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# Coming Out in London & Paris

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by O

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For questions, comments and criticisms, please email me at [londonparis86@hotmail.co.uk](mailto:londonparis86@hotmail.co.uk)

This is my first attempt at writing a story of any genre. I've only written this first chapter for the moment to see whether I could do it. If there's any interest for me to continue I'll try and make this a regular thing. Anyone interested in editing is more than welcome to drop me a message!

Enjoy.

## Chapter 1

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### Message 1: BigDaddy72

Mmmmm...very sexy! Are you ever attracted to big tall strong dominant masculine firm-handed "dad-types"? Daddy thinks you've been naughty and need a good spanking! - Steve

Unsurprisingly, internet dating wasn't working for me tonight! It was because of messages like this that made me question if people like 'Steve' were real. Perhaps the site's employees were contractually obliged to give a little attention to their less fortunate users; for all I knew BigDaddy72 was actually an overweight, chain-smoking mother of 3 called Pam who, between the hours of 4pm and midnight, became a leather-clad daddy called Steve. Needless to say, luck wasn't with me on that Friday evening.

Hearing my stomach protest to having been ignored for the last few hours, I stalked out of my room in search of food, hunter-gatherer style – cell phone in hand ready to order a pizza should my hunt prove unsuccessful. Padding down the hallway towards the kitchen, I could

hear the faint sound of someone sobbing quietly in the den. I popped my head into the darkened room to see Kate blowing her nose with a Kleenex and unceremoniously discarding it on top the small pile accumulating on the floor before pulling another tissue from the box. My 24 year old roommate and best friend of five years was lying on the couch wrapped in a blanket. Hair in disarray, her puffy brown eyes glued to whatever was showing on the TV screen. Fearing the worst, I approached slowly, holding out my hand so that she could get my scent in the hope that she wouldn't maul me.

She looked up.

I froze.

"Oh Jase, it's you," she said, wiping her nose. "I'm watching Notting Hill. I need to restore my faith in love!"

She sat up and patted the space on the couch. After I dutifully sat down in the vacated space, she placed her pillow on my lap and resumed her horizontal position.

"This doesn't happen in real life," she continued, gesturing generally at the image of Hugh Grant and Julia Roberts embracing. "Why aren't there more Hugh Grants in the world? He's such a bastard!" Seemingly, she would blame Hugh Grant for not having had the decency to clone himself and then proffer his love and life to Kate. Still, something was up.

"Kate, if we were in a film, we'd both be blonde and rich. Instead, we're brunettes and still paying off student loans! And why Hugh Grant? You don't usually like him. What's the matter?" I asked. "It's not that time of the month for at least another 6 days." I learned long ago to memorise Kate's cycle and to make sure that the apartment was well stocked up with the necessary amounts of chocolate bars and Ben & Jerry's ice cream. I shuddered to think what would happen if we were ever to run out!

She slapped my shin and then sighed, eyes still on the screen. "Oh sweetie, you know how it is," she said, as if the answer was evident. Of course I didn't know 'how it was', nor did I know *what* 'it' was meant to be. But I kept silent, nodding my head non-committedly. "I've not had the best luck with men lately," she added quietly as an afterthought.

"You do realise that you won't have any luck, if you keep putting down every man who approaches you?" I gave her arm a squeeze. "If you gave them a chance, you might find that a lot of them can be sweet and charming."

As if summoned, my second roommate and friend since school, Alex, decided to walk through the front door.

"Children! I'm home!" He hollered, closing the door behind him and walking down the hallway. "I've just been with Susan... or was it Sarah? Anyway, she can do this amazing thing with her tongue that I've got to tell you about!"

I looked down at Kate and said quietly, "I didn't say *all* of them would be sweet and charming."

Alex walked into the den and stared at the pitiful scene of his two roommates. We looked up to see the frown lines in his forehead furrow deeper. At only 25 his Mediterranean heritage gave his smooth skin a permanent tan. Alex was just shy of 6ft and quite slender and his usually smiley dark, almost black, eyes, into which his dark curly hair usually fell, seemed to have lost their cheeriness at what he saw before him.

