



# Fluffing the Stallion

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**Category:** LGBT+

**Description:** Clay

Being clueless has its perks.

College is expensive. With graduation fast approaching, I need to find a way to pay for my last semester of school. When my roommate suggests I work as a fluffer at Forbidden Desires studios, I eagerly accept ... even though I have no idea what a fluffer is.

Yuri

Could the man of my dreams be my fluffer?

When my director insists on pairing me with a co-star I hate, I tell him I need a fluffer to get me in the mood. I never thought he'd actually hire someone. Especially someone as innocent as Clay. He's hot and exactly my type. But this is just a job for him. Right?

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## Page 1

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Why is college so expensive? I got lucky when I received a partial scholarship in my sophomore year, but now in my last semester as a senior, that money is long gone. I had to scrape together the money for my tuition payment last semester and my current job barely covers my rent. I can't seem to save enough money to get ahead or cover the last few classes I need before graduation.

My parents try to send what money they can, but with four younger brothers—one that's in college and one that is a ravenous athlete—they barely have enough money for them. I can't add to their troubles.

Sighing, I toss my backpack on the couch and flop down, glad my roommate isn't here yet. Dario is a good guy, but he likes to talk and ask questions about my day and I'm in no mood for it. Today, I need to figure out how I'm going to get the money to cover my tuition or four years of education will be down the drain. I can't go back to my dead-end town, working at a big box store or factory until I drop dead. There's nothing wrong with those jobs—they pay decently and have benefits—but that's not my dream. My dream is to open my own fitness center and my degree in business management will get me there.

What won't get me there? Wallowing about not having enough money to cover my tuition.

Sighing longer and harder than I did before, I reach into my backpack and dig my laptop out. I pull up job listings for my area and come up with absolutely nothing. Everything either needs degrees I don't have or experience that would take me a decade to amass.

Giving up as suddenly as I start, I slam my laptop down just as Dario comes in. He looks at me with concern when he sees how roughly I'm handling my expensive laptop. It's the one thing I've spent excessive money on, a fact he well knows as I've grumbled to him about it.

"You okay, bro?" he asks, eyebrow raised as he tosses his backpack on the floor.

That's what I mean about Dario asking questions. Sure, it's harmless, but it's rare that I can get away with being bummed out without him wanting to know if I want to talk about it. I really don't, but his question seems to have unlocked some irritated part of me. Even though I don't want to talk, I answer his question, I may need to bounce some ideas off him, see if he can help me come up with a solution. "No, I'm not. My tuition payment is due in three weeks, and I don't even have a quarter of it. I'm three months away from graduation, but I don't think I'll make this last payment."

"That blows," he says, shaking his head. "I know you said your folks can't help you, but is there anyone else?"

Leaning back into the cushions, I dig my fists into my eyes until colors pop behind my lids. Even then I don't let up. "No. I wish. It wouldn't be a problem if I had gotten even one of the scholarships I applied for this year."

"I'm sorry, dude."

Sitting up, I look at Dario with a sad smile. "It's fine. I'll figure something out."

Dario stares at me long and hard, as if he's trying to analyze me. It's a little unnerving. Tentatively he says, "I can probably help. You might not be interested, but it's good money. All legal," he rushes to say when I open my mouth.

"Yeah? Tell me! I'll literally do anything. I just need a job for a few months."

“You say that now. I’m sure when you find out what it is, you won’t sound so sure.” He stands and ambles over to the kitchen, digging around in our junk drawer and pulling out some papers. He shuffles through an envelope and pulls out a card.

I take it from his hand and look at it. “Jake Mallard. Who’s that?”

“A guy I work with. He owns a video distribution company. They need someone for a spot they have open. Urgently. I’m sure he’d hire you on the spot. But you have to be into it.”

I nod, flipping the card over and finding an office phone number. “What’s the position?”

Smiling slyly, he says, “They need a fluffer.”

My eyebrows furrow. “A fluffer? For like pillows and shit?”

Dario stares at me for a moment, then laughs. He laughs so hard, tears roll down his eyes. “Oh god. Do not look it up. Come on, we’re going to see Jake now. He’ll get a kick out of that, then he can tell you about the position. You down?”

Shrugging, I pull on my jacket, grab my wallet and follow Dario out the door. I’m not sure why it’s so urgent, but whatever. If he can hook me up with a job, I’ll fluff the shit out of whatever needs fluffing.

Is it some kind of home decor thing? It sounds like a decor thing, like puffing up pillows and staging homes or something. From what I know about Dario, he works on a clean-up crew. I’m not sure where, but he makes pretty good money. Enough to pay his tuition, cover our groceries every week, and pay all his bills in advance. I wanted to ask him before to get me in where he works, but always lost my nerve. I hate asking for handouts. Right now isn’t the time to be proud, though. I need money.

“So what? I fluff pillows and shit at the distribution company? That can’t pay well.”

Dario’s lips twitch, as if he’s fighting back a smile. “Oh, for what you’ll be doing, you’ll be paid very well.”

I sure hope so. That’s if I get hired. I don’t have much work history. I’ve worked at my current job since freshman year, so I guess they can say I’m dependable. And I can stack some shelves and put stuff back where it goes. Other than that, I don’t know shit about fuck.

We travel about twenty miles outside the city, where concrete buildings and alleys meet lush green fields and rolling hills. What could possibly be out here? I’ve never heard of any distribution company in this town. I didn’t know there was a movie distribution company anywhere in Georgia except for Atlanta. Having one in small Speartree Falls is a little weird.

Shaking my head, I decide not to ask questions and lean back against the seat, eyes closed. I’m sure all questions will be answered in due time. Right now, I need to focus on doing well for this interview. Sure, I wasn’t called in for it or anything, but Dario knows the owner. Even if Dario puts in a good word for me, I have to impress the owner so I don’t make my roommate look like a jackass that refers people that can’t pull their weight. Regardless of if I know about fluffing pillows and staging homes or not, I have to give a good first impression. Firm handshake, eye contact and active listening. That’s what my freshmen orientation class said you should do at job interviews. Let’s hope that works this time.

We pull up to what looks like an overhauled barn, with some added on features. Maybe more rooms? I can’t see since the doors are closed, but its bigger than any barn I’ve ever seen, with windows dotted around here and there and a side door that looks like it’s on those rolling hinges. It’s like the places you see on movies when they show what Hollywood looks like. There are about five trailers off to the side that

add to the big movie studio vibes. Almost like someone famous is going to burst out, asking for some Grey Poupon. I smile, liking it here already. I'm not sure what a fluffer does, but if I get to work on a location like this, I'm all for it.

"This place is awesome!" I tell Dario as we get out. I spin around as we walk, taking it all in. "They have a gym in here?"

Dario gives me a weird look. "No. It's just a studio. You won't have time to work out while you're here anyway." His lip twitches again. I'm starting to think it's some inside joke that no one told me the punchline to.

Still, I shrug. I usually get my workouts in right after class, but if I'm working here—and the money is right—I'll have to rearrange my training schedule.

Instead of going into the converted barn like I think we will, Dario leads me in the direction of the last trailer. It has a sign on the front door that reads Jake Mallard: Director. Dario knocks and we wait for a moment until we're called to enter.

We step inside and the man behind the desk looks over from his computer at us. "Dario. What's up, man? How can I help you?" He presses a few more buttons, then smiles at us, giving us his undivided attention. "I don't have you on shift today."

"I'm good. I'm not on shift, but there's something I want to talk to you about. I found you a fluffer," Dario says, thumbing my way.

The man behind the desk—Jake, I presume—looks over at me, eyeing me up and down. "Him? You sure?"

Dario shrugs. "He needs the money."

"What's his name?"

“Clayton.”

Tired of them talking around me, I step up beside Dario. “Call me Clay.”

The man behind the desk finally looks over at me. “Jake.”

“Well, Jake. I’m not good at, like, decorating shit, but I can fluff pillows or whatever you need.”

Jake gapes at me and I see Dario trying to fight back a smile from the corner of my eye. “Kid,” Jake starts, standing up and coming around the desk, leaning against it. “Do you know what a fluffer is?”

I shake my head. “But if it pays well, I can figure it out. I need money for my tuition.”

Sighing, Jake crosses his arms. “Let me ask you something, kid.” I bristle at him calling me kid, but I nod. “Are you interested in men? That’s to say, would you touch one sexually?”

“Probably not. Why are you asking me that?” My eyebrows furrow as I look back and forth between Dario and Jake. What kind of question is that and what does it have to do with pillows? “What’s this about?”

Pushing off his desk, Jake looks at Dario. “Not my fluffer. Find someone that’s into it. I won’t have someone in here that can’t handle the work or makes my guys uncomfortable for a paycheck.”

“Wait!” I shout unnecessarily in this enclosed space. “What does this have to do with fluffing pillows and arranging furniture?”

“Fucking hell,” Jake says, looking at the ceiling. “That ain’t the gig, kid. A fluffer keeps my actors dicks hard during or between scenes. I own and operate Carnal Desires Studios.” He pauses and meets my eyes. “A gay porn studio.”

Eyes wide, I look over at Dario. “You work for a gay porn studio?”

Dario shrugs. “I work in set design.”

I shove him in the shoulder. “You told me you were a janitor.”

“Most people can accept that better than me telling them I set up places for dudes to get fucked in the ass.”

Jake interrupts our conversation. “That’s why I need to know if you’d touch a man sexually. If you’re not down to fluff my guys, you can’t be my fluffer. Besides, I’m not in this business to make straight guys do anything they don’t want to.”

Any other time, I would agree. I mean, what the fuck? Keeping a guys dick hard so he can fuck someone else? Why can’t the person he’s fucking keep his dick hard? No woman I’ve been with has made me soft while we were fucking. So, what’s the point of having a ... fluffer?

I scoff, thinking about the name. Really fucking misleading. They need to call it something else. Like professional masturbator or something. Handjob on demand specialist.

Could I do the work? Could I do whatever Jake needs me to do so I can get paid? How badly do I want to finish college?

But wait, I don’t have to be in the movie. If I’m keeping someone hard between scenes, I’m off to the side. No one has to see me doing it. The world won’t know I



worked as a fluffer. I can handle that, right?

It's not like it would be difficult. I can keep a dick hard. I've been touching mine for years and I'm good at jerking off. Even after years of doing it, I can get myself off in three minutes or less. That's not with regular sex, mind you, only with my own hand. I have stamina.

Besides, I can do the job for a few months until I get the money for my last tuition payment. Easy. Just jerk a few dicks, get a check, graduate and open my wellness center. Sounds like a plan to me.

Throwing myself off the cliff, I ask, "What's the pay?"

"Three grand a day."

Holy shit. That's a lot of money. And all I have to do is jerk some dicks? I will start doing wrists exercises now if it means I can get that much money every time I come to work.

"How often am I paid?" I ask, already saying the job is mine.

With a sideways smirk, Jake says, "I'll wire you the money after every session. If I hire you."

Fighting not to sound too eager, I ask, "What do you need me to do?"

Jake assesses me, looking me up and down. "Turn around."

Not sure what the fuck, I do what he says and turn around. I feel his eyes on my ass and my face heats. I have a good ass, with all the squats I do, but that has nothing to do with my hands or keeping someone hard. Does it?

After what seems like forever, I turn back around. “Satisfied? When do I start?”

“Hold on kid. How old are you?”

“Twenty-two.”

“Hmm. Let me get my guy in here. I want to see you work.”

I gulp as he picks up his phone and shoots off a quick text. “Work how? I can do whatever you need me to do. I’m not desperate, but I’m pretty damn close.”

Jake gives me an almost gentle look. “This work ain’t for everyone, kid. I know you said you need money and I’ll give you the job so you can have your tuition payments, but I can’t have you going on the floor and freezing up when I need you. I need to make sure before I give the okay and have you fill out a bunch of paperwork that you can handle this job. Once I know you won’t clam up with a dick in front of you, we can start the onboarding process.”

Well, guess I’ll have to put my money where my mouth is. Or where my hands are.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:25 am*

My phone pings with an incoming text message just as I pull on my pants. After a quick shower to wash the smell of sex off me, I'm ready to go home and lie in bed, though I'm not as tired as I am after any other day. The scene today was pretty easy—a mutual masturbation scene with my least favorite costar, Trev, that polled high on the Carnal Desires website. I don't know why Jake insists on letting the audience have so much say in what we film. It's cool to be interactive, but I don't like my costars being picked for me. Especially the one I worked with today.

God, I hate working with Trev. He was an arrogant shit that liked to pretend every scene was about him. He might be a hot bottom, but he's an ass otherwise. He has some hair up his ass about me and has had it for about two years. No one knows why, but he can't stand me. After how he treats me, the feeling is mutual. If only he'd do us both a favor and tell me what his problem with me is.

Shaking thoughts of Trev from my head, I look at my phone to see a text from Jake.

Jake: Come to my trailer. I need to test out your fluffer.

Holy shit, he really got me one. When my dick kept deflating while I was fucking Trev, I told Jake I can't work with him anymore. But it seems like the fans love seeing me rail him into the mattress because our videos have been the most watched from all of my costars. By a lot. Close to a million views and downloads between my next highest video without Trev. But his fucking attitude makes it hard for me to keep it up. I flat out refuse to take Viagra—my cock doesn't have a problem with anyone else, just Trev. I'm not going to run the risk of heart issues by popping a pill when I know my dick doesn't get soft with anyone else.

When I told Jake he needed to hire someone to keep my dick hard or I walked, I figured he'd limit my scenes with Trev so he wouldn't have to pay someone to jerk me off or blow me between scenes. But I guess he took my threat seriously. Which is insane because he's willing to shell out more money on hiring someone than not pairing me with Trev. I know Jake is a good guy, but I need him to worry about more than his bottom line.

I'm not sure if I really would have quit though. I like my job. Getting paid to fuck is a dream for most men. Getting paid to fuck the hot men that are employed with Carnal Desires and I never want to leave.

Before I jumped into this career, my hook ups would tell me I fucked like a porn star with a dick to match. It was an ego boost, but nothing more. Until I had one guy that asked if he could film us and post the video. He said homemade videos were getting paid well and he'd split the profits with me. He wasn't kidding. We had a lot of hits and the comments asked where they could find more of my videos.

After that video was discovered by Jake, he called me for a meeting. When it was all said and done, I had a new job with Carnal Desires Studios as one of their headlining performers. It's my fifth year and I'm living the dream.

I wonder how Jake found someone to agree to being my fluffer. It's not like he could put up a help wanted ad.

I'm the only one that needs one, as no one else has issues with Trev. All the other performers do is fill his mouth with their cocks to shut him up and tune him out otherwise. Trev likes to goad me more than he does anyone else, so stuffing his mouth full doesn't work for me. Besides, it's his face that annoys me, along with his mouth.

He's like a child that has a crush, except I know he doesn't have a crush on me. He

can't stand my guts since I took his spot as top earner. Oh well, fuck him.

Speaking of the devil, Trev walks into the locker room and eyes me with disdain. "Figured you'd be gone by now. You left fast enough after coming on my face."

Giving him my brightest smile, I reply, "Yeah, well, that's what the people wanted. Not like I would come on you by choice."

"Fuck you, Yuri," he says, nostrils flaring.

"No, I'm the one that fucks you. Your dick isn't coming anywhere near my ass." I'm not a strict top, but I'd never let Trev fuck me. Not because he's unattractive, but because my pucker probably wouldn't relax to let him in, he annoys me so much.

We're about the same height and weight, both over six feet tall and close to one hundred and eighty pounds. He's not half bad looking—blond hair, green eyes, and a pouty mouth perfect for sucking dick—but his attitude is the worst I've ever encountered. I'd never bottom for someone like him, regardless of what the fans wanted. Luckily no one has asked. Probably because I punish his hole well enough they don't need to see him have a go at mine. I'm glad. I would have to draw the line there and tell Jake fuck no, never in a million years.

With a snarl, Trev pushes past me to the showers, mumbling something about

"top earner" under his breath, but not loud enough for me to catch everything he said. Shrugging, I finish getting dressed so I can go to Jake's trailers.

Shouldering my bag, I head out, waving to a few people that aren't working. Bailey, a cute twink that's a joy to fuck, is currently filming a double penetration scene and is in heaven—eyes rolled back, moaning like crazy. Now, that's someone I'd fuck over and over. Bailey is responsive, sexy as fuck, and sweet as pie. He also knows how to

keep my dick hard.

I watch the scene for a minute or so—Bailey really is loving two hard, fat cocks in his ass—then hurry to the trailer. Don't want to keep my fluffer waiting.

Knocking on the door, I enter when Jake yells for me to. When I step inside, I see Dario, one of the set designers leaning against the wall with his arms crossed. I smile, holding my hand out to him. We clap palms and I bring him in for a one-armed hug. "What's up man? You're not my guy, are you?"

Dario barks a laugh, shaking his head, his shaggy brown hair moving around his face. "Definitely not. I can't deep throat that anaconda you have," he says, pointing to my crotch. Even though Dario does set design, he watches us often. Hell, most people on set that have nothing to do with the actual scene stop and watch us sometimes.

"You could try," I tell him jokingly, winking. We've had this conversation before. While I flirt with Dario, I know he's not into me like that and that's completely cool. He's a good guy and lets me have my fun. He gives the vibes that he might be into men, but I'm not one of them he's into.

"This is your guy," Jake says, drawing my attention to a man that looks like he's about to vomit standing beside him. The man is very attractive, in that gym bro way. Like he has sense enough to hold a conversation, but not enough to really carry it, if you know what I mean.

He's a little shorter than me, but he's fucking ripped. His tan skin looks natural, like he does a lot of outside work, not that he lies in a tanning bed all day. His body is insane. Muscled, but not overly so. I can see his six pack through his shirt. I'm in good shape, but this guy puts me to shame. Holy fuck, he's hot.

But he doesn't look one hundred percent comfortable with this. "Hey, man," I say,

holding my hand out. “I’m Yuri. Stage name is Houston Stallion.” I roll my eyes, knowing my stage name is lame as fuck, but it was chosen for me. “What’s your name?”

He swallows hard, then says, “Clayton. I go by Clay.”

“Well, Clay. You know what you’re doing?”

Clay looks over at Jake, then Dario before focusing on me. “I think so?”

I raise an eyebrow. “Look, I don’t fuck with straight guys. I don’t try to make anyone uncomfortable. You don’t have to be my fluffer.”

Jake jumps in. “He said he can handle it, Yuri.”

Even though Jake spoke, I don’t take my eyes off Clay. “Do you want to do this?”

He nods. “Yeah. It’s no big deal. I touch my dick enough to know what I’m doing. I’ll make it good for you.”

Well, fuck, he doesn’t sound completely unsure. Fuck it, if he wants to jump into the deep end, I’ll let him. He’ll have to find his own floaty.

“Turn around for me.” He rolls his eyes but does what he says. My eyes drop to his ass, and I nod in appreciation. It’s nice, perky and round. A perfect squat booty. “Face me again.” He does and I zero in on his mouth. Yeah, I’m sure his plush mouth will get me hard when Trev’s face pisses me off. That’s if Clay wants to suck me off. From how he’s looking, all scared and shit, I’ll probably have to make do with staring at that fat ass of his the entire scene.

Shrugging, I say, “Let’s see what you got.” Stepping closer to him, I unbutton my

pants and hook my thumbs in my underwear. I pause, giving him a moment to change his mind. "I'm not small. And I require effort, not just your hand limply on my cock." He nods as if he understands, and I drag my pants down. Even soft, my dick is pretty impressive.

Dropping his gaze, Clay drags in a deep breath. "Um ... Okay." He swallows thickly, then pulls his eyes to mine. "What do you want me to do?"

His innocence and inexperience are a turn on, making my dick stir. "I want to see if you can get and keep me hard. I'll need you on set when my dick won't cooperate with my co-star." I scowl, my dick shriveling thinking about Trev. "Make it good for me," I throw his words back at him. I know I'm pushing his buttons, but if he's going to do it, I'd rather he do it here than on set. If he doesn't want to touch my dick with just three people around, he won't touch it with a full crew.

Clay looks at Dario and Jake. "Do you have to watch?"

"I don't," Dario says, pushing off the wall. "I'll be on set, making sure we're good for tomorrow. Come find me when you're done," he tells Clay, then heads out. Jake steps back to lean against his desk but doesn't leave.

When Clay looks back at me, I raise an eyebrow. Sucking in a deep breath, he reaches over and closes his hand around my dick. I fight hard to contain my moan. His hand is rough and calloused, like he lifts all day without gloves, his grip tight and sure. You'd never be able to tell he was having second thoughts just moments ago.

He tugs on my cock slowly, watching his hand as he moves it back and forth. "Feels different, but not bad," he mutters as if he's talking to himself. His grip tightens and I hiss. He looks at me quickly, then back down to where he's touching me. "It would be better with some lube."



As if he materialized from thin air, Jake is beside us, drizzling lube between us. “Thanks,” Clay murmurs, not taking his eyes off my dick. “That better?” he asks me, pumping me in sure strokes.

“Much,” I groan, not bothering to pretend this doesn’t feel fucking phenomenal. God, his hand is like magic. The right amount of pressure and his stroke technique is impeccable—twisting on the upstroke and gripping my cockhead firmly. “Damn, Clay. You got skills.”

I try to step back, but he puts his arm around my back, startling me. I didn’t expect him to touch me anywhere but my cock. His touch sends a bolt of awareness through me. It zings down my spine and settles in my balls.

“No,” Clay murmurs. “Let me finish. I told Jake I could get you off in three minutes or less.” Jake chuckles darkly beside us.

With wide eyes, I look up at him to see if he’s serious. He sure looks it. Though he was cautious before, now he looks determined. Fuck it, why not?

Chuckling, I check the clock above Jake’s desk to note the time. 4:51 pm. “I just came ten minutes ago. I don’t think you can.”

“Watch,” is all he says, then really goes to work.

His grip changes, tightening but not painfully. His hand moves at a leisurely pace, but something about it feels urgent. Groaning, I place my head on his shoulder, leaning into him as I watch his hand work. My angry red cockhead popping in and out of his tan fist is obscene and I have to shut my eyes against the image.

Groans and grunts trail up the back of my throat and fall from my lips, unable to be contained from the onslaught of Clay jerking me off. His hand around my back

tightens and I lean in closer to him, fighting hard not to fuck the circle of his fist. He said he wanted to get me off himself—this is his show.

Then Clay does something with his hand—not real sure what since my eyes are closed—and I can't hold back anymore. With a shout, I'm coming all over his hand. My orgasm tackles me, shooting down my spine and out of my dick before I can give him warning. Body shuddering, I come hard, like I didn't just come minutes ago in a scene. My climax rolls through me and I have to lock my knees so they don't buckle from the intensity. Clay's hand around my back holds me up as he continues to stroke me, pulling all the cum from my dick until my balls are empty.

When my body stops shaking and his strokes become painful from sensation overload, I stop his hand and move it from my dick. Opening my eyes, I see that I got cum all on his pants. I also notice how much I'm leaning on him. Embarrassed, I bend my knees, trying to restore circulation in my lower legs before I pass out.

Clearing my throat, I lift my head and push off him, pulling my pants up with shaky hands. "Sorry about your pants." My release is all over his dark gray sweats, a wet spot pooling over his thigh. My cock twitches as I watch it slide down his pants leg and have an overwhelming urge to come on his bare skin. That'll never happen, but a man can dream.

As if dazed, Clay looks down at his pants then back at me. "No problem. We have a washing machine at home. Though I could use a towel or napkin."

We stare at each other, Clay and I, for what seems like forever, but could have only been a few seconds.

Then Jake interrupts us, stuffing a towel in Clay's hand. With a pleased tone, he asks Clay, "When can you start, kid?"

I step back from Clay to adjust myself, glancing at the clock. Well, fuck me.

It's 4:53 pm.

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:25 am*

I can't believe I jerked a man off last week. I can't believe I did it and I didn't hate it. In fact, I kind of liked how Yuri fell apart in my hands. Because of my hand.

Under other circumstances, I wouldn't have come near a man's cock. It's not something I thought about. There's nothing wrong with men being into men, I just didn't think I would ever be in a situation where I would willingly touch another guy's dick.

It's not like I haven't looked at men and thought they were good looking. Sure, I can say a man is good looking objectively, but never wanted to touch them or anything else. But for three grand per session, I can do that, no problem.

Besides, it's not like touching Yuri is a bad thing. He's an attractive guy, his dark brown hair full and thick, longer at the top and cut close on the sides. His dark blue eyes were friendly and open, like he's an honest guy that wasn't trying to do any predatory shit. And against my better judgement, I zoned in on his mouth, how it quirked into a smile and noticed how plump his lips were. I felt butterflies in my belly. Very unfamiliar butterflies.

Aside from the weird butterflies and weird feelings I can't analyze right now, I actually enjoyed what I did to him. I enjoyed the challenge in his eyes when I told him I could get him off in three minutes or less and make it good for him. His cocky grin pushed me that one small bit for my resolve to harden—no pun intended.

Wrapping my hand around his length was a weird experience. It felt different than my own, thicker and longer for sure. While I'm not a slouch in the dick department, Yuri deserves his name of Houston Stallion. His cock has to be around eight inches and

coke-can thick. Whoever takes that up the ass is a champ. I wonder if I could.

Nope. Not going there. With effort, I shove that thought from my head.

But hot on its heels, I find myself curious of if I can fit him in my mouth. Jake told me as Yuri's fluffer, I might have to blow him if staring at my ass or jerking him off wasn't effective. God, what would he feel like in my mouth? Would I be able to open wide enough? Will he fuck my throat like I've done to the chicks that sucked my dick?

God, these thoughts. What is going on with me?

After my job interview, as Jake called it, he told me I would be needed on set this week. He said he'd call me with Yuri's schedule when they penciled in his scenes. While I nodded and pretended like I was okay, I was a nervous fucking wreck. Jerking him off with just Jake around was fine. Could I do with sound people, cameramen, and other fucking porn performers around?

Man, I can't believe I'm working on a porn set now. I told my other job I was taking a job elsewhere and no amount of extra hours would bring me back. I scoff, thinking about how my boss told me he'd give me a couple hours extra overtime a week if I stayed. Like working myself even more into the ground for little pay was an appealing option. I was getting paid per session what they paid me in two months at my old job. And Jake guaranteed me at least five sessions a month. Even if I just hung around set, showing Yuri my ass, I'd be getting paid. So why would I want to break my back stocking shelves when I could get paid to watch people fuck, let Yuri look at the ass I worked so hard to perfect, and give him the odd hand job?

I'm not sure what all this says about me—that I'm willing to jerk a man off for money. Or that I didn't hate it and actually liked how his cock felt in my hand. Or how, God help me, I kind of want to feel it in my mouth. Am I gay now? I don't think

so. I still look at chicks and think they're fire as fuck. But I keep thinking about Yuri's dick—how hard he was, how big he is, and how sexy he sounded when he came—and think that's fire as fuck too.

