the man deserves a medal

by cynicalskinx

Summary

Josh and Tyler use to be in love. Now, Tyler is a married man and Josh is engaged. Yet, no matter how happy he is for his best friend, Tyler can’t help but missing what he and Josh use to have. And maybe Josh feels the same way too.

Notes

i love debby sm!! i just kinda needed an antagonist in this story, my bad.

also this is my very first time ever writing smut i’m so sorry??

did not proofread either. correct me if there’s a typo.

When Josh had told Tyler he was going to propose to Debby, Tyler felt nothing but happiness for his best friend. They’d been going for a few years and Josh was finally ready to pop the big question! Of course, Tyler helped him pick out the ring and set up the whole proposal, most of the ideas were Tyler’s anyhow. Gist is, he was so insanely proud and joy-filled for his best friend that he almost forgot that just a few years ago, he could’ve been in Debby’s exact spot: engaged to Joshua Dun.

They were teenagers when they first met. Josh was eighteen and Tyler was seventeen. They met
through a mutual friend and linked almost automatically. Sharing most of the same interests, and bringing new hobbies into each other’s lives, there was never a dull moment between them. They were constantly talking about each other to their friends, it was always “Josh said the funniest thing the other day,” or, “You would not believe what Tyler told me.”

They seemed to gush about their friendship to anyone who would listen. Eventually it grew annoying to all of their peers and they started joking about how Josh and Tyler were practically married at that point. Josh didn’t think much of it in fact, but Tyler sputtered everyone someone brought it up, trying to defend himself. He didn’t know why exactly he got so defensive about it, but it made both Josh and himself confused.

Josh knew it was a joke, but by the way Tyler always shut it down immediately, it made him think that Tyler was more-or-less repulsed by the thought of ever being with him. At this point in time, Josh knew he was bisexual but hadn’t told Tyler yet. Nobody had really knew. Even his longest friends and family didn’t have a single clue, yet he was considering telling Tyler. Now, he didn’t want to tell his potential best friend in fear of losing him.

Tyler, on the other hand, was confused by it because of how much it made his heart start to race. When Mark or Brendon would say something like, “There go the Dun’s/Joseph’s,” the glow that Josh radiated when he laughed about it, made Tyler’s heart feel weird. But good weird. It made Tyler want to hug him and laugh with him, but instead he got angry about it. Josh had begun to get frustrated with Tyler being so mad about a joke, so one night he confronted him.

This was all pre-band, so they spent most of their time just hanging out. That night, they happened to be sleeping over at Josh’s apartment. They’d been friends for about a year, and a year Josh has had to live with his secret. Tyler noticed something seemed to be bothering Josh since he wasn’t really talking much. When asked about it, Josh blew up, shouting things like, “Are you homophobic?” and “What’s so bad about me?”. Tyler had no idea what the fuck he was talking about.

After he had gotten Josh to finally calm down, he let him explain himself. Tyler saw where he was coming from immediately. He knew that if he were in Josh’s position, he’d be extremely offended as well, but that didn’t seem to be the biggest part bothering him. Tyler told him he wasn’t homophobic in anyway, and even told Josh he was sometimes questioning his own sexuality. So Josh finally told someone.

Of course Tyler didn’t care, he’d love Josh no matter what. He was happy Josh was bisexual. He was proud that Josh trusted him enough to tell him first. Yet something inside Tyler clicked that night, something small that made his ears ring. Was he happy that Josh was finally free from holding his secret in, or was he happy because he liked guys?

A year they had been best friends, and a year attached at the hip. Tyler has been overthinking his feelings for maybe half of that time. They were sitting on Josh’s bed, criss-cross facing each other like children. Tyler decided it wasn’t going to get any easier to figure out, so he said fuck it. He leaned in and kissed Josh.

Tyler didn’t feel hands pushing him away in disgust. He didn’t feel Josh slapping him across the face, not at all. There was no pain and there was no suffering. Instead, Josh cupped his cheeks and pulled him in even closer, sighing contently as he did so. Tyler felt like he was on cloud 9, finally knowing what he’s wanted all along. This felt right. They fit together perfectly.

Josh had pushed Tyler on to his back during some point and crawled on top of him, deepening the kiss by trying to get his tongue into Tyler’s mouth, who gladly accepted. It was like a fight almost.

Josh slowly guided his hand under Tyler’s shirt and started tracing his fingers around every muscle
he had. It made Tyler feel kind of sexy. It was obvious what they both wanted; what they both craved, but Josh is more than a gentleman and didn’t want to do anything with or to Tyler that the other may regret. After all, he said he was still questioning his sexuality. Maybe this helped him a little bit.

And again, being the gentleman Josh so very was, he gave Tyler a polite blowjob to give him that extra push into deciding what his friend may be. Tyler was all for it, gripping Josh’s blue hair in his fingers and guiding him to go faster and deeper. It seemed like Josh was an expert at sucking cock and it made Tyler wonder if he’s done this before. The thought made him sad so he just decided to look down at Josh’s head between his legs and he was suddenly very happy again.

After Tyler came and Josh swallowed every bit that was left, there was a single moment of awkward silence before Tyler goes, “It’s official: that’s the least straight I’ve ever been.” The tension in the room melts away as both of them laugh. Tyler eventually cups the back of Josh’s neck softly and brings him in for a gentle kiss, not minding his own cum.

Nothing was established in that moment, nor in the weeks to follow, but they began to get more touchy and more possessive of each other. It was an unspoken agreement that neither of them really flirted with other people, and they were perfectly fine with that.

Secret kisses were shared in rooms alone, and much more unmentionable things were done behind locked doors. It wasn’t until two months after their first fling that they decided to talk about it and make it official: they were boyfriends, and so fucking happy with it. They told their friends and eventually their family, and not a single person was surprised by any of it. They were all collectively happy and went on with living their normal lives.

As for Tyler and Josh, things were sailing smoothly for the first two years. Two years! Neither of them could believe it had been so long. They were in their very early twenties now and were talking about moving into Josh’s apartment together. They were both extremely excited about it, but were a tiny bit stressed because they had just come up with the idea of starting a band together, and actually being serious about it. They didn’t want it to be a band that never went anywhere and that they were on-again, off-again with. They were committed and wanted this to take off. So buying the right equipment, trying to set up venues, it all took a wad from their pockets.

It was nothing their parents didn’t want to help with though. They saw how happy their son’s were together and knew this would only bring them closer. They helped them in the beginning to assist Josh in getting the right drum set and for Tyler to get the correct amps for any show they’d need. And they were officially living together. It was 2009 and times were simple.

They released their first album that year and that was the start of everything; they’re fame, future, and their downfall.

For the next few months everything was fantastic and they flowed just like they always had. They’d wake up in each other’s arms, maybe morning sex, maybe not. Then they’d spend the day halfway working on music on their next album, maybe even a tour, and the other half of the day with each other, spending quality couple time together. By this time, all of their friends knew they were inseparable and practically soulmates. Tyler and Josh were just the fairytale couple that everyone wanted to be.

But as weeks and months went on, their alone time together dissipated. Waking up together turned to one of them waking up without the other and leaving the other to a cold bed. And fancy, evening dinner dates turned into heating up food in the microwave at midnight. They both noticed it but
didn’t say anything, just hoping things would fall back into place on their own, but it didn’t.

