



Simply Curious (Straight to Gay: Best Friends)

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Category: LGBT+

Description: If your best friend wanted to watch you get off, would you let him?

I cant believe that Aiyden doesnt watch dirty videos. I mean for one, who doesnt? And for two, look at him. From the hard cut of his jaw, to the rippled muscles beneath his dark tank-top, he radiates sex and masculinity. But apparently, hes got no interest, go figure.

It wouldnt have anything to do with me, except when Aiyden figures out I do like them, hes hellbent on knowing everything. What I like, why I like it. He even demands I show him how I do it. Seriously, the things I do for him.

This is ridiculous, hes just curious, so why I am I getting this hot and bothered with those dark, focused eyes on me. Hes a guy! I shouldnt want him to stare. I shouldnt like it.

And I definitely shouldnt want to wipe that cocky grin off his face, pin him down, and make him as desperate for me as I feel right now.

Simply Curious is an 8k dual POV erotica short with two straight guys getting hot and heavy and discovering new sides to themselves they never knew existed.

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"No matter how I look at it, it's disgusting," Aiyden said, the first words either of us had spoken for a solid ten minutes at least.

It was that kind of night, quiet, and I was more than happy to switch my brain off for the day while we lounged on Aiyden's bed, browsing our phones. Sometimes it was just nice to chill with someone without feeling like you gotta be on , keep 'em entertained, and Aiyden was always good for that kind of thing.

"What is?" I asked absently, scrolling down through post after post.

Aiyden turned his phone around from where he was sat up against the headboard, holding it out for me.

Dead center of the screen, was a graphic video of a guy furiously ramming his cock into a girl from behind, slapping his thighs against her with each thrust.

"Dude, the hell?" I let out a puff of what-the-fuck laughter and straightened up from where I'd been slouched against the wall, looking away, "What the fuck you watching over there?" With me right here .

"What, don't like it?" Aiyden challenged, "It's disgusting right?"

Disgusting. That same word. What was he getting at? I looked back to the video, that same thrusting, over and over. It was repeating in a loop, hardly 10 seconds of furious sex.

I cleared my throat, feeling a little hot. "Uhh, it just looks like regular porn to me."

"Yeah, exactly." Aiyden huffed, loud and irritated, he looked back at the screen. "You watch this shit?"

" Do I watch porn? Yeah?" I laughed, "You're acting like you don't."

"Course I don't. It's fucking gross."

"What? Gross ?"

"Sweaty bodies, shitty dirty talk, over-the-top moans. People I don't even know mashing their ugly naked bodies together, why the fuck would I wanna watch that?" Aiyden spat, leaning forwards, into my space.

Woah. Okay.

That was a lot to unpack. "Alright, alright. I get it." I raised my hands in surrender, till he eased up a little.

So Aiyden didn't watch porn apparently. And clearly, he had a few thoughts about it. But no, seriously? What kind of healthy twenty-one-year-old didn't, or reacted like that to it?

What was wrong with strangers fucking anyway? Was I missing something here? I mean yeah, if it was sex, I'd rather know whoever I was hooking up with, and based on that reaction, Aiyden had to be the same.

Hold on. I mean, I'd always just assumed...

It wasn't like we ever really talked sex, Aiyden wasn't about that. He'd always been quiet on that kinda shit. Whenever it would come up with the guys he was always dismissive, shrugging it off like nothing.

Sure, with the hours he worked at his apprenticeship tryna rise up fast, made sense for relationships to be on the backburner, but I always figured he was at least hooking up on the down low. Not one to boast about it with all that faux posturing bullshit like some of the others, and that was something I could respect. But was he even actually...?

I mean... wasn't like he couldn't get it if he wanted it...

Yeah, okay , personality-wise he could be on the abrasive side, and with those big dark eyes, and those thick brows furrowed into that permanently pissed-off look, well, even without the height, let's just say he could be on the intimidating side.

Then again, that was kind of the appeal, wasn't it? A little dangerous. From every cut of him, he was masculinity and fight. The hard line of his jaw, rough calloused hands, and the way toned muscles rippled out of a dark tanktop that was way too fucking small . Seriously, it was tight enough that it was riding up, revealing a slither of warm brown skin and black hair trailing lower...

"I just don't get it," Aiyden said and—

Fuck. Staring. Come on , what were you doing?

Aiyden was back on his phone, studying the clip he still had open. "So this shit... is hot to you?"

"Uhh..." I coughed, "I mean sure."

He was messing with his phone again, typing things in, before holding it back up again. "Then, what about this?"

"Come on dude," I rolled my head back, thumping it against the wall behind me, and

laughed. It was porn again, of course it was. "For real? What is this?"

"Look, I'm just tryna see something." And oh, he was serious . " This , is hot to you?"

There was a new video on the screen, this time a filthy close-up, a shot of a guy's ass, pounding into someone over and over. Cum slipped down their bodies and pooled onto the sheets below with every thrust.

He looked at me, one eyebrow raised, like he was waiting for a contradiction.

