



# View From the Bottom

**Author:** *Vance Anthony*

**Category:** Dark Erotica

**Description:** Three spicy novellas to arouse your curiosities and stimulate your senses.

**A Piece of You:** In the midst of a brutal heatwave, rolling brownouts descend upon the densely populated island of Manhattan. While the beleaguered residents of New York City take to the streets, Joey, sidelined from work and unable to focus, allows his boredom to get the best of him, setting out to find a bar unaffected by scattered electrical outages. When Joey bumps into Luis, a hot stranger with an inexplicable allure, the two men quickly find a way to occupy their time without the distraction of modern conveniences.

**Your Secret:** Walking dogs for a living can be a tough gig when the weather is brutal, but Stevie loves his job. After situating Rocco, the last of his afternoon walks, Stevie lingers in the home of Enzo, one of his regular clients, taking a moment to bask in the air-conditioning. He knows he should lock up and take off, but something in Enzo's bedroom catches his eye, stirring a desire in him that he doesn't quite understand. He can't seem to pull himself away, so, for a brief moment, he indulges his curiosity, confident his client won't be home for hours. Unfortunately for Stevie, Enzo had left work early.

**Waiting:** Marco's boyfriend travels for work, occasionally for weeks-long stretches. It's never been a problem—their relationship is rock-solid—but during those stretches, Marco and Frankie like to engage in an erotic game. When Frankie's away, Marco's not allowed to play... even with himself. The torture is one-sided, and this most recent assignment has taken Frankie to Mexico for three weeks. Marco has been hard for days, desperate for Frankie's touch and willing to do almost anything to get off. Fortunately, Frankie gets home tonight. He might even have a surprise up his sleeve for Marco.

**Total Pages (Source):** 10

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:05 am*

ONE

a piece of you

The heat in my apartment had grown stifling. An assaulting drudgery had overtaken even the most mundane tasks: standing up, taking a piss, leisurely ambling through the compact space that some might consider a living room. All of it had become too much over the course of a couple of hours, a couple of hours spent wasting away in scorching temperatures without relief from natural air flow or electricity. How tacitly we'd all come to accept our unwavering reliance on technology. How sloth-like we'd grown in our inability to function without it.

Cool breezes weren't streaming in from the window-unit air conditioner in my living room and refreshing gusts weren't playfully swirling in through the open windows. The city was in the midst of one of the hottest days on record, but I'd flung every last one of them open anyway. It hadn't made a difference. A small window in the bathroom next to the sink, a decent-sized opening in the bedroom just next to my bed, and three rectangular apertures framing my living space—two behind the couch and one in the kitchen—allowed for no reprieve from the sweltering heat.

Even though I had a corner unit on the fourth floor of my walk-up, no relief found its way inside. There was simply no reprieve from the one-hundred-and-one-degree temperatures that had been hovering over the normally bustling streets of Manhattan the last three days, no respite from the swelter growing stagnant along the once busy avenues.

The oppression waned slightly in the hours that grew dark—briefly. The conditions,

if we were lucky, plummeted to the high eighties overnight. But the humidity went nowhere, content as a clam to lumber over the city, making breathing difficult and adding strenuous labor to simple movement.

From nine to two the last couple of nights, one would have thought Tenth Avenue had been magically transformed into Bourbon Street during Mardi Gras. Revelers drank in the streets and loud music bubbled up into the air as those less accustomed to the structured culture of the states celebrated a less severe climate during the wee hours. The people of my neighborhood found relief in the outdoors during those brief moments of descending temperatures in the middle of the night. Many of them shared small apartments with four or five other bodies, apartments that lacked air-conditioning, and I'm sure their spaces had become even more unbearable than mine.

Today had been a test in resilience for the people of New York City. Rolling brownouts had been washing over the city for days as the power grid worked hard to keep up with the demand to stay cool. Earlier this afternoon, however, the grid became overwhelmed, and we had fallen victim to a city-wide blackout.

Two hours and thirteen minutes had passed since every source of cool air in my apartment—basically, the air conditioner and the refrigerator/freezer—had kicked the bucket. I'd tried not to open the refrigerator door since the power had gone out in hopes of conserving the few perishable items I had stashed away. The water in my building had gone out as well. I'm not sure how. There were only five stories, and my building didn't have a water tower on the roof, so we should've been fine. But just like everything else in New York City, it was a mystery.

I'd picked up a case of bottled water from the market down the street a couple of days ago and hadn't consumed any of them until today, an act of fortuitous serendipity. Twelve of them rested on a shelf in the refrigerator, warming by the minute. The rest sat on top of the fridge, just as stagnant as the air inside my apartment. I'd indulged in two since the water had gone out. I'd save the rest for when I really needed them.

The boredom was starting to get to me. I could have read a book. Hell, I could have written a novel. I had nothing else to do and nothing but time on my hands. And every time I thought about reaching for my phone, I quickly remembered that I'd have no way to charge it in current conditions, and set it back down to collect dust. The moments away from its time-sucking grasp would likely be beneficial to me in some way I didn't have the aptitude to understand. Certainly not in my current state; sweating my brain cells away along with my will to live.

Every item around my apartment was attached to some type of power source or charging apparatus: the TV, the microwave, the coffeepot, even my toothbrush. I'd never really thought about how subservient I'd become to those devices. How dependent I'd become on the maze of electrical wiring that traipsed through every wall and nook and cranny of the building in which I lived. It was really quite frightening when I actually took the time to ruminate on it; the currents and synapses and sparks that shot through every supporting wall of every building on every block in every neighborhood of the city, at every hour of day and night. It seemed as though one little misstep, one little mistake, could send the entire city into flames.

I'm sure there were backstops and safety nets in place for situations like that. But when I thought about how old most of the buildings that lined these city streets were, and how most of them were probably constructed before any source of modern electricity existed, it made me question how they retrofitted the spaces for such contemporary amenities in the first place.

I was so bored that I'd started taking inventory of my space. The walls in my apartment were an unpleasant shade of off-white and lacquered in thick layers of paint that went back so many years that my nonna was probably birthed long after the first coat was applied. The front door was black on the outside but had been painted the same color as the walls on the inside. The grooves that cut rectangular panels into the door were permanently stained in places, stains that appeared to be the same color as a ring from the bottom of a coffee mug placed on a white kitchen counter

sometime long ago. I'd been living here for four years, but I hadn't painted because I wasn't sure how long I'd call this place home, and I didn't want to have to paint it back when my time here was up.

It was an old New York apartment: choppy and cramped and well-worn. Some of the furniture had been handed down from my ma years ago, and it didn't all match. The deep green couch and the slate-gray armchair in the living room didn't complement one another in the least, but neither of them looked bad with the area rug, the wall décor, and the potted banana-leaf plant I'd picked up when I first moved in. It was no less than a miracle that the thing was still alive.

The narrow walnut-brown planks on the floor sometimes creaked if I stepped too deliberately. There were a couple of tiles missing from the black-and-white honeycomb-style floor behind the pedestal sink in the bathroom. The door to one of the upper cabinets in the kitchen was slightly crooked and didn't close all the way. But the ceilings were tall. The apartment was fine. Way too goddamned expensive, but fine.

And it was mine.

I'd been working from home when the power went out. I was glad I hadn't trekked into the office in vain, only to have to commute right back home when it was determined that nothing would be accomplished without power. I didn't hate my job, but in the pits of hell in which I'd found myself, I was relieved to have the afternoon off. It wasn't like I could focus on anything important while beads of sweat trailed down my back and the thickness of the air stole breaths from my body. Life in the city had effectively come to a screeching halt.

I stepped over my couch and emerged from an open window onto my fire escape to gaze out over the streets below. They'd become restless with people, many of whom huddled on green benches under the shade of the honey locust trees in the pocket park

across the street. Kids lazed on the playground equipment while adults took sips of water from plastic bottles, then sent cascades over their heads or down their backs with the liquid that remained. It seemed an odd day to spend time outside, but in this heat, and in the midst of a power outage, I guess it made no difference whether one suffered inside or out.

Some of the businesses lining Tenth Avenue had locked their doors, shut their roller gates, and gone home for the day. The heat had probably been too much for some of the aging business owners. A few of them stayed open, though; a couple of bodegas and shops equipped with generators to keep the lights on. In the doorways, people gathered and shifted, hoping for occasional blasts of cool air from inside. Those popping in for sandwiches, bottles of water, and cold beer shouldered and elbowed their way through the crowds that amassed in the entranceways.

Some kids were trying desperately to open the fire hydrant on the corner in hopes of creating a pressurized waterfall that would wash over the street and provide some relief. They ran across the sidewalk to the hardware store in what I assumed was an attempt to persuade the shop owner to loan them a tool to accomplish their goal. I secretly wondered if any water would sprout from its nozzle if they got lucky enough to jimmy it open, but I wished them well nonetheless.

City buses and cars occasionally whizzed by, slowing through the intersection where the stoplights had long ago stopped functioning and getting cursed out by locals who'd begun to use the streets as their personal sidewalks. Rules rarely applied in New York City, but especially not when there was some sort of disaster on the menu. I didn't know where the drivers of those cars were going. There was nothing to do in the midst of a blackout. No shows to attend. No late lunches or happy hours at which to gather. Maybe they were driving home from work once they'd realized nothing would get done without the luxury of electricity.

For a while, I simply watched. Neighbors up and down the block had the same idea.

On almost every level of almost every building, people relaxed on their fire escapes, lying on their backs or dangling their legs over the ledge or leaning against the railing, just like I was doing. Some of them listened to music from battery-powered devices, some of them smoked and drank, and some of them just watched as the world turned on its axis. The city looked just as colorful as it always had, but less vivid, almost hazy through the scorching waves of heat.

The rays of the sun burned hot, but at least clouds were passing by overhead, providing occasional respite for sun-kissed flesh. They did nothing to stop the sweat from forming on my brow or crawling down my chest, though. I needed to get out, if only to take a leisurely walk around the neighborhood. Maybe I'd pop by the pier and grab a drink from the bar that catered to tourists at the cruise ship terminal waiting to depart to someplace more hospitable, more habitable, than New York City in the dead of a summer heat wave. Maybe I'd catch a breeze off the water that flowed down the Hudson.

Nah.

If I'd thought about it, a thousand others probably had too, and the place would be crawling with people just like me trying to escape the heat—if it was even open.

Maybe I'd stroll down Ninth Avenue to Chelsea and find a bar that was open. I'd heard the blackout was city-wide when the lights first clicked off—chatter wafting up from the street below had alerted me to that—but was power restored neighborhood by neighborhood? Perhaps they'd gotten the electricity switched back on in Chelsea even if they hadn't made it up to Hell's Kitchen just yet.

I thought about jumping in the shower to rinse the sweaty film from my body but quickly remembered that I had no water, so I did the best I could with what I had: a swig of mouthwash, a sanitary wipe, and a stick of deodorant. It would have to do.

If they were even running, the trains would be crawling on the tracks, so I walked. As I trailed down the typically quiet stretch of Forty-Fifth Street between Ninth and Tenth Avenues—going with my gut, hoping for a block of sleepy solitude—I quickly realized the corridor was noisy with loiterers getting drunk, high, and doing whatever they could to ward off the heat by simply forgetting about it. Sadly, Forty-Fifth was no less busy than any other block in my neighborhood, but then, gut feelings couldn't always be trusted.

But then, sometimes they could. As I approached Ninth Avenue with a bottle of water in hand, a beacon of carnal desire turned the corner, casually striding in my direction. Forty or fifty feet separated us but we quickly closed in on each other, and with each lumbering step he took, his features came into view more clearly. Six feet of height and probably a hundred and eighty pounds packed themselves into his rugged frame, all of which was tucked snugly into a white ribbed-cotton tank top, a perfectly baggy pair of dark denim jeans, and a set of fresh tan Timberland boots.

His expression, just like his body language, read confident and easy as he trekked toward me. The contour of his frame was traced with indentations and delineations that danced wildly with the sun and the shadows as he walked. Two small, round nipples, the darkness of which pierced through the bright white of his tank, sat brazenly in the center of his pecs, the outlines of which shifted gently with each step he took. The hair on his head was jet black and high-faded into a tight crew cut that he probably got trimmed up weekly. His skin was naturally tanned and exuded a Hispanic essence: Puerto Rican or Dominican, I assumed.

My eyes were fixated on him as he approached. Had we been characters in a Saturday morning cartoon, they might have popped out of my head while my tongue dangled from the side of my mouth. I tried my best not to appear obvious, though. He didn't look at me until the last minute, when his eyes covertly shifted in my direction, then quickly averted back to his course. Maybe he'd felt my gaze lingering on him and thought it best to assess the situation for signs of danger. But as I turned for a look-

back after he passed, I ascertained that that wasn't the case at all. He met my look-back with one of his own, and a slight, sexy smile tugged at the corner of his mouth, letting me know he'd been caught.

The most intriguing scent jumped from his flesh to my core when he passed, curling into me in the aftermath of our inconsequential encounter; a potent combination of citrusy body wash, musky cologne, and... maleness—carnal and raw. Almost like a quivering sweat had been beading on his chest and dripping down the crevices of his frame as he traversed the city; a shimmering sheen slicking his flesh as he worked on cars at a garage or hung from the back of a garbage truck or pulled pizza pies from an oven with a giant peel to sell to hungry passersby by the slice.

That intoxicating pheromonal pull stirred up a bubbling cauldron of erotically charged anxiety inside me, and I suddenly wanted to pounce on him like a cheetah attacks a gazelle in the African wild, but neither of us stopped. We simply turned and continued on our paths. A look was all that was needed for that titillating connection with a perfect stranger.

I'd hoped the excitement of witnessing his enticing body in motion might cool me down, might drench me in a dream, forcing me to focus on anything but my body temperature. But instead, it only turned up the heat, making me anxious with nervous energy. A disarming sense of promise as my heart beat heavy in my chest.

I really could've used a fan.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:05 am*

The streets of Chelsea were no less busy than the streets in my neighborhood. The lack of airflow indoors had coaxed residents and tourists alike into the streets to find some sense of relief. There were, however, a few bars that remained open to serve the population drinks at prices residents of other American cities would never consider paying in their hometowns. But in New York, that was part of the deal to be so close to the center of the universe, so they said.

The bars that were open on Ninth Avenue seemed to spill over with tourists and drunk straights, and I wasn't sure I could be bothered with the hassle, so I contemplated a walk over to Eighth or pushing on down to the Village. My T-shirt was already damp with sweat. What would another ten or fifteen blocks in hundred-degree temperatures matter?

I finished my water and pushed onward, tossing the empty bottle into the grated garbage can on the corner. A few minutes later, I stepped into a bar on the corner of Grove and was met with the sweetest greeting I could imagine: a blast of cool air on my sweat-slicked skin. Never again would I underestimate the importance of a generator.

The bar was literally packed with people who stood shoulder-to-shoulder and wore tired, worn-out expressions from incessant exposure to the heat. Many of them held empty glasses in their hands, not necessarily keen on getting another but not quite ready to be forced back out into the fire. They lingered and loitered, weary but attentive, one eye on the door, scanning for new blood.

Pushing past the crowds that gathered more densely under air ducts, I found an opening at the bar and ordered a beer from the mildly irritated bartender. I then

wandered through the maze of patrons until I found a lone high-top table by the window. It was in the process of being abandoned by a group of preppy-looking guys whose product had long ago sweated out, wayward strands of hair plastered against their foreheads. As they vacated, I populated, capturing one of two barstools that lingered on either side of the table before some other fatigued patron could swoop in to rest their weary bones.

The table was a mess with empty glasses and water spots and crumpled-up napkins that had probably been used to dab at beads of sweat resting mercilessly on foreheads and necks. I did my best to stack them and push them to the edge of the table, out of my way. I didn't figure anyone would be by to bus the table anytime soon, but then, I didn't require much space. It was surprisingly fortuitous that I'd been able to find a seat at all.

Pop music drummed from the speakers surrounding the main level of the bar at what I would describe as a reasonable volume—a much more reasonable volume than it would have been played on a Friday night, anyway. The grand piano that the more theatrical queens normally flocked to during typical happy hours sat desolate in the corner, no Broadway throwaways or optimistic drama majors to tickle its keys. The black iron railing around Christopher Park, visible from where I sat, fenced in groves of shade trees and benches packed with people, begging for relief.

I took occasional sips from my beer and lost myself in thought as I peered through the window. Seventh Avenue looked almost lonely. People seemed to move more slowly than usual, without any sense of purpose or inflated ego. Funny how one can become accustomed to the self-importance that wafts through the streets and wades down the avenues of New York City. The immodesty sometimes spills from the windows of taxicabs and bleeds from the cracks in the sidewalk. Overbooked calendars and vibrating phones and back-to-back calls and the incessant pinging of social media feed notifications fill the air around us with a thick pompousness that can only be cut with overpriced juices and the newest Asian food trend.

But when the city has no choice but to stop and bask in itself, to look at its haggard face in the mirror, to focus on nothing but the beauty around it, its citizens become human again. They become real people that ache and sweat just like the rest of the world. Their feet swell and their heads hurt and they realize just how much they need a break.

I relented into my love-hate relationship with the city I called home as I gazed out that window. I lost myself in the cool air and the quench of my thirst.

I grabbed my beer and brought it to my lips, and as I swallowed hard, there he was: the guy I'd passed on Forty- Fifth Street. The guy in the jeans and the white tank and the Timberlands. The guy with honeyed flesh and rugged definition and perfectly high-faded, jet-black hair. The eyes that met mine and the lip that curled when he realized he'd been caught. He strolled right by the window at which I was perched without looking in, without noticing me.

Had it been a coincidence that I'd seen him again? A twist of fate? Or simply the fact that a sizable portion of the city's residents were in search of a light at the end of a deeply suffocating tunnel?

I smiled to myself and went back to my drink, back to idling and daydreaming. The air vent positioned in the ceiling not far from where I sat streamed cool relief into the bar and onto my skin, drying the sweat on my brow. I used the back of my arm to finish the job. An uncomfortable clamminess clung to my skin. I was oddly excited about taking a shower even though I'd had one that morning, simply to rinse the heat of the day off my frame.

"You mind?"

