



His Fearless Guy (HIS #3)

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Category: Action&Adventure

Description: Ryeson and Baylor have been best friends since they were young tykes. Playing flag football together and wrestling like brothers. The two have been inseparable. But recently, things have changed. And it all has to do with a girl.

Emotions run high, anger festers, and one night, it all comes to a blow. The tension between them leads to a line being crossed. But both guys know where they stand. They're straight, so there's no reason to give it any stock. It was just the adrenaline pumping. An explosion of testosterone. Nothing more.

A night to be forgotten.

But it's hard to forget the most intense moment of your life. Especially when those lines keep getting blurred.

Author's Note: This is an MM Best Friends to Lovers Romance. All characters are 18+. HEA guaranteed.

Total Pages (Source): 21

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PROLOGUE

Baylor

Three Months Earlier

“Bro, what a play! That was fucking phenomenal.”

Ryeson practically barrels me over from behind, and I catch myself against the lockers, laughing as he gives me a noogie.

It feels fucking good. Of all the nights for me to get the winning touchdown, it was the night the scouts were sitting up in the stands, making decisions on their college recruits. Nine seconds left in overtime, and I intercepted the ball, running it straight to the end zone. Fuck, it was perfect. No one saw me coming. I jumped up, snagged the ball right out of thin air, and came down on a twist, making a beeline toward our goal. By the time our opponents even realized what had happened, I was crossing the line and scoring the touchdown.

“You really are the best tight end.” Rye’s whisper is right at my ear, sending a shiver through my shoulders. My system is running on overdrive. Adrenaline is pumping through my veins. Even my cock is feeling the high of the win. A benign compliment from my buddy and I’m leaking in my jockstrap. And when a spank lands on my ass, my balls start to throb.

I need to get myself in the shower and work the excitement from my system. The pride everyone has for me is amping me up. Now, I understand why professional

players are always talking about needing to fuck after a game. My body is raring to go. But since I'm currently single, my tight soapy fist will have to do.

I grab my stuff from my locker and head to the showers. The guys all high-five me as I pass, chanting "MVP" throughout the locker room. Man, that would be sick. I'd give anything to graduate having that trophy up on my shelf. It's all I've ever wanted. That and an invitation to play for Florida. Ever since I was a little tyke playing flag, I've wanted to play in the swamp. And after tonight, I'm hoping I'll get my chance.

Damn, it's a night to remember. This will definitely go down as one of the best nights of my life. Even the girls were excited for me. Taya came running up and jumped into my arms. She grabbed my head and pulled me in for a kiss, catching me completely off guard. I didn't know what was happening until her tongue was in my mouth, so I went with it. Letting her have her fun. When I put her down, she slipped me her digits and told me to call her this weekend. Not sure I will since she's not really my type, but it's definitely a boost to my ego.

The front stalls are all occupied, so I head to the back, waiting for Ryeson to finish up so I can have a turn. Usually, I'd be cool with the communal shower, but the last thing I need is for my teammates to rag on me about my raging hard-on. I could blame it on Taya since they all saw the kiss, but it's not like I can jerk myself off in front of them. And I don't want this high to go to waste.

"Dude, you want to grab some food and come back to my place?" I ask, talking to Rye's shower curtain. The thing is partially cracked, and I can see his broad back. His wide frame nearly takes up the entire stall. And his head is about to bump into the nozzle. These showers weren't made for us tall guys. The person who designed them must not have thought a high schooler would ever hit over six feet.

"You don't want to go hang out with the team? They were all talking about grabbing some food then going back to Chase's house and inviting some girls over."

Usually, I'd be all in on that. But for some reason I'm just not feeling it tonight. It's like my nerves are too overstimulated for the crowd. Like I'm too amped up to socialize.

"Not really feeling the booze or the babes. I feel like I could go run a fucking mile."

His chuckle rumbles over me. "Yeah, I get it. You've got the adrenaline itch. We can head back to my place, and I'll wrestle it out of you."

Now, that sounds more like it. I could definitely hit the mat and work out this energy.

"Two hundred says I'll have you pinned in sixty seconds flat," I tell him. He usually gives me a run for my money, but I think I can take him tonight. I have strength to burn right now.

His head shakes under the shower spray. His shoulders are flexing as his hands go up to wipe the soap from his face. The guy is shredded— #shoulder goals. I need to start doing more flies and pushups, see if I can't get that same cut. His V is much more defined than mine, a wide, rippled span leading right to his narrowed waist. And damn... look at that ass. Talk about a tight end. It's round and firm with glutes for fucking days. Shit. My dick is tightening again.

I quickly look away, trying to brush off the feeling. There's no need to panic. I'm just so fucking horny my dick isn't deciphering female versus male at the moment. There's nothing to read into.

"I'll take your bet," he finally answers. The sound of his deep voice gives me a good jolt and my senses are now on high alert. "I can definitely hold you off for sixty seconds. But I gather you'll fight to get my ass pinned under you and will fuck me in the first round."

His choice of words is messing with my head. The image of him pinned down on all fours comes right to the forefront of my thoughts. Me pistoning into that seriously tight end with my hard cock. Shit. What the hell is wrong with me? My dick's practically throbbing now.

"Second round though, I'll have you begging for mercy as I get your head locked between my thighs."

Another image appears, and I shake my head. "You know what..." The words come out raspier as my nerves constrict my throat. "Maybe we should go to the party. If the guys want to vote me as MVP, I should probably go celebrate with them."

It's just a fucking whack moment. Too much adrenaline. Too much of a high running through my system. I've hung out with Ryeson since the first grade and never once have I ever looked at him with interest, or thought of him as anything other than my best friend. It's a fucking anomaly. And to prove I'm straight, I'm going to text Taya and invite her to Chase's.

"Dude, way to turn course. But yeah, I think you should celebrate the win and absorb your moment." Ryeson sounds confused by my sudden one-eighty, but I think it's a good idea to be surrounded by all the testosterone, hanging out with some pretty girls, and hopefully getting myself some action. By the end of the night, I'm sure everything will be back to normal. These whack thoughts will disappear, and I'll be shaking my head at how ridiculous I was being.

"We'll take a raincheck on that bet," he adds. "It will be the easiest two hundred I've ever made. All I have to do is get your dick in my hand and you'll cry mercy."

"A shower just opened up," I practically shout. "I'm going to go grab it."

Kyler comes out of a stall with his towel wrapped around his waist. He's the best-

looking guy in school according to all the girls, but there isn't an ounce of attraction. He's tall. Stacked. The perfect specimen, but there isn't a single stirring in my gut. Thank fuck. See? It was just a whack moment. Nothing more. Nothing to get my ass worked up over. I'm straight.

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1

Ryeson

“Hey, man, are we still on for the movie tonight?”

Baylor looks up from his phone as I take my seat across from him and I can already see it in his eyes. He’s going to bail on our plans tonight. I wonder what his excuse will be this time. He forgot he had plans with Taya even though we’ve been talking about this for weeks. He’s got a huge project he’s behind on—on account of spending too much time with his girlfriend. His parents expect him home tonight for family dinner because he’s spent the last four nights at Taya’s house. I’ve heard them all lately.

“Baylor!”

My gut tightens up at the sound of her voice. Every time I hear it now, the jealousy runs so fucking deep I’m almost blinded by it. Baylor’s attention shifts to his girlfriend, and our conversation is now over. For the remainder of lunch, he’ll be wrapped up in her.

“Did you not get my text? I told you I wanted you to order me sushi to be delivered for lunch. I just went to the front table, and it wasn’t there.”

The anger trickles down my spine as my teeth clench together, locking my opinion behind my jaw. Since when is it Baylor’s responsibility to get her lunch? They’re not on a fucking date. It’s a normal school day. If she wanted sushi, she should’ve

ordered it herself. But I bite my tongue, keeping all my thoughts sealed behind firm lips. It already feels like I'm losing my best friend. I don't need to put the nails in the coffin just yet.

"Mr. Warksaw took my phone during class," Baylor tells her. "He told me I couldn't get it back until lunch so I'm trying to place your order now."

My jaw clenches even tighter as my eyes narrow in on Bay. Where the fuck did my best friend go? You can't tell me the pussy is that good for him to become this much of a doormat to the girl. And if he even dares telling me he's in love with her, I'm going to recommend he get his head checked, because Taya is a snot. She may be pretty and popular and willing to wrap her mouth around his cock anytime he wants it, but she's a bitch.

"It's too late now," she huffs, and I can only imagine her arms crossing over her chest and her chin jutting out in her annoyance. I don't want to turn around and confirm for myself because I'm liable to put the girl in her place and give her the verbal bitch-slapping she deserves.

"By the time it gets here, lunch will be over. So, what am I supposed to eat?"

We're in a fucking cafeteria. She can eat whatever the fuck she wants. I think it's time to remove myself from the table because I can't fucking listen to this shit anymore. Watching my best friend take it up the ass is making me lose respect for the guy. He was always so fucking fearless and bold, an animal on the football field. Powerful. Dominant. And a fucking warrior on the wrestling mat. But it's like he's turned into a pussy. Bending to her every will.

Why the fuck does he put up with her attitude?

"It's called a fucking lunch line."

My thoughts clear at the sound of Baylor's gritted words. His jaw is locked in a rigid line, the pulse ticking fast on the side. Maybe she's finally pushed him too far. Fingers fucking crossed.

"You can go in there"—he points to the door—"and get whatever the fuck you want. And from now on, order your own damn food."

There's a tingle in my dick at the sight of his dark glare. It's about fucking time he put her in her place. I was beginning to think the girl snatched his balls away from him. Good to see they're perfectly intact. Now, he should finish off that statement with a breakup. Cut ties with the bitch once and for all.

His eyes shift to mine, ignoring her gasp. I'd give my left nut to look over my shoulder and see her face now, but I'm not interested in fueling the drama. I just want her to go the fuck away and get off Baylor's jock.

"Yes. We're still on for the movie," he says. "What showtimes are left?"

I pull up the movie theater's website on my phone, checking to see the availability. I wasn't banking on us going so I didn't buy tickets. Now it looks like there's only one showtime left. "Eight fifteen still has a bunch of open seats. Does that work?"

"Yep." He smirks over my shoulder, obviously using this moment to spite his girlfriend, which kind of pisses me off. Had they not just gotten into a fight, I'd be seeing the movie by myself. "You want to ride together?" he asks. "I'll pick you up at 7:30."

"Yeah, that works." And on our way to the theater, I plan on knocking some sense into him. Because he's clearly too blinded by the sex to see that he's letting her walk all over him. Hell, if it were me, I'd want my buddies to tell me.

2

Baylor

“ I ’m sorry, Baylor. I’m just totally PMSing and feeling super edgy. I shouldn’t have gotten mad. It’s not your fault your phone was taken.”

Her hand runs over my dick, finding it limp. After that stunt she pulled in the cafeteria this afternoon, I’m not in the mood. I almost broke up with her on the spot, but one look at Ryeson’s dark stare penetrating into my nerves and I changed my mind. Taya’s the only one who helps keep the thoughts at bay. She keeps me distracted and makes me feel normal. Without her, I’d have to face a truth that I’m not ready for yet.

It's getting worse. Every time I’m alone with Ryes, I break out into a sweat. It’s like there are damn butterflies in my stomach and I’m a nervous wreck. I used to be able to shoot the shit with my buddy and not think twice. All the times we used to wrestle in his basement. All the times we played chicken in the pool, trying to dunk each other, sneaking under the water and trying to pull down each other’s swim trunks. I never once felt a flicker of interest. Never once even tried to get a glimpse of his dick. Now, I find myself checking out his ass when he’s walking down the hall. And where he once was just another dude, I can’t even look at him now without noticing how fucking hot he is.

His tall, ripped build is no longer just an asset for the football field. Now, it’s a focal point in my thoughts. His chiseled jawline. His strong forearms corded with veins that lead to his huge hands. Hands I never thought twice about when we would do a

thumb war or arm wrestle. Now, I think about how those hands would feel wrapped around my cock. Jerking me roughly. His tight grip squeezing as I erupt all over his abs.

Every time he speaks, that deep voice sizzles down my spine and settles in my balls. It's a fucking sickness. Festering by the day. And Taya is the only one who curbs the cravings. She's the only one who makes me feel normal.

"Let me make it up to you, baby." She strokes over my swollen shaft, rubbing me through my joggers. I'm hard now. My sickness is bleeding in. My obsession taking shape in my mind. "See?" She pulls me from my pants. "I knew you wanted it. Let me show you how sorry I am for the way I behaved."

She licks her lips, staring up at me, then her mouth descends. Sliding down over my cock, taking only a few inches between her lips. Her small hands wrap around the rest of my girth. It's a weak grip. Too soft and delicate. I wish she'd squeeze me tighter. I wish she'd take me deeper and suck harder. Slide her lips all the way down until the end of my dick is hitting the back of her throat, her muscles constricting around me. But she says it makes her gag and hurts her cheeks, so she only sucks on the end.

I'm not complaining. It still gets me off. And having her mouth on me settles the discomfort in my nerves. It makes me feel like I'm not a freak.

Her tongue flicks against the little bundle of nerves under the tip and I give her a taste of the need that's building inside my balls. The feeling suddenly retracts when her teeth scrape against my sensitive skin as she sinks her lips back down over me. My eyes fly open at the abrasive feeling, and she smiles around my cock. If she thinks I like that shit, she's wrong. No man likes teeth near his dick.

I try to settle back into the feeling, as she goes back to licking and sucking on me like a lollipop, teeth thankfully retracted. The sensations start to build again from within.

The ache throbbing in my sac. I'm close, but the orgasm is still off in the distance, and I can tell by her sighs and the way her hand is getting rougher that she's getting annoyed. It's not like it's been more than five minutes, but judging by the way she's behaving, you'd assume she'd been at it for an hour.

I squeeze my eyes shut, trying hard to concentrate on the sensations and not her annoyance. If I don't come soon, she's liable to bite my dick off. She lets out another frustrated huff, and I almost just want to push her off and go handle my shit myself. My tight grip feels better than her mouth anyway. But when I'm alone, taking care of my business, my thoughts run straight into forbidden territory. Imagining that it's Rye's hand jerking me off. That my body is succumbing to his dominant touch. His huge frame hovering over me, demanding me to give into the pleasure. And when I come, the satisfaction washes over his face. His eyes staring at my strained dick with a pleased smirk forming on his lips.

My cock erupts at the thought, and I hear a screech from the girl kneeled between my legs. Shit. I should've kept my eyes open. I just spiraled into a forbidden fantasy. Getting off to the vision of my friend and not the girl who was latched on to the end of my dick.

"You didn't warn me." She shakes her head, trying to wipe off her mouth. "Gross. Ick!" She makes a gagging face.

The aftershocks flatline and the pleasure floods right out. I didn't even get to enjoy it. Her disgusted complaints have frozen the heat right over. I usually give her the heads-up when I'm coming, but I was buried so deep I didn't even remember she was here. She gets up and rushes into my bathroom and I rub my hands over my face, breathing out a heavy sigh. This is yet another thing I've learned to deal with when it comes to Taya.

But... she's pretty and has cute tits. And she's a GIRL.

I tuck my dick back in my pants and reach for my phone to check the time. I have to leave now to go pick up the guy I was just fantasizing about. How fucked up is that? I'm just glad we'll be in a dark theater, distracted by the movie tonight. I don't think I could look him in the eye and hold a conversation after what I just did.

"I need to get going," I call out, running my hands through my hair, trying to shake my nerves.

She comes out of the bathroom, looking like she just washed her entire face. Is it really that bad? The way she acts, you think cum is the most disgusting thing she's ever tasted.

"That's not fair." She pouts. "I thought we were going to see the movie together. I was all excited about watching it with you."

Since when? All she ever watches are rom-coms. And she never once mentioned it when me and Ryes were talking about it at lunch. I think this is her way of trying to infiltrate my guys' night. Usually, I'd be annoyed. But when Ryeson's face comes to mind, I find myself asking, "Do you want to come with us? I can check if they still have tickets." For as much as I really don't want to hang out with her tonight, she'll be a good buffer between me and my twisted emotions.

"I would love to go. I thought the reason you were excluding me was because you were still mad about lunch."

I ignore the bullshit coming from her mouth and go online to purchase the ticket for her. Ryeson and I have been talking about this for a few weeks. She was never invited, and she knows it. But I'll play her game and let her tag along. She'll keep me from feeling like a freak as I'm sitting next to my best friend with my pulse racing a mile a minute, and my dick stiff as a board, pressing against my thigh.

3

Ryeson

I hear the sound of Baylor's diesel engine pulling into my driveway, and I'm practically rushing out the door. It's stupid that I'm this stoked about hanging out with my buddy, but it's been so damn long. We used to chill every day: going out to the field to practice our throws, hitting the wrestling mat, playing video games. Always coming up with stupid pranks to play on Kyler and Chase. It was fun just working on homework with him. But for the last three months, I can count on one hand how many times we've hung out just the two of us.

I lock up the house and turn, nearly tripping down the front porch steps when I see inside his truck. "What the fuck is she doing here?" Taya waves at me through the passenger window, and my jaw clenches up, unable to force the smile. I sure as hell hope he's just giving her a ride back to her house on the way to the theater.

"Hey, man!" Bay smiles as I open the back. The least he could've done was send me a text and given me a heads-up that we are going to be dropping his girlfriend off on our way.

"Hey, Ryes!" Taya says, and her bubbly voice sets off that jagged emotion I detest. Jealousy is now raiding my conscience. "Hope you don't mind me tagging along on your guys' night. I've been dying to see this movie."

The door slams harder than I intend. Are you fucking kidding me? The one fucking night we were going to hang out—the one night after months of him ditching

me—and he had to bring her along. He didn't even check in with me to make sure I was cool with the change of plans. He just blindsided me.

I'm not even in the mood to go see the fucking thing anymore. I won't be able to see past the red in my mind. It's one fucking night. One night.

"Ryes, dude, you good?" I look over, wondering how he could be so fucking clueless. No, I'm not fucking good. I don't know what the hell happened to my best friend, but the guy I'm staring at isn't him. He's changed. He used to make fun of Chase for being so wrapped up with Cassie, but at least Chase still comes out for guys' nights. Baylor is pussy whipped and puts his girlfriend above all else. Even if I was head over heels for someone, I'd never do this shit to him. I'd never cut my friends out of my life no matter how in love with her I was.

"Yeah, I'm fine," I say, hearing the gruffness in my voice that makes my answer unbelievable. The ragged edge of my anger slices through each word. He and I are going to have words later, but I won't make a scene in front of Taya. She'll go back to her bitch squad and who knows what rumors will be spread. Besides, what I have to say is not for her ears. I don't like the girl, and it's time I let my opinion be known to Bay. That way he won't pull this shit again in the future. If he wants to hang out with her, he can cut me out of the equation.

He pulls out of my driveway, and I focus on the scenery out the window, the trees passing by, so I keep myself from glaring Taya down. This isn't her fault. Sure, she knew this was supposed to be a guys' night and yet she still imposed herself into our plans anyway, but my beef is with Baylor. This is about him not setting boundaries and telling the girl no. This is about him not giving a shit about me or our friendship. He's decided that sex is more important than the ten years we were inseparable. And if that's the case, I'm out.

"Dude, you sure you're good. It looks like something's up."

The fact that he's asking me that digs the anger in deeper. He can't be that fucking clueless. It's not that hard to figure out. I'd shoot him a text, but it will show up on his dashboard screen and Siri will read it out loud.

"Just got shit on the brain." I turn my attention back out the window.

"I'm hungry," Taya states, ignoring my comment. Her whiny voice is like a razor shaving down my spine. "Are you going to buy me food at the theater?"

After what Bay told her at lunch, you'd think she'd back off and pull out her own wallet, get herself whatever the fuck she wants. But she's back to expecting him to buy her ten-dollar Twizzlers and an eight-dollar soda. I'm sure she'll want a twenty-dollar pail of popcorn too. If Baylor stays with the girl, his trust fund will be drained dry before he even gets to college. Honestly, it's not even about the money. It's about the principle. The girl thinks she owns him. And by the way he acts, she does.

"Yeah, I'll get you food. Sorry I didn't feed you before we left."