It’s 2011 and time for their second album. They’ve been dating for four years and no matter their hardships, they seem to fall more madly in love with each other with every day that goes by. They’re still happy even though they feel far at times.

Tyler is at the studio more than Josh is, being the main music producer and lead singer. They’re making steady money now, but Josh feels like he doesn’t do much to contribute to that. He gets music to practice, puts input in where input is needed, spends a few hours recording and then goes back home. Tyler is there from dawn to dusk it feels like.

They’re fighting a bit more about it and they both absolutely hate it. Josh is frustrated he never sees his boyfriend and Tyler is frustrated because Josh can’t seem to see all the good work he’s doing. But Josh sees it and he’s so proud of him, he just wishes to be more of a part of it. The two want to spend more time together but can’t keep to fit it into their calendars. When was the last time they had a date? A real date, one where they got dressed up and went to a fancy restaurant then spent the whole night having crazy sex on every piece of furniture in their shared home.

They’re both stressed, their tense bones crack every time they seem to move, and they’re almost ignoring each other. They love each other so damn much, but being together ticks something in their heads that makes them want to yell.

“I think I’m going to stay at my parents this weekend, honey, is that okay?” Tyler asks one night (rather, the very early morning) while the two are watching TV eating ramen. Josh’s fork almost slips from his hand.

“Oh, why?” he asks, trying to show the hurt in his voice. He knows why.

“You know I love you J, I just think we need a few days where we’re not at each other’s throats. If you don’t want me to go though, I can stay.” he insists, putting his hand on top of Josh’s knee in comfort. Josh smiles back, a little painfully at the love of his life and nods.

“Whatever’s best.” he says supportively.

Tyler leaves that weekend. Josh stays in their bed most days, holding Tyler’s pillow in his arm when he sleeps, trying to find comfort in his smell. Josh somehow thinks that gets ruined because of how many tears ended up on that pillow when the days were done.

He knew where they were headed. He realized it when he was in the shower. Mid-shampoo, he realizes that if he were in Tyler’s shoes, he would’ve never taken a weekend away from him, but instead have taken a weekend to vacation and rekindle their love. Josh thinks Tyler wants time apart to make a possible future breakup easier on them.

Again, he doesn’t know what the difference between tears and shower water is as he slides his back down the shower wall and tries to hide away. Not that anybody would be home to see him anyway. A sad sight, he’d imagine it to be.

Josh nearly tackles Tyler when he walks back in the door on Monday. They have sex on the couch and Josh fucks Tyler like he’s been deprived of sex his whole life. It’s almost like the weekend actually worked and they’re like they use to be all over again. They’re happy!

Good things are meant to end badly and they only got worse. Josh talks to Tyler about maybe taking time off from work to spend more quality time together and Tyler shuts it down, saying they’re finally getting out there! They have their first radio interview within the following few months and
Tyler doesn’t want to stop now. Josh feels like he’s not being prioritized.

“I don’t see why you can’t see how much we’re breaking, Tyler, we *need* this!” Josh insists. They’re in their small living room, trying to have dinner.

Tyler sighs. “We’re fine, Josh!” he lies. “You’re just overthinking all of this baby, things are tough right now but you know we’ll pull through. We always do.”

“But what if we don’t?”

“Josh don’t say that. We love each other.”

“Yeah, we fuckin’ do. But what if that’s not enough to save us this time?” his face is angled downwards towards his plate and tears fills his eyes. He doesn’t want them to fall.

“I don’t know,” Tyler rubs a hand over his tired face. He has dark under-eye circles.

“Tyler I can’t accept an ‘I don’t know’, do you know how unsettling that is? I can’t live off of wondering if our breakup is right around the corner! I love you, Tyler, but sometimes I don’t know if you feel the same way back!” his voice raises and a tear falls down his face out of pure frustration.

Tyler looks at him with the saddest eyes. They’re glassy and it looks like he’s on the verge of crying. They look sunken in as well, like he hasn’t slept in a while. Which he hasn’t.

“Then- then maybe we should. Maybe we should just break up.” he sets down his fork on his plate and the sound of metal hitting the China seems to sound like a pen drop in a silent room. It almost echos.

It’s silent. The only sound that can be heard in Josh sucking in a breath so shaky you’d think there was an earthquake.

“You’re choosing the . . . the band over *us*?” his distraught voice was enough to wrench Tyler’s heart.

“Josh,” he tried to reason. “it’s not choosing the band over us, it’s seeing the bigger picture-“

“The bigger picture? The past three-whatever-the-fuck years haven’t been a big enough picture for you? Our future isn’t big enough?” Josh is shaking. He’s trying so hard not to be hostile.

“*Twenty One Pilots* is in such a good place right now and our manager says it seems to be an upward slope from here! This is so, so good for us, Josh, I think it’s dumb to put that aside and potentially lose everything!” it came out wrong but it was already out. Tyler knows that.

“You’re losing *me*!” Josh shouts. Tyler’s eyes widened. They’ve fought before but Josh looked broken. He didn’t look mad like he usually would, instead he mirrored a puppy who had just gotten kicked.

“J, I’m not saying that there’s never going to be an *us* again! I just think that right now we need to take you and me off the table. You know we’re not happy anymore.”

“No *you’re* not happy. I can never be sad when I’m with you but my god, do you make it hard sometimes to not want to cry my eyes out. I feel like you don’t love me anymore, Tyler. Do you even love me anymore?”

Tyler gets up from his seat and walks over in attempt to prevent Josh from having a panic attack. He
was visibly crying at this point, and hard. His voice had softened to a cracked whisper. He gets down on his knees and looks up at Josh. The older boy’s eyes looked so big all wet.

“I will never stop loving you. You’re my soulmate Josh; I just can’t be your boyfriend right now. Please just see where I’m coming from. Some time apart from the relationship will do us so much good. I want to be your best friend; I want to keep this band with you. I can’t lose you in my life, Josh.”

As much as it hurts Josh to say it, he saw where he was coming from. It was painful for them to see each other every day and ignore the obvious elephant in the room that *was* them. He just never thought this day would come. Their first kiss in Josh’s bedroom all those years ago felt like a distant memory and Josh wasn’t even sure if it even happened.

“I think we’re above this Tyler if we just took the time. We can work through anything. But I’m never going to force you to stay with me or stay unhappy. So we’re broken up now, okay?” he can’t see through his tears.

Tyler put a shaky hand on Josh’s shoulder and he flinched at the touch. Tyler hated this just as much as Josh did, but he knew this what was best. He loved Josh with all of his heart and only wanted the best for him.

“I’ll leave tonight. For two nights, whatever. I’ll be out of your hair but if you could please be moved out by the time I get back, if there’s anything I could ask of you.” Josh pleads, barely being able to say the sentences without choking for breath.

Tyler nods vigorously and sniffles. “Yeah, yes of course. I’m sorry Josh. You know I’ll always love you.”

Josh nods and gets up from the table, leaving Tyler on the floor. Josh bites his tongue till he tastes metal and grabs a duffel bag from their closet. He shoves clothes in it that he made sure were his own and not Tyler’s. A charger, his wallet, his phone and keys were put somewhere in there and he leaves the apartment. He passes Tyler on the way out cleaning up their dishes. They’ve both lost their appetite. Josh wanted to throw up.

