



Obsession

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Category: LGBT+

Description: My retail job? Boring.

My daily lunch break? Anything but.

Because that's when I see him— the man I've been secretly obsessing over for months.

Broad shoulders. Killer smile. The kind of arms that make my imagination run wild. Especially when I'm thinking about what's underneath that uniform.

It was supposed to be harmless. Just a little eye candy to get me through my workday. Until the day the hiring sign goes up.

One impulsive application later, I'm face-to-face with my fantasy. And he's not just an employee ... he's my new boss.

Now I'm working under the man who's starred in every one of my not-so-innocent daydreams.

The tension is electric. Turns out I'm not the only one who can't keep my glances to myself.

When we find ourselves locked in the back room ... let's just say, my little obsession gets very real.

And if it keeps up, I might just earn employee of the month—but not for my sales performance.

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Working in retail certainly has its many benefits.

I'm not just talking about the staff discounts or the regular nine-to-five hours.

No.

I'm talking about the many different types of people that you get to see.

Especially when you do the casual wander by one of the phone stores in your shopping mall, and the sight of one of the employees catches your eye.

I work in one of the clothing stores in the mall, and my store is only a short walk away from his.

Every day when I'm at work, I make some excuse to my manager so I can casually wander by his store, just so I can catch another glimpse of the guy.

This is a habit that I do five, maybe six times a day, sometimes more.

I, of course, try and be as discreet as I possibly can.

But when you're wandering around a shopping mall and continuously walk past the same store and stare inside, practically eye fucking the guy, you soon realize that it becomes more than just a casual wander.

Seriously though, I don't know a single thing about this guy, but from the moment I first laid eyes on him, I was obsessed.

Tall, slender, legs for days, veiny muscular arms, stubble on his chin that goes from newly shaven one day, to a week's growth the next.

Then there's his hair, slightly shaved on the sides and a trail of curls in the center, trailing all the way down the back of his head.

All I want to do is run my hand through those curls and fuck them with my fingertips.

Fuck, the guy is so deliciously hot, especially in his uniform.

A navy-blue short sleeve polo shirt, white sneakers, and black pants that tighten across his ass whenever he bends over or slides his hands into his pants pockets.

Okay, so I may be slightly, wait scratch that, totally and completely obsessed with this guy.

Today, I took my obsession to an entirely new level.

When I was on my lunch break, I walked past his store.

He was standing inside in his usual position at the front of the store.

His ass was pressed against the counter as he scrolled his phone and my eyes immediately moved to the bulge in his pants.

His eyes casually shot over in my direction and I quickly pretended that I was looking at the mannequin in the adjacent clothing store to his store.

His eyes then quickly moved back to his phone before he placed it in his pocket and then walked around the store, talking with his other colleagues.

That's when I noticed the sign on the wall outside his store advertising for an assistant store manager.

I made a quick mental note of the email address on the sign and with a grin on my face, I turned and made my way back to work.

As I stand behind the counter serving one of my regular customers, I notice out of the corner of my eye Mr.

Fuck Me walking past my store.

My store faces one of the busiest food courts in the mall, which is also located next to the main restrooms.

Conveniently, and lucky for me, those are the closest restrooms for most of the retailers.

It means that Mr.

Fuck Me has to walk past my store whenever he needs to go and use the bathroom, or when he places his food order for his breaks.

I keep my attention focused on the customer I am serving, but I know that as he's walking past, he quickly glances innocently in my direction and keeps walking.

After my customer leaves the store, I move from my position behind the counter, and step outside the store, strategically replenishing the display stock so that I can perv on him as he wanders to the restrooms.

Once he's gone, I head back inside the store.

It's the lunch hour, and thankfully not too busy.

My manager is on her break, and there aren't any customers in the store, so I go back behind the counter.

I've been on the hunt for a new job over the last few months, ever since things started to go to shit here.

All the casual employees have become less and less reliable, making it increasingly difficult to cover shifts, leaving me to pick up the slack and work my fucking ass off.

And to be frank, I can't do this anymore.

I am sick of being the one who always does favors for people, but the second I need a shift covered, or a hand with something, no one is ever around to help me.

So, no more.

I unlock the computer and open the search engine.

I log onto the online recruitment site for my area and type in the name of his store in the search engine.

The first result that appears is the position of assistant store manager that I saw advertised earlier. But as I scroll down farther, I notice another opening at the same store, this time for a store manager position. I guess I missed that on the signage, or maybe it's an outdated listing and the position has been filled. They probably just haven't removed it yet. I hover the mouse over the "Apply Now"

button and click on it, then I quickly glance around the store to make sure there are no customers.

When the page loads, I use the mouse and scroll down, then get to the section where it asks to “Upload Resume”

and that’s when I realize that I’m at work and don’t have a copy of my resume on the hard drive.

I let out a sigh and immediately close the website.

Then, as I move from behind the counter and back onto the store floor, I glance outside and see Mr.

Fuck Me walking past the store, and that’s when I step outside and keep my eyes fixated on his ass as I watch him walk back to the store.

I’m exhausted by the time I get home from work, which is pretty standard after I’ve had to deal with eight plus hours’ worth of customers.

After a quick bite to eat and a soothing shower, I head to my study, sit down at my desk and fire up my laptop.

I then take out my flash drive where I have all my documents saved and plug it into the laptop.

When it loads, I look for the file titled “Resume”

and move it across to my desktop for quick access.

After logging back into the recruitment website, I find the ad from earlier, only this time I go to the store manager position that’s advertised.

When it asks for my resume, I locate it on the desktop and upload the document.

It takes a few seconds for it to upload and then I follow the prompts.

It takes me through a series of online questions that I complete.

Most of them I bullshit my way through.

I mean, I've been an assistant store manager for over five years.

Surely, it can't be that much different to managing a store.

Nevertheless, I answer the questions as best I can, not really expecting much.

On the last page, I confirm all my details and hit the submit button on my application.

Within a few seconds, I get a confirmation email saying that my application has been received and that someone will be in touch with me if my application progresses to the next stage of the recruitment process.

As I search and apply for more jobs, all I can think about is what it would be like to work in that store and seeing Mr.

Fuck Me five days a week.

That thought alone has my cock throbbing in my boxers, aching to be touched.

My phone pings, alerting me of an email, and when I open my app, I see that it's from the job I had just applied for only minutes earlier.

That was fast.

It must be one of those AI things where your application is automatically screened by

a robot. I open the email and it tells me that I have progressed to the next level of the process, which requires me to answer some video questions and it gives me a time limit of only forty-eight hours to upload my answers before the application becomes null and void. Not wanting to miss the opportunity, I quickly change into some jeans and a tee, then check to make sure my phone battery is fully charged and position the phone on my desk, making sure my entire face is in frame. I then follow the prompts until the application opens to a screen that gives me a list of instructions on how to answer and upload my video answers. It takes me about twenty minutes to complete all the questions and upload my responses. When I'm done, I receive a confirmation email telling me that my application has been received, and if I am successful, someone will reach out to me in less than a week. It's a typical standard reply, and after scrolling through the rest of my emails, I answer those that are important and leave the others, then decide to head to bed early.

I wake the following morning to several emails, one of which has me almost leaping out of bed. My application for the store manager position has progressed to the next stage, which is a face-to-face interview at the store with the store manager. I reread the email, just to make sure I haven't interpreted it incorrectly. Nope, I've definitely been short-listed for an interview. Honestly, I didn't even expect to get a response from my initial email, much less an invitation to meet with the store manager. The truth of the matter is, I only applied for this job on impulse, just as an opportunity to get closer to Mr. Fuck Me. I didn't think I'd get this far. The email gives me a list of times to choose from, so I select the first available for 2 p.m. this afternoon, only to realize that I'll be at work, so quickly change the time to tomorrow at 10 a.m. It's my day off, so it gives me the perfect opportunity to be very well prepared for my interview and make an impression. I hit the "Submit"

button and within a few seconds, receive a confirmation email with my scheduled appointment time.

I arrive at work early, park my car in the staff parking lot and casually walk into the

mall, deliberately making a point to go in the opposite direction, where I can walk past the phone store and have a look inside before they open. I see that all the lights are still out, which means no one has arrived to open the store just yet. It's still twenty minutes before the mall opens, so I head over to my regular café and give the girls behind the counter my usual coffee order. One of the attendants smiles as she processes my order. I tap my card on the card reader and wait for my order. I step away from the counter and press my back against the wall of one of the other stores while I wait. I take my phone out of my pocket and scroll through my socials. Then, out of the corner of my eye, I notice a figure walking toward me, and when I look up from my phone, I see that it's Mr. Fuck Me. He wanders over to the café and delivers his order to the girls, then after paying, he steps aside and quickly throws a glance in my direction, before lowering his head down to his phone.

My cock immediately pulsates beneath the fabric of my underwear, screaming to be freed. I keep my focus on my phone, trying desperately to control the urge to look up at him again. I'm instantly relieved when one of the girls from the café calls out my order, and I sigh as I wander over to her and collect my coffee.

"Thank you," I say.