"I knew it! I knew you'd both sync eventually!" A moment later, Alex deftly dodged the pillow Kate threw at him. Alex, more cautiously, turned to me. "Honestly J, grow a pair!" He pointed toward Kate. "It's bad enough that Maneater McGhee is impossible to live with for a week in each month, but I don't need to lose a bro to the dark side too!"

I just ignored him and continued watching the film.

He came further into the room and sat down on the armrest of the couch nearest me so he could watch what we were watching. "Notting Hill?! Really guys? Who got dumped this time?"

Kate threw another pillow at him, at such close range he didn't really stand a chance. I decided I ought to say or do something before Kate ran out of pillows and decided that I would be a suitable substitute.

"No one got dumped, you moose," I said, eyes still focused on the screen. "Kate's restoring her faith in men... you know how it is." I looked at him to see if he knew what 'it' was. The look of confusion that swept across his face confirmed he knew just as much as I did. Still, he nodded.

"Anyway", he said, hoping to change the topic. "It's 8.30 on a Friday night and we're stuck here. Let's head to Finn's! I've got to tell you about the girl I was with!"

Kate sat up and stared menacingly at Alex. "Does it look like I'm in any state to go out?" She snarled, pointing at her clothes.

"If anything, Kate, you won't need to worry about putting men down – they'd put off approaching you in the first place." Alex retorted.

Kate sent him the death glare. Alex winced.

I thought it best, once again, to intervene. "C'mon Kate, it's the start of the weekend. We always go to Finn's – might as well let your hair down and have a fun-filled night." I gave her a quick wink. "Plus, Hugh Grant may show up". Another slap to the shin.

"Fine! Give me twenty minutes." With that she got up and stalked to the bathroom, mumbling to herself.

"Seriously, is everything okay with her?" Alex asked me quietly, aware of Kate's supersonic hearing.

“I don’t know,” I replied honestly. “She could be early this month”.

Alex froze, eyes widening slightly. “But she’s not due for another 6 days!”

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Twenty minutes later, Alex and I were still talking when Kate walked back into the room.

“Well boys. How do I look?”

Alex and I looked over to Kate. Her dishevelled hair had been combed and straightened; her puffy eyes were back to normal, framed by her long, dark lashes and just a hint of eye-liner; her make-up was flawless. She wore a black dress that hugged her tiny waist and curvy hips well, and that was low cut enough to show off her ample cleavage but still giving her an air of sophistication.

“Stunning as always Kate,” I smiled.

I looked over to Alex who was just staring. You would think that after living with her for as long as he had that he’d get used to seeing Kate dressed up. Not Alex – he sat on the couch ogling Kate, his mouth slightly ajar.

“Alex?” I asked.

“Ermmmm, yeah J?” He asked, still staring at Kate.

“You’ve got a little bit of...” I pointed to the side of my mouth. “You’ve got a little drool just here”.

Alex looked over to see what was disrupting his enjoyment of Kate in her dress. He rubbed the side of his mouth and, realising there was nothing there, he narrowed those dark eyes of his and scowled at me. “Bastard!” He cleared his throat. “Anyway, you look sexy, Kate. All ready to go?”

“Yep,” she replied, a mischievous smile playing across her lips. “Let’s go!”

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**W**e left the apartment and made the short walk over to Finn’s, our local bar. The three of us had been going to Finn’s since we moved to our apartment after graduating from university 3 years ago. It had become a regular haunt every Friday and Saturday night, and even during the week, if and when we had the time. It was a great bar with a mixed gay-straight clientele, trendy in style but not too harsh on the wallet. Plus Finn, the owner, had been trying to get into Kate’s pants since the beginning by plying her and, by

extension, Alex and me, with free drinks. Alex and I had strictly forbidden her ever to sleep with him, lest he change his mind with the free drinks!

We entered the bar and were lucky enough to grab a booth from a couple who were just leaving.

“Great! Okay guys,” Kate said, “I’ll get the first round and make my presence known to Finn. You boys make yourselves comfortable.” She winked at us and walked off towards to bar. Finn, who was filling a glass looked up and saw Kate and was quickly placed under her spell, letting the glass overflow.

“The poor sod didn’t stand a chance!” said Alex.

“He never does,” I said. “Even if Kate left the house with puffy eyes and a snotty nose, he still would be mesmerised.”

