



# Exposed (Red Light Boys #1)

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**Category:** LGBT+

**Description:** When I start to suspect that my roommate is filming solo videos of himself in his bedroom, I become obsessed with finding out the truth.

The problem is that Jonas absolutely hates me. Despite being my best friends brother, he

wont even give me the time of day, let alone let me in on his secrets.

But when tensions get too high and all is exposed, will Peter get drawn into Jonas other life in the sexiest way possible?

**Total Pages (Source):** 7



# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 4:16 am*

ONE

Peter

I emptied a bag of potato chips into a bowl, then ripped open another one, my gaze fixed surreptitiously on Jonas.

He had his back to me, his head bowed, exposing the elegant curve of his neck. There was a freckle low on his nape that my gaze caught on before he suddenly lifted his head and looked at me, his chocolate brown waves falling into those captivating eyes of the same colour.

He stared at me for a moment and then laughed like I'd done something stupid, and I glanced down, realizing I was spilling half the chips onto the counter next to the bowl.

Cheeks burning, I poured the rest where they were supposed to go— inside the bowl—and avoided looking over again while Peter finished pouring milk onto his cereal.

He spooned some into his mouth as he left the kitchen, but I swivelled around to stop him.

"You going to stay in your room?" I asked.

He paused and glanced at me, looking guarded, and I realized how it sounded at once.



"I mean, not that you have to . My friends are nice. You can come hang out with us."

I didn't think my recovery was too bad, but the way he was looking at me—like he would like nothing less—made my face burn even hotter.

"I have some work to do," he finally said. He gave me a polite smile and left.

I stood there for a moment before letting out a long breath, trying to keep my cool.

Jonas was... something . Much like his brother, he was handsome. Okay, Charles was handsome. Jonas was on the pretty side. I could admit that he was good-looking, but his personality wasn't .

I was still kicking myself for getting into this situation. Rooming with the coldest guy on the planet had been far from my game plan, but at the last minute, my best friend, Charles, had backed out.

I'd already had the lease signed, and I'd been freaking out and the next thing I knew, Charles, feeling bad, had offered his brother to take the room instead of leaving me hanging. He'd needed a new place to rent, anyway.

Jonas had always been a bit of an oddball. He was quiet and constantly gave me looks that said he was quite clearly that judging me.

He was the type of person who made me feel like I couldn't be myself. Like I had to watch every step I made because if he saw, he would laugh at me when I wasn't looking.

Honestly, I had foolishly thought that I could somehow convince him I was alright. That we could get along.



Instead, for two months now, Jonas had stayed locked up in his room, only coming out or interacting with me long enough to make my skin crawl.

He was such a fucking weirdo.

Groaning softly, I finished cleaning the chips and went to the living room, making sure the place was decent.

A group of college friends were coming over. I had cups ready for beer pong, Jell-O shots in the fridge and three bowls of chips. What more could they expect?

Glancing at the time, I saw I had a few messages saying that any minute now, people would be arriving.

Swallowing, my eyes flew to Jonas' door.

For some reason, even having him home was making me nervous. I always wondered how much he could hear from in there. Like, if I watched a show that he thought was stupid, was he in his room listening and rolling his eyes? And if we were talking too loud tonight, would he hear us?

It shouldn't matter. I knew that. Jonas was far too stuck up. He was the problem, not me. Yet I couldn't help this overwhelming regret that he just didn't like me.

Despite myself, I wanted him to.

The doorbell rang, and I pushed the thought away, hurrying to let my first arrivals in.

As soon as I opened the door, my mood swung upwards because Angie and Celeste were both here, looking hot and done up and in great moods.



They both held up their bottles, laughing in greeting, and I couldn't help falling into the inside joke with a dramatic shout.

"No! Not the Kraken! You two are insane!"

"Obviously," Celeste said, coming inside and giving me a quick hug on her way past me.

"That's why you love us!" Angie added, pushing one of the bottles into my hands.

"That one's for you."

I shook my head emphatically.

"Nope. I am never drinking Kraken again," I said. "I'd rather not end up on the washroom floor crying tonight."

I paused just after saying it, realizing I was right outside Jonas' door. I cringed, following them inside while they started to tell me about their trip to my place on the SkyTrain.

"You need to move closer to campus." Celeste was saying by the time the doorbell rang again.

Within twenty minutes, my small apartment was packed with friends, and we were well into our drinks already.

Music buzzed through the walls.

When Charles walked in without knocking an hour later, already tripping over his feet, he headed straight over to where I was spread out on the floor and practically threw himself on top of me.



"Hello to you, too," I said, trying to shove him off me, to no avail.

He let out a loud groan, saying hello to everyone without bothering to lift his head.

"Getting here was hell. I am so glad I didn't end up moving in with you, man," he sighed. "It would take me an hour to get home from work."

He lifted his head suddenly, looking around the circle of people.

"Where's Jonas?" he asked.

"In his room," I said, trying to keep a neutral expression.

"As usual," I added snarkily, and Charles snorted.

"Is he still in his shell?" he asked, finally climbing off of me and tossing his coat aside.

"Poor little turtle," he muttered, walking over to Jonas' bedroom door and banging on it.

I cringed, watching the scene unfold, knowing that Jonas hated being bothered.

After a moment, the door opened, and he stood there, glaring at his brother. A silent standoff occurred where they both stared at each other for a long moment and then Charles just said, "What the fuck? Say hi." and Jonas started laughing.

I shook my head, watching as they hugged each other, chuckling and instantly falling into a conversation.

I'd known that they got along, I'd seen them together before, but after months of



living with Jonas, it was like my brain couldn't compute it anymore. Jonas didn't seem like the type who could get along with anyone .

Yet, to my shock, they were coming over here. Charles steered Jonas toward the group to join the party.

"Where has Peter been hiding you?" Angie asked with obvious interest.

"I wasn't hiding him," I muttered, kicking her foot. "He just didn't want to..."

Hang out with me, was left unsaid, but no one was listening to me anyway because Jonas was new and was doing that kind of shy smile that he sometimes did, avoiding eye contact in a way that, for some reason, made him look sultry.

"I was just trying to get some work done," he explained.

There he went, talking about work all the time. I didn't even know what the hell he did, but at least he always paid the rent on time. It was probably some boring shit like data entry.

"You can take a night off," Angie said. "Do you want a drink?"

I could practically hear the girls swooning and sighed internally, turning my attention to Charles, who was cracking a beer open next to me.

"How's life?" he asked.

I shrugged, delving into the bio class that was giving me some trouble. I couldn't quite wrap my head around endocytosis.

"It sounds simple, but when I get into the details of phagocytosis and pinocytosis, my



brain stops working.”

"Jonas could help you with that," Charles said, "I'm surprised he hasn't volunteered yet. He always brags about acing his second-year classes."

I blinked, surprised.

"I thought he took history."

"That was his minor," Charles corrected, "with a major in biology."

"Oh."

I was too tipsy to even pretend that I remembered that.

Charles looked curiously over at his brother and then back at me.

I followed his gaze, seeing that he was already at the bottom of the glass of whatever hideous stuff Celeste had given him. Meanwhile, Brady was giving him an animated explanation of what happened in the last Spider-Man movie.

To his credit, Jonas looked like he was listening, laughing at whatever Celeste and Angie were interjecting.

Apparently, I was the only one that Jonas had a problem with.

And here I thought he was just an asshole.

Oh shit. Was I the asshole? Was that why he wanted nothing to do with me?

"So, how has it been living together?" Charles asked, clearly trying to sound casual.



I rolled my eyes at his obviousness.

"It's been swell, right Jonas?"

I wasn't sure what came over me, other than pure annoyance. I wanted to stand up and shout ' why do you have a problem with me? 'instead, I chose to make it awkward for the fucker in a different way.

Jonas looked over, his gaze snapping to mine.

"What?"

"We have a great time living together, right? We're the best of pals."

He arched a brow, a touch of that haughty expression he usually wore in my presence coming to light in front of everyone.

"No one says ' pals ' anymore," he informed me, his voice deadpan, and I practically wanted to cheer. He'd shown his true colours in front of everyone, and even though everyone laughed and teased me, I didn't care.

His brown eyes lingered on mine for a moment, and when he turned back to the others, he didn't seem like he could smile with as much ease. I could tell that he felt my eyes on him.

It was weirdly sadistic of me. I didn't want him to have a good time, not when he couldn't even give me the time of day for no reason.

I tried to ignore him after that, but my eyes kept flying to his face, the way they always did. Asshole had to be so damn pretty.



"And I don't even like boys," I muttered to myself half-heartedly.

"Hm?" Charles asked, leaning closer.

"Nothing," I said quickly, realizing I had spoken out loud.

Luckily, a bunch of arguing started on the other side of the living room, distracting Charles.

"Come on!" Angie was insisting.

"Please!" Celeste joined.

I didn't know what the hell was happening until a bunch of people started to groan and agree.

"That's my cue to get back to my room," Jonas said, trying to push to his feet.

I watched, amused, as he was pulled back down.

"No way!" Angie cried, still clinging to his arm. She had it bad already, but Jonas didn't seem too interested.

I had to hold back a laugh at that because Angie always came on like a vulture with her eye on the carcass. She had no shame whatsoever and rarely gave up. I'd seen many an unsuspecting guy end up hiding from her. Not that she was bad looking, she just had no sense of boundaries.

Case in point, she squeezed herself in between Brady and Jonas so that she could cuddle his arm like he was her long-time boyfriend.



He pursed his lips but remained seated while everyone shuffled around to face each other.

"What's happening?" I asked.

"Truth or Dare!" Celeste shouted excitedly.

Me and Charles both groaned, having missed what was happening.

"We're not fifteen anymore," I argued. "We don't need an excuse to make out with someone."

"I beg to differ!" Celeste shouted, grinning. "Peter, I dare you to make out with me!"

"You can't just take the first turn!" I argued, and the group started to squabble over who would go first.

Finally, a rock, papers, scissors tournament had one of the guys, Jamie, going first and asking Brady if he was gay. lame, but Brady handled it well.

"Only for Tom Holland," he said with a straight face. "Celeste, truth or dare?"

"Dare," she said at once.

"I dare you to..." he thought for a moment. "Flash the apartments out there."

She stood up, swaying and giggling her way to the window, then went out of her way to open it.

"Everyone look here!" she shouted and then lifted her top, standing there for far too long while we laughed.



"That's enough, babe," Angie finally said. "Get your drunk ass back here."

She pulled her shirt down and returned to her spot before swiveling her gaze directly over to me.

"Peter! I dare you to kiss me!"

"I choose truth," I said, and everyone laughed while she pouted.

"Fine," she sighed. "Have you ever hooked up with anyone in the room?"

I instantly regretted my choice, forcing myself not to look over at Angie. Remembering that messy night two years ago was bad at the best of times, especially since we'd agreed to keep it a secret.