"You fed me something else." She smirks, and the angry knot in my stomach takes the shape of jealousy again. Now, I know why he was late picking me up. He was busy getting his dick sucked. Maybe I should start sucking him off, then I might actually get a night with him alone. Fuck.

For once, I'm happy that Taya is monopolizing the conversation, not letting anyone else get a word in edge wise because I'm not in the mood to speak. She drones on for the rest of the car ride, talking about what she should wear to Chase's party on Friday so she looks just as good as the other girls. I stare out the window, burning one tree down at a time. I'm never making plans with him again. He's made his choice, and I'm no longer interested in spending my time with the selfishly absorbed girl. Nor do I like to watch them make-out all the time. In the hallway, in the cafeteria while I'm trying to eat, in the back of the car when we're heading to meet up with everyone. If

they start going at it during the movie, I'm walking out.

I go straight to my seat when we get to the Cineplex, not bothering to wait while they buy their food. They show up to their seats well into the credits, Taya causing a raucous as she sits down. Bay holds out a box of peanut m the girls our age aren't worth it.

Me : Dude, that sucks. But don't fucking worry about it. She's a bitch and everyone knows it. Let me know what time you get out of detention and I'll order food for us.

"Are you going to get out?"

I look up from my phone at the sound of Taya's snotty voice. I hadn't realized we were at my house. My phone buzzes with another text, and my eyes drop back down.

Brennon : Sounds good.

I type my return text, ignoring the bitch who's huffing up in the front seat. I had to wait on their asses earlier, so they can wait on me. And I'm hoping they both think I'm texting about them.

Me : See you tomorrow.

"Thanks for the ride," I tell Bay. This time I slam the door intentionally.

My phone buzzes with another text as I make my way inside my house.

Baylor: Are you going to tell me what the hell you're so pissed about? And don't tell me it's because of Taya because you were pissed before the movie even started.

A vicious chuckle rumbles out of me. Unfuckingbelievable. The guy gets straight As

in all his classes. This isn't a chemistry formula; it's fucking common sense.

Me : The fact that you haven't figured it out yet pisses me off. Go fuck your girlfriend and stop blowing up my phone.

I put my phone down on the kitchen counter, then head to the basement, stripping out of everything besides my boxers before I start hitting the weights. I need to work the anger out of my system. I don't think I've ever been so fucking furious. Even when we were out on the field, getting dogged dirty by our rivals with the refs not calling squat, I wasn't this pissed. I drop the forties and pick up the fifties, doing another twenty shoulder presses.

When my doorbell chimes, not twenty minutes later, I grit my teeth. I was just starting to calm my shit down. Just starting to feel the tension loosen its grip around my nerves, but I'm positive I know who's standing at my door.

"What the fuck, Ryes?" Baylor grits out as I open the door. "What the fuck is going on with you tonight?"

Apparently, he hasn't just given up his manhood to the girl, he's given up his intelligence too.

"Are you really that fucking dense that I have to spell it out for you? Why don't you try to use that brain on top of your head for once and take a guess." He shoves his way past me, giving me one hell of a stare down. He looks like he's ready to go to blows. By all means, I'd be happy to go a few rounds with the fucker. Knock some sense back into him.

"You're pissed I invited her." He finally takes his head out of his ass, stating the obvious. "She'd just sucked me off and was telling me she wanted to come. What the fuck was I supposed to say?"

“You could’ve told her it was a guys’ night. That you made these plans and would catch up with her later. You could’ve told her that you haven’t hung out with your buddy in ages and wanted one night off.” There are a million fucking ways he could’ve let her down, but he chose to bring her.

“Fine, I shouldn’t have brought her. I fucked up. But Chase always brings Cassie along and you never give him hell about it.”

He’s wrong. I’ve hung out with Chase a ton when Cassie wasn’t around. If it’s a guys’ night, she’s never invited. Unlike Baylor, Chase hasn’t dropped his friends for a girl.

“I’ve seen him a lot lately. He, Brennon and Kyler are always up for hanging out. They haven’t become pussy whipped like you.”

His entire frame stiffens and he cracks his jaw as he steps up to me, getting right in my face.

“You want to take it to the mat?”

I’m all fucking in. The anger is pumping through my veins, and I’m ready to take him down.

I step even closer, staring right into his narrowed eyes. “Two hundred says I pin you down in sixty seconds.”

“It’s a fucking bet.”

We both stalk down to my basement, and he strips, tossing his clothes to the side, leaving him in his boxers like me. I get in position on the mat, and he crouches in front of me. The clock on the wall says eleven forty-eight. When the minute hand

crosses the twelve, I say, “Go.”

His body shifts to the side, the two of us circling the mat. “Fucking pussy whipped.” He shakes his head. “Don’t you ever fucking call me that again.”

“I’ll stop calling you that when you stop acting like her pet.” I shift forward, removing some space. “She chews your ass out at lunch for not getting her sushi, then you’re bringing her to the movies and buying her ass whatever she wants.”

His eyes widen and I make a lunge forward, gripping him around his neck. His emotions gave me an opening. He doesn’t want to face the facts, but it’s the truth. He struggles against me, trying to flip me to my back, but I anticipate the move and get him pinned down. His body locked under my weight. My eyes glaring down. “That’s two hundred.” I look up at the clock and see that I have ten seconds to spare.

I release my hold and back off, getting reset into starting position.

“She apologized for her behavior,” he defends, shaking out his shoulder and getting back down in front of me. “Forgiving someone doesn’t make me a pussy.”

“Go.” I look at the clock, though this time I’m not playing for money. He needs every cent he has to pay for his girlfriend’s every desire. “And what about for the shit she pulled at the theater? Did she apologize for acting like a brat and being rude to that guy tonight? The girl smacked your arm and got pissed at you for having some decency and manners.”

He lunges forward, but I dodge his move, switching sides of the mat.

“She’s on the rag.”

I shake my head at his weak-ass excuse. He sees the opening and makes another

attempt. This time wrapping himself around my back. He's got the upper hand, fighting hard to take me down. He's the only one out of our friends who's capable of doing it. But I think that's because he's known me for a long time and can read me so well. I used to think I knew him too. But lately I'm not so sure I know him at all.

"I think you're fucking jealous," he grits out. The strain is in his voice as he fights to battle against me. His comment makes me rage and my strength overpowers him, taking him down to his back.

"Jealous of fucking what?" I fight against his struggling arms. "Jealous of having to listen to her selfish ass drone on every day about unimportant bullshit, never letting you even speak?" I get a lower grip on his forearms and finally have leverage to across them over his chest, but he still puts up a fight. My lower half is straddled over his waist, pinning down his hips. He tries to buck up against me, but I bear down, taking the ride back and forth like I'm riding a bucking bull. He won't be able to buck me off, but if I don't bear down, I'm going to get a bruising in my balls. "Jealous of having to pay for every little thing and having to apologize for her bitchy behavior?" I finally get his arms pinned down. "I'm not fucking jealous," I breathe, hovering right above him, glaring down into his eyes.

He finally goes limp and just stares up at me. The anger is burning bright. But too fucking bad. It's about time he heard the truth.

"That's two," I state, shifting back and sitting up. My dick comes up against a hard ridge. The adrenaline must be taking over. It's definitely working through my system. I'm stiff as an iron bar. It always happens after a football game or when I'm amped up with aggression. Afterwards, I always come so fucking hard.

I climb off and sit back, waiting to see if he wants to go again. He stays on his back, his chest heaving. "I think you're jealous that my dick is getting so much action. How long has it been for you?" His head turns to the side, meeting me with a snide smirk.

“Six months since you’ve been with a girl?”

I reach out and grab ahold of his hard dick. “I could get laid if I wanted to. But I’m not willing to settle for a bitch like you are.” I squeeze around his girth. “She jerks you around by this thing.” I jerk him up and down over his boxers, emphasizing my point. “And you just fucking take it.” I stroke him faster. “I’d rather fuck my hand then turn into someone’s pet.”

His hand comes out, grabbing between my legs, putting me in the same vice grip. I groan as the ache pulses in my balls.

“Call me that a-fucking-gain and I will shove my cock down your throat and make you swallow your words. Show you what a fucking alpha I am.” His grip tightens even more, but it’s not causing me pain like he intends. I always jerk off with a rough grip. I almost like it to the point of pain.

“I’d like to see you try.” I thrust up into his hold. “I’d be happy to pin you down and fuck you in the ass for real. Show you exactly what it looks like when you’re around Taya. You acting like her dog, taking it up the ass.”

He lets out a groan and I realize my aggressive stroke has taken on a mind of its own, working him faster. He’s about to come. My dick is leaking at the slit too. My balls pounding with the beat of my need.

“I bet you want to fuck me in the ass, don’t you?” He heaves on a breath. “Judging by how hard this cock is, it’s proof you like the idea.”

I reach inside his boxers, pulling his cock through the slit, showing him his own glistening tip. “I could say the same about you. You’re frothing at the slit.” I run my thumb up over it, swiping away his warm seed. “I think you like taking it up the ass, otherwise, you’d break up with her.”

His breathing is getting heavier. He's about to come. I start working him faster, wanting to prove my point—that his own fist can get him off just as good as any girl can. When his cock erupts in my hand, his cum shooting up onto his abs, mine follows his lead, making a mess inside my boxers. The pleasure swarms my system. Shocks are pulsing through every nerve, singeing me from head to toe. It's the hardest I've ever come. Then again, it's the angriest I've ever been.

The tension finally recedes from my body, as the aftershocks slowly rumble through. I unlatch my grip, slumping onto my back, taking a deep breath.

“Fuck, I've never come so hard.” His hard rasp has me chuckling. I shake my head back and forth staring up at the ceiling.

“Me fucking either.” Just goes to show how raving mad I was. “Now, I get why they say makeup sex is the best.” Fuck. I needed that. He's right. My dick has been in a dry spell for far too long. Maybe it's time to change that. But the second I think of the options at our school, my dick shrivels.

“Did we make up?” He turns a raised brow on me, and I chuckle again.

“I think we at least both know where we stand.” I sit up and look over at him. His glistening cock is still sporting a semi. “Next time we have a guys' night, you better not show up with her.”

He smirks, sitting up and tucking himself back into his boxers. “Deal. And the next time you call me a pet, you know what's going to happen?”

He laughs and I shake my head, tempted to say the word just to see how he reacts. I'd love to see him try to shove that thing in my mouth. I'll make good on my threat and pin him down. Fuck some sense into him.

“Come on.” I stand, holding out my hand for him. “Let’s go get cleaned up and grab some food. Then I can beat your ass at Call of Duty.”

“Two hundred says I get you in a point-blank on the first round.”

“I’ll take that bet.” I smile, and finally the tension releases.

4

Baylor

“O h, yum! I want some.” Taya grabs a slice of pizza off my plate and the annoyance simmers under my skin. I want to yank it out of her hands and tell her to go get her own.

Ryes made some valid points last night. I’ve been overlooking a lot of shit. Her selfish behavior. Her greediness. The fact that she whines in a really annoying voice when she doesn’t get her way. How she only ever talks about herself or girl drama. And then there’s this. When it comes to a man’s food, you don’t touch his plate unless you ask real real nice, making promises to his cock he can’t refuse. Yet, she’s sitting there eating my entire slice of pizza like I told her she could have it.

After last night, I’ve decided I’m calling it quits with her. I just haven’t had a chance to do it yet. I wasn’t going to be a coward and do it by phone. But I’m also not going to be a dick and do it in front of all our friends, so I’ll wait until after school. The theater incident was the final straw for me. I can’t handle being with a girl who’s blatantly rude and doesn’t even acknowledge the fact. Hindsight, I should’ve ended things sooner, but I was freaking out about my sexuality. But after what happened last night, that’s no longer the case.

Man, it was so fucking epic. The pressure, the friction...the intensity. It was a trifecta that led to one hell of an insane explosion. And the best part was, Ryes acted like it was no big deal. We got each other off, went and grabbed some food and then played video games until we crashed. Nothing changed between us. It felt just like old times.

And when we got up this morning, everything was still cool between us.

After months of agonizing over it, it happened. We crossed a line. And there isn't a shred of regret or disgust. I still don't know what the fuck that says about me, but I know my best friend is right there with me. It's not like I can picture kissing him or cuddling up together on the couch while we watch a movie. The idea of spooning him in bed and calling him baby is fucking laughable. But that rough, raw aggression...that dominating power... Yeah, I definitely wouldn't mind hitting the mat again.

"Hey, man!" Ryes holds out his fist for a bump as he takes his seat across from me. I feel Taya stiffen at my side before she turns away. She's bitter about him calling her out last night. She had the nerve to tell me this morning I shouldn't be his friend anymore. Another reason for me to end things. The guy's been my best friend for over ten years. She's just some girl who's been in my life for a quick minute. She's smoking crack if she thinks I'd ever choose her over him. The girl I end up with one day better get along good with Ryeson or else she's history.

"How was chem?" he asks, rolling his eyes at my soon-to-be ex's attitude. "Mr. G give any insights as to how hard the test is going to be tomorrow?"

I shake my head around a mouth full of pizza, trying to get it down before Taya steals my last slice. "Nah." I swallow. "He just said to make sure we knew all the terms. You want to study together after school?"

"We have plans." Taya whips around, glaring at me. Not after I break up with her we won't. But she doesn't know that yet.

"I have to study. You can pick out your outfit for the party with the girls."

She looks upset, but for once, I don't care. If she breaks up with me first, that will

make my life easier. Then I won't have to deal with the tears or the questions or a public outburst. Girls can be so fucking dramatic. That's another thing about Ryes, he's not about the drama. He avoids it like the plague. Which is how I know our little secret will always be safe. He'd never tell a soul what happened between us because he wouldn't want the backlash of the gossip.

"You good if we study at your place?" I ignore her tantrum and turn my attention back to my buddy.

"Yeah. That works." He nods. "But Jess is in town, so I might swing by her place for an hour. I'll let you know when to head over."

The pizza goes down jagged, settling low in my gut with a thunk. Jess is a steady hookup for him. They're neighbors with benefits. Anytime she's back in town from college, they fuck. I've never taken issue with it before. In fact, I envied him for his arrangement. No strings, just sex when the mood strikes. An older chick who doesn't want to talk to him for hours on the phone every day. But right now, there's a jealous feeling snaking its way around my nerves.

"How long is she in town for?" I ask, clearing my throat, trying to shrug it off. I don't want shit to get weird again. There's nothing to be jealous over. Sure as fuck isn't like he and I are going to be a couple or anything.

"She's just here for the weekend. Hey, do you think Chase will be cool if I bring her to the party?"

"Yeah." I nod. "I think he'd be fine with it." Me, not so fucking much. That jealousy is constricting tighter. Maybe I need to rethink my breakup until after the weekend. It seems like I need a reminder that I'm into tits and ass, and that I'm not some jealous queen wanting to tell Jess to fuck off.

There's a commotion at the end of the table and we both turn as the voices get louder. Cassie and Chase are in another fight again, which seems to be their MO lately. Cassie's constantly upset about something he did or said, and Chase is always trying to put out the fire. Only this time...it doesn't sound like Chase is letting it slide. It actually sounds like he's breaking up with the girl.

The gasp at my side has me looking at Taya. "They've been dating for a year," she whispers. And? It's been a year of fighting and make-up sex for those two. We all knew this day was coming. It was only a matter of time. Me and Tay's day is coming too, but not until I get my shit under control and figure out how to stop feeling like a jealous girlfriend.

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5

Ryeson

I shoot off my text as I head to class, hoping like hell Jess will be up for a fuck this afternoon. I'm walking crooked today. My dick is so fucking hard inside my pants I'm aching. It's obvious I need to get my dick wet. Especially when the first thought I had this morning was joining Bay in the shower so he could use his soapy hands on me. When I saw Jess's car parked in her driveway I breathed a sigh of relief. She's always down for a good time and is a cool chick to be around. And I definitely need a fix to work out the kinks of my emotions.

Jess : Sorry. I can't. My boyfriend and I are going to see the new X-Men movie this afternoon.

Boyfriend? Shit. There goes my one casual hookup. And right when I need her most.

Me: Boyfriend? Never thought you'd say the word.

She was always swearing she'd never settle down. That we're too young to get caught in the love trap, but it looks like she's shifting gears. Unfortunately for me that means I'm going to have to figure out another option. Just have no fucking clue who that will be.

Jess : I didn't either. But I think he might actually be the one.

Dang. That means she's off the market for good. Whoever he is, he's a lucky guy.

Jess was the only girl I've been with who was always up for trying shit, and she didn't freak over the size of my dick.

Me: Happy for you, Jess. You'll have to stop by so I can meet him.

Jess: Probably won't have time this weekend since it's a quick trip. Maybe next time.

Damn, it looks like it's just going to be me and my fist for the foreseeable future.

The image of Baylor's fist wrapped around my cock decides to infiltrate my thoughts again. I'm gonna need to figure out a solution to my problem quick or else I'll be begging my buddy for another round. And that's never going to happen. He's got a girl and is straight. We both are. I just need to get laid so my dick remembers the fact.

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Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 3:05 am

6

Baylor

“So, no Jess?” I ask, pulling out my chem book and taking a seat on his bed.

“She has a boyfriend now.” He shakes his head, looking irritated by the fact. “She thinks he’s the one.”

I crack a smile. Looks like he no longer gets to turn to the neighbor for his booty calls. I shouldn’t be getting so much pleasure over the fact, but that jealousy I was feeling just disintegrated on the spot.

“That sucks. Any regrets on not locking her down?” I wonder if he’s jealous of the new guy. Sometimes you don’t realize you have feelings for someone until you lose your opportunity.

“No. It was never going to work between us. She hates video games, football and carbs.”

He plops down and pulls out his book, and I’m shaking my head, laughing.

“Dang. How the hell did you see past all that and fuck the girl?”

His brow cocks right up. “And how the hell can you see past Taya’s snotty attitude and get it up?”

He's right about that, but I have my reasons. I'm not blinded by those reasons anymore though. "I'm going to end things with her, probably after this weekend. Just don't need any drama to ruin Chase's party, so I'll wait until after."

He holds out his hand for a fist bump, approving the fact. One look at his big fist and my cock starts to swell. We need to get to studying before my mind gets focused on something else and then I won't be able to concentrate.

"Dude, you want to take a break and go for a swim?" He shoves his book aside. We've been at it for almost two hours. I could definitely stand for a breather. My brain is crammed full of formulas and terms and they're all starting to run together in one big mess.

"Yeah, sure. You got some swim trunks I can borrow?"

He walks over to his drawer then tosses me a pair. I take off my shirt and start to strip off my pants.

"It's called a bathroom, dude."

I kick my jeans aside then reach for the waistband of my boxers. Doesn't he realize how many times I've gotten naked in front of an entire team of guys in the locker room. How many times I've had to adjust my dick and tuck it inside my cup right in front of my teammates. He's the only one who always changes in private. They have an entire row of private changing rooms, and Ryes is the only one who uses them. I know his parents are definitely more reserved than mine, but we've been playing ball together for years. I don't get why he's so shy.

"I've got no shame, man," I say, sliding my boxers off with a big ol' grin. "If you want to look at my junk, look away." I wiggle my hips, letting my dick swing from side to side. I'm proud of what I'm packing between my legs, and since I'm sporting

a semi, it looks even bigger. Besides, he got a full look at it last night, so it's not like he hasn't seen it before.

And now that semi is starting to get thicker.

He rolls his eyes and turns to head into his bathroom. Reappearing two minutes later. The fact that he didn't look his fill of my cock is somewhat disappointing.

"What's with you always being so shy?" I ask. I've felt what he's sporting between his legs, and it's definitely nothing to be embarrassed over. He puts most of the guys to shame.

He tosses his clothes in his dirty hamper, shrugging. "The guys spread that rumor about me having an elephant-trunk-sized dick. I'm not interested in someone trying to take a picture of me and blasting it all over social media."

Based on what I felt last night, I have to say that rumor isn't a far stretch from the truth. "I doubt they'd do that." I shake my head. "They don't want the girls to see it. It will put them to shame. I'm not worried though." I smirk.

He looks down at my crotch and my dick flexes under my swim trunks, trying to prove that it's just as thick and long as what he's got.