Ugh, too much thinking, not enough answers. I get off my bed and head to the kitchen, making a protein shake before I head to the gym. I don't have class today, so I can stay for at least two hours. It's leg day, so I want to get as much rest as I can. I also may be thinking about doing some squats so my ass looks extra good for Yuri.

I tip my head back, wondering what the fuck has gotten into me since last week. I touch one dick and now I'm desperate for it.

Dario enters the kitchen, grunting at me as he walks to the fridge. Now I see why he comes in so late some nights. After he told me what he really does, he told me that he sometimes stays late to finish up sets so the actors can get started right away instead of waiting for him to finish the next day. He must have had one of those long set ups last night.

"Hey, man," I mutter, shaking my protein shake. "Long night?"

"Yep. Jake wants to do a bar scene and we had to build it from the ground up. It looks good, but it took forever to get right." He sips on some of the almond milk he poured, looking at me over the rim of his glass. "Can I ask you a question?" he asks after he swallows. I indicate he can while I'm sipping my shake. "Are you mad at me?"

I raise an eyebrow and swallow. "For what?"

"Because I didn't tell you what a fluffer was."

"Not really mad. Maybe a little pissed. I mean, you could have told me. I probably still would have done it. It's good money and it's not like I have to be in front of a

camera or let someone shove a dildo up my ass for three grand.”

Sighing, Dario puts the cup down. “I owe you an apology. I thought it was funny, you not knowing, but I didn’t think about how fucked up it was that I dangled money in your face to do something you might not have wanted to do.”

I nod, appreciating his apology “It’s cool, man. Thanks for the apology.” I pause for a beat, then decide to go for it. “Can I ask you something?”

“Shoot.”

“What does it mean if I liked touching Yuri? Like, I’ve never touched a man’s dick before like that, but ... I liked it.”

Dario shrugs. “Doesn’t have to mean anything.” My eyebrows furrow, not sure what he means. “You don’t have to overthink it. But if you want, we can talk it through to see where your head is.”

“Yeah, let’s do that.”

“So, you liked touching Yuri?” I nod. “Would you want to touch him again, if money wasn’t involved?”

Would I? Thinking about it, the weight of his cock, the feel of it, how smooth and hot his skin was, how flushed red his cockhead was. My mouth waters and I have my answer. “Yeah, I would.”

“What about someone else? What about me, if we weren’t cool.” He gives me a lopsided grin when my eyes grow wide. “I’m not attracted to you or anything. This is hypothetical.”

I shake my head. “I don’t think so. Like you’re good looking or whatever,” Dario rolls his eyes, “but no. Someone else? I’m not sure. I’ve never looked at a man in a sexual way before. It’s always been objective. Especially in the gym. I’d see a guy with nice quads or a shredded back and wonder what his routine is. I never found myself wanting to know what his cock felt like in my hand.” My face flames at the conversation we’re having, but I need to discuss it to figure out what I’m thinking.

Dario finishes his milk and rinses his glass. Who just randomly drinks a glass of milk like that? “Sounds like it’s just Yuri. Maybe him and his overly large cock just do it for you.” I bark a laugh. Yuri does have a bigger dick than any man I’ve ever seen, even for a porn star. “You might be bi or pan, but if you don’t want to label anything just yet, that’s cool. There’s no rush to figure things out. You can come to terms with it at your own pace.”

“Are you gay?” I blurt out. I never thought to ask, but now I’m curious. Especially with how smoothly this conversation is going. Most straight guys wouldn’t react like this. They’d probably work for a gay porn studio with how much Jake pays, but I’m sure they wouldn’t be cool with standing in our kitchen, talking about Yuri’s big dick.

“Not gay. Pan. I like everyone as long as we click. I don’t worry about much else if that makes sense.”

It does. I’ve heard about pansexuality. I haven’t really thought about where I would fall on the Kinsey scale myself. I always thought I was straight.

Guess Houston Stallion has proven me wrong.

“You might not be pan,” Dario continues. “You could be bi and lean more towards women. It’s not a fifty-fifty split. You don’t have to like men and women equally.” I nod, understanding what he’s saying. “You don’t have to rush to put a label on it. Do some research and see if something clicks for you.”



Yeah, research will help. Maybe my feelings about Yuri will make more sense when I can find something that fits for me.

Glad I had the talk with Dario, I thank him and go to my room to grab my gym bag so I can get a pump in. I shout to Dario that I'm leaving and drive to my favorite gym.

When I walk inside, I beeline to the mats in the corner to stretch my muscles. There's nothing worse than working out with cold muscles and being too sore the next morning to function. Besides, I need to be as loose as possible for leg day.

As I stretch my quads, I let my mind wander to Yuri. Houston Stallion. I will admit that after I pumped him off, I checked out a few of his videos. I've watched porn before, but I usually focused on the woman. With two guys fucking, I had no choice but to focus on the dicks on the screen. On the tight holes being plowed. On Yuri.

My mouth hung open the entire time I watched the first scene I clicked on. Even though Yuri is fucking huge, he was gentle with his partner. Even when he was pounding their asses hard and rough, I could tell he took care of them, making sure they only felt pleasure and wanted it how he was giving it to them.

Earlier when I was talking to Dario, I didn't mention that I wanted to be one of the men under Yuri, taking his cock like the guy he seems to always get paired with, but I can't face that kind of humiliation. I can't tell Dario that after one time jerking a man's dick that I want it in my ass.

That's crazy, right? Going from fucking to getting fucked? But I can't stop thinking about it. When I watched the second video, I imagined it was me. In the scene, they were missionary, with Yuri staring the man in the eyes. I wanted that. Even though I don't know Yuri, I wanted that closeness and affection and gentleness from him as he rolled his hips and fucked me good.

I'm so confused and so horny.

"Clay?"

My head snaps to the right and I see Yuri standing there with a gray racerback tank top and black shorts that show his toned thighs and sexy calves.

Wait, they aren't sexy. They're, like, regular calves. Who the fuck am I kidding? They are. He is. Dammit, why is this my life right now?

Shaking my head, I clear my confused thoughts and give Yuri a smile. "Hey. What's up?" Good, my voice sounds normal.

"Not much. You work out here often?" He pulls his water bottle from the bag slung over his shoulder and takes a sip. My greedy eyes track how his throat moves as he swallows and desire swirls in my belly. I don't know when I started thinking men drinking was hot as fuck, but nothing I think makes sense anymore.

"As often as I can." I stand up, thankful I didn't get hard watching him drink and imagining him swallowing my cock with those same motions. "I've never seen you in here."

"Yeah," he says, moving his bag higher on his shoulder, tucking his water away and looking around the gym. "A friend told me this place had better equipment than the shitty gym near my apartment. I have to agree. It's more expensive than my normal gym, but I like it here." He looks back at me suddenly, pegging me in place. "Will I see you tomorrow?"

I almost swallow my tongue. "Huh?"

He smiles and I can't help how my heart trips in my chest. Fuck, do I like him? I'm

so fucking confused. I need to talk to someone about this. I don't have many friends, so who? Maybe I'll give Dario all the details so he can help again.

"I'm working tomorrow. I have two scenes. One with Trev." He steps closer to me and drops his voice. I can feel the heat radiating from his body and I have to suppress a shiver at his proximity. "I can't stand him, but people like us fucking for some reason. I need someone with magic fingers to keep my dick hard." He looks pointedly at my hands and I suddenly don't know what to do with them. I drop them to my sides, then ball them into a fist and slide them into pockets. I'm a fucking idiot.

"Oh," I say dumbly. "Yeah. I'll be there. I haven't gotten a call from Jake yet?"

He grins again, stepping back. Yuri must know the effect he has on me. Why would he be wearing that self-assured grin if he didn't? "Is that a question?"

"No. I mean, yes? No. No," I stammer. "I haven't talked to him. He told me he'd get me your schedule."

"Well, now you know. Here, give me your number." Yuri pulls his phone from his pocket. "I'll text you when I'm working. Jake is a good guy, but he's juggling like twenty actors and probably forgot." He looks at me expectantly and I rattle off my number.

Yuri punches it in, then I hear my phone buzzing from my bag. "Now you have my number. Call or text me if you need anything. I'll send you my schedule later."

"Yeah, okay." My eyes ping pong everywhere but at his face. When he stares at me, it's like he can tell what I'm thinking. Like he knows I enjoyed touching him and want to do it again. Or that I want to know how his big dick feels inside me. God, would my virgin asshole even know what to do with all that cock? Highly doubt it.

Before he leaves, Yuri looks me up and down. “You look good.”

I do choke this time, suddenly coughing and my eyes water. Once my coughing has subsided, I croak, “What?”

“Like you work out a lot. What program do you use?” He smiles broadly when I stare at him blankly. He definitely knows what he’s doing to me.

“Umm, I make it myself. I plan my own ... workouts.”

“Good to know.” After looking me up and down again, making goosebumps break out over my heated flesh, he smirks and pulls the strap of his bag higher. “See you tomorrow, Clay.”

Walking backwards, he keeps eye contact with me until he’s by the door, then turns to walk out with a light chuckle. I’m stuck in stunned silence, looking after him.

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:25 am*

Trev's face annoys me. The viewers that watch loves his sex face, but it makes me want to vomit. If he weren't such a dick, I'd think it was hot too. But he doesn't do it for me. Even his tight ass wrapped snugly around my cock doesn't make me want to stay hard.

Growling, I look over at Jake with a bored expression, thrusting shallowly into Trev, even though my cock is soft and limp. I'm not feeling it today. Even closing my eyes and thinking about someone else isn't doing it for me.

Scoffing, Jake yells, "Cut!" and I pull my soft, gummy dick out of Trev, snatching the condom off. Trev rolls his eyes, turning away from me to face the makeup girl that touches up his highlights or some shit.

Jake comes over to me and puts his hands on hips. "Come on, Stallion. You gotta give me something."

I grab my towel and wrap it around my waist. Can't have a civilized conversation with my dick out. Instead of telling him he can give me another fucking costar, I ask, "Where's Clay? He was supposed to be on set."

If he were nearby, just looking at him would have given me the boner of a lifetime. God, that man is fucking hot. Those pouty lips make me want to slide my cock into his mouth just to see how they look stretched taut around my shaft. Even looking at his ass—that firm, juicy ass that would jiggle beautifully as I'm fucking him from behind—would do it for me.

"He's here," Jake assures. "He was helping Dario with the set while we were waiting

to see if your dick would cooperate.”

I give him a deadpan look. “If Trev is involved, my dick won’t, I promise.” Trev glares at me over his shoulder. I wave daintily at him and he scoffs, turning away from me. “Bring Clay so we can get this scene done.” Like a petulant child, I stomp off to the table where the food is and stuff a turkey sandwich into my mouth. I’m irritated because Jake hired Clay, but Clay wasn’t around when I needed him.

Clay, the fucking green virgin is driving me crazy. Ever since he made me come faster than I ever have, I can’t stop thinking about his hand. I wonder if his mouth and ass could do the same thing.

From the look in his eyes, he might be wondering the same thing. Or he could be wondering what it’s like to fuck me. For Clay, I’d definitely bottom. I saw the outline of his dick when he was tugging me to orgasm, so I know he has more than enough to satisfy me.

I can imagine his rough hands caressing me, touching me everywhere as he fills me up, his cock knocking against that sweet spot inside me as he worked me over with his hand. In my mind’s eyes, I have handfuls of his thick ass, urging him to fuck me harder, go deeper, move faster.

Just like that, I get a chub. Not enough to fuck Trev, but enough that I know my dick works. And that’s from just thinking about Clay. I’d probably blow my fucking load right now if he were to touch me.

When I turn away from the table, I’m greeted with the amazing sight of Clay’s ass encased in a pair of dark wash jeans. Then my dick grows to full hardness, tenting the front of my towel.

Sauntering over, I step beside Jake. “I’m ready.” Looking at Clay, I say, “Can you

turn around for a bit? Your ass looks good in those jeans.”

He gapes at me, but nods. “Right now? I thought I was going to touch you again.”

I have to tamp down a shudder as I remember Clay’s hand on me. Soon. Soon he’ll jerk me again. I might really blow my load then, so maybe it’s just as well that he doesn’t.

Shaking my head, I incline my head to Jake. “He’ll tell you when. You can jerk me off some other time.” I wink at Clay and I’m rewarded with his cheeks turning bright pink. Fuck, even his blush is fucking sexy.

I pat Jake on the back and walk back over to where Trev is. Dropping my towel so my hard cock juts out, I tell Trev, “From the back so I can stay hard. If I have to stare at you, all Clay’s hard work will be for nothing.” Not like Clay did anything but exist and I’m rock hard, but whatever.

“This is my last fucking scene with you,” he hisses, turning his back to me and bending over.

“God, I wish.” As long as the money is rolling in, Jake will continue to stick us together. I guess we have hate sex chemistry because we make hella money for it. I tell Jake that the position is changed and he shrugs. As long as he gets a cumshot from us, I don’t think he cares either way.

After sliding a condom on, I step up behind Trev. Jake has positioned Clay in my sightline—close enough where I can look at him but not in direct line of the camera. If I look up, viewers will think I’m throwing my head back in pleasure.

God, I love having a fluffer. Especially one that looks like Clay.

When we're in position—my cock poised at Trev's hole, Jake yells, "Action!"

I slide my dick inside Trev's ass, but keep my eyes focused on Clay's. I groan, imagining I'm inside of Clay, making him moan for me. Even Trev's annoying, high-pitched moans don't take me out of the fantasy of having my cock fill Clay's tight hole.

In my mind, Clay is bent over this bar, his leg propped on the stool beside me as I take him deep. One of my hands is on his hip while the other reaches around and grasps his thick cock, pumping him off as I pound into him. Clay moans for me, saying my name as he gets closer and closer to his release. I bend and bite Clay's shoulder, giving him a touch of pain while he takes my dick beautifully.

Tossing my head back, I thrust into Clay, giving him my entire dick. I move my hand from his cock and grasp his shoulder, gripping tight as I chase my orgasm. Faster than I think, tremors wrack my body, signaling my impending release.

"Fuck yes, right there," Trev says, breaking me out of my concentration of Clay and me fucking.

Growling in frustration, I open my eyes and focus on Clay's ass again. That does the trick and five thrusts later, I'm coming hard into Trev's ass, filling the condom. Remembering I'm in a scene, I reach around and stroke Trev's dick fast, making him come just as the last spurt of my release leaves my body.

"Cut!" Jake yells, looking impressed. I pull out of Trev, who sags against the bar, looking thoroughly fucked out. It's been a while since he's been boneless like that after we had a scene. Looks like hiring Clay was the right call. Hopefully, Jake got his expression on camera. I know our viewers will eat that shit up. "Fucking hell, Stallion. That was fucking gold. If I can get chemistry like that every scene, I can retire in six months."



I ignore Jake and find Clay's eyes. They're heated, smoldering, as if he caught the show too. I want to go to him, to tell him what I was thinking about during that scene, but I won't approach him smelling of sex with Trev. No, I want to smell like sex because of him.

He smiles at me and gives me a thumbs up like I just aced a spelling test. I can't help smiling back. Fuck, Clay might be my new addiction.

For my next scene with Trev, I try to conjure the same fantasy I had before, but nothing is working. Every time I open my eyes, Trev's face is there, even when my gaze falls on Clay's ass. It's like Trev doesn't want me to get hard for anyone but him.

Not fucking happening.

Jake calls cut when all efforts to rally my dick have failed. "What do you need, Stallion?"

I don't answer—I just meet Clay's eyes. He must see a hint of desperation in my heated gaze because he pulls in a deep breath and hurries over to me. "You need a hand?"

I'm not sure if he means it as a joke, but I sure take it that way. Throwing my head back, I bark a laugh, but I nod. "Yeah. Your ass looks fucking delicious in those jeans, but I need something more to finish this scene."

Nodding, Clay looks around until his eyes land on the lube. He walks over and pumps some in his hands—industrial sized bottles of lube for the win—then walks back over to me. "Want me to just get you hard or get you close?"

It's my turn to swallow thickly. Fuck, I get two options? I'd like it to be three—the

third is me coming all over him. But I'll settle for option number one. "Just get me hard. You can get me close some other time."

That beautiful fucking blush creeps up his cheeks and I find myself getting hard just from that. I wonder if the blush travels all the way down, making his nipples hard and pebbled as the pink bloom spreads. Fucking hell, Clay is too hot for words.

Gathering my dick in his hand, Clay gives me one long pump and I curse, loving the feel of his hands on me. I'll never get used to how fast he gets me so close to the edge.

Slowly, he jerks me, letting out soft sighs when I grunt and push into his palm. He likes it. Clay fucking enjoys touching my dick. Fuck, but that's a sexy thought, him getting hot all over because he's giving me pleasure.

Unable to pull away from him so soon, I shove into his palm, fucking his hand. Clay twists when his hand gets to the head of my dick and every time he does, I see fucking stars. I need to stop him. I'm hard and can keep it up for Trev, but I want to keep his hand on me.

With Herculean effort, I slide my dick from Clay's slicked up hand. I'm so hard, my dick is sticking straight out and pointing at Clay. I want him so fucking bad, I ache with the desire. I know he wants me too—I can tell by how he looks at me, his eyes smoldering as they ping around my body. If it were up to me, I'd bend him over right now and shove my dick in him to the hilt—after I've had a taste of his delicious looking ass.

Slowly, I back up, keeping my eyes on Clay as I walk back over to the set. He moves into my line of sight as I get ready for this scene with Trev. Unfortunately, it's a missionary scene this time. I need to see Clay's ass while I pretend I love what I'm doing with Trev. Thankfully, he moves to where I can glance up and see that thick

peach of his. It works perfectly, my dick staying hard so I can hammer Trev's entrance.

The rest of the day is spent taking stills of the positions and posing for the website. It's a long day, but I think we got enough where I don't need a new scene with Trev for another week or so.

Once that's all taken care of, I go take a shower, hoping Clay is still around when I get out. I want to talk to him. I'm not sure about what, but I want to be in his presence. There has to be a reason why I feel this way about him. It could be because he's so fucking hot and can make me come quicker than anything or it might be how he fumbles around when I'm near him. Either way, I want to get to know Clay. Since he's my fluffer, I should know more about him, right?

But when I'm clean and out of the shower, Clay is nowhere to be seen. I ask Bailey—who's sitting on the prop chair I just fucked Trev in so he can paint his nails—if he's seen him and he nods. "Yep. You just missed him. He left with Dario." Bailey looks at his freshly applied black nail polish, blowing on the paint to dry them. "He's hot. Thinking about shooting your shot?"

I shrug but decide to be honest. "Thinking about it. What's the likelihood of success? You think he'll want to be with a porn star? Hell, is he even into men?"

Bailey smiles. "He's into you. I can tell by how he follows you with his eyes everywhere you go. He watches you the entire time he's here from what I can see." Bailey smiles at me. "There's nothing wrong with sex work, Yuri. That won't stop anyone from dating you."

Again, I give him a one shouldered shrug. "Yeah, we say that. But you know some people will get jealous when they find out I fuck for a living."

“Well, luckily for you, Clay already knows you fuck for a living. So that part of the conversation is out of the way.” Bailey drops his feet from the table he’s perched on and stands up, walking over to me. He stands in front of me, craning his head back to meet my eyes since he’s a tiny little thing. “Put yourself out there, Yuri. It might end up good for you.”

I wrap my arms around Bailey, pulling him in for a hug and kiss the top of his head. “You’re so wise for someone so young.”

Bailey is probably my best friend. We started working around the same time and immediately clicked. We hang out outside of the studio, mostly doing mundane shit like going to a movie or walking in the park. It’s always fun being around him.

He barks a laugh. “I’m two years older than you, jerk.” He slaps my back and I let him go. “He seems like a nice guy. He looks like he’s a little oblivious, but he’s actually pretty smart. Don’t let his gym bro looks fool you. He might be your prince charming.”

Yeah, he just might be.

I tell myself I’ll text Clay when I get home, but I chicken out. I’m not sure if I read things wrong with him. Sure, he’s been giving me eyes and seems nervous around me, like he’s crushing on me, but that could be because I’m doing porn, not because he likes me.

Stepping inside my apartment, I’m greeted by a whole lot of silence and emptiness. I wish I had someone to share my days with. I’m still young—only twenty-five—but I’m ready to settle down. Even before I started at Carnal Desires, I didn’t play the field. I hooked up, sure, but nothing too crazy. I crave someone to be mine for more than one night. Coming home from a long day and having someone to talk to and vent to would be perfect.

Someone like Clay. I don't know much about him, but I know he's interesting and I want to see what else there is to him. Other than giving amazing handjobs and having a tight body, I want to know everything about him. Bailey said not to let his looks fool me. Now I need to know what that means.

One day soon, I'll get up the courage to text him. But today won't be that day.

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:25 am*

So far, being Yuri's fluffer is easy. I get paid to stand in one spot so he can stare at my ass or I jerk his dick until he's hard as a rock. Which ain't a bad gig, as Jake would say.

I've been working at Carnal Desires for a month and I've already paid my tuition until graduation. I could very well stop and go back to my shitty stocking job, but I don't want to. I actually like it at Carnal Desires. The crew is great, Jake is a good and generous boss ... and Yuri is there. I'm not sure why I haven't plucked up the courage to approach him and talk about more than how much pressure he wants while I'm jerking him off. Every time I try, I get nervous and tongue tied. I sure he knows the effect he has on me because he always gives me a wide, knowing smile. And fuck if that smile doesn't shoot me through the heart every time ... and makes my cock chub up.

Much to my shame, I subscribed to Carnal Desires website so I can watch Yuri work. I even set up notifications on my phone for when he has a new video up. Every time I get a notification, I'm itching to see what scene it is, since I don't get to watch them all in person. That's kind of hard with my back turned and Yuri's staring at my ass.

I recognize each of the scenes with Trev by their set design. Not every one is with Trev—who seems to despise me for some reason—but Yuri still asks to have me around. It's flattering as fuck, knowing he'd rather stare at my ass or have me jerk him off than let someone else get him hard. I worked hard on this ass—and my masturbating techniques for that matter. It's nice that they're appreciated.

The scene I keep watching over and over is the first scene I was used as a fluffer for Yuri. There was a stark difference in his scenes before that. In the one prior, he

seemed into Trev, but you could read that professional distance. Now? There was heat and passion.

Regardless of the comments under their videos—mostly saying Houston Stallion and Tony Angel, Trev's stage name, are a couple—I know the difference is me. In the scenes where Yuri was staring at my ass, he has his eyes averted or has them screwed down tight, as if he's thinking of something else. Or someone else.

Could he possibly be imagining me under him, taking his dick? Or me riding him, bouncing on his engorged shaft? Fuck, I hope so. Because I imagine Trev or Bailey or any of the other guys Yuri dicks down is me.

I sigh after I finish coming all over myself from watching Yuri fuck. There's no way he can want someone like me. He fucks guys way hotter—with loads more experience—than me on an almost daily basis. What can I give him besides a nice ass to look at?

That's one of the biggest reasons I haven't gone for it with Yuri. He's Yuri—fine as fuck, charming, built like a tank and hung. I'm ... Clay Dalgreen. A boring, homely guy with a nice ass and firm body. Not enough to grab and keep Yuri's attention. Some other guy with a hot ass will come along that'll have all this experience and will be able to take his dick with no issues. That can't be me. I've used my fingers in the shower after I discovered I wanted Yuri to fuck me and two fingers stretches me to my max. I can't even fit a third one up there, no matter how much lube I use and how much I try to relax. How could I hope to take Yuri's Coke-can cock?

Frustrated with my unproductive thoughts, I clean myself up, tossing the used tissues in the garbage. It was pointless of me to wipe up since I have to shower, but whatever.

Before I make my way to the bathroom, my phone beeps with a message. When I see

Yuri's name, I almost drop my phone, bobbling it back and forth before I get control of it. Quickly I open the text he sent.

Yuri: Hey. I know it's your day off, but Jake wants a quick joint tug session with Trev. I need you.

There's no reason at all my heart should flutter at him needing me. Of course he does. It's my job to literally keep his dick hard.

Me: Okay. When?

Yuri: Half an hour. You need a ride?

I don't, since I have my own car, but my fingers say fuck that noise and fly over the keys.

Me: If you don't mind.

I'm pressing send before I can tell my fingers to hit backspace and not sound like a fucking weirdo. Well, hell.

Yuri: Drop your location.

I do what he says, since I can't go back on needing a ride. Tossing my phone down before my fingers make me say something else they're not supposed to, I grab my clothes and hurry to shower.

I'm just getting out, drying my hair with a fluffy towel when my phone beeps. I pick it up and see Yuri's name. My stomach does a weird, swooping thing. I fight to tamp it down.



Yuri: I'm outside.

Me: Heading down.

I rush to get dressed, not wanting him to wait too long. Taking a deep breath to calm my racing heart, I grab my wallet and keys and head to the parking lot.

Yuri sits behind the wheel of a nice sedan, nothing fancy but obviously well cared for. It fits him. He smiles at me, looking me up and down in a way I'm becoming used up. "Sorry it's so last minute," he says by way of greeting when I slide into the passenger seat.

"It's cool," I assure him. "It's my job."

This time, his smile is salacious and I feel my face flame. "It is." He pulls out of the parking spot, pointing us in the direction of the studio.

The silence is tense, and I feel like I'll explode from the anxiety. About ten minutes into the drive, Yuri speaks up. "So, what's your major?"

"Oh," I mutter, taken off guard for a second. "Business Management."

"What do you want to manage?"

"I want to own and operate my own wellness center. Not just a gym, but I want to have nutritionists and trainers to help people live a healthier lifestyle. People think if you go to the gym, you can eat like shit and not worry about your health. I want the two to tie together. Healthy eating habits with exercise. Some people don't have those resources and don't know where to start. I want to bridge that gap." I realize it's the most I've said to him at one time and clamp my mouth shut. I don't want him to think I'm some weirdo that's obsessed with the gym.

While that's part of it, an even bigger part of it is creating a safe space for people to work out and get guidance on how to eat right without doing crash diets. I see it so often, people who are considered overweight not eating as they should and working out too hard just to lose a pound or two. Then gain it right back when the diet is over. The opposite is true as well—naturally thin people eating things that aren't good for their bodies, thinking because they don't gain weight, they're not unhealthy.

I want people to not only be comfortable in their skin and workout at their own pace. I want them to think of my wellness center as somewhere they can go to get the help and advice they need to live healthier.

Not that I equate weight with health. The two don't go hand in hand. That's another thing I'd like to get across to people who venture to my hypothetical wellness center.

Yuri glances at me, seemingly impressed. "I can tell you like the gym, what with your body looking like that, but I didn't know you had loftier aspirations." I duck my head, feeling a little on the spot. "That's a good thing."