Tyler turns as he opens the door to give him one last look. He wouldn’t let Josh see him, but as soon as the door closes, he collapses to his knees and sobs on the kitchen floor, clutching for a paper towel to dry his eyes. He feels like he just made a decision that he’ll regret for the rest of his life. He can’t seem to breathe and he thinks he may pass out from crying so much. Instead, he falls asleep on the kitchen floor and wakes up at noon the next day to puffy eyes and still-dirty dishes.

Meanwhile, Josh drives hastily to Brendon’s house. His eyes are glassy and he can’t see the road that well. Luckily for him, streetlights illuminate his path and it’s so late that there’s barely a car in sight. At a red light, Josh slams his hands on the top of the steering wheel and yells, “*Fuck*!” to himself. He drops his head into his hands and sobs. The light had been green for about two minutes before he started driving again.

He gets to Brendon’s apartment and it’s nearly three in the morning. He knocks on the door hastily. He feels like if the door isn’t opened within the minute that his knees will buckle beneath him. It’s not cold outside but for some reason he’s shivering.

When Brendon doesn’t answer, he calls him and continues to knock on the door. A groggy voice picks up the phone,

“What?”
“Open your door this fucking minute. Please.”

Brendon hangs up the phone immediately and Josh can hear heavy footsteps on the other side of the door before it’s thrown open. Yeah, Brendon looks like he had been asleep for half the day already. He notices Josh’s state and before he can even ask what happened, Josh falls into his arms and starts hyperventilating and crying at the same time.

Brendon doesn’t get the story out of Josh right away, but after two Xanax’s, he managed to get out the gist of what happened before Josh knocked out on his bed. Brendon’s hearts swells for both. He thinks about texting Tyler to see how he’s doing as well, but decides to the next day. Right now, he was going to focus on Josh.

Brendon texts whatever Tinder date he was supposed to see the next day that something came up and he had to cancel. He knew his friend like the back of his hand and it didn’t take a neurosurgeon to understand that Josh wouldn’t be fixed after a night.


It turns out that it takes Josh a week before he went back home. All of Tyler’s things were gone but his scent lingered in the air. It takes them even longer before they see each other next after the breakup; but they have to work on the album somehow. They sit as far as possible from each other and barely speak a dozen words, only communicating in nods and shrugs, but they get work done and it seems to be a good enough system. It’ll take them both about six months until they’re comfortable to laugh with each other again.

The album is almost finished and Josh thinks that maybe, since they’re becoming close again and the tension is fading away, that it’s time to start things back up again! It all sounded great to him until he heard from a friend that Tyler had a date.

A date. Josh nearly shat.

It was a friend of a friend of a whatever, Josh didn’t give a fuck. She was pretty and Tyler agreed to the date and that’s what mattered.

To make a long story short, Josh and Tyler never spoke again about becoming *them* again. *Twenty One Pilots* blew up and they were in their prime! Josh thought that even if he was stupid enough to bring it up, they wouldn’t have time for it, and it would probably make things awkward to expose that Josh still thought about them.

The date ended up being more serious than either of the boys had initially thought. Her name was Jenna and she was perfect. She was kind, smart, funny, patient, and she was totally fine knowing that Josh and Tyler went out for a few years. She understood that things happen the way they happen and was just happy to be a part of their live’s now. Josh wanted to hate her because of how happy she made Tyler so soon after their finale, but all he *wants* is Tyler to be happy so he’d have to clap her on the back one of these days.

It’s been five years since their breakup and Tyler and Jenna have been married for two of those five. Josh is happy to say that he’s moved on now as well! He’s been seeing a girl named Debby since around the time he was the best man at Tyler’s wedding. Not to mention how fucking awkward that was, to not only have to be the best man at his ex boyfriend’s wedding, but to also bring a date.

Josh loves Debby, dear and truly. So it was no surprise to anyone when they announced their engagement. Tyler was the proudest of them all. It had felt so long since their break up, that Tyler didn’t even know if it happened. He was purely happy for his best friend, and nothing more. They
were both in a place in their life where they could be happy with, and without each other. That was what Tyler had wanted when he ended them in the first place. He just wanted their happiness, and he’s glad that Josh has it now again.

What he didn’t understand was why did he feel weird? It was like catching your parents having sex or something. *Plain fucking wrong.*

So here they were. It was one week from Josh’s wedding. One week exactly, and they were about to go to Josh’s bachelor party. Debby and Jenna had approved the strip club visit for their boys to go to, along with all of their friends. It would be about ten guys in total, all planning on getting hammered and celebrating the last few days Josh had left as an unwed man.

They had done something similar for Tyler’s bachelor party, back when he had it. Except it seemed like both Josh and Tyler were happily moved on. Maybe Tyler was just jealous that now all the spotlight was on Josh. Yeah, that had to be it!

They were laughing to entire drive to the club. Josh had a few shots before leaving and Tyler was just giddy off of seeing his best friend act insane. It really did seem like they were better off as friends. Or maybe it was just the less stress they had. Now they they’ve become big, they have full teams working for and with them all the time. It use to just be them when they were together, having to do everything on their own.

They parked and the music could be heard from the parking lot. They felt their blood rush through them. It was primarily a bi-club, meaning there were both female and male strippers.

On arrival inside, Josh and Tyler’s friends yelled loudly, intoxicatedly, from a corner where they reserved a table. Someone orders a first round of shots for the group. As much as Tyler wants to sip away any strange anxiety he was having, he was the designated driver for Josh. He promised Debby to get him back in one piece. God, would she be mad if he didn’t deliver.

“C’mon, dude! Drink the fuck up!” Brendon shouts and hand’s Tyler a shot of what smelled like pure vodka. Tyler laughed and decided that one little shot wouldn’t hurt his ability to drive in a few hours. He downed it and loved the burn.

Brendon never stopped being Tyler’s friend after the breakup. It didn’t make anything awkward. He was Josh’s right hand man, the replacement for Tyler as his best friend for a year or two after, but he didn’t rub it in his face. Brendon divided his time evenly between the boys, checking up on both of them throughout the breakup. Tyler admires Brendon. Sarah was a lucky gal.

A waitress comes by and takes specific orders, swaying her wide hips as she walks away. She winks at Josh, knowing he was the party-boy of the night. Mark clapped him on the back and laughed loudly. “Might have to cancel on Debs!” he jokes.

The night goes on quite well, actually! Hours go by and even though their location isn’t the most sentimental, they share some emotional moments among the group. Like how Josh 'grew up so fast' as Pete put it, wiping away fake tears as if he were a parent. Or when Gerard slings an arm around Josh and tells his married life is gonna kick him in the ass, but there's nothing like it. Tyler has to agree with him. Being married to Jenna has been amazing when he looks at the big picture! So many of his best hits have been about her! He's never been more in love; he thinks.

Josh welcomes any and all advice he can get from his friends, but with their out-of-mind state, all that really comes out of their mouths is 'Don't fuck anyone else', and though valuable, it was already assumed. Tyler realized how vulgar their friends were and found it extremely funny.
At some point during the night, Josh is given a lap dance by first a woman then a man. Tyler had no idea how they found this place but Brendon recommended it to them and it was great. Of course Brendon was the one to know all of the best gay clubs. After the lap dances, it was no secret that Josh had begun to get a little stiff in his pants. His stupid, drunk friends offered to pay to get him some head but he was sober enough to know something that would end his marriage before it even began.

