



Truth or Dare, Cinderfella? (X Club)

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Category: LGBT+

Description: Can a game night bring these two together?

Miles O'Donnell was a comic artist in San Francisco. With multi-colored hair and eyes to match his sassy personality, Miles never had trouble getting attention. Unfortunately, most couldn't satisfy what he really needed...

Shane Long was an engineer who just turned forty and wasn't sure there was a partner out there for him when they all complained he was too big. Until a chance meeting and a game of Truth or Dare put a certain size queen in Shane's path.

It might take more truth than they expected to share.

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Chapter one

Miles

“Two iced coffees for Miles,” the cute barista called out. When I’d ordered, I noticed he was named Matty and had the pronouns he or they on his name badge along with a Progress Pride pin. I loved living in San Francisco.

Matty had dark brown hair with matching eyes, both a rich coffee color befitting his position. His small frame was accentuated by an off-the-shoulder knit sweater and tight apron with the Pour Boys logo, but he was so not my type. Still, flirting was fun. I made my way up to the counter and saw him eyeing my hair, which he commented on like most people did.

“Love the rainbow. Is it a ton of upkeep?”

“It can be, but a girl needs a hobby,” I batted my eyes—my most striking feature, which were decidedly not matching, with one brown and one blue—knowing I was safe to play up my gayness in a queer-owned coffee shop in the city. I was still waiting for my friend who had suggested the spot, so I leaned on the counter under the guise of reaching for my drinks.

Matty raised one eyebrow, but didn’t reply to my obvious signals. Still, I was bored, so I decided to make conversation.

“What are your hobbies?”

“Riding motorcycles with my fiancé,” Matty answered without missing a beat. I chuckled at his brush-off, glad he didn’t look bothered by my flirting.

“Miles, quit hitting on Matty,” a familiar melodic voice called out, and I turned to see my blue-haired friend approaching from the entrance. Cielo wore a purple wrap dress over polka dot leggings and ankle boots that somehow all worked together. They saw the second cup by my hand and picked it up. “Oh, did you order for me? Thank you.”

“Cielo, good to see you,” Matty greeted before I could, my friend clearly a regular.

Cielo sipped their drink and hummed in appreciation before pointing at me. “Miles isn’t bothering you, is he? Because I invited him here and I can’t have him scaring off my favorite Beanocchio.”

“Hey,” I protested, but they both ignored me.

“Not at all,” Matty assured Cielo before turning to the customer who was walking up to the register. “Enjoy your coffee.”

“You really are a wanton flirt,” Cielo smirked to let me know he was only teasing me, and I rolled my eyes. “Did you happen to grab us a table, Casanova?”

“I did, brat.” I turned and led Cielo to the corner table where I’d left my bag to save the spot. They followed and took the seat facing the room. The seat I’d been sitting in before Cielo arrived, though I wasn’t truly bothered. “Your daddies spoil you.”

“I know. Isn’t it awesome?” Cielo fluttered their mascara-clad lashes and continued drinking their iced coffee through the compostable straw. You had to drink fast with those or they started to fall apart, so I pulled out a metal straw from my messenger bag. Cielo raised their brows at my preparedness, “Oh, you’re smart.”

“Flattery will get you everywhere,” I took the opposite chair and smiled back, mollified from the earlier insult on my character. Really, I was a flirt, and couldn’t deny it. “Are you ready to help me with my super duper, extra exciting taxes?”

“It’s what I do, darling.”

Cielo set their coffee down and reached for the pile of papers I pulled out of my bag. Opening my tablet screen to the file of things I’d saved digitally, and handed the device over as well. We knew each other through mutual friends, but this was the first time I accepted the offer of help with my complex tax forms. Working for newspapers, publishing my own comics, and taking commissions meant it was too complicated for me to do myself.

Two years out of art school and I was making a living, despite the dire warnings of how pointless an art degree was from my uncle, Harold. My parents hadn’t understood my love of graphic design and manga, but they were always supportive.

“This doesn’t look too bad,” Cielo interrupted my wandering thoughts as they set the stack back down between us. “Mind if I forward these files to myself?”

“No, not at all. As long as you promise not to steal my identity and ruin my credit,” I teased, not really worried about a licensed professional having my information. Cielo had come highly recommended and had a website online with his credentials.

“Damn, there goes my plan for a vacation to Fiji,” Cielo clicked their teeth in mock consternation. “But really, you came well-prepared. I only need a few days to take care of this.”

Sipping my coffee, I leaned back in my chair to ask the question I’d been dreading. “What will I owe you?” I asked, hoping Cielo didn’t cost hundreds an hour, which had been my fear.

“I’ll give you the friends and family discount, and base the fee on if you’ll get anything back.” Cielo pulled a manila folder out of their bag and slipped my papers inside before carefully labeling the file. “If you owe money, I won’t ask for payment at all.”

“Wait, really?” I set my coffee down and leaned forward. “No catch?”

“Well,” Cielo drew the word out. Clearly, there was something else. “I’ve been trying to get you over to the game night with the group for ages.”

Cielo and some of our mutual friends had invited me before. Playing D&D and Catan were fun in high school, but I got the feeling our kinky friends had something else in mind. I raised a brow.

“Game night?” I repeated to clarify. “Like board games, or a different kind of game?”

“There’s a bunch of people who come, so most board games are out,” Cielo hedged, twirling their damp straw. “And they are generally all members of the X Club.”

“Aha! You want me to come to your sex party.” I pointed at Cielo, who shrugged, not caring that a woman near us snapped her head our way at my too loud words.

“Are you saying the idea is out of character for you?” Cielo’s lips twitched in an attempt to hide their smile.

“No, just clarifying,” I laughed as Cielo grinned, having been proven right. “Is it all couples, though?”

“Honestly, it is mostly couples, or triads like mine.” Cielo leaned forward and clasped their hands together, a sparkle of mischief in their dark eyes, “But that doesn’t mean we don’t still play.”

“Ha, I’m sure you do, honey, but you’re not my usual cup of tea.” I sat back in my chair and frowned at the woman near us until she turned away. “Very few are.”

“Oh?” Cielo clapped their hands in excitement, sensing I was getting personal. “Spill the tea. Who do you usually go for then?”

Biting my lip, I considered the pros and cons of sharing with the person responsible for my taxes. We knew each other as friends first, so I decided to go ahead, “Any of your game night buddies packing serious heat?”

“You can’t mean guns...” Cielo started, then stopped, “Oh! Damn girl, you’re a size queen?”

Rolling my eyes, I might as well admit it. Leaning forward, I stage whispered, “Do I fetishize big dicks and actively seek them out? Maybe. But do I find many partners who meet up to their boasting? No.”

With a large collection of monster cocks at home, I was not satisfied by average dicks. And I was also embarrassed by my disinterest in real ones. I felt my face heating at the thought, knowing it was unrealistic and silly of me to be so hung up on the superficial. A big schlong couldn’t keep me warm at night. I was twenty-five and starting to wish I had a person to call my own, and not just the box under my bed.

“Well, I can’t promise anything, but I can assure you we always have fun,” Cielo laid a hand over mine and squeezed, drawing my attention to their kind smile. “And you don’t have to get involved or stay when the evening moves on to more carnal activities. Unless you want to.”

Cielo’s words reassured me, and I really could use an excuse to get out of my apartment more often. “Alright, I’ll be there. Text me the address.”

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Chapter two

Shane

Working out was one of my favorite activities. My own personal iron sanctuary always left me high on endorphins. Call me a gym rat or fitness junkie, but I'd yet to find a high as good as beating my personal record for weight or reps.

"I want to see that ass to the grass on your next squat, Long. It's all you," my trainer, Jefferson, pumped me up. I wasn't actually touching my butt to the ground, but I caught his drift.

Keeping my knees wide and in line with my toes, I pushed up with my legs while keeping my back straight. Using my abs and lower back muscles to stabilize my body, I locked my hips to finish the lift. My upper back and arms balanced the bar over my head, and I breathed in through my nose and held the air in my lungs. Breathing out, I felt the tingling of joy and happy chemicals racing through me.

"Hell, yeah, Long! You crushed your best," Jefferson cheered, assisting as I set the bar down and re-racked.

My previous personal best was four hundred and ninety pounds, and I had finally hit the five hundred mark. My body would hurt in the morning, and it would be at least five or six days before I pushed myself so hard again, but for a moment I was all smiles. Pulling my loose, black tank-top away from where it was plastered to my abs, I fanned myself with the fabric. "Thanks, man."

Everyone called Jefferson, Flowers . It was a play on his Spanish last name: Flores . Jefferson was a large and broad Mexican American man, so the nickname always felt ironic to me until I met his spouse. When they were together, the nickname made sense. Ash seemed to purr the name, and Jefferson melted for his other half. Still felt weird for me to call him that.

“Flowers,” Q, one of the owners of Q & A Gym, called out to my trainer.

“Hey, boss,” Jefferson replied, helping me clean up and put away the weights. Q and his husband-slash-co-owner, A, were making their way over between the weight benches. “Long beat his PR squat goal!”

“Well-done, Long!” Q made it to my side and clapped me on my sweaty shoulder. They all called me Long, though A was the only one to say it matched my six-foot-three frame. “Knew you’d get over that hump.”

“Welcome to the five hundred club.” A shook my hand and then laughed, because my weightlifting gloves met his chalky palms. He was a former Olympic gymnast to Q’s Olympic weightlifter, and I would bet A had been on the pommel horse or rings. “Time to let Q get his lift on.”

“He can’t have me showing him up,” I teased, moving into a lunge as I stretched out to begin my cool-down. I could send back taunts with the rest of the guys at the gym, but I didn’t have it in me to actually be mean.

From a nearby bench, Q snorted. He was adding weights before laying down and waiting for A to come spot him. Both men were over fifty, if I had to guess from the times we’ve hung out, but neither showed any signs of slowing down. It looked as if Q was doing the same as I lifted with two-twenty-five, but Q could probably do a few more than my usual ten reps. He passed ten and made it to thirteen when he paused, bar at his chest with A hovering just in case.

“I want one more,” Q grunted on the fourteenth push up. Looking straight up into A’s eyes, Q smirked. “If I make this last lift, you gotta give me a kiss.”

A chuckled and rolled his eyes at his husband, kissing the air in his direction as Q lifted the bar one more time, racking it right after. A ducked under the bar and gave Q a Spider-Man kiss, minus the mask and the rain, though both men were wet with sweat.

