

Roommates
A Loving Aidan extra
Ashavan Doyon

Aidan turned onto the narrow service road that led to the dorm. He pulled up near the building and onto the grass. This early there weren't many students about yet. Aidan stepped out of the car, wincing a little at the sudden heat. He was dressed as he always did in a long sleeve shirt and a buttoned waistcoat. He pulled a handkerchief from his pocket and lightly dabbed at the sweat that had immediately broken out on his forehead.

"Oooh. Hey, guys, here he is. Our resident piss-ant fag."

Aidan turned and gave the line of lounging young men a glance. He conceded only a single raised eyebrow as he passed them by, ignoring the ongoing catcalls. He should report them. But nothing was ever done about it. Instead, he entered the small residential office at the side of the building. A student asked his room number, and more numbly than really warranted at this early hour offered him his key. He took it and looked at the label. Samuel Riley.

"This isn't mine," he said to one of the students handing out keys.

The perky young woman glanced at it quickly. "Oh, sorry. That's your roommate's key." She ruffled through the box. "Ah, here it is. Sorry about that," she said, taking the key back from him and handing him another.

"Thanks," he muttered, and turned to leave, barreling into a very tall young man. He looked up and all he could think of was dark. The man's skin was charcoal black, and slick from the heat. Aidan stammered a quick apology automatically.

"Ain't no skin off my teeth," said the man with a smile, his cheeks showing deep dimples.

Aidan was sure his heart was going to stop, and he quickly looked at the ground to hide the red in his cheeks even as he hastened his way to the door. He was hit immediately with another catcall. The row of young men stood idly by cars still stuffed with boxes. The staff would help people later on as more keys were picked up, and they were waiting, as they always did. Most of them wouldn't carry a single box of their own.

Aidan did not glare, though he wanted to. Instead he went to his car and pulled out the first box.

"Showing off that ass? You maybe want som--" the young man yelled suddenly.

Aidan turned to see the man he'd run into in the office staring down the row of young men.

"Have a problem with him?" asked the man.

"Come on, Sammy, kid's a fag. Look at him!"

And Sammy looked. Aidan was being given a thorough once over. Sammy chuckled, showing his dimples again and slapped the other man on the shoulder. "Don't know what you're worried about. His eyes are on me." Sammy stripped off his shirt, stuffing it into a back pocket where it hung loosely against his leg. "See?"

"Sammy, he's looking at you!"

And Aidan was. His eyes were locked on Sammy, on perfectly chiseled abs, gazing across the broad, smooth chest.

"Has taste," said Sammy with a grin, showing dimples again. "Clearly you lot of cowards got nothin' to worry about."

Sammy walked away from the row of young men and stepped up to Aidan. "Need some help?" he asked.

Numbly, Aidan nodded.

Sammy smiled, clapped him on the shoulder, and took the box from his hands. "Let's get these boxes upstairs."

Aidan gulped and softly murmured a thank you.

"Ain't no problem, roommie."

Aidan's eyes widened. Sammy. Samuel Riley. Dear God, this was his roommate.