



Tempted to Touch (Straight No More #1)

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Category: Romance

Description: Dear Diary: Today I learned that straight might have been my longest-running lie.

I was only supposed to get his attention—fish him out of the crowd and pass him on to my friend.

When he revealed I was more his type, I recoiled. I was straight, and he was a man, and no amount of jawline and tattoos could change that.

Except... that voice, the words he spoke, the way he saw me, all kept me up at night, filling me with questions that demanded answers.

I didn't know his number. I didn't know his name. So I got crafty to find him.

But there was one more thing I didn't know—Hayden was danger embodied, rough, and demanding, playing me like a fiddle.

When he spoke, my body listened.

When he touched me, I lost my mind.

And when he called me his good boy, I begged for him to take everything.

Then suddenly, I was straight no more.

This is a stand-alone GFY erotic story, and it involves explicit, hot gay content, intended for mature readers only. All characters are adults.

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Page 1

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"PICK AGAIN. I'M begging you."

I'm not above begging. Hell, I'll get down on my knees right here in this sticky-floored bar if that's what it takes to change Ivy's mind. Though knowing her, she'd probably just take a picture and use it as blackmail material later.

"I don't think I will." The shit-eating grin spreading across her face tells me she's enjoying my suffering way too much.

"Ivy..." I try for my best puppy dog eyes, but she's known me too long to fall for that trick.

"I want that one." She juts her chin toward the table across the bar where her chosen prey sits among what appears to be half the city's population.

"And I want to pet a lion, but sometimes the price is not worth the purchase." I take a long pull from my beer, hoping the alcohol might magically transform me into someone who enjoys walking up to large groups of strangers. Spoiler alert: it doesn't.

"It is when you're paying. Come on. You promised ." She pokes me in the ribs, right where she knows I'm ticklish. Evil woman.

I did promise to be her wingman tonight.

It's part of the "Best Friend Contract" or some shit.

Right between "Always tell me if I have food in my teeth" and "Never let me drunk

text my ex.

" But in my defense, when I made that promise, I assumed she'd pick normal targets.

You know, guys standing alone at the bar looking lonely and desperate.

Not some dude surrounded by what looks like a bachelor party on steroids.

"Fine." I drain the last of my beer for courage. "But you owe me big time."

Who needs enemies when you have friends like that?

Each step toward the table feels like I'm walking to my own execution.

My palms are sweating like I'm about to give a presentation in high school all over again.

Except this time, instead of boring my classmates with facts about the mitochondria being the powerhouse of the cell, I'm about to interrupt what appears to be the world's most intense discussion about.

.. is that fantasy football? Jesus Christ.

One by one, heads turn in my direction like some horror movie scene where the protagonist realizes they've stumbled into a nest of vampires. And because the universe hates me, Mr. Jawline is the last one to notice my presence.

When he finally does look up, my brain short-circuits. Damn, he's even more handsome up close. Like, unfairly so. Which isn't really a surprise—Ivy doesn't go for scraps. His jaw could probably cut glass, and those eyebrows? They deserve their own Instagram account.

Damn it, Chris. Say something, don't just stare.

"Hi. Hey. Hello." Yeah, I think he got that part. "Can I borrow you for a second?" I gesture vaguely toward the bar, praying he doesn't think I'm having a stroke.

There's a moment of silence that stretches longer than my last relationship. He raises one perfectly sculpted eyebrow —seriously, does he have them professionally done?—and I'm painfully aware that seven pairs of eyes are studying me like I'm some fascinating new species at the zoo.

"Sure," he says finally, and I nearly collapse from relief when the rest of the table returns to their conversation instead of pointing and laughing at the awkward intruder.

He stands up, and... damn, he's even taller than he appeared sitting down. The kind of tall that makes you wonder if he has to duck through doorways. As he leads the way to the bar, I can't help but notice his shoulders are broader than my future prospects.

I throw a quick glance back at my table and catch Ivy's eye. She's practically vibrating with excitement, so I give her a subtle wink. She grins back, looking all kinds of giddy, like she just won the hot guy lottery.

The dude better be worth all this emotional trauma I'm putting myself through.

We find an empty spot at the bar, and I'm just about to launch into my carefully prepared "So my friend thinks you're hot" speech when Mr. Jawline beats me to the punch.

"What are you drinking?"

Well, that's unexpected. I open my mouth to order my usual vodka cranberry (don't

judge, it's delicious), but something stops me.

This is reconnaissance, after all. A man's drink choice can tell you a lot about him.

Like how my ex-boss exclusively drank Pbr and, surprise surprise, turned out to be exactly the kind of douchebag who exclusively drinks Pbr.

"Surprise me."

He gives me this look, like he's trying to read my soul through my face, which should be uncomfortable but somehow isn't. Then he turns to the bartender and orders two glasses of whiskey, neat, sliding over his credit card and adding a tip that makes me want to high-five him.

That's three green flags right there.

He takes a sip of his drink and raises one of those magnificent eyebrows at me, waiting.

Right. Focus, Chris. Time for the boyfriend background check, because men are trash. I should know—I am one.

"Are you single by any chance?"

He studies me for a moment. "Tragically," he says with a hint of a smirk.

"Awesome."

Oh god, did I just celebrate his loneliness? Quick, backpedal!

But before I can dig myself any deeper, he extends his hand. "Hayden."

Of course his name is Hayden. He even has a perfect handshake—firm but not trying to crush my bones to assert dominance.

"Just Chris," I manage to say without stuttering.

He lets out this deep chuckle. "So how can I help you, Just Chris?"

"We'll get to that." I straighten up, channeling my inner job interviewer. "First, I need you to answer some questions."

His mouth quirks up at one corner. "And what's in it for me?"

"Let's just say I have an offer you can't refuse. But first," I pause for dramatic effect, "I need to make sure you're worthy."

"And how are you going to determine that?"

"Wouldn't you like to know." Time to start the interrogation. "Why are you hanging around in bars in the middle of the week?"

"It's my week off."

I narrow my eyes. "Off of what?"

"I'm a firefighter."

Holy plot twist! Though now that he mentions it, those arms definitely look like they've rescued their fair share of kittens from trees. The tight long-sleeve shirt he's wearing is doing absolutely nothing to hide the fact that he probably bench-presses cars for fun.

Two Instagram-worthy girls walk by, and I watch him carefully, but his eyes don't even flicker in their direction. At this rate, he's collecting green flags like they're Pokemon.

Well, that settles it. Time to go in for the kill.

"My friend thinks you're cute." The words tumble out of my mouth like a confession, and Hayden's resulting smile could power a small city.

"Cute, huh?"

"The word smokin' might have been used." And honestly? Not an exaggeration. If this guy isn't at least part-time modeling, the universe is wasting prime real estate.

He bites his lower lip in response, and damn, Ivy's going to lose her mind. The man's got more facial expressions than a Disney character, each one more devastating than the last.

"Table in the corner," I say, gesturing behind me. "Red hair."

We both turn to look, and of course Ivy picks that exact moment to do her signature move—the not-so-subtle hair flip she probably learned from watching too many rom-coms. She's pretending to be deeply fascinated by something on her phone, but I've known her long enough to recognize her stealth-mode surveillance.

About as stealthy as a flamingo in a penguin colony, if you ask me.

When I look back at Hayden, his expression has done a complete one-eighty. Gone is the playful smile, replaced by something that looks suspiciously like—

"Oh. No, I don't think so. But thanks."

Excuse-fucking-me? Did this walking GQ cover just reject my friend without so much as a conversation?

Oh hell no .

I'm not usually That Guy , but for my friends? I'll be whatever guy I need to be.

"She's out of your league, anyway," I snap.

' Asshole ', my brain adds.

But instead of looking offended, Hayden's expression shifts to something almost... amused? "I'm afraid we're not playing the same sport."

I narrow my eyes. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"Let's just say her friend is more my type."

I automatically glance back at our table, mentally cataloging my other female friends. "Which one?" I ask, even though Sarah and Emma are both taken. Not that their relationship status seems to stop most guys these days.

When Hayden doesn't answer, I turn back to him, ready to throw down. But the challenge dies in my throat when I meet his eyes. Because that look? That's not challenging at all. That's...

Oh.

Oh .

My pulse suddenly decides to audition for a dubstep track, and is it getting warm in

here? When did it get so warm in here?

"Wait. Me ?"

Instead of answering, Hayden takes another sip of his whiskey, his tongue darting out to catch a stray drop on his lower lip.

I need to stop staring at his mouth.