The voice, even and deep, shook me from my thoughts. My attention was torn from the world outside and attempted to focus itself on the man standing next to my table.

It was him, casually gripping the slender neck of a beer bottle in one fist while the fingers of the other rested easily on the tabletop.

It was him. The man I'd shared a look-back with on Forty-Fifth Street.

He stood there in all his 'round-the-way glory, the slightest smirk pulling at the corner of his mouth. His eyes stared through me, almost squinting as though the sun outside was still blinding him in this new, noticeably darker environment. Short, silken strands of black hair softly coated his forearms, tapering off as they reached his biceps. Had he been wearing a Yankees cap while sitting on the stoop of a brownstone and rolling a joint, I'd have written him off as a curious piece of rough trade, a guy on the down-low in a neighborhood his boys wouldn't have been caught dead in. Someone I had no interest in fucking with, even as a one-night stand.

It's funny the way I sometimes judge people. I mean, I grew up just off the M-line in Ridgewood. The son of a second-generation Italian-American plumber. My ma worked at a hardware store. Queens was in my blood. Stoop-sitting and handball and public school had all defined my childhood just as much as they'd probably defined this guy's.

But he wasn't hiding behind a baseball cap. His features were sharp but soft, and he wasn't looking over his shoulder. His eyes were steady as he addressed me. They weren't shifty. And he didn't seem the least bit nervous about being caught in a gay bar.

"Nah. Seat's open."

He effortlessly perched himself on the barstool across from me and examined the tower of glasses and bottles at the edge of the table, smiling. "Been goin' hard?"

I laughed. "They were here when I sat down. But you knew that already."

“How’s that?”

“Because you saw me on Forty-Fifth. I haven’t been here long enough to finish a beer.”

He smiled. “Is that so? Small world, I guess.”

“You know it is. You’re native. Where’d you grow up?”

“South Bronx. Soundview. But I’m in Mott Haven now. You?”

“Queens. But I live in Hell’s Kitchen. What were you doing in my neck of the woods?”

“Just pickin’ up my check. I work at the garage on Forty-Fifth.”

Bingo. I wasn’t too far off the mark with my assumption after all.

Our conversation rode a direct path, one dotted with simple questions and even simpler answers, a no-nonsense approach to flirting with a stranger. That is, after all, what was happening. Had we connected on a hookup app, these details would have hardly been necessary, but the tone of the conversation would have been similar. When meeting in person, however, over a drink in the middle of a city-wide disaster, exchanging these bits of personal information seemed appropriate.

His irises flickered with light browns and deep greens and his hands appeared large and rough as they caressed the bottle. It was clear to me that he worked with his hands, but underneath that rugged, blue-collar exterior and that distinctive the-fuck-you-lookin’-at? attitude, a gentleness wept from his eyes and traced his fingernails and colored the way he sat on his barstool. Something told me that once our initial display of brusqueness wore off, once the obligatory questions had been addressed

and the beer began to take hold, our conversation would become easier, more casual.

“What brought you here?” I asked.

“Same thing as you, I guess,”

he joked. “It’s my day off. I wanted a drink. Everything in HK is closed, so I started downtown.”

I smiled at him and his shoulders relaxed slightly before he took a swig from his bottle and scrubbed the palm of his hand over the top of his head, almost as if he were trying to massage the cool air into his scalp. A black tuft of fur, mildly matted by sweat and circumstance appeared under his arm, the strands long and unmanicured. I appreciated his natural state. It wasn’t something normally found in the sea of plucked and pulled bodies that populated Manhattan’s west side.

I offered my name. “I’m Joey, by the way.”

“Luis.”

He pronounced it like Louis , but I got the feeling he’d only started pronouncing it that way after growing tired of correcting people when they said his name wrong.

Luis and I chatted as we drank our beers, drifting from one topic to the next. We talked about our jobs and the neighborhoods in which we grew up and the pains of the MTA, always under maintenance. We grabbed another beer—his treat—and continued to chat, our knees occasionally touching under the table, sometimes by accident and other times as a tease, as a temperature gauge, to measure the response of the opposite party. The response was favorable each time: reluctant smiles and hesitant glances at the table and nervous chuckles highlighting rosy sheens on the cheeks.

The short stubble that dotted his jawline, the goatee that grew shorter as it trailed up his cheeks into sideburns that almost disappeared, shifted with the shape of his face as he smiled and laughed. It splashed into his dimples like cliff divers into the Acapulco Bay as his flesh stretched and moved with the easy, sexy pull on his features. I found it hard to look away when he spoke. But our beers dried up and the bar grew more crowded, so we decided to relinquish the table.

The tension between us was almost negligible, but it was there. Would Luis head back to the Bronx or did he want to continue hanging out? Would I walk back to Hell's Kitchen alone? Never to see him again?

I mean, it would make sense. We'd had a good time, but he hadn't initiated a hookup and neither had I. There would be no reason to exchange numbers or try to hang out again.

We lived mere miles from one another, but by New York standards, we may as well have lived on different continents.

Traversing from Hell's Kitchen to the South Bronx by public transit would take damn near an hour on a good day. What would we do? Hang out after he got off work at the garage?

It seemed a strange dynamic. What if he had responsibilities at home?

Maybe he took care of his folks or younger siblings, or worse yet, what if he had a boyfriend? Or a girlfriend? We hadn't really discussed our private lives. Not in detail.

Why was I getting so wrapped up in this person who had been a complete stranger less than two hours ago? Someone I had never seen before today?

It was odd behavior on my part. Historically, I'd been a discerning thinker who'd

always been able to separate romance and sex. But I didn't want to leave him yet. Something about his presence was comforting, and I wasn't ready to give it up.

“So,”

I started as we stood from the table. “You headed back to the Bronx?”

“Uh,”

he stuttered almost nervously, as though he'd had other plans. “I hadn't really thought about it. Might as well. Probably nothin' else to do here.”

Luis glanced around as though he were trying to find a reason to stay. At the bar, in Chelsea, in Manhattan. Or maybe with me.

I took a chance. “I'm just gonna start back to the neighborhood. Maybe see if the power's back on yet. You're welcome to join me... if you want.”

“Uh, yeah. Sure. Maybe I'll stop by the garage and see if the boss man needs help.”

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:05 am*

Luis's boss had closed the garage. As we approached Forty-Fifth Street, we noticed the shop door had been rolled down and the racks of tires that normally graced the sidewalk had been taken inside. It appeared as though the power had not yet been restored either. People still lingered in bodega doorways and fanned themselves on their stoops as they drank and smoked the day away.

"Shit. Sorry you walked all the way up here. I figured the power might be back on by now."

"No problem. I enjoyed the walk... even though it's hot as hell,"

he laughed.

Our walk was nice. The conversation was easy and we got to know each other a little better, as much as two people possibly could as they hoofed in temperatures hovering around a hundred degrees.

Sweat formed a V on the front of Luis's tank top. Smaller Vs trailed down the sides under his arms. The front of my T-shirt was speckled with sweat, and I wiped the sheen from my forehead with my bicep, the sleeve of my tee acting as a sweat rag. I could smell the heat on me, a combination of deodorant and a light sweat mingling under my arms. It was only natural in that condition, but I felt myself grow self-conscious. Not self-conscious enough to send Luis home, though.

I wasn't sure what I wanted from him. If we hooked up, it would likely be a onetime thing. Would I be okay with that? I told myself I would. But I would have been just as happy hanging out with him on my couch, talking about nothing.

I'd always been able to draw a line with people, to put them in their respective boxes; they were friends, tricks, or relationship material.

Very rarely had anyone crossed over those lines or occupied two boxes at once.

Luis was confusing me, though.

I wasn't sure which box, if any, he would fit into.

It seemed unlikely that he'd be relationship material.

I could picture him hanging out with his boys on a Friday night, getting drunk and not getting home until four in the morning, never calling or texting to let me know where he was.

But that was conjecture. I hardly knew him. I didn't know what his goals in life were. I knew nothing of his hopes, his dreams, his ambitions. The kind of life he wanted to make for himself. Nearly the same number of years had passed us by. The same global events. Maybe we could find common ground. We'd had a good time together so far.

But it was wishful thinking.

Maybe.

Probably.

"You wanna come up? I've got water. It's probably warm, but?—"

"Sure."

He didn't even have to think about it. He knew what he wanted. Whether that was water, more time with me, or just a fuck, I wasn't sure. But I couldn't be bothered to give it too much thought. I would put him in the one-night-stand box and call it a fucking day.

We climbed three flights of stairs in the stagnant hallway. The black-and-off-white tiled landings scuffed with shoe marks were almost nauseating in their complacency. Nothing seemed to move, least of all the air.

Short locks of dark hair, matted with perspiration, stuck to my forehead by the time we reached my front door. I brushed them out of the way with the back of my hand, almost swatting them away. My hair wasn't long enough to go much of anywhere but it suddenly felt heavy on my head.

Luis stood close to me on the landing as I stuck the key into the lock and twisted it to the left. I could almost feel his breath on the back of my neck, the heat from his frame jumping to mine. He didn't touch me. He simply hovered, teasing me, leading me on. Turning me on. I pushed the door open and invited him in, turning my head over my shoulder to face him. We were maybe six inches apart. He smiled and thanked me before following me in.

The air in my apartment was still warm, still motionless, still uncomfortable, but felt somewhat better than it did on the street outside. At least there were no exhaust fumes from passing buses and idling cars on the curb, packed with friends and neighbors basking in the air-conditioning.

“Mind if I use your bathroom?”

“Sure. It's through there.”

I motioned toward the bathroom.

My apartment was dim and silent. I heard Luis's stream hit the bowl and splash into the water pooled at the bottom of the toilet. Damn, these old apartments and their acoustics. While he relieved himself, I threw all the windows open again, trying to circulate some air, and then grabbed a couple of bottles of water from the fridge. They still had the slightest chill to them, and I was eternally grateful.

I stepped over my couch and ducked through the window, pushing onto the fire escape. The densely populated neighborhood sprawled out before me. The scene was the same as it was before I'd left my apartment hours ago, the only difference being the particular faces that inhabited the space.

A few moments later, a presence made itself known behind me, the firmness of pectoral muscles against my back, the weaving of legs between mine, the softness of lips pressing against the back of my neck. Two large hands, calloused and rough and minorly grease-stained, gripped the iron railing on either side of mine. Luis's physique trapped me in place, imprinting itself on me. The warmth of his body... the intensity of his scent... they pummeled me. Enraptured me.

Sweat beaded on my forehead and dripped down my chest. The sudden discomfort of moisture under my arms took me aback and forced me to address the reality of the situation we were in. Self-consciousness slowly crept into my brain and told me that my freshness had likely expired. That I'd maybe become too ripe to enjoy.

"God, you smell good,"

Luis mentioned as his lips disconnected from my neck.

I lifted my arm and pretended to smell myself, a self-mocking gesture meant to lend levity to the situation. "I need a bath."

Luis kissed me again, this time on the curve of my neck, forcing me to lean my head

to one side, to allow him easier access. He then inhaled deeply, pulling the heat from my flesh into his core. “Nah. You don’t.”

My skin was sweat-slicked, only drying long enough for a new batch of perspiration to push itself from my pores.

I’m sure it tasted salty and rich, but Luis didn’t seem to mind as he wrapped his hands around my waist and slowly slid them up my sides, just under my T-shirt.

His fingertips tickled the fine, dark hair that coated my abdomen and chest.

His hands eased themselves around my frame and his fingers brushed against my nipples, causing them to contract and harden under his touch. He kissed my jawline where it met my neck, just below my ear.

And then he stopped.

I didn’t want him to, and his pause didn’t feel final, but he dropped his arms from my frame and placed his hands back on the railing. I took a small step backward and allowed my ass to graze the adequate bulge that had formed in his jeans. Luis moaned into my ear and stayed exactly where he stood.

We simply watched the scene play out in front of us with his lips next to my ear. Witnessed the drama of the city below in the midst of a heat wave. In the midst of a blackout that had halted almost everything. Everything except human interaction.

“They don’t usually last this long, ya know?”

Luis started. “I think the longest one I’ve been through was, like, two hours.”

“Yeah,”

I replied. "Same. It'll probably come back on soon."

"I hope so. I flushed the toilet but it wasn't filling back up. Sorry about that."

"Shit,"

I laughed, turning myself around to face him, leaning my back against the railing, still surrounded by his muscled limbs. "I forgot to mention it. The water's out. I should have said something."

He smiled before leaning in and taking my mouth, pressing his lips to mine softly.

I returned the gesture and connected with him, opening my lips to pull his bottom one between mine, to taste his mouth.

The scent of beer still lingered on him.

I'm sure he could taste it on me as well.

We kissed, our tongues eventually finding their way into each other's mouths. The heat between us was intense but gentle. Accepting and reciprocating.

As we fell deeper into one another, as our senses heightened but our reasoning diminished, nerves about my back leaning against the railing of the fire escape crept in. We were four stories up. I had no doubt Luis would grab me if I slipped, but I didn't feel like taking that chance.

I pulled away from him. "Wanna go inside?"

"Sure,"

he agreed with a lustful grin.

I grabbed the bottles of water from the landing and handed one to him.

He twisted the cap and downed half of it in one slug.

His Adam's apple lifted and bobbed as he swallowed and the stubble danced across his neck, a five o'clock shadow that would probably look even sexier on the second day.

I tossed back my water as we stepped through the open window, over the couch, and onto the rug-covered parquet floor of my living room, crumpling the plastic in my fist before recapping it.

I once read somewhere that it was best to downsize items before tossing them into the recycling bin and it stuck with me.

I had no idea if that was true.

I had no idea if the recycling even made it to the recycling center or if it was simply tossed into the back of the garbage truck with the trash.

I guess it didn't matter at that moment.

But Luis did the same thing before handing his bottle to me.

I walked them to the kitchen and tossed them out, and before I could even turn around, I was pinned to the wall, my arms above my head, locked at the wrists by Luis's strong hands.

The hem of my T-shirt raised with the movement, showing off the lower part of my

midsection.

That olive patch of flat, furry stomach contrasted with the bright white waistband of my gray briefs where they rose above the waistband of my shorts.

Luis attacked my neck with his mouth, forcing my jawline up and my head to the side so he could taste me, so he could devour me.

And I let him.

My face was inches from his armpit as he made out with my neck, and without thinking, I breathed him in.

I hadn't intended to, but the heat of the day lingered on him and I found the scent of him irresistible.

The black hairs that curled around themselves glistened in the sunlight pouring through the kitchen window.

His presence alone was masculine and erotic.

And tempting beyond belief.

Maybe I knew we'd hook up the moment I saw him turn the corner onto Forty-Fifth Street.

Maybe I figured it out when he appeared next to my table at the bar in the Village.

Maybe it wasn't clear until I invited him up to my apartment.

But at that moment, with his lips on my neck and my arms pinned to the wall above

me, the decision had been made, and I wanted to be nowhere else.

Deodorant and cologne were no match for Luis's rugged sweat, for his sex, and while the former both clung to him, playing with my senses like dogs play with bones, the latter had punched through to become the aching, heady scent that caused my dick to stir and my hips to buck against the kitchen wall.

Luis finally released my arms from his grip only to grasp the bottom of my T-shirt and yank it over my head, completely exposing my upper half to him.

Had the air conditioner been working, the sudden exposure would have been erotically satisfying.

It felt nice being ripped from my clothing by a hot guy, but the air was so thick that my undoing lacked the refreshing comfort of a cool blast pummeling my skin.

As soon as he had my shirt off, as soon as it hit the ground, he pinned my arms above my head again and buried his face in my pit, inhaling my scent, licking me, drinking me in.

Maybe Luis had a thing for pits.

Maybe he had a thing for me.

I didn't care.

The sensations he gave me felt intensely carnal and distinctly taboo.

A piece of me I would have rarely allowed anyone to indulge in—maybe no one—was being taken advantage of.

And what did I care? Luis was simply a hookup.

I'd probably never see him again.

After he'd bathed my pits, he dropped my arms and nipped at each of my nipples, lightly biting them, causing me to wince from the playful pain he'd inflicted on me.

He then licked and kissed them before shifting even lower to kiss the flesh around my navel, playing with that sensitive area of my stomach, never giving me the chance to stop him.

I didn't want to.

I didn't want to stop him from doing anything.

He unbuttoned and unzipped my shorts, and I quickly kicked off my sneakers so I could easily shed the rest of my clothing.

My shorts tumbled down my thighs and landed in a heap at my ankles, and Luis wasted no time nosing at the growing pouch of my briefs, inhaling deeply as he explored my package.

My dick was completely stiff inside them, punching at the fabric, stretching it.

A small wet spot appeared where the tip of my cock met the cotton, and Luis kissed it before hooking his fingers into the waistband and pulling them down my frame, freeing my growing erection.

His force was aggressive, all but tearing my briefs from my frame.

My dick bounced up, excitement on its brain.

He gently kissed the tip, then licked his lips before opening his mouth and sliding down my length, barely touching me with his tongue.

The heat from his breath enveloped me.

It made me writhe in anticipation.

Everything was hot: the temperature outside, the air in my apartment, Luis's mouth on my flesh.

But somehow, at that moment, it all worked.

Luis teased me like that for a while before wrapping his lips firmly around me, tasting me, taking me into him.

His tongue danced a wild number up and down the length of my cock and sent knee-weakening pulses through my body.

He took me into his throat and massaged the head of my cock with his tightness, his wetness.

He planted his face at the base of my cock and traced his nose through my pubic hair, closing his eyes as he took my scent into him.

He gently fondled my balls and brought me close to a climax I didn't want to experience yet.

Not before I'd had a chance to explore more of his body.

Once he felt he'd satisfied me enough, when my fingertips grasped at the wall behind me in vain and every muscle around my midsection began to tighten, he tore off of

me and grabbed my waist, turning me around.

He made me lead him to my bedroom.

I was completely naked and Luis was fully clothed, and for some reason, that turned me on.

He playfully slapped my ass as we stood at the side of my bed.

That full bed that I'd pushed against the wall with the window in that tiny bedroom to create more space for movement while getting dressed in front of the closet.

To make entering and exiting the room less arduous.

I turned around to face Luis and he bit his bottom lip with more sex appeal than I imagined was possible.