"I think I may have a few inches on you." He smirks.

A laugh bursts out of me. "Doubt it. But you're welcome to put your money where your mouth is and we can measure them side by side."

The buzzing is back in my veins as he stares at my crotch. I'm secretly hoping he'll accept my challenge.

“Nah.” He finally looks up. “Don’t need to take any more of your money.”

He turns to head out to the pool, and I’m shaking my head as I follow him outside.

“Few inches my ass,” I state, dipping my toe in the water to see how cold it is. Suddenly, I’m pushed from the side and falling right into the freezing water. His pool may be heated, but in January it still feels icy. I come up and blow out my nose, clearing my eyes so I can see again. But then comes a giant splash from my right as Ryeson cannonballs next to me, and I’m doused again, swallowing another gulp down my throat.

“Fucker.” I sputter, spitting the water out. I clear my eyes then turn to go after his ass. As soon as he surfaces on the other end of the pool, I pounce. Jumping on him from the back and trying to take him under. He grabs onto my thighs and takes me right down with him. I lose my grip under the water, and he manages to grab hold of my neck and gain the upper hand. I’m swallowing another gulp of water, trying to shrug out from under his hold. Finally, I get free, coming back up to try again. We’re laughing and splashing each other, fucking around like usual. I’ve missed hanging with him these last few months. Being with Taya definitely wasn’t as easy or as fun.

I pull away to catch my breath, walking to the edge of the pool and taking a seat on the bench. I look out to see where Ryes went, but he’s disappeared under the water. A huge dark frame suddenly appears before me, and in the next second, my swim trunks are being yanked from my body. I try to kick him away, fighting to get him off me, but he manages to slide them right off and swim away. When he resurfaces, he’s holding them in the air, laughing.

He’d always do this when we were kids, throwing them over the fence so I’d have to run over to his neighbor’s house and get them with my naked ass on display. It was funny as shit back then. Right now, not so much. If he comes closer, he’ll see I’m at full mast and weighing heavy in the sac.

He balls up the swim shorts and tosses them right over into Jess's yard.

"There's no way in hell I'm getting those. Jessica's boyfriend is liable to come out and kick my ass."

He turns back around and his cheeks tip right up into a crooked grin. "I dare you to."

Dammit. The fucker knows I never back down from a dare. It's like I can't fucking handle wimping out, like I feel like I'm less of a man if I don't take on the challenge. The guys once dared me to walk butt-ass naked into the girls' locker room and I did, making all the girls scream as they hid their prude little eyes. Another time Ryes dared me to eat a cockroach. Fuck, that was foul. And then there was the time when the team dared me to go up to the school nurse and tell her my cock was super itchy and I was worried something was wrong with it. All I can say is thank fuck she told me to go home and let my parents know so they could schedule a doctor's appointment for me. I would've been mortified if she'd made me drop my drawers and show her.

This time though, I don't want to take the dare and risk being caught on the security cameras.

"Nah. I'll pass," I say. "I'm eighteen now and doing time for public exposure will fuck up my plan for college."

"Bawk...bawk...bawk...bawk..." He waves his arms like a chicken, and I'm fueled by his taunting. I dive under the water and swim straight for him, a shark charging his victim. He tries to get away, but I grab his leg, jerking him toward me. I reach for the bottom of his swim trunks and tug them right down his hips. His attempt at kicking me off only helps me get them free faster. When I've got them off, I quickly swim away, balling them up and throwing them right over the fence to join mine. Now, we'll put his ass in the hot seat and see if he takes the dare.

“Let’s see you go get them.” I smirk. “Watch your bare ass strut on over into their backyard. How many security cameras do you think they have?” It’s a ritzy neighborhood. I’m guessing ten.

He shakes the water out of his ears, clearing his eyes. “No fucking way. I’m not getting my ass kicked by the boyfriend. I slept with his girl. He’ll assume I’m trying to come over and tempt her with my dick.”

“Bawk...bawk...bawk...bawk...” I give it right back to him. “Look who’s the chicken now.”

He rolls his eyes and swims over to the shallow ledge, taking a seat and ignoring my teasing. Looks like neither of us is taking the bait. I cross the pool and join him, leaning back on my elbows and taking a breather. My body has now acclimated to the temperature of the water, but the cool air from above sends a shiver through my shoulders. The contrast between the warm and cold feels good.

“Do you think Taya has any idea you’re planning on breaking up with her?”

I open my eyes, looking out at the sunset. This time of year, it always gets dark early.

“I doubt it. That girl is pretty clueless. Plus, she thinks I’m lucky to be with her.”

“Definitely the other way around.” He shakes his head. “Dude, I still don’t get why you even started dating her in the first place.”

I’m not exactly going to give him the main reason I asked her out. It was the night of my big win, and I couldn’t stop looking at Ryes from across the room, my entire body feeling tight and hot. When Taya grabbed my head and began kissing me, I was thankful for the distraction. It also gave me an excuse for my hard dick. With her grinding on my lap, no one would ever know the real cause of my raging hard-on.

“I was just excited about getting some action. Didn’t want to head to college as a virgin.”

“So, was it worth it? Was she at least good in bed?”

At first, I thought she was because I didn’t know any better. Besides, a virgin will take whatever he can get. But if I really think about it, sex with her kind of sucks.

“Between us...” I look over at him, making sure he’s not going to go blab. He tips his chin, though he never shares any of my business with anyone. “No. She always gets annoyed if I take too long to come. It feels like there’s a clock ticking in the background whenever we hook up, and the pressure makes me gun-shy.”

“How long does it take you to get off with her?”

“Maybe ten to fifteen with her hands. I definitely can get off faster when I’m fucking her.”

“Fifteen minutes?”

I can’t help it. The girl’s technique sucks. Every time I start to get close, she changes up what she’s doing or adjusts her tempo, and I get thrown off course and have to start from ground zero.

“I’m surprised the girl doesn’t have carpal tunnel.” He laughs. “Or that your dick isn’t rubbed raw.”

“Tell me about it.” I nod, wading my feet back and forth in the water. Watching the rippling current I’m making on the surface. “There were so many times I just wanted to take over and show her how it’s done. But the one time I tried to let her know what I liked, she got mad at me.”

“Damn, that must mean I’m good,” he teases. “I got you off in under two.”

Yeah, he is. So good, my dick is now rising right up to the memory again. I look between my legs, wondering if I should tuck myself down deeper and hide the proof of my arousal. But when I spot his standing loud and proud, bobbing above the surface of the water, the shame floats away. He’s turned on too. And now my stomach is stirring with excitement.

“Don’t flatter yourself.” I cock my brow at him. “It was the adrenaline that had me riled up last night.”

“You want to bet?” His attention narrows right between my legs. I’m already leaking with anticipation. “Two hundred says I can get you off in two minutes again.”

“You’ve got a deal.” I can definitely hold off for that long and prove him wrong. But win or lose it doesn’t even fucking matter. I just want his hands on me again. I’ll pay however much to get it.

He reaches out, gripping onto my shaft and cum drips right from the end of my dick. Shit, that feels good. Like my entire cock is wrapped up in a tight smooth blanket. The perfect amount of pressure. His rhythm is steady and already causing me to climb toward the peak. I’m not sure I’ll be able to hold off for two minutes. He’s an expert. He’s had years of experience stroking his own dick and definitely knows what feels good.

“You’re definitely big,” he grunts. His voice a deep rasp that shudders right through my cock. “But I still think I have a few inches on you.”

I open my eyes and look over at his meat. It’s standing tall, and I think he may be bigger, but only by an inch. I reach out and grab hold of it, sliding my palm up and down, feeling it’s full length. It’s definitely a little thicker than mine, but not by

much. His grip on me tightens to my touch and I feel the ache drawing up in my sac. That bundle of nerves is knotting up and ready to unleash the storm. I give him a full stroke, but it ends up backfiring, fueling my desire and drawing me closer to the edge. If I don't back off him, I'm going to lose the bet, and it's not even that I care to win, it's that I don't want this to be over yet.

"I think we're the same size," I say, releasing him.

His grip tightens and he suddenly shifts in front of me, moving between my legs. He takes hold of himself with his free hand and brings his cock right up against mine, measuring them together. As soon as his cock presses against me, a flutter rolls through my gut. He takes us both in his grip and begins stroking us off together. It's so fucking crazy—and so fucking hot.

"I'm definitely longer." His voice is even deeper, raspier. "I've got at least an inch on you." His hands stroke faster, and I start to lose my ability to hold out for the win. It doesn't just feel good, but it's intense watching him. His forearms are strained, his two big hands working us over. I look up at his face and it's just as tight with tension. The pleasure cinching every single one of his features. There's something about falling prey to his dominance that makes me so fucking horny.

"Fine, you win. You're the bigger dick," I grunt, "Just don't fucking stop. I'm about to come."

His eyes come up to my face and his jaw tightens along with his grip. "You've got ten seconds to prove me wrong. Don't wimp out on me now, Bay." My eyes squeeze shut trying to hold off, but when he starts counting down—"Ten... nine...eight... Come on. Hold out for me," he breathes, and the hunger in his voice sends me right over the edge. I come long and hard, my hips jerking out of the water as the pleasure plows over me like a massive wave.

“Fuck.” His loud groan has me opening my eyes and I watch as he erupts too. His cum shooting out in spurts, landing on my abs. The orgasm locking up his entire frame.

“Ryes! You back there?”

His eyes fly open. “Shit. Brennon’s here.” He shifts away.

“Ryeson!” he calls out again. “Open up the door. I’ve been standing out here for five minutes freezing my nuts off.”

“Shit. Do you think he heard?” Rye whispers as he scrambles to climb from the pool.

“I don’t know,” I tell him, following him out. He obviously heard something to know we’re back here. Five minutes? I came in under two. Shit. I grab a towel, wrapping it around my waist.

“Go to the front, man,” Ryes calls out. “I’ll come let you in.”

He rushes into the house and I’m hot on his heels, heading to his bedroom to quickly change. He grabs a pair of basketball shorts from his drawers then drops his towel and slips them on right in front of me. I guess after what we just did, there’s no need to hide himself from me. “Fuck.” He shakes his head, sounding panicked. He grabs our two wet towels and heads to let Brennon in and I quickly get myself dressed.

I’ve never seen him this nervous before, but he’s freaking the fuck out. Makes two of us. The last thing we need is for everyone at school to get wind that we’re gay and spread that lie around. Though, with the way I’m feeling, I’m not sure I can claim I’m straight anymore. I grab my chemistry book and bag, needing to get out of here. My head is a mess and there’s no way I can study now anyway.

7

Ryeson

“S orry,” I say, opening the door. “We took a quick study break and went for a swim in the pool. Come on in.” I step to the side for him.

I need to get my shit together. I can hear the shakiness in my voice. “So, how was detention?” I ask, trying to calm down and act casual.

“Man, Mrs. B is such a bitch.” He shakes his head. “She held me for an extra hour because I rolled my eyes at her.”

My heart is racing a mile a minute, but I don’t think he picked up on what was happening out back. He’d be the first person to call us out on it. But shit, that was close. Too fucking close.

If we’d been caught, everyone would be hearing about it. Brennon has one of the biggest mouths and can’t keep a secret for shit. And if the girls got wind of it, that shit would be going viral on TikTok by the end of the day. The last thing I want is to show up to college next year and my new teammates are already trying to hide their dicks from me in fear that I’m checking them out. I’m not gay.

Really? Then why the fuck did you just stroke your friend off and come harder than you ever have before?

“Dude, that sucks,” I say, shaking the thought and grabbing a bottle of water from the

fridge. “You need anything to drink or eat?” I hold one out for him.

“Hell yeah. I’m starved. You want to order pizza? I could go for a large with extra sausage.”

I almost choke on my drink. Baylor’s cock is one hell of a large sausage. Fuck. I don’t know why I can’t keep my hands off his dick. That’s twice now. Although today, I can’t lay claim to it being the adrenaline that spurred my actions. I was staring at his dick and desperately wanted to get my hands on it again. And when the opportunity arose, I pounced.

“Yeah, I’m good with pizza. Let me get my phone and check to see what Bay wants.”

“Hey, man!” Baylor comes walking into the kitchen right on cue, as if he was listening from the hall to find out what Brennon overheard. He’s got his bag on his shoulder like he’s getting ready to head out.

“We’re ordering pizza,” I tell him. “What do you want on yours?”

He shakes his head. “Nah. I’m good. I need to get home for dinner. I promised my mom.”

That’s bullshit. We were planning to study together all night. I honestly had forgotten I’d even invited Brennon over. But I think Baylor’s freaked we nearly got caught and that’s why he’s taking off. It’s probably good that he’s leaving because I’m not sure I can concentrate on chemistry with him in the room. I don’t know what the fuck is happening between us. I’ve never questioned who I am or what my sexuality is. I’ve always been attracted to girls, but damn...after what just went down...

No. No fucking way. I’m not going there.

“Well, tell your mom hi for me.” I say, hearing the damn tension in my voice. I storm from the room in search of my phone and some fresh air. I’m debating whether I should text him that this is never going to happen again. But I really don’t want to make it like it’s a thing. It happened. It’s over. And we just need to move the fuck on.

I pull up my pizza app and start placing the order, heading back out to the kitchen. Brennon’s on his phone texting away, and I’m guessing from the smile on his face that it’s his girlfriend he’s chatting with.

“Pizza is ordered. It will be here in twenty.”

“Sweet,” he says, looking up from his phone. “Just shooting my girl a text. She’s worried about Friday. I think she’s trying to back out of going to the party with me since she won’t know anyone there. She’s really shy, man.”

That’s kind of crazy because Brennon is the exact opposite. He’s one of the most outgoing guys I know, always game for anything. Guess it’s true that opposites attract.

“Hey!” He perks up. “Any chance you’d be up for a double date? That way Willow could invite one of her friends along.”

Usually I’d say hell no, but after tonight, I think it’s a great idea. I need to get my shit straight. Literally.

“Yeah, I’m down.”

He immediately starts texting with her, and I grab some paper plates and some chips, joining him at the counter. My mind is running a mile a minute. Everything replaying like a live video feed. I’m the one who made the move on Baylor. I was sitting there staring at his dick, and I came up with the bet. Then I jerked us both off. Fuck, it was

so hot. But I shouldn't be getting off on that shit. He's my best fucking friend. Not to mention, a GUY.

"She just said her cousin Tierney agreed, so they're in."

Fan-fucking-tastic. I know nothing about this girl, but I'm hoping she's nice and hot. Liking video games would be a bonus. Into some type of sport would be cool. Smart, confident, likes to laugh. And I'm definitely hoping she's up for fooling around so I can fill my tank and reset my nerves. It's probably just because it's been so long. Nothing more.

But the doubt is creeping in and making my stomach twist.

8

Baylor

“S o, what are you going to wear to the party tonight, babe?”

This is probably the tenth time Taya’s asked me this question in the last two days.

“I don’t know.” I shrug, giving her the same answer I did yesterday and the day before. Not sure how many times I have to repeat myself. And why is it so fucking important? Us guys don’t exactly plan out our outfits ahead of time. We just throw on whatever shit is clean—usually jeans and a shirt—and call it a day.

“Can you wear your black waffle knit shirt and your faded jeans? You look so hot in that outfit.”

Now, she’s trying to pick out my clothes? Play dress up with her Ken doll? Shit, I really am her pet.

“If it’s clean I will.” It’s pathetic to think that before I would’ve gone home after school and washed the outfit just to make sure I could give Tay what she wanted. Now, I don’t fucking care what she wants. I’m counting down the hours until I can end things with her. Come tomorrow, we’ll be broken up.

“I’m going to be in my black mini dress, so can you at least wear a black shirt?” She sounds annoyed.

It's just a party. Why the hell do we have to coordinate our outfits? It's not like we're going to prom. Chase is just inviting people to his house to drink and hang out. There are going to be a few kegs and music playing. It's not a special occasion.

"Fine." I nod. Whatever it takes to get her off my case about it. I'm sure I can find something black to wear.

"What's with you? You're in such a sour mood."

What's with me is the fact that I can't stop thinking about Ryeson. I can't stop thinking about what happened between us. My thoughts are spinning out of control. My body feels like it's on fire. And everything I've ever felt and known is coming into question. Meanwhile, Ryes is acting like nothing happened. Not that I expected us to sit down and talk about it, but he's been completely normal all day. As cool as a fucking cucumber. And here I am completely on edge.

It's not like it just happened once. A collision of testosterone that accidentally overcame us. We've made out twice now, and yesterday was way more intentional than some stupid bet. I saw the look in Ryeson's eyes. It matched the heat that was burning through my veins.

"Nothing's with me," I tell her, but my voice begs to differ. "I'm just worried about how I did on my chem test." It's not a far stretch from the truth. My mind was so fucked up, I know I got some questions wrong.

"I'm sorry, baby." She snuggles in closer. "Don't be stressed." Her fingers run through my hair, rubbing it against the grain and annoying me further. "I'm sure you did great. My boyfriend is so smart." Everything she does irritates me now. She's just trying to be nice, but I don't even want her to touch me anymore.

"Hey, man!" Ryes comes up, holding his fist out for a bump. My stomach gives me a

good kick with nerves. I try to keep my hand from shaking as I give him a bump. He's as steady and as calm as usual. It's like he's completely forgotten he double fisted us yesterday. That he grabbed my cock and rubbed us both off until we erupted all over each other. There was something so intense running between us, but he's not even phased by it, and it's making me feel like I'm fucking delusional.

He takes his seat, and Brennon comes right over and sits down next to him. The two of them seem to be paired at the hip these days.

"Hey, man. Willow just texted. She says that Tierney doesn't like Italian food. Are you good if we go to The Grill instead?" Bren looks over at Ryes for his answer, and I'm looking at him too. Sounds like they're making plans, but I haven't gotten an invitation. Usually, Ryes would include me in everything.

"Yeah, I'm fine with that." Ryeson nods, picking up his fork and winding it around his pasta. The guy could live on Italian food. It's one of his main food groups.

Brennon types something out on his phone then looks up. "They'll meet us there at seven. So, I'll get you at six thirty. Then you can ride with Tierney over to the party and I'll ride with Willow. Is that cool?"

Ryes nods again, his mouth full of food. I look down at the pizza sitting on my plate and offer it to Taya. "You want this?" Of course, she takes it. "So, are you guys going to dinner before the party tonight?" It sounds like they're going on a double date.

Ryes nods and takes another bite of food, not giving me any details. He's never been big on airing his business when others are around, but I'm not big on wondering what the fuck is going on. Thankfully, Brennon chimes in. He's always eager to share.

"Yeah. We're going on a double date. I'm trying to hook this one up with Willow's cousin. You'll finally get to meet my girl at the party tonight by the way."

Now the nerves have spun their way into jealousy. Ryeson has agreed to go on a date tonight. After swearing off high school girls, he's diving right in, isn't he? Seems like he's not just trying to ignore what happened between us, but has quickly put it in his past.

"That's cool," I state, holding out my hand for another bump, trying not to let the tension curl around my features. "So, is she hot?"

I want to punch him in the arm and ask him what the fuck, but it's clear that I'm the one with the problem. I'm the one reading into shit. To him it really was just a bet. I'm surprised he hasn't come at me yet for the money. Make me pay up for his services rendered.

"She's really hot," Ryeson answers, smiling. Now, he's eager to share the details. "Bren show him a picture of her." I don't even want to see. I just want to know why I'm the only one rattled by what's happened between us.

"Here, I'll pull up her page." Bren nods, and I feel my jaw growing tighter by the second. The tension railing up my spine.

Bren pulls up an Instagram page and shows me the girl. She looks right up Ryes' alley. Tall, thin, blonde. Blue eyes. Big boobs. She's definitely pretty. Usually, I'd be giving him a high five and hoping he ends up making the score. Right now, my stomach is heavy with a dreaded feeling. I'm jealous over a girl he's never even met. It's fucking madness.

"Not sure she's a keeper," I tease. "She doesn't like Italian food and that's your favorite." And now I'm trying to sway him out of it, like some jealous fangirl. I need to keep my mouth shut before he picks up on my vibe and starts questioning whether I have the hots for him. I don't know the answer yet, but my dick is pointing right to yes.

