



Glitter

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Category: LGBT+

Description: At Glitter, the music is loud, the drinks are strong, and the hot men are plentiful.

But for Benny, a night out at the popular gay club graces him with the unexpected attention of the shimmering, glitter adorned, impossibly pretty Dusti.

Sparks immediately fly between the two men, and one night of passion quickly leads to more.

And more, and more, and more.

Will Benny only be left with the inevitably impossible-to-avoid traces of glitter and a broken heart? Or will all that glitters end in love?

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Chapter 1

Flashing, glittering light was all I could see. Even between the pulsing strobes in the club, my eyes retained the afterglow of brightness. I should probably turn away, give my poor eyes a chance to rest—reset themselves and readjust to the relative dimness of the rest of the club's interior.

I should do that. Really, I should.

It would be the smart thing to do.

I just didn't want to.

Because turning away would mean turning my back to the packed dance floor. And I couldn't do that. Not when it meant I'd have to also tear my eyes off the gorgeous, stunning man dancing in the middle of that writhing mass of humanity.

Bright, strobing lights beamed down on the dance floor, beckoning the club patrons to join the throng, to move and grind and sweat to the techno beat underlying the unending stream of pop song after pop song. The illumination, in theory, was cast on all of the dancers in equal measure, and yet, one of them shone brighter than all the rest. A glorious, angelic vision of glittering loveliness.

If he'd had a shirt at some point, it was long gone. Meaning that I, and everyone else in the club, were treated to the sight of slender arms and a bare, slim torso above the waistband of baggy, slouchy jeans precariously clinging to sharp, narrow hip bones. With the rhythmic, filthy bump and grind of his hips as he danced, I could only

conclude that the only thing keeping those pants up was magic.

Sweat gleamed enticingly on the subtle curves and dips of his lean muscles and, in the spirit of the club's name, the pale expanse of his skin was liberally decorated in random swathes of sparkling glitter—vibrant pink to match the shade of his artfully colored hair.

I don't know how long I'd been watching him—the passing of time had become completely immaterial the moment my eyes had landed on him. I couldn't even guess how many people were pressed in all around him or what they looked like—all I saw was him.

My sparkling angel.

My glittering, twinkling, dazzling, glimmering, shimmering, dazzling angel of luminosity.

And I couldn't stop. I didn't want to stop.

My inability to wrench my gaze off the vibrantly beautiful man on the dance floor wasn't that surprising. How often in one's life were you lucky enough to be in the same room...the same city...the same state...as somebody who was so supremely visually stunning?

Of course, my eyes were drawn to him. Of course, my sight was stuck on him—his every move, his every breath, and each and every expression that flitted across his impossibly lovely face.

What was surprising was that, at some point...something had turned his attention in my direction. And now...he was looking back.

Time still had no meaning. And if the songs blasting through the sound system had changed from one to another, my brain couldn't focus enough to latch onto the transition. So, I had no idea how long my glitter-sparkled angel's pale-appearing eyes had been trained on me.

But trained on me they were.

His hips swayed seductively back and forth, his arms rose and fell to the muddled lyrics I couldn't make out, and his head bobbed up and down with the beat of the music, but his eyes...those beguiling, intriguing, and strobe light-illuminated eyes...were looking right at me.

No, that couldn't be right. I knew what I looked like. I was self-aware enough to know that while I wasn't a hideous troll, I wasn't...I wasn't... There was no possible way a man as pretty, as stunning, as out of my league as that glittery angel-on-earth was looking at—

One hand slowly traced up the smooth, pale, pink-sparkled plane of his stomach, then continued up between small, raspberry-blush nipples, up a slender neck, and over the elegantly sharp edge of his jawline, until his fingers caressed the lush plumpness of his lower lip. Gorgeously pink lips pursed, and then, palm-side up, his hand was in front of his tempting mouth as he blew a kiss directly at me.

My eyebrows flew up and my eyes bugged out of my head in surprise. Even though it probably made me look like an idiot, I couldn't prevent myself from helplessly mouthing the question, “ Me? ” while my own hand raised and pointed at my own chest. At least I did manage not to foolishly turn around and see who else near me he might've been aiming the gesture at.

The answer to my silently mouthed question came in the form of a singularly raised immaculately groomed eyebrow and a smirk curling up one corner of his lips.

My heart beat a staccato rhythm in my chest to rival the bass undertones of the club's music. I was mystified, elated, and downright petrified at this inexplicable invitation to approach the supremely divine, glitter entity in the middle of the dance floor.

Thankfully, my feet were smarter than the rest of me and accepted that invitation, moving me toward the dance floor—and the sparkling angel—before my doubts and insecurities could cudgel my heart and mind into thinking it would be a bad idea.

If the moment had truly been magical, the other people standing just along the periphery of the dance floor and those dancing near my angel would've miraculously parted and melted away into the background, easily allowing me to pass. But as it was, I bumped into a few men, wove around a few couples that blocked my path, somewhat politely asked a few to let me through, and outright wiggled and squirmed my way between several more until I could even get close to where I'd last seen the vision of glittery deliciousness dancing.

All the while, terrified that he would've lost interest by the time I reached him, or worse, have completely vanished as though he'd only been a sparkling dream.

But when I reached the center of the dance floor—huffing and puffing and covered in a great deal more of sweat than I'd been when I'd begun my journey—there he was. Still undulating and sinuously moving to the thump, thump, thump of the music playing. Still shimmering and sparkling under the dance floor lights. Still wearing a sassy, flirty half-smirk. Still looking as sumptuously pink—from the ends of his curly, dyed hair, to the makeup gracing his eyelids, cheeks, and lips that I could make out now that I was close enough to him, to the several hues of pink, gleaming glitter dabbed and smeared across his chest, his arms, and dusted along the crests of his high cheekbones and the delicate ridge of his elegant nose.

And still looking right at me, with a clear light of interest shining in his ethereally pale blue eyes.

Despite what my own, rather boring and average, dark blue eyes were telling me, I still had trouble believing that this creature, this shimmering angel, could actually have turned his attention on me. I choked out a pathetically garbled, “Hi,” half-expecting that this entire moment would poof away as soon as the sound tumbled from my mouth.

A delicate index finger slipped between his rosy, lipsticked lips— Oh shit. Even his fingernails were painted a pretty peony pink —and I watched as the sharp edges of even, white teeth gently bit down on the tender flesh. As he slowly drew the digit back out—faintly shiny with the traces of his saliva—he dragged it against his lower lip, pulling it down and giving me a peek at the pale pink, shockingly lighter than the erotic vibrancy of his raspberry lipstick, softly supple interior surface.

Want, and need, and something that was almost too pure to be called lust, but that was most definitely lust, roared through me at the sight, and I almost missed my angel’s teasing greeting. “Well, hey, boo. For a minute there, I thought you were going to ignore me.”

The words were said lightly, as though he couldn’t imagine, any more than I could, that I, that anyone, would possibly ignore him. Although, I could’ve sworn I heard the faintest edge underlying all that levity. But I was probably wrong. It was probably just the noise from the music making me hear something that wasn’t there.

“Nooo. No, no, no,” I babbled earnestly. “No. Not at all. Never.”

I still had trouble believing what was going on right now; that I was really in the presence of such an impossibly beautiful and shiny man. And that he was actually talking to me, and I was talking to him... Mind-blowing. The whole thing. But as surreal and as hard to take in as this moment was, how could I have ignored him or his silent summons?

There's no way.

"Hmmm. Good," he seemed to purr.

We were roughly the same height, an altogether average 5'8". If anything, I had perhaps a scant inch on him, which surprised me. He was slender, which was especially obvious next to my own chunky, all-over thickness. But he had such a presence, an aura of confidence and personality, that I'd anticipated him being taller than he actually was.

So, there was no need for him to tip his head back to look at me, but tilt his head back he did, with only the barest sliver of his eyes peeking at me from under his eyelashes. While seemingly unnecessary, I won't deny I appreciated the way it exposed the length of his slender neck, or the way it caused his pink curls to tumble, inviting me to want to touch them and feel their texture with my fingers.

It was only once he casually commanded, "Dance with me, boo," that I realized I'd just been standing in front of him, still amid a swarm of writhing and swaying bodies, doing nothing but shamelessly taking in his glorious prettiness.

"D-dance. Yes, dance. Sure."

There's no way he could know what he was asking for. If my stuttering and lack of saying anything intelligent hadn't yet clued this bewitching, beglitzed angel that I wasn't worthy of his attention, then my sad attempt at dancing surely would. But if having me dance with him was what he wanted, then that's what he would unfortunately get.

I took a halting, jerky step left, then an equally ungraceful step to the right. I then repeated the motions a few times, and after about the fourth, I think I managed to catch on to the beat of the music. Having achieved that feat, I decided to add my arms

into the effort, raising them up and bobbing my hands, alternating one then the other, to go along with the shuffling side-to-side movement of my legs.

It was going about as well as it could be, until I made the mistake of taking my eyes off my feet and looking back up at the glittery perfection of the man moving to the music like sensual, flowing water in front of me.

I lost all sense of time, space, rhythm, or how to operate my body parts and promptly tripped on air—or my own feet, or a stray patch of drool that surely must've accumulated beneath me that had dripped from my awe- and lust-slacked mouth. Whatever prompted it, I tripped, and, like a complete buffoon, lost my balance and lurched forward at my angel.

A nanosecond slideshow horror of how I was surely about to flatten this delicate, pretty man with my ungainly, oafish, blobby body flashed across my mind's eye—complete even with imagined screams and gasps of horror, pointing fingers of accusation and derision from those around us, and, the absolute worst of all, tears of pain forming in pale blue eyes to trickle down over glimmering, pink plastic speckled adornment on an exquisite face.

To my vast relief, he was either not as fragile as he appeared or he was used to lumbering, stumbling nincompoops bashing into him, because he managed to stay on his feet with nary a wobble, absorbing the impact and even bracing me from completely falling to the floor.

“Oouf . Careful there, boo.” A dainty trill of laughter accompanied his words, hinting he wasn't upset by my clumsiness.

Up close like this, mere inches away, he was even prettier—something I'd never have thought possible. I tried to time my blinks to sync with the flashes of the strobing light, wanting to eke out every possible second of being able to take in this stunning

man.

“Sorry. I’m...I’m an idiot. A clumsy, clumsy, unable to dance idiot,” I gracelessly apologized. I was barely aware of what I was saying, too overwhelmed by the beautiful, sparkling angel I almost had in my arms.

His eyes were so very pale, but I could now make out tiny flecks of celadon green mixed in with the blue. And it had been impossible to tell from across the room, but the very ends of his bubblegum-y pink hair faded out to almost white, redoubling my desire to touch the pretty, tumbled strands. Even stronger than that though, was my yearning to press my lips to and taste the raspberry hue glossed onto his full lips, dusted and brushed upon the tender skin of his eyelids and over the crests of his high cheekbones. I’d gladly even endure the unpleasantness of capturing specks of the glitter on my tongue if it meant I could have my mouth on any portion of his skin.

The minimal space between us seemed both too much and not enough—I ached to be as close as possible but, at this distance, his agonizing beauty was nearly blinding, as was the light glinting off the glitter traced over his face.

“Yes, I don’t think dancing is your forte,” he agreed, gently patting my upper arm as if to console me for that failing. Hopefully, he’d think the fleshy mass was the relaxed bulge of muscle and not the squishy pudginess of actuality. I was about to apologize again, when he continued, suggesting, “Why don’t we see if we can find something else you might be more gifted at?”

Not immediately understanding what he was getting at, my brows drew together, my forehead crinkling. But I didn’t need to understand his words when his actions—sliding his hand down my arm, clasping my hand in his, then turning and gently tugging on that physical link—showed me what to do.

Still, I couldn’t help but ask, as my angel neatly and effortlessly sliced a way through

the throngs of dancing revelers and led us off the dance floor, “Where are you taking me?”

Briefly turning to glance at me over his shoulder, the lights once more glinted the glitter on his face and torso turning them into specks of pink fire, while his teasing, rosy lips lifted in a playful grin.

“Don’t play coy with me, boo,” he stated. “You know exactly where I’m taking you.”

Except... No. No, I really didn’t.

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Chapter 2

The couple of times I'd made the venture to Glitter before, I'd definitely had to visit the bathroom facilities—the bartenders tended to mix the drinks fairly strong and they tended to go right through me. And when I'd been in the bathroom, I'd certainly been aware of the activities, furtive and not so furtive, of the men tucked behind the stall doors—the sounds and the sight of knees on the ground and feet sticking out from under the doors did tend to give it away.

But despite visiting Glitter for the same reasons I assume a lot of the other men did—looking for a hookup, a connection, the possibility for an elusive something more—I never in my wildest fantasies expected to actually find myself joining the faction of those who engaged in intimate activities in the men's bathroom.

The way he'd unhesitatingly pulled me into the bathroom and into a stall, closing and latching the door after us, told me exactly the sort of activities he intended for us, but my brain was still struggling to really grasp that this sort of thing was really happening. To me. With him. Between the two of us.

So, my jaw dropped, and I could only gawk as the glittery angel's hands dropped to the waistband of his jeans and he began unbuttoning them.

For goodness sake, we hadn't even exchanged names yet!

Feeling that was something that should be rectified, I dazedly muttered, "Oh. Er. Uh... By the way, my name is—"

The most delicate snort I've ever heard flew from his slender, refined nose as he interrupted me. "Yeah, I don't care, boo."

The words could've, should've, sounded mean or heartless, but they were delivered with such teasing lightness that my feelings didn't even feel hurt—at least, not more than a gentle bruising.

Rejecting my attempt to exchange a small bit of information about each other hadn't seemed to derail my angel's plans, as he turned around, presenting me with his pale, flawless back, and shoved his pants below the high, tight, round swell of his ass.

Sweetly arching above those perfect, pretty, hairless, moonglow fair globes, like fragile gossamer wings, were the hot pink bands of a pair of lacy thong underwear. Not that the view from behind wasn't brain-meltingly and dick-hardeningly beautiful, but I might possibly have been willing to sell my soul to know what those panties looked like from the front, stretched over and cradling what was, probably, this angel's pretty, pretty cock.

It didn't look as though I was going to get that opportunity, though—just as well, as I doubted there were any demons around to sell my soul to—as he took my gobsmacked, lust-choked silence as a sign to drag his panties down to join his pants, stretched across the middle of his slim, lithely muscled, thighs.

Holding his arm out by his side, his hand raised and clutching a foil condom packet he'd somehow produced from somewhere, as if by magic, he casually asked, "Do you have your own or do you want to use the one I brought?"

I did have my own, of course. As a sexually active, gay man—well, as sexually active as the universe and finding a willing partner would allow me to be—I carried at least one condom and a packet of lube in my wallet at all times.

But a condom in the hand is worth two in the— I gave my head a small shake before I could finish the stupid thought. Then I reached up and gently snatched the condom from his hand with a muttered thanks.

My hands were the slightest bit damp from nervous sweat, making the slick foil packet slippery and tricky to hold onto as my thick, stubby fingers also scrambled to get my pants unfastened. Somehow, I managed it, and then nearly dropped it anyway, along with my jaw, my wits, and my ability to speak, when my pretty, sweet looking angel ever so casually stated, “You don’t need to worry about any extra lube or getting me ready, boo. I did a little pre-gaming earlier in the evening and I’m all prepped and open for business.”

I was about to put my dick in this man—he’d dragged me into a public bathroom with the clear intention of having me fuck him—and yet it felt almost unbearably intimate to reach forward and tentatively run a finger down between his perfect cheeks. Encountering the slick, softened proof of his statement, I whimpered in surprise and unrestrainable lust.

At least my angel found the mortifyingly embarrassing noise I’d made amusing, based on the smirk he aimed at me over his shoulder.

“Did you think I was lying about it?” he asked, a raised eyebrow joining the teasing expression on his face. “Being properly prepared is no laughing matter,” he added, his words a direct contradiction to the laughter in his voice. “If I say I’m ready to go, then I’m ready to go . So, suit up, boo, and let’s get this party started.”

“Right. Yes. I can... I’ll just...”

The lighting in the bathroom wasn’t the greatest, which was probably for the best, all things considered. But it was decent enough for me to be ensnared by the enchanting beauty of his eyes, so very close. I could happily peer into them for minutes. Hours.

Days. Months or years. An eternity, if I was allowed. I had to forcibly tear my gaze away from those green-speckled, light blue eyes, so that I could marshal my attention to fulfilling his command.

Keeping a careful grip on the condom with one hand, I used the other to snag the waistband of my loosened pants and the basic, boring briefs I had on underneath them. Pushing both down, over my hips and the fleshy bulk of my ass until they settled somewhere just above my knees, I was absurdly grateful that the pretty man in front of me wasn't getting a closeup look at my underwear. Not only did they have to be several sizes larger than his, they weren't even in the same time zone of stylishness and sexiness as the gorgeous, lacy thing he'd had on underneath his jeans.

For fuck's sake, they'd come in an economy-sized pack of ten from a big box store.

"Unless...unless you don't actually want this..."

The quiet, faintly hesitant words floated down and seemed to dance like a gossamer cloud around my bent head. They were the first glimpse I'd gotten of a crack in the seemingly flawless cloak of confidence wrapped so gloriously around this angel of a glittery man.

I quickly raised my head to meet his eyes again. The look in those blue orbs and on his face was one that said that he wouldn't care what my response would be. Whether I said that I was eager to fuck him or that I'd changed my mind and wanted nothing more to do with him, his expression showed that either would affect him about as much as if tomorrow's sunrise was at 6:01AM or 6:02.

But unless my ears had been playing tricks on me, I knew what I'd heard in his voice. At least, I was pretty sure. Maybe. And there was the faintest tremor to that lush bottom lip, on a mouth that seemed more inclined to smirk and snark than do anything else.

So, I infused as much sincerity as I could into reassuring him. “Oh, I want this,” I told him, quickly amending my statement to “Want you,” because it was the man, more than the act, that I desired. “More than anything.”

To show him I really meant what I said, I tore open the condom packet and swiftly rolled the bit of latex onto my dick.

Maybe I had imagined it after all, because there was no hint of vulnerability to be heard as he replied, “Well, alright then. I’m ready...you’re ready... Let’s do this thing.” It was all just the same cheerful nonchalance in his voice again, no indication at all that there might be something fragile beneath all the sparkling glitter.

The condom in place, I gave myself a fast, microsecond pep talk that I could do this. I could fuck this gorgeous creature, I wouldn’t come within the first ten seconds or otherwise screw this up, and we’d both enjoy ourselves. Then with my left hand, I gently gripped his hip—so narrow and delicate under my stubby, ungainly fingers—while I wrapped my right hand around the base of my dick and aimed it toward its intended target.

That first brush of my dick against his waiting hole felt electric. And then...sinking inside... Ungh .

Breath stealing. Thought stealing. Too soon and probably too dramatic to say life changing, but, holy fuck, yes, that too.

The narrow, cramped bathroom stall filled with matching moans as I slid my dick into the warm, welcoming, tight sheath of his ass.

“Oh yes. Just like that, boo. Knew you’d be so thick,” he said.

His words made me shiver and flush hot with pride. It’s not as though I had any sort

of control over the size and shape of my dick, but, nonetheless, it was a heady rush to hear that he liked it. That I could please him.

There was very little resistance, just deliciously hot, firm pressure enveloping me—he really had thoroughly prepped and readied himself for this—so I kept going forward, pressing inside of him until I was all the way in.

As I bottomed out and my hipped snugged against the taut, perky roundness of his ass, he murmured, nearly purring in satisfaction, “Mmhmm. Just what I wanted.”

It was so very hard to think, to do anything at all other than glory in the feel of his channel all around my ecstatically happy dick. But I did want to please him. I don’t think I’d ever understand what made this man pick me to do this with instead of any of the other men in the club—sexier men. Taller, thinner, stronger, better-looking men. More experienced men. Smarter, more witty, more charming men. But I didn’t want to disappoint him, make him regret picking me.

So, I tried to gather my words, asking, “What do you... How do you... Uh. I mean, what should I...”

Thankfully, he took pity on me with my bumbling, incoherent questions. “You’re off to a wonderful start, boo. Now, keeping going, and don’t be afraid to fuck me hard with that thick fucking cock of yours. Shove it in so good my ass chokes on it.”

His rather flippant use of the generic endearment should’ve been irritating. He was clearly using it because he didn’t know my name; had outright stated he didn’t want to know my name. But instead of it putting me off, it sent a swirl of giddy, fluttering delight through me. The silly name was just so light and playful, and he said it with such cheeky charm, that it seemed like just the perfect glittery tease from this perfect glittery man.

And really, with what he was letting me do, with the dirty, filthy things he'd just commanded me to do to him, he could call me whatever he wanted. If he wanted to call me a donkey, I'd let him. Frankly, I'd probably bust out my best donkey braying impersonation to make him happy and get him to keep calling me that.

"O-okay. Yes, I...I can... Okay."

I didn't sound confident, not in the least. And that's because I wasn't confident that I could fuck him how he wanted. I'd certainly give it my best shot, but none of my past sexual performances, whether I was topping or bottoming, would be what I'd consider very rough or aggressive.

My left hand was still holding onto his hip, the skin beneath my fingers as soft and smooth as the finest silk, and I was half afraid I would end up leaving marks on him. And half hoping that I would. On the one hand, it seemed sort of rude to mark somebody up without their express consent to do so. Not to mention, bruises on the perfection of this angel would almost seem profane.

On the other hand, I wasn't so evolved that the thought of leaving some sort of visible proof that I'd been allowed to touch him, allowed to be so close and intimate with him, sent a rush of masculine satisfaction coursing through me.

My right hand was sort of floating uselessly by my side, but, despite the ultimate familiarity of our current physical engagement, I wasn't sure of whether any additional touching would be welcomed. So, instead of trailing my hand over the lustrous and sparkingly inviting expanse of my glitter-daubed angel, I raised it and settled my palm against the cool, slick surface of the metal stall door only an inch or so away from where his shoulder rested against it.

Now feeling sufficiently braced to engage in sex, in this position, with a less likelihood of losing my balance and toppling over at some highly inopportune

moment, I commenced pistoning my hips to give my angel the fucking he'd requested.

The first few times pulling back and thrusting forward, I was probably still more tentative and careful than I needed to be. But I was trying to gauge what he meant by fucking him hard and what sort of percentage his words reflected what he really wanted versus being dirty talk thrown around during sex. Thankfully, he wasn't hesitant in providing me with feedback and further instruction.

"More. Give me more, boo. Harder. Faster. C'mon, give it to me. I want to be able to feel an echo of that thick cock for days ."

With that verbal green light, I went ahead and slammed in as forcefully as I could on my next thrust. A groan and a heartfelt-sounding, "Fuck, yes, that's more like it," from my angel told me that I now was on the right path.

In and out, in and out, over and over again, settling into a fast, rhythmic pace, with my hips meeting and slapping against the lush firmness of his ass on each deep plunge.

"That's it. That's it. Perfect. Just like that."

I lapped up the reassurance, just as thrilling to me as the hot channel hugged so tightly around my cock. So, naturally, I greedily went after even more praise.

"Yeah? That good? You like that?" I asked.

He moaned, the sound easily becoming the greatest sound I'd ever heard, then replied, "You know I do, boo. So good."

It was good. So, so good.

Having sex in a public place was always a bit of a thrill all on its own. Although, I've done that enough times that I didn't think it was the location making this particular experience as pleasurable as it was.

And I don't think it was just because there was a newness to this experience—both being with a new partner and by having sex in a manner that was outside my norm.

I don't think it was even just because of simple chemistry between my angel and me, although it was pretty obvious that we did have some sort of physical chemistry.

No, I think that the reason it felt so good, better than any of my previous sexual encounters, was because we had some sort of connection between us as well. Something that was beyond just the physical. An emotional, intangible—would it be foolish of me to think of it as spiritual—connection.

Something had drawn my eye to him as he danced on the crowded club floor. And not just his appearance, as incomprehensibly beautiful as that was. And something had drawn his attention to me. And there was no way that would've been my own appearance. There's absolutely nothing remarkable or attention-grabbing about my looks. Average in height, chubby cubs with average faces, dressed in boring, average jeans and a t-shirt were not lucky enough to grab the notice of earthly, sparkling angels unless there was some other sort of draw between them. An unspoken, unheard, and unseen call between souls, perhaps.

So, I had to agree with my angel's groaned analysis—fucking him felt so, so good. Not that I was able to verbalize that agreement with anything more than a grunt.

Hey, what could I say, fucking somebody hard and fast was hard work. Lots of heaving breaths and racing heartbeats.

But despite how incandescently pleasurable fucking my angel was, the sound of the

door to the stall next to ours banging shut briefly distracted me.

I couldn't help but wonder if the activity was caused by the two guys who'd been in the stall when my angel and I had entered the bathroom, who'd been engaging in their own bit of hanky-panky but who had to have been done by now, or if it was somebody else now going into the stall. And was it only one person in there, or was it another pair of horny men, too eager to engage in some frisky activities to wait until they could go somewhere more private than the men's bathroom of a gay club? If it was a new person or a couple of new people, were they wondering what was going on inside the stall my angel and I were in? They probably didn't have to wonder—the sounds we were making were pretty self-explanatory. But what did he/they think about what we were doing in here? Were they disgusted? Intrigued? Aroused? Were they going to listen to our activities or would they do the polite thing and pretend nothing was going on?

Luckily, my hips were smarter than my brain, maintaining their motion and continuing to propel my dick in and out within the snug grip of his ass, even as my attention took a bit of a detour.

"I'm going to start jerking myself," he stated, releasing a low moan a scant second after. "Hope you're almost there too, boo. Our time's probably running out before somebody tries to kick us out of this stall so they can take their turn in here."

Being inside of him felt so good that I'd love to keep going and going and going. But he was probably accurate in his assessment that we'd tied up this bathroom stall for about as long as could be considered polite. And while the thought of fucking him for as long as he'd let me sounded fantastic, realistically I was quite close. I could feel the buildup of my approaching orgasm in the tightness of my balls and the pleasurable pressure low in my stomach.

"Yes. Almost," I said, the words rough and a little heavy on the wheezing. This was

the most aerobic of workouts I'd had in quite some time.

My knees felt kind of wobbly—from the physical exertion, from my impending orgasm, maybe a combination of both—so I shuffled my feet a bit farther apart to try to regain a better balance. It worked okay, but much, much better, the slight shift in position must've jostled the angle I was thrusting into my angel just enough...

“Fuck! Yes! That's even more perfect, boo. Right there. There!”

His loudly gasped words were quickly followed by his channel tightly squeezing around my cock. And the two things together were enough to propel me over the edge right along with him.

I attempted to let him know that I was coming, but all that came out of my mouth was a singular garbled moan. “Fuuuck ...”

The pulsing spasms of my cock as I shot into the condom felt so intense that I heard an accompanying thumping sound. It wasn't until a voice from elsewhere in the bathroom said, “Yo, the soundtrack for the live show has been real entertaining, but try not to break anything. Don't want the club to ban us from using the bathrooms for fucking,” that I realized the thumping noise wasn't all inside my head. No, I'd apparently been banging my hand against the stall door in time to the thrumming pulses of my climax.

Mortification that someone had been listening to our physical intimacy had any sort of verbal response I could give effectively locked down. Naturally, my sparkingly confident sex partner was not so affected.

“Why thank you kind sir, we're supremely glad that our activities were able to amuse you. If you'd like to leave some sort of tip to show your appreciation, on a sliding scale of just how long you were listening in for, feel free to set it on the counter and

we'll collect it on our way out. Otherwise, I'd suggest that you mind your own business, finish up with whatever it is you were doing in here, and kindly depart. Especially as you seem to have thoroughly embarrassed the friend I have in here with me and I, for one, am not amused by that."

It seemed like more proof that there was some sort of connection between us that my angel could sense my emotions while we were back to front and he couldn't even see my face. And whether or not he truly meant the words he said to some random stranger, I felt a rush of gratitude and warmth that he wasn't mocking my chagrin.

Nonetheless, I mumbled a quiet "sorry" into the back of his head for letting an eavesdropper discomfit me and for allowing the job of defending our activities fall solely onto his shoulders.

When he held his left hand up with his index finger raised, at first, I thought he was shushing me. But then his head tipped ever so slightly to the side, the artfully rumpled coils of his hair gently tumbling with the movement, and I realized that he was listening for something.

A silent beat or two passed, then I heard a scuffing sound, a squeal of metal hinges, then a soft whoosh and thunk as the bathroom door was opened and then swung closed again.

Another moment passed, then apparently appeased that whoever else had been in the bathroom with us had left, my angel commented, "Naughty, nosy ninny. Hmmph . Whoever he is, I think he's gone now." The soft snort that seemed to be about the level of laughter he allowed himself to indulge in preceded his slyly voiced speculation. "Wonder if he did leave us a tip. If he did, I hope it was a lot. I certainly wouldn't mind somebody else fronting the money for a drink or two at the bar."

I wasn't sure how to reply to that, as evidenced by the ineloquent "Uhhh..." that

came out of my mouth.

He continued speaking as though I hadn't said anything. Just as well, since I hadn't, not really. "I definitely plan to go check. But in order to do that, I should definitely clean myself up first. I am delightfully dirty. Not that the spunk in my hand—and, oops, looks like a bit of it got away from me and landed on my stomach, too. Anyway, like I was saying, not that it'll stay delightful for much longer. But first, before I can do that..."

A small wiggle of his ass made me realize that I still had my deflating, half-hard dick nestled inside of him.

I was about to apologize again, this time for blanking on the post-sex etiquette of withdrawing in a timely manner post-orgasm, but before I could, he stated, "I'm going to need you to unlodge your cock from my ass. I know it's a fantastic ass..." My mouth lifted into a grin of agreement so quickly that my cheeks hurt. "And trust me, I'm adoring the way your fat cock is stretching me, boo," he added. "But when the fun is done, clean becomes queen."

That was...not a saying I'd ever heard before. It was cute, though. Or maybe it was cute just because of who'd said it.

And his sentiment was correct—the heated pleasure of our hookup was over and it was time for us to deal with the aftermath. I needed to take care of the condom, he would need to wipe the cum off his hand, and we both needed to right our clothing and vacate the bathroom stall before we did encounter an individual or two who was irate over how long my angel and I had hogged the space.

"Alright. Yeah, let me just..." Holding the base of the condom, I carefully eased my cock free, unable to stop a grunt of disappointment over losing the hot, tight clasp of his channel around me. "Okay. I'm... Uh. I'm out," I stated. Needlessly, because it

wasn't as though he wouldn't be able to feel that my dick was no longer inside of him.

I awkwardly held the floppy, cum-laden, and lube-slimy used condom in my hand, uncertain what to do with it. There wasn't a trash can in the stall, I wasn't going to clog the toilet by attempting to flush it, and the thought of discarding it on the floor... Yuck. No.

Resolved to having to hold it until we left the stall and I could dispose of it in one of the trashes by the sinks, I expressed my appreciation with a wordless murmur when my angel turned to the side, pulled off a long length of toilet paper from the spool, and handed me a large chunk of it, saying, "Here. Some for you, some for me."

Tearing off a few squares of toilet paper to crumple around the condom, I used the rest of it to cursorily swipe at the cum and lube sticking to my dick. I'd definitely need to do a more thorough clean up in the shower at home, but wiping off even a little bit of the stickiness was better than nothing. I then pulled up my pants and underwear, tucking my dick away, and tugged my t-shirt back down over the soft swell of my stomach.