He then pushed gently on my shoulders and I fell backward onto the bed, exposed to him, open to him.

Beneath him.

With a gentle nudge to the back of each foot with the toes of the other, he lost his Timberland boots, then pulled off his socks, tossing them to the floor.

He yanked his white tank over his head and sent it cascading.

His chest and abdomen were nearly smooth, only a few wispy black hairs dotting the valleys between the defined mounds of muscle that made up his pecs.

God, he was sexy.

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:05 am*

“You want my dick?” he asked.

I did. But I wasn’t exactly sure what he wanted me to say, so I didn’t answer. His smile had disappeared from his face, though remnants of it lingered in his eyes.

“I asked you a question.”

Shit, he was serious. “Yeah.”

“Yeah, what?”

“Yeah. I want your dick.”

“Good. Get on your knees.”

I did as I was told, sliding down the side of the bed onto my knees. My heart beat fast and my feet shoved under the drape of the comforter as Luis unbuckled his pants and pulled his semihard cock out over the band of his boxer briefs. His dick was beautiful: thick, smooth, and uncut, with one noticeable vein running along the top side of it, disappearing under the surface about halfway down its length. His foreskin had partially retracted over the head, which was slick with precome. A thick bush of curly black hair sprouted from the base and trailed around his thickness, tapering off a little when it reached his ball sack.

He guided me with cogent language. “Put it in your mouth.”

I kissed the tip, then slid his length between my lips, using as much saliva as I could

muster to lube him up. His flesh was warm. A wild, earthy scent lazily hung from his pubic hair; a remnant of a day spent pounding the pavement in hundred-degree heat. I didn't mind it. In fact, it turned me on. The mild flavor was natural and virile.

“That's it,”

he continued as I pushed further down his length, increasing the pressure each time I pulled back. “Suck that dick.”

He slid his jeans and underwear down his thighs but didn't take them off. Not completely. I think he wanted to exert some control, to show me who was in charge by keeping me naked and himself dressed, at least partially.

The palm of his hand landed on the back of my head, his fingers applying gentle pressure to my scalp, easing me down his length. Guiding me. He knew what he liked and he wanted to make sure I brought him the pleasure he desired.

His foreskin pulled further back the harder he grew in my mouth, and eventually, there was only a single wrinkle of flesh resting just beneath the head of his cock, framing it beautifully. My tongue ran circles around it, lightly grazing the crown while trying to draw erotic noises from him. He complied, supplying me with husky moans that kept me going, that provided me with inspiration.

Luis placed his hands on either side of my head and gently forced me down his dick, assisting me with the blowjob I was giving him. The tip hit the back of my throat and he stopped, easing his grip and removing his hands. It was as though he thought he might hurt me, as though he suddenly felt he was coaxing me into doing something I might not want to do.

He wasn't. I wanted nothing more at that moment. He wasn't relationship material, after all. This was a hookup, quick and dirty.

But the fact that he showed concern made it easier to comply. It provided me with a sense of comfort, a knowledge that I could squeeze his thigh if I needed to and he would stop everything to make me feel at ease. Maybe we should have agreed to those terms upfront, but something about Luis told me he wasn't a threat. The second-guesses and the nervous eye shifts and the not always knowing what to say or how to respond told me things about him. That he wasn't some malicious, domineering character by nature. That, at one point, he'd searched for acceptance like the rest of us.

I took the opportunity to grab the base of his cock, and with a few quick pumps, worked him back into my mouth, licking and sucking every inch of him. He laced his fingers together behind his neck, cradling his head as it rolled backward. With the pull of his arms, his chest stretched wide, and he unwittingly offered himself to me. But I was too focused on the matter at hand to pay too much attention to the way his abs flexed as he pulled, to the way the sunlight spilling through the bedroom window pronounced his muscular definition with shadows dancing. Too focused to notice the way the beads of sweat balancing on his frame made him look like he'd just stepped out of the shower or wrapped up a tough workout at the gym.

The slit of his cock leaked small pearlescent drops of fluid at a steady rate, and I swept my tongue across the head to catch them, to taste them, to swallow them into me. His flavor was sweet and salty and earthy and masculine, and I would have fed from that tap daily if given the opportunity.

It had been weeks since I'd had sex with anyone, days since I'd gotten myself off, and suddenly, I felt ravenous. Like I'd been starved of some necessary life force and had just been given the chance to indulge. Only, I didn't know how long that opportunity might last, and I didn't want to waste time.

I guided Luis's length into my throat and swallowed hard, capturing him in my tightness while I buried my nose in his feral bush. His hands immediately fell to my

shoulders and gripped them tightly. Deep moans escaped him as his torso heaved and he bent himself over me, almost as if he were trying to escape my grasp without really wanting to. His body just couldn't handle the sensations I gave him while milking his cock with my throat muscles.

He was trapped in my embrace as I reached around and gripped his tight cheeks, pulling him into me. They flexed, and my fingers played with the hairs that grew thinner and softer the further out they traveled, coarser and thicker the closer they sprouted to his crevice. I suddenly wanted to taste him there too, but I wasn't sure what kind of boundaries were in place.

Suddenly, he pulled himself from me, taking a stance. His thick length was covered in saliva, and a strand of it dripped to the floor as he emerged from my mouth. "Can't,"

he started, his breath stunted. "You're gonna make me come."

"Would that be such a bad thing?"

He smiled and gripped me underneath my arms, drawing me up to him, taking my mouth into his, and kissing me deeply as his hands explored my back. I took the opportunity to play with his ass again, something I'd become mildly obsessed with over the course of twenty seconds. It was clear that my fingers playing in his crack made his knees weak and pushed him closer to the edge. Luis panted as I separated his globes and slowly ran a finger down his crevice, but pulled away when I got too close to his opening. I guess I wasn't going to get to indulge in that forbidden treat. Not just then, anyway.

Instead, he grabbed my sides and spun me around, bending me over the side of the bed. I felt him kicking his jeans off and peeling out of his underwear before dropping to his knees and burying his face in my ass. The feeling of his stubble on my cheeks

made me tense at first, but I quickly relaxed into it, my forehead burrowing into the comforter, my hands splayed out across its softness.

I wasn't as fresh as a morning daisy—neither of us were—but Luis didn't back away. I was showered and clean, but no amount of scrubbing could compete with a day in the sun, a day walking up and down New York City sidewalks in the intense heat. Luis reveled in my earthy spice, however. At first, he simply nipped at my furry cheeks and kissed his way down my crack. But then he dove in and furiously licked at my hole, making me clench and tighten in surprise, then flex and open for him as I found comfort in the way he explored my entrance.

Soon, I'd feel him enter me, spread me, stretch me beyond belief with his cock as he held my back in place for his welcome arrival.

But not yet. Not until he apparently savored me and tasted every flavor I had to offer. Not until he dug into me with his tongue and traversed every knot and ridge. Not until he explored me, dragging himself from my balls, up my taint, and nosing at my bud, drawing my essence into him. Luis seemed to linger there for minutes on end, testing me, teasing me, pressuring me to open for him. He seemed to have a thing for the rawness of a man, for the naturalness of the male body.

I flinched and moaned and cried out as he rimmed me, as he repeatedly dipped into my opening, then pulled out and planted kisses on me. And with each brush of his tongue across my opening, with each crush of him into me, my flesh ignited and I begged him to fuck me.

Once he was satisfied with his handiwork, once I'd given up control and begged for his cock, he gathered himself behind me. I felt him pull to his feet, place his hands on my waist, and draw me to a kneeling position, kneeing the back of my legs and pushing me to rearrange myself on the bed. He wanted my head resting on the pillow and my legs spread out behind me, supine on my stomach.

Luis positioned himself behind me, then took a moment to cover me with his frame, to turn my head toward his with his fingers and kiss me deeply from behind. That kiss wasn't just so I could taste myself on his lips—which I did, and savored. It was meant to convey feeling. To convey an emotion of appreciation, of mutual admiration and trust, of knowledge and understanding of what we were about to engage in, of the action he was about to take. Of exactly what he was about to impart on me.

After he kissed my mouth, he kissed my chin, then my shoulder. He then crawled down my back and fell between my legs again. I dropped my head to the pillow and raised my hips slightly off the bed, assuming a position that would make his entrance easier on the both of us. Words weren't spoken. Luis simply kissed my hole, his tongue leaving a trail of saliva between the two of us as he pulled away.

Finally, like a mirage in the desert, a gentle breeze blew through the window and tickled my beaded flesh. It was as though I'd never felt the wind before, never experienced a breath of fresh air. I only hoped the breezes would keep coming, that they would be the start of a trend. Of milder temperatures and midsummer breezes sailing over me while I slept naked at night, stretched out under a cool bedsheet. At the very least, I hoped for more bearable days in the high eighties rather than the high nineties, let alone a hundred fucking degrees pounding down on top of the city.

Luis's weight felt good on top of me, even in this heat wave. His presence was comfortable. His heat was a nice change of pace. A different kind of heat, one that was altogether welcomed.

The tip of his cock pressed against my opening, and I closed my eyes while pushing out around him. He held the base of his length in one hand and my waist in the other, holding me steady as his hairy thighs rubbed against mine. We were both warm and slicked with sweat, the motionless ceiling fan above us doing nothing for anyone. I prayed for another breeze.

But thoughts of anything other than Luis's cock when it penetrated my opening and slid a few inches inside of me were gone with that fucking breeze. I gasped and croaked at the sensation of searing pain that shot through me. I clawed at the comforter, twisting my fingers into the fabric.

But I wanted it. So badly.

Luis paused and I breathed, and as I caught my breath and relaxed into him, he continued easing himself into me, slowly and gently. By the time I felt his pubic hair brush against my ass, I knew he'd buried himself in me completely, and I silently begged for him to never leave me. His cock felt so good inside of me. So perfect. So natural. A sense of completeness washed over me as I adjusted to how full I felt; incredibly stretched and exposed in the grip of a stranger, but perfectly comfortable under his weight.

Luis scooped his arms underneath my chest and pulled my body up to meet his. My back, tight and moderately defined, faint lines running courses around natural pockets of muscle, leaned into his chest. His lips fell to my shoulder, then my neck, as he began to move his hips, pulling himself slightly out of me before pushing back in, finding his rhythm.

Every movement seemed intentional, every warm breath on the back of my neck and every bead of sweat crashing into my skin from his frame seemed almost planned to accentuate the experience. He knew how to fuck.

Luis was forceful in bed in the best kind of way. I didn't have to make any decisions. At work, I was constantly deciding upon this or that, never knowing whether I was making the right choice... for the company, for my team, for the future of my job. In bed was the last place I wanted that kind of responsibility. Luis made that easy.

Maybe he felt the opposite about his work. Perhaps he had to play by the book and

wasn't afforded the opportunity to make any decisions on his own. At a garage, I imagined there wouldn't be too many choices one could be faced with. This part goes there and that piece of equipment is tested in this way. It seemed pretty black-and-white. Maybe in the bedroom, he was able to choose what he wanted to do and how he wanted it done. Perhaps sex was where he found a sense of freedom.

My dick was as hard as a steel flag pole while he fucked himself into me over and over. It stood at attention, pointing to the sky as it sprouted endless beads of precome that dripped down my shaft like oil droplets from one of those decorative old rain lamps. Luis would occasionally pull his hand from my chest and swipe a finger across the slit, scooping up the sticky fluid, either to feed me or to enjoy himself.

I tried not to touch myself out of fear that I might explode too early. Every touch of Luis's hand on my cock made me feel like I might come, so I couldn't risk forcing it myself. But if Luis's heavy grunts and deep moans were any indication, he wasn't going to last very long either. Maybe it was the heat getting to us. Or maybe, just maybe, we really enjoyed being with one another.

As his orgasm approached from deep within, he released my body from his grip and focused that grip on my waist, holding me in place as he rocked himself into me, then out, then in, then out, over and over again.

I dropped my chest to the comforter and grabbed my dick. If he was going to come, I figured I might as well indulge too.

My back was slick with sweat as Luis deep-dicked me, pulling me down to the base of his cock and using my ass to get himself off. He slowly rubbed a hand up and down my back as he fucked me. I squeezed myself around him, hoping to add to his pleasure, to my own pleasure. I wanted him to come just as much as I'm sure he wanted to. We were using each other to get off. That was it. And I was fine with it.

He must have felt the change in pressure on his cock. He gripped my hips tightly and slammed into me a few times. I was ready to explode, so I held the base of my cock tightly, trying desperately to keep my ejaculate at bay, waiting for Luis's cue.

It didn't take long. "Oh... fuck... gonna... come,"

he panted, his words dotting his thrusts as he pulled out of me. A forceful jet of hot fluid rocketed against my warm flesh, bulleting my ass cheek hard before quickly dribbling into my crevice and down between my legs.

My comforter would be a mess, but then, it was going to be a mess anyway as soon as I let go of my cock and allowed my orgasm to proceed. It could probably stand a wash anyway.

I was deviously ecstatic about making Luis come, but I didn't want his load to be wasted on my comforter. At that moment, I wanted him to be a part of me. Wanted to feel him inside of me. I wanted him to take me, to claim me, to conquer me. So, I pushed my ass backward, against him, and he found his way back into me, releasing the rest of his load deep inside me.

With Luis's throbbing dick twitching in my hole, filling my insides with his warmth, my firmness had no choice but to erupt. A shock wave worked its way through my body, shooting tingling sensations up and down my arms and through my core. Those sensations expelled themselves through the tip of my cock, hitting every nerve ending on the way out. I shuddered and spasmed as I came, and Luis did the same behind me, his body tightening and flexing against mine as he unloaded himself into me. His hands gripped my waist tightly and my fingers dug into the comforter, until eventually, our bodies had expelled everything they'd needed to expel amidst of fury of erotic declarations.

I collapsed onto my bed and Luis followed suit, crashing down beside me, running

his hand up and down my back one last time before dipping his finger into the crack of my ass to admire his work. I smiled at his touch. He smiled at my smile.

We lay there for a moment, panting and recovering, lost in a hazy bliss of sexual release. And after that moment, an uninvited wave of awkwardness suddenly crashed over us, interrupting the blissful glow that had taken hold for that brief moment. Neither of us knew what to say to the other, if anything at all. Did words need to be spoken? Or did clothes simply need to be pulled back on before we implied our goodbyes at my front door?

Sweat beaded on Luis's brow. My pillow was damp. His chest and arms were shiny and slick, as were mine.

But then, out of nowhere, like a sign from above, the lights flickered on and the unmistakable clink and rumble of the air conditioner kicking on could be heard in my living room. It was like the heavens opened, but neither of us bothered to get up. Some semblance of comfort had found us.

Cheers and applause from the street below erupted and echoed through the windows. The entire neighborhood must have been back on. Tonight's unsanctioned, unpermitted block party would probably be the biggest yet. Once everyone had a chance to cool off and recharge, anyway.

"I guess I should get going,"

Luis said, a quiver of something resembling expectation or hope binding his words.

I knew how these things went. He wasn't supposed to stay and I wasn't supposed to want him to. But I did.

"You can stay,"

I fumbled. “To cool off for a minute. If you want.”

Awkward. I somehow made an awkward moment even more awkward. But he smiled, awkwardly.

I rolled over onto my back and we lay beside each other, our breathing patterns finding a normal rhythm. Neither of us said a word. We just breathed and listened to the people outside chatter about this and that. Most of what they spoke about was muffled, but now and then, someone would raise their voice. Then, a bus pushed down Tenth Avenue, expelling exhaust and traffic noise.

“Maybe I’ll just go grab a slice or somethin’,”

he started, lifting himself from the bed, trying to find his clothes on the floor, fumbling around while attempting to pull his jeans up and step into his boots. “You hungry?”

Was I? Not really. But he’d invited me to do something. That was against the rules for a hookup. I didn’t understand the feelings I was having, the wavering back and forth about something so innocent, so trivial. I wanted him but I didn’t want to want him. I wanted to play by the rules of casual sex but I wanted to buck the trend at the same time. My mind was playing tricks on me. “Nah. I’m alright.”

“Cool.”

Was it? Maybe it wasn’t. Why was I suddenly questioning every decision I’d ever made?

The word cool had been shrouded in subtle disappointment, a sort of defeat falling from his lips. I stood from the bed and followed Luis into the living room, grabbing a handful of my clothes from the kitchen floor on the way. We stood facing each other

in front of the air conditioner blast for a few fractured moments, unsure of what to say.

“Alright. Maybe I’ll see you around, then?”

“Yeah,”

I answered. “Maybe.”

God, why did every word I was saying sound so noncommittal? So rude? I hated when people did that shit to me.

“Cool.”

There it was again. That letdown I wasn’t sure how to address, to counteract. Luis turned, taking a step toward the door, then swiveled and paused before approaching me. He pressed his lips against mine. It was a gentle sort of kiss, one that was simultaneously depleted and hopeful. A final goodbye. A goodbye that said thanks... even though I’ll probably never see you again... even though I really want to .

When his lips parted from mine, my lips smiled a shy grin. I didn’t want to give my hand away but a sparkler had been ignited in my stomach. Trembling heat worked its way up my frame, blushing my cheeks when it finally found my face. I was all nervous energy, swirling and singing.

Luis grabbed my briefs from the wad of clothing in my hand and held them up with one finger. A name brand traced its way around the white waistband in navy blue. The seams were damp with sweat, and a one-inch-long hole had been ripped just under the elastic band on the side. It must have happened when Luis was tearing them off my frame.

I laughed as I tossed the rest of my clothes onto the couch. “I should probably throw those away.”

Luis used them to wipe the sweat from his forehead and under his arms. He then pulled me close and kissed me again, with more force and desperation than the last time. Intensity radiated from his full lips, his magic finding its way to me. When he finally pulled away, he brought my briefs to his face and inhaled. “Maybe I’ll hang on to ’em. That way, I’ll have something to remember you by. A piece of you—to get me off later.”

It was a joke, but it made my dick twitch with arousal, and I wondered to myself how much truth traced the edges of that joke. I’d heard that half of what people say when they’re joking is actually true—that sometimes people joke about things they’re too nervous to talk about. I was certainly guilty of that. I licked my lips. “You have your phone?”

“Yeah. Why?”

