



Ex-Factor (The Porn Chronicles #2)

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Category: Romance

Description: When Nick goes in for an interview, he has no idea the “position” he will find himself in when his potential new boss turns out to be none other than his ex-boyfriend’s older brother—

the man he once fantasized about while rocking the sheets with his younger brother.

One look at the man, and Nick’s body comes alive, reigniting the scorching fantasies he’d never expected to come to fruition—

convinced the man was straight and even a bit homophobic—at least against Nick.

Certain he will never get the job, Nick is about to learn that things aren’t always as they appear, and his new job—as well as his old fantasy—is within reach...

if he can handle the boss in a satisfactory manner.

****EXPLICIT M/M SEX. STRONG LANGUAGE.**

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Just stay calm. You're going to get the job. Just act confident.

Nicky sat in the cushioned chair, resumé in hand.

The low block heel of his white zipper ankle boot tapped incessantly against the thin beige carpet.

White ankle boots. Why the hell had he worn his white ankle boots?

Women's ankle boots. Along with his tight, white slacks, white button shirt, and rose-pink jacket—the entire ensemble was just feminine enough to hopefully convince his potential new boss that he would fit right in with the other secretaries.

If the interviewer was a woman, he might stand a chance. But if it was a man...

God, Nicky groaned inwardly. What had he been thinking? He should've gone for a more “manly” look—but manly wasn't really his thing. Never had been. Maybe if he didn't act too gay, he wouldn't offend a man.

The looks he received from the other interviewees were hardly encouraging. His heel continued to tap nervously as the other women's stares seared him like a score of hot irons. Most of them were dressed conservatively in respectable dress suits, nothing flashy or attention-grabbing, while Nicky...

Come on, call me in already. Fuck.

The door to his left opened and a man stepped out with a clipboard, head ducked. “Nicky Maye?”

Nicky raised his hand weakly and avoided looking directly at the man, suddenly self-conscious of his attire—a first for Nicky. “That’s me.”

“Sorry to keep you waiting,” the interviewer spoke in a dull tone as if he’d rather be anywhere but here interviewing potential secretaries.

He appeared unfazed by the fact that Nicky was a man. Or maybe he didn’t realize he was a man; the interviewer wasn’t paying close attention and Nicky didn’t exactly scream “masculine”—and if he had screamed it, his somewhat feminine voice would raise doubt.

“Why don’t we get started?”

About damn time, Nicky thought with a smidge of irritation. He was glad to get away from the ugly glares of the other women. He left his seat and entered the office. The man closed the door behind him, still focused on his clipboard.

Nicky took a seat before his desk, sitting anxiously on the edge of the cushion.

Resentment sparked inside him; he didn’t like feeling uncomfortable being himself.

It pissed him off. But he needed this job.

He forced a smile when the man walked behind his desk and sat down.

Nicky reached out and offered the paper in his hands. “This is my resumé—”

His heart smacked his ribs as his words sliced off. Oh, my God. Aqua eyes stared

back at him from beneath a halo of golden blond hair. But the man before him was no angel. Heat warmed his loins and he silently berated himself for still finding this man so fuckable.

A slow smile crept across the man's lips; a dry look seeping into those captivating eyes. He leaned back casually. "Well, well. If it isn't little Nicky Maye."

Fuck. Nicky groaned and released a disgruntled breath, sagging back in his chair. "Jack," he mumbled.

"I haven't seen you since..." He squinted. "Since you were butt-fucking my little bro."

Nicky flinched and stood up. He wasn't going to sit here beneath Jack Rydal's scrutiny when there was no way in hell the man would hire him.

His body flushed beneath his tight white wardrobe and that was the last thing he needed—Jack picking up Nicky's "leftover" lust for him.

He folded the resumé and opened his pink jacket, stuffing the paper into the inside pocket.

"Obviously, I have no chance of getting this job. So, I won't waste either of our time."
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Leaning forward, Jack chuckled in a low tone that was both irritating and stimulating. "Whoa, now. Hold up. Don't be so hasty." He looked Nicky over with slow deliberation. Was that a catch in his breath? "You certainly came dressed to impress."

How was he supposed to interpret that? Jack had never liked him, and never passed up an opportunity to criticize Nicky's "prissy" clothes, the way he walked and talked,

even his hair and light makeup—usually only eyeliner and a bit of mascara.