I caught just a brief glimpse of pink lace against pale, silky smooth skin before my angel efficiently dragged his pants back into place, rebuttoned, and rezippped. His own crumpled wad of toilet paper, he casually flicked into the toilet behind me. Then, batting his eyelashes at me, he softly patted my belly—thankfully, not seeming to notice or care that it was bigger and smooshier than I'd like it to be—and asked sweetly, "Flush that for me, would you, boo? You're closer. And I'd really prefer not to get whatever grubby germs that are on it on my hands."

"Sure, yeah, of course," I swiftly answered, happily willing to do pretty much anything he wanted. And I was closer.

Twisting my body to reach the lever, which luckily didn't look any grosser or dirtier than one found in any other public bathroom, my stomach sank when I turned back around and saw that he'd unlatched and opened the stall door.

He'd gently instituted a no names situation and...that was fine. Really. It was. But without a name, without knowing anything about him—other than what he looked like and how perfect his ass felt wrapped around my cock—how would I ever be able to see him again?

Thinking that, if anything, he might be willing to exchange numbers, I started to ask, “Could I—” but he interrupted me before I was able to get more than those few words out.

“Saying goodbye is never fun, is it, boo?” His long, slender fingers gripped the sides of the doorway as he hovered in the opening, starkly vibrant against the dull matte black of the painted metal structure. His pink glossed lips curled into a playful smirk as he added, “Which is why I never do. Say goodbye, that is. Instead, I'll just leave you—while I go try to track down where on earth my shirt has got to—with a...see you around, boo.”

And then he was gone.

Turning away from me, calmly striding across the bathroom floor, casually and easily pulling open the door leading back into the club, and... He was gone.

My angel.

Gone.

But that couldn't...that couldn't be it. Right? One night—not even a full night, might I add—couldn't be it.

It just couldn't.

And yet, as I was left, standing all by myself in the stall of a nightclub bathroom, with the only proof that everything that had just happened had really happened the stickiness of the remnants of lube and cum rapidly crusting up on my dick, a used condom swaddled in toilet paper in my hand, and the general feeling of satisfaction that came from a really, really good orgasm, I had to wonder if, yes, maybe this was it. Maybe this brief moment in time, this fleeting encounter, was all I was ever going to get with my sparkling angel.

I should be grateful that I'd been lucky enough to even get that much.

And I was.

I just also couldn't help but hope that my luck would hold and, somehow, someday, I would be fortunate enough for another chance to see my angel again.

Maybe he'd even let us exchange names in addition to bodily fluids next time.

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Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 10:02 am

Chapter 3

Another night, another packed crowd of hot, sweaty, horny men looking for The One. The One for one night, several nights, or forever...well, that probably varied.

Once more, the lights were flashing brightly above the writhing melee on the dance floor and the music—indistinguishable from the stuff the DJ was playing last night. Maybe it even was the same songs he had on last night—was loud, rhythmic, and continuously flowing.

Like the others here, I, too, was here looking for The One.

Although, in my case, it was more that I'd already found my One, I'd had him, my angel—if only briefly—I'd lost him, and now I was back hoping to find him again.

There wasn't really any reason for me to think that just because I wanted him to be at Glitter again tonight that he would be. All I had was hope. But this club was the only lead I had on how to find my angel again. It would be nice if I had some way of knowing whether Glitter was one of his regular haunts or if last night had been the one and only time he ever planned to set foot within its walls.

On the one hand, he had seemed familiar with the layout of the club, particularly the location of the bathrooms. But perhaps that had merely been luck. Or a general familiarity with clubs of these kind—beyond the exact position of the bar in relation to the entrance, pretty much all of the clubs I'd ever been to had been laid out in the same general way.

These were the thoughts pinging around in my head as my hopeful, eager gaze swept across the interior of the club. Peering, searching among the thicket of men standing three deep along the length of the bar. Flitting from clustered group to clustered group of men arrayed around and between the waist-high tables set ringing the outer perimeter of the large space. Looking, looking...hoping to spot an alluring tumble of pink hued curls. A stunningly pretty, captivating face.

My heart raced. Anticipation, want, and fear all waging a tumultuous war that rumbled and roiled in the pit of my stomach.

And then everything seemed to stop.

My breath, my thoughts, the very blood flowing in my veins.

Because there he was.

There he was, my glittery, sparkling angel. Once again situated beneath a beam of light, in the middle of the dance floor, surrounded on all sides by a throng of entwined men grinding against each other.

As they moved around him to the throbbing pulse of the music—flowing, swaying, arms, chests, legs, and hips a coordinated symphony of motion—I caught all too brief flashes of my angel.

He was wearing another pair of loose, slouchy jeans—black or some other really dark color that was close enough to black. And he hadn't yet taken off his shirt tonight, so his pale, lean torso was hidden behind a barrier of tight, lime green mesh. Barely hidden, as the hem of the cropped top teasingly flirted against the skin just above the shallow, oval indentation of his belly button and the spaces in the mesh offered tantalizing glimpses of silky skin.

He was a vision. A vision I wanted, needed, to touch. A vision I wanted to taste. Did he taste as soft and sweet as his pretty features and the cotton candy hue of his hair hinted at? Or would he taste as tart as the acidic color of his shirt and as sharp as his blunt words and sassy smirk?

As ecstatic as I was to spot my angel at Glitter again, the way I'd hoped to, I could only wish that he would be even a fraction as happy to see me. I impatiently waited for him to look my way, so that his ethereal blue eyes could meet mine. But before that could happen, a group of tall men passed in front of me, blocking my view of him. Once they were done passing by, I desperately pinpointed my eyes on the spot where I'd seen my angel on the dance floor.

But he wasn't there.

Had I only imagined him? Had my wanting heart only summoned an image of him—a yearnings-born mirage?

My eyes rapidly scanned over the men on the dance floor. Tall men, short men. Skinny twinks, beefy bears. Fit, muscular men and others that fell into the same amply padded, squishy category that I did. Pretty men, handsome men, plain men, a few I'd even categorize as downright unattractive. Men of every sort of size, shape, and appearance, in a full range of skin tones.

Yet, none of the men still on the dance floor were my pale-skinned, slender, pink haired, blue-eyed angel.

How had he managed to vanish in the small fraction of a minute that my eyes had been off of him?

Thinking that he couldn't have gotten very far from where I'd last seen him in such a brief amount of time, I began systematically visually canvassing the crowd of men

ringing the perimeter of the dance floor. Hoping to spot any flash of pink or lime green that could belong to my errant angel.

“Well, hey there, boo. Fancy seeing you here again.”

The lightly teasing words spoken just to the right of me practically had me jumping in surprise. I somehow managed not to, but there was no stopping the startled, barking yelp that escaped me. I could only hope that the loud, thumping music had swallowed the sound before it registered in my angel’s delicately perfect ears.

I’m sure I looked a fool as I swiftly turned, a giant, demented grin stretching my mouth to its limit as I took in the sight of the strikingly beautiful man standing a scant couple of feet away from me.

“Hi. Hi. Hello,” I gushed, my relief that I hadn’t imagined seeing him causing me to repeat my greeting a few more times than necessary. “You’re here,” I babbled on. “Here. In front of me. Right here, right now. At Glitter. Like I’d hoped. Like I... You know...for a second there, I almost thought I’d imagined—” I cut myself off before I could complete what I’d been saying.

Not like I hadn’t already probably come across as a completely unhinged and socially-awkward moron, but I didn’t need to compound my, so far, piss-poor second impression by confessing that I’d had a moment or five of truly believing that my brain had conjured up an image of him, much the way a thirsty man in the desert would trick himself into thinking he’d found a life-saving oasis of water.

I was still smiling bigger than was necessary, practically vibrating with happiness and, as his gaze performed a leisurely sweep of my form from head to toe, his own mouth quirked up on one side. It wasn’t really a smile—not that it wasn’t not a smile—but more of an expression of faint amusement.

Last night, my angel had only been nice to me. Particularly nice considering that he'd led me to somewhere relatively private and then allowed me to fuck him. But a part of me—a not very small part of me—half expected that small smirk to be the precursor to my angel mocking me or ridiculing me for my obvious excitement at getting to be in his presence again.

And while he did tease me, it was with no malice or cruelty. He lightly fluttered his fingertips against my t-shirt, following a ticklish path up from my stomach to over my heart, saying, “Yes, boo. Here I am.”

It wasn't as well-lit in this part of the club, but the green glitter dusted over the high, elegant crests of his cheekbones was vivid and startling and I wished that I'd been able to see him this close, in all his neon brilliance, beneath the bright lights illuminating the dance floor. The radiant glow could've permanently seared the image of him onto my mind's eye.

His fingers continued tracing small, teasing flicks against the cotton fabric of my shirt as he peeked at me from beneath lowered eyelids embellished with a thick sweep of dark green eyeliner and a dusting of silvery-green eyeshadow.

“I'd had this small thought in my brain,” he stated, drawing the lush fullness of his lower lip between his teeth, the temptingly sharp edges of his straight, white teeth indenting the soft flesh in a manner that caused a simmer of want to erupt within me for my own teeth to do the same. “That when I saw you again...” Almost as soon as the words left his pretty mouth, his wide eyes flew up to meet mine and he quickly amended his statement, tacking on “that is...if by some chance, by some random, random, completely random chance, we just so happened to run into each other again. At this or some other club. Well, I'd thought that I'd, of course, drag you back onto the dance floor to see if you'd somehow managed to acquire some dancing skills. But...”

His hand dropped away from my chest as he pressed his body firmly against mine. This close, close enough to be breathing the same air and for me to be able to detect—beneath the heavy, pervading odor in the club of numerous colognes, deodorants, and musky, funky man-sweat, plus masculine lust pheromones—a sweet, almost candy-like scent emanating from his skin, I could see that, tonight, my angel had limited his glitter adornment to only what was on his face.

Not that I would've cared if glitter had migrated its way from his body to mine; I was still finding small traces of pink from last night's glitter in random and unexpected places on my person. But I had to imagine that the matching lime green glitter he'd used to complement tonight's ensemble would be even more garishly noticeable if it, when it, transfers onto my skin and clothing. Perhaps my angel had already experienced a difficulty in getting that vibrant green glitter off his clothing before and that's why he'd limited his usage of it to only his face.

All thoughts of glitter, its application, and the locations and quantities of its distribution fled my brain—along with pretty much everything else—as my angel looked at me with obvious and blatant desire gleaming in his light sky-blue eyes.

“It's only been one day,” he added. “Even I wouldn't expect you to have magically gotten any better at dancing in only a day, boo. So, why don't we revisit something we both know you do exceptionally well?”

Embarrassingly, it took me a moment or two to catch on to what he was suggesting. But, again, having my angel pressed up so close to me completely shut down all of my higher brain functions.

Laughter lit up his face in a way his teasing and smirking had not. It made him look, impossibly, even more of an angel.

“Come along, boo,” he said to me, turning, then snagging my hand with his to pull

me along after him. “We have another visit to the men’s room in our near future.”

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Chapter 4

Glitter, with its predominantly male clientele, had the smart idea of having a few different men's rooms, accessed by going down parallel-running hallways at the two back corners of the club. Last night, my angel had taken me to one of the bathrooms located along the hallway on the lefthand-side corner; tonight he led me to a different one that was in the other hallway.

“Not that I think our chances of not being overheard are any less tonight,” he said, pushing open the door labelled Bathroom 4, “but maybe we won't wind up with a chatty commentator in this one.”

This bathroom was almost an exact replica of the one we'd visited previously. The same black and white checkerboard-patterned flooring, black partitions enclosing the toilet stalls, walls covered in some sort of white wallpaper with subtle, silver pinstripes, and with the name of the club stamped across the top of the mirrors over the sinks in bold letters, also in silver. The only difference was that this bathroom had the row of urinals on the right side of the room and the stalls on the left, a mirror of the layout of the other bathroom. Other than that, they were the same.

Including, once again, the presence of a pair of men already utilizing one of the bathroom stalls for the same purpose my angel and I were going to.

The grunting and groaning of fucking were even louder tonight as this bathroom had not one, but two stalls already occupied. One stall had two sets of feet visible, one behind the other, facing the same direction. But the other stall...there were three sets of feet in that stall. They were all tangled and jumbled together and it was kind of

hard to determine what exactly was going on in that stall—who was facing which way and who might be doing what to whom—based solely on foot placement. However, judging from the sounds coming from both stalls, a good time was being had by all the involved parties.

“Oh goody,” my angel happily stated, “there’s a stall we can use and there’ll still be the handicap stall available should somebody come in who actually needs to use a toilet for toilet-y reasons.”

Without a single pause, he strode straight to the open stall, which was stuck smack in between the already occupied ones. Me... Well, I didn’t want to eavesdrop in on the couple in the stall we had to pass by. And I didn’t want to sneak a peek at what was going on through the very small, narrow gap between where the stall door didn’t quite meet up with the walls. But all of that effort not to hear anything, not to see anything...it had me stumbling and tripping over my own feet as I followed him.

“Son of a— Flipping— Shit. Ow!” I swore, as I clutched at and cradled the elbow I cracked against the edge of the door as I tried to close it behind me.

It stung, but it was the kind of hurt that was more surprise than actual pain. That didn’t mean I didn’t appreciate and enjoy the comfort of my angel’s touch as he cupped his own hand around mine over my stinging elbow, however.

“Aw, did my boo get a boo-boo?”

Having him touch me and having him call me his, even if it was with that silly, throwaway endearment attached to it and not my actual name, gave me a giant lump of want and joy and hope in my throat, that I then had to try to swallow around. The lump was so big that it kept me from being able to say anything, so all I could do was dopily nod in affirmation.

The simulated saccharine tone was still in his voice as he cooed, “Poor boo. Should I kiss it and make it better?” But then, before I was able to say much more than a garbled “Gah...”, he went back to the sort of snarky sultriness I’d encountered with him before. “I think I’d much rather do something else with you than kiss your elbow,” he said. “And I’m fairly certain that having another go at my ass would prove much more beneficial for curing any ouchies than some little kiss on a pointy, knobby elbow.”

Nothing could’ve kept the rush of lust I felt at hearing that he wanted me to fuck him again from manifesting itself via my rapidly flushed face. My angel took in the sight and it must have pleased him, if the satisfied curl of his lips was any indication.

His bare arm brushed against the side of my t-shirt as he reached around me and held the stall door closed, sliding the bolt of the lock into place. Chest to chest, our faces so close together it would take only the smallest of motions by either of us to bring our lips into contact, I helplessly fell into the mesmerizing beauty of his eyes.

Blink. Silver glittered eyeshadow twinkled. Then impossible pools of ephemeral blue, with miniscule shards of palest green that, tonight, seemed even more plentiful. Perhaps brought out by the thick line of green drawn along the base of his long, thick eyelashes.

Blink, and silvery glitter again. Blink, blink, blink. With each sweeping descent of his eyelids, a glimpse of sparkling magic dusted on his skin. Before the enchantment—the real magic—of my angel’s eyes are revealed again.

So lost was I in the fantastical realm of his gaze that it took me a moment to realize that he was speaking.

“While it feels delightful to have your arms around me, boo, and I’m not completely opposed to cuddling—even the kind of cuddling that’s done while standing—we’re

going to need to do a bit of rearranging here,” he said.

Until he’d mentioned it, I hadn’t even realized I had wrapped my arms around him and I was holding him in place against me. That, that , is just how powerful the pull of his eyes had been.

“Because, while I have no issue with getting down and dirty near a toilet,” he continued, “I do object to being the one actually next to the toilet. Er, sorry not sorry.”

The cheeky and rather matter-of-fact way he said it indicated that he, indeed, was not at all sorry, and that he didn’t feel a single ounce of guilt over making his partner—in this instance, me—be the person relegated to being closest to the toilet while we were jammed inside a relatively small and cramped space.

Since I’d readily do anything, be anywhere, if it meant he would be happy, I promptly replied, “Sure. Yes. Of course. Whatever you want.”

We began the slightly awkward task of shuffling our positions, until we rotated right around and he was standing just inside the stall, his back almost pressed up against the stall door. I ended up somewhere roughly in the middle of the stall, maybe a foot or so in front of the toilet and with my back facing toward it.

My arms were still wrapped loosely around his torso, and the silky, synthetic material of his mesh shirt was clinging to the cotton of my shirt and caressing the sensitive skin on the inside of my forearms. Our lower halves were also snugged closely together—I could feel the firm line of his erection nudging against the solid, aching length of my hard dick through the dual layers of our pants.

So, I could feel it—feel it like a sensual electronic shock—as he did a whole-body shimmy while slyly commenting, “You might regret that, you know. Saying that, that

is. That you'll give me whatever I want."

"No. I won't," I replied, my arms unable to do anything except tighten around him. Draw him even more firmly against me. "I won't regret it, because I mean it. Anything. Everything. Whatever. You. Want."

With my words, he seemed to glow, shinier, brighter, and more shimmery than the glitter sparkling his face, and his lips tilted into a sort of lopsided smile that was softer, more real, than the usual smirk. But I was only gifted with a brief glimpse at this true smile before my angel wiggled in my hold and turned around, his back now lined up against my front.

"‘Whatever’ hmm?" If I hadn't been listening so closely, trying to stay so in tune with him, I probably wouldn't have heard the slight catch in his voice, underneath the light sassiness he was exuding. "I seem to recall that I'd expressed a desire to revisit the natural talent I discovered that you had last night." He paused for a second, as if to tease me with the possibility that he might've changed his mind sometime between when we were out in the club and now.

And it might have worked, might have pricked at my anxiety and disbelief that someone like him—my beautiful, sexy, glittery angel—would want somebody like me, if it weren't for the way he was rubbing and grinding his tight, perfect butt against the swell of my erection, trapped and suffering within the confines of my jeans.

"Yes," he said. "In this instance, I think that's still the whatever that I want, boo. I want your thick fucking cock back in my ass and I want you to fuck me so good that anyone else in this bathroom, anyone else that gets to hear us fucking, will be jealous of ass-wrecking I'm getting."

My dick surged at his words and became almost impossibly harder. While I'd sort of

rather prefer not doing this again in public, where we could, and probably would be overheard, I also found that some part of me also relished the idea of others hearing us. A stroke to my ego that others would know I was the one he was letting fuck him. That I was the one giving him pleasure.

That this man, this angel, even for a little while...was mine.

I ground my hardness against the sweet curve of his ass so he could feel what he was doing to me. And so I could delight in teasing myself with the sexy firmness I'd luckily be finding myself buried in soon.

"Mmm, soon, boo. Soon," he murmured, echoing the eager thought swimming in my brain.

His body wriggling and shimmying, rubbing along my front, as he loosened and lowered his pants, had me groaning, low and rough. My hands skated along the elastic waistband of his underwear and across the soft, tender skin just above it.

"Your turn now, boo," he said. "But make sure to take a peek; I wore this pair especially just for you." The hitching choke of my breath at the notion that this man had been thinking of me while going through his underwear and that I'd in any way influenced his final selection was thankfully muffled by his light laughter as he added, "Well, and because they matched the rest of what I wanted to wear tonight, of course."

Leaning back from his body just enough to create a small gap between us, I quickly flicked my eyes down. What they encountered...there was nothing that would've been able to cover up this gasp—full of dizzying lust and more than a trace of continued disbelief that someone could be so physically perfect.

Narrow black bands of elastic against milky pale, unblemished skin, running across

the top of the slight swell of his ass and along the sides of each perky, round cheek, the jockstrap left the full, sumptuous perfection of his ass completely bare to my view.

It was a sight I didn't want to tear my eyes off of, but desire, want, and curiosity had me regretfully ripping my gaze away from that stunning picture so that I could peer over his shoulder to see what the front side of him had in store for me. And that sight...

Let's just say that limes, and anything and everything else lime-colored, instantly became my most favorite thing in the world.

Mesh, just like his shirt but with smaller holes, the front pouch of his jockstrap was a vibrant, neon green and looked to be made of a silky, satiny material. And right in the middle of it, just above where the head of his cock was resting and where a spot of moisture had dampened and darkened was the black outline of a round, juicy lime.

"Sweet fuck," I muttered, wishing he hadn't turned around and was facing me so that I could sink to my knees and get my mouth on that tasty-looking bit of green fabric. And everything it contained.

"Hmm. I suppose. If that's what you really want," my angel said, his voice as silky and teasing as his underwear. "I'd really rather a hot, rough, dirty, pounding fuck, boo. But it's up to you. You're in charge..."

The words were mere lip-service. He knew it. I knew it. He didn't actually mean it, which the tone of his voice clearly conveyed. And, really, I was good with that. Like I'd told him, I was here to give him exactly whatever he wanted.

As if to prove that I wasn't the one calling the shots in our encounters, he followed his statement up with a command of his earlier suggestion. "It's your turn, boo. Get

those pants down. Now, if you please.”

I dragged my fingers along his abdomen as slowly as I dared, feeling the faintest whisper of the short, fine hairs of his happy trail. Then my hands slipped between us, down to the button of my jeans. With only the narrowest of space between his body and mine, the backs of my fingers brushed against the smooth, silky skin of his ass as I worked to get my pants undone. I was tempted, oh so very tempted, to linger, to tickle more soft, gentle caresses to his flesh, but I didn’t want to press my luck. I didn’t want to invite my angel to get impatient with me. How little would it take for him to change his mind and rescind his attention?

I never wanted to find out.

Only once I’d shoved my pants and underwear down and out of the way did any sort of practicalities rear their inconvenient heads. Unlike last night, there was no magically handy foil packet being presented by graceful, angelic fingers. So, I quickly scrambled to drag my pants far enough back up so I could get to the wallet in my back pocket.

As my fingers dove into the snug opening, fumbling to get a grip on the chunky, leather item and pull it out, his amused voice teasingly called out, “Everything going alright back there, boo?”

“Yep. Yep. All good,” I panted out, as I finally got the wallet pulled free. “Wallet. Condom,” I declared, holding it upright victoriously and wagging it in the air.

“Oh, well done, you,” he teased. “Excellent work. Now get it on,” he ordered, adding, “The condom, not the wallet.”

I hurriedly flipped my wallet open, grabbing the square, foil condom packet out from where it’d gotten buried between the assorted fives, tens, and twenty dollar bills I

kept stashed in there. Letting my wallet fall to the bathroom floor, not caring what sort of dirt, muck, or bodily fluids it might've landed in and would begin soaking up, I tore open the packet and snatched out the bit of latex that had been inside it.

I'd just begun rolling the condom down my hard length when he stated, "And not to worry, boo, once more I thought ahead and I got myself all open and slippery. Just. For. You."

Hearing that...knowing that... Ungh . I groaned. I grunted. I groaned . Whether it was true or not, how hot was it to think of this man, my angel, sitting at home and fingering himself, lubing himself up and stretching his tight, hot hole...all for me .

"God damn , you're going to kill me," I muttered. Not really meaning for him to hear me, but not overly concerned that he did.

"Nope, no dying, boo. Not until you fuck me, at least," he replied. "So, c'mon. Do it. Get that thick, hard cock of yours inside of me and fuck me. Pronto."

My hand felt good on my dick, wrapped around its base and holding it steady. But that was nothing, nothing , compared to the bliss of slowly sinking into the scorching vise grip of his ass.

The way he felt...that feeling of perfect completion, of being warmly welcomed home... I vowed to myself that I would do anything to be able to do this again, and again, and again. Even if I still had difficulty believing it was even happening in the first place.

We both moaned—mine more of a hissing, tortured sound of ecstasy while his was more of a happy purr.

"Oh, that's it, boo. See, like I told you," he said, his breath catching and causing a

slight hiccup in his speaking as I bottomed out. “Open and slippery for you.”

“Ah fuck. So good, so good. So fucking, fucking good,” I babbled, barely even cognizant of the words pouring out of my mouth, but knowing he deserved all the praise I could shower him with.

He answered with his own reassurance. “Mmhmm. You feel so good too, boo.”

His hand reached back and patted me on my bare hip. The move felt a little condescending—sort of like the kind of rough affection you’d show to a dog who’d done a trick particularly well.

But then his hand fluttered around until it grazed my arm. And, once he’d hit the target he must have been aiming for, he slid his hand down my arm until he reached my wrist. Wrapping it firmly around my wrist, his grasp was sure and determined as he drew my arm around to his front and his hand was warm against mine as he pressed it back against the soft and trembling surface of his stomach.

“Oh, better,” he said, his words just as soft as his skin, and also with the faintest hint of tremble to them. “Touch me, boo. Please touch me. And fuck me. Fuck me right on into next week. Please, boo, please. I want it.”

It felt good to hear him begging me. But also wrong. My angel should never have to beg for what he wanted, especially not from me. And he did feel so slick, hugging my cock tight but still so, so ready to be fucked. So, I pulled back and then immediately rammed back into him, filling him with my cock.

“Perfect. Perfect,” he cried, as he removed his hand from on top of mine and it flew to rejoin his other one in pressing flat against the stall door. “Now more. Give me more.”

With his happy cries ricocheting within the metal walls of the bathroom stall and ringing in my ears, I gave my angel exactly what he wanted. Hips moving forward and back in a steady, demanding rhythm, I plunged in and out of his tight channel.

My hand rested flat and heavy against the tender flesh between his delicately small belly button and the black band of his jock strap, which was still in its original position and snugly encased his own erect and leaking cock.

I wanted to touch him there. I wanted to feel the dampness of the ever-increasing wet splotch on the front of that green, mesh jock. I wanted to rub the silky material with my fingertips and feel the way the pre-cum leaking from his cock made it even slipperier.

And then I wanted to shove my hand beneath the stretch elastic band of his underwear, send it farther down, within the confines of that pouch, and explore the slender length of his cock with my fingers and not just my eyes.

I was aware of our dynamics. Fuck, I adored our dynamics. He was in charge and I was not. And what I wanted... He hadn't given me permission to touch his cock. Really, the only thing he'd, silently, given me permission to touch was his stomach with my hand and, verbally, his ass with my dick.

On the other hand...he hadn't told me I couldn't touch his cock. Not yet at least.

So, cautiously...waiting with bated breath for him to bark out a dissent at any second... I slowly inched my hand down....down...down.

The stretchy elastic clung to my fingers as I slipped them beneath the band of his underwear, gripping in the denial I was expecting from him. But from him, there was nothing other than a continuation of the pants and moans and trembling gasps he'd been releasing since I began thrusting my cock within the tight heat of his channel.

With no rebuff coming from his gorgeous, pink lips, I carefully nudged my fingers past the tight restriction of the elastic and slid them down into the heated, lustrous heaven nestled within the silky pouch of his black-and-lime-green jockstrap.

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Chapter 5

“Yes, boo, yes! Touch me.”

Shit, his words, and the pleased tone he used to cry out his approval, were almost enough to crash me right over the edge of my climax then and there.

“Oh, yes, that’s it. Touch my cock, boo. Jerk it. Yes, just like that while you fuck me. Fuck, you’re going to get me off, boo. So good. Fuck, you’re so good at this.”

Yep. There was no doubt about it. As good as his ass felt around my dick—and it did feel good. Really, really good—it was going to be my angel’s words that were going to send me soaring while emptying my balls tonight.

“Are you close?” I asked desperately. I really, really needed him to be close, because I sure as fuck was.

“Mmhmm. Yeah. Yeah, I am, boo. So close.”

I’d thought so. I’d hoped so. His cock was hard in my hand and the smooth, supple, elegantly slender length was slickly sticky from the precum it had been leaking.

I continued stroking him, quick, firm, and just a shade on the careful side of too rough, a pace he encouraged by assertively thrusting his hips forward, alternating fucking himself forward through my fist and backward onto my cock.

“Wanna... Gotta... You gotta...” I babbled, in between my raspy groans of pleasure.

“Please. You gotta...”

When we suddenly listed forward toward the stall door, at first, I thought I’d shoved into him too hard. But then I saw that he’d removed his left hand from the door and was now bracing himself upright, and me, by extension, with only the forearm of his right arm.

I didn’t have to wonder for very long why my angel moved his left arm, as I suddenly had his hand dragging through my hair and pulling my face closer to him.

“There. There. There !” he cried, although I wasn’t certain whether the reaction was caused by my dick driving against his prostate as I plunged and plunged and plunged in his tight channel or if it was from the press of my mouth as he pushed my face against the soft skin on the side of his neck.

Either way, one or the other must’ve set him off because I found myself with a hand coated, front and back, with cum as spurt after spurt of the stuff shot from the end of his cock.

The feel of him, the taste of him under my lips—a sweetness that almost reminded me of cotton candy and that I could see myself quickly becoming addicted to—and the pulsing clench of him squeezing my dick buried inside his ass... My own orgasm was swiftly triggered by his and I ecstatically followed him right over that cliff.

“ Anngh ... Anngh ...”

Thankfully, I was barely able to drag in enough oxygen to not pass out; I didn’t have nearly enough to groan out any sort of identifiable word. So, instead of deliriously verbally uttering the dubious gift of the sappy endearment I’ve been calling him inside my head, I merely sounded as though the strenuous effort of fucking him the way he’d wanted and deserved had left me as eloquent as a pathetically dying moose.

I felt his fingers unclench from the strands of my hair and his left arm fell to rest loosely next to his side. Taking that as my cue that he probably would like for me to cease my slobbering on his neck, I slowly lifted my mouth off his skin.

But before completely retreating from his personal space, I dared to run my nose tenderly along the line of his neck, taking in the equally cotton-candy-sweet scent of him, mingled with a hint of sweat and man.

“You know...I’m feeling a bit of *déjà vu* here, boo,” he commented. A brief wiggle of his hips made me realize—

Carefully easing my deflating dick from his ass, I apologized for once again not removing myself in a timely manner and rudely treating myself to a bit of cockwarming that he hadn’t consented to. “Oh, sorry, yeah, I’ll just...”

“No worries, boo,” he said, turning to face me now that our bodies were no longer joined together. “I just get a bit oversensitive sometimes, especially after a spectacular orgasm.” Perhaps my face asked the question I was too afraid and embarrassed to ask out loud. Because my angel’s full, pink lips curled into a teasing smile and he purred, “Yes, boo, that was a spectacular orgasm.”

I could feel myself grinning like a giant dork, but I had no way of controlling my facial expression. Not after he said that. The information was akin to getting a puppy, a brand-new car, a mint condition 1977 model X-Wing, and ten million dollars on Christmas.

My smile had no hope of fading when, just like the previous night, my angel spooled a long ribbon of toilet paper from the dispenser and sweetly handed over a generous section to me so that I could do a basic wipe down on myself and take care of the saggy, full condom still clinging to my dick.

While doing some clean up and setting myself to rights, I watched with amusement and awe as he nonchalantly and unembarrassedly shoved his length of toilet paper down the front of his jock and went to work at sponging up his cummy load. But after a handful of seconds or so, he seemed to realize that the task was hopeless—the goopy mess had thoroughly soaked the fabric and the fine holes in the mesh were acting like a sticky web, trapping and holding onto the creamy emission.

He seemed equally as unbothered by his failure as he had been to let me see his pragmatically casual cleansing effort. With one last glance at the sopping, moisture-darkened front of his underwear, his lips twisted up in a wry smirk. Then he pulled the gooey, dripping wad of cum-soaked toilet paper out of his jock and, shrugging, he lobbed it into the bowl of the toilet behind me.