"Yeah, it's hot." And god, so was my face. Burning right up.

He took back the phone, all suspicious-like. The next moment he had a new video on the screen, possibly filthier than the last.

"And this?"

Whatever the fuck we were doing, it went on a few more times, Aiyden, pulling up videos and eyeing me like there was no way I could be into this one. And fucking hell, I was a simple guy, it was sex, it was all hot. Even in this too stuffy room, sitting on Aiyden's bed, his eyes studying my every reaction.

Here I was trying to ignore these jeans that were just starting to press uncomfortably tight against my dick—hopefully not obvious yet—and apparently Aiyden was totally unaffected? Could he not feel the temperature of the room rise? It was at least a few degrees hotter, fuck, I was just about ready to roll up my sleeves, maybe open a window.

Eventually, Aiyden seemed to have had enough, leaning back and staring at his phone, eyebrows furrowing together. "Man, ya'll are fucking weird."

And despite everything, I cracked up. In a certain way, it was funny. His neutral tone. Aiyden looked up and lifted just one brow at me.

"Yeah sure, we're weird." I laughed. "God, Aiyden, you're something else. Alright, alright, if you're not watching porn, how you getting off? What are you thinking about?"

Aiyden hesitated, squinting at me, as if he was trying to decide whether it was worth saying or not. But come on, we were way past weird territory here.

"Nothing," He shrugged, "nothing. Anything. Work, groceries, whatever the fuck is on my mind."

"Groceries? What?" I couldn't help the incredulity from spilling out. "No, hold on, do you actually even jack it, or...?" Not watching porn is one thing, but not jacking it is a whole other. How could anyone not ?

"Yeah," Aiyden huffed, but then he was looking off to the side, "I mean I get off. Sometimes. Not with my dick."

"Huh?" What the fuck else was there? Nipples?

Aiyden's posture had stiffened, jaw clenched down, and he stared at me, with those intense eyes, like it was self-evident, like any moment I'd get it.

It wasn't like Aiyden to be vague. To not just say things outright. More than that, he seemed pissed that it wasn't clicking. Or maybe nervous. His finger was doing that thing, tapping against his knee, a habit he wouldn't have wanted me to know about.

It was hard to tell in the dim light of the lamp on the nightstand, but his cheeks seemed like they'd darkened with color. Aiyden let out a frustrated breath of air. "You

never heard of prostate stuff or what?"

"Prostate? Oh," I said, and then a half-second later " Oh ."

Aiyden liked to play with his ass.

Aiyden liked to play with his ass . That's how he liked to get off. Alright. Fuck. I didn't think he could have said anything I was less prepared to hear in that moment.

And what did that mean exactly? What, would he want a cock up there too? Was that what that meant? Fuck, was he gay? All this time knowing him could I have missed something like that?

Aiyden clicked his tongue derisively. "I can tell you're thinking something stupid. It just feels good. Not hard to understand. Lotta guys do it."

"Do they?" I retorted, and then, to the way Aiyden's scowl deepened, "Nah, I'm sure they do. Was just surprised and all." I ran a hand through my hair. "Does it feel that good? Better than jerking off? Don't you ever just do it like normal?"

Aiyden scoffed. "You've obviously never tried it. If I'm going to the effort of getting off, then I want to feel as good as possible. It's not even close."

"Right yeah. 'Course," I said distantly. Of course playing with your ass wasn't comparable. Of course that was a thing.

Here I was doing things the normal way, while Aiyden was getting busy fucking himself on what— his fingers? A—A dildo?— while thinking about fucking groceries.

I shifted and turned slightly away from Aiyden. Fuck. I was hard. Full-on hard, dick

hot up against my thigh, straining against the fabric. This was bad. I needed to clear my head, but, just—

Aiyden liked to play with his ass.

I picked my phone up from where I'd discarded it on the bed once Aiyden had started shoving porn in my face and tossed it from hand to hand.

I didn't think I could miss something like Aiyden having the hots for guys, maybe it really was just something guys did sometimes.

It was hard to picture though. Aiyden was so...

Way back when I'd met him, I'd thought he was the toughest shit ever. Never taking anybody else's bull, never backing down from anybody, no matter if they were twice his size. He'd taken my lanky ass in and taught me how to stand up for myself and fight. He was always strong, always with that aggressive determination in everything he did.

I mean I knew now, that more of that was for show than he'd let on. But still, something just wasn't clicking in my brain with this new information. Maybe I had it all wrong here, putting my own dumb assumptions into things.

If I had to pick, I might've thought he'd be the type of guy pinning someone down and pounding into them. Not spread out and fucking himself.

Oh god, did he get desperate? The image shot up, clear in my head, of Aiyden on his knees, ass up, face buried in the covers, dildo in hand, helplessly fucking himself against it. Desperate sounds coming out of his mouth with each thrust—

"Are you fucking hard?" Aiyden asked point blank.

Fuck.

I fumbled my phone before catching it and snapped my head towards Aiyden. He was staring hard. I couldn't tell if he looked more pissed off than usual, or if that was just his usual resting-bitch-face. My heartbeat raced through my veins at double-time regardless.