Tyler was a little ashamed to admit that the sight of Josh enjoying a lap dance was incredibly arousing. The way his head tipped back and Adam’s apple bobbed with pleasure. It was a look Tyler hasn’t seen in a while. He, too, got a little uncomfortable in his jeans, but blamed it on the whole two shots of liquor in his system. What a lame excuse.

It had been a while since Tyler had seen Josh like that: turned on. The way his eyes lowered and darkened, filling with lust as he scanned over the body on top of him. In their case, it was the body under him. Tyler was a power bottom for Josh and there wasn't a damn thing wrong with that. He had always been ready to be bent over any piece of furniture in Josh's apartment. He'd never really told Jenna that he really, *really* liked it up the ass. It was irrelevant.

Nonetheless, Tyler wasn't sure if it was the sexy strippers that made his cock throb, or the way Josh bit his lip and smiled wickedly every time someone's ass grazed over his bulge. The thought to decipher the two made him feel sick. He was over Josh, right? After all, Tyler was the one that ended things, so he had to be.

They don’t finish till around three in the morning. The club was closing and Tyler made sure to call everyone an Uber. He was surprised, being the best friend of the bachelor, that he didn't get absolutely obliterated like everyone else. If anything, you'd expect him to be the second most smashed, but leave it up to the god of alcohol, Brendon, to take the first three spots. Tyler knew he could handle his drinks and sent him home with Ryan, who was sober enough to know to call Tyler when they got back to his place.

Tyler was the mom friend, you could say.

Tyler had his arm around a stumbling Josh who was giggling and saying goodbye to all of his friends. He led him to the car and made sure the child lock was on before they left the parking lot. Josh fumbled with the radio before turning it on. *Chlorine* came on which made them both smile fondly. It seemed to have sobered Josh up just a tad as he was now sitting more still in his seat.

At a red light, Tyler turned to look at his best friend to make sure he was still conscious, and the red glow that shown on Josh's face was beautiful. It reminded Tyler of their Blurryface days. Josh's eyes looked glassy and he had a goofy smile resting calmly on his face. Josh must've felt Tyler staring at him because he turned his head to look at him back. He waved.

"Hey,"

"Hi, Joshie." And Josh giggles again. The light turns green and they keep moving. Josh seems to still be resting his head against the seat, looking at Tyler.

"Damn. I'm getting married." he breathes out. Tyler laughs and taps his fingers against the steering wheel.

"Yeah, man, you are. Crazy isn't it?"

"Mhm,"
"Are you ready?" And there's a soft pause. Tyler's voice sings in the background lightly, filling up any quiet space. *Hide you in my coat pocket*-

"Yeah, I am."

"That's good."

"Mhm." Neither seemed to really be in tune to the conversation. Josh was so drunk that he was just happy to be in the car while Tyler was the exact opposite and was overthinking everything. His stomach seemed to fall lower and lower. Tyler was ready to be married. Hell, he was already married! There's not really a going back here and saying they should just be friends. Tyler loved Jenna, that's why he wanted to marry her in the first place after all. So why did it feel like he was dreading going back to their bed tonight?

"M'you okay?" Josh asks in the tone of a child. Tyler nods, keeping his eyes glued to the road.

"Just thinkin'." *Let the vibes slide over me-*

"Bout what?" Josh turned his body to face Tyler. It didn't look comfortable but Tyler wasn't sure Josh could even feel his body.

"Josh, how drunk are you?" Tyler asks, just wanting to double before he said anything that he was going to regret.

"Can't count your fingers, man." Josh snorts and nuzzles his face into the leather in Tyler's car. Okay yeah, that seemed like the perfect amount so that he wouldn't remember this conversation in the morning.

"Do you ever think about what it would be like if things were different? If you and I were still together? If *we* were married?" Tyler says honestly, gripping the steering wheel hard. His knuckles were white with anticipation, waiting for Josh's response.

"Yeah, I do." *Let the vibe, let the vibe-*

"What do you think about it?" Tyler swallows thickly. He hadn't expected Josh to say anything back. And if it were something, he'd expect something mean, cruel even. Telling him he was disgusting for still thinking of Josh that way when he had a wife, or just being plain weirded out.

"Hell, I miss it; miss you." and those are the last words Josh says before he falls asleep, into what Tyler can only imagine is a blackout drunk state. He's kinda glad that Josh falls asleep at that time, not knowing how much he would've asked if he were still up. Okay, so Josh sorta missed them, what did that mean? The sex? Love? Or didn't he just miss Tyler?

And on that note, they arrive at Josh and Debby’s place. Neither of them had full houses with their significant others since they were traveling so much, but it seemed apartments did the job just fine.

Tyler somehow manages to drag Josh’s body from the car, up into the elevator, and to his room, only earning a few concerned glances from staff. He awkwardly laughed and tried to explain Josh was drunk, not dead. He probably wouldn’t come back here for a while.

He knocked on the door loud enough to wake up Debby but not enough for other residents. He waits a few moments before she opens the door, rubbing the sleep from her eyes. She’s wearing one of Josh’s shirts and some of her own sleep shorts. Tyler’s heart pangs when he realizes that he use to wear that shirt all the time when they were together.
“Wild night?” she chuckles softly, opening the door to let Tyler in. She takes the other half of Josh and leads him to the bed.

“You could say that, yeah.” Tyler laughs a little. Debby insists she can take it from here, saying Tyler needed sleep more than anything. They parted their ways with a kind goodnight and Tyler drove home.

He managed to find one shirt that he kept from Josh a few years ago. He tried to look back in time to remember when he took it, but the most he can muster is the assumption he took it through blurry tears the day he was packing. Tyler had tried to divide their stuff but he packed pajamas last and is just so happened that they had similar looking shirts.

It was a plain, light gray shirt with a small picture of a goldfish over the heart. Josh bought it and wore it for about two months before he never saw it again because it was always on Tyler instead. Not that he was complaining; his boy had looked super cute in his clothes. Now, however, they still shared clothes, but Tyler knew the sentiment was gone. Oh well.

Tyler slipped on the shirt and washed his face along with brushing his teeth. It was four before he finally crawled into bed with Jenna. In her sleep, she wrapped her arms around him. He sighed and held her back. He was really confused.

It was six days until Josh’s wedding. Tyler woke up with a small headache of a hangover even though he barely had anything. The other guys must be craving death right about now. Tyler chuckles at the thought and climbs out of bed.

Tyler: how ya feeling bud
Josh: i’ve never known a pain greater, why’d u let me drink
Tyler: you hit me when i tried to take it away
Josh: :o oop sowwy
Tyler: iss okay! hope you had fun!
Josh: definitely did, u wanna hang later?
Tyler: yupp, lemme know when & where

Even in his worse state, Josh would always be up to see his best friend. Tyler and Josh have always had a friendship that was special. They could spend every hour of an entire week together, and they’d miss each other an hour after separating.

Josh waited for Tyler for about three years. From the day they broke up to the day Tyler was married, he waited for Tyler to come back to him. Josh personally thinks his friends got married a little bit too soon, but it also made it feel self conscious. He was with Tyler for three years as well, was he not marriage material? They’d been friends for a while before their relationship too! He was much more bitter in the moment but didn’t want to ruin his best friend’s happiness.

