too bony, his nose was oversized and he was decidedly middle-aged, but there was nothing he could do about any of that. Tom didn't seem to mind these shortcomings, but what would his parents think? *Cradle-robber, perv.* How had he allowed himself to be talked into this anyway?

Behind him, the bathroom door opened and the answer to that question came waltzing out, blond hair damp, white shirt unbuttoned and clinging to his still damp skin. Tom.

Mal's breath hitched in his chest. He still couldn't get over it, probably never would. He'd chalked the success of their first couple of dates up to the dramatic way in which they'd met. A convenience store robbery brought them together. That kind of thing seldom gave way to a long-term relationship. But, six months later, they were still together. It was the very last thing Mal had expected in his life.

"Thanks for doing this," said Tom, wrapping one arm around Mal and leaning in, blue eyes smiling. Mal struggled for breath as Tom pressed his chest to his and angled his boxer-clad hips so that his groin nestled against Mal's thigh. "I really appreciate it," he said, flexing.

Mal let out a long sigh and bent his face to the crook of Tom's neck, drinking in his shower-fresh scent and the warmth of his smooth, golden skin. He opened his mouth for a taste, running his tongue in little circles that made Tom wiggle delightfully. Tom was getting hard, Mal too. That was just what he needed, to greet Tom's parents at the door, his trousers stained with effluvia.

But these past few months with Tom had revealed a distressing tendency for Mal's body to utterly disregard his common sense. So when Tom shifted and captured Mal's

mouth with his soft, pink lips, Mal reached down and cupped his firm butt, pulling him closer, their cocks nestling together snugly. He would have gasped at the sensation of a hot, hard cock rubbing against his, but his mouth was rather full of Tom's tongue at the moment. Instead, what escaped him was a one of those tiny whimpers from the back of his throat that he found so humiliating but which Tom seemed to adore.

Tom growled, pushing Mal back against the mirrored door, undulating against him harder, faster. There was something -- several somethings, probably -- that Mal was forgetting. He knew it. But at the moment he couldn't recall what they were, or -- Tom reached between them and undid the clasp of Mal's trousers -- why he should care.

The next thing he knew, his pants were around his knees. Then Tom sank to *his* knees and proceeded suck Mal's cock as if he was drowning and it was his only source of air. Number two on Mal's list of mortifying sex noises was the high-pitched keening which issued from him as Tom insinuated a finger between his cheeks and stroked his asshole.

Mal threaded his fingers through Tom's hair and gripped his head, thrusting between

those plump lips in a steady rhythm now. Tom had worked that finger up where it could do the most good, too, and every time Mal pulled back out of Tom's mouth, he rocked back onto his finger, which nailed his prostate like a seasoned cabinet-maker.

It was a matter of moments before Mal came, bending over Tom's head as he convulsed. A fat drop of drool fell from his open mouth and was the very last thing he was aware of as his world whited out.

A moment later, things slowly came back into focus. Tom was already releasing his now tumescent member, tucking him back into his boxers and pulling up his pants. "There," he said, looking up a bit sheepishly. "I just had to get that in before they get here."

"I hope I haven't burned the ham," said Mal, wiping his mouth. He paused. "I'll pay you back later," he warned Tom. "Now go get dressed, they'll be here any minute."

"You don't have to worry," said Tom, his voice fading as he went into the bedroom.

Mal hurried into the kitchen, reassured by the mingled aromas of baked ham with pear and vanilla glaze, corn pudding, asparagus en crouete and strawberry rhubarb pie, and

the noted absence of black smoke. He opened the oven door. The ham was golden brown, perfect. Mal was not, by nature, a cook. When he was single he'd never bothered, relying on convenience foods and carryout. But, he was a born researcher. When Tom had floated the idea of an Easter dinner with his parents, Mal had taken on the project with fervor, pouring through cookbooks, buttonholing local chefs for advice on various techniques, sitting up late at night watching the Food Channel.

“Smells great in here, but you really didn't have to go to all this trouble,” said Tom, walking into the kitchen just as Mal placed the ham on the carving board. He wore a dress shirt and jeans. Jeans?

“You keep saying that. Is that what you're wearing?”

“My parents don't care about that kind of stuff. You don't have to try to impress them.”

Mal set down the carving knife. “Tom, you're their only child.”

“That's true.”

“And you're gay and they know you're gay.”

“Right again.”

“And you’re dating a man who may be -- good god, he hadn’t thought of that until just now -- older than they are. Who is an underpaid English professor at a community college. Who--“

Tom closed the distance between them and took Mal by the hands. “Who makes me happy.”

Mal sighed. “They’re parents, Tom. They’re not going to understand--“

Tom looked down at their clasped hands. “There’s something about my folks I haven’t told you.”

Mal’s general anxiety found a new focus. “What?”

Tom tilted his head and licked the corner of his upper lip. He did that when he was feeling both guilty and embarrassed. “They’re um... show people.”

Mal tilted his head to one side, nonplussed. “Show people? You mean the theater? They’re actors?”

Tom shook his head. He swallowed. His hands in Mal's trembled. *He* was nervous? He looked up, with almost exactly the same terrified but under control look he'd had when they first met. "As in sideshow, Mal. They're circus people."

Mal blinked.

"I know, I know I should have told you before. I just... You're so smart and you care about culture and education and... I didn't want to scare you off." Tom ran one hand through his hair and looked at the ceiling. "Argh! Why did I do this?"

Mal didn't know what to say. Tom was worried about how *he'd* react? About the impression his parents would make on *Mal*? He looked about the kitchen, at all the highbrow frou frou food he'd made. Could he have miscalculated worse if he'd tried? "Tom. I'm sorry."

Tom gave him a bewildered look.

"I've been so wrapped up in my own insecurities I didn't even think about how you might feel. I don't care who your parents are. I want you. I'm an intellectual, yes, a snob even, but not to you. *Never to you*. You... I... we go beyond all that. And that's why I want your parents to be

comfortable in our home.” He gestured at the food. “We can throw all this out and order in from anyplace you’d like.”

Tom had the oddest expression on his face. A smile, which seemed a good sign, though his eyes were very bright. “The food is fine.”

“Tom?”

“Our home. You said, ‘our home.’”

And so he had. Well, how about that? And just how much at arms length had he kept Tom for Tom to be so affected by the statement? “Yes. Ours, if you want it.”

Tom bit his lower lip, his eyes alight with glee. He launched himself at Mal and Mal caught him, holding him tight. *You nearly diddled yourself out of the best relationship you ever had, old man, just by expecting rejection.* He pressed his cheek against Tom’s and, so there could be no doubt, and no what ifs at some future date, said, “I love you.”

“I love you too,” said Tom, his voice thick.

They remained locked together like that for a few moments, each one holding the other one up. At length, they were able to breathe

and laugh and smile again, and they separated. “So, “ said Mal. “Just what do your parents do in the circus, anyway?”

Tom was about to answer when the doorbell rang.

The End

Frøzly

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Prompts used to write this story:

jacaranda

pear

effluvia

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