Despite all that—Nicky had developed an insanely filthy crush on the man.

He'd lost count of the times he'd been riding Evan's cock and had to bite his tongue to keep from calling out Jack's name.

After the fact, he almost wished he had.

Evan proved to be an asshole with a capital A.

Nicky looked at Jack, annoyed that the crush lingered in all its ferocity. "I know what Evan told everyone about me. So, why should I think his own brother is going to offer me a job?"

Another chuckle escaped Jack and he leaned back, a grin splitting his gorgeous face. He tapped his fingertip to his chin. "You are a little spitfire," he drawled, his eyes again completing a sweep down Nicky's body, igniting embers within. "Evan was right about that much?"

What was happening? Was he fucking with Nicky? Jack had never looked at him this way before—the way he used to look at hot chicks.

"I really don't care to discuss Evan," Nicky sent back in a sharp, tight retort.

Jack motioned to the chair. "Please, sit. I'm a fair employer. I'm not one to judge you on your past relationship with my brother."

Nicky hesitated; was he serious? He needed this job badly. But was he a fool to think Jack would actually consider him for the position? He was immediately assaulted with images of Jack positioning him over his desk as he—

“Please,” Jack said, breaking into his flash of fantasy, and pointed to the chair.

Nicky swallowed hard, his heart racing furiously.

He felt tightness in his crotch and tried not to think about Jack taking care of it for him.

He sat down slowly, uncertainly. “You’re seriously going to consider me for the job?

” Was Jack just playing with him? It was certainly his style to do something so shitty—especially to Nicky.

Even so, he was bombarded again by mini fantasies of Jack pleasuring him in all the dirty ways he used to dream about... and his loins ignited.

Stretching his arm across the desk, he asked, “You had a resumé?”

Nicky stared at his hand a moment, noting it was just rough enough to pleasantly rake Nicky’s smooth skin with his strong caresses.

Nicky remembered him working with those hands, squatted behind his motorcycle, shirt off, hands covered in grease...

and Nicky imagining the grease smears on his body as Jack fondled and groped him...

“Nicky?”

“Huh?” Nicky blinked and his cheeks heated.

“Oh. I-I’m sorry. Of course.” His hand trembled as he dug into his jacket and

produced the resumé, handing it over.

Jack's fingertips brushed his skin and electricity sparked through his body.

His cock hardened a bit more, stretching the crotch of his tight, white pants and he felt slight dampness as his member leaked into his shorts.

Jack appeared oblivious to his state of unrest. He scoured the paper quickly and laid it aside. "Everything looks in order."

Nicky frowned. "Just like that? You're going to give me the job?"

He shrugged and glanced at the paper. "Well, unless you're lying about being able to type and take shorthand and..." He startled Nicky with a wink. "... possibly fetch me a cup of coffee now and then, I think you're good to go."

Nicky eyed him. "And you're okay with hiring a male secretary?"

"Sure. Why not?" The corner of Jack's mouth coked, and Nicky nearly exploded in his nice white pants.

"Well, it's just... I took you more for someone who..."

"Who would have a hot-ass lady secretary?"

"Something like that, yeah."

Jack leaned forward and steepled his fingertips. "Maybe you don't know me as well as you think."

I doubt that. "Maybe," Nicky murmured, a tad confused by the man's behavior.

Maybe he didn't know Jack as well as he thought. The man he thought he knew would have never given him this job; he would have laughed him out of the office, slinging homophobic slurs after him.

Nicky didn't know what to think of all this. Was it possible Evan's big brother was cut from a different cloth than Evan after all?

"Thank you." Nicky stood. "For the job. I thought... because of Evan... you might..."

Jack cleared his throat and picked up a pencil, twisting it between his fingers and then tapping the eraser tip on the desk. "Well, that was between you and Evan. And in truth, my bro can be quite the little prick sometimes."

Nicky frowned, growing more confused by the moment. "You accused me of turning your brother fag. And later, he told you and all his asshole friends that I tricked him into fucking me like he didn't know I was a guy or something. Trust me, he knew—and he liked it. A lot."

Jack smiled, a glimmer of amusement in his eyes. "Oh, I know. It was kind of hard not to hear how much he liked it when he was pounding your ass in the bedroom next to mine. And he was gay as shit long before he hooked up with you."