“Meh. That’s unfortunate. Worth it though,” he stated, the wry smile still twisting his lips and now aimed in my direction. “Nothing I hadn’t really expected to happen either,” he added.

“Oh. Er. Uh...” I struggled to vocalize a smooth segue from his commentary on the messy state of his underwear and my desperate wondering if I was going to be granted the opportunity to get him all messy and dirty again.

His lips pursed into a moue of distaste as he slid his pants up and over his soiled jockstrap, a shallow groove also forming between his carefully groomed eyebrows, which were neatly groomed but intriguingly thick and prominent. They looked particularly striking in contrast to the delicate prettiness of the rest of his features and their mahogany brown shade stood out against the milky white paleness of his skin, while hinting at what his natural hair color might be.

“Right. Well...I’ll be off,” he stated, unaware of the sinking of my stomach at this careless proclamation. Not that I could disagree with his next statement. “Nobody wants to hang around in damp drawers.”

“No, no, of course...”

He didn't seem to hear me, or else he was ignoring me as he continued, “And the last thing I want is for any of that...” He waved a slim-fingered hand gracefully in front of his groin. “...to soak through my pants, making it look like I pissed myself.”

He still hadn't said anything I could refute, as much as I wanted to argue with him to stay. To not leave the club. To spend some more time with me. To take the time to promise me I'd get to see him again. Something .

“So, toodles, boo. I'll see you around.”

And that was it. Another ambiguous ‘see you around’ was all he was going to leave me with.

I'd lost my chance to say anything. To plead my case. To beg, if I had to.

Snicking the lock on the bathroom stall open, my angel smoothly twirled around and blithely slunk out of the stall, not looking back even once as he exited the bathroom.

Befuddled by his quick and sudden departure, I dazedly drifted to stand in the open doorway of the stall. Staring blankly at the empty space my angel left behind in his wake, the abrupt, loud whir of an electronic hand dryer blowing jolted me back to being aware of my surroundings.

So ensnared by my lust and the bewitching pull my angel had on me, I'd completely blocked out the knowledge that we weren't the only two men in the bathroom. But now I was confronted with that reality, smacked in the face with it, as I found myself locking eyes with a man standing next to one of the bathroom sinks.

His body angled to face one of the mirrors, I watched his reflection as he ran his gaze

over me from head to toe. My constant, low-level insecurity about my physique, which for some reason had surprisingly gone into hibernation both times I'd been near my angel, flared back to life as this stranger—an attractive, expensively groomed, silver fox dressed in stylish, designer clothing—communicated his opinion of what he saw with a fleeting lift of his eyebrows and a carefully neutral expression.

“I hope you don't mind me saying,” he drawled, his tone hinting that he planned to say whatever he was going to say, whether I did mind or not. “Well done. I saw the man that you were in here with... That was the man you were with, was it not? The stunning, delicious, pink-haired morsel that just left?” he asked.

I didn't care for the casual disregard in the way this stranger, who clearly had a decade, or more than likely two decades, on me, had boiled down all that my angel was to only his outward surface. Even if the description he proffered was technically accurate. Still, I found myself standing taller and puffing out my chest at his verbal acknowledgement that he'd noticed I was the one my angel had chosen. Out of all the men at Glitter that he could've chosen—so, so many men. Single, attractive, DTF men—me, I was the one he'd selected.

Not daring to open my mouth to answer him with words—I had the feeling that if I did open my mouth, more than likely what would come out would be a flood of words rhapsodizing about all of the things that made my angel so wonderful, not just his external beauty—I responded to the silver fox's question with an upward-lilting grunt.

“Hmm. I thought so,” he commented.

He leaned in closer to the mirror in front of him, casting a critical look at his own reflection, then drawing one manicured fingertip over the immaculately trimmed arch of his eyebrow. Having taken care of whatever imperfection he thought he'd seen, the stranger then flicked his eyes over me once again.

“Well, like I said, well done, you. That was quite a pretty fish you managed to catch for yourself tonight.” Turning away from the mirror, all traces of the flimsy facade of congenial congratulatory comradery the stranger had donned completely fell away as his mouth twisted into a sneer and he stated, “But now that he’s sampled the gas station-quality bait you have to offer, I doubt he’ll be coming back for more. So, I hope you enjoyed him while you could. Because, the next time you see him, don’t be surprised if you see him chasing after my rod.”

Without giving me the chance to refute his claim and tell him that my angel had come back for more, for a second time at least, the silver fox—or would he be more of a silver shark within the context of his weird and creepy fishing metaphor—made his own way out of the bathroom, roughly shoving open the door and nearly smacking the man standing on the other side of it, in the hallway, with it.

I knew it wouldn’t be worth it to follow after him, track him down, and confront him with all the arguments about why he was wrong. Even if I wanted to wade through the dense crowd of men in the club to find him, which I didn’t, it wouldn’t be worth it. There’d probably be no claims or boasts that I could throw at him that would convince that arrogantly confident, older man that, of course, my angel would continue to want me over somebody like him.

I knew all that. Which is why I didn’t go after that cocky, condescending asshole.

But there was also the slight—or not so slight—fear that... What if he was right?

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Chapter 6

“Benny, Benny, Ben, Ben, Ben.” The gratingly loud voice of my coworker, Dennis, preceded his arrival next to the open side of my cubicle.

Thankfully, I wasn’t on the phone with a customer at that particular moment—that would have been uncomfortable for everyone involved. Well, except for Dennis. I don’t think he has enough social etiquette to know he should feel embarrassed about coming across as unprofessional while at work.

Unfortunately, what I was doing was using my work computer for nonwork-related activities—scrolling through the generated results of an online search I’d done for names for shades of green.

It had been bugging me, not knowing what word to use in my head for when I was thinking about the subtle flecks of pale green in my angel’s blue eyes. Not that I should be thinking about his eyes while I was at work, although I’d already swallowed down my guilt over that. It’s not as though I’d been doing much of anything over the past two days other than thinking about my angel.

But I certainly shouldn’t be wasting time that I was getting paid to answer customer questions and complaints, by electronically scratching at the need itching away at my brain to commit every tiny detail of him to memory, complete with accurate and specific descriptors.

“Dennis,” I greeted him back, politely if unenthusiastically.

Hoping he wouldn't notice what I'd been up to on my work computer, which he would immediately hound me about incessantly until I told him everything—and then make fun of me for anything I told him—I exited out of the tab I had open on the monitor.

The search hadn't been that helpful anyway. Who came up with some of these color names? Silvery bog? Shadow lagoon? Mysterious celery? What were those names and how can celery be mysterious? And not one of the squares accompanying the odd color labels had come close to the particular shade of green I remembered. Too gray, too close to blue, too... celery. Tea green had probably been the closest, which puzzled me as I'd always thought of tea as being a darkish brown color, not green. But even that had only been close. Maybe I should just mentally label it angel green and be done with it.

Although, that might get confusing as I'd already been thinking of the light sky-blue of his eyes as angel blue.

“Benjarino. The Benjinator,” Dennis continued, volleying more irritating and made-up nicknames at me. “You, Benny-hana, look like you had a good weekend.”

The sly emphasis in his statement and the over-the-top wink he sent my way told me that this man, who had a cubicle three down the row from mine and was about as emotionally sensitive as a brick, had somehow divined that I'd had sex between last Friday and today, Monday, the beginning of another brand-new workweek.

“Whoever she was, hope she didn't leave you with anything more than this glitter,” Dennis said, brushing his hand heavily and roughly over the shoulder of my blue polo shirt. “Something you'll have to take antibiotics to get rid of, if you know what I mean.” This boisterously jovial statement was accompanied by another series of winks.

I shouldn't have any glitter on this shirt; the clothes I'd worn to the club on Friday and Saturday had immediately gone into the hamper when I'd gotten home. And yet...Dennis was making jokes about glitter and pretending, or not pretending, to brush some off of me. Which means either he made a really, really lucky guess or...

As subtly as I could, I tilted my head to peek at my shoulder where Dennis had touched me. Sure enough... Shit, glitter really does get everywhere. A few flecks of sparkly pink and lime green glittered beneath the industrial LED lighting in our office space.

Had I brushed up against my clothes hamper this morning and the glitter had drifted up to settle on my shirt? Had the glitter that had stuck to my skin from touching my angel somehow managed to avoid getting washed down the drain through multiple showers and then been transferred by me while getting dressed?

Or was glitter like some sort of a plague, sneakily infecting anything and everything within its vicinity? The stuff would probably survive an apocalypse, just like a plague, right alongside cockroaches. Huh. Glitter-encrusted cockroaches.

Thankfully—or maybe not so thankfully—Dennis didn't give me time to respond to his not-so-funny joking. “Oh, wait, no,” he said, an exaggerated grimace taking over his face. “You're one of those guys in the rainbow alphabet, right? A G, or a B, or a P. Nooo...there's no P in there. It's LGBTQ...something, something, something.”

His last few comments were muttered, clearly more intended for himself rather than me. On the plus side, Dennis' unhappy expression seemed to also be aimed at himself. Not being able to recall what sexuality I identify as and the exclusion of the letter P for pansexual in the acronym for those in the queer community were apparently upsetting to him. For as loud and annoying as I found the man, I had to say, he'd never come across as being a bigoted asshole.

“Either way,” he continued, “it would’ve been a man, right, that left you with that got you some something-something glow?”

“Er...yeah,” I hesitantly confirmed, not really wanting to discuss my sex life—not even whether I do or do not have a sex life—with my coworker. Particularly this coworker. “It was a man. I mean... Yes, I met a man this weekend.” I didn’t intend to offer up any more details than that, but I couldn’t help adding, with a besotted sigh, “An angel. He’s my angel.”

Dennis looked thrilled with even that small amount of information, the large obnoxious smile returning to his face. “Well, whoever he was... Next time you see him, angel or no, maybe tell him to lay off the glitter. Or else, you’ll be finding that stuff everywhere—on you, your clothes, on your furniture, in your car...everywhere—from now until doomsday.”

I had no intention of making a promise like that. My angel was perfect just the way he was—glitter and all. And even though the resulting physical transfer exposed me to uncomfortable and embarrassing conversations such as this one, I also sort of liked the tangible proof that it hadn’t all been in my head.

Nonetheless, I mumbled, “Er, yeah, sure. I’ll...make sure to do that,” in the hope it would get Dennis to drop the subject. To double down on ending this line of conversation, I pointed to the blinking light on my phone and said, “Looks like we’ve got more calls coming in. Should probably get back to work.”

“Yep, guess so, Benarito. Fuck knows the customers aren’t going to help themselves. If they were, they’d have all read the instructions that came with their products in the first place. Am I right?”

With a loud laugh, Dennis mock-punched my shoulder, as if to invite me to join in on the joke.

The truth of the matter was that probably about half of the phone calls we received on a daily basis wouldn't have to be made if the people who bought our products did read and follow the instructions that came with them. It was something all of us in the customer support call center resignedly complained about on a regular basis. One of the first prompts in our scripted customer interaction dialogue was even to ask each caller whether or not they had a copy of the instructions and had reviewed them.

But as somebody who had their own problems with any sort of hands-on projects—as multiple collapsed childhood birdhouses and an unknown quantity of injured birds could attest to—I'd always had a fair amount of sympathy for the struggles of the customers I talked to for my job. The instructions weren't always written clearly, and following along with them wasn't always easy.

So, my answering laugh was half-hearted at best—enough to come across as collegial but not so much that I'd feel guilty over being part of essentially making fun of the people we were paid to help.

“Yeah, you're...totally right, Dennis.”

“Hell yeah, I am. But you're also right, Benny—those calls aren't going to answer themselves. Which is why...we're going to have to wait until lunchtime, when we can head on down to the café, and then you can tell me all the details about this angel of yours. And I do mean all the details. Including when you're seeing this guy again. Friendly minds want to know.”

As Dennis wagged his eyebrows, while pointing a double set of finger guns at me, then strolling away from my cubicle as casually he'd approached it, there was nothing, absolutely nothing, that I wanted to do less than rehash my encounters with my angel again. Not with Dennis. Not with any of the other coworkers who were sure to be in the store café scarfing down lunch and eagerly eavesdropping on what everyone was talking about. No one. I wanted to hoard those moments to myself,

tucked away like the treasure they were.

Great, now I was going to have to avoid the cafe and make do with vending machine snacks for lunch. Dammit. And I'd really been looking forward to splurging on some Swedish meatballs today.

I'd figured that I deserved the extra calories. I had to have burned off more than I usually did over the weekend. And the extra-filling meal could've come in handy for tonight. Which just meant that I had to make sure to scarf down something more substantial than a salad for dinner.

Because, while I normally didn't venture out at night during the workweek, I'd already made up my mind to hit up Glitter again tonight. There's no way I'd be able to stay away.

There were no guarantees that my angel would be there tonight, but I had a feeling he would be. Thus, so would I.

I just had to hope—in addition to my initial, heaping mountain of hope that he would be there—that, if he was there, he would be as happy to see me as I would be to see him. And not have already turned his beautiful blue eyes to any of the other men that would also gladly endure any level of proximal glitterization in order to get close to him.

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Chapter 7

Having only ever visited Glitter on a Friday or Saturday night, I wasn't really sure what to expect walking through its doors on a weeknight. But other than being slightly less crowded—guys standing only two or three deep around the bar, instead of four or five, and a bit more space in between the groups of people so you could maneuver around them without feeling like you were constantly bumping into someone—it didn't seem all that different.

The music was just as loud. The lights illuminating the dance floor were just as bright and just as strobing as they had been on the weekend. And while the density of men in the rest of the club was sparser, the number of grinding and writhing bodies on the dance floor was just as closely packed as any other time I'd seen it.

It was even entirely possible that the four bartenders manning the bar and filling drink requests were the same four bartenders that had been back there last night and the night before. Maybe not probable, but it was possible.

The one glaring difference in being in Glitter on Monday night versus Friday or Saturday night? The devastating lack of any sight of my angel.

The last hour or two of work—Right, who was I kidding? The whole eight-plus hours of my workday, all I could think about was getting to Glitter. All those long, interminable, dragging on forever hours, my mind danced with visions of me walking through the club doors and immediately spotting him. I mentally teased myself by speculating what sort of captivating and sexy outfit he'd be wearing tonight and what color glitter he might choose to go with it.

But now all that guessing and fantasizing had fallen flat.

Because he wasn't here.

I scanned over the throng of men on the dance floor. Once. Twice. Three, four, five times over. Thoroughly. Obsessively. From each different side of the dance floor, I stood along the perimeter and peered over, and under, and around each and every single man on that dance floor.

None of them were him.

I did the same with the lines of men all along the length of the bar. All the men—the patient ones, the impatient ones. The ones standing by themselves and the ones waiting for their turn in a group. From one end of the bar to the other, I paced and scanned, scanned and paced, casting my searching gaze over each and every man.

I even let my eyes linger on a few of the women, just on the chance that my angel had opted to dress completely femme for the night.

But no one, not a single person I saw... None of them were him.

Perhaps it was still just too early in the night?

It wasn't any earlier in the evening than when I'd come to Glitter the last two nights, despite everything in me wanting to obey the urge to come to the club immediately after clocking out for the day. But instead of doing that—because who in their right mind would show up to a nightclub at six o'clock at night—I'd forced myself to go home, changed out of my business casual khakis and collared shirt and into some jeans and a t-shirt, and scarfed down a microwave dinner. Once I'd done all that, I'd made myself sit on my couch and wait. And wait. And wait. And wait some more. Until...it was finally the somewhat acceptable time of nine o'clock. Then, and only

then, had I allowed myself to drive into the busier part of town, where Glitter was located.

I don't know why I assumed that just because my angel had already been here, out on the dance floor, the last two nights when I'd shown up at Glitter shortly after 9PM, he would also already be here, waiting for me, tonight.

Taking a deep breath, I rolled my shoulders and shook out my arms to try to dispel the anxiety and disappointment coursing through me. I then had to hastily blurt out an apology in response to the dirty look sent my way by the man I'd nearly walloped as he'd walked by me.

Okay, I could do this. It was still pretty early in the night, as far as clubbing practices went. So, all I had to do was set myself up in a location where I could keep an eye on the door. Then I would be sure to see my angel the moment he stepped his beautiful self into the club.

All I had to do was wait. I could do that. My angel was worth any amount of impatient waiting I had to do.

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Chapter 8

Muddling through three straight days of work with a massive hangover was three days more than anyone should have to endure.

The throbbing pounding of my head and the churning, queasy ick of my stomach on Tuesday—after spending hours upon hours on a barstool while downing drink after drink after drink as a way to reup my butt’s lease on said stool—had been the necessary, willing price I’d paid to keep an eye on the door at Glitter.

It would’ve been a bit more worth it if all that waiting and watching had resulted in the eventual appearance of the man I’d been waiting and watching for.

But my angel never showed on Monday night.

As for the subsequent two additional mornings after waking up with a hangover...those were entirely regrettable.

After there’d been no sign of him on Monday, I’d let my optimistic hope propel me through the doors of the nightclub on Tuesday and Wednesday night as well. Surely, surely, my luck would grant me the thing I desired most—the glorious presence of my tousled, pink-haired, blue-eyed angel.

I’m not entirely sure what it said about me that I stubbornly repeated the pattern of Monday night for two more frustrating and fruitless nights, but that’s exactly what I did. More waiting. More watching. More creepily eyeballing every man, woman, and nonbinary person who set even a single toe inside Glitter, all in the hopes of spotting

the one man I wanted to see above all others.

Why I'd downed drink after drink after drink while doing all that eyeballing... One would think that Tuesday's hangover would've persuaded me against that tactic, but apparently not. Because as the night wore on, and each person to cross the threshold proved not to be my angel, I continued to toss drink after drink down my throat.

I really had to hope that nothing goes wrong with my car for the next...let's go with...year. Because all of my emergency car repair funds had gone instead to three nights of booze mixed with soda.

But at least Thursday morning's hangover did what Tuesday and Wednesday's had not—it pounded a logical conclusion into my head that, perhaps, I wasn't the only one with the habit of only going out on nights where I didn't have work the following morning.

With that conclusion throbbing in my head along to the beat of residual alcohol working its way out of my system, I'd opted to stay home on Thursday night. Not to mention, my wallet and my stomach had both been crying out for mercy.

The Earth had done its rotating on its axis thing, and I found myself watching the clock and counting down the minutes until I could clock out on another Friday afternoon. My hope was hanging on by a fraying thread...but it was hanging on. I was going to brave the crushing disappointment and take my yearning self to Glitter one more time.

What would I do if he still didn't make an appearance tonight? Well...I'd probably try again tomorrow night. And if tomorrow night was a bust? I guess, there's always next weekend.

I'm not sure how long it would take, how many visits would end in disappointment,

before I gave up completely.

It was entirely possible that those two nights would be the only nights my angel ever graced Glitter with his presence. I'd been there a few times prior to this past weekend and I'd never seen him there before; there's no way I wouldn't have spotted him if he had been there. It was possible that those few hours, those fleeting moments, would be all I'd ever have with my angel.

If they were, I supposed I'd have to make my peace with that. At least I would always have those two encounters as a perfect, glittery memory that would live in my mind for the rest of my days.

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Chapter 9

“Hey, buddy. That guy over there wants to buy you a drink.”

My eyes steadily locked on the door to the club, I hadn’t been paying much attention to anyone around me. So, at the bartender’s words, I jolted in my seat.

Twisting my body to face him, my gaze travelled over his plain, black t-shirt—the name of the club, a small, tasteful, silvery flourish across his pecs, which were straining against and testing the structural limits of the fabric—and up to his face. His expression was disinterested and vaguely annoyed as he nodded his head toward somewhere further down along the bar and relayed his message again. “Yeah, that guy. That one. Wants to buy you a drink. You want it or not?”

I swiftly shifted my attention in the direction he’d indicated, hoping... But, no. It wasn’t my angel.

The man looking back at me and eagerly making eye contact was... Well, he was cute. Really cute. With a slim build, dark hair and eyes, and skin that looked dewy and golden, even in the poor lighting of the club. Under any other sort of circumstances, I’d be over the moon ecstatic if a cute guy like that was showing me any sort of interest.

Right now, all that mattered was that he was not the man I was waiting for.

“He does not ,” came a voice from behind me, answering the bartender’s question on my behalf.

I jolted again, from joy and relief this time, instead of surprise, and I quickly swiveled around on the barstool to face my angel. The bartender, the random, cute stranger, and everybody else on the planet immediately forgotten.

His eyes locked on mine and not straying for a moment, he addressed the bartender again. “You can tell that encroaching hussy that his offer isn’t wanted. I already have something for him to drink.”

A slender finger dipped into the shockingly vibrant pink drink my angel was cradling in his left hand. He then brought that finger up to my lips and slipped it into my mouth, depositing a burst of tangy, sweet, and berry on my tongue. “Isn’t that right, boo?” he asked, his finger teasingly caressing my tongue before he slowly slid it back out of my mouth. “You don’t want what he’s offering. It could never be as tasty as what I’ll give you.”

I was speechless. Breathless.

But what wasn’t less was the way I wanted him.

My desire for him was a throbbing, burning need, filling up every corner of my being and which came out as a rumbling, desperate groan.

“Please,” I begged, not even knowing what it was I was begging for. Did it matter? Whatever he had in mind, I wanted it. I was willingly his.

His lips curled up in a pleased smile at my reaction. Or perhaps he was amused by the blatant neediness I was pathetically unable, or unwilling, to hide. He raised his glass up to those lips, which almost perfectly matched the color of his bright pink drink, his eyes never leaving mine as he took a slow, deep sip.

My mouth watered for a taste. Not another taste of what was in his cup—I could still

taste the small sample my angel had given me. No. What I wanted was a taste of him. What he tasted like beneath the shared flavor of the drink.

Our eye contact continued, lingered, much the way the press of his lips lingered against the rim of his glass. It finally broke when he looked away to set his drink on the bar behind me, even though it was still roughly half full.

Over my shoulder, my angel aimed a narrow-eyed glare at the bartender, who must've still been hovering nearby. As if to dare him to comment on the way he'd so gloriously, and publicly, staked his claim on me, or to warn the bartender against repeating that other man's offer to buy me a drink.

If it was a warning, it was totally unnecessary. Not that I minded the thrill it gave me. I would glory in this bit of outward possessiveness, let it nourish me like rainfall on parched land, and bask in it for as long as it lasts.

Then he grabbed my hand, tugging and pulling me up and off the barstool. A sassy flick of his head sent his pink curls jouncing enticingly as he stated, "Come along, boo. Follow me."

"Okay," I dutifully replied, happy to follow him wherever he wanted to take me.

Even with me obediently trailing behind him, he kept his hand clasped around mine. Normally, I wasn't one who enjoyed public attention, but at this moment, I sort of hoped that everyone in the club was looking at me. At us. I wouldn't even have minded if the music cut out and a spotlight was shown down on us if it meant that everyone could see this outward stake of ownership right now.

As he led me, unsurprisingly, toward one of the back hallways, I let my eyes feast on angel. His long, slender legs were encased in a pair of black, slim-cut pants that emphasized every lean, toned inch of them, and also cupped his firm, perky ass in a

way that made my hands want to do the same. On top, he was wearing a white, button-up shirt, paired with a wide, stiff, corset-like band of black leather wrapped around his narrow waist. And on his feet, he had on a pair of black, leather ankle boots that had a small heel that gave him just a touch of a height advantage between the two of us.

Internally, I laughed as my angel took us into Bathroom 3, thinking that, at the rate we were going, I'd soon have fond memories of all of the bathrooms of Glitter. At least, I thought my laughter had only been internal, but I realized it might not have been only inside my head as he turned to face me and raised one questioning brow.

Not wanting to admit to my stupidly hopeful thought, I muttered an unconvincing "nothing. It was nothing" in answer to his silent query. Thankfully, after a long moment, he let it go, not asking any follow up questions.

By some luck, the bathroom was empty, not that we'd probably remain the only two people in here for very long. But it did mean that there was nobody in here to witness my angel forcefully propel me into the bathroom stall furthest from the door or to hear him slam the door shut behind us.

I was a bit on the fence as to whether it was good luck or bad luck though. On the one hand, my ego wouldn't have minded somebody else being around to see the way my angel wanted me enough to manhandle me. On the other hand, the level to which I enjoyed that manhandling and how needy and desperate it made me... Yeah, that was something private. Something I only wanted my angel to know.

Remembering how things had gone between us the last two times, I automatically placed myself between him and the toilet and reached around to my back pocket to pull out my wallet, to get to the condom I'd tucked in there.

But before I could pull my wallet all the way free, a firm hand on my arm halted my

movements. Glancing up at him, I thought I saw a flash of uncertainty pass through my angel's blue eyes. But it was so quick—between one blink and another—and then in its place was such a look of control and confidence, that I couldn't be sure if I'd really seen it or not.

“Not so fast, boo,” he said.

My heart banged fast with disappointment and, well, confusion. Why were we in here, why had he led me here, if not for...

“As much as I loved you fucking me the last two times...” His hand still holding my arm in place, slightly trapped behind me, he stepped in close. Close enough that I could smell alcohol and berries on his breath. Berries and alcohol and...sugar. His own natural sweetness that I was dying to get on my tongue.

For a moment—a breath-stealing, hopeful moment—I thought he was about to kiss me. But just when I thought his lips were going to touch mine...just before...his head twisted to the side and he brought his mouth close to my ear instead.

His breath whispered against me as he stated, “Trust me, I really, really did love how you fucked me,” the words soothing me, reassuring me, and bringing my anxiety down a notch. “But,” he said. “But...”

My confusion and disappointment flared again as he took a step back, away from me, releasing his hold on my arm, and settling his body with his back resting against the black, metal stall door.

But even with my emotions a messy swirl, I couldn't help but appreciate the vision he presented. All monochromatic in black and white against that black background, the only pops of color came from his hair, eyes, and lips. Even the glitter he had on tonight—dusted across his cheekbones and on the flat expanse of chest exposed by

his half-unbuttoned shirt—was a shimmering silver. While it made him look as though he'd been kissed by stardust, it couldn't pull at my gaze the way his face did. Those eyes. Those lips .

Even more than the loss of the press of his body against mine, what I felt more was the loss of the possibility of the brush of his hot pink lips against mine.

While I'd been eyeing him, my angel seemed to have been eyeing me right back. I'm not really sure why—it's not like I was much to look at, not like he was, in my jeans and t-shirt that... Yep, a quick glance down confirmed that the t-shirt I'd thrown on after work had a faded sports logo on it. So faded, I couldn't even be certain of which sports team it was for, although there were bits of black and white that almost looked shaped like a bird, so if I had to, I would guess it was for the Minnesota Loons hockey team.

As for what I looked like beneath my plain, unimpressive clothes... Well, it's not like it was all that hard to tell I was thick and chunky and hadn't seen the inside of a gym in...ever. But the shape of my body hadn't been enough to put him off the past two times we'd had sex and it didn't seem to be deterring him tonight either. On the contrary, as he looked at me, lust made his blue eyes glow and his pink tongue dipped out to run over his pinker lips.

“While I would love, absolutely love , for you to fuck me again, boo,” he said, adding, “so, so very much, I’m going to have to have you do something else, instead. You see, the last two times were...messy. Wonderful and satisfying and must-be-repeated...but messy.” He waved a hand in front of himself as he stated, “This outfit is new. And so while having you fuck me would be fantastic, I don’t want to get lube and cum on these clothes. Not the very first time I’m wearing them.”

“Oh.”

Gearing up to express my understanding of why we weren't going to be hooking up tonight, while hiding my natural disappointment, I almost didn't register when he calmly informed me, "So, instead of fucking me, you're going to blow me instead." But I most definitely heard him when he ordered, "Get on your knees, boo. I want your mouth on my cock."

Dimly, I was aware of the thunk of my knees hitting the tile floor and the corresponding sharp crack of pain, but those didn't matter. What did matter was doing exactly what my angel wanted as quickly as I could, and then feeling the rush of pride and relief at the approval glowing in his eyes.

"Good. So good for me, boo," he murmured. "But you're going to need to get closer. So, come here, boo. Come to me."

His hands drifted over the center of his corset and down to the button on his pants as he watched me shuffle closer to him on my knees. My lips parted, my mouth already watering and eager for what he was about to reveal for me.

A quick flick of his fingers to release the button, a nimble tug to draw down the zipper, and the black material parted to show a vee of pale skin. That narrow sliver widened and grew as his hands slid his pants down. Slowly, slowly. Teasing me.

It seemed like every inch closer to him that I crept, another centimeter of skin was revealed.

Closer to him, so close to him now that I could feel the heat of his body and smell the sugary scent clinging to him, I waited expectantly to see what delightful torment of an undergarment he had for me tonight.

But instead of a hint of elastic, cotton, silk, or lace...there was only skin. Pale, creamy, satiny skin.

His treasure trail was barely a shadow of short, dark hairs, which led down to a dainty, trimmed patch of hair around the base of his cock. I followed that trail with my eyes, and then, as my angel implored, “Come on. You can get closer than that,” I followed it with my nose—brushing the tip of my nose against the fine, nearly invisible hairs below his adorable belly button, and then dragging it down, down, down, until I could bury it against the velvety soft, hot, sweet and musky root of his dick.

He’d only gotten his pants down as far as his hips, but I couldn’t wait any longer to get my mouth on him.

That first swipe of my tongue against his skin...

I groaned and had to fight to not let my eyes slam shut in pleasure as his tangy sweetness became the whole of my existence.

“Oh, shit. Boo,” he panted. “Let me... Fuck. Let me get my pants out of the way.”

I licked and licked and licked, tickling my tongue with the fine, raspy hairs at his groin, then sending it down to explore and learn the tender, sensitive skin at the base of his cock, stretched taut from his erection.

As he shoved his pants down further, his cock sprang free, hard, long, and perfect. It jerked up to thwap against my cheek, leaving a sticky smear of precum on my skin. And while I loved having that trace of him on my skin, I would so much rather have it in my mouth.

Raising my hand, I went to grab his cock so I could direct it toward my open, waiting mouth. But his hand was there first, wrapping around his length and tapping his cock against my cheek. One, two, three more times, leaving kissed dollops of sticky fluid with each tap.

“I wish you could see how hot you are right now, boo,” he said. “On your knees for me. With my hard cock in your face. Your mouth open. Mmm. And that look on your face... You’re gagging for it, aren’t you, boo? Ready to beg me for it.”

Not wanting to occupy my mouth with words when I’d rather have his dick in there, I went to nod my head to agree with, well, everything that came out of his mouth. But before I could, his other hand was there. Lightly gripping my hair what he could of my short hair, keeping my head from moving. Keeping my mouth right where it was. A mere breath away from the tip of his leaking dick.

“Are you, boo?” he asked, rubbing the end of his cock over my parted lips but not pushing inside. “Are you ready to beg?”

“Yeee—”

He doesn’t give me the chance to complete my answer. Which, really, why would he have needed me to? The answer was clearly going to be yes. All of my answers to him so far had been a yes, and I think we both knew my answers were always going to be a yes.

Instead of letting the complete three letter word leave my mouth, he directed the head of his cock to go into it.

With his fist still wrapped around the base of his cock to hold it steady, he slid the smooth, flared tip of his cock between my lips, gliding in until it rested snugly on the surface of my tongue.

“Mmm, your mouth feels so good, boo. So warm and wet. I’m tempted to have you stay like this, not doing anything else. Just being a good cockwarmer for me.”