“Our pup is going to crack up when I tell them about this later,” A kissed Q one last, chaste time before standing and leaning on the bar, “and then they’re going to make you carry them upstairs with your sore arms.”

Q laughed and sat up to pull A down for another kiss. “Worth it.”

It felt like I was intruding on their moment, but I couldn’t look away. I knew they shared a sub who lived with them and wanted to know how that worked. I’d met their partner once, and there was no outward jealousy between the three of them, which I had a hard time understanding. Somehow, it worked for them, and I wasn’t one to judge. If I had someone who looked at me the way these three looked at each other, I wasn’t sure I’d ever want to share.

Mostly, I wanted someone to kiss who wouldn’t run away screaming when it came to getting naked.

“Hey, Long,” Jefferson pulled me away from my staring and I pretended I was switching to an arm stretch.

“What’s up?” I didn’t meet his gaze, grateful it was hard to tell when I was blushing due to my dad’s Filipino genes dominating my looks. Dark hair and eyes, with permanently tan skin, and I got his height as well.

“I wanted to invite you to game night this weekend,” Jefferson continued, and I finally looked his way. “It’s at Shepherd’s.”

“We’ll be there,” Q added, and I saw A nodding. I liked these guys, but I also knew what they got up to in their spare time. Kinky stuff.

Narrowing my eyes, I grabbed my bottle and took a drink before replying, “What kind of games?”

“We start off tame and just hang out. Shepherd always prepares a spread,” A started and stopped when I didn’t drop my suspicious expression. “If you don’t want to watch or join in when it inevitably gets more fun, you are free to bounce. Or not.”

“Why don’t you go shower and rest up then get back to me?” Jefferson elbowed me, tossing me a clean towel. “I thought I’d freak out at those kinds of things, but it’s actually fun.”

“I’ll think about it,” I reluctantly agreed, waving to the guys and making my way to the locker room. They only had one big space, instead of gendered areas, and my body was begging to feel cold water on my heated muscles.

After staying in the shower longer than necessary, I turned the water off when I realized I was dwelling on my constant single status after being around happily partnered friends. I dried off my body enough to not leave a trail of water in my wake and tossed the towel in a basket before grabbing a new one for my hair. I didn’t think twice about walking to my locker naked until I heard a whistle. Cringing, I turned to find a man I’d met before, eyeing me with appreciation.

“I see you were aptly named, Long.” Roman lifted his eyes to meet mine. It wasn’t original, but I was glad he didn’t stare. I was more of a shower than a grower, especially in girth, but the cold water hadn’t hidden how much I was hung without

any stimuli.

Eying his own state of undress, I saw he had a good size cock on him as well, though he was circumcised where I wasn't. Seeing as Roman had two boyfriends, I shouldn't be ogling his fit body. "Sorry."

"You have nothing to be embarrassed about." Roman shook his head, pink hair falling across his forehead. "In fact, you should really come to game night."

His eyes darted down to my crotch, where I'd moved my towel. One girl and multiple men have said I'm romance novel size, or hung like a horse, and I had issues related to my size. It took them forever to work up to taking my dick, and most weren't that patient or even interested in doing that. Bottoms said they were, but then they complained I came too much, usually overflowing my condom. It was hot until I asked anyone for more than a hookup, and then they were gone.

"Because I have a big dick?" I asked, more bluntly than I would normally, on edge after feeling so vulnerable from watching Q and A together.

Roman threw his head back and laughed, "O-M-G, I didn't know you had that in you, Shane. But no, I meant because you would see a bunch of people talking about sex openly and who are comfortable in their own skin."

His words struck a chord with me. I didn't discuss sex openly or feel so comfortable in my skin. But damn if I didn't want to be.

"I'll think about it," I answered the same way I had before, not committing to anything.

How would I cure my chronic singledom if I never got out there to meet people? I knew the answer to my internal question, but didn't acknowledge it even to myself.

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Chapter three

Miles

Before I knew it, the weekend had arrived. My pressing work was done, all deadlines met, so I had no excuse for staying home. Cielo had finished my taxes the day before, and let me know I'd owe the state money, but I had a bigger refund from federal taxes. They got my permission to pay one with the other and I was happy to have a few hundred dollars headed my way.

They also reminded me about game night.

The idea of being around the established group of friends was a little intimidating. Cielo was only a couple of years older than me, both of us still in our mid-twenties, but I knew a lot of the others attending were decades older than us. I had my kinks and never shamed others for theirs, but these guys were hella kinky.

Still, I was too curious not to go see for myself. They wouldn't break out the whips and chains on game night, right?

Cielo gave me the address of an industrial area of the Mission, and I thought I was in the wrong place when I saw a restaurant. A large sign read, "Shepherd's Kitchen," and I quickly searched it up for added details. The first article was from a San Francisco Magazine I'd done comics for and trusted their reporting, though it was more of a human interest piece than a news article.

"Shepherd's Kitchen is a concept restaurant, feeding the unhoused for free, as well as

selling pre-made meals,” the first line read, making me nod at the cool idea. But it only referred to the owner and head chef as Shepherd, there was no other details.

A memory of meeting Cielo’s friends, Roman and July, pinged a memory when they talked about their partner: Shepherd . He was a chef! All three lived together over the restaurant and were roommates before hooking up. Sounded convenient to me, but the restaurant was closed...how was I supposed to get in?

“Miles?” Cielo’s voice caught my attention, and I turned to see him leaning around the corner. “Thought that was you down here. Come around to the side door.”

“Thanks for coming to the rescue.”

We hugged, and I followed them to a keypad-locked security door, the main door left open for us inside with a trash can. I could see going straight led to a door reading: “Kitchen entrance.” We made our way up a wide staircase that looked like it was also used as storage, with shoes and boxes tucked into corners.

“So, this is where Roman and July live with Shepherd?” I asked, to make sure I had my information right before meeting the hosts.

“Yep,” Cielo confirmed, reaching the top landing and pushing open the solid but ajar door at the top. “Welcome to the Factory.”

Revealing a wide-open space with high wooden beams and a large kitchen to the left, I could see how it had been a factory in the past. The wood floors were polished but showed stains and gouges from years of abuse, and I loved the loft feel. There were about a dozen people in the main space, some gathered around a sturdy coffee table playing a card game that had them all laughing.

“Let me show you around and introduce you to everyone.” Cielo led me to the

kitchen for a drink, and I opted for a can of soda over alcohol. I didn't see any cages or paddles on display, but in case those came out, I wanted a clear head. "You know July?"

"Hi Miles!" July grinned and waved before going back to his task.

We said hello to July, who was rocking a green, crushed velvet jacket that complimented his small frame, no doubt he designed and made himself. He was helping a taller person with a beard—who had a Daddy vibe, despite long hair and a skirt—plate hors d'oeuvres. I had a good guess this was his Daddy, and Cielo confirmed my suspicion.

"This is Shepherd. They're the owner of the building," Cielo explained with a twinkle in their eyes and a helpful cue on the correct pronouns for me to use.

Shepherd raised their thick eyebrow and sighed, "None of you are going to let me go long without you pointing it out, are you?"

Sensing an inside joke or story I wasn't privy to, I decided to move on. "I'm Miles. Your restaurant downstairs seems like a cool concept."

"It is," July beamed at me before turning a proud eye on them. "Daddy is amazing."

"Thank you, baby," Shepherd kissed July's head, and I felt like I was intruding until he raised his voice. "Brat, where'd you run off to?"

Confusion had me looking around for a pet, until Roman bounded towards us and held his arms out for a hug, which I gladly accepted. Roman was a tall, fit man who also performed as the drag Queen, Gladys Over. He had pink hair but was otherwise without his exaggerated makeup, which made sense, since he was at home with friends. Still, he must have been dressed by his fashion designer boyfriend, July,

since Roman had on expensive jeans and a silk vest as a shirt.

“Oh, hey, Miles! Glad you could make it.” Roman pulled back to smile at me before going around the kitchen island to give Shepherd puppy-dog eyes. Roman was an over-sharer, so I knew they did actual puppy play. Cielo did too. I didn’t think I was up for seeing that much kink. “Yes, Daddy?”

“Save it for later, brat.” Shepherd swatted his butt playfully and handed him a plate. “Go make sure our guests know there’s food.”

“It’s our place,” Roman rolled his eyes, but moved to do as he was told. “Of course there’s food.”

Two older men I’d met a couple times approached as Roman caused the card game to break up for snacks, and I was glad to see more familiar faces. They were Cielo’s Daddies, Q and A. I never did find out their real names, or if it was just a play on question and answer, since they called my friend C.

After catching up with them, I was introduced to a few others. As it turned out, I was the last to arrive. A big, intense guy who looked like a brick wall turned out to be the boyfriend of a small but somehow imposing person, both with Russian accents. They introduced themselves as Felix and Maksim. Definitely Russian. We shook hands and then I was turned to meet Holly & Charlie, a lesbian couple, and their friends, Sawyer and John. Flowers and Ash were new to me, a married duo with oddly conflicting names. I was getting the impression my assumption there would be all couples and partners was turning out to be true.

We made our way through the space to the couch, where a person my age was sitting between two Asian men. All three were gorgeous, and I was left to my own devices when Roman asked Cielo to help him with the first game.

“Hi,” the fit guy in the middle smiles and waves, “I’m Ant, they-slash-them, and this is Max with two exes.”

“Oh-kay...” This was kind of awkward. “Hi. I’m Miles. He, him or they.”

Looking toward the man they gestured to, who had his arm around Ant possessively. I frowned, trying to work out why I needed to know that Max hadn’t dated much. I glanced toward the other man and my mouth went dry. Great gods of gayness he was sexy. Broad shoulders were straining in a red, long-sleeved shirt, dark hair styled to perfection to highlight his eyes and high cheekbones, but it was his smile that caught me at a loss for speech.

“I was confused too,” he chuckled and stood to hold out his hand, “I’m Shane. Uh, he and him for me.”

Swallowing my lust, I took his hand, and mine was engulfed in Shane’s warm, callused grasp. A tingle raced up my arm like electricity and I snapped out of my daze to break out my flirtation. “Please tell me you’re one of the exes and I’m not the only single one here?”

Shane laughed again, his eyes almost closing in mirth, and we still hadn’t dropped our hands. “I’m not one of his exes, since we just met tonight. But I am single.”