"I'm straight," I blurt out, and immediately want to crawl under the bar. Could that have sounded more defensive if I tried?

Hayden chuckles, the sound rich and deep. "Trust me, I can tell."

"How?" The question escapes before I can stop it, and I'm not even sure why I'm asking.

His eyes travel down my body with the kind of slowness that's got to be deliberate, like he's assessing and memorizing every inch. Damn.

"Let's call it an educated guess."

He lets out a deep sigh, and his eyes are still doing that thing—that thorough, unashamed examination of my chest that makes me feel like I'm standing in a spotlight.

I've been checked out before, sure, but never like this.

Women tend to be more subtle about it, all shy glances and quick looks away. This is different. This is... intense.

"Why are you hitting on me, then?" I try to keep my voice flat, but it comes out sounding more breathless than deadpan. Nailed it.

His eyes lock with mine. "Am I?"

Oh shit. Oh shit oh shit oh shit . Way to go, Chris. Maybe I can blame the whiskey for making me hallucinate all those lingering looks and loaded smiles.

The guy was probably just being friendly, and here I am acting like the protagonist of some Lifetime movie about misread signals.

"Sorry," I mumble, suddenly finding my shoes fascinating. Who knew the floor could be so interesting? Look at all those... floor things.

The silence stretches for what feels like three years but is probably closer to three seconds before Hayden breaks it with a laugh that rumbles through my chest like thunder.

"I'm totally hitting on you."

The relief that floods through me is... unexpected. And definitely needs to be examined at some point. Preferably never.

"Yeah?" What the actual fuck am I doing? The word slips out before I can stop it, and I realize I'm grinning. Quick, emergency facial reconstruction! I school my features into something hopefully less dumb and take a strategic sip of whiskey.

But damn if it doesn't feel good. Being wanted. Being seen . Even if it's not... even if I'm not...

"You're a bit out of my league, anyway."

Well, damn. The guy's got more game than a PlayStation convention. I stand there awkwardly for a moment, suddenly very aware that I have no reason to continue this conversation. Mission failed successfully. Time to retreat.

"I'm gonna..." I gesture vaguely toward my table, like a champion of eloquence.

Hayden nods and pushes himself off the bar. He flashes me one last friendly smile—the kind that probably makes flowers grow and angels sing—and turns to head back to his table.

Before I can stop myself, I can taste his name on my tongue. It's bittersweet. "Hayden?"

He looks over his shoulder, and my brain screams at me to shut up, but my mouth has apparently filed for independence.

I take a sharp breath and hesitate for a moment. Should I say it?

Ah, fuck it. Might as well. It's not like I'll ever see him again. "Thanks for hitting on me."

I turn on my heel as I finish the sentence—I neither need nor want a response.

I make my way back to our table, and when I catch Ivy's eye, I realize I'm wearing the kind of grin usually reserved for people who've just won the lottery or found out their ex got food poisoning.

Shit. I quickly try to rearrange my face into something more appropriate for someone who's about to disappoint their best friend.

Damn it.

He would have been perfect.

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THERE ARE SOME weeks that just fly by and you barely even notice—you know, when you're busy or in the flow or lots of random things are happening all at once.

Well, my week has been the exact opposite of that. Not only did nothing happen, my brain has been rehashing last Thursday's events a million times per day, keeping me stuck in a groundhog day I still don't know how to escape from.

I sigh and roll to the other side, my afternoon nap eluding me once again. If I could file a restraining order against my own thoughts, I would.

And the worst part is, I have absolutely nothing to do.

Post-Hayden—because somewhere along the way I started to divide my recent past into two categories: pre-Hayden and post-Hayden—we'd changed locations and I'd done my peacock dance on Ivy's behalf once more, and this time, it worked like a charm.

Which would have been the perfect happily ever after if it weren't for the fact she's currently on her third date with a guy named Jamie—handsome, straight, with perfectly boring eyebrows—leaving me alone with the stew of my own thoughts. Which she had caused, all things considered.

Totally fucking unfair.

I have absolutely no reason to be thinking about Hayden, anyway. And frankly, I'm not. It's not the man that's been keeping me up at night—and during the day for that matter—it's how the man made me feel .

I've been chasing that feeling ever since, like it's crack and I'm withdrawing. Which is fucking tragic, considering I don't have his phone number, last name, or any other scrap of information that would bring me closer to another hit.

Obviously— obviously —I wouldn't... do anything, but maybe the mere want in his eyes would be enough. Maybe we could even be friends or something. Casual. Platonic. Obviously .

I run a palm across my face, sleep deprivation making my eyes sting. Then, it hits me. Like a metric ton of bricks, right in the face, the absolute worst, most ridiculous idea I've ever had.

No. It's dumb.

I'm not doing that.

I stay in that conviction for about point three seconds before my hands move on their own accord as I grab my phone and open the app store.

Totally fucking moronic. I don't need to do that. I don't want to do that.

Damn, why does it take so long to download?

Don't do it .

Install.

Don't do it .

Insert name... Hmm.

Don't do it .

Nicholas. Technically not a lie—it's my middle name.

Yep. It's official. I have gone clinically insane. On a totally unrelated note, I'm now on Grindr.

It's a long fucking shot, but what other options do I have? I don't even know if he's on here. And if he is on here, I don't know if he's anywhere near "my area," whatever "my area" is.

And after about thirty seconds of scrolling, whatever enthusiasm has just been fueling my fingers evaporates, as it becomes apparent that even if he is on the app, and even if he is in my area, I'll never fucking find him.

Not in the sea of bare, headless chests and initials, because apparently that's what you do on Grindr.

I sigh like I've spent a day working construction in July heat and promptly ignore the four private messages my pictureless account receives in the first five minutes and scroll. Well, at least I tried. I'll just skim through the end of the options and call it a—

Holy mother of luck.

I almost drop my phone on my face when my eyes lock with Hayden's. There's his chest, alright—and lots of it. But there's also his face, staring straight at the camera lens, black brows hanging low above his eyes as if communicating, "That's right. I'm not ashamed. Come and get it if you dare."

H., 26

I sit up on my bed, my heart pumping overtime and click on his profile. There are no more pictures. Not that he needs more, the one he's got doing the job and then some. There's also no additional description save for the word vers , whatever that means.

I open up the messages window and hover my thumbs over the on-screen keyboard. Now what? Shit. I didn't think so far ahead.

Do I just say "Hi"? Why am I suddenly forgetting how to text? Damn, I hate dating apps.

Wait.

Wait .

This isn't a dating app. Not for me, anyway. I'm just trying to make friends with the guy. Finally, I settle for, "What does the H. stand for?"

I hold my breath and wait. If he's not online, I guess I'll just suffocate.

And it's very fortunate my lungs are empty, because I'm sure I'd just choke on air when the response comes.

"Hung."

Jesus . TMI. I'm not interested in that. Like, at all.

With shaky fingers, I type "How's your day going?" and immediately delete it. It's dumb, try harder. "What's cooking?" No, that's worse.

What do I fucking say?

Before my brain can conjure anything remotely usable, another message comes.

"No pic, no convo."

Right. Fair. Of course.

Fuck.

I scramble out of bed and sprint to my bathroom, shedding my t-shirt on the way, suddenly grateful faces are optional on this app.

Overhead lighting is far from ideal, but it's the only one I've got. I angle my phone, strategically keeping my head out of frame and snap a mirror selfie.

I cringe when I see it.

Again.

I flex this time, assuming the slightly-sideways pose I've seen at least fifty times in the span of the last three minutes and try again.

That's... better. Not perfect, but my pecs are not one with the rest of my chest this time, and there's even a trace of abs showing.

And because I know any second now I'll finally realize what a terrible, ridiculous idea this is, I send it to Hayden before I can talk myself out of it.

I spend the next few minutes pacing around my bedroom, staring at the screen like an absolute imbecile.

Well, then. I guess he hates it. Maybe I'm not jacked enough for him. Or not hairy

enough. Or not—

"McClaren's, 7PM?"

I stop in my tracks and my eyes widen. Is that... it? This is the entire courting in gay world?

Not that I'm fucking trying to court him, Jesus.

Get a grip.

"Tonight?" I type back, correcting five typos in the single word, my fingers all over the place for some reason.

The response comes quicker this time.

"Preferably. There's someone I've been trying to get out of my system. You in or not?"

This time it's me who leaves him waiting. For ten whole minutes. Not because I don't know what to say. I typed the message right away. It's because the rest of my sanity keeps screaming at me not to do it.