"Yeah," I mutter. "What about you? Are you in school?"

He shakes his head. "No. It wasn't my path."

"Is porn your path?"

I'm not sure if I fucked up or not. Yuri's friendly expression drops and he gives me a sidelong glance. "Is that a problem if it was?"

"What? No! Of course not. Sex work isn't wrong. It's a choice you made and as a consenting adult, there's nothing wrong with it."

He glances at me once more. "Would you date a sex worker?"

I chuckle, shaking my head. “No. Definitely not.” Imagine me, catching the eye of someone that can have anyone they want and being enough for a man that gets all kinds of sex on a regular basis. I’m so plain and ordinary, I’d bore them to tears. Yeah, someone involved in sex work will know they can do better than someone like me. Especially someone like Yuri. Me and my virgin asshole wouldn’t be able to take half the cock Yuri has. Someone like Bailey that can bottom with the best of them would be a better choice.

My brain stutters at my train of thought. At no point in my rambling, incoherent thoughts did I think of a sex worker objectively. I exclusively thought of Yuri. My mind immediately went to him being the person I would be with if I had the shot. I am so fucking gone on him and this is our first real conversation. I’m in deep without meaning to be.

Yuri’s jaw ticks and he opens his mouth and shuts it. He does it twice more, then shakes his head.

Maybe I should clarify. It’s my turn to open my mouth, but Yuri cuts me off. “You said there’s nothing wrong with sex work, but you wouldn’t date a sex worker? That’s a bit rich, don’t you think? Since technically, you’re a sex worker now too.”

I stare at him, stunned by how hard his voice is. Even when he was talking about Trev—who he told me he damn near hated—he didn’t take on this hard edge.

Head reeling a little, I shake my head and say, “What I mean is, a sex worker wouldn’t want to date me. I mean, look at me. I have a good body, but what else could I offer them that someone they work with can’t do better?” I’m definitely talking about Yuri now. “I mean, they get laid at work. What could I do, besides look pretty? And I’m not even that pretty, if I’m being honest.” I sit back further into my seat, feeling dejected from not being able to be enough for a hypothetical relationship with Yuri.

But that's all I do for Yuri—stand there and look pretty. He fucks gorgeous men, but only stares at me. We're so incompatible, it's smacking me in the face.

“What do you mean, look at you? I do, a few times a week. You're fucking hot. And you can offer more than your body, Clay. You're more than that. Even just talking to you for a few minutes, I can tell. Other performers have substance to them, so they're not complete airheads, but I don't want to get to know them. I want to get to know you.”

“Yeah?” I ask, whipping my head around to look at him. Then I say something foolish. “Is that why you only want to stare at my ass all day and let me jerk your dick off, but not ask me out? Because I have so much to offer and you want to get to know me?”

Yuri looks at me as he turns into the parking lot of the studio. “Clay?—”

Scrubbing my hand down my face, I shake my head and cut him off. “I'm sorry. Forget I said that. That was out of line.” When Yuri continues to stare at me as if I've grown too heads, I shake my head and grab the door handle. “Come on. Let's get started.”

I hop out of Yuri's car before he can say more. I've said enough for both of us.

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:25 am*

I wasn't expecting that outburst from Clay. Honestly, I thought I was trying to convince myself that Clay had a thing for me. I'd flirt and smile at him, loving to get him flustered, but I didn't think he wanted me to ask him out.

Clay wanted me to ask him out? Fuck, I missed those signs big time.

Climbing out of my car, I take off after him, grabbing his arm just before he gets to the door of the studio. Clay's shoulders slump, but he doesn't snatch his arm away. "We have to get in there," he says, inclining his head to the door.

"Fuck that. We need to talk. They can wait. You can't." I pull him over to the side of the building, pressing his body against the wall and caging him in. I'm taking a gamble, standing this close to him, but he asked why I didn't ask him out. I'm hoping he won't mind the proximity.

"Yuri ..." he says softly, looking at me with pleading eyes.

"After what you just said back there, I need some answers. What do you want, Clay? Tell me."

He whines, shaking his head. "I don't know!" he whisper shouts. "I don't know what's going on with me. My head is all fucked up. I started getting confused as soon as I touched your dick. You ask what I want? I don't know what I want." He jabs his finger against his chest.

Nonplussed, I move back from him. "Come again?"

Clay runs a hand through his hair. “I never thought about a guy or his dick before, you know? Like, sure, I would think a guy was attractive, in an objective way. But I never wanted that guy to fuck me. Or kiss me. Or just ... fuck, Yuri. I don’t know. I’m so fucking confused. I’ve considered myself straight for twenty-two years, now I suddenly want to take dick? My head is so fucked up. I can’t make sense of any of it and the more I try, the more confused I get.”

He looks so defeated, like he’s had this on his mind since we met. Fuck, that was a little over a month ago. That had to be stressful. Especially seeing me so often and not mentioning it. Fuck, after touching me so often and not mentioning it.

Stepping back closer to him, I ask, “Why didn’t you say anything?”

“Yeah, that’s a great conversation,” Clay says sarcastically. ““Hey, Yuri. I know I’m only supposed to get your dick hard so you can fuck your co-star, but what about kissing and fucking me without being on camera?”” He gives me a deadpan look, then shakes his head, leaning against the wall. “What could I possibly offer you, Yuri? I’m only doing this because I needed tuition money. I don’t even know if I’m gay or bi or if I just like you. I don’t know anything.” He bangs his head lightly against the wall behind him.

Cupping his face—shocking both of us—I look into his eyes. “You don’t have to think too much about anything. You don’t have to have labels. I like you, too. I think we can work the rest out.”

“Yeah?” He looks hopeful and I feel my insides clench. Fucking hell, Clay is sexy without trying to be.

“Yeah.” Leaning closer to him, our lips only an inch or two apart, I ask, “Would you like to go out with me? On a date?”

He nods, a soft smile on his face. “I’d love to.”

Not being able to resist, I plant a soft kiss on his lips. Clay’s lips tremble under mine, but he doesn’t move away.

Stepping closer, I deepen the kiss, slowly exploring his mouth. My dick is rock hard, brushing against this thigh. I try to lean back so I don’t scare him, but Clay puts his hands on my ass, pulling me in so I can feel his thick erection against mine.

I’m not sure how long we stand there, kissing slowly and deeply, but eventually, my phone beeps several times. Reluctantly, I drag my mouth from Clay’s and pull my phone out. It’s a text from Jake.

Jake: Waiting for you, Stallion.

Rolling my eyes, I tuck my phone into my pocket and pull away from Clay. His eyes are glazed and he swallows several times before meeting my eyes. “That was ...” He swallows again, his thick, calloused hand drifting to his mouth to touch his kiss swollen lips. “Yes. A date would be great.”

Grinning, I take his hand and pull him away from the wall. I watch in jealousy as he adjusts himself, moving his hard dick into a better position. I wish my hand were his so I could have felt his hard length.

Our hands clasped, I drag him behind me so we can get this scene over and done with, so I can have more of Clay. And not just tasting his mouth. Talking to him in the car—before our minor misunderstanding—was fun and enlightening. I never would have thought he had more depth to him. I chide myself on judging him as a typical airhead gym bro.

When we step inside, Clay drops my hand and I try to keep the sting off my face. We

only agreed to go on a date—he's not mine.

Jake sees us and throws his hands up. "It's about time. Trev was ready to walk out on me."

I cut my eyes to Trev, who's sitting on the couch we're using for this scene, playing on his phone with a scowl on his face. I roll my eyes at him. "I'm here. Sorry to keep you waiting." I dart to the dressing room to put on the costume of khaki pants, a button-down shirt and some stupid loafers. This scene is supposed to be a shy college kid with his professor. I don't look old enough to be a believable professor and Trev looks nothing like a shy, virginal college student, but whatever. It's all Jake's idea and the audience eats this kind of role play up.

Hustling back to the set, I give Clay a wink when he meets my eyes. The prettiest blush blooms over his cheeks. Oh yeah, I'll definitely have to figure out how to make it crop up more often. He's fucking beautiful all flushed and nervous.

Trev stands, turning to me with his scowl remaining. "Let's get this over with. I have plans."

I don't react—I just get into position and start our lines when Jake yells action. We get through them fine, Jake letting us wing it after we start with the only two lines he gave us.

Eventually, Trev and I move closer, our lips meeting in what is supposed to be a tentative kiss. But it doesn't feel anything like what Clay and I just shared. I shut my mind off to that, not wanting to taint my memory of my first kiss with Clay by comparing it to Trev's almost brittle one.

When we break apart, Trev gives the lines of being a virgin and never doing anything like this before. I tell him that we can just watch each other while we get off until



he's ready for me. The scene is very generic and I feel like I'll be able to get through it with minimal fuss.

I'm wrong.

No matter how hard I try, how much I try to think about Clay and how his lips and his hands felt on me, my dick stays limp.

"Cut," Jake says mildly, as if he expected me to have these issues. "You're up, kid," he says as he glances at Clay.

I make my way over to Clay, glad he'll be touching me again. I step closer to him, eagerly anticipating having my cock in his hands. I'm surprised when he drops to his knees instead of lubing up to jerk me off.

Eyes wide, I whisper, "Are you sure?" While I've imagined Clay on his knees in front of me before, I'm more than shocked. While my brain tells me to shut the fuck up so I can slide my cock into Clay's mouth, I still have enough faculties to ask if this is really what he wants. "You know I wouldn't pressure you to do this right? Jerking me off is more than enough."

He nods eagerly though his hands shake when he reaches for me. As always, my cock lengthens when he wraps his hand around me. Sliding closer, he gets into position in front of me, his soft breaths drifting over my sensitive crown. He opens wide—he has to with my cock being the size it is—and sucks me in. I hiss, the feeling of his mouth on me indescribable.

His groan travels up the head of my dick and I place my hand on his shoulder to keep myself on my feet. I have to think of all the disgusting things I've ever seen to keep from coming down his throat right now.

Clay bobs on me slowly, twisting his head as he licks around me like a lollipop. Holy fuck. I never would have guessed this is Clay's first time. He's a fucking natural—mouth nice and wet, tongue eager, lips tight around my shaft.

"Clay, fuck," I moan, already feeling my release rising. I look down at him, enjoying the view of him taking me in and out of his mouth, my dick getting wet from his juicy mouth.

His eyes flip up to mine and I see how nervous he is, but he doesn't stop sucking me. I try to convey my pleasure through my gaze, but I'm sure he knows, what with how I'm gripping his shoulder for dear life and my barely contained thrusts. I know I should pull out and go back to the scene, but I want to enjoy his mouth for a few moments more.

When I see he's able to take more, I thrust deeper, loving how his eyes stay on mine, his mouth stretched obscenely around my thick erection.

Even though I hate to, I pull out of Clay's mouth, jerking my wet dick as I stare at him. Clay wipes his mouth, licking his fingers as if trying to keep my taste on his tongue. Holy fucking shit, he's everything.

Turning away from him, lest I blow my load all over his face, I hurry back to the set. Taking my position, Jake calls action and I start jerking my cock, the spit from Clay's mouth still coating me—I don't even need lube. Trev has the ability to come on command, no matter who he's working with. I don't have to make eye contact or help him along with any dirty talk, though I do drop a few lines so it's good for our viewers.

I close my eyes and toss my head back, imagining how fucking hot Clay looked on his knees for me. The memory of how his eyes showed his shy vulnerability when he looked up at me has me barking my release, shooting my cum on target—Trev's

cock. He uses my release and strokes himself twice more, coming against my skin.

When Jake cuts the scene, I beeline for the tissues beside the camera crew. I'm not sure how many more scenes I can do with Trev. His disdain for me makes it hard to push myself through, even with all the money involved. Fans be damned, I'll have to tell Jake we're on a timeline for how often I work with him.

Then I look at Clay and know I have to stick it out for a bit longer. He told me he was using the money he got working as my fluffer for his college tuition. Even if he's all paid up, he'll need money for his wellness center. I have no doubt he'll get it, and having him as my fluffer will get him one step closer. If I work with someone else, I won't need him. If I don't need him, he won't have a job or the money he needs.

Fuck, I'll have to stick it out for a bit longer. At least until I know his plans for his tuition and beyond.

I smile through my shock. I haven't ever put someone's comfort before my own. I hardly know Clay, but I'm willing to do it for him.

At that point, I know when it comes to giving Clay anything he wants, I'm fucked.

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:25 am*

Isucked another man's dick today.

I never thought I'd suck another guy's dick. Never thought a cock would go anywhere near my mouth. It wasn't something I had on my life's bingo card, that's for sure. But everything about Yuri makes me want to please him. I'm sure he was fine with my handjob since he always looked close to losing his mind when I jerked him off, but I wanted to give him more. Scratch that, I wanted more. The look in his eyes when I was down on my knees is an image that'll never leave my memory. It was so worth my stomach being in knots and my heart being lodged in my throat.

After his scene is done, Trev and Yuri take some still shots before Jake calls it a day. I had hoped Yuri would come back over to me, but he hightailed it to the locker room. I'm not sure why I expected him to change his routine because I sucked him off, but I hoped he'd kiss me again before running off. Whatever. He has to give me a ride home, so maybe there will be more kisses when we leave here.

Never in a million years have I been so desperate to have someone's mouth on me. But Yuri is different. He's the only one I'm desperate for.

I should be freaking out, wanting to kiss and suck and touch and fuck another man, but I'm not. Not anymore. Yuri said I didn't have to label anything, so I'm not. I'm just going to roll with it and see what happens. I don't have high hopes that Yuri and I will be a couple since I really don't know what the fuck I'm doing, but I hope he'll at least stick around for a while and we can be friends or something. I'd really like that.

Jake walks over to me, putting a hand on my shoulder. "You okay, kid?"

I nod, looking at him with a grin. “Guess I’m taking to the job pretty good, huh?”

He gives me a long look. “Be careful. You may be cool with what he’s doing right now, but I’m sure when you get too deep, you’ll want him to stop. That’ll hurt your relationship.”

Furrowing my eyebrows, I say, “I’m not trying to change him.” I know he’s talking about Yuri, so I’m not going to play dumb. Anyone with eyes can see how I look at him. “This was his job before I came along. I can handle it.”

Taking an appeasing look at me, Jake nods and smiles. “Yeah, I think you can at that.”

Right then, Yuri walks out of the locker room, coming to stand beside me, but not touching me. I want him to touch me—put his arm around me, grab my hand, brush against my arm, something. But he keeps his distance. His proximity is comfortable though.

“Ready?” he asks and I nod. “See you in a few days, Jake.”

“Yeah. You’re working with Bailey and Colt next week. Trev will be doing some solo scenes.”

“That works,” Yuri says and we head out.

When we step outside the barn, he grabs my hand and I sigh, glad that he does want to touch me. “That was a good scene,” I mutter, head down and cheeks heating.

Yuri looks over at me, smiling. “You made it a good scene. How was that for you?” I raise an eyebrow, wondering if he’s talking about the head or watching him jerk off. Both were hot as fuck. He answers my unasked question. “Sucking my dick, I mean.”

“Good,” I answer honestly. “I didn’t expect it to feel good to me. I ... um ...”

His smile is still planted on his face, though it turns a little dirty. “You got hard.”

Shy and a little embarrassed, I nod. “What does that mean?”

“I told you, Clay. You don’t have to think too much about it. If it’s something you want to do, do it. Don’t let society make you label what feels good.”

Good advice. I don’t have a choice but to take said advice since I don’t know what I’m doing otherwise. I’ll have to do what someone suggests or I’ll drive myself crazy. Before I talked to Yuri, I felt like I was spiraling with all the thoughts in my head. Even after talking to Dario, I still couldn’t shut my mind off and let things flow how they would. It’s funny and a little unnerving that one conversation with Yuri has my brain shutting off when I think too hard about what I’m doing.

Oh well. It’s better than fretting about every move I make around him and how it would be perceived by other people. All that matters is what feels good between me and Yuri. With his consent, of course.

Once back at his car, we climb in, but Yuri doesn’t start the car immediately. I turn to look at him to ask what’s going on when he launches himself at me, taking my mouth in a greedy kiss. It’s so unlike the kiss he gave me against the wall of the barn that I’m stunned stupid for a minute. My mouth refuses to move and I’m sitting there, letting Yuri touch all over me and slide his tongue in my mouth.

Then my body gets with the program and I kiss him back just as hungrily. My hands glide through his hair, holding him close as his tongue plunders my mouth. God, this is the best kiss I’ve ever had in my life. It’s all consuming, hot, soul rending. All the things and more that I can’t describe.

A little moan drifts from my lips, despite trying to keep it at bay. It's like I barely have any control over my body when it comes to Yuri. Even when I was blowing him, I kept groaning around his length.

Yuri snatches his mouth away, breathing heavily as he rests his forehead against mine. "You want to go back to my place?"

Unable to answer with words, I nod, trying to catch my breath. Yuri gives me one more quick kiss, then sits back in the driver's seat and pulls away from the studio.

After a few minutes—when I'm able to catch my breath and rearrange my dick—I ask, "What's your last name?"

"Miller. Yours?"

"Dalgreen." I pause for a moment. "You know I don't know what I'm doing here, right?" I figure I should put it out there so he knows not to expect fireworks and perfection. Yes, I jerk his cock and now give him blowjobs, but that doesn't mean I'm experienced. Eager, sure, but inexperienced.

He nods, placing his hand on mine. "It's okay. If you let me, I'll take care of you. I'll make sure you have a good time."

"Just sex or something else? Is this just sex?"

"It's whatever you want it to be, Clay. I don't mind just showing you want it's like to come with a fat cock inside you and I also don't mind taking you out on a date, showing you a good time, then dropping you off at your door like a perfect gentleman. I can handle both."

I smile, nodding slowly. "Both, if that's okay."

He doesn't return my smile. "You know what I do for work, Clay. Can you handle that? I don't want it to come between us. But I love my job and don't think I'm ready to quit yet. I'm also not interested in an ultimatum. So, tell me now if it's something you can't handle. We won't go any further to protect your feelings and mine."

"Yuri, you were a porn actor before we met. And I'm not the jealous type." My cheeks heat, but I have to admit what I'm thinking. "I like watching you work. I don't think that will change if we actually start dating." Inhaling deeply, I blow out the breath as I say in a rush, "I like watching your dick going inside a tight ass. It makes me wonder what you would feel like in mine."

In lieu of an answer, Yuri puts his foot on the gas pedal, speeding off down the street. I smile and sit back, hoping his place is close. I'm not sure what Yuri has in store for me, but I want to try it all. I want everything with him. I want Yuri to be my first everything.

And maybe my last.

Five minutes later, Yuri parks in one of the parking spaces in front of an upscale apartment building. I don't have time to take it in before Yuri is out of the car, rounding to my passenger side door and pulling me out. "I can give you the grand tour later. Right now, I want you in my bed with your dick in my mouth."

With a whimper and a painful erection, I follow behind him. Thankfully, Yuri's apartment is on the first floor so we don't have to wait for elevators or climb stairs.

As soon as his door is unlocked and I step inside, Yuri shuts us in, pushes me against it and slants our mouths together. Yuri is a few inches taller than me and his height right now is perfect. I have to tip my head up a little and I love how it makes me feel like I'm not in control. It feels as if Yuri can do with me what he wants and I have to take it.



While he's kissing me, Yuri slides my sweatpants down, my underwear following shortly after. I snatch my mouth away, panting and moaning as he circles his fist around my dick and starts to stroke me off.

Yuri kisses my neck and licks along my collarbone, tasting every bit of spare skin that he can. I wish I were shirtless so I can feel his lips everywhere. "You feel good in my hands, Clay. Your cock is thick. It'll stretch my mouth wide. Think I can deep throat you?"

"Oh fuck, Yuri. I'll come. I'll come too fast if you keep talking like that." My panting breaths fill the space between us, sounding loud to my ears. I'm sure Yuri thinks I'm an inexperienced, wanton mess. With his hands on me like this, I am. I want more. I need more. And Yuri is the only person that can give it to me.

His dark chuckle stirs something in my belly and my climax rises inside me. I fuck his hand, trying to reach the finish line.

Yuri has other plans. He removes his hand and I whimper, trying to pull it back and wrap it around my leaking shaft. Laughing, Yuri pastes his body against mine, nipping at my neck. "You're going to come in my mouth, Clay, not my hand. Don't worry. I'll make you fly so high, you'll forget I stopped jerking you off."

"Please," I whisper against his mouth before he plants a hard, quick kiss to my lips.

Taking a hold of the bottom of my shirt, Yuri pulls me towards his bedroom and I waddle after him, my pants still around my ankles.

When we get to his room, he pushes me down on the bed. Instead of sucking me in immediately, Yuri climbs on top of me, straddling my hips. I slide my hands up his legs, tickling the hair on his thighs. "You're so fucking hot, Yuri. Are you sure ..." I swallow, rubbing and squeezing his thighs. "I'm what you want?"

Smiling, Yuri grinds on my dick and I almost bow off the bed from how good his clothed ass feels against my naked cock. “I’m very sure, Clay. I’ve wanted you since I first laid eyes on you. When you made me come hard enough to see stars, I knew I wanted you in my bed. After I spoke to you, even briefly, I know I wanted more from you. As long as you’re okay with what I do?”

“I am. I have no problem with it,” I interrupt quickly.

“—then we’re good,” he finishes like I didn’t interject. “Now let me have my way with you and we can talk about the rest later.”

Nodding, I reach around with shaky hands and squeeze Yuri’s ass. I was surprised to see that he has hair on his cheeks—a light dusting of dark brown hair that makes my dick stiff—the first time I watched one of his videos. It’s sexy as fuck. I’m not sure why, but I find it too fucking attractive for words. I’m not going to lie, when I saw his hairy ass pounding into Bailey in his first video, I came hard and quick, seemingly without warning. Touching it now has my cockhead tingling with my need to come.

Leaning down, Yuri kisses me slowly, like he did outside of Carnal Desires. I melt into his bed, enjoying how strongly his lips feel on mine. His tongue is like silk, gently breaching my mouth and gliding around languidly. I hum into his mouth, wanting more of what he’s giving me. I don’t think I’ll ever get enough of Yuri’s lips.

He moves his hips, grinding on my cock, the friction feeling like heaven. Tentatively, I roll my hips, brushing my dick along his crack over his jeans. Yuri moans into the kiss, moving his hips down on me. Who would have thought dry fucking would have me so close to orgasm I could taste it?

He pulls his mouth from mine, drifting his lips down my body to explore me. Yuri raises my shirt, licking along my pecs to my nipples. His tongue circles one, then pulls the pink bud into his mouth. With his other hand, he takes my free nipple

between his thumb and forefinger, tweaking and teasing until it's a hard bud under his ministrations.

I groan, sliding my fingers back into his hair, wanting him to stay right where he is, giving me this pleasure. I've never had my nipples sucked before and this feels unimaginably good. Little jolts of pleasure flare all over my body as he plays me like a fucking fiddle, knowing how to move his tongue and fingers to light me up and turn me into putty in his hands.

Moving to the other nipple, Yuri gives it the same attention. I'm strung so tight with the need to come that I start to grind against Yuri again, wanting to get off. I can get hard again for him to blow me. Fuck, I need it. I need everything Yuri is giving me.

With my shirt pushed under my chin, Yuri slides down my body, sucking and nipping at me. Little purple love bites crop up over my skin from where he sucks and grazes his teeth over me. I pant, watching his descent, watching his pink tongue dart out as he licks at me and his flash of white teeth as he nips at me. Fuck, I need him so bad.

When Yuri reaches my dick, he doesn't tease me anymore—thank all that is holy. Yuri stands my cock up and takes me in almost to the base. My back does bow off the bed this time, my dick drifting further down his throat. He gags around me, but I feel his throat relax and he takes in more of me.

“Damn, Yuri. God, yes.” I tangle my fingers through his hair, but don't fuck up into his warm mouth so he won't gag anymore. I just need to hold him to ground myself. I need something to hold on to or I fear I'll drift down the river of pleasure I'm floating on. I need to stay here with him so I don't miss the experience. This is something I'll want to remember forever.

Yuri sucks me in deep, then pulls back, his tongue twirling around my cockhead. I groan, my hands tightening in his hair. I look down at him, watching as his mouth

moves up and down my shaft, leaving it wet in his wake. My dick throbs, leaking into his mouth. When Yuri adds his hands into the mix to start jerking me from the base, I'm done for.

Without warning, my cock erupts, my release sliding down his throat. Yuri swallows around me, taking it all and seeking more. His warm, greedy mouth sucking me dry prolongs my orgasm and wave after wave of cum explodes from my twitching cock. I'm not sure how long my orgasm goes on, but I'm left with barely enough energy to lift my head when the last spurt leaves me.

When Yuri pops off my cock, I'm fucking boneless. But I still reach for him, pulling him up to me so I can kiss him. He takes my mouth, shoving his tongue inside and I taste my flavor there. It's a different taste—salty and musky—but not bad. Not bad at all.

"Climb up," I tell Yuri breathlessly, wanting his dick in my mouth again. I only got a small taste earlier. I want more.

Grinning, Yuri kisses my nose and moves up my body, undoing his pants and pulling out his mammoth cock. "This won't take long." He jerks it twice, then presses it against my lips, rubbing his thick cockhead over my mouth teasingly. "Open wide."

I do and Yuri slides inside as far as he can go without choking me. "Fuuuuuccccck," Yuri groans, pushing in more. "Your mouth, Clay. God, I'm not going to last." He thrusts his hips shallowly while I suckle at him. He tastes so fucking good, his precum dripping down my throat. I seek more, clamping my lips around him as I flick my tongue in his slit. I close my eyes and moan when a fresh drop of his precum hits my tongue. He's so fucking delicious. I could suck at him all day and never get tired.

Well, my jaw might.

Reaching up, I cup his ass, massaging the globes as I pull him deeper inside my wide mouth. The feel of his cock on my tongue and his ass in my hands has my dick hardening again, ready for whatever round two is with Yuri. I'm not sure he'll suck me off again, but feeling his hand wrapped around my shaft would have me exploding in no time.

I don't get a chance to get to round two. When Yuri starts fucking my mouth with deeper thrusts and groaning with abandon, my cock explodes, jerking and kicking against my belly. It's not as much as when I came down Yuri's throat, but if someone saw, they wouldn't have thought I came less than five minutes ago.

My body shudders and shakes just as Yuri barks his release, spraying his load down my throat. I try to do as he did and swallow around him—swallowing cum for the first time—but some of his release leaks from my mouth. I still lick around his cock, trying to catch as much as I can so I can commit his taste to memory.

If I didn't think so before, I know now—I'm addicted to the taste of cum. Swallowing Yuri down was so good that my second release isn't even a blip on my radar. All I can think about is what Yuri tastes like and when can I get it again.