Before I could think of a witty reply—maybe something about teaming up for the night so I can sit beside him without the coffee table between us—Roman called out over the assembled guests, “Game time!”

Shane dropped my hand, and I felt cold at the loss. Everyone gathered around the couch area, and I ended up on an ottoman across from him. At least I got to sneak glances at him while we listened to Shepherd introduce the next game.

“As my brat so helpfully announced, we’d like to get the ball officially rolling,” Shepherd smirked at Roman, who preened like he was being such a good boy. “Not all those here know everyone, so we wanted to move from card games to a bit of an icebreaker,” Shepherd paused for dramatic effect, looking us each in the eye. “Truth or Dare.”

Some people groaned while others looked like they were concocting mischievous plans. Roman placed a glass bottle on the table, as if he was about to change up the game. In effect, he did, “Instead of targeting people we know, we’ll play spin the bottle for who you call out. You can ask for their truth, dare them to do something—consensually—or ask for a kiss.”

“Also consensually,” Shepherd added.

Sounded like a fun version, and gave people an out. Hopefully, whoever got me would either be cute or ask me something tame. Cielo was the only person there I knew well, but I wasn’t expecting them to go first. Maybe I should have, since Cielo wasn’t shy. The real surprise was when the narrow side of the bottle landed on me.

“Truth or dare? Or kiss?” They asked, Q and A on either side of Cielo, reminding me how taken they were. Still, I wasn’t shy either.

Chapter four

Shane

Thankfully, most of my fears about turning up to an orgy were unfounded. I was pleasantly surprised when everyone had their clothes on and were just as friendly as the guys from the gym. I ended up on the couch with two people I hadn't met before, Ant and Maxx. Maxx with two x's, which seemed important to his partner. Either that or Ant found other people's confusion funny. We got to talking over a silly card game and I found out Maxx was Chinese American, so we had a few things in common, and I commended him on his choice for law school at my alma mater. I got my degree from the same university, though a completely different area of study: architectural engineering.

There were a bunch of couples and triads—or was it throuples? Partners at any rate. I was glad when a cute guy with rainbow hair popped up on his own. When Miles introduced himself, I was entranced by his brightly colored hair before he caught my attention with his striking eyes.

One eye was a distinct blue, and I thought the other was brown or maybe hazel—but the lighting wasn't great in the lofted apartment—and they were both raking over me in appreciation. I sat up straighter, barely taking in the conversation except to assure Miles I was single as I felt my face warming every time he smiled at me.

That new person, butterflies in my stomach, instant attraction washed through me, and I couldn't keep my eyes off him. He was smaller than me, small in general, and for some reason, twinkles always got my protective instincts going. They were also the

ones who thought they could handle me...

The assembled group all looked towards Miles, too, and I finally tuned back into the conversation. We were playing some type of spin-the-bottle, truth-or-dare hybrid.

“Truth or dare? Or kiss?” Q and A’s young partner, Cielo, asked the person I’d been staring at. I was suddenly very eager to know how Miles would answer.

“Well, shoot.” Miles’ pretend pout drew my attention back to his full lips. I felt a rock in my gut thinking of watching him kiss someone else and had to give myself a mental shake. I had just met the guy. Thankfully, Miles wasn’t about to tease me with what I couldn’t have. “I don’t want to kiss you with your Daddies growling at me. So...truth.”

Cielo coughed out a laugh, and I looked over to see they were scrambling for an idea. “Alright, truth...” Something sparked in Cielo’s expression, almost mischievous, but I did not expect them to come out with, “Does size matter?”

Before I could look for Miles’ reaction, I felt my cheeks heat. I was very thankful for the dim lighting to hide my discomfort at the question. When I heard Miles’ sputtering on how to respond, I finally chanced looking across from me. Miles was blushing and fidgeting with his hands, so he didn’t like the question any more than I had. He glared at Cielo and huffed out a sigh. “You’re such a brat.”

“Are you going to answer, or should I switch to a dare?” Cielo’s smile was innocent, but his tone was not. Miles picked up on it, too. “I could dare you to measure everyone and say if they’re big enough?”

“Yeah, no. I can only imagine your dare would be worse, but that’s just cruel.” Miles crossed his arms and hummed in annoyance before answering, “Fine. Yes. Size matters. To me, at least. Not like, in general. It’s not for everyone. Personality is still

important, and compatibility, of course. Cause, like, a big dick doesn't make up for being a bigot. But yeah, I'm into big dicks and I cannot lie." Miles face-palmed and it was quiet enough for me to make out his mumbled, "Shut up, Miles."

Listening to him ramble, Miles' face went redder and redder until it reached the tips of his ears and started making its way below the collar of his V-neck sweater. I was getting more and more turned on. Both at his tenacious vulnerability and the image of his small body taking my—I mean, a big cock. I was also a little worried Miles was going to leave after having his friend out him that way. To keep the game going, and distract from Miles' admission, I grabbed the bottle in the middle of the table and spun it.

"My turn." A seed of hope was sown when the point came back around towards me, since Miles was straight across from me, but when I followed the other end, I found it had left the middle of the table and Roman was smirking at me. "Oh, does this mean I ask, or you?"

"Well, the tip points towards the receiver," Roman replied suggestively, waggling his eyebrows. "What'll it be, Long? Truth, dare, or kiss?"

A glance at Miles showed me he was still upset over his truth question, and I wasn't into kissing Roman, so I chose the last option without thinking, "Dare."

"Ooh, dare it is," Roman clapped like an excited toddler and I couldn't help cringing at what he might think up. Could I still claim I should be the one asking the truth or dare? Roman's gaze flitted between me and Cielo, and I realized my mistake before Roman said another word. "I dare you to whip it out and measure just how long you are."

Shocked gasps and titters ran through the group. July rolled his eyes and his boyfriend's audacity, but it was Shepherd who spoke first. "Consensually. You don't

have to, Shane. And I'll make sure to spank my boy later, either way."

"Promises, promises. Oh! " Roman threw himself off Shepherd's lap and rubbed his butt. His Daddy must have pinched him. I did not expect Roman to start disrobing next. "Here, I'll get naked too, so you're not the only one."

"You just want to get naked first," my trainer's spouse, Ash, teased. Then they turned to Jefferson. "You should strip too, Flowers, to make it even."

"Everyone get comfortably naked?" Cielo offered, standing up and pulling off his shirt before pointing at July to join them.

Cielo and July kept their underwear on, but Jefferson stripped everything off under his spouse's watchful eye. Roman was down to just the vest he wore as a shirt, and a garter belt connected to his knee-high socks. A few others whose names I forgot went for somewhere in between those extremes. Miles took it all in while I waited in a shocked state, then stood and pulled his sweater and shirt off in one go. Somehow, I felt touched that they would do this, instead of being angry or pressured.

My semi at Miles' admission had waned with Roman's dare, but it twitched to life when I took in Miles' smooth, pale skin. He was wearing tighty-whities, his outline clearly visible even without an erection. Licking my lips, my eyes made their way up to his face and found him biting his lip. Seeing Miles' interest and knowing my own stubborn inability to never back down from a dare, I stood and started unbuckling.

"I knew this was going to turn into a clothing optional kind of party at some point," I drawled. "But it's barely even dark out."

"Is that the rule for vanilla people? No dicks out when the sun's out?" Roman was shaking his ass at Shepherd and making his flaccid dick twirl like a tassel. I couldn't stay mad at such a ridiculous display of confidence and unzipped slowly. Roman

gently shoved July's shoulder. "Go get a measuring tape for Shane, baby."

July blinked twice before Shepherd's hand came down on his cloth-covered ass, then took off down the hall. Cielo was wiggling their butt on Q's lap, both partners trying to keep their boy from taking it further. I shucked my pants, not wearing briefs underneath, before standing to meet Miles' eye. My dick wasn't fully hard, and was heavy, so it didn't quite stand to attention. To Miles' credit, his mouth only gaped open a little before he glanced back up at my face. Yeah, he was a size queen, but that didn't mean I wasn't still too big for him.

My eyes didn't leave Miles when I toed off my shoes and stepped out of my pants while he licked his lips, but I had to look away when July handed Roman the cloth tape. "Thanks," I muttered, taking the yellow fabric from Roman. "From the top or balls?"

"Everyone knows it's longer from the balls to the tip," Roman reached for his own hardening length, only to be batted away by Shepherd.

"You may be getting the party started with your rude dare, but that dick's mine," Shepherd growled in Roman's ear before biting down on the soft flesh there. My dick twitched again, and I figured I should get the dare over with before it got even longer.

Turning away from their display, I found Miles still taking me in, the thin white fabric he sported barely containing his dick any longer. I hadn't measured myself since high school when I'd been shamed for my size. At least this time I was surrounded by people into dicks.

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Chapter five

Miles

When I saw Roman's reaction to my truth about liking bigger-than-average dicks, I should have known something was up with him. He sat up straight and started eying the tall man I'd been checking out since we met—Shane—who seemed oblivious to Roman's attention. I kept catching him checking me out, and I was so not complaining, although I had to wonder if my rambling truth about being a size queen bothered Shane.

The man in question adjusted himself in an obvious way before catching my eye again, and I realized Shane had the opposite reaction. Hot and bothered. My body warmed in arousal at turning on the sexy guy across from me. I almost missed Shane reaching forward to spin the bottle. I wanted it to land on me, though I wasn't keen on telling another truth. Unless it was, "Do you want to make out?"

When Shane over-spun it with his beefy arm strength, the bottle moved until it wasn't between us on the coffee table anymore. Roman took pleasure in the innuendo that allowed him to be the one making demands. Truthfully, Shane held the cards, as he had a choice of options. If he chose a kiss, I was going to be jealous, without a doubt.

Shane chose a dare, and Roman's words had my hackles rising. "I dare you to whip it out and measure just how long you are."

Fuck. Me. Was Roman poking fun at me? He had exchanged a meaningful glance with Cielo. I both wanted to see what he was packing and didn't at the same time. It

was like Schrodinger's cock. He both had a monster in his pants and looked like a Ken doll, both and neither a possibility, until he followed through and opened the metaphorical box.

And I was the one shallow enough to care.

If Shane had a small dick, I knew my interest in him would lessen. I suppose this was a good test of general attraction versus my kink. Would I still find him hot? My desire was probably clear when Shane looked at me again. I saw his discomfort and almost intervened when Roman started undressing.