Then, I press send anyway. "See you at 7."

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FOR THE FIRST time in my life, I wish it were colder outside.

Because if it were colder, I could wear a hoodie, and if I were wearing a hoodie, I could just pull the hood up over my head, cover my face and march through that door incognito, hide in the shadows, watch Hayden get stood up, have exactly fifteen minutes of an identity crisis and then get back home and pretend nothing ever happened.

But it's fucking hell and a half outside and I'm wearing a muscle t-shirt that exposes more than it covers, my back cooled by a brick wall behind me in a narrow alley, staring at the bar's entrance.

The only thing that matches my fantasy is that I'm indeed lurking in the shadow, and the only thing that's getting cold is my feet.

For fuck's sake.

It's not like I have anything to run away from. There's no event about to happen, no part for me to play here. Hayden is 'meeting Nicholas', or so he thinks, and me... Well, I'm just going to take a peek.

My legs are less steady than I'd like them to be as I make the short distance to the door at ten past seven. I'm strategic like that. It's late enough for Hayden to start getting an idea that maybe his date—or hookup, I guess—is a no-show, but not late enough for him to leave.

Cue me.

Just as I reach the door, I spot a large group emerge from around the corner, laughing their way toward the bar.

Perfect. I pretend to make a phone call as I wait for them, and then enter right behind them, cosplaying as one of them, with my back hunched and shoulders slumped, trying to make myself invisible.

The joint is barely lit, thank fuck, and I immediately slip to the left, zigzagging my way between tall tables and promptly duck behind another group gathering by one of the walls, all the while pretending to scroll through my phone as if I have a purpose other than being de facto a crazy stalker.

Once I make sure I'm sufficiently blended into my bustling surroundings, I scan the crowd.

Or rather, start to, because my eyes immediately land on Mr. Jawline, standing by the bar against the back wall, towering over most of the people in his vicinity, as though some deeper part of me has spotted him before my eyes ever could.

And what a fucking feast for the eyes he is. Yeah, I'm not afraid to say it. Well... think it. I'd never fucking say it out loud.

He's wearing a black button-up, with the top two buttons undone and the sleeves rolled up to his elbows, revealing different kinds of sleeves, ones permanently carved into his skin with mostly black ink, and damn, why is that kind of...hot?

Even with the barely-there lighting, I notice his face is no longer smooth, covered with a short stubble that somehow makes his jawline even sharper instead of washing it out.

Nothing about that man makes sense.

And maybe that's what I need to be right now—senseless.

Thoughtless. Operating purely on some higher sense or intuition, or whatever it is that currently has my legs moving, eating up the floor and bringing me closer and closer to a man that seems to have a magnetic field of his own.

It's not until I'm halfway there that Hayden runs a palm over his face and then turns his head, abruptly, his field of vision just about missing me as he glances toward the door.

My stomach does the thing and I duck behind the unsuspecting guy in front of me.

Jesus, Chris .

I'm such a chicken... But it's hard to be anything but when I don't really have a plan here.

Because what am I going to say? Sure, it's not impossible (though implausible) for me to randomly be at the same place at the same time as Hayden—it's a popular joint, even on weekdays, judging by the crowd—but I still don't have a clue how I'm going to justify being here alone, should he ask. Maybe this is a bad idea?

Hayden picks up his phone from where it lies on the bar top and starts tapping.

As he puts it back down, my phone buzzes in my palm.

I know what it is without looking, and that's how it's gonna stay—I don't have it in me to look.

I shove it into my pocket, my eyes glued to Hayden as I'm half-peeking from behind some guy's back.

If someone's watching me right now, they're gonna call the cops.

But that doesn't matter. What matters is, Hayden doesn't seem to notice me, taking another glance at the door before turning his body toward the bar and raising his hand to get the bartender's attention.

This is it. It's now or never.

Taking a deep, sharp breath, I let my legs carry me again, my step less than steady now, and when I finally stop right behind Hayden, the absolute worst fucking happens—my mouth doesn't work.

I open and close it three times, like a fish, but no sounds come out.

Okay, that's it. Abort the fucking mission.

By some miracle, Hayden hasn't clocked me yet, his attention still on the bartender who's busy fixing up someone else's order. I turn on my heel and dash.

Except I don't manage to get far, half a step to be exact, before someone who I'm convinced is the devil embodied body-slams me, just hard enough for me to lose my balance and stumble backward, until my back hits—

"Whoa," a familiar deep voice sounds somewhere above my head as I fight to regain my balance, just as the asshole in front of me throws a haphazard "My bad," before all but disappearing into thin air.

Lovely. Just absolutely, freaking lovely.

Well... I guess I'm doing it, then.

Turning around like I'm about to face my executioner, I make sure my back is straight and my head is held high.

"Before you start," I raise one finger between us as Hayden's face flashes with recognition, "Yes, I meant to come and say hello.

No, I didn't mean to fall all over you, and no, I'm not hurt, in case you're wondering. Also, hi."

Well, damn. Turns out I'm actually not that bad at handling crisis. Who knew?

It takes Hayden a moment to snap out of the amused shock—or is it shocked amusement?—that has his eyes growing huge and his mouth upturned into an open-mouthed half-smile. "Damn. Don't kill a guy's hopes like that."

I raise a brow. "Which part were you hoping for?"

"Not the hurt part, that's for sure."

"So tell me," I say before he's finished speaking, just to beat him to it. Unlike him, I have no justifiable reason to be here, "is it illegal to start fires on Wednesdays, or are you just enjoying tough Thursday mornings?"

I don't miss how his eyes dart to the door somewhere behind me for a split second. Then, he leans over and his voice drops. "It's illegal to start fires any day of the week. You should know that. Or do you need some education?"

I swallow and suck in my lower lip involuntarily at the sound of his last word. This guy must be a natural flirt. Fuck.

Okay, you can do it. Gather your wits, Chris. "I haven't decided yet. But I'll make

sure to get back to you on that."

His eyebrows shoot up and he somehow manages to squint at the same time as he hums, as if trying to read me.

I'm not sure I'm ready to be read. Not when I'm not sure what's on the page myself. "I believe I owe you a drink."

It doesn't last more than a second, but there's an entire mental process happening inside his head as his eyes dart toward the door again and he checks his phone. Half a second of hesitation, and then, "I wouldn't say that you owe me, but if you're offering, I'm not gonna say no."

Chris 1—Nicholas 0.

A sudden wave of heat rolls through me as the words linger in my brain, because damn, is there subtext or am I imagining things? It's not even what he says, it's how he says it, with his voice a little bit rougher than normal, his vowels a little bit more sluggish. Deliberate.

Fuck. I need to stop overanalyzing. It's just a drink. Between maybe, potentially sometime friends. "Any special requests?"

Hayden puts one elbow on the bar top and leans over it. "Surprise me."

I look away instantly, trying not to focus on how the top of his chest pokes out of his shirt as he moves, and conveniently my eyes lock with one of the bartenders. I order two Old Fashioneds. When I turn my attention back to Hayden, another inch of his chest makes an appearance.

I have to stop noticing these things.

"How'd you do that? I've been trying to get her attention for like ten minutes."

Seven, actually. I kept track .

"What can I say? This face card never declines."

Hayden's eyes narrow again just as the bartender slides us our glasses and grabs the fifty I slide toward her in return.

"Interesting."

I keep my eyes locked with his as I bring my glass to my lips and ask, "What is?" before taking a sip.

"You're kinda cocky, aren't you?" He drawls in a tone that makes my stomach do the thing , but before I can defuse my own internal state with a joke, the guy, oh-so-casually and very bluntly drags his gaze down my torso and to my fucking crotch where he— god —lingers for a moment before looking back up. "I don't hate it."

Fuck. Fuck . This is getting out of hand. I've bitten more than I can chew. Quick, change the subject. Say something. Anything that doesn't involve cocks.

And then I say the one thing, the only thing worse than straight up saying ' You wanna see it ?'

"So, who is it that you're trying to get out your system?"

I facepalm. I fucking physically slap my palm over my goddamn mouth.

God, if you exist, please send an earthquake. Now .

Hayden turns his head about ninety degrees and looks at me sideways, those heavy brows twisting into S shapes like he's Google's default picture for the word 'confusion'. "What did you just say?"

"Nothing." I mumble into my hand still covering my mouth.

"Christopher?" The only, only thing keeping my legs in place and stopping me from bolting is that he looks more amused than he does angry. "Or should I say, Nicholas?"