"So... what?" Nicky shook his head, a bit miffed. "You just didn't like me and that's why you talked shit to me all the time? Tried to make me think I was just a phase to Evan and before long, he'd be out banging chicks?"

Chuckling deeply—a raspy sound that raked the surface of Nicky's skin, igniting erotic tingles—Jack leaned back and grinned. "Is that what I told you?"

"Yes," Nicky mumbled stiffly. "Frequently. Don't pretend you've forgotten."

Jack splayed his hands and smiled. “My apologies for being a jerk.”

“You were more than a jerk,” Nicky whispered, a tightness in his voice. “You were a homophobic dick.”

“Then...” He leaned forward. “... my apologies for that. ”

Why was he apologizing? That wasn't Jack's style. Granted, Nicky hadn't seen the man in a few years, but in his experience, leopards didn't change their spots.

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“Why did you hate me?” As soon as the question was out, Nicky realized it was the one question he’d wanted to ask Jack since first meeting him. Why it was so important to have the answer, he didn’t know—what the fuck did he care what Jack Rydal thought of him?

Apparently, you care some—or why bother asking?

Nicky didn’t like that notion.

Taking a deep breath, Jack stretched back in the chair, crossing his arms behind his head, and gazed at Nicky through slitted eyes. He exhaled. “You wouldn’t believe me if I told you.”

“Try me.” Nicky didn’t want to be intrigued by what Jack had to say, and he didn’t want to be standing there with a raging hard-on that his tight pants couldn’t conceal—but one rarely got what they wanted.

Jack continued to stare at him in silence, then abruptly shifted gears. “Do you want the job?”

He wasn’t going to tell him why. Nicky sighed. “I need the job.”

“But you’d rather have a different boss.”

“That goes without saying.” But did it? His cock argued the matter.

“Well, you’re out of luck. But then...” He sat forward and picked up the pencil again.

“... you’re not supposed to like your boss. That’s...” He flicked his fingers. “... unnatural.”

Nicky held his stare; Jack had labeled him unnatural many times in the past. The man before him contradicted the old Jack and Nicky didn’t know what to do with that.

Dropping the pencil, Jack looked at him seriously. “There is one more thing before I officially hand you the job.”

Nicky went on alert; a stipulation? Was he going to take it all back and reveal he’d just been fucking with him after all?

Oh God, please just fuck me instead. Nicky flinched at the sudden raw thought—what the fuck was wrong with him?

This guy had treated him like shit the entire time he’d dated Evan.

Why the hell did he still want to fuck him? Why the fuck had he ever wanted to?

Jack stared at him. Well, not so much at his face as Jack’s eyes drifted down his body to Nicky’s crotch, lingered briefly, and then finally crawled up to his face.

What the fuck...?

Nicky cleared his throat. “What is that?” he asked in response to Jack’s former statement. His confusion heightened when Jack rose from the chair and Nicky spied the massive bulge in the man’s pants.

Jack moved around to the front of the desk and leaned on the edge. All pretenses were dropped, and blatant lust mapped his face and burned in his eyes.

What is happening here? Jack isn't gay—he's a fucking homophobe, even toward Evan.

"I had to endure countless hours listening to Evan recount what a little cold-heart bitch you were." Jack rubbed his mouth and openly ogled Nicky's aroused body. "Really cut into my me time."

The old Jack peeked through; what was his game? Nicky couldn't think clearly as Jack's smoldering eyes pumped more blood to Nicky's cock and away from his brain. Jack was trying to play him... somehow... but Nicky was in no shape to counter his attack... whatever that attack may be.

Swallowing hard, Nicky struggled for decorum. "So, that was all a show? You're not going to hire me, are you?" Did he honestly believe this was still about the job? Really?

You don't have any blood in your brain, do you? He chided himself.

"Of course, I am," Jack replied. "I just need a little... compensation for my time and suffering having to deal with yours and Evan's shit."

Nicky frowned uneasily. "Compensation? What do you mean?"

"Well..." Jack shifted against the desk and his cock swelled right before Nicky's eyes.

Was it some kind of a turn-on for him to play with Nicky? One thing Nicky knew for sure—the man wasn't getting hard for sexual reasons. Jack Rydal would cut his own dick off before he stuffed it in another man's ass, Nicky was certain of that.

"Before you and Evan broke up, he used to regale me with all the nasty little things

you did to him.”