Would he be more or less comfortable with us removing clothes as well? He reached for the hem of his shirt when Cielo and a bunch of others joined Roman in dropping their pants, and I decided to help, too. I reached behind me to pull my sweater and shirt off in one go and saw Shane's pupils dilate as he took in my bare torso. Good sign.

He said something to Roman, and I watched his lips move, but all of my blood was rushing south as Shane lifted the bottom of his shirt, unbuckled his belt and revealed a thatch of thick, dark hair I wanted to bury my face in. Preferably while he was deep down my throat.

Shane laughed at Roman's silliness—the flamboyant man was playing helicopter with his dick like every person who ever possessed one eventually did—and I looked on as Shane stood and dropped his pants to his ankles. Someone left the room, but I didn't have the ability to pay attention to who or why. I swallowed hard, willing myself to breathe.

When he stood up, I found out why Roman had assigned this dare to Shane. Long indeed. He was thick and clearly so heavy that even a semi didn't keep his cock from swaying over his balls. A line of dark hair drew my eyes up to the happy trail under

his shirt, and I looked up to meet his eyes again. Shane was looking straight at me, seemingly unconcerned about anyone else's reaction.

Biting my lower lip to make sure I wasn't drooling, my attention was single-minded as Shane disentangled his pants from his shoes. He licked his lips and grabbed a soft, yellow measuring tape. "Thanks," he mumbled, taking the fabric from Roman before holding it up to his giant dick, "From the top or balls?"

"Everyone knows it's longer from the balls to the tip," Roman teased, but I couldn't look away from the monster a few feet away from my own straining erection that was fighting to escape my underwear.

Shane's fingers were steady as he wrapped one hand around his base to hold the end in place, and his thumb barely touched the tip of his middle finger. His foreskin was mostly pulled back from the head, but not completely, as if he had more to grow. Forget deep throating until I could feel his pubes on my nose. I'd be lucky to get it into my throat, even with my nonexistent gag reflex. Didn't mean I wasn't up for the challenge.

"Before you ask, I'm not measuring the underside or the girth. This is all you get." Shane's deep voice brooked no argument, but I heard some trepidation when he spoke again, "Ten and a half inches."

Roman groaned, and I was fairly certain it was a mix of disappointment at not getting the other measurements and something his Daddy was doing to his bare ass. Ten and a half inches meant it was possibly over eleven inches underneath. I was a healthy average at five or six inches, depending on my level of horniness, and he was twice my length when not fully hard. I shivered and bit back a moan, thinking of how good my toys felt when they were his size. Shane met my eyes, and I wondered what he thought of me.

“Who’s ready for a new game?” Shepherd interrupted, and I begrudgingly looked his way when everyone agreed. I was not into anything that didn’t lead to getting closer to Shane. Shepherd pointed to the table. “Drop the truths and dares and just play spin-the-bottle?”

People cheered, and I realized there was more clothing missing than I’d noticed before, all the partners pawing at each other, with only me and Shane still standing and not touching anyone else. Roman grabbed the bottle and spun it while making up new rules. “I want to spin for seven minutes in heaven, not just a kiss.”

Shepherd sucked his teeth while appraising Roman until the bottle landed on Ant. Maxx and Shepherd both raised an eyebrow, “So long as partners get to watch, I’m alright with this switch-up.”

“Yes, big bed, now,” Roman reached across Maxx and Shane for Ant’s hand, and Shane had to turn sideways to keep his dick from getting smacked. Shane sucked in a breath at the near contact. “Sorry, not sorry, Long .”

“You and Shane don’t have to play,” Shepherd made sure I heard him before he started to follow Roman, Ant, Maxx, and July. “Feel free to chat or snack and leave whenever you need to. Or stay, your choice.”

July tugged Shepherd’s sleeve. “It was lovely to have you both here.”

Cielo reached for the bottle and pointed it towards Q and A, clearly not caring about the chance aspect of spin the bottle. “Seven minutes in their kink room?”

Q lifted Cielo up to his waist and nodded to a couple whose names I had forgotten, “Guess you all get to keep the main space. Nice to meet you, Miles.”

A was making out with Cielo and barely left his lips to say his goodbyes. The other

three couples in the room trailed after the rest to watch. Until I was left with Shane and an empty living room.

“Then there were two,” Shane rubbed the back of his neck, clearly feeling awkward standing in front of the couch with his dick out. He didn’t cover himself or make excuses to leave, though. I reached for the bottle and spun it without saying a word.

When the bottle was slowing and I touched it to stop its momentum, making sure it pointed straight at the sexy man with the biggest dick I’d ever seen in real life. “Seven minutes might not be enough.”

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Chapter six

Shane

Miles and I stared at one another, and I saw his breathing pick up as his eyes darted from my dick to my lips and back again. He was clearly into me, which was perfect, because I was very much into him.

“Isn’t this game usually done in a closet?” I asked with a smirk, unsure what to do, never having played any of the party games we’d done so far. I was more of a loner, reading comics and studying in my room over parties in my adolescence.

“Nobody can put me back in the closet,” Miles winked and moved around the coffee table until we were within arm’s reach. His playful expression shifted to one of concern. “You don’t actually have to do anything.”

“Yeah, I know,” I nodded.

It was my turn to chew on my lip, unsure of what I even wanted. I was rusty with the whole hook-up culture, and mostly used the apps when I needed to get laid every few months. I didn’t have the energy for dating when they kept breaking up with me or ghosting after the clothes came off. Miles had seen my dick before I even learned his last name, and he somehow looked more eager than before. Maybe this was the trick? Show it all before getting invested and ending up disappointed and ashamed.

“Do you want—” I started, then remembered how brazenly Miles checked me out before stopping the bottle when it pointed in my direction. My subconscious wanted

to say it was because I was the only option, but he could have followed our friends to watch them play. Still, I'd let him choose, then decide if I was game. "What do you want to do?"

Miles' eyes went wide before he smiled. "I want to give you a blow job and see if I can get you off before the others come back."

Coughing in surprise, I covered it with a laugh. "You don't waste time, do you?"

"Why bother being coy when I can ask for what I want?" Miles shrugged and reached a hand up to hover beside my face, but he didn't touch me. He tilted his head and looked at my lips. "Can I kiss you first?"

"Yes," I replied far too quickly. Was I a horny teenager again? Thankfully, he only smiled.

Miles let his hand move the last few inches to caress my face, his thumb running along my cheekbone while his cool fingers sent a shiver down my spine. Going up on tiptoe, Miles kept his body separate from mine, his other hand cupping my face to pull me in. He closed his unique eyes when we were a breath apart, with me following suit as our lips met for the first time. His lips were warm and soft on mine, and I found myself grabbing his narrow waist without thought. My hands on his bare skin had me humming into the kiss, wishing for more contact.

Sighing into my mouth, I tasted something sweet and tangy on Miles' lips. There must have been a sweet snack I missed, since the ones I saw were all savory. Or maybe it was just Miles. I was surprised when I felt his wet tongue on the seam of my lips, and I opened to let him in. I stopped thinking when our tongues met, an electric current pulsing from the contact straight to my dick. Miles gasped, and I reluctantly pulled back.

“This all good?”

“Yeah, yes, very good,” Miles muttered before swallowing visibly and looking down between us. My dick was rock solid and must have grazed him without my noticing. Before I could apologize, Miles went to his knees between the couch and the table. “Can I?”

It was my turn to take a sharp breath. His two-colored eyes and rainbow hair should have drawn my attention again, but all I could think about was how small his mouth looked only inches from my swollen head. The sight had the head on my shoulders foggy on details. I didn’t get blowjobs often, and most gave up as soon as I got hard. I was already hard, and Miles wanted to try. It was probably pointless, but if he was willing... I nodded, unable to find the words.

“Condom? Or...” Miles let out a warm breath that ran along my dick like he’d taken me in hand. “I’m negative and on PrEP.”

“I’m on PrEP, too, and haven’t had sex since I was last tested,” I blurted out. At least one brain cell was still working. Working to get his tongue on me as fast as possible. “I don’t have any condoms in my size with me.”

Damn, that sounded conceited. I could wear a smaller condom, but they rolled up at the bottom or cut off blood flow, and either way, it wasn’t good for protection or getting off. That wasn’t a good excuse, though.

Miles’ smile lit up his face as if he had just been given the best gift. He lifted his hands to touch my thighs and licked his lips while taking me in from a few inches away, “Then it’s decided, my mouth was meant to be on your dick tonight.”

“I’m happy without one. I know you said... what you did about liking big...” I trailed off, wanting it so badly, but tempering my expectations. And his. “You don’t have

to.”

“Oh, but I want to,” Miles’ sultry voice had my cock twitching between us. I hadn’t admitted I wasn’t fully hard when I measured. Miles eyed me and licked his lips again. “Mind if I use my hands too? I like to use everything at my disposal.”

“If you’re sure...” Ignoring the voice in my head saying I was too much for him to take—which sounded suspiciously like a few of my exes—I pushed Miles’ hair back from his forehead and stepped closer between his knees. “Then I’d love your mouth on me, without the barrier.”

“Good, I like to swallow,” Miles smirked again and stuck his tongue out for me in invitation, mouth open wide.

When I didn’t thrust myself right into his waiting mouth, Miles took matters into his own hands. Literally.

Grabbing my ass, Miles pulled me forward until he could lick my tip. He moaned, and I bit back my own. No one else was in the room, but I wasn’t a public sex kind of guy. This was more exposed than I’d ever been for any kind of intimate act. I had no problems with Miles’ erotic noises of appreciation, though.

“So fucking sexy. You taste so good. I want more,” Miles’ mumbled words of praise between licks up the sides of my dick had me placing both hands on his shoulders. When he licked around my foreskin at the head and suckled the tip in his mouth, I was happy I had him to lean on and not fall over.

“Oh, god,” I whispered, taken back again when Miles moved both hands to wrap around the root of me.

He spat and started stroking me with a twist of his wrists. I had less sensation when

fully hard than flaccid or with a semi—my guess was from the nerves spreading out so much or maybe the amount of blood flow—but with Miles taking my whole head in his mouth and half of the rest between his hands, I felt encompassed.

“Yes, fuck. Just like that.”

We hadn’t tried to time our suggested seven minutes, but the whole group of residents and guests could walk back in, and I wouldn’t be able to make Miles stop. It felt too good. I finally got the reference to heaven, if this is what my peers got up to after a few drinks in their parents’ basements.