Pulling out of my mouth, Yuri drops on top of me, kissing me lazily. He swipes his tongue through his release, collecting it and shoving it into my mouth. We swap it between us, Yuri pressing his tongue into my mouth deeper so I can swallow him down. I sigh in pure bliss. His cum tastes like nothing I've ever tasted before. I'm in fucking heaven.

This is what fantasies are made of.

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:25 am*

After we come down from our orgasm high, I slide off Clay's body, feeling wetness on my belly. Looking down at him, I ask, "Did you come again?"

His face turns pink and he looks adorable and bashful. "Listening to you and tasting you ... it was too much. I didn't even have to touch my dick."

My eyebrows shoot to my forehead. "Really?"

"Really. That's never happened before."

"Huh," is all I say when I lay beside him, pulling him to my chest. We can clean up his cum later. For now, I want to sit and talk to Clay for a bit, figure some things out for whatever we're planning on doing from here.

We're silent for a bit longer, catching our breaths and getting comfortable. Then Clay asks, "What do you want with us, Yuri? Should we just wait until we know each other better before we decide?"

I nod against his head. "That's the smartest thing to do. I know I want you and want to get to know you. But I want you to be sure. I've had boyfriends before; you haven't. I want this to be right for you. If you just want to fool around, that's fine. But I'll tell you my intentions, so you know where I stand. I'm looking for something real, something that will last. And I want it with you."

Clay nods his head. "I want that too. I don't want to just fool around. I'm young, but I know what I want. But we can get to know each other to be sure."

Smiling, I kiss the top of his head. We're both young, but I don't think that's a reason to deny what we want. As I told Clay earlier, he shouldn't worry about what societal norms say and I won't either. Even if things don't work out in the long run between me and Clay, I want to at least try. Like Bailey said, he might be my prince charming.

"Can I ask you something?" Clay asks.

"Always."

"Do you ... do you only stay on top? Well, not on top, but do you do the fucking only? Like your scenes. It's called being a top, right?" Clay sighs and shakes his head. "I feel like I'm fucking this up."

Chuckling, I give his hair one more kiss. "No, you're fine. To answer your question, no, I don't only top. I bottom sometimes. I haven't in a while, but I'm vers. What do you think you'd want to do? Would you like to fuck me or have me fuck you?"

"Both. I want to fuck you. I like your ass. I like how it looks, all hairy and natural. In porn, I never see men with hairy asses. They're always shaved or waxed or don't have any hair there at all. But yours does and I can't get enough of it. I want to see how it looks while my dick is inside you. I also want to try to take this up my ass. It's so big, I know you'll make me scream loud enough to wake the neighbors," he says as he grabs my soft dick, stroking it twice. I'm hard almost instantly. His fucking hands are magic.

"Damn, are you sure you've never done this before? Your mouth is fucking filthy."

He laughs, nuzzling closer to me. "I like being honest with you. It's like I don't have to pretend."

"You don't. Ever. Always be honest with me, baby." The endearment glides off my

tongue effortlessly. I don't try to take it back.

Clay's fingers trail over my body, his hand drifting under my shirt. "You have a good body. So fucking sexy. Your muscle definition is on point."

I chuckle. "Yeah, you would know that. What do you say to helping me improve a little? You can take me to the gym, work out with me or make me some work out plans. I want to see what you can do."

"Okay, yeah. I can do that."

We lie in silence for a few beats. It's a very comfortable silence, listening to each other breathe and touching wherever our hands land. His body feels so good. Not just because of the muscles, but because it's Clay. He's burrowed under my skin somehow, but I don't want him to leave. I want to get closer to him as well.

I hear a grumbling noise and Clay groans, rolling away from me. Sitting up, Clay looks down at me and grins. "Dude, I need food. Coming twice in less than ten minutes took a lot of energy." God, his stomach is loud. I almost thought it was construction next door with how loud it growled.

I laugh. "What are you in the mood for?"

"Take out? Doesn't matter what. We can sit around and talk some more. I like talking to you."

I pull him down for a light kiss that deepens, Clay throwing his leg over me and straddling my hips. Groaning, my hands drift down to his waist. I hold him there as I grind against him, our cocks brushing. God, it feels fucking amazing. For all the years I've been fucking the best in the business, they've never made me feel like this. If this is what I come home to after lackluster sex at work, sign me the fuck up now.



My hands drifting further down, I grip his thick ass, groaning into the kiss. I palm him, thrusting up to glide my leaking cock along his. Fuck, I can't wait to feel his dick inside me.

Clay snatches his mouth away from mine, breathing heavily. "Jesus, Yuri. You have to stop or we'll never leave this bed."

"I'm not opposed to that," I mutter, kissing along his jaw as I rub my dick along his. "But let me feed you. Then we can get back to round two. Or is it round three for you?"

"Ha ha," he mock laughs. "It's your fault for sounding like that when I was sucking your dick. You sounded hungry for my mouth and I wanted to suck you dry."

I slap his ass. "Yeah, up. Before I stretch your ass and sink into you. I don't think you're quite ready for that."

With wide eyes, Clay climbs off my lap and looks at me, then his eyes drop to my dick. "How will I get ready to take it? Your dick, that is. It's ..." he swallows thickly, but I can see the heat in his eyes. "... it's huge. How do I learn to take it?"

Grinning, I grab him by the shirt and pull him closer. "I'll take care of that for you. Until then, you can always fuck me."

His eyes widen more. "Umm ... I want you to fuck me first. Is that ... can we do that?"

"We can do whatever you want, baby. But first, let me feed you."

Nodding, he gets off the bed and pads into my bathroom. I pull out a shirt for him to wear, since his got messy. I grab clothes for myself, then head to bathroom. I hand

Clay a washcloth and he wipes up his belly with warm soapy water. I do the same and drag the cloth over my cock.

After we're clean, we go to my living room and I pull out menus while Clay has a seat on my sofa.

"There's Chinese, Italian, Pizza, Korean, and a burger place nearby. What do you have a taste for?"

"Korean please." Sounds good to me, so I place the orders.

When I sit beside Clay, I'm surprised when he lies down, his head resting on my thigh. He sighs, sliding closer to me until his head in the perfect position for me to massage his scalp. After a few beats, I drag my hand slowly through his wild locks. Clay sighs again and I watch his eyes drift shut.

"Where are you from, Clay?"

"Jansville, Maine," he murmurs. "Born and raised. You?"

"Here. Well, not here. Cliff Point, Georgia. About two hours from here." I grin. "You decided college here was the best option after living so far up north?"

He smiles, but it drops quickly. "It was the cheapest university that I got accepted to. I didn't have a scholarship until my second year of college, but it was only a partial. That's why I needed money so bad. I'm close to graduation. I don't want something like paying tuition to stop me from getting my degree. My family is depending on me."

"Do you need more money to pay your tuition?"

Clay shakes his head. “Nope. In fact, I’ve already paid up. Working at Carnal Desires helped me pay for school faster than any other job would have.”

My stomach turns when he says he’s already paid his tuition. That means he’ll leave the studio. I mean, that’s fine since we’re going to be dating, but I like having him around the set, watching me, jerking me, sucking me.

Swallowing past the tightness in my throat, I ask. “So, you’re done working there?”

Clay opens his eyes, looking at me incredulously. “What? No. I like it there. I’ll probably quit after graduation, but that’s a few months off. I still have time.”

Grinning at his answer, I lean back into the couch, feeling excited.

“How many siblings do you have?” I ask him, still carding my hands through his hair.

“Four. I’m the oldest. All boys.”

“Your poor mom.”

Clay laughs, another happy sigh leaving his lips when I graze my fingers over his scalp. “She’s tough. She knows how to wrangle us in. I think she liked the challenge of trying to keep five boys in line.”

“Tell me about them.” I’m an only child. I’m not sure what it’s like to have a lot of siblings running around.

The smile that brightens Clay’s face is breathtaking. I stare at him, hoping to always bring smiles like this out of him. He’s so fucking gorgeous. And he’s mine.

“My little brothers, well, they’re not so little anymore.” He chuckles. “Tommy, he’s

the next oldest. He's nineteen. He's a smart kid—he was able to land a full ride to a state school in Maine. He's studying something with the planets or the clouds or something. He tells me all the time, but I zone him out because I don't know what the fuck any of it means." I laugh at that.

"Jay is the next. He just turned eighteen. He plays baseball. He's very talented. We're all hoping scouts check him out so he can get a scholarship as well. Dean is the next. He's fifteen. He's going through his phase of finding himself, getting his interests together, but I know he can do it. He's stubborn like the rest of us. Then there's Max. He's thirteen. He's smart like Tommy. Always has his head in the books and telling us all the facts he's learned. I love when he calls, telling me new facts he read in a book that he thinks I'd find interesting."

His smile was a permanent fixture on his face the entire time he talked about his family. I feel a weird shift in my chest, but I'm not sure what it means. It makes me feel warm inside though.

"We all take after my dad," Clay continues. "For him to be so quiet and reserved, he's a big guy. Tall, barrel chested. We have his brown hair and light brown eyes too. My mom is a short red-haired woman. What are the odds that none of us have red hair?" Clay laughs, a fond smile cracking his face.

Smiling down at him, I say, "You love them a lot."

He nods against my leg. "We're really close. I don't know what I'd do without them. What about you?" he asks, turning to look at me. "You have siblings?"

"No, but I wish. My parents said they only wanted one kid, and here I am. We're really close too. We chat a few times a week. You might be around for one of those." Clay's eyes meet mine in surprise and I hurry to amend my statement. "If you want to be. That's not to say you have to be."

He grins and tucks himself closer to me. “Do they know what you do?”

I scoff a laugh. “God, no. It’s not something we talk about. They know I’m gay but I’m not sure they want to hear about how I fuck twink into the mattress for millions to see.”

Clay holds his belly and laughs. “I get that. When you meet my parents, don’t tell them I met you on set when I was getting a job to jerk you off.”

My answering laugh is loud and long. “I won’t. Same goes for you.”

It’s not lost on me that we’re talking about meeting each other’s families already. It’s not like we made plans or something, but the conversation already came up and I’m thrilled. It seems like we’re on the same page, wanting someone to be with for the long haul. I’m excited to see where things go between us.

We chat for a few more minutes about our families, sharing funny and heartwarming stories. We talk until the food comes, then we sit on the floor with our food on the coffee table and talk in between bites.

We don’t talk about anything of consequence, but it’s easy. The conversation flows freely and I enjoy getting to know Clay. He’s very interesting, with his dreams and aspirations, as well as his willingness to try something new.

He told me he’s never been with a man before, but he’s not thinking too much about it anymore. I’m not sure if it was our talk or if he decided by himself to throw caution to the wind, but he seems more relaxed. He looks at me with adoration, like one of those heart eye emojis. I’m sure my eyes reflect the same thing.

I’m fucking smitten with my fluffer.

When I told Jake I needed someone on set to help me keep it up with Trev, I didn't think I'd end up falling for the man he hired.

That thought makes me miss my mouth and I end up poking myself in the cheek with my fork. Clay gives me a concerned look, but I wave him away, though I'm still a little shaken.

Am I falling for Clay? We've known each other for a month, but this thing between us is only hours old. We've only had a decent conversation this morning. Not long enough to feel like I'm falling for him. But that's what this feels like. That heart pounding, stomach swooping feeling of falling in love.

I've only been in love once when I was eighteen. It was my best friend at the time, and I thought we'd be together forever. I got the same swooping feeling, the same desire to always be together, the same desire to make him happy.

That relationship ended because his family moved and he went with them across the country. I didn't want him to feel tied down and he felt the same about me. We don't talk much, but that's because we grew apart, not because we hurt one another. No heartbreak in my past, thankfully.

I'm not sure about Clay. He's only a few years younger than me, but young enough that he may not have experienced heartbreak yet. I don't want to be the first. I don't want to break his heart at all. I want to be his first, last and only love. Forever.

Fuck, I am falling for him.

## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:25 am*

Since it's the weekend, I stayed the night with Yuri. We didn't stop talking once we started. I didn't even consider asking him to take me home and he didn't offer. After we finished dinner, we migrated back to his room, Yuri sitting with his back against the headboard and my head in his lap, eyes closed as he stroked my hair.

It was so natural for me to lie like that earlier. I didn't question doing it, I just did it. And Yuri stroking my hair like it was second nature to him makes my chest feel all warm and tingly.

Waking the next morning with Yuri's arm wrapped snugly around me feels like a dream. Who even cuddles throughout the night? That's stuff only reserved for movies and romance novels. But here we are, Yuri wrapped around me like a spider monkey.

I have to tell my heart to calm the fuck down in my chest because it's beating a frantic tune, wondering what this means.

I mean, it could mean that Yuri likes to cuddle in his sleep, but how he's holding on to me? It makes me feel like he doesn't want to let me go.

Turning around in his arms—which is pretty difficult since he's holding on to me like there's no tomorrow—I stare at him as he sleeps, admiring the lines and angles of his face. Christ, he's handsome. And that's not just me speaking objectively. My man is fine as fuck. With his sharp jaw, brown hair that always looks tousled and his piercing blue eyes, Yuri is as handsome as they come.

I admire him for a moment more, then my brain catches up with my thoughts. My man. I called him my man in my head. Fuck, I am in way deep and we only just

talked about getting to know each other.

But that's going well. We stayed up for hours talking and I'm sure we'll continue along that path. It's like we didn't run out of things to talk about, not fumbling around to pick up the next thread of conversation. Everything was smooth and easy. The only thing that got in the way of that was sleep, the pesky fucker.

I'm hoping we end up in a place where I can call Yuri my man out loud, claiming him like he seems to have claimed me, since he's holding on to me so tightly.

Smiling, I snuggle closer, burrowing myself against Yuri's chest. He pulls in a deep breath and his arms tighten around me, but he doesn't otherwise wake up. I lie there, breathing him in and imagining what our future will look like.

I'm not sure if he was serious about porn being his future or not, and I don't care if it is. I wasn't lying when I told him the only reason I wouldn't date a sex worker is because I have nothing to offer them. I still feel like I'm not enough for him, but Yuri seems to think otherwise. There's nothing wrong with his job. Hopefully, he believed me when I told him that.

Besides, getting to watch Yuri work in person as opposed to through my phone screen is hot as fuck.

I'm not sure how long I lie there in his arms, soaking in his natural fragrance before he wakes up. Yuri moves his leg from over my waist, looks down at me with sleep-filled eyes and messy hair and smiles. "Good morning, gorgeous. How long have you been up?"

"Half an hour maybe," I mutter, cheeks flaming because he called me gorgeous. It's hard to believe that I'm who he wants when he can literally have anyone. I'm sure half the men on set would love to have him to themselves. Not because of his massive



cock, but because of who Yuri is. He's funny, smart, driven, affectionate. He's a combination of many qualities that people look for in a partner. So, him setting his sights on me? Still unbelievable.

"Why didn't you wake me?" he asks, rubbing his nose against mine. God, where did he come from and how did I not know the person that would check all the boxes for what I want in a partner would be another guy?

Ducking my head so he won't see my flaming face, I shrug. "You looked comfortable. I didn't want to disturb you."

Yuri kisses my forehead. "You can wake me whenever you want." He finishes untangling himself from how he was clamped around me, stretching his arms over his head. "I'm glad you stayed the night with me. I had a great time talking to you."

Sitting up, I admire his body while he's splayed out on the bed. He looks so fucking good. His muscles look hard, but they have some give, making him comfortable to sleep on. He made me the little spoon last night. I didn't know something that simple could make me feel so cherished. I've always cuddled the women I was with. I can see why they always asked for cuddles. Being the little spoon is awesome.

He catches me staring and grins. "See something you like?"

I nod. "You."

"Show me."

Not needing to be told more, I launch myself at him, straddling his hips as I take his lips in a filthy kiss. Morning breath means nothing to me right now as I snake my tongue into his mouth. I can't get enough of Yuri. One taste of him will never be enough. If I didn't have to, I wouldn't leave his bed, getting my fill of Yuri for as

long as I can.

I grind against him, our cocks pressed together. I groan into his mouth, loving how his hard shaft feels against mine. Yuri returns my groan, hands drifting down to cup my ass. I arch my back, wanting to press myself closer to him and get more of this friction.

Pulling his mouth from mine, Yuri asks a question that makes me freeze. “You want to try to take my dick? Want to feel me inside you?”

My body shudders at the thought. Fuck yes, I do. It’s insane how last month, I never thought about a dick in my ass. Now? I’m fucking gagging for it.

Gulping, I nod. “How do I ... I mean ... do you ... what do you have to do?”

He kisses me lightly, then rolls on top of me. “Let me take care of you. I won’t hurt you, I promise.”

I swallow roughly. With the size of his cock, that might be inevitable.

Even still, I believe him. He won’t hurt me on purpose. I think he’s adept in making sure he doesn’t cause undue pain; he’s had years with his massive cock to know how to make it good.

I nod, and Yuri kisses me again before reaching over to his nightstand, pulling out a condom and some lube. He meets my eyes and says, “We’re tested every month at the studio and I never fuck without a condom. If you always want me to wear one with you while I’m working there, I will.”

Smiling, I nod again, appreciating his thoughtfulness. Sure, it’s the bare minimum, but I appreciate it all the same.

Yuri opens the bottle of lube, spreading some on his fingers. “Spread your legs wider for me.” I do what he says, my balls hanging heavy as my cock pastes itself to my left thigh. It jumps when Yuri drags his hand down to my waiting hole.

I tense up, afraid of the pain. Yuri kisses me again, slow and easy. His tongue lazily strokes in my mouth, making my head all fuzzy. Soon, my mind is only focused on what his lips and tongue are doing to mine. So much so that I don’t even think about the pinch I feel when he slides a finger inside me. It’s a foreign feeling, but not unpleasant. Once I tell my mind that I want this, that it’s not intrusive, my body relaxes more and I accept his finger easily. Yuri fucks me with that digit, pressing in and out at a leisurely pace. His finger explores me and he makes sure I’m relaxed for him.

But soon, that’s not enough. I whine, moving my hips to meet his finger.

Yuri chuckles into my mouth, then inserts a second finger. I hiss at the burn, but I don’t stop moving my lips against Yuri’s. His kisses are too fucking good to miss out on and they’re keeping my mind off what his fingers are doing. I can’t believe I have another man’s fingers in my ass. I can’t believe anything is in my ass.

When he curls his fingers and presses something inside of me, I pull my mouth away, yelping in surprise and arousal. “Holy fuck,” I groan, grinding my hips down to feel it again. “More,” I beg, rotating my hips wantonly. He does it again and I cry out, gripping the sheets beside me. “What is that?”

He chuckles, kissing down my neck and along my chest. “Your prostate. Feels good, right?”

“Fuck yes,” I breathe out. “God, yes.”

I toss my head back, enjoying what Yuri is doing with his fingers and lips. He kisses

all over my chest—which is bare since I got rid of my shirt before falling asleep last night. I tangle my hands in his hair, loving how the silky strands feel against my sensitive skin. His tongue and lips feel extra hot as they glide across my body; I'm hyper aware of how everything feels.

That includes how warm Yuri's mouth feels when he engulfs my cock. I moan, my hand tightening in his hair. The sensation of Yuri finger fucking me and trying to swallow my dick whole is almost too much. If he keeps this up, I'll come before we even get to the fucking.

Yuri sucks me slow, not enough to get me off, but enough to get me close, teetering on the edge. I feel the burn of another finger entering me, but I'm too far gone to care. I hiss at the contact, but it's immediately overshadowed by Yuri's oral skills. I mean, fuck this man can suck a dick.

My head tosses side to side as I try to absorb all that I'm feeling. It's way too much, but not enough at the same time. I want Yuri to stop, but I also want more. I'm so confused that I can't string a coherent thought together unless it's focused on the pleasure I'm feeling. My wet cock is engulfed by slick heat and my ass is full to the brim with Yuri's probing fingers. How am I supposed to concentrate on one thing when he's doing so much?

All too soon, Yuri pulls his mouth from my cock, but keeps his fingers inside me. He spreads them apart, stretching my hole to near painful proportions. His fingers are already pretty large—how he's spreading me apart makes them seem even larger and I almost can't take it. Then I remember the size of him and figure it's probably for the best.

Yuri confirms my thoughts by explaining, "You need to be ready for my dick, Clay. I can't take all the pain away, but I can minimize it. Do you trust me to take care of you?"

“Yes,” I answer breathily.

“Good.” Yuri removes his fingers, then reaches for the condom, sliding it on. His dick is an angry shade of red, the head of his cock almost purple. My mouth waters as I stare at it. I know what it’s like to have it in my hands and my mouth. Now my ass gets that honor.

After he drizzles lube on his condom covered cock, he slides closer to me, positioning his dick at my entrance. I stare down at when his cock is touching my body and feel heat bloom over my skin. God, I bet it looks so good against my puckered hole. Like he was always meant to take me like this.

“Wrap your legs around me.” I do what he says, locking my ankles just over his plump ass. The feel of his glutes under my heels has me wishing it were possible for him to fuck me while I stared at his ass. Maybe we can make our own movie one day. I’d love to see his hairy ass pounding my hole.

“I’m nervous,” I tell him honestly, licking my lips. “I want to make you feel good. I don’t know what I’m doing and all your costars can make you feel good. I want to?—”

Yuri smiles and shushes me, a tender finger on my lips. “What I do for work is just that—work. It’s not real. There’s no heat, no passion. It’s all fabricated for the audience. This with you? It’ll be all of that and more. It’ll be better than all the scenes I’ve ever done at work because it’s you and it’s real. I’m not worried.”

Okay, what the fuck? How can he make me feel like my chest is going to explode from his words alone? I feel so cherished and cared for right now that I can’t even explain it. It’s my first time and he’s making it the best experience I’ve ever had. If I didn’t know it before, I know now—Yuri is my forever.

Blowing out a deep breath, I nod and smile shakily at him. “Okay. I’m ready.”

“Bear down when I start to slide in. It’ll make it easier.”

I agree and relax my body as much as possible. In the entire time we were talking and my nerves were going haywire, my cock didn’t flag at all. It’s still hard, leaking precum on my thigh. The feel of Yuri’s dick against my hole felt too good for my dick to go soft on me.

With no more words, Yuri starts to ease his dick into my virgin hole. Even though it burns like a bitch, I bear down like he tells me. It’s like how his finger felt going inside for the first time times a thousand. I feel so full that I don’t think any more of his cock can fit. What the fuck did I get myself into?

Taking his time, Yuri slides in inch after inch, watching me with concern the whole time. When his hips meet mine, we both blow out harsh breaths. God, it’s so much. I knew Yuri was big, but he feels massive now.

He holds still, allowing me to adjust to him and I’m thankful. My body protests, wanting him out, but also wanting more. The mixed signals boggle my mind, so I just focus on Yuri’s eyes as he stares down at me. My body starts to relax and his hard shaft inside me feels pretty fucking good.

After about a minute, I feel like I’m okay and he can move. I meet his eyes and nod.

Yuri pulls out slowly, then eases back in. I groan at the feel of him. Fuck yes. This is it. This is what I envisioned when I thought about how Yuri would feel inside me. It’s like his dick is hitting all the nerve endings in my channel, setting off sparks that travel to my balls. That one simple thrust has me climbing the walls. I’m a fucking bottom that can rival all bottoms. We haven’t even finished the first round and I’m already itching to bend over and take his cock again and again.

Yuri doesn't hurry his thrusts, keeping them even and deep. I squeeze my legs tighter around him, wanting to keep him inside me forever.

Reaching down, Yuri grasps one of my legs and brings it to his shoulder. It changes the angle of his thrusts, causing him to sink deeper into me. I moan, grabbing at his arms and digging my nails into them. Fuck, he feels phenomenal.

“Clay, fuck. You feel amazing. Like a fucking dream.” Yuri swivels his hips and I cry out as he hits my prostate head on, over and over. “So responsive. Listen to how you're moaning for me. Loving my dick.” He grinds his hips against me and I scream out, squeezing his arms harder as my hole tightens around him. Yuri grunts, closing his eyes as if in pain. “So fucking good. I could live inside you.”

Mustering up my words, I tell him, “I want you to. I always want you in me.”

Yuri grips the leg that's over his shoulder hard, biting his lip as he stares down at me. Then his hand encircles my cock, jerking it in time to his thrusts. My moans become more high-pitched as he rocks my fucking world. “God, you sound so fucking sweet, moaning for me. Tell me how I make you feel, baby.”

“So ... fucking ... I'm coming ...” I moan just before my cock starts kicking and I come all over his hand. My orgasm shoots out of me, ropes of cum landing on our abs.

“Holy shit, Clay. Oh fuck. I'm there, baby.” I barely hear him, still focused on the aftershocks of the best orgasm of my life. Yuri's cock swells within me, then I feel it twitching as he releases into the condom.

His body shudders over me and I watch him in awe—once my brain kicks back online, that is. Yuri doesn't come like this in his scenes. He doesn't roar his release and pump furiously into his costars when he's close. This is what he meant when he

said this was real between us.

I want more of it.

He lowers my leg and drops on my chest like he can no longer hold his weight up. If I were a smaller man, he might have really hurt me. As it is, I grunt when his chest meets mine, his unexpected weight jolting me. He lands right in my cum, making it slide wetly between us.

When his breathing is under control, Yuri pulls out of me gently, making us both hiss. I wish he could stay inside me longer, but we do have to get cleaned up. He moves to nestle himself between my legs, moving my sweaty hair from my face. “Are you okay?”

Closing my eyes, I grin and nod. “I’m perfect. You?”

“Same. I’m perfect. That was perfect. Thank you.”

I crack an eye open and look at him. “For what?”

“For trusting me with your body. That was a big step you just took. I’m glad you took it with me and I’m glad you trusted me with your pleasure.”

Opening both eyes, I reach up and rub his face over his stubble. Never thought I’d like the feeling of stubble under my hands. “I don’t just trust you with my body, Yuri. I trust you with me. I trust that you’ll treat me right, support me, be there for me. I trust you.”

Yuri sighs, rubbing his nose against mine. “I’m not sure what I did to deserve that trust, but I won’t fuck it up. I promise.”



I know he won't. That's what trust is all about.

## Page 10

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:25 am*

The next week, I don't have any scenes with Trev, but I ask Clay to come with me on set anyway. Even though I don't have a problem getting and staying hard with my other co-stars, I want Clay to keep getting paid. I tell Jake I need him to stand with his back to me so I can watch his fantastic ass or feel his hands on me before a scene.

Clay is a fucking triple threat that I don't know if I'll be able to handle. His hands are fucking magic, he's a pro at sucking my dick and his ass is perfectly tailored to take all of me. For him to have been an ass virgin, he took my cock like a champ.

Add to that, he's a really good person. Smart, driven, loving, sometimes shy, sometimes forward. He's like the perfect package rolled up in a guy that looks like a gym bro. Doesn't hurt that he's fine as fuck either.

I'm definitely not letting him get away from me.