“Perhaps, but I’d think that’d be for a whole different reason – like disgust.”

“You’re lucky she can’t hear you!”

Kate was on her way back carrying a tray with 3 bottles of Kronenbourg and 3 shots, a smile plastered on her face.

“Shots are on the house!” She explained.

“You’re gonna make the poor guy go bust, Kate!” Alex said, before taking a beer and a shot glass.

Kate gave me my beer and shot and slid into the booth, opposite me and next to Alex so she could face the bar. “I think he just wants to wear down my defences and get me drunk,” she replied. “Anyway. Before we get this show on the road, I think we should set some rules.” Drinking games were the norm during our outings to Finn’s. In fact, it was rare to go to Finn’s and not play at least a couple of drinking games during the night.

“What do you want to go for tonight?” I asked.

Kate looked pensive for a moment. “Hmmm, well we’ll start with the usual suspects and see how things progress,” she replied. It seemed Kate was in the mood for a heavy night. Whatever was getting to her earlier must have been worse than she made out.

So the games began. Needless to say after a couple of hours of shots and beers we were feeling a buzz. Alex had moved on to Ouzo, retracing his Greek roots, while Kate and I stayed on beers.

“Fuzzy duck,” Kate began

“Fuzzy duck,” I responded

“Does he?” Alex asked.

“Does he fuck?” I grimaced as the words left my mouth and prepared myself for another shot.

“I hope so!” Kate said, staring at the bar hungrily at the bar.

I looked over my shoulder to see a very cute mousy-blondie guy perched on a bar stool drinking out of a bottle. He was wearing a fitted black shirt with the sleeves rolled up to his elbows, exposing his golden-hued arms. He complemented the shirt with tailored black slacks and black shoes. The guy was built from what I could tell, which was great. But better still were his eyes; a couple of piercing, aquamarine-blue almond-shaped eyes looked in my direction. They were so captivating I couldn't immediately turn back to my friends. They guy was stunning.

Blondie caught me staring, the corners of his lips curling upwards. Realising I was caught I quickly turned back to my friends, my face feeling as if it were on fire.

“Aww, does Jasey-wasey like what he sees?” Alex asked.

I gave him a dirty look, but didn't respond.

“It's funny how the red of your face clashes so much with the green of your eyes!” Kate joined in. “Anyway, I think he bats for your team, Jase. You should go up to him, ask him for his number!”

“I don't think so, Kate,” Alex replied. “I think he's straight.”

“No, he's definitely gay,” she countered. “Look at the way he's dressed!”

“But I'm not dressed too differently compared to him!” Alex said

“That says a lot about you then doesn't it!” Kate countered.

The two of them continued their bickering for a few more minutes until a waitress approached our booth.

“Compliments from the blonde guy over there,” the waitress said, pointing to Blondie. As if on cue, Blondie raised his bottle to us in greeting. We smiled back.

“Who's it for?” Alex asked the waitress.

“The brunette,” she replied and then walked off.

“Ha! I told you he was straight,” Alex said.

“Erm, Alex, both Jase and I are brunettes,” Kate remarked.

“Yes, but 'brunette' usually refers to the fairer sex,” Alex said.

“No, it refers to someone with brown hair,” Kate replied, rolling her eyes. “Sometimes Alex I worry about you.”

And once more the bickering ensued heartily with me watching, almost like a tennis match, as insult went back and forth. The strange thing was that this was completely normal. To anyone else, it would have looked like Alex and Kate disliked each other, but they just showed their love in a... well... unique way.

“Would you mind if I joined you?” A deep baritone voice asked behind my shoulder.

The two of them stopped and we all looked up. It was Blondie.

“Of course! Slide in,” Alex said with without missing a beat.

“Thanks,” Blondie smiled, sliding into the booth next to me, his thigh accidentally brushing against mine. “I noticed you guys were having quite a bit of fun earlier. I’m kinda new to the area and thought it would be great to see what the local night life had to offer. My name’s Scott by the way”

“Hi Scott and welcome to the area! My name’s Alex and this is Kate and Jason”. Alex said, introducing each of us in turn.

I couldn’t help but feel the warmth and firmness of his thigh against mine. Naturally, this triggered off a response down below. I tried to will it down.