“Put this number in.”

He pulled his phone from the pocket of his jeans and I proceeded to give him my number.

“That’s something better to remember me by. But you can keep those anyway.”

I nodded toward my briefs now clenched in his fist.

A wide smile drew across his face, coloring his expression with subdued excitement, a sort of joy that wasn’t meant to be seen by anyone. The sort that people kept bottled up inside for fear of embarrassing themselves. For fear of showing their true colors.

“Cool.”

The word was drenched in hope that time, swimming in incitement. It was delivered with the sort of carefree exhilaration captured by the first warm day of spring, or the anticipation of the first drop on a roller coaster, or diving into a lake on a hot day, not knowing whether the water will be frigid or not, laughing all the way.

“And next time,”

he continued, the confidence returning to his voice, “maybe you’ll fuck me silly.”

“You bottom?”

“I’m versatile... for the right person. You?”

“For the right person.”

Luis grinned, and I laughed through my smile. He leaned in and kissed me again, a kiss that was almost as sweet as our fuck had been desperate. His free hand gently brushed the back of my neck, causing the hair to stand on end. My thumb looped into the back of his jeans, tickling the hairs in the cleft of his ass, which made him giggle into our kiss. I found myself not only enthralled but proud that I could draw such a playful reaction from him.

“I’ll text you,”

he confirmed as he exited my front door and stumbled down the hallway to the stairwell. He turned to get another look at me leaning naked against my doorframe while he shoved my briefs into his back pocket.

“You better.”

I couldn't wait.

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:05 am*

Sun-kissed cheeks and a dewy sheen of sweat veiled the normally even tone of my skin, glistening on my forehead as I turned the key to unlock the front door to Enzo's house, a craftsmen painted a deep, muted shade of blue with light gray trim. I was perched on a small, elevated slab of concrete and red brick that composed the front porch, not much room for anything other than a doormat and a potted plant. Houses in the neighborhood stacked and nestled themselves amongst other residential structures and beneath leafy old-growth tree canopies.

The unforgiving oppression of September days had finally given way to wavering temperatures more suited to October, offering welcome breaks of comfortable, moderate warmth between days-long stretches of unrelenting sultriness, the sunbeams belting down from afternoon skies as a heavy blanket of humidity hung cruelly in the air. But this week had given Atlanta another one of those sultry stretches. The thick, moist air had been hanging around since Tuesday, when the temperature again spiked to nearly ninety degrees, only resigning in the black of night when the neighborhood had grown quiet.

Thank God it was Friday; the sweet end to another grueling week of working outside. And I had no weekend jobs lined up.

The thin gray fabric of my T-shirt clung to my chest, beads of salty perspiration faintly dampening the front of it in an odd sort of Rorschach pattern. I was grateful for the central air that hit me like a brick in Enzo's entryway, instantly cooling my flesh, providing me with a satisfying respite from the outdoors: the thickness, the heat, the density of the city in which I'd been trapped for hours, for years. I loved the heat but I was ready for a break.

I drew a strange enjoyment from entering Enzo's space, a muted excitement that bubbled underneath my flesh and tingled my fingers and toes, subtly vibrating in my stomach. And even further down below. It made no sense. It was a nice home but a lot of my clients had nice homes—well-decorated, upscale, expensive homes. Most of them were one- and two-bedroom condos in high-rise towers a couple of blocks away. Those towers furnished the neighborhood with activity, with interest, and decorated the skyline with shiny, glimmering, looming beacons of glass and steel that buzzed with life. But Enzo's place was older, a small single-family home with cedar-shake accents and a giant evergreen in the front yard. It was nice. It was comfortable.

The setup inside was neat and tidy, everything in its place. The smell was clean but woody, like bergamot and cedar and new furniture. A candle on the coffee table looked recently burned. Maybe that was the source of the aromatic ambiance that seemed to float through that entire space. Or maybe it was Enzo's cologne still lingering in the air. There was something serene about the house. Structured but easy. Modern but cozy. Pristine but lived in.

Enzo's house aroused me in the dullest of ways, its tediousness intoxicating.

His living room was situated to the right of the entryway—completely open to the kitchen straight ahead—and decorated with contemporary furniture: a sectional sofa, a coffee table, an oversized floor lamp that swooped up and dramatically hung over the space. Wide bamboo planks stretched the entire length of the house. An exposed brick wall housed a large flat-screen TV and a built-in fireplace that wouldn't be necessary for at least a couple of months. A muted gray tone gave life to the other walls—walls that were sparsely decorated with abstract art that gave nothing away about Enzo's personal life, about his character. The space was mid-century minimalism at its finest.

An oversized picture window at the front of the house overlooking the quaint postage-stamp front yard provided a nice view of the vivid splashes of greens and

browns that painted the world outside: cut blades of grass and leafy plants and overgrown bushes and large old oak trees. The garden district was quieter and more stately than bustling Spruce Street, where the majority of my clients lived towering above this older, more historic slice of the neighborhood.

Unhooking the leash from Rocco's harness and unclipping the clasp that kept it secured around his chest, I allowed him to step out and prance over to his water bowl in the kitchen. The silky tufts of black and white fur that dangled from his belly bounced back and forth as he strode. He lapped and lapped as though he hadn't had a drop in days.

Rocco's an English springer spaniel, almost three years old, and usually my last walk of the day. Enzo, Rocco's owner, tended to work late hours—later than most of my clients, anyway; eleven to seven rather than nine to five. When he asked me if I could manage a four o'clock time slot, it was music to my ears. Most prospective clients wanted their companions walked between the hours of eleven and two. Even pack walkers could only accomplish so much in such a tight time frame.

I didn't pack walk. I'd been walking dogs full-time for four years, long enough to know that walking even two dogs that weren't well trained at the same time could be a struggle, let alone five or six.

My mom had been asking me what my future was going to look like for the last two years, and honestly, I didn't know. It's the future, I kept telling her. No one could possibly know what it's going to look like. I graduated from Georgia State in the spring with a degree in marketing and no fucking clue what to do with it. Even less of a clue about what I wanted to do with it.

Walking dogs suited me just fine. Eight thirty-minute walks a day allowed me to pay the rent on my small studio apartment. It covered the bills. It put food on the table. Anything on top of that—extra walks, overnight stays with pets while their owners

traveled, watering plants, house-sitting—was play money, travel funds, a deposit into a savings account.

Enzo's house was nice. It was the kind of place owned by someone who knew what they wanted to do with their degree before they graduated. Someone who got offer letters from Fortune 500 companies before tossing their cap. Someone with an understated sense of style and a bank account with no history of overdraft fees. It was the kind of place one could host parties and backyard barbecues and raise a family.

Only, Enzo was single, as far as I could tell. There were three bedrooms, two of which looked like they'd never been used. Only one toothbrush stood in the toothbrush holder in his bathroom. There were no photos featuring significant others hanging on the walls or occupying frames on end tables or dotting the mantel over the fireplace. There was usually only one soiled bowl and one ringed coffee cup sitting in the sink from breakfast waiting to be washed after a long day of work.

I'd only met him once—a year ago when I had my initial meet-and-greet with Rocco. I assumed he had just moved into the neighborhood or his previous walker had gotten a full-time job or moved away. The meeting lasted all of ten minutes. Enough time for me to get a feel for Rocco's temperament. Enough time for Enzo to show me where Rocco's leash was kept, where his toys were stored, and where his food was tucked away in the pantry. Enough time for him to gauge my experience and judge my character. To establish the most basic of rapports in a professional relationship.

Enzo didn't reveal too much about himself in those ten minutes. He was a man of few words—quiet, serious, maybe even shy—asking only necessary questions and giving me only the information I needed to navigate his home and walk his dog. I couldn't tell if he was straight or gay or undecided, and he offered me nothing to make my assumption any easier. I got the feeling that small talk wasn't his thing. I was fine with that. He was a client to me and nothing more.

He must have just gotten home from work when I'd met him that evening a year ago. He wore black slacks that hugged his firm ass snugly and a gray-and-white checked button-up that fit him well. It led me to believe he kept himself in shape. He was attractive—maybe even hot—but nothing in particular drew me to him at that moment. The meeting was strictly business.

Rocco continued drinking until his bowl ran almost dry, sloppy strings of drool swirling in the otherwise clear water. He then traipsed down the hallway toward the primary bedroom at the back of the house—Enzo's room—where he usually hung out when Enzo wasn't home, lounging on a large plush dog bed in the corner. I cleaned his bowl and refilled it with filtered water, then followed him to Enzo's room so I could close him in before heading home for the evening. I needed to clean up so I could meet some friends for dinner and drinks later.

When I entered the room, the door to Enzo's bathroom was wide open and the light was switched on. The sight wasn't that strange. It was just that Enzo rarely left any lights on in the house when he departed for work. Something tugged at me. A feeling inside that told me I should check to make sure everything was alright. I don't know why. It was simply a light left on in a bathroom. But at that moment, I felt I should investigate, or at the very least, turn the light off.

Something caught my attention as I rounded his bed and approached the bathroom, though; something that should have been inconspicuous. Something I should have breezed past and forgotten about moments later, but for some reason, caught my eye. Just next to the bathroom was a walk-in closet. And just next to the walk-in closet was a wicker laundry hamper, lid closed over the cream-colored cloth bag that lined it. And wedged between the basket and the lid was an elastic strap, white and interesting and full of intrigue in its meaninglessness.

I don't know what snapped in my brain at that moment, but I froze. I forgot about the stupid light in the bathroom. Rocco absent-mindedly licked at his paw, focused

completely on the task at hand, oblivious to my presence. Everything else in the room just disappeared: the bed, the art on the walls, even Rocco. The only thing that existed was that hamper. And the elastic strap hypnotized me, drew me into some sort of cultish trance. Colors and shapes melded around me, eventually forming a tunnel that led directly to the hamper. Like a tractor beam. Like I was on some sort of eroticized acid trip.

It was as though X had marked the spot and my insatiable greed had gotten the best of me. Danger could be lurking around the corner. I might stumble upon some sort of counter-offensive, enemy forces leading me to an ambush. It could be booby-trapped, the treasure chest I'd just discovered. But I also didn't care. Some sort of daze had settled in around me, my expression vacant, my eyes glazed over.

I shook myself out of it, literally shaking my head from side to side to break free from whatever pull that strap had on me. A digital clock on the bedside table read 4:41. It was the middle of the workday for Enzo. He wouldn't be home for hours. Surely, Rocco wouldn't mind me hanging around for a few minutes. Enzo would be none-the-wiser if I just had a peek.

What am I doing? A peek at what? Enzo's laundry? What the fuck is wrong with me? I need to get the fuck out of here.

My brief attempt to reason with myself was of no use. Time seemed to lapse, and before I knew it, I found myself lifting the lid of the hamper to discover the rest of the jock that belonged to that elastic strap. That erotic-looking undergarment rested on a pile of Enzo's dirty laundry: towels, socks, underwear, T-shirts, jeans, dress clothes, gym shorts. Most of those items meant nothing to me. That jockstrap, however, was the focus of my attention. The only thing that kept me from moving, from bolting out of that house, from cursing myself, from pushing that weird desire into some dark closet in my brain and padlocking the door. A door that would inevitably be kicked at from the other side, forcing my undivided attention as that innocuous piece of apparel

begged for escape.

The white elastic straps, the gray pouch, that thick black line racing its way around the waistband, two thin red lines sandwiching it in. Even the size of the thing excited me: medium. Had anyone ever encountered such a wondrous size?

The jockstrap had been thrown into the hamper haphazardly, wadded up, the straps twisted and tired, lazing atop a pile of unwashed clothes, relegated to a mundane weekend chore. But I was an explorer and I had discovered the most beautiful fucking place ever discovered.

A genuine curiosity pecked at my brain—had he worn it recently? He must have since it was on top of the pile. Maybe this morning? During a workout? A jog around the park?

A tingle shot like an arrow from my brain to my cock, causing it to jump and swell in my underwear. I felt it thicken and press against my cutoff khaki shorts, a visible bulge surely forming as my slumbering member awoke, stretching and yawning, preparing to embark on another sexual journey.

Why was I so enthralled? Enzo was good-looking when I'd met him a year ago but I hadn't seen him since. I liked walking his dog. I liked being in his house. It made me feel... something. Pinpointing exactly what being in that space made me feel was difficult, though, and I tried not to give it much thought. But I liked the feeling it gave me.

And Enzo? He was simply an attractive client. He wasn't my first and likely wouldn't be my last. But he was nothing more.

But suddenly, Enzo was all I could think about. My brain sent pulses of electricity through my body as I stared at that jockstrap. I imagined Enzo jogging through the

neighborhood, lifting weights at the gym, doing push-ups or sit-ups or jumping rope in his backyard, all while wearing that jockstrap underneath a pair of slick gym shorts that hugged his frame and rode up and down his thighs with each movement.

His muscles flexing.

His meaty pecs bouncing.

Beads of sweat leaving salty trails of desire behind them as they coursed down his temples, his back, his tight abdomen.

Fuck. I had grown completely hard during my fantasy; a level of firmness that would require assistance to dissipate. That would necessitate a release to retract.

I wondered if I should touch it, that jockstrap. I knew I shouldn't. It was an impulse. And the question wasn't whether I should or not, it was simply a matter of whether I could get away with it without Enzo finding out. Without feeling the guilt that would surely meet me later, the guilt that would come from lusting over—from handling—another guy's worn jockstrap. A steady client of mine, no less.

I looked back to the clock on this bedside table. 4:43. I'd been staring at the thing for two minutes, frozen in some kind of sexual trance. I felt like a kid in a candy store. A kid who was trying to get away with swiping a handful of something sweet while the shopkeeper was busy with another customer.

This is stupid, I thought. I know I'm going to touch it. Just fucking do it already.

My mind had been made up. I had only been hesitating in hopes that I would come to my senses, replace the lid, and walk away. But two minutes had passed—shit, three now—and I hadn't budged. I leaned the lid against the wall to prop it up. The position would make it easy to grab it and throw it back on top of the hamper if I actually

stopped to think about what I was doing. My hand reached out and grabbed the jockstrap quickly, as though I was hoping no one saw. I don't know why. Not a soul was around.

The pouch felt cool in my hand as I gently rubbed the fabric between my thumb and forefinger. It was made of a soft cotton-spandex blend that gave it the ability to stretch, to shift with the movement of a body. Enzo's body. Slightly damp at the edges, I panicked at the thought that it should probably be dry given how many hours Enzo should have been at work. Perhaps the lid of the hamper didn't allow for much airflow. Perhaps Enzo had gone in to work late.

My dick stretched and punched at the fly of my shorts, looking for a way out, hoping to find comfort in freedom. It pulsed with excitement at the thought of Enzo's cock being trapped inside the same jockstrap I was currently fondling just hours earlier, his balls tight against the fabric of the pouch.

Reason flew the coop and my sick curiosity got the best of me once again. I brought the pouch to my face and inhaled, softly at first, quickly. I wasn't sure what I would encounter and I wasn't sure if I would like it. The scent was light, an almost hollow musk dancing on the fabric. So, I went in again, inhaling more deeply as I brought the pouch closer to my face, touching it to my nose.

There it is , I thought. There's the thick, heady scent of a man between his legs .

It was a scent I wasn't sure I'd find at first, a scent I wasn't sure I wanted to find: sweat and masculinity and sex. I swear I could smell sex clinging to the fabric. My rigid hard cock relayed to my brain that I could, anyway.

Fuck, I was horny. And I was sniffing the dirty laundry of a client. A client to whom I'd never given much thought. Not until just that moment, when that client became the only thought I had in my mind. Those distant memories of his kind, angular face:

the laugh lines, the full head of hair newly graying at the temples, the sexy five o'clock shadow dotted with flecks of salt and pepper, clouded my head like a sandstorm. Memories a year old and probably outdated.

The rounded shape of his ass in those black slacks. Fuck.

And now, the way he smelled. That would be a new memory I'd carry with me. It would be the one that would put me over the edge the next time a heady release anxiously bounded across the horizon.

I couldn't stop. I didn't want to. I wanted him all over me. I wanted to be able to smell him on my face later that night when I was out with my friends, a naughty little secret keeping my dick hard and my mind racing with filthy thoughts during dinner. I wanted to lick my lips after taking a sip of my beer and taste him on me. I wanted to be able to sense him on me while I jerked off in my bed before falling asleep. I wanted to be able to picture him clearly; pushing his cock between my wet lips, provoking me, urging me to lick him, to taste him, to suck him. To swallow him.

I inhaled deeper, pressing his jockstrap to my face, imagining how it would feel to be fucked by him, for him to shove his cock into my...

"Stevie?" The voice that appeared from behind me was rugged but even, almost accusatory. It scared the shit out of me, shocked me into believing I'd imagined it. I hoped I had. Please, please let it have been my imagination. "What are you doing?"

Fuck.

Shit.

Holy motherfucking shit fuck.

My entire face turned red; cheeks set ablaze with rosy embers. I could feel my heart pounding in my ears. The room began to spin... quickly. I thought I might pass out. Then it slowed. I froze up, and sweat began to bead on my forehead and under my arms... again. Nervous energy coursed through my veins, doing anything it could to push itself from my body, from the tips of my fingers and the soles of my feet.

I dropped the jockstrap back into the hamper, doing my best to restrain my movements and conceal my guilt, and stood completely still. My back was to the door. Maybe he hadn't seen what I was doing. His voice had appeared from nowhere, after all. It had taken me a few seconds to even realize there was someone in the room with me. Well, in the doorway, watching me in his room, sniffing his jockstrap. But maybe he hadn't seen. What the hell was he doing home from work so early, anyway?

I wanted to fade away, to spontaneously combust, to find an open window and hastily fling myself from the safety of his house. It was no longer a safe space for me. It had become a hostile battleground, a stately courtroom in which I sat exposed on the stand being interrogated with a string of litigious questioning, forced to incriminate myself.

Wait. The bathroom light. That's why I'd originally entered his bedroom in the first place. I'd pretend like I'd been turning the bathroom light off before unceremoniously tripping over the hamper on my way out, causing the lid and some of the contents to tumble to the floor below. That'd be plausible, right? Except the bathroom light was still on and I was standing over the open hamper like a jerk, like a stunned idiot, like a deer in fucking headlights.