Thankfully, I have scenes with Bailey all week and they're always a good time. We have such great platonic energy we don't have to try too hard to convey something else for the cameras. While I'm with Bailey, I feel Clay's eyes on me. I'm not sure what the expression means on his face though. I really hope it's not jealousy. I really like Clay, but I really like my job too. I hope he doesn't ask me to choose. Even at this early stage in whatever we're doing, I'd choose him, but I'm not sure I wouldn't resent him for forcing my hand. If I quit porn, it'll be because I want to.

After Bailey and I finish up and we take some finishing still shots, I make sure he's okay—he did a DP scene with me and a toy which is a lot for such a small guy. He's a size queen, but I still need to check on him once we're done. Once I confirm he's okay and he's steady on his feet, we walk to the locker room to shower and get into

our street clothes.

While we're showering, Bailey shouts over, "I see you and your fluffer are getting closer."

Barking a laugh, I answer him back. "Yeah. We are. He's fucking fantastic, Bailey. I feel like I've known him forever, but it's barely been two weeks. Am I insane?"

"No. You're in love or some shit."

"Shut up. No, I'm not." Though, I'm not sure if that's the truth. I feel very strongly about Clay. More strongly than I've ever felt about anyone in my life. I know I'm falling, but have I already fallen? It could be love. Or it could be infatuation or possessiveness. Or maybe obsession. I'm obsessed with all things Clay, not just the sexual stuff. So, who knows? I don't want to think too hard about it. I want to let things grow naturally between us. Trying to force feelings on him will have Clay running for the hills. I know I can be intense sometimes. Letting things flow as they would is the best bet if I want to keep him.

Bailey makes a noise in the back of his throat. "He loves you too. I can tell. He has those sappy eyes when he looks at you. His face is all bright and happy when you're together. It's actually really fucking cute."

I roll my eyes, but I do a mental happy dance at the prospect of Clay possibly being in love with me. "Yeah, well, I don't know how he feels about me doing porn. He was giving me this weird look today."

Again, Bailey makes a noise in his throat that I'm coming to associate with me being dense. "My sweet summer child. I saw the look too and it wasn't jealousy. It was arousal. He liked watching you. Only you. He didn't look at me once. I'd say you might have a voyeur on your hands."

I know that's possible, since Clay told me he enjoys watching me fuck a few weeks ago. But I didn't think he'd still feel that way since there are feelings involved between us. Having Clay still wanting to watch me, even though we like each other is almost as unbelievable as him saying he wasn't pretty. What a strange comment from my man.

Even though I just came, my cock gets hard, imagining what would be going through Clay's head while he's watching me plow someone's ass. Does he imagine it's him? Does he wish I would fill his hole next? God, that's so fucking hot.

"Think so?" I ask Bailey as I shake my wanton fantasies away.

"Ask him. I'm sure he'll tell you. The guy looks like an open book."

Clay really is. He's honest to a fault. He doesn't hold anything back, even when I can tell he's almost embarrassed to say. I'm not sure if he's like that with everyone, but I'm glad he is with me.

Aside from that, Clay already told me he likes to watch me fuck. No need to ask him about it when I know what he likes.

As soon as I step out of the locker room, I zero in on Clay. He's by the table lined with food, laughing at something Dario and another actor, Eric—Rocco Miles is his stage name—are saying. Just like it does every time I see Clay happy, my chest feels warm and my heart trips over itself to gallop like crazy. It's something about his smile that makes me irrationally happy. I find myself smiling as I walk over to him.

I'm not sure how to act with him while others are around. Not because I'm ashamed of what we have; I don't know how he wants to play things. It's one thing to be all over him when we're alone, it's another to let my costars know that a man who was previously straight is a slut for my cock.

Clay answers that question for me. When he sees me, his eyes light up and he wraps an arm around my waist possessively. “Hey,” he says, leaning in to brush a quick kiss on my stubbly cheek. “Ready to go?”

I can feel my blush heat my face. “Yeah, I’m ready.”

Dario gives me a sly smile and bids us good-bye. Eric claps my shoulder. “See ya next week, man. We have a scene with Bailey. Clay, I’ll catch you at the gym?”

“Yep,” Clay says, arm tightening around my back. “I’ll have a plan for you by then.”

We wave and head out, Clay moving his hand from my back to thread his fingers with mine.

Yeah, okay. This is where we are now. I’m not complaining at all.

Once in the car, I point us in the direction of my apartment. When we get there, I let him walk inside in front of me. Mainly so I can watch his ass. It’s firm but is soft just the way I like it. It jiggles just enough for me to want to spank him to watch it sway. God, it looks just as good as it feels. I can’t wait to be inside him again.

I still can’t believe for his first time he took my cock so beautifully. He was sore after, for sure, but he accepted every inch of me without complaint. Clay is fucking amazing.

Once inside, Clay takes off his shoes and shirt, lying on the couch waiting for me. This has become our ritual. When he’s staying the night with me, we sit on the couch with Clay’s head on my lap and I stroke his hair while we talk.

Talking to Clay is so easy. Our conversations just flow, even if it’s about something as simple as what we like about looking at the clouds or some shit. We’ve never had a

moment where our conversation felt forced. They're always perfect.

I settle down on the couch, running my hands through Clay's hair. The soft sigh he releases always does funny things to my chest. He always sounds so content. He burrows himself close to me, his eyes closed as relaxes.

"Clay, baby?" He hums, his eyes fluttering as I get a really good rub going. "Do you remember when you said you like to watch me?"

His eyes fly open and he looks at me with an expression of embarrassment. "Watch you?"

"Yeah. When I'm on set. You said you like watching me."

Swallowing thickly, Clay stares at me for a few beats, then nods slowly. "Is that ... bad?"

My smile is slow and hopefully full of all the heat I feel. "Not at all."

Shoulders drooping with relief, Clay says, "When I had girlfriends, I always liked watching them flirting with other people. I'm not sure why it turned me on, but I did. The sex after was always fucking amazing, I was so keyed up."

"I was afraid you'd get jealous after a while. Of what I do."

Clay shakes his head. "No, never. It's hot as fuck, but besides that, it's your job. You were doing it before I came along. I can't ask you to quit what you do if I can't handle it. I know I can handle it though. You never have to worry about that from me."

I bend down and kiss his nose, something I'm coming to love doing. Then I get

inspired by what he told me. “Let’s go out tonight.”

“Out? Like a club or dinner?”

“Both. Either. Let’s just go out and enjoy ourselves.”

He sits up, grinning. “Okay. We can go to a club. I haven’t been out dancing in a while.”

“There’s a queer club nearby. Or do you want to go?—”

“A queer club is great. I’ve never been to one. It’ll be fun.”

I kiss him soundly, slipping my tongue into his mouth before I pull away. “Want to wear something of mine or go home and grab something?”

“I need to get some jeans, so I’ll head home. Come pick me up later? I’ll pack a bag so I can stay with you for a few nights.”

“Sounds like a plan, baby.” I kiss him once more before he hops off the couch, gets dressed and breezes out. He drove his car over this morning and rode with me to the studio, so he’s able to get himself home.

Tonight is going to be a blast.

## Page 11

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:25 am*

The bass beats are thumping, hitting me square in the chest when we walk in. As usual, Clay looks fucking hot, wearing a pair of skintight jeans that show off his ample ass and thick thighs, a tight white t-shirt that showcases his rippling abs and toned pecs and has his hair gelled back so I can see entire gorgeous face.

I'm the luckiest man in the club tonight with him on my arm.

We beeline to the bar, ordering drinks and people watching. There are some hot guys here, most sans shirts as they grind to the beats pumping through the speakers. I want to have Clay out there like that, but this is his first time in a queer club, so I want him to get comfortable with the environment first.

He takes everything in, looking around with curious eyes. "It's nice in here," he shouts in my ear to be heard over the music. "Have you been here before?"

I nod. "A few times with Bailey. Want to dance?"

His smile is slow as he presses closer to me. "Yeah." Clay downs his drink, sets his glass on the bar and holds his hand out.

Mirroring him, I toss my drink back and put the glass on the bar as well. Taking his hand, I lead him to the dance floor. Immediately, Clay turns around in my arms, grinding his sexy ass against me. My hands planted on his hips, I move along with him to the beat, enjoying the closeness. I bend and kiss his neck, the saltiness of his skin making my tongue tingle.

A man walks over to us, a bit taller than me, but thinner. He dances in front of Clay,



sliding a hand up his side. He makes eye contact with me, asking permission and I nod. Then he looks down at Clay, asking him as well. Clay looks back at me and I nod again.

“Hi,” the man yells for both of us to hear him. “I’m Jensen.”

“Clay and Yuri,” I shout as I indicate who we are with a point of my finger.

That’s all we exchange as far as conversation. We dance together, moving Clay between us fluidly. He seems to be enjoying himself and I love that. I love that he can let loose, even though he’s still very new at this.

Clay turns around to give his ass to Jensen to feel up on, threading his fingers around my neck. I grin at him and he returns it, eyes sparkling as he moves his body against me and Jensen.

Jensen is respectful of Clay, not letting his hands drop lower than his waist and not doing anything lecherous like kissing him or licking his skin. He’s a good dance partner.

When the song changes, Clay turns back around, pressing his front to Jensen as he grinds back against me. I love how he feels, but I want to see him having a good time by himself.

Kissing his neck, I step away from him slowly, bumping those behind me as I move to the bar. Clay looks at me over his shoulder as if he’s going to follow me, but I shake my head, indicating he can stay and enjoy himself. He looks torn, but I give him a smile to set him at ease.

Taking my word for it, Clay turns back to Jensen, throwing an arm over his shoulder and goes back to dancing. I move to the bar and order another drink, keeping an eye

on Clay. I can see the appeal of watching. He's fucking hot, moving against Jensen, laughing as they dance and writhe against him.

There's no heat between them, but I can tell they're having fun.

Seeing Clay dancing with someone else doesn't set off any jealous or possessive vibes, but it shows me just how fucking lucky I am to have him. He's so fucking amazing. I don't know a lot of men that will jump headfirst into a queer relationship and not worry about what it means. Clay's doing what feels good.

He spins around, pressing his ass against Jensen and my own cock thickens behind my zipper. I understand exactly why he loves to watch. The appeal is knowing that even though someone else wants him, he's all mine. I know when we leave here, I get to have the prize other people have been staring at and flirting with. He's mine.

I'm not sure I can be like him and watch someone fuck his ass, but I can watch him do this. Watching him let loose and enjoy himself with someone else is the stuff of fantasies.

Clay and Jensen dance for a few songs and my cock stays hard the entire time. It probably won't go down until I've had my fill of him. I'm too worked up to wait to stretch Clay out and get him ready for my fat cock, but I can get him off as soon as I get him alone. And boy, do I want to get him alone.

When the last song is over, Clay pats Jensen on the shoulder and they separate, Jensen moving on to dance with a twink that's been staring at him for the past few songs.

Clay smiles when he gets within a few feet of me and I pull him close, smashing my lips against his. Clay releases what I think is a startled squeak into my mouth, then he melts into me, wrapping his arms tightly around my waist and kissing me hard. We're

pressed up against the bar, Clay's hands roaming over my body. I couldn't get a fuck less about the bar top digging into my back or the way people are close to us trying to order drinks. As long as Clay's mouth is on me, nothing else matters.

I'm not sure how long we kiss before Clay pulls away, grinning at me. "Home?"

I nod, unable to say more than one word: "Home."

Taking his hand, I lead him out, hurrying to my car so we can get home quickly.

As soon as we get inside my apartment, I have Clay's back against the door, kissing him deep. He moans, his hands gliding into my pants, squeezing my bare ass. I press into him, our hard cocks slotting together. Moving back and forth, I give us both the friction we're dying for. Clay moans into my mouth and I swallow it, wanting more.

But I have bigger plans for Clay.

Reluctantly, I draw my mouth from his. "Take your clothes off and meet me in the shower."

I step back slowly, keeping my eyes on him as he strips his shirt off. Then his pants follow before they get caught on his shoes. I chuckle as he fumbles with them. His face turns red with embarrassment, but he still gives me a sexy grin.

"Hurry, baby," I mutter, then turn around to head to the shower, taking my own clothes off along the way.

Once I'm stripped down, I step under the shower spray, making sure it's warm enough for Clay. He appears seconds later, stepping into me and kissing my neck. I tip my head back as I roam my hands over his naked body. Unlike mine, his ass is smooth and hairless. Not that I hate my ass. My hairy booty seems to be a fan

favorite—Clay told me as much. He sure likes it.

But tonight, it's about his ass.

Soaping my hands, I glide my hands between his ass cheeks, cleaning him up as well as teasing his hole. Clay grunts, pushing back against my hand. With one hand, I spread him apart, with the other, I wash him good, feeling his pucker twitch at the contact.

After I rinse the suds away, I turn him around, thrusting his hands up against the wall. "Don't move. I want to have my way with this ass tonight."

Clay moans. "Please."

Dropping to my knees, I spread him open, staring at his tight entrance. He looks so fucking good here, so delicious, so edible.

Slowly, I stick out my tongue, taking a long swipe of him. We both groan. His puckered skin under my tongue feels amazing. The taste of him is addictive.

Gripping his cheeks hard, I spread him further and go to work.

Flattening my tongue, I lick from his balls to the top of his hole, repeating the process over and over. His flavor bursts on my tongue and I swallow him down, needing more.

Clay snakes his hands in my hair, holding me to his hole so I can dine on him. I wouldn't dream of moving. He spreads his legs more, giving me space to reach around and jerk his cock as I eat him out.

I close my mouth around his hole, sucking the puckered rim into my mouth. Clay

moans over and over, sounding sweet and sexed out. I relish the sounds, jerking his cock hard as lick at him. Spearing my tongue, I press it into him, fucking him with it. Clay groans, body shuddering and I can't help my groan in return.

Clay's hole pulses around my tongue, sucking me in like it doesn't want to let me go. It won't get any objections from me. I keep sliding my tongue in and out of him, wanting to hit all the pleasure spots within him.

Reaching down with my free hand—Clay's ample ass cheeks closing around my face and caging me in—I cup my balls, tugging them gently as I jerk him. I want to be inside him so bad, but that can wait. Getting my fill of Clay can't.

When I'm close and Clay tells me he is, I pull my tongue from his ass and stand up, turning him around. He flops around as if he's unable to control his movements, but I wrap my arm around him to keep him upright.

With my other hand, I grab our dicks, holding them together. I spit between us since water doesn't make good lube and start to beat us off. We're so close to coming that I don't need much more than that. I jerk us off fast, my mouth close to Clay's. I'm not sure he wants to kiss me after?—

His mouth slams down hard on mine, his tongue snaking into me as he releases small, aborted moans. Less than thirty seconds later, we're both coming over my fist, quivering as we release hard.

Breathing heavily, I look down at Clay's blissed-out face. He grins up at me, looking like he can fall asleep now. "That was amazing. I'll have to do you so you can see."

Kissing his nose, I nod. "I'd love that."

I get Clay out of the shower, dried off and tucked into bed. I climb in behind him,

nuzzling his neck. “I see what you mean when you say you like to watch. Seeing you with Jensen? Sexy as fuck.”

He chuckles sleepily. “Told you. That’s why you mauled me when we got home?”

“Yep.” I kiss the back of his neck. “I had a great time tonight,” I tell him, meaning it. Even though we didn’t stay long, I enjoyed being out with Clay.

He sighs, looking back at me. “Me too. Let’s do it again sometime. This time, I get to watch you.”

“You do that often.”

Clay barks a laugh. “I get to watch you fuck. I want to watch you dance. You move well.”

“You do too, baby.” Turning his face around to mine, I give him a slow, unhurried kiss that has my toes curling. Once I’ve had my fill, I release his lips. “Get some sleep. I’ll hold you until morning.”

Laughing again, Clay shakes his head. “Cling to me is more what you do.” He exhales a soft breath and adds, “But I don’t mind. I kind of love it.”

I love you. I want to say it, but it seems sudden, too soon. So, I hold back.

I’m not sure how much longer I can, though.

## Page 12

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:25 am*

Sleeping in my own bed is weird and I don't love it. I've been staying over at Yuri's for a few weeks now, only coming home to grab a few changes of clothes so I'm not wearing his clothes all the time. But last night, I told him maybe we needed a bit of space, so we could make sure we want to be around each other all time. I wanted to see if I was being clingy or if I really wanted to spend all my time with him because I enjoy it.

Well, I've seen it and I know I want to spend all my time with him because I enjoy his company. A lot.

I barely got any sleep last night, so used to lying on his chest, feeling his whole body wrapped around me. Sleeping by myself now fucking sucks.

Rolling out of bed, I sit on the edge, rubbing my tired eyes. I woke up no less than five times in the middle of the night, trying to slide closer to Yuri or wrap his arms back around me. I was always disappointed when the space behind me was cold and empty.

I press the heels of my palms into my eyes hard, starbursts popping behind my lids. God, I'm fucking strung out on Yuri. There's no other way to describe it. I feel like I need to be with him to feel complete. The one night we've spent apart in weeks tells me that.

Deciding I'm not going to wait any longer to be with him, I grab a quick shower and pack a bag for a couple night's stay. There's no way I'm going to get a terrible night's sleep two nights in a row.

My exit is halted though when Dario walks out of his room, giving me an up nod. “What’s up man? Heading to see Yuri?”

I give him a quick smile, glancing at the door. “Yeah. We wanted to sleep alone last night, give each other space, ya know?”

Dario gives me a knowing look. “And you were fucking miserable, huh?”

Blowing out a long breath, I drop my bag and run my fingers through my hair. “Yeah, I was. I’m surprised you didn’t hear me tossing and turning all night.”

Dario laughs, shaking his head and clapping me on the shoulder as he walks past me to the kitchen. “It’s cool, man. I’m glad to see you both happy.” He looks over his shoulder at me, a pained expression on his face. “I’m still sorry about not telling you what a fluffer was. I should have just said?—”

I raise my hand, cutting him off. “It’s cool man. You’ve already apologized for it. Besides, I think you did me a favor. Had you told me what it was, I wouldn’t have taken the job or met Yuri.”

His expression still looks guilty. “Maybe, but I still feel shitty about it.”

Walking over, I pat his shoulder. “Chill, dude. I don’t know what else to say. You’ll give yourself an ulcer if you keep worrying.” He smiles faintly at me. To get him out of his head, I ask, “How’s set design? I’ve noticed a lot of new things built.”

Dario’s smile is genuine now. “It’s going well. I’ve been thinking of exploring carpentry or architecture or something. I didn’t know much about designing until I started working at Carnal Desires. Now, it’s like I have a knack for it.”

“You do. I know you have a team you work with, but people defer to you. I’ve seen



it. I'm sure you'll do well with whatever you want to do."

He smiles. "Thanks man. I appreciate that. Maybe I can branch out and do more than set design for Carnal Desires. Like, I don't know, making custom furniture? Designing floor plans or some shit?"

"I don't see why not. I think you'll succeed no matter what path you take. Go for it."

He nods, then pulls his lips in. After a moment, he says, "Can I ask you something?"

"Shoot, man," I say, pulling a bottle of water from the fridge.

"You and Yuri. It's serious?"

Grinning around the top of the water, I nod. "Yeah, I think so. It's serious for me. I think I love him."

"Whoa," Dario murmurs. "That's big. His job doesn't bother you, right? If it does, get out now before you get hurt or you hurt him."

I like the fact that Dario is worried about both of us. He shouldn't worry though; I have no intention of hurting Yuri and I know he won't hurt me. His job isn't something that would ever bother me. I like watching Yuri way too much. "Doesn't bother me at all. I actually like watching him work." My face heats, but I keep eye contact. "Yuri and I have discussed it. It's no big deal."

Nodding, Dario says, "Yuri is a good guy. I wish you both well."

"Thanks, man."

Before we can say more, my phone rings and I fumble pulling it out of my pocket,

hoping it's Yuri. If I can't be with him, at least I can hear his voice. But my brother Tommy's—the oldest brother after me—name appears for a video chat.

Eyebrows furrowed, I answer. "Hey, Tommy." It's not like him to call me during the day. It's not unheard of, but he's usually busy with classes or studying. We tend to chat closer to dinner time.

"Hey douche. You busy?"

"Thomas!" my mother scolds him and I laugh as he ducks his head.

I lean back against the counter, settling in for our conversation. Dario indicates he's going to his room and I salute him as he walks out.

Looking back at my phone, I tell Tommy, "Nah. I'm heading out to see ... I'm heading out."

I'm not ashamed to tell my family I'm involved with a man, but I don't want to do it over the phone. That's a conversation to have face to face.

"Open up," Tommy says, jarring me back to the conversation.

"Huh?"

Three loud knocks sound at my door and I whip my head around. Hurrying over, I look out the peephole and almost shout with excitement. Throwing open the door, I see my entire family—my brothers and my parents—standing there smiling at me.

"Guys! What are you doing here?" I let them in and welcome a hug from my mother first. She rocks me back and forth and I close my eyes, soaking up the feeling of being in her arms. I've missed her.

Since I've been in school, the most I've been able to do is video call everyone. I haven't seen my family in person in years, though we talk at least three times a week. With Max, it's more like five times with him telling me all his random and new facts.

Everyone gives me a hug, talking over each other as they greet me. When we separate, I glance around. "Not that I'm not happy to see you all, but what are you doing here?"

My father slides his hands into his pockets. "We have some news we want to share with you. Instead of telling you over the phone we wanted to surprise you."

"You drove here?" I ask incredulously.

"Heavens no," my mother says, waving me away. "We caught a flight. Way more comfortable than sitting in a car for hours on end. Did you know it takes twenty hours to drive from Jansville to here?" She shakes her head like she can't believe it.

I shake my head too, unaware it's such a long way. I never thought of driving home, as I hate driving too far and I'm glad I didn't try. It would have been a miserable trip.

Remember my manners I step away from the door, and gesture for them to take a seat in the living room. My brothers are about my size—all except Max, who's still lanky but will definitely grow into his frame—so them sitting on our couches makes them look miniature. My mother sits in the only recliner, my father perched on the arm.

I sit down, looking around at them, a smile plastered on my face. "It's good to see you all. I've missed you guys." I try not to get choked up when I realize they really are here, not on a phone screen. "How long are you staying?"

"We have a flight heading out in three days. We figured we'd hang out with you for a bit," Tommy says, bumping my shoulder with his.

“Yeah, for sure. Where are you staying?”

Max rolls his eyes. “Some fleabag motel. Dad said we can’t afford anything better.”

“Maximus!” my mother chides him, making me laugh as I remember her doing the same to me when I said some shit I wasn’t supposed to.

Dad looks a little ashamed, but he’s supporting a wife and four growing boys that live at home with him. “Yeah, well, I splurged for flights down here.”

Wanting to take the heat off him for trying his best, I wave them away. “Let me help. I can get you all an Airbnb so you can be more comfortable. If you’re going to be here for a few days, I insist. I’m sure you can get your money back for at least two nights, if not a full refund from the hotel.”

“Your job must pay well to afford that. I didn’t think big box stores let you shell out dough like that and pay your tuition,” Tommy says suspiciously. He always knows when I’m not telling the whole truth. We’re close enough that we know each other’s tells.

Though we talk often, I haven’t been able to find the words to tell Tommy about Yuri or Carnal Desires. I want him to know everything, but how do I tell my brother that I’m suddenly into dick and I have a boyfriend? Or at least I think Yuri is my boyfriend. Yuri and I have never talked about labels or what exactly we mean each other. In this situation, I wish we had. Then I would really have something to tell him.

Coming back to the conversation, I say, “I’ve been saving. It’s cool. Let me pull up the app and see what they have.”

It only takes me about fifteen minutes to find a house nearby that’s available. Then I follow my family in their rental to their hotel so we can pack them up. Max is

right—this is a fleabag motel. It looks like it hasn't been renovated in over twenty years, smells musty and stale, and has peeling wallpaper. I'm glad I'm able to get them out of here.

Being a fluffer definitely pays well enough for me to do that for them.

I chuckle when I think about my job. I get paid to suck Yuri off when I'd happily do it free. Hell, I do it for free when we're alone. Before I left yesterday to go back to my own bed, I showed him just how much I've learned and perfected my skills. The way he writhed and thrust into my mouth had me wanting to stay and do it again and again. Thinking about it now has me wanting to get him alone, just so I can make him feel that good again.

Snapping fingers in front of my face pulls me out of my thinking. I'm sitting in the room Tommy claimed for himself in the rental as he unpacks his things. "Earth to douche bro," he mutters, and I slap his hand away.

"Stop calling me that," I say, shoving him lightly.

He plops beside me and leans back on his elbows. "You're not telling me something."

I shrug, looking down. I want to tell him so badly, but I don't know how. How do I broach the topic and still keep my relationship with my brother intact? He's not homophobic—our parents raised us to accept everyone except people that are shitty to waitstaff and mean to animals—so I'm not worried about that. What I'm worried about is how he'll react because I didn't tell him about a relationship I've been in for months. We tell each other everything. Will he be pissed that I didn't tell him this?

"Spit it out," he says, bumping me.

Sighing, I look back at him. "I'm seeing someone."

“Yeah?” he asks, grinning. “What’s she like?”

Here it is, the moment of truth. I won’t clam up and tell him it’s a girl. I won’t do Yuri like that when he means so much to me. Instead, I change the pronoun and add some emphasis so Tommy knows it’s not a slip of the tongue. “He’s great. Smart. Hilarious. We talk about everything all the time. He’s ...I’m in love with him.”

I look back at Tommy to see him grinning. My racing heart slows down when I see that he’s nothing but happy for me. “You’re in love? Holy shit! I never thought I’d see the day. What’s his name? When can we meet him?”

Laughing nervously, I blow out a long breath. “His name is Yuri. Um ...” I wipe my hand down my face, not believing the turn of events. I should have known I could trust Tommy not to judge me. “I didn’t think you’d take that well.”

“Why? Because he’s a dude? That doesn’t matter to me. As long as you’re happy, you know? So, when can we meet him?”

“Yes,” my mother’s voice comes through the door and Tommy and I turn around. The door must not have been shut all the way. Fuck, how much did she hear? I should have known. My mom always had a knack for overhearing things. She could just be walking past and hear something we were trying to keep a secret. “When can we meet this young man? Yuri, is it?”

Swallowing roughly, I say, “Yes, ma’am. Mom, don’t be mad.”

Tommy may have taken it well, but he’s not my mother. My parents never pressured us to settle down or give them grand babies or anything like that, but I’m sure she had a plan for me in her head. Like me with a wife, two kids and a dog, living in a house with a white picket fence or some shit. I don’t know if I want those things at all, but if I do, I want them all with Yuri.

She steps further into the room, giving me a confused look. “Why would I ever be mad at you, Clayton?”

My shoulders sag as I try to find my words. “Because I’m with a man.”