Miles seemed to widen his lips or relax his jaw somehow until he had almost half of me in his mouth. My head hit resistance at Miles’ throat and I almost pulled back. My experience had always been people gagging and wanting to stop. This was different. Miles moved one hand over the base of my dick and used the other to reach around and hold my ass in place, urging me to thrust as a warmth spread from my balls through the rest of my body.

He didn’t gag, or audibly choke, just took me deep. I couldn’t hold back my orgasm any longer. I thrust in one more time and held myself there as it ripped through me. I felt the first spurt before I remembered myself and pulled back so Miles could breathe. Instead of sputtering or backing away, I saw his nostrils flare, and he sucked the next burst straight from the source. Miles opened his eyes and hummed in appreciation. My dick decided that was hot enough to make another effort at coming and he drank that down as well.

My balls rung dry and my legs giving out, I collapsed sideways, grateful there happened to be a couch there to break my fall. I landed with my face close to Miles and was able to lift one arm to his face. I ran one thumb along his swollen lower lip and he licked me. Cradling his head, I pulled him forward in a silent request, allowing him space to say no. Miles’ lips met mine, warm and wet, tasting like me, and I

smiled in pure contentment.

Chapter seven

Miles

K neeling beside the couch and kissing Shane, where only a few minutes before a group of people had been playing silly games, I was blissed out. Shane had an amazing dick, and I'd maybe, possibly, come hands-free while blowing him. What did you expect when the cock of my dreams was mine to enjoy?

Shane reached a hand up to card his fingers through my hair with the softest of touches, murmuring against my lips, "Want me to return the favor?"

He was laying down on the purple velvet seat, so I had to pull back to reply. "That's okay, I'm good."

My lips met his again, hoping Shane wouldn't notice I was long past needing his assistance. Parting his lips, Shane licked at the seam of mine and I gladly let him in. Before we were tentative, exploring what the other would do, then gentle in our post-orgasm glow. This kiss was more sensual, and my dick tried to perk up—until it met the wet patch. Down boy .

Wanting to deepen the kiss further, maybe see if I could feel more of Shane than I had before, I reached out to grab ahold of his hip and he turned toward me. Shane's pants were still half down, and I was able to run my fingers down his lightly furred thigh. I hadn't asked to feel him up, and his tongue was highly distracting, so I stilled my hand where his skin ended and jeans started. Shane licked into my mouth and found a sensitive spot on my upper palate no one had ever touched before. How did I

have a previously untouched erogenous zone? Maybe it was Shane, and he had all the keys to getting me off.

A vibration went through my fingertips, and I chalked it up to the electric tingling of our connection. Until it stopped and started multiple times. Moving my hand a few inches lower, my mouth detached from Shane's, and he whined in complaint. The vibrations were centered in his pocket.

"I think your phone is ringing."

"Is that an innuendo?" Shane leaned up to nip at my lower lip. "Because it might take me a few to recover, but I'm happy to try for round two."

"I'm down, but..." Pulling his phone from the pocket it was half hanging out of, I opened my eyes and held it up with a smirk, "I mean your literal cell phone."

Shane blinked his eyes a few times, like he was still coming back to the land of rational thought—and I gave myself an internal pat on the back for sucking his brains out—before turning to see the screen light up in my hand. I couldn't see the screen, but Shane's eyes widened at whatever he saw before sitting up abruptly and snatching it out of my hand.

"What the hell?" Shane frowned as he dismissed the call and put in a passcode. I rose to my feet, hoping my hands covered the wet spot on my pants. Shane didn't look my way, though. Getting up to right his pants, he tucked his glorious dick away and surprised me, answering when the phone rang again. He spoke in stops and starts, half a language I didn't understand, and I only caught a few words, "Hello, what's—no . Tatang ? ...Tae. Where? ...I'll be right there."

"Is everything okay?"

“No,” Shane grunted a reply, but he barely spared me a glance. I could hear moans and laughter from down the hall, but I felt alone. My usually hidden vulnerability reared its head when Shane started for the exit.

“Did I do something?”

Stopping before he reached the door, Shane turned and walked back. He cupped my face and gave me a quick, chaste kiss, the simple touch lighting my body up all over again.

“You were perfect. But I have to go. I’m so sorry. Let the hosts know?”

He looked back and forth between my eyes and bit his lip before I nodded, which triggered the loss of his touch when Shane resumed his way out the door without a backward glance. His words should reassure me, and the phone call sounded like something terrible happened, but I still felt a little like I’d been rejected.

One week later...

It was odd going back to my normal life after the game night. Like, ten minutes with Shane’s dick had rocked the foundation of my world. I was despondent over only getting to blow him. I just knew if we’d gone further, I would have loved Shane claiming my ass. I tried playing with my toys, but they were even less satisfying than before.

How could a piece of cold silicone compare to a living, breathing man?

Short answer: it couldn’t.

After Shane left, I sat there overthinking every touch until some of the others returned and I could tell them Shane had left and I wasn’t staying either. Cielo and Roman

found it hilarious when I'd explained how Shane and I had our own scene, and then I'd been left like the prince in Cinderella.

Hell, I didn't even have a condom to try on random guys to see if it fit.

If I was honest, it wasn't only his dick I liked. Shane had been sweet and sexy all over. From his words to his smile, and damn, those drugging kisses. I'd broken down and looked Shane up after getting his job title out of Roman when Cielo didn't know. He didn't have social media, only a long list of professional accolades and an email address at his company. No way was I going to email and ask if I could have another seven minutes in heaven where his boss might have access. I wanted to see Shane again but was hitting a roadblock.

There were commissions to fulfill, but I found myself doodling Shane's gorgeous beast from memory. Also, his strong, veiny arms, thick thighs, and full lips. I was distracted and on a deadline, but I couldn't shake my longing to focus.

When an email from my editor at the SF News came in, asking if I had my usual weekly comic strip ready, I took in the drawings before me. An idea hit me like a lightbulb over my head, and I pulled up a blank page on my drawing program. Two characters started to form: a tall, broad-shouldered, Asian-American man with a large bulge in his sweats and a sexy smirk who I named, "Big," and the rainbow-haired twink with two-colored eyes called, "Milo."

No one ever said I was good at creative names.

My character had been a constant for years, though the hair sometimes changed just like mine did, and Milo was known for his zany and homoerotic hijinks. Milo was a gay man in San Francisco, and I had been making commentary on the community through my thinly veiled look-alike for years. Here was my chance to get my angst over Shane out and also be productive. The drawings flowed, and I sat back to see the

sun had set while I'd been adding color.

Milo set the scene on his knees in a medieval prince costume, literal heart eyes for Big, who stood over him, cupping Milo's face with his ass to the viewer. Both had a shared thought bubble: "This is love."

Giggling to myself at the over-the-top sentiment, I was immensely glad Shane would never see this. After that was a panel with Milo chasing Big, who ran off while pulling up his pants. "I must go. Farewell!"

The next panel featured Milo looking morosely at a row of dildos with the root of his problems over his head, "If only I could find the dick to fit my hole..." The box right after it had Big looking sad, "I'll never find someone to love me and my giant dick..."

Finishing it off with Milo bent over and a smirking Shane— umm , Big —behind him, I couldn't help drawing the perfect happily ever after. Milo exclaimed, "It's a perfect fit!" and hearts filled the rest of the frame.

With a second check for spelling and a cleanup of my lines, I sent it off to my editor and hoped it helped cure my lonely heart, if not my empty hole.

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Chapter eight

Shane

One week, two surgeries, and three arguments about my leave of absence later, my mom and I had my father settled back at home. He went in for pain so bad that he passed out, had his gallbladder removed, and then they found cancer on the biopsy. The doctors assured us his prognosis was good, and the cancer seemed to only be on the one unneeded organ, but we were going to be hypervigilant. My dad was the rock I'd looked up to as a child, and my mother's best friend. We weren't ready to say goodbye before he retired.

He wasn't a good patient, though.

"I don't need you fussing over me, that's what your mom is for," my dad grumbled at me, settling into his recliner.

"Tatang," I used the Filipino title for him with a warning tone. "We're not arguing about this again. You don't want to lose your liver too, do you?"

Tatang murmured protests under his breath, but I knew he didn't want to give up his evening scotch. Infection and liver damage may have been low possibilities, but I'd use anything I could to make him follow doctor's orders for the next couple of weeks until they cleared him.

Abe, the name my dad went by, was his family name in Manila, where he went to college and met my mom. They immigrated to California and decided to pick an

easier last name. Tatang and Mama chose “Long” for his imposing stature, and it worked for me as well. My mom was tiny—though she said her long hair made her taller than us—so she couldn’t take care of my dad on her own.

All four feet ten inches of my Filipino Mama would deny it if I asked her, so I hadn’t asked. My old bedroom in their three-story Bernal Heights home was set up as a guest room, so I planned to stay there until my dad was well enough to get around on his own. One of the reasons why came rushing into the room, and I almost didn’t intercept her in time.

“Coco, no jumping,” Mama called from the stairs to the ground floor.

My mom came rushing up after the dog, with her graying black hair in a long braid whipping behind her. Their brown, fluffy bernadoodle—a mix of poodle and Bernese mountain dog who was supposed to be a miniature but had to be over fifty pounds—struggled in my arms.

“I don’t think she understands the word,” I got out between wet licks and dog whines over being kept from her dad.

“No jumping?” Mama asked, trying to hook the leash back on Coco’s collar between my arms while Tatang laughed at us. “Yes, she does. Coco is very smart.”

Another lick had me cringing. I loved dogs, and my parents acted like the one-year-old puppy was my sister, but I hadn’t shaved in a week. Her tongue tugged at my stubble and landed in my eye. Mama finally attached the clasp and pulled Coco off me, but the pup was still persistent, tugging at the fabric and nearly choking herself.

“She won’t hurt me,” my dad complained. “Let me see my girl.”

“No,” I repeated, and Coco calmed down, sitting on her haunches and looking at me

expectantly. So, she did understand the word. I held my hand out for the leash and my mom handed it over. She wasn't a weak woman, but the dog was strong, and my mom was biased. "I'll get you guys a baby gate or something, but she can't be jumping on you until you're healed."

"I was going to take her for a walk," my mom explained.