If he knew what was in my head... Yeah no fucking way.

"You just shoved a bunch of porn in my face, what the fuck are you looking at me like that for?" I rushed out, face burning.

"That was enough to give you a boner?" Just one side of his lip tugged up, a half smile that was a little teasing, a little mean.

I gave the most casual shrug I was capable of and hitched my leg up high, for a bit of cover. I just had to wait this out. Except, Aiyden couldn't just give me a bit of room could he? Even as I flipped from menu to menu left and right, I could feel the burning gaze of his eyes, still on me, heating the room up with just a look.

"Come on, what you looking at?" I broke.

His eyes widened slightly, and then he huffed a quiet laugh, eyes glinting looking almost predatory. "It's kind of interesting, I guess." He shrugged, looking off into the distance and then back up at me. "So you usually... You jack off while watching this kind of shit, right?"

"Yeah?" That was normal, the normal thing people did.

Aiyden hummed, he looked me down from top to bottom, and back up again, meeting my eyes, gaze domineering. "Show me."

"Hah?"

His eyes did not waver. "I want to see how you do it. Show me."

"Uhh, are you for real right now? You mean take my dick out, here? Jack off here?"

"Why not?" His gaze was hard, imperious. "You're already hard. You could take care of it, instead of tryna drive it down through force of will."

"But—" I shoved my phone down onto the bed and swallowed. "Is that not, kind of fucking weird?"

"Who gives a fuck?" He said simply, "Look if you don't want to do it, just say it."

...

I did kind of want to, was the thing.

God. Would he have asked any of the other guys this? Yeah, no way in hell. Though maybe that had more to do with the fact that he knew I wouldn't give him shit like they absolutely would. That I might actually consider doing it. Was considering it.

He wouldn't talk. It was Aiyden, there's no way he would.

"You asked for this," I mumbled under my breath and fumbled with the zip of my jeans, hands shaking slightly for god knew what reason. Probably the adrenaline. That would explain the fucking heartbeat knocking around in my skull.

I pulled out my cock, and shot a furtive glance back at Aiyden. He was staring intently, big dark eyes looking fierce, even now. I hadn't exactly shown my cock to many people in my life.

And then he was coming closer. Fuck, too close.

He settled just by my side and leaned in slightly. "Huh."

Like it was some kind of specimen he was examining. My dick pulsed in my hand. All too self-conscious now that I'd taken the thing out.

It had been a while since my last trim, black hair running wild. I jerked my cock slowly, carefully. I used a light touch, casually rolling my foreskin up and down around the head.

Even without looking at him, I could feel Aiden's eyes on me. There was something about that, that got me all hot and buzzing.

What exactly was this for him? What weird curiosity was I satisfying within him? Why did I like his eyes on me this much?

It'd been too long since I'd been laid. Yeah, much too long if I was getting all hot over this . This was Aiyden .

"Oh right," Aiyden said, "you like to jerk off to porn, right?" He said it like an afterthought. Then he was taking his phone out casually and typing something in, before holding it up for me.

It was another short video.

"You like this kind of thing?"

"Yeah," I said quietly.

And so we were fucking doing this. Aiyden brought up videos for me to watch. Get

off to . Sometimes gifs and loops, short clips, with and without sound. He'd scroll through some website, sift, and pick something out for me to watch, then study my reaction. Looked like he'd been paying attention earlier, cause he knew exactly what kind of close-ups and sweaty fucking I liked. Mostly though, it was the same type of guys fucking girls hard, some blowjobs. At least until the last one.

My dick twitched in my hand and I inhaled a deeper breath. Fuck. Was this intentional?

Maybe it wasn't obvious at first glance, but the person from behind, bouncing up on the guy's massive cock?—Definitely a dude. Where was he finding this shit?

"You know that's uh—That's gay, right?" I swallowed dry, but I didn't stop the slow stroking of my dick.

"Oh." Aiyden turned the phone around, stared at it for a second. "Ah, my bad."

I thumbed the tip, stared down at my cock, and away.

Alright, okay , it wasn't like I'd never watched gay shit before.

Look , it happened to everybody, right? Even if nobody was gonna admit to it.

When you're ultra horny, jacking yourself off, and you stumble on things and you kind of don't give a shit who it is getting fucked or sucking dick. Watching some beefy guy pin another guy down, pound into him, did it even matter who it was below?

Pre-cum spilled out and onto my hand, I groaned a little and thumbed at the tip, spreading it around.

Aiyden leaned forward slightly, getting closer, "Gross." He said, eyes intense, a small tilt of his lips.

Heat rushed up my body and I sputtered, "You're the one who wanted to watch, that's what happens."

He actually called it gross. My fucking dick. I fisted my hand tight into the sheets below. Why did that not get me any less hard?

"I call it how I see it. It's gross." And there was that same, almost satisfied, mean smile from before. "But like I said, it's interesting."

Interesting. This fucker.