She scoffs with a laugh. “Oh please, Clayton. You’ve always done your own thing, as long as it made you happy. I expect nothing less from you now. Besides, you being gay doesn’t matter to me. You’re still my son and I love you.”

I fight not to get choked up, but it’s a near thing. “I’m not gay, Mom. I’m ... I’m bi.” It’s the first time I’ve said it out loud, but I know it to be true.

After the night in the club, I sat and really thought about what I like. Even though I didn’t want anything sexual with the guy, Jensen, I found him attractive. I wasn’t opposed to how his body felt pressed against mine and how his half hard cock rubbed against me. Then I thought back to how much enjoyment I got out of watching Yuri fuck and who he fucked. I watched his videos mainly for him, but I liked seeing other dicks swinging and being sucked and jerked off.

So yeah, I’ve come to terms with the fact that I like men and women.

Mom steps closer to me, pulling me into her arms. “That’s just fine, dear. I’d like to meet the man that makes you so happy. He can be there for our news as well.” I shudder against her, thankful that I have her stamp of approval, though I would still want to be with Yuri if I didn’t have it.

Not being able to tell my mom no, I tell her I’ll ask Yuri to join us for dinner. She pats my cheek and takes her leave, but before she goes, she glances over her shoulder at me. “Tell the rest of your family, dear, so they won’t wonder why you’re kissing some strange man over your burger.” I bark a laugh as he takes her leave as if she was never here. I look over at Tommy, stunned.

He just chuckles. “You know how mom is. Call your man. Tell him he’s invited to dinner.”

Rolling my eyes, I sit back on the bed. “Yeah, I guess I have to. I’m not sure how he’ll feel about it though.”

“Where did you two meet?” I feel my face flame and Tommy eyes me. “Is it an embarrassing story or something? Did you meet at, like, a strip club or something?”

I chuckle at how close he is to the truth. “If I tell you, you can’t tell anyone.”

“Sounds juicy. Hit me.”

Pulling in a deep breath, I blow it out, looking at him squarely. “Do you know what a fluffer is?”

“A porn fluffer? Yeah, everyone—” he stops talking, his eyes growing wide. “No fucking way.”

“Yep. Yuri works in gay porn and needed a fluffer. That’s where I came in.”

Tommy stutters, shaking his head as if he’s trying to understand it. “How did you apply for that? No way that’s on fucking Indeed.”

“Dario, my roommate told me about it. I went in for the interview and met Yuri. I knew when I met him that I wanted to get to know him better. As I got to know him, I knew I wanted to be with him.”

Tommy makes a gagging noise and I throw a pillow at him. He laughs and throws it back. “Stop being so fucking sappy. Ugh. Being in love has you sounding like a fucking poet or something.” I roll my eyes and he bumps my shoulder. “I’m glad



you're happy though, really. Can't believe you're a fluffer though. I didn't think they were real."

"Wanna know something funny?" I ask and Tommy nods. "I didn't even know what a fluffer was."

He throws his head back and laughs. I join in and we laugh until our sides hurt. Then I stand and walk downstairs to tell my family that I'm in love with a man named Yuri.

## Page 13

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:25 am*

Yuri insisted on making reservations at an Italian restaurant for us to have dinner. I told him we could have met at the local diner, since my parents aren't the type to want anything fancy, but he would hear none of it. I rolled my eyes but made the reservation like he asked.

When we get there and give Yuri's name, we're led back to our table. I grin when I see Yuri already seated. I rush over, pulling him in for a hug and a quick kiss on the lips. He smiles back, rubbing his palm along the side of my face. "I missed you today."

"Same." I give him one more kiss and turn to my family. "Yuri, this is my family." I point to everyone as I introduce them. "Tommy, Jay, Max, and Dean. My parents, Bert and Cathy."

Yuri sticks his hand out, shaking first my father's then my mother's hand. She blushes when he kisses the back of hers. He shakes hands with my brothers, though Jay looks a little red in the face and pulls his hand back quickly. Okay, that's weird, but whatever. I'm with Yuri; I'm not going to think about my brothers' weirdness. My brothers are always weird.

We sit and my mother immediately starts in on Yuri. "Is Yuri your full first name?"

"It is," he tells her with a smile. "Yuri Joseph Miller."

"Where are you from?"

"Georgia. Small town a few hours away called Cliff Point."

Max perks up. “I’ve read about Cliff Point. It supposedly has the highest mountain peak for a state of its size. I told you about it, Clay, remember?”

Yuri smiles, nodding at Max. “Yes, that’s true. The mountains are gorgeous there. The trails are nice this time of year.”

“You hike?” I ask, grinning at him.

“I do. Want to go with me one day?” His eyes flash with heat, but he covers it up quickly.

“Of course.” We smile at each other for a few beats but are interrupted by a gagging sound. I roll my eyes and look at Tommy. “Cut it out.”

“Yes, Thomas. Stop being rude. You should be happy for your brother,” my mother chastises. “Maybe you should start thinking of settling down soon.”

Tommy gives my mother a dry look in return. “Just because you and dad met when you were eighteen and married by nineteen doesn’t mean I want to be. I like my life as is—single with my head in my books. Maybe when I graduate, I’ll find someone.”

My mom opens her mouth to give him shit, but my dad pats her hand. “He’s right dear. Let him be. You don’t need a relationship to be happy.” Tommy gives mom a smug look, making her narrow her eyes at him. He mutters an apology and I laugh behind my hand.

Dad looks at Yuri. “So, Yuri. What do you do for work?”

I nearly swallow my tongue and start choking. Tommy pats me on the back and mutters, “This ought to be good.”

Yuri doesn't seem flustered at all. He smiles smoothly and says, "I'm a trainer." Jay sputters and chokes on the water he's drinking, hand shaking as he sets his glass down. I raise an eyebrow at him, but he doesn't meet my eyes.

"Is that how you met Clayton? He's always working out." My dad's question has me looking away from my brother.

"Yep. Although he doesn't need me to train him. He has great technique and muscle definition. He helps me out with my clients, making sure I'm ready for them."

Beside me, Tommy barks a laugh that he covers with a cough. I give him an evil glare and he bounces his eyebrows up and down. I stomp his foot under the table.

Dean asks, "Do you like being a trainer? I'm looking into it as a possible career path, like Clay wants to do."

Smiling, Yuri nods. "Yeah, I like my job. It's um ... very fulfilling."

I groan, putting my head in my hands. I'm glad only Tommy knows what he's talking about. If my parents really knew what he did ...

When our food is placed in front of us, we dig in, only sharing a word or two around our chewing. It's delicious. The night is even better because my family is here with me, meeting Yuri, who I'm pretty sure I'm hopelessly in love with.

They seem to like him as well. Well, I think they all do. I can't get a read on Jay and why he's not joining in the conversation. He looks pale now, not looking up from where he's picking at his food.

I don't get chance to bring attention to it before my mother nudges him. "Jay. It's time to tell your brother the good news. Tell him why we're here."

For the first time since we got to the restaurant, Jay looks up and grins. His cheeks turn pink, bringing some color back to his face, and he rubs the back of his neck. “I uh ... I got a scholarship for school. Full ride. I’m going to be playing baseball in Texas.”

Excited beyond belief, I whoop and come around the table, pulling Jay from his seat into a hard hug. “Oh my god, Jay! That’s fantastic news.” I pull back so I can look at him, seeing his excited grin. “As soon as you get your game schedule, I want it. I want to be there for your first game.”

He laughs, ducking his head. “I haven’t even graduated high school yet. Give me a minute to settle in first, you dork.”

Laughing, I hug him once more, tousling his hair.

From across the table, Yuri speaks up. “Congratulations, Jay. Clay told me that you’re really good. I’d like to join him for your first game.”

Jay swallows hard, then meets Yuri’s eyes. “Thank you.”

“What position do you play?”

Looking at me with wide eyes, then in the direction of Yuri—since he doesn’t meet his eyes—Jay mutters, “Short stop.”

I sit back down beside Yuri, laying a hand on his thigh under the table. I’m truly the happiest I’ve been in years. I know how much it means for Jay to get this scholarship. He’s been working his ass off for years, eating, breathing, and living baseball. He deserves this.

## Page 14

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:25 am*

After dinner, I tell Yuri I'll meet him back at his place later, and head back to the Airbnb to hang out with my family for a bit. I really missed him last night and seeing him at dinner wasn't nearly enough.

I spend the next couple of hours talking and catching up with my family. I've missed so much since I've moved so far away. I wanted to see what life was like outside of Maine, but I missed seeing my family every day. I'm not sure I'll ever move back to Maine, but I'm hoping once I get my career going I can afford to visit often.

One by one, everyone takes their leave, going to bed since they had a long flight from Maine. The last ones in the living room are me and Jay.

"Man, you got a scholarship," I say in awe. "That's amazing."

He smiles, freer with them now that we're alone. "Thanks, man. I don't know if I want to play MLB or anything, but Mom and Dad not having to worry about paying for school is a good feeling."

I agree. They weren't able to help me much, only able to give me enough for about half a year of tuition—I had to find the rest. I did pretty good, taking out a loan for my first year and working my ass off the rest of the time until I got my partial scholarship. Knowing that Jay can get a quality education while doing what he loves makes me happy.

My phone buzzes in my pocket and I pull it out, smiling at the text from Yuri.

Yuri: I miss you in my bed, baby. When will you be here?

Me: About thirty minutes. Don't fall asleep.

I stuff my phone back in my pocket and look over at Jay. His face is red again and he's picking at his fingernails—a nervous habit he's had since I can remember. “Where did you really meet Yuri?”

“Huh?” I ask, not knowing where he's going with this.

Keeping his voice low, he asks, “How did you meet a gay porn star?”

My eyes bug out. “Wh-what? How do you—” I clamp my mouth shut and stare at Jay. Now it all makes sense. How nervous he was around Yuri. How he would refuse to meet his eyes. How he seemed like he wanted to be anywhere but in his presence. Is he?—

“Jay, are you ... are you gay?” I keep my voice down as well, not wanting to out him.

He blows out a long breath. “Yeah. Yeah, I am.” He looks at me with pleading eyes. “Please don't tell Mom.”

“I won't. But why don't you?” It's not like she would judge him. She took me being bi in stride.

Jay shrugs. “I'm still trying to work some shit out. When I feel ready, I will.” He gives me a small smile. “How did you meet him? I'm ... I'm a big fan.”

“Oh god,” I groan, leaning into my hands. “That's an uncomfortable thought.”

Laughing, Jay apologizes. “I won't watch more of his videos. It's weird now.”

I laugh at the absurdity of this conversation. Of all the people that would recognize

my boyfriend from his videos, Jay was the last person I would have expected.

“It’s okay, you know,” I tell Jay, hoping he knows how sincere I am. “Even if I wasn’t dating a guy, I wouldn’t care that you were gay. I still love you. Who you choose to be with will never change that. You’re my brother and I love you.”

Sounding choked up, Jay says, “Love you too, man. And thanks for always being there. Even from so far away, you’ve always had my back.”

“And I always will. You don’t ever have to worry about that. I mean it about your first game. As soon as you know your schedule, I don’t care what I’m doing, I’ll drop everything to come.”

He grins at me. “I’ll let you know. You can tell Yuri that I’m gay. I owe him an apology for how weird I was being at dinner. It’s just strange seeing someone in person that I’ve seen fucking on camera.” I groan, covering my eyes with my forearm. I hear Jay’s deep chuckle, then his tone gets serious. “You make a nice couple, you and Yuri. I can tell he loves you.”

My heart thuds against my chest as I drop my forearm. “You think so? We haven’t ... we haven’t even talked about if we’re boyfriends or not.”

“Maybe you should. I don’t think he’ll hate being your boyfriend.”

Blowing out a long breath, I say in a rush, “I met him on set.”

Jay’s eyebrows shoot to his hairline. “What? How?”

I look around, making sure mom or dad aren’t walking downstairs to get a glass of water or something. When I’m sure the coast is clear, I say, “My job? I’m a fluffer. I’m Yuri’s fluffer.”



“Holy fuck. That’s crazy.” Jay chuckles, pushing his hair from his face. “I didn’t even know there still were fluffers.”

My eyes nearly bugging out of my head, I ask, “You know what a fluffer is?”

Jay gives me a ‘are you for real’ look. “Everyone knows what a fluffer is.” He rolls his eyes. I’m too embarrassed to tell him that I was one of the people that didn’t know what it was.

I have a lot to think about after my conversation with Jay. The thought of being Yuri’s boyfriend is on my mind as I knock on his door. Of all the things we’ve talked about over the past few months, we’ve never broached the subject of being boyfriends. It’s time we get that conversation out of the way.

Yuri answers, a wide grin on his face as he pulls me in. His lips land on mine and I moan into his mouth, leaning against him as he holds me close. I hear the door close as if from far away, then my back is against it. Yuri thrusts his tongue into my mouth and I moan again, not getting enough of his mouth on mine.

I can’t let it get too far or we won’t talk at all. Though I don’t want to, I drag my mouth from Yuri’s. “We need to talk,” I whisper, placing soft pecks on his lips between words. “Then you can take me to bed.”

Yuri nods, but doesn’t move back, his hands roaming over my body. “Talk about what?”

“Us.” Yuri pulls back and looks at me. “Are we boyfriends? Are we dating?”

His smile is slow, but full of promise. “Of course we are. Do I need to ask you first?”

Deciding to fuck with him a little, I nod with a slight grin. “Yep. You have to ask if

we can go steady.”

Yuri’s laugh is like music to my ears and I melt into him. “Clay, would you like to be my boyfriend?”

“Yes, I would.”

Still smiling, Yuri plants his lips on mine and kisses me senseless.

He drags me to his room, laying me out on the bed. Yuri strips my clothes off in seconds, getting me naked and my dick in his mouth.

I moan, threading my fingers through his hair. “Fuck, baby. Just like that.”

Yuri licks the underside of my shaft, trailing his tongue up until he’s at the head of my cock. He licks into my slit, lapping up all the precum that’s leaking because of him. “You taste sweet, baby,” he mutters, then covers my cockhead with his plump lips. He bobs up and down on my dick, jerking me in time to how he’s sucking me off. “Want to come down my throat?” Yuri asks when he pulls off, still tugging on my cock. He deep throats me before I can answer, his throat convulsing around me as he gags.

“Holy fuck. No. I want ... fuck. I want ...”

“Use your words,” he mutters as he drifts down to lick and suck my balls. Yuri takes them in his hand, tugging them gently. “Tell me what you want.”

“Fuck me. Please, fuck me, baby.”

Smiling up at me, Yuri gives the head of my dick one more kiss before he moves up my body, kissing me hard. He reaches over and fumbles with his nightstand, trying to

find the lube. When he does, he slicks his fingers and starts to get me ready.

When he has my hole gaping, loose enough to take his dick, he pats my hip. “Hands and knees baby. I want to watch this fat ass bouncing on my dick.”

I scramble over, getting on my hands and knees, arching my back. A sharp slap resounds on my ass and I groan, looking over my shoulder at Yuri. His eyes are glued to where he slapped my ass. “You look perfect like this, baby. So fucking perfect.” He grabs a condom from the nightstand and rolls it down his cock, adding lube as well.

Since we started fucking, we’ve only done missionary. I’m nervous about taking his dick like this, but I want it. I want him anyway I can have him.

Putting his cock at my entrance, Yuri runs a hand up my back, gripping my shoulder tight. “I can’t wait to be inside you.”

“Then what’s taking so long?”

He doesn’t answer, just pushes into my waiting pucker. I hiss, arching my back further against the sting of his intrusion. The burn feels good though and I start to push back against his dick. When he bottoms out, my breath explodes from my lungs. He feels so much bigger this way. It’s like his cock has expanded inside me, filling me up.

Yuri’s hands are soft on my body, touching everywhere he can. I clench my hole, wanting as much of his cock inside me as I can get. Yuri curses, one hand dropping to grip my ass cheek hard. “Don’t do that,” he growls in a lust filled tone. “It’ll be over before it begins if you do.”

“Move, Yuri. Fuck me deep. I want to feel you when I wake up tomorrow.”

Pulling his hips back, Yuri slams into me and I cry out, barely able to keep my balance. Yes. This is exactly what I need. What I crave from him.

His hand is tight on my hip as he fucks into me, his thrusts urgent as he takes me hard. I moan and babble, begging Yuri to fuck me hard, slow down, give me more, kiss my body. He hammers into me, reaching around to stroke my dick while I try to meet him thrust for thrust. My cock is leaking so much precum that it's practically a puddle under me.

Yuri bends over me, licking the shell of my ear, his groans burrowing into my brain. "Clay, baby," he mutters, biting my ear lobe. "Fuck. I'm close. Tell me you're close."

I nod, moaning as I push back into him. I gyrate my hips, wanting to get him to orgasm before I blow my load on his bed sheets.

When my balls draw up closer to my body, I know I can't hold back. "I'm coming, Yuri. Oh god!" My release shoots out of me, Yuri jerking the cum from my dick in hard pulls.

Balls empty and body spent, I drop to my belly, unable to hold myself up. Yuri follows me down, still pounding my hole. His thrusts speed up and I cry out at the sensation overload. Just when I think I can't take more, Yuri roars and I feel his cock jerk and kick inside my hole. He continues to thrust, but they're shallower and more aborted. He clenches at my hips as he pushes into me, moaning and talking to me as he gets the last jets of his release into me. His muttered words of how I'm beautiful and how good I feel and how much he enjoys me drift over me like a warm blanket.

Drained dry, Yuri falls onto my back, breathing hard in my ear. He kisses my neck and back gently, holding me close like he always does after we come. I'll never get enough of him.

My cum starts to dry on my belly, becoming uncomfortable. As much as I want to continue to lie here with him, I don't like the sensation of dry cum. I tap Yuri and he pulls out of me, rolling onto his back. I sit up, wincing at how my hole is throbbing. I'll definitely feel this tomorrow morning—exactly what I wanted.

I make my way to the bathroom, grabbing a cloth and cleaning my release from my body. After I'm done, I grab one for Yuri, going over to him so I can clean his cock when I remove the condom.

He's still in the same position as when he rolled off me—flat on his back, arms and legs outstretched. Smiling, I look down at his face, his eyes closed and features relaxed. I clean him up and sit beside him, enjoying the view. I don't know how I got so lucky to have snagged him, but I'm grateful. My sexy stallion could have anyone he wanted and he chose me.

Thinking of his stage name, I grin at the conversation I had with Jay. Knowing I'm going to shock him, I say, "My brother knows who you are."

Cracking open an eyelid, Yuri studies my face. "Come again?"

Laughing, I slide closer to him, prop my chin on my hand that's on his chest and I tell him why Jay was acting so weird. Yuri's shocked expression makes me laugh even harder.

"Does he know how we met?" he asks in a high-pitched voice.

"Yeah." Yuri's eyes grow wide and I follow up with, "Tommy do too."

"Jesus, Clay. They're okay with that?"

"Yep. Apparently, I'm the only person in this century that didn't know what a fluffer

was.”

Yuri’s smirk is beautiful and I fall harder for him just seeing how happy and playful he looks right now. “It’s okay, baby. Now you know. And you’re the best fluffer in the world.”

“I hate you,” I mutter, trying to hide my grin.

“Aww ... I love you too.”

In shock, I look up at him, seeing his wide-eyed expression. “Do you, or are you joking?”

“Both, maybe?”

Well, looks like Tommy and Jay were right. God, my heart is so full.

Smiling softly, I slide closer to him, kissing him slow and deep. “Good. Because I love you too, Yuri.”

A sound of happiness and desperation comes from Yuri’s mouth as he flips me onto my back and slides between my legs. “I wasn’t sure how long I’d be able to keep that in. But I love you, Clayton Dalgren. I fell for you weeks ago. I’m glad we’re on the same page.”

Looping my arms around his neck and my legs around his waist, I pull him down for a gentle kiss. “I fell for you too. Probably from the first moment I saw you. You’re stuck with me now,” I joke.

“I don’t mind that at all.”

Yuri pulls me from the bed and takes me to the shower. After we're clean—wiping down definitely wasn't enough—he takes me back to bed. After he changes the sheets, we climb in. Yuri saddles up behind me, wrapping his long and heavy limbs around me like he never wants to let me go.

I hope he never does.

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:25 am*

Clay's family stays for a few more days. They're a blast. Everyone is so nice and chill, all of them reminding me a little of Clay. I see where he gets his mannerisms and habits from his mom and dad, and his brothers mirror that. It's weird to see. I'm an only child, so I don't know how siblings act from personal experience, but they all act almost exactly alike, down to them ducking their heads and blushing when they're embarrassed. It's fucking adorable.

I go out to the movies with the whole Dalgren family before they head back to Maine. His brother, Jay, still couldn't meet my eyes, but he did apologize for being weird at dinner. There's no need for an apology, but I just accepted it and we moved on. Hopefully, he'll act normally around me as time goes on, since I plan to be in Clay's life for many more years to come.

Clay's been working as my fluffer for a few months now, so he not only was able to pay his tuition, he was able to pay back the student loan he took out his freshman year in full. He doesn't have to worry about if he'll be able to walk across the stage now. I'm extremely proud of him, even though he completed pretty much all of his college education without me. All he has to worry about now are his exams and he's home free. Once he's no longer in school, he'll have time to do whatever he wants to do. Including me.

All day long.

For now, I'll show him during this spring break what he has to look forward to when he doesn't have to worry about class anymore.

Usually, Clay wakes up before me, but since I have plans for him, I'm able to rouse



myself first. I see the appeal of why Clay doesn't wake me up when he wakes up. He's so beautiful like this, his face relaxed and his mouth open slightly. He doesn't exactly snore, but the cutest sounds escape his mouth every time he exhales.

I really love him.

I never thought I could fall for someone so quickly, but it wasn't hard with him. Everything about Clay calls to me. Who am I to question love? Just like Clay did being my fluffer, I'm just going to go with it.

Carefully unwrapping my arms and legs from around him—I'm not sure why I end up like this around him every night, but I don't care—I lie him flat on his back. Clay doesn't even stir as I slide his pants down, his thick cock becoming visible. My mouth waters at the sight.

Getting his pants off, I kiss up his thighs to his shaft. Clay stirs but doesn't wake, so I kiss him more, lapping at his skin. Clay hisses, his hand fumbling beside me as his cock lengthens. Slowly, I lick over to his balls, laving them as Clay thrusts up, moaning. When my eyes flick up to his, I find Clay's heated sleepy gaze.

He spears his fingers through my hair, moving my head closer to his hard shaft. Opening wide, I suck him in, taking him down to the base after relaxing my throat. I groan, loving the taste of him. His masculine flavor is like nothing I've ever had on my tongue before. Precum leaks into my mouth and I swallow it down eagerly, wanting that and more.

Clay must need to come because he starts to fuck my face almost immediately, both hands on the side of my head holding me still so he can stuff as much cock down my throat as he wants. I hold still, letting him use me like this, loving how he takes his pleasure.

My eyes water as I gag, but I don't let Clay's cock go. I want him to blow his load down my throat.

Peeking up at Clay, I see his head thrown back, chest pumping as he breaths heavily around his moans. "Fuck, Yuri. I'm coming."

His warning comes a second before his cum spurts into my mouth. Eagerly, I swallow quickly, taking it all down. He's so fucking delicious and I don't want to waste a drop.

After he's drained dry, I pop off his dick, slide my pants down, and release my rock hard dick. Sliding up his body, I hover over his face, jerking my cock fast. Clay opens his mouth and sticks his tongue out and that's my undoing.

Back bowing, I come, my release long and hard. I watch in fascination as my seed paints his face, pushing me into another weaker orgasm. Streaks of my cum coat his lips, cheeks and chin. Clay licks the cum from his lips, then leans forward, drawing my cockhead into his mouth so he can suck out what's left. My body shudders as he sucks on my over sensitive crown.

When I've had enough, I pull out of his mouth and roll onto my back, chest heaving.

Chuckling as I clean him up with tissues from the nightstand, Clay says, "Good morning, Yuri."

Once I'm done, I kiss his nose, then his lips. "Good morning. Did you sleep well?"

He nods. "Woke up even better."

I snicker, pulling him close to me. "What are your plans for spring break?"

Spring break for Clay started the day after his family left. His brother, Tommy's, spring break was the week they stayed, which is why his family could all come down. While I'm glad they came down to visit, I'm secretly glad they came to visit before he had break. Now I can have him all to myself.

"Gym, sleep," he rolls over to me and buries his nose in my neck as he ticks things off his list. Then he grabs a handful of my ass. "And fucking. I can worry about studying in a week or so."

I groan, rolling my hips. "I like those options. What time are you hitting the gym?"

"As soon as I get dressed and have my protein shake."

"Can I join?" I ask. "You promised you would show me how to get some better definition." I waggle my eyebrows at him.

He chuckles and slides out of bed. "Yeah, but I don't bullshit in the gym. It's what I love, so if you tag along, you can't fuck around with the work out."

I hold up three fingers solemnly, making him laugh and chuck a pillow at me. "Scouts honor."

Clay wasn't lying. He's fucking brutal in the gym, but very motivational. He works me out hard, making sure I lift with proper form and hit my reps, but he isn't a tyrant. I can definitely see him as a trainer. By the time we're on our cool down, I feel tired and drained, but very confident in the session. I feel like I accomplished the goals Clay set for me and his soft grin makes me feel as if I made him proud or something.

Turning off the treadmill he had us walking on to wind down from the workout, I step off the machine and breathe in deep. "That was good." We've been here two hours and I want to sleep for a week and know my muscles will be sore as shit tomorrow,

but the time flew by.

He nods. “Yeah, it was. You’re in good shape. To work on your definition and getting you where you want to be, you just need to focus on consistency. If we can get to the gym three times a week, we can?—”

“Holy shit!” is practically shouted in my ear and I wipe around, coming face to face with a short, buff guy with mop of sweaty blonde hair framing his face like a halo. “You’re Houston Stallion!” I’m thankful his voice is now pitched low so no one else can hear. I’m not ashamed of my job, but I’d rather not have people look up who Houston Stallion is in the middle of the gym.

Giving him a small grin, I nod. “I am.”

“Holy shit, man. I’m a big fan. My bro and I watch you all the time.” My eyebrows shoot up. I exclusively make gay porn. If he’s watching with his bro, I wonder what else they get up to while my videos are playing. “Can I get an autograph? And a photo maybe?”

I look back at Clay to get his reaction. A small smile plays across his lips, his eyes twinkling with mirth.

After a short nod from him, I turn back to Mr. Blond and Sweaty. “Sure man. No problem.” He hands me a permanent marker he pulled from thin fucking air it seems and pulls out a hat from his bag, asking me to sign the brim. I do, then pose beside him for a selfie.

When he’s gotten all the shots he wants, he looks at me in awe. “Thanks man. I didn’t know you lived here. I thought you were like, in California or something.”