Nicky’s eyes widened. “He what?” Why would Evan tell his fag-hating brother about their fag sex? That made no sense. Jack had been in denial about his brother even being gay.

He was gay as shit long before he hooked up with you.

So, he admitted it now—but he didn’t back then.

“Shocked that he shared?” Jack chuckled, wholly amused.

“Yeah,” Nicky mumbled, watching him warily. Jack had him wholly confused.

“Don’t be embarrassed. I was quite impressed.” He breathed deeply and released it slowly. “In fact, made me kind of horny. Gave me some pretty steamy dreams about you.”

He was lying—he had to be.

“What kind of game are you playing?” Nicky asked with suspicion. “You never dreamed about me—unless you were dreaming about kicking my ass.”

“That isn’t what I was doing to your ass.” Jack’s smile twisted into a smirk.

“You’re lying.” Nicky trembled despite himself. “You’re no fag—you made that painfully clear a long time ago.”

“Did I?” Jack cocked his head. “Are you sure about that?”

“Damn sure.”

“Then why did you want to fuck me so bad?” Jack’s lips curved up in a sharp, gleeful smile. “Did you have some fag boy fantasy about bending a straight guy?”

He knew I wanted to fuck him? How? Nicky hadn’t told a fucking soul about his fantasies of Jack—certainly not Evan.

He swallowed again, trying desperately to maintain his poise. “Why would you think I ever wanted to fuck you?” Nicky strived to inject disdain into his tone—and failed miserably.

“Not just then,” Jack drawled. “But right here... right now.”

He had a way of never actually answering Nicky’s questions.

“You’re delusional.” Beads of sweat sprouted across Nicky’s brow as his entire body flushed hotly.

Despite his contradictory thoughts, Nicky felt like a giddy schoolgirl who just discovered the senior hunk want to nail her.

He retained some pride, though, and forced himself to remain calm.

Outwardly. Inwardly—he was already naked on Jack’s desk, ass arched as the man rammed him full of hard cock.

You think you’re maintaining “outwardly”? he scoffed at himself. Your dick is so hard it’s about to bust out of your pants. You think he doesn’t see that?

What was he getting worked up over anyway?

Jack was bullshitting him. He had never dreamed of Nicky or gotten horny listening

to Evan's stories—if Evan had even told him anything, which Nicky highly doubted.

The man wanted him to believe this shit so he could turn around and humiliate Nicky for believing it.

“What do you want from me?” Nicky asked, weary of the game and its effect on his senses and his body. “I really need this job. If you're not going to hire me, just fucking say so and let me be on my way.”

“I said the offer was legit. And I am a man of my word.”

Nicky had his doubts about that as well. “Then what?”

A small smile played across Jack's lips as he took his time appreciating Nicky's body.

His erection was undeniable. But again, maybe he was getting off on fucking with Nicky's mind.

“Well, since I'm pretty much handing you this job—as I'm sure many of the ladies waiting to be interviewed are much more qualified—maybe you could throw me one in return. ”

“Throw you... what?”

A lazy smirk smeared Jack's face. “A hand job.”

Nicky wasn't expecting that. His jaw dropped and he stared at Jack incredulously. “You're joking, right?” Even as the words slipped out, his fingers began to tingle. He'd seen Jack in his swim trunks, even once in his briefs, and without an erection, his package was huge.

Jack's smile held as he unfastened his pants!

Presumptuous prick, Nicky thought without malice.

He was too busy trying to breathe to be offended by Jack's assumption that he would oblige him.

Nicky blinked, his vision turning hazy as Jack slid down his zipper and reached inside, massaging his hard dick.

"I know you want to see it," Jack groaned.

"And touch it. I've always known. You'd get hard every time I was around, and your eyes were always glued to my crotch.

Even my little bro saw it. All those times he was complaining about you—he was bitching at me because you wanted me more than him like I was seducing you or something.

"He laughed low and squeezed himself. "I didn't have to seduce you, though, now did I?

You just wanted me all on your own." He smiled darkly. "Still do, huh?"

"No," Nicky croaked, quite unconvincingly.

"So, what's it going to be?" Jack rasped. "How bad do you really need this job?"

Releasing a breath, Nicky stepped closer. "This is really quite adolescent, Jack. Soliciting sexual favors." He swallowed, his hands flexing against his legs.

“I thought it was age-old tradition,” he murmured, a quickness to his breath. “Why fix what isn’t broken?”

