

I Can't Help The Way I Feel

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A boy is hopelessly in love with his straight friend.

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/gay-male/i-cant-help-the-way-i-feel.aspx>

All characters and terms including boy and lad refer to people age 18 and over. My mate Liam crashed out on the sofa. I loved it when Liam came round to my flat. I loved him. He was my best mate. He was straight and he was the only straight person I'd come out to. None of my other mates knew I was gay. I didn't wanna tell 'em coz they didn't mean anything to me. Not really. If I never saw any of 'em ever again it wouldn't bother me. I wouldn't miss any of 'em. But if I never ever saw Liam again that'd be horrible. I couldn't live with that, never seeing Liam ever again. Liam meant more to me than all my other mates put together. They were nothing compared to Liam. I loved Liam. I really, really loved him. He'd always been there for me and I suppose I'd always been there for him. I loved him and I loved his girlfriend. I loved being their friend. I loved having them as friends. So yeah, he'd crashed out on my sofa. I just sat there looking at him. Bless him. He looked so sweet when he was pissed. I'd phoned his girlfriend up half an hour ago to tell her that he'd be sleeping at mine tonight, told her he'd crashed out on the sofa. "If you really want me to, Holly, I can phone a taxi for him." "No it's ok." "Are you sure?" "Yeah. It'll be best for him to sleep on your sofa." "I didn't get him drunk, Holly." "I'll believe you, thousands wouldn't." "You know what it's like when we get together. You're not mad at me, are you?" "No but I'll give him a good bollocking tomorrow, don't worry." "No you won't." "He can't take his ale like you, Nathan." "I think he had a couple more than me." "It's you. You'll drive anybody to drink." "I know." "All right, Nathan. Look after him." "Will do. See you soon." "Bye." "Bye, Holly." I put the phone down. She was cool with me letting him crash out at mine. She had no problem with him getting pissed at mine. We got on brilliant, the three of us. So there he was, bless him. Liam. Crashed out on the sofa looking dead sweet. Sometimes I wish I didn't feel the way I did about him. I loved him like he loved Holly. I suppose I was in love with him, whatever that is.

Yeah, I must have been. I wanted more than us to be just friends but I knew it could never happen. He wasn't gay. He was straight and he had a girlfriend. Sometimes I wish I didn't have these intense feelings for him. But I can't help the way I feel. He knew I loved him but I don't think he had any idea just how much I loved him. He didn't know I was in love with him. He looked so sweet lying there asleep. I sat down in the chair and just looked at him. He was the most beautiful person I had ever seen. He was beautiful on the outside and beautiful on the inside. I sat there looking at him. I could have just sat there forever looking at him lying there asleep. If only he felt the same for me as I felt for him. I just sat looking at him. Thirty minutes later I was still sitting there looking at him. I wondered what he was dreaming about. Wondered what was going on in his head. Wondered if he was dreaming about me. I just sat there looking at him. "I love you, Liam." I'd never said that to him while he was awake. He'd told me he loved me, told me a few times coz he did love me...as a friend. But I couldn't bring myself to tell him that I loved him. I loved him more than a friend and I couldn't say it to him. But I was saying it now, now that he was asleep. I said again and again. "I love you. I love you. I love you, Liam." Before he came into my life I didn't have feelings like this. I used to laugh at the idea of unrequited love. That was something you read about in silly novels like *Wuthering Heights*. If I'd never met Liam I would still be laughing about people who went on about life losing all meaning and all that. "Liam, you bastard!" I was dead happy before he came into my life. I was dead happy not needing anybody and not knowing what it was like to be in love with somebody. Now that the most beautiful person ever was in my life I felt dead sad. "You bastard!" I was sad coz I couldn't have him. But then again, I was so glad I'd met him. So glad he was in my life. So glad he was my friend. So glad that I was his friend. I wish I was Holly. I often had these fantasies where I imagined I was Holly making love with Liam, with Liam holding me, kissing me, being inside me. I looked at the clock. Fuck! I'd been sitting there for over an hour just looking at him lying there asleep. It seemed like five minutes. I got up and I went to the bedroom, returned with the duvet. The thought of stripping Liam naked before I covered him with the duvet did enter my mind but I wiped it from my mind straight away. I know it would be perfectly innocent to strip him before covering him with the duvet but...I dunno, I just didn't wanna think about it. So I was just gonna cover him with the duvet, leave him with his trackies and his T-shirt on. I wasn't looking, not on purpose. I just glanced. A quick glance, that's all it was. I would never ever take advantage of my beautiful mate while he was asleep but I couldn't help noticing that a big meaty hard-on was growing in his trackies. It was bulging up in his trackies, making its way up round his thigh. I looked away coz it didn't seem right with him being asleep like, me looking like this. Bless him. Probably having a sweet sexy dream about Holly. I looked away but I couldn't help it. I had to take another look. His cock had grown into a full hard-on and was now tenting his trackies. His nylon trackies were stretched tight around the big fat head of his cock. I thought: Oh mate, sweet. No, this wasn't right. I felt dirty. I put the duvet over him. I just stood there looking at him looking so sweet lying there deep in sleep, the duvet pulled up to his chin. I couldn't help the tears. They were rolling down my cheeks. What the fuck was wrong with me at all? What had he turned me into? Look at me fucking crying! Me! "Goodnight, mate." I reached down and I kissed him on the cheek. Why couldn't I do this to him while he was awake? Why couldn't I show my affection for him