At the way I froze, a series of ' Oooooohs ' filled the room.

"I meant dare," I said weakly, face hot as I crawled across the floor to where Celeste was sitting.

"But now I wanna know!" she pouted just before I pressed our lips together.

She hadn't said a time limit, but I gave her a good, long kiss, tongue and all, just so she wouldn't make me do it again.

I didn't look at anyone when I pulled back, not even at Celeste, who fanned herself dramatically.

"Damn," she breathed. "Remind me to dare you to do that again."

I shook my head, kind of wanting to hide. I didn't like that kind of attention. I didn't



know how some people liked to have sex in front of others. I would probably die from embarrassment if I did that. Even that innocent enough kiss made me feel like I was being wild.

When I glanced up, it took me a minute to realize why everyone was looking at me. Everyone but Jonas. He had his gaze fixed on his lap and his lips were turned down in a frown.

And maybe I just wanted to torture him today, because his name slipped out of my lips without thinking.

"Jonas," I said. "Truth or dare?"

He looked at me, his gaze unreadable, then glanced at Angie, still clinging to his arm.

"Truth," he said firmly.

I thought for a minute, completely at a loss for what to ask. I didn't know him well enough to know anything he kept secret. But with the thoughts about being public still swimming through my mind, an idea came to me. I didn't overthink it. It just flew from my mouth.

"Have you ever made a sex tape?"

There was a silence, and in that moment, Jonas' eyes widened just before there was a laugh from the group.

"That's too easy," Angie argued. "Everyone's recorded themselves."

There was immediate chaos as everyone started arguing with her, but my attention was glued to Jonas, who took the time to school his expression into one that was



completely neutral.

When everyone calmed down enough for his answer, he looked me straight in the eyes.

"Nope," he said, shrugging casually, but I knew the bastard was lying .

I glanced toward his bedroom, my heart suddenly racing.

What did Jonas actually get up to in there?



## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 4:16 am*

TWO

Peter

I woke up in my bed, sandwiched between Celeste and Brady. Pretty much everyone had crashed here last night after drinking too much and staying awake way too long.

I shoved at Brady, and when that didn't work to wake him up, I climbed over him to get out of bed.

In the living room, I stared at the battle scene.

It may as well have been a bomb site. There were bodies and debris everywhere.

Stepping over everyone, I made it to the kitchen to get a glass of water and some extra strength Advil .

Only after I'd swallowed down both did I pause, my heart sinking as I realized I hadn't seen Angie out there.

I shouldn't care, but it was hard to argue with the sudden disappointment and hurt that hit me at the idea that she was probably in Jonas' room.

And not because I wanted Angie.

Fuck .



I sank into a chair at the kitchen table, letting the realization that I wanted Jonas to sink in finally. Dammit, I'd been avoiding facing that little fact since he'd moved in here.

I'd pretended I didn't look at him that way, like I didn't enjoy what I saw.

I groaned, letting my already aching head fall into my hands. Was it just him? Was it because he was a little bit feminine or something? He did have really pretty eyes framed with those long, dark lashes.

It had to be a temporary thing. A phase.

I squeezed my eyes shut against the aching in my skull. I would just ignore it until it went away. This little crush or whatever it was would fade once I remembered what a dick Jonas was.

But seriously, Angie?

Why Angie?

I didn't even think he liked her last night. How did they end up in bed together?

... and why was I getting to my feet and walking to Jonas' room?

I hesitated at the door, wondering what the hell looking would accomplish. But my brain just couldn't wrap around the idea of them being in bed together.

Lifting my fist, I knocked softly and waited. When there was no answer, I reached for the doorknob and opened it just enough to peer inside.

For a moment, my heart stopped, because there was someone in bed with Jonas, but I



couldn't see who. I could only see the mop of Jonas' wavy brown hair and one of his ears from under the cover. Then, before I could slam the door shut and go hide somewhere, the other body rolled over, exposing Charles.

Oh.

His eyes fluttered open, and he looked straight at me.

“Hey,” he said groggily. “What's up?”

I blinked, trying to think of something.

“I was looking for Angie,” I whispered. “She's not out there.”

“Yeah, she went home when Jonas told her he wouldn't fuck her.” He started laughing. “It was actually so funny.”

I had no right to feel so relieved.

Just then, Jonas moaned and rolled over, lifting his head to see who Charles was talking to.

I'd never seen him half asleep and tousled, and dammit, my heart was doing something uncalled for.

“Sorry to disturb you,” I muttered and pulled the door shut, but just before it sealed, my gaze flew around his room and there, on his desk, my eyes snagged on a camera sitting just out of sight behind the monitor.

I shut the door, my heart racing.



It couldn't be...

Everyone filed out sometime in the afternoon. Charles stuck around the longest to help tidy up, but hung over and grumbling he hadn't been very useful, so I told him to go home.

It was another couple of hours before Jonas finally emerged.

He was a little bit more put together, but barely. There were bags under his eyes and his skin was pale.

I watched him head straight into the kitchen and listened while he sorted through the medicine cabinet.

He'd left his door open, and I couldn't help peeking in. The camera was still there. I hadn't hallucinated it... Of course, that didn't mean that he was in his bedroom making sex tapes all the time, but a weird feeling came over me when I thought about it. I didn't know what the hell he was up to in there.

What did he even do?

It wasn't like he was in school anymore. I never heard him gaming or anything.

He came out of the kitchen, cradling a cup of instant coffee and a bagel.

I watched, flabbergasted, as he beelined for his bedroom again.

“Hey, hang on!”

He paused, finally acknowledging me.



“What?” he asked.

I stared for a minute, honestly taken aback.

“Think you might want to help me clean this shithole up?” I asked, gesturing to the mess. “You live here too.”

He pursed his lips.

“I didn't invite your friends over,” he said. “And I took care of washing my own glass, so...”

With that, he turned and shut himself in his room.

I stared at the closed door for far too long, dumbfounded.

What a spoiled brat! How the hell could anyone be such a dick?

I got more and more angry as I cleaned the place until it was practically sparkling. I muttered under my breath while I took the garbage down to the bins downstairs and I was still fuming while I made myself an oven-ready pizza for dinner.

Jonas emerged again then; he heated up some leftovers and went to the sparkling clean living room to watch TV and enjoy my hard work.

I was fucking furious.

I marched into the living room with my pizza and accidentally sat down far too close to him—because I wanted to annoy him, but he didn't seem to mind, silently eating his food while he watched his show. Something about an unsolved murder that completely turned my stomach.



Feeling deflated, I pushed half of my pizza away and sat there, stomach-churning, wondering for the millionth time what his problem with me was.

I glanced over at him. He had a little freckle on his cheekbone. I'd never noticed that before.

“Why do you always stare at me?”

The question, said just under his breath, made me freeze. Fuck, I'd been caught. And it obviously wasn't the first time.

He glanced over at me and when our eyes met, his gaze was filled with hot anger.

“You're always fucking staring .”

I swallowed because what the hell was I supposed to say? That he was surprisingly cute and the only man that I had ever seen that way? As a prospect.

“Just wondering what your problem is with me?” I finally managed and my annoyance with him came back tenfold. “Seriously, what the hell is it? Did I do something?”

His gaze hardened.

“You're abrasive,” he said coldly. “And loud. And what difference does it make?”

“Abrasive?” I demanded. “ I'm abrasive? At least I try to be nice.”

“Well, don't bother,” he snapped. “I'm not going to like you.”

I didn't know what to say.



“Why did you even move in with me?” I finally asked.

“ Just to do my brother a favour,” he said firmly.

I swallowed, stood up, and went to my room without a word.

For a long time, I lay on my bed, staring up at the ceiling, listening to the show Jonas was watching in the other room, then eventually, to the sound of him turning it off and going to his room.

With the apartment so quiet, I could hear him fiddling around with something and then getting into bed.

I felt numb over what he'd said. I wasn't sure how I was supposed to feel, but people didn't normally tell you to your face when they didn't like you. And I couldn't help but feel like there was more to it. Like it was personal.

The way he'd glared at me had felt so intentional, like I'd done something to offend him, but... what ? I couldn't think of a single thing.

I shut my eyes, trying to drown out the thoughts, but then something else drew all my attention.

It was quiet at first, a slow shifting sound, over and over, then a bed squeaking.

I lay there, unable to move, my heart racing as I listened to the sounds from Jonas' room. It went on until my cock was hard, my chest rising and falling fast, my mouth dry.

A soft moan nearly took me out, and I finally shoved my hand into my pants, unable to stop myself. I squeezed my eyes shut, my mind racing with images of what he had



been doing on the other side of that wall.

I bit down hard on my cheek to stop from making a noise as I came into my pumping fist, my entire body shaking with the release.

Afterwards, I wondered if he'd set his camera up for it.

Over the next few days, there was a tension between us. For once, my mood was as dark as his was, and the apartment was silent.

And for the first time, he seemed bothered and tense.

I was glad.

Jonas deserved to be driven up the walls the way he was doing to me, because now that the apartment was so quiet, I could hear him. Daily . He was constantly moving around in there, gasping sometimes, or moaning quietly because he didn't want me to hear.

He had to be doing it for money. There was no way it was for anything else unless he was a sex addict or something, and if that was the case, he wouldn't have turned Angie down, right?

I spent Friday night on Google , trying to search for him. Checking different websites for cute guy masturbating, slim brunet with brown eyes, jerking off, alone, horny, etc .

All that accomplished was an evening wasted jerking off to other cute boys touching their cocks and assholes and yeah , it turned out it wasn't just Jonas—or maybe it was since I couldn't stop pretending each one was him. I was a fucking mess.



Realizing just how much guys like him in general got to me, led me down a rabbit hole. I was desperate to touch them while I stroked myself in my office chair. It felt like I was doing something wrong. I wasn't supposed to be wanting to fuck guys suddenly like this, but I did, and I must have always ignored that fact because I liked girls, too. And Jonas was right fucking there, jerking off in front of a camera in the next room. I just knew he was, but I couldn't find him online for proof.

His vids were probably behind a paywall, and I'd never see them. Not that I wanted them to jerk off to, but mostly because I was dying to know what exactly he was doing. Sometimes I could hear a bit of a commotion, like he was walking around, or exercising, but I knew he had a gym membership he used religiously, so I doubted it was that.

I felt like I was going crazy. Like I knew a secret but had no proof of it and worst of all, Jonas avoided me like the plague, and if we were in a room together, he wouldn't even look at me.

The next morning, after another sleepless night obsessing over it, I couldn't take it anymore.

I locked myself in my room all morning to avoid Jonas, then went to the library and studied for the better part of the day. I wanted to go home to rest though, because I was literally exhausted, but I knew I wouldn't get much rest while Jonas was there, anyway. I didn't think I'd sleep easy again until I had my own space.