Taking a sip of my latte, I quickly steal a glance back at Mr. Fuck Me who still has his head down, looking at his phone. Then I proceed to the store and just as I'm unlocking the doors, I catch a glimpse of him heading to his store, one hand in his pocket and the other holding his drink. When he's out of sight, I step inside and make my way to the back room.

I somehow manage to get through the morning without a customer pissing me off or an employee calling in sick to their shift. That would be the last thing I need right now because trying to find someone to come in and work in this Miami heat is mission impossible. And now that my lunch cover has arrived, it's time for me to do my usual casual stroll past the phone store and perv on Mr. Fuck Me. I could think of

another name for the guy, but at the moment, that's exactly what I want him to do, bend me over and fuck me three ways to Sunday. Of course, that would only be an option if I even stood a chance with this guy, which let's be perfectly honest here, is as good a chance as me winning the lottery. Not to mention, I'm pretty certain the dude is straight. And let's face it. The chances of a guy who is that good-looking being single are the same as the chances of Jonathan Bailey turning straight ... fat chance.

I grab my phone and wallet, then start walking toward the direction of the store. As I get closer, I slow down and peer inside. Ah, fuck. There he is, sex on legs, leaning against the counter on his phone. I don't know what it is about seeing him in that position, but fuck, I just want to walk into the store, grab him by the shirt, pull him toward me and crush my mouth against his. And I don't even give a shit who sees us. Well, okay, maybe I do because that would be all sorts of embarrassing and probably a handful of criminal charges. I try to be as ambiguous as I can and not stand directly outside his store. Instead, I proceed to the adjacent stationery store and pretend to be shopping around for stationery supplies. After a few minutes, I walk out of the store and slow down when I get to the front of his store.

Okay, this is now getting seriously ridiculous. You work in the same mall as the guy. If he catches on to what you're doing, he can make things very difficult for you, or worse, make you lose your job.

Unemployment is the last thing I need right now, especially when I have rent and bills to pay. And as shitty as my job and wages might be right now, I can't afford to be unemployed. Just as I'm about to wander away, a thought crosses my mind.

Well, here goes nothing.

I quickly run my hands through my hair and iron out any creases in my tee. It's not exactly the ideal look I was going for or the lasting impression I want to leave, but

sometimes you have to work with what you've got. Staying calm and acting completely natural, I slowly move closer to the store.

And closer.

And closer.

Then I take another step and find myself inside the store, standing just a few feet away from him. He raises his head from his phone, finally noticing me, then he places his phone in his pocket. I wait for him to say something. A smile. A nod. Anything.

But nothing.

So, I inch a little farther toward him.

Here we go.

“Hi,”

I say, casually.

“Hi. Can I help you?”

he answers.

He has a slight accent and his voice sounds so ... young. Definitely not the manly tone I was expecting. Although, I don't know why I was expecting him to have a manly tone because the guy does indeed look very young. My eyes quickly shift to his name tag. “Aiden.”

And now Mr. Fuck Me has a name. Realizing that he's still standing there waiting for

an answer, I narrow my eyes back at him.

“Yeah, hi. Um, this is quite random. I just applied for a job here and I’ve been short-listed for a face-to-face interview tomorrow. I’m just wondering what advice can you give me to really stand out?”

“You applied for a job in this store?”

“Yes.”

He looks at me inquisitively for a few long seconds, then smiles, revealing his perfectly shaped white teeth.

“Just be yourself.”

A direct answer. Short, and straight to the point. And that voice, holy shit what a turn on.

He continues to stare at me and says nothing else. As much as I want to stand here and continue this conversation with the guy, the moment is already as awkward as it’s going to get.

“Thank you,” I say.

I drag myself out of the store, not looking back at him and make my way to the food court to grab some lunch. I find an empty table and try and eat my lunch but all I can think about is my encounter with Aiden, as brief as it may have been. Personally, I still prefer to call him Mr. Fuck Me. Honestly, I don’t know what I was expecting to happen, the dude doesn’t know me, and I don’t know him. Except for the fact that he is drop dead gorgeous and all I can visualize is what he’s hiding beneath that uniform. That, and me crouched between his thighs sucking on his dick.

When I get home from work, all I can concentrate on is the way Aiden's voice sounded when the words came out of his mouth. I know we spoke for a brief moment and only exchanged a few small words, but fuck. I open my email from the job application and read it carefully, making sure I don't miss anything in preparation for the interview tomorrow. I've been to many interviews in my career, and even if I don't get this position, I still have my job. But to be working side-by-side with Aiden and be able to ogle him all day, would no doubt make an eight-hour shift fly by.

What the hell am I saying?

If I get this job, I have to be super careful and make sure that I don't make it obvious that I'm crushing on this guy who I don't even know if he's gay. But that doesn't matter right now because all I can smell is that intoxicating scent of his. Damn, he smelt good, like real good. Now that I have a closer visual of the guy, jerking myself off in bed is going to be much more pleasurable, now that I can see every last detail of his face. And with that thought swirling around in my mind, I quickly finish my dinner, then brush my teeth before heading to my room. I strip out of my clothes, climb into bed and close my eyes. Aiden's beautiful face pops into my head. He's smiling and looking all sexed up in that uniform. I don't know how it's possible, but a simple polo shirt and black, tight pants and those curls are enough to have me wrapping my fist around my hardened cock.

I stroke my length, moaning and groaning as I imagine Aiden getting down on both his knees to suck my cock. I feel his lips wrap around my cock as my eyes roll to the back of my head. Tilting my head backward, I twirl my fingers in his curls, and I love how his hair feels between my fingers. I place both my hands behind his head and mouth fuck him vigorously. He tries to say something and his words vibrate along my cock as I hear him gag on it. He finally manages to pull his mouth off my cock, then his eyes angle up at me. His eyes. Those fucking, beautiful eyes staring up at me is almost enough to make me blow my load.

I tug on my cock, harder and faster as I focus my attention on Aiden's eyes and his tongue sliding up and down my dick. He spits on it, then wraps a fist around it and lubricates the entire length before sliding it back between his lips. I don't know what he looks like naked, or without a shirt, so I have to improvise, and that's kind of impossible right now when all I can concentrate on is the tingling in my balls and the sensation shooting all the way up my shaft. I pull myself a little harder and it's not too long before I'm shooting my load all over my sheets.

The following morning after my shower, I wrap the towel around my waist and walk into my room. Opening my closet, I sift through my outfits, trying to pick something to wear for my interview today. There's a long list of options; black slacks, shirts, ties, bow ties, vests, and pointed shoes. Okay, so this is just a job in a phone store. It's not like I have to be a retail assistant in a clothing store and model the clothes we sell. Then again, I am trying to make an impression and get into this guy's pants ... store. I mean, store. I want to make sure when I walk out of the interview, that I leave them with the impression that I'm not only the best candidate for the position but the only candidate. I take out a pair of black slacks, the ones that mold perfectly around my ass, then choose a pale pink shirt but decide to skip the tie and bow tie. I figure I can show a little skin if Mr. Aiden is working today and give him a free preview of what I have underneath my clothes.

When it's almost time for my interview, I change into my outfit and shoes, I gather my things and head to my car. Once I get to the mall, I park in the staff parking lot, even though it's my day off because I can't be bothered trying to find a parking space. I make my way into the mall with still thirty minutes to spare before my interview. I go to the convenience store and buy a bottle of water, then slowly make my way to the store. I can't see Aiden anywhere. Maybe it's his day off, or perhaps he's on a break. When I get to the counter, the woman behind the desk acknowledges me.

"Hi, can I help you?"

“Hi. I’m here for an interview at 2 p.m.”

“What’s your name?” she asks.

“Pierce.”

“Just give me a moment, please.”

She leaves the counter and goes through a door that leads to a back room. After a few seconds, she returns to the counter.

“Take a seat. The manager will be with you in a moment.”

“Thank you,” I reply.

I take a seat on one of the vacant chairs and place my hands on my thighs. I quickly glance around the store. There are only a couple of customers, and a few staff members sitting at a table talking among themselves. The door to the back room opens and a young girl walks out holding a folder under her arms, obviously a potential candidate. When it opens a second time, I look up and see Aiden walk through the door and over toward me.

“?” he asks.

“Yes.”

I get to my feet and stand tall.

“I’m Aiden, the store manager,”

he stretches out his hand for me to shake. “I’ll be interviewing you today. It’s a

pleasure to meet you.”

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, too,”

I reply, shaking his hand.

Oh fuck!

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Well, I certainly hope this guy is better than the last candidate. She didn't have any retail experience, or any customer service experience either. I know people say that everyone deserves a chance but when you got nothing, you really got nothing. And I know that this guy has at least got customer service experience because he works in the mall and deals with people every day.

"Come with me," I say.

Cody gets to his feet and follows me behind the counter and through the door that leads to our back room.

"Take a seat," I offer.

He sits down on one of the vacant chairs. I go through the mountain of paperwork on my desk and pick up his file, then sit down on a chair opposite him. I slide it closer to him until we're about a foot apart.

"So, Cody, I'm looking at your resume here, and I have to say, it's pretty impressive. You have a wealth of experience."