In twenty-one fucking years of my life, this had to be the gayest shit I'd ever done. How could he sit there, looking at me like that? Was this really just curiosity for him? And why was it just me, baring myself like this?

It could have been my imagination, it was hard to tell with Aiyden, but staring directly at him, he definitely looked a lot more flushed than he had earlier.

I leaned in closer, and Aiyden's deep brown eyes came to mine, pupils large. He looked wild, hint of something else there that might have been dangerous, and his breath fanned across my face. "Why am I the only one with my dick out here?" I licked my lips. "Come on. You do it too."

His eyebrow twitched and my heart stopped in my chest. Like he might just scowl, call the whole thing off.

It was just

It was just fair , right?

And maybe I did want to see it. Even if I couldn't explain why.

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The world was full of sex-obsessed idiots. It was all some guys talked about, getting pussy, getting laid. They'd lose their minds over some celebrity or pornstar they didn't even know. People they'd never even get the chance to fuck, tell me how that made sense?

It hadn't always been that way, but the change seemed to happen almost overnight. Like one day every guy I knew came together and agreed to collectively lose their shit over girls. Talking about them nonstop. Talking about them like body parts separate from an actual person. Like slabs of meat.

It was fucking weird.

Then there was porn. Straight, lesbian, gay, whatever the fuck else, it was all the same. Nasty, sloppy, rank. Fluids, sounds, shitty dirty talk from strangers. Too many weird body parts slamming together. And people actually liked that shit.

They were dumbasses. The lot of them. That was the only explanation I had. They had to be, to get so crazy over this shit that, no matter what, I just didn't get .

Right now though, right now, there was an unfamiliar humming under my skin, a strange hot feeling in my gut as I watched Mateo touch himself. For me, just 'cause I asked him to.

Maybe I was curious. Maybe that was why I asked. There was no way in hell I was gonna ask anyone else. But if it was just us, it didn't have to be weird if we didn't make it weird, and it wasn't like Mateo would do something he didn't want to.

Mateo's cock, it wasn't that different from the big cocks in videos I'd watched before. No, if anything, it should have been more offputting. The wild black thatches of hair that grew from everywhere, that was different, and so was the foreskin that he tugged up and down over the red hot tip of his dick, wet with dribbled pre-cum.

It was everything that I'd always found gross about porn. Every reason I'd ever quit out of a video with disgust.

I could not look away.

Somehow, it was just different . This wasn't some stranger's cock, it was Mateo's. And it was kind of satisfying, looking through these videos I couldn't give a damn about, but showing Mateo and watching his reactions, how easily affected he was just from some porno. There was that whole body flush that stained his cheeks red and spread down his chest, all the way to the tip of his cock. The sheen of sweat on his forehead. The way his breathing sped up, and hitched when I showed him something he especially liked.

I couldn't care less about the porn, but watching Mateo getting all hot over the stuff I was showing him, somehow it just felt more... personal?

And then Mateo had gotten close, all ruddy cheeks and big searching eyes, smelling like aftershave and the slightest hint of sweat, and he'd asked that question. Even the hand on his dick had stilled.

"You want me to play with my ass? That what you're asking?" I said after a few moments. It's not like I really jacked off, so that must have been what he meant. His eyes widened a little, still so close. It was quiet except for the sound of my own heart thumping louder in my ears. I scoffed, "Why should I?"

Mateo's expression flattened, and he leaned back out of my space. "Man you just—"

He laughed, not quite casual, and then one hand came to his face, scrubbing down. "Forget it."

He didn't look exactly annoyed, more embarrassed, face burning, and ears bright red.

"Come on, you can't actually wanna see that shit. Ain't exactly pretty."

He glanced back, offering a stiff shrug. "Was just curious is all. Same as you."

Alright. He had a point. So it was the same deal for Mateo as it was for me. Did he have that same feeling under his skin, pushing him forward, wanting to know more? I wasn't exactly shy about nudity, we'd shared enough locker rooms for it not to be a big deal, but still, getting my ass out. Sharing this ? A strange, hot thrill ran up my spine. It was uncharted territory, all of it, and there was something dizzying about that.

Fuck it.

I yanked the nighstand drawer by my bed open and knelt down, snatching the lube from within, then stood on my knees in front of Mateo. "Alright. Fair's fair." I shoved my boxers and sweats down my thighs in one move. My dick sprung out into the open air and Mateo's eyes went big as hell and zeroed in on my cock. I'd only half glanced at it but—I was half-hard. Without even noticing, or touching it, somehow, I was hard. Was this from watching... Whatever . I kicked the clothes the rest of the way down and off my legs, settling into position against the headboard, lube in hand.

I snapped open the lube with one hand, and hiked my knees up, ass out. "You asked so, this is how I do it."

Mateo's head snapped up to my face, "Yeah, yeah right." He looked disoriented, like he was still processing the last 15 seconds or so.

It couldn't have been a good view, me spread out for Mateo like this. He, on the other hand, only had his dick out. He still had those ridiculously tight black jeans on, his hair tied up in a neat bun. I smothered the embarrassed jolt. No, he wanted this. If he got weird about it, that was on him. I didn't have anything to be nervous for, and my heart needed to calm the fuck down.