He shrugs. “Not a big deal. I don’t choose who to spend my time with over what they eat.”

Clearly, he’s attracted to the girl if he’s willing to look past the fact that she hates his favorite food. Which is not something I should be pissed about. He’s straight. Ryeson has always been into chicks. And so have I.

“Well, she’s definitely hot, dude. Hope it works out.” No, I don’t. I hope she’s obnoxious and irritates the hell out of him.

“Hey, baby.” Taya wraps herself around me. As soon as I said the word hot, I felt her stiffen next to me. “Do you want to go out to your truck, and I can help cheer you up?” Taya’s voice prickles over my skin like pine needles. No, I don’t. But I definitely can’t sit at this table anymore. The tension is crawling through my veins like toxic spiders. I can’t sit here and watch Ryes shovel food, acting like everything is completely normal between us. Things are fucked. He fucked me so good I’m losing my mind.

“Yeah, sounds good. Catch you guys later,” I say, grabbing Tay’s hand and leading her right out of the cafeteria. She’s struggling to keep up as I storm out of the building and straight to my truck. I hold the door open for her then practically hoist her up inside and climb in after her.

“Baylor, geez. Calm down. What’s going on with you?”

I grab the back of her neck, ignoring her comment, and slam my lips to hers. I’m desperate to curb my thoughts and get my head back to normal, but the kiss doesn’t feel the same. It feels like I’m kissing my own palm. There’s no excitement or spark, no blood rushing to my cock. I run my hands down to her breasts, giving them a squeeze, rubbing my thumbs over her tight nipples. I’ve always been a tit man, so they should get me worked up, but my dick isn’t budging an inch. I’m so fucking

screwed.

I press onward, determined to feel something, but she pulls away. “I can’t believe you called that girl hot right in front of me. She is not hotter than me. And that is so rude to say in front of your girlfriend.”

Fuck me. Way to strike my nerves down further. I sit back, nearly slamming my head back on the seat. Her insecurities always kill the mood.

“I didn’t say she was hotter than you.” My sanity is on the verge of snapping. I can’t believe she’s trying to pull this shit right now. “I think I’m done, Tay.” I don’t even think I can wait until tomorrow to break up with her. I’m not even sure I’m going to go to the party anymore. I’m not sure what the fuck I’m going to feel when Ryes shows up with that girl. I need to lock myself behind closed doors and not come out until I’m back to my normal self.

“No. I’m sorry.” She quickly climbs onto my lap. “It just feels like you’re distant, and then you said that, and I felt insecure. You’re not done. Just let me make it up to you.”

She reaches for the button on my pants, scooting back to get me out. I place my hand over hers and stop her.

“Nah. I’m good. I’m really not interested.” My dick isn’t even hard. She could probably stroke the thing all the way through next period, and I wouldn’t get off.

“Then why did you drag me out here?” She huffs, crossing her arms. “I thought we were going to make out.”

And now she’s back to being bitchy. Her personality flips on a dime. One second she’s begging me not to end things, and now she’s pissed. The reason I dragged her

out here was to prove to myself that I'm not gay, but I just made things a thousand times worse.

“Earth to Baylor!”

“I wanted to do stuff, but then you got all insecure and now I'm not interested. Jealousy is a mood killer, Taya.” And my jealousy over that girl Ryes is taking out tonight has definitely killed my mood.

Taya opens the door and climbs out, slamming it shut before she stomps her way back into the building. I give her ten minutes before she's blowing up my phone and apologizing, begging me not to break up with her. When my phone buzzes in my pocket, I realize I overshot my timing. Looks like she's already texting.

Ryeson : Thought you were breaking up with the girl?

And I thought he wasn't into dating high school chicks.

Me : Told you I was planning on doing it after the party.

Ryeson : So why are you leading her on? That's a dick move.

What's it to him? He doesn't even like Taya. And I'm not leading her on. I just told the girl I think I'm done.

Me : I'm not leading her on. She should be walking back in there any minute. And why do you care what the fuck I do with her? You hate the girl.

Ryeson : What? Couldn't get it up for her?

Motherfucker is just taunting me now.

Me : My dick has lost interest.

Ryeson : Should I be flattered? It was stiff for me. Standing tall and proud.

Shit. What the hell is he doing? Is he trying to fuck with me or flirt with me? Because my cock is definitely reading it as flirting. It's getting nice and hard for him in my pants.

Me : I wouldn't let it go to your head. Sometimes a guy's just horny. I owe you that two hundred by the way

Ryeson : Nah. I just like knowing I won. You should call me the Two Minute King.

I roll my eyes. Now, he's gloating. But he is a king. I've never come so hard or so fast in my life, but like hell I'll admit that to him.

Me : Cocky much?

Ryeson : You fucking know it. I've got inches on you.

My cock pulses at the vision of his big dick. Thick and long, with a perfect crown. But I wouldn't say he's inches larger than me. I grab mine through my pants and groan when a shudder of sparks runs through my shaft. Mine definitely comes close in size.

Me : I think the water was distorting your view. It acts as a magnifying glass. I think we're the same size.

Ryeson : Hate to break it to you, but you're wrong.

Me : You want to measure them again?

I know I'm playing with fire, but I still hit send on my text. My dick is so hard, waiting to see his response. If he takes the challenge, I'm pretty sure that means he's game for another round.

Ryeson : Are you out in your truck?

Me : Yes.

Ryeson : Coming to show that dick who's boss

Oh, fuck yeah. I reach into my pants and give my cock a few strokes, reading his message over and over again. The cum is already dribbling out with anticipation.

I turn my head, watching the front doors of the school, waiting for him to appear. When the door busts open, my cock lurches upward. His eyes lock right on me from across the lot and he stalks forward. His stature tense. His pace brisk. Those dark eyes of his holding me hostage.

Determination is locked in his features and it's making my pulse race. I stroke my shaft in time with his every step, fast heavy strokes. A tense grip mimicking the tension locked in his jaw and in his stare. A wave of need vibrates in my gut. The heat is coursing through my body. I'm ready for his dominance to take control and force me to give myself over to the pleasure.

He stops right in front of my door, peering at me through the window. I slow my pace, rubbing my thumb over the slit at the top, feeling the slippery cum slide across my skin. He's not budging. Just glaring at me like I'm an enemy. I release my cock, edging too close to the heat. Finally, he yanks the door open.

"Move over," he practically seethes, climbing inside. I start to slide across the bench, but he grabs me by the hips and pulls me forward. My back hits the seat and my head

is now scrunched against the door. “This is the last fucking time,” he grits, wrapping his heavy palm around my shaft. “It’s never going to happen again.” He gives me a tug and my hips thrust up into his fist. It’s too fucking good. He starts jerking me roughly, the anger rolling off him. It’s like he’s mad that he wants to do this. Like he’s pissed that he’s attracted to me.

“This dick is going to stop invading my thoughts. Do you understand?” He squeezes me hard, and I nod on a groan.

I know it needs to stop. We’re both straight. Whatever the fuck is happening doesn’t make sense. Yet...as his tight grip jerks me faster, it feels like it makes perfect sense. Nothing has ever felt like this. It’s like there’s a magnetic force between us. My pleasure drawn to his dominance. My need under his direct command.

“Fuck, Ryes,” I grunt as the pressure starts to build. “It shouldn’t feel so fucking good.”

I never knew I liked it so rough—or so tight. Or that I’d be turned on by the strain in his forearms. Or that his clenched jaw which is pulsing as he strokes me off would make my cock pulse just as fast. But it’s all taking me to the edge. It’s all intensifying the pleasure.

“Fuck you and your cock,” he grunts as his free hand slides down his pants and starts to pump. “Never again will I let you tempt me.” He strokes me faster. The vein in his neck now bulging as he draws closer to his peak. “Get there, Bay. Now.”

His command snaps the chord. My orgasm tears through my system, limb by limb. Pleasure sparking across every nerve. His grunts fill the cab of my truck, and his body freezes up as the pleasure strikes him down. I ride through the heat until it slowly starts to dim. When I finally open my eyes, it’s there—the destruction of everything I once knew. This wasn’t just an accidental hookup or a bet. This was

desire guised under the falsehood of some lame need to see who has the bigger dick. And now, these feelings are so deeply rooted within my core that I can no longer deny it. I can't excuse it away or pretend like this never happened. I'm definitely into Ryeson.

"Fuck, man." He drops back on his seat, taking heavy breaths as his body settles. "Why the fuck does that feel so fucking good?" His hands run down his face and there's tension tight within his features again. He sits up, fixing his pants. "We're done, Bay. Never again. We need to forget this ever happened. Our adrenaline just got the better of us. That's all this fucking was."

He can keep telling himself that, but it's bullshit and he knows it. And like hell I'm going to forget what happened. It's too fucking late for that. My first gay experience is burned into my memory now. Along with my feelings.

"You really think I'm going to forget?" My brow goes right up with my disbelief. "I get that you're freaked, man." Hell, so am I. "But I don't think adrenaline is the cause."

His eyes turn even darker. "Dude, neither of us is gay. We both dig chicks. So whatever the fucking cause doesn't matter. It's done. And neither of us is going to tell a soul about it."

"You don't have to worry about me blabbing about this shit, Ryes. It's not like I'm going to spread it all over school." I don't need anyone up in my personal business. And I certainly don't need the backlash from the girls or our teammates.

"Good. So, we're on the same page. Now, we need to get inside for class. I'll go first so no one sees us walking in together." Not sure why the fuck that matters. We're always together.

He climbs out and shuts the door. My fist slams against the roof. “Fuck!” Goddammit. He’s right. I wish this shit never happened because now I’m fucked. I don’t want it to stop. I’ve never had such intense feelings before. Maybe my hormones are going crazy, but it doesn’t change the fact that it’s never felt like that with a girl. Yeah, I’ve always been able to get off. But this... This was on a different playing field. This was me two feet from the endzone, getting tackled by his huge frame and scoring the championship goal. This wasn’t some lukewarm field goal.

I sit up and shove my dick back in my pants. Maybe’s he’s right. Maybe we just need to let this shit go. It’s not like either of us wants to rock the boat in our lives. And it’s not like we’re going to start dating. It’s a fucking whack notion. We’re never going to cuddle up and whisper I-love-yous to each other, which means it needs to end before we end up getting caught and become the brunt of everyone’s jokes.

I grab my bag and climb out, heading into my class. It’s time to get my shit back under control.

9

Ryeson

“Dude, where’d you go?” Brennon asks as I take my seat. I told him I was running to the bathroom, but I never came back.

“Had to take a dump.”

“You missed a fucking showdown man.” He whistles. “Cassie pulled some shit in the cafeteria, and now she’s done for. Kyler’s fucking pissed and told her she’s not allowed to sit at the table with us anymore. He gave the girls a warning that bullying won’t be tolerated.”

It sure as fuck won’t. Dang. I was gone for all of ten minutes. “So, what happened?”

“I didn’t hear what Cassie said. But she ended up shoving Ruby to the ground, and the poor girl got covered in her food.” Ruby? The recluse? What did that girl ever do to anyone? She sits in the corner with her nose tucked into a book. I don’t think I’ve ever even heard her speak before.

“Why’d she mess with Ruby?” There’s nothing Cassie should be jealous of when it comes to that girl. Ruby dresses in big baggy sweatshirts and is known as the biggest loser in our grade. She’s not a threat to Cassie, who up until today was the most popular girl at our school. But it looks like that will no longer be the case. As soon as Kyler throws down the gauntlet, it’s done. I’ll be more than happy to ice the girl out. I can’t stand her anyway. Wanted to give Chase a standing ovation when he broke up

with her the other day.

“Who the fuck knows. I’m sure we’ll get the details at the party tonight.”

This is exactly why I’m not interested in dating any of the girls at our school. They’re all bitches.

“Well, good fucking riddance to her,” I tell him. Now, if we can just get rid of the rest of them. Give Taya and Mindy the boot too. Then I’ll be able to enjoy my lunch in peace. Seeing Taya rubbing all over Baylor was killing my appetite. My hunger was replaced with jealousy. Then look where that got me. I was whipping out my phone and sending him a damn text. And then... I shake the thought and open my textbook. I can’t go back down that rabbit hole again. I need to forget it ever happened.

“So, are you excited about hanging with Tierney tonight?”

“Yeah.” I nod. Fucking thrilled. I’ve got to clear this shit out of my mind, and that girl looks like she might do the trick. She’s gorgeous, and according to Bren, she’s up for a good time, so I’m hoping she’ll be the cure I need. And that after tonight, everything will go back to normal. Fingers fucking crossed.

10

Ryeson

“So where are you going to school next year?” I ask the girl whose nose has been glued to her phone since the moment she sat down at the table— talk about rude. If she were texting with family, that’d be one thing, but it looks like she’s on her social media, replying to comments.

“I’m not going to school next year.” She looks up, finally gracing us with her attention. “I’m taking a gap year and just traveling around. I want to grow my social media following and become an influencer, so I’m hoping I’ll get big enough next year that my parents won’t force me to go to college.”

Yeah, I can already tell I’m not interested.

“Well, I hope that works out for you.” I smile and shift my attention towards Willow. “What about you Willow? Where will you be headed next year?”

“I-I-I’m...” she’s struggling to get the words out, and now I feel bad for putting her on the spot.

“She’ll be at ASU with me,” Brennon answers for her, giving her a reassuring smile while that cousin of hers rolls her eyes. Tierney’s not even trying to make a good impression. Five minutes in and she’s already shown her true colors. Guess I should thank the girl for not wasting my time. Usually, I get sucked into the fake persona and don’t find out the truth until I’m four dates in.

“That’s awesome.” I nod. “I’ll be at Tennessee.” My grades weren’t as good as Baylor’s to get into Florida, so I ended up at my second choice. With how things currently stand between us, I think the distance will do us some good.

“Tennessee?” Tierney asks. “Orange is such an ugly color.”

Wow, I didn’t know I had to base my college decision on color. God, this girl is getting better and better. I give Bren a look, and he tips his chin in understanding, silently apologizing for my date. It’s not his fault. She was promising in the looks department, but I’ve learned you can’t judge a book by its cover.

To be honest, I don’t understand how Brennon’s girlfriend is even related to this girl. Willow is so understated and reserved. And seriously shy. Whereas her cousin is just like all the queen bees that go to our school. Dressed to the nines, the air of snootiness in everything she says, thinking she’s God’s greatest gift to men. But I’m not impressed.

“So, what’s your major going to be, Willow?” I don’t even bother giving Tierney’s comment light. The girl has proved the depth of her personality: shallow, and I have zero interest.

“Willow’s majoring in speech pathology,” Bren states, proudly. “My girl wants to prove to all the kids out there that they can overcome their challenges.”

Now, I completely get why Bren’s interested in her. Not only is she pretty and sweet, but she’s smart and actually gives a shit about others. I smile, reaching my hand across the table to give her a fist bump.

“Mad props. That’s really awesome.”

“How are you going to teach kids how to speak properly if you can’t?” says the girl

who may actually be worse than Cassie. Did Tierney really just say that? They're supposed to be family. Yet, I'm getting the impression this girl doesn't care about anyone except herself.

Poor Willow. Her cheeks have turned bright red, and when she goes to speak, she's struggling even more. "Th-th-there are dif-dif-fer-ent j—j-jobs w-wi-th-thin th-th-the f-f-field."

Bren tenses by my side, which is understandable. If I were him, I'd be fuming from the ears and telling Tierney off. But I get that he's stuck, not wanting to cause problems with his girlfriend's cousin. I, on the other hand, am not worried about offending anyone.

"It's seriously awesome going into a field like that." I nod. "It's definitely more noble than posting a bunch of videos of yourself every day." My stare goes right to the one who's bristling at my comment, looking like she just ate something sour. I should take a snapshot of her face and tag her in the photo. See what her followers think of her bitch-face.

"I think I'm going to pass on the party tonight," she states as if she thinks it's a jab. I hate to break it to her, but her attempt of rejection failed. I was done with the girl from the moment she sat down.

"Yeah. That's a good idea." I nod. "You'll still come though won't you, Willow?"

Bren's entire reason for setting me up on this date was so that Willow would agree to come tonight. He was nervous she wouldn't know anyone, but now she'll at least know me. "Everyone's stoked to meet you," I add.

"Y-y-yes, I w-w-will c-c-come."

Good. At least the crisis has been averted. Now, I can sit back and eat my dinner without forcing myself to speak to the one who did nothing other than influence me on the fact that high school girls are a waste of my time. They suck— and not with the right amount of suction or a deep enough throat.

11

Baylor

The party is well on its way by the time Taya and I show up. She changed her outfit three times and then made me wait while she painted her nails. I've never been so annoyed. I know this is normal girl shit, but couldn't she do that on her own time? "I'm going to get a drink," I tell her, leaving her by Mindy's side as I head to the kitchen.

"Hey, man!" Brennon gives me a high five as I enter. I hadn't realized he and Ryes had shown up yet. "Baylor, I want you to meet my girlfriend Willow. Willow, this is Bay."

"I've heard so much about you." I smile. "You've got this one head over heels."

Brennon punches me in the arm, and it's the first time I've seen him look embarrassed. He's usually as bold as they come and not rattled by anything, but I think he really likes this girl.

"Where's your date?" I turn toward Ryeson. I don't see the blonde he showed me a picture of at lunch anywhere.

"She went home. Wasn't feeling the party." That shouldn't make me so fucking happy, but it does. I nearly beat the punching bag off its hook this afternoon, thinking about what he said and how tonight he was on a mission. It looks like his plan got axed.

“The sparks didn’t fly?” I ask, reaching for a beer from the cooler.

“Not my type,” he grunts, then takes a swig of his drink.

I look toward Brennon and he’s shaking his head. Guess there’s more to that story that they aren’t willing to share. When he glances down at Willow, I get the drift. He doesn’t want to rag on her friend in front of her.

“Baylor, baby, we’re bored.” Taya wraps her arm around my waist, looking up at me.

“Do you guys want to play spin the bottle? Liven things up a little?”

We haven’t played that since middle school.

“We’re out,” Bren says, taking his girl by the hand and leading her out of the kitchen.

“I’m game!” Ryeson nods, and I’m fucking shocked. Stupid games like spin the bottle aren’t usually his thing. But he’s just bound and determined to hook up with a chick tonight, isn’t he.

“Fine,” I agree.

“Let’s go see if Chase wants to join,” Mindy says. “I saw him heading to the library.”

We make our way down to the library, finding our friend deep in conversation with... Ruby ? Holy shit. For a moment, I didn’t even recognize the girl. She looks so different. I’m fucking shocked at how pretty she is. No wonder Cassie was giving her shit at lunch today; there’s definitely reason to be jealous of the girl. And by the way Chase is looking at her, it’s obvious he’s interested.

Mindy walks right up to the two of them, ignoring the fact that they are holding a private conversation. “Chase! Here you are. We’ve been looking for you.” While the

girls try to recruit him for the game, I step over to Ryeson.

“So, how was the date tonight?”

He turns and gives me a look. “Let’s just say she reminded me of Cassie.”

“Dang, no wonder you didn’t want to fuck her.” I’m trying to play it cool tonight, but I’m so fucking relieved it didn’t work out with the girl.

Before I get anymore details, Taya takes my arm, jerking me from my conversation and pulls me over to sit in a circle. Ruby sits down on my left and Ryeson sits across from me. Mindy places the empty liquor bottle in the center of our circle and then smiles at Chase. “Since this was my idea, I’ll go first.”

She leans forward, giving the bottle a spin, and low and behold it lands on Chase. It’s almost like she rigged the thing.

“I’ll take a truth,” Chase says, then leans into Ruby. “See? If you don’t want to kiss someone, you don’t have to.”

I look over at Mindy and the smile is wiped clean off her face. Chase just chose the “loser” over her. It’s fucking laughable.

“Fine,” Mindy says, plastering on her fake smile. “Now that you and Cassie have broken up, who are you going to take to prom?”

Chase shakes his head. “It’s 4 months away. I haven’t decided.”

That clearly wasn’t the answer Mindy was hoping for. It’s obvious she wants to be the next first lady in Chase’s life, but he’s whispering to Ruby right now, which has me placing my bet on the recluse. It’s time for Chase to spin the bottle. He leans

forward and when it lands, the neck is pointing right at yours truly.