"Thank you," he says.

"Tell me a little about yourself and why you want to work for the phone industry. What attracted you to the position?"

"The people, actually. I walk past this store on a daily basis, and every time I look inside the store, I see how vibrant and friendly the staff are. I've been working in

retail for almost thirty years now, in a variety of different roles and I think it's time for a change. Phones are a part of our everyday lives, so we know that they're going to be around for a very long time because we're so dependent on them. I know this is definitely a role that I can do really well in."

"Ok, great answer. Thank you. What would you say are your biggest strengths?"

"I'm incredibly loyal, dedicated, hard-working, and always up for a challenge. I love coaching and helping people, and most of all, I enjoy learning new things."

"You're currently working as an assistant manager, so why do you want to leave that role?"

"I've been an assistant manager for over a year, and there's no opportunity for me to grow in my current position. When I saw that this role was for a store manager, I figured this would be the perfect opportunity to move up the ladder."

"We have a team of ten here. Some of those are casual employees, then there's the assistant manager and myself. The store has just gone through some major renovations and we're expanding, so I'm going to need a second manager to help me run the store. How are you at working with others in a senior role?"

"I can adjust quite easily. If it's required in my role, then I make it work. I don't have an issue working with others."

"And you're good with big, sudden changes?"

I question.

"Absolutely. I'm good at a lot of things."

He smiles.

I make some notes on my notepad, then raise my head to look at him again.

“You mentioned that you’ve been in retail for almost thirty years, so that would make you in your ...?”

“I’m forty-five,”

he answers.

My eyes widen at that realization. The guy doesn’t look any older than about thirty, thirty-five tops. I mean, he could very easily be my father.

“The staff here are in their twenties. The youngest is sixteen. Do you have an issue working with people a lot younger than you?”

“No, not at all. I’m the oldest where I work at the moment, and honestly, I think it makes it a lot easier to work with people a lot younger than me because we don’t clash.”

I make some more notes on my notepad, and then my phone pings, alerting me of my next interview in five minutes.

“Um, I don’t really have anything else to ask. Do you have any questions for me?”

“I guess the main thing to ask is, how long would it be before I find out if I get the job?”

“That’s a good question. I still have a couple more interviews to get through this week, and ideally, I would like to have the position filled by the end of next week and

the successful candidate to start training the week after next, with the position officially starting the first of next month.”

“That sounds perfect. Thank you.”

“Does that work with you giving notice to your current employer?”

I ask him.

“Yes, I believe it’s plenty of time. I can make it work.”

I close my notebook and get to my feet, then stretch out my hand. “Cody, it was a pleasure to meet you. Thank you for coming in today.”

“Thanks so much for seeing me, and for your time. I look forward to hearing from you soon.”

He takes a hold of my hand and shakes it firmly with a smile. After releasing my grip, I pull open the door and escort him out through to the store floor.

“Thanks again for coming in, Cody. You’ll hear from me soon.”

“Thank you,”

he replies and with a final smile I turn and walk back inside the store to prepare for my next interview.

Ten applicants, and out of all of them, the only one that I can see fit the role is Cody. He ticks all the boxes when it comes to experience, and not to mention, the team could do with a senior colleague. They need some proper guidance and coaching. He did interview very well and has a ton of experience that would certainly be a huge

asset to my store, and we would definitely work well together side-by-side. And it was also bluntly obvious that the guy had his eyes all over me. Which, now that I come to think of it, is probably the reason he wanders past my store almost every single day.

He's been checking me out.

I do work in a shopping mall, after all. I see hundreds, maybe thousands of people every day. In this environment, it's not like I'm a stranger to both women and men hitting on me. And even though I've noticed this guy looking at me every day, I guess I hadn't seen it with him. Most of my days are spent working with the girls, so maybe I hadn't taken too much notice. On the other hand, maybe I am reading this completely wrong and the guy has absolutely no interest in me whatsoever, and the looks are just completely innocent. Regardless though, it's irrelevant because if I hire this guy and the two of us end up working together, nothing like that could or would ever happen.

Sorting through the list of candidates, I eliminate those that I don't feel are an appropriate fit for the business. And when I'm down to the final two applicants, I scan over their resumes over and over again. While this girl seems to have the potential of an aspiring store manager, she's younger than me. And the way she was dressed for her interview -- painted long acrylic nails, a mini skirt well above the knee, knee-high boots, and a top that not only exposed her skin but also her cleavage. Her entire attire was more appropriate for someone who was perhaps looking to work at a strip club, or a bar, rather than in a retail store. If that's the sort of impression she's going to leave, then imagine what kind of attitude she will bring to work, and influence other employees. Then I also have to consider the fact that she's young, and may spend many late Friday nights out clubbing, which means there's the tendency to call in sick on a Saturday. I don't know, something just doesn't sit right, and I guess the only reason she made it this far on the list was because she was the only one with more retail experience than those who hadn't been short-listed. And okay, maybe her

eye-catching outfit also influenced my judgement.

I place her application down on the table and once again go through Cody's resume. This guy is everything that I need. Smart. Intelligent. Hard-working. More experience than I've been alive. A great first impression, and ... it just kind of feels right. Like he's the one I should be hiring.

So why am I so hesitant?

Is it because of the way I noticed he was checking me out during the interview? Or the way he watches me as he wanders past the store? I know I've never been interested in a guy, but I can't help the chemistry and connection that I felt in those short ten minutes that I spent interviewing him. The more I stare at this guy's resume and think about his interview, I decide that he is by far the best candidate. I mean it's obvious that he has already taken a liking to me, innocent or not. Who am I to judge one's sexual preference? It's completely irrelevant in this circumstance anyway. I place Cody's file on top of my pile of paperwork, then with a red marker write, Successful. Call tomorrow to confirm start date and employment details.

I've been so busy with interviews today that I have completely forgotten to have lunch, so I head to the food court. Finding a table by the window, I sit down and enjoy my late lunch. I begin scrolling through my phone, and as I take another bite of my sandwich, I don't know why, but I feel like someone is watching me. I casually look around the food court, and about twenty pairs of eyes narrow in my direction, which of course, is no help whatsoever. I shrug it off and continue eating my meal. Despite trying to concentrate on my lunch break and not think about work for the next forty or so minutes, I can't help but think about Cody. I know I said it before, but I just can't shake this feeling that he was doing more than just checking me out. While I was questioning him, I got this feeling that he was flirting with me. Especially when he said, "I'm good at a lot of things."

It was subtle but definitely flirtatious. I don't know why I didn't see it earlier.

Why do I care if another guy is checking me out? Why is it such a big deal? I know that I'm a good-looking guy and keep myself in shape.

Maybe it's because he's forty-five and old enough to be my father, and I don't know if I'm grossed out at that thought, or a little excited.

What the fuck am I saying?

Why am I suddenly having thoughts about this guy that I shouldn't be? I'm comfortable with my sexuality, at least I think I am.

Shit!

No! I'm straight. And who cares if he was flirting with me? Nothing will ever come of it because I'm not going to flirt back and give this guy the wrong impression. Not to mention the complications and repercussions that would have in a workplace. No. The only relationship I will enter into with this guy is purely a professional one, nothing more. When I finish my meal, I grab my bottle of water and make my way back to the store.

After pushing through my front door some time after 6 p.m., I remove my sneakers, then walk down my foyer to my bedroom, where I remove my polo top, unzip my pants and slide them down my thighs, kicking them off my ankles. I then remove my socks and throw them in the laundry basket. Lastly, I remove my briefs and climb into my shorts before making my way into the kitchen where I open the fridge and grab the bottle of orange juice. Tossing my phone on the coffee table, I slump into the couch, unscrew the lid of the juice and take a rather large gulp.

What a fucking day!

I really need to shake this feeling about Cody. It was nothing but just standard interview protocol, and everyone knows that people exaggerate things in an interview just to get a job. I just need to make sure that if I hire this guy, I make it perfectly clear that number one, I'm one hundred percent straight. And number two, that I will not tolerate any sort of inappropriate behavior while in the workplace. Maybe I'm just overreacting and reading into this all wrong, and maybe when he starts working for me, this will be all behind me and prove to be nothing more than just a simple misunderstanding.

I take another sip of my juice and turn on the television, then flick through the channels with the remote, trying to settle on something to watch. When I can't make up my mind, I turn off the TV in frustration, then down some more juice before putting it back in the fridge. I need to clear my head, and the only thing that helps me do that is a visit to the gym where I can pump some iron and relieve some stress. I make my way to my bedroom and quickly change into my gym gear before walking out the front door.

Page 3

Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 4:03 am

Not going to lie, I was pretty surprised when I got the phone call from Aiden telling me I got the job at his store. After I received the call, I immediately gave notice to my former employer. I've completed my two weeks training, and I don't know why, but during the entire time Aiden was training me, he seemed rather distant toward me. It's almost like he's been trying to avoid spending time with me but feels like he has to. Is it because maybe he's worked out that I've been checking him out for months? I mean, I haven't exactly been subtle about it. Trying to hide behind a water fountain that is located right outside his store while I drool all over him. Or, wander into the convenience store and purposely take my time while I do my shopping. Then there's been all the times when I've cashed up the till quickly at my previous job, just so that I can come past his store and wait for him to leave.