Also, not like he was one to talk. He’s known Debby two years. That’s even shorter. So pot-kettle-black he supposes. Part of him also wondered if *he* was rushing into this. He was ready to be married, and he loved Debby, but sometimes he wondered if he was only getting married to prove himself he was done with Tyler, or if he actually wanted to spend his life with her.

Josh always thought Tyler would come around and see how much they missed each other. Apparently it was all one-sided, as Josh waited alone. Tyler moved on without him. Josh was so desperate for his old lover back that even as Tyler was standing at that alter, he still had hope. It wasn’t until he said ‘I do’, that Josh finally realized it wasn’t going to happen.
He brought a date to the wedding. One of his friends set him up because he didn’t want to show up alone. He would see some of Tyler’s family that he hadn’t seen in a while. They’d known about Josh from being Tyler’s boyfriend, and he just knew families liked to talk dirt about other people. They would talk about how Josh was still in love with Tyler, and then it would make everything awkward. So for Josh to walk in with a beautiful woman on his arm, he felt a little empowered. He hadn’t paid too much attention in getting to know Debby during the first half of the night. But after vows we’re exchanged and it grew time to cut the cake, Josh came to terms with moving on. It caused an ache in his heart that was dulled my champagne, but wasn’t fully hidden.

Debby was funny and interesting and a second date was issued. The rest is history.

Every now and then he remembers what it was like to wait for Tyler. The agonizing pain of having to see him love all over Jenna when he was in the room, or having to see all of their fans call them the cutest couple in the world. Josh wanted to be the cutest couple in the world with Tyler.

The two meet up later in the day, around three in the afternoon, once Josh is feeling better. Not being on tour let their schedules open up. They still saw each other a lot because they were making new music together, but it was always nice to not have to worrying about working, and just hanging out instead.

Jenna leaves for the day to run some errands and get her hair done, so the boys decide to hang out at Tyler’s place.

When Josh shows up, he’s wearing some dumb hat a giddy smile and Tyler thinks he’s so pretty.

He hasn’t felt this weird way in years for his best friend. He admits, not going back to Josh when he said he would has not settled well with him. He feels guilty and he wonders what it would’ve been like if they were still together. Tyler guesses he’ll never know.

“So, did I do or say any dumb shit last night?” Josh asks from the couch. Tyler is in the kitchen, grabbing them bottles of water. He sets one down in front of Josh and plops down next to him.

“God, where do I even begin?” Tyler laughs. Josh rolls his eyes playfully.

“Man, shut up. Really though, did I offend anyone?” Josh has always had a fear of being drunk and accidentally spouting his life story to a stranger.

“Nobody else was sober enough to have heard what you said. Even if you were the most offensive person ever to them, they probably would’ve just laughed.” Tyler says honestly. Last night he felt like a teacher in a room full of preschoolers. It was weird.

Josh breathes out in relief. “Good. Hope I didn’t make anything too hard on you, man. I hear I passed out.” he chuckles and looks at Tyler with bright eyes. Happy Josh was a Josh that Tyler would never ever get sick of; he was sure of it.

“All good.” Tyler answers shortly, his voice getting caught in his throat. Josh raised an unsure brow at him.

“All good.” Tyler answers shortly, his voice getting caught in his throat. Josh raised an unsure brow at him.

“You okay? Did I fuck up last night? Please tell me if I did, man.” he says in a nervous voice. Josh would never want to make Tyler upset. Seeing as he was the only one who could remember anything from last night, he wouldn’t want to have done something that pissed Tyler off. He had to be the best man at his wedding soon and he didn’t want tension.

“No, no, it was nothing.”
“So there was something.”

“What did I just say?”

“Doesn’t matter, you’re a shit liar.” Josh can’t help but smile at his best friend and his horrible excuse of a lie.

Tyler couldn’t even deny it either. He’s never been one to lie well, especially to Josh. That boy could see through him like a piece of glass.

“It wasn’t mean.”

“But what was it? Did I say it in front of people?”

“No, it was just you and me.”

“*Tyler*, what was it? I want to apologize.”

“It’s nothing to apologize for.” Tyler didn’t know if he should tell him. Tyler also didn’t think that it would change anything all that much if he did. Josh might’ve admitted to missing them, but he said it wasn’t too much. So it’s not like he would call off the whole entire wedding for Tyler, nor would he think it was weird if he felt the same way. It seemed like just the perfect moment to miss someone without it being awkward. After all, Tyler himself missed Josh, but he wasn’t planning on divorcing Jenna just because Josh maybe had some feelings still lingering in the air.

“You just, told me something, that’s all.” he shrugs. Josh groans loudly and flops his body over Tyler’s lap. His head is resting on the sofa-arm, butt between Tyler’s thighs. He makes it known he’s annoyed.

“Fuck’s sake, can you please just tell me.” he begs. Tyler pinches the bridge of his nose and tries to ignore the body heat Josh’s ass is radiating to his crotch. He kept repeating to himself that it wouldn’t change a thing and that’d they’d be fine as always. He would admit it and Josh would blow past it.

“Oh okay so you can’t get mad.” Josh nods, urging him to go on. “So I don’t wanna talk backstory right now. Basically just the gist is uh, well-”

“Tyler.”

“Just to cut to the chase: I asked you if you uh, ever missed *us*, like *us* us, and you said yeah.” Tyler coughed awkwardly, hoping he wouldn’t have to go into more detail for Josh to get the gist.

Neither of them said anything for maybe a minute. Or possibly it was a year. They couldn’t tell. Tyler was criticizing himself for bringing it up. Fuck! Why’d he do that? He could’ve just said that he had a tickle in his throat and that and nothing was wrong. If Josh had even believed him then all of this would be behind them. No tension, no awkwardness. Not to even mention their position! If Tyler were to get hard right now, Josh would know! Would it be rude to push him off?

Meanwhile, Josh was just trying to remember when he said that, and if he felt like that. Did he miss Tyler? When he tries to think about it, possibly.

Like he’s said, he got tired of waiting and loves Debby. But does he only love Debby because he got tired of waiting? Her and Tyler were very different people in a lot of ways. The two of them got along well together, so they weren’t too different, but on a deeper level they were.

Debby asks what’s wrong; Tyler already knows. Debby cuddles in her sleep; Tyler holds. Debby
listens; Tyler understands. Debby loves him; Tyler was in love with him. Debby is his fiancé; and Tyler was his soulmate.

He knew there was an answer. It was staring at him, holding up a big neon sign that says ‘You’re lying to yourself’ and god did he hate that sign.

“Oh. I’m not mad.” Josh finally says quietly. Tyler nods, not looking at him.

“That’s good.”

Would it seem like Josh was disgusted by him if he got off of his lap? It wasn’t that at all, his back was just beginning to get stiff at the weird angle he was at. But he stayed put.

“I’m sorry I admitted that.”

“I’m sorry I asked.”

“So I know you said no backstory, but please fill me in on what made you ask.” Josh says as he sits up. His butt moved from Tyler’s lap to in between one of his thighs and the side of the couch. So he was sitting up but still had his legs over Tyler to let him know he wasn’t planning on running away.