“Are you seriously this hard up? That you have to coerce a guy to get you off? You lose all your charm with the ladies?”

Jack chuffed with amusement. “I could fuck any or all of those women out there in the waiting room... if I was so inclined.” He rubbed himself a fraction harder. “But I’d rather fuck you.”

“You said a hand job,” Nicky told him. “You didn’t say anything about fucking.”

“I would leave that up to you, of course,” Jack admitted. “But we both know you want my cock.”

Nicky fought the urge to jump the man and prove him right. “What is going on, Jack? I don’t believe any of the bullshit you told me. You’re a hardcore straight man. Why are you doing this?”

“Does this look like a hardcore straight man?” Jack smiled wryly and tugged out his cock, stroking it a few times. Nicky tried not to stare at the massive rod in his fist, already dripping precum. “Would a Bona fide heterosexual get this hard over a little gay boy?”

The rim of Nicky’s scalp sizzled, and another layer of sweat broke out all over his body, causing his snug clothes to cling to his feverish skin. He flexed his hands again. His crotch swelled and his dick leaked. Jack drew a deep breath, pulling Nicky’s eyes to his face.

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“Your turn.” Jack’s words were thick and raw as he opened his hand, his thick cock resting on his palm.

He didn’t take his eyes off Nicky’s face even as Nicky’s stare dropped to his heavy rod, the tip shiny with cum juice.

As he watched, more juice bubbled from the tiny hole and oozed into Jack’s hand.

Nicky inched closer, mesmerized by the dick he had fantasized about during his entire time with Evan. Jack’s younger brother was of adequate size and got the job done, but he couldn’t compare to Jack.

With a discreet clearing of his throat, Nicky hesitantly reached out and curled his fingers around Jack’s shaft.

It pulsed against his palm, spiking his heart rate.

His fingertips smeared through his juices as he took full possession of Jack’s member, squeezed just enough to make the man gasp, then began stroking him with a firm grip.

Jack clutched the edge of the desk, a deep groan rumbling in his chest. “Fuck...Evan wasn’t lying.”

His praise urged him on, unleashed the dirty boy within. Nicky smiled and took him in both hands, working his delicate fists in spiral strokes up and down the shaft. Precum trickled out in a steady flow, wetting his cock, and slicking his taut skin.

“Fuck...” Jack gripped the desk harder and dropped his head back, eyes closing, hips thrusting. “Yes, baby...oh God, that feels good.”

Getting into the spirit of things, Nicky stared at him, eyes cool. “So, what kind of benefits will you give me if I suck you off?” he cooed low and suggestively.

Jack’s eyes popped open, and he raised his head, eyebrows cocked. “Show me what you can do, and we’ll talk.”

Nicky smiled and licked his lips, sensually sliding the wet appendage along his plump lower lip, drawing Jack’s eyes along for the ride.

His cock twitched in his fist and thickened, stretching longer.

Nicky sank to his knees, stroked him a few more times, then dragged his soft tongue up the underside of Jack’s shaft, bumping over the rope of muscle.

When he reached the tip, he teased the sensitive slit beneath his cock head with the tip of his tongue then swirled it around the plump, swollen crown.

“Oh fuck...” Jack shuddered. His legs parted, and his hips arched.

“Oh, fuck yeah...tease that cock, baby...” Nicky flattened his tongue against his dick as Jack slowly rocked his hips, rubbing it up and down the velvet soft surface.

“Fuck yes...” he swallowed hard, drew back, and plunged his cock head into his mouth.

His hand sank into his short strands, gripped with his fist, and fucked Nicky’s willing mouth.

“Uuhhh! Holy Shit... fuck! Suck it, baby...oh God... take it...”

Though it was Nicky on his knees, swallowing the man's cock, Nicky —not Jack—was the one in control, he sensed it with each desperate thrust of Jack's hips and the tremors racing through him as he surged toward orgasm.

Nicky squeezed his cock with hands and mouth, suctioning his rod as he sucked the full length of his dick in and out of his throat.

“Fuuck...” Jack wailed.

Nicky took him to the edge of orgasm, fondling his heavy balls, tugging them firmly until Jack was trembling all over and declaring – “ Fuck—I'm right there!”

He sucked up his shaft, pinching with his strong lips, and popped the head from his mouth. He commenced licking up and down his wet, glistening rod of pulsating meat, now fissured with plump veins.