I couldn't speak.

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:05 am*

“Stevie,” the voice addressed me again, this time demanding, searching for a clue as to what I might be doing in his bedroom, trying to work out some scenario for why I might be standing over his open laundry hamper. He was attempting to shake me from my stupor. There was a depth to his tone. His voice was deeper than I remembered it being three seconds ago, and certainly deeper than I remembered it being during our initial meeting. His tone carried what few words had been spoken with some combination of confusion and unease, maybe even a twinge of anger.

That’s it , I thought. I’m going to be fired. And as soon as word got out around the neighborhood about what I’d been up to, no one else would even think of hiring me . I’d have to move, change my appearance, maybe even my identity.

My mom would be thrilled to find out that I’d have to start searching for work in some other field—thrilled that I’d started taking my future seriously.

Ugh.

I couldn’t turn around. I couldn’t face him. The situation was too humiliating.

Rocco continued licking himself, unaffected, blithely unaware of Enzo’s presence. Lucky bastard.

“Stevie,” Enzo started, then paused, then started again, his tone easing slightly. “Is everything alright?”

He must have noticed my unease, my inability to move, to speak. I had to respond or he’d think I was having a stroke. I had to say something or do something or slam my

eyes shut and just hope to the gods above that I would disintegrate into thin air, a smoky mélange of captive blackbirds taking my place, finding their freedom as they desperately flapped away in a cloud of dust.

At some point, I realized I had no way out. I was going to have to fess up to what I had done, say goodbye to Rocco, hand Enzo the key to his house, and be on my pitiful way, feeling humiliated and inferior. With any luck, I'd never bump into him in the neighborhood.

"Uh..." I stammered. "Yeah. Sorry, I was just... uh..."

"Stevie," he interrupted, repeating my name for what felt like the tenth time.

"Yeah?" I finally turned, ashamedly glancing up to meet his eye, feeling the need to answer his every question, to obey him.

Fuck, he had only gotten hotter since I first met him. He'd hardly changed from what I remembered, but he suddenly had an authoritative quality about him. This time the slacks he wore were charcoal gray and his button-up lavender. His frame filled everything out nicely. His hair was cut short and purposefully mussed, the thick strands in front almost forming a widow's peak on his tanned forehead. He still had the five o'clock shadow and pulled it off well, giving him the effortless look of a sexy daddy, salt and pepper still decorating his face.

He couldn't have been any older than fifty, no younger than forty. Slight creases pulled at the corners of his eyes. It was the first time I'd really looked at him, seeing him as a man instead of just a client.

He stood still in the doorway, leaning against the doorframe, his head cocked to the side, a modest smile pulling at his lips. A slight bulge tented the front of his slacks. Was he hard or were his pants just too tight? Both things were reasonably possible. A

twinge of intrigue appeared on that modest smile. “You probably shouldn’t be going through people’s dirty laundry.”

Did he mean that figuratively or literally? In that situation, either definition could have applied. He spoke to me like a child. I guess I deserved it.

“I swear... it’s the first time. I’ve never...”

He chuckled. A shy grin finally rested atop his rugged jawline as I choked on my words, struggling to explain what I had been doing and why.

“Look,” Enzo interrupted. “I’m not mad.”

“You’re not gonna fire me?”

“No!” He said it emphatically, as if I were crazy for even asking.

A sigh of relief escaped me and I felt my shoulders finally relax. “I’m sorry. It won’t happen again. I’ll just get out of here and let you enjoy your weekend.”

I scurried around the bed and tried to squeeze past him in the doorway. He didn’t budge, forcing me to turn myself toward him to slide by sideways. He had five inches, forty pounds, and probably twenty years on me, and I suddenly felt like a child even without him speaking to me like one. As I passed by him, my crotch grazed his thigh. There was no way he didn’t feel my erection trapped in my shorts.

He suddenly turned to face me in the doorway. The expression on his face was hard to read as I glanced up into his eyes. It didn’t appear that he was angry, but more like some deviant streak had suddenly overtaken him, as though he’d been struck by lightning and the shock had unlocked a hidden desire in him, one that was driven by sexual hunger. Only, it was tempered by uncertainty, like it was the first time he’d

been in this situation and he wasn't exactly sure how to proceed.

"Or..." Enzo reached out and apprehensively grabbed my cock through my shorts, as if he were trying to confirm I was actually aroused. "You could help me enjoy my weekend."

Holy shit. Was this actually happening? I'd hooked up with plenty of guys in the past, but typically, I met them at bars while we were both on the prowl. It had never happened like this before. Never with a client. And the sex was usually pretty vanilla. Never had a guy caught me going through his laundry, sniffing his jockstrap, and then invited me to help him get off.

My voice cracked as I spoke. "That's what you want?"

"Yeah," he admitted through a cute, crooked grin. His hand was still on my cock and he gave it a quick squeeze, causing me to flex and expand in his grip. "Is it what you want?"

I quickly nodded my head. My mouth had gone dry. My throat had constricted. But I was finally able to speak with a feigned sense of confidence. "Yeah."

"Good," Enzo started, giving my cock another squeeze. "Then don't go."

My dick throbbed in his grasp and my mouth finally started to water. I wasn't sure exactly what to do or how to proceed.

"Rocco," he called, his eyes never leaving mine, his hand never leaving my crotch. "Living room."

Rocco, acknowledging Enzo for the first time since he'd arrived home, jumped from his bed and squeezed between our legs before traipsing down the hallway and into the

living room, probably to find a comfortable spot to sleep on the couch.

Enzo guided us into his bedroom, shutting the door behind us and stopping just short of the side of his bed. The room was quiet, and the French doors leading out to the back deck situated steps from the foot of the bed flooded the room with light. The backyard was fenced in for privacy. Leafy shrubs, tropical plants, and whimsical, towering rods of bamboo grew wild, not allowing for views from the neighbors if they'd tried. We were alone in his house. In his room. But I didn't feel trapped. I was nervous but not scared. Enzo was in control but he wasn't aggressive. At least, not in a way I didn't want him to be.

The smirk I glimpsed hidden beneath the surface on his otherwise stormy face gave me comfort. He was just as nervous about this as I was, but someone had to take control or we would have simply stared at each other until we died, our erections straining against our clothes, annoyed by our inability to act on our desires.

Maybe he'd wanted a piece of me since the day he hired me but didn't want to scare me off, didn't want to risk losing a good dog walker for Rocco. Maybe he was just horny. I no longer cared. He wanted me and I most certainly wanted him. The opportunity had presented itself. What the fuck were we waiting for?

We stood facing each other. Enzo placed his strong hands on my shoulders and applied some pressure, guiding me to my knees in front of him. It didn't take much convincing. His fingers were long and weighty, the tops of his hands lightly dusted with dark, wispy hairs. Deep veins protruded and cut paths along his flesh. His knuckles bulged with strength. I wasn't sure exactly what he did for a living now—only that he spent his days in an office—but he'd certainly worked with his hands at some point.

On my knees, I stared at the outline of his cock pressing into his slacks, desperately trying to escape, snaking around whatever it was confined in underneath. I looked up

into Enzo's eyes and licked my lips. I couldn't help it. I'd lost any control I may have once had over my actions.

He palmed the back of my head—my sandy-brown hair cut short and sort of parted to one side, not styled but naturally tousled—and pulled me into his crotch, holding me against him. His length jumped at my presence, twitching and flexing against my flushed cheek. I inhaled, hoping to get another whiff of his innate maleness, another hit off his jockstrap. But the fabric of his dress pants smelled laundry-fresh. I certainly didn't mind the scent of spring rain or fresh linen, but my mind was spinning, wondering what treasures lay underneath. A quick moan fell from between his lips at my touch.

His package felt hefty, tightly confined in layers of fabric that weren't doing either of us any favors, acting as needless barriers to a sexual playground I'd rather explore in all its glory, free of costume and pageantry.

Enzo apparently had the same idea. "Take off your shirt," he huffed, one hand rubbing at the thickness of this thigh and the other grasping one of his pecs firmly. He seemed almost embarrassed telling me what to do, as though he might say the wrong thing. As if such an off-putting phrase existed at that moment.

I did as I was told, swiftly raising my arms and grasping at the back of my shirt collar, pulling at the fabric and yanking it over my head with one forceful tug before wadding it in my fist and tossing it to the floor. The cool air in the room whipped at my exposed flesh—taut on my slight frame and clammy from a day of walking dogs in the unforgiving sun—hardening the brown of my petite nipples. The afternoon rays poured into the room from the west, shadowing the slight definition around my pecs, my abs, the V-lines of my obliques.

Enzo licked his lips as I looked up into his eyes, eager for his direction and awaiting his next command, curious about what I'd be doing next. "And your shorts."

Done. I unbuckled my belt, unbuttoned and unzipped my shorts, and stood long enough to push them down my thighs and kick them off along with my socks and sneakers. Two wet spots dotted the heather-gray fabric just under the band of my briefs, making small Vs on either side of the base of my cock that tented the front of them. It had been a hot fucking day spent running around the neighborhood walking dog after dog, and I had broken a sweat.

For a moment, I almost cared about not being at my freshest. But then again, I'd just had my nose buried in the pouch of Enzo's sweaty jockstrap when he'd been turned on enough to proposition me, so I guess I didn't have too much to worry about in the way of his judgment.

"Those too," he continued, motioning to the only article of clothing still covering my body with a nod of his head.

I peeled out of my briefs, kicking them over to the pile of clothing I'd already discarded, revealing myself to him, the sheen of sweat covering my frame still cooling, basking in the goodness of the air-conditioning. The head of my hard cock bounced up against my stomach, standing at full attention, and my balls hung loose between my thighs as I fell back to my knees and buried my face in his crotch.

"Jesus, you're beautiful," he said, leaning his head back to enjoy the feeling of my face against his trapped cock. As much as I appreciated it, I didn't need the encouragement or the validation. All I really needed was his dick in my mouth or buried in my hungry hole. This man had made me needy, even desperate, for him. Never had I been so overtaken by my desire.

Sex had always been fine. It was good with some guys. With others, it was just alright. But it had always just been sex. Nothing more. But with Enzo? I was suddenly experiencing need. I had a need to please the man in front of me and there was an underlying urgency behind every action taken, behind every word spoken.

Enzo unfastened his belt and unhooked the button of his slacks, unzipping them slowly before pushing his wrinkled shirt tails out of the way and revealing the white cotton pouch of a jockstrap with matching white straps and waistband, a thin purple stripe cutting through the center of it. Thick dark hair curled out from underneath, blanketing his upper thighs. A less dense patch of hair curled upward over the waistband, as though he regularly trimmed his pubes but it had been a while since his last manscaping session.

His body looked so different than mine. A small patch of pubic hair grew above my cock and around my balls that I normally kept trimmed. Below that, a few hairs feathered out between my legs and up the crack of my ass. I kept all of that trimmed down as well. A meager treasure trail worked its way up my lower abdomen to my navel where it then faded into smooth skin the rest of the way up. Enzo was clearly hairy, and his body turned me on even more because of it.

He grabbed the back of my head with care and pressed my face into his crotch again, my nose working itself into the crease where the pouch met his thigh. Even after what I assumed was a morning shower post-workout, the day had found him. Whether he sat at a desk, paced a boardroom, or fidgeted in a hot car all day, whether he braved the dense heat while walking to the train station or plowed through a thick cloud of humidity while trekking home from his office, the sweet remnants of the day—of a light musk percolating between his legs—filled my nostrils. I inhaled him intently and he pulled me deeper into him, offering me more of his subtle deliciousness.

“So, this is what you like, Stevie?” It wasn’t really a question. “You like the smell of a man between his legs?”

I looked up at him from my kneeling position, almost drooling, meeting his blue-green irises and speaking honestly. “Not until today. Not until you.”

“Fuck, that’s so hot,” he admitted, chuckling, the wheels of discovery turning in his

head. The fact that he could have that effect on me turned him on.

I pushed my face back into him, inhaling as though I were huffing paint. The pouch was so tight on him, filled to the brim with an abundance of his manhood, and I wondered why he decided to wear a jockstrap to work that day. Did he do that every day? For practical reasons? To decrease the chance of visible lines under his slacks, lines that might be drawn by a pair of briefs? Did he like the way a jockstrap felt? Did it make him feel exposed? Sexy? Erotically... mischievous?

I couldn't get enough of my deviant thoughts, but Enzo was clearly eager for more. He let go of my head and yanked the waistband of his jockstrap down over himself, revealing a semi-hard, thick, uncut cock that bounced up and slapped against the bottom of my chin, the foreskin completely covering the rounded head. It looked heavy and full. And so did his furry sack. The underside of his hefty cock peeled itself away from his balls as it grew firmer.

I wanted him in my mouth, but he needed to get out of those tight pants so he could get himself into a more comfortable position. Once he'd discarded them, once he'd haphazardly kicked them off along with his jockstrap, leaving them to wrinkle on top of the pile of clothes I'd already shed, he sat down on the bed and beckoned me between his legs. His cock was growing hard, but it was so heavy that it just sort of bounced and rested on his balls.

My own cock, which had always seemed pretty average before, looked like a child's next to his, but I didn't fucking care. He didn't fucking care. He thought I was beautiful. Besides, this wasn't about me. Enzo needed to be pleased.

Approaching him, I allowed my tongue to gently touch the tip, licking at his retracting foreskin as his dick grew firmer and firmer. A moan slipped through Enzo's lips as he relaxed onto his bed, his forearms propping him up as the balls of his large feet barely touched the floor. I could tell he wanted to look at me, to watch

me as I sucked the head of his cock between my hungry lips, but his head fell back on his neck with the potent sensation of pleasure, his lips parted, his breathing heavy with anticipation.

Maybe it had been a while since he'd last gotten off. He seemed like the type of guy who could get whatever he wanted from whomever he wanted, whenever he wanted it. But maybe he'd been there and done that. Perhaps he'd started looking for something more but happened to stumble upon an opportunity he simply couldn't resist when he spied his dog walker desperately sniffing his dirty jockstrap. Maybe he was just horny. So was I. I mean, I wasn't. But as soon as I inhaled his glorious scent—sweat and sex and maleness—there was no turning back. Perhaps we'd both stumbled into something that simply couldn't have been avoided.

The feeling of his flesh on my tongue was intense, the taste pleasant and erotic, the smell of his pubic hair clean but full—warm. The remnants of the day lingered on him, the musk of his sweat strong but sweet. Enzo smelled of a man, every bit of him virile and masculine and earthy and perfect.

I worked my way down his length, tasting every inch of him as I attempted to swallow him whole and take him into my throat. At first, I gagged and had to pull off for a moment.

“Easy,” he offered, seeming concerned about my well-being, reaching for the back of my head with his hand but never quite making contact. “Take your time.”

But I was determined. He had finally grown as firm as he would grow, as hard as a man his size could become. So, I got on my knees and went back down on him, swallowing hard and breathing through my nose as I took him into me.

“That's it,” he moaned. “Swallow that cock. Good boy.”

Fuck. My dick twitched as soon as the words emerged from his mouth and hovered in the air above us. I was nervous that I would come too quickly, that the moment would be over too soon, so I grabbed the base of my cock and squeezed, determined to get him off before I came.

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:05 am*

“Keep going, Stevie. That feels so good.”

Shit. Every word he said rippled through me like a sweet shock wave and made me feel like I would lose my load. What was it about his voice saying dirty things to me that I couldn’t handle?

I started sucking his cock more aggressively, using my free hand for assistance in stimulating him, deep-throating with each forward motion, massaging his balls with my hand and the tip of his cock with my tongue. I wanted to get him off. I wanted to taste him. To feel him explode in my mouth.

Enzo had other ideas, though. “Wait. Lower.” He pulled at the base of his cock like it was a fishing line he was trying to reel in.

“Oh, fuck,” I mumbled as I spat him out and buried my face between his legs, pulling his heavy sack into my watering mouth with my tongue, my hands resting on his muscled thighs as he slowly jerked his dick in front of my face. The sensations running through my body were so intense. I couldn’t afford to touch my own cock any longer. I was afraid I would explode.

“Yes,” he moaned. “Bury your head between my legs. Lick my fucking balls. You fucking love the taste of my sweaty sack, don’t you?”

The words sounded almost silly coming from him. It was as though he’d never talked dirty during sex before and wasn’t sure if what he was saying was right or not. But damn it if he didn’t make the words work. And he wasn’t really asking. But I did—I fucking loved it.

Enzo's head rolled back and forth on his neck as he moaned and pumped his cock with his fist, stealing glances at my face buried between his legs. "Get up here," he commanded out of nowhere as he unbuttoned his shirt and tore it off, exposing his hairy chest, his fur-covered abdomen, those biceps and forearms that he'd clearly worked hard on.

I stood... at attention. Every part of me. Especially my cock, which was leaking with excitement. Enzo lifted his left arm and grabbed me, pulling me in face-first to his armpit. He rubbed my face all over his exposed pit, forcing me to inhale the scent of the day on him. Fuck, it was hot. I inhaled deeply, huffing his scent, using my tongue to pull his manly essence into me. Had he not worn deodorant to work? Had he been so bold? And why?

I didn't fucking care.

Once he was satisfied with the job I'd done, the cleaning I'd given him, he lifted his other arm and shoved me over, forcefully pushing me into him once again. I tried grabbing my cock out of habit but he playfully smacked my arm away, showing me who was in charge, making it clear that it was up to him when I would be allowed to come.

For someone who'd acted like such a novice at first, Enzo sure seemed to be picking up the role of the dominant daddy pretty quickly.

"Stand up," he demanded. "Bend over."

Again, I did what I was told, leaning my forearms into the bed and spreading my legs as Enzo stood and positioned himself behind me. I knew exactly what was coming and I had no intention of refusing it.

"You want this dick?" I looked back and saw him holding his firm cock, waving it,

almost presenting it to me.

“Yes,” I moaned, my hole practically begging to be filled, almost winking at him.

“Where do you want it?”

Fuck. I wanted to tell him that he could put it anywhere he wanted to, but I knew the answer he was looking for. “Put it in my ass. Fill my hole. Fuck me, Enzo.”