I chuckle. “Nope. Born and raised in Georgia. No Hollywood dreams for me.”

“Got it, bro.” He looks over at Clay. “You his trainer? I saw you two working out, before I knew it was Stallion. I could use a new trainer. Mine bailed on me.”

Clay opens his mouth, but I thread my fingers into his. “He’s my new trainer, and also my boyfriend.” I leave off that he’s my fluffer too. That’s not the sweaty guy’s business.

Blond and Sweaty looks a little put out. I think it’s because I said I have a boyfriend, but he locks his eyes on Clay and asks, “So you’re not willing to train me?”

I laugh and lean into Clay, seeing how he opens and closes his mouth like a fish for a moment. I’m sure he wasn’t expecting that either. “Uh, yeah. I can train you. I’m still in school for the next few weeks and I have a job, but I’m sure I can work around a schedule for you.”

The man grins. “Fuck yes. You have a card?”

Clay shakes his head. “Not yet, but I’ll take your number and I’ll call you when I have my schedule ironed out.”

Mr. Sweaty rattles off his number, smiling as he lifts his bag higher on his shoulder. “My bro won’t believe this shit. Meeting Houston Stallion and finding a new trainer? And to think I wasn’t going to come to the gym today.” He shakes our hands and walks out, a smile etched on his face.

“You made someone happy,” Clay quips as we head to the locker room.

Grabbing his arm to stop him from walking further, I ask, “Did that bother you? That someone recognized me from my videos?”

“Fuck no. I think it’s hot that someone was starstruck because you can fuck good.” I

bark a laugh, shaking my head at his comment. “Seriously, no. It didn’t bother me at all. I told you I won’t get jealous about your work. It’s how I met you. It will come with the territory.”

I still find it hard to believe that someone is able to look past my occupation to the real me and not get jealous because of it. I’m not saying Clay is a unicorn, but he’s pretty fucking close.

Wrapping my arm around his waist, I walk with him into the locker room. It’s a really nice one with separate shower stalls that lock from the inside and have frosted glass making it hard to see through. I love that these showers don’t have shower curtains so they don’t blow up and touch your skin every time the door opens.

Dropping his bag, Clay advances on me, pressing me against a divider between two showers. He kisses me briefly, then drifts down to my neck. I tuck my head from his onslaught. “I’m sweaty baby. We just worked out.”

He grips my chin and tips my head to the side, continuing what he was doing. “So?” he grumbles against my skin before his tongue peeks out to kiss me there. I groan. “I like you sweaty.”

I give up trying to stop him—though I didn’t try very hard—I palm his ass, pulling him closer to me. His hard shaft brushes against mine and I groan again. “You’re in trouble when we get back to my place. You shouldn’t tease me.”

Biting down hard enough that I yelp, my cock throbbing with need, Clay whispers against the skin of my neck, “Why wait until we’re home?”

God, he’s such a fucking tease. “No condom. No lube. And I need to stretch you, baby. I don’t want to hurt you.”

Clay moves back and with a gleam in his eyes, he walks over to his bag. He unzips it and grabs two packets from his bag—a packet of lube and a condom. After placing both in my hand, he turns on water in one of the showers. Facing me, he takes my hand and slides it down the back of his shorts. My cock stiffens immediately when I feel the flared base of the plug he has inside him.

“I got myself ready before we left the apartment. Now come fuck me in the shower before someone comes in.” He strips out of his clothes and disappears behind the glass. I follow his lead, ripping my clothes off so I can join him.

Once I’m inside, I spin Clay around until his chest is against the tile wall. He moans and I slap a hand over his mouth. “You need to keep it down, baby. Someone might hear.”

Reaching down, I gently extract the plug, dropping it to the floor of the shower. “You had that in you while we were working out?” I rub my engorged cock between his cheeks, brushing against his wet hole.

“I didn’t think I could wait to get home after seeing you drenched in sweat.”

Fuck, Clay is fucking perfect. I thrust two fingers into Clay’s hole, being none too gentle. His slick entrance is more than ready for me. I look down at the plug and see it has almost the same girth as my cock. How did Clay work out with that shoved him in?

Unable to wait any longer, I rip open the condom, roll it on and enter Clay in one long thrust.

“Fuck,” he gasps behind my hand, standing on his tip toes as I give him every inch of my dick.

Spreading my legs to get better leverage, I pull out until my cock head tugs at his rim, then shove back in hard. His fat ass bounces against me and I have to fight to keep my orgasm at bay.

Clay babbles behind my hand, pushing back to meet my strokes. We don't have much time—since someone could come in at any moment—so I don't try to draw this out. With my hand still on Clay's mouth, I grip his hip with the other and try to pound him through the wall.

I grunt as I fuck into him, loving how his hole welcomes my dick. He clenches around me and I'm lost. I take him hard and fast, fucking him with abandon. Clay is right there with me, rolling his hips and taking as much of my dick as I give him. He drops one hand to his dick and jerks himself off in time to my thrusts, his moans sending tingles from the palm of my hand straight to my cock.

After another minute or so of me punishing his ass, Clay stiffens and lets out a long, low moan. His ass pulsates around my cock and I erupt without warning, filling the condom with my load. I bite down on his shoulder, muffling my shout of release. Slowly, I remove my hand from his mouth and lean onto his back, kissing his neck and shoulders as we try to catch our breaths. Clay starts to laugh and for some reason, I join in, getting a kick out of his giddiness.

When he has his laughter under control and I pull out, he turns around to face me, drawing me close to his body. "It's crazy that I went from never fucking a guy before to you fucking me in the gym shower in just a few months. What have you turned me into, Yuri Miller?"

"My hungry little cock slut." I peck him on his upturned mouth. "Now let's actually shower and get out of here before we're reported for indecent exposure."

Laughing, we wash off quickly and sneak out of the gym—careful not to leave the



plug in the shower. I hope we continue what we started at home.

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:25 am*

For the rest of the month, I have scenes with Trev. Not the way I'd like to spend several hours, but whatever. The money is good and Clay gets paid for being here—it's a win-win.

Unfortunately, I don't get to see much of Clay otherwise, since it's close to graduation and he's been doing a lot of studying for his upcoming exams. I miss him.

He still comes and stays the night with me, but that's pretty much all he does. Between studying and the gym—training Blond and Sweaty whose name I now know to be Sam—he gets back to my place, eats and passes out. I'm not upset that he's working and studying. I miss talking to him and laughing about nothing. We still do those things, but it's not as frequent as they once were.

Only a few more weeks until he graduates. He'll probably still be training Sam, but he'll have more time to be with me. That sound selfish and needy as fuck, but I've grown used to having Clay around all the time.

I step into the locker room and I'm met with the glaring eyes of Trev. I really can't stand this guy. To be honest, I'm not sure why he doesn't like me. We started off pretty cool—we began working for the studio within a few months of each other—but one day, he started giving me the cold shoulder. I don't take shit from anyone, so after I tried to figure out what was wrong and he gave me attitude, I gave it right back. We haven't let up since.

Too bad I care about putting in a good performance and getting paid top dollar or I'd demand Jake not pair us together. But viewers think we're hot together, sending emails and requests to Jake and answering on the polls that they want to see certain

scenes with us.

For real though, I'm close to telling Jake that I don't care what the fans want. I don't want to keep filming with Trev. Not when he has this animosity towards me for some stupid reason. At first, I thought maybe he had some stupid crush on me, but I don't think that's it. It's something else I can't put my finger on.

Besides, I can work with Bailey or one of the other guys and get paid well. It won't be near what I get paid for all the scenes with Trev, but my sanity will probably be happier not to be paired with him.

Ignoring Trev's burning gaze, I make my way over to my locker, putting my bag inside and pulling out the costumes I stashed there last night. Today's scene? Fucking ranch hands. I'm supposed to be the foreman in charge of Trev, who keeps fucking up on the job. I threaten to fire him and he says he'll blow me and let me fuck him to keep his job. A pretty straight forward scene.

Trev's eyes are like a physical thing on the side of my face and would probably set me ablaze if they could. Sighing, I turn to look at him, raising an eyebrow. "What?"

"Don't 'what' me. You think you're hot shit with your own fluffer. I'm hot enough for you to get your dick hard. You aren't worth the money you're paid."

My lips tip up into a smile. "If you were hot enough, I wouldn't need a fluffer." I give him finger guns to really fuck with him.

"Fuck you, Houston Stallion," he sneers my stage name. "I'm fucking sick of you, strutting around here like you're the best thing on this side of the Mason-Dixon. You're not important enough for Jake to be fucking catering to you. You shouldn't be the highest paid actor in this studio. I put in more time and have more scenes. It should be me! I should be fucking you. I should be fucking Bailey, not opening my

legs for you.”

So that’s it. It has to be. When I started working here, I only had a few scenes a month and I worked alongside Trev. Then viewers started requesting scenes for me and my video views skyrocketed. I’m sure my big cock and how careful I am with my costars while fucking them into the mattress—or whatever surface I’m fucking them on—has a lot to do with it. Trev tops sometimes, but his most watched videos are of him bottoming. Mostly bottoming for me.

Before he started acting like a dick, he was the perfect bottom—just this side of needy and extremely responsive. But his attitude had me ignoring his hot body and even hotter ass, unable to get my dick up for him.

Shaking my head as if to clear it, I ask, “You’re mad at me because you have to bottom? You could always ask Jake. There’s no need to get snippy with me.”

He steps closer to me, seething. “I have asked. He said he’ll think about it, that we were making money hand over fist because you fucked me so good.” Trev sneers, lip curling very unattractively. “Then he gets you your own fucking fluffer instead of telling you to take my dick up your ass. He fucking caters to you and your lousy dick.”

Barking a laugh, I shake my head and turn away from him, getting dressed. I laugh again at the assless chaps I have to put on. Good thing they go over my pants and all I have to do initially is pull my dick through my zipper while Trev sucks me off. “My dick ain’t lousy and you know it. Stop bitching at me about what you’re doing and take it up with someone that can do something about it. Someone like the fucking director.” I slam my locker shut and walk out, leaving Trev to seethe on his own.

Clay walks into the studio building just as I’m approaching the set built for today—the interior of a barn, almost to scale with a hay loft over it. Dario has fucking

skills.

Clay hurries over to me, wrapping an arm around my waist. “Hey. What’s up?”

I shrug. “Not much. Trev is being Trev, so I definitely need you today.”

“What’s his deal?” Clay asks, jaw tight. I know he wants to say something to Trev about his fucking attitude, but I told Clay to chill and let it be. I don’t have to see Trev anywhere but here. I can handle a few hours of his bullshit.

“I think?—”

I’m cut off by Trev barreling out of the locker room with his street clothes back on and his bag over his shoulder. He stomps over to Jake, drops his bag, and puts his hands on his hips. “I’m not working with him anymore,” he says, pointing to me. “I’m not bottoming anymore. I’m also not taking less money than him when I’ve been doing more scenes than him. Unless you fix it, I’m walking.”

The entire studio gets quiet as we watch everything unfold. I told Trev to take it up with the director, but I didn’t think he would actually do it in front of everyone. Especially right now.

Jake looks around at us, then back at Trev. “Look, let’s go to my trailer and?—”

“No,” Trev roars, dropping his hands to fist at his side. “Fix it now. Get someone in here that I can fuck for this scene and get Yuri out of here. I’m done being second to him. Either you treat us equally or I’m gone.” When Jake doesn’t answer, Trev’s face turns red. “You’re just going to let me walk? And not try to get me to stay? You fucking need me, Jake!”

Raising an eyebrow, Jake stands toe to toe with Trev. They’re about the same height,

but Jake has at least thirty pounds on Trev. Jake is not a small man and not someone I'd fuck with if I didn't have to. I'm a lover, not a fighter. "I don't need you at all. Even if you were to walk, I could afford to keep my business afloat for the rest of my life. Hell, if Yuri, who is my top earner, were to walk, I'd still have enough money to last me for the rest of my life. And you get paid very well. I pay everyone fairly. Think you deserve more? Talk to me about it like a fucking adult, not having a shouting match with me. You'll lose every time."

Trev's face gets more and more pale as Jake talks, but he doesn't back down. Fucking idiot. Jake is a fair man. If Trev would have spoken to him in his trailer like he asked, I'm sure Jake would have come to a compromise with him.

Instead of apologizing or just going to change into these stupid chaps, Trev crosses his arms and asks, "So you're not going to call someone in here so Yuri doesn't fuck me?"

Jake lifts his chin. "No. I'll call someone in here for Yuri to fuck. Go home and calm down. When you have some sense, come back and talk to me. We can discuss your plans for my studio when you can speak to me like with some respect."

"Fuck you!" Trev shouts in Jake's face, picking up his bag. "I'm fucking over this shit. I quit!" He storms off before anyone can say anything.

The studio is quiet for at least a minute, no one saying anything as the silence stretches. Jake finally looks around at everyone and says, "Looks like there won't be a scene today. Go home, everyone."

"Wait," I say, stepping forward. Jake turns to me and holds his hand up, halting everyone that started to gather their things. "The set is already built and I have on this get up," I motion down my body. "I can do a solo jerk scene. Those do pretty well. And I'm sure a lot of people that subscribe have a thing for the whole cowboy plot

line. It'll be a piece of cake and the set won't go to waste."

Jake slides his hands in his pockets and looks down at the ground for a few seconds. Then he nods. "Okay. Let's do it." He sits back in his chair and the camera and crew members get into position.

I give Clay a quick kiss, then whisper in his ear, "Stand beside the camera man with your back to me. I want to see that ass while I'm pleasuring myself. I'll imagine what it'll feel like when I'm inside you tonight."

Clay shivers against me. He kisses me again, then goes to do what I told him.

I sit down on the hay bale that will poke my ass cheeks when I'm stripped down and spread my legs, getting ready for the scene. Make up comes over and gets me camera ready and lube is set beside me for easy access.

Once I'm ready, I stare at Clay's ass and get to work.

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Yuri and I lie on his couch the next day, talking about the events of the day prior. I needed to understand what was going on, since there was an entire conversation between Trev and Yuri that no one but them knew about.

I should have guessed jealousy was a factor in why Trev didn't like Yuri. Not to be biased because he's my boyfriend, but it seems like everyone likes Yuri. I found it weird that someone didn't, seemingly for no reason.

It sucks that Trev quit instead of pulling Jake to the side to talk about whatever he was concerned about, but whatever. That's none of my business. Good riddance to someone that acts like that. It's fucking toxic.

The downside to Trev quitting is there's no justifiable reason for me to continue to fluff Yuri. He has no problem getting and staying hard for someone else. Jake told me after Yuri's last scene that my services as a fluffer were no longer needed, but if I wanted to work in another capacity, namely in front of the camera, he could make it happen. I told him no thanks, especially because I know Jay watches porn from this site. I'd be traumatized if I found out my brother saw me getting railed by Yuri's fat cock.

"What will you do now?" Yuri asks, running his fingers through my hair. "Go back to your old job?"

"Nah. Sam said a few of his buddies want me to train them as well. With the money I saved from working at Carnal Desires and the money I'll be getting paid per session, I think I'm good for a while. At least until it's time to move out. We get a subsidy for being college students, so rent isn't much. I can't imagine how steep it'll be paying it



alone.”

Dario told me he planned to move out when we graduated. Since he does set design, he’s always needed at Carnal Desires and has been working there for years. He has more than enough to live on his own. I’m still not sure why Dario chose to live in off campus student housing, but it worked out well for me that he did. I have a great friend in him and through him, I met Yuri.

Yuri’s hand stutters in my hair, and I crack open an eye. “You good?”

He nods, but he looks a little nervous. “Yeah. So, where are you going to move?”

I shrug, closing my eye again and melting into his touch. “I’m sure there’s some places around here that will rent to me without having a nine to five. Especially since I’ll have the money.”

“Wanna move in with me?” Yuri’s voice is so quiet, it takes me a few seconds to realize he even spoke.

I open both eyes this time. “What? Move in? Like live with you?”

Eyes wide, he nods, but says, “I totally understand if you don’t. It’s too fast. I know. I was ... asking just in case. If you don’t, totally fine. I don’t?—”

I scramble from where I’m lying on his leg to straddling his lap. Yuri laughs at my exuberance, which turns into a groan when I plant my lips on his.

“Fuck yes, I want to move in with you! Are you sure? You’ve lived alone for years.” He told me he liked his own space, so I figured he didn’t want anyone to live with him.

Yuri nods, rubbing my cheek gently. “I’m very sure. I don’t like it when you leave me to go back to your apartment. When you graduate, move your things in here. Then I can see you every day.”

I giggle—really fucking giggle—as I look down at him. “You see me every day now.”

He shrugs. “Yeah, but you leave sometimes too. If you live with me, you’ll be here all the time.”

Kissing his nose, I murmur, “I like the sound of that.”

We don’t make it to graduation. Two days later, I’m bringing boxes into my apartment, getting ready to pack up so I can move in with Yuri. The days between when Yuri asked me to move in and now were full of laughter, talking, kissing, fucking, connecting. All the things I wanted with him when we first met. Why wait until after I graduate to have all that when I can have it now, every day?

Dario comes home as I’m packing my schoolbooks into a box. “Going somewhere?” he asks, but I don’t think he’s looking for an answer.

Grinning over my shoulder, I say, “Yuri asked me to move in with him.”

Dario whistles low. “That’s a big step. You ready for that?”

I nod. “Yeah, I am. We both are. I know it’s fast but ...” I trail off, not knowing what to say. It is fast, but it feels right. I’m not going to question it when my gut is telling me to go for it.

Pulling a box from the floor, Dario starts to help me pack. “I wish you’d stay until school was over, but I get it. I should probably get my butt in gear and pack too. We

only have four weeks until graduation, then I have to be out.”

It’s insane to consider I’m almost done with my college education. When I first arrived on campus, a fresh-faced, naive eighteen-year-old from a small town, I didn’t know if I was cut out for college life. I wasn’t a big partier and didn’t really talk to a lot of people to make some lifelong connections.

I proved myself wrong. It wasn’t easy, considering I had to work so hard and fill out mountains of papers to get a scholarship, but it was worth it.

While I was here, I learned a lot about myself. I figured out what I wanted to do after graduation, figured out who I am as a man, who I am as a person. I figured out what kinds of people I want to surround myself with. Had I stayed in Maine, I wouldn’t have done any of that. So regardless of the hardships I went through, it was worth it to stick it out so I could grow.

It didn’t hurt that I met Yuri either.

While we pack, Dario and I talk about the incident that happened with Trev.

“He hasn’t come back,” Dario told me. “We all figured he would, since Jake pays tons more than any other job he’ll ever get, but nope.”

I shake my head as I take some of my folded clothes from the drawer. “It’s crazy how the whole thing blew up like that. I almost feel bad for him.” Almost, but not quite.

Dario shrugs, pulling some shoes down from the shelf in my closet. “Trev has always been a dick. Even when he and Yuri were on speaking terms, he always seemed jealous of him. Bailey and Eric said it was only a matter of time before things went south and they were right.”

I turn to him, a thought occurring to me. “How long have you all been working there?” I know Yuri started there when he was twenty-one, but I don’t know about anyone else.

Looking up as if thinking, Dario says, “I started when I was twenty, Bailey was there a few years before Yuri and Trev started. He’s almost thirty, you know?”

My eyebrows shoot to my forehead. Bailey looks no older than me. His slim, lithe body and youthful looking face made me think he was a college student like me. “I didn’t.”

“Yeah, and Eric started right after Bailey, I think. So, we’ve all been there for a while. We all feel like family, with Trev being the only exception. I’m not saying I’m friends with everyone there, but I don’t dislike working with anyone now that Trev is gone.”

I nod, taking all the information in.

It takes us about two hours to get my room packed. We collapse on the bed, sweaty and tired.

Smiling sadly, Dario looks over at me. “I’m gonna miss rooming with you. Two years sure flew by.”

“Same here. You made this experience really good. I was scared you’d be a slob.”

He barks a laugh. “Me too. Being older than most college juniors makes it harder too. I thought having a twenty-year-old roommate while I’m twenty-five would be a pain in the ass. You were chill as fuck though.”

“Thanks man.” I stand, grabbing a few boxes. “Now help me take some of these to

the car. I'll come get the rest over the next few days."

Dario grabs some boxes and a few gym bags and helps me stuff them in my car. Luckily, I won't have to drive far to get to Yuri's apartment. Well, my apartment now. That'll take some getting used to.

Clapping hands with Dario, I give him a one-armed hug. "We'll link up soon. You can come hang out with me and Yuri sometimes or me and you can chill together."

"Sounds like a plan, Clay. Make sure you bring your ass back to help me pack my room too. It took no time at all to get yours together."

"Too easy, man. See ya soon."

I clamber in my car, pointing it in the direction of my apartment. I text Yuri so he can help me with boxes from the car.

Me: I'll be there in ten. See you soon.

Yuri: I'll be here.

When I step in the apartment, a box in my hands, I notice the lights are turned down low and soft music is coming from the bedroom. Walking slowly, I round the corner and almost swallow my tongue. There on the bed, Yuri waits for me, completely naked with his legs spread, fingering his hole.

I drop the box to the floor, glad it doesn't contain glassware.

With his free hand, Yuri crooks a finger at me, beckoning me over. As if my feet have a mind of their own, I walk over to him before my brain gives the command, mesmerized by the sight before me. How his fingers are disappearing into his ass is

one of the sexiest sights I've ever seen.

Climbing onto the bed, I rest between his legs, watching. I scoop up the bottle of lube and coat my fingers, still not looking away. When they're nice and slick, I remove Yuri's fingers and replace them with my own.

Immediately, his hole clamps around my digits and I groan at the tight feel of him. He's so hot here.

Bending his legs at the knees, Yuri pulls his legs up, moaning as I play with him. I look up at him, mesmerized. "Is this what you wanted? For me to finger your tight, pretty ass?"

I look down at his hairy asshole, licking my lips at the sight. I'm not sure why it's so fucking sexy, to see him with hair there, but it is. I can't get enough.

Like he does to me when he's in my ass, I crook my fingers, feeling for that soft, spongy part inside him that he told me about. I know I've found it when he yelps, rolling his hips against my fingers.

Yuri tosses his head back, panting. "I want to feel you cock in me, Clay. I want you to fuck me."

Surging up, I slam my mouth on his, taking his mouth greedily as I finger fuck him with purpose. Yuri grips my shirt, pulling me as close as I can get while I'm stretching his hole for my dick.

Over and over, I find that spot inside and press against it, trying to drive him wild.

Snatching his mouth away, Yuri grips my wrist for me to stop. "Take off your clothes and get in me."

He doesn't have to tell me twice.

I eagerly strip out of my clothes, eager to feel Yuri's hole clamping around my cock like it did my fingers. With shaky hands from my excitement, I slide the condom down my shaft.

Lying on my back, I motion him over. "Can you ride me? I want to watch how you move with my dick in you." I also never fucked a guy before and I don't want to fuck up. I need to build up to being able to please Yuri like he pleases me.

Crawling over to me, Yuri throws his leg over my hips and straddles me. His big cock is flushed red, the head looking as if he'll blow at any moment. I want to grab it, to jerk him off so I can feel the velvet hardness on my palm, but I need to wait. I want to be inside him while I'm touching his cock. Knowing how fast I can get him off, I don't think he wants me to touch him until he's inside me either.

Standing my dick up, Yuri sinks down onto me, drawing in inch after inch of my hard shaft. I watch in fascination, trying to concentrate on something else while he takes me into his tight heat.

A groan drifts out of me when he's fully seated on my dick. I've never felt something so good in my life. I roam my hands over his hard body, through the dips of his abs and up to his hard pecs. I tweak his nipples while Yuri throws his head back, rolling his hips gingerly.

"It's been a while since I've been fucked," he mutters, slowly rising up and down. "But fuck, I wanted you like this for so long." Yuri looks down at me and I can see the heat and desire in his gaze. "You feel just as good as I imagined."

I swallow thickly, not able to formulate words. I can't think of anything else but how good Yuri feels.

Reaching around, I grab his ass cheeks, guiding him up and down my hard length. He's a fucking vision on top of me like this. I watch his cock bob up and down as he rides me, his precum rolling down his shaft and some landing on my belly.

I look down to where we meet and I have to swallow hard. It's obscene how my cock looks appearing and disappearing inside of him. I never thought I'd see the day when I fucked Yuri. I was not prepared today to be the day I got to feel the inside of him, but fuck it, we're here now.

Yuri grinds down on me and I see fucking stars. I've never felt anything so fucking amazing. Not able to take much more of him riding me into oblivion, I wrap my arms around Yuri and roll him onto his back. I push his legs back to his chest, practically bending him in half and plow his ass.

He keens, tossing his head back and groaning every time I slide home. Yuri grabs the back of his thighs, holding himself open while I watch my dick go in and out of him. I'm fucking awestruck, watching him take my dick with ease.

"Clay ..." Yuri groans and I meet his eyes. "Fuck ... you feel good inside me, Clay. So fucking good."

I bite my bottom lip, the pain distracting me from the orgasm that threatened to shoot out of me before I was prepared. This can't be over so soon. I need to make it last, need Yuri to cum because of my dick. Then and only then can I climax.

Slowing down, I bend down until I meet his lips, kissing him deeply. Yuri lets go of his legs and wraps them and his arms around me, moaning into the kiss as I move languidly in and out of him. I touch him all over, the feel of his soft and heated skin cranking me up as much as the fast fucking did. Yuri feels indescribable. Every part of him, not just where I'm impaling him.



Our bodies move together, slick with sweat. Yuri holds me close, our lips working together as we plunder each other's mouths.

Pulling my lips from his, I rub a thumb over his lower lip as I fuck him in slower strokes. "You're fucking gorgeous, Yuri."

He whimpers, biting into his bottom lip.

Needing to feel him, I reach between us and grab his dick, tugging him from base to tip. Yuri tosses his head back and I lean forward, attacking his neck. I lick and nip at him, unable to control my thrusts as I swallow down the taste of his sweat and skin.

Before long, I'm letting my hips swing freely, fucking Yuri hard. He grunts each time my hips meet his.

Cursing, I jerk his cock faster as my thrusts speed up. I need him to come. He has to come so I can. I need to see his release coating his belly to give me that extra push over the edge. Not like I really need it. The way his hole is hugging me and how he sounds when I shove my cock into him, I'm closer than I'd like to be.

Just when I think I'll beat him to the finish line, Yuri croaks out a warning, then he's coming, his release going on and on, painting his abs and coating my fingers. I continue to jerk him, wanting to drain him dry.

One he's finishes, I pull out of him, snatch the condom off and jerk myself until I'm coming, my load joining his.

Unable to hold myself up, I collapse onto him. I see why Yuri is so winded when we're done—fucking like that takes a lot of energy.

Yuri wraps his arms and legs around me protectively and whispers, "Welcome home,

baby.”