Yeah, I'm totally a stalker.

"Cody?"

I hear Aiden's voice call from behind the counter.

I move toward him and say, "Yeah?"

"Matthew needs to leave early today. I'm going to need you to stay back and help me cash up."

"Sure," I reply.

I go back out onto the store floor and serve a few customers, occasionally glancing over at Aiden whenever he steps out from behind the counter. And when he leans

against the counter and stares down at his phone, I can't help but get immediately aroused at the sight of him. Fuck, I haven't been this close to him since the day I walked into the store and asked him for advice on the interview. And now that I think about it, he had every opportunity to tell me there and then that he was the store manager and he didn't, I wonder why? Is it because he didn't want to tell me because then I would know he was the manager and react differently toward him? Or is it because he was just being professional?

As I move closer to the area where he's still pressing his ass against the counter, pretending to rearrange some of the cell phones on display, I quickly angle my eyes up at his chest and notice his name tag. Then my eyes narrow in on the small print under his name, Store Manager.

How did I. Miss that? It was right under my nose, literally.

Maybe it's because the whole time I was asking him about any advice he could give me, I was too busy checking him out and losing myself in his eyes.

"Cody?"

"Huh?"

"What are you doing?"

Aiden asks.

"Rearranging the phones and just making sure all the different brands are on display to optimize our range of products."

I can come up with some pretty good answers when I'm put under pressure. And I can sense the tone in his voice, so I also don't want to piss the guy off. After all, he is

my boss now.

“Good to see you’re using your initiative. But just remember that the customer comes first. After all, that’s what pays our wages.”

He slides his phone into his pocket then moves away from where he’s resting and goes to help a customer. I casually glance over at him and my cock begins to throb beneath the fabric of my underwear. Thank God I’m wearing tight jeans to hide my erection.

“What are you doing?”

Kora, one of my colleagues, asks.

“I’m fixing up the phone display. Do you need something?” I ask.

“I need you to stop checking out Aiden.”

I stop what I’m doing, and spin around to face her.

“Excuse me?”

“Don’t act dumb. I’ve seen the way you look at him, not to mention the number of times you ‘innocently’ wandered past the store before you started working here.”

I gulp and avoid making eye contact with her, but I know that the longer I stay quiet, the more guilty I look.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about. I used to work in the center and I would always just go for a walk on my breaks. I don’t see what the big deal is.”

“Look, I know you have this thing for him, but let me assure you that he’s not gay.”

“And what makes you think I am?” I ask.

“The way you were just eye fucking him right now before I came over here.”

“I beg your pardon? Do you have any idea who you’re speaking to? I’m your boss.”

“What are you going to do? Write me up?”

“If I have to, yes,” I warn.

“Go right ahead. And the minute you do that is the moment I go to Aiden and tell him exactly what you said about him.”

“And what did I supposedly say about him?”

“You’ve told all the workers here that he’s gay and that he’s sucked your cock.”

“You and I both know that’s a load of bull,” I say.

“You and I know that. But everyone else doesn’t. And if you want to keep it our secret, I suggest you keep your eyes off him and concentrate on your work.”

She gives me a wicked grin, then walks away to stand beside Aiden who is still helping some customers. That fucking little bitch. She’s known me for five minutes and is already causing trouble. I don’t know why she thinks I have a thing for Aiden. Perhaps she has a thing for him. Are the two of them a couple? Does she feel threatened by me? I have to keep a very close watch on this one and make sure she doesn’t make any trouble for me. I’ve been so careful to not let my eyes wander over to him during working hours. Or have I? I have to admit, it has been pretty difficult

trying to stay away from him, and then on the flip side, finding every excuse I can to ask for some help on something that I'm unsure of. And now that I think of it, it probably does explain why he's been so distant toward me. Maybe he does suspect something. I know that nothing can ever happen at work, and I know that I can't push any boundaries. And I wouldn't. Not in the workplace.

Fuck, Cody, get your shit together. Nothing can ever happen with this guy.

Fantasizing about all the things I want to do to this guy, and the things I want him to do to me, is one thing. But acting out those fantasies on an employee, particularly your boss, is all types of wrong.

"Cody?"

Aiden's voice pulls me from my thoughts, and the next thing I know, he's standing right beside me.

"Yes?"

"We have inventory in three weeks' time. I'll need you to make yourself available. As this will be your first time, I'll need to run through some things with you."

"Sure,"

I tell him.

"Good. I'll add you to the schedule. It will be myself, you, and Kora working as she is one of the more experienced employees. She'll also go through some things with you on the days that I'm not here. She's done a lot of inventory before so you're in good hands."

I look over at Kora who is standing behind the counter. She quickly raises her head and gives me a fake smile.

Perfect. Just fucking perfect!

I know that I'm the second store manager in this store and I have authority above all the other employees, except Aiden of course, but I've worked with versions of Kora before. Manager or not, all it takes is one word to HR with a complaint and I could be straight out the door. Especially since I haven't been with the company very long, they wouldn't need an excuse to fire me.

Keep your friends close and your employees closer.

I give her a fake smile of my own, and when Aiden has nothing more to say to me, he returns to the floor to serve customers.

Somehow, I managed to get through the rest of the week with very little interaction from Kora. I've been keeping a close watch on her under the radar, while still concentrating on my work. I've also kept my distance from Aiden, only going to him with genuine questions about the job. Even attempting to ogle the guy without making it obvious is proving to be too risky and dangerous, especially in front of Kora. So, the only imagining I'm going to do, is in my dreams when I can fantasize about him all I want.

Dressed in nothing but my boxers, I slump deeper into the couch and tilt my head backward. And the moment I close my eyes, the first thing to pop into my head is-yep-Aiden. Having seen him in only his uniform, I have to use my imagination at what he's hiding beneath the layers of clothing. His polo top is a snug fit, and I can see the outline of his back bones, and not to mention, his veiny arms. Damn, the things I could have those arms and hands do to me. I poke out my tongue, wetting my lower lip, then slowly slide my hand down the inside of my boxers.

I wrap my fist around my throbbing erection and begin stroking it. I concentrate on the tight imprint of Aiden's ass through his slacks, and my eyes wander lower, down the back of his legs, stopping at his feet. He doesn't wear any socks with his sneakers, and I don't know what it is, but that fact has my cock practically dripping with precum. I then have the visual of his ass pressed against the counter with his hands in his pockets. The tight fabric spreading across his thighs, and I focus on the bulge in between his legs. That thought has me pulling on my length faster and harder. It doesn't take long for me to shoot my load inside my boxers, like a crazy porn star whose just filmed his first ever gay sex scene.

After my long, hot shower, I brush my teeth then head to bed. I scroll through my socials on my phone, then my phone vibrates and I get a message from a number I don't recognize.

I sit all the way up in bed, resting my head against the headboard. I click on the text and read the message:

Cody.

I know about your little infatuation. If you want to keep your job and not risk anyone finding out about your little obsession, then I suggest you begin cooperating with me a little more at work. You play fair with me, and I'll play fair with you. If not, let's just say your new boss may have to learn the truth about his new employee. I need next Saturday off to go out with some friends, so I know I can count on you to cover my shift, right?

See you at work on Monday.

Kora.

What. In. The. Actual. Fuck?

This is so random and surely this can't be ethical or professional from an employee. There are protocols in place for things like this. She had every opportunity to pull me aside at work and have a discussion with me. But this? A text? And after hours? Damn, this bitch covers all her angles.

She warned me to stay away from Aiden or she would make up a rumor about the two of us. What if she's already said something? No. HR would be all over it by now, and they would have every reasonable ground to fire me.

I try and shake the idea out of my head, but the more I think about it, the more I recall the conversation with Kora, warning me to stay away from Aiden. I certainly don't want to lose my job and be left unemployed. I have a mortgage and bills to pay, so I need my job. So, from now on, if it's just business that she wants, then that's what she and Aiden will get. Placing my phone back down on the nightstand, I try and get myself comfortable in bed again. After much tossing and turning, I manage to drift off to sleep.

I feel pretty proud of myself. For the past three weeks, I've managed to avoid any unnecessary interaction with Aiden, and Kora, for that matter. It's finally the end of the workday, and as I clock out for my shift on the computer, Kora appears beside me.

"Good to see you've been behaving yourself."

Fuck, I spoke too soon.

I hear the sarcasm in her tone, and my blood begins to boil. But I say nothing and pretend that I'm focusing on the screen.

"You don't need to pretend like you can't hear me because I know you can."

I angle my head up and scan the store floor, Aiden is busy helping some customers.

“Look, I don’t know what your problem is, but just leave me alone,”

I tell her.

“I don’t have a problem. Not anymore anyway, and that’s because you listened to what I told you.”

I clench my fists and I hear them both crack, then I turn my head to face her, and our eyes connect.

“I don’t think you realize just who you’re speaking to. I’m your boss, and I will not tolerate you speaking to me like this. So, consider this your first and only warning. You speak to me like this again and I will have you dismissed, immediately.”