“My benefits?” Nicky murmured against his dick and blew softly, then stood, peeled off his pink jacket, and began unfastening the front of his tight white pants. He cocked an eyebrow at him.

Jack panted heavily, his cock swaying stiffly between them and dripping juice onto the carpet. He watched with pure lust as Nicky peeled open his fly and his erection bulged out against his fiery red jockey shorts.

Jack rasped coarsely, “Let me fuck you and you can have whatever you want.”

“I thought you didn't like me?” Nicky cooed; feigning hurt. “When I was with Evan, you ignored me. Didn't like it when I was around.” He palmed his crotch and massaged his bulge. “You don't like me, but you still want to fuck me?”

“Who said I didn't like you?” Jack's burning stare locked on Nicky's fingers as he worked his hard cock through the open fly. Jack dropped a hand to his own cock and

stroked.

“You did... in more ways than one,” Nicky murmured and pressed forward so Jack’s cock head nudged his open fly and his engorged erection within. An instant wet stain formed from their cum juices and Jack pushed firmly against him, poking him with barely restrained urgency.

Nicky gasped softly and he moved forward a hair, rocking against his cock. “You weren’t very nice to me,” he moaned shakily. “Not like you’re being now.”

“I liked you.” Jack clenched his cock in his fist, index finger and thumb squeezing the base of his shaft, holding his orgasm at bay. “You have no fucking idea how much I liked you.”

“Then why weren’t you nicer to me?” Nicky shoved down the front of his jockey shorts, freeing his pulsing dick.

Jack’s cock pushed beneath Nicky’s shaft, slipping between his thighs, digging into his tight balls.

“Uh!” Nicky gasped and clutched the man’s chest as Jack stroked his cock against the underside of Nicky’s throbbing member, nudging his full balls again and again.

“Because...” Jack panted heavily. “I was fucking jealous of Evan. Every time he fucked you in his bedroom, I beat off to the sound of your moans and screams, imagining I was the one making you cum so hard.”

Nicky whimpered and smiled. “You were.” An orgasm was imminent, and he bit his lower lip fiercely, his breath hissing around his teeth. “ Oh, fuck, Jack... I’m gonna cum now.”

Jack drew back and stared at him, perplexed. “What do you mean I was the one

making you cum so hard?” His chest heaved, and dick pulsed in his hand, but he ceased all attempts to get at him while he waited for his answer.

The orgasm was right there, the waves ebbing his loins.

He felt dizzy with ecstasy and struggled to collect his fragmented thoughts long enough to focus and answer Jack’s question.

“I, uh...” he breathed unevenly. “When Evan and I fucked...I was...I was imagining it was you fucking me...I would close my eyes and pretend I was in bed with you, that it was your cock thrusting inside me. And it...it made me so hot...made my orgasms so fierce and it made me cum so hard.”

Jack just stared at him for a long moment, a stunned look on his face.

Then the trance broke, and they practically tore the clothes from each other’s bodies.

Nicky’s back struck the desk, knocking shit to the floor with a crash and clatter.

Jack shoved his legs open, and he hurriedly raised them, hooking his feet on the edge of the desk.

Nicky expected to feel his engorged cock plow into his ass when Jack buried his face between his thighs instead. His tongue slithered hungrily up and down Nicky’s cock, lathering his balls, then dipped lower to stab his ass, grinding through his tight, pucker hole.

“ Uhh!” Nicky cried and grabbed fists of his hair, lifting his hips, humping his face. “Oh, my God— eat my ass! I’m so fucking close! So close! Oh, God-oh God-oh fuuuck!”

Pulses ran up Nicky’s cock, squeezing out bubbles of cum juice. His balls knotted up

against his body as the orgasm raged toward the surface. “Uh-uh-uhhh!”

Jack thrust his tongue harder into his ass, the wet suctioning sound and sensation driving Nicky over the edge. Jack growled and groaned and ate his ass like no one ever had.

“Fuuu- huuck!” Nicky wailed, body arching away from the desk. He grabbed his rigid shaft and pumped furiously. “ Oh, my God, Jack!”

Jack shoved two fingers into his saliva-slick hole and assaulted his prostate until he was screaming and shooting cum into the air and all over the desk.

Jack withdrew, and his thick cock replaced his fingers as Nicky was still cumming.