I want to taste him. I want to suck him. I want to run my tongue all up and down the

length of his cock, getting him all soaked with my spit and figuring out the best ways to please him.

But the lush delight that rang in his voice as he hinted that he would want to park his dick inside my mouth for an indefinite amount of time... I whimpered from the desire for him to do whatever he wanted with me.

“It’s tempting...” Raising my eyes, I watched him, waited, and held still as he seemed to think.

His hand ruffled through the short strands of my hair, then, as his gaze lowered to look at me, his nostrils delicately flared and he stated, “Maybe another time. I did say I wanted to assess your sucking skills. And everyone who knows me well knows that I really don’t like to change my mind once I’ve decided on something.”

He gave a small thrust of his hips, nudging his cock farther inside my mouth. “So, that’s what I’ll have you do. This time.” And again. Pulling back slightly, until the ridge of his cockhead nudged at the soft inner lining of my lips, then pushing in again, riding the tip, and the first inch or so of his shaft, along the top of my tongue.

Once more, then he sweetly commanded, “So, suck, boo. Suck me so good.”

So, that’s what I did. His command was my wish. And my utmost pleasure.

I sucked. I licked. Swirling my tongue around the tip and up and down his shaft, which was a straight, slender column, with a singular, thick vein running along the underside. I took him as deep as I could, breathing through my nose while letting the head of his cock rub and pulse against the back of my throat.

And each time I did, each time I took him deep and held him there, the throb of his cock and the pulse of my heartbeat performing a perfectly synchronous tango, the

sweetest, filthy praise fell from my angel's pink lips.

“Fuck. Fuck, fuuuck ... Goddamn you're good at this. Knew you would be. So hot and wet and— Shit, yes! Do that again! That thing, with your tongue. Yes, that, boo. That! Fuck. More. Give me more. Take more. Yes. More of me. Swallow my cock. That's it, boo. Swallow it. Mmm. Like that. Fuck.”

He had both hands wrapped firmly around my head, fingers buried in my hair and digging into my skull, directing the pace and depth with which I was taking him. My own hands alternated between gripping his hips and cupping the smooth, silky perfection of his ass as my angel rode my face and used me for his pleasure.

“Fuck, I'm gonna... Don't wanna, but holy shit am I gonna...”

His thrusting was getting harder and sloppier, his words beginning to slur together and getting less coherent. I could taste his enjoyment on my tongue—the tangy, sweet nectar of his precum, which was now a near-continuous stream dribbling from his slit.

Then, suddenly, his hands tightened on my head and his words came out clearly and louder than they had been. “Fuck, I'm close. Are you good to swallow, boo?”

My eyes had been watering for...who knows how long. I definitely had saliva all over and dripping from my chin. I probably had snot oozing from my nose. And I still had the remnants of precum he'd streaked on my cheek.

My face was a gigantic sloppy mess.

Even so, I didn't hesitate to tip my face up so I could look my angel in the eyes. I wanted to see what his face looked like on the precipice to orgasm. I needed to see the desire, the pleasure, the chase for ecstasy darkening his eyes.

The previous two times we'd had sex, he'd been facing away from me, so I'd only been able to see his face after the culmination of his orgasm. This time, I wanted to see what he looked like just before. Then watch as it broke over him, sweeping him up and over the edge.

I wanted to see him glow.

Rubbing my tongue against the underside of his cock, I hoped he could read my answer to his question in my eyes. The thought of getting his taste, having him flood my mouth and throat with his cum...surely, he could see how much I yearned for that.

But perhaps my eyes weren't as expressive as all that. Because he followed up his initial question with another. "Or do you want me to shoot on you? All over your chest, maybe? While I don't want to dirty up my clothes, maybe you'd like for me to dirty up yours. Get you all filthy."

I groaned around my mouthful of cock because, really, that option also sounded fan-freaking-tastic.

Then he dragged one of his hands from my hair and brought it down to my face, cupping my cheek and leisurely sweeping his thumb along my upper lip, where it hugged the slender length of his dick, as he offered yet another choice. "Or maybe I should come all over your darling face. Would you like that, boo? Do you want a cum facial?"

Fuck. Those were all... How was I supposed to choose? I wanted all of them.

I wanted him to come on my shirt, mark it all up with his release, and then I could keep it and forever have a crusty memento of this moment.

And I wanted him to come on my face. I wanted him to splatter it all over my skin, until I was drenched and dripping with his cum, then rub it into my skin like the world's oldest-known form of lotion.

But I also wanted him to come in my mouth. Having only been granted small, fleeting tastes of his skin, and not yet been allowed to sample his luscious pink lips, I wanted my angel to spurt, thick and hot and creamy, into my mouth, so I could feast on the delicious flavor of his satisfaction.

How was I supposed to choose between the options he'd offered me? I wanted them all.

But if I had to choose—and, unless he took the choice out of my hands, I'd have to—there was one of the choices that I needed to have. More than the others. Especially with there being no guarantee that I would get to see him again. That I would get to have him in my mouth again.

With the possibility that this might be the only time I got to do this...

I pulled off enough that I could quickly gasp out, "Swallow. Please." Then I dove back onto his cock, picking up right where I'd left off—enthusiastically licking his dick.

He groaned and I gave myself a moment to watch as his eyelids fluttered. Then I turned my attention back down to his cock, bobbing and sucking on his hard length.

His hand slid away from my face and around to the back of my neck, that hand, and the one still gripping my head, helping to control the pace and urging me to go faster, to take him deeper, over and over.

"Fuck, boo. You want to swallow?" he asked. Rhetorically, apparently, as he didn't

give me the opportunity to confirm that's what I wanted before telling me, "You're not going to have to wait very long. Fuck, your mouth feels so good. So hot and wet and... Ungh . You're sucking my cock so good, boo."

I fought against my instinctive need to gag as his cock hit the back of my throat over and over. The muffled, cut-off choking noises I was making added to the sloppy, wet, slurping sounds of the blowjob—an erotic soundtrack that filled and reverberated within the walls of the bathroom stall we were in.

"Ah fuck. Fuck, fuck. Hell. I'm—"

To his credit, my angel almost got a complete warning out before the first volley of cum erupted from his cock. Almost. But I was prepared for it; he'd already said that he was close and I'd felt him getting harder against my mouth.

So, when he rammed his cock more forcefully and deeper, holding my head in place as he came, I happily hummed around his length and eagerly slurped down the gushing spurts of cum flooding my mouth.

If the bit of his skin I'd gotten to kiss tasted of cotton candy, his cum was flavored closer to the finest salted caramel. Tangy and a bit salty, but mostly sweet.

It was thick, warm, and creamy in my mouth, and I swallowed as much of it as I could. But some of it inevitably spilled out and trickled over my lips and down my chin, joining and adding to the sloppy mess of saliva smeared all over my skin.

His hips jerked a few more times as he continued to climax, before slowing and stuttering to a stop. We held there for an indeterminate beat of time. My angel standing there, with me kneeling at his feet, his hands cupped around my head and the back of my neck, while his spent cock rested in my mouth.

Soft, almost cooing, murmurs tumbled from his lips and his hand softly petted my hair, once, then twice. Shifting his weight, he began sliding his cock out my mouth, causing me to emit a wordless noise of protest.

I didn't want him to pull his cock out my mouth. He might've come, but I would've gladly stayed on my knees for him. Cradling his cock on my tongue. Keeping it warm. Nursing and sucking on it until he got hard for me again.

At which point, I would, of course, enthusiastically lick him and suck him until he came again.

I'd willingly and eagerly do that, over and over and over again.

Realistically, we couldn't do that, though.

We were still in a public bathroom. And, at some point, someone else was bound to want to use this bathroom stall. Even if that didn't happen, as likely as that would be, the club would close for the night and security would kick us out.

I knew all that. Heck, I didn't even know if my angel was interested in me acting as his cockwarmer and then having me blow him again. So, I knew why he was removing his softening cock from my mouth, but that didn't mean I wasn't disappointed about it.

"Oh, boo, don't fret," he commented, clearly misinterpreting the sound I'd made. "I didn't forget about you. You still need to come, don't you, boo? Fuck, your cock has got to be crying out for some relief, isn't it."

Honestly, before he'd mentioned it, the state of my own dick had been nowhere on my radar at all. I'd been so consumed with what he wanted, with doing a good job and pleasing him, then getting to taste the results of his pleasure, that, once my knees

had hit the tile floor, I hadn't passed a single thought for my poor, hard, aching dick, trapped painfully in my jeans.

But now that he had mentioned it... I whimpered because, fuck, yes, I was hard. Really, really hard. Like, I-could-feel-my-heartbeat-in-my-dick hard. And if-I-don't-come-really-fucking-soon-I-might-rupture-something hard.

"Stand up," he ordered. Then, when I didn't immediately do what he said, he repeated himself. "Stand up," he commanded, louder and more insistently this time.

Still wanting to do whatever my angel wanted, I rose to my feet, ungainly and wobbling. My knees twinged, not happy with me for kneeling on a hard, unforgiving surface for so long, and fiery pins came alive and needled at the bottom part of my legs as normal circulation was restored.

While I was undertaking the surprisingly uncomfortable task of standing up, he casually tucked his soft dick back into his pants. He followed that up with making sure his shirt and corset were on straight and lying flat, and generally smoothing away any sort of creases or wrinkles in his clothing.

In seemingly no time at all, he'd put himself all back to rights and, other than a faint flush underneath the silver glitter on his cheeks and the heavy, musky scent of sex suffusing the air around us, no signs of what we'd just been doing remained.

Which, I supposed, was what he'd wanted.

Once I was steady on my feet, I waited to hear what he wanted me to do next. Thankfully, he didn't make me wait for long.

"Turn around, boo," he said. "Go on, turn around."

I glanced at him briefly, curious, but then did what he'd ordered.

Before he even touched me, I somehow sensed him coming closer. And then he was pressed up against me, his chest snuggled along my back and his hips cradling the fleshy swell of my ass. His arms came around me and I cautiously allowed myself to melt back against his body.

Nimble fingers teasing open my jeans were a torment and a relief. "Told you I'd take care of you, didn't I, boo?" my angel asked as he slid those fingers inside my loosened pants and through the slit in my briefs. When they wrapped around my hot, needy dick, I groaned in gratitude. "Oh, you do need to come," he commented, as he pulled my thick, hard cock out of my underwear. "You're so hard. And positively drenched. If I couldn't feel how badly you need to come, I'd almost think you already had, boo."

"Yes, yes, please," I sobbed, my voice desperate in my agreement with what he'd said and begging for him to stroke me. Fuck, I needed him to stroke my cock. I needed to come.

I was used to the feel of my chunky sausage fingers on my dick and the brisque, efficient way I jerked myself off when I masturbated. There was no comparing that utilitarian act to the bliss of having his slender, elegant fingers fisted around my length and stroking me.

Up and down his hand caressed my shaft, over and over. Up and down. Smoothing over skin stretched taut over firm flesh, rubbing over the bumpy ridges of blood-engorged veins. Over and over.

His hot breath tickled against my ear, adding another layer to the shiver-inducing pleasure he was giving me, as he told me, "When you come—and, fuck, it's going to be soon, I can tell, boo—try to get it in the toilet, okay. We did good keeping my

clothing mess-free; might as well do the same for yours.”

He was right. Blowing him and making him come had gotten me impossibly hard. And with his hand on my dick, stroking me surely and firmly, with the addition of a teasing rub of his thumb to the sensitive spot just on the underside of my head, I was going to come really fucking soon.

“Yes,” I gasped, my breaths short and choppy and my heart racing, even though I would’ve sworn all of my blood was currently concentrated in my cock.

“Do it. C’mon, boo. Come for me. Come for me now.”

“Yesss. Fuuuck...”

That first spurt was painfully wonderful. As were the second, and the third, and... Fuck, I had no idea how many times my cock shot or how much cum blasted out of me. But it all felt so good. So fantastically, achingly, throbbingly, mind-numbingly good.

As for whether or not I’d managed to get it into the toilet the way he’d requested... My eyes had slammed shut the second I’d started coming, so who the fuck knows. He seemed pretty happy with how my orgasm had gone, so there was that at least.

“Hmm. Good, boo, that’s so good. You did so good.”

My dick was still hard, tingling with the aftershocks of such a hard orgasm, when his fingers opened and released me. I was too busy standing there—trembling, with my eyes closed tight and my bare cock sticking out of the flap in my briefs and dangling in the air—to turn around and look, but I could hear him behind me, unspooling some toilet paper with a rumbling whir.

“Oh, don’t forget to flush, boo,” he said.

He sounded so calm, so totally unaffected. Granted, he’d had a little bit of time to recover from his orgasm, but had he not rocked his world the way mine had?

“Guess I’ll see you around,” he added.

And... Was that it? Was that all he was going to say to me? Again ?

No, that couldn’t be it. Right? I couldn’t do this again. I couldn’t go another day...days, a week, without knowing for sure when I’d get to see my angel again. That I would, indeed, get to see him again.

But my brain was still mostly offline, and I hadn’t managed to do much more than splutter a few non-word noises and feebly twitch my hands when the sound of my angel snicking open the stall lock hit my ears.

Shit. Fucking shit.

I guess that would be—

“Boo?” he called.

And now I did manage to turn around. Forcing my eyes open, I saw that my angel was standing framed in the open stall doorway, a small smile curling at the corner of his mouth.

His stunning, pale blue eyes met my ho-hum, average blue eyes and, when he saw me looking at him—both of us pointedly ignoring the fact that my naked, deflating dick was still flapping in the breeze—he spoke again.

“Just so you know, this time, by ‘see you around’ I mean tomorrow. Here, at Glitter. About 9:00PM again. Okay?”

“Yes? Yes. Fuck yes,” I replied. Relieved. Ecstatic. Already anticipating tomorrow night.

But my angel was already gone.

Almost as soon as he’d said his last word, and before I’d gotten my first ‘yes’ out, he’d already started walking away.

But that was okay. He’d given my desperation a reprieve with the promise that I’d only have to endure a little less than 24 hours until I got to see him again.

I could do that.

I just had to hope that my angel believed in keeping his promises.

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Chapter 10

Thank fuck. True to his word, my angel was at Glitter again tonight.

He's the first thing I see once I battle my way through the jumble of people clustered around the entrance door. And there were a lot of them. It was one of the major drawbacks to only hitting up the clubs on the weekends—the places were always packed to the gills.

But even with all the other men, and even though he's not standing underneath the bright glow of the dance floor lights, my eyes shot straight to my angel. Like they're magnets and he's my geographic north pole.

Leaning against the end of the bar closest to the door, he was a stunning vision of glittering fancy. Tonight he's wearing tight-fitting, silvery pants, which glimmer even in the dimmer light of this part of the club, a black mesh top, a fuzzy, faux fur, cropped jacket, and shimmery, silver, bejeweled, heeled sandals. Around his neck, drawing attention to the long, slender length of it, was a narrow, black ribbon that had a large, pink fabric flower attached to it.

And the pink glitter had made a reappearance—heavily streaked over his cheekbones and across the narrow ridge of his pretty nose. He'd also stuck a pink, glittery star to his right cheek, the distance of one breathless kiss below the corner of his eye.

I wanted to spend hours looking at him, drinking in the loveliness of him. But at the same time, I didn't want to spend another single second not being pressed up against him as close as two men could be. I wanted to touch him. I wanted to worship him.

To devour him.

It had to be my imagination, the way my angel seemed to brighten when he spotted me as well. Yes, he'd told me—demanded—that he'd see me again tonight. But there was no possible way he could've been as eager, as restless, as I'd been, counting down the hours until we were back at Glitter, together.

My brain couldn't wrap around that possibility.

His customary smirk was firmly in place as he called out to me, while I was making my way toward him, "There you are, boo. I knew you wouldn't stand me up."

"No, n-noo, never," I stammered out, thankful I'd gotten close enough that I wouldn't have to shout for him to be able to hear my reply. "I'd—I'd never do that."

I wanted to kiss him. I wanted to sweep him up in my arms and press my lips to his. In greeting. In gratitude that he'd come when he'd said he would. In joy, because seeing him simply made me happy.

And because I just really, really wanted to kiss him.

Oh, how I longed to finally get to know what his lips tasted like. Would they taste of the cotton candy of his skin—was that his natural flavor or some sort of lotion or perfume he'd applied to make him smell and taste like spun sugar? Or would his mouth be more similar in flavor to his cum? Saltier, deeper, headier, but still sweet, like caramel.

But we hadn't kissed yet. The closest we've gotten was his breath on my skin as he teasingly whispered in my ear. My angel had never even hinted at initiating a kiss between us. No brushing his gorgeous lips over my cheek, oh so close to my lips but not quite there. No tense, fraught moment of hovering his lips close to mine but never

quite closing the distance. Nothing of that sort.

For all I knew, my angel didn't like kissing.

Maybe he didn't kiss anyone. It might not be only me that he wouldn't kiss.

But without doing the thing that my body was urging me to do—to kiss him—I flailed awkwardly, unsure how to properly greet him. Should I hug him? Wrapping my arms around him, even without a press of lips added in, sounded heavenly. And it wasn't as though we'd never touched. I'd had my arms around him, and his around me, before. A couple of times. So, I wouldn't feel weird giving him a hug.

Except...we'd been standing here next to the bar, in front of each other, for a minute or two. At least. And going in for a hug now, after I'd been standing here, silent and just looking at him like a doofus, while he...

Was he just waiting to see what I'd do? With that teasing, smirky smile that made it look like he was laughing at me?

At least he seemed amused by me. That was something.

But, yeah, going in for a hug now, after so much time had gone by, with neither of us talking...that would be weird.

So, I wound up ending the silence by stating the obvious. "You came. You're here."

Yep, that wasn't as weird as a sudden, unexpected hug would've been. Maybe I should've just gone in for a kiss. Consent, and possible personal preferences, be damned. Except, I'd never do that. Not to my angel. Not to anyone, really. But especially not to my angel.

If he thought I was being weird, he at least didn't make fun of me for it or bring any extra attention to it. He simply stated, "I said I would be. And so, here I am. And here you are." He flicked a quick glance around the club over my shoulder, then added, "And so is everyone else. Or at least every other gay man in the greater Milwaukee area. Fuck it's crowded in here tonight."

Would that... Would it being so crowded tonight make him not want to fool around with me here? It hadn't seemed like he'd cared the other three times we'd hooked up in Glitter's bathrooms, but those nights, while crowded, hadn't been as jammed ass-to-elbows as it was tonight.

With that in mind, I started to say, "Do you want to—" but before I could finish up the suggestion that we could maybe go somewhere else, somewhere less crowded, he interrupted me.

"Give me your phone," he said. An order, not a suggestion.

Puzzled, I nonetheless slid my phone out of my pocket and handed it over to him. It's not like I had anything on there that I'd care if he saw. The icons for the couple of hookup apps I had on there might as well be digitally coated in dust for how long it'd been since I'd opened them, but I wasn't embarrassed about him seeing them on my phone. I assumed he had the same number, if not more, on his own phone.

I'd unlocked it with a swipe of my thumb as I'd handed it over, so my angel had no trouble accessing my phone and doing...whatever it was he'd wanted to do with it.

He tapped away at it for a bit, then held it back out for me to take back, saying, "Here."

Taking my phone from his hand, I glanced down at it and saw that it was open to my maps app, with an address entered into the search bar. Still confused, I looked back

up at my angel, just in time to see him fidget with a lock of hair before he flicked the entire headful of his pink curls, sending them artfully tumbling.

“Look, it’s no big deal,” he said, although the tone of his voice wasn’t quite as casual as his words. “I’m just not in the mood to be jammed in on all sides like some sardine in a can. And while it’s my turn to get a taste of you— Don’t think I haven’t been thinking about that fucking thick cock you’ve got tucked away in your bleh jeans and how good it would feel in my mouth.”

Blood rushed to my dick so quickly that I felt lightheaded. Or maybe that was because of him saying he’d been thinking of me. Specifically, thinking of having my dick in his mouth.

Not aware of my sudden lightheadedness, he continued on, as though everything in me hadn’t locked onto and focused solely on the mental image of his lips—cherry-slushy pink tonight—wrapped around my dick. “...and the bathrooms here look fairly clean, but they’re still bathrooms. And there’s no way they’re clean enough for me to let these pants touch those floors.”

Seeing those lips pursed in disgust—an expression I didn’t want to associate with the thought of his mouth and my dick together—snapped me out of my lustful momentary daydreaming.

It took a few more moments than it should have for my brain to catch on to—“Is this... Where is this? What’s this an address for?” I asked, raising and motioning with my phone.

“It’s no big deal, okay,” he repeated, sighing and rolling his eyes. “It’s just... It’s my address, boo. I figured...since it’s way, way too full here tonight, we could go to my place instead.”

I opened my mouth to immediately agree, because...fuck. Yes. I'd love to go to his place. See where he lived. Find out more about my angel.

But before I was able to say anything, he cut me off again. "It's no. Big. Deal," he said, again, stressing the words, as if he thought I wouldn't believe him. "Okay?"

This time, he seemed to be waiting for me to say something, to acknowledge what he's said, so I nodded my understanding as I replied, "Yes. Okay. No big deal. I get it."

"Right. So... Go to this address," he told me, "...and I'll meet you there." Then he hurriedly added, "Do not go to the main house. See the 'B' there on the address? That means I'm in the small studio rental behind the house at this address. Do. Not. Go to the big house, okay, boo? You'll just bother my landlords and nobody wants that." His voice dropped, almost too low for me to hear, as he seemed to repeat to himself, "Fuck, nobody wants that. Not now. Not ever."

The horror in his voice and the way he shuddered made me ridiculously curious about his landlords, whoever they were. But I had the feeling that if I pried, even the smallest amount, he would snatch my phone back and find a way to erase the address he'd entered into it somehow, then flee off into the night, taking his invitation with him.

Not wanting to risk that, I merely confirmed, "B, yep, got it. I won't...I won't go anywhere near the big house, just straight to your place."

His eyes narrowed and his stare bored into my forehead, as if he could see right inside my head and read my sincerity straight from my brain. "Right. See that you do," he muttered. Another moment of glaring passed, then his features evened back out to teasingly confident as he stated, "Off we go then. I'll meet you there."

I nodded, stepping aside so that he could scoot around me and exit the club before me.

One of the club bouncers held the door open for both of us, although I noticed his eyes lingered much longer on my angel than they did on me. Not that I could blame him. If I could, my own eyes would be glued to this pretty, glittery angel every second of the day that I could keep them open.

As we parted on the sidewalk in front of the club—me to head to where I was parked and him to wherever he had his car—he jokingly warned me, “Now don’t get lost, boo. Although...” He traced a single slender up the front of my shirt, then startingly booped me on the nose with it. “If you should happen to take the slightly slower route to get there,” he said. “I might use that bit of extra time to change out of this into something pretty for you.”

Oh holy mother of fuck... As far as I was concerned, what he was already wearing was already over-the-top pretty. And sexy. So, so fucking sexy. That he was suggesting he’d greet me at his place in something even prettier...

Fuck. If it were capable of sound, I think my dick would’ve just whimpered.

Chapter 11

So, it turned out that my angel's place was an adorable little cottage.

It was located behind an exquisitely kept-up, two-story Craftsman-style house and accessible by going down a narrow, winding, brick-paved path that branched off the side of the property's only driveway. The cottage, while much smaller than the main house, and being only a single-story, had a lot of similar features and the same overall paint scheme as the larger house it sat in the shadow of.

With his admonishment to not disturb the landlords that lived in the front house still ringing in my ears, I parked my car on the street, closed the door as quietly as I could, and crept-snuck down the driveway and to the path leading to his place.

My sneakers made a whispering whoosh sound against the bricks of the path, which blended into a gentle harmony with the gentle swoosh of the nighttime breeze and the soft, repetitive clicking and whirring of nocturnal insects.

My angel must've been watching for me, because I didn't need to knock when I reached his door. It swung open on quiet hinges and revealed...

Gah . I might've swallowed my own tongue.

Backlit by golden lamplight, he was a vision. A seductive, impossible vision.

As promised, my angel had swapped his silver and black club attire for a sheer, black robe that whispered, soft as a cloud, over his slender frame, its hem flirting with

somewhere around the middle of his long, toned thighs. The robe was only loosely belted, allowing a generous sliver of his narrow chest to show. And below the floppy loops of the belt's tied bow... One thigh peeked out from between the two parted halves. A thigh hugged by a lacy band that topped a silky stocking, which was the same sheer black as his diaphanous robe.

And on his feet... My eyes slid down the long, slim line of his pretty legs to see that his narrow, elegant feet were adorned with toeless, backless, low-heeled, feathery slippers. Breaking with the all-black color scheme of the rest of his ensemble, the slippers were a sweet, pretty pink.

“Oh good, you didn't get lost, boo.”

One part of my brain registered his words, but the rest of it was clamoring with lust, and disbelief, and need, and want, and... “Grrblllhunhh.” Completely unable to think in actual words, I was pretty happy with myself that I'd managed to make any sort of response, even if it was absolute gibberish.

What sort of lucky sign had I been born under that my angel seemed to be someone who appreciated and enjoyed the gibbering idiot I often morphed into?

A beautiful smile—an actual smile, not a smirk or wry grin or teasing lip curl, but an actual smile—stretched his pretty, glossy, pink lips as he commented, “Thank you, boo. That was exactly the impression I was going for with this outfit.”

One of his hands drifted to rest on the loosely knotted bow at his waist, fingers playing along the satiny ribbon, and my heart sped up thinking my angel was about to slip the ties free, untying the belt that was doing a poor imitation of preserving his modesty.

He didn't. Not at this moment. But he did ask, “Pretty, right? I did promise I'd put on

something pretty for you if you gave me enough of a head start.”

My head nodded jerkily, like a broken bobblehead doll, as a garbled “Y-yes. Pretty. S-so pretty” fell from my lips.

It was the reassurance I thought he’d wanted—frankly saying anything else would’ve been a lie—but my words caused his authentic smile to drift off his face, swiftly replaced by the sassy, half-smile, quirked corner of his mouth that he normally aimed my way.

He didn’t look upset. Far from it, actually—his posture was relaxed and loose, one hip popped coquettishly, casting fuck-me glances at me through flirtatiously batting eyelashes. And his lips were curved in a smile. Not his fault that I suddenly wondered if this smile was only a pretty illusion.

Opening his door wider, my angel invited me to come in, saying, “Well, don’t just stand there on my front step all night, boo. It might be dark out, and while I don’t have a shy bone in my body, I still don’t want to risk the wrath of my landlords and neighbors by blowing you out here. Not when I have a perfectly good couch, bed, shower—basically any surface you can think of—waiting for us, only steps away, on the other side of this door.”

Taking my agreement for the sure thing it was, my angel turned and strutted his way inside his cottage, confidently expecting me to follow.

And... fuuuck . The back of his robe was just as sheer as the front.

A long fall of wispy, gauzy fabric, the dark color obscured the tone of his skin, but that’s all it did. It allowed me to see each elegant line of his body, the sweetly subtle curve of his hips, and the fluid way they all flexed and shifted as he moved.

There was the faintest shadow that hinted he might have underwear on beneath his robe, but that could've as easily been a trick of the light. But if he did have anything on under his robe, whatever it was left the firm globes of his ass completely bare.

They were like two perfect celestial orbs screened by a curtain of hazy, midnight clouds.

As we'd both known I would—like there was another choice—I stepped through the doorway my angel had left open for me.

The interior of his cottage was mostly one, large open space. There was a small kitchen area to one side, and by small I meant there was a flat-top, two-burner stove on top of one cabinet, a sink built into the top of a second cabinet, open shelves above both to hold a handful of boxes and cans, and the daintiest—not quite full-size—refrigerator I've ever seen in my life next to the cabinet with the sink. That was it. That was the entire kitchen.

Well, I supposed the small table a few feet in front of the cabinetry could've been considered part of the kitchen. Except there weren't any chairs, and the surface of the table was mounded high with magazines, random papers, some half-folded laundry, and other random stuff, including one lone, discarded shoe. So, there was nowhere to sit in his kitchen and no place to eat off of in it either.

The remainder of the main space of the cottage was divided roughly in half—the front part was set up as a cozy, if messy, living room, that held a two-person loveseat, a deep, cushy-looking, club chair and a tv mounted to the wall over a low, two-drawer dresser that was serving as an entertainment console. Almost every surface had some sort of pillow, or throw blanket, or article of clothing, or stuffed animal, or...or...something on it.

Meanwhile, the back portion of the room was devoted to his bedroom. I could see the

foot of his bed, buried under a mound of rumpled blankets and more laundry—unfolded, this time—sticking out from behind two, fabric, accordion-style, privacy screens, butted up next to each other, which formed a sort of make-shift wall between his living and sleeping areas.

The far wall of the cottage contained two doors, both open. The one closer to the kitchen side of the house led to a small, fully appointed, and luxuriously decorated bathroom, while the other revealed a narrow closet, overflowing with all sorts of clothing, shoes, scarves, hats, and other pretty baubles and doodads.

All of this clutter and messy chaos had the part of me that enjoyed order and neatness itching to go around picking everything up and putting it all in its proper place.

But the rest of me—which had the clear majority—was screaming Screw the mess , because my angel had draped himself over the loveseat and, sprawled out as he was, delectable body barely concealed by that black robe, he was temptation incarnate.

Automatically closing and locking the door behind me, I slowly approached the gorgeous embodiment of my every fantasy, past, present, and future.

“I’d ask if you were coming, boo,” he purred, “Except that you’d better not be. Not yet. Not until I get the chance to get my mouth on you.” He ran a hand up the length of his thigh, flicking the gauzy, black material covering him aside to show the lacy band topping his stocking. “You wouldn’t deny me that, would you, boo? Getting to slide your thick cock in my mouth so I can taste you. Please say you won’t take that opportunity away from me. Not now. Not when I have you here all to myself, boo.”

I swallowed thickly. Fuck, the words coming out of his mouth, they were almost too good to be real. Hell, he was almost too good to be real.

“What... I mean, uh, where...where do you want me? Here or...” My gaze flicked

toward his bed, mostly hidden behind the fabric screens.

“I think here will do for now,” he answered. “Come here, boo. Bring that thick, thick cock of yours closer.”

My dick was achingly hard, already throbbing within the confines of my jeans. And it almost seemed as though it, and not my feet, propelled me over the distance required to reach the couch. The entire short trek over there, and even once I was standing in front of him and his hands were making easy work of the fastenings on my pants, I kept expecting him to change his mind. To take back his offer of a blow job.

But he didn't. In what seemed like no time at all, he had my pants open and pulled down far enough that he could see, not only the rigid outline of my erection, but the dark wet spot my precum had made on my green briefs. Then, before my mind was able to latch on to the excitement that this was actually happening, he dipped a hand inside my underwear, pulled my cock free from its fabric confinement, and enveloped the head of my dick with his silky, hot, wet mouth.

Oh, fuck. It felt so good. So...so...perfect.

I don't know if it was because sitting on the loveseat put him at just the right height to get the best angle, if it was a byproduct of me not having had a blowjob in a while, the particular technique this pretty, stunning angel was using, or if it was just...him. Maybe everything we did to, and with each other, felt so good, and so right, because...it was him.

His lips stretched wide around me, slowly sliding down my shaft. His tongue... Ungh , his tongue, rubbing and caressing the underside of my cock, getting it all wet.

Having his mouth around my cock made me feel all dizzy. Dizzy and lightheaded and...short of breath. Which...