Sighing, I knew that was the only solution. We couldn't keep living together. It was a total disaster.

Decision made, I packed my stuff and went home to face the music.

But when I walked into our quiet apartment and saw that Jonas' door was sealed shut,



I just knew that he was up to it again.

Irrational as it was, fury ran through me. He couldn't just stay in his room avoiding me forever, masturbating or maybe even camming, and just fucking driving me crazy!

I marched to his bedroom door and banged on it.

"We have to talk," I said loudly.

There was a bang, like something fell to the floor, then scrambling on the bed.

"Fuck off!" Jonas shouted breathlessly in response.

Frustrated, I reached for the doorknob. I knew I shouldn't, but I was at the edge of my patience, and I wanted, no needed, to end this.

"I'm coming in!"

I turned the handle and by the time the door was opening, Jonas was at it, topless, nothing but boxers on, his face flushed red, panting...

I lost all sight of whatever the hell I had been about to say. Was it that he couldn't live here anymore, or that I couldn't?

"What the fuck do you want?" he demanded, looking furious and... embarrassed .

I looked down and saw the way his underwear was tented and couldn't breathe.

He tried to hide himself behind the door, then tried to slam it closed, but my foot was in the way and I just— pushed it open the rest of the way .



The camera I'd seen before was set up on a stand, pointing straight at the bed, which was lit up by a ring light.

It was neatly made, but there was a bottle of lube on top of the covers. There were dildos on the top and a big, flesh-coloured one on the floor. I realized that had been the source of the bang.

I stepped into the room like I was possessed, unable to look away.

The camera was still running.

It was hooked up to the computer on his desk with a long wire and there, on Jonas' screen, his bed was visible so he could watch what he was recording.

"Is this what you do for money?" I found myself asking, and I didn't know how the hell my voice was so steady when my heart was racing the way it was.

Dildos. I hadn't looked up guys using them... maybe that was why I hadn't found him. Didn't that mean he liked guys? Or dick, at least. I was right next door. He could have asked me...

"Where do you put the videos?" I asked.

"...Red Light Boys..."

I swallowed. Yup. Behind a paywall. That website was notorious. I'd seen the ads before. I was pretty sure they offered more than just porn, but all this sudden interest in boys was new to me. I'd never been on the site.

"Are you going to tell my brother?" Jonas asked from behind me, drawing my attention back to him. He sounded like a child who'd just been caught doing



something bad, and I supposed this was the adult equivalent of that.

Instead of answering, I bent and picked the large dildo up off the floor.

"What are you doing?" Jonas choked.

I wasn't really sure myself, except that the rubbery flesh of the thing was wet with lube and my cock was now rock hard.

Finally, I looked back at Jonas. He was shifting from foot to foot nervously, the bulge in his pants considerably smaller. I'd never seen him so embarrassed—nearly on the verge of tears, but there was no need for that. I wasn't judging him. I just... didn't want to leave. Even though I should. Even though he surely wanted me to.

And if he told me straight up to go, I would, but I couldn't just walk away now, not when I was standing here in the middle of it, the plasticky scent of cherry lube filling the air.

"Get back on the bed."

My words didn't come out as strong as before, barely above a whisper, but Jonas' eyes widened dramatically.

He stared at me, unmoving but for the way his hands were shaking at his sides. Then, instead of telling me to leave, he walked forward slowly, his eyes never leaving mine as he crawled onto the bed on his knees.

Once he was in front of me, he stopped, our heights level, his bare chest heaving under the light, pale, unblemished skin over lean muscles. So beautiful. Just like his face, his hair, everything.



"What are you doing?" he finally asked, voice trembling and he was getting hard again. He wanted me to do this, I realized. That thought pushed any lingering hesitation out of my body.

"Helping you out," I said. "Turn around."

He visibly shivered, goosebumps rising on his skin, and then he did what I told him to do, turning his back to me.

Now I was shaking too, but I reached out, touching the beauty mark on his nape that often drew my gaze before pushing him down.

He went easily, bracing his elbows on the bed so his ass was in the air, facing me. There was a wet spot from the lube soaking the blue fabric.

I traced my fingers over his back, feeling all the goosebumps until I reached his boxers. Instead of pulling them down, I touched the wet spot first, and pressed against it, unable to believe this was happening.

Jonas took a sharp breath, his hips pushing back against my fingers for a second.

I swallowed.

Fuck. He really did like his ass getting touched. Maybe it was the anticipation, the craziness of what we were doing, but I wasn't going to question it.

When I glanced over at the computer, my hand was there, touching Jonas' ass through his underpants, feeling the warmth and the wetness and he was there, shifting a bit, the sound of his breathing filling the air while I held my breath.

Then he lowered himself even more, turning his face away from me on the mattress



to reach back with both hands.

I watched with bated breath as he hooked his thumbs into the elastic waistband and slid his boxers down, exposing his smooth ass and wet hole. He left the boxers around his thighs, only giving me access to what he wanted me to play with.

I couldn't even move for a minute because it was so fucking pretty.

Letting out a low breath, I rested the dildo I was holding against his ass cheek.

"Is this the one you were using?" I asked.

He nodded, glancing at me over his shoulder. Our eyes met and the look he gave me was different than he'd ever looked at me. He was hot as hell when he was turned on and nervous. For some reason, that one look made me want to not disappoint him. I wanted him to like what I did to him. To make him feel better than anyone had ever made him feel. It would serve him right. The guy he treated like shit for no reason would be the only one who could make him come like there was no tomorrow.

I traced the thick, floppy dildo over his hole, watching mesmerized as it started to flex, opening for more, wanting to take it in. Finally, I pressed the tip into him.

We both moaned. The view was too good, watching his hole stretched tightly around it, wet and welcoming.

"Fuck," I muttered, and unable to help myself, I bent over him, licking the ring that was stretched tightly around the rubber.

"Oh, God ," Jonas groaned, bucking back toward my mouth, taking another inch of rubber into him while he did.



"Want more?" I asked, voice gruff.

He moaned, bucking back again in answer, and I pressed the dildo in deeper, not stopping until he was trying to run away from it. I held it where it was, taking note that he couldn't take the whole thing. Made sense. It was longer than any dick could be. I drew it out slowly, replacing it with my tongue, and he started pressing back for more, moaning and burying his face in the blankets while I gave him what he wanted.

Jonas had definitely put me under some sort of spell. I had never wanted to push my tongue into someone's asshole before. I'd gone around the area in the past, but here I found myself licking him as deeply as I could, tasting cherry oil and only pulling back to get the dildo back in, this time sliding it in and out while he writhed.

His entire body was practically shaking, hips bucking back, cries muffled in the blanket as he tried to hold them in.

I couldn't take it anymore, and pulled my cock out, pressing it to his lubed ass cheek as I fucked him with the dildo.

I was breathing hard, barely able to hold it together, but more desperate to make him come than I was for my own release.

He lifted his head, gasping for air, a string of instructions suddenly bursting desperately from his lips.

"Yes, like that. Fuck. Don't stop. Keep going. Yes ."

Encouraged, I pumped into him at just the right angle, ignoring the way my biceps started to burn from keeping up the rhythm he wanted until he let out a strangled yell, pushing back, taking it in a bit deeper as he came.



Coming hands-free had to be a rare thing, but I watched the come spilling down his thigh, his cock still hidden in the loose fabric of his boxers. While he was still moaning his release, I pulled the dildo out.

He gasped, but I was too close to the edge to do anything but press my leaking tip to his gaping entrance and jerk off, hard and fast until my come was splashing all over his hole, some of it inside, a lot of it outside, covering him. As I tried to breathe through it, I rubbed my cock against the wet mess, tempted to push into him and fill him up properly with the last few drops of my seed, but reality was swiftly returning.

I was standing in Jonas' room, doing all of this on camera. And we didn't even like each other.

And I was supposed to be telling him to get the fuck out of this apartment, not coming all over him.

I stepped back, still breathing hard, and Jonas collapsed forward on the bed, his ass still exposed as he rolled onto his side, facing away from me.

He didn't want to look at me.

Great.

If things were awkward before...

"Um."

I tried to think of something to say, but nothing came to me.

"You can go now," Jonas finally said, filling the silence and I nodded, even though he couldn't see me, practically running to my room.



## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 4:16 am*

THREE

Jonas

I lay there, mind reeling over what had just happened until the come started to cool and dry on my skin.

Peter's come. All over my ass.

I didn't know why he had done that. I didn't know why the hell I'd gone along with it.

He was an asshole. I hadn't been lying when I'd said I'd never like him.

Guys like him: loud, abrasive jerks who were full of hate weren't my cup of tea. And yeah, he got along with Charles, but that was because Charles was nice enough to look past any hateful, homophobic comments that Peter made.

I wasn't so kind, though.

Groaning softly, I uncurled my body, standing to see the damage.

With a start, I realized the camera was still running, so I shut it off quickly, my heart racing with the latent realization that all of that was now saved on my memory card. There was proof that I'd let Charles' best friend fuck me with a dildo and come on my ass.

I shut my eyes, taking a deep breath to ground myself before kicking my boxers off



and using the fabric to scrub my skin clean.

I wanted to go take a shower, but I was too worried I'd run into Peter again. Things had already been awkward enough since that party—more like since I'd moved in here—I couldn't imagine it would get any better now.

Swallowing, I pushed the thought away and packed my toys into their drawer, taking a minute to disinfect them all even though I was so tired.

Shutting off my ring light, the room was plunged into darkness. I crawled into bed, listening to the silence ring.

After a few minutes, I could hear Peter snoring softly and snorted. Admittedly, I felt like a rope had unfurled inside me. I hadn't come like that in, well, I couldn't remember. And that said something because I came for a living. My eyes drifted shut and the peace after a release took me over.

When I woke up in the morning though and saw the camera still set up, everything came flying back to me like a punch to the gut.

What the fuck had I done?

The person I hated, the one who happened to be my brother's best friend and my roommate, now knew my biggest secret.

He was asshole enough to hold it over me, to use it as blackmail or torture me with it.

Heart pounding, I cracked open my bedroom door and peered into the rest of the apartment. It was empty.

Just to be sure, I went to his room and pressed my ear to the door, but there were no



noises from inside. And unlike some assholes, I didn't just walk into people's rooms without an invite. When I saw that his shoes were gone, too, I let out a sigh of relief and finally headed to the shower.

It wasn't until I was under the hot spray of water that it hit me. He had come too. He'd fucked me with a dildo and then come on me... That didn't exactly seem like blackmail material for him.

But he'd said all those things. That summer when I first met him. He had made fun of Professor Gordon. I'd heard him going on about that faggot to Charles and saying other disgusting things, like that he only failed the guys who wouldn't fuck him.