while he was awake? "Sweet dreams. I love you." As I kissed him, my tear fell on to his face. I wiped my tear away from his face. His skin, it was so soft. I just stood there for another ten minutes just looking at him. Then I...I kissed his lips. When my lips touched his lips, the tears streamed down my face on to his face. It was the most beautiful feeling ever, kissing him on the lips but I shouldn't have done it, not while he was asleep. I should be doing this while he was awake. "Goodnight, mate." I was just about to go to my bedroom when I pulled the duvet off my mate. I put the duvet over the back of the sofa. I sat back down in my chair and I just sat there looking at my mate lying there deep in sleep with his big horny dick trapped inside his tight clinging shiny trackies and I thought: I'd never seen my mate's erection before. If I just pulled his trackies down to take a quick look, there'd be no harm in that, would there? He'd never know about it. So what harm would there be in doing it? No, I love him. It wouldn't be right. He's so sweet. "I fucking love you, you cunt!" Fuck it! I pulled his trackies and boxers down just so I could see his cock. I had to see it. I fucking had to see it. I know it was a horrible thing to do but I just had to see my beautiful mate's cock. And it was. It was just beautiful. I just stood there looking at his beautiful naked aroused cock. I cried some more. How could anybody be so beautiful? I just stood there and took in the beautiful sight of my mate lying there looking so sweet, deep in sleep with his beautiful cock fully aroused. I'd never ever felt so sad in my whole life. I kissed it. I kissed my mate's cock, touched the naked head of his cock with my lips. I brought my lips from his cock and the tears streamed down my cheeks. His cock was wet with my tears. "I love you, Liam." This felt so wrong. I shouldn't be doing it. I wished I could do this while he was awake. He really had no idea just how much I really loved him. I pulled his boxers and trackies back up and I kissed him on his lips. I covered him with the duvet and then... Oh fuck. Liam, he kicked the duvet back. He kicked the duvet off the sofa. He still had his eyes closed but he smiled. No, it wasn't a smile. It was a big smirk. Then he opened his eyes. He pulled me on top of him and he held me tight and he kissed me. And he held me for ages and ages and we kissed and it was like it lasted forever and it was what I had been dreaming about since I first met him. My head was spinning. It was like I was dreaming. But I wasn't. It was really happening. My mate, who I was in love with, was holding me and kissing me. He finally brought his lips from mine and smacked me really hard on the arse. I got up off him. I didn't know what to do. I just stood there. I felt proper dizzy. I felt light-headed. I really didn't know what to do. I was breathing heavy and fast. My mate sat up. He squeezed his boner through his trackies. I looked at it but I looked away dead quick. "I'm so sorry, mate. I'm so, so sorry. I..." He got up and he put his hands on my shoulders. I bowed my head. I finally told him. "I love you, mate." He wiped the tears from my eyes. "I know you do." He put his fingers under my chin, lifted my head then kissed me on the lips again dead gentle. We kissed and I was in fucking love with him. He brought his lips from mine and he smacked me really hard on my arse. "What was that for?" "For kissing my dick." I felt so ashamed. "Mate, I'm sorry." "If you say sorry one more time..." He sat down on the sofa, pulled me down to sit next to him. He had his arm around me. He stroked my arm. "What we gonna do with you, eh?" I just sat there looking at the floor. We didn't say nothing for a while, just sat there. I could have just sat there forever next to my mate with his arm around me like this. Made me feel safe and warm. I nearly fell asleep sitting there with my mate's arm around me. After a while I

said, "Shall I phone a taxi?" "Why? Where are we going?" "For you I mean. So you can go home to Holly." "Oh fuck. Holly!" "It's ok, mate. I phoned her. Told her that you'd crashed out on the sofa. She was fine with you sleeping at mine." "I'll phone her in the morning." We just sat there for a while, my mate with his arm around me. It was three in the morning. I couldn't keep my eyes open. I kept dropping off. Next thing it was morning. I woke up next to Liam. We were both snuggled up on the sofa, Liam's arm around me. Liam was still asleep. It took a while for me to remember how we'd got like this, me and my mate snuggled up on the sofa and when it all came back to me I smiled, put my arm around my mate and went back to sleep.