That's how I ended up walking my dog-sister and letting my mind wander back to the night I got called to the hospital emergency room, interrupting my hookup.

My mind had been dwelling on Miles all week. His smile, his eyes, and his amazing skill. I didn't resent my parents for pulling me away, but I did regret not pausing long enough to get Miles' number or giving him mine.

When your mom calls you from the hospital, crying with worry over me not answering my phone and how she was going to lose us both in one night—because apparently her imagination went straight to me dying in an accident when she couldn't get ahold of me—you don't think about anything but getting to her side.

Some of the guys had reached out to me when they heard about my abrupt departure from the party. Mostly to make sure I wasn't uncomfortable. I let Jefferson know my dad was in the hospital but would be alright, and they hadn't done anything wrong. I wasn't fully comfortable taking my dick out on a dare, but everything else had been awesome. New friends, new experiences, and Miles...

Miles wasn't someone I could get out of my head, and I didn't want to. But I didn't have the time, energy, or balls to seek him out while caring for my dad.

Instead of continuing my spiraling thoughts of regret, I turned back towards my childhood home and used the code to let Coco into the garage. There was a doggy door to the backyard and she would be fine until dinner time. I took the inner stairs up

to rejoin my parents, but their voices carried down to me and I stopped in my tracks.

“I don’t want you going back to your job,” Mama spoke in Tagalog. She didn’t work, always a dedicated housewife and mother, so she could only be talking about Tatang. The man who started the architecture business I helped him run and who never took vacation days. “I think it’s time to retire, Abe.”

My immediate reaction was that I should continue around the corner and help her argument, because my dad was as stubborn as a mule. He replied before I could move, and I was surprised at his words. “I think you’re right, Ann.”

Mama sighed like this was an old conversation, which was news to me. “But what about Shane? How will he ever find a spouse if he takes over the whole company?”

“I’ll be fine,” I answered her question as I let them know I’d overheard their conversation. “Tatang—his health is more important.”

“Oh,” Mama covered her mouth like I’d jumped out at her. She smoothed down her hair and looked around the room. “I think I’ll go make some coffee.”

My dad and I exchanged amused looks. Mama wasn’t big on emotional or confrontational conversations. I was the most American in my family, and even I avoided them. But some things needed to be said.

“How long have you been thinking of retiring?”

“A few years now.”

“Why haven’t you?” I asked the real question, taking a seat on the cream sofa beside him. My dad toyed with the remote but didn’t turn the TV on like he could have to avoid the topic. “And why didn’t you tell me?”

“We wanted you to settle down first. Running the whole thing won’t give you time to fall in love and give us grandchildren.”

Laughing at the mischievous sparkle in my dad’s eyes, I leaned forward and clasped my hands between my jean-clad knees. “What if I don’t want to have kids?”

“We’ll get more dogs,” Tatang shrugged and winced at the movement. He went on before I could check on him. “I only want you to be happy. Your mama does, too.”

“What do I do?” Mama asked, carrying a heavy tray into the room. I jumped up to help, and she pointed to the tray when I moved to put it over my dad’s lap. “Coffee for you both, and something to read.”

“You want Shane to be happy,” Tatang answered her question while I took my coffee and a pastry. He snatched the newspaper first but pulled out a back section to share with me.

“Thanks,” I drawled, though I read most of my news online anyway. He’d given me the culture and comics section. I hadn’t read the comics since the late nineties.

We could get into his retirement decision and if he had been hiding anything else from me over the next few days. I’d let him have a calm morning at home after the tumultuous week we’d had.

Shaking out my section, my mom sat beside me and read over my shoulder. She was fluent in English, but preferred to read books and watch shows in Tagalog. Mama wanted me to hurry up and get to the comics, which I didn’t mind. Who was dating whom and what they wore to some award show wasn’t really holding my attention.

The SF News didn’t have the classics I remembered, but they seemed to feature more modern strips. I was chuckling to myself about a political commentary done in a way

that balanced topical information with visual humor well.

“Oh, my,” Mama’s eyes bulged and her cheeks pinkened. I followed her gaze to the comic at the bottom.

A rainbow-haired prince with two-different colored eyes had me doing a double-take.

The character looked so much like Miles I thought I had to be projecting. I blinked and took in the signature. M. O’Donnell was scrawled at the bottom, with Milo’s Adventures as the title. I didn’t know Miles’ last name but felt like he or someone else said he was doing taxes at the party. An accountant likely didn’t moonlight as an artist, but the resemblance was striking.

Focusing my attention on the rest of the art and what was happening, my mind ran wild with the gay sex being implied. My mom excused herself to take our cups to the kitchen, even though I wasn’t done, but the sex toys were probably too much for her.

Milo and another man called “Big” were talking about love in a sexual encounter, then the man ran off. It was giving fairy tale vibes...until you saw the cartoon dildos and mention of dicks. I chuckled and took in another detail. The man was lamenting his large dick.

There were too many coincidences between my brief time with Miles and this comic. The only thing that didn’t parallel that game night was them getting together at the end and finding out my—um, Big’s dick was a perfect fit for Milo .

It was time to reach out to our mutual friends.

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Chapter nine

Miles

Despite the praise I get from my Sunday comic being well received, I realized what I really wanted was to make the happy ending part come true. Shane was still on my mind, and a constant distraction. I found myself zoning out of conversations, tripping over my own feet, and out of sorts with how often I conjured up the memory of his sweet kisses and gorgeous cock.

Despite my original thought of never wanting Shane to see my little comic strip, I fantasized about him realizing it was by me and about him, then rushing to show me what a great fit we could be.

It was silly and romantic to imagine, but also pointless. Who read the newspaper anymore?

Cielo knew of my regular spot in the SF News from my pay stubs and messaged me about how cute they found my art. But...I refused to confirm or deny if it was based on what happened at Game Night after everyone went off to get kinky.

That was on Monday, and it had been a few days since then. I was starting to regret my decision not to spill the truth and ask for Shane's contact details.

How often did you meet someone with the exact thing you were turned on by, chemistry up to your eyeballs, and a connection you just can't shake?

Never . The answer was never.

Standing from my work desk, I started pacing my small studio apartment. It was afternoon on a Friday, so the traffic two floors below was filtering through my windows. It had been two days since I left my place, and I had to do something. Instead of coming up with the following weekend's panels, I pulled out my phone to message Cielo.

Miles

Heyyyy...you know how I said I didn't want to admit my comic was about Shane...

Cielo

I knew it! Ready to fess up? I dare you ;)

Miles

yeah, no, you're still not getting the details lol

Cielo

Boo! It was such a pretty cock. I need to knooowwww!!! pouting emoji

Whiny Cielo almost had me caving. It felt like I was back in high school, asking if someone liked me and for them to tell their friend to tell my friend to tell me. I was coming off too desperate. Cielo would tell their Daddies who would tell Shane I was pathetic, and I'd never get my Dick Charming!

Typing and retyping my response, I finally ended up with a rambling mess reflecting how scrambled my brain was by a great dick.

Miles

Ha! Well, I was wondering if you could, maybe, pass on my number to Shane?

I mean, only if he asks about me or something? Not as a favor or anything.

Just, like, if he asks... It would be cool.

The message showed me Cielo was typing, and I started chewing at my chipped, black nail polish, waiting for a response. Instead, all I got was the same thing I saw when they were typing.

Cielo

...

Miles

you're messaging me the typing dots? What does that mean?!

Cielo

Just making sure you were done gushing over Shane and seeing if you were actually going to give me any of the tea. But since you're not...

Miles

Brat eye roll emoji

Cielo

Never going to find your Prince with an attitude like that ;)

For all I knew, Cielo didn't even have Shane's number. I couldn't remember them talking to each other at the party outside of the game, but I'd only had eyes for Shane from the moment we met.

Miles

You might as well send him my address, then he can come try me on for size himself!

Cielo sent me a row of crying-laughing emojis, and I tossed myself onto the daybed I also used as a couch. Back to square one.

The conversation got me nothing, and I was nowhere closer to seeing Shane again. I'd saved the image of him from his work website, and I had possibly rubbed one out to his picture once. Or maybe twice. A day.

Ugh, I was gone over a guy I had shared less than an hour and one blow job with. Sure, I'd been so hot for him I came without any help, but how could I be so addicted after only one taste?

Maybe Shane Long had magic jizz.

The idea made me snort, then full-on body laugh, until I got up and started drawing a character with a giant, magical penis whose jizz could make a man come with one taste, but had the side effect of being highly addictive. It was lucky I didn't have roommates, or even a pet... I would be getting serious side-eye at how I randomly laughed over my own work.

While I drew, time slipped by without me noticing, until a knock at my door had me lifting my head and rubbing at my tired eyes. The sky was almost fully dark outside,

and I wondered if there was a delivery I forgot I had ordered. Sometimes, middle-of-the-night Miles bought things as a surprise for daytime Miles.

Stretching out my achy limbs after being hunched over for hours, I made my way across the small but open space. I'd been trying to distract myself from thinking about Shane by cleaning, but it gave my brain too much time to dwell on our time together, and kept leading to me pulling out my box of toys... Priorities, right?

Not that a delivery person would notice or even care about the cleanliness of a random stop in the city. But since my whole place was visible from the door, I was glad it wasn't a pigsty.

Unlatching my lock, I opened the door and immediately looked towards the floor to see what was left there. Instead of a box or delivery bag, I found brown leather shoes. They were too nice for a postman, and the bootcut jeans in a faded blue led my eyes upward. I followed the line to thick thighs, trying to ignore the impressive bulge, all the way up to a black t-shirt and broad shoulders before I fully processed the roses in the man's hand.

I did have a delivery, but it was more personal than random late-night shopping.

Shane Long was standing at my door, a small, shy smile on his lips while I stood there, speechless. He was even hotter than I remembered, and I wasn't sure my mind hadn't finally decided to detach from reality until he spoke. "Hi, Miles."

Shit, he was really in front of me. I needed to say something. "Guh." Fuck, words, Miles. I cleared my throat, "Hey."

We looked at each other, both of us awkward, but I could feel how the tension between us still had that spark of chemistry I'd felt from our first meeting. Shane ran one hand through his hair, which looked a little longer in only the two weeks since

I'd last seen him. His five o'clock shadow was sexy as hell, too.

Wiping at my mouth to make sure I wasn't drooling, I finally remembered my manners. "Want to come in?"