He slammed in balls-deep and held it there as Nicky’s anal muscles clenched around his hard meat.

“Oh, fuck yes,” Jack growled, shaking, his hips pressed up hard and tight against him, his cock grinding in desperately. “Oh my God...” He shoved his hands beneath Nicky and clawed his ass, lifting him as he rotated his hips, staying inside him balls deep.

“Oh God ,” Nicky gasped when his cock turned rock hard again before the orgasm even passed through his system.

No one had ever brought him to a second orgasm so fucking fast. “Oh, my God-oh my God- oh my God! I-I’m gonna cum again!

” He wailed and shot another load, his body clenching, eyes squeezed shut as he sucked for air through a constricted throat.

Holy fuck!

Pure ecstasy pinched Jack's face as Nicky's inner ass muscles sucked and pulled at his cock.

"Holy shit," he let out with a hard breath and pulled out, slammed in again, then again and again, fucking him furiously.

Their sweaty bodies slapped together, and the desk shuddered, the short legs moving across the carpet inch by inch, driven back by the force of Jack's lust. "Uh-uh-uh!" he grunted, pounding his dick inside him with all his strength.

"Oh, fuck-oh fuck- oh fuck—I'm gonna cum!

" He grabbed the opposite edge of the desk for leverage and fucked him madly.

Nicky clawed his arms, his muscles straining and popping, as his face contorted in sexual agony.

"Oh God— don't stop!" Nicky cried out with a sharp gasp.

His dick hadn't gone down, even after a second orgasm.

It continued to throb and pulse, his balls refilling.

How is this happening? How is he doing this to me?

Jack pulled out suddenly, on the verge of exploding, and flipped Nicky onto his stomach—then rammed back into his ass from behind.

" Uh!" Jack wailed and went at him again, wild and unfettered, slamming Nicky against the desk.

His short nails gouged Nicky's slick, hot skin as he fucked his ass with superhuman

strength, drilling Nicky's sweet spot relentlessly, mercilessly.

"Come on..." Jack grunted, panting hard. "Cum one more time, I know you can do it."

Before this moment, Nicky wouldn't have believed it was possible. But his dick was hard as granite again, slapping the edge of the desk, splattering cum juice all over the polished wood. He would cum again—there was no doubt.

Nicky reached across the desktop and clutched the far edge, then thrust his ass up to Jack, pumping himself on the man's engorged cock. "Uuhh! Fuck! Don't stop! Fuck me harder, Jack! Harder! I'm gonna cum again—I am!"

Jack roared and drove his cock to the hilt inside his ass, jerked it out to the tip, then slammed full in again... over and over.

"Oh, fuck- fuck-fuuuck!" Nicky wailed and blew his wad down the front of Jack's desk. "Uuuhh— God!"

Jack drove in once more—and unloaded, filling Nicky with his hot, thick cum.

"Uuh! Fuu-huuck!" he yelled, gasped, and kissed Nicky's fevered shoulder, still caught in the throes of his orgasm.

"Congratulations, Nicky," he panted shakily.

"You just passed the interview." He thrust into his cum-slick ass a few more times as a powerful shudder rushed through him, and he exhaled with force.

Sweat dripped off him, splattering Nicky's flushed, damp back. "The job is yours."

When Jack backed off, Nicky twisted onto his back, eyes heavy. "I'll serve you well,

Mr. Rydal.”

Jack dipped his head between Nicky’s legs and swallowed his flaccid dick, sucking a smidge of firmness back into the exhausted organ. He pulled his lips along the shaft and the head popped from his mouth. He licked his lips and smiled. “I am fully confident that you will, Mr. Maye.”

As Jack stared into his eyes, Nicky understood one thing quite clearly; Jack might be the boss ... but Nicky was the master. How this happened, he may never know. The important thing was that it had happened, and the man of his fantasies and dreams was now pursuing him.

Nicky sighed and curled his legs around Jack’s hot body, pulling him in close till their dicks rubbed together. “You should probably go send the ladies home so we can...” He pumped his hips. “... get back to work.”

Jack chuckled and for the first time—kissed his mouth. “I guess I should.” But he didn’t move away from Nicky. Hesitant fingertips slid through Nicky’s damp strands. “Just so we’re clear,” he rasped with an odd tremor in his voice, “The job was yours before we fucked.”

Nodding, Nicky kissed his lips. “I know.”