Fuck. I wasn't breathing.

For some reason, once my angel put my dick in his mouth, my lungs decided it would be a good idea to stop working. Well, that was dumb. If I missed a single second of this glorious experience because of passing out from a lack of oxygen, I'd be incredibly pissed at myself.

Hoping to prevent that possibility, I drew in a huge chest full of air; the gasping sound I made was incredibly, and embarrassingly, loud.

Then he pulled off my cock and spit on it...and I nearly stopped breathing again.

Holy fuck that was filthy. In the hottest, bestest way ever.

His hand had been fisted loosely around the base of my cock, but now he slowly slid it up and down my shaft, slicking me up with the excess addition of saliva.

And speaking of things that were filthy... The way he ran his tongue along his lips, as though he was searching out every bit of my flavor that had transferred onto them, was almost pornographically obscene.

Again, I meant that in the hottest, bestest way. Ever.

"You taste so good, boo," he said, "Just like I knew you would."

Looking up at me from his position, seated on the small sofa, his eyes glowed like icy blue fire as he told me, "You might want to hold onto something, boo. Because I'm about to swallow you down whole. All the way down. All the way, until I have a throat full of cock."

Without conscious thought, my hands immediately rose so that I could spear my

fingers into the pink, tousled curls of his hair.

“Is that... Is this okay?” I asked, making sure that he didn’t mind me having my hands on him this way.

In all of our sexual encounters—all of our interactions, really—he’d been the one in charge, which seemed to suit both of us. But by venturing into the territory where I could wrest some of that control away from him if I wanted to by being able to direct the movement of his head... I wanted to double check that he wouldn’t feel uncomfortable or vulnerable.

“Oh, that’s perfect, boo,” he stated, sounding completely unconcerned. Actually, he sounded excited. And like he fully expected to still be the one calling the shots, even as I tightened my grip in his hair, bossily handing out commands. “Use my mouth,” he ordered. “Fuck my face and make me choke on your fat dick.”

Precum dribbled out of my slit. How could it not?

He leaned forward and licked it up, humming happily as though it was the tastiest thing he’d ever lapped up with his tongue.

“Come on,” he said. “Do it. Shove your cock in my mouth. Stuff it in there. I want you to fuck my mouth and get yourself off. Fill me up. Fill my throat. Until you’re spilling your cum down my thmmpf —”

I cut off his barrage of commands—his last word coming out as a muffled grunt—by doing as he’d ordered. Plunging my dick back into his open and waiting mouth.

He eagerly sucked me in, taking my dick all the way to the back of the mouth, the way he’d said he would, until my cockhead was nudging the back of his throat. Curse words spilled from my mouth; he felt so fucking good, hot and wet and snug around

my dick.

I held myself there, my cock buried as far as it would go in his mouth, for just a brief moment, before pulling back and letting him catch his breath.

Not that he apparently wanted to be able to breathe, if the grumpy sounding grumbling noise he made was any indication. Both of his hands landed on my ass and he used them to insistently nudge me forward, until my cock was once again passing the entrance to his throat.

I had a moment of panic, worrying that my butt was too big, too squishy, too hairy, too...whatever. But it passed quickly, because—

“Shit, shit, shit. Oh, angel,” I said, my brain going completely haywire because his mouth was just that perfect, accidentally allowing the overly saccharine endearment I’d been mentally calling him—since I still didn’t know his actual name—to pass my lips for the first time in front of him. “So good. It’s so good. Oh, shit. You’re...you’re so good. At this. Oh, fuck.”

He didn’t seem to notice the nickname slippage. Thank goodness. Or at least if he had, it didn’t seem to bother him.

Nope, he just kept right on bobbing up and down my cock at the pace he wanted. Pulling me forward, taking me back deep, almost as soon as I managed to drag my dick to the front of his mouth.

It was too much—the slippery softness of his curls twined in my clenching fingers, the hot, devouring suction of his mouth, and the view... Fuck, the view I had of him.

My angel was so pretty. Wrecked, but such a pretty wreckage. His hair was mangled and disarrayed from my hands. His robe had slipped to bare one gleaming pale, satiny

shoulder. Wrapped around my plunging dick, his lips were puffy and deeply pink. And a steady overflow of saliva glazed his chin, leaving it a shiny mess.

And the look in his translucent blue eyes... They glowed with lust and want and pleasure. As if he was somehow enjoying this as much as I was. More even.

It was all too much. I wanted this moment, the feel of him sucking me down, to last forever. Forever and ever. Certainly, for much longer than it was going to, because there was no way in hell I was going to last much longer.

Which I reluctantly warned him about. “I’m close. F-fuck, I’m... So...so close.”

I could feel it, my orgasm, building and building. Heavy fullness tightening my balls. Lurking, lurking, just there...waiting on the precipice. Almost... Almost...

Then he did a something with his tongue, a something my brain only registered as oh shit and fuck yes , and I was flying. Flying and tumbling and reeling. And my cock was pulsing, pulsing and throbbing, within the tight clasp of his mouth, made suddenly extra slippery and wet and... ungh ...as my cum filled his mouth.

I shuddered at the deliciously filthy feel of his lips and tongue working my dick, the tickling vibration of the satisfied hum my angel moaned as he swallowed my release only seeming to draw my orgasm out. On and on, burst after burst of cum spurting into his mouth.

Finally, when my poor, relieved, aching balls had completely and gratefully emptied themselves, he released me, letting my replete dick fall from his mouth. Then, relaxing back against the cushions on the sofa, his entire self a casually sprawled, disheveled picture of satisfaction, he gazed up at me and—

The depiction of cats enthusiastically consuming bowls of milk was largely a

misconception, I knew that; most adult felines are actually lactose intolerant. But fuck if my angel didn't resemble a cat hungrily lapping away at some cream as he swiped his tongue along both his top and bottom lip, licking up each stray droplet and smear of my cum. Around and around and around, until not a single bit of sticky, white fluid was left behind.

If my brain had been capable of coherent thought at that moment—which it wasn't—I suppose I would've expected any words coming from my angel's mouth to be some sort of commentary on what we just did. An analysis of my performance, or of his, perhaps. A remark on the quantity or quality of my release—he'd already stated he liked the taste of my pre-cum, how did the actual thing compare?

Or perhaps he'd command me to see to his pleasure, now that he'd taken care of mine.

I would happily do so. Eagerly, enthusiastically, devotedly even. I would love to take care of his erection, which even now was a hard, slender column tenting the front of his diaphanous robe.

I would be grateful as I tenderly parted that article of clothing to explore exactly what it was that he had on beneath it. As I freed his pretty cock from whatever confined it. I would gladly feast my eyes on his cock, before worshipping him with my hands or devouring him with my mouth.

What I did not expect... What I didn't think anybody in my position, having just come my brains, heart, and soul out, would've expected, was for him to casually ask me, "So...how fast do you think it'll take for you to get hard again, boo?"

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Chapter 12

How fast could I... I gaped at him, my heartbeat thrumming in my ears, as I tried to process his question.

My mouth was also open, not that any words were coming out. Just as well, as I didn't know what my answer was. Although, with as hard as I'd just come, I was pretty sure my dick was going to be down for the count for quite a while.

Not waiting for me to answer his question, my angel gracefully rose from the loveseat, his body brushing along mine as he stood. His scent teased my nose—still sweet, but not the super sugary, candy-sweetness of earlier. Whatever cologne he'd applied to his body when he'd changed his clothing, it contained richer, warmer notes that brought to mind candlelight and gourmet caramels.

He didn't seem to mind my speechlessness. A soft smile gently curved his full lips, and his eyes—those light blue eyes flecked with palest green—they almost appeared filled with...affection.

Normally, I'd pessimistically think that the expression was merely a trick of the light, except for once, I was able to clearly see my angel's eyes; I wasn't stuck looking at him beneath the various terrible lighting of a club. No dim corners, no flashing strobe lights, no harshly artificial fluorescent fixtures. I finally got to see my angel in proper lighting.

And I gobbled up every detail I could to imprint on my memory.

Before tonight, I hadn't known that my angel had the faintest sprinkling of freckles on his nose. Miniscule latte specks that were normally hidden under sparkling glitter. I hadn't known that he had a tiny, half-moon scar next to the outer edge of his left eyebrow. A nearly invisible, white-on-white blemish on creamy, otherwise flawless skin.

If I'd never gotten to see him outside of the club, I would never have known that his skin was so delicate, so fair, that his veins branched blue shadowy rivers down his forearms and the backs of his hands.

He was a glittery, sparkling angel inside of a club. In his own home, within the loving reach of his own lights, his few physical imperfections more easily visible...he was, somehow, even more impossibly perfect.

His eyes twinkled and his soft smile turned teasing as he nudged me back. And it was just as well I hadn't answered his question, because what he did next would've made me a liar.

Scooting around me, he started walking toward his bedroom. His voice was light and flirty as he called back, "I'm feeling optimistic. Why don't you ditch your clothes, boo, and we can find out."

Then, as he drew even with the fabric screens separating the living area from his bedroom, my angel slid his robe from his shoulders. The thin fabric silently fluttered as it made its way to slither to the floor; a black, silky, shadow-wing cascading to pool in a cloth puddle.

Long, long lines of delicate bones and lean muscle, all encased in so much dewy, silky skin were all suddenly exposed to my stunned, hungry gaze. So much skin. So, so much. The only bit of covering now hiding any of it was the whisper-thin layer of his sheer, black, thigh-high stockings.

The swift and unexpected miles of nearly complete nudity had my dick swelling surprisingly quickly. Much quicker than I'd have believed possible. I wasn't fully hard again, not yet, but fuck if I wasn't well on my way almost there.

After he rounded the screens, I couldn't see him anymore, but I swear the sight he'd presented would forever be emblazoned on my brain.

I was still standing like an idiot in front of his sofa—my shirt untucked, my pants open, and my dick pulled out of my underwear and waving around out in the open—when he spoke again. “What’s keeping you, boo?” My guilt surged as he added, “I’m still horny.” Because, while he'd gotten me off—and spectacularly—I hadn't done anything for him yet tonight.

I was finally able to get words to leave my mouth. Not well, but they did come out. “C-coming,” I said. “I’m coming.”

To which he jokingly replied, “Already? I had hopes that you'd get hard again quickly, boo. Not that you'd come again for the second time tonight so quickly.”

It felt silly, talking to him while sort of in the same room, but separated by a partition and unable to see him. It also felt silly trying to conduct a conversation while he was naked and I was still mostly dressed.

The only logical option was for me to also get naked, because I sure as hell didn't want my angel to put any sort of clothes back on.

“I meant...” I started to say. Then I figured it would be easier and less awkward to just do it.

So, hoping he wouldn't get impatient waiting for me, I slipped off my shoes, shoved my pants and underwear down, pulled them and my socks off, then yanked my t-shirt

up and over my head. Now naked, I made my way across the room and around the negligible barrier of the fabric screens, my partially chubbed up dick jutting out and leading the way.

Except, once I passed the screens and entered his bedroom, I realized that my angel did have on more than just his stockings. Cupping his still stiff cock and balls, he wore a miniscule, thin, soft looking pair of underwear, which was such a pale shade of pink that it nearly matched the faintly flushed ivory of his skin.

“Oh, there you are, boo,” he said when he saw me, adding, “And you’re already hard again for me,” when his eyes dipped down to take in my dick. “Lucky me.”

No way. Uh uh. If anybody here was the lucky one, it was me.

I wasn’t achingly hard; my body was still humming with the aftereffects of the orgasm I’d had... 5 minutes ago? Definitely less than 10 minutes ago. I wasn’t the kind of guy who could go back-to-back-to-back. Honestly, I’d never needed to.

So, the fact that I was hard again, at all, and so soon...yeah, that was all down to the man here with me.

I waited to hear what he had in mind for us to do next. His tongue dipped out to swipe over his lips, causing my dick to twitch hopefully, even though I doubted he planned to blow me for a second time tonight.

Then he rolled over, onto his front, and my dick twitched hopefully for a whole other reason.

I also saw why, from behind, I’d thought he was naked beneath his sheer robe.

It wasn’t only that the color of his underwear blended in with his natural skin tone,

although that was part of it. He was also wearing a thong—the band wrapping around his waist was almost nonexistently thin and it dipped low between his cheeks, leaving the beautiful bounty of his ass fully exposed and bare.

Fuck, he was gorgeous. He was so perfectly pretty that it made me want to whimper with want.

It also caused the doubts always niggling away in my brain to wonder what in the fuck he was doing with me. While I wasn't revolting—my self-image wasn't that low—my looks didn't put me anywhere near the same level as him. On a scale of 1-to-10, I was a solid 5, I thought. Maybe a 6, for those that were into slightly chunky guys. But my angel...he not only exceeded the scale, he completely obliterated it.

I think I actually did whimper when he stated, "Since you're such a good boy who got hard for me again, I want you to fuck me this time."

He patted the bed near his head and I noticed he'd already set out a bottle of lube and a condom.

"You've already shown me what you can do under less-than-ideal circumstances," he said, his voice pure sin that would've had me doing anything he wanted me to. "But now I want to know what you can do with a nice, big bed, no need to worry about being overheard or interrupted, and all the time in the world. Well, practically all the time in the world," he amended. "At some point, we'll need to eat. Or get some sleep before we have to head in to work on Monday. But that's..." He released a satisfied sounding hum. "It's still only Friday night. Late Friday night, but still, Friday. You could fuck me for hours, boo. Hours."

Oh, fuck. I would...I would... Well, I'd try. Of course, I'd try, but...

"You could edge me over and over and over, boo. Fuck me and fuck me and fuck me.

Get me so close to coming, drive me fucking wild until I'm begging you to get me there, then not let me come. And then do it all over again. And again. All. Night. Long."

I wasn't sure about driving him wild, but my angel was definitely doing a good job of driving me wild. And with only his voice, describing his fantasy of what he wanted me to do to him.

I was shaking. I was panting, my lungs struggling to draw in enough oxygen to feed all of the blood rushing to my dick. That part of my anatomy was fully on board with my angel's plan; my brain wasn't so sure.

Then he turned his head, looking over his shoulder at me, the full length of his body stretched out on his bed between us. Flashing me a cheeky wink, he cheerfully offered another alternative.

"Or...You could just fling me around my bed before you fuck me into my mattress. Make me come, hard and fast, like you did, so we're all even. One good orgasm a piece for the both of us, before we rest up for round 3."

I wanted to give him what he wanted. I always wanted to give him what he wanted; I just couldn't tell from his tone which of those two he wanted more.

"Which, uh...which one would you rather..." I asked, selfishly hoping he'd tell me he wanted that section option more. It was the one I thought I had a better chance of successfully giving him.

Anticipation kept me on my metaphorical toes as he took a moment to think about it. My actual toes were planted firmly on the floor, practically digging into the hard, wooden surface to stop myself from fidgeting and shuffling my feet while I anxiously waited.

The delectable spread of his nearly nude body kept my arousal simmering, and my cock hard. But it wasn't as difficult as I would've thought to tear my eyes off all of that nakedness and instead watch the thoughts flitting swiftly across his face.

His face was equally as stunning, anyway.

"It's tempting... So, so tempting..." His teasing voice cooed the words so softly, I'd have thought they were only for his own ears, if not for the way his eyes flicked up to mine to make sure my attention was fully on him.

As if there'd be a chance in hell it would be anywhere else.

"So, so many things I want you to do to me, boo. Sooo many things. But..."

As if the word was some sort of trigger, he wiggled his ass, the middle section of his body writhing and shushing against the soft looking sheets.

"As lovely as a long, drawn-out fucking sounds," he continued, drawing his plump lower lip in between his teeth and leaving it slick and shiny when he released it. "And as fantastic as it would be to hear the sounds I could get you to make for me, boo..." I nodded helplessly in agreement as he stated, "I have no doubt I could get you to make the most gorgeous noises." Then I almost could've wept with joy and relief as he delivered his decision. "But I think it really only would be fair for you to get me off now. Not in a couple hours, after all sorts of edging and teasing, but now."

While no actual tears escaped, my gratitude certainly did with an abundant flow of verbal babbling. "Yes. Yes, please. Whatever...whatever you want," I gushed, scrambling onto the bed and nearly crashing my larger body into his. "I'll please you. Fuck you and make you come," I breathlessly promised. "Um, however you want. Thank you. Uh, thank you."

My mind was a swirling mess. There was the low-level, constant disbelief and awe that a man as beautiful as this was letting me near him, touch him. There was the accompanying rush of lust and want over that exact same thing. And then, past all of that, there were the practicalities of this particular moment.

Yes, he'd said I should fuck him, but... What should I do first?

Should I take care of the condom situation, getting it open and rolled onto my dick, before falling onto my angel like a desperate, horny monster? Should I... Well, as almost nonexistent as his thong underwear was, it would have to be removed before things progressed too far. So, maybe I should deal with that first? And then fall on him in desperation.

Or maybe... He'd said he wanted me to fuck him now. Make him come now. But, surely, some sort of foreplay was in order before the actual fucking. Was he even... Would I need to prep him? Before all the needy, desperate fucking.

The previous two times he'd had me fuck him, he'd already been prepared well in advance. Both times, when he'd dropped his pants, his hole had already been slicked with lube and stretched out—with his own fingers or a toy—and ready for me to slide my dick right on inside of him. 'Pre-gamed' my angel had called it. Had he 'pre-gamed' tonight, or would I finally get the opportunity to get him ready myself?

"You know, I wasn't kidding when I used the word 'now', boo."

Oh, fuck. How long had I been perched on the bed, kneeling near his feet, and letting my mind spin? Because, while he didn't sound like he'd changed his mind, his words did come out a trifle annoyed sounding.

"Unless you don't want to get me off and you're going to make me do it myself."

“No. Please... No. Fuck no,” I frantically replied. Not giving him what he wanted was the last thing I ever wanted to do. I raised my eyes to his, hoping he’d be able to read my complete willingness on my face, only to be met with a skeptical narrow-eyes expression on his own face.

I worried that, if anything was going to have him changing his mind, have him leaving this bed and booting me out of his house, it would be admitting that I was overcome by the abundance of all the options, now that I had the opportunity, of what I could do to him.

Now it was my turn to bite my lip, letting just a small amount of my nervousness show, as I asked, “Tell me what to do?”

His expression smoothed out, although faint wisps of doubt still clouded his pale eyes, as he answered my question with one of his own. “You want me... You want me to tell you what to do, boo? Like...step by step instructions?”

“Please.” My begging whimper revealed my relief that he’d understood my request. “Please. I don’t... I don’t want...”

“You really do like when I’m bossy,” he said. It wasn’t a question, just a purred gloat of satisfaction, but I nodded my head to answer him anyway. “I noticed you seemed to like that at the club. Obviously, I noticed that,” he stated, adding, “Your reactions when I did were not that subtle, boo.”

A puff of air escaped my nose in a soft snort as I expressed my agreement. He was right, I hadn’t been very subtle. Subtlety had never been one of my strong suits, and it was particularly nowhere to be found when I was around him.

His voice gentled, until it almost sounded like an auditory caress. “I just wasn’t sure if that was still something you’d like, something you’d want, when we’re...we’re...”

“Not in a public bathroom?” I finished. “In your house? Have a nice big bed at our disposal?”

“Yes. Those.”

“I want to...I need to... I want to give you what you want,” I told him, since it seemed as though he still didn’t understand, or believe, this thing that I’d told him several times already. “Whatever you want. However you want. So, I need... I need you to tell me what that is. Exactly. Step by step.”

He didn’t directly acknowledge this last thing I’d said, but a new awareness—a fine tension in his otherwise relaxed body—seemed to vibrate through him. And his voice became silkier, firmer, as he ordered, “Remove my panties, boo.”

My hand twitched, my own body eagerly leaping to obey the command in his voice, although it only got as far as his delicately turned ankle.

His skin was taut and warm, the heat of his easily penetrating through the thin, silky barrier of his stockings. The warmth of him, the realness of him, grounding me in this moment. Reassuring me that, yes, I was here, with him, and that all of this...everything that was about to happen was really happening.

Impatient that I wasn’t doing what he’d told me to as quickly as he’d like, or perhaps thinking I was opting to disobey him, he raised his voice and repeated, “Take my panties off, boo. Slide them down, all the way down my, until you can pull them off, then fling them who-the-fuck-cares-where.” He then barked out, “Now!” As if that weren’t enough, he added a threat to incentivize me. “If I have to do it myself, I’ll tell you to get off my bed, have you stand in the corner, and make you watch me get myself off.”

That warning was almost enough to actually have me intentionally disobeying him.

Almost.

If I didn't have this desperate need to always give him what he wanted. If I didn't get a rush of satisfaction at doing what he said and being the one to please him. If I didn't have a constant, aching want to have him moaning because of me. Panting, and pleading, and swearing, feeling so good, because of me.

Maybe some other time. Because it wouldn't be now.

My hands flew up to the ridiculously narrow band holding his underwear in place, both of us moaning as my fingers slid beneath the delicate, silky fabric. They felt so fragile beneath my clunky, meaty fingers. I tugged at them gently, trying to pull them down without ripping them.

Of course, my angel had no such qualms. "More. Yank them off," he instructed. "Tear them if you have to, boo. I have more." He wriggled his ass again, which, ironically, aided me in inching them down his hips and over the sweet tautness of his ass, even as he continued to urge me to remove them by any means necessary. "Do it. Rip them off. Destroy my panties, boo. Then I can frame them and give them to you as a reminder."

It was... Fuck, it was tempting. But I had managed to drag the underwear down his slender thighs without damaging them, and it was easy enough to continue pulling them down the rest of his legs, and over his narrow feet—his heeled slippers having been discarded somewhere in his bedroom. Holding them out past the edge of the bed, the underwear fluttered silently to the floor.

"Good, boo. Finally," he said.

Creating some more space for me to fit between his legs, he drew his left knee up slightly, the lacy band at the top edge of his stocking lovingly cupping his thigh as it

flexed.

“My apologies, boo. I’m afraid my mind didn’t let me think of anything past giving you the blow job I owed you.” His tone of voice remained firm and commanding, even while offering up words of remorse. “So, you’re going to have to get me ready to take your fat cock.”

He reached over and grabbed the bottle of lube that was sitting on the dark plum-colored sheets, near his shoulder. The angle was awkward, his arm extended and twisted behind his back, and we both watched as the bottle bounced off my stomach after he lobbed it at me.

A gentle snort of air preceded his next order. “Get your fingers nice and wet for me, boo. Err on the side of too much. By the time you’re done opening me up with your fingers, I want my ass to be drenched and dripping. An open, soaked hole, so you can slide that thick dick all the way in until you’re balls deep.”

“Fuck,” I moaned softly, the mental picture he’d painted practically negating the physical relief of my earlier orgasm. Once more, my dick was hard and aching, desperate and needy for him.

Before reaching for the bottle, I allowed myself one small, brief detour—trailing my fingertips along his stocking-clad thighs before my fingers were all sticky with lube.

The dark material contrasted sharply against the pale, milky white color of his skin. But the smooth, silky texture blended almost seamlessly with the soft, satiny feel of his skin above the top of the stockings.

I kept my touch to the softest of whispers, not wanting to accidentally snag or damage the gauzy, delicate things. From just above his knee, over the softly nubby texture of the lacy, elastic band, and along to just below the sweet curve of his ass, I lightly ran

my fingertips up the back of my angel's thighs. Avidly, I observed the trail of goosebumps left behind and the faint tremble my touch caused.

But I only let myself take that one, fleeting caress. Then I turned my attention to the task at hand—the instructions he'd laid out for me.

After bouncing off my stomach, the bottle of lube had landed in between my partially splayed thighs. I snatched it up and only fumbled it for a moment before I was able to get the cap open. Drizzling a fair amount of the sticky fluid on my fingers, I scooted farther forward, into the space he'd left for me between his spread legs.

The momentary delay had given the lube the chance to warm up, but the first swipe of my slicked fingers to his tightly furled hole made him shiver.

“That’s it, boo. Just like that,” he said, his voice coming out breathless and shuddery. “Get it...Get it all wet. Wet and open for your cock.”

Now I was the one trembling. The view of my fingers smearing lube on his tiny, pink hole, making it slick and glistening, was awe inspiring.

I pressed forward with one thick finger. And while, obviously, I knew he could take more, his opening looked so small and tight, I was still amazed when my finger easily slid in, all the way to the second knuckle on that first pass.

“Oh shit. So hot,” I helplessly muttered, although I’m not sure if my comment was for the physical temperature of his channel, or the view, or the feel of him snugly gripping my finger, or...or...all of it. It was all fucking hot.

“Mmhmm. Keep going,” was his next command. “One finger’s not going to do it. Not for as fucking thick as you’re cock is. Gimme another, boo. Now.”

Reluctant to lose the feel of his channel around my finger, I nonetheless did as I was told. Withdrawing the singular digit, when I pressed in again, it was with my middle and index finger.

It was a tighter fit with two fingers, but his hole still stretched easily enough and soon I was thrusting in and out, fucking him with my fingers, getting his channel slick with lube and loosening up his opening.

“Fuck, you’re so tight,” I commented, loving the way his hole was clamped around my fingers.

His hips had been raising and lowering to meet the plunging of my fingers, but now he shifted his body back so that his knees were curled up under him and his ass was sticking up into the air.

“My toys and I would beg to differ,” he said, huffing a short laugh. “Now give me three, boo. Three fingers. Just for a little bit. Then I’m going to want that dick. That fat, fat dick.”

I pulled my fingers out, then squeezed some more lube onto my hand. Once it was warmed up again, I settled the tips of three fingers at his softened opening. I waited for a second, just to see if he would change his mind. But when he didn’t, I nudged them in, twisting and wiggling them until his channel let me sink them to the first knuckle.

I don’t know if his heart was beating as fast as mine, but our breaths were a matching symphony of pants and gasps.

“More. Give me fucking more, dammit,” he demanded, in between those ragged breaths. “Fuck me with your fingers. Hard and fast. Same way I’m gonna have you do with your cock.”

Figuring he knew his body better than I did, I went ahead and pushed and pushed, until those three fingers were sunk as deep inside his hole as I could get them. Then I pulled them back, until only the tips remained inside of him, then shoved them back into him. Assertive and hard.

“Yesss... Yes, boo.”

“More? Like that?” I asked, seeking additional confirmation that I was doing exactly what he wanted.

I was still going, still firmly fucking him with three fingers. And his ass was slamming back to meet each strong shove. But I was still relieved to hear him say, whimpering and nearly sobbing, “Yes. Fuck yes.”

The ‘little bit’ he’d said that he wanted me to finger him with three fingers had definitely elapsed, although I’m not sure how long I spent driving those fingers in and out of him, scissoring and twisting them as I went to help loosen him up, by the time he gasped out, “Enough. That’s... I’m good. I’m ready.”

It had certainly been enough time for my dick to weep enough pre-cum to create a decent-sized watch patch on his purple sheets.

My exclamation, “Fuck. The condom,” neatly overlaid his demand of “Condom. Get the condom on. Now,” as we both seemed to realize at the same time that we’d been so caught up in my fingering him that we’d forgotten to attend to the necessity of sheathing my dick.

The last place I’d seen the condom packet he’d set out was over by his left shoulder, right near where the lube had been before he’d lobbed it at me. So, I laid my body over his and reached my arm out, patting the bed with my hand in search of the foil square.

Stretched out over him, my bare cock rubbed against the smooth, firm swell of his ass. It felt so good I had to groan. I groaned again, as did he, when he wiggled his ass to increase the friction of my dick against him. It almost made me wish that I could keep rubbing and rubbing and rubbing my dick on him until I'd come, and then I'd unload spurt after spurt of cum onto his soft, luscious skin.

But since that wasn't what he'd asked for, I tabled that fantasy for another time and continued searching for the elusive condom.

I finally found it, tangled up in a fold in the sheet. Unfortunately, I had to make a little bit of room between my hard dick and his gyrating backside so that I could have enough space to put the condom on.

I think both of us were feeling pretty impatient about the necessary pause in the proceedings, but he was the only one who expressed that impatience out loud. "For fuck's sake, boo. Are you done yet? How long does it take to— Oooh ." His words cut out on a sigh and a heartfely moaned " Yes ," when he felt the tip of my covered cock pressing against his opening.

He was still tight around my dick as I slid into him in incremental pulses, little by little at a time, until I was all the way in and my hips were flush with his ass. My hands settled onto the slender, slightly bony, curve of his hips as I gave a few, experimental, soft thrusts.

It didn't come as much of a surprise when those soft thrusts were met with a demand of "harder, boo. For fuck's sake, harder."

Tightening the grip I had on his hips, I pulled my hips back, until the head of my cock was just barely resting inside his channel, then I snapped them forward, shoving my dick back in hard, the way he wanted.

The momentum jolted his body forward and I had to increase the hold I had on him even more. So much so, that a faint worry sounded in my head telling me that I was probably going to leave marks on him.

If I did, and if he was bothered by them, I'd just have to point out that he seemed to enjoy the activity that led to those marks, if the near-constant refrain of "Yes. Yes. Oh, fuck yes," that he was moaning was any indication.

While he was busy with the lyrics he was composing to accompany our fucking, I was adding some words to my own melody. Mine was something closer to the tune of "Oh fuck. Angel. My angel. Oh my fuck."

So, pretty much as equally profanity laden as what he was saying, but infinitely more embarrassing if he happened to actually be paying attention to what was coming out of my mouth. I could only hope that he didn't, because I had no hope of actually stopping myself from moaning my endearment for him.

Over and over and over, I pounded my cock into him. And over and over and over, he rode his ass backward, fucking himself on my dick. All of it accompanied by the rhythmic groan of his bed frame, the slapping smack of my hips meeting his ass, the deep, heavy rasping of our breathing, and the repeated, desperate mumbling of our passionate calls.

In and out, in and out. Hard and without hesitation, I fucked him just how he wanted. Over and over.

My dick was a throbbing, aching rod inside his ass and my balls felt full and tight. I wanted to come. I needed to come.

Fuck, I needed to come.

But I wanted to hold out. He'd already gotten me off once tonight; I didn't want to come until he came. I just wasn't sure if I was actually going to make it.

About the time I was seriously worried I'd have to concede that I wasn't going to be able to hold out, I felt his right hand scrabbling at mine, where it was firmly clenched around his hip.

He dragged my hand off his hip, saying, "Touch me. I need you to touch me. Jerk me off, boo. Make me come," as he then pulled it around his body and directed it toward his cock.

"Yes. Anything. Want you to come," I answered.

The noise he made when my hand wrapped around his hard cock almost sounded pained. But the words he sobbed, "Yes. That's it. Make me come, boo," told me he wasn't in pain at all. Not the unwelcome sort of pain, anyway.

His cockhead was slick and wet with pre-cum, so I ran my hand over the rounded end, collecting the sticky moisture on my palm and smearing it down the length of his shaft to ease the glide of my fist.

Long and slender, his dick felt perfect, like it belonged in the tight grip of my hand. I fisted his length, up and down, firmly and quickly to match how I was thrusting into his ass.

"Yes. Oh fuck, yes," he gasped. "A little more, boo, and I'm gonna come. I'm about to come so hard, boo. You're fucking me so good with your fat cock, and you're jerking my dick... ungh ...just...just... Fuck, I'm gonna come."