I bypassed my cock, pulling my balls out of the way with one hand, and pressing lower with the other. I closed my eyes and tried to focus on the sensation of my fingers pressing gently around my hole, and not think about the eyes on me.

Jacking off the regular way had always been a boring waste of time for something that was almost always a letdown. I still got urges to do it, yeah, but even those were just a distraction from the shit I actually wanted to be doing. Easy to ignore. Not worth the effort.

At least until I found out how good this shit could actually feel. Even then it was something I did now and then when I felt like it and could be fucked. Not some everyday thing like some people, and not some need.

That first time, it'd taken a while, but I'd ended it, shaking and writhing against my bedsheets. I wasn't going to get like that now, I'd show him how I did it, sure, but I wasn't gonna let things go that far.

Something about today, though, had my nerves all different from the start. I'd teased my hole like usual, working myself open with wet fingers, but it was like I opened up easier, and the slightest graze against my prostate prickled hot up my back and down my thighs.

Mateo had started jacking himself again, could hear it from the slick sounds and how his breathing had picked up. When I opened my eyes he'd shifted closer again, leaning towards me, staring at my body with dark low-lidded eyes and blown-out

pupils. His face was red as hell and his teeth were digging hard into his lower lip, while he furiously jerked himself off.

"What you looking at me like that for?" My voice was breathier than I liked. "Am I like a fuckn' porno to you? You like watching me do this?"

Mateo's eyes widened as they flickered to mine and then away. "Fuck." His voice was hoarse and quiet, whispering, almost to himself. "Fuck, I think I do."

The heat in those words caught somewhere, ignited and spread like a fire up my body. "Jesus, you can get off to anything." Looking at me and my hairy ass with eyes like that. With one leg jutting out, I kicked him in the thigh and laughed a little. "Fuckn' horndog" my fingers were still inside, pressing in. I rolled my head and closed my eyes. "Well, then fuckn' jack it to me if you like." I meant it. Maybe a little too much. I wanted him to.

"God," And he let out a high-pitched, bordering on hysterical, kind of laugh, "this is weird."

But then his eyes went sidelong, peering at me from the side and looking me up and down in a once over with a heat that had my stomach twisting up something fierce.

Usually, it took a while to relax properly, but already I'd slipped two fingers comfortably inside. It wasn't strange for my dick to be soft while I did this, but right now it was hard against my thigh. If he was gonna look, maybe I'd give him something to look at, and I rolled my fingers inside, as sensual as I could muster.

Mateo gravitated closer until he was settled right in front of me, his knee grazing up against my bare ankle, warm even through the fabric of my jeans. He kept it there.

"You ever had someone else's fingers inside you like that?" Mateo stared right into

me now with those golden brown eyes, his face close.

" Really ?" Like he didn't already know there was nobody. "No."

"You wanna try it?"

I stared down at the bitten-down nails of the hand wrapped around Mateo's cock, he was jerking himself slowly now, thumbing the tip like it was an afterthought.

It was just fingers. I put my own fingers inside me. Mateo's fingers...

Fuck it. I snatched the lube from where it was laying on the bed and chucked it at Mateo. "You need a lot."

Mateo's fingers were thicker than mine. They stretched me out with ease, two of his pushing against my walls with more friction.

It didn't take him long before he was curling his fingers, like he'd done this before, right up against that one spot. My breath hitched, fingers fisting into the sheets below.

"That your prostate then?" Mateo breathed a surprised little chuckle.

"What do you think?" I tried not to squirm against the fingers that were still pressed firm against that spot.

He grinned, lopsided, just one dimple showing. Him and that too-perfect smile with those too-perfect teeth. It was a nice smile. But right now it had me feeling a little too open for him.

This was different. Yeah, this was real different. I knew exactly what I liked, but that didn't seem to matter. Mateo's fingers were inside of me, he was feeling my insides,

trying to make me feel good. It was just fingers, but from the start, somehow my body would react better, more , to him, and there was a thrill to the unpredictability of his touch. Each grind against my prostate getting me all shivery.

I wasn't usually so affected, so how was I getting this sweaty over two fingers? But Mateo didn't take it slow, he pushed ahead, stretched me out, faster than I would have gone, and maybe it was the angle, but it felt deeper, harder . I bit back sounds, my breathing going ragged.

I squirmed against Mateo, trying to keep my cool, but he was on a fuckn' mission . He was playing my body, like one of those streetfighter games we used to play, spamming combo moves, and he pressed my buttons, chasing every hitched breath, pushing into the pleasure, and building up and up, till I couldn't think .

He hit somewhere, just right, and I groaned, hunching forward and grasping Mateo's forearm.

"Ya like that?" Mateo's voice was rough and low, in a way I'd never heard from him before.

The hell was that? The low timbre connected somewhere in my bones, and I shivered.