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:25 am*

Waking up with Yuri is the best thing I can imagine. Granted, we've been waking up with each other almost every day before I moved in, but knowing he wanted me here and we share the same space makes it better. As usual, Yuri is wrapped around me, holding me tight with his face burrowed in the back of my neck.

We've been living together for six weeks now and I can't have asked for a better boyfriend. He's a lot smarter than I would have thought, effortlessly helping me study for my exams and explaining some things I still didn't understand.

"How come you didn't go to college?" I ask him one night as we're cooking dinner. Well, Yuri is cooking. I'm mostly in his way and he's too polite to tell me to move. "You're obviously stupidly smart. You could study anything you want and be successful."

He stirs the food that's in a pot on the stove, smiling at me over his shoulder. "Thanks. I could go. It's not like I don't have enough money now to do just that." He turns the burner down and leans against the counter to look at me. "I don't know what I'd even want to go for. I still don't know what I would do if I go. Besides, going to college isn't for everyone. If I do go, it might be to get a trade. There's good money and experience in that."

I nod because he has a good point and he's right. A lot of people shit on those working a trade, but it's stupid. Just because a fuck load of money was spent on a degree doesn't mean you'll use it or find a good job when you graduate.

"You're right. If you ever decide you'd like to go, I'll help you study."

He grins and comes over to me, kissing me soundly. “Hopefully the study sessions come with hand jobs after we’re finished.”

I giggle, shaking my head. “Or you can have my ass.”

“Or you can have mine.”

Since I moved in, Yuri has let me have his ass numerous times. I don’t think I’ll get over how fucking phenomenal he feels. Every time I slide into him, I know there’s nowhere else I’d rather be.

With his arms wrapped around me, Yuri kisses my chin. “Tomorrow is the big day. You excited?”

I grin. Tomorrow is graduation day. The last four years have been leading up to this day. Walking across that stage and getting my degree has made all the shit I’ve been going through to pay my tuition worth it.

“Very. My family should be in later today. They’re pretty excited for me too and will take over our couches for a few hours. I hope you don’t mind.”

“Not at all. I like your family.”

When my parents or brothers call, they always speak to Yuri, treating him like family. Even Jay. After a few conversations he’s been less awkward when talking to Yuri. I’m glad he can see past the porn star he ogled in the past and just see him as my boyfriend now.

I pull him in for a kiss, not getting enough of his lips. “They like you too. My mom keeps asking when I’ll bring you to visit Maine. Want to take a trip up there with me? Smell all the green trees and hike some trails?”

Yuri told me his hometown of Cliff Point has beautiful trails. He and Max talked about them often and in great detail. They've actually had plenty of conversations without me about trails and plants and animals and shit. Initially I was jealous of Yuri taking all the conversation with Max, but that only lasted a second. It occurred to me then that Max was comfortable talking to my boyfriend on his own.

The sound of Yuri's laughter makes my heart swell. I could listen to it all day. "Oh yeah, I'd love to. Max would as well. It's not a private affair, is it?"

God, I love how he loves my family. "Nope. Everyone is welcome. It's one of the things we do as a family. We all love the outdoors."

"Count me in."

My family arrives a few hours later, loud, overwhelming, and loving. We stay inside and order pizza, all of us trying to talk over the others. I'm used to it, since this is how I grew up. Yuri looks a little out of his element but tries to keep up. My mother peppers him with more questions, asking about his intentions with me. My face burns, but Yuri takes it in stride.

He grabs my hand and threads our fingers together, kissing the back of it. "If he lets me, I plan to take care of him for the rest of our lives."

Tommy, ever the hopeful romantic, gags, putting his hands around his throat as if he's choking. I flick him on the ear, making him laugh.

What Yuri said, I want that with him. I want him to take care of me as I take care of him. I want us to grow old together and sit on the porch while we wrangle our dogs on a large plot of land wherever he chooses. Wherever Yuri wants to go, I'll go with him.

I never thought that at the ripe age of twenty-two, I'd be ready to settle down, but here I am. Yuri is it for me. I don't want anyone else. He's the one.

My family stays for another hour or so, then go to the Airbnb I reserved for them to get some rest. Since I've been training Sam and he's referred me to his friends, I haven't been strapped for cash, even though Carnal Desires paid me a lot more. Had I known training people was so lucrative, I would have done it years ago. But I wouldn't have met Yuri, so things happened as they were supposed to.

The next morning, I wake up with a knot in my stomach, afraid something will go wrong while I'm walking across the stage. Like I trip and fall and my pants rip, showing my ass to everyone. But I relax when Yuri wraps his lips around my cock, sucking me dry and taking my mind off what I'm thinking about.

Yeah, today will be a good day.

Graduation is held inside thankfully. It's hot as fuck in the summer in Georgia. After the commencement speeches and the valedictorian gives their speech, the names of the graduates are called. When my name is called, I smile from ear to ear as I go to the dean and shake his hand, collecting my degree.

I turn to the crowd and find my family, who are all smiling back at me as they clap. My mother has tears streaking her face. I take them all in, but my eyes snag on Yuri, his bright smile, and his twinkling eyes as he stands, claps, and cheers with Tommy. My heart thuds in my chest.

Man, I'm one lucky fucking guy.

Once the ceremony is over, I make a beeline to my family and my man. Yuri walks purposefully over to me, wrapping me in his arms and spinning me around like I'm not a one-hundred-and-eighty-pound man. I don't mind though. It feels good for him

to hold me and claim me like this.

Yuri and I haven't kept our relationship a secret from those close to us, but no one in school knows about me. I don't have many close friends—just Dario, who knows about us—but I have some acquaintances that have no idea I'm in a relationship with a man.

And I don't give a fuck if they know.

Setting me down, Yuri kisses me hard and quick. Against my lips, he murmurs, "Congratulations, baby."

"Thank you. I'm glad you're here."

"Me too."

My family swarms me, pulling me away from Yuri so they can hug and congratulate me. I hand my mother my degree—after she hugs me tight enough that I can't breathe. My brothers wrap me in hugs, congratulating me, but I can't take my eyes off Yuri, who can't take his eyes off me.

Fuck, I'm so lucky I decided to become a fluffer. I'm glad I didn't look up what it was before I met with Jake. Then I wouldn't have met the love of my life.

I'll forever be in Dario's debt.

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:25 am*

Things have finally slowed down for both Clay and me. Since he's graduated, he's picked up more clients at the gym and it seems like each of his clients wants to refer him to someone else. Everyone seems to be feeling the same thing I do when I worked out with Clay—he pushes you almost to muscle failure, but he makes you feel good while he's doing it.

I met Sam's bros during one of the gym sessions and one was as starstruck as Sam was. I ended up taking several pictures and the one that seemed like he couldn't pick his jaw off the floor when he saw me asked me about the business. He said he was interested in getting into some scenes but didn't know where to start. So, I introduced him to Jake. His name is Julian and he started working at Carnal Desires about a month ago. He's taking to it well. He's a top, so we haven't had any scenes together, but Bailey seems to like being paired with him. He can fuck well, railing Bailey's ass hard like Bailey likes it. Julian has a great future ahead of him.

Clay and I were supposed to go visit Cliff Point last month, but we both had schedules too busy to ignore. I had scenes and he had his clients and was applying for a business license to get started on his wellness center. We're not rushing the process, as Clay wants to make sure it's done right, so it's taking a little longer than we both planned. But I'm very proud of him. He's going after what he wants.

Now that we both have a few weeks to ourselves, I decide to take Clay to meet my parents. They've spoken to him on the phone a few times, but my mother has been hinting that she wants to actually see him. I'm only two hours away from home, but when I go back, I like to stay for a bit and go out for hikes and enjoy my parents spoiling me. That kind of thing doesn't really work when Jake has me booked solid with back-to-back scenes.



They have no idea I'm in the industry and I don't ever plan to tell them. I just hope no one from home watches gay porn and has spotted my hairy ass plowing into some bottom's hole.

Clay looks around with wide eyes as we pull into Cliff Points city limits. It's all green trees and rolling farmland. It's gorgeous here. Maybe one day I'll settle down in an area like this—somewhere quiet and peaceful, where neighbors know each other. As long as I have Clay by my side.

“Wow,” he mutters, face practically pressed against the window. “It almost looks like Jansville. Except a lot warmer. I love it.” Clay reaches over and grabs my hand, smiling as he looks around.

The house I grew up in is a cape cod style, with gray shingles, and a blue door. There's a large maple tree growing out front that I remember climbing sometimes when I wanted to be alone. I still have the urge to climb it, just so I can get that nostalgic feeling.

Instead of my mother waiting for us to get out of the car like a normal person, she throws open the front door and rushes down the three stairs of the porch. “Yuri! I'm so glad to see you, suge,” she drawls in her deep country accent and throws her arms around me. My accent isn't as thick as it was before I moved away from home, but even moving to the bigger city hasn't rid me of it completely. “I'm so glad you're finally here.” She turns to Clay, giving him the once over. “Well, my, my. You're even more handsome in person. Come over here and hug my neck.”

With a bashful grin on his face, Clay rounds the car to give my mom a big hug. “Great to meet you, Mrs. Miller.”

“Oh please. Call me Pat. Come on in. I have some dinner ready for you both.”

Once inside, my dad steps into the living room, all smiles. “Yuri. Good to see you son. And it’s great to meet you, Clay.”

Clay shakes his hand, looking a little nervous. “Great to meet you too, sir.”

“Call me Gary.” He shakes Clay’s hand and pats his shoulder. “We’re old friends by now.” Clay grins at him, stepping closer to me and bumping my shoulder.

We sit down at the dinner table and eat and share conversation. My father is very interested in hearing about Clay’s career path.

Rubbing his large belly, my dad says, “Well, I’ll need to go to your fitness center when it’s up and running, son. Got to get healthy.” He laughs in a self-deprecating way.

Clay shakes his head and leans forward. I smile, knowing I’m about to get one of my favorite versions of Clay: Passionate Clay. “That’s a big misconception with people,” he says, putting his fork on the table so he can really get into the conversation. “They see someone overweight and think they’re unhealthy, but that’s not always the truth. I’ve met plenty of people that are healthy as an ox and are considered overweight. On the other hand, I’ve met people that are considered normal weight with a myriad of health issues. What I want to do is focus on the health factor and not the weight. Eating right, or in moderation, and being active at least three to five times a week for fifteen minutes.”

Dad nods and leans forward. “Now that’s a good plan son. What do you have planned so far?”

Clay smiles. He loves talking about his goals and I love listening. “I want to open a center that has a gym as well as nutritionists to help me out. There can be classes and seminars so people can get information without having to leave the building. It can be

a one stop shop.”

I so badly want to blurt out what I want to do, what I have planned, what I’ve figured out about myself, but it’s a surprise for Clay. I’m nervous, not sure how he’ll feel about it. I probably should have talked to him about it first, but I wanted to make sure it was something I wanted to do. Listening to him talk now makes me think I’m making the right choice.

We stay up for a few more hours, talking about nothing. I love that my parents love Clay. I’d hoped he would get the reception he is now. My parents are pretty chill, but I’m their only child, so I thought they’d give Clay the talk and tell him to take care of me or they’d kill him or some shit. Looks like the love of my life will be around for a long while, having gotten the stamp of approval from my parents.

“Well,” my dad drawls, standing from his favorite armchair, holding his hand out for my mother. She takes his hand and pastes herself to his side. After all these years, they’re both still clearly in love. I look forward to being like this with Clay. “Us old folks can’t hang with you two whipper snappers. We have to get to bed.”

I smile, standing as well. “We’ll go too. I want to take Clay to River Bend hiking trail in the morning before it gets too hot out.”

They bid us goodnight and I lead Clay up to my childhood bedroom. It’s still about the same as when I moved out, down to the posters on the wall. Clay chuckles, walking around and looking at the posters of men I have glued all around my room.

He points to an old wrestling poster of The Rock. “Good choice,” he says.

“I thought so too. I had a thing for wrestlers back in the day. Seeing men in their underwear is hot.” Clay laughs, looking around at the other posters I have on my wall. I step up beside him, remembering when I hung each and every poster up. I put

my arm around his waist, kissing his shoulder.

Clay smiles, turning to me and pulling me in close. "I like your parents. They're good people."

"They like you too. We both have the seal of approval from both our families. Now you're stuck with me."

Looking up at me, Clay whispers, "I don't mind." He kisses me softly, swaying to an invisible song. I follow his lead, carding my fingers through his hair as I hold him close.

Clay slides his hands up the back of my shirt, his rough and calloused hands rubbing soft circles along my back. I press us closer together, feeling how hard he is for me from just our kisses. I groan, gliding one hand down to his ass so I can rub our dicks against each other.

Pulling his mouth from mine, Clay whispers, "I want you."

"I want you too. We have to be quiet though, okay?"

He nods eagerly, stepping over to my full-sized bed and lies on his back. I climb between his legs, kissing him more, never getting enough of how his lips taste.

I make quick work of taking our clothes off, getting us naked so our hot skin can brush against each other's. The heat coming off him cranks me up, my dick leaking copious amounts of precum onto his.

Pulling away, I sit back on my heels as I stare down at his amazing body. His hard body is soft in all the right places. I trail my fingers down through his abs, over that sexy V he has and down to the base of his cock. "Let's sixty-nine. I want to taste you

and swallow your cum.”

“Fuck yes,” Clay groans. He turns on his side and raises one leg, jerking his cock slowly as he watches me get into position. “God, I can’t wait to have you down my throat.”

I chuckle, lying on my side so his cock is bobbing in my face. “The bed squeaks, so don’t fuck my face too hard.”

Clay laughs, then engulfs my dick into his mouth. I groan, enjoying the feel of his hot mouth on me for a few beats. Clay wraps an arm around my waist, holding on to my ass as he pulls me in.

Not to be outdone, I open wide and take his cock deep inside my throat. Clay moans around my shaft, the vibrations sending chills up my spine. I jerk, pushing further into his mouth. The gagging sound that comes from Clay is a huge fucking turn on, making my cock lengthen and pulse.

Clay’s mouth is dangerous, bringing me to the brink faster than I’d like him to. I want this to last, but I want to come so badly that my body is vibrating from it.

Snatching off his length, I jerk him off as I watch him swallow my dick. His pink lips are spread wide, taking all of my inches with ease. Over the months, Clay has gotten better at relaxing his throat to allow me entrance.

Cursing low in my throat, I grind my hips into his mouth. Again, Clay moans and the tingles it sends through my dick sets off my orgasm. My balls tighten up and I shoot my load down his throat, feeling Clay’s swallowing motions around the head of my cock. My toes curl as I shake from my release, the force of it would have made my knees weak if I were standing.

After I come down from my orgasm, I shift forward and draw Clay's rock hard shaft back into my mouth, sucking him fast and hard so I can get him off. Clay moans softly, holding on tightly to me. He kisses my thighs, my balls and my softening length as he pumps gently into my mouth.

His breath brushes over my skin as he babbles. "Fuck, Yuri," he whispers, holding tighter to me. "Suck me harder. I'm so close. So close baby. Ungh, fuck."

That's the only warning I get before his hot release is shooting into my open mouth. I swallow all of him, not letting a drop slide out.

We're both spent, not moving more than turning onto our backs on my too small bed.

"Yuri?" Clay calls me in a satisfied voice.

"Yeah, baby?" My eyes drift shut, as if that orgasm he gave me took all of my energy.

"I love you."

A smile tugs at my lips. "Not as much as I love you."

"Doubt that."

Finally summoning the energy to move, I shift around until I'm at the head of the bed. I gather Clay in my arms and sigh when he gets comfortable against me.

We lie there, breathing each other in as we listen to the noises of the night. This is what I love about living in the country. The crickets and night creatures making a beautiful soundtrack to a good night.

“Clay, I need to tell you something.”

He stiffens but doesn't move from my arms. “What's up?”

“I'm going to quit working at Carnal Desires.”

Now he moves from my arms, sitting up to look at me. “Why? It's not because of me, is it? I told you I don't care about what you do. You don't have?—”

I put my hand over his mouth. “No, it's not because of you. Well, yes, it is.” He gives me a confused look. “It's because of you that I figured out what I want to do.” I sit up against the headboard, pulling him back against me. “You want to be a trainer. That's admirable, knowing how much you want to help people. But you'll need some help. Not with training, but with the other stuff.”

Pulling in a deep breath, I hold it for a few seconds, then blow it out slowly. “So, I applied for college and I got accepted for a program next year. To be a kinesiologist. So, while you're working people out, I can help them keep their mobility and muscles loose. We can help each other.”

Clay looks up at me with a giddy smile on his face. “You want to go into business with me? Like partners?”

I chuckle. “Yes, like partners. What do you say?”

Straddling my lap, Clay gives me a deep kiss that has all the love he has for me behind it. I hold tight to him, trying to convey the same emotion to him through the press of our mouths.

“I say,” Clay begins as he kisses all over my face, “let's fucking do it.”

## Page 20

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:25 am*

“Come on, one more,” I chant to Sam as he pushes the weights off his chest. “One more, you got this! Come on!”

With a grunt, Sam pushes the weights up, completing his rep.

“Good job, man,” I tell him, helping him place the bar back into the holders. “That’s a new record for you.”

Sam stands up, shaking his arms out as he gives me a grin. “Yeah, it is. I’ll definitely be ready for the competition in a few months.”

Since I started training him, Sam has gotten more confidence and started entering bodybuilding competitions. He’s won a few titles and is interested in becoming a trainer himself. We’ve been working closely together and he’s learning a lot of skills that he can use for his own clients.

“Fuck yes, you will,” I tell him, clapping him on the back.

Julian swaggers over, a towel wrapped around his neck. “What are you two jokers talking about?”

Sam snaps him with a towel, then saddles up close to him, kissing him on the mouth. The two of them finally admitted their feelings for each other when Julian started working at Carnal Desires. The whole bros thing was true, but they both wanted more. They’ve been together for five years now, with no sign of stopping.

“My competition coming up. I feel ready.”



“You are ready, babe,” Julian tells him, kissing his forehead. “As long as Clay does his job,” he says jokingly.

“Hey,” I say back. “I got this. He’ll be ready. As long as you don’t distract him with your dick, and he can show up for his gym sessions.” We all share a laugh at that, since Julian has made Sam miss quite a few of our sessions since they would end up stuck in bed like fucking newlywed virgins.

We chat for a bit, then I walk around the fitness portion of the wellness center, checking on patrons and trainers, making sure everyone is comfortable and don’t need assistance.

After Yuri and I got back from his parents’ house all those years ago, we threw ourselves into figuring out how to start our wellness center. It wasn’t easy, hitting roadblock after roadblock, but we finally made it happen, and we couldn’t be happier.

It was mostly because Yuri believed I could do it. Honestly, I wanted to quit a few times. I wanted to give up on my dream because it wasn’t panning out, but Yuri sat me down and told me, “If we want things badly enough, we have to work and grind for them. No one said it would be easy, but when you get to where you want to be, it’ll be worth it.”

He was right. All the hard work and frustration was definitely worth it.

I walk out of the gym portion and go behind the front desk, checking over the schedule to see when Yuri will have a free moment. He’s been working here since he graduated, jumping headfirst into working as a kinesiologist to assist with muscle therapy and stretching exercises to help enrich their lives.

True to his word, Yuri quit working at Carnal Desires about a year after I graduated and went to school for kinesiology. He’s so fucking smart that he had no problems with his classes or exams, making it look easy. But I still set up some incentives so he

could do well and make the dean's list. For every C he got, he got a hand job. For every B, he got a blowjob. For every A? He had a go at my ass. Yuri tended to bring home more A's than anything else.

He worked hard his last year he was at Carnal Desires, making sure he had enough money to put himself through school and ensure he had enough for rent and emergencies. Yuri already had a lot of money saved from his years of working, but he said he wanted to take care of me even if he was out of work. I pulled my weight and made sure I wasn't a burden on him while lifting him up when he was studying hard.

He still gets residuals from the film studio years later and Jake has been trying to get him to come back, though I think it's halfhearted at best at this point.

Yuri needn't have worried about not making money or taking care of me. Word started to spread that I was a good trainer and that I was opening my own fitness center. Clients flocked to me and when we opened, people were scrambling to get a membership. I hired more personal trainers, a nutritionist, and a dietician and we were a one stop shop to a sound and healthy body.

Just as I'm peeking at his schedule, Yuri opens his exam room door, leading an elderly woman out. "Continue to do those stretches and you shouldn't have any issues. If your pain hasn't gotten better, let me know and we can find a different method of exercise."

"Thank you, dear." She pats Yuri's cheek and ambles past him.

Yuri meets my eyes and they light up, as if he didn't see me at home this morning. Six years later and I'm still as in love with him as I was when we first started dating. I still get butterflies when he looks at me like this.

He saunters over to me, wrapping an arm protectively around my waist. "How's it going?"

“Good. I wanted to talk to you about Jay’s first game. He’s expecting us there and he got all of us tickets.”

Jay got drafted to the Sacramento Red Doves major league baseball team after playing on the minors for a year and we couldn’t be prouder. He said he didn’t want to play for the pros because he didn’t think he had the talent, but the truth was he was afraid of telling his team he was gay, for fear of them not accepting him and giving him shit, making him quit the one thing he loved the most next to his family.

He needn’t have worried. He came out in college and most people were cool with it. There was the odd person or two that weren’t but fuck them. He’s one of the first out MLB players and he’s the happiest I’ve ever seen him.

Yuri rests his head on my shoulder. “We’re the owners, we can take off when we want.”

I bark a laugh, shaking him off. “Yeah, but you also have clients that depend on you for weekly stretching. I don’t. I can leave when I want. You don’t have that luxury.”

“I’ve already told them. So we’re in the clear.”

“Good.” I kiss him quickly and step around the desk.

The front door opens and our receptionist greets the slight man that breezes in. “Hey, Clay,” Bailey says, waving at me. “Hey, Yuri.” He doesn’t break his stride as he enters the gym, heading over to where Sam and Julian are. The three of them have gotten really close since Julian started working at Carnal Desires. They hang out a lot, though they’re not dating. Sam and Julian are super possessive of each other and Bailey is really just one of their best friends.

Besides, I’m sure Bailey’s boyfriend wouldn’t allow him to be in a throuple.

Glancing up at the clock, I turn to Yuri when I see the time. “Want to grab a bite to eat?”

“Yeah, let me grab my keys.”

I let our receptionist know I’m heading out and to let the other trainers know if they need me. Yuri’s last client was the elderly woman that left a few minutes ago.

We drive down to a small bistro that has great soups and sandwiches and head inside. I look around with fresh eyes, wondering if we could move a small cafe into the wellness center. Nothing as large as this, but something that can be situated nearer the front desk so people can grab a bite to eat as they’re leaving.

Most of the time when I have a hard workout, I don’t want to stop to get food on the way home or cook when I finally arrive home. I’d rather food just appear before me. If there was somewhere inside to pick up a quick bite to eat, it would help a lot of people save money on take out.

I run it by Yuri and he nods. “That’s a great idea. Some smoothies and fresh fruit in there would be a good move to start. We can add to food to the menu at another time, once we see how the smoothies take off.”

“Think Dario would be willing to help us out with some designs?”

“Only one way to find out,” Yuri says, looking up at the menu.

I pull out my phone and text my old roommate and best friend. Well, my best friend besides Yuri.

Even though he got his degree in business like me, he went back to school to become a structural engineer. All that time spent designing and building sets for the studio made him want to be the pursue something along those lines later. It didn’t hurt that

his boyfriend pushed him to realize his dreams when he didn't think he could do it.

Me: Hey man. We were thinking about a juice bar in the center. What do you think?

His reply is quick.

Dario: I like it. Want me to come by and take a look, maybe draft you some designs?

Me: Yep.

Dario: \*laughing emoji\* I figured. I'll come by after you all come back from Jay's game. I'm swamped this week at work.

Me: Sounds good. I'll tell Yuri.

We order food and find a table to sit and wait for it. "Dario will come by and check some things out when we get back from the game in California."

"I'm sure we can have something going by next summer."

Over lunch, we discuss more plans we have for the center, most of them focused on expansion. We've been doing well, our business really picking up and word spreading about our work. With new students enrolling every year to our alma mater, we're not short on clientele.

We didn't plan to stay in the same college town we lived in when we met, but things kind of worked out that way. We both loved the area and decided there was no reason to move. A few years back, we found a nice three-bedroom, two-bathroom house that we bought a few miles outside the hustle and bustle of the campus. It's amazing. I see us living there for the rest of our lives.

Our lives have really worked out better than I would have imagined. From not

knowing how I was going to pay for college, to becoming a fluffer, to meeting the love of my life. None of this was in the cards for me when I was lying on my couch, trying to figure out how I would pay for my tuition.

One decision changed the course of my life and I don't regret it for one second.

After our long workday, Yuri and I head home together. I lean back in the passenger seat, my eyes closed while I listen to Yuri hum to the music on the radio. Absently, he reaches for my hand and threads his fingers through mine. I squeeze his hand, loving the slight contact. Yuri squeezes mine back, sending his love through our connection.

We get inside and I make a beeline to the shower. The health center has a full locker room with the glass frosted shower doors I loved so much when I was a member at the other gym, but I like showering in my own bathroom at the end of a long day. Yuri could join me in our shower and wash my back without people thinking it's weird that we're in the shower together in public, even if it is our wellness center.

That's exactly what he does. Once I'm under the spray and I'm soaped up, Yuri steps in behind me, taking the cloth from my hand and runs it over my tight and sore muscles. I hum, loving the feel of his hands on me.

I lean my head back, resting it on his pecs. Yuri brings the cloth around, washing my front. "Tired?"

"Very. Long day. Sam is getting ready to compete so we worked out hard today. I just want to lie down with you wrapped around me."

"Anything you want, baby." Yuri kisses the top of my head. I sigh, absorbing the feeling of his arms around me.

Once he has me clean, Yuri dries me off so he can tuck me into bed.

“I love you so much, Clay. Don’t ever forget that.”

“And I love you, Houston Stallion.” We both laugh, then I turn around to him, threading my fingers in his hair as I rest my arms on his shoulder. “Seriously, Yuri. I love you so much, it’s hard to put into words. You’re truly my other half. I’m so glad I met you and you wanted to be mine as much I wanted to be yours.”

He kisses my lips so sweetly, I fear I might get a toothache. “I’ll always want to be yours. You’re stuck with me.”

I grin. We say this to each other all the time and our responses are always the same. “I don’t mind.”

Smacking my ass, Yuri gets my pajamas out, dressing me like I’m a child since my muscles are so sore. Then he pulls the blankets back, motioning for me to climb in.

As he always does, Yuri climbs in behind me and wraps his limbs around me snugly. After all these years, he still sleeps this way and I don’t want him to change. I don’t want anything in my life to change. I have it all.

And I’m happier than I have the right to be.

All because I accepted the job as a fluffer.

THE END