“Looks like I’m answering another question.” Chase laughs, sitting back in his spot.

“Always a chickenshit,” I tease, but I don’t want to kiss his ass either. “Okay. So, I want to know if we’re going to your house in Costa Rica for our graduation trip?” I keep my question easy for him, rather than making him tell us some deep dark truth.

“Hell yeah!” He nods then turns to Ruby. “Have you ever been to Costa Rica, Ruby?” She shakes her head. “You’ll have to come with us. The beach is incredible there.”

I look to Ryeson and he’s just as shocked as I am. Chase just asked the recluse to go on our senior trip. Mindy and Taya look irritated by the fact, but they aren’t going to be invited. The last person I want on our trip is my ex. And I doubt Chase wants Mindy there, not when he’s trying to strike things up with Ruby. When Taya nudges my arm, I realize I’m up.

“My turn.”

I lean forward, taking my spin. The thing goes round and round in a circle, passing everyone a good dozen times before it finally starts to slow, rolling by Taya, slowly sliding past me, creeping past Ruby, barely passing Chase and then finally coming to a stop. My stomach jumps, staring at the thing pointing right at Ryeson. Three days ago, I would’ve never imagined kissing a guy. I would’ve thought it was weird and awkward. But after what’s happened between me and Rye, I’m no longer opposed to the idea. I wonder if it feels good or if it’s awkward and strange.

“I’m not a fucking chicken,” I say, plastering on a smirk as I shift towards Ryeson. “Let’s get the game started and quit with all the talking.”

I look right at him, gauging his reaction as I move in, waiting for him to tell me to

fuck off. After what he said this afternoon, I'm banking on him telling me to get lost.

"Fine," he states, shocking the butterflies to life in my gut. "But not on the mouth, fucker." He turns his head to the side, but I lean forward and grab his cheeks, turning it back. He's not going to chicken out on me. Besides, when he saw the bottle land on him, there was a flicker in his eyes. I think he's curious as well, but he'd never admit it.

I press forward, planting a kiss right on his lips. Everyone erupts in laughter. They think it's a big joke. They think I'm messing around per usual, but it's not a game to me.

I move my lips, but Ryeson's remain sealed and stiff. It's kind of weird kissing him. His lips are soft, but everything else is hard and rough. His jaw, the stern line creased across his brow, the scruff of his chin scratching across my skin. The sparks and heat I feel when I'm kissing a girl are definitely not there. I'm actually kind of relieved, and ready to sit back. But right as I'm about to pull away, I hear Mindy's voice.

"Dare you to open up and let Baylor give you his tongue."

Dammit. They know I never back down from a dare.

"I double dare you," Taya, cheers.

"Double dog dare you," Chase adds, chuckling just as hard as the rest of them.

My head whips around to him. He knows I'm not going to back down now. Fuck. Now, this feels awkward. But what-the-fuck-ever. It's a kiss. And it will be over in three seconds. "Fine," I grunt, turning back to Ryeson. "Open up big guy. We're going to show them we're not pussies."

Ryeson jerks away, shaking his head. “No fucking way, man. I don’t have to prove dick to no one. It’s my turn to spin.” He gives me a glare, as he goes to grab the bottle. He’s pissed at me now. But I’m not the one that made the dare. And it’s not like anyone in this room thinks we’re gay now.

The bottle lands on Ruby and Ryes looks up at her. “I won’t force Baylor’s sloppy seconds on you, Ruby. Give me a question.”

I’m surprised he’s not jumping at the chance to prove how straight he is. Figured he’d grab her and make a big display of it, using his tongue to show everyone— mainly me— that he’s not into guys.

“Who are you taking to prom, Ryeson?” Ruby asks.

“I’m most likely going stag.” He shrugs.

Interesting. I thought he was all in on finding a chick.

“You could always take Weatherly,” Mindy suggests. “She’s not looking for a commitment.”

“Your turn, Ruby.” Ryeson ignores her comment and shoves the bottle in front of Ruby. Weatherly is definitely not Ryes’ type. She’s way too easy. Us guys like a bit of a chase. We like to feel like we’re conquering a challenge and winning the prize. If I want things to happen with Ryes again, maybe I should act like I’m not interested. Give him the same treatment he’s giving me.

“Come on, Ruby, don’t chicken out,” I say, looking down at the bottle that’s now pointing at Chase.

The girl looks nervous as hell. And my buddy... He looks eager. I really think he’s

into the girl, which is so fucking shocking. But...it's not more shocking than the fact that I'm into my best friend and sitting here contemplating how to get his hands on me again. Talk about fucked up.

"I dare you to," Chase says, moving in closer to her. He wants it bad. Finally, Ruby gives in. The two come together, and the second they meet, the sparks fly. Their tongues start to tangle, and Chase pulls Ruby right onto his lap. I'm struck by how hot it is. I don't think I've ever had a kiss like that. The two of them are so consumed, it's like we're not even in the room with them.

Ruby's hips start grinding over Chase and he's holding her to him, guiding her movement. My dick starts to swell as the heat turns up in the room. They're going at it hard, and by the sounds they're making, I don't think they're stopping. I reach between my legs and adjust myself. It feels like I'm watching a live porn. Yet, the leading lady is the last person I expected Chase to ever get with.

I see movement out of the corner of my eye and glance toward Ryeson. He's adjusting himself too. The image of me giving him a hand with his problem is right back in my thoughts. God, it would be so fucking hot to get him cornered in a dark room, the music pumping loud through the speakers, the voices and laughter off in the distance. I'd reach inside his pants and jerk him to the rhythm of the beat, force him to come for me. Make him fall prey to the pleasure with our friends right in the other room.

My cock jizzes precum in my pants and I realize I'm staring at him. I quickly return my attention back to Ruby and Chase before Ryeson catches me. A little whimper comes from Ruby and her body picks up the pace, rocking faster. I think she's coming. Holy fuck. Chase is holding her tight, rocking up against her, meeting her every thrust, letting out grunts of his own as she rides out her pleasure. I'm so fucking turned on now, my balls are starting to ache.

“Oh my God! Did she just come? Holy shit. What a loser.” Mindy’s shriek cuts right through the blazing heat, icing it down with her burst of laughter. She and Taya are in a fit of giggles. Rudely mocking what just went down. Suddenly, Ruby climbs off Chase’s lap and runs from the room. Chase looks frozen in shock, like he’s still trying to register what just happened.

“Oh my God, gross,” Mindy stops her cackling and points at Chase’s lap. “She made such a mess of you, Chase. You should go get the loser’s stench off you.”

I cast a glare toward the bitch. What the fuck is her problem? Is she really that jealous that Chase would rather hook up with Ruby than her. She’s acting just like Cassie, and so is her bitchy sidekick. My eyes shift toward Taya, disgusted by the fact that I wasted three months of my life on her.

“Dude!” I turn toward Chase, ready to put these girls in their rightful place. “That was fucking insane.”

“Insanely weird,” my soon-to be-ex says. “She just used him to get off.” I shouldn’t have reneged on breaking it off with her this afternoon. She is such a fucking bitch.

Chase casts a glare at the two and stands, ignoring their rude comments as he turns to leave. Here’s hoping he’s going to go chase Ruby down and make things right. I turn toward Taya, casting a glare of my own.

“You need to get a ride home with Mindy. I’m heading out.”

“Can I catch a ride with you, Bay?”

I nod to Ryeson as I stand. Girls may be pretty, but guys would never pull this shit. Sure, we cut each other up in the locker room and bust each other’s balls sometimes, but it’s just fun and games. These girls are intent on making the poor girl feel

embarrassed. They're total bitches.

"Shit, man. That was crazy," Ryeson says, as we climb into my truck.

"Yeah, it was. Definitely didn't see that coming."

He whistles low. "Me neither. Who knew that the recluse even had those curves hiding underneath those baggy clothes she always wears."

"Right?" I nod. "The girl is hot." She's prettier than Taya and Mindy put together. And her personality is definitely better. Although, to be honest, I really don't know Ruby. We've been in school together for years and all I know is that she's smart, extremely shy, and loves to read.

"I wish I hadn't given up my chance with her when her bottle landed on me," he says, and I feel that twinge of jealousy in my gut, but I'm not going to let it set up shop.

"Looks like she was a damn good kisser too," I add.

"By the way, what the fuck was that?"

"What the fuck was what?" I don't understand his question. I'm not a mind reader, so he's going to have to elaborate.

"You trying to kiss my ass in front of everyone." He sounds annoyed, but he had the chance to shove me away and tell me to fuck off and he didn't.

"You know I don't back down from a dare. By the way, you're a shit kisser."

"I wasn't trying to kiss you. If I had been, your dick would've gotten hard."

Shit. It's getting hard right now.

"Nah. It's fucking weird. I would never be able to get past the stubble or your big tongue."

He sticks it out at me, and I shake my head, chuckling.

"The girls never complain about my tongue. They like the fact I can go deep."

There's a twitch within my pants. I bet his tongue can go real deep. The image of his face buried between a girl's legs is fucking hot. When the image changes and I imagine him between my legs, my hands tighten around the steering wheel.

"Too bad that girl you went out with tonight didn't get to experience it."

His head drops back on the headrest. "They're all the same, man. I don't fucking get it. They're so wrapped up in themselves. And they all act like bitches. I can't wait to get to college and finally meet someone nice."

His comment takes a thwack at my hardon, but it shouldn't. Next year, we'll both head our separate ways and be living the college life: girls, parties, football. This attraction I feel for him will no doubt fade. At least, I hope it fucking will. In the meantime, I have to figure out how to deal with it.

"You and me both, man." I turn into his driveway and pull to a stop.

"You want to come in and play some Call of Duty?" he asks.

He's still acting like nothing happened between us, like nothing's changed in our friendship. While I'm over here feeling like everything's changed. It's hard to be in the same room with him now without getting aroused and wanting to cross the line

with him. Maybe he's right though. Maybe I should just let it go and get on the same page with him. It's clear he never wants it to happen again.

"Yeah, sure. I've got nothing else going on tonight." I shrug. "But I'm not making any wagers."

He gives me a smirk. "Why not? Taya drain you dry?"

His choice of words fucks with my head. Taya hasn't touched my dick in the last few days. He's been the one draining me dry. But I know he's referring to my wallet.

"Nah. I'm just a little rusty in the game. I'm not taking a losing bet."

"Come on then. It's time for me to spank your ass."

My head needs to get out of the gutter. He's going to tell me to choke up on my hold during the game and I'm going to go for his dick.

"You hungry?" he asks, heading straight to the kitchen.

"I can always eat." I take a seat up on the counter. "So, what's Willow like?" I ask, looking for a neutral topic that won't have me thinking about his dick. Though I just did.

"She's cool. Very shy. But she struggles with her speech, so I think that's why she doesn't say much. Bren is so different with her, by the way."

"In what way?"

"I don't know, man." He grabs some bags of chips from the pantry and tosses them on the counter before walking over to the freezer and pulling out a frozen pizza.

“He’s not as wild. And he definitely seemed nervous at dinner, which was crazy to see.”

I can’t even picture it. Nothing rattles that guy. We could be tied in a championship game with thirty seconds left on the clock, the other team in control of the ball, and the guy is smiling wide, doing a Fortnite dance as he gets into position.

“I just think he’s really into her and worried about making a good impression.”

“Yeah, well if that’s the case, he should keep her away from the bitches at our school. They’ll eat her alive.”

Girls are always vying for Bren’s attention. If they get wind he’s getting serious over someone, they’ll stalk Willow’s social media account and start blasting shit about her. They’ll latch right onto her speech struggles and tear the girl apart.

“What the fuck is wrong with girls?” He shakes his head.

“Hell if I know. It’s like they’re all in competition with each other.” Us guys leave it on the playing field. If we get into it and have a disagreement, we’ll take it to the ring then shake hands after and move on with our lives. But girls hold onto shit forever. “It’s really putting me off the dating scene.”

“Welcome to the club!” He gives me a high five. “I think I’m holding out until college.”

“The only thing I’m truly going to miss right now is kissing a girl...their soft lips...and the way they smell.” I groan at the thought.

“I still can’t believe you called me a shit kisser,” he gripes. “None of the girls I’ve ever been with have complained.”

“Whatever you say, man. I just know I won’t be kissing you again.” I laugh, busting his chops.

He shoves off the counter and crosses the space between us, coming at me like he’s ready to throw a punch. My comment pissed him off. His hand comes up, and I shift back to dodge his strike, but I’m caught within his grasp. His giant palm grips around the front of my neck. He pulls me forward, his eyes glaring right into mine, and then his mouth slams down. I let out a grunt at the surprise attack and his tongue slips right in.

I’m still not grasping what the fuck is happening, but... I don’t want it to stop. My hands come up clutching onto his shirt, and I open up to let him show me what he’s got. At first his lips are strong and demanding, and his tongue is like a violent storm. It’s like the anger is pouring out of him with every strike. But then...he starts to ease up. His lips soften and his tongue starts to settle down, slowly sliding against mine. I let out a groan as the fire starts to burn in my gut. It’s definitely different from any kiss I’ve had before. And it’s so fucking good.

His teeth sink into my lower lip, giving it a tug, and I start to leak cum into my briefs like the faucet that’s dripping next to me. His hand tightens around my neck, nearly choking off my air supply and I swear I almost come on the spot. He’s taunting the orgasm right from my body. Making all the blood rush between my legs.

His tongue starts to slip away, and I chase it down, not wanting this to end. I suck the thick appendage right back into my mouth, drawing on it like it’s a lollipop. It’s like I’m blowing his mouth while he’s blowing my mind. He lets out a groan and squeezes tighter around my neck. Fuck, it’s an insane feeling. The restriction of oxygen has me about to pass out on pleasure.

He suddenly pulls away, and I nearly groan at the loss. I open my eyes and he’s practically seething. Breathing hard. His jaw clenched tight. That strong hand still

gripped around my neck, squeezing tight.

“Take your dick out,” he grits between his teeth.

I reach down, quickly following his order. My fingers nearly shaking with anticipation as I work to get my button unfastened. Every inch of me is trembling with need. I’ve never wanted anything so much in my life. I finally get them undone and slide my hand inside, groaning as I wrap my palm around my shaft. One squeeze and my nut’s about to bust.

“Quit beating off and pull it out.” I tug it through the slit of my briefs and give him what he wants. His eyes drop between my legs and his jaw clenches tighter. “You want to tell me I’m a shit kisser now?” His hand comes out and slides right up the full length of my hard dick. My head falls back on my shoulders on a groan. “Feels to me like you were wrong.”

I was dead wrong. That was honestly the best kiss I’ve ever had. It was savage compared to all the rest.

“Say it, Baylor.” He squeezes my neck tighter, the hand on my cock jerking me faster.

The only words that come to mind are, “Fuck, don’t stop.” The heat is starting to strangle my nerves. The lack of oxygen is heightening every sensation. I’m going to come. Ten more seconds and I’ll be erupting in his hand, spewing my load between us.

“Those aren’t the words I’m looking for. Now, admit that I’m the best kisser you’ve ever had, and I’ll let you come.” His hand stops in place and the grip on my neck eases up. The pleasure was right on the cusp and now it’s slipping away, drifting back down my shaft. The ache settling heavy in my balls.

I look him in the eyes, deciding whether I'm willing to admit the truth. If I make it easy for him, the chase will be lost. He may give me the orgasm, but will the excitement be dead? Will the thrill be gone? I don't want this to be over. Whatever it is... whatever you want to call it... All I know is that it's intense and so fucking hot.

"Looks like you're thinking long and hard on that. While you make up your mind, I'm going to get myself off." He releases his hold on me and pulls himself out. His huge staff is just as engorged, stiff and standing tall. His hand starts to stroke, and I can see how tight his grasp is. The echo of the feeling still ruminating in mine.

His dark eyes are drilling into me, daring me to give in. The heat becomes too much and I drop my eyes to his crotch, watching him fist his thick cock. Up and down, faster and faster. I go to reach between my legs, but he bats me away.

"Nuh uh." He tsks. "You want to come, you admit that my mouth is more talented than any of the girls you've been with."

I'm almost near my breaking point, ready to admit that he's the best at everything. Because he is. His hand feels better than even mine. There's just something about the dominant force of him that breaks me down and bends my pleasure right to his will. And I shatter. Every time I'm pulverized by the intensity and ruined for everyone—even myself.

He lets out a low groan and I can't take it anymore. I need his fist back on me, forcing me to concede to his will. "I'll admit the truth, if you admit that my mouth is the best you've ever had."

His teeth sink into his lower lip, and his fist pumps harder. "Don't know if that mouth is the best I've ever had..." He looks down at his dick. "But if you sucked on my cock as good as you sucked on my tongue, I'd probably claim that to be the case."

Fuck me. I'm about to wrap my lips around his crown and prove that I'm the fucking best. But once I take that step, there's no going back, and I don't think I'm ready to admit what that means. Not that what we're currently doing doesn't call my sexuality into question. But if things ended now between us, I'd be able to handle it. But giving him head...swallowing his cock down the back of my throat...feeding on his seed... I know it would change things. And it would definitely change our friendship.

“Need your hand on me, Ryeson.” I sit up getting right into his face. I need him to get me off before I change my mind. “And I need your fucking tongue in my mouth so I can suck on it.”

His mouth crashes forward and it's a battle of lust, our tongues and teeth fighting for control. The force of him finally overpowers me and makes me succumb to his lead. It's more intense than our first kiss. I latch onto his tongue, sucking it to soothe the dire ache building in my gut. His groans are drawing the cum up my shaft. My dick is throbbing so hard I might go off without his touch. I can hear the sound of his shucking fist, working himself fast.

His body tenses and then he's jolted by his orgasm, his entire frame jerking between my legs. His stroking hand starts to slow, and his groans begin to quiet. His chest is practically heaving. I release his mouth so he can catch his breath. My dick is now throbbing in pain, but as I reach between my legs, he stops me.

“It's mine, Baylor. And now your cock is going to pay up.”

He wraps his hand around my dick, and I feel his warm seed coating my skin. He's using it as lube, gliding up and down, and my balls are already humming for a release. When his other hand comes up to my neck, bracing me in a tight hold, his face mere inches from mine as the air in my lungs becomes shallow, it starts to crest.

“That's fucking right. Your cock can never deny me.”

It really can't. If he ever tried to bet me to resist giving myself over, I'd hand him the cash before he even began, surrendering my dick right on the spot. It's so fucking good I nearly lose consciousness. The intense shocks plowing through hard. His hand slows, and I start to come back into myself, slowly catching my breath again. My eyes finally open and he's looking right at me. I'm too strung out to try to decipher the look on his face, but when his cheeks start to tip up into a smile, I at least know that he's not having regrets over what we just did.

"I think the oven's preheated."

I shake my head, chuckling. It feels like the entire house is on fire.

He goes over to the sink and washes his hands before he shoves the pizza in the oven. He grabs two bottles of water out of the fridge before he comes back over. I quickly chug mine, trying to cool myself down.

"Now that we've established that I'm the best kisser, should we go figure out who's the best at Call of Duty?" He smirks. He grabs the chips and starts toward the great room. I tuck my dick away and hop down from the counter.

"The only reason I said that was because you coerced me."

He turns and gives me a look then tosses a bag of chips at me. I grab it before it hits the floor.

"You can call me the Kissing King now," he smiles.

The Two-Minute King to the Kissing King. Wonder what title he's going to insist on earning next?

12

Ryeson

It feels like I've got a hangover. All the confusion churning in my stomach. My thoughts hammering away, giving me a throbbing headache. And the fucked-up part is that I don't regret doing it. It was the most epic sexual experience of my life. Owning Baylor's pleasure was hot as fuck. And hands down, he's the best fucking kisser. But now...in the light of the next day...with Baylor passed out next to me, I know it can't happen again.

It's one thing to want to mess around and explore things. But Bay is my best friend, and if things get fucked between us, if one of us wakes up and realizes this was a mistake, our friendship is going to be over. And having my buddy in my life trumps all. So, like it or not, it has to stop.

"What time is it?" I hear his groggy voice as he rolls over and stretches out, giving me an up-close view of his morning wood. I turn away, grabbing my phone. "It's twelve thirty."