This was so, wrong. Not fair at all. How could he get me like this? I couldn't get a word out, could barely think with those fingers inside me. He was watching my every reaction, grinding up at every sensitive spot, while his dick stood hard, between his legs, flushed and leaking onto the sheets below.

I let out a frustrated breath and reached forwards, wrapping my hand around the neglected cock.

Mateo gasped and collapsed forwards, right into my neck, "Oh fuck." And his lips

grazed right up against that— apparently very sensitive—area at the junction of shoulder and neck, hot breath fanning across it.

A soft pleading sound escaped my lips as goosebumps exploded outwards, all the way up my head and down my chest, warmth pooling in my gut.

I didn't move, just held his cock, still.

"Fuck, ," Mateo breathed into my neck, "I really wanna put it inside. I think it could—could feel good."

Oh god, what . This fucking, Mateo, what was he even saying—It's not like we could just. Mateo's warm body was over me, practically pinning me to the headboard, and I shuddered, squirming on his fingers that were still deep inside.

I pushed Mateo by the shoulder lightly, till he pulled back. His face was flushed with arousal, but there was an uncertainty in his eyes, the way he blinked at me, like even he knew how he sounded. I worked my jaw up and down and stared at him for a long moment.

I'd barely even touched him, and yet somehow he was this affected, desperate enough to say shit like that. It was almost funny.

"What, you mean this thing?" I squeezed his cock, and then laughed far too breathy. "You wanna put this inside me?"

His cock twitched in my hand where it was laying, heavy and hard, but Mateo faltered, gaze falling down to the sheets. His jaw clenched, and he glanced back up, with a glint of something else that hadn't been there before. He looked at me like he was trying to read something in me, and then those gold-brown eyes darkened with something almost predatory. One palm came down hard against the headboard, just

by the side of my head. ", let me fuck you." His words were sure and steady now, and he punctuated them with a curl of his fingers, pressing against that one spot hard.

The heat burned and flared from deep inside of me and I clenched tight around his fingers, heart rate skipping a beat or two and racing ahead. I could hear it thunder in my ears. What the hell was that resolve all of a sudden? Why was my heart getting all fluttery at it? Fuck. It was like he took my words as a challenge to rise up to.

"Stupid." I hid my hot face in my shoulder and sucked in a breath. "You even got a condom?" It wasn't what I'd meant to say but it was what came out.

Just like that Mateo seemed to lose his nerve, his posture slumping, eyes skittering off to the side. "Shit—Ah, no."

"So what," breathing heavy, I thumbed the tip of his dick, "You wanna fuck me raw?"

"Uhh" His dick twitched beneath my hand, a spurt of pre-cum dripping down onto the bed, while his face bloomed with a brilliant splotchy red. He froze like that, mouth slack, without words.

Mateo's cock, it was a lot thicker than two fingers. This thing that oozed and throbbed. Covered in hair, one big vein going from just beneath the head trailing down. This fucker who'd been working all day, working up a sweat, he wanted to fuck me. Raw. Replace that solid pressure inside with that thing.

Fuck. It was gross, unhygienic, so wrong and—

"You clean?" I blurted.

I got it. I got why people did this kind of shit.

His eyes widened "Am I— Y-yeah." He said, "Tested... ok , it was a while ago, but I haven't slept with anyone since."

"Alright. Fuck me." I said, breathless. His fingers were still right there , and the room was oppressively hot, bearing down on me. I cleared my throat, and swiped a hand through my hair, attempting a grin, "If you want it that bad."

Of course he did. His reaction before was more than enough. The intent look on his face now was enough.

"Fuck. You sure?" He said, hesitating.

" Yes . Do it." Now , or I might just lose my nerve. Think about this a little too much.

His fingers made a slick sound as he slowly took them out. Then he was kneeling back, shucking off his shirt and kicking out of his jeans.

Just like that, he was naked. Tan skin, hair down his chest trailing all the way down to his hard, straining cock. Of course, of course, I'd seen him topless before, but this, well, maybe I hadn't really been looking . His abs were hard, flexing slightly as he crowded close, and slicked himself up. He got closer still, his knees spreading my legs even further apart to fit himself between me, and then the head of his cock was right up against my hole, pressing against the soft flesh there.

"Just tell me if it hurts," He said, and stroked my thigh as he gently pushed inside.

From the start, it was a lot more than two fingers. Even with how he'd loosened me up, I'd never taken anything this big, and his hardness pushed unrelenting against my walls. I had to breathe hard, focus on relaxing, as I watched Mateo's cock be slowly swallowed down, disappearing inside me bit by bit. As Mateo's breathing wavered, and he swore under his breath.

"Hey, slow down," I wheezed after an overeager thrust.

"Sorry, sorry."

"S it feel that good?" And it was half a tease.

He moaned a little affirmative. "Yeah. You feel incredible."

His words dripped like hot syrup down my center and settled low in my stomach with a strange satisfaction. He was in my body, feeling good. I wanted him to feel good.