“Is that a threat, boss?”

“It’s a warning,” I reply.

I don’t wait around for a reply, instead I head to the back room, grab my keys and wallet, then step back into the store. Kora is still standing behind the counter, and when she sees me emerge, she gives me that stupid, wicked grin of hers. I proceed to wander past the counter when I hear her voice.

“Oh, Aiden?”

Aiden stops talking to his customers and looks over at Kora.

“Could you come over here for a moment when you’re free, there’s something we need to discuss,”

she tells him with that smile of hers.

The little snake.

“Just give me a moment,”

he replies, going back to his customers.

I close my eyes, then take a deep breath in, count to three and exhale. I then turn around and move toward the counter.

“Keep. Your mouth. Shut!”

I warn her.

“Another threat, boss? I don’t think HR would appreciate multiple complaints about the same employee whose only been here a short period of time.”

What a fucking little c—

“You wanted to speak to me about something, Kora?”

Aiden appears before us, cutting through my insult.

“I was just going to say that Cody—”

“Is fully prepped and ready to go for inventory tomorrow. Kora has gone through everything I need to know, and I was just saying how amazing she’s been toward me since I started working here.”

I think I’m going to be sick. I’ve never had to lie through my ass so quickly before.

But if it's the only way I'm going to shut this bitch up, then so be it.

"That's really good to hear. I'm glad,"

he acknowledges. "So, you're all confident then?"

"Yep, no problem," I reply.

"Was there anything else, Kora?"

Aiden asks.

She glares at me, with pure satisfaction on her face and I give her a pleading look.

"No, Aiden. That's all. I just wanted to make sure that everyone was on the same page for tomorrow to make it all go smoothly."

"Excellent. Well, I guess I'll see you tomorrow, Cody. Bright and early at 7 a.m. so we can get started and finish as quickly as possible."

I nod.

He walks past me and enters the back room, leaving me alone with Bitch Face.

Although, that's not the word I would like to use right now.

A bitch is also a female dog, which can be quite cute. And there is certainly nothing cute about this, this tramp in front of me.

"You scraped through that one by the skin of your teeth,"

she tells me. “I hope this proves to you that I don’t give a fuck who you are. You piss me off, and I will bring you down really quickly.”

“You got what you wanted. I’ve kept my distance from Aiden. What more do you want from me?”

“I want a raise. And I know that only you and Aiden have the power to authorize that. So, make it happen and I’ll keep your little secret.”

“And how am I supposed to authorize that?”

I question.

“That’s your problem. You have one week. Have a wonderful evening, boss.”

Her constant emphasis on the word boss is really getting on my nerves, but I know better than to start trouble in a workplace where there are a ton of witnesses around.

Instead, I give her my best, fake smile and walk out of the store as quick as I can.

When I get to my car in the parking lot, I don’t leave straight away.

There’s still thirty minutes before the mall closes, so I decide to just sit in the car with the AC blaring in my face.

I place my phone on the holder and plug it into the CarPlay unit and wait for it to connect.

Ginuwine’s “Pony”

starts playing and I roll my eyes at the irony, and timing.

Just as I'm supposed to not be thinking about fucking my boss, a song about riding my pony plays through my speakers.

I scroll through my socials and then TikTok.

Not noticing the time, I clip on my seatbelt, and I'm about to exit the parking lot, when I notice Aiden walking out of the mall with Kora beside him.

I take my phone from the holder and rest it between my legs, keeping a close eye on Aiden and Kora as they walk through the parking lot.

Neither of them has seen me, and I try to keep track of them, without either of them knowing that I'm watching them.

I unplug the cable from my phone and open the camera, then hold the phone up to my window and zoom in.

I try to find the right moment to snap the photo, but the two of them keep walking.

When I finally manage to capture the first picture, it's a close-up of his lower back and ass.

After a few minutes, the two of them stop walking.

Kora gets inside her car and lowers her window, I sit and watch as the two of them have a conversation.

When Kora leaves, Aiden walks a little farther until he gets to a white Hyundai i30, the same car as mine.

Aiden turns his head in my direction, giving me the perfect close-up of his face, and I

snap the photo, just as he opens his car door and sits inside his car.

I wait a little longer and watch as he pulls out of his parking space and drives out of the parking lot.

Okay, so this has now gone way beyond obsession.

We're talking major, creepy stalkerish, but as long as I'm doing this discreetly and for my own personal pleasure, what harm could I do? I open the photo album on my phone and tap on Aiden's picture, and after editing the photo to my liking, I save it as my new wallpaper.

Damn the guy is gorgeous.

I have to make sure this photo is not seen by anyone else, and by anyone, I mean Kora.

That would be the last thing I need.

So, I'll make sure to change my wallpaper before every shift, then change it back again when I get home.

It's a pain in the ass, I know.

But if it's the only way I get to perv on Aiden, even if it's just a picture, without having that bitch watching my every move, it's totally worth it.

I place the phone back on the cradle, then shift the car into gear and head straight home.

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Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 4:03 am

I could really use a coffee. I've been awake since 4 a.m. and was out of the house so fast, I forgot to make myself one. I got to the store early so I could prepare all the paperwork for inventory with Kora. It's not even 7 a.m. yet and already I want to go home and sleep. I place my mug underneath the spout of the coffee machine in the back room, when I hear the door open. I turn around to see Kora holding a takeaway coffee in one hand, and she places her purse on the table.

"Morning," I say.

"Good morning. How many coffees have you had already?" she asks.

"Actually, this is only my first. I left the house so early this morning, I didn't have a chance to make one."

"Cody's not here yet?"

she questions.

"Nope. But it's not quite seven yet, I'm sure he'll—"

The door opens once more and this time, Cody walks into the room. "Speak of the man himself," I say.

"I'm sorry?"

Cody asks.

“Nothing. Kora was just asking if you’d arrived yet. I was about to say it wasn’t quite 7 a.m. yet and that you’d be here on time. And here you are.”

“Oh,”

he says, looking at me and then Kora.

I don’t know why, but I can feel a sort of tension between these two. While a part of me wants to ask the question and find out what’s going on, the other part is telling me to shut the fuck up and let them sort out whatever it is that they’re going through. I’m sure that if it’s anything that requires my attention, I’ll know about it one way or another. I’m also grateful that there have been no more unwelcoming advances from Cody. Not that there were technically any advances from the guy. It’s not like he’s made a pass at me. But the fact that he’s stopped having his eyes all over me is a relief. Now I can just concentrate on getting through the day and not worrying about another single thing. I hand Cody and Kora a clipboard and pen each, then after they’ve each punched in for the day, the three of us head out onto the store floor.

“We have two hours before the store opens for trade. That should give us enough time and allow for recounts in case of human error etcetera, etcetera. The final count needs to be submitted to the head office by 5 p.m. tomorrow, which means we keep doing this until we get it right.”

Cody nods in acknowledgment, and Kora smiles. I then separate them into different areas of the store, while I go to the accessories counter and begin counting the stock.

It takes us the entire day to get through the inventory, in between helping customers and dealing with the everyday running of the store. Cody and I scheduled all the team to come in and work today, so the three of us could concentrate on the inventory, and of course, all but one called in sick. So, Kora, Cody, and myself still had to assist customers while counting stock, which can be difficult when there are customers in

the store. It's after 5 p.m. when we add the figures of the count through the database and close the store, and once it's submitted, I tell Kora that she can leave and Cody could close the store with me.

"Are you sure there's nothing else you need? You can send Cody home and I'm happy to stay back and help you close,"

Kora offers.

"No, it's all good. Besides, I have to run through some reports with Cody anyway, and it's probably better we do them tonight before the figures are updated. Also, I can't really afford to go over the wage budget anymore, and since Cody and I are on salary it doesn't matter how late we stay back."

"I can stay back in my own time. I honestly don't mind."

"I appreciate the enthusiasm, Kora, and I'll keep it in mind for your next appraisal, but like I said, Cody and I have it all covered here. Now head on home and enjoy your night."

She stares at me blankly for a few long seconds, but she doesn't move. I really do appreciate her dedication to the job, and she is one of my best employees, but this was one of the reasons why I hired another manager. I needed to cut back on my wage budgets, so having two of us that are salary employees helps me keep the wages down because we can work without it paying overtime.

"Honestly, I don't mind, really. I mean, I know what needs to be done and with two experienced staff members, we can get it done in no time."

"Like I said, it's fine. And I can't have you stay here on your own time for insurance purposes. If something happens to you while you're here and you're not on the clock,

insurance won't pay out a work cover claim. Truly, Cody and I can handle it from here, there's not too much more left to do anyway, so we won't be here too late."

"Aiden, I really want to stay and help."

"Why are you pushing this, Kora? Is there some reason you're trying to avoid going home?"

I ask her.

"No. It's just ... like I said, I really want to help and I think another set of eyes would ensure we got the best possible results for inventory."

"And like I mentioned, I can't have you here. But if you want to wait outside until we're done, then you're more than welcome to."

"I won't get in the way, I promise."

"Honestly, Kora, what is going on? In the amount of time we've stood here having this conversation, Cody and I could have finished what we needed to do by now."