My overheated, sweat-drenched body flushed even hotter. Pleasing him and getting him off was even better than orgasming myself. And hearing the trembling, stuttered

compliments that tumbled from his lips, his voice deeper and raspier than normal, was a rush like no other.

“Me too,” I said. “Fuck, me too.”

Having already come once, my stamina really should’ve been better. But his hole was so hot, so tight, so magnificently fitted around my dick, that my balls were ready to unleash.

“More, more, more. C’mon, give it to me. More,” he begged. “Want it. Need it.”

Throwing the entire weight of his slim body backward, he impaled himself on my dick, over and over, forcing me to drive into him as far as I could.

The only warning I had that he was coming was the sudden fierce spasm of his channel clamping down around my dick. A split second later, my hand was flooded with a gushing pool of cum. A moment after that was when my angel let out a long, loud warbling wail as his cock volleyed a second and third blast of cum.

The motion of my hips stuttered as his orgasm prompted my balls to tighten up even further and throb with the signal that I was about to come in 3...2...

I rammed my dick deep inside his ass one more time as it began pulsing, cum rapidly spurting from my slit, filling the condom.

“Oh fuck. Oh shit. Oh shit fucking damn fuck shit.”

Moaning a litany of profanity, I jerkily thrust my cock into him as my orgasm swept through me. His hole was a tight vise around my length, squeezing and milking me for each and every single drop of cum that my poor relieved balls were willing to give up.

I wasn't ready to leave the warm, snug embrace of his channel, wallowing in the happy chemicals released in my brain from an outstanding orgasm. Unfortunately, I didn't have much of a choice, as my angel shifted his weight forward and slid himself off my sated dick.

Gracefully rolling himself onto his back and arranging his limbs so that he was comfortable, he languidly commented, "Mmm, hot damn that was a good fuck."

Most of his cum had ended up in my hand or splattered in uneven arcs on the sheet below him. But some of it had splashed on him, and I watched, fascinated, as he trailed his fingers over his stomach and rubbed those white, creamy splotches into his skin.

"I wish I could credit myself with frequently having good ideas, but I can't," he said. "Still...I think we can both agree that moving our interlude to somewhere more private was a truly stellar idea. Don't you think, boo?" Seemingly not paying attention to the nod I gave in agreement, he continued, "Not only did I get to suck you off without getting my clothes all grimy, we didn't have to rush and we were able to get a round 2 in." He made a happy humming sound as he congratulated himself again. "Yep, definitely one of my better ideas."

His eyes leisurely scanned my naked body and I realized what I must look like, kneeling on his bed, a floppy, filled condom dangling from my dick. I quickly pulled it off, knotted it closed, and, with a grimace of apology and a mental note to myself to take care of it later, I dropped it onto the floor next to his bed.

And then I sat back on my heels, the hairy fuzz on my butt a ticklish, minor annoyance, as I waited to find out if I was about to be summarily sent on my way now that the sex was over. I would be disappointed, but not surprised, if that was the case.

But instead of reminding me that I knew where the door was and teasingly commanding me to not leave any of my clothing behind, my angel slowly extended one of his arms out to the side. “Well, come on then, boo,” he said. “Don’t just sit there like a big slab of cuddly man-cub, come here. Come on. Wedge yourself on in close.”

His eyes flitted down, focusing somewhere near my knees, as if he didn’t want to look at my face to see my reaction to, what was clearly, his invitation to cuddle. I couldn’t be sure, but it also appeared as though he was holding his breath as he waited to see what I would do.

I wished he had been looking at my face. He would’ve seen that, as soon as those words left his mouth, there was no hesitation or decision-making to be had on my end.

Eyeing up the space he’d left for me, I realized that I would end up lying directly on top of the wet patch his cum had left on the sheet. Not ideal, but the discomfort would be worth it in order to snuggle up close to him for as long as he’d allow.

Bracing my right hand on the bed, I repositioned myself until I was laying on my side, my body stretched out alongside his. Tentatively, I settled my head on the bony jut of his shoulder, draping my left arm across his stomach.

Almost immediately, his right hand came up and he began lightly sifting his fingers through the layer of hair covering my forearm. His voice was mellow and content sounding as he stated, “See, this is nice. Silly boo, sitting all the way over there. Did you think I was going to bite or something?”

Well, no, no biting. I had thought he was going to kick me out before the cum even had a chance to dry, though. Politely, sure. But kick me out, all the same.

But I didn't want to give him any ideas, if that particular urge hadn't occurred to him. So, I only offered up a noncommittal hum.

"Nope, no biting here." There was a brief pause, his fingers continuing to meander random trails through my arm hair. Then he added, "Well...maybe some biting. If you give me a little bit of time to recover from the nut-draining fucking you just unleashed on me. Tomorrow's only Sunday; we both have some time to rest and recover before heading into work on Monday if we want to go for round 3."

He walked his fingers up my arm and over the chunky bulge of my biceps, then traipsing along the line of my collar bone until he settled just beneath my chin. He nudged my head up so that our eyes met, asking, "What do you think, boo? A third round sound good?"

I idly wondered at what point he would stop asking me these kinds of questions. Because I was always going to give him the same answer. Every. Time.

"Whatever you want. Anything you want."

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Chapter 13

The sun was still only a soft brush, painting the sheets and my angel's exposed leg with gentle, golden strokes when a staccato knock tapped on his door and a loud, chipper voice called out "Rise and shine, Dusti-socks! Sun's out. Time for little boys to be up and about!"

Two things then happened at once.

First, the door swung open, revealing a short, trim woman, with a tumble of gold curls, wearing a fluffy, pink bathrobe and poofy, pink slippers with, honest-to-goodness, bunny ears. The owner of the cheerful, feminine voice, I assumed.

And two...

My angel flat-out shrieked the word "Mom!" and then flailed with his sheets before rolling out from under them and tumbling onto the floor in a flash of pale, bare limbs.

It was almost too bad that he'd removed his stockings, when we'd taken separate trips to the bathroom, to clean up and, er, do necessary bathroom things between rounds 2 and 3. Not that I didn't appreciate having him finally be completely naked, which I did. A lot. Something I'd fervently expressed to him while he'd been lying on top of me and rutting our hard cocks together until we both came for the third time.

But the stockings, as negligible as their ability to provide much coverage was, having them still on would've meant that my angel wasn't caught as naked as the day he was born during the arrival of an unexpected guest.

Thankfully, he hadn't taken the sheets with him. That would've left me laying in his bed, without a single stitch of clothing on and all of my hairy, chonky...everything right out in the open. Which would've been fucking awkward. And embarrassing.

Okay, fine. It was still awkward and embarrassing, even though I had the barrier of a sheet hiding my total nakedness from view. Not much I could do about that, though. So, I did the only thing I could think to do—I tentatively waved hello to the woman who was, apparently, my angel's mother.

“Oh, hello, dear,” she replied, briefly waving back at me. “I didn't know my little Dusti-socks had company. Not to fret, I have plenty of food made up if you'd like to join us in the big house for breakfast. We usually all have Sunday breakfast together—me, my little Dusti, and Dusti's father, Dave. A big pile of pancakes and our happily little family of—”

“Mom! Really, that's...” Cutting off his mother's joyful rambling, my angel popped off the floor, standing on the far side of the bed. He'd managed to locate my discarded t-shirt and he'd pulled it on, the too-large-on-him garment adequately covering most of his nakedness. “Enough, mom,” he said, clutching one of the loose, draping folds of cotton in his hands. “Can't you see... I have... I have... I'm not alone, Mom.”

“Yes, I see that,” she replied, cocking her head and sending her loose, blonde curls tumbling in a way that was endearingly similar to his. “I did extend an invitation to...to...your friend ...to join us for breakfast. You know I'm not blind, you know. Or rude.”

It made me wonder if, underneath the pink dye, his hair was also blond. I wouldn't have thought so, not with as dark as his eyebrows were. His neatly clipped pubes were also dark, as was the sparse scattering of hair elsewhere on his body.

Turning her attention to me, she said, “I’m sorry, I hope you don’t mind me calling you Dusti’s friend. I would’ve used your name, except... someone hasn’t bothered to tell me what it is.”

Her last statement was clearly aimed at her son. The only problem was he didn’t know my name, which meant he wouldn’t be able to provide it in response to her pointed comment. Not wanting him to have to admit that, or for him to repeat, and in front of his mother , for fuck’s sake, that he didn’t care what my name was, I went ahead and supplied it for her.

“Benny. My name is Benny Michalski,” I said. Then I quickly corrected myself, recalling that I was trying to get away from that rather juvenile form of my name. “Er, Ben, that is. Ben Michalski.”

“Well, Ben ,” his mother said, emphasizing the amended version of my name. “My name is Dana. Dana Sprague. I’m this one’s mom, since he’s still being impolite and not performing any sort of introduction.”

“Mom!” he protested, sounding about twelve-years-old, which I think a lot of us tend to do when we butt heads with our parents. “I am... F uhh— ” His eyes got really big and panic flashed across his face at the profanity that almost came out of his mouth, before he recovered and finished out the word as the more innocuous-sounding appliance. “ Fridge .” His voice was still on the squeaky end as he continued his objection. “I’m practically naked here, Mom. Now is not the time!”

His mom, Dana, waved away his outrage, verbally and physically, lazily flicking her hand in the air. “Nonsense,” she said. “It’s always the time to properly meet new people.” Rotating her hand to point at him, Dana drew an imaginary line in the air, up and down the length of her son’s t-shirt-clad torso. “But don’t think I’m going to forget about this, Dusti. You and I will be discussing...whatever this is...later. Don’t think we won’t.”

The threat wasn't very, er, threatening. At least, it didn't sound so to me. Dana sounded too gleeful about getting to pry details about her son's activities out of him to really sound scary. He, however, groaned as though the prospect was one of the worst things that could ever happen in the history of the world.

“Uuuungh . Fine. Whatever, Mom. Can you just... Could you just...go? Now?”

Unfazed by her son's petulance, Dana smiled brightly and repeated her earlier invitation. “Now, don't forget. Breakfast. The big house. Pancakes .” She practically sang the word. Turning to leave the same way she'd come, Dana added, “Maybe put some pants on first, though, Dusti and Ben. Wouldn't want any syrup drips getting anywhere it shouldn't.”

The volume of her trilling laughter fought for dominance over the loud, drawn-out sound of his—Dusti's—groan. While I...I turned to look at my angel to see what came next.

“Sooo...” Fidgeting with the shirt he'd thrown on—my shirt—he flicked a quick look at me, then looked back down at his fingers, rolling and twisting the fabric and making it even more wrinkled than it had been. “That was my mom. Obviously.”

He seemed uncertain and nervous in a way I'd never seen him before. It was...well, it was cute. Fuck was he cute like this. I was used to me being all awkward and bumbling; it was nice to see him so similarly afflicted.

It made him seem...more human. More approachable. More achievable.

Like maybe it wasn't so far out of the realm of possibility that somebody like him could be interested in somebody like me. That we weren't so different after all.

I hated when others made a big deal about when I act and talk like an idiot, so I just

pleasantly stated, “Yep. She seems nice.”

“Yeah, so nice,” he muttered sarcastically.

A moment of awkward, expectant silence fell between us. Then, he burst into motion, pacing back and forth across the small open area of his bedroom. Each stride, and each jerky turn to change direction and go back the other way, caused the hem of the borrowed t-shirt to flutter and flap against the tops of his thighs.

It probably wasn't the appropriate time for me to ogle every sneaky flash, showing the narrowest sliver of the bottom curve of his ass, but fuck if I couldn't help myself.

“Fuck, I can't believe... Well, no, I can believe she just...she just...” Now his arms had gotten in on the action, waving and flailing in the air as he continued to pace, a rapid jumble of words spilling from his mouth. “She just...burst on in here. Ugh. Mom. And now...and now... Damn it all. Now you know just what sort of a loser I am. Because, yep. I still live with my parents. My landlords...my landlords... You know those landlords I told you about, the ones I told you to avoid at all costs?”

It took me a second to realize that his question was directed at me. Once I did, I murmured a wordless sound of acknowledgement.

He took that sound as the signal I'd meant it to be and continued his irritated outpouring. “Well, surprise,” he said. “Those landlords are my parents. Yep, my parents. After I graduated high school and it became clear that I had no interest in going to college, my parents decided that it would be financially beneficial for all of us if they built this mini-house in their backyard and rented it to me at a stupidly low rate. And not just financially beneficial...it would be convenient, too,” he added. “Because we could regularly all carpool to work, too. You see, I'm not just a loser who lives in his parents' backyard. Nope. I'm a loser who also works for his parents. Lucky fucking me.”

He studiously avoided looking at me as he crossed his arms over his chest. This caused the shirt to bunch up unevenly in the front, showing not only the very top of one thigh, but also the tantalizing crease of where his leg met his groin as well as the bony, angular knob of his hip.

I could tell he was waiting for me to say something about the information he'd just spewed out. Probably something negative, if his tense body posture was any indication. But I didn't care about what he'd revealed. Well...I cared. It just didn't bother me. None of it. Why would it? So, he lived and worked with his parents. So what?

"None of that makes you a loser," I said, keeping my voice as neutral as I could. The last thing I wanted was for him to think I was patronizing him. Or unsubtly masking pity that I didn't actually feel. "If working at a job that isn't your dream job and living in something less than your dream house makes you a loser, then so am I. Heck, at least you have your own space," I commented, adding, "I'm in an apartment I share with a roommate that I found through a flyer someone had posted up in the breakroom at work. He doesn't even work there; I think he had a friend put it up for him. And in almost 2 years, I think we've only said about a dozen or so words to each other that weren't about whose turn it was to take out the trash or buy toilet paper."

His stance slowly relaxed, his arms uncrossing. My t-shirt that he'd borrowed fell back into place and while I did miss the extra bit of my angel that he'd unintentionally flashed, it was worth it if it meant he was less anxious.

"You're not... Do you mean it?" he asked, his eyes flitting over briefly to judge for himself how truthful I was being. They then dropped back down to watch his fingers pinch and twiddle with the bottom hem of the shirt.

I'm glad he didn't spell out exactly what he wanted to verify; I hated that he'd used the word loser in conjunction with anything that had to do with him and was relieved

that he hadn't uttered the word again.

"Of course," I replied, shrugging as if to indicate that it should've been obvious. Then to make sure this subject got thoroughly dropped, I circled back around to some other bit of information his mom had dropped and that I couldn't help immediately cataloguing. "So... 'Dusti-socks'? What, uh... That is what your mom called you...right?"

As soon as he heard me say that nickname, he flushed a bright magenta that oddly clashed with the softer pink of his hair.

Spluttering, he managed to squeak out, "Oh, s-shit. You... You... Oh my gawd . No. Just... no. I will...I will... I will pay you with all the money I can rob from a bank...if you never—I mean ever —say, or even think of, that horrible, horrible... embarrassing name. Ever again."

"But that is—"

He cut me off by forcefully raising one hand in the air, palm up, toward me. The other hand he used to cover as much of his, still bright pink, face as he could.

"Never again. I mean it," he said, his voice strained and garbled with obvious embarrassment and muted by his hand. I waited patiently for him to say something else, and was rewarded when, after a long moment, he dropped his hand away from his face, stating, "Yes. You heard what you heard. It's a long story. Stemming from when I was super little and, apparently, had the interesting habit of shucking off my clothing and running around the house in only my socks."

His flush had been finally receding, but it resurged when my eyebrows hiked up nearly to my hairline. I felt bad about re-embarrassing him, but I couldn't help it. The notion of a tiny version of my angel streaking through the house in only his socks was

adorable.

The memory of him doing practically the same thing last night—a sexier, more adult-rated version, of course—had my dick swelling.

My morning wood had, obviously, deflated spectacularly at the unexpected company of his mother, but now it was back and contemplating whether a round 4 might be on offer.

“So, anyway... My folks’ reaction of ‘Oh, look. There goes Dusti in only his socks again’ was soon shorted by my mom to only ‘Dusti-socks.’” His short huff of laughter didn’t contain much humor in it, as he added, “More than 20 years later and she’s still calling me that. In front of everyone. Including, well...” He waved his hand my way.

I smiled at him; I was helpless to do anything else. “It’s cute,” I said. Thinking that the way he crinkled his faintly freckled nose was also cute, but that I didn’t say out loud. “So...Dusti?” I asked, wanting his confirmation. Not only that that was his name, but that he was now okay with me knowing it. Since he was the one who hadn’t wanted to swap names and he wasn’t the one who’d given out the information now.

“Yeah. Dusti. Short for Dustin, but, like, nobody calls me that.” A lazy, single shoulder shrug accompanied his words. The movement, and the quiet acceptance in his voice, indicated that denying it or fighting about the name-sharing thing wasn’t worth quibbling over. “And you’re...Benny? Ben?” His mouth pursed as though he’d tasted something sour as he spoke the shortened version of my name.

Even though I’ve been trying to get people to use that form of my name for years, after I decided that being called Benny seemed kind of juvenile for somebody who’d hit their mid-20s, it’s never really stuck. I guessed something about me just seemed

more like a Benny than a Ben.

But even if it had stuck and everyone else in my life were to refer to me as Ben...I liked the way the name Benny looked and sounded on my angel's— Dusti's —lips.

Which was why I told him, "Benny. You can call me Benny."

"Alright. Benny ."

His lips turned up in a small, sweet, genuine smile. Fuck, I loved those genuine smiles. The teasing, sassy, smirky, sultry ones were nice, don't get me wrong. But fuck. Those real smiles of his. They made me want to dance, and sing, and skip, and leap tall buildings, and...basically everything I couldn't, or shouldn't, do, unless I wanted to risk hurting myself.

He sighed, sounding resigned, and I braced myself for what he'd say next. However, all he said was, "I guess...now that we know each other's names, it'd be silly to pretend we didn't or go back to not using them."

I watched him, waiting. But again, while he didn't seem overly happy about this evolution in our interactions, he didn't seem upset or angry. And he wasn't kicking me out and telling me he never wanted to see or hear from me again. So, I'd have to take his subdued acceptance as a win.

I was thrilled. Not that I minded thinking of him as my angel. But it was embarrassing that I'd accidentally called him that sappy nickname a couple of times, especially as, one of these times, he was probably going to notice and... Say something? Do something?

This was a man who clearly had only been looking for something casual. This was only the first time we'd had sex somewhere other than a public bathroom. And I'd

only just now learned his name—and that wasn't even his doing. I couldn't imagine he'd be ecstatic that I've been thinking of him with such a schmoopy, sweet, adoring endearment.

So, I tried to tone down my happiness at getting to use his actual name as I said, "Okay. Whatever you want. Dusti."

The wide flaring of his eyes as he side-eyed me said that I might not have been as successful as I would've liked at hiding my excitement.

"Right. Well."

I forgot trying to hide anything as Dusti gripped the hem of my t-shirt and stripped it off over his head. But my elation that this was leading where I hoped it was, was dashed as Dusti commented, "You're going to need that," tossing the shirt in my direction. He moved toward the half-open door of his closet, yanking it all of the way open as he said, "We need to get dressed."

Did I groan?

I must've made some sort of noise of disappointment because he added, "If you think Mom isn't going to pop her curious, nosy self back over here if we don't show up at the big house for pancakes within the next 5 minutes or so, you should think again. Because she will. And I'd really like for both of us to have some sort of clothing on before I subject you to her again."

He rummaged around in his closet for a bit before snagging what looked like a short, sleeveless shirt and a pair of loose, flowy pants. Since Dusti had so generously given me back my shirt, I pulled it on then swung my legs over the side of the bed so that I could hunt down my pants and underwear. It felt odd to be putting on last night's clothes to go have breakfast with my...Dusti's parents, but I knew none of his

clothing would fit me. We might be roughly the same height, but he was willowy and lean. And I...was neither of those things.

“And Dad.” I barely caught Dusti’s mutter, muffled by his shirt as he pulled it on. “Really should have pants on before you meet Dad.”

I’m not sure if he was referring to me or himself. I gulped as the magnitude of the situation really started to sink in. I was about to officially meet Dusti’s parents. Both of them. The morning after having had sex with their son. Three times. And that’s obviously not counting the previous times we’d had sex.

Yep. I agreed. Both. Both of us should have pants on for this.

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Chapter 14

I spent the entire workweek fluctuating between euphoria and dread.

The euphoria came from the seeming progression in my relationship with Dusti. Hell, the very fact that I felt like I could even attach the word relationship to what we were doing was a source of unmitigated joy. But we now knew each other's names, he'd invited me to his house, and I'd even met his parents.

The pancakes were delicious.

Dusti's parents seemed pretty awesome, too. Dana and Dave Sprague were super nice, clearly adored their son, and had been very welcoming despite the fact that I'd clearly just rolled out of said adored son's bed.

I took it as another encouraging sign of things between me and Dusti when he'd confirmed that he only went out to the clubs on Friday and Saturday nights, teasingly promising that I could wait that long to see him again.

The only problem was that I had sporadic bouts of doubt. Doubt that things were actually evolving and progressing between Dusti and me the way I wanted them to. Doubts that Dusti could ever be interested in somebody like me past some casual fucking. Fuck, I still couldn't quite believe that he was even interested in fucking me, although actual actions bore proof of that.

Most of all, I worried that after I left his house on Sunday—departing soon after that wonderful and welcoming pancake breakfast—the freakout over everything that had

occurred Saturday night and Sunday morning would hit and I'd never see or hear from Dusti again.

Hence the periodic dips into dread that I experienced throughout Monday through Friday.

Quickly and quietly cleaning up my desk area on Friday afternoon before I could get waylaid by Dennis—he'd been hounding me more than usual, on the hunt for details of a secret, sordid and exciting sex adventure he was convinced I was having. Which, shockingly, he was actually right about—I quickly grabbed up my cell phone when it dinged with an incoming text message.

Imagine my surprise when the text turned out to be from Dusti. Especially because I'd never given him my number—he'd never asked. I could only assume he must've quickly sent himself a text from my phone when he'd been inputting his address into it last weekend; I couldn't think of any other way he might've gotten it.

Whatever worry and anxiety I'd been feeling was efficiently stomped down by relief when I saw the text contained a quick note saying that he was “a bit over Glitter right now,” followed by an invitation to come directly to his place later this evening.

A giddy rush of hope sparked in my stomach, wondering if this was another sign of Dusti nudging things between us in a more serious direction. It wasn't as though Glitter was the only gay club in Milwaukee, even if it was one of the newest, along with a few more scattered across the suburbs of the city. And if it was just the club scene he was tired of, I knew of a bar that had always been queer friendly, which had recently been purchased from its original owner by a member of the queer community. It was a little farther out, in the small town of Pine Ridge, but it was only a relatively fast and easy drive down the freeway.

Nibbling my lip, I briefly debated which emoji to send back as my reply. Happiness

making me brave, I thumbed in a pink heart, then sent it off before I had a chance to chicken out and change my mind.

When I left my cubicle and saw Dennis headed down the aisle toward me at a decent clip, I gave thanks that I hadn't taken too long with my response to Dusti. Hurriedly facing the way to the exit, I pretended I hadn't seen him and couldn't hear him calling my name, nearly breaking out into a trot in my haste to get away before he could corner me.

After leaving work, I killed some time, as Dusti's message had warned me to not show up at any time before 7:00. I stopped by the grocery store to pick up a couple things, including some more condoms since Dusti and I seemed to be going through them at an enthusiastically quick rate. I popped into a pet store to look at all the fun things I could buy if I ever got around to getting a pet. Then I finally took myself to my apartment—exchanging a millisecond of eye contact and a cordial grunt in greeting with my roommate—where I took a shower, stuffed some food in my face, and changed into a clean pair of jeans and a t-shirt.

Only after the clock ticked over to 7:00 did I hop back into my car to make the approximately fifteen-minute drive to Dusti's.

I wasn't sure what Dusti's stance was on my arrival going unnoticed by his parents. Just because they'd already met me once, didn't mean he was eager for me to interact with them again. So, it was just as well that I didn't see any sign of them as I parked in front of the big house and made my way back around behind it to Dusti's small cottage.

He must've been watching for my arrival, because his door swung open when I was still a few feet away from it.

I was almost getting used to the sensation of almost swallowing my tongue whenever

I first set eyes on him.

Miles and miles of silky skin on long, long legs were bared by a pair of incredibly short, pink shorts. They were barely bigger than a pair of briefs, and I had to wonder what sort of spectacularly sexy underwear he had underneath them.

Paired with the shorts was a skin-hugging, black, cropped tank top, with skinny straps that highlighted the slender, narrow line of his shoulders. His feet were bare, the nails painted the same shade of pink as his shorts, and, for once, there was no glitter that I could see anywhere on him. Just unadorned, creamy skin with its faint smattering of freckles across his nose.

He did have on some jewelry, though, the first time I'd seen him wearing any. Each dainty earlobe held a long, dangly, silver spiral and a round, silver stud. The top curve of his left ear also had a sparkly, diamond stud threaded through it. And gracefully draped around his neck was a long silver chain, with a 3 or 4-inch silver charm, shaped like a lollipop, that brushed against his exposed, flat stomach.

And, fuck, I couldn't think of a more appropriate piece of jewelry for Dusti, because I wanted to lick him like a lollipop.

Maybe a charm of a pair of angel wings, although the more I was allowed peeks into his personality behind the glittery facade, the less of angelic he seemed. He was still my angel, though.

"You really are exceptionally good at following orders, boo."

My eyes drifted up from where they'd been admiring his toned stomach. Dusti's mouth was tilted up in a satisfied smirk and his blue eyes almost seemed like they held a hint of fondness.

His smile grew as I responded, “I like directions. It’s nice to know what I’m supposed to be doing and when I’m supposed to do it.”

Bracing his hands on either side of the doorframe, Dusti’s pink tongue swiped over the berry-pink plushness of his lower lip as his eyes made a slow, sweeping journey over my body. While still gazing somewhere in the vicinity of my pecs, Dusti murmured, “We make a good match then, Benny-boo, because I like giving directions. Especially to you.”

A soft wash of pink touched his cheekbones, as though he was embarrassed by his admission or by the use of my name to alter his customary endearment for me. I wasn’t prone to blushing, but I had the feeling that I was probably close to glowing with happiness at his words.

Dropping his hands from the doorframe, Dusti tilted his head toward the space behind him, saying, “Might as well come in. You don’t need to stand outside all night.”

He turned around, leaving the open doorway empty for me to enter, and I got a reminder of how short his shorts really were. The bottom edge cut a straight line across the perky swell of his ass, leaving a narrow, couple of fingers’ width, twin crescents of milky-white butt cheeks peeking out below.

His words already proving themselves true, even as he spoke them, Dusti called back over his shoulder, “Come on, Benny. Come in. I have more directions for you, since you like them so much.”

I entered Dusti’s small house, closing and locking the door behind me, and noticed that not much had changed in the five days since I’d last been here. Some of the items in the messy pile on his unusable kitchen table looked different, but it was still covered with a messy pile of things. Pillows, blankets, and stuffed animals were still taking over the living room. And past the privacy screens, Dusti’s closet door was

still partly open, the small storage space unable bulging and overflowing with his clothing and accessories, and the sheets on his bed were crumpled in a heap.

Dusti had moved into his kitchen area, bent over with his delectable ass sticking in the air as he rummaged for something in the small refrigerator.

“Sit wherever,” he told me, then asked, “You want something to drink? I’ve got...water, apple juice, iced tea, and... Nope, that’s it, that’s all I’ve got. Unless you want this bottle of...I’m not even sure what. The label’s gone and I can’t really tell what’s in it, although it looks...brown? Brownish-green? Yeah, maybe not a good idea.”

Eyeing the jumble of soft, squishy, and/or comfy items occupying most of the available seating space, I grunted a rejection of the last option he listed. Drinking unidentifiable liquids didn’t sound like a good time for my stomach. “Whatever you’re having is fine,” I answered, as I scooped up three pillows, one blanket, and two stuffed animals from the love seat and deposited them onto the club chair. The love seat might just be big enough for the two of us to squeeze together on, and I’d thoroughly enjoyed what Dusti had done the last time he’d gotten me in the vicinity of this particular piece of furniture.

Hips swaying sweetly, Dusti walked over from the kitchen, a bottle clutched in each hand. He passed me mine and I hoped he was too busy settling onto the loveseat to notice my grimace as I saw it was extra-sweetened iced tea. Dusti, himself, was about the only extra sweet thing I liked the taste of and I probably would’ve asked for something else if I’d known this was what he would bring me.

The small sofa was only just barely big enough for both of us to sit on, not that I minded having Dust’s leg pressed tightly against mine and his candy-scented body within easy touching distance.

He uncapped his tea and I avidly watched the nibble-worthy swell of his Adam's apple bob as he took a drink. The small sigh of enjoyment he released, as he recapped the bottle and set it down on the floor, had my dick twitching within my jeans. Not that Dusti needed to do much of anything to get my dick interested; I was pretty sure that simply listening to him breathe could make my dick hard.

His blue eyes held an actual gleam of interest as he shifted his body to face me more and asked, "So, how was your week, Benny?"

My own eyes blink a few more times than necessary as I processed—Were we doing this sort of thing now? Calmly and casually chatting with each other about how our weeks went?

Happily stunned, I answered, "Good. It was...good." Dusti continued to look at me, those blue eyes clearly waiting for me to say more, so I added, "A lot of...you know. Walking people through how to build tables, chairs, beds, and bookcases. Ugh, so many bookcases." Belatedly, I asked, "And what about you? How was your week, Dusti?" Not because I didn't want to know, but because I was still bewildered that we were having this conversation—any sort of conversation—at all.

A small shake of his head sent his dangly, spiral-shaped earrings dangling. His light laughter was like finding a new favorite song as he answered, "Not too bad, actually. The usual crying kids, before and after their appointments, but that's a daily occurrence that I barely even notice anymore. But I made it through the whole week with nobody puking in the waiting room, so that was a plus."

I must've looked shocked or disbelieving because, with another airy, musical laugh, Dusti explained, "It's not every day, but, usually, at least once or twice a week, somebody's nerves get the better of them, or nausea from the lidocaine, or...kids being kids and..." He mimicked a gagging, herking sound. "Spew. Puke, right there in my waiting room."

“Oh. That’s...” I wasn’t really sure how to respond. Dusti seemed pretty blasé in his retelling, but I had no frame of reference to figure out if he truly didn’t care that much about constant, frequent vomit messes at work. That certainly wasn’t something I had to deal with since the customers I dealt with were all over the phone.

A sly look settled on his pretty face, his hand landing by my knee and teasingly drifting up my thigh. “I did have one new problem to deal with this week. And it was all your fault, Benny-boo.”

“My...my fault?” I gasped, my eyebrows winging up in surprise.

“Mmhmm,” he hummed, his fingers now close enough to my hardening dick that it would only take one of us to twitch for them to touch it. “Your fault,” he repeated. “You see...all week, I was distracted. Distracted by you, Benny.” His green-flecked, blue eyes had reached the stage of looking like blazing, icy fire when he flicked them up to stare deep into my eyes, deep into my deepest desires. “Distracted by thinking of all the things I wanted to order you to do to me, Benny.”

Unsurprisingly, his fingers were now resting over the head of my cock, behind the denim layer of my jeans. His words had made me swell harder, longer, so that it had bridged the necessary distance.

“It was so hard, Benny. Do you have any idea how hard?” he asked.

My head bobbed between nodding yes and shaking no, because I was too scrambled to continue to follow his line of conversation. Was he talking about my dick? Because, yes, I had a very, very good idea of how hard that was. Or was he talking about something else?