"Sure," Shane nodded and stepped inside for me to close the door. Our bodies ended up only inches apart in the tight entrance, and damn, he smelled good. I could bathe in his delicious man-musk, overlaid with a clean, freshly showered scent. Then he said, "So, I saw your Sunday comic."

"Fuck me," I breathed out, stepping back to clear my head. I couldn't tell from his tone or expression if he was upset about inspiring a very public sharing of his personal details.

"Yeah, that's how the story was supposed to end," Shane gave me a crooked smirk and I swear I swooned.

Wait, did that mean—did Shane come over to fuck me? And how did he know where I lived? I'd been wanting to connect with him, and asked Cielo to share my number, but still. It was time for rational Miles to come out and get a few things straight.

"How did you find me?"

"Cielo said you wanted me to have your contact information...including your address," Shane stepped back and leaned against the edge of my kitchen counter, setting the roses down there before crossing his arms and dropping the smile. "Is this too much? Me coming here? I should have texted first."

"Well, it really depends on why you're here," I wet my lips and crossed the threshold to place a hand on his bare arm, meeting Shane's dark eyes. "Because if you saw my art and wanted to make that ending come true..."

“If I do?” Shane uncrossed his arms, knocking my hand loose, and I mourned the loss of contact until he reached out to tilt my face up, his thumb caressing my lower lip. “You think you’re a perfect fit for me... everywhere?”

Swallowing down my nerves, I felt the rush of attraction and endorphins from my head to my toes. It was time to make my recent dreams come true.

“Yes, I do.”

Chapter ten

Shane

After almost two weeks, I couldn't get Miles off my mind. I'd been attempting to put off my constant longing for the sexy man even before seeing the comic strip, but it ended up being my main distraction while not caring for my dad. Tatang was tired of me doting on him. Friday morning arrived, and my dad insisted I would be going back to work on Monday to announce his retirement.

Going home to my empty apartment had me restless, and I'd finally messaged my friends to see if they had Miles' number. My trainer, Jefferson, didn't have a clue, but he suggested that Q and A might. They said their sub was friends with Miles, and they would ask. I had hoped I could get in contact with the guy I'd been pining over for days, maybe chat and ask him out. I didn't expect to get Miles' home address a few hours later.

It seemed impulsive and foolhardy to just show up, but the romantic in me wanted to sweep Miles off his feet. He wasn't a prince, but he still deserved to be treated like one. Maybe the flowers were too much, but I couldn't show up empty-handed.

Miles was shocked to see me, and I wondered if he gave Cielo permission to share his information. I almost offered to give him my number and leave so he'd have space and time to think. Until I saw how turned-on Miles was. His pupils went wide, breathing shallow and fast, as his mouth parted at my touch.

Being in his presence turned me on as well. Partially from the memory of his soft

pink lips stretched over me, gagging for me, but also everything about him. Miles was half my size, and I desperately wanted to manhandle his body after stripping him down. His smell was sweet and rich, like chocolate. Decadent and indulgent. I wanted a taste more than my next breath.

“You think you’re a perfect fit for me?” I asked him, referencing his work. But we’d already seen how well he could swallow me down. I wanted to make his story come true, just like he said. “Everywhere?”

Miles had audibly swallowed, and I felt the bob of his throat under my fingers. “Yes, I do,” he’d confirmed, cementing my decision to come over.

Moving my hand to hold the back of Miles’ head, I pulled him closer until we were chest to chest. Miles gripped me through my shirt at my waist and back, his warmth seeping past the fabric and making me shiver. I had so many plans for him.

“Can I kiss you on the mouth...and then strip you down so I can kiss you everywhere else?”

“Yes,” Miles whispered, his breath close enough to feel on my face. “Anywhere.”

Without another word, I dipped down to take his lips with mine. It was less tentative than the first night, our tongues coming out to play in a rhythm that felt natural. I gave, and he took. My body lit up with pleasure, the heat rushing to my cock and leaving me lightheaded.

“Fuck,” I pulled back only enough to kiss along Miles’ jaw. “What is it about you that turns me on so much?”

“I was just,” Miles panted as I made my way along the column of his neck to pull back his shirt and gain access to the soft skin of his collarbone, “thinking the same

thing.”

My lips ghosted over his skin, wishing I could see it all, with nothing in the way, “Can I take this off?”

Instead of answering, Miles leaned back to pull his shirt off and I followed suit with my own. We reached for each other again, bare-chested, as our kisses grew more desperate. Miles walked backwards without breaking apart, and I followed until he almost tripped. I caught him in my arms and looked over Miles’ shoulder to see what caused the almost interruption.

There, in a clear plastic tub half pulled out from under his bed, was an open box of dicks. I recognized the shape and color of a few I memorized in his drawings. “Apparently art does imitate life.”

Miles groaned and tried to kick the box back to its hiding place, his face reddening. “This is so embarrassing.”

Catching him up in my arms again, I bent to rub Miles’ nose with mine. “If you’ve been using these, then it’s not embarrassing, it’s promising.”

“Huh?”

“No way would I attempt to have sex with you without a lot of planning and prep,” I explained, “but it seems you’ve recently taken care of that?”

“It’s still embarrassing, but yes,” Miles nodded, and finally met my gaze. His pink cheeks set off his mismatched eyes, and I knew I needed to see him come undone when he admitted, “Most recently before lunch today, but I showered right after, too.”

“If you want me to eat that sexy ass, I suggest you get your pants off for me,” I instructed, happy to put us back on track.

Miles scrambled to comply, a wide grin on his face as he stumbled out of his gray sweats and landed on the mattress. He was a vision of pale skin and had very little body hair. His nipples were small and peaked in arousal, just like his dick, both begging to be sucked on.

“Pinch your nipples for me,” I told him, watching to see what got Miles off while I decided how I wanted to devour the person laid out for me like a meal.

Miles was ready and waiting for me, so I toed off my shoes and kneeled between his legs on the teal comforter. I grabbed one of the pillows to prop his hips up, using my other hand to lift him by his ankle.

“Oh, fuck,” Miles mumbled while I unbuttoned my pants. I didn’t take them off, but I needed less pressure on my dick.

“You want me to undress?”

“No, I mean, yes, but—” Miles bit his lip and reached out to squeeze my biceps. “I like how strong you are. I want you to move me however you want me. Don’t be afraid to hurt me, Shane.”

My name on his lips was a beautiful sound, and I wanted to hear it yelled out. I knew he meant more than hurting him on the outside. Miles said he could take a big dick, and after seeing his box of toys, I believed him.

First, I was going to show him I knew how to please a lover in bed with more than my cock. Bending his legs up, Miles wrapped both arms around the backs of his knees, baring his ass to me. The tight pucker was surrounded by a delectable bubble

butt I wanted to sink my teeth into.

“Any new partners since you sucked me off?” I asked, hoping for a no, but knowing it was possible. “No judgment, I just only have one condom on me and really want to rim you.”

“Are you kidding? I couldn’t even think of anyone but you since then.” Miles bit his lip on a grin and reached to pull open the drawer of the nearby nightstand. I saw condoms of many different brands and multiple options for lube. “I’m sure you can find your size here.”

“Love how well-prepared you are. Such a boy scout,” I smirked and quickly grabbed a brand I knew, along with a pump bottle of lube, which I left on the nightstand. “And I’ve been too busy thinking about you, too.”

We met in a filthy kiss, his dick leaking against my abs while mine poked at his crease, hands groping and feeling our way as we learned one another’s bodies. I made my way down his body until my mouth was close enough to tease Miles with licks to his cock, working him over until he was begging me to suck him down.

“Patience, sexy,” I teased, lifting his legs again for Miles to hold back. I lapped at his balls, feeling them draw up as Miles threw his head back in pleasure.

“Yes, please, Shane. I need—”

“Shh, I’ve got you,” I spat on his hole and rubbed my thumb around the rim, only giving him a moment to relax before I dove in. His moans spurred me on as I lapped at Miles’ hole, humming in appreciation. The vibration of my noises had Miles shaking, and I wondered if he could come from my tongue on his ass alone. “If I make you come, can you still take my dick?”

“Oh, God,” Miles’ cock twitched over his stomach at my words, leaking precum and answering my question about how easily Miles could orgasm. “Yes, I can go multiple rounds.”

“Good.” I licked my lips and waited until Miles looked at me again. “Because once won’t be enough for me.”

Chapter eleven

Miles

Despite getting off already that day—alright, twice that day—Shane’s mouth and hands had me on a hair trigger. I knew the slightest breath of a touch to my dick or prostate would push me straight over the edge.

Somehow, Shane seemed to know this, and avoided both with skill. He had two thick fingers in my ass along with his tongue, scissoring them and making me thrash with how good it felt. Still, I wasn’t full enough. Whimpering my need, as I was long past words, Shane took his fingers away from me and then I really whined.

“I’ve got you, just need lube for this,” Shane kneeled up and got a pump of lube before diving back in, using two fingers straight away. Instead of rimming my hole, he licked and sucked on my taint while working a third finger inside of me. “You’re going to come for me, Miles. And then you’re going to beg for my dick.”

“Fuck,” I sucked in a breath as Shane tapped my prostate. He moved his mouth to my dick and sucked as he did it again, thrusting his fingers in and out of me in quick succession. I tried to give Shane a warning when I felt heat pool in my lower belly, but he didn’t stop. “I’m gonna come—”

Shane took my dick to the root, and I felt it hit the back of his throat at the same time he pegged my prostate, and my vision went bright white. He swallowed down the first spurt of my cum, pulling off to suck my next one. He pulled off me with a pop, licking his lips as if savoring my taste, but not taking his fingers out of my body.

“Mmm, thank you.” Shane smiled up at me, kissing the sensitive tip of my cockhead while I let my legs go limp. “Glad I could finally return the favor.”

“Thank you ,” I breathed out, catching his raised eyebrow and laughing. “Yes, I still want your dick in my ass.”

“Want a bit to recover, or some water?” Shane asked, starting to pull out of my hole, but I put my hand over his to stop his movement.

“No, I’m afraid you’ll disappear again, and I’ll miss my chance with you,” I admitted, feeling vulnerable at the admission.

“Well, I won’t turn into a pumpkin, or however that story goes,” Shane smirked and kissed my inner thigh. “But I also wrote my number on the card in the flowers. I wasn’t sure if you’d be home.”