I'd had Professor Gordon. I'd liked him. He'd been a bit of a mentor for me. He'd never done anything inappropriate that I had ever seen. He was gay, but if Peter failed his class, it was because he was an idiot, not because the professor couldn't get in his pants.

I stood under the hot water, wondering about Peter. It was always the homophobes trying to suppress their own feelings, wasn't it...

Maybe for some reason, he didn't feel like he could be himself.

My heart clenched at the thought, because though I came from a loving family, even I hadn't come out to everyone. It had taken going to college for me to get the balls to tell my family and they kept it quiet because I still didn't like that being the first thing people knew about me when I walked into a room.

And of course, when it came to Peter, I'd made Charles promise to never tell him, even though he swore up and down that Peter wasn't that bad.

Maybe he was gay or bi...



Or maybe he'd just been horny, and I was there, ready to go.

I sighed and began to wash off.

I couldn't get a soft spot for the guy just because he'd given me an orgasm. I was being crazy.

It didn't change anything.

That repeated in my head like a mantra for the rest of the day. Especially when Peter came home late, looking tired and somehow sexy at the same time. Like he was ready to jump into bed and that would lead to— no. Bad brain.

He was, unfortunately, attractive for a jerk. I'd always thought so. He was broad-shouldered with a nice face and short curly ash blond hair. He had lovely full lips, and grey eyes that were more soulful than they should be. Not to mention those thick thighs and that muscular ass. I often had to remind myself not to look when he walked by. But it was normal to look at an attractive guy even if you didn't want to fuck them.

He walked in while I was in the kitchen getting a bag of popcorn out of the microwave and paused when he saw me. We both did. For a moment, our gazes caught and held each other and then he passed me, went to his room, and left me to myself for the rest of the night.

I wasn't used to it. Normally, even when he was in his room, I could hear him watching stuff on the computer or talking on the phone. I tried to pay attention to my show, but my gaze kept flying back to his bedroom door.

Was that it? Were we going to be even better now than we were before? Ignoring each other completely would be fine by me. It was what I had initially wanted.



So why didn't it didn't feel like a good thing?

I felt weirdly guilty when I went to bed later. Laying there, in the same spot where we'd fooled around last night, listening to the silence again, I felt like I'd been... mean.

I didn't like that. I'd done nothing wrong.

Up until now, I hadn't cared what I said to Peter. I'd never felt bad...

I couldn't get a soft spot for the guy just because he'd given me an orgasm, I reminded myself. It didn't change anything.

It didn't change anything!

I shut my eyes, repeating the mantra until a sound reached me. It was a gentle creak at first, but I quickly knew what it was. I could hear him breathing, that same heavy sound from last night.

Fuck. He was jerking off.

Was he thinking about me? About what we had done?

I lay there, not moving a muscle, just listening.

"Yes," he whispered.

I bit my lip, cock hardening at the sound of his voice. He was being loud on purpose. He had to be... oh shit, I'd been in here loads of times, jerking off and thinking he couldn't hear me.



"Jonas."

My eyes widened at the sound of my name and without thinking, I was gripping my cock. I started to stroke it, listening desperately for more, still trying to be quiet until I couldn't anymore. My panting and quiet moans filled the air, and I was letting him hear me.

He groaned softly.

Peter was making me lose my mind. Seriously, what the fuck was I doing?

One of the hottest things ever, that's what.

I pumped harder, committed now, getting off on the idea of us both getting off to the idea of what each other was doing.

He came before me; his heavy grunt was followed by silence and then a long moan, the frantic shifting of his bed moving quickly while he stroked himself to completion.

I listened desperately, a soft moan escaping me as come spilled all over my fist and my cock flexed, balls emptying.

For a minute, I lay there, speechless, panting, trying to breathe and see past the stars.

Peter was going to be bad for business. If he kept making me empty my balls off-camera, I wouldn't be making much money for the rent.

I woke up crusty for the second morning in a row and this time had no idea how to process this new development.

Feeling like I was going crazy, I did what I always did when I was stressed: I went to



the gym.

An hour spent lifting weights while music blared in my AirPods helped. The gym shower was nice, too. By the time I left, I felt like a different person, just in time to meet up with Charles for lunch.

He was upbeat as usual when we met at our favourite all-day breakfast place. He always lifted my mood like no one else could, but apparently, I wasn't completely back to my usual self because halfway through our coffees, he set down his mug and gave me a hard look.

"What's got you down, bro?" he asked, lightly. "Something on your mind?"

I couldn't help smiling as I rolled my eyes.

"Nothing new, bro ," I lied. Then, because he was still looking at me, now with a brow raised, I ended up giving in.

"What do you even see in Peter?" I asked. "Of all the friends you have, for him to be your bestie..."

He sighed heavily.

"Peter's great. He's literally the first person I turn to if I need something."

I frowned.

"After you," he amended. "He doesn't even ask questions. He's just there for me."

My frown deepened. I hadn't heard any of this before and it rubbed me up the wrong way for a different reason.



"I'm your big brother," I reminded him. "You're supposed to come to me."

Charles grinned.

"Yeah, I do, don't be jealous. But, for example, my work check was on hold last semester when payment was due. I asked Peter if he could loan me a thousand dollars and he transferred it to me before I could even tell him what it was for."

I blinked.

"Mom and dad could have sorted you out."

He shook his head.

"No, they were about to go on that trip to Hawaii they'd been planning for ages. I didn't want to mess with that. And you were still a broke student... and hopefully will be again soon?"

I nodded, looking down at my steaming mug because I couldn't look at him while I lied.

"Yeah, I'm doing lots of overtime. I nearly have enough saved for grad school. Hopefully, I can start in the winter term."

"Data entry must pay better than I thought," he mused. "Boring as hell, though, right?"

"Yup," I agreed.

I took a sip of my drink.



"Anyway, I still think Peter's a bigot," I threw in, trying to swing the conversation away from the job I'd told him I had.

He frowned, looking so genuinely sad for a moment that I nearly felt guilty.

"He's not," he insisted. "I thought you would see that when you started living together."

Our food arrived, interrupting, and I chose not to continue the conversation, asking instead how his studies were going, if he was seeing anyone, and other, safer subjects.

By the time I got home later, I felt drained and heavy at the same time.

Setting up an account on Red Light Boys had made my heart race. It had felt taboo. I was doing something that no one could know about, after all.

I hoped it was in my favour that I wasn't one of the company's escorts, at least. I didn't meet anyone in person, and I even kept my face out of the videos.

Each time I uploaded a new one, I was paid a base amount for the length of the tape, then paid for views on top of that.

To my surprise, a lot of people had subscribed right from the start. Apparently, people liked my body. I got a lot of comments about it, a lot of people calling me things like 'sweetheart' and 'cutie' even though they only ever saw me from the waist down.

I needed the money to live out my dream of getting into research. I had to get my master's degree. One of my professors had already offered to help hook me up, depending on how things worked out for me. But first, I needed to do this, and luckily, I enjoyed doing it.



It was a bit of an ego boost, and I liked seeing what I looked like afterwards and what people thought of it. It was interesting. For someone lean like me, people seemed to prefer it when I used dildos. They liked to pretend that it was their cock sliding into me.

I didn't mind. I was more of a bottom, anyway.

Or I was when I didn't spend all my spare time masturbating. This gig had seriously interfered with my dating life. I was too emptied out to bother going looking for dates. That would have to wait. Finding a boyfriend was a future me problem.

For now, I needed to upload something new. I needed the paycheck.

The house was quiet. I didn't know if Peter was home, but I didn't think he was. Despite our midnight interaction, it seemed we were still avoiding each other like the plague.

Speaking of the other night...

I sat at my computer, staring at the camera, realizing that I already had something filmed. Something I hadn't rewatched yet.

I didn't know if I was even in frame for it, but surely there was some useable footage on that tape, be it from before Peter had come in.

I swallowed. I hadn't had the heart to even turn it on or delete the recording, because the thought of seeing any part of what we'd done made me squirm in my seat.

Taking a shaking breath, I turned the computer on and went to the recording.

Before pressing play, I put on my headphones, just in case Peter was home and



listening.

It started like my other videos did, with me getting everything ready. Normally I deleted those parts, but this time I watched as I went through the steps, lubing up my toys as I sat on the edge of the bed, and then getting into position.

I started by laying back, legs spread, so the camera got a good shot of my hole as I slipped a finger inside, then another.

Once I was ready, I took the smallest of my dildos, pushing it inside with ease and letting out a soft breath as I did. That was the extent of the noise I ever made. I was always worried about being too loud.

I watched in anticipation as I went through them, going up in size, my cock getting harder as I did. The view was good. I could use all of this. It was amazing, really, the way my body could take a big cock like this now. I wasn't quite at fisting level, but I'd definitely sized up since starting to do these solo sex tapes.

By the time I picked up my largest one, I couldn't breathe. I knew what was coming, and sure enough, I watched as I struggled to get the wide tip inside me and then the sigh of relief as it entered me. Just as I started to use it, sliding its long length in and out, making my cock twitch and leak, there was a loud banging .

My heart was racing as I watched the way I jumped. Peter started yelling through the door.

Asshole.

I scrambled up, and the dildo slipped out of me, landing heavily on the floor, and I practically fell out of bed, fighting back into my boxers.



It obviously wasn't staged. My arm hit the camera, making it wobble. Everything was out of focus and then, the bed came back into sharp relief and for a long time, there was nothing but our voices.

My heart was racing as I listened to the exchange as though I were a spectator, wondering what would happen next, even though I knew. You could hear the fear in my voice and a strange tone in Peter's that I still couldn't quite grasp except that it must have meant he was interested and trying not to show it.

Then he bent, still in his clothes in front of the camera and even though his face never quite made it into the frame, his arm did and part of his hand holding the dildo.

My choked voice followed.

"What are you doing?" then his "Helping you out."

I still didn't know what possessed me to get onto that bed, yet there I was, crawling on top of it and there was Peter's nice large hand smoothing over my ass.

I couldn't breathe, watching as I pulled my boxer shorts down, perfectly in the middle of the frame.

When he pushed the dildo into me, I took a ragged breath, watching the muscles in his forearm flex and hearing my moans mingled with his heavy, aroused breathing for the first time.

I'd known that he took his cock out, that he came on me, but it was like a fever dream that wasn't quite real in my memory. I hadn't seen his cock then, but when he pulled it out in the video, I nearly choked.

"Fuck," I whispered and despite myself, I reached for my own. I was so hard it was



aching, and I gripped the tip, squeezing the pre-come out as I started stroking, hard and fast as he continued to fuck me with the dildo, his big cock resting there on my cheek waiting for its turn. Dammit, why did his cock have to be as attractive as the rest of him? It was fucking perfect.