"Nothing is going on, Aiden. I just—"

"She doesn't want you and I to be left in the same room alone, together,"

Cody blurts out.

Silence blankets the room and I can honestly hear the sound of several pins dropping. I shift my focus from Kora to Cody.

"What are you talking about?"

I inquire.

“Ah, what he means is, that I don’t want the two of you to be in here alone together because ... it’s dangerous and in case something happens, there should be someone else here.”

“Cut the bullshit, Kora. You got what you wanted. I’ve kept my distance from Aiden, just like you asked, so if the two of you want to get it on with each other, I will gladly get out of your way.”

“What is going on here?” I ask.

“Nothing!”

Kora adds quickly, and I notice her give Cody a death glare.

“Okay, someone better tell me what the hell is going on here and really quickly, too.”

“I told you, it’s nothing,”

she insists.

“She threatened me,”

Cody suddenly says.

“She what?”

“Cody, shut up,”

I hear Kora whisper through gritted teeth.

“A couple of weeks ago. It was right after I started working here. I was behind the counter when Kora approached me and warned me that if I didn’t stop ogling you, that she would spread a rumor. The rumor was that I told all the workers here that you’re gay and that you sucked my dick.”

“That’s a lie,”

Kora says.

“You and I both know it isn’t,”

Cody chimes in.

There’s more silence in the room, I move my attention from Cody to Kora.

“Is this true, Kora? Did you threaten him?”

“I ... ah, all I wanted to do was scare him off a little.”

“Scare him off what?”

“Off you. Ever since he stepped foot in here, his eyes have been all over you. I can practically feel the testosterone whenever the two of you are in the room together.”

I stare at her, horrified. “Kora, why would—?”

And then the realization hits me. “Are you telling me that you’ve got the hots for me?”

She says nothing, and her silence says it all.

“I’ve liked you for some time, Aiden. And when I saw the way Cody was looking at you, I just got jealous and snapped.”

“You know I don’t date people I work with, Kora.”

“I know that. But I thought—”

“Thought what? That you’d start a bullshit rumor about me, hope that I would find out about it and fire Cody? Is that what you wanted?”

“I ... I’m sorry. I just—”

“You’re sorry? Sorry isn’t going to cut it, Kora. You’re fired. Get your stuff and get out of my store.”

“You can’t fire me on the spot, just like that,” she says.

“Says who? Check your employment contract. There’s a section on there that specifies an instant dismissal for serious misconduct. And I’d say this is beyond serious. So, I have every right to fire you immediately.”

“Aiden, I—”

“Now, Kora. Or I’ll have security escort you out.”

She looks at the two of us, and when she’s about to say something, I give her a warning look. She then removes her lanyard from around her neck and slams it on the counter. I watch her go through the door to the back room, and after some time she returns back to the store with her purse and keys. She removes her jacket and throws it down on the counter on top of her lanyard.

“This job stinks anyway,” she says.

She moves toward the door, then with a final look back at me and Cody, she walks through it and leaves.

“Aiden, I—I’m really sorry. This wasn’t exactly how I wanted you to find out. In fact, I’d kind of hoped that you didn’t find out. But now that you have, I’m sorry.”

“I’m the one that should be sorry. I should have seen this coming. Kora has been acting weird for a while now. Even before you started working here, I guess it all makes sense now. I’m just sorry she had this over you this entire time.”

“It’s okay. I’m also sorry that I made you feel uncomfortable. Yes, I was ... am attracted to you. But I’ve received your message loud and clear, and I will never cross that line.”

“I appreciate your honesty and respecting my boundaries. But that still doesn’t excuse the way Kora and I treated you. Okay, she may have threatened you, but I didn’t exactly handle the situation professionally. I could have handled it a lot better.”

I place both my palms down on the counter, completely ashamed of myself and unable to look at the man anymore. There was no harm done, and Cody didn’t make a single pass at me, and like I said, it isn’t the first time I’ve had women and men checking me out. It’s the society we live in, and as long as he kept his hands to himself and didn’t tell a single soul, what harm was he doing? None. Why the fuck was I such a prick to this guy? Was it really so terrible that he found me attractive? No! I was just an idiot who let my ego and pride get the better of me because I was worried about my reputation and I didn’t want to admit that a guy had feelings for me.

Fuck!

“I think we just need to finish up here and get home as quickly as possible,”

Cody says.

“Agreed,” I reply.

Jesus, this is the last thing I need right now. I know I’ve come clean to Cody about the way I handled the situation. But honestly, I really don’t like the idea of the two of us being alone together now that he’s admitted to finding me attractive. I know he said he’d never do anything inappropriate, but that doesn’t really ease my concerns. I just need to focus on getting this inventory done, and then the two of us can head home.

By the time we’re done entering the figures into the system, it’s well past 8 p.m.

A lot later than I’d anticipated. But nevertheless, our work for today is done, and we can head home. I place my phone and keys on the counter, then head to the back room to grab my backpack and place the money in the safe. As I unlock the safe, I hear Cody enter the room behind me.

“Are we all done?” he asks.

“Yes. I’m just locking the money in the safe. If you want to hit the lights, we can get out of here.”

“Gotcha,”

he replies.

I get to my feet, and as Cody flicks the switches for the lights in the store, the door to the back room closes.

“All done,”

Cody replies and reaches for the door handle. He gives it a jiggle but it remains closed.

“Ah, shit. The door locked. Do you have your keys?”

he asks, looking at me.

I pat down the outside of my pants pockets and my eyes widen, horrified, as I realize that my keys are outside, in the store, resting on the counter next to my phone.

“They’re outside on the counter,” I say.

He too pats down the outside of his pants pockets. And when his eyes meet mine, the seriousness of the situation hits us both.

“Please tell me your keys aren’t out in the store, too?”

He nods.

“What about your phone?”

“It’s on the counter too. I was just coming back here to get my jacket and then wait for you.”

Fuck!

With no way out, I begin banging on the door as hard as I can.

“Hello? Is anyone out there? We’re trapped in here!” I yell.

It's after hours. The mall has been closed for over three hours now, and unless a security guard happens to be wandering around, no one can hear us screaming. I continue banging loudly on the door and shouting 'help' but my screams go unheard.

"Now what?"

Cody asks.

"I have no fucking idea. The last thing I need is to be stuck in here with you."

I say that last part a little too loudly, and it's my frustration at the situation more than anything else.

"Yeah, well, I'm not exactly thrilled about the idea of being trapped in here with you either."

Okay, I totally deserved that. And it's not the ideal situation to be in. But with everything that's just gone down with Kora, I really don't like the idea of being in this compromising situation.

"Isn't there like a security alarm or something to alert someone that we're trapped in here?"

Cody questions, looking around the tiny back room.

"No. The mall has its own alarm to evacuate the entire center, but none of the stores have their own individual alarm."

"So, what you're saying is, no one knows that we're locked in here?"

"Nope,"

I reply, as I continue to bang on the door.

“Well, that’s just fucking perfect, isn’t it?”

I stop slamming my fist on the door, then turn around so that I’m staring at Cody, and my eyes lock with his.

“Getting pissed off isn’t going to improve the situation,” I add.

“There’s got to be a way out of here,”

Cody says, looking around the room before banging his fists on the door again.
“Help! We’re in here. Can anyone hear us?”

It’s been over an hour since we’ve been locked in this tiny room, and it’s starting to get really hot in here. I unclip the last button on my polo shirt and run my hands through my hair. I think it’s safe to assume that the two of us are going to be stuck in here for some time, possibly even all night.

“Fuck. This is useless,”

Cody blurts out.

“You’ve done nothing but bitch since we’ve been locked in here. Why don’t you just shut up and accept the fact that we’re probably going to be stuck here all night.”

“All night? In here? With you? Fuck that!”

He moves toward the door and starts banging his fists on it again, yelling and screaming.

“Give it a rest, Cody. We’ve been trying for over an hour and no one has heard us. Face it. We’re stuck in here.”

“Argh!”

“I’m actually surprised that you’re not gloating right now,”

I tell him.

“And why the hell would I be gloating about being trapped inside a tiny room at night, with my boss?”

“It’s the perfect scenario, isn’t it? The boss trapped in a room with an employee who is infatuated with him,” I say.

“Infatuated? Seriously? Don’t flatter yourself. You’re really not that great-looking,”

he admits, turning his head away and then he sits down on one of the chairs.

“Try saying that to my face after you’ve first convinced yourself.”

“What? You’re the one who told me to back off and not try anything or you’d have me fired. Or was that just bullshit because maybe somewhere deep down you’re attracted to me too?”

“You’re totally full of yourself. There’s no way I’d be interested in a guy like you even if I was gay, which I’ve already made perfectly clear that I’m not.”

Okay, that was a lot harder to admit than I would have liked.

“Mhmm, and how’s that working out for you?”

Cody asks.

I move toward the door again and begin pounding on it hard with my fists. I know it's pointless, but fuck if I'm going to spend another damn minute in this room with this guy. I have to try something. Anything, to get the fuck out of here and away from him.