“That’s right,” he cooed, gently running his palm down my side, from my chest to my thigh, before cupping one of my cheeks in his hand. I could hear the deviance in his voice, in his tone. It dripped from his tongue like sweet venom. “I know that’s where you want it. But I need you to understand something.”

“What?” I begged.

“I’ll put it wherever I want. Because I know your little secret.”

Oh, fuck. A bead of precome squeezed its way from my slit as my dick twitched again. Enzo was blackmailing me as some sort of role-playing schtick and I was fucking getting off on it. I didn’t remember ever having been this hard. My dick was so rigid—the flesh pulled so tight—that its length pressed against my stomach as it pointed straight up.

He bent down behind me and shoved his face into my crevice, licking, huffing, lubing me up with his saliva. His tongue slid roughshod over every nook and cranny, every little muscled ridge taken care of, sending shock waves through my body.

“Oh, fuck. Eat my hole, Enzo. It’s so hungry for your cock. I need you inside me.”

I had never been vocal in bed, but Enzo had awakened something in me. He’d

unleashed a filthy, dirty side of me that had to have been buried somewhere beneath the surface. Over the span of thirty significant minutes, I had gone from a fairly vanilla guy to some naughty little slut, all from the sight of my client's jockstrap. What the hell was happening to me?

Enzo licked and sucked and penetrated me, reaching depths I didn't think possible with a tongue. He spit and then massaged the natural lube into my hole with a finger, then two. It hurt, but I was so hungry. I'd get past the fucking pain.

"Don't worry, buddy. You'll get my cock." Fuck, he was giving me a pep talk. He fucking knew how greedy I'd grown. How greedy my hole had become. "But first, get over here and taste yourself on me."

Anything. Absolutely anything for this guy.

I turned my head over my shoulder and Enzo covered my frame with his weight, holding himself up over me with his strong arms. His mouth met mine, licking my lips, me licking his, our tongues intertwining as we shared a sexy, erotic kiss.

Once Enzo was satisfied that I had gotten my fill, he bent down behind me and spat on my hole, then stood up and spat on his cock, rubbing it in with the palm of his hand. He positioned the tip of his thick cock at my opening, holding himself steady with one hand, holding me in place with the other, and applied pressure, more and more pressure each time I pushed out to try to accommodate him.

My body felt hot. The cool air had been sucked out of the room, replaced by the warm, stagnant air from outside. Did the air conditioner break? Had the power gone out? It couldn't have. That fucking bathroom light was still on. Jesus, the room felt so hot.

No, it was just me. My God, he was big. Beads of sweat formed on my forehead and

trickled down my cheeks as I tried to focus.

No, focusing wasn't working. I needed to transport myself somewhere else until I got used to his size.

Either way, I was determined to take him.

I shut everything off: my mind, my nerves, the beating of my heart. Nothing moved until Enzo had pushed his way inside of me. Until I had accepted him completely. For a moment, the world went black and I was transported back to some ice age in which everything was still and silent. Only, it felt like the depths of hell, flames burning bright and hot inside of me. But I forced myself back into the moment, suppressing the pain. I had to.

He stayed still for a moment, allowing me time to adjust, allowing my body time to start working again. Allowing me to feel his pubes brushing against my ass. I almost didn't hear him ask if I was alright. Not until I felt his hand gently grip my shoulder.

"I'm okay. Just give me a minute."

Had it been that long since I'd bottomed? It sure felt like it had but I couldn't process time in my current state.

Eventually, I took in a breath of air and my heart began beating. My mind focused on how completely Enzo was stretching my hole. The fullness of him inside of me. The goodness of the moment. I was sweating, almost profusely, but breath flowed through me like a river cutting its way through a deep ravine.

Enzo started to move. And he grabbed my waist with a tight grip. And he moaned as he fucked himself into me. He moaned with each thrust. The thrusts were easy at first, slow and sensitive. But I needed more. I grabbed the back of his thigh and pulled him

into me, letting him know he could get to work. He read my signal like the pages of a book.

And he fucked me. From behind. He fucked me while I leaned over his bed, breathing in the fresh scent of his linens, sensing the inherent masculinity of Enzo's body pushing into me from behind.

The way he slid himself into me while blanketing me with his weight was intoxicating. Enzo's strokes were smooth and intentional, and his arms wrapped around my frame as he fucked himself into me. The coarse hair on his chest tickled my back at first, but eventually, I was consumed by him, overtaken by the strength of his body. His lips met the space between my shoulder blades repeatedly as he fucked me.

This dominant-daddy thing came and went with him. The roles were obviously new to both of us. I was happy in my current submission but I could have turned it off had he wanted me to. It was him that I wanted. Not a character.

The room finally started to feel like it had reached a reasonable temperature again, the depths of that hedonistic hell banished back to the center of the earth, yet we both continued sweating as he pushed me onto the bed with his body, with his length still buried inside me. His thighs spread wide, and he wrapped me up in him as we fucked.

A dick in my ass had never felt so good. Usually, there was some pain, some discomfort, a semblance of gratification, of contentment. But with Enzo, the way he held me, the way he was protecting me as he dominated me, the way he gave himself to me, there was an ecstasy that built inside of me. I felt stretched but comforted, used but fulfilled. Whole and complete and wanted and accomplished and deviant and content. I felt fucking perfect with him inside of me, with his body holding mine.

Enzo pressed me down further onto the bed. He spread my body out underneath him

and laid himself on top of me as he rocked himself in and out, over and over. He pinned my legs to the bed, holding my arms down and threading his fingers between mine, planting kisses on the back of my neck, tonguing the beads of sweat that formed on my back, taking me into him as much as I'd taken him into me.

It wasn't long after he'd gotten me into that position that I could feel Enzo's orgasm rising, his breaths becoming shallower, his words more stunted and urgent, his body tensing around me. As much as I wanted this to go on for longer, I wasn't going to be able to hold back my release. I had been close to coming before he ever entered me. The only thing that had stopped me was Enzo taking control of my hands. But even that wasn't proving useful now.

His cock driving into me deeper and deeper with each thrust was making it hard to control myself even without the use of my hands. Fuck, he felt good inside me.

"I'm... getting... close," he managed between breaths.

"I know," I said, clenching myself around him. "Me too."

One, two, three more thrusts of his cock into me was all it took before he let me go and pulled out. I didn't want him to. I would have taken him. But I wasn't going to argue. Not then. I simply needed him to do what came naturally to him. Whatever that was.

I eased up onto my knees and turned to look over my shoulder again, winking my hole at him once more as he gripped his cock and aimed it at my opening.

"Fuck!" he shouted as he let go. I felt his load spill out over me, onto me, into me, dripping down my legs before something came over him and he shoved himself back inside of me.

I gasped as I gripped my cock and felt my load spill out onto his comforter, hedonistic moans falling from my lips. I hoped he wouldn't be upset. There was such a force behind the release I could almost hear the first shot hit the bed, followed by two more strong volleys, then dribble after dribble as I squeezed and shook my insistently hard cock, tensing and releasing from the shock.

Eventually, I fell to the bed and turned onto my back, releasing Enzo's cock from the clutch of my hole. Enzo turned and fell onto the bed beside me. I looked over at him and started to laugh. Then, he started to laugh, probably from a combination of gratified pleasure and the sheer awkwardness of our situation.

Trails of perspiration poured down his chest and matted the fur that covered him. Even the hair in his pits was slick with sweat. He'd worked hard for his reward, and there was something so inherently manly about him. His chest rose and fell with heavy breaths before he composed himself and turned to look at me, his expression changing to one of concern.

"I'm sorry. I hope I didn't take advantage of you."

"No," I blurted out as I pushed myself onto my elbows. "No. I mean, I was the one you caught... uh... yeah."

Suddenly, I was embarrassed again. Enzo chuckled.

"It's really alright. I have to admit... I found it kind of hot."

An unrestrained chuckle escaped me, then it turned into a shy smile. "Still, I was way out of line. And I promise I've never done anything like that before. I'm really sorry."

Enzo reached over and grabbed my arm, sort of caressing it. "I believe you, Stevie."

“Oh, okay. Good.”

An awkward pause hung in the air between us.

“I guess I’ll get going, then.”

The cute, almost nervous grin on his face faded away, and I immediately missed it.

“Oh. Okay.”

I got up from the bed and started gathering my clothes, pulling my underwear up my thighs and stepping into my shorts. Enzo looked like he wanted to say something but he wasn’t sure about it. The look in his eyes again made me wonder if he’d thought I was cute when he hired me. If maybe he’d liked something about me but never wanted to cross a line. Had I crossed that line for him? Had he wanted this all along?

I finished getting dressed as Enzo sat on the edge of the bed, still tripped up by his words, his deflating cock hanging between his thighs and a lonely dribble of abandoned white fluid dangling from the slit of his cock. In a moment, it would be swallowed up by his foreskin. A look somewhere between want and uncertainty was written on his face.

The discomfort of the moment was settling in around us. I felt misplaced, as though I had overstepped. Like the deed had been done and he wanted me out of his house.

“Alright, well, I hope you have a good weekend. I’ll be back to walk Rocco on Monday.”

“Sure,” he offered. “Thanks.”

I opened the door and turned to walk out before he finally found the courage to say what he must have been wanting to say the whole time. “Hey, Stevie...”

“Yeah?” I turned to look at him. He stood and approached me, resting his hand on the back of my neck, gripping it gently before dropping it to my shoulder, tracing the curve of my neck along the way. His touch made me weak, as though I might stumble and fall.

“Maybe we can do this again sometime?”

I smiled. “Yeah. I’d like that.”

Once he realized I was smiling, he smiled. “And maybe...” He trailed off. I looked him in those blue-green irises again, the ones that were as clear as pool water. His nervousness was intoxicating. “Maybe I could take you out sometime. To dinner?”

He then swooped in quickly and planted a kiss on my lips, sweet this time, full of want and hope and need. His proposition had shocked me. I could understand wanting to hook up again. Sex was easy. It was fun. But a date? What would this guy who clearly had a professional job and did alright for himself want with a dog walker with no foreseeable professional future?

He must have sensed my reticence, fumbling to locate the right words. “I think it’d be fun... to get to know you. You’re very kind. And sweet. And attractive. I’ve thought so since the first time I met you.”

“Uh...” I stumbled. Damn it, Stevie... find your words. “I didn’t know you felt that way. You just always seemed so—” A look of subdued disappointment appeared on his face. He thought I wasn’t interested. Shit. I immediately changed course. “Sure. Yeah. I’d like that.”

“Great.” He beamed, planting another soft kiss on my lips. “Tomorrow night?”

“Yeah.” I felt like such an idiot. I didn’t know what to say. But I wanted him. I

wanted Enzo. I wanted to be in his presence. In his space. I just couldn't figure out how to say it. "Sure."

No. That wouldn't do. It wasn't good enough. I needed to let him know that I was excited and that I wanted him to take me out on a date. Try again, Stevie! "I mean... that sounds nice. I'd love to."

"Great! I look forward to it."

We grinned at each other nervously, and a sweet innocence rested between us. It's funny how that can happen when two people who like each other have just had sex unexpectedly.

"And don't worry," he mentioned, sailing a devious smile my way. "Your secret's safe with me."

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:05 am*

God, I was horny. Like, the kind of horny that makes an otherwise reasonable person make stupid choices. The kind of horny that leads to mistakes being made. The kind of mistakes that can't be undone or fixed with a foot massage or a romantic dinner or even an all-expenses-paid trip to, I don't know, fucking Fiji or something.

I wouldn't dare make that kind of mistake. I had no desire to fuck up my relationship with my boyfriend or destroy the life we'd spent the last seven years building together. A comfortable life in a nice building in a nice neighborhood that Frankie and I wouldn't even have been able to dream about when we'd first met.

My family didn't have nice things when I was a kid growing up in a run-down building across from the projects in Spanish Harlem. We had a permanent hole in the wall from the time my pops implanted his fist in it after a stupid fight with my ma. We had dishes and utensils that didn't match, some of them plastic—and warped after being washed in water that was too hot. A lot of them found their way into our apartment in plastic takeout bags from the Chinese restaurant down the block. We had a TV that didn't work half the time, an open window to a fire escape that served as an air conditioner in the summer, and the occasional pet roach that managed to find its way into what it must have assumed was some kind of poorly run hostel.

Frankie's childhood was similar, if not slightly more charmed. He grew up on the other side of the city, in what felt to me like far-flung Brooklyn. His building was in Bushwick and he had a live-in super. To me, that seemed like a high-end amenity. His family's utensils were all made of metal and their cockroaches were more like occasional nuisances than live-in pets. His pops hadn't beat on his ma, but then, his pops hadn't really been around to beat on anyone.

Frankie and I didn't know each other as kids. We never would have run into one another outside of maybe a random Saturday night excursion to Coney Island to cause trouble with friends. And we probably never would have met had we not ended up in the same bar in Chelsea seven years ago, a bar that's not even around anymore. But he scoped me out waiting on line for a drink, and I caught him checking out my ass from the corner of my eye. I tossed him a confident snicker and a coy smile.

We spent the rest of that night together bonding over growing up poor and sharing plans about our respective futures, strategies to work our ways up in the world, to make sure we never ended up on the brink of poverty again.

We made something of ourselves, Frankie and me. We'd scraped our way out of hopeless desperation—out of the dilapidation that surrounded us in our youth—and went to college, working our ways up at jobs that would have never given either of us a chance thirty years ago. It took both of us fifteen years, the last seven of those working as a team, but we finally made a nice life for ourselves.

I work as a project manager for a high-end tech company, one of those buzzword-friendly start-ups that grew too big too fast, went public, and got eaten up by a tech giant. It's the type of place that changes its mind about strategies every three months, causing its entire workforce to shift course on their projects right in the middle of completion. It's frustrating but manageable, and as long as I hang around for a while and let my stock options vest, we'll be set.

Frankie works in real estate development and travels to jobsites often, sometimes for weeks on end. Spending so much time away from one another hasn't been ideal, but he likes what he does and makes good money. It hasn't broken us yet. But it's the reason I'm so fucking horny now.

The kind of horny that might get me in trouble if I weren't so committed.

The kind of horny that had me checking out the ass of the hot guy standing on the line in front of me for coffee. It wasn't the first time I'd seen him in the coffee shop I frequent on my way to the office, but that didn't matter. I'd never spoken to him outside of a cordial head nod and a how's it goin'? And I probably never would.

He was tall and built—not too built—and filled out the seafoam-green polo he wore nicely. The sleeves hugged his biceps and the fabric tapered in slightly at his torso. The hem was untucked and rested just below his narrow waist. His fitted gray slacks were tight—not too tight—and framed his perfectly round ass like a shimmering fucking halo on the head of an angel.

My cock plumped in my briefs when those high, tight cheeks shifted as he stepped forward with the movement of the line. I'd had to wear tight briefs. I was too horny to walk around the office in anything looser and more comfortable. The dire threat of an inappropriate and embarrassing visible erection in my pants at work forced me into restriction.

It hardly mattered. Even within the confines of my underwear, the outline of my firming cock displayed itself proudly, a hardening bulge pointing at the man in front of me, leading me in vain to the insincere possibility of release.

As I licked my lips, my cock grew and strained against the fabric to the point it ached. I wanted to take him right there in the coffee shop, that man I only knew in passing; the one that could be straight but seemed to be flaunting his ass in my face as he stepped forward. I wanted to push him against the refrigerated display case from behind, pull his dumb shirt over his head, and lick my way down his back. I wanted to yank those stupid slacks down his thighs and bury my face between his firm cheeks. I wanted to fuck him, to ease myself into him again and again while I used my hands to steady myself on his shoulders until that beautiful, familiar feeling welled up inside of me and brought me to the point of blissful explosion.

I was so horny I wanted to claim him.

I didn't even know his name.

Minor, insignificant detail.

The daydream in which I'd been lost for God knows how long fizzled like a can of carbonated soda left out and ignored as the cashier motioned to me. My nameless friend had ordered and moved to the side to wait for his drink to be prepared while I fantasized about taking him over the display case. My cock pushed uncomfortably against the fabric of my pants and I quickly stepped forward to conceal my noticeable bulge from the cashier behind the counter.

My cock ached. It had been hard for days with no relief. It felt like what I imagined taffy on a pull felt like, stretched and strained and distended. When I woke up in the morning, I was hard. When I went to bed at night, I was hard. And I remained hard for almost every activity in between: the gym, the subway ride to work, eating dinner, watching TV. The stiffness between my legs waxed and waned, but never fully dissipated. Not completely.

For the last few days, I had been eyeballing every guy on Ninth Avenue with a cute smile, with nice eyes, with a bubble butt or a bulge that probably shouldn't have been in plain view. Hell, they didn't even have to be attractive. Maybe they made a simple gesture that should have seemed completely innocent, as innocuous as stretching their arms above their head on the corner while waiting for the traffic to stop so they could cross the street. Or hailing a cab. But in making those gestures, their shirts would rise with the movements of their bodies to expose defined abs or inviting V-lines dusted with unruly fur. Those gestures appeared so masculine, so rugged, that I couldn't help but notice.

Guys on the subway with their legs stretched out scrolling through their phones, guys

playing handball at the court at the park, guys simply walking to work, guys hosing down the sidewalks outside of apartment buildings, guys hanging on to the backs of fucking garbage trucks as they barreled down the street... all of them had appeal. All of them had some sort of power over my brain when I'd gone without sex for so long.

Work would serve as a needed distraction today. I was in no headspace to actually get anything done, but I could sit at my desk and stare aimlessly at my computer screen to make it look like I was busy with something very important while mindlessly responding to pointless emails and signing off on expense reports and requests for time off. My desk would conceal my perpetual erection from my coworkers—from my team. Besides, it was a Friday in August. Our European clients, the ones toward which this current project was geared, would all be off on holiday to the beach or the mountains or wherever the fuck our European counterparts spent their summers while we wasted away in dull, frigid office spaces.

And Frankie would be home tonight after three long weeks in Mexico City where he'd been working out the final details of a multi-use high-rise build that would be breaking ground next month. He'd been supervising the planning of the project for what seemed like a year, and it would finally be seeing the light of day soon. He'd be in a good mood. He'd also be on a plane for much of the day with not much work to get done. That would allow his mind a lot of free time to wander, to think about the deviant things he wanted to do to me, to fantasize about exactly how he wanted to use my body when he got home.