When I came, it was louder and harder than any other video I had. Sometimes I could make myself come hands-free, but I didn't usually lose control of my whole body, convulsing like it was too much while I still needed more—which had been exactly how it felt.

Then Peter pulled the dildo out, leaving me gaping, and finally gripped his cock and began stroking it hard and fast.

Sitting in my office chair, I matched his rhythm, gripping the arm hard, and listening to his grunts right against my ears. I came just as semen started spurting from his tip, all over me, soaking me in thick, white strands.

A moan tore from my throat, but I couldn't stop it. It felt too good.

I arched back, squeezing my cock as it continued to flex.

Finally, I collapsed back just as I was telling Peter to leave in the video.

I sat there, shaking, watching my limp body on the screen as I caught my breath and an idea occurred to me.

The entire video was usable.

We never saw Peter's face and aside from a moment when I looked at him over my shoulder, you never saw mine, either.



I didn't think anyone would recognize me from that little glimpse of eyes and nose, anyway.

Surely it would be a good thing to change it up a bit from my usual solo releases.

Biting my lip, I pulled my hand from my pants, wiping it on some tissues before quickly going onto the Red Light Boys website and into my creator account.

I uploaded the video, titled it 'CAUGHT BY MY ROOMMATE', and hit enter before I could chicken out.

I wouldn't be able to film anything else today now. I was too spent.

Sighing, I pushed to my feet.

Peter was definitely bad for business.

I forced myself to shut the computer down and didn't touch it again for the night. I was too nervous.

Somehow, I made it to the next morning. When I couldn't stay away from the website any longer and finally checked the views, I quickly changed my mind about Peter.

It looked like he was very good for business.



## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 4:16 am*

FOUR

Peter

I could barely wrap my head around what had happened between me and Jonas, so the best way to deal with it was to pretend it had never happened, avoid eye contact and be home as little as possible.

And no matter what, do not think about what had happened. Twice.

The problem was that as the days went on, Jonas was getting weirder.

He'd made it clear he didn't like the way I stared at him and looking had done me no favours anyway, so I did my best to not even glance at him when he was around.

And now, the tables had turned.

I sat on the couch, wondering if I should just turn off the TV and go back to my room because I could feel Jonas' eyes on me. He seemed to be constantly staring. I kind of wanted him to go back to pretending I didn't exist.

Despite myself, I reached up, rubbing the back of my neck where his gaze was pricking my skin.

Then, even though I tried with all my might not to, I glanced over my shoulder.

Our eyes caught at once.



Jonas was sitting at the small dining table, just openly watching me, a somewhat curious look on his face, like he was wondering something.

When I looked at him, he didn't stop, or smile, or acknowledge me at all.

I opened my mouth, realized I had nothing to say, and then turned back around, my cheeks hot.

For a minute longer, I sat there, then reached for the remote, shutting off the show I was watching, intending to go hide in my room and read, or do basically anything to get away.

I didn't get far, though. Before I could even stand up, Jonas was suddenly sliding into the seat next to me, his eyes still pinned on me.

"Hey," he said.

I froze, unable to form words, instead just waiting for more.

He glanced away finally, seeming to search for something to say.

"So... remember the other night?"

I shrank a bit.

Oh fuck. He wanted to talk about it?

Was it too late to run?

"What about it?" I finally managed.



He picked at a loose strand on the couch, not looking at me.

"Wanna do it again?" he asked.

I blinked, my heart suddenly beating like I was running.

"What?" I asked.

He rolled his eyes and met my gaze again, looking a little annoyed.

"You heard me," he said, a little harder. "I assume you liked it. I thought you'd want to do it again. Or do you want to pretend you didn't come all over my ass?"

Jesus. Even when asking for sex, he was still a fucking asshole .

"Well?" he asked when I didn't answer.

I glared.

"Why would I do you a favour?" I demanded hotly and this time, his eyes nearly rolled out of his head.

"You get to fuck me," he said. " Duh ."

Suddenly I realized what I was arguing against and, without thinking, I was on my feet.

He looked up at me, those pretty eyes uncertain and wondering if I was going to march off to my room or his, so I decided to make it clear to him.

I reached down, grabbed his arm, and pulled him up.



"Come on," I said.

His breath caught, cheeks turning pink, and he nodded.

"Lead the way."

I walked to his room, never letting go of his wrist. My mind was already racing with all sorts of things I wanted to do to him, starting with throwing him on that bed and pulling his clothes off, but then I stopped dead because the camera was set up and the ring light was on. His bed was on the computer screen again.

In a rush, I realized what he really wanted.

Slowly, I turned to look at him.

"You want me to fuck you on camera?" I asked quietly.

"You didn't seem to mind last time," he reminded me.

"That was different," I said.

"How so?"

I couldn't exactly explain that I was pretty sure I'd been possessed last time, so I kept my mouth shut.

When I glanced over at him, he was biting his lip.

"Come look at this," he said and went past me to the computer.

He sat down, pulled up the Red Light Boys website, and clicked on his account.



I nearly choked when I saw the screenshot of his most recent video and the title.

"You put me online? What the hell! I didn't consent to that!"

Jonas sighed and stood.

"I kind of assumed you did when you started jerking off in front of my running camera," he informed me, pushing me down into the chair. "Look at the views. And the comments."

Again, I choked on air.

It already had thirty-thousand views, and he'd only put it up a couple of days ago.

"Shit," I muttered.

When I didn't click into the video fast enough, he sank to his knees next to the chair and did it for me.

The scene began to play, but Jonas scrolled past it to the comment section for me to read.

Wow. Love the noises you two were making.

So good to see you with someone.

You two are great together.

Such a hot cock. Would love to suck it.

Me next.



Omg. Part two please. Can't believe he didn't fuck you.

Invite him back for more.

It went on and on.

My entire face went red hot, but as embarrassing as it was, I was surprised to realize that it was a bit of a turn on, too. All these people had watched what we had done and liked it.

I looked over at Jonas.

"A couple more of these and I can probably start school a semester early."

I snorted. He wanted me to help him get into grad school? That was it? He thought he could just use my body while he made all the money?

"What's in it for me?" I demanded.

He gave me a deadpan look.

"You get to fuck me. Remember?"

I swallowed.

"Right."

His hand landed on my thigh. Then when our eyes met, he slid his palm onto my zipper, letting it rest there for only a moment before he started to feel my length through my clothes.



I took in a breath, moving back to give him more room.

We weren't in front of the camera, and he was doing it anyway, so I wasn't going to stop him.

God, he looked so sweet down there on his knees. How the hell could someone so naughty have such an angel's face?

"Watch the video," he ordered and reached for the mouse, scrolling up for me.

I ended up with a view of his smooth ass as he was sliding a thin dildo into it. My mouth went dry. Then he was unzipping my pants, and I didn't know where to look.

With no hesitation, he took my cock out, held it firmly in his hand, and just looked at it for a long moment before shaking his head.

"So unfair," he whispered, and before I could ask what he meant, he leaned forward to taste it.

The moment his tongue touched the tip, a breathy moan left his lips. He took his time licking me until I was gripping the armrests and lifting my hips up for more.

Finally, he looked up at me, his light brown eyes dark with arousal as he opened his mouth around my tip and took me down as deep as he could, his eyes fluttering shut.

We both moaned, and the sound and feel of him around me had me bucking accidentally and ending it too soon. He pulled back as my cock pressed too deeply into the back of his throat.

"Sorry," I muttered, automatically reaching for his hair.



It was so soft against my fingers that I slowed, not pushing his mouth back onto my cock the way I had wanted to.

"God, you're pretty," I found myself saying.

His eyes met mine and, suddenly, he stood, took my hand, and pulled me up with him.

He took a moment to switch the screen back to the camera view and then turned back to me.

"Come on," he murmured. "To the bed."

I knew he was just taking me to the camera, but I didn't really care about that anymore. Truthfully, he was right about last time, too. I hadn't cared then, either.

I wanted him more than I wanted to keep off that website. Even if I was making him money, who cared?

At the bed, he stopped, turned to face me, and hooked his thumbs into my open pants before pushing them down, sending the boxers to the floor with them.

I removed my shirt myself and then, only when his hungry gaze ran over my body did I realize I was fully naked in front of him while he was fully clothed.

"You too," I said.

He didn't seem to mind, moving to pull his shirt off, but was distracted by looking me over. He went slow, allowing his eyes to wander all over my body while I squirmed under the attention.



Finally, he shook his head again and shoved his sweat off.

My eyes dropped hungrily to his cock.

I'd never seen anyone erect in person and fuck if it wasn't the hottest thing ever. Especially on Jonas' lovely, sculpted body and somehow, hotter still with mine next to it.

I stepped closer, letting the tips kiss, and it felt so surprisingly good and sweet that I didn't know what to make of it.

Luckily, Jonas knew what I needed, and he stepped in even closer. Our cocks pressed together, both hot, hard lengths eager for friction.

I let out a low shudder, letting him move against me for a minute.

"Can I—"

I swallowed and tried again.

"Can I suck it?"

Jonas paused and pulled back to look at me.

"Have you ever done it before?" he asked curiously.

I shook my head, cheeks heating.

"It's fine. Forget it."

He shook his head, smiling. I was pretty sure it was the first time he'd ever smiled at



me, and my heart leaped.

"Come here," he said, pulling me toward the bed.

He positioned himself carefully, watching on the computer to make sure he was in a good position as he sat on the very edge and spread his legs, giving me a spot to sit.

"No one will see your face this way."

I glanced back at the screen, my mouth watering at the sight of Jonas sitting from the chest down to his open thighs, his body illuminated in the light, his arched cock in the middle of the screen.

I moved to my spot carefully, like I was trying not to startle a bird, but Jonas only spread his legs wider to give me easier access as I lowered in front of him.

It wasn't rocket science. You opened your mouth, sucked on the dick. Simple. But I was inexplicably nervous, like I would mess it up entirely.

"Hold the bottom," Jonas instructed, perhaps sensing my hesitation. "Then you can direct it however it feels more comfortable."

I swallowed and followed his advice.

Taking his cock in hand and then opening my mouth around him was, somehow, just as good as getting it.

My eyes rolled shut at the feeling of his soft skin against my tongue. The hard muscle pressed to the roof of my mouth, and the scent of his musk enveloped me. It was delicious. I moaned and sucked harder, remembering to bob after a minute.



Jonas' hand landed in my hair, his breathing getting ragged above me.

"Yes," he encouraged, gasping. "That's good."

Then his hand tightened in my hair.

"You're going to make me come."

That sounded like encouragement to me, so I pressed my face down, taking him deeper. His hand tightened, pulling me back.

"Not yet ," he chastised sharply. "I want you to fuck me, remember?"

I released his length, miffed, and glared up at him, licking my swollen lips.

"I can still fuck you after you come," I argued.

"I want to come with your cock inside me," he argued back, glaring even harder than I was.