“You have no answer, do you? And maybe that's because it's true. You're in denial and won't admit to yourself that maybe there is a small part of you that's attracted to me.”

“And you're pathetic. Once we get out of here, I'm going to go straight to HR and see to it that you're transferred to another store. Somewhere far away from me so that I never have to see you again.”

Cody gets to his feet and heads to the door. I don't turn to face him but when he stops right beside me, I feel his body press against mine.

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“Are you sure that’s what you really want?”

he whispers in my ear.

Fuck!

Within seconds I feel my cock spring to life in my briefs, something that’s never happened to me before whenever a guy has spoken to me like that. Then again, I’ve never had a man whisper something like that to me before when I’m in such a predicament. I ignore his words, but when he presses himself harder against my body and has me practically pinned to the door, I let out a long sigh, which comes out more like a groan.

“Get away from me,” I order.

“Make me,”

he whispers.

I feel his hands wrap around my waist and unclip the button of my pants. I reach down with my hand to try and stop him, but he spins me around and thrusts my back hard against the door, before crushing his mouth onto mine. I try and push him away, but he continues to force his lips onto mine, and then his hands make their way back down to the top of my pants, where he lowers the zipper and drops my pants to the floor, exposing my now throbbing erection.

Jesus, why the hell am I enjoying this so damn much? This isn’t normal!

He quickly gets to his knees and I try and push him off me again, but he takes a firm grip of both my hands and pins them to the door, and no matter how much I try and move to free myself; he has full control right now. He angles his head up so that our eyes connect, and I see the lust in them. He pokes out his tongue, then leans forward and licks the tip of my cock and it jolts at the sensation. I squirm, trying to break free from his confines, but he continues to have a tight grip on both my hands. He then slides his tongue all the way down my aching dick, then back up again. He repeats the method on the other side of my rigid length, and my cock fucking pulsates from his touch.

Fuck! I'm about to lose my fucking mind!

Cody continues to tease my cock, and with the way he has me pinned against this door, there is not a lot I can do to control this situation. All I can do is stand here and take it. He glides his tongue up and down my cock, teasing the absolute fuck out of it and causing me to feel things I've never felt before ... from a dude. I can't believe this is actually happening, even though I'm watching it all happen right in front of me. There's no use trying to fight this any longer because in this compromising position, I'm fighting a never-ending battle. I look down as Cody's eyes stay focused with mine, and then he slowly places his lips over the tip of my head before removing them quickly. And that maneuver has me trying to hold back my orgasm.

Fuck it!

"Suck it. Just suck on my fucking dick,"

I order the man at my feet.

He wraps a fist around my dick, then swirls his tongue around the tip several times.

"Come on, what are you waiting for? I know you want it,"

I tell him. "If you want to keep working for me, you better start sucking and suck it fucking good, too."

And then, just like that, he slides his mouth over my cock, gliding it up and down my hard-as-a-rock cock.

"You've got a fucking hot mouth,"

I tell him as he continues to devour me.

And it's at that moment that I lose all ability to function and thrust my cock in and out of his talented mouth.

"There you go. Take that fucking dick, all the fucking way,"

I tell him and I slide it all the way to the back of his throat, as I take a hold of the back of his head and guide him. Not that this guy needs any fucking help from me because he appears to be experienced as fuck. I let out a loud groan as I continue to mouth fuck him all the way down as far as my length will allow me until I hear him gag.

"Gag on the fucking thing," I say.

He continues to suck, and I grab the bottom of my shirt then lift it over my head before tossing it onto the floor. I then grab hold of my nipples and begin massaging them between my thumb and finger as the man on his knees in front of me delivers the most perfect sex act I've ever been a part of. I grab hold of my cock and pull it out of his mouth, then look down at him and see the disappointment on his face.

"You want some of this cock? Is that what you want?"

I ask. He groans and begs for me to give it back to him. "There you go, take it,"

I say, and thrust it back into his mouth.

He slides his hands up and down my chest and I watch as they bounce off my abs. He then removes his mouth from my cock and looks up at me.

“You’ve got such a hot body,”

he says. “I’ve been wanting to see this for as long as I’ve been working in this mall and walking past your store, and now I finally get the chance.”

“You know, when I hired you, this was not what I expected to see when it came time for the two of us to work together.”

“Well, I can’t say I pictured sucking the ever-loving daylights out of your cock, but I had always wanted to see your body. I had my thoughts on what it might have looked like underneath all those clothes, and believe me, it doesn’t disappoint.”

He slides his hands up and down the length of my body while taking my cock back inside his mouth again. He takes his fingers and begins massaging my nipples. His tongue moves up and down, and then I grab hold of my cock and smack it across his face. When he wraps his lips around it again, he wastes no time sliding it all the way to the back of his mouth, deepthroating it, and taking it like the fucking pro that he is. This guy has definitely had experience sucking dick before.

“You really want to keep this job, don’t you?”

I ask, thrusting in and out of his mouth hard and fast. “If you keep this up, you are definitely going to have a very long and successful career here.”

I continue to face fuck him, and then I lean forward and place both my hands under his arms and lift him off the floor, so that we’re both standing.

“Show me what you have, Cody. I want to see what’s hiding beneath your clothes.”

He wastes no time stripping out of his clothes. “I’m still not sure I’m going to keep you on past probation. I have to check out what I’m working with before I can make that decision.”

Once his briefs are on the floor with the rest of his clothes, his cock springs to life as he stands gloriously naked before me. I reach down and stroke his cock, and it pulsates in the palm of my hand.

“Nice. You’ve got a nice big, fat, hard dick,”

I tell him as I continue to stroke it.

I remove the rest of my clothes, adding them to the growing pile on the floor until I’m as naked as he is. He inches toward me, then rubs his hands up and down my body and I do the same. Fuck, the guy is smooth, and he definitely knows how to keep himself in good shape. Jesus, I never thought I would appreciate another man’s body as much as I appreciate his right now. I place my hand on the back of his head and pull him in toward me, bringing our mouths together in a fierce kiss and the two of us play with each other’s dicks. I gently bite down on his jaw, and then I slowly get to my knees, taking his cock in my hand.

“I want to taste this dick, Cody,”

I confess.

I gently squeeze his balls as his cock points up to full mast. I lower my mouth over the tip and without thinking, take it all the way down until I feel it touch the back of my throat.

Holy. Fucking. Shit.

Not only does getting head feel fucking good, it fucking tastes better. His dick swells in my mouth as I destroy the absolute fuck out of it. I hear Cody's groans from above as I continue to enjoy the sensation of his meat inside my mouth.

Removing my mouth I say, "You've got a hot fucking dick,"

before swallowing him again.

His groans get louder and I increase the rhythm of my sucking. I remove my lips and make my way down his shaft and begin sucking on his balls.

"Oh, fuck. I've been fantasizing about this for so long,"

I hear Cody say. "Keep going. Right there, that's the spot—oh fuck. For a guy who claims he's not gay, you certainly know how to suck a fucking dick."

My brain switches off after that, and as I continue to vigorously fuck the daylights out of his cock, I begin fisting my own dick. I cover his length with my saliva, I can feel the tingling sensation in my balls, and I know it's only a matter of time before I lose my load, literally.

"I want to have a boss like you every fucking day," he says.

I slide my lips off his cock and look up at the gorgeous bastard and say, "Let's just say, I know how you can make employee of the month every month."

I give him a wicked wink and then slide my mouth over his dick again, drowning it with my saliva. I tease his cock a few times by spitting on the tip and then licking it with my tongue.

"I want you to show me that ass," I say.

Getting to my feet, I spin him around and pin him against the door so that he can't move. His ass is facing me and I give it a few hard smacks before I get down on my knees. I spread his cheeks apart and then spit inside his opening before poking out my tongue and massaging the saliva all around.

“Holy fuuuuuuuuuuuuck,”

he hisses.

With his cheeks apart, I continue to lubricate his opening before shoving my entire face between his cheeks, going in as deep as I can.

“Finger me,”

he orders.

“With. Fucking. Pleasure,” I reply.

I slide my index finger between my lips and lubricate it before gently sliding it up inside his crack. A loud curse escapes his lips and I slide it in and out a few more times. I then slide my forefinger inside my mouth, making sure it's completely covered before I slide it, and the index finger back inside him. That has him groaning louder.

“I think you want my dick up there, don't you?” I say.

Realizing momentarily that I don't have a fucking condom, I know I'm clean and safe, and I make sure he's well lubed up before I slide myself inside him. And let's face it. I really don't think either of us are going to give a fuck, metaphorically speaking.

“That would be fucking—fuck!”

As I ram my cock inside him, he curses and I watch him bite down on his finger. With both my hands firmly on his hips, I slide my cock in and out of him and as his body pounds against the door it's skin to skin. I've never done anything like this before, but for some reason it seems to come naturally, and who am I to question that? Maybe this is what was meant to happen. Maybe that's why the two of us were locked in this room. All the testosterone, all the looks and tension between us, maybe it was all building up to this climactic experience.

"I'm going to pound the fuck out of this sweet hole,"

I tell him as I continue to pound his ass.