That was our game. When Frankie was away, I wasn't allowed to play. I wasn't afforded the luxury of getting off. His dominion over my cock—even from thousands of miles away—excited him. I could look at porn, I could fantasize about anything I wanted to, I could even touch myself. I just wasn't allowed to come.

We had stopped short of chastity, but it wouldn't have made a difference. The outcome was the same. I'd be hard up, horny as hell, and unable to do anything about

it. Nothing to release the pressure, nothing to cut the tension that ran through me like subway trains in the tunnels underneath the city: grating and shrill and painfully unpredictable, but constant. It felt as though every hormone that should have been expelled from my body during ejaculation had simply seeped back into my tissues and nerves, multiplying in intensity and stimulating my sex drive even more, spiking my anxiety in the best kind of way.

The desire to get off without the ability to do so made me desperate and willing to submit to anything Frankie wanted when he returned from a trip. There was a freedom so powerful in denying myself a sexual release, one that bred feelings of accomplishment and pride and desire beyond belief. One that allowed me to access dark recesses of my mind, places that weren't navigable when daily orgasms were an option. They were too far beyond the scope of a sexually satisfied brain, buried too deep to be chipped away at by someone with no need, no drive. These places were considered forbidden by most; pockets of sexual deviance that weren't meant for the faint of heart. Dark tunnels that were only traversed by those so denied, so full of need for something they simply weren't allowed to have, that they were perpetually damp and dusted in cobwebs, speakeasy-like in their clandestine prohibition.

It wasn't so bad when Frankie traveled for only a few days at a time. A week wasn't even unreasonable. I could handle that. In fact, the wait could be kind of fun. A pleasantly erotic sense of control could be triggered by denying oneself a release with a clear end date to the lascivious torment. But by the time week two of this current trip had come to an end, the waiting had become excruciating. I was hungry for my boyfriend's touch, for his kiss, for his cock. Week three had been nothing short of torture, a sick, crushing game of restless sexual repression. And these last few days, the game had been taking an emotional toll on me.

But those were the rules. I'd agreed to them. And I loved them.

And now, I was so sexually charged for his return that I wasn't sure I could wait. I

had to. I needed to. But it was hard. Nearly as hard as my dick.

Frankie and I spoke daily when he traveled. We'd discuss work and the events of the day; things I'd seen on the streets of New York and things he wished he could show me in whichever city he happened to be working. We'd remind one another how much we loved each other, how much we missed the other's touch. But while Frankie had free rein to jerk off in the shower or pleasure himself before bed each night, he made it a daily point to confirm that I had not spilled any seed, that I had not succumbed to the filthy thoughts he knew I was having about him. Frankie made sure that my eventual orgasm would only arrive in his presence.

Frankie owned my pleasure.

An insatiable appetite for sex had overtaken my thoughts the last few days, pushing logic and reason to their breaking points. I thought I might be going insane when I got a quick whiff of the coffee shop guy's cologne and nearly came without touching myself, packed tightly away in my briefs, in front of everyone in the café. I may have even shuddered at the daydream of his scent wafting over me as he fucked me in his bed, my legs hooked over his shoulders, his sturdy hands gripping my chest, the sweat from his forehead crashing against my skin with each powerful thrust.

Hard. Like cymbals at the symphony orchestra deftly promulgating a crescendo.

Fuck. Would I even make it until Frankie's return? It was just hours away. But hours felt like days—months—in my current state of anguish.

I wondered what he was thinking about on his flight. What sick and twisted games he would have in store for me when he got home. In the bedroom, he loved to exert his dominance over me, and I loved to submit willingly to whatever that meant in his brain on any given day.

Had he gotten off since he'd been gone? Surely, he had. We had no rules about that. It was my torment that got us both going; Frankie pulling my strings from miles away while I suffered from blue balls, getting hornier and staying harder for more waking hours each day, becoming needier, more desperate, more deviant in my willingness to please him.

He'd found it strange when he first started traveling for work—the fact that I wanted to wait for him. He told me he didn't mind if I jerked off. It wasn't about my pleasure, though. It was about my submission to him. It turned me on. I'd found that turning him on—pleasing him—gratified me, with or without my own release. And he had quickly found that his dominion over me turned him on as well. That forcing me to wait for him made me more eager. That the cruel, sadistic denial made me hornier.

The first work trip he took lasted only three days, and by the time he returned, I was on my knees with his cock in my mouth before he had a chance to drop his suitcase by the door. His first week away from home had me begging for his return. I didn't think I'd make it through his first two-week trip, but he reassured me over the phone that my wait would be worth it. I survived. And it was.

But three weeks? Three fucking weeks?

I felt like I was about to pop. A balloon growing tighter and more transparent with each breath into its hollow core had more give than I currently had.

I'd resorted to doing things I hadn't done since I was a teenager to ease my desire. In bed at night, as my half-hard cock refused to deflate, I'd turn over onto my stomach and shove it underneath me so it pointed to my feet. I'd rake my body up and down, humping the mattress, attempting to find some satisfaction without touching myself. I'd get myself close, the nerve endings in the swollen crown of my cock tingling with excitement, then stop so I wouldn't come. Once I found control, I'd think dirty

thoughts about Frankie shoving his cock down my throat or pushing himself into my hungry hole, pressing his weight into me as he fucked me long and deep. Then, I'd start humping the mattress again, precome trailing the white sheets between my legs.

I'd experimented with peeing on myself in the shower, just for some sort of release. I'd let my bladder get so full I felt like I would explode, then stand in the shower and massage my cock. I was so horny it didn't take long for my erection to fully inflate. I'd never thought much about it before, but as my hard dick exploded a stream of clear-yellow piss into the air, as I pointed my peeing cock toward my face and let loose a torrent of warm liquid over my flesh, I suddenly understood the eroticism behind it. The release was freeing. It felt like molting a layer of dead skin in which my body felt trapped. A twisted sense of freedom washed over me as I bathed myself in my own piss. It was hard to deny how intoxicating it felt; an act of submission to one's very nature.

Had I been allowed to get off afterward, I'm sure the act would have been even more satisfying.

Maybe Frankie would invite Trent to join us for a twisted adventure. We'd never had an open relationship, but Frankie's partner at work, and now, our friend, joined us in the bedroom from time to time. They'd been on this trip together and I imagined they'd be on the same flight home. Trent's adventurous personality would certainly have a welcome place in our bed tonight, not to mention his stamina... and his tight fucking body.

As horny as I was, as sexually ravenous as I was feeling, I would practically beg them to fill both of my holes at the same time.

It was ten till five. Most of my team had wrapped up work on their projects for the week and started to head out, so I did the same. The day had nearly disappeared into a sexual abyss, one defined by inappropriate thoughts at work. Fortunately, I found no

one on my team all that attractive. But it didn't stop me from imagining Chance with a better haircut and sharper features, or Chris a bit more put together and clean-shaven.

All day my inflated cock leaked precome into my briefs, which had become stained and stiff with seminal fluid. The head of my dick was sticky with the stuff, but there was nothing I could do about it.

Frankie's flight would land at six, so he would— should —be home by seven. Fuck. I was crawling out of my skin and the anticipation of his arrival was killing me, so I stopped by a bar to have a happy-hour drink with a couple of friends on my way home. I just needed to ease the tension that was coursing through my body.

I got home at a quarter after six, so I prepped for whatever Frankie might have in store for me, then jumped in the shower.

## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:05 am*

Jesus, the thought of him sitting on a stuffy plane all day, then idling in heavy rush-hour traffic in the back of a rideshare on a hot day had my wheels turning. He'd probably be frustrated. Maybe he'd want to take out some of that stress on me. Maybe he'd need me to help him relax in some way. And he'd probably smell amazing. Like a hot, well-traveled man who had had a long day at the office: masculine, rugged, and slightly musky. I didn't know why that was turning me on, but there was hardly anything that wasn't in my current state.

In the shower, my dick stood at attention as I rinsed the day off my body. The piss flowed from me again, ran down the length of my cock and covered my chest and abdomen, trailing through my pubic hair and dripping down my thighs. I threw my head back from the sensation of freeing myself without an orgasm. Finally, I washed my hair and scrubbed myself down with a bar of natural soap, rinsing one more time before drying myself off.

As I stepped out of the bathroom, my swollen cock still in a state of arousal, I heard a key enter the lock on the front door and the knob turn. Two voices talked and laughed as they entered the apartment, so I quickly covered myself with a towel and ducked into the bedroom. It could've been Trent, and I had nothing he hadn't seen before, no hole he hadn't filled, but it could've been someone else with Frankie, and that possibility called for a bit more modesty.

"Babe?" Frankie's husky, cheerful, commanding voice called from the front door.

"In the bedroom."

"Trent's here. He just needed to stop in and take a piss before heading back to

Jersey.”

“Hey, Trent,” I greeted from the bedroom. “Hope you guys had a nice flight.”

Trent responded. “Hey, Marco. Wasn’t too bad. Sorry for the intrusion.”

“No worries. Just getting dressed.”

I heard them bid their farewells, Trent closing the bathroom door behind him, before I dropped my towel and fell to my knees in the bedroom. I needed Frankie’s dick immediately.

He stepped into our bedroom looking as hot as he possibly could with a noticeable stubble covering his face. He must have not shaved this morning. He wore sneakers, jeans, and a fitted T-shirt—his traveling outfit, he called it. The subtle ruggedness that crept from the crevices of his frame and graced the fabrics of his casual, athletic outfit was not lost on me.

Frankie eased the door shut behind him, leaving it slightly ajar, and kicked off his sneakers. Trent knew his way out. He’d be fine. Frankie’s bag was dropped, and he stared into my eyes for a moment before glancing down at my lean frame. Waiting for him.

To take control.

To take advantage.

To take... anything he fucking wanted.

He noticed my growing erection and licked his lips. “Marco.” It was said as seductively as I’d ever heard my name pronounced.

He immediately approached me, unbuckling his belt and unzipping his jeans before shifting to sit on the edge of our king-size bed, spreading his legs wide.

Fucking tease.

I crawled between them and buried my face in his crotch. Warmth radiated from beneath the fabric of his navy briefs. The bulge that was housed in them, the one that always seemed to protrude no matter what Frankie wore, shifted and grew at the sensation of my touch. A stifled moan fell from his lips as his neck rolled back on his shoulders, his head falling behind them.

“It’s been a long day, babe. Our flight was kind of rough, and traffic was a disaster in the tunnel. I could really use your throat to help me relax.”

Jackpot.

His jeans fell to the floor as he shifted his weight to allow me to yank them from his frame. The briefs remained in place... for now.

In an instant, my nose was buried in the gap between his hairy thigh and the pouch of his underwear, nearly overflowing with the goodness trapped inside. I inhaled deeply and took in the masculine scent of a man who’d been working hard, a man who’d showered that morning but spent the rest of the day working up a frustrated sweat in cramped and uncomfortable forms of transportation.

Frankie smelled incredible as I thrashed my face around in his crotch—natural and comfortable with an easy, spicy finish. My eagerness was unhidden, my desire for his body apparent. My watering mouth covered the bulge in his briefs, pulling the weighty mound into me. His length firmed up and stretched at the fabric as my mouth ran circles around his manhood, licking at the cotton, attempting to devour him through his underwear as he moaned. Low, heady grunts dripping with sexual need

filled the empty space in the room.

Standing at full attention, my cock sprouted pearlescent beads of precome that dripped down my length and pooled on the hardwood floor between us, creating a clouded puddle of liquid sex. It flowed more freely as I hooked my fingers into the waistband of Frankie's briefs and pulled them down his legs, finally exposing him—all of him—to me.

The only article of clothing remaining on his frame was his T-shirt, which I couldn't be bothered to remove just then.

His growing cock, so commanding, so proud, quickly found its way into my warm mouth. Frankie grunted a long sigh as I took his length into me, as I enveloped him, as I tasted his warm, salty, goodness. My tongue traced its way over the thick vein that forged along the bottom of his length, the length that carried his urethra, the one that spasmed and throbbed in heat when he delivered his loads.

The tip of him pressed against my throat, goading me, and I easily opened for him so he could slide further down, so he could feel a grip much warmer and tighter around him. I'd trained myself to be able to take him as deep as he needed me to years ago, and it was one of my greatest points of pride. Sometimes, I would simply milk him with my throat muscles, pulling his load into me using nothing more than my pharynx. I had a feeling this wasn't going to be one of those times, though.

I massaged the head of his cock, inviting him into me as deeply as he felt like going, enjoying the feeling of his firmness in my mouth, relishing the warmth of his flesh, frolicking in the seasoned forest of his pubic hair.

My nose inhaled his scent, his masculinity, his reckless ruggedness, which made it easier for me to open myself even further to his welcomed intrusion. I swallowed and took him all the way into me. Frankie moaned. I gulped again. And again. And again.

Until he pulled himself from my throat and removed his length from my mouth, grasping the back of my head with his strong hand.

“I don’t wanna come yet, babe,” he announced between deep breaths. “That throat of yours feels too good.”

My eyes roamed over his body: his perfect proportions, his tight definition, his hairy thighs and even hairier balls. His full, shimmering cock that dripped with my spittle. In his lounging position, with his weight resting on his elbows behind him, his dick rested firmly against his abdomen, his T-shirt acting as a barrier, becoming damp under its weight.

Frankie sat up and tore his T-shirt over his head, tossing it to me as he smirked. I caught it, brought it to my face, and inhaled his scent deeply: his sweat, the vibrant notes of his cologne that danced on the fabric.

“Fuck, Marco,” he moaned. “That’s so hot.”

I breathed in his scent again, my dick throbbing and leaking another bead of precome. “I’m so fucking horny, babe. I feel like I’m gonna explode.”

“Good,” he laughed. “I love knowing that I have that effect on you.”

“I’ll do anything for you.”

“Clearly,” he chuckled, alluding to the fact that I’d abstained from getting off for three whole weeks.

“No,” I corrected. “Yes. I’ll do that for you. But here... now... I’ll do anything you want me to. I’ve been so hard... I’m aching for you. For your cock. I need it. I need you. And I’ll do anything you want me to.”

I knew my pleading would turn him on, but there was a sincerity behind my need. An overwhelming truth to my admission. I'd do anything he wanted me to because his sexual control over me was so intense. I reveled in my submission. I basked in the glow of his dominance. I'd get him off tonight without coming if he wanted me to.

Don't get me wrong, I wanted to fucking come. More than almost anything. But I would surrender to his wishes. Frankie had me in a sexual vise, and I loved it. I loved him.

"Come here," he commanded with a curl of his index finger, a beckoning wish.

My knees carried me to him, between his legs, where I gazed up into his eyes, those deep brown irises that danced in hazel flames.

"Look at me," he directed with a sly smile as he pulled his arms back and locked his fingers behind his head, seductively exposing his body to me, begging my attention to his defined biceps, to the dark hair that dusted his arms and coated his pits. "Tell me what you like. Tell me how much I turn you on."

My boyfriend's body was perfect to me. His frame was lean, his chest almost flat but defined, small brown nipples that always seemed to be hard, just waiting for my tongue to lick over them, for my teeth to lightly nip at them. Dark hair grew thick on his legs and under his arms, and sprouted from his crotch like a flourishing crop in a fertile field during a warm, wet summer. His chest, however, was nearly smooth, only a thin trail of fur burrowing through the crevice between his pecs and wisping circles around his nipples. His abdomen was smooth too, faint lines of definition visible under his tanned flesh. The only hint of hair there grew denser as it sprouted under his navel and traveled to the treasure normally buried beneath layers of superfluous clothing.

Frankie felt no need to conceal any part of himself from me. He was sweet but direct,

and as natural as he wanted to be. As natural as I always wanted him to be.

I could hardly put my response to his request into words. There was too much about him that I found attractive, that I found undeniably appealing. So much so that I drop to my knees to worship him when he arrives home after long work trips.

“Everything. Your strong hands, your body hair, your masculine scent, your virility. The way you move, the way you sit, the way you speak. The way you take advantage of my weakness for you. How much you fucking love me.”

“I do, Marco. Don’t ever fucking forget that. But right now, tell me what about me has your dick so hard it’s pointing to the ceiling. Tell me what has it dripping like a leaky faucet and forming a fucking lake on our bedroom floor. Tell me what you’ve been dreaming about for the last few weeks.”

So. Fucking. Much.

“Your cock.”

“Yeah? What about it?”

“How firm it is. The way it fills out your briefs. How the hair grows thick around the base, thinning out as it travels up your length.”

“And?”

“The weight of it. How it seems to be so heavy and full sometimes. So full that you don’t even get all the way hard. Almost like you haven’t come for days and the weight of it is just too much.”

“Maybe I haven’t. Maybe I’ve been building up a big load for you, Marco. I know

how much you like it when I do that.”

“Fuck. I want it.”

“Where?”

“In my mouth.”

“Soon, babe. What else?” He flexed his biceps at me, knowing I couldn’t resist his charm. Frankie wasn’t overly built, but he was in shape, and so fucking defined that every muscle on his body had a clear contour that had been imprinted on my memory.

“Your balls. How they’re so full and covered with that thick, dark hair. I love the way they smell after a day of hard work. I could fucking pick you out of a crowd by that smell alone. The way they tighten when you’re about to come. The way they hang lower on a hot day or after you’ve been at the gym. The way they taste when I kiss them.”

“Good.”

“Can I kiss them? I really want to taste you.”

“Not yet. What else?”

“Your pits.”

“Yeah. I know you like these,” he huffed, flexing again.

“They’re perfect. The way the hair travels through them—thicker in the middle. The way they smell when you rub my face in them.”

“When do you like them best?”

“After work, when you’ve gone to the gym but you haven’t put on deodorant. When you’re natural. When you smell like you.”

Frankie turned his head to the left and inhaled the scent from under his arm. “I haven’t been to the gym today. But my deodorant’s worn off. You want a taste?”

“Yes. Please.”

“Not yet.”

Fuck, he was going to kill me with this teasing.

“Anything else? Anything specific?”