“It took me ages ,” he said, with an overdramatic groan, “to narrow all my ideas down to only one, Benny-boo. Simply ages. But...” His fingers squeezed around the

head of my cock, the touch not as good as I knew it could be because of the thick fabric in the way. “I think you’ll enjoy the one I picked as my favorite. The one I want you to do tonight. I know I will.”

Even with my jeans dulling the sensation, my dick missed the feel of Dusti’s when he pulled his hand away.

He popped off the loveseat, my eyes greedily watching the sway of his ass as he walked away. Circling around the screen between the living space and his bedroom, he peeked back around the edge of it when he noticed I wasn’t hot on his heels.

“Come on, Benny,” Dusti demanded. “I definitely want to get nice and comfy on a bed for what’s coming.” With a wink, he added, “Frankly, it’ll be nicer for your knees, too.”

Chapter 15

The top blanket on Dusti's bed was the same, but his dark purple sheets had been replaced with ones that were light turquoise with a print of multi-colored unicorns. Dusti climbed onto his bed, crawling on all fours across the sweetly innocent looking sheets, his sexy short shorts hiking even higher, revealing almost the entirety of each sweet cheek and snugging tightly into the crease between them.

He flopped onto his back, his pink curls tumbling in disarray. I hovered by the end of his bed, waiting for Dusti to start issuing orders. Thankfully, he didn't make me wait very long.

"Take my clothes off, Benny."

Not hesitating, practically flinging myself on the bed to get to him, I rushed to obey.

His small shorts were fastened with a set of tiny buttons that my fingers fumbled to get undone. My clumsiness only increased when Dusti breezily stated, "Oh, and just so you know, Benny-boo...Other than telling you what to do, I'm not planning on doing any of the work tonight. It'll all be you. I'm just going to lay back and let you pleasure me. I'm not going to lift a single finger. I'm not even going to touch you. Everything that gets done in this bed will be done by you." My breath caught as he added, "You're going to be my sex servant for the night, Benny."

Fuuuck ... Why did that sound so hot? Dusti said he wouldn't even be touching me and, fuck, the way his words had my cock throbbing and weeping pre-cum, I didn't think he'd need to.

Need and desperation had me yanking a bit too hard trying to get those fucking buttons through their fucking holes and one of them popped off, flying through the air and plinking onto the floor.

“Hmm. Hope you’re handy with a needle and thread, boo, ‘cause you’ll be sewing that back on in the morning.”

Dusti sounded more amused than upset, and I did know how to reattach a button, so I didn’t let it bother me, focusing my attention back to getting those other damned buttons freed so I could get his shorts off.

I finally got them open and slipped them down Dusti’s legs, pausing when I saw the pink lace panties he had on underneath them. They snugly cupped Dusti’s long, slender cock and his small, tight balls, and his pale skin peeped through the spaces in the dainty rose pattern.

“Keep going, Benny. Take off all my clothes.”

His voice was calm, but firm, commanding me to do what he said. So, I slid the tips of my fingers beneath the top of his panties and carefully drew them down his legs as well. The backs of my hands gently caressed the bottoms of Dusti’s feet as I pulled his panties all of the way off, causing him to giggle and squirm.

“Hey, careful. Ticklish.”

I filed away the information, knowing that I’d want to discover any of Dusti’s other ticklish spots.

Dropping his panties to the floor, I skimmed my hands up the flat plane of his abdomen and beneath the bottom edge of his cropped tank top. I tugged it up, but Dusti must’ve really meant it when he said he didn’t plan to do anything tonight—he

laid there, not moving at all, which hindered my effort to get his shirt off.

I pondered the situation for a moment before snaking one of my arms beneath his shoulders. Huffing undignified grunts, I maneuvered his limp, uncooperative body and hoisted his upper half off the bed. Dusti's breath was hot against the side of my neck as he snickered, so at least my bumbling efforts were amusing him.

With my other hand, I tugged and yanked at his shirt, pulling it up his arms and over his head. The silver lollipop charm on his necklace thumped down onto his bare chest, in between his small, pale pink nipples.

I wanted to lick them. I wanted to suck and nibble on them. But until Dusti told me to... I rested his torso back on the mattress, then waited for him to issue his next instruction.

"Good job, Benny," he said. His eyes trailed down my body, straddling his waist with my knees bracketed on either side of him. "Hmm. Your pants are looking awfully tight there, boo. Bet you'd like to take them off, wouldn't you?"

Nodding, I replied, "Yes. Please." My dick was very hard and uncomfortably being strangled in by the unforgiving fabric of my jeans.

A smile on his lips, Dusti seemed to take great delight in saying, "Aww, that's too bad. Because I want you to leave your pants on." Seeing my obvious dismay, Dusti added, "For now, boo. Remember, I want tonight to be about me. I want you to focus completely on me, on pleasing me." His gaze scanned my face, and when I didn't raise any sort of objection, he softly spoke his next command. "Suck on my nipples, Benny. I know you want to; I saw it on your face. So, suck them, boo. Suck on my nipples."

I shifted myself down his body to bring my face more level with his chest. His sweet

scent was even stronger there, as I nuzzled the faint curve of his pec, like some of it was from a lotion or body wash he'd used. Extending my tongue, I swiped it over his right nipple, getting my first taste of the tiny, pretty nubbin.

“Yeah, that’s right, Benny. Lick ‘em, get ‘em wet. Then I want my nipples in your mouth and I want you sucking ‘em.”

I did as he asked. The right, and then the left. I licked and licked, until his right nipple was a tight, hard peak, and the pale pink skin was a darker shade and shiny with my saliva. Then I switched sides and did the exact same thing to his left nipple.

By the time I switched back over to the right, drawing the sweetly furled bud into my mouth to suckle on it, Dusti’s neck and chest was flushed pink and his breath was coming in light pants.

“Mmm, like that, Benny. But you can go a little harder. I like it when... ngh ...when it almost...almost feels like too much.”

We really were a good fit in bed. All of Dusti’s orders, his feedback and directions, took away all of my anxious worries that I would do something he wouldn’t like or that he wouldn’t enjoy the things I did to him. I didn’t even mind that my pleasure usually took a backseat to his. I could ignore the needy demands of my hard dick if it meant that he felt good.

After a few minutes of sucking on his nipples, alternating between the two, Dusti said, his words breathy and labored, “Alright, boo. That’s good for now. Now I want you to sit on the bed, next to me. Since I’m still not doing any of the work, I’ll need for you to turn me over onto my front and then we’re going to give your mouth and tongue some more of a workout.” My gulp was loud enough that I’m certain he heard it after he stated, “You’re going to rim me, Benny.”

Oh fuck. The thought that he wanted my mouth there...that I was shortly going to taste that most intimate part of him... I had to bring a hand to my dick and give it a firm squeeze through the heavy layer of denim because my erection was now painfully hard and throbbing.

I'd thought the action was necessary, but Dusti didn't seem to agree. "Hey, hands off your cock," he sharply ordered. "None of that. You're touching me right now. Pleasing me right now. No touchy-touchy of your cocky-cocky, Benny-boo."

I legitimately whimpered as I immediately pulled my hand off my dick. It hurt, it was so hard. But also...I liked that Dusti wasn't letting me touch myself. I liked that he was making me focus solely on him.

As if to make up for my distress, Dusti's tone was sweet as he prompted, "What are you supposed to be doing, Benny?"

With another deep gulp, I slid off of him and onto the bed.

His flushed skin was so warm and just a touch sweaty as I worked my arm underneath his shoulders again. My other hand settled on his bare hip and, using my grip there and his far shoulder, I gently rolled Dusti onto his side, then over onto his front.

Resting down by his thigh, on his unicorn-patterned, turquoise sheets, the fingers of his right hand fluttered and the perky, taut mounds of his ass tensed—narrow grooves forming in the sides of each clenched cheek. Then, before I could get started on the next delicious step of his instructions, Dusti gave me another order.

"I need you to reach beneath me and readjust my cock, boo. It's, uh...it's a weird angle that doesn't feel that great."

Empathy flaring, I carefully wiggled my hand in between Dusti's body and the mattress. When my fingertips brushed against the base of his cock, I eased my hand around his stiff dick and gently pulled, until it was pointed straight up, sandwiched between Dusti's stomach and his bed.

"Is that..."

"Yeah. Much better," he replied with a sigh. "Thanks."

I grunted an acknowledgement, although I didn't think any gratitude was needed for just making him more comfortable.

"Alright. But now, going forward, I want you to leave my cock alone." I made a soft noise of confusion, which he responded to by explaining, "You're going to rim me—feel free to use your tongue, your lips, your fingers, whatever as you eat me out—and I want to see if you can get me to come only from that." With his head resting on his cheek and turned away from me, I could only see one corner of Dusti's mouth as it curled up in a smile. "I think you can do it, Benny. Let's find out, shall we?"

I'm glad he had that sort of confidence in my abilities; I didn't. But if coming hands-free, with just my mouth and fingers in his ass, was what Dusti wanted, I was certainly going to try my best to give him that.

There was only a narrow wedge of space between Dusti's long legs, certainly not enough room for me to fit myself in there. So I wrapped my hands around his slender thighs, just above his slightly knobby knees, and spread them to give myself some extra room.

Merely pulling his legs farther apart was enough to widen his crease, giving me a lovely, close-up view to his pretty, dusky pink hole. Like magnets, my fingers were

drawn to the small, furred opening, and I groaned, deep and heartfelt, as my thumb slowly caressed his hole.

“Oh yeah, that’s good,” Dusti said with his own groan. “Now your mouth, boo. Want your mouth. Eat my ass.”

I settled myself between his splayed legs, my head hovering only inches away from his gorgeous ass. Dipping my nose into his crease, I took a long, deep breath, dragging in his scent. Somehow, he still smelled sweet, even here, but now it was strongly overlaid with earthy musk.

Satisfied I would have his unique scent imprinted forever on my memories, I parted my lips, extended my tongue, and took my first taste of Dusti’s hole.

“Fuuuck . Yes, boo. Lick it. Lick it good.” His words were so garbled with a moan that I could barely make them out. But his tone of lust-drenched satisfaction was easy enough to understand.

Groaning some more, hungry for another taste, I obeyed. My tongue lashed at his hole, over and over again. Getting it wet enough that saliva dripped from it and ran down his taint, pooling against the wrinkled skin at the base of his tight sack.

Smoothing my hand over the firm, smooth curve of his ass, I dipped my fingers into his crease and pressed one into his wet hole. It slid in easily, his hole eagerly sucking it in, so the next time I went to press in, I added a second finger.

“Benny. Benny. Yes. Love it. So good.”

His mumbled words were interspersed with gasps and moans. Letting me know that he was enjoying what I was doing and encouraging me to keep going.

Continuing to work my fingers in and out of his hole, I licked at his rim, stretched around my fingers. I loved the way this part of him tasted—sweet, of course, but salty, tangy, and musky.

“Oh fuck. Benny. Can you tell? Can you...can you feel it? Fuck, can you taste it? I’m so close, Benny. Shit, so close.”

Sadly, I couldn’t taste any change in his flavor, not that the way he tasted wasn’t already spectacular. I could feel his channel squeezing my fingers tighter and tighter as I fucked him with them, but I was still surprised by Dusti’s announcement that he was so close.

With my right hand busy, I snuck my left arm beneath his hips and pulled him back so that his dick was no longer pressing directly into the mattress. He whined at losing that friction and pressure on his cock, but I wanted space between him and the bed. I wanted to see the pre-cum welling and dripping from his swollen, rosy pink cockhead.

And when he came, I wanted room to be able to see the cum shooting out of him.

“Are you gonna do it?” I asked, needing to know just how close he was. “You gonna come without a hand on your dick?”

Dusti’s response was buried among a string of moans. “Yes. Oh yes. I’m gonna. I’m gonna do it. And soon. Fuck. I’m gonna come soon, Benny.”

Yanking my fingers out of his ass, I shoved my tongue into his hole as far as I could get it, wanting—needing—to feel it squeezing around my tongue. But when he cried out, yelling, “Fuck! Coming!” I replaced my tongue with my fingers again, stroking in and out of him as his channel pulsed around them.

Dropping my body flat to the bed, I watched from between his legs, as spurt after spurt erupted from Dusti's cock, splatting obscenely onto his unicorn sheets. It was stunning to see him come, without a single touch to his cock. And I watched every single second of it.

Fine tremors wracked his body as he started to come down from his climax. And his voice was shaky as he spoke. But he still managed to sound commanding as he ordered, "Now, Benny. Now. Now you can touch your cock. Pull it out from those hideous jeans and stroke it. Then I want you to come all over me. Paint my ass with your cum."

See, now was the time for gratitude. I mumbled nonsense sounds in thanks for Dusti finally allowing me to give my dick some relief. Possibly breaking some sort of world record, I got my jeans open and shoved down impossibly fast, along with my underwear, and I wrapped my hand around the iron-hard column of my dick.

The glide was ridiculously smooth because of all the pre-cum I'd been making, which had been soaking into my underwear and dripping down the length of my dick the whole time I'd been rimming Dusti. I gave my achingly hard dick a couple of strokes, and that was all it took.

Long streams of cum forcefully shot from my cock, landing in fat streaks all across the small of Dusti's back and on his perfect ass. There was so much of it, it ran down his sides and dripped down to make an even bigger mess of his sheets.

When it was clear I was done, Dusti rolled and flopped onto his back, uncaring that he was smearing all of the cum I'd left on his skin onto his sheets. Although, at this point, it probably didn't matter; they were going to have to go into the wash as soon as possible, anyway.

Chuckling, Dusti caught my eye and commented, "Well, fuck. That was fun."

“So much fun,” I agreed, meanwhile thinking that, if anything, that was a massive fucking understatement.

“Isn’t rimming just the best?” Not giving me time to answer his obviously rhetorical question, Dusti continued, “Experience tells me that I’m not going to be ready for another round for a while. But, uh...if you don’t have anywhere you need to be...” He drew his bottom lip in between his teeth in an uncharacteristic sign of nerves, and his voice was hesitant as he asked, “You could stay? If you wanted. We’d have to switch the sheets and get cleaned up, but you could...you could stay. Hang out for a little longer?”

“Sure. Yes. Of course,” I replied, as if there were any other answer I would’ve given him, ignoring the pointless flare of jealousy I felt over Dusti having enough experience with being rimmed and/or coming hands-free to know that he had a long refractory time after those.

Dusti’s real—slightly crooked, incredibly sweet—smile made a reappearance. Then it turned a bit wicked as he said, “Besides...tomorrow’s Saturday. No work for either of us. I’m sure we can think of something to do in the morning.”

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Chapter 16

Heading out to one of the farther suburbs for brunch wasn't quite what I'd imagined when Dusti had mentioned finding something to do together Saturday morning.

Granted, we had exchanged slow and lazy handjobs when we'd woken up, curled on our sides, facing each other. I wasn't at all discounting those. There had even been a moment, our mouths only separated by a few inches, that I'd thought I would finally get to kiss Dusti, but that moment had passed without any touching of lips.

Still, with Dusti, I thought Saturday mornings would include a lot more sex and not as much...brunch.

Ultimately, though, I was happy to go along with anything Dusti wanted; I just wanted to spend time with him. And he was the one doing the driving, arguing that it was only fair his gas was used to make the trek since it was his idea and his selection of a restaurant that was so far away.

I was amused by the odd bit of coincidence that the diner Dusti was taking us to was in Pine Ridge, since I'd just been thinking of a different business in that town last night.

As we entered the old-fashioned, quaint diner, I asked him, "So, why this place? Is it, like, internet-famous or something?"

Dusti glanced at me over his shoulder—bared by the asymmetrical neckline of his oversized, mint green t-shirt. "No, not that I know of," he answered. "I'm not sure

how or when my parents first stumbled across this place, but we've been coming here about once a month since I was super little. Usually for breakfast or brunch, but occasionally for lunch or dinner."

The small lobby was empty of anyone to show us to a table, so we waited, Dusti bouncing on the balls of his feet, in the plainest shoes I've seen him in so far—simple, canvas shoes in a mint green to match his shirt.

As his eyes scanned the interior of the diner, Dusti commented, "When I was a teenager, we actually came more often—almost once a week. I think my parents might've figured out that I had a teeny tiny crush on one of the busboys. I think he was about the same age as me and he was really tall, big, and with long, wavy blond hair that was usually hanging in his face."

Thankfully, before Dusti could rhapsodize even more about the object of his teenage crush, a short, round, older woman, wearing an apron with the name of the diner on it, rushed toward us, apologizing that a waitress hadn't greeted us or shown us to a table yet.

"No worries, Ma," Dusti told her, gifting her with one of his genuine smiles. "We just got here, but I know you wouldn't have minded if we just seated ourselves."

The woman was already smiling back at Dusti, but when she spotted me standing behind him, yet clearly with him, her smile grew almost twice as big.

"That's right," she said. "All my favorite customers are welcome to sit wherever they'd like. Speaking of, sweetie, do you and your friend want to sit at your usual booth, or somewhere else this morning?"

"The usual booth would be great, Ma," Dusti replied.

Grabbing a pair of laminated menus, she led us toward a booth that was along the wall, beneath a window, about halfway toward the back of the diner. As we followed her, I jostled Dusti's arm to get his attention, mouthing the word 'Ma?' at him to ask him why he was calling this older woman that.

He made me wait, until we were seated in the booth and she'd left us alone with our menus, for an answer. "Yeah, 'Ma.' I'm not sure what her actual name is, but everyone who eats here calls her Ma."

Assuming it was probably a small-town thing, I let the subject go with only an "Oh. Okay." There was a more pressing issue I wanted to bring up with him, anyway. "So...if you and your parents have been coming here for a long time, and you guys come here pretty regularly...how likely is it that your parents are going to show up and crash our brunch?"

Dusti laughed away my concern, then leaned in over the table, like he was going to share a secret with me. "Not at all likely," he said. "At least, not today. My parents left for a weeklong dentists' convention and won't be back in town until the end of the week."

I tried not to let my relief show too much at this news; I mean, they were his parents. But it was nice to know that there was no chance of my time with Dusti getting encroached on by another unexpected appearance by his parents.

Our conversation flowed easily, between bites of delicious food that had been well worth the drive. We both shared some more about our respective jobs, swapping amusing anecdotes about some of the odd interactions we've had with the people we were helping.

Toward the end of the meal, Dusti commented, "Working for my parents was so not what I planned on doing with my life." His plate held a shallow pond of syrup and he

scooped up a spoonful, slurping it into his mouth. “Growing up, the only thing I ever dreamed of becoming was a sparkly unicorn, and I achieved that goal by the time I was fourteen. After that...one job was just as good as any other.”

I was fascinated, and a bit queasy, as I watched him spoon up more syrup off his plate and slide it into his mouth. When he pulled it out, a thin, golden strand of syrup dangled from the spoon, stretching longer and longer until it dribbled onto his shirt.

Dusti had already used up all of his napkins, so I passed him one of mine, pointing out the small, sticky mess on his shirt.

“When I was little,” I told him, “I wanted to build things. Houses, boats, decks...whatever. If it involved a hammer and some nails, I was happy as a clam. When I got older, I thought...maybe construction, or even architecture.”

“So what happened?” Dusti asked. He didn’t sound judgmental, only curious. “Couldn’t find the right classes? Not enough money to pay for college?”

“Not enough ability,” I replied bluntly. “Turns out, hammers and I don’t get along. I can’t draw a straight line to save my soul, even with a ruler. And learning the sort of math needed for either of those fields made me want to take a nap.”

Having reached his apparent daily quota for syrup, Dusti finally rested his spoon on his plate and nudged the dish away.

He rested his hand on top of mine, commenting, “But at least your job still deals with building things—you help other people build things. If you discount some of the stickers and toys we give to the kids, my job has nothing to do with unicorns.”

The arrival of the check ended our conversation, as a brief tussle broke out when we both reached for it. Utilizing the classic technique of loudly saying “Hey, what’s

that?” while peering intently over his shoulder, I was able to distract Dusti long enough that I managed to snatch the bill from his slackened hold.

He pouted adorably, which had no effect on me. At least, not the sort of effect that would prompt me to relinquish the bill to him.

“Nope, my treat,” I said. “Better luck next time.”

The thought of a next time stuck with me as I paid the bill, as we exited the diner, and as we walked across the parking lot. Actually, it wasn’t only the thought of another outing similar to this one, but also the warm glow of contentment from all the things Dust and I had done together yesterday and today that weren’t sex, that had me speaking up as we reached his car.

“This was fun. I’m glad you suggested it,” I said.

“Yeah, it was. You’re—”

“We should do it again,” I blurted out, cutting him off mid-sentence.

“Okay...” he drawled slowly, blinking his blue eyes as he looked at me over the hood of his car.

“I don’t mean eating breakfast or brunch together after sex. Or rather...not only that. That’s not... A date. I mean a date,” I exclaimed loudly. “I want to go on a date. With you. A date with you.”

I expected more confusion. Or amusement at my disjointed and frantic rambling. Or even happiness—over the top or sweet and bashful.

Yes, happiness at my asking him out would’ve been nice.

But what I got... What I saw on his face—his jaw tightly clenched, his lips pressed into a thin line, and his narrowed eyes shooting blue fire—was anger. Pure, hot, indisputable anger.

Chapter 17

“You asshole,” he hissed, sharply smacking his hand on the roof of his car. “You absolute, goddamned, fucking asshole. You’ve ruined it. How dare you fucking ruin it?”

He shoved away from his car, the soles of his canvas shoes swishing on the pavement as he furiously paced, back and forth and back and forth, marking out a path that was just a touch longer than the length of his car.

Disconcerted, all I could do was watch. When he suddenly swung around to face me, I jumped. And when he pointed a trembling finger at me, I braced for his next heated barrage. But I still wasn’t quite prepared for the accusations he flung at me.

“We had a perfect thing going—sex, sex, and more sex. With none of the inconvenient feelings or expectations that only manage to fuck everything up. But now...now... You think what? That you want to date me?”

His voice got colder and meaner as Dusti sarcastically asked, “What? You want to take me on dates, Benny? Wine and dine me? Get to know me?”

“Yes. Yes. That’s exactly what I—” I tried to cut into the verbal rampage he was on, but Dusti wasn’t interested in listening.

“Well, let me let you in on a little something that’ll save you some time, effort, and money, Benny—you don’t want to date me,” Dusti stated, adding, “Nobody wants to date me.”

Once again, he didn't let me get in a single word. Even though I would've fervently countered that I did; I wanted to date him.

"Nobody wants to date me," he repeated. His bitter scoff gouged at my heart. "Not past the first few dates, anyway," he stated. "I've gone down this road too many times. It always ends with yelling and disappointment. Broken promises and dashed dreams. And tears. My tears. It's always my tears that get shed when some guy realizes that I'm not what he wants after all. When he tells me that the way I dress is fine...once in a while, but not all the time. When he asks me, for the umpteenth time, why I don't have any ambition. Why I don't get a different, better, more interesting job."

Pressing his hands flat against the top of his car, Dusti glared at me. Through clenched teeth, he rasped out, "I have travelled on this path too many times, and I'm sick of it. Because the only place it takes me is to where some man tosses me away like yesterday's spoiled leftovers."

Dusti's outburst seemed to have drained away his anger-fueled energy. As the silence after his last statement echoed around the parking lot, I was finally able to contribute more than a few words to this, so far, largely one-sided conversation.

"Not with me," I said. "I wouldn't... It wouldn't be like that with me. I promise."

His sparkling blue eyes were dull, the sparkle extinguished, and his voice was sad as he said, "Promises are like bubbles, Benny. Pretty, and shiny, and fun. But they never last."

Desperate for him to listen, to believe me, I begged. "Please, Dusti. Please, I can prove it to you. Give me a chance. One date. One. I can show you—"

"No, Benny. There's no point. I already know where the road with one date ends.

And I'll take the first exit off that fucking road every time."

I watched as he walked up to his car, as he placed his hand on the driver side door handle. Urgency guiding me, I edged around the back of his car, needing to do something... Needing to stop him from... Actually, what was Dusti planning to do?

Obviously, he was upset. Upset with me. But he'd driven me out here. No matter how angry he was at me right now, would he leave me stranded here, 30 minutes away from home?

"Dusti, please," I implored.

"No. We're done. It's over, Benny."

Yanking the door open, he climbed into his car. Numb and reeling from shock, I staggered toward the yawning chasm of his open car door.

I got so close, I only needed to take one or two more steps. My arm reached out...

"Why, Benny? Why did you have to ruin this?"

The quiet whisper of his questions only made the slamming of his car door, and the thunking click of the lock, feel louder. Loud enough to pierce my heart and shatter it.

Millions of tiny shards of my heart littered the parking lot, further ground into dust by Dusti's car tires as he roared away, leaving me behind.

Chapter 18

The right thing to do would've been to respect Dusti's decision. He had every right to call things off between us. Outside of consensual non-consent, not taking a no for an answer was creepy and all sorts of wrong.

But here's the thing...

All those things that Dusti said—before he abandoned my butt in a diner parking lot and I had to call for a rideshare to get me home—I don't think he wanted them to be true. I definitely thought he thought they were true, but I really believed he's secretly desperate for somebody to prove him wrong.

Me. That's who he's been waiting for. Me. I was the one who'll show him, over and over and over again, until it sinks in and he believes it, that feelings don't ruin things. That I really did want to take him on one, two, five...a hundred dates. More .

I wanted to show Dusti that I liked everything I already knew about him. I wanted the chance to prove that I wouldn't get sick of him. The thought of toying with his emotions, of treating him like garbage and then throwing him away was...inconceivable.

I'd been ready to worship Dusti when all I saw was pretty perfection; I was fully prepared to fall in love with the man beneath his exterior.

But in order to do all of that, I needed to talk to him.

I would've settled for a phone call or a text, but Dusti wasn't answering any of my calls. And all of the texts I'd sent him might just as well have vanished into the ether, because he hadn't replied to any of them.

Which left me with only one choice—talking to him face-to-face. Because giving up wasn't an option.

I was nervous parking in front of the property that held Dusti's and his parents' house. Dusti had mentioned rather vaguely that his parents were supposed to be back from their convention at the end of this week, but maybe his definition of 'end of the week' differed from mine. Or maybe his parents had returned home early. All I knew was I didn't want either of his parents to witness me sitting on Dusti's front step like a sad, lost puppy while I waited for him to agree to talk to me.

Dusti's car was the only one parked on the driveway, but I still shot apprehensive looks at the big house over my shoulder as I made my way around the back to Dusti's place, anxiously expecting one or both of his parents to suddenly pop out of nowhere anyway.

Approaching his door, I shook out my arms, rolled my neck from side to side, and mentally ran through a few of the things I'd come up with to try to persuade Dusti to give me, give us, a chance. But I was still jittery, my hand trembling faintly, when I reached up to ring his doorbell.

I waited a minute, two minutes, figuratively holding my breath, hoping for his door to swing open and for Dusti to invite me in. When that didn't happen, I rang his bell again, straining my ears to hear it and make sure it was working. It was quiet, muffled by the door, but I could hear the faint tinkling of his doorbell going off, over the low thrum of some music. The door remained resolutely shut, so I jammed my finger against the button for a third time, figuring that might make Dusti answer the door, even if it was to yell at me to fuck off and leave his doorbell alone.

Sure enough, that was pretty much what happened. The last chime of the doorbell had barely had a chance to fade away, when the door was suddenly yanked open, a supremely pissed off-looking Dusti filling the doorway. Now that I could hear it more clearly, I tried not to take it as a bad sign that the song currently playing inside Dusti's house was "We Are Never Ever Getting Back Together" by Taylor Swift.

"If I ever told you that you were good at listening, I was wrong," Dusti snapped. "Go away, Benny."

His message delivered, he started to slam the door closed. But I couldn't let him shut me out. I needed Dusti to give me the chance to argue my case.

I flung my arm up, in between the arching trajectory of the door and the doorframe, flinching and yelping when the solid wood door smacked into it. Not expecting that, Dusti barely had time to step out of the way as the door bounced off my arm and swung back toward him.

His eyes wide with shock, he shouted, "What the fuck, Benny?"

Not quite trusting that he wouldn't attempt to slam the door in my face again, I kept my arm raised as I begged him to hear me out. "Please, Dusti. I just want to talk," I said. "If you read any of the texts I sent you, or listened to any of the voicemails I left, you know that I want to talk to you. Please."

Crossing his arms over his chest, his voice toneless and resigned, Dusti stated, "There's nothing left to talk about; we've already said everything that needs to be said."

I wasn't surprised to discover that Dusti was stubborn. But he was about to learn that I could be just as stubborn if I needed to be.

“No,” I said. “No. We haven’t said everything that needs to be said,” I insisted, pointing out, “ You’re the one who did all of the talking on Saturday. But fair’s fair, now it’s my turn.”

I wanted to push my way into his house, physically crowd him with my body until he moved out of the open doorway and I could go in. I wanted to lock the door behind us, so we wouldn’t be disturbed. And I wanted to manhandle his slim body onto the sofa, pin him down onto it, and make him listen to me.

But I had the feeling that would only piss him off even more and make him dig his heels in even further; Dusti liked being the one in control. So, instead of forcing my way in, I begged him again to let me in.

“Please, Dusti. Can I come in? Just for a little while. I just want to talk to you. I think...I think, if you’ll let me, I can change your mind. About us. About dating.”

For the longest time, he didn’t respond. He didn’t move. He didn’t invite me in. But he also didn’t tell me to fuck off again, or try to close the door again, even with my arm in the way. He did nothing—just stood in the doorway, staring off into space.

But finally, his eyes fluttered closed and, with the smallest of nods, he grumpily said, “Fine. You can come in.” As though he wanted to reestablish even the smallest semblance of control, he quickly added, “But only for a little while. 5 minutes max.”

A giant smile broke across my face because even this small win was definitely a win.

Leaving the door wide open for me to come in, Dusti avoided making eye contact as he turned with a sigh and drifted over to his living room. I felt a profound rush of relief and hope as I crossed the threshold, taking only a moment to firmly close and lock the door before I followed after him.

Reaching the living room, I found Dusti curled up in the club chair, which left the small loveseat all alone for me. I hadn't really given much thought to Dusti's appearance today, but as I settled onto the end of the sofa closest to him, I ran my eyes over him and took how he looked.

His curly, pink hair laid limp and slightly lifeless, no artful disarray in sight. His pale blue eyes also looked uncharacteristically flat and lifeless, with dark smudges underneath them. His face was oddly bare—no glitter and no makeup, not even something as basic as swipe of lip gloss.

And Dusti had on what was the simplest, plainest, frumpiest, most un-Dustiest outfit I'd ever seen him wear. Curled up in the roomy club chair, with his arms wrapped around his knees, Dusti's gray, cotton shorts had slid up to reveal a generous expanse of thigh, but only because they were way too big on him. They looked like they were made up of enough fabric to clothe two Dustis.

His white, short-sleeve shirt, with a faded picture of Rainbow Dash on it, was either several sizes too large, or else it had been intended to be worn as a sleep shirt. It was so long, it fell past his hips, covered his groin, and allowed only about the last inch of the aforementioned shorts to show.

The pink polish on his toenails was chipped or, in the case of two of his pretty toes, missing entirely. And his imperfect pedicure was on full display with his feet slid into a pair of cheap, black flip-flops.