By the time Mateo was fully within me, down to the hilt, we were both panting, breathing each other's air. His balls fit against me, completely stretched out, and I'd never been this full in my life. He was inside me, Mateo was actually inside me now, whole. I swore I could feel every twitch of his cock, every throb.

I'd shifted, now half-laying on the bed, pillow soft beneath my upper back. Mateo was above me, one hand pressed into the sheets by my shoulder, holding himself up, and the other gripping my thigh tight, pressing in with fingertips.

He stilled, and his eyes slowly roamed my body, from where we were joined together, up to my chest, and face. His eyes were full of heat, thirsty to devour.

"Fuck." He said. And then he released my thigh and grazed my dick lightly with his hand. It jumped at the contact, sending a shiver up my body. He laid his palm flat on my abs, just beneath the tanktop I still had on. "I think I might be into guys, man."

"Yeah?" I breathed a laugh.

"Yeah." He brought his other hand up to my chest too, and slipped his hands up higher, rucking my top up and groping my pecs. He kneaded them like pay-doh, his

big rough hands squeezing and touching wherever he wanted.

I was breathing too hard, squirming beneath his palms, and then he took a nipple between his finger and thumb and pinched. I let out an embarrassingly high-pitched little gasp at the pain-pleasure and squeezed my eyes shut. Fuck, this was ridiculous. I cleared my throat, trying to steady my breaths, get used to this.

"God you're cute," Mateo blurted out.

"Cute?" I snapped, "You wanna try saying that again?"

He was the one doing all this shit, making me like this. Cute. The fuck?

He thrust hard, and I couldn't help the hitch of breath, how my thighs tightened around him.

"So fucking cute." He whispered this time, under his breath.

I punched him in the shoulder, ignoring the strange little flip of my stomach. This was embarrassing enough without him saying bullshit like that. "Fuck you."

"You don't hold back, even now." Mateo's laugh rang far bright in my ears.

I clenched tight around Mateo, intentionally this time, and he hitched forward and groaned. "Are you going to fuck me or keep stalling?"

He groaned and chuckled. "God, yes."

His thrusts were slow at first, letting my body get used to the size. It was a different feeling to how his fingers had pressed hard and direct against my prostate. This was more like, an overwhelming fullness, dragging against my insides, tingling against

my nerves with each thrust.

Gradually he sped up, pushing forward, and just on the edge of what I could take. There was resistance, until there wasn't, and my body seemed to enter some kind of state of acceptance, taking everything he gave me. He fucked into me, seriously now, and Jesus, it was like everything in my body must have relaxed because I couldn't help the sounds I was making, soft sounds, fucked out of me by Mateo's cock. I was panting, hair plastered to my sweaty forehead, while Mateo was above me, hair barely out of place, and that just wasn't fair .

I shot out and fumbled to the back of his neck, grabbing his hair tie, and I yanked. He made this sort of strangled grunt, and his eyes rolled back a little. Black hair fell over his face, framing it in shadows. He slowed down a little, giving me a questioning look.

Interesting. I curled my palm around the nape of his neck again, this time grabbing the hair there tight, and just holding. He made another little sound and his mouth went slack. He liked it. It was like I'd subdued him somewhat. He was so close, looking down at me, with intense, glassy eyes, and he licked those thick soft lips.

I pulled Mateo down and kissed him.

It was a soft thing, the lightest brush of lips, but it still had static crawling up my spine the moment we touched. Just a taste, before I was pulling him back again by the nape of his neck.

" , fuck" Mateo's eyes were wide and he froze a moment, before his expression crumpled up, and then he was swooping down to recapture my lips.

I'd kissed before, twice. It was like kissing a paper bag. Lips. Skin. Lifeless.

This, on the other hand, was all sweetness and heat, the barest taste of sweat at my lips. Mateo kissed me just on the edge of desperate, with urgent lips, and this was alive , while his hands ran up and down my sides. A flash of tongue pressed up against my upper lip and I gasped. That was enough to let Mateo's tongue inside, and it was wet, inside licking the upside of my mouth. I kissed him back, my own tongue running against his, as my stomach fluttered and twisted into knots.

Fuck. This was so... unsanitary. Exchanging spit like this.

French kissing. Who'd ever want a tongue in their mouth? That's what I'd always thought. But right now, I was melting against the heat, my heart constricting in my chest.

He pressed our bodies together, my tank top still buried up to my armpits, our stomachs touching. The weight of his body held me down. This whole time my cock had hardly been touched. I liked it better that way when trying to chase that feeling against my prostate, but now it squished between our bodies, against the hard line of Mateo's abs, and the sudden pressure ran an electric jolt up my spine and had me arching my back, pushing further into Mateo's warmth.

I was kissing Mateo. Kissing Mateo as he fucked me, grinding his cock inside me with little thrusts. I wrapped my legs tight around him, and my arms around his body, wanting to be buried wholly in his touch. The kiss warped, as Mateo's thrusts got harder, and he hit a spot that had me tightening on his dick. We both moaned, into each other's mouths and Mateo slipped down into my neck.

" There, " I managed to get out over ragged breaths.