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Second palm joins the first and I bury my face in them, putting both elbows on the bar top. " Please pretend you didn't hear it." With the way my voice is muffled, I'm not sure he can hear that .

"I might. After you explain."

Where's my damn earthquake? Fuck. And I've been doing so well.

I take a deep, unsatisfying breath and reluctantly let go of my face, before straightening up and turning to face him fully. I'm sure I'm redder than a brick, but...does that even matter at this point?

One more breath, and I force myself to meet his eyes. "I was just..." I sigh. There's no dignified way to finish the sentence. "I was trying to find you."

Hayden stands up straight as well and crosses his arms over his chest, giving me a new angle of his tattooed forearms, and suddenly I hate how tall he is. "Why?"

I shrug. "I dunno," I mumble. Holding his gaze right now is a fucking workout.

"That's not good enough."

"But it's the truth, okay?" My arms shoot up by my sides and I accidentally hit someone in the hip.

I mumble an apology and lower my voice. Suddenly I have much more compassion for the guy that bumped into me earlier.

Maybe he was running from himself too. "I don't know.

All I know is, I wanted to see you again.

You made me feel...things. I guess I just wanted to feel them again. "

Hayden hums and takes his sweet time to study my face. I can feel a bead of sweat forming at my temple, but I don't move to wipe it off. I don't move at all, don't hide my face and don't look away. I need to face him head on. If nothing else, for my own sanity.

"What thi—" he finally says, but stops himself mid-word and shakes his head. "You know what, it doesn't matter. I don't want to know. We're good."

And then, he relaxes his stance and leans over the bar again, bringing his glass to his lips and downing half of it in a single swig.

I scrunch my forehead. "What do you mean?"

What is this? Some type of reverse psychology?

"What I said. Just...forget about it."

Okay, what's happening? I'm not saying it would be better if he were mad, but...at least it'd be something.

He's not even looking at me anymore, leaning over the bar with his forearms, nursing the glass in his large palm, staring somewhere at the air in front of him.

Unreadable. I wait for him to elaborate, but after an entire verse of the song that's currently playing comes and goes, it becomes clear that he doesn't have any words of

explanation to offer.

Or any words, for that matter.

It doesn't sit right with me. "What if I don't want to?"

Hayden takes another sip before speaking to his glass, "Want what?"

"Forget about it."

"Well, that's too bad, because I do."

I lean sideways over the bar and lower my head. Just because he won't look at me doesn't mean I can't be in his face. "What did I do? I know you're not mad I...well, stood you up, which I technically didn't, and last week—"

He snaps his head toward me so fast I instinctively back mine. "Drop it." His voice is stern but steady, bordering on quiet.

"Look, I'm sorry. All I wanted was—"

"Actually, you know what?" He stands up straight, towering over me.

"It's getting late. I should get going. I had fun.

" Really? Cause you don't fucking sound like it .

"Thanks for the drink. Thanks for the pic.

Nice work on these abs. But please don't contact me again.

Have a nice day. Have a nice...everything. "

And before I can process all of those nice-bombs, he pats my arm, steps around me and makes a beeline for the door, skillfully slaloming between the tables and people milling around. And he's walking fast .

Okay, what just happened?

I count back from three, waiting for my brain to hopefully process.

When it doesn't, I down the rest of my drink, hoping the burn in my throat will mitigate the one in my chest, throw another fifty on the bar as collateral, in case the bartender became an involuntary witness to this bizarre exchange and rush to the door.

Warm breeze hits my skin the moment I step outside. I quickly look both ways and catch a large, dark silhouette at the last possible moment as Hayden turns the corner and disappears from my field of vision.

"Wait!" I call after him, the word echoing off the walls as I pace toward where he just was. Once I turn the corner, I see him still walking. "Hayden!" I yell as I stop.

He can hear me alright. I've done my part. I won't fucking chase him.

He takes another couple of steps, albeit slower, before he stops, throws his head back as if sighing to the moon, and then slowly turns around.

He puts his hands into the pockets of his black slacks and raises his shoulders. "What?"

Realizing that's all the good will I'm gonna get, I run my fingers through my hair and

slowly walk over to where he waits under the streetlamp.

I stop a few feet away from him. He wouldn't want me to invade his space. He made it more than clear. "I don't want to bother you—"

He tilts his head to the side. "Really?"

I ignore him. "—but I'm just... trying to understand, I guess. Look, I'm sorry about the Grindr thing. If it was...an invasion of privacy, or something. I know it was kind of shitty." I shrug. "I just...really wanted to see you again."

He lets out a prolonged sigh. The warm, overhead lighting has no business looking as good as it does on his face, yet somehow it makes him even more handsome. More mysterious. And strangely, darker. "I'm not bothered by how you found me."

"Then...what are you bothered by?"

He sways back on his heels before turning. For a second I'm sure he's walking away, but he just does a three-sixty, apparently buying himself some time. "That you wanted to find me in the first place."

I flail my arms to the sides, unrestricted.

There's no one for me to hit out here. "I don't know what that means," I snap, a little too loud.

I take a calming breath and take a step closer, lowering my voice.

"My memory might not be perfect, but I thought you.

.. you know." I swing my hand in front of my body in a presenting motion, if a little

pathetic. "Found me attractive, or something."

"I did." I take a sharp inhale to retort, but he's faster. "But that was before."

I scrunch my nose. "Before... Before you knew I was desperate?"

He laughs, and my stomach does that thing again. "Before I knew you were straight."

"Oh..." I bite the inside of my cheek. Shit.

It'd be hard to really argue with that one, wouldn't it?

Even if I could think of a few arguments for either side.

"Right, but... I thought maybe we could, like, be friends or something.

" The second the words leave my mouth I let out a self-deprecating chuckle.

"God, why do I sound like a pre-schooler? "

"I can't be friends with you, Chris." And just before my queued-up 'Why' can leave my lips, he adds, " Because I find you attractive."

My next inhale is clipped and audible and I don't miss the way he lazily swipes his gaze down my frame, and then up again, equally slowly.

I don't know if my brain is designed to interpret the mixed signals. All I know is, they make me a little warmer inside, and I can feel them in different parts of my body. My throat. My chest. My groin. They also make me take another step forward. And then one more.

He takes a step back in return. "Don't. Don't do that." His voice is barely above a whisper; deep, growly and pleading.

I raise my palms in a placating gesture. "Sorry. I'll behave."

He grazes his top lip with his bottom teeth and nods. "Good... Great."

We stand like that for a moment, looking at each other, then around, then each other again. In silence that should be awkward, but somehow isn't. Even the wind seems to ease for a moment, as if to stop and look at us too.

"I like your forearms," I say when my eyes land on them.

Not to fill the silence, but because it's the truth.

My gaze slides up to where he's rolled up his sleeves and then more up to where he left the top buttons undone.

"And your chest. That I've seen illegally.

" He lets out a small, breathy chuckle while my eyes travel up.

"And your eyebrows. I like quite a lot about you, actually. It's weird, but it's true."

He closes his eyes, his heavy brows falling lower. "Don't do that," he repeats, but this time, it sounds different. Thicker. Like a warning.

Like something I want to hear again.

"I wonder..." I leave it hanging as I watch his jaw set, eyes still closed, and fuck. Why does that do things to me. "I wonder how the rest of you looks."

He's fast like a cheetah. One second I'm standing there, watching his face grow taut and sharp, the next I'm yelping as my back hits a brick wall, Hayden's tense face hovering a couple inches above mine, tattooed forearm pressing firmly against my sternum, keeping me in place.

"What is it you want from me exactly, huh?" He growls through his teeth, and it's a good fucking thing he's pinning me to that wall. I'm not sure my knees could support me right now.

Fucking hell, he's feral, breathing heavily through his nose, those thick brows furrowed, eyes almost black, and I feel it. I feel it in my fucking balls, my cock twitching with every one of his breaths that land on my face.

It's scary.

Not Hayden. What's happening to me is.

My breaths are shaky as I contemplate my next words. Not because I can't find them, but because speaking them out loud is dangerous.

And I'm fucking reckless. "I want you to want me."

"Yeah?" he snaps back, pushing harder against me. "And after that? What's next straight boy, huh?"

Fuck .

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I clasp his arms, my fingers digging into the bulging biceps and I'm on the verge of passing out, and I'm desperately trying to stop myself from wrapping a leg around him just to pull him closer, but it's hard .

Almost as hard as my dick, pushing painfully against my zipper.

"I don't know. Am I still considered straight if I let you fuck me?

If I ask you to?" At first, I wonder if I'm losing my mind.