“God, uh. I dunno. Was just thinking about you getting married and shit and it just came to me. Just wondering.” he partially lies. He wasn’t *just wondering*, but it did come up because of Josh getting married. And of course, Josh saw directly through that. He made a ‘I’m not stupid’ face at his friend. Tyler sighed and threw his hands up in defeat.

“Fuck, okay! I’ve just been thinking about us recently and I’ve really fucking missed it, okay? Don’t get me wrong, I’m so so damn happy for you and Debs but sometimes I can’t help but wonder what could’ve been! You know? Am I crazy?” Tyler asks in utter defeat. He had raised his voice but it went down towards the end and now it seemed like he was trying to hide inside himself. Josh put a hand on his shoulder.

“Listen, you’re not crazy at all. I felt the same way when you were getting married, Ty. I just think there are some feelings we still have that we haven’t thought about in a long time, it doesn’t have to mean anything.” Josh tries to explain.

“You’ve felt this way before?” Tyler asks, looking up at him. Josh nods. They feel like children talking to each other. Like they’re not in their late twenties, but mere teenagers again trying to figure themselves out for the very first time.

“Yeah. I hated you getting married. I missed you so much for like, three years? I thought you’d come back to me. But I’m so happy for you now!” Josh tries to convince him but guilt floods through Tyler’s eyes.

Josh waited for him? For that long?

“I can’t believe you waited for me. I’m so sorry Josh I didn’t think it would go that far with her, we should’ve talked about it. I’m sorry, dammit, I feel so shitty. Things spun out of control I didn’t know how to get out.“ Josh cuts Tyler by shushing him.

“Shh, Tyler, it’s okay. I’ve gotten over it now dude, trust me,” he laughs and it makes Tyler smile a little. “The most important thing now is that you’re happy, right?”

Tyler shrugs.
“You’re not happy?” And Tyler shrugs a second time. “I’m gonna need more than that.”

“I love Jenna. I’m married to Jenna so I guess I have to be. But Josh, if I had known that taking what I thought would’ve only been a small break, would mean losing you for the rest of my life, I would’ve said fuck the band.” Tyler tells him honestly, avoiding eye contact and staring down at his fingers. More importantly, staring down at the wedding band around his finger.

Josh didn’t need nor want to hear that. How was he supposed to know if he still loved Tyler? He couldn’t! But then again, Tyler was supposed to love Jenna and it seemed like he was on the fence about that.

Josh sighs and crawls off of Tyler’s lap. He begins to pace the room. “Tyler I don’t need this right now.”

Tyler stands up. “I’m not asking anything of you. I’m not saying to leave Debby for me. You asked and I answered. You’re making this bigger than it is. Hell, you said you’ve felt the same way!” Tyler raises his voice.

“I was single! You were only engaged to her at the time! Tyler you’re fucking married and I’m tying my own damn knot in less than a week! I don’t need to know this shit!” Josh shouts back.

“You can’t be mad at me for something you wanted to know! And what the hell happened to you saying you missed me, huh? Was that just some drunk shit or do you really?” Tyler felt like he was making a fool out of himself in some way. Maybe he read everything wrong last night and there wasn’t anything Josh wanted or missed. He could’ve just been so blackout that he would’ve agreed to anything!

Josh went quiet and he stopped pacing the room. He looked out of the window dramatically like a scene from a movie. His shoulder rise and fell heavily. “I don’t know.”

“What does that mean?” Tyler asks more gently. He takes a few steps towards Josh but doesn’t touch him. He faces his back.

“Tyler I can’t fucking lie to you. It broke me when you got married. I waited so long for you to fall back into my arms and say you still loved me. And hell, sometimes I still have dreams about when we use to be us. And maybe if things were different I’d be jumping into you and loving you like I use to, but you know we can’t. We have so many people’s eyes on us that breaking up an engagement, hell, getting a divorce would cause a riptide in our life. Part of me may still love you and may still want to just run away and forget this all with you, but it’s too late, Tyler. We gotta pretend like this conversation didn’t happen.” Josh presses his forehead against the nearest wall and lets a few tears roll down his blank face. They’re hot and painful and filled with regret and longing of what could’ve been. There’s no emotion.

He hated to cry in front of people, but if he were to pick anyone to watch him, he was glad it was Tyler.

Tyler didn’t say anything for a few moments, and when Josh was about to turn around to ask if he had anything to say before they forgot about all of this, he felt strong arms wrap around him from behind. Tyler connected his hands to his opposing forearms and held Josh tight. He leans his head against his back. Josh feels that he may be crying too from the small little wet patches beginning to seep through his shirt.

“I love you, J. I always will.”
“I . . . I love you too, Ty.”

They stayed like that for a little while. Gentle, accepting cries turned into small sniffles and they eventually pulled apart. Tyler let his grip on Josh go but still kept his arms around his body in a circle shape. Josh turns around till he’s a few inches away from being chest-to-chest with Tyler.

Their faces are so close together that their breath mingles. Josh forgot how Tyler has a candy addiction to Altoids. He popped them like pills almost. Minty fresh.

Josh hears his blood pumping through his ears and Tyler can feel his own heartbeat in his hands. Slowly, their bodies gravitate towards each other. The gaps between them close up one by one and now it’s just their lips. Tyler doesn’t want to push anything, but he can’t seem to control himself.

Their noses boop against each other, they haven’t been this close in what feels like forever. The feeling of being inside of Tyler’s arms, was something he hadn’t known in a long time. He never got to feel vulnerable or innocent around Debby.

Their bottom lips are ghosting against each other as the thought of Debby slams back into Josh’s mind. He lurches backwards into the wall, ripping out of Tyler’s arms. The impact hurts but he can’t focus on that.

“No, Tyler! I said we can’t! Oh my god, what are you doing to me?” Josh tugs at his hair in frustration and the hot tears are back. Tyler’s face looks extremely hurt and embarrassed, but it grows angry.

“Oh please, it’s not like I turned you around and leaned in! That was a two was street, dipshit! I’m sorry if I made you uncomfortable but I saw that look in your eyes and I know you miss me.” Tyler walks over to Josh who’s practically fuming at this point. He puts one hand on the back of Josh’s neck and presses their foreheads together.

Josh’s breaths slow down and even as he becomes peaceful in Tyler’s grasp.

“You can tell me you want to leave and you can. I need to hear you say you don’t need me anymore and I’ll let you walk away without any issues. I just need to know you’re done with me.” Tyler whispers. Josh can’t seem to form any words to say something back.

He didn’t want to say it but he knew he had to. He so wanted to be faithful to his fiancé and everything in his body was telling him to just walk out of Tyler’s home, but his feet wouldn’t move and his mouth wouldn’t open.

“Josh, just say it. Please.”

He couldn’t and he didn’t. Five years of pent up longing and frustration hit its peek. He’s never been so close to something that he couldn’t have. His wall of self control folded in on itself like a flimsy deck of playing cards with a subtle breeze. His mind was fiery and foggy.

Since their faces were already touching, he leans forward and slams his lips against Tyler’s. He was taken aback by Josh’s actions but quickly adjusted to Josh’s speed and desperation. Josh wrapped his arms around Tyler’s waist, digging his fingers into his sides, likely to leave bruises. Tyler tugged at the hair on the back of Josh’s head, causing Josh to let out a grunt that opened his mouth wide enough for Tyler to shoot his tongue in.