This was a ridiculous argument, but I was still annoyed, so I stood and gripped his knees, hoisting his legs up and pressing my hips to his ass. My cock dragged along his entrance and his eyes widened dramatically.

"Hang on! Lube," he reminded me, pointing to his bedside table.

Growling, I released him and went over to it, pulling it open.

My jaw dropped at all the dildos and other contraptions. Reaching in, I pulled out a long black tube of rubber, trying to make sense of it.



"Cock tie," Jonas explained.

I looked back at him, but he was looking at the computer screen now and wiggling his hips so that they were entirely in the frame.

I let the thing drop back down, wondering if he would let me play with his toys next time. I wanted to see what they all looked like on and in Jonas...

Next time ? Was I planning for this to be a repeat arrangement? Was Jonas?

My cock bobbed, desperate for more stimulation, and I reached into the drawer, grabbing the bottle of lube before returning to him on the bed.

He was lying back, leisurely stroking himself.

When I arrived, he lifted his legs, hugging his knees, silently giving me the go-ahead.

All this foreplay was killing me, but in the best way, so I wasn't going to complain. I poured the lube onto my fingers first and began stroking his hole with it.

The nice thing about the bright camera light, I decided, was that I got to see in such detail what we were doing. I got to watch the way Jonas' hole moved against my fingers, pulling back and then coming forward like it was shy but wanted more.

There was no resistance when I pressed one finger inside, but God almighty, the feeling of his muscles clenching, even against my fingers, was heavenly.

My cock throbbed in jealousy, so I pushed the second one in faster, stroking his insides.

When pre-come started to drip from his cock and he was stroking faster while I



fingered him, I could take it no more.

I pulled out, positioning my cock at his hole.

"Ready?" I asked.

He grinned, not opening his eyes.

"Yeah, go for it."

I pushed inside.

My cock was significantly wider than my two fingers, but he hadn't been lying. He was ready for me. There was a moment of tension, Jonas held his breath and then his ass relaxed, and my cock slid inside his tight heat.

We both moaned.

Fuck. There had been altogether too much of a lead-up to this moment. I had to stay still, clearing my mind, to force back an imminent orgasm.

"You can move," Jonas informed me, and I could hear his usual snide tone slipping into his voice.

Irritation burst through me, the need to prove myself fuelled by his tone.

I pushed my own pleasure aside and started fucking him.



## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 4:16 am*

FIVE

Jonas

Peter's cock pounded into me, again and again, ruthlessly drilling me until I was a mess on the bed, shouting incoherently into the pillows.

His hands gripped my hips tight enough to leave bruises, pulling me back to meet each thrust and goddamn , it was doing it for me. I could do nothing but let him have his way as my entire body became overwhelmed with pleasure, each punishing thrust nearly sending me up the wall.

I could feel the come slipping out of my cock, like an orgasm was starting, but not able to stop, instead forced to go on every time he pushed deep into me. And I didn't want it to stop. It was so good. Too good. I almost couldn't take it.

Above me, Peter let out a growl, unloading inside me, finally stilling, his balls clenching against mine as the last few tremors of come were milked from my sac and his seed flooded my insides.

Peter stayed there for a minute, just breathing, and his hands, now soft, stroked over my skin, soothing the spots he'd been clutching so tightly.

I groaned, still too weak to move as it all slowly ended and real life came floating back.

Finally, he pulled out, releasing me.



I promptly fell forward, completely flat. I couldn't move if I tried.

"Shit," Peter muttered softly, and then the bed dipped as he sat next to me and carefully helped me roll over.

My cheeks heated. I couldn't bring myself to look at him because I hadn't expected to like that as much as I had. I hadn't expected him to blow my fucking world so hard I could barely function.

"Hang on," he said and got up, leaving my room with the door wide open.

What was he doing?

I struggled to sit up, but he was back before I could.

"No, stay down. I've got you."

I blinked, collapsing again as I realized he'd returned with a damp towel.

I couldn't exactly process what he was doing as he started carefully cleaning the come from between my thighs. He was doing it so gently that my brain didn't even want to try to make sense of him.

He wiped my cock so tenderly you would think it was breakable.

And then he bent his head down over my hips and kissed the softened flesh so gently my entire chest suddenly ached.

"What are you doing?" I whispered.

He shrugged, not looking at me.



"Just cleaning us up."

I bit my lip because he wasn't cleaning himself up at all. He was entirely focused on me and his big, beautiful cock was hanging there, soft, and still shiny with lube and come.

When he finally looked at me, he smiled gently.

Before I could ask what was up, he set down the dirty rag and used his thumbs to brush the tears from my face.

I hadn't even realized they were drying on my cheeks or that they'd fallen sometime in the middle of what we'd done.

I stared, unable to look away. There was something in his gaze that made all the air in the room disappear, and I realized what it was when he bent and kissed me.

His lips were as demanding of me as the rest of him. When our bodies touched, nothing else was allowed to get any attention and everything else was pushed from my mind. His kiss was no different. Soft, yet sure. Sexy but not overbearing. He was just fucking right. In every way.

My arms could apparently move again, because they lifted, wrapping around his neck, pulling him deeper. He spread out next to me, his tongue delving into my mouth, his soft sighs and moans sending sparks through my body.

I pulled back suddenly when it became too intense.

"I can't go again," I said defensively, like he was trying to put it in or something when he'd only been kissing me. "I need a break."



He didn't rise to the bait, instead just settling in next to me with his head on the pillow.

I wanted to tell him not to get comfortable, or to get out, but my heart was in my throat, and I couldn't talk for a minute.

I felt like I'd been hypnotized or something.

This was still Peter, even if he was incredible in bed.

Homophobic Peter ... that didn't sound right at all anymore.

"So, you're bi?" I asked. "Or gay?"

"What?" He blinked at me. "No. I don't know."

I glanced at him, unimpressed.

"What do you mean you don't know ? You just fucked me. Rather enthusiastically, too."

He blushed and glared.

"This is all new to me, okay? It doesn't necessarily mean anything. It might just pass. It might just be you, y'know?"

I blinked, processing that statement.

I had to bite my lip to keep anything I was about to say inside for a minute so I wouldn't offend him or dig myself a hole.



"To start, I'm the first guy you've been into?" I asked, incredulously. "I'm flattered . "

He snorted and elbowed me softly.

"Don't make fun of me," he said, pouting.

"I'm not. But, just so you know, that isn't how it works. You may want to wrap your head around being bi sooner rather than later... or figure out if you're something else."

He frowned, looking confused. And dammit, I did not want to find the look cute.

"Something else?"

"Yeah. Pan, demi—"

He groaned and suddenly rolled on top of me, cutting me off by pressing his lips to mine again.

"Can we just agree that I want your ass? I think you're sexy as fuck, and I like making you come? Over and over, hopefully?" he asked when he pulled back.

I couldn't even remember what we had been talking about.

"Yeah," I whispered. "I can get behind that."

He gazed at me for a moment, then gently shook his head.

"God, you're so beautiful," he told me.

The fact that he was being so kind, that he would pillow talk so sweetly when I didn't think I'd ever said a single nice word to him, made my heart clench.



“I know,” I returned, trying to joke, to make light of a moment that felt far too real.

"Good," he returned and kissed me again, deeper this time, his tongue tickling the roof of my mouth and massaging mine until my exhausted cock twitched with interest.

"You like kissing?" he whispered against my mouth, and I nodded breathlessly, biting his bottom lip and rolling my tongue against it.

The worst part of masturbating was that there was no one to kiss me through it. And now that I was being teased with such a good mouth and cock, my dildos seemed so sad and lonely by comparison.

How was I ever going to go back to making videos solo? Peter was ruining me...

I pushed him, trying to stop my cock from getting too hard. I was too wrung dry to start again, but he just felt too damn good to resist like this.

“Are you kicking me out again?” he mumbled.

I hadn't been, but I nodded anyway, because that seemed like the safest idea.

“Yeah. Go.”

He chuckled and pulled away, taking all that glorious warmth and comfort away from me as he rolled out of bed.

He grabbed his clothes off the floor on his way, pausing at the door to turn back and look at me. I could see the appreciation in his eyes.

“Goodnight,” he said.



“You too...”

I laid there for ages, too tired to move, while my mind raced too fast for me to sleep. Finally, I remembered the camera was still running and stood, sighing as I shut everything down.

The darkness helped me to relax, but Peter’s warm, comfortable body had been better.

In the morning, I woke to the sound of him leaving the apartment and felt as though I hadn’t slept at all. My thoughts just carried on from exactly where they had been, as though there hadn’t been an hours-long gap.

I groaned, pulled on a robe, and went to the washroom.

Sitting on the toilet, I realized my ass felt sore and when I looked in the mirror, there were handprints on my hips just like I’d guessed there would be.

I swallowed and dropped my robe back down to cover them because the proof of what we had done, the marks he’d left on my body, made my insides squirm with unexpected nerves or—God help me, butterflies.

Fuck.

I physically shook myself.

Peter was good in bed—okay, amazing in bed—and a fantastic kisser and surprisingly sweet when he chose to be, but that didn’t change... what was it again?

I blinked, trying to remember why I was supposed to hate him.



Truthfully, when I'd heard him saying all those homophobic things to my own brother back then, it had hurt.

It was at a family barbeque, and Charles had invited his best friend. I hadn't met him yet, but had wanted to. Anyone Charles liked had to be great, right?

But then, he'd arrived and had been friendly if distant for about ten minutes before dragging Charles off to the house.

After a while, I'd followed to see where they had gone and heard it all from the next room.

Charles hadn't defended me or Professor Gordon, either. He'd just listened to Peter while he ranted and patted his back when he was done.

Neither of them had known I was there, so I took off before they saw me. They were inside for a while longer before rejoining the party. Peter had been nicer after that, but it was too late. I'd already decided he was a closet asshole who didn't deserve to know me or anyone else in my family.

Unfortunately, the rest of the family loved him.

I usually trusted Charles' judge of character. Same with my mom and dad. How was it they could all be so wrong this time?

Unless I was the one who was misreading Peter. Maybe he really was as sweet as he'd been last night. Maybe back then he hadn't accepted who he was yet and had been struggling with it, lashing out and calling people dirty names...

I groaned, reached for the soap, and suddenly realized I had never bought any in all my time living here. Peter kept it stocked.



Pausing, I looked around the washroom.

Peter kept the toilet paper stocked, too. Same with the milk and laundry detergent and basically everything we shared, and he had never mentioned it. When would he? I barely ever spoke to him.

That evening, I was lying down, watching my favourite show before Peter finally came home. Not that I'd been waiting for him.

He walked straight over and collapsed onto the other side of the couch, just missing my feet, as he let out a heavy sigh. He looked tired.

"Long day?" I asked.