After my next words spill out of me on their own accord, I'm sure of it. "If I beg for it?"

Hayden squeezes his eyes shut and clenches his teeth, his entire body shaking, vibrating as he takes a couple of long, unsteady breaths.

"I don't. Do. Straight guys." He snarls through his teeth.

"Sorry if I gave you the wrong impression, but I'm not what you think I am.

I'm not patient. I'm not gentle. And I sure as fuck don't have it in me to teach you how to operate your virgin ass. "

All my restraint turns into a distant memory and I lift one leg, hooking it around the back of thighs, which is as high as I can reach and stand on my toes.

His grip keeps me in balance. "I must not be what you think I am either, then.

I don't need patience. I don't want gentle.

And trust me, my ass can handle you just fine.

Strap-ons exist, in case you weren't aware.

Guess I'm not the one who needs teaching. "

My entire body is buzzing, random tremors rip through me like thunder and yeah, I'm fucking panting.

And Hayden? Hayden goes offline for a second. Motionless, with his arm still pinning me against the wall, upper body pressed against mine he peers right into my eyes, as if trying to assess me, to gauge whether there's substance behind what I said.

There is. I meant every word. And even though all I want is to scream just that to expedite the process, I wait. I let him get there on his own. It wouldn't be genuine otherwise.

Hayden gets there in twelve breaths and three gusts of wind, and the moment he does it becomes perfectly fucking clear whatever free will I possess I have just submitted to him.

The low, grumbling groan he makes is long and controlled, a perfect juxtaposition to my clipped moan as he drops his free hand between our bodies and presses his large, firm palm right against my junk with energy and conviction I don't think I've ever felt before.

My dick reacts instantly, like he's now in full control of it, throbbing against his touch and leaking pre-cum.

Anticipating. I squeeze my eyes shut and lose control over my facial muscles, my teeth baring in a pleased grimace, because it's... a lot.

He slides his palm up half an inch, and back again. "Fuck—"

"Shhhh." A hot tingle on my earlobe as he hisses high into my ear. "You wouldn't want to cause a stir now, would you?"

I suck in my lips and let out a shaky breath when he squeezes me again, before my eyes fall open as a new sound scratches my brain. Footsteps.

I'm so fucking horny it takes me a moment to decide which direction they're coming from. When I look to my left, I spot a sole silhouette, most likely male, getting larger with each step he takes.

Instinctively, I put my leg down, wondering if Hayden will back down. Hoping he doesn't.

He doesn't.

He steps in closer, eliminating whatever fraction of an inch there still was between us, trapping his hand between our bodies, making it invisible, while his forearm slides up, from the top of my chest to the base of my neck. It looks like he's mugging me. I guess that's the point.

The footsteps grow louder and louder, and with each step the man takes, there's a new squeeze on my cock.

My head's all but spinning and I'm whimpering, whatever control I still possess dedicated to keeping myself mute.

I vaguely register a hint of a smirk on Hayden's lips as he brings his mouth to my ear again just as the stranger's about to pass us. "Fix your fucking face."

Jesus . He's going to kill me. I'll die a willing, violenceless death.

I manage to comply and relax my muscles for all of three seconds, and then fail on every front. My head falls forward and I press my forehead to Hayden's collarbone to hide, and my throat goes rogue, producing a grunt the stranger would hear even if he were deaf.

That's what Hayden wants, I'm sure of it. Why else would he choose this time to move his hand up just enough to wrap his palm around the head of my cock and squeeze, over and over, fast and maddening?

It hurts so fucking good.

Eventually, the footsteps grow quieter. Once they're barely audible, there's a low, low chuckle in my ear, as if coming from somewhere inside my head, and the pressure on my cock eases. "Good boy."

Farewell, sanity. It was nice while it lasted.

Hayden kills me slowly, vacating my body piece by piece.

First, it's his breath, no longer warming my ear. Then, he loosens his grip on my cock before removing his hand completely. Then, the hand on my neck no longer supports me. When he steps away, I want to scream at him to come back, but I can't. I'm too busy trying to keep myself upright.

I drop my arms and plaster my palms to the wall, trying to grab it somehow, and my body's shaking. The image Hayden makes does nothing to help.

He steps back right into the direct glow of the streetlamp, his black curls now in slight disarray. Did I grab them? I don't remember doing that. That's a shame. It must have felt nice.

He has his head tilted back as he looks down on me with heavy-lidded eyes and his mouth is slightly ajar, curled up into a smirk I want to tattoo on the inside of my skull, and he looks almost unbothered.

Almost, because even though he's wearing all black, the kind, lovely, gracious light makes the large bulge in his pants very apparent.

Who knew it'd be the last part finally allowing me to find my voice. "Come back here," I rasp.

Look at me. Craving dick, and all. Surreal.

"No." He then tsks just as I'm about to protest, shaking his head slowly. "Here's what's gonna happen. You're going to stay here, in this exact fucking spot, and you'll wait. What for and for how long isn't your concern. No complaints. No bitching about it. Is that clear?"

My heart pounds a staccato beat and my ribcage doubles in size with every breath I take. Good thing he didn't ask me not to move altogether—I can't promise I won't collapse. I nod three times before I find my voice. "Yeah. Yes. Clear."

He gives me a slow, meticulous once-over and flicks the tip of his tongue over the corner of his mouth. Finally, he gives me a sharp nod. "Good."

As I watch him walk away, slowly, casually, I don't call after him. I don't whine and I don't sigh. I don't wonder how long I'll be waiting here and why.

I don't do any of the things I'd normally be doing, because for some reason, all I can think about is that he said 'Good', and not 'Good boy', and what a bummer that is.

I think I might have just lost it...

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TEN MINUTES IS how long he makes me wait, my back plastered against the wall right where he left me. It's like a walk of shame, but motionless. Two people stroll by me one by one, and all I can do is drop my gaze to the ground and pretend they're not there.

When my phone buzzes in my pocket, I jump.

It's like I've forgotten phones exist. Like I've forgotten anything exists, really.

Anything other than a tall, black-haired man who somehow managed to convince both my brain and every piece of my body that a minor detail such as him being just that—a man—is really fucking insignificant.

I try not to let the "U coming?" text from earlier distract me and focus on the last one.

Two words and a number.

An address.

His address?

I'm not sure. Might as well be a slaughterhouse for all I know. And right now? I don't even care.

Finding my way back to my car is challenging, and driving seems outright reckless. Not that it stops me. Whatever buzz I had going on from my one drink earlier is long gone, and if I get pulled over for weaving, what are they gonna charge me with?

Being horny?

When I make my last turn in the thankfully residential area and find the right house, I only half-register it's really fucking luxurious. But that doesn't matter either. I wouldn't care if it were a shed.

After I make my way up the driveway that bends and stretches for longer than a driveway should, I practically fly out of my car and all but sprint to the front door.

If he's watching me from a window, he knows I'm desperate.

Normally, I'd try to hide it, but I can't. Because.

..well, I'm really fucking desperate right now.

I skip up three large, stone steps, all brown and beige and grey, and knock on the door three times before I realize there's a doorbell. I press that as well and shake my body out as I wait, trying to think of an opener other than 'Please fuck me'.

I'll comment on the house, that's what I'll do. There's no way a firefighter's salary buys a house like that. Maybe he invests. Maybe he does porn on the side. Maybe he lied. Maybe—

The second the door swings open, I forget what I was thinking about. I'm not sure I've ever had any thoughts, ever.

Hayden opens the door all the way, one hand still on the handle as he puts his other arm on the frame and leans against it.

I take him in piece by piece, trying not to moan in the process.

He's changed. Or rather, he's shed ... There's a pair of dark grey joggers hanging low on his hips, and in place of the black button-up, there's absolutely fucking nothing, and I'm up close and personal with a broad, hairless chest that somehow looks even bigger than in the picture.

Also, his hair is now damp, which means...

I groan, because fuck appearances, and take a sharp step forward, then another, only to bounce off the unyielding wall of muscles in front of me.

"Sooo... Are you gonna let me in?" I ask, thankful for my voice coming out somewhat steady, considering the circumstances.

Hayden sucks in his lower lip and then slowly rolls it out as his eyes roam over my body for what feels like the hundredth time tonight, but doesn't move.

Umm. He's gonna let me in, right? He wouldn't be that cruel, would he?

Finally, he speaks. "Should I let you in?"

"Yep. Yes. You definitely should."

He raises a brow. "And why is that?"

God... He's fucking with me so hard I might actually come from that.