Mateo found the place, that sparked along my body, and he hammered hard and fast, right up against my prostate. Oh god , he was fucking into me, deeper than ever, and his thighs hit mine, balls slapping loud against my ass. Each thrust punched a

breathless squeak out of me, and it was all I could do to cling to Mateo, fingers digging into his back, like I was out to sea, and he was my driftwood.

My legs began to shake, against the onslaught of pleasure flaring up my every nerve, and my body was unstoppably shuddering like an earthquake. I could feel the burn, the fire, the impending crash.

"Fuck, . I don't know much longer I can—" He gasped into my skin. "Wanna make you cum." And that hot tongue was on my shoulder, wet and messy and sucking down with the barest amount of teeth.

My whole body tensed, every muscle locking up at once, and my eyes rolled to the back of my head. There was some kind of distant shout torn from my chest, and my head rushed, ears ringing. A whole body convulsion struck me, and I held Mateo for dear life, locking onto him. I was cumming.

There was this blazing fire, in my face, my chest, my cock, all the way down to the tips of my toes, slow and drawing out my orgasm, and it just kept going .

In a faraway sense, I could feel Mateo groan loudly into my ear and speed up, thrashing wildly inside me. Each thrust spritzing something in my brain. But I was gone for the moment. Short-circuited, fried.

Mateo came inside me and collapsed heavy and sweaty onto my wrung-out body.

We panted together, in the afterglow and I was glued to the bed. Not just by Mateo's weight on top of me—our bodies stuck together in a mess of sweat and fluids—but by my muscles, which refused to move an inch. I might just have sunken in and become one with the mattress.

Mateo kissed my neck sloppily, somehow it still managed to send a spark up my

over-frazzled nerves.

And then I was gone.

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By the time I opened my eyes again, my mind had recovered somewhat from the daze, though that didn't help with the disorientation of a warm body on top of me, an arm slung around my waist. Yeah, I didn't exactly wake up like this often.

Mateo stiffened above me. "You awake?" He asked quietly.

I didn't say a word, but after a moment Mateo was rolling off of me anyway.

He was still naked. Of course he was. Dick, now soft between his legs.

"Fuck," I said.

We'd really just fucked. I'd fucked my best friend. Let him fuck me.

"Yeah," Mateo laughed, though it sounded a little strained.

"Time is it?" I slurred. Voice not quite recovered from the many sounds Mateo had fucked out of me last night.

"You weren't out for that long," He said, "maybe twenty minutes? Half an hour?"

So Mateo had stayed there, cuddled up to me for that long. Something warm bloomed low, and I could feel my whole body tingle with some kind of stupid light, airy feeling. I slapped a hand over my face, my eyes. Fuck what was I doing? And exactly how much had I let myself go? He'd made me

"Hey, shit. Sorry if I—I didn't know if I shoulda gone or what." Mateo said

hesitantly. I peeked through the gaps in my fingers, and he was sat up now, looking all kinds of awkward, all stiff limbs.

Was this how it was going to be? Was he already regretting it? Maybe this was just some heat-of-the-moment thing friends did sometimes. Sure didn't feel like it.

I knew deep down, the only reason I liked it so much, that it felt so good, was because it was Mateo inside of me, making me feel all kinds of new ways I'd never felt before. The guy I'd known for years, always by my side. He was like that. Showing me new things since the moment I met him.

If this was something he wanted to forget...

A sick feeling churned in my gut.

The longer the silence stretched, the more antsy Mateo looked, rubbing the back of his neck, worrying at his lip. And then he looked off to the side, one leg coming to the floor, and I could feel him slipping away, he sucked in a breath, about to say something—

I reached up and grabbed Mateo by the forearm. He turned and looked back at me, our faces getting close together. I stared into honey-gold eyes for a breath, for two. And then I dragged him in.

Mateo immediately sunk into the kiss, the warm skin of his body melding with mine, all his weight pressing in. It was slow and soft, nothing like the wet frenzied kissing from earlier. Yet it warmed me up, made me feel all kinds of fluttery. He held my hip and rubbed into my skin there with his thumb. He was still into this. Even after cumming. Good .

The kissing had me shifting positions, and at that, I felt something warm and wet trickle outside of me.

When Mateo pulled back slowly, his eyes were hazy, looking down at me with a soft expression.

"Did you come inside me?" It slipped out.

"Fuck dude," Mateo choked, that expression turning all blotchy red with wide eyes. "Y-yeah, I mean, you had me in like a fucking vice lock round my waist where else was I 'sposed to," He said, almost defensive, like I was about to fight him on it.

I laughed and kissed him again.

"I ain't sleeping like this, c'mon." I pushed Mateo off of me, till he leaned back, if reluctant to get out of my space.

We stumbled to the shower, and if wobbly legs had me leaning on Mateo a little, he didn't say a thing about it.

No, this wouldn't be forgotten. I wouldn't let Mateo forget. Not that he seemed to want to. Coming willingly, sticking close. The way his dick had perked up again just from the kissing. This would absolutely happen again, I'd make sure of it.