Dusti was a gorgeous, stunningly pretty man; I'd thought so since the first moment I saw him, dancing on the dance floor at Glitter. And while he was also so much more than his external appearance, it was disconcerting and concerning to see him looking so unlike his usual self.

He also sounded sad and tired as he reminded me, "5 minutes, Benny. Clock is

ticking.”

I jolted, alarmed that I was wasting the time he’d given me on cataloguing the worrisome state of his appearance. “Right.”

I took a deep, calming breath as I scrounged my brain for some of, any of, the phrases I’d practiced before I’d driven over to Dusti’s house, which had only just recently been right there on the tip of my tongue.

“Before you left me at the diner on Saturday,” I said, “you claimed that feelings wreck things. And not that they might wreck any relationships that you try, but that they will wreck them, every time.”

“Because they do,” Dusti muttered sullenly.

I didn’t complain about his interruption, but I did give him a rather pointed look. “I would argue that the problem isn’t so much about introducing emotions into a relationship, having strong feelings for another person, as it is entrusting the right person to cherish and nourish those feelings.”

Sarcasm heavily laced his question as Dusti asked, “And you’re that person? That’s what you’re suggesting, right? That you—”

“I could be,” I snapped, peeved. Then, more calmly, I stated, “At least, I’d like to think that I could be. I want to be.” Scooting forward on the cushion I was sitting on, I leaned toward him, my clasped hands dangling between my knees and my elbows resting on my thighs. “Look, Dusti, I wish I could promise you that I’m the right man for you to trust with your feelings, with your heart. Really, I do. Although, I’m not sure how much good it would do since you seem to trust promises even less than you trust feelings.”

I gazed at him, hoping he would look back at me, so I could try to read in his eyes how much of what I was saying was making it through the stubborn armor he'd erected around his heart. After a moment, I was rewarded with one fleeting glimpse—a quick, blink and I would've missed it, flash of his blue eyes glancing at me. I only got to see them for a second, so I might've been wrong, but I thought I saw a small ember of yearning sparking to life. As though Dusti wanted to believe me, even against his own better judgement.

Knowing that the 5 minutes he'd granted me had to be just about up, I tried one more time. "Please, Dusti," I begged. "I'm not asking you to ignore your doubts or telling you that you shouldn't be cautious with your heart. All I'm asking for is a chance. Any sort of chance."

His full lower lip trembled and he seemed to hug his knees closer to his chest. If I thought that he would welcome any sort of physical comforting from me, I would fling myself off this sofa this very second. But all I could do was continue to plead my case.

"Don't automatically rule out the possibility of something wonderful between us simply because all of your past attempts failed, I said, earnestly adding, "Frankly, I'm glad they failed. If they hadn't, I wouldn't be here with the chance to be the one who succeeds. Give me that chance, Dusti. Please."

I'd said all that I could. More words would just have me repeating myself, probably with increasing levels of desperation. So, I lapsed into silence, waiting to see what Dusti's verdict would be—would he give a relationship between us a chance or would he stand firm in his decision of no longer wanting to have anything to do with me?

Minute upon minute ticked by, and despair crept through me like lachrymose fog as it appeared as though Dusti's answering silence was going to stand in as his response. I

tried to accept it, I did. I'd known that this would be the probable outcome even before I'd gotten in my car to drive over here.

But acceptance is difficult to reach through a forest made of the broken shards from a broken heart.

Something—not a sound, but something—pulled my attention away from my own disappointed misery and back over to Dusti. He was still tucked up in a defensive ball in his club chair, but his eyes... There were still dark smudges beneath them, but his blue eyes were free of sad shadows and steady as they gazed at me.

A small nod unfurled tender tendrils of hope and I tentatively asked, "Dusti?"

Another nod, slightly bigger. "Yes." One more, definite and resolved this time, and Dusti spoke the words that repaired my heart and sent it soaring. "Okay, Benny. Okay."

"Come here, boo."

Chapter 19

Dusti seemed to move in slow motion as his arms unwrapped from around his bent knees. One long, slender leg and then the other stretched out, flip-flopped feet coming to rest on the floor. Pointing a single finger at the space between his feet, Dusti repeated his command. “Benny. Come here.”

My heart leapt and galloped, but my legs felt too weak to carry me even the few feet it would take to reach him. Sliding off the loveseat and onto the floor, I crawled, the wood hard against my hands and knees, until I was where he wanted me.

Rubbing my cheeks against the soft, silken skin on the inside of his thighs, I inhaled the sweet, candy scent of him.

“Benny.” My name was a gentle sigh from his lips.

Gentle fingers sifted through my hair, playing with strands that were longer now than when we’d first met. I continued to nuzzle his thighs with my cheeks and nose, inching my way up slowly, higher and higher, intending to bury my face in his groin so I could reacquaint myself with the more concentrated, slightly muskier fragrance of his sex.

But before I could do that, Dusti’s fingers firmed in my hair, tightly gripping handfuls of it, and tugged me up and away. I had only a moment to wonder why he’d denied me that treat when he gave me a different one—an even better one.

Soft, lush and velvety lips brushed against mine. A small, testing sip, followed by a

longer, firmer press.

I gasped, and Dusti took advantage of my parted lips to suck my top lip into his mouth. I tried to say his name, but I was unwilling to sever the contact between our lips long enough to properly form the letters. The mumbled syllables I was able to say, Dusti licked off my lips with a languid flick of his tongue.

He tasted of sugar. I would've expected nothing less. Like rock candy—the purest, sweetest sugar of all. I eagerly met his tongue with mine, lapping up all his sweetness. And I surged forward, hungry for more, when I felt Dusti pull his mouth from mine.

“Benny, wait,” he said, causing me to whimper pitifully. “Wait. We need to...”

Some color had returned to Dusti's face, a soft wash of pink staining his cheeks, and his breath was rushing as much as mine was, all from a few kisses. The flush on his cheeks deepened as his eyelashes swept down to cover his eyes and his straight, white teeth nibbled on the corner of his lip.

“This isn't just sex,” he blurted out. Dusti's eyes squinted closed as he grimaced, but then they flicked open and I found myself staring into familiar pale green-specked, blue fire. “Don't get me wrong, boo, we are having sex tonight. I missed you so much, it hurt. And I want you. Fuck. I always want you. But you were right. There's more between us than just sex. And...I want that too. It fucking terrifies me, but...” His voice went low and quiet. “I'm willing to try.”

“Oh, angel.” The words were swallowed up by his mouth as I crashed our lips together.

Plunging my tongue between his sumptuous lips, I explored his mouth, searching out all of his sweetness. We sipped of each other, tongues rubbing and twining together.

I couldn't get enough of his mouth. It felt like I'd been waiting forever to be allowed to kiss him, and now that I could...I never wanted to stop.

But Dusti had other plans. Tugging my hair, he tipped my head back. "I think it's bedtime for Benny," he murmured, nipping and licking at my jaw.

A wordless moan of need rumbled in my throat, and I could feel the shape of Dusti's smile, against my skin.

He released his grip on my hair, one hand lowering to my shoulder. He firmly nudged me back as he commanded, "Come on, Benny-boo, off the floor. I want your cock, so get your ass up and into my bed."

Was it odd that I was thrilled to have Dusti ordering me around again?

I scrambled up to my feet, but I'd only taken a few steps in the direction of his bedroom, when Dusti's voice called out, overriding his first command and issuing a different one. "No, I changed my mind," he said. "I want you back down on the floor, Benny. I like the way you look on your hands and knees for me."

My knees protested, but I told them to fuck off. My comfort wasn't as important as Dusti's wishes.

A moment later, Dusti's feet and calves entered my field of vision. "Good. So good for me."

The words, and the way he petted my hair, made me feel a bit like a pet dog, but...I was sort of into it? My dick certainly seemed to like it, thickening inside my khaki pants.

"I want you to stay here, just like this," he said. "I haven't, uh...I haven't really

showered today.” I could hear the embarrassment in his voice, especially as he admitted, “I’m probably pretty gross.” I doubted he’d believe me if I told him I wouldn’t care if he smelled like the entire Minnesota Loons hockey team after a game, so I kept my mouth shut. “I’m going to go take a shower,” he stated. “I want you to take off all your clothes, then get back down onto your hands and knees, and stay there until I let you know I’m ready. Then when I call you, I want you to crawl to me. Can you do that, Benny? Can you crawl to my bed?”

“Y-yes,” I replied. “If that’s what you want... Yes.”

“Hmm. Good.”

His flip-flops slapped against the wood floor as he walked to the bathroom. I heard the bathroom door close, but only a moment later, it snicked open again.

“Hey, Benny?” Dusti called. “That thing you called me earlier? When we were kissing. What did you call me?”

Crap. I’d slipped up again, but this time, he’d finally caught me.

“Ummm... Angel,” I said. “I called you an angel.”

“Oh.” The soft exclamation didn’t tell me much, but then Dusti declared, “I like it. Angel . Thank you, boo.”

The bathroom door closed again, then came the sound of the shower turning on.

Not sure how long he was going to take in the shower, I quickly climbed to my feet and shucked off my clothes. Then I went back down onto my hands and knees to wait for him to call for me.

I felt silly, being down on all fours, naked, in his living room. Especially, when Dusti wasn't even in the room anymore. But I stayed where I was, just as he'd ordered. Even though he was in the shower and wouldn't know if I got up to relieve the pressure on my knees, I stayed where I was.

I'm not sure how long Dusti was in the shower; it felt like forever. But finally, from his bedroom, Dusti called, "Alright, Benny-boo, crawl to me."

Pins and needles prodded at the palms of my hands, my knees, and the tops of my feet—all the points of contact for my body against the hard floor—as I awkwardly crawled toward Dusti's bedroom. I hoped that his next instruction wouldn't be anything too physically taxing, like standing upright, because I wasn't sure how well I'd be able to follow it if it was.

When I saw the edge of the room dividing screen in my peripheral vision, I glanced up to make sure I wasn't about to crawl myself right into the foot of Dusti's bed.

Laying on his stomach, with his feet near the head of the bed, Dusti had his head propped up on his hands, a large smile on his face, as he watched my progress from the living room to the bedroom.

"Oh, you look so good crawling for me, boo," he said. "Like an adorable, lumbering little bear cub." He suddenly popped up onto his butt, sitting cross-legged on the bed. His legs, arms, and torso were bare, and it looked like he hadn't bothered to put on any clothing after he got out of the shower. "I could ride you!" he exclaimed.

"Uh...I guess?"

I wasn't sure if his declaration indicated that he wanted to ride on my back while I crawled around on the floor or if he...wanted to ride me. Ride my dick. In a bed, hopefully, for the sake of my poor aching knees. With Dusti, I could honestly see him

wanting either scenario.

His bright, excited smile changed into a pout as he complained, “It would be a lot of work, though. For me.”

Okay, that seemed to skew things more toward the second situation, which...fuck yeah. I would love for him to ride me. In bed. Just to clear things up, I went ahead and asked him, “Uh...in bed? You want to ride me in bed?”

“Well, I did,” Dusti replied, his lower lip still poked out in an adorable pout. “But then I thought about how much effort I’d have to expend and... Not that you’re not worth tons of effort, Benny,” he quickly interjected. “You are. It’s just...I kinda don’t want to.”

Dusti looked very concerned that I was going to be upset by what he said. And I wanted to reassure him that I wasn’t. Really, I did. But before that...

“Alright. First... Can I get up off the floor now, Dusti?” I asked him.

A sheepish expression crossed his face as he said, “Oh. Oops. Sorry about that. Of course, you can sit on the bed.”

When I tried to stand up, I listed severely to one side, and I was a bit worried I was going to fall over. But I somehow held onto my balance and was able to lumber my way on to the bed, grunting and groaning more than I would want to admit to.

Laying half on my back and half on my side, I gave my body a moment to adjust to no longer being on all fours. Then I brought up the second thing I wanted to say. “I’m pretty sure there’s a way you can ride me, but I’ll still be doing most, or all, of the work,” I told him.

“That’s not fair, though—”

I interrupted him to remind him, “Whatever you want, angel, remember? I said that we would always do whatever you wanted, no matter what it is. So, if you want to ride me, even if it means I’m doing everything...I’m really fucking okay with that.”

Dusti’s pout vanished like it had never existed. “Really?” he asked. “I get to ride you?”

At my nod, he shoved my shoulder to roll me all the way onto my back. Then he slung one of his legs over me, straddling my hips.

“Okay, so how is this working?”

“You mean you’re not going to tell me?” I teased. “How am I supposed to know what to do if you’re not telling me what to do?”

I yelped when he pinched my nipple.

“Asshole,” he muttered. Giving me a flat stare, he said, “Since this is your idea, I’ll let you be in charge. But just this once,” he added, pointing a finger at my nose. “We both like it when I’m giving the orders, so don’t go thinking we’re going to change that up.”

He made a good point.

“Okay, so here’s what we’re going to do,” I started. But then I realized we needed to cross off a few other basic issues before we got into the actual fucking. “Oh, wait. Condoms. And lube. We need condoms and lube. And prepping. I have to prep you before we—”

“Condoms and lube are where they always are,” Dusti said. “Conveniently right under my pillow. If you... Stretch your arm just a little and you can reach them. And as for prepping me... There’s no need. I did that in the shower.”

“You don’t always have to be the one to do that,” I told him, a frown tugging at the corner of my mouth. “I like prepping you.” Frown turning into a leer, I stated, “I really liked getting you all loose and open with my mouth.”

Dusti squirmed in my lap, which did wonderful things for my dick.

“Yes, well... I had to wash down there anyway,” he said. “So, I just did a little extra and got myself ready at the same time. It’s not a big deal.” Leaning down, his mouth hovered over mine, so close to kissing me, but not quite closing the gap. “And I’m really impatient to get your cock in me,” he added. “I didn’t want to wait any longer than I needed to.”

I really wished he would’ve let me prep him, but there would be other times. Right now, he wasn’t the only one impatient for my cock to be inside his ass.

“Okay, so here’s what we’ll do,” I repeated. “You’re going to kneel over me, sort of what you’re already doing. Then you’ll lean forward and put your elbows on my shoulders, with the backs of your upper arms resting on my chest.”

Dusti wordlessly murmured an acknowledgement, then shifted his body into the position I’d described. Once he had arranged himself the way I wanted, I said, “This should keep you stable enough while I...”

“While you... What? While you what?”

“While I pound my dick into your ass from below,” I said.

“Fuck. Fuck, yes. Do it. Please. Do it.”

“Hold on. Need to grab the condom and lube first.”

Shoving my hand beneath his pillow, I found the condom and lube right where he’d said it would be. It was a bit harder to do with his body in the way, but I managed to get the condom open and rolled down my aching cock. Popping open the bottle of lube, I aimed a generous drizzle of it on my dick and squeezed a little bit of extra in his crack.

Flinging the bottle aside, I smeared the lube around my cock, getting it nice and coated. Wrapping my right hand around the base of my dick, I ran the left down Dusti’s back. When it reached the top of his ass, I dipped my fingers into his crease, going by feel to find his hole.

Just as he’d said, Dusti’s hole was already loose and slick. I globbed the extra lube I’d dribbled on in ass into his hole, adding it to what was already there.

“Benny, please. Put it in,” Dusti begged, when I teased him by thwapping my shaft against his ass. “I need it.”

Even though Dusti had let me dictate the arrangement of our bodies, ultimately, he was always going to be the one in control. Giving him what he wanted—what we both wanted—I notched the head of my cock against his opening and raised my hips, pushing my cock inside him.

“Oh, yes. Yes. I’ve missed your cock,” he cried. “Your fat, fat cock. So good in my ass. Feels so good.”

I thought Dusti was pretty stable above me, but, slinging an arm across his back, I grabbed onto his shoulder with one hand and gripped his hip with the other to help

brace his position.

Over and over, I pistoned my hips up and down, thrusting my dick into his hot, wet hole. My abs and my pelvis and my glutes and my...well, pretty much my everything burned from the strain, unaccustomed as they were to any sort of exercise.

With each jolt of my cock, Dusti whined and panted against the side of my face. “Of fuck oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck.” Then he was smearing wet, open-mouthed kisses on my cheek, each one drifting closer and closer to my mouth. Then his mouth was on mine, kissing me like he also couldn’t get enough.

The blasted need for oxygen soon caused our mouths to jerk apart, and we shared hot, gasping breaths in the narrow space between our trembling lips.

“Fuck. You feel so good,” Dusti said, his straining voice barely above a whisper. “But...but... Would you just fuck me into the mattress already? Please, Benny. Throw me off, pin me down, and fuck me hard. Please.”

A growl tore from my throat as I tightened my grip on his body and flung him off to the side. We both cried out as my cock wrenched out of his hole, but then I was on him, his body barely having stopped bouncing on the mattress.

I jerked his legs into the air, propping his ankles over my left shoulder. Lining up my dick, I sank back into his hole in one long thrust. “Benny!” he cried as I bottomed out, my cock back where it belonged.

Bracing my forearm over the delicate arches of his collarbones, I bent him nearly in half as I leaned most of my weight on him.

“Oh shit. Oh shit oh shit oh fuck.”

I lips curled in a fierce snarl of satisfaction as Dusti's stream of profanity got louder and louder and more desperate the faster and harder I fucked him.

His channel was a tight glove around my dick. I could feel him throbbing, his orgasm getting closer and closer.

His hands scrambled over any part of my body he could reach. Dragging through my hair. Clawing at my shoulders. Raking down my back. Marking me up with his need to come.

"Come on, angel. Come for me," I begged. My own orgasm was barreling down on me like a runaway train; I needed Dusti to come. "You've gotta be close. I can feel that you're close. Come for me, angel. Now."

His eyes rolling back, Dusti threw back his head, arching his neck. His fingers latched onto a handful of my hair, yanking on it so hard that he probably pulled some of it out. Meanwhile, his hole clenched tight around my cock, his channel pulsing as wave after wave of cum erupted from his cock. Trapped between our bodies, his cum had nowhere else to go other than smeared all across both of our chests.

"Benny. Benny. Oh, Benny. My Benny."

As I knew it would, his orgasm triggered my own. My cock was hard as steel and my cum shot out of me in wondrously painful, throbbing spurts. It seemed unending, but when it was finally over, the haze of my climax cleared and I emerged to find Dusti sweetly stroking my sweaty hair and cooing soft nonsense to me.

Lifting my head off his shoulder, I pressed my lips to his sweat-damp skin. I brushed another kiss to a spot about an inch to the left. Another spot, another kiss. Incrementally making my way up to his mouth, my lips drifted across his shoulder, to the tender hollow of his throat, over and around the jut of his Adam's apple, and up to

the soft, delicate skin on the underside of his chin. Each inch gained earned me a sweet, light giggle from Dusti.

The discovery of another ticklish spot close to the hinge of his jaw ended my kissing journey. Dusti pulled my head away from his skin, angling it so that my face was tilted up toward him.

“Hi,” he said, a big, beautiful smile lighting up his face.

“Hi,” I replied, a matching grin stretching my mouth.

Pulling my face even closer to his, Dusti craned his neck to bring our mouths together in a slow, nibbling kiss. One led to two, which led to three. Until, after one last teasing lick, Dusti slid his mouth away from mine.

As much as I didn’t want to leave his arms, we were both coated in cooling cum and I needed to take care of the condom. Mindful that he might be a bit sore, I carefully eased my dick from his hole, kissing the tip of his nose in apology when he winced.

“Sorry,” I said, sitting back on my haunches and efficiently stripping the condom from my dick. “It wasn’t too rough, was it?”

“No, not at all,” Dusti replied. Although he winced again as he shifted out of the wet spot, moving farther up on the bed to recline against the headboard. “It was perfect.”

Tying off the condom, I dropped it to the floor, hoping that one of us would remember to take care of it before it got lost among all the other clutter of his room.

“Do you want to go get cleaned up now or...” I asked.

“Later. We can do it later,” he replied. “For right now, come here, boo,” he requested,

holding his arms out and inviting me to come cuddle.

Lying not quite in the middle of the bed, Dusti hadn't left me much room, unless I wanted to be right on top of the wet spot. Stretching out on the mattress on the far side of him, I curled my body into his, pressing tight against him so my ass wasn't hanging off the side of the bed.

His long, slender arms wrapped tight around my shoulders as our legs tangled together. Angling my head, I nuzzled my nose into the messy jumble of his curls. He smelled of sugar, sweat, and cum, and I inhaled deeply, wanting to fill my senses with the intoxicating scent of him.

We really should get up to clean ourselves up, but the satisfaction of an excellent orgasm and the relief that Dusti was willing to give a relationship between us a chance made me content to just stay in his arms for a little longer.

They also made me sleepy, especially after all of that physical exertion. I could feel my eyelids dragging down, staying closed for longer and longer. But before I could drift off into a nap, Dusti started peppering me with questions.

"If we're going to be dating... Have you thought about when our first date should be? Where would we go? Who gets to pick where we go, and is there any way we could make it so it's always my choice?"

Pressing a kiss to his temple, I answered, "We can go wherever you want. And if you want to pick where we go for all of our dates, you can. I'm sure I'll be happy with whatever you choose."

"Hmm... I'm thinking...probably not Glitter," he mused. "Not for our first date. We should probably go somewhere a little quieter, where we could actually talk to each other without having to yell. And if we went to Glitter, it might be too tempting to

forgo talking in favor of dragging you off to one of the bathrooms again.”

“Okay, angel. Like I said, we’ll go wherever you want.”

I agreed with him; the whole point of wanting to date him and not keep things purely sexual between us was because I wanted to get to know Dusti outside the bedroom. But if he were to pull me into a bathroom for some sex, I would go along with it. What else could I do? I was powerless against giving my angel whatever he wanted.

“I also don’t want to have to fight off the hordes of other twink who would try to steal you away from me,” he said. “Not when we just started dating.”

Should I tell him that I wasn’t as in demand as he was suggesting? Most of the time, it seemed like I was the second, third, or even fourth choice, after guys weren’t able to close the deal with who they really wanted.

Nah. I decided to keep that bit of information to myself. If Dusti wanted to think I was some sort of sexy twink magnet, I’d let him keep his delusion.

“Okay. So...when? When should we go on our date?” he asked. “Tomorrow? Could we do it tomorrow?”

I was happy to hear him sounding so excited about going out, the only problem was... “I don’t even know what day today is,” I admitted. “What day is tomorrow? Is it a weeknight? Would you even want to go out on a weeknight, when we have work the next day? We could plan for next Friday or Saturday night.”

“You know, I can’t think of what day today is either,” Dusti said. “I can’t think when all my brains are located in the pool of cum currently cooling and drying on my stomach. Maybe tomorrow is Friday or Saturday.”

“Even better.”

After a moment, he adamantly stated, “You know what? I don’t care what day tomorrow is; I don’t want to wait. Why don’t we just plan on tomorrow and that’ll be that.”

I hummed against his skin as I brushed another kiss to his temple. “Sure, angel. Whatever you want.”

Just about to start drifting off, and assuming Dusti was too, I jolted when he suddenly loudly blurted out, “So does this mean we’re boyfriends now? Or are we ‘just dating’?”

With the way he added sneered verbal finger quotes to that phrase, I got the sense that someone in Dusti’s past had used it as an excuse to treat him poorly. But maybe not. I couldn’t know for sure unless he told me. Maybe he just didn’t like casual dating, even though he was all for the practice of casual sex.

Either way, nothing was going to change my answer.

“If you want us to be boyfriends, then that’s what we’ll be. I would love to be your boyfriend, angel. And if you want to call it something else, then... It’s up to you. Whatever you want.”

His arms squeezed tighter around my shoulders as he wiggled his body. I returned the embrace, running my hand over the small bit of his stomach not covered in drying cum.

“Boyfriends, then,” he declared, his voice daring me to object to his decision.

Yeah, no objections here.

“Alright. Boyfriends it is then,” I agreed.

Dusti continued to wriggle and twitch, and I got the sense there was more he wanted to say. And after a long moment, there was. “ Boyfriends should go shower and change the sheets before they fall asleep.”

I wondered how long it would take before he stopped saying the word with that tone of voice—full of equal parts awe, like he couldn’t believe he got to use it, and fear, as though he was terrified somebody would take it away from him. As far as I was concerned, the awe could hang around forever. The fear...well, hopefully, that wouldn’t be around as long.

“Whatever you want, angel.”

Turning his head, Dusti slid his lips over mine, murmuring, “You know, if you’re not careful, I’m going to get used to that.”

The nickname, or my willingness to go along with anything he wanted? Didn’t matter. Neither one was going away.

“Good,” I said. “I hope you do.” Then, to tease him, and because I wanted to try it out for myself, I tacked on the word “ Boyfriend .”

The End

Epilogue

Dusti

Friday night, one week before Benny met his angel...

Sweeping my eyes over the interior of Glitter, I decided I liked what I saw.

The name alone would've been enough for me to have put a pause in my self-imposed sabbatical from clubbing, but after the day from hell at work, I'd needed a healthy dose of some eye candy and a couple of sugary, fruity drinks with ridiculous names and absolutely loaded with alcohol. The club also had a pretty decent dance floor and the music didn't suck, so that was an added bonus.

Speaking of eye candy... I turned to the prime specimen behind the bar, rippling, firm muscles lovingly packed into a club-branded, black t-shirt. "You deal with a lot of puke, right?" I asked. "I don't suppose you know how to get puke stains out of a silk blouse?"

The bartender looked at me like I was one row short of a full package of Oreos and gruffly suggested, "With a washing machine?"

Ugh. He might be hot, but his laundering advice could use some work. Oh, well. I would just have to look up the answer online after I got home.

I'd tried rinsing my ruined shirt in a sink after a little terror had puked up something vile and green all over me and the reception desk, but the stain didn't budge. I'd had

to resort to putting on one of the sets of backup scrubs my parents kept stocked at the office and now I was stuck, smelling faintly of vomit, in a gross brown shirt and pants with little pictures of chibi dogs printed all over them.

Not my finest look.

“Never mind, honey,” I said. “But while you’re here, I’ll take another drink.”

He pointed at the teeny tiny puddle of orange slush in the bottom of my glass that was the remains of the last drink he’d served me. “Another one of those?”

The...whatever it had been called had been tasty, but... “Nah. Something else this time. Surprise me. As long as it’s silly with fruit and stupidly sweet, I’ll drink it.” A thought popped in my head, prompting me to add, “And pink. Could you make it pink?”

“You want me to throw a bunch of edible glitter in it while I’m at it?”

He was clearly trying to come across as sarcastic as he asked it, but all his question did was let me know there was actually such a thing as edible glitter. And that this club apparently stocked it.

“Yes! OMG, yes,” I replied.

While the hottie bartender went to work making my sweet, fruity, pink, glittery drink, I swiveled around on my barstool to make another visual pass of all the yummy eye candy on offer.

I accidentally made eye contact for a bit too long with a tall, muscle bear with closely cropped hair. Luckily, as he started to head in my direction, he was intercepted by a dark haired twink wearing the most adorable buttercup yellow romper. Seriously, I kind of wanted to know where he’d bought it so I could get one for myself. Probably

not in yellow, but I'm sure the store had it in other colors. If I didn't think it would lead to getting propositioned for a threeway with him and Mr. Bear, I would totally go over there and ask him.

It's not that I was against threesomes. And both the bear and the twink were attractive enough, although I wasn't really into twinks. If I wanted to have sex with a twink, I'd just grab my favorite dildo and fuck myself.

But clubs weren't the only thing I'd been taking a sabbatical from. Let's just say that my favorite dildo, along with the other less favorite dildos, my butt plugs, and my prostate massager, have been getting quite the workout. My string of bad dates, relationships that lasted shorter than a box of cereal, and hookups that left me feeling empty and even more disposable than the failed relationship attempts, was so long that it could get snipped into pieces and used to outfit the instruments in a string quartet.

Sure, sex was nice. Fun. Great even, depending on who you were with. But, holy fuck, sex, relationships...none of it was worth the hassle. My toys were good enough, even if I liked it better when my partner did all the work and I could just lay there and let them do whatever I told them to.

There is nothing wrong with being a power pillow prince.

"Here you go." At the gruff voice, I turned back around and took in the drink the hot bartender set on the bar in front of me. "Fruity, sweet enough to rot your teeth, horrendously pink, and loaded with enough glitter you'll probably have trouble swallowing it."

Oh my. It was...all of those things. And more. Except...

"I never have trouble swallowing," I informed him, aiming a cheeky grin at him.

The bartender turned away to go help someone else, but I saw him roll his eyes.

Picking up my drink, I admired how pretty and pink and sparkly it was. I went to take a sip to see if it tasted as fab as it looked and—

A guy shoved his way up to the bar, calling to the bartender, “Can I get a whiskey sour?” The area around the bar was super crowded and as he created space for himself where there was no space, he bumped into me, jostling my elbow and causing me to spill about half of my pretty drink on my shirt.

Yes, this shirt’s ugliness would probably be improved by the addition of pink and sparkles, but that didn’t mean I should have to put up with somebody wrecking another shirt I had on. Rotating on my stool to blast this jerk with the full fury of my irritation, I...didn’t.

I was pretty. My drink was pretty. This man was...beautiful.

About average height, with a thick, round, beefy body. His build, paired with short, medium brown hair and thick scruff on his chin the same medium brown, made him the absolute most perfect bear cub. A chubby, cuddly cub. Sort of like Boo-Boo Bear in the old Yogi Bear cartoons that used to be on, in the middle of the night, on that old person’s cartoon channel.

I wondered if he would mind if I called him Boo-Boo?

He also had stunning blue eyes. They were the blue of deep, mountain lakes. The kind of lakes we could see if we took a ski vacation together in the Rockies. Not that I ski. But for this man, I’d be willing to sit in a ski chalet, drinking hot chocolate while he went skiing.

Screw my sex sabbatical. For this man, I’d chuck all my sex toys in a box and throw them—Well, no, I wouldn’t throw them away. But I would tuck them under my bed

because I wouldn't need them anymore. Not if I could be having sex with him.

Ugh. I wanted to sex up this guy so hard.

I aimed my best sultry but sassy smile at my Boo-Boo...only to discover he was no longer next to me. Fuck. At some point, while I was fantasizing about mountain ski vacations and sex toys so bored from disuse they wept lube tears, Boo-Boo had been replaced by... Weird Turtleneck Dude?

What the fuck. Who the fuck wears a turtleneck to a gay club?

I couldn't believe my cuddly cub was gone. And he...he hadn't even noticed me. Fine, so I wasn't looking—or smelling—my best, but was I really that unremarkable when I wasn't wearing my usual attire?

If that was the case, then the next time I ran into my Boo-Boo—and there would be a next time. I refused to believe anything else—I would be all glammed up to my usual standards. I would make him notice me.

It shouldn't be too hard. With Glitter being the newest gay club in Milwaukee, he'd probably come back here soon. I would just have to also be here, looking all pretty and sparkly to catch his eye, and then... My Boo-Boo would be mine. And I would sex him up so much.

For as long as it lasted.

I would just have to make sure that among all the hot fucking, I didn't do anything stupid. Like allowing any pesky feelings to sneak up on me. I could like fucking the cuddly cub; I can't let myself like him.

Feelings ruin fucking everything. They always do.

I wasn't delusional enough to think that just because he looked like my perfect type that we would actually be perfect for each other. There was no way we would end up hand-in-hand, like some sort of boyfriends, getting a perfect, lovey-dovey, happily-ever-after.

That sort of thing wasn't for me. Experience has taught me that.