I slide my cock in and out of him, and his groans are all the confirmation I need to know that he's enjoying every minute of this. And I never, in my wildest dreams, imagined that I would enjoy it just as much. With my cock still sliding between his cheeks, I feel both of Cody's hands on my ass. He tilts his head over his shoulder and I lean forward to greet his mouth in a hot-as-fuck kiss. I slip my tongue inside his mouth, and when he removes his lips from mine, he bites down on my lower lip. I let out a loud curse, and the pain soaring through my lower lip has me pounding the fuck out of him, harder, faster and rougher, if that's even possible.

I'm about to lose my mind here, and that's something that I never thought possible. I'm not going to make myself sound like I've had tons of sex because the truth is, I haven't. I only ever had one real steady girlfriend and even then, the sex between us was nothing like this. After a few more hard thrusts in Cody's ass, I withdraw my cock from inside him, then move to one of the vacant chairs in the room.

"You're going to ride my cock, Cody," I demand.

I sit down on the chair, spread my legs apart and spit into the palm of my hand then lubricate my cock. Cody wanders over to me, and as he lowers his ass onto my thighs, I guide my cock inside his ass. We both let out a loud groan, and then he

proceeds to slide his ass, up and down my length, literally like he's riding a horse. I have to say this is something I've never experienced before and fuck it feels amazing.

"Ride that fucking dick, Cody,"

I tell him.

"Oh my God,"

he hisses. "You're the best fucking boss, ever."

"And don't you ever fucking forget that if you want to keep your job here."

"Just keep fucking my ass,"

he orders.

"Like this?"

I ask and I pound his ass with my dick hard and fast bouncing up and down in my seat as our skin smacks against one another. "Ride my fucking dick, boy."

"Harder. Fuck me harder,"

he pleads.

I anchor my hands underneath his ass and then buck my hips forward, faster and faster, up and down, in and out.

"Take it. Take it all the fucking way,"

I tell him.

“Holy shit, right there, that’s the fucking spot. Jessssusssss!”

With one hand firmly underneath his ass, I take the other and wrap it around his cock and begin jerking him off.

“Oh, fuck that feels good,”

he says through gritted teeth.

“How do you like my dick now?” I ask.

“I fucking love it. I can’t believe this is what I have been missing out on.”

“Well, I can assure you, you’re definitely going to be working here for a long time, so you get to have this cock whenever you fucking want. What do you say about that?”

“Yes! Fuck, oh yes, you’re definitely going to make it worth it, and make me love coming into work every day. You’ve got such a nice dick,”

he moans as he bounces up and down my dick so fast, I’d swear it’ll break off.

“Now, it’s my turn,”

he says, sliding his ass off my cock.

“What?”

“It’s my turn to fuck you.”

He gets to his feet, lifts me out of the chair and spins me around, before bending me over. I place both my hands on the armrests and spread my legs apart. I look over my shoulder and see Cody get to his knees, then feel his fingers spread my cheeks apart.

He spits inside my opening, then pokes his tongue inside and swirls it around, just as I had earlier. Then I feel his entire face between my cheeks. His stubble glides up and down my cheeks and the feeling is so fucking sensational, any minute now, I know I'm going to come. I feel his tongue inside me again, and then one ... two ... three ... shit ... four fingers slide up the inside of my opening and he stretches me apart.

“Jesus. Fucking hell. How the fuck are you doing that?” I ask.

“I'm a man of many talents, as you will very quickly come to learn. When I want something, I go for it.”

“Fuck!”

I growl as I feel him ram his cock deep inside my ass without warning.

“Harder, boy. I need you to fuck me harder. Show me what it's like to be fucked by a man.”

He places both hands on my shoulders, practically sinking his fingers into my bare skin, and then he pounds the ever-loving fuck out of me and I hear our skin smacking against each other.

“You've got a fucking hot ass,”

I hear him say.

At least, that's what I think he says. My brain ceased to function at some point after he inserted the fourth digit inside me and totally blew my mind. As the man fucks me doggy style, he smacks my ass. I reach down and slowly start stroking my cock, trying so desperately not to explode, but I know I'm close. Very close.

“Fuck, your hole is so tight. You've obviously never been fucked up the ass before.”

On the word ass his cock buries deep inside me and a loud curse erupts from my mouth as I continue to jerk on my aching length.

“You’re definitely keeping your job here, as long as you promise to fuck me like this every opportunity we get.”

“With pleasure because I’m definitely going to need a lot of this ass. Now come on and take your employee’s dick,”

I hear him say.

“Pound me, harder and faster,” I order.

He moves his hands to my hips and shoves his cock deeper inside me. Any minute now, this room is going to be covered with my jizz. I continue stroking my dick as Cody says some profanity to me as he increases speed, slapping my ass occasionally.

“Take my fucking dick. Take it like you’ve never taken a dick before.”

I’ve never taken a dick before and holy hell, I had no fucking clue what I was missing until now. This right here is fucking amazing.

“Fuck me hard, Cody,”

I instruct.

“You’re going to get this dick every fucking day,”

he tells me.

With a few more hard thrusts in and out of my ass, I jerk my cock until I feel the tingling sensation travel from my balls and all the way up my engorged length.

“Shit, I’m going to come,” I pant.

He removes his dick from inside me, and then I stand beside him. I begin jerking my cock, increasing the speed as I tilt my head backward.

“Fuck. Oh, yeah, fuck,”

I pant, tugging myself harder and faster.

I then look to my right and watch as Cody begins wanking himself. He lets out several loud pants and it only takes him a few more tugs of his dick before he’s coming all over the floor, in a hot mess. The sight has me pulling my dick faster, and I feel the sensation ready to explode.

“Let me help you with that.”

He moves to stand behind me, then kicks my feet apart and he wedges himself between my thighs.

He presses a kiss to each of my shoulders, and when my cheeks spread widely, I feel him slide a single digit inside me.

Sliding it in and out as I continue to worship my dick.

As I increase speed, he increases his, and within seconds, I’m shooting my load all over the floor with a loud moan.

Cody spins me around, then crushes his mouth onto mine, and when our lips part, I look down at the mess we’ve created, completely and utterly speechless.

“So, this is what it feels and looks like after you’ve just had mind-blowing sex... with a guy,” I say.

“I was mind-blowing, was I?”

“You were ... a lot of things. I just ...”

“Can’t believe you fucked a dude?”

Cody offers.

“Yeah. And liked—loved every bit of it.”

“I guess you just had to bring out your inner manness.”

“Manness? That’s not even a word,” I state.

“It is now, and I’m sticking with it.”

He laughs.

“I guess we better clean this mess up and get dressed, looks like we’re going to be in for a long night ahead of us.”

“At least now it won’t be so awkward to cuddle up against one another on the floor.”

I smile at that remark, and if I’m being completely honest with myself, tonight has been an eye-opening experience for me, and definitely one that I will remember for, well probably forever. As for what happens now, I don’t actually know. I’m happy for this to just be a casual thing between us, but as far as relationships are concerned, I don’t know if I’m ready for that just yet. Anyway, it’s not something that either of us have to worry about, for now I’m happy to just be a casual fuck buddy, if that’s all he wants me to be. I help Cody clean up the mess, and when we’re done, we clean ourselves up in the tiny sink that’s in the back room, then quickly get changed back into our clothes.

“So, what was all that talk earlier about you not being gay?”

Cody questions.

I say nothing but give him a wide smile, and as we prepare to settle in for the night, we hear the sound of someone call from outside.

“Hello? This is security. Is there anyone in here?”

“Yes, hello. Thank God. We’re back here. We’ve locked ourselves in.”

“Where are the keys?”

“On the counter.”

After a few seconds I hear the sound of keys fumbling through the door and then it opens. The security guard stands on the other side of the door with his flashlight shining in my face. I squint my eyes and he lowers the light, then hands me the keys.

“How did you know we were in here?”

Cody asks.

“The motion sensor in the control room was going off and when I was walking past the store just a few moments ago, I heard some noises coming from inside, so I thought I should check it out.”

Cody and I look at one another and give each other a wicked smile.

“Thanks for coming back, I thought we were going to be trapped in here all night.”

After thanking the security guard, he turns and walks through the store and then out

the main doors and back through the mall. Cody and I grab our things from the back room, this time making sure I have the keys securely clutched in the palm of my hand. Once we're both out of the tiny room, I close the door and lock it. We then grab our stuff from the counter and walk to the main doors.

"Hey, how come the alarm system never sounded when security walked into the store?"

Cody asks.

"I never armed the alarm. After Kora left, we were still inside. It only gets turned on when everyone has left the store."

He nods in understanding.

We both step out of the store, checking and double checking that we have all our belongings, including the keys, and when I'm convinced we've left nothing behind, I quickly secure the alarm, close the doors and lock them securely. With the two of us standing outside the store, I turn to Cody and give him another smile.

"Thank you for ..."

"Mind-blowing sex?"

he suggests with a chuckle.

"An eye-opening experience,"

I tell him. "Goodnight, Cody."

"Goodnight, Aiden. See you tomorrow."

“Bright and early,” I say.

And with that, the two of us go our separate ways and head home.