"Kinda." he shrugged, rubbing the back of his neck.

Wow, look at us small talking . I wanted to point it out, maybe make a joke about how far we'd come, but I wasn't used to just chatting with him. Not yet. Even though I was starting to think maybe that would be nice. No more hostility, just companionable roommates...

"What are you watching?" he asked, and then groaned. "Oh no. Not this again."

Surprised, I turned my attention back to the TV screen, realizing belatedly that I had been staring at his profile.

"No, I haven't seen this one before," I corrected him. "It's a new episode."

He didn't argue, watching the show instead.

I tried, but his thighs were right against my toes, and I couldn't seem to stop looking



at him.

Who knew Charles' bestie had such a big dick and was so good at using it... I bit my lip, cock thickening with blood as my gaze dropped to his hands, then his fingers, remembering how he'd used them on me.

My heart was thudding.

I tried to ignore it, but what the hell for? He was obviously down, right? He liked what I had to offer.

I stretched my feet out, resting them over his lap.

He glanced at me, but I was holding my breath, for some reason expecting him to shove me off. Instead, he just rested his hands over my ankles and turned his attention back to whatever the detective was saying on the TV.

I swallowed and glanced at the screen, wondering what the hell was so interesting. They were showing the crime scene now, detailing the events that had transpired during the murder.

It looked like I would have to try harder to compete with that, so I stretched my foot, rubbing it gently against his groin.

His breath hitched at once, and his gaze snapped to mine.

"Wanna fool around?" I asked outright.

His expression was riddled with confusion.

"But... there's no camera here," he said, glancing around to be sure.



“We can go to my room if you want,” I suggested, biting back a smile. “I just kind of got horny and you’re right here.”

He blinked.

“But.... ew , how could you get horny while watching this? They keep showing the crime scene. There’s blood everywhere ? — ”

I groaned and sat up.

"You're so annoying ," I complained, climbing onto his lap to block the TV. “Just shut up and get off with me... Please?”

His hands were already lacing into my hair, and he pulled it firmly, forcing my head back and sending sparks shooting straight into my balls.

“God, you’re such a brat,” he whispered. “But I can handle that.”

The second his lips touched my throat, a sigh left me. I hadn't realized that I'd been waiting for this. Was desperate for it even though I was still sore from the last time we'd fucked. I wanted more.

What was happening to me? How was I letting him get to me like this? I didn't remember ever wanting someone so badly. My hands were shaking when I started pulling at his shirt, tugging it off his head as his lips reached my jaw.

I couldn't wait. I'd already waited all day for him to come home... not that I'd been willing to admit that I'd been waiting for him, but I couldn't deny it now.

I pushed his hands away, missing them at once. Standing, I nearly tripped over my feet in an effort to kick my pants off.



I was too desperate to wait for Peter to do the same. He didn't even need to. Climbing back onto his lap, He let out a low groan, his hands sliding over the handprints on my hips, then over my waist. He bent and licked my nipples while I clumsily got his pants undone.

"Oh god," I groaned, wrapping my hand around his cock and pulling it free.

He was thick and hard in my palm, and when I stroked his foreskin forward, pre-come beaded on the slit.

I took a shuddering breath and started to position myself, but his hands tightened, keeping me where I was.

"Lube," he reminded me, his normally light eyes dark with desire when our gazes met.

Without thinking, or breaking eye contact, I bowed my head and spat. My saliva landed on the head of his cock, sliding down the length, and a shiver ran through his body.

He didn't stop me this time.

I sat back on his cock, slowly taking it in. And we couldn't look away from each other; our gazes were fastened as I sank all the way down.

His arms went around me, embracing me, and the way he looked at me and held me was the sweetest thing. Even with his cock buried inside me, it felt wholesome and comforting and loving. My forehead dropped to his and a moment later, our lips met.

Finally, I started moving, fuelled by his hungry mouth, lifting and sinking until we were both moaning, overcome by the sensations.



“Don’t stop,” he groaned.

I had no intention to. Instead, I squeezed his cock harder and sank into his lap, crying out as he filled me completely.

He reached for the cushions, fisting the fabric, grunting with each breath as I rode him closer to the edge.

And then, just as my balls started to tighten, pleasure pooling deep inside me, our front door opened.

We both froze in disbelief.

I was facing the door over Peter’s shoulder, clinging to his naked back, watching in horror as my brother innocently entered the apartment.

He threw his bag aside and was walking inside, undoing his coat before he even looked up and saw us.

For a split second, we stared at each other and then he shouted and blocked his eyes.

“Ah! Oh my god! My eyes!”

“Oh, shit!” Peter cried, looking at him over his shoulder. " Charles . I completely forgot."

"Peter! You're into guys?!"

I had my hands covering my mouth but didn't move because if I jumped off the way I wanted to, he would see everything. At least in this position, we were blocking the most incriminating parts.



"I'm so sorry," Peter was rambling, trying to wiggle out of me as his dick softened at lightning speed, but I clung to him, afraid my brother would see what was left of my erection. I would like to avoid that, please and thank you.

Peter peeked through his fingers, met my wincing smile, and suddenly burst into laughter.

"At least you two are finally getting along," he guffawed.

We both stopped panicking, exchanging a look while Charles laughed so hard that tears were streaming from his eyes.

"Oh, my god. When did this start?" he demanded, then caught himself. "Wait, never mind. I'm going."

"No, it's okay," Peter said. "Just give me a minute."

"It's not what it looks like?" I added, lamely.

"I'm going! You're terrible at lying, Jonas! Peter, next time don't invite me over while you're fucking my brother!"

He waved over his shoulder, not looking back as he shut the door.

We sat there, listening to him laugh all the way down the hall.

The moment the sound of his laughter faded along with the shock over what had just happened, I smacked Peter's arm.

"You invited my brother over and then thought it was a good idea to fuck on the couch right when he was supposed to get here?" I demanded.



He winced at first and then gave me a look that made my flagging erection start to lift straight back up.

Without warning, he gripped me by the waist and flipped me onto my back on the cushions. Damn, he was so strong. I wasn't used to being manhandled so easily and my dick agreed, hardening the rest of the way.

He bent forward, pressed his lips to my ear and then bit the lobe.

I jerked.

"I'm not falling for that bitchy exterior anymore," he informed me.

"What is that supposed to mean?"

"It means that if you were climbing on top of me, pressing that ass against my cock, I wasn't exactly thinking about your brother. I forgot he even existed."

"Fair enough."

He gripped my bare ass, squeezing and then pulling the cheeks apart, stretching my hole for him, giving his cock room to get back to it.

I groaned, my body reacting to him as though nothing had interrupted us.

We fucked until I was too sore to get back to bed, and then Peter picked me up and carried me to his bedroom.

We didn't sleep a wink.



## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 4:16 am*

SIX

Peter

I ran to the washroom, knocking just as the shower turned on.

"Shit," I muttered.

There was a pause from inside, and then the door opened.

Jonas was standing there in a towel, covered in bite marks and hickeys in the bright light of day, and my cock took immediate notice.

"Morning," he said casually. "What's up? You need to piss?"

"Yes, but I need to shower more. I'm going to be late for class if I don't leave in like five minutes. Mind if I go first? I'll only be two minutes."

He didn't move out of the way, but his gaze dropped thoughtfully.

"Why don't you just come in with me?"

I didn't argue.

With those eyes and that smile, Jonas could make me do anything.

I stripped my boxers off and climbed in. Jonas got in behind me.



He let me take the water, and I tried to just clean myself off at first, but then I made the fatal mistake of glancing at him over my shoulder.

He was wet from the spray, drops of water clinging to his lashes and dampening his hair. And he was watching me, his eyes glued to the soap dripping slowly over my shoulders.

I turned to face him, pulling him under the water with me. For a few minutes, we just cleaned each other off.

By the time I was supposed to be leaving for my class, we were fucking over the washroom sink.

His hole was swollen and pink and my cock felt like it was overly tender from all the sex, but that didn't stop either of us. We went slowly, watching each other in the mirror the whole time.

I never did make it to that class.

For the rest of the week, we took it a bit easier. Switching up what we did so that we could keep playing. I stroked his cock on camera, and then watched the video of my hand sliding up and down, making him twitch while he crouched between my legs, sucking me off. At one point, he just wanted my tongue, and he was the demanding sort, so I let him straddle my face, losing myself kissing and sucking and licking until we were both coming, him in my hair, me into my fist.

I'd never had so much sex before. I'd never been with someone who made me feel like I couldn't function unless I had my fix. And I'd never felt so proud that someone wanted to actually spend time with me before.

After years of being on the end of Jonas' hatred, seeing the lighter side of him was



doing something to me. Something that made my insides turn to mush and my knees weak.

I didn't even care to see anyone else. I wanted to spend every moment with him. But I had stupid school to deal with and work piling up.

Pouting, I poured over my textbook at the kitchen table while Jonas was in the living room watching TV.

I wanted nothing more than to stretch out on the couch with him in my arms. I bet he would let me snuggle him if I wanted to. We didn't need to be having sex to touch, right? My chest tightened at the thought because, yeah, I wanted more.

It was probably stupid of me, but there was something about him that made me want to throw caution to the wind. Maybe it was that I couldn't imagine not continuing this. Hell, if he tried to date someone else, I would probably die a little inside—okay, a lot. I was beyond smitten. I lived for the little smiles he gave me.

But who knew what he was feeling about all this? He had jumped into it with ease. Maybe he was just enjoying having such an accessible hookup.

I sighed, trying to turn my attention back to the book.

A few minutes later, Jonas entered the kitchen behind me for a glass of water.

"You were on that page the last time I was in here," he informed me.

I sank a bit. I'd read this page about ten times at this point.

"I'm trying to make sense of it," I admitted.



To my surprise, he pulled out the chair next to me and sank into it.

"What don't you get?" he asked.

I swallowed and explained, and to my wonder, he sat next to me for over an hour, walking me through the chapter. Maybe it was because I hung on his every word, but he made me understand it, too.

"You have a way with words," I told him. "You should probably get into teaching."

He did that little smile, his gaze down-turned, and my heart skipped.

"Maybe if research doesn't work out for me."

He glanced at me then, something unreadable in his eyes.

"Have you heard from Charles?"

I nodded, blushing.

"He keeps sending me memes from Brokeback Mountain and The Rocky Horror Picture Show ."

Jonas chuckled.

"You too?"

He bit his lip.

"I'm surprised he took it so well, honestly," he said.



"I'm not. He's the best guy."

Jonas' gaze warmed.

"Yup. That's my little brother... And I guess he has okay taste in friends."

I gaped.

"Does this mean you finally approve?" I asked. "And all it took was over a week of sex?"

He laughed and pushed to his feet, giving me a look.

"Don't push it," he warned and went back to the living room.

I watched him go. Add that playful smile on his lips to the list of things I would die for.