"Ah. Shit. I have to get going. I told my mom I'd help her set up for the charity event." He sits up and runs his hands through his hair before he scratches his balls. He's crashed at my place probably a thousand nights since we were kids, and I've never paid attention to him or his body before. I've never wanted to offer to scratch his balls for him before. It feels like I'm turning into an obsessed freak.

"Yeah, I have to get this place cleaned up before the folks get home." They don't get

back until tomorrow, but I need him to think they'll be back tonight. That way, when he asks if we want to hang out later, I have the perfect excuse.

“Dude, you want me to help before I take off?” He stands up and looks at the mess we made, the chip bags everywhere, the plates and empty soda cans. His dick springs right up, pointing directly at me, and I have to fight the urge to reach for it.

“Nah. I’ve got this covered. You go help your mom.” I need him to get on out of here so I can have my what-the-fuck moment in peace. The fact that I’m fighting not to offer to give him a hand with his pronounced issue, is seriously ludicrous.

“All right, man. I’ll call you when I’m done.”

“Sounds good.” Though I probably won’t answer the phone. I need a couple days to pull my shit together and clear my fucking head.

13

Baylor

I could tell something was off with him. I saw it in his eyes when I left his place yesterday. And when he didn't pick up his phone or return my call last night, I knew he was dodging me. It doesn't take a rocket scientist to figure out why. I just wish he would talk to me. It's not like he's the only one going through this right now. My emotions are all over the place and I'm probably just as confused as he is.

Me : How long are you going to avoid me?

Maybe he'll respond by text.

Ryeson : I'm not avoiding you. My parents got home and I'm just catching up with them.

Me : I'm sitting outside your place, Ryes, and their car isn't here.

Ryeson : Are you stalking me now?

Me : You wish. I was driving by and figured I'd stop. But then I decided to send you a text since you seem to be ghosting me right now.

Ryeson : I'm not ghosting you. Just sorting through shit.

Me : Yeah, well, me too. It's not like I wanted this to happen, Ryes. And it's not like

I know how the fuck to handle it. All I know is that I don't want to lose my friend. So, how about we hang out and play video games, and I promise I won't let you make a play for my dick tonight.

Ryeson : You wish, fucker. But deal. You can get your ass inside instead of creeping in the dark.

I shut my car off and head into his house. Tonight, I'm going to prove that nothing's changed between us. We're going to hang out like we used to. And even if he tries to start something by giving me a look or making a comment, I'm going to ignore it and keep things above the waist tonight. It's obvious the storm needs a chance to settle before we can figure out what comes next. I might not be a weatherman, but I know that the hurricane of our emotions is liable to take out our friendship. So, tonight, it's just going to be us chilling like we used to.

14

Ryeson

Finally, things feel like they're getting back to normal. Baylor and I seemed to come to a silent agreement last night that whatever was happening between us needs to stop. We hung out just like old times. We came up with pranks to pull on the guys at school, played video games, and practiced our throws. Nothing felt awkward. And the tension that was holding me at gunpoint finally dissipated.

Are the thoughts gone? How could they be? Is the desire still creeping up my shaft when we're in the same room together? It sure the fuck is. But as long as we don't cross a line again, I think it will all fade, and one day soon, we'll be chalking this up to some crazy hormonal spike that thankfully passed.

"I just called it quits with Taya," Baylor says, joining us at Chase's truck. I hold out my hand and give him a fist bump. "She wasn't too happy about it."

I doubt she was. Her social status is about to take a dive. Serves her right for being such a bitch.

"Bout time," Chase says. "That girl was a drain on your personality every time we all hung out."

"Yeah, yeah." Baylor rolls his eyes. "I know I should've ended things sooner. But the girl knew how to drain me dry, if you know what I mean."

I shake my head. She certainly knew how to drain his bank account dry. I'm not going to think about her mouth wrapped around his dick. That feeling doesn't sit well with me.

"You guys should try finding someone you actually have fun with to suck your dick and quit wasting time on these shallow bitches," I say, looking between both Chase and Baylor. They could both use the advice. Chase was dating Cassie for over a year, letting her lead him around by his dick.

"But you guys are the ones I have fun with," Baylor states. "If only I could find a girl like you, I'd have the perfect life." I know he's just messing around, but he's fucking with my head right now. "You want to suck my dick, Ryes?"

His brow wiggles teasingly, and Chase busts out laughing, but I'm not as amused about the reminder that's swelling inside my pants right now.

"You ready to go, fucker?" I point him with a look, wanting him to quit messing around. Given how rocky things have been between us, I don't think he should be throwing around jokes like that. "Later, man." I tip my chin toward Chase and then head to my truck.

"Yo, Ryes! Wait up, man!" Baylor catches up to my side. He's riding with me today since his vehicle is back at my place. I throw my bag in the bed of my truck and then climb in. "Dude, I was just messing around. Don't be so sensitive."

"I'm not being sensitive. I just want to head out." Before anyone sees the protrusion in the front of my pants and wonders what it was that Bay said that could've gotten me hard .

"So, you don't agree with me?" He shifts in his seat to face me as I pull out of the school parking lot. "You don't think being with someone who plays video games,

loves to watch football, wants to rival you in fantasy sports, and chows down on grub with you in the middle of the night would be the perfect match?”

He’s gotta be smoking something if he thinks a girl like that really exists. And if she does, she’s already taken. “Sure. But good luck finding a girl like that.”

He grows quiet, looking contemplative, and the side of my cheek is starting to heat under his scrutiny as I drive toward my house. “I’m not talking about a girl, Ryes.”

The fuck?

I turn my head, wondering what the hell he’s smoking. If he thinks we’re becoming a couple, he’s lost his mind. There’s no way in hell I’m going to be his boyfriend. Giving him a hand job is one thing, but having a relationship... Yeah, that’s never going to happen.

“Before you shut it down, just hear me out.”

I pull into my driveway and park. I don’t need to hear him out; I already know my answer: No.

“I’m not talking about us being a couple, Ryes. I’m just saying that if the mood strikes, we let it. No strings. No fucking drama or female insecurities to deal with. No expectations other than to get off. It’s just two guys chilling like we always do, fucking around for fun. We’ll never share our secret with anyone. And we’ll keep our shit private. So, you can’t go jerking my dick in public.” He smirks.

He makes it sound so simple, but when it comes to adding sex into a relationship, it complicates things.

“Not happening,” I state. I climb out and grab my bag from the bed of my truck and

head inside. His heavy footsteps follow after me.

“Tell me why you’re so closed off to the idea. Getting off for the fuck of it and not having to answer to anyone. Sounds like the best fucking arrangement to me.”

I throw my bag down on the ground and toss my keys onto the table. I need a fucking drink of water. I grab a bottle and chug it down then wipe my mouth, turning to face him. “Because none of this makes fucking sense.”

We’ve been best friends for years, and I never once looked at him twice. I used to pull his swim trunks down and even grab his cock when we’d wrestle to make him relent, but it was never to get a look at his junk or because I wanted to cop a feel. Now, after one crazy moment where we both got caught up in the heat and were high on the adrenaline pumping through our veins, I suddenly can’t think straight anymore. Literally. My dick is rock hard just having this damn conversation with him, but that doesn’t mean we should take things further.

“I know it doesn’t make sense.” He nods. “But it doesn’t have to. We’re both straight. This is just a means to an end. A way to get by for the rest of the year without having to worry about girl drama. It’s just two guys getting their rocks off from time to time.”

I turn toward the sink, flipping on the faucet to wash my hands. It’s a whack idea.

“It doesn’t have to get weird, Ryes. Neither of us is asking for a relationship.” His voice is drawing closer as I rinse the soap from my hands. “All I’m suggesting is that we hang out like we did last night.” His voice is so close now, I can practically feel him breathing down my neck. “We play video games, watch movies, scrimmage on the field. But when we’re all amped up, our bodies pumped full of adrenaline and the hormones are raging through our systems, we help each other out.”

I grip the counter as his teeth scrape against the back of my neck, rocking my body with a shiver.

“Just like right now. When your dick is hard and you’ve got that ache pulsing in your balls...” His hand rubs over my swollen cock and my grip on the granite tightens, “I’ll be here to help you with your problem.” He squeezes my shaft, and I bite back my groan. “I’ll gladly give you a hand.” His hand comes up to my waistband then slides down the front of my joggers, going straight for my junk. “Stroke you off and give this dick the release it needs.”

He begins his sweet torture, and I nearly slump forward. His grip is tight, skin soft, and his stroking is nice and firm. Just the way I like it. “See? Now doesn’t that feel good?” His mouth is back at my ear, his tongue swiping out against my skin and striking down my resistance. It does feel good. It feels better than when I’m doing it myself. And I’m the master of my cock. No girl has ever come close to giving me what I need. But Baylor...he does it better.

“And after I fist fuck this thick dick, we get to go into the other room, and I get to kick your ass at video games.”

Cum dribbles from my tip, and I can feel the need starting to tighten in my sac.

“What do you say, Ryes?” He starts jerking me faster. “You want me to make you come?”

Yeah, I fucking do. “Don’t stop,” I heave on a pant.

“You only get the privilege to come if you’re agreeing to the arrangement. Otherwise...” His grip loosens, “You’ll have to resort to your own fist from here on out.”

“Fine.” My head turns, a shiver rocking through me when I see the look in his eyes. Every feature of his face is shadowed with his need. It makes me want to say yes. We’re just two guys finding a means to a problem, right? No strife. No strings. No girl drama. It almost sounds like the perfect relationship. “But not a word to anyone. And we don’t let this come between us. When we head off to college, it’s done. We move on with no regrets. We clear?”

“Crystal.”

His hand tightens its grip and then he fists the cum right out of me. My body spasms. The orgasm rocking me forward in a convulsion. I grab the counter in a death grip, trying to hold myself up as the waves hit. The rush runs all the way to my toes. I don’t know why it always has to feel so fucking good with him. But it does. Every time.

The final sparks start to settle, and I work to catch my breath, breathing in and out slowly. There’s a jerking sound at my back along with the sensation of movement. I twist to see, and Baylor’s jacking himself off. Using my cum as his lubricant, taking one from my book. The longer I stare, the more I’m ready for another round. The problem with this agreement is that we’re guys. We’re always fucking horny. My need for beating him at video games is already taking a back seat to me wanting him to beat me off again.

But the beauty of Baylor not being a girl, is that his drive is as fierce as mine. He can go round for round and not grow tired.

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Baylor

One Month Later

“Hey!” Kyler gives me a knuckle bump as he joins our circle. “You guys up for hanging out tonight?”

“What? You and Presley are actually going to come up for air and spend some time apart?” Damn, that’s a shocker. Ever since the girl moved here, they’ve been inseparable.

“She and Ruby are having a girls’ night.” He sounds like a pitiful puppy.

“Shit.” Chase groans. “Since when? I was planning to spend the night studying with my girl for my French test.”

“You don’t take French, you dipshit.” I shake my head at him. He’s another one who hasn’t showed his face lately. He’s always “studying” with Ruby. I think what he’s really studying is her sexy body and learning all about how to make her come.

“Small details.” He shrugs, and I chuckle at his total ridiculousness.

“So, are you guys up for doing something tonight?” Kyler asks again.

I look toward Ryes. We already had plans. My dick’s been counting down the

minutes of the day to get back to his house and get him pinned down on the wrestling mat. I love fighting him for domination. The adrenaline and aggression pumping through our veins. Once I get him beneath me, I force his dick to come out and play. Although, it's never really a forced issue. He just likes to make me work for it. And after I do, he rewards me with the most powerful orgasms of my life. Fuck, I'm hard.

"Yeah, I'm in for doing something," Ryes states, and my fantasy fades away. He gives me a look, and I receive his message. We've been so attached by the dick lately, going at it like crazy, that we haven't spent any time with our friends. Thankfully, they've been so wrapped up with their women, they haven't noticed that we've been MIA. And it's not like we've been busy playing video games. Every time we start a match, we end up talking smack, and then one thing leads to another and one of us is going after the other's dick. It's almost getting out of hand.

"Sounds good," I nod. "What do you guys want to do?"

"I don't know." Kyler shrugs. "You want to take a ball to the field and play two on two?"

"The field is covered in snow, man." Chase gives Kye the stink eye. "I'm not interested in freezing my nuts off."

Me fucking neither. Though, mine are so fucking swollen, I could use a good ice bath.

"Then you put up a suggestion." Kyler crosses his arms.

"How about we go shoot some hoops at the public court? See if we can't get a pick-up game going?" Chase suggests.

"I'm down," I agree.

“Me too.” Rye nods. “Should we meet you over there?”

“Sounds good,” the guys both state and we all start heading to our cars. I’m riding with Rye because I stayed at his place last night. It’s become a habit. Back when we were kids, we’d always crash at each other’s houses, but now...it’s not because we were up all night playing Raiders of the Lost Ark, or having a movie marathon. Now, I stay at his place because I love waking up to his big hand fisting my dick. He claims that my morning wood looks painful and he’s here to help a brother out, but I think he’s starting to crave my cock. I know I’m definitely craving his.

The cravings have been getting so out of hand, I’ve been tempted to wrap my mouth around it. We said we were going to keep things manual. Hands only. But after the dream I had the other night, I’ve been wondering what it would be like to give him head. I dreamt that we were wrestling, and Rye had me in a headlock between his thighs. He wouldn’t let up. Then his gruff voice was making his demands. “Suck it, Bay. Pull me out and wrap those lips around me.” I wonder if it’d be weird and whether it tastes as bad as Taya always claimed.

“Earth to Baylor!” Rye’s voice has me looking up. “Are you going to get in the truck?”

I toss my school bag in the back and climb in.

“What’s on the brain?” he asks as we pull out of the parking lot.

I’m not sure I want to admit what I’m thinking about. Everything has been so fucking good between us, and I don’t want to rock the boat.

“Are you pissed I changed our plans and agreed to hang out with the guys?”

“Nah.” I shake my head. “I want to hang out with them too. Been a fucking long time

since we've all chilled." I'm not some codependent girlfriend who's jealous of him wanting to spend time with his friends.

"Then what's wrong?"

"Nothing's wrong. Just horny as hell."

His cheeks tip up into a smirk, and those smoldering eyes burn right over me. "Then whip it out."

He's always so eager to take a grab at my dick. I reach inside my jogging pants, and can feel just how on edge I am. I'm as hard as steel and so fucking swollen. His hand takes hold as soon as I pull it free. A low groan rumbles from my chest as the sensations zip down my shaft. "Look at you. You're already dripping for me." Dripping more now at the gruff sound of his voice. The fact that it turns him on heightens my game. His head turns back to the road, but his grip is still steady and smooth. His thumb rubbing over my slit, back and forth, and around and around.

My hips start pumping upward to meet his strokes. I'm not going to last.

"Shit. Take me out," he grunts.

He's got one hand on the steering wheel and the other on me, which limits his ability. I shift in my seat and reach for his waistband. I'm working to get him free when the truck pulls to a stop. "Fuck. A car is pulling up. Get down, dude." I lower in place at the sound of his anxious voice. I guess it would look awkward given that I'm practically sitting in his lap.

His hand releases me, trying to get my head lower, putting me face to face with his cock.

He's dribbling seed from the crown, and my curiosity takes hold. My tongue comes out, swiping over it. His hips buck up and he lets out a gasped curse as his hand tightens in my hair. "Fuck!"

I do it again, eager to get the same response, only this time, his hand pulls me forward. Driving my head right in. "Quit fucking teasing and get your mouth on me."

Goddam, I love it when he gets bossy and commands my will. I shift forward and suck his crown between my lips. The taste of his cum is almost addictive. It's not even so much about the flavor, it's about drawing the pleasure from him. Making him weep for me. I slide down lower, opening my cheeks, suctioning tight. Funny how there's no repulsion or weirdness. In fact, it's making me harder. Taya used to always have to use her hands and was barely able to suck the end of my dick, but I'm determined to take all of him.

I loosen up and take more. His grip is unrelenting, and his groaned curses are cheering me on. One last push forward and he's shoved down the back of my throat, my lips at his base, his curly pubes scratching across my nose. I don't know what the hell Taya was complaining about. Ryes has at least an inch on me, and my gag reflex isn't even tickled. I slide back up, giving his head a thorough sucking before I take him to the back of my throat again.

"Jesus, Baylor. That mouth is going to cause me to wreck this truck."

His grunt sets me off, and I'm bobbing faster, suctioning him with a force that I know will cause the hum in his balls. I do everything to him that I wish had been done to me. And he's practically panting, his hand clinging to me, his hips fighting to fuck me wild. It's all so overwhelming. My cock is making a mess of the leather seats.

"Holy fuck. If you don't want my spunk down the back of your throat, you better pull off now."

I suction down harder, wanting all of it. Every last drop is mine. And as I feel him erupt, his cock nearly cutting off my windpipe, my orgasm hits. It's like a wet fucking dream. Better than the fantasy that had played out in my mind. I will never understand what the fuck Taya's hangup was. Watching Ryes completely overcome was on a whole other level of sexy. Even if I had thought it was disgusting, I would have drunk him down just to feel the force of his pleasure. It made me blow my own load for fuck's sake.

I push myself up, realizing that he's pulled off on the side of a backroad. Guess it's a good thing he pulled over because his orgasm rocked him like a typhoon. I tuck myself into my pants then reach down on the ground for one of his gym towels to wipe off his seat. I seriously can't believe I came like a frisky teen.

He tucks himself away and pulls back out onto the road, heading to the basketball court. I sit back, trying to catch my breath. The silence between us starts to grow heavier as we get closer to the park. It feels like the tension is rising in the truck cab. I wonder if he's pissed that I crossed a line. If he has a bone to pick with me, I'll be reminding him that he's the one who begged for it.

He pulls into the parking lot, and it looks like we're the first to arrive. The guys probably stopped at home to change and grab a ball. The truck comes to a stop, and he shuts it off. He turns and I'm suddenly pressed against the seat. My neck in a vice grip. The anger seething in his eyes. "As soon as we're done here, I'm putting you on your knees and fucking this throat again. And you don't get to come until I tell you to. Understood?"

"You're making me hard again, Ryes." His hand tightens around my neck.

"I like you fucking hard."

He pulls me to his mouth and gives me a dick-melting kiss before releasing me and

climbing out of the truck. Now, I'm definitely stiff in the drawers again. And need to go rub some ice on my balls.

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Ryeson

Two Months Later

“So, what’s the plan for prom? Do you guys want to get the stretch limo SUV and all ride together, or should we all just drive separate?” Chase asks as he takes his seat at the table.

I swear. This is practically all anyone talks about anymore. I’ll be so fucking glad when prom is over and I don’t have to listen to it. The girls are constantly talking about their dresses and the guys are always talking about the after parties. And of course everyone is wondering who’s going to be crowned prom queen: Cassie or Ruby. Personally, I can’t even believe Cassie’s name made it onto the ballot, and I’m positive Ruby is the shoo-in for the crown.

“Why don’t we plan on getting ready at the hotel and take our pictures there. Then we’ll all have our cars there for the next day.” I swear Baylor is a genius. That plan makes perfect sense. “Our parents can come over for pictures and that way they can get the entire group.”

I hold out my hand to him for a fist bump. “Solid plan. I like it.”

“Me too,” Kyler adds.

“All right, so I’ll schedule the limo to pick us up there,” Chase states, tapping on his

phone. “By the way, I’m ordering my corsage. Does anyone else need one?” Everyone declines his offer. Me, I have no use for one. “Ryeson, what about you?” He looks up from his phone. “Have you changed your mind on going stag, because I heard Marissa talking about you in class today. She was saying how hot you are, and how she wants to get freaky with you.” He wiggles his eyebrows teasingly, but I swear if one more person asks me who I’m taking or suggests I change my mind about going stag, I’m going to lose my shit.

Girls have been practically throwing themselves at me in hopes that I’ll ask one of them to the dance. If I was interested, I would’ve already asked by now. I wouldn’t be waiting until a week out to do it.

“Hey, Ryeson!”

I turn to the sound of my name and see the Trinity twins standing before me.

“Yo, what’s up?”