“Scott, why don’t you help me get a few more drinks in?” Kate asked, charm oozing with each word. “We were about to play truth or dare, if you’re game?”

“Erm, sure!” Both Kate and Scott got up to get the drinks.

Alex turned to me. “Seriously J, you need to get laid! It’s as if someone just let off a pheromone bomb!” Alex waved his hand in front of his face as if to fan away my evil pheromones.

I stuck my tongue out at him. “Funny, Alexis! You know you like it really.” He glared back at me. “And I don’t *need* to get laid,” I said. It’s not been that long since Johnny.”

“Dude, that was five months ago!” Alex admonished. “Anyway, why didn’t you say anything to Scotty McStud earlier?”

“Well I couldn’t with Kate whisking him away to get drinks as soon as the poor bloke sat down! She’s planning something!”

“Who’s planning something?” Kate asked, returning to the table a little too quickly. Scott was behind her carrying what seemed to be half the bar on a tray. He smiled nervously at Alex and me. Poor Finn had it bad.

“Jason was just talking about someone at work,” Alex replied quickly. “Apparently the bitch is making life hard for our boy here”. How he lied so naturally I didn’t know, but I suppose accountants need to be able to do that from time to time.

Kate and Scott slid back into the booth and distributed their loot among the four of us.

“So how do you guys know each other?” Scott asked, looking at me, those piercing aquamarine eyes holding me captive.

I tried to regain enough composure to respond. “We were at university together. Alex here studied economics and is now a money-grabbing accountant, Kate studied French and German and now is a travel writer for the Independent, which basically means she gets free holidays and writes about them, and I’m...,” I began.

“...and Jase is a cut-throat barrister who enjoys dressing up in wigs and gowns, and overcharges his clients.” Alex finished. “I should know. I do your accounts”. I gave him a suitable look of disdain.

“Impressive! You guys are doing well for yourselves,” Scott said. “I’m an architect; I’ve recently been transferred here to London from out west. London is pretty immense.”

“Well welcome to our little debauched group Scott,” Kate toasted, shot in hand. We picked up a shot glass each and returned the toast. I had just started my shot when Kate asked, “So Scott, just out of interest, are you seeing anyone at the moment?”

I choked on my drink, and starting coughing.

“Are you okay Jase?” asked Alex.

Scott thought it best to pat my back to help with the coughing. I gave him a thankful look. He left his hand on my back. “I’m fine. Just went down the wrong way” I replied meekly, the alcohol still burning my throat. Scott moved his hand from my back, did I sense reluctance? Just wishful thinking on my part most probably.

“I think what Jase was trying to say is that you can’t just ask questions like that when you’ve just met someone,” Alex said. He looked over at Scott and smiled mischievously. “We should at least play ‘I have never’ first!”

The game began in earnest, with the usual questions going around the group. Kate and Alex seemed intent in finding out all of Scott’s darker secrets, although he hadn’t revealed surprising. I was just content staring at the sexy fucker, although I did try to find out which way he swayed, but without much success. ‘What sort of lawyer am I that I can’t find out the answer to such a simple question?’ I had the feeling that Scott could be gay but I wasn’t too sure, if anything it was my wanting him to be gay that made me think he was. My gaydar wasn’t the most attuned and was usually so off the mark that I had been advised to ignore it. I tended just to follow Kate’s intuition on these matters.

“Okay! I think I’m going to call it a night, boys,” Kate suggested.

“So soon?” Alex asked.

“I’m quite tired,” she responded. “It’s been a long day.” I had to find out what had bothered her earlier in the day.

“No worries,” Alex said. “I’ll walk you back”

“Thanks darling,” she replied.

“I’ll come with you guys,” I added.

“It’s okay, Jase, don’t let the evening end just because I’m tired. Alex can come back and join after he’s locked me in my cage,” she winked.

“If you’re sure?” I asked. Secretly hoping she was fine with my staying. I wanted to get to know Scott a little more.

“Definitely.” She turned to Scott. “Well it was nice meeting you, Scott. I hope to see you again.”

Scott stood up and gave Kate a kiss on the cheek. “It’s been a pleasure, Kate. I’ll be in touch. And thanks.”