Fuck, did they miss this. It was never like this with their girls. It was gentle and sweet with the girls, and it could easily be that with themselves, but they liked things a bit rougher.
“God, I need you, Ty,” Josh groans as he takes one hand and grips Tyler’s ass. Tyler smirks into the
kiss and pulls away to whisper,

“Then have me.”

That was enough to make Josh growl, “Bedroom.” and the two made their way down the hallway,
so desperate to get their lips back on top of each other again. Once in the room, Tyler slammed the
door though no one was home. Josh took off his sweatshirt and Tyler’s too.

Josh ran his hands over Tyler’s chest. Josh has always been the more muscular of the two, but over
the years Tyler has grown more toned in all the right places and it’s killed Josh not to be able to kiss
and bite everywhere on him.

They were back to attacking each other with their mouths. They’re both rock hard in their pants. Josh
grinds his bulge against Tyler’s and earns a well deserved moan out of him. Josh trails his lips down
Tyler’s jawline and then to his neck, sucking dark red spots all over. It was not a him-problem for
how he decided to deal with them later on. As he went down they grew darker and bigger until he
got down till his collarbones. Tyler was always sensitive with the skin around his collarbones and let
out the prettiest whimpers. Josh nibbled around and, as expected, Tyler groaned and pulled Josh
further on top of him.

Josh pushed Tyler down onto his back on the bed and crawled over him, letting his mouth do the
work as he went down to Tyler’s nipples. Sucking gently and nibbling ever so slightly; Tyler was in
pure heaven. He went down further and pulled down Tyler’s jeans, there was no hesitation.

Both of their pants came off in a blur and they both had tents sticking up in their boxers. Josh kept
one hand balancing him over Tyler and one hand playing with one of Tyler’s nipples as he gentle
kissed his bulge. There was already a small wet spot in the front. They haven’t been like this in years
as a simple kiss could make Tyler cream in his pants.

“Tell me how much you want me, Ty.”

“Fuck, I need you so bad baby, want your mouth around my cock, please;” he choked out. Josh was
happy to see his boy so needy for him and gladly took him up on his offer. He slowly pulled down
Tyler’s boxers and watched his leaking dick spring up, happy to see him. Josh licked a long stripe
from the base to the head that made Tyler shiver.

Josh wrapped his lips around Tyler’s head and sucked painstakingly slow. He bobbed his head a few
times before sinking down and gagging on his dick. He hasn’t tested his gag reflex in a while so he
choke sooner than he meant to. Nonetheless, Tyler moaned when Josh gagged, feeling his throat
close in around him. “Mmm, god, J.”

He puts one hand on the back of Josh’s head and began a rhythm of bucking his hips up into his
mouth. Josh seemed to remember his roots and easily began to take the rest of Tyler’s length. Spit
dribbled out from the sides of his mouth.

Tyler began to feel the familiar warm pool in the bottom of his stomach and pulled Josh away from
him. A small trail of spit trailed from his pretty bottom lip to the head of his dick. Josh looked at him
with semi-concerned eyes. “Was bout to cum,” Tyler explained softly as he smiled a bit in awe. Josh
smirked back, wiped his mouth, and brought himself up to kiss Tyler.

Tyler managed to pull down Josh’s boxers and continued to kiss him while his hand worked down
below, stroking Josh’s dick. Josh’s breaths were becoming raggedly as Tyler sped up then slowed
down, then sped up again. Over and over.
Josh pulled Tyler hand off of him and growled close to his ear, “Flip over.” he ordered. Tyler obeyed immediately and pressed the side of his fade into a pillow and put his bare ass up. The air felt cold against his skin, but with a quick and hard smack of Josh’s hand to Tyler’s ass, he warmed up.

“Lube and condoms in the second drawer,” Tyler said, his voice a little weak and needy. He pointed to a bedside drawer. He knew that stuff was there because he used it with Jenna. Speaking of which, he was about to get fucked by his best friend on the bed he shared with his wife. The thought made his cock harder and he bit his lip.

Josh returned with the items and placed them next to him. He put both hands on either side of Tyler’s ass and flattened his tongue on the back of his cock up to his hole. Tyler sucked in shakily and pressed his ass further into Josh’s face. Josh continued to lick sparingly around the area, preparing it to be spread by his fingers.

He opened the bottle of lube and squirted some onto two of his fingers. He let the tip of his finger rub circles onto Tyler’s hole before he begged, “Please, Josh, can’t wait anymore,” and Josh obliged.

He pressed a warm, slick finger into his friend, going knuckle deep slowly before stopping to let Tyler get use to it. Luckily, he adjusted quickly and whined for a second finger to be added. Josh did that to and pumped his fingers slowly in and out, scissoring him a little bit to stretch more.

“Daddy, please. One more.” Tyler squeaked, trying to get as much friction as he could. Josh landed a quick smack to one of Tyler’s ass cheeks. He knew how much he loved that name and the way it rolled off of Tyler’s tongue.

Tyler groaned as Josh roughly added a third finger and fucked him slowly with them. “You like that baby? How much?” Josh teases when he heard how loud Tyler was being.

“Ugh, fuck so much, daddy. Don’t stop, f-feels so good,” Tyler barely gets out between breaths. Josh thinks it may just be the hottest thing he’s ever heard. He reaches one hand down to begin touching himself.

The action made Josh’s rhythm fucking Tyler to become uneven and almost lazy. Tyler turned his head around to see what was preventing his power bottom self from being pleased and saw Josh stroking himself.

“Fuck me.” Tyler demanded. Josh locked eyes with him. They were dark and full of lust and Tyler has never been weaker in the knees. If he wasn’t already practically laying down, he’d be on the floor.

Josh retreated his fingers and wiped them on one of their discarded shirts. He straightened Tyler’s back and slipped on a condom over his length. He lined himself up with Tyler’s begging hole and asked a final time, “Are you sure, baby? We haven’t done this in a while and I don’t want to hurt-“

“Fuck me, Josh, please.” and that was all Josh needed. He slipped his head in and inch by inch made his way inside until he bottomed out. Tyler was moaning and breathing heavily once Josh was all the way. He reached an arm back gripped one of Josh’s wrists as a comfort to help him adjust to it.

After a few seconds of feeling Josh inside of him, of feeling *full*, he nodded and said a weak, “Move,” to let Josh know he could start. Josh began to pull his hips back and slowly push back into Tyler. Their allow curses blended with each other as a Josh began to speed up.

Tyler fucked his way back into Josh’s dick, moaning at the added pressure. Josh dug his fingers into Tyler’s hips and started pounding in faster and harder. Tyler groaned loudly and clutches at the bed
Sheets. “Fuck, love you, J.”

“Love you too, baby boy.” Josh says, smacking Tyler’s ass again.

The sound of skin slapping and desperate whines filled the room. “Go-od fuck, harder,” Tyler whines. He reached a hand down to touch his cock and quivered at the contact as he fucked into his own hand. His eyes rolled back.

Josh saw him touching himself and stopped his movements. Tyler whined at the loss. “*Jooosh*, why’d you stop?”