I tried to turn my attention back to my studies until I was done taking notes of the things he'd explained to me, but I couldn't fight going to him any longer.

I was going to lie down next to him without saying a word and just pull him into my arms.

My heart was racing as I set down my pen, but at just the same moment, he shut off the TV and stood with a yawn.

"Night," he said.

"Night," I returned, disappointed.



I wanted to think of something to say to keep him for a few more minutes.

The suggestion of fooling around was on the tip of my tongue, and not because I was horny, since I was actually pretty damn tired, but because I wanted an excuse to hug him for a minute. But he shut his door before I managed to say a word.

Sighing, I stared at my textbook for a few minutes, feeling pathetic and sorry for myself.

Jonas hadn't made me think he wanted a boyfriend... That didn't make me stop wanting it, though.

Eventually, I stood, shut off the lights and went to my bedroom to sleep.

It was hard to with Jonas right next door.

Dammit, I had it bad. I wondered what Charles would say. He'd know as soon as he saw the way I looked at him, I was sure. He could always tell when I had a crush.

There was a creaking sound from the next room, and all my attention zeroed in on it.

For a moment, I remembered that time after our first hookup, listening to Jonas come while I stroked myself in here, just as loud. My cheeks heated at the memory.

But this time, something even better happened.

Jonas left his room and a moment later, slipped into mine.

He didn't say anything, just slinked into my bed and my waiting arms and curled around me. I held him tight enough that he wouldn't get any ideas about leaving.



“All the videos we filmed together are doing really good,” he told me in a whisper.  
“They’re paying out like four times what my solo ones do.”

“Really?” I asked.

He nodded against my shoulder.

I waited, happiness bubbling inside me because he wanted to talk about this with me.  
Until now, he’d kept all the details to himself.

“I’m going to register for next semester to start my masters.”

“No way.”

“Uh huh. And I have your dick to thank for it.”

I laughed and squeezed him, absolutely certain that Jonas was the cutest person on the planet. Now that he didn’t hate me anymore, it was like his personality was finally matching that sweet face.

He chuckled softly and then lifted to face me, as though even though he couldn’t see me in the dark, he still wanted to try.

“I’ll split it with you,” he said softly. “Or give you a payout. Whatever you want.”

I was shaking my head before he even finished offering.

“I don’t need the money,” I said. “My parents help me.”

He hummed thoughtfully.



“That’s good,” he said. “You deserve it.”

My heart warmed.

“And you deserve to get through college as seamlessly as possible. If that means lending a dick, I really don’t mind.”

He laughed, relaxing back onto my shoulder.

“Oh, don’t you? What a relief,” he joked.

My hand stroked up his back absently as my mind wandered. It was hard to imagine this was the same Jonas from that party. The one that started it all with that stupid game... but, if I hadn’t asked him that question, it never would have gotten into my head the way it had. I wouldn’t have been obsessed with the idea of him filming himself... I doubted I would have walked in and helped him to it without the lead-up. I probably would have been too shocked.

“Are you ever going to tell me the real reason you used to hate me so much?” I asked.

My voice betrayed me by wavering on the words used to as it occurred to me that he had never said he’d changed his mind about me. But he was in my bed, snuggling, I reminded myself before he could answer.

He let out a groan.

“Fine. I’ll tell you.”

Oh shit. There was an actual reason.

“Remember when you came out that first day to meet the family? We were having a



barbeque?”

“Yeah...” I said slowly.

“I heard you ranting to Charles about Professor Gordon. You called him a dirty faggot . You said he should be fired. That he shouldn’t be around the students because he was perverted. That he only failed the guys who wouldn’t fuck him.”

I could hear a hard edge to his voice and all the blood left my face.

“Fuck.”

“Yeah,” he agreed. “Honestly, it made me feel like shit. Charles’ new bestie talking like that. And he was the only openly gay professor that I freaking had to look up to, and you hated him just because he was gay?—”

“Whoa, hang on a second!”

Despite my desire to hold Jonas all night long, I was suddenly sitting up, looking down at his shape in the dark.

“That’s not true,” I argued. “It wasn’t just because he was gay.”

“I heard you.”

“Yeah. I did say all those things,” I admitted. “But it was because...”

I swallowed down the anger that resurfaced at the memory.

“Jonas, he very clearly suggested that I—” I felt my cheeks burning from embarrassment or anger, or probably both. “He wanted me to do something for him to



raise my grade.”

There was a very long silence filled with tension. I was pretty sure Jonas wasn’t breathing. I knew I wasn’t.

“What do you mean?” he finally asked.

I let out a breath and forced myself to lie back down at Jonas’ side, fixing my gaze on the dark ceiling.

“I mean, he told me I could use my mouth to convince him,” I forced out with a shudder, my voice lowering because it felt so weird to say. “He was sitting in his chair, and he asked me to come around the desk and he kind of spread his legs out and...” I sighed. “He left nothing to the imagination. Let’s just leave it at that.”

“But... he was never like that with me. I always thought he was so professional,” Jonas said weakly.

“You must have never been failing his class.”

He turned to face me in the dark, his hand finding my face and resting on my cheek.

“You have to tell the dean.”

I sighed tiredly.

“That’s what your brother said.”

“Because he’s smart, Peter. What if he does that to loads of students?”

I frowned.



“I don’t want to think about that.”

He let out a little noise that reminded me of a kitten’s growl.

“That asshole,” he muttered.

“I still shouldn’t have called him that. I know his being a pervert doesn’t have to do with his sexuality. I’m sorry you heard me say it. I never would normally. I was just lashing out, I guess, and had nothing else to use?—”

Jonas kissed me to shut me up.

It didn’t work.

“Does this mean that you finally like me?” I asked.

“Yes,” he said firmly and kissed me again.

“And you forgive me for back then?”

“ Yes . Now be quiet and go to sleep.”

“Just sleep?” I asked, just to be sure.

“Mm hm. No offence, but you looked tired tonight. I’ve been keeping you up too much.”

He kissed me one more time, his lips soft and lingering, and then snuggled into my side, his arms tight around my waist.

“We always have tomorrow,” he whispered.



It was a simple statement, but it held so much more promise than anything I could ever remember being told.

Jonas wasn't brushing me off anymore. He was expecting something, even if it was just one more day of us .

I couldn't wait to see what tomorrow would hold.



## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 4:16 am*

### EPILOGUE

Jonas

I glanced across the yard, my gaze fixing on Peter for the hundredth time.

There was something about seeing him in my family home, in my parents' backyard, spending time with my loved ones that made my insides flutter.

"I've never seen you like this," my mom mused, and I blushed, suddenly remembering that I had been talking to her.

I met her smiling eyes and shrugged self-consciously.

"Yeah, well..." I didn't know what to say.

"I guess you never met anyone you felt like this for?" she guessed.

I wanted to argue, but the last two months had been the best I'd ever had. Living with Peter, being maybe, possibly even loved by him, made me feel like I was stronger and more whole than I had ever been.

"Who knew Charles' little bestie would mess me up so bad?" I muttered, and she laughed.

"Well, he is super cute," she argued.



I chuckled, grabbed two beers out of the cooler next to us, and gave her a look.

"Excuse me, I have to go stake my claim."

She laughed and let me go.

I wove through my little cousins as they ran around, avoided talking to my aunt by pretending I didn't see her there, and finally reached Peter and Charles where they were sitting in the lounge chairs under the big sycamore tree.

"Ah, here comes your other half," Charles said as I approached.

Peter looked over his shoulder, his eyes lighting up, and reached for me.

Why the hell did it make me feel so giddy to take the offered spot on his knee? I regularly had him inside me and yet this simple gesture, in front of all my family, made my heart race.

"So," Charles mused. "Will it be a June wedding?"

I tried to kick him, but he twisted out of the way, laughing.

"What? I need time to decide whose heart I'm going to break. I can't be the best man for both of you. I'm only one person!"

"You're ridiculous," I informed him, finally handing Peter his beer.

"What, none for me?" Charles demanded.

"Go get your own," I said.

He looked between me and Peter knowingly before standing slowly.



"I see how it is," he said, shaking his head. "You two want to make googly eyes at each other and whisper sweet nothings, don't you?"

"Just go!" Peter laughed.

Charles chuckled and took off, finally leaving us alone.

"What is it?" Peter asked as soon as he was gone. "I could feel you staring from across the yard."

He grinned, then added, "Oh, how the tables have turned."

"Shut up," I said, shoving him lightly.

We both smiled.

"What is it?" he repeated.

His gaze was fixed on me, the afternoon sun warming the grey of his eyes.

"Nothing," I said softly and couldn't resist kissing him. "I just wanted to come see you."

He gazed up at me, just watching me for a moment, a soft smile on his lips, and I saw what my mom did. Peter really did adore me. Though it pained me to admit it, I felt the same way.

Reaching up, I stroked my fingers through his wavy hair.

"To think you're the same guy I hated a few months ago," I mused.

His lips tilted into an amused smile.



"And you're the guy I thought was cold as ice."

I grinned.

"Maybe I am," I argued.

He shook his head.

"Nope. You'll never fool me into thinking that again."

He kissed me once more, and I sank into it just as Charles heaved a heavy sigh as he sat back in his seat.

"Party's over kids," he said. "This is a family event. Don't get too carried away."

Laughing, we parted and forced ourselves to rejoin the party. But the whole time, no matter where I was, every time I glanced in his direction, Peter's gaze caught mine.

Later that night, I crawled out of Peter's bed while he was snoring softly next to me and went quietly to my room.

I turned on my computer and went to the Red Light Boys' website.

There were a bunch of new comments from the video I'd posted last night.

My cock thickened a little when I read them. Especially the one admiring how nice Peter's dick looked while I stroked it.

I didn't need to watch the video to remember. He'd looked so good, slicked up with lube, straining against the handcuffs I'd put him in. I bit my lip, remembering the way he'd looked at me while I did it. Like he'd let me get away with anything. And he did.



I swallowed and went to my account, my heart suddenly hammering because I hadn't asked him about this. We didn't say much about what we were to each other, but I never felt we needed to. At this point, it was obvious how much we cared.

With that in mind, I clicked the link to change my profile from solo to couple.

As soon as my page updated, my bedroom door creaked open. I didn't look at Peter as he came up behind me, leaning over the back of my chair and automatically resting his hand on my shoulder.

Reaching up, I placed mine over his.

"What do you think?" I asked nervously.

With his other hand, he touched my chin, tilting my face up toward him so that I was forced to meet his warm gaze.

"I think you're the best thing that ever happened to me," he informed me, and pressed his lips to mine. "And yes. I'd love to make it official, online, and off."

When he kissed me, I could feel his smile. It was like everything had just fallen into place.

"Don't go back to bed," I whispered against his lips. "Let's make another movie."

END