“I’ll see you guys in a bit,” Alex said before he and Kate made their way out of the bar.

“You have great friends,” Scott said after they’d left.

“Yeah, they’re really great,” I said. They’re like a second family to me.” I looked over to Scott who was staring at his glass, occasionally swirling the deep-amber liquid inside. I guessed he was a bit let down that he couldn’t pursue anything with Kate.

“Are Alex and Kate together?”

That affirmed my worries. It seemed he was pining after Kate; that beer he sent earlier being for her. I reasoned with myself that Kate was an attractive woman and, of course, she would have men after her. It would be best just to be friends with this one then.

I forced a small laugh. “No. I think Alex would like that, but Kate’s out of his league. Plus, they’d probably kill each other during the first date.” I genuinely smiled at the thought of two of them dating. Kate could have Alex in a fight, most probably smother him with his own ego.

“He’s a good looking guy,” Scott said, still swirling his glass. “I wouldn’t say he was out of her league.”

Confused much? So either Scott the stud was making small talk, or he was after Kate, or even Alex?!

“I suppose so. Alex and I have been friends since we were fourteen. I think of him more as a brother. I don’t think I could think of him as attractive.”

“So you’re gay?” he asked. He looked up from his drink.

“Erm, yes,” I chuckled. “I thought that much was clear, at least from the drinking game.”

A look of realisation crossed Scott’s face. He suddenly blushed.

“Just connected the dots?” I asked.

“Yeah, sorry.”

“Nothing to be sorry about,” I responded.

He went back to looking at his drink. I was waiting for the inevitable straight-guy questions: ‘does it hurt?’, ‘do guys give better head than girls?’ That didn’t happen.

Scott looked up from his glass and stared at me. He then leaned in closer and placed his lips on mine and kissed me. I breathed in the scent of his aftershave. The feel of his lips against mine were electric. He pulled sooner than I’d wanted.

“I’ve been wanting to do that all evening,” he said.

“You’re gay?!”

He stared at me incredulously. “No, but I just like kissing cute guys”

I blushed. “Sorry, I just thought the beer was for Kate,” I looked away. “The waitress said it was for the brunette.”

“Well from I can see, you happen to be a brunette.”

“So is Kate,” I retorted.

“Ah, my mistake,” he admitted. “I suppose next time I should instruct the waitress to give it to the cute guy with those great green eyes and big arms,” he said, giving my bicep a squeeze.

I leaned over to him and brought my lips to his, once again feeling the tingle of his lips against mine and breathing in his scent. He smelled great, but I wanted more. I parted my lips so my tongue could join in the fun. He must have had the same idea because he opened his mouth and our tongues touched. We battled for what seemed like hours, his hand moving to my arm, my hand moving to his thigh. We eventually pulled away, slightly breathless, his aquamarine eyes staring into mine, almost searching for something.

“I don’t think Alex is coming back,” he said.

“Huh?”

“Alex? He was going to come back after taking Kate home.”

My brain started up again. “Oh, let me check.” I pulled out my cell and saw there was a text waiting for me. It was from Kate.

**Kate Wright**

Dnt worry. Alx wnt b bck. We dnt wnt to disturb u 2 luvbirds.  
U + Scott hav a good nite xx

“That crafty little bitch,” I said to my phone. I looked up at Scott. “Alex won’t be joining us. It seems Miss Wright planned to keep the two of us alone.”

“I’m quite glad she did,” he said, looking at me with a naughty smile. “Can I walk you back to your apartment?”

I glanced at my watch. It was approach iam. “Sure, let’s take a walk.”

\*

After having left the bar, I plotted a course for the apartment. Scott was a great guy. Just a little shorter than me at 6ft, dark blonde hair and blue eyes, he was quite a catch. Smart, funny and really easy to talk to. It couldn’t last. We were finally outside the steps to the front door of the apartment.

“Well, here we are,” I said, then paused for a moment, suddenly uncertain. “Do you want to come up?”

“We’ve only just met.” He began. “There are a lot of reasons why I shouldn’t.” The look in his eyes betrayed the meaning of his words.

“There are a lot of reasons,” I replied. “Do you want to come up?”

“Sure.”

I took his hand and led him to the apartment.