“Clever. Look who’s the boy scout now,” I chuckled and then moaned at how Shane's fingers brushed my inner walls with the slight movement. “But I’m at the begging for your cock stage now.”

With his free hand, Shane reached for a tissue and the condom he set aside and tore the wrapper open with his teeth, then pulled it out and started to roll it down his length. I whistled at his skills until he finally took his other hand back to wipe his fingers and pull his pants off the rest of the way. I’d somehow missed the part where Shane was still mostly dressed. Then his gorgeous dick was there in front of me, and all other thoughts left the building.

Shane stood over me stroking his cock, the rubber almost translucent as he added lube before joining me in the bed again. Shane settled between my legs, leaning on his elbows so he wasn’t crushing my body. I tilted my head for him to kiss me, and we moved with more patience than before. My orgasm had taken the edge off for me,

the urgency to finish the race pushed to the background. Still, I could feel how tightly wound Shane was, holding everything back to make sure I was good.

“I want you,” I murmured against Shane’s lips, his eyes opening just enough to see me. “I’ve wanted you since the moment we met.”

“Not since the moment you saw my cock?” Shane teased, but I felt the truth behind his words. He was used to being ogled for having a big dick, then rejected over it when he couldn’t meet his partner’s needs.

“No, that was just a bonus,” I kissed along Shane’s jaw, the rough stubble there setting me on fire. Everything about him was sexy as fuck. “A big bonus, but not the main attraction.”

Although I was only admitting what I truly felt, it must have been what he needed to hear. Shane smiled down at me before getting up to push my legs back, lining up his erection to rub at my hole. “You being into big dicks was a bonus for me, but I wanted you when I first saw you as well.”

“Have me.”

Shane took me at my words and pressed his tip inside until he let his weight do the work. I felt the stretch and slight burn I loved as he got past my resistance. We groaned as one when he was fully seated, Shane panting with the effort it took him to hold still. He let me adjust until I finally took matters into my own hands.

Grabbing his hips, I pushed him back. Shane looked worried that I was trying to get him to stop, but I switched to pulling him in before he could ask if I was alright. “Fuck me.”

Shane let out a heavy sigh and started thrusting in earnest, mumbling words so hot I

couldn't do anything but take it all in. " You feel so good. This tight hole was made for my cock, wasn't it? Fuck, you're going to ruin me. "

He sped up, and I let him take control. We both felt the same magnetism, the buzzing need under our skin since we met, all-consuming and leading up to the moment we could join our bodies into one.

Adjusting to grip my shoulders, Shane let go on me, grunting and moaning out his pleasure while finding just the right angle to hit my prostate over and over again. And even though I came minutes before, I felt my thighs trembling as another orgasm began rising from my core.

"Shane, I'm gonna—" I started, cutting off when he latched onto one of my nipples and pounded into me hard enough that I felt like the earth was moving underneath us.

"Come on my dick," Shane growled, and I couldn't even process how hot his words were before I was screaming out my release.

My whole body went stiff as my cum splashed between us. Shane didn't stop, only thrusting harder and deeper, as my ass clamped around him until he stilled. Gripping my shoulders tight enough to leave bruises, Shane roared and thrust one last time. Filling me so fully, I felt his dick pulsing inside of me, and I tightened to draw out his pleasure. Shane shivered and dropped his weight on top of me while catching his breath.

"Holy fuck," he whispered against my throat.

"The holiest," I breathed out, my lungs a little restricted.

Shane realized he was crushing me and pulled out, making me wince. More at the loss than pain. His forehead creased in concern, and he pushed to lie beside me, no

longer touching. “Sorry.”

“No,” I turned, so we were face-to-face on our sides, cupping Shane’s cheek and pressing a soft kiss to his lips. “Be sorry you left my body after making me feel whole. But you didn’t hurt me. I promise.”

The expression on Shane’s face had me worried he was about to bolt, and I started mentally preparing to be thankful I got to be with him at all. Instead, he lifted a hand to play with my hair.

“When can I see you again?” Shane’s words caught me off guard and I laughed, joy rushing through me that this wouldn’t be the last time.

“Stay the night?” I asked on impulse.

“Alright,” Shane agreed without thinking about it for more than a few seconds, and it made me feel bold.

“Want to hear the truth?” I asked, with an odd symmetry to the question considering the game night where we met. Shane nodded, so I went on. “You fit just right. We feel right together. You know?”

“Yeah, I do,” Shane finally smiled, and it was the most beautiful thing I’d ever seen. “I feel the exact same way.”

Shane

Two years later, I was a regular at game nights. They weren't always the same, held on weekend nights or devolving into kinky sex, but Miles was next to me for all of them. This one was a Sunday Brunch, and I had a surprise I'd worked on for months making me antsy.

"Are we playing a card game this week?" Miles asked July, who sat on his other side, between nibbles on a quiche Shepherd or Ant made.

"Hold your horses. We're visiting first," Q tutted. He had glitter in his beard, likely from Cielo, which dampened some of his Daddy gravitas. "Some of us were out late last night."

Roman, Ant, and Cielo raised their hands with mischievous grins on their faces. I'd heard about Cielo's penchant for glitter and I could imagine Ant and Roman helping them brat at X Club with the Daddies and Handlers getting the brunt of it before doling out punishments. Miles and I visited a few times a year, and even tried out some rope classes. I didn't want to dominate him, but we both enjoyed trying new things.

"Horses?" Ash snorted, bouncing his baby girl, Mimi, on his knee. "How old are you, a hundred?"

"Hey, who are you calling old?" Jefferson called from the kitchen area where he was fixing a sippy cup for the son, Carter. "Q and A are only a few years older than I am."

“I know,” Ash smirked and bopped Mimi’s nose. She was adorable, with a polka-dot bow to match her dress. Almost made me want one of my own, but Miles and I were happy being dog dads to our two rescues.

Shepherd sat on the arm of the long couch next to Roman and July, shaking out the Sunday newspaper with reading glasses perched on his nose.

“If anyone is a senior citizen,” Roman teased, snagging the newspaper and getting a swat to the thigh for his behavior before.

“I want to see something,” Cielo plopped down to sit half on July and half on Roman, and I loved how puppy-like the behavior was.

Maybe Miles and I could try some pet-play? They’d looked adorable in cat ears at the themed graduation party Ant threw for Maxx.

Miles leaned away from me to look at why Cielo was flipping pages, “What are you looking for?”

“Your comic strip this week,” Cielo said flippantly, like they weren’t in on my planning. Cielo should talk to our friend Marcos about acting in one of his plays, because you wouldn’t know they were leading my lover to something bigger. “Maybe Big’s magic jizz makes another appearance.”

“Oh, we don’t have to look at that,” Miles grumbled, not shy, but also not one to want public praise. Milo’s Adventures had been picked up by a few online papers and magazines, plus he had millions of followers online.

“Let’s explain to the younger folx where the comics section is,” A piped up, advancing on the subs with Q beside him. Before they could snag the paper, which only Cielo, Q, and A knew contained my secret, Cielo opened the paper to the right page.

Cielo grinned, having already seen what I put there, and pointed Milo's Adventures out to the others. July's eyes widened he read before he gasped and Roman clapped with glee.

Miles was confused, because their reactions didn't match his expectations. "I had a silly one planned."

The newspaper worked with me to push his submission for the week, and I did the words, using parts of his old panels so they fit. Cielo and the paper's digital department made sure it didn't look like crap.

Miles bent around to look at the open paper, hiding his face from my view. I stood up so Ant and Maxx could sit and read the comic taking up the top half of the page instead of the usual smaller strip.

I knew what they would see: Miles' first scenes of us as Milo and Big. Except I put the panels in reverse order without the farewell.

The first panel featured Milo in a medieval prince costume, looking morosely at a row of dildos with thoughts of his problems over his head, "If only I could find the dick to fit my hole..." The box right after it had Big looking sad, "I'll never find someone to love me and my giant dick..."

While it had been embarrassing to explain to my parents what Milo did for a living and have my mom remember the first one I'd featured in, my dad had only laughed and said my apple didn't fall far from his tree with a wink. My mom had blushed and I'd made excuses for Miles and I to leave early. In the end, they loved him, and we got over the awkwardness.

In the next part, Miles' character bent over, his crown askew with hearts around his head, with my character grinning behind him while exclaiming, "It's a perfect fit!" I knew he hadn't had my dick in his hole yet when he wrote the strip, but I was glad it

came true.

Kneeling behind the paper, I knew they would see Milo's heart eyes for Big, who stood over him while both had a shared thought bubble, "This is love!"

The last panel was my altered one, to complete our happily ever after. One with my character kneeling in front of Miles', but instead of a dildo or dick, Big held a cartoonish ring

The room went quiet. When the paper lowered to reveal Miles and our friends, he found me kneeling with a simple band held aloft.

"Miles, my prince," I started, pausing for him to take it all in.

Roman coughed, "Size queen," and we all laughed, breaking the tension.

Miles' lashes were wet with unshed tears as he stood. With my height, I only had to lift my head to look at his multi-colored eyes, his rainbow hair looking like he just rolled out of our bed, and his clothes androgynous. Just the way I liked them.

"From the day we met, you knew I was the perfect fit for you," a few chuckles filtered in, but I only had eyes for my love. "After three years of loving you, I know you're the perfect fit for the rest of my life."

Miles nodded, but didn't seem able to form words for once. That worked for me, since I had a question to ask he'd already read in the Sunday paper.

"Will you marry me?"

He croaked on a half-sob, launching himself into my arms to join me on the floor. He started kissing me all over my face when I realized he jostled the ring free.

“Crap, the ring,” I called out, and saw the crowd of our smiling and grinning friends switch to panicked as they hopped up to find the ring.

“Found it!” Ash called out, and he walked over to me. “No, Mimi, that’s not a teething ring. Sorry if it has some baby slobber.”

“Don’t care, put it on me,” Miles held his hand out for me to slip it on his left ring finger.

“You never answered my question, love ko?” I reminded Miles, calling him mine in Tagalog.

“Oh? Yes!”

Miles barely got the word out before I crushed his lips with mine, deepening it until the cheers and back pats brought us back to the room full of people ready to celebrate with us. We weren’t actually playing any games—this was our engagement party.

“That’s going in Milo’s Adventures , isn’t it?” I asked, pointing to the damp ring on his finger.

“Absolutely,” Miles nodded, a grin lighting up the face I loved. “It will fit just right.”