I was almost begging for a piece of him as the words fell from my mouth. “Your hole. The way your sweat mixes with your soap to make this intoxicating scent. The way you taste when I lick you deep. The way your thick, dark hair trails up your crack and lightly coats your cheeks. The fucking shape of it.”

“Fuck, Marco. You’re getting me going.”

“The way you look like a man. The way you act like a man. The way you treat me when we’re out. The way you treat me when we’re in. Like now. Like a little boy that’s here to worship you. A real man.”

Frankie’s dick grew even firmer and leaked a bit of precome as he brought his arms down and rested his hands behind him on the bed.

“Come lick my balls. I haven’t gotten off in a few days and they’ve been aching. And

I know you've been aching for them too."

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:05 am*

Frankie's hairy sack was in my mouth before he finished his sentence, my nose buried in his pubes, the base of his thick cock planted firmly against my cheek. I inhaled his scent as I bathed his balls with my tongue, licking them clean, sucking on them and rolling them around in my mouth. His hand grasped the back of my head and forced me deeper between his legs, heavy moans squeezing their way from between his lips.

I was in such ecstasy with my face buried in his crotch that the room went dark. Or maybe my eyes were closed. Or maybe my face was simply obscured by my boyfriend's thighs. What color were the walls? What was that sound outside the window just now? Did Trent make it out of our apartment? Was he safely on his way back to Jersey? None of it mattered because I was exactly where I needed to be.

Frankie's grip released my head and I desperately tried to get his cock in my mouth, but I was denied the opportunity. He instead rolled back on the bed and hooked an elbow behind his left knee, giving me access to something else I'd been craving: his tight hole.

Somehow, even with a leg hiked in the air, Frankie exuded masculine energy, a stoic but comfortable ease that seemed to put me in my place between his legs.

I first nipped at his taint, using my tongue to trace the seam between his balls and his asshole, lightly licking and tickling the hairs that curled around each other and added to Frankie's manly allure. He sighed heavy sighs and verbalized his pleasure as I made my way lower and used the tip of my tongue to trace a route through the crack of his ass.

My teasing didn't last long, though. A precious prize had been presented to me and I had every intention of accepting it. I soon covered his opening with my lips and kissed him, softly at first, then more aggressively, using my tongue to trace circles around his pucker and open him enough to just barely taste the goodness within.

His earthy musk, the lovely scent that he exuded after a day of traveling, was as deep as it was intoxicating. The sweetest hint of citrus from his soap lay recessive under the more potent mixture of sweat and sex he naturally manifested.

I devoured him without inhibition or pretense, allowing myself to experience him wholly. To indulge in the essence of something so primal, so carnal that many people would deny themselves the opportunity in the name of decency. I was more than happy to feel indecent, to physically express the indecency that had grown paramount in my mind over the last few weeks of bittersweet denial.

Frankie moaned out as I bored myself into him, as I sensually explored his most private place, a place only I was allowed unfettered entry into. Only wild animals whose very nature it was in to burrow through the earth would know how I felt as I attempted to reach depths unreachable. I was desperate to taste more of him, and my dick leaked and leaked at the idea of entering him with my hard cock, pushing myself into him, opening him, stretching him, fucking him until I filled him with my seed.

I wanted that. But that wasn't in the cards. This was Frankie's show. He would set the stage and direct. And I had a strong feeling that I would be the one stuffed with his wanting cock tonight. And honestly, my hole was begging for it.

"Get up," he grunted.

What? No. I wasn't done rimming him yet.

Frankie repositioned himself on the bed so that his back rested against the pillows, spreading his legs and locking his fingers behind his neck. I crawled onto the bed

between his thighs and looked into his eyes, awaiting my next instruction.

“You want my cock?”

“Yes,” I begged, unintentionally bucking my hips at the suggestion.

“Suck it,” he commanded, so affirmatively, so assuredly.

I lowered myself to my stomach and gently kissed the tip of his cock, not only to put my submission on display but to savor the taste of his precome before I swallowed him whole. I licked at the drop cradled in his slit and pulled it into my mouth with my tongue, a clear string of fluid connecting us.

“That’s it, baby. Taste me. Swallow my fucking precome. I know you’ve been hungry for it.”

My tongue darted back out and slid up the underside of his hard dick, barely touching the tip before I opened my mouth and slid his length into my throat once again, pleasuring him, making him feel like the deserving man he was.

Frankie again grasped the back of my head, lightly rubbing at the tight fade of my crew cut as I went to town on him, licking and sucking and teasing him with my tongue. I was so lost in him and the anticipation of my impending orgasm that I didn’t notice the pressure caused by the weight of another body behind me pressing into the mattress. I only noticed when a pair of hands gently gripped my thighs and pulled them apart so the tip of a tongue could be placed against my opening.

Trent’s tongue.

It wasn’t the first time I’d felt that eager muscle tracing lines across my body, forging between my lips, thrusting against my tight hole. I was surprised at first, but I fell right into the sensations, allowing Trent’s tongue to dance around my opening, to

glide up and down my crevice, to poke and prod at me until my body allowed him a bit of entry.

He and Frankie had clearly schemed this off-color endeavor up for tonight. They were probably sharing an underhanded laugh as they traipsed down the hallway to our apartment. As they pushed through the front door. As Trent hid in the bathroom pretending to relieve himself, probably stroking himself as he listened to every word I said in praise of my boyfriend's body. They must have been horned up on their flight, probably brainstorming about the sordid things they wanted to do to me once they arrived back in the city. Perhaps Trent had leaned over the seat and whispered into Frankie's ear while their fingertips grazed each other's thighs, hands gliding higher and higher until their unwavering erections became evident to one another.

I doubted it. Frankie would never touch Trent unless I was present. And Trent knew better than to break down that door. Talk, but don't touch; those were the rules. But when the three of us were together... all bets were off. We'd gotten up to some things in the past, things that I would have been more than happy to repeat whenever the occasion arose.

And now, it had.

Trent had obviously discarded his clothes and waited in the bathroom for his cue, the one where I was told to lie on my stomach and suck my boyfriend's cock. I could feel his warm flesh against mine as he ate me out, lubed me up for whichever cock I'd be taking first.

Fuck. The thought of being spit-roasted by my sexy boyfriend and his hot coworker had me on the verge of losing my load. I had to control my thoughts and focus simply on the task at hand: deep-throating Frankie's thick cock, which I was still doing expertly as Trent opened me with his tongue, licking me deep and forcing me out of control.

The feeling was so erotic, one man's cock burying itself in my throat while another man's tongue penetrated my ass. The only greater feeling of giving up complete control I could imagine would be to have one of them buried in my hole while the other one fucked my mouth. It would be freeing to give up so much control, to put my pleasure in the hands of others, for them to put their pleasures completely in me.

It didn't take long for me to find out. Trent soon removed his face from between my cheeks and replaced it with the head of his cock against my knotted bundle of nerves. Spit ran down the crack of my ass and landed on Trent's dick, and as soon as it did, he began to push himself into me.

I opened up for him without issue. I'd been lubed up well and was so fucking horny that I probably could have taken a baseball bat up my ass had it led to an eventual orgasm.

His manhood felt so good slowly inching into me. Frankie was a bit thicker, a bit heavier, but Trent's dick was perfect in its own way, long and smooth and always as hard as a rock when it came time for sex.

"Oh, fuck," Trent moaned as his length disappeared into me, his hands steadying him on either side of my frame, Frankie's cock still tickling my throat.

Frankie echoed Trent's words as he watched our friend—his partner at work—ease himself into his boyfriend. Once he was fully implanted in me, his untamed pubic hair tickling my cheeks, Trent rose up and grabbed my waist, pulling my ass up with him until I was kneeling on the bed between them, face down in my boyfriend's ample crotch.

Slowly, Trent began to rock himself into me, controlling my backside in his firm grip while Frankie palmed the back of my head and held me in place as I massaged his thick cock with my throat. With every breath I took through my nose, I was gifted with the heady scent of Frankie's crotch, a scent that had translated itself from natural

and sweaty to earthy and erotic over the years, a scent that could linger on my mind for days as it fueled filthy thoughts of being taken, of being used by a man like Frankie.

And now, a man like Trent.

They took their time with me, gently easing out of my holes before thrusting back in, slowly enough for me to experience every inch of them but quickly enough for them to accomplish their goals. Goals that I assumed involved using me to get themselves off.

My dick, so hard, so ready to explode, held firm to my tight abdomen as it begged for attention, attention it was not yet allowed to receive. It would do me no good to try to touch myself. My hands were busy massaging Frankie's balls and steadying myself on the bed. It wouldn't matter anyway. They would have been swatted out of the way by my boyfriend had I tried. He was still torturing me with the wait.

It wasn't long before they began to shift positions. They must have agreed to the change with a momentary glance over my elongated frame. Trent pulled himself from me, leaving me feeling empty. And Frankie eased me off his cock, saliva coating it nicely. The break was welcomed even though it left me wanting, desirous to be filled again.

I soon was as Trent stood next to the bed and pulled me by the arms to meet him, my face directly in front of his long dick, shimmering in the light. As I felt Frankie pull up behind me on the bed and easily insert himself into my opening thanks to Trent's handiwork, I opened my mouth to accept Trent inside me once again.

Deep, satisfying moans hovered above me as I felt the familiar sensations of the girth of Frankie's dick tunneling its way into my hole while tasting myself on Trent's length. They had clearly agreed to use me as their fuck-toy this evening. Again, I wondered if they had talked about this on the flight from Mexico, getting themselves

horned up over lewd whispers about how they'd use my mouth and my ass for their pleasure.

I felt myself drip on the comforter, precome spilling from my piss slit as they worked themselves into a rhythm, a slow but deliberate cadence. I'd be surprised if I actually had any come left for an orgasm with how much I seemed to be offering during the pre-show.

They rocked themselves in and out of me as I did my best to surrender myself to them, to pleasure them with my body. And just as I'd gotten settled, just as I'd gotten used to the magnificent feeling of their cocks in me, Frankie and Trent removed themselves to trade places once again.

Trent slid back into my hungry hole while Frankie offered his cock to me. I first wanted to work on his balls, though—while I had the chance—so I pulled them into my mouth and rolled them around on my tongue, licking and massaging them as Frankie's leaking cock rested on my face.

I was beginning to feel like such a little cock slut, such a whore. And I suppose I was. But after weeks of abstaining, after the endless nights of denying myself, I was desperate and voracious to not only satisfy them but to satisfy this all-consuming need in me. The one that had been driving me to madness for at least the last week.

I allowed them to use me, to make me their little slut. I loved it. And I could tell that they loved it too as they switched places again; Trent sliding his cock back down my throat and Frankie burying his manhood deep in my hole. Balls deep. They rode me, increasing the speed of their thrusts as I bounced on the bed between them.

My cock was in danger of exploding as the latent spice dancing on Trent's pubic hair whirled into my nostrils while his cock drilled its way down my throat. Meanwhile, Frankie hammered into me, grasping my waist in his strong hands, not allowing me an escape route. Hell, I wouldn't have tried to escape if I could have. I was too caught

up in the moment, too eager for a release. Too desperate to taste both of them. To experience both of them inside me at once.

The low grunting that barreled from deep within their chests—from deep within their cores—increased in intensity with each thrust, with each intentional motion. Soon, the low, profound exclamations of oh, fuck and oh, shit would pepper their moans with expletive urgency, more and more so the closer they sailed toward sweet ejaculation.

Sweat dripped from Trent's chest and drew lines down his abdomen, the sparkling beads nestling in his pubes as I sucked him off. I almost wanted to bury my face in that bush and suck the sweat out while I came. That's how fucking horny I was.

But this is how it would go: they would come, and then I would finally get the chance to get my rocks off. Once I took care of them, I would be allowed my sweet release that had been waiting in the dugout, eager for its next shot at the plate.

Trent was up first. He grabbed the back of my head and pulled me onto him as his cock expanded in my throat, and I was soon filled with his ecstasy. "Fuck, Marco. Take my load," he bellowed, flexing as he pumped his seed down my throat.

Yes, sir. Anything you want.

As he finished, he tried to pull himself from my depths. But I wasn't done with him. He'd completed his task, but I needed more. His load had spilled down my throat, denying me a taste, so I trapped him in my mouth and sucked every last droplet of come from his softening cock onto my tongue as he shuddered and moaned.

Frankie was getting so close, probably from watching my hungry mouth devour his friend's load. He gripped me tighter and tighter as his movements became more stunted and intentional. He grunted from behind me, "You want my load, Marco? You want this fucking load?"

I finally spit Trent's cock out of my mouth so I could respond. I couldn't take the chance of Frankie mistaking my silence for a refusal.

"Yes. Fuckin' fill my hole, babe. Breed me."

Somehow, Trent's cock began to plump again as he took it in his hand and stroked it gently, depositing the remnants of his load onto my tongue as he went.

"Oh, fuck," Frankie grunted. "That's so fucking hot. Feed him that load, buddy."

Suddenly, he froze and pulled my ass back onto him with force, burying himself in me to the root. The sight of his friend's come load in my mouth must have gotten to him.

"Take my load, baby. Take my fucking come," he finally charged as he emptied himself into me. His orgasm was so powerful. His balls tightened and his cock expanded and I could somehow feel volley after volley of his hot fucking seed shooting into my hole, warm and encompassing. Frankie held me tight as he continued grunting and thrusting into me, giving me everything he fucking had. Everything I'd been waiting for.

But I needed to get off. Now. More than anything.

Eventually, his grip around my waist loosened, and I pulled myself from his hard, leaking cock, a trail of his come painting the flesh between my legs. Turning myself onto my back on the bed between them, I spread my thighs and scooped as much of Frankie's come from my hole as I could manage onto my fingers, then wrapped my hand around my steel-hard dick and began to stroke. It was my turn to fly, and I had no intention of forfeiting my own orgasm simply because they had finished.

Frankie stepped around the bed and crawled up, his knees on either side of my head. He dropped his waist until his softening cock hung just above my lips. I wasted no

time taking him into me and pulling the rest of his seed into my mouth. I tasted myself on him again, and the idea of it was so fucking erotic.

I continued furiously stroking my cock as my boyfriend fed me his. I could barely see anything beyond Frankie's tanned flesh, but I felt Trent position himself behind Frankie and bury his face in his ass, tonguing at his hole. But apparently, that wasn't enough to satiate his desire, so he removed himself and stepped around to the other side of the bed, behind me, and fell to his knees, jamming his face into my crevice. Trent desperately feasted on my used hole as though he hadn't eaten in weeks, finding the taste of Frankie's come and my ass so enticing that he hummed a desperate moan into me as he did it.

Fuck. They both must have been really hard up to still be so sexually charged after such intense releases.

My eyes were closed when I felt Frankie helicopter himself over me and swat my hand away from my cock, replacing it with his lips, surely tasting his come that had just been buried in my ass. It was too much to handle: the three of us in such a position, so fucking horny, so fucking willing. The thought that the two of them could still be all over me after their powerful climaxes was too much to process. I couldn't hold myself back any longer.

I tried to warn Frankie that I was going to explode, but my mouth was full of his cock and my hole was full of Trent's tongue. At that point, I doubted it would matter where I shot off.

So, I just... did. My muscles tensed and my body flexed and I kicked my legs trying to find any sort of freedom to expel the sexual frustration from my body, but it was no use. Frankie soon got a mouthful of my load, and as he did, he slid further down my erupting cock to take it down his throat. I gushed and I gushed and I thought my soul might escape my body as I fucking bounced off the bed with the force of my orgasm. I moaned so loudly that I spit Frankie's cock from my mouth just for the

satisfaction of hearing the sex dripping from my voice.

Fuck, it was intense. It had been weeks' worth of waiting and I'd never experienced an orgasm so powerful. I'd never been in such a deviant place that I was literally willing to do whatever to satisfy my needs. It was fucking erotic... and freeing... and hot as hell. And I wanted to do it again.

Just not too soon. I was going to need to sleep the weekend away after that powerful session. My physical recovery would take time. My emotions, however, were swimming in a pool of blissful sexual aftermath.

All of us heaved and panted, sweat dribbling down our frames, trying to catch our breaths as we came down from that ecstatic high.

Eventually, Frankie and I repositioned ourselves on the bed so our heads were leaning against the pillows, him on his side and me on mine. Trent crashed at our feet, naked and sprawled out, the definition of his frame visible in the dim glow of the sun setting through the window. His deflating cock snaked its way across his stomach, a few leftover droplets of come stamping themselves on his abdomen. The sight of him was making me hard again.

Trent's fingers trailed lines up and down my calf as Frankie raked his fingers over my chest, focusing on my nipple.

"Tell me what you like, Marco," Trent mocked with a chuckle as he turned his head to face us. "Tell me how much I turn you on."

The three of us sluggishly laughed as my cheeks flushed.

"Right now?" I aimed my words toward the foot of the bed where Trent's fingers drew lines on my leg. "Not very much."

Another bout of tired laughter filled the space between us.

I turned to kiss Frankie softly, leaning my forehead against his. He returned the gesture and we smiled tired grins at one another.

“Yo,” Frankie said, returning his gaze to Trent. “You staying for dinner?”

“Can’t,” he replied, lifting himself from the bed to get dressed. “Gotta get back to Jersey. Collins emailed us when I was in the bathroom. We’ve got a presentation to put together for early next week.”

“Alright. Well, call me tomorrow and we can iron out the details. I’m taking the night off.”

“Cool.”

Once he was dressed, he made his way to the front door. “Thanks for the fun, guys. Let me know the next time you’re up for it.”

“Thanks, buddy,” Frankie relayed.

“Later, Trent,” I added as the front door opened and gently closed behind him, the distinctive sound of roller board wheels on the hardwood floor disappearing down the hallway.

Frankie looked in my direction with a devious smile before bounding up and straddling me, pinning me down with his thighs on either side of my body. “Jesus, I missed you.”

I laughed. “You have no fucking idea.”

He snickered and handed me my phone from the bedside table. “Why don’t you order

delivery? I don't care what. I'm starving."

"And what's got you so busy that you can't order dinner?" I asked playfully.

Frankie winked at me, then lowered his face to my crotch, pulling my half-hard cock back into his mouth. It was so sensitive, but not sensitive enough to deny him.

I smiled. "Got it. I'll order dinner."