I step from foot to foot and scan my brain for something clever to say but come up empty.

"Because..." I tilt my head to the side and let my eyes swipe over his frame again.

Damn, those pants. Damn his hairless, probably shaved body.

And damn that V-line that's partly hidden, leading right to— Fuck it.

"Because I'm pretty sure I'd be good at giving head.

And if I'm not, then... well, I'd like you to evaluate my effort. "

The movement of his jaw is subtle, but not subtle enough for me to miss as he grinds his teeth and his eyelids fall closed slowly as he inhales. When he opens his eyes a second later, he pushes off the doorframe and steps to the side.

Air escapes my lungs in a sharp puff as I move, brushing my shoulder against his chest, because that's how much room he deemed appropriate to leave me, and I do my best not to think about the fact I have just offered to suck his dick.

I step in just enough to let him close the door comfortably and wait. When he doesn't step around me, I turn, only to find him leaning against the door, his hands tucked behind his lower back, and— fuck —his very obviously hardening dick tenting the gray fabric.

I swallow, and then swallow again, because apparently the man has me literally salivating. "So, um... Where to?" I motion dumbly to my right where a fucking wall is.

His voice is somehow even lower than usual, which I didn't know was possible. "And where would you like to go?"

"Fuck, I don't know. Your bed. Your couch. The kitchen floor. Take me right here if you want to." Yeah, I didn't plan on saying any of that out loud. Clearly I'm not in control anymore. Of anything.

The smirk he sends me is fucking devious. "I don't hate the sound of that." He slowly pushes off the door and strolls around me. As he passes me, he leans down to my ear and adds, "Eager little thing."

I all but stumble over, my hand flying to my right, hoping I can somehow grab a wall again.

What is even happening right now? All of this should feel...off. I'm a man. I'm usually the dominant one. I'm fucking two years older than he is, if his Grindr tag is honest. Yet here I am, regaining my balance and following a man like I'm a dog and he's a bone, a treat and my master combined.

My peripheral vision catches spaces, but my gaze is fixed on his back. I just can't look away from the way his muscles move under his tight skin, muscles I didn't know belonged in humans.

We walk down a long hallway, then something that's probably a living room.

Probably, because my eyes are currently glued to his ass.

Curvy. Perky. Solid. Another living room, apparently.

I wonder if his thighs are as muscular as the rest of him.

They must be. A third living room because why the fuck not at this point, and just as I move to contemplate his calves, I slam face-first into something solid and it fucking hurts.

I gasp and back away from where I just collided with Hayden's back as he's stopped by the foot of the stairs.

He looks at me over his shoulder. "You really do fall for me, don't you?"

I don't answer. I don't trust what might come out of my mouth, and instead, go back to ogling his ass as he leads me up the stairs, then left and through a door.

As he closes it behind us, I close my eyes and spin on my heel to face him, sighing. "Okay. I can't be sure, but I think I just saw a bed and—"

"Mmhmm?" he interjects and my eyes open on their own accord.

"And honestly, I'm not sure what to do with that information." My voice comes out less steady now as Hayden steps closer.

"Mmhmm?"

God, why does he sound so good? Why does he look so good? "And I just..." As he steps even closer, his body now an inch away from mine, my knees bend slightly, my eyelids fall halfway and I forget what I was rambling on about. "You smell good," I whisper. "Different than before."

"Mmmm."

Speak caveman to me all night. I don't mind .

I close my eyes, tilt my head back, and wait. Enjoying, cherishing every hot breath that lands on my face, I wait for scruff against my cheek. I wait to lose my breath. I wait for a kiss.

Large palms take me by surprise as Hayden puts them on my hips and slides them up, under my tight shirt and pulls it up, exposing my skin, slowly and greedily at the same time.

I open my eyes and moan, straight up fucking moan the moment I see his face, more focused than I've ever seen it, his lower lip trapped between his teeth, brows furrowed, eyes following the hem of my shirt as it keeps moving up.

Lifting my arms, I let him peel it off me. Once he's done, he holds my shirt in one hand and brushes the pads of his fingers over my stomach.

"Mmm. I like these abs. I like them a lot." The way his eyes devour me lets me know he's telling the truth.

"T—Thanks. I've built them myself." I don't even care anymore how dumb I sound.

Apparently, I don't care what I'm doing either, because the next thing I know, my hands are on his ass—no preamble, no hesitation, because I'm subtle like that.

I squeeze. Exactly as solid as I thought. Maybe even more. Inhuman.

Hayden lets out a grunt that shoots straight to my balls, and even if I tried, I couldn't stop my hand from sliding around his hip and then straight to his cock like it's as natural as a handshake.

We both make a sound at the same time. Hayden because I'm touching his dick, probably.

Me, because that fucking thing is filling most of my palm, girthier than I've ever thought a cock could be, putting mine to shame even though I've always considered myself big.

How will— Where— Oh fuck, I'm not even gonna think about that right now.

I hold my breath and grab it the best I can over the thick fabric.

None of this feels real. It's like I'm a guest star in someone else's movie, no longer the main character of my own.

I've never held a dick before, other than mine.

It was never in my script. And when Hayden flexes his, making it jump against my palm and lets out a low, whispery chuckle at the same time, one thing becomes clear—I fucking love this role.

I suck in my lips, because I don't trust the types of sounds that threaten to come out of me as I move my hand to his balls and blindly squeeze my other hand under his waistband.

There's nothing else there—no boxers, no briefs, no unnecessary layers for me to get out of the way.

Just his cock, massive and hard. Hard for me . Because of me .

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My efforts to keep myself quiet prove futile when I brush my thumb along the underside of his shaft, right over a thick, rugged vein. I'm moaning. I'm moaning touching a man.

"Can I touch you?" I pant out, wrapping my palm over his base. Tips of my fingers barely connecting.

Hayden lets out another low, grumbling chuckle and cups my aching balls over my clothes, drawing a yelp from me in return. "Maybe you should have asked before you started."

"Sorry," I mumble, giving his shaft a slow, drawn-out stroke. "I thought—"

"Shh." He doesn't need to cover my mouth to get me to shut up. The squeeze on my balls does it just fine. "You think too much. And you know what?"

When my palm reaches the head of his cock after what feels like a yard's worth of travel and my skin gets lubricated by his pre-cum, my brain complies and stops thinking. "W—what?"

He leans down and his wet, hot breath lands straight in my ear. "I can't wait to fuck all those thoughts out of your head."

I growl. I fucking growl like a wild animal that's been caged their whole life and is finally connecting with wilderness for the first time, and yank his pants down all the way to his knees in a violent swoop.

I'm fucking feral, finally opening my eyes and devour his cock with everything I've got—my palms, my eyes, my soul.

"Look at you," Hayden grunts. "Eager little mess."

He steps out of his pants, moving backwards in the process, and I follow, not allowing an inch of space between us, sliding my palm up and down his cock.

I don't know where he leads me and I don't care. I'd follow him to hell right now. I somehow manage to kick my shoes off without tripping, and when he stops abruptly, I tumble into him, the dick I'm grasping pressing against my stomach, marking it with pre-cum.

There's a bed behind him. King-sized, covered with satin sheets, burgundy. Comfy looking.

He can have it. I'm fine on the floor.

I drop to my knees at the same time he sits on the edge, and I dip my head down before he can do anything to stall me or, what's worse, say anything and knock the wind out of my lungs yet again. I need him right fucking now.

Of course, he says things anyway. "God, you're a perfect little thing, aren't you?"

Yeah, whatever. I can be a thing. As long as he finds me perfect. I press the tip of my nose to the base of his cock, holding it upright with my hand and drag my head all the way up, taking in his smell. It's intoxicating, fresh and overwhelming at the same time. Just like the rest of him.

"See what you do to me? How hard you make me?"

My cock throbs inside my pants as I stick my tongue out and lick off the bead of pre-cum that waits for me there.

He puts one palm on the back of my head and threads his fingers through my hair, massaging my skull. "Needy little fuck."

I open my mouth and swallow him, as much as I can, as fast as I can, because fuck , if he doesn't stop talking right this second, I'm gonna come from his words alone.

Moaning around his shaft, I slide my head up, swirl my tongue around his slit with his head still in my mouth, and dive right back down, taking him in until he hits the back of my throat.

I need to remind myself to breathe as I suck him. Did anyone ever suffocate giving head? I just might. And it'll be a pleasant death.

Hayden lets out a series of shaky, barely controlled exhales and fuck, why is this so fucking hot?

Why does he taste so good?

Why am I enjoying this as much as I am?