“Put your hand away. Gonna make you cum from my dick only.” Josh growls. His voice was husky and demanding and Tyler fucking loves it when he bosses him around. He moves his hands above his head and Josh roughly rams into him. Tyler lets out a broken whine and he’s in ecstasy.

Josh fucks him like they’ve been deprived of sex their entire life. It was more than just sex though, it was desperation for each other that neither of them had felt in years. Just looking at Tyler beneath him, his back muscles flexing with each thrust, made Josh want to grab his face and kiss him.

It’s needy and messy and they’re both in love. Tyler has been with one man his entire life and that’s Josh. And in his opinion, no other cock could make him quiver quite like Josh could. He moans louder and tears of pleasure well up in his eyes.

Josh could feel his cock beginning to twitch inside of Tyler so he goes even harder. Tyler whispers loudly, “Gonna- gonna,” he starts but can’t seem to get out he rest.

“I know baby, let it go,” Josh breathes out, slowing his pace. Tyler lets out a broken moan as he cums on his bed, cock twitching. His body begins to shake and Josh just can’t hold it inside himself anymore. He grabs Tyler’s ass roughly and cums. He holds himself against Tyler and groans softly.

After they’re both coming down from their high, Josh pulls himself out and ties off the condom, getting off of the bed to throw it into the trash in the bathroom. He comes back to see Tyler laying on his back, sprawled our and staring up at the ceiling. He made sure to avoid the cum on his bed.

Josh crawls on the bed and sits on his knees between Tyler’s legs. “Hey,” he laughs a little. Tyler looks down at him and smiles sheepishly.

“Hey, cutie.” he replies. He reaches down and takes one of Josh’s hands in his. He squeezes his hand and rubs his thumb over the back of it. Josh leans down and kisses his bare thigh before getting up again and pulling on some boxers from Tyler’s drawer as well as a shirt. He throws the same over to Tyler who gets up to put them on.

They stand in front of each other and Tyler puts one hand on the back of Josh’s neck for what feels like the millionth time that night. He leans in and kisses him. It’s not rough, it’s not sloppy; it’s loving. It’s an, ‘*I’ve missed you so fucking much*,’ kiss. Josh smiles into it and kisses him back. They press their bodies against each other and enjoy their presence.

Once they pull away, Tyler puts his hand around Josh’s waist and holds him close. “So, how are you feeling?” he asks.

Josh sighs contently. “I don’t . . . know. I don’t know what to do, Ty.”

“Well, what are you thinking? About us?”
Josh smiles and chuckles a bit. “You’ve got me again. I didn’t know how much I missed you, it’s insane. God, I’m getting married in less than a week. Ty, I don’t wanna.” Tyler nods and kisses his forehead.

“We’re gonna figure it out, baby. It’s okay.”

And they eventually do. Josh cancels the wedding but doesn’t tell Debby why. She cries. They fight. She yells. He stays calm. It continues into the a.m. until she’s tired from crying and her voice is hoarse. She goes to bed and he goes to Tyler’s house and sleeps on his couch.

Josh was glad it was easy to cancel the wedding. It was going to be in state so no one spent too much money to attend. Debby’s parents don’t understand and he doesn’t have time to explain over the phone. He calls everyone personally and apologizes, saying the wedding is canceled and that he and Debby are no longer a couple.

He cries into Tyler’s arms when the guilt sets in and when he realizes he’ll have to tell the fans eventually. Tyler assures him that there’s no rush and that everything will be okay. Things take time. They kiss and Josh feels better.

Tyler is shaking when he has to tell Jenna he’s already signed divorce papers. He sits her across from him at their dining room table in their home. She looks confused because it’s not dinner nor lunch time and Tyler looks like he’s about to be sick. She asks him what’s wrong and he doesn’t say anything. He slides over the small stack of paper and waits for her reaction.

“Oh?” is all she says as she reads over it. Tears fall from her eyes silently and he’s so grateful she’s not mad like Debby was. They talk about it for hours, into the night. Jenna asks if she could ask some questions and Tyler tells her everything she wants to know. He tells her about Josh. He apologies about a billion times. She’s absolutely devastated but she understands. She reaches across her table and puts her hand on top of his.

“Don’t be sorry, I hope you’re happy, Ty. That’s all I want.” Jenna was the absolute best and he promises to her if she ever needs anything a million years, she can have it. She smiles sadly and agrees to that.

Jenna stays at her parent’s house that night and Josh comes over. They talk for maybe an hour about everything. Josh laughs when he hears how easy she took it, especially for a divorce. Debby must’ve been insane.

They fall asleep in Tyler’s bed holding each other. Right before they both pass out, Tyler squeezes Josh close to him and looks him in the eyes. “We can’t mess this up again, J. I can’t lose you. You’re my world, please don’t leave me.”

Josh chuckles softly. “You left me last time, dumbass, and got married! I’m not leaving you cutie but if you get married again, I’m sorry but I’m gone.” he jokes and kisses Tyler’s forehead. They both smile.

“I know baby, I’m not. I’m yours. You’re my best friend, you’re my soulmate; you know that. I can’t live without you.”

“Me neither, Ty. I love you.”

“I love you too, J.”

“Wow I can’t believe I got divorced to have your cock in my ass some more.”
“Oh my god. Go to bed.”

And they do. They don’t tell the fans there was a cancellation in the wedding until about two months after when they start to complain about having not seen any wedding photos yet. Debby retaliates on twitter, yelling something about how Josh was evil. Immediately the Clikkies cancel her and Josh loves how loyal is fan base his. He, too, takes to twitter to explain simply that they were no longer together and to respect their privacy until he was ready to talk about it.

The fans begin to put pieces together when about a month later, Tyler announces his split from Jenna. He posts a picture of them on Instagram and writes about how she’s an amazing person who will forever be in his heart, but she’s only his friend now. It’ll take Jenna a while before she’s ready to join the group again, but she’s not angry. Tyler loves her for it.

So it’s out there: they’re both single men as the world knows it. They decide to tell their friends pretty soon after they got together. Brendon laughs at them, saying some shit about how he’s not picking up another mess. Tyler hugs Josh closer to him and assures him that's not going to happen.

The Clique finds out on the one year anniversary of them fucking. They both post different photos of them innocently kissing, looking insanely happy. Their captions are so simple and vague, but that’s how they are with their fans. Josh says: ‘you’re cool, wanna be together for a year already?’, and Tyler says: ‘sure, my love’.

Everyone freaks out. It even makes a headline which they didn’t expect! It makes Josh nervous to see even more people than usual’s eyes on him. Tyler melts those nerves away like a candle.

So they’re together again. People know. Debby hasn’t spoken to anyone in their friend group in months and Jenna is finally hanging out with them again. It’s comfortable and familiar. It feels best though when Tyler and Josh have alone time. They’re not stressed anymore and they’re not losing sleep worrying about the band. They’re on a break from tour right now and take time to really just enjoy each other and love each other. They waste no time picking up the pieces from where they left off.

Tyler no longer wonders what could’ve been and Josh isn’t waiting anymore.

Tyler likes to laugh about the old saying, ‘if you love something, let it go. If it’s truly yours, it’ll come back’, and they found each other again. It took a while and the roads were twisty and dangerous, but the final destination gave them everything they’ve been needing for the past five years.

They’re in love again, and neither of them have ever been happier.

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