“Um...so we were wondering if you wanted to be our date for prom?” They both look at each other and then pass me a seductive smile. I’ve heard the rumors about these two, and that they’re always game for a threesome. A few months ago, I may have been intrigued by the idea, given it a go just for fun, but it’s a hard no for me now. Just as I’m about to turn them down, I get nudged in the side by Kyler. The guys are going to think there’s something wrong with me if I pass up the opportunity.

“Baylor and I already have plans to go together, but there are two of you and two of us.” I look toward Bay. “What do you think, man?” I’m banking on him getting us out of this, but when he opens his mouth, he doesn’t say what I expect.

“Don’t let me stand in your way. If you want to go with them, I’ll just make other plans.”

He was supposed to be my out. He knows how I feel about high school girls. Besides, I'm good with what he and I have going on. I'm not interested in changing things. Or going to prom with these girls. They aren't even my type. Although, if I look at both of them, they're exactly my type. Tall, stacked, blonde hair, blue eyes, some killer tits. But my dick isn't even tempted by the idea of being the middle of their sexy twin sandwich.

I look toward Baylor who's now focused on his phone. "Thanks for asking, ladies. But I'm not going to bail on my plans. I'm sure there are a ton of other guys who would love the honor of being your date."

They turn to leave, the girls not looking too happy with the rejection. My friends aren't either. I'm getting elbowed in the side by Kyler. "Dude, what the hell are you thinking? You had a chance with the twins."

"Seriously, man!" Chase shakes his head. "Are you feeling all right?" He's looking at me like I'm crazy. Maybe I am. Months ago, I would've been vying for a threesome with the two beautiful girls, but the only one I want to be with now is the guy who practically offered me up to the girls on a platter. What the fuck?

"Dude." I smack Baylor in the arm. Then remember we're surrounded by our friends. "Why didn't you want to double?" I recover fast.

"Because they asked you. Not me. I wasn't going to be a charity case. If you want to go with them, you should. And I'll go over there and ask Astrid to be my date."

He looks in the girl's direction and smiles, and I'm about to lose my shit. The fuck? Since when does he have thing for Astrid Carmichael? This is the first time I'm hearing her name. But the way she's looking at him, with those batting eyes and blushing cheeks, it seems like something's brewing between them. And now jealousy is building in my gut.

“I’m not interested in the Bobbsey Twins, but by all means, you should go over and ask the girl out. Definitely looks like she’s got the hots for you. And don’t worry about me. I always intended to go stag.”

I intended to go stag before Baylor and I made our arrangement. But since we started fucking around the clock, I had it in my head that I was going to be getting lucky on prom night. Now, it looks like I’m going to be staying home. There’s no way I’m going to the dance to watch Baylor make out with Astrid.

“Yeah,” Chase agrees. “I heard her talking in class about how hot you are, Bay. She told Layla you were flirting with her during your project and that she was hoping you were going to ask her.”

Interesting. Sounds like he’s really into the girl. Well, if he wants things to stop between us, fucking fine. I’ll let him go back to getting those weak-ass blow jobs and let him deal with all the dramatic bullshit. He can suck on all the pussy he wants from now on.

Baylor looks at me, then answers. “I’ve already told Rye I’d be his partner in crime for the night. But I’ll probably ask the girl for a dance.”

Ask the girl for a dance? Why stop there? He should ask her to stay in the hotel with him too. They should get matching outfits and act like a happy little couple. And afterwards, he can fuck her all night.

Jesus. The fact that I can’t see past the raging jealousy is pissing me off. I’m letting it ride my nerves like some pathetic insecure loser. He and I are just fucking around. We have an arrangement. It was never going to turn into more. So, if he’s catching feelings for someone else, I won’t fucking stand in his way. We can call it quits now, and he can go off and fuck whomever he wants.

“I have to go finish an assignment. I’ll catch you guys later.” I shove my tray of food toward the center of the table. “You guys can have at it.”

I storm out of the cafeteria and pull out my phone.

Me : You should ask Astrid to the prom. I’ve changed my mind about the twins.

As soon as I hit send, I want to retract it. I want to know whether he’s truly interested in the girl, but using manipulation is a bitch move. And I am no fucking insecure pussy. I should’ve just asked him point-blank if he likes the girl.

Baylor : I don’t like Astrid, but it’s clear I’m holding you back. Our arrangement is over.

Fuck. This is what I get for letting my emotions take charge. Now, he’s pissed and trying to cut off my supply. I don’t bother with another text because I’m not doing this shit over the phone. I’ll catch up with him when he comes over after school and we’ll hash it out face to face. Take it to the mat if we have to. Only...when I get out to the parking lot, I see he’s already taken off, and I’m guessing he’s not heading to my house.

I bypass the guys and go straight to my truck, tearing out of the parking lot and beelining it straight for Baylor’s house. Thankfully, his truck is the only one parked in his garage. He mentioned his parents going out of town for a few days so that means we’ll have the house to ourselves tonight. I walk right in, nearly tripping over his bag and shoes. I’m about to head to the kitchen to find him but hear wild grunts coming from down the hall along with the clanking of chains. He’s in the gym, and it sounds like he’s punching the shit out of his punching bag.

“Is that my face you’re imagining?” I ask, stepping into the room and crossing my arms as he lays into the bag. He grabs the thing before it swings back on him.

“Who the fuck said you could come in?” He heaves on a ragged breath, the sweat dripping down his neck.

“Since when is it a problem? You walk right into my house anytime you want.”

He starts to strip his gloves off. I guess he’s done taking his anger out on the bag. “What do you want, Ryeson?”

“We need to talk about that text you sent me.”

He tosses his gloves to the ground and uses his shirt to wipe the sweat from his brow. I’m drawn to his chiseled abs, each line cut from years of hard training. His body is a masterpiece. Head to toe. And that cock he has between his legs haunts every single one of my thoughts.

“What about it?” He grabs his bottle of water from the bench and chugs it back. I watch his Adam’s apple bob as he swallows, and my dick is envious of the liquid running down his throat. I’m hard and horny as hell, but unless I fix this between us, I won’t be getting between those smooth lips of his.

“Thought we agreed that we’d call it quits after graduation. Just trying to figure out why you want to end things now. Pretty sure it was your dick prying my lips open this morning as I woke up.”

His nostrils flare and my eyes go straight to his crotch. The undeniable proof is in the package which is now bulging in the front of his workout shorts. “That was before I realized I was holding you back.”

“You’re not holding me back from jack shit.” I follow him out of the gym. He’s stalking down the hall toward his bedroom, and my eyes are following his ass like a starved wolf. It’s so tight and firm. Can’t tell you how many times I’ve wanted to

bend him over and force my dick inside it. But we've drawn the line at hands and mouths. And it's probably for the best.

"Really?" He stops in his bathroom and turns the shower on. "You seemed awfully disappointed you weren't going to get to take the twins to the dance. I don't want to hold you back from having your threesome. Didn't you say it was on your bucket list?" He strips his shorts right down and his cock springs right up in the air, pointing straight at me. Fuck.

"It no longer appeals." I lick my lips, salivating for a taste of him. "And neither do those twins."

He grabs a hold of his dick and begins to stroke, his eyes watching me closely. "Then why did you slap my arm, getting pissed I didn't agree to be the fourth wheel for prom."

I step closer, crowding his personal space. My eyes still locked on his dick. "I only said that because the guys were looking at me like I'm crazy for not wanting to be sandwiched by the twins." I reach inside my pants and give my cock a squeeze as I watch him fist himself nice and slow. He's intentionally teasing me. Taunting me to beg for a taste. I just might if he keeps it up. "You seemed pretty interested in Astrid. She said you were flirting with her in class." I grit my teeth as the jealousy rushes through.

"I've always been a big flirt, Ryeson, and you know it. Want to tell me why you suddenly have a problem with it?" My grip around my dick is almost to the point of pain. "Are you not going to answer the question?" His brow cocks up in waiting. When I still don't answer, he shakes his head and steps into his shower.

I don't want to answer the question. Admitting that I'm jealous as hell is me admitting that what we have is more than just a sexual arrangement. He'll know my

feelings have started to run deeper, and I'm not sure I'm ready to face that truth. Or ready to face the rejection when he reminds me that in two months we're ending things and going our separate ways. A fact I try not to think about.

He turns and drops his head back under the spray, rinsing his hair as his eyes remain locked on mine, waiting for an answer. I don't fucking know what to say.

"The only reason I mentioned anything about Astrid was because I was jealous," he admits. "When you got mad at me for not agreeing to the double date, the feeling nearly knocked me out. I saw Astrid staring at me from out of the corner of my eye, and I used her as a shield so I didn't have to face my feelings."

My chest starts to beat rapidly and all my reservations drift away with the steam that's floating throughout the room. He turns away from me and hangs his head under the spray, and I can't get my clothes off fast enough. "I know I shouldn't be jealous," he sighs. It's like he can't look at me as he admits his truth. "It's not like I have a claim on you. But I don't want this to stop."

I step up to his back, taking a steady breath. It was never supposed to be more than just two guys helping each other out. But that line of friendship was crossed from the very first kiss. The world fell out beneath my feet, and I felt like I was floating. My heart was pounding as hard as it is right now. "You do have claim, Baylor."

His head lifts and he turns to face me, looking at me through the running stream of water. His blue eyes peering right into my soul. My chest constricts, knowing exactly what he sees.

"I want you to fuck me."

His words nearly take me down on impact. The force of my need crashes in like a freight train. I reach for his hips, yanking him forward. He better be real fucking sure

he wants this, because once I take him, everything changes.

“Are you sure you’re ready for what that means?”

“I’m pretty sure I handed in my straight card when I started sucking your dick.” He smirks. Yeah, I think I turned mine over the second time I jerked him off. “I’m ready, Ryes. I don’t care what sexual label people want to give me or what anyone thinks. I want you.”

My fingers grip into his hair and I jerk his head back. “That’s not what I meant.” I lean down, stealing a taste of his wet lips, sucking the water right off his tempting skin. “I want to make sure you’re ready for what this means between us.” I reach my hand around and give his firm ass a squeeze. “It means this is mine.” Once I take his anal cherry, this arrangement becomes binding. “No more girls. No more flirting. And no more making me jealous.”

His hand wraps around my cock, putting me in a choke hold and I nearly spasm right over the edge. “It’s impossible to see a girl past this incredible dick, so there’s nothing for you to be jealous over.” He starts to stroke, and my eyes roll back in my head. “Same goes for you, Rye. No more girls and no fucking twins.”

Yeah, he has nothing to worry about either.

I press my mouth to his, done with the talking. It’s time to feed my starved nerves. His tongue slides right between my lips and the wrestling match begins. It’s like we’re down on the mat each fighting for power. The adrenaline is pumping through my veins. The heat coursing up my spine. It’s never a warm cozy fire burning in the fireplace. It’s always blazing like an incinerator. When my cock starts making its aching protest, I pull back.

Baylor looks up through his heavily weighted eyes. His lips swollen. And his lungs

short on breath. “The lube is in my vanity drawer.”

I step out and grab it, smiling when I see the name on the bottle. Anal Heat. It looks like he was preparing for this. “Always one to be prepared,” I tease, showing him the front of the bottle.

“I wanted to see what it was like, but then I chickened out.”

“What do you mean you chickened out?” I squeeze some onto my fingers and hand him the bottle.

“Bought that and a dildo. But couldn’t get myself to use the thing.”

I step in closer, about to lose my mind. The thought of him spread eagle, trying to fuck himself has me near the brink of spewing my load. “I would’ve been pissed to find out I wasn’t the first cock back here.” I glide my fingers down the seam of his ass, getting to my point of entrance. “But once I get you nice and broken in, I want to watch you fuck that plastic cock.” His body shudders as I circle his puckered taint, rubbing the lube around and around, getting it nice and slick. His hands are back on my cock, lubing me up, about to send me over the edge.

I shift back and turn him to face the tile wall. His hands are splayed out and his firm butt is pushed out for the taking. I grip my cock and give it a few strokes as I stare at the sculpted perfection. He may not be able to see a girl past my dick, but I can assure him, it’s this ass that I can’t see past. It’s the sexiest ass I’ve ever seen. I step forward and grip his hips, then pump myself up through the seam, splitting it with every pass, trying not to get too worked up or I’ll get an inch deep inside him and be coming way too soon.

“Shit, Ryes. I need it.”

He doesn't have to beg; my cock can't take any more teasing. I press my crown against his puckered entrance and begin to rub until it's opening up for me. One tease of an inch inside and we're both groaning loud, the sound reverberating off the tile wall. I push forward a little more, trying to go slow so I don't hurt him, but it's hard to restrain myself when his muscles are constricting around my girth and trying to suck me in.

"More, Ryes. Just fucking own me already."

His impatience drives me forward and I push deeper and deeper, fighting to hold onto my load until I'm at least seated all the way inside. It's too fucking good. So fucking snug. And I'm barely holding on.

"Jesus, you're big." His strained groan has me stopping.

"Is it too much?" It's going to hurt like hell if I have to pull out, but I don't want to cause him pain.

"No. Just give me a second to adjust."

I drop my mouth to his shoulder and start kissing along his skin, all the way up his neck and to his ear. I give his lobe a tug, swiping over it with my tongue. "You're doing so fucking good, Bay. Taking me like a champ."

I suck on his neck, wanting to leave my mark. His groan hits my ear, and I suction harder. It seems to set him off because his hips begin to rock back into me, smooth and steady. He's riding my dick nice and slow, torturing me in the best fucking way. I reach around, grabbing hold of his cock while he takes the reins. As soon as I'm wrapped around his shaft, his weight drops against me.

"I'm about to come, Ryes."

“So am I,” I heave on a breath feeling the heat already coiling in my gut. My balls are clenching tight. His hips start rocking faster and I pump his cock at the same pace. It’s like the steam is swirling around us, making me blind to everything but the pleasure. When his body suddenly bends forward, his clenched fists hitting the wall, I know his orgasm is hitting him. Mine slams right in as I feel his convulsions tugging at my dick. I piston into him, riding out every shockwave. It’s a blur of heat. A force stronger than nature. My body nearly breaks, and I slump forward, needing him to bear my weight.

The water is now running cool at my back, and it’s helping to calm me down. I feel like I’ve been through the most intense workout. My body is wiped.

“Never imagined it would be like that,” he breathes. “That was so fucking good, Ryes.”

I nod against him, almost too blissed out to talk. “That was the hottest sex I’ve ever had, Bay.”

“I was so fucking afraid it would hurt, or that I’d feel dirty after or weird, or feel like less of a man. But I feel like I could go tear down a building with my own hands right now.”

I chuckle against his back. He can go tear down that building while I go pass the fuck out. He shifts around and I slip out of him, trying to right myself and give him some space. “So, are you going to let me fuck you next?”

I drop my head back under the water, letting the coolness wash over my face. When I clear my eyes, I see his arms crossed, giving me a tense stare down.

“Tell you what...” I grab the soap, lathering up my hand then lathering my cock. “You beat me at Fortnite and I’ll get down on all fours for you, but if I win, you’re

straddling my dick and taking me for a ride.”

“How is it that you always make me want to lose in our little wagers.”

17

Baylor

It's exactly how I imagined it would be. The gym all decorated in streamers and lights. Every girl dressed in colorful sequins and satin dresses, and all the guys decked out in tuxedos. The music's pumping loud and everyone's dancing and having a good time. Even Ryes got out on the floor a little, shocking me with his rhythm. I look over my shoulder and he's standing by the wall, staring right at me. Before I turned, I'm sure he was staring at my ass, which immediately clenches at the thought.

"Baylor!" Chase comes up, wrapping his arm around my shoulder. "Why are you standing over here when you could be dancing with any one of those beautiful girls? Just look at them all staring at you." I look to the crowd of girls who have crept even closer. They were dancing off in the corner earlier in the night, but they keep getting closer and closer. I feel like the DJ should be playing the Jaws song over the speaker because the sharks are closing in.

"Nah. I'm having a blast just being here with you guys and hanging with Ryes. Shit, man. Can you believe it's our senior prom?"

It's crazy to think that in just a month we'll all be graduating and going off to college. I don't even want to think about it. Ryeson and I agreed we'd end things and put this in the past, but that was before things changed between us. Now, I don't want to let him go. But I don't know where he stands on the situation. And I'm too afraid to bring it up. I don't want to come across as a clingy girlfriend and scare him off. Every time a girl got too close, Ryes pulled away.

“Fuck.” Chase shakes his head. “I don’t want to think about it, man.” He turns and looks toward his girlfriend. “Ruby’s going to be halfway across the country from me. And with football... I don’t know how often I’m going to get to see her. Not sure how I’m going to survive.”

He’s right. Before we bring down the mood of the night, we need to change topics.

“Man, just look at my beauty. Sorry, Bay. I’ve got to go have a dance with my girl.”

He stalks right over to Ruby and sweeps her into his arms, dipping her right back. She leans up and kisses him, and envy trickles down my nerves. I wonder if I’ll ever have that with Ryeson. Being able to kiss him freely. Not having to hide the way I feel for him.

“You hiding out in the dark corner?” I ask, stepping up to the guy I’m in love with.

“The girls were getting a little too close. Besides...” He smirks. “I’ve got the best view in the house. I can stare at your fine ass without anyone noticing.”

I step even closer to him, but he tenses, and I back off. It’s obvious he doesn’t want anyone getting the wrong impression about us. At this point, I’m so fucking in love with him I almost don’t care. But I also don’t want our last few weeks of high school to be spent up on the gossip chopping block. We’re supposed to be going to graduation parties and having fun, not dealing with drama.

“So, what were you and Chase talking about?” He asks, looking back over at the crowd.

“Going off to college and how he’s going to miss Ruby.”

“Are you going to miss me?”

I turn my head and look him in the eyes. It sounds like he really wants to know. There isn't even a hint of a joke in his voice.

“Yeah. I am. And you?” It's the moment of truth.

“I'm definitely going to miss your mouth.” He smirks. “And your big hands.” His eyebrows wiggle. “I'm going to miss the way you wake me up every morning.” He practically groans. “And that ass.” His voice grows even deeper. “I'm definitely going to miss that. But I plan on calling you every day, and kicking your ass at video games, so I'm not too worried about being lonely. You'll just have to send me pictures and videos to keep my dick company until the next time I get to see you.”

It sounds like he's given this a lot of thought, and it doesn't sound like he wants to call it quits.

“You know what I'm going to miss the most about you?” I turn to face him, not wanting anyone to read my lips. “I'm going to miss you ordering me to my knees and forcing me to take you.” I love when he loses control and nearly cuts off my airway with his cock. His tight grip in my hair. His hips pumping fast. Fuck, it makes me so hot.

“You need to get your ass in the training room right now,” he grits through clenched teeth, his nostrils flaring. “I want you on your fucking knees.”

If it weren't for the look in his eyes, I'd think he was teasing. He's been adamant from the beginning never to mess around in public. And even when I tried to tempt him during school, he refused.

My dick gives a good throb, and I turn and start walking toward the exit. I hear Rye letting the guys know that we're stepping out for a drink. Good news is no one will come looking for us in the weight room. It's locked, and only us football managers

have the code.

As soon as we're locked inside, I'm slammed up against the wall and Rye's kissing the shit out of me. My tongue becomes a victim at his mercy as he sucks and licks. His teeth taking nips at my swollen skin. He suddenly pulls away and grabs my arm, dragging me to the back corner of the room. Finally, I'm going to live out my fantasy.

"You're going to kneel down and get me all nice and wet, and then I'm going to bend you over that weight bench and fuck you so hard. You good with that?"

I drop to my knees. I'm fucking great with that.

I pull him out from his slacks and suck him right between my cheeks, not wanting to wait a second longer. His taste hits my tongue and I swallow him all the way down the back of my throat. He lets out a groan and his head drops back onto his shoulders. The room is only illuminated by the emergency exit lights but I can still see the pleasure etched on his face. He's so fucking sexy. Every part of him makes my pulse spike.

I start sucking him in and out, drawing out this moment. We've spent years training together in this room, and now were finally going to christen it. The bass of the music gets louder through the walls, and I start to match the beat. Rye's hand grips onto my head, trying to pull me off, but I'm not ready to let go.

"Shit. I think someone's in here." His whisper breaks through my trance and I listen close but don't hear a thing. "Dude." He tugs me harder this time. "Get the fuck up."

"Relax!" I hear Chase's voice from the other side of the room. "It's just us. You don't have to hide the bottle."

I quickly scurry to my feet and Rye works to tuck himself back in his pants. We

both turn right as Chase and Ruby appear.

“What are you two doing in here?” I ask, trying not to sound winded, but I can barely breathe. I look over at Ryeson and notice his fly is still open. When I look at Ruby, I see that she’s noticed too. I’m sure she sees the massive erection he has too.

“We came in to grab the trophy, so those Viper fuckers don’t try to steal it,” he says. “Are you guys in here getting wasted?”

I shake my head as Ryeson nods.

“Um...yeah.” I try to play it off. “We can hide the trophy if you guys want to get back to the dance. They should be announcing who the prom queen is soon.” I look toward Ruby. “You don’t want to miss getting your crown, girl.”

Chase nods. “Yeah, come on, babe. We should get back in there.” He practically rushes her out of the room, and I turn to Ryeson ready to finish what we started.

“Fuck, that was too fucking close,” he barks, looking pissed.

“They didn’t see a thing or have a clue. They probably think we snuck booze in here like we did for homecoming. Not a big deal. Now, where were we?” I try to reach for him, but he slaps my hand away.

“No, Baylor. We almost got caught. I knew this was a bad idea.”

The fuck? He’s acting like the room was on fire and we almost died.

“It’s not a big deal, man. They didn’t see anything.” But even if we had gotten caught, so the fuck what? At some point we’re going to have to stop sneaking around and face the world. If people want to judge us, so be it.

“It is a big deal, Baylor.” His anger nearly knocks me back. He’s really pissed. “It’s not just about what our friends think. It’s about our futures. Our college teammates, our coaches, the fucking media. Our parents. No one can find out about us.”

Seriously? He’s acting like his life will be over if people find out he’s gay. Look, I get the fear over telling our parents, and about what our friends who have known us our entire lives will think, but all the strangers out in the world, who gives a fuck what they think? If they can’t accept us, fuck ‘em. So what? Does he think we’re going to live the rest of our lives in secret?

“Look, I understand that you’re afraid, Ryeson. I have the same fears, but we shouldn’t have to live our lives with a cloud of shame hanging over our heads. We didn’t mean to fall in love, but we did. So, if people can’t accept that, accept us, then who the fuck needs them?”

He takes a step back like I’ve just punched him in the chest. His head is shaking and my stomach tightens at the look on his face.

“This isn’t going to work, Baylor.”

The fuck?

“What’s not going to work?”

“Us. We’re not going to work. We’ve been caught up in the sex and it’s been fucking fun, but we’re never going to have a future together.”

But he was just talking about our future at college when we were in the gym.

“Really? You’re going to tell me that this has all just been about the sex?”

Sure, we fuck like rabbits, but we also hang out and laugh and talk for hours at night about life and our goals. We're so connected on so many levels. The sex and our friendship are intertwined, and now, I'm in love with him.

"We had an arrangement, Baylor."

"Fuck the arrangement." That shit got thrown out ages ago. We have a relationship now.

"I'm sorry, Baylor. It's over."

He turns and storms from the room, and I stare at the door waiting for him to turn around and come back in. Waiting for him to realize he made a haste decision. He's going to rush back in and sweep me into his arms, tell me he freaked out for a second. But as the minutes tick by, he never returns. The silence echoes. The pain starts to set in. And reality crashes down. I got too close and now he's running.

The room becomes blurred, closing in. It feels like I can't breathe. It feels like I'm dying inside.

I thought he was in this with me. I thought he would fight for us. But he's gone. It's over.

And now...I feel like a broken man.

18

Ryeson

Brennon takes a seat next to me, looking at the vacant spot across the table.

“You two still aren’t talking?”

I shake my head, shoving another bite of tasteless food into my mouth. Baylor won’t even look at me. I didn’t just lose the guy I’m in love with, I lost my best friend.

“Whatever the hell you did to piss him off, just apologize for it, shake hands and move the fuck on. He’s been walking around the school like a zombie.”

If only it were that simple. This isn’t something we can just brush under the table. I hurt him. Deep. I broke his heart, and there’s nothing I can do to fix it. I’m never going to be able to give him what he wants. I can’t give him a future.

“Hey, does anyone know where Baylor is?” Tyler asks, as he takes his seat. “I need to talk to him about the Costa Rica trip.”

“He’s not going,” Chase states, pinning me with a look. “He told me yesterday that he was bailing on us.”

“Fuck!” Kye turns to face me too. “You two need to get over your shit. Whatever is going on between the two of you, you both need to figure out how to let it go. We graduate in eight days and then we’re off to college. This is our last big trip together

and it's not going to be the same without him."

Yeah, I know it fucking won't. Nothing is the same without him. I can't eat or sleep. Or take a fucking breath. It feels like I'm missing a piece of myself. But a simple apology won't fix this. However, as I look at the guys staring at me, I know I need to try.

"Yeah, I'll go talk to him."

I shove my tray away and head to the library. In all the years we've been in this school, I don't think I've ever seen him study in here, but now he's setting up residence until graduation day.

I take a seat across from him and his eyes pop up from his phone. He looks exactly how I feel. Like death warmed over.

"Hey, Bay!"

His head barely tips, and his eyes go back to whatever YouTube video he was watching before I interrupted. He always falls prey to videos anytime he's trying to numb the stress. Now, he's trying to numb the pain I caused.

"Listen, I know I'm the last person you want to speak to right now, but there's something I need to get off my chest." His eyes lift as the noise coming from his speaker stops. "It's not that I don't have feelings for you. I've never felt this way about anyone. But I can't give you what you want. I'm not fearless like you. Bay. You live your life without apologies, but I'm fucking terrified of the backlash. I'm terrified of what people will think, and how they'll treat us. I'm terrified of disappointing my mom and not giving her grandkids like she wants. I'm sorry, man. I wish it was in the cards for us but it's not."

“So what? Did you come in here to rip my heart open again and pour salt in my wound?”

“No. I came in here to ask you to come on the trip with us. We’ve all been in school together for years, and this is going to be the last time we’re together for who knows how long. The guys are crushed you’re not coming. Chase even mentioned canceling it since you weren’t going to be there.” I embellish a little. “Look, I know you hate me right now, but can you at least consider it?”

His eyes drop to his phone. They just aren’t the same anymore. There’s no light behind their depths. No spark of mischief. No lust. No Baylor. And the worst part is, I did this to him.

“Fine,” he says. “I’ll go. But not for you. I’m going for them.”

And the knife plunges in deeper.

“Thanks, man.”

His eyes drop back to his phone, and I’ve lost him again. He’s not just numb to me, he’s numb to the world. The tears sting my eyes, and I stalk out of the library, heading straight to my car. I can’t be here anymore. And as soon as we get back from Costa Rica, I’m moving into my dorm. Everything reminds me of my best friend, and it all hurts too fucking much.

19

Baylor

I step out onto the balcony, needing some air. It feels like I'm suffocating inside. Being this close to Ryeson is almost unbearable. Every time I look at him, I break.

The sliding door opens, and my shoulders stiffen. I'm praying he hasn't come out to talk to me. I don't think I can handle him telling me how we're never going to be together again.

"Are you doing okay, Baylor?"

I glance over at Kyler as he steps up to my side, then focus back out on the ocean, watching the ripples of waves passing by. I wish the sea would take my pain out on the tide and drown it in its dark depths. I can't stand the pain anymore. It hurts so fucking much.

"How do you recover from losing your best friend?"

He lets out a sigh. "He's right inside, Bay. You haven't lost him. You guys just need time, but I think this will all blow over."

It won't. No amount of time is going to heal my broken heart, but no one knows what's really going on. They think we got into a fight over a girl on prom night. A girl would definitely never come between us. But Ryeson's fears have.

“Come on. How about we go inside and play a little truth or dare?”

I’m not in the mood, but I won’t bring down the house. Everyone’s here to have a good time. Besides, maybe some booze and a few silly dares will help numb the pain for a bit. I’ll try anything to distract my thoughts.

“Okay, I’m in.”

“That’s more like it. Here.” He hands me his glass. “Chug this.”

I throw the contents back, feeling the burn all the way down my throat. A few more of those and I might be able to pass out without feeling like my soul is slowly being torn from my body.

“Okay, Presley’s up!” Ruby says as we start the game. “Truth or dare?”

Presley immediately chooses truth, and Ruby smiles wickedly. “Did you and Kyler have sex in the nurse’s clinic at school?”

Presley’s cheeks give away her answer before she even speaks. “Yes, we did,” Kyler answers for her.

“Oh my goodness!” Ruby gasps. “How did you get away with it?”

“This one”—Presley points to her boyfriend—“told her that a kid looked like he was having a seizure in the cafeteria.”

Everyone busts out laughing, remembering the day that Mrs. Vinio was wandering through the cafeteria, asking everyone if we’d seen someone having a seizure. I had no clue it was Kyler’s way of distracting the nurse. That is fucking hilarious.

“But why?” Ruby shakes her head. Chase pulls his girl back between his legs.

“The same reason we had sex in the library, baby. The idea of getting caught makes it fun.”

Now, Ruby is the one blushing. I grab the whiskey bottle and take a long pull on it.

“What about you, Baylor? Did you ever have sex somewhere in school?” Presley asks.

Yep. I did. And that’s exactly why we’re not together anymore.

“He had sex with Taya in the bathroom,” Brennon states.

I see Ryeson tense across the room, and I take another drink.

“Who’s up?” I ask, wanting to change this topic of conversation. Maybe truth or dare was a bad idea.

“Baylor, since you didn’t get to answer my question,” Presley shifts her eyes on me, “I choose you. Truth or dare?”

I know exactly what they’re going to ask if I choose truth. They’ll want to know what the real reason me and Ryeson aren’t speaking anymore, and so I choose, “Dare.”

“I dare you to kiss and make up with Ryeson.”

I guess I should’ve known they would still find a way to back me into a corner. I never back down from a dare, but this time...

“I double dog dare you,” says Chase.

“Triple dog dare you,” says Brennon.

I look toward Ryeson, and my chest gets thumped with pain. But our friends won't stop until I do something. Therefore, I decide to do exactly as asked. I cross the room and plant a kiss on his cheek, then turn to the crowd.

“There. Are you happy?”

“That wasn't a kiss.” Ryeson's deep voice rumbles down my nerves. He steps in front of me and his hand grips around the front of my neck. “This is a kiss.”

His lips descend and everything and everyone melts away. His tongue parts my senses and slowly slides its way into my mouth. We start our dance and it's like a tango of war. Two soldiers fighting on the battlefield in slow motion. My breath is stolen, and I'm overthrown by the emotion pouring out of him. Whistles break out around us, and I'm reminded of where we are and who's watching. I pull back and try to step away, but he refuses to let me go.

“No, Baylor. You're not walking away until you hear what I have to say.” He steps closer and the breath hitches in my lungs. “I made a mistake. A big one. I let my fears take control, and I lost the person who means the most to me in this world.” My heart starts to beat faster, and my feet rock in place. I wasn't prepared for this conversation, definitely not in front of our friends.

“It's been hell, Baylor. Every day is like waking up to a nightmare. And I don't want to do it anymore. I'd rather face whatever the world throws at me, than lose you. I love you, Bay. So fucking much.” The tide rolls in and my pain rolls right out. “Please give me another chance. I promise this time, I won't fuck it up.”

I'm at a loss for words, sinking in the immense feelings that are rushing in.

“Come on, Baylor. You can’t say no to that cute face,” Chase teases in the background.

“You two are fucking perfect for each other,” adds Kyler.

I guess our friends have no problem with us being together. I should’ve known they’d accept us no matter what. We’ve been friends for years, and they’re all really good people. The kind of people you keep for life.

“What about your parents?” I ask. Ryeson’s close with his family and I don’t want to mess things up for him.

“I told my mom what happened between us, and she told me I wasn’t allowed to come home from Costa Rica until I got you back.”

The chuckle rolls out of me. I’ve always loved his mom. She’s been like a second mother to me over the years. The amount of time I’ve spent with their family, it’s like I’m their adopted son.

“So, is that why you’re doing this? So you don’t have to feel the wrath of Mrs. G?”

He wraps his arms around my back and pulls me in close. “I’m doing this because I can’t imagine my life without you. And...” He leans into my ear. “The sex is fucking incredible.”

My body ignites and I can feel the heat burning in my cheeks.

“What do you say, Baylor? Are you willing to let me kick your ass at video games until death do us part?”

I shake my head, laughing at his ridiculousness. I can’t believe this is really

happening.

“Yeah, I think I’m good with that arrangement.”

His handsome face turns up into a smile, and then he dips me back and kisses me until my knees are weak. When our friends start chanting for us to get a room, he pulls me back up and looks straight into my eyes. “I love you, Bay. And I’m sorry I hurt you.”

I brush my fingers across his scruff, feeling it abrade my skin. “I love you too, my fearless guy.”

“We’re turning in for the night,” he tells everyone. “We’ll catch up with you all in the morning.”

Everyone smiles broadly and nods. And of course, Chase being Chase tells us that there’s lube in every bathroom drawer. I roll my eyes and Ryeson tells him thanks as he drags me from the room. He stalks right to the bedroom I’m staying in and shuts the door, locking it just in case. His hand grips my hair and I’m pulled right to him. His lips pressing to mine and taking what he wants. This time, it’s a raging battle of need. Our tongues and teeth attacking with a dire force.

“I want you, Bay.” His words slip between my lips. “I want to feel you inside me, claiming me as yours.”

I nearly lose my balance. He’s not just giving me his heart, he’s giving me his virginity. Another fear he’s willing to conquer to prove just how much he loves me. “You really are my fearless guy.”

He grips my cheeks, looking me in the eyes. “For you, I’m willing to face everything.”

And as the tide of life rolls back in, my soul returns. Only...it's stronger now. And when I lean forward and press my lips to Ryes', I know he is too. This time, nothing's holding him back. Because now...he's the Fearless King.

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Ryeson

Four Years Later

“The Gators have won the coin toss,” the ref announces. “Their decision is to give the starting ball to the visiting team.” I look to Baylor, and he gives me a wink. It’s a smart choice on their part. “Gators will start at the top of the third quarter. Let the game begin.”

The whistle is blown, and we say our chant and break huddle. I turn to head to my position, Baylor flanked at my side. “Just remember we have a bet, Ryes.”

My dick tightens inside my cup. “I haven’t forgotten,” I grit the words. After two months of going without, I’m barely holding on by a thread. I need this game to be over so I can finally be alone with my man. The season has kept us apart these last two months, and my dick is in a painful way. “Can’t wait to have you at my mercy.” I wink. Winner gets to be in charge tonight. Though, win or lose, he’s going to cave to my will. He always does.

“Good luck.” He tips his chin. “May the best man conquer.” He blows me a kiss before crouching down into position, wiggling back and forth on his toes, trying to taunt me further. That tight end has gotten even firmer. Fuck. I need him.

“Is that your guy, Ryeson?” Saxton asks, as he gets into position next to me.

“Yep. Number 32.” I smile proudly.

Sax looks over at Baylor and calls out, “Nice to meet you, man. Hope there won’t be any hard feelings when we take you guys down.”

Baylor smiles, shaking his head. “Oh, there definitely will be hard feelings.” He points me with a look, and I have to bite back my groan. I’m so fucking hard I might bust right through my pants. Another whistle blows, and it’s game on. And man, is it a game. We go neck and neck the entire way through. The adrenaline is at an all-time high. The excitement sizzling in the air. It’s a thrill when the other team actually gives us a run for our money and makes us play hard. It sharpens our skills and makes it fun.

We’ve got ten seconds left on the clock. Tied game. Their ball set at the fifteen. And my fingers are crossed that the Gators score. If we go into overtime, it just means it will be even longer before I get to go back to the hotel and see Bay. At this point, I’d be happy giving up our chance at going to the Bowl just so we can be done. Besides, we won last year, and I already got my ring. I want Bay to have the same experience. And I want to be cheering him from the sidelines.

The quarterback gets the ball and runs back, looking for the clearing. Of course, Baylor is already in the end zone with no one blocking his way. Thankfully, the QB sees the opening and takes it. And the pride hits at full force as Baylor catches it in his grip and touches down for the win. I almost leap in the air cheering for them but remember whose team I’m playing for. I stare at him from across the field, waiting for him to look at me. He finds me right away and I give him our signal. And later when we’re alone, I’ll be giving him exactly what he wants. He won. Though I feel like I’m the biggest winner because the champion of their team is mine.

“Your man is one hell of a good catch.” Saxton comes up wrapping his arm around my shoulder.

“Yes, he is.” I smile. And later when we’re alone, it’s my load he’ll be catching.

I hear the knock on the door and practically leap from the bed. It's been hours since I left the field, but Baylor had to handle all the extra interviews. Being that he was the one to score the winning goal, every TV crew wanted to interview him. And after they were done with the cameras, I'm sure they celebrated in the locker room with champagne explosions and ice baths before they all got cleaned up. Us losers came back to the hotel and grabbed a drink at the bar, trying to drown our woes. Me, I grabbed one just take the edge off while I waited.

I open the door and reach for Bay's neck, pulling him right to my mouth. He practically knocks me backwards with the force of his need. The door slams shut behind us and I'm suddenly slammed up against the wall.

"You're fucking mine tonight," he breathes between my lips. It's a collision of sexual tension and adrenaline swirling together. When his lips start sucking on my tongue, my cock nearly loses control. I fucking love when he gives my mouth the same treatment he gives my cock.

He pulls back and his eyes are blazing fire. "On your knees, Ryes."

I slide right down to the floor, ready to give him everything he wants. But before I give into his demands, I have something I need to ask him.

My stomach suddenly gets knocked with a case of nerves, and the words get locked inside my throat.

"God, you're so fucking hot, Ryes." I look up into his eyes and see the truth. They aren't just filled with lust; they're filled with love. I reach for his hand, and the speech I'd prepared goes right out the window. All I can think of is how I want to spend the rest of my life with my best friend.

"Marry me, Bay."

His brows nearly shoot to his hairline, before his eyes narrow in, looking like he doesn't believe a word I'm saying.

"Are you fucking with me?"

This is not a joke. I've been thinking about this for months. Planning it out. Trying to prepare the perfect speech. Trying to figure out how to propose to a guy without making it corny. I wanted to make it romantic, but Baylor's never been into big gestures. I was almost worried the candles lit around the room would be too much.

"I'm being serious, Baylor." I lock our fingers together. "I don't want to do life with anyone else. I want to spend my days laughing my ass off with you until my fucking sides hurt. I want to stay up all night kicking your ass at video games and cuddle up with you on the couch as we watch football on Sundays." His cheeks tip up into a smile. "I want everything, and I want it with you."

"Wow." He nods. "Sounds like an amazing life. But you left out a crucial part."

"What's that?"

"That you're going to fuck me into the mattress every single day."

I throw my head back and laugh. I was trying to make this about more than just sex, but I should've known better. "Always thinking with your dick, aren't you?" I reach out and rub right over his hard ridge.

"Damn, right. This dick is super needy. And right now, it needs those lips of yours wrapped around it."

I drag the zipper down nice and slow and his cock comes right out. He didn't even bother with briefs. One stroke in my palm and the cum is already dribbling from the end. "So, is that a yes, Bay?" I stroke him again, dying for a taste, but I want his

answer first.

“Thought it was pretty fucking obvious, Ryeson.” He grips my chin and tips my head up. “You’re it for me. And if you want to meet up on the altar and make it official, I’d be honored. But with or without the papers, I’ll always be yours.”

And just when I thought I couldn’t love him anymore, he knocks me right in the chest.

I love you, I mouth and then finally I give him what he wants, sinking straight down on his cock, taking him all the way to the back of my throat. His hand comes up and grips the top of my head, locking me in place, and a groan slips free.

“I love you, too, my fearless guy,” he groans as his body jerks on a spasm. I suction around his girth, and dive back down until his balls are planted on my chin. “Damn, I love you and this mouth.”

“I’m your Fearless King,” I grunt as I slide off the end, swirling my tongue over his head. And he... is my heart.