I suck him slowly but thoroughly, excess saliva dripping out of my mouth and down his shaft. Yesterday, I'd find that gross. But yesterday's me no longer exists.

"Ahh, fuck," Hayden groans and then commits a crime. A whole fucking crime as he lets go of my hair and crawls back, deeper onto the bed, taking his cock with him.

"Hey!" I practically bark before wiping saliva off my chin. Because it's not his cock anymore. It's mine now. It's stealing.

"If you want something, come and get it," he speaks the words around a chuckle as I'm already crawling up, because he was right. I am needy, and desperate. He makes me needy and desperate.

"Up," he says once my head is level with his cock. When I halt, he repeats, " Up ."

I don't want to. I don't want to go up or down or sideways, or any place else that's more than two inches away from his cock. But my body chooses to comply with his voice rather than my will, and I crawl further up until we're face to face.

I don't wait for him to pull me down. I kiss him first, leaning down so fast, so furious my lips crash against my teeth before I can part them.

Hayden's tongue parts them for me, pushing inside like the most welcome intruder.

And now I can taste him fully, his saliva and his pre-cum at the same time, a cocktail that gets me drunk faster than liquor ever could.

So fast it takes me a moment to realize his hands are already stripping me naked, undoing my pants expertly and pushing them down, along with my underwear.

I moan inside his mouth as I lower my body down, laying it on top of his to squirm my way out of my clothes the rest of the way, my cock pressing right against his, gliding up and down with ease, getting slicked up with my own spit.

My hips gain their own consciousness and start rocking back and forth, grinding against him in shallow, unfocused movements. I don't stop even when Hayden puts both hands on my head and pulls on my hair, guiding my head up and ending the kiss.

"Here's what's gonna happen." I nod wildly, massaging my own cock with his. "You're going to get on all fours and turn around now. You'll suck me, and you'll

suck me good while I play with your ass."

My breath catches in my throat and I stop nodding. The world around me spins.

He pulls my hair harder. "Did I stutter?"

God...

I somehow manage to lift my upper body up and sit on my heels. "I, um... It's..."

Hayden grabs my cock and gives me two firm, mind-bending strokes. "No. Don't go shy on me now."

I let out a shaky breath. How the fuck does he do that? How does he read me like that?

I can't just... stick my ass out and spread myself open right in front of his face. His eyes.

Can I?

Hayden tilts his head up, all the way up, exposing all the little veins of his neck and stretches his body like a string while he reaches up and pulls on the handle of his nightstand drawer.

As he pats inside blindly, I roam my eyes over his outstretched torso.

When he lets out a soft grunt of effort as he fishes something out with the tips of his fingers, barely reaching it, I realize that yeah.

Maybe I can.

I turn around before he's done collecting whatever it is he needs. I'd chicken out if I looked into his eyes right now.

Slowly, with my legs shaking and my quads twitching, I crawl backward until my hips are somewhat level with his head. Should I go higher? Should I go lower?

I don't know. How the fuck would I know?

I lower myself down to all fours and as I do, one large, firm palm grabs my left ass cheek, squeezing it hard enough to leave bruises.

And then... "Good boy."

That's it. That's all it takes for me to forget how naked, how fucking exposed I am, and I dip down, taking Hayden's dick into my mouth, almost all of it in one go because guess what? I'm becoming good at it.

That's right. I'm good at sucking dick.

And I'm about to become a whole lot better, too. Anything to distract myself from the hot puff of air that lands on my crack, followed by a very cold, very slippery pad of a finger, circling around my rim, teasing me, making my dick jerk and leak pre-cum like a fucking deranged faucet.

A full-body shiver runs through me. I don't even try to control it. It'd be a losing battle.

Then, Hayden opens his damn mouth and tears the rest of my sanity apart.

"Fuck. Such a perfect little hole." He draws out his words as he pushes the tip of his finger against it a few times, applying tiny bit of pressure, but never entering.

"Tight. Waiting. And all mine." I moan around his cock and my walls clench involuntarily as I rock my hips back, chasing that pressure. God. It's embarrassing.

When Hayden goes back to drawing these annoying, small circles against my rim again, it's as much as I can take. I pull my mouth off his cock and whip my head back, straining my neck, but not enough to see him. "Just do it already."

Who am I?

There's that breathy chuckle again. I can feel it on my skin. "Ask for it."

" Please ," I gasp out immediately. "I need it. I don't know why, but I do. Please ."

I am pathetic.

But however low I may be thinking about myself right now, Hayden seems to disagree.

"Mmm, that's right." He grunts, his voice much rougher now. "That's what I like to hear. Let that slut out."

And before I can process whether that turns me on or offends me, I moan as Hayden complies, sliding his long, thick finger inside me, all the fucking way, and crooks it, pressing the pad against my wall, exploring. Searching.

I lean back down until my mouth finds his cock just to distract myself, but all I can do is press my face against it and breathe him in. Because he finds it.

He fucking finds it.

And he knows it, too.

"Ahh, would you look at that," he drawls. "That perfect little spot. My perfect little spot. Mine ."

He accentuates every word with a press of his finger against my prostate, and I no longer know what to do with myself.

My cock twitches and throbs and gains a heartbeat of its own, and my balls are painfully heavy, begging for release. "Oh, shit," I pant out as he starts alternating between playing with my prostate and sliding his finger in and out of me, fast , like he's competing in a finger-fucking Olympics.

He's winning, too.

"God. Don't stop." My words get muffled by his cock pressed against my mouth. It'd be dangerous to suck him now. I might accidentally bite him.

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"Mmm. Why would I stop?" To show me just how much he's not stopping, he adds a second finger, stretching me out. It's a delicious burn. "Why would I stop when you take it so good, hm? Needy. Fucking. Mess. "

" Ahh . You're gonna make me cum." I growl through my teeth, my hips bucking back to take his fingers in deeper, faster.

He laughs. It's fucking cruel. "Don't you even dream about it. Not until I allow it."

He thinks he's the boss of me.

He's right.

I grit my teeth and clench my fists, digging my fingernails into my palms, hoping whatever little pain it provides will somehow mitigate the pleasure.

It doesn't. Not when he's rubbing my prostate with every thrust. Not when he stretches me like that. And definitely not when he grabs my cock and strokes me, fast and shallow, squeezing my head every time he touches it.

I'm dancing on the razor's edge and I'm about to fall.

And Hayden knows it. To him, I'm an open book.

He lets go of my cock with a final, satisfying squeeze and the pace of his fingers slows significantly, but not to the point of stopping. "That's right. That's exactly where I want you."

And with that, he withdraws his fingers, leaving me empty, shaking. And fucking frustrated.

My ass still hangs above his head, hips still rocking back into the empty air. I forget to be shy. I don't care anymore.

When he gives my ass a gentle slap and says, "Come," my hand shoots straight to my dick. I manage to give myself two strokes before he laughs and grabs my wrist, stilling my hand. "Not like that." Another slap. "Come with me."

"Wha—" I utter, unmoving as Hayden maneuvers himself from under me, gets off the bed, and stands in front of me, hand reaching out for me to grab. "Come."

Is he fucking serious? "You think I can walk right now?" I ask, but somehow find the strength to crawl off the mattress and stand beside him. Barely.

He takes my hand and drags me behind him.

"Where are we going?"

No response as he leads me across the room. My head's spinning and I can't think straight, following him like it's my default setting. I look around, taking in the space, vaguely recognizing shapes of furniture.

There's a nightstand. And a dresser. And a giant fucking closet that takes up most of the wall. And a wall-mounted mirror.

And the mirror gets bigger.

And bigger.

And then it stops getting bigger.

And is that me in the mirror?

Hayden's strong arm wraps around my middle and he pulls me closer, my back pressing against his chest. He brings his mouth to my ear and whispers, "I want you to look at yourself when I fuck you. I want you to see what I see."

Even through my sexed-up haze, I recognize how messed up this is. How embarrassing.

How much I don't care anymore.

"Yeah," I say, my voice faint, and nod. I place my hand against the wall, right at the mirror's edge. I need the support. "I will. I will do that."

Hayden puts one palm on the back of my neck, giving it a tiny massage and brings his mouth to the side of my head. "You're so good to me, you know that?"

I nod, my head lolling back and forth without rhythm. I don't know anything anymore.

But when Hayden says something, that's how it is. Always.

As he pleases.

I close my eyes and take a few deep breaths, taking advantage of the little bit of stillness.

Even with my eyes closed, I recognize the sounds behind me.

The tearing of the foil. The tiny slap of stretched rubber.

And then, wet, sloppy sounds and a few tiny, barely-there breaths.

I'd turn around and watch him do it if I had the strength. I don't.

Then, there's a hand on my hip, grabbing me tight, and a plump, rounded shape spreading my buttcheeks apart and pushing against my hole.

"Do you know," Hayden says somewhere behind me, his voice coming strained as he pushes against me, "how much I fucking want you?"

I suck in a sharp breath as the head of his oversized cock, somehow, against all odds, makes its way inside me. Makes me want to scream. "I don't. But I want you to keep on talking."

I can practically feel him shake, even through the full-body shudder that ripples through me as Hayden pushes inside me, painfully slowly, all the way in. Miles and miles of it.

I clench my jaw and squeeze my eyes shut even more. It burns. It hurts. And I take it. All of it.

It's not until he's fully inside me, so deep his balls press against my ass, that he finally lets out the breath he was holding, his exhale long and shaky, and says, "Open your eyes. Now ."

It takes strength, lots of it, but I comply. Once I do, I almost faint.

Hayden's face, all stormy and twisted into a delicious grimace, pokes from above my shoulder and his eyes all but eat me up in the mirror.

All of me, as he swipes his gaze up and down and up again, as if trying to memorize me.

It's so intense, so earthshattering I almost don't register the pain as he pulls back

halfway before shoving his cock right back into me, his balls slapping softly against my ass.

I let out a moan at the same time as he says, "I want you to play with yourself. Show me. Show me how you do it."

Jesus. Just how much more vulnerable is this man going to make me? How much more will I let him have?

All my answers come when he bends his knees slightly, just so, before withdrawing his cock almost all the way before bottoming out at a new angle, the head of his cock pressing straight against my prostate.

All of me. I'll let him have all of me.

I wrap my free hand around my cock, give myself one dry stroke and hiss. That won't do. I bring my palm to my mouth and lick it.

"Fuck," Hayden breathes out. "I love it. You've no fucking idea."

I find his eyes in the mirror and hold his gaze as I lick it some more. A tiny muscle around his top lip twitches. God...

Once my palm is nice and slippery, I grab hold of my cock again and groan with relief as I stroke myself in time with his thrusts.

To say none of it feels real would be an understatement. I don't know if it's his size, his words, or the fucking overstimulation, but it's like my soul leaves my body, and I'm watching myself, watching us from somewhere in the distance, feeling every minute sensation at the same time.

The way he digs his fingers into my hip, alternating between keeping me still and

bucking my hips back and forth.

The way his cock stretches me to the point where it should be painful, but isn't. The way he pounds against my prostate every single time, and every time he does, my cock jerks in my palm, and leaks and cries for release.

"You take me so well, baby boy," he pants out behind me and then chuckles.

It's his mouth, isn't it? It's that filthy mouth that's going to be the end of me.

I just moan, letting him know I heard him. I couldn't speak if I wanted to.

Hayden switches up his angle once more and—fuck, fuck, fuck , how can it feel even better?

—and wraps his arm around my chest, pulling me back, forcing me to let go of the wall.

For a moment I worry I'll go crashing down, my legs struggling to support me.

I don't. His arm is enough to keep me upright.

Leaning against him I reach back and grab his hip. Fuck, he moves so well.

And suddenly the pressure on my cock triples and it takes me a moment to realize his palm has just wrapped around mine, guiding my movements, and speeding them up.

I let out a series of incoherent syllables and my hole clenches around his dick, every muscle spasming, an omen of my rapidly approaching orgasm.

Of course he notices. "That's right. You can let go now," he's speaking to my ear, and it feels like the words come directly from my brain. "I know you need to. And you

know what?"

It takes me five tries to utter a single word. "W— Wh— What?"

There's that damn, breathy chuckle again. "I'm needy too. And I need all that cum. All of it, you hear me? Now ."

Fuck. Fuck .

His words echo through my skull, over and over, commanding my body, and even if I wanted to, even if I tried, I wouldn't be able to stop myself from giving it to him.

All of it. Because this is the point of no return, and every scrap of my body turns to molten lava.

I lose control of my muscles and drop my head back against his body and my breathing stops for a moment, my cock and balls throbbing once, twice, three times before I lose it, cum shooting out of me with more force than I've ever experienced before.

And he talks me through it. All the fucking way through it. "Yeah. Give me that cum, baby. Give me what's mine." Every word is a command, an order I've no way of defying. "Yeah. Oh, yeah. Oh, fuck. Oh, I'm gonna come."

My body's still convulsing and I'm still fucking coming, but I need him . I slip my palm from under his, letting him milk my cock the rest of the way and bend my body, grabbing the back of his neck with both palms and I just look.

Look at the reflection of his face, that perfect fucking face as it twists and tenses and somehow grows even more handsome as he lets out a long string of curses, and filth and my name, over and over and over.

He doesn't even stop fucking me as he comes, pounding me through it, like he's a machine and not a human being.

I'm not sure he's all human. He might just be divine.

"Fuck. Oh fuck," he pants against me when the roll of his hips finally loses momentum, slowing down, more and more until it comes to a complete halt, and the grip he has on my cock relaxes.

His eyes fall closed and he lets out a long, shaky exhale. And apparently, that's a cue for my body because my thighs twitch and my knees buckle under me.

The arm he has around me tightens. He doesn't let me fall. "I got you. I got you."

I'm not sure where he finds the strength, but I let him hold me, for minutes on end as both of us pant and sigh and come to.

Finally, he lets out a soft laugh before slowly, gently pulling his softening dick out of my body, drawing one more long, pathetic moan out of me.

"Well, that was something." His voice is almost back to normal now.

Mine isn't. "Mmm. Indeed."

"Can you walk?" he asks.

"I think so?" I suddenly remember he's still supporting my entire body weight. I push off him, carefully, testing my own legs. They seem to be working again. "If I remember how to, that is."

Hayden slowly spins me around, wraps his arm around my middle and leads me...somewhere. I don't care where.

As we make our way back through his spacious bedroom, I take a better look this time. I don't know much about interior design, but enough to know none of it came from IKEA. "Can I ask you something?" I say when we stop in front of his bed and I collapse onto it, face first.

Hayden lies next to me more gracefully. "Sure."

Folding my arms under my chin takes more effort than it should. "How'd you get this place? I assume the Fire Department didn't pay for it?"

He laughs. "You assume correctly. Inheritance did." When I raise a questioning eyebrow, he adds, "My father was a massive asshole. I've no problem pissing his legacy away."

"And you chose to be a firefighter, anyway? Why?"

He shrugs. "Because I can."

Damn. I really fucking hope he gives me the ick soon before I do something dumb, like fall in love.

"Look at you," he says, running a finger along my sweaty spine. "You're a mess. You need a shower."

I laugh. "I need a fucking baptism. But not just yet. I need to be dead for a while."

He swoops in closer and drapes a leg around my body. "Take as long as you need."

"I TAKE IT I've done my job right?" are the first words I hear when I open my eyes.

"Sorry," I mumble, my voice hoarse. "How long was I asleep?"

Hayden smiles. "Not long." He leans in and gives me a soft, close-mouthed kiss on the lips. "I could watch you sleep all night."

I sigh with content and stretch, my muscles aching pleasantly. I have no idea what time it is. "I can... I can leave," I offer.

"You can." He reaches up and strokes my hair. "But you shouldn't."

Damn it. How is he so...perfect?

Then, he slaps my ass and bursts my sappy bubble. "Come. Let's clean you up."

When a hot, relaxing stream showers over me a few minutes later, and two strong, soaped-up hands slide across my chest, I realize I've never been cleaned by another person before.

I just stand there, partly because I'm tired, partly because it's all so... nice . I let Hayden do his thing, lathering me up all over, including my ass and my spent dick. There's nothing sexual about it—no subtext, no hidden intentions. Just care.

He even washes my hair. Damn.

When he's done, I lean against the shower wall and watch him wash himself. When he shuts off the stream and runs his palms over his black curls to squeeze out excess water, I gather up the courage to ask the question that's been swirling in my mind for a while. "Hayden?"

"Hmm?"

"Do you, like... Need that app? The Grindr thing?"

He steps in closer until he's an inch away and looks down at me with those dark, heavy eyes. "I don't know. I think it's up to you at this point. Do I?"

I try, I really try to keep my face in check, but it's futile. I smile anyway. "No. I don't think you do."

He leans down and kisses me.

"Good. I only ever found one guy